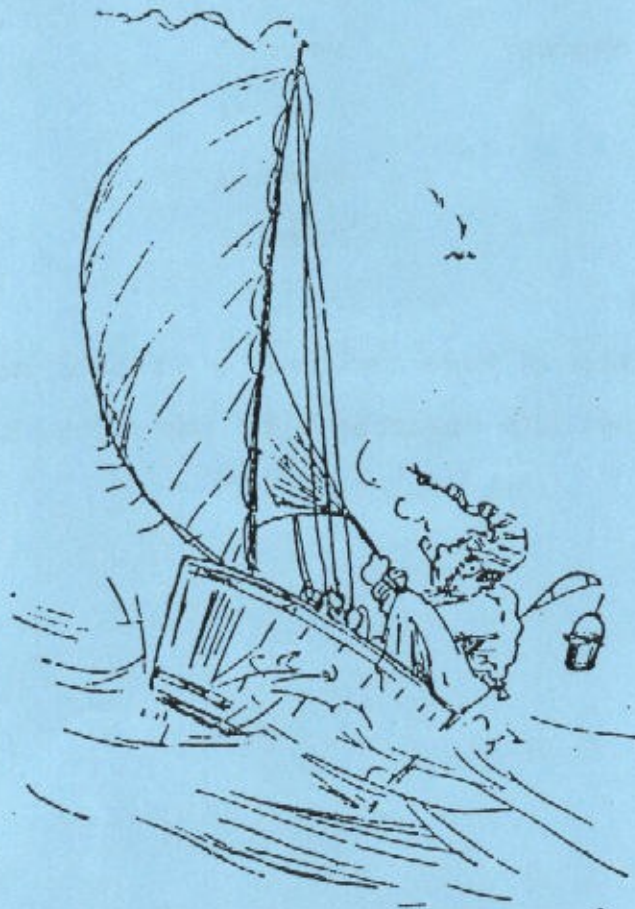




THE HARRISON BUTLER ASSOCIATION



Single handed cruiser.

Newsletter No: 39

Summer 1994

NEWSLETTER NO:39

CONTENTS

President's Letter	Page 1
Restoring IBIS	Page 9
Cyclone Single Hander	Page 17
Letter from Ron Goodhand	Page 22
Finding the Longitude	Page 26
Up the Creek in Avocet	Page 28
Laying up Supper	Page 31
Editors' notes	Page 33
Boats for Sale	Page 33

In addition you should have received a list of members and the minutes of the last AGM together with the accounts

PRESIDENT'S LETTER

The Crag
St Mawes.

May 1994

Dear Members

When I began the first draft (no, these letters don't trip lightly from brain to typewriter without a number of adjustments) of this letter I was in a degree of panic because I thought I was going to have to edit the whole newsletter.

Poor Mark Miller suffered a heart attack in April, but drove home from the Beaulieu River Boat Jumble Sale the while. The result is that he has been ordered to be relieved of all stress so Priscilla answers the telephone and she brought all the editorial paraphernalia to The Crag. Tests will be made in a few weeks time and I am hoping to hear that the results are good. Meanwhile, Mark's labours have been exchanged for our good wishes.

As a result of telephoning around, we now have a pair of Acting Joint Hon. Editors for Keith and Janet Band have agreed to fill the gap until the AGM when I'm sure they will shed the "Acting" part of their title. Janet says that they welcome the challenge so I hope members will co-operate by showering them with contributions. Janet has the use of university facilities for duplicating etc., at a reasonable price so, with luck, the problems which beset Mark will have been resolved. Needless to say, I am very relieved and am very grateful to Keith and Janet.

My thanks go also to Mark and Priscilla for the work they put into the production of interesting newsletters. Priscilla did the typing for Mark. Would that I too had a Priscilla! Typing is not my favourite occupation: my brain works much faster than my fingers and I get through spools and spools of correcting tape.

When you read the Minutes, you will see that it had been Mark's intention to resign after this and the next newsletter but Nature has decreed that a sudden resignation is necessary.

You will also read, with great sadness, of the tragic death of Gavin Hawkins, Brian and Jane's only child, on the threshold of life, shortly before his eighteenth birthday. They are coping as well as one can and they know that they have the concern and sympathy of their friends in the HBA family.

I lunched with Boyd and Desirée Campbell on my way down here and learned that Boyd had been in hospital in December. He was still a bit convalescent but it was good to see them both again.

When Mike and Jane Wrightson sailed away, Jane left me with a couple of floppy discs and a problem: who would turn them into address labels and a List of Members? Luckily, Sonia Paddick, who comes and cleans my flat, has a husband, David, who is a computer buff and is delighted to have a real project as an excuse to play with his computer. It's very convenient having him more or less on the doorstep in Theale.

The information which is held on the computer is what appears in the List of Members, the address labels and the "If undelivered..." labels: nothing more. If you object to your name being held thus, please let me know and we shall try to deal with you individually - reluctantly!

We have checked and re-checked but I've no doubt that errors will have crept into the list and it's up to you to point them out to me. The list is shorter than it should be. Look at it carefully and if your name is not

on it, it may be a mistake on my part or it may be that it was on the list which Peter Hasler and I compiled after the Laying-up Supper last year of members whose subscriptions had not been received - some, for more than one year.

You may be under the impression that you pay by standing order but that is not so for, when Peter became Treasurer, the account was moved to another branch of the Building Society and all such arrangements were automatically invalidated.

We may ourselves have made mistakes, in which case we apologise but, in order to get yourself back on the list, please sort yourself out with Peter, not with me, please. No more newsletters or notices will be sent after this one except to members who have paid by the time I make up the Autumn Supplement to the List, so, hurry. If things are tight financially and you would like to let your membership lapse until times are easier, please let Peter or me know. You can always rejoin later or, if you wish to resign, it would be kind to let me know, sorry though I should be.

Just to remind you, subscriptions are now £8, for both categories and are due on January 1st, each year. Reminders are given in every newsletter and it might be a good idea if you wrote a cheque now, before reading any further, in case you become so interested in the rest of the newsletter that you forget again.

Deep breath and away from the sordid subject of finance. The AGM was particularly rewarding this year - and as there were but thirty-three people present we could stick our elbows out without hitting our neighbours. I had two letters from people who had never attended an HBA AGM before, saying that they'd never enjoyed an AGM so much. Such words make all our efforts worthwhile. This year my overnight helpers were two press-ganged grand-daughters, Helen and Catriona, Tim's eldest and Colin's younger daughter, respectively. They said they enjoyed their time in the Chestnuts Food Factory. Jill Betts joined forces with us on the Saturday and I was most grateful to them all. Caroline was away this year in New Zealand, getting married to Geoffrey Holton so I've gained a mature nephew.

Liz Whitehead had resigned her membership so we were left without a Minutes Secretary but Jill said she was willing to take it on for three years and she was elected at the beginning of the meeting so that she could get to work at once.

Patrick Gibson has succeeded Denis Murrin as Chairman and I should like to thank Denis for his good humoured guidance of the Association during his years in office.

The Minutes will give you details of the important items which were discussed - mostly concerned with our finances, particularly regarding the cost of the newsletters. One of our guests suggested that we might find a sponsor. This was not minuted as it did not come from a member and, in any case, it would contravene our Constitution which states that we shall be self-supporting financially. It would also be an admission of failure to manage our affairs and we haven't reached that state!

Our youngest member, Edward Burnett, has taken time off his studies to write an excellent account of his life with Ibis thus far. I found it fascinating reading. Yes, Ibis is a Cyclone according to the list which THB compiled, at my instigation, of HB boats. I remember the occasion which I think was in 1934 and I still have the list. I think she must be one of the longer Cyclones of which several were built, including one built in steel, in France, which is described in Yachting Monthly, a good many years ago. And yes, Cyclone was analysed, by M. Welch of the "Welch axis". I came across it when I was looking for something else and have had a copy made for Edward.

I had a letter from Mike and Jane Wrightson, written by Jane when they were 546 miles short of Martinique and she was occupying her time crocheting a cot cover for her first grandchild; such was the nature of their crossing, not rushing to take in reefs every odd minute.

They had had an enjoyable time in Madeira and Gran Canaria, meeting friends and sightseeing and when they put into Puerto Rico to take on water and diesel for the Atlantic crossing, they found the STS Lord Nelson wintering there so that her sailing season could be extended. They were invited on board for a barbeque and were given a copy of the boat's newsletter from which Jane sent me a cutting. It is a wedding photograph of Georgie Weston (La Bonne) and her husband, Marcus Stone. I hope we shall see Georgie and Marcus, perhaps at the Laying-up Supper at Gins on September 24th. (Details on a separate leaflet)

The following information culled from Jane's letter could be very useful to anyone making use of the Atlantic as a cruising ground. I quote: 'We left Puerto Rico on 1.2.94, having spoken to Herb in Bermuda. Herb is a wonderful man - a meteorologist during the day who comes home each evening and tells you all about the weather over the Single Side band radio. You call into his station, "Southbound II", between 10.00 - 10.30 GMT and at 10.30 he gives a list of all yachts he's heard, then calls each one separately asking for position, barometric pressure, cloud cover, sea state and wind direction. He'll then give you the outlook and tell you whether to head north or south to get more or less wind, and what to expect. We came across under his wing with never more than 30kn. but averaging 15 - 20kn. but we've had very confused seas, which we didn't expect.' Useful man, Herb.

For years I have been looking for Edith Rose and her last known location was Washington. Last summer I asked friends of mine who were going to stay with friends of theirs in Washington and who sailed, to look for a canoe-stern Bermudan sloop called Edith Rose. They failed which was not surprising for, earlier this year I received the following letter.

Dear Mrs Jardine Brown,

Greetings from Portland, Oregon, U.S.A. and from the yacht Edith Rose.

We recently obtained your name and information you sent to a previous owner of this vessel through another previous owner of Edith Rose. We are writing to bring you up to date of Edith Rose, to inquire about where to obtain a copy of the plans of the boat and to get more information on the Harrison Butler Association.

Nearly two years ago, in May 1992, we saw and fell in love with an old, wood sail boat named Edith Rose. Luckily, she was actually for sale at the time so we contacted the owner and set about purchasing her. Unfortunately, the lady had obtained the boat through a divorce settlement and knew virtually nothing about her history (or, in fact, about boats in general). Edith Rose was in a sorry state of neglect. She bore a small oval brass plaque proclaiming "Edith Rose designed by Dr T.Harrison Butler, built by A.H.Moody and sons, Swanwick Shore 1937". It was obvious to us at the time we had a vessel of some historic significance as well as a beautiful, sturdy, well built wooden sailboat.

Since that time we have been in an ongoing project of clean up and restoration. Edith Rose had been neglected for some time time, however, she was still sound. We would be ecstatic to get our hands on a copy of her original plans so that we can restore her interior to what Dr Butler had originally designed. After so many different owners, it is difficult to tell what she was like when she was built. Would you be able to advise us on the search?

'We were delighted to learn that there exists a Harrison Butler Association. We are in possession of the information you sent to one of Edith Rose's previous owners but it's all dated 1985! Would you be so kind as to update us of the current happenings at "HBA". We look forward to hearing from you.

Sincerely,

Diana and Adam Henley.'

Isn't it good that we have a grape-vine? I speedily sent all the information, explaining that Edith Rose was the improvement on Vindilis, hoping to eliminate the faults which my father had found in her and, of course, we had watched her being built in Moody's shed. So, Diana and Adam should be in ecstatic mood!

I was beginning to despair of Romadi who had been incommunicado for a long time but I thought she was probably part-way across the Pacific. Now I know she isn't, as you will read in the following letter from Daniel Roten:

'Dear Joan and the HBA,

'Well, I guess it is about time I wrote you a letter having owned "Romadi" now for nearly ten years. Do you remember our meeting in Mashford Bros yard in the early spring of 1985? We were introduced by the Campbells. [Yes, indeed I do. J.]

'So much has happened in the ensuing years. I was inspired to write when I saw the Rose of Arden design featured in the Newsletter No.38 and the notice to renew my subscription. I may have trouble sending pounds so I hope you can change dollars. [No difficulty, says the Treasurer, all eager!]

'I have moved from St Thomas and now reside in Newport, Rhode Island, another sailing center but in a different way. I brought "Romadi" up here last spring from Tortola, BVI. She is presently hauled out and enduring her first winter in the United States and a hard one it has been! I have a nice clear plastic cover over her deck with plenty of room to work and have been stripping the varnish.

'Over the years I have done quite a bit of up grading including many doubled frames which was the most expedient way to deal with that problem especially as I was living aboard until I moved up here in 1991. Other important work was a new deck covering. I removed the old canvas and hardware and epoxy glued and ringtailed $\frac{1}{4}$ " plywood then covered with two layers of Dynel, an acrylic cloth, with epoxy. I like the Dynel because when wetted out it has the appearance of painted canvas but is much more durable. The interior had been changed around a bit and I tried to bring it back more to its original design. Fortunately, most of the original Mashford interior remains.

'Another major change was the cockpit. Sometime in the past the cockpit sole had been raised to bring it above the waterline. That threw the whole seating arrangement out of balance. There was no longer adequate foot room plus the whole cockpit was a jumble of loose fitting locker doors (11 in all).

'So I raised the seats up about nine inches to the bottom of the coamings which still gave plenty of backroom and gave nice leg room and did away with the excess lockers and added about eight square feet of storage. I was pleased with the results. There has been much more that I have done over the years to maintain "Romadi" to a point that I could go anywhere with her, plus the general maintenance to keep her looking good.

'I am looking forward to a good summer in New England and this fall plan on sailing south down the intra coastal waterway to Florida if not the Bahamas.

'About the article on the Rose of Arden design, it was mentioned that there were three yachts built but in fact there was another one built named "Cautious Clara" with the longer cabin like "Romadi". I am sure you know of this boat but you may not know what happened to her. I first saw her in the anchorage where I was living in St Thomas in 1986 and barely recognized her as a

"Romadi" sistership. I cannot remember the guy's name though he was British and had sailed her for many years in the Caribbean and South America. She had the original stem headed rig unlike "Romadi," which now has a 4' bowsprit, and her cockpit was decked over at the level just below the top of the coamings. As she had no engine that made for another cabin of sorts back aft. As for the rest of the interior, not much was left of the original joinery. Later, he moved to the main harbor of Charlotte Amalie and while anchored there was hit in the bow and sprung some planks. I don't know much about his personal life but I think his girlfriend left him and he was a little depressed about things so he shot a flare gun into his propane bottles housed in the stern cabin with the intention of kissing it all good-bye. He succeeded in sinking "Cautious Clara" and covering his body with third degree burns. He went back to England and the boat sits on the bottom of the harbor. I think the mast was salvaged.

'I believe this will bring you fairly up to date with "Romadi" and maybe I will keep better in touch in the future.

'For now,

Daniel D. Roten.'

What a story! Poor man, a bit more than a little depressed, I should say. If we must lose an HB boat, better it were to lose one which had been chopped about than one in a near-original state. At the expense of seeming callous and frivolous, I am put in mind of the poem whose last (the punch) line is the only one I can remember: 'The dog it was that died.'

We haven't finished with letters yet for a few days ago I heard from Geoff Taylor who was on the brink of setting off in Watermaiden for yet another Atlantic crossing: not this time to the Caribbean but to Maine, to visit friends. Luckily, I was in time to catch a telephone conversation with him. He had spent last winter in other people's boats, for a change, and told me about one in particular: 'I spent a very interesting winter, one of the most enjoyable ones. I think, for some time. It was a combination of a new place, new people and a good climate. The trip across, I prefer to forget!'

'I don't think Florida in the summer would be quite so pleasant when the insects work up some enthusiasm but while I was there they were hibernating.

'I got a side trip back to the Virgin Islands in Feb., helping a chap I met. Another case of one party (his wife) not being very enthusiastic. She flew down. I really enjoyed this diversion as it enabled me to see old friends again and to do a trip in a direction that I had not previously been. So, of the BVI-Florida-BVI leg I at least have some experience now. Albeit, one trip.

'I left John, the owner of the boat we delivered, in the Marina on the Intra Coastal Waterway and at 76 years old he was rejuvenated now that he was living on board a ship he had built single handed, even to chopping down the oak trees. He jokingly says he would really have liked to have planted the acorn, but time was against him.

'He has his dog and a nephew living close by. I feel really pleased to have helped him to realise the final part of his great project. It took him 20 years.'

Phil Gordon wrote from Andraitx which he and Jill had reached on their way east in the Mediterranean. They had heard from Brooks Kuhn, to whom they had sold Trade Wind. Brooks had said that she was now definitely selling Trade Wind. Details will be in the Boats for Sale section. It is good to hear from ex-members still.

The following letter from Michael Burn wraps up the "Single-handed" question and it seems we were both right. I can vouch for my father's interpretation being the "modern" one. Michael wrote the letter to me but then sent it to Mark for the newsletter and it came to me via Priscilla.

10th December 1993

My dear Joan,

Very sorry indeed to have wasted space in the last but one Newsletter. I am always being abjured by editors to double space everything and was as horrified as yourself that Mark had just run my original through the copier - so here is a single!

Having started a hare, I hope you will allow me to finish it, however niggly it might appear. I agree with you about your interpretation of "singlehander" - at the time that you were originally familiar with it but by that time it had already lost its original meaning.

I have very good provenance for my assertion for its original use which is only interesting because its change of use so amply demonstrated the success of the numbers of amateur small yacht designers who were creating boats in which it was amply possible to sail on one's own or with an amateur friend.

The term "singlehanding" was largely in use during the 1880's and 1890's. It is used, not as a noun "a singlehander" but as an adjective - to sail "singlehanded", [Is that perchance an adverb? J.] to describe the act of sailing with only one "hand". It is only then used to describe a paid hand, because at that time that is what a hand was, not a friend or another amateur or Corinthian. Indeed, except for notable eccentrics like Middleton and Voss, the particular trip in the Yawl Rob Roy by MacGregor, and one or two trips by McMullen in Procyon, all done before the 1890's, the business of sailing alone (our term singlehanded) was agreed to be foolhardy and dangerous - indeed, it hardly occurred because there were not the boats in which to do it. The distinction between 'professionals' and corinthians, or amateurs, was absolute and it is a curious fact for us today that there should have been a clear distinction between sailing your small yacht by yourself with one paid hand (a professional) "singlehanded" and sailing her by yourself with a friend.

The term "singlehander" used as a descriptive noun, occurs from about 1900. The announcement of Sheila's building in the HYC Yearbook of 1904 notes that the sails were kept small 'for easy working with one hand' (and I know that her original owner Robert E. Groves never used a paid hand and often did sail alone) and below is printed a delightful Strange 'advice piece' "To Single-handers" showing quite clearly that the term had begun to take on the meaning we understand of it today. Strange had sailed his sea going canoe-yawl, Cherub II from the upper Humber to Chichester, in 1892, on his own, and was fully in a position not only to use the term in a new sense but to write the piece below. [i.e., the advice in the 'advice piece']

I do most sincerely hope that this does not sound pedantic but the true provenance of the terms we use often tells us much we did not know.

THB's point in "Cruising Yachts: Design and Performance" about supplying a tensioner between the deck beams and the keel to transmit the hallyard loads to the keel and not to the deck is highly valid - but as an engineer I have always thought it eminently more satisfactory to retain all the rig loads wholly within the mast and not to transmit them to any other part of the hull at all. To this end, when restoring Sheila, I created lightweight, but very long, spiderband /fife rails which have adequate and large belaying pins on them, and which clamp on rubber sheaths to the mast so that all the hallyards of every sort are made fast to the mast itself. This ensures that no rig loads are transmitted to the hull except those of the windward shrouds when sailing. Indeed, with the full rig up, lying at anchor, the only load on the keel is the actual deadweight of the rig - why submit it to more?

This arrangement has the advantage that a neat mastcoat can be made to hold all the coils tidy and prevent the notorious 'jibsheet' snags - I made

one for 5 ten years ago and would not sail without it.

Yours very sincerely,

Michael Burn.'

Very interesting, Michael: I'm particularly interested by your alternative to THB's method of taking the strain of the rigging. One advantage of my father's method is that it holds the keel on!

Not to be out done with pedantry, here is my contribution. If you remember your "Alice" - 'You might as well say that I say what I mean is the same as I mean what I say' you'll see the similarity. When tidying a drawer here I came across a copy of the Falmouth Harbour Commissioners Harbour General Bye-Laws for 1966 and from which the following is an extract:

Interpretation

(2) Words importing the singular number only include the plural number and vice versa.

Words importing the masculine gender only include feminine gender. Work your way round that! - A little punctuation wouldn't come amiss.

I have been sent notices about the Plymouth Classic Boat Rally 30-31st July, with their provisional programme of events covering 29th July-2nd August. If anyone can attend, details and entry forms may be had from: Diane Webster, 24 Dean Hill, Plymstock, Plymouth PL9 9AD. Tel. 0752 406711. Or, contact: Clovelly Bay Marina, Tel. 0752 404231. The newsletter may arrive too late for you to do anything about it but, do shew the HBA flag there - and at other CB rallies if you can. I doubt if we can spare space for their notices but that's an editorial decision.

Sometimes I am asked what distinguishing marks denote HB boats. HB boats speak for themselves and need no other advertisement. Z.4-tonners each had a metal Z on the stem but that is the only authentic mark - and only the Z.4s, not other Zyklons. Z on the sail means a handicap class in some yacht clubs, it means nothing to us. Neither does HBA.

The HBA will be twenty-one years old at the end of this year - so many years of tapping out newsletters! I personally am very grateful for its existence. It has been one of the most therapeutic things for me since my husband died - nearly twenty-two years ago - and it has brought so many friends into my life. Assuredly, it occupies a lot of my time, time which I certainly could not have given if I still had my husband to share my life and I am ever conscious of the permanent, though changing, queue of letters waiting for replies. I do apologise for these. Although the content of our membership fluctuates, we have moved far ahead of our original nineteen members, several of whom, sadly have died. We have a wide age range, from the eighties to the twenties, which bodes well for continuity. Ron and Mary Goodhand got it afloat - and kept it afloat in its teething years and it feels much more like a family than a club.

Neither my own nor the HBA typewriter has accent keys and the omission of the acute accent on Bon Marché, in Mark's list of HB designs in the last issue rendered the name both senseless and ungrammatical for "marche" is feminine and it has several meanings, none of which has any bearing on the reason for the name of the design. Bon marché means: cheap (inexpensive); a bargain; a good purchase, etc., and the design was intended to be cheap to build.

I now come to an SOS message of my own. I no longer have the original lines drawings of Dream of Arden nor of Prima. I must have handed them over, or posted them in lieu of copies. Please, please, will anyone who has one, or both of these, return them to me and I will send copies and refund postage. Both are particularly precious as Dream of Arden was my father's last design and Prima is my one and only design. It may have happened after the AGM of

1993 because a number of us were looking at a good many designs - and I know that Prima was one of these. It's very easy to mistake one curled up sheet of paper for another. Trutina seems to be missing from my collection in its entirety - but it's possible that I never had it. I shall be more than grateful to have the drawings back.

If I have forgotten anything it will have to be added as a "Stop Press" item, later on. Meanwhile, I shall send this to Janet and Keith, together with all the other items for publication, either in this or a future issue.

My very best wishes to you all and a warm welcome to our new members. Have a good season, whether it be summer sailing or winter chores,

As ever, ,

Joan.

RESTORING "IBIS"

E.A. Burnett

The first I saw of "Ibis" was a single line advertisement in a magazine :

23' Harrison Butler£2900 o.n.o

I was looking for a boat I could live on, after suitable modifications, and attend a Yacht Design course at Warsash on the river Hamble. I wanted a small, capable boat, preferably with a gaff cutter rig, so I called the broker in Southampton and he sent me the particulars. Like many such documents it waxed poetic with many optimistic words and I was thus lured to a muddy Itchen marina for a viewing. "Ibis" was afloat, which was something, but was evidently in need of rather more optimism than even the broker could manage. The general impression was not encouraging, however the hull seemed to be in pretty good shape and there were definite possibilities.

I drove back to Falmouth to think it over. As a way of finding out more about the boat, I called Joan.

"What's she called ?" she said.

"Ibis."

"Ah yes, she's a "Cyclone". Her plans are in Yachting Monthly."

So now I knew what she was. Almost. The plans said she ought to be only 21' long, maybe she was a "Cyclone II"?

She seemed big enough to me anyway, so I put in an offer that I thought reflected her condition, subject to my own out of water inspection. Much to my surprise and/or alarm it was hastily accepted.

My survey confirmed what I had first thought. The bottom planking was a bit patchy, floors and keel bolts needed replacing. The starboard beamshelf was broken amidships, but the deck and deck frame had to come out anyway. The rig had obviously suffered major alterations including moving the mast forward 18".

I didn't fancy sailing her down channel in her then current state, so she came west on a lorry.

I had arranged to do the work in the shed of G.C.Fox and Co. in Penryn. For the first week she sat on a trolley outside while I applied a crowbar to the relevant areas and removed many years worth of bilge muck.

The deck had been fibre-glassed at some stage and water had got underneath the sheathing so removing it was no trouble at all. Underneath was a layer of compost and what remained of the deck planking, which was also easily removed.

At this stage I went to work in the bilge. I pulled out the old iron floor straps which were rusted paper thin, the keel bolts required two days of pounding but came out in the end. The mast step moved aside when I stumbled over it.

By now I was in danger of becoming unpopular at the yard. As soon as the lorry came to empty the bins, I would fill them up again! I ended up staggering the waste disposal over a few weeks so the system could cope. The old teak cabin sides were put aside for reuse, as were any items of deck gear worth saving.

I now faced the first major decision of the project. What metal to use for the new bolts and floor straps? The old iron I removed had not fared too well and would have been very expensive to replace. Also I was unwilling to use small steel bolts to fasten the straps to the planking. In the end I went for 316 stainless steel. Although wary of it as a material, I now have all one metal for floor straps, keel bolts and floor bolts. I don't expect any problems with the stainless in the iron keel or near the copper fastenings, my only worry is crevice corrosion on the bolts themselves, so this spring I will drive out a couple and have a good look.

I had by now decided upon the deck layout. The mast would be returned to its original position and I would fit a single beam in way of a bridge deck to help keep the sides apart and separate the interior from the exterior.

After removing the deck frame, both beamshelves were replaced with Douglas-Fir in a single length. Most of the old deck beams were reused after cleaning up, new beams were made from more Douglas-Fir. The old breasthook and quarter knees were reused. I fitted plenty of blocking in way of mast partners, bitts and chainplates as well as pads to spread the load from the beaching legs. I cut the deck out of 5/8" marine ply and painted the underside, but put it aside until I had sorted the bottom planking.

It became apparent that the bottom four planks each side had been replaced once before but not very well. I hummed and hawed for a while and then, having decided to replace them again, I ripped a plank off either side before I had time to change my mind.

I located a sawer near Plymouth who had a nice Larch log, long enough to do all the planks with no butts. I paid him a visit and we sawed up the log to suit my requirements. The timber arrived at the yard as I was sitting down to my birthday dinner, which was subsequently delayed.

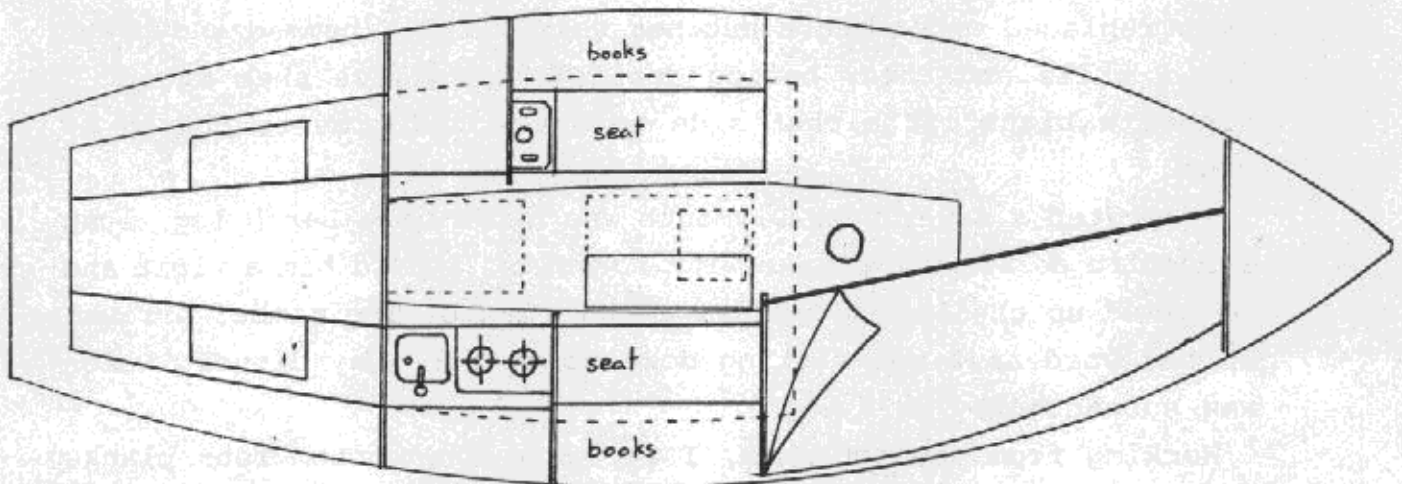
Working from the top down, I replaced the bottom four planks each side, one of which had a stealer in it's bottom edge. The first one broke as I twisted it around to meet the sternpost, but after steaming, it's replacement went in without too much trouble. The planking took a month, mainly because working alone (single handed?), it took ages to hang each plank and take it down for any necessary trimming. I finished it just in time for the A.G.M. in late February.

After caulking, I painted the inside and out of just about everything and laid the deck. This was a very rewarding excersize as within a day I was able to walk around on it. On top of the plywood and with the help of the yard, I laid woven cloth in epoxy resin, which was turned down over all edges.

I now fitted new mahogany cabin sides / cockpit coamings etc. the line of which was established mainly by eye. At this stage, Joan made an inspection and helped with the line of the coamings. Cockpit seats were made from the old teak cabin sides.

Before fitting the cabin roof, I built the interior, the layout of which had been churning about in my head for several months. I wanted one bunk which could be left made up without having people sitting on it, as well as a good live aboard galley and plenty of stowage. As I sit at the table now, it all seems pretty comfortable despite the somewhat hostile January weather. Surprisingly the layout benefits from being in so small a boat as just about anything can be reached from a seat in the galley. The lack of engine allows space under the cockpit to be used for more worthwhile objects.

The cabin roof is 1/2" ply, again epoxy and cloth sheathed.



Ibis' interior layout as it is now. The table is held down by a wire stay, tensioned with the only rigging screw on the boat. This allows it to be held securely in a range of positions.

By now it was late June and my course started on September 27th in Southampton.

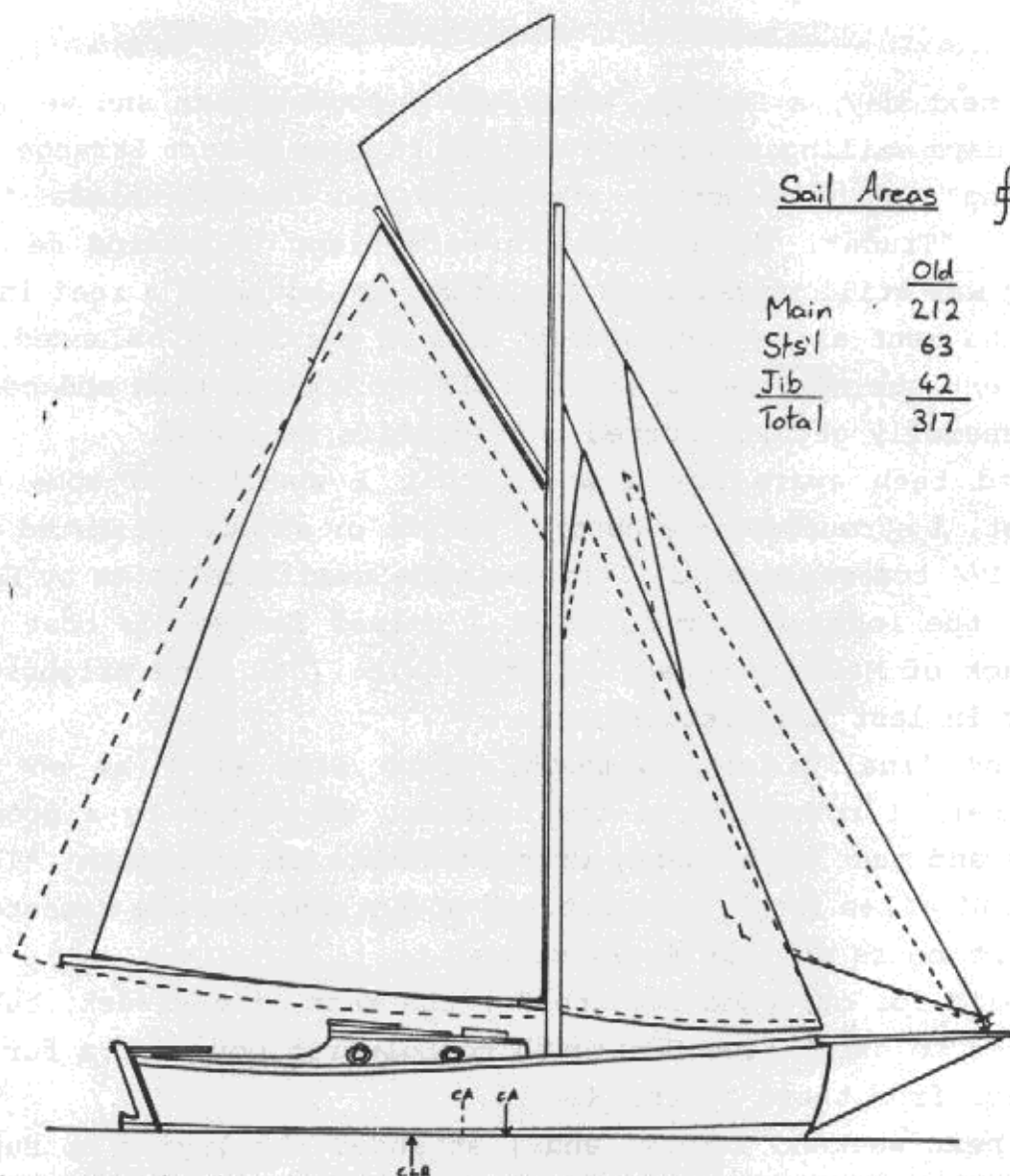
I fitted toerails and rail caps and built hatches from old Mahogany worktops, salvaged from my father's shop.

After a frenzy of painting and varnishing and as yet rudderless, *Ibis* was launched in early August. Thankfully she made very little water, as I had been keeping her bilge full of salt water since the spring.

I built the rudder around the new bronze hangings from Acacia and Iroko in the traditional way.

With the rudder hung, I turned to the rig. The sails had long since been ordered and I had most things worked out so it all came together quite quickly. I reused the old mast, a lovely spar albeit a bit light. The gaff was got out of an old spar donated by Norman Alexander, the boom was a lucky find in the Jewsons timber yard. The Pitchpine bowsprit came from my favourite timber merchant in Mounthawke.

Design-wise I had drawn the rig after studying the original T.H.B. gaff cutter rig, which I suspect would have provided a bit of weather helm. I nearly doubled the lead to about 14% L.W.L. and fussed over the angle of the gaff etc. until it all looked about right.



Sail Areas f

	<u>Old</u>	<u>New</u>
Main	212	200
Sts'l	63	76
Jib	<u>42</u>	<u>57</u>
Total	317	333

Ibis' new rig (solid lines) compared with the original (dotted lines). Note the relative positions of centres of area. I have yet to sort out a topsail, she seems to have plenty of sail without one!

The route to open ocean at Fox's yard is blocked by a low bridge, requiring masts to be unstepped for satisfactory transit. I stepped the mast upstream of it first to cut the rigging to length and check the sails for size. In late August and with the mast on the deck, *Ibis* was towed under the bridge and left Penryn having arrived by lorry ten months previously.

After a day spent sorting things out on a borrowed mooring in Falmouth harbour, I hoisted sail and cast off for our first sail. There was little wind but "*Ibis*" slipped along readily and after a few hours, I picked up the mooring well pleased.

The next day, a Sunday, there was a good breeze and we had a great days sailing in company with my fathers Albert Strange yawl "Redwing" and a recently recommissioned George Holmes "Eel" design, "Truda". The breeze was sufficient to remind me that "Ibis" was still rather high on her marks, but with a reef in the main she went along very nicely, almost perfectly balanced.

I spent the next few weeks installing a water tank and cooker and generally getting sorted out for life on board.

I had been aware for a while that I would need some more ballast, I scrounged up a hundred weight or so but estimated that about 1/4 ton was needed. This was made available to me by Henry Irons, the local keel man, after I helped remove his boat from the back of M&S during an easterly gale. (See Jane Wrightson's letter in last news letter.)

"Ibis" finally left Falmouth, bound East at 6 am on 21st September. I rowed out of the harbour, to be met by a good SW breeze and just after dark, dropped anchor in Dartmouth. "Ibis" logged 68 miles in 12 hours between St. Anthony and the Homestone, her best hours run was 6 1/4 miles.

We paid for our good fortune for the rest of the week, taking 30 hours to drift from Dartmouth to Lulworth Cove and a further 14 hours from there to the Hamble.

The next weekend, "Ibis" and I attended the laying up supper at Gin's Farm. Our arrival was slightly delayed when the Beaulieu spring ebb became more enthusiastic than my rowing.

Engines, or the lack of them.

When I bought "Ibis", she had engine beds, shaft and propeller, but no engine. The shaft emerged through the port quarter via a particularly un-streamlined shaft log. The affected area of planking was replaced as part of the replanking job.

The decision to have an engineless boat was due partly to my youthful enthusiasm and partly to the fact that I had no engine. It does simplify things considerably, having no electronics and none of the dirt and smell often associated with engines in small boats. I tend not to get frustrated when becalmed as there is

obviously little that can be done about it.

Rowing, I can sustain about 1 knot in flat water. This is fine for manouvering and moving around in harbours, but does not do much for passage times. To date, my most annoying experiences have come working up Southampton Water. With a tiny breeze, I know I can keep the boat moving but the somewhat inconsiderate actions of some Solent power boat users do not help towards this end.

It has been suggested that I get a small outboard, however I see this as being a lot of fuss and trouble, without the benefits of a properly installed inboard, i.e. reliable power, easily available when desired.

Ibis` lines as reproduced from The Yachting Monthly 1925. I changed the rudder profile, providing a straight trailing edge on which I intend to mount a trim tab for a self steering gear.

Performance

I chose the gaff cutter rig because I consider it to be very versatile and controllable, as well as being fun to sail with and good to look at. "Ibis" has sailed comfortably and with good balance in all the conditions I have, as yet experienced with her. This comes about mainly, I believe because she was designed as a cutter, with the mast well back in the boat, over 8' aft of the stemhead! This gives room for good powerful staysail. The jib is very much an optional extra, set up as it is on a Wykeham-Martin furling gear. If the furling gear fails, the whole lot can be dropped on deck, without depriving the mast of a forestay, or the boat of an effective sailplan. Personally I would worry about having a roller reefing gear on the end of the bowsprit. Although these systems are now very reliable, there is a possibility of failure and to have one fail at the end of a bowsprit would be inconvenient to say the least. In saying this, I would appear to disagree with Mike Burn, judging by the contents of his recent letter to the editor.

One problem which is evident on many boats, young and old, is the escalation of weather helm as the boat heels. Although not entirely immune to this, (I have yet to sail the boat that is) Ibis does not labour when overcanvassed, or suffer a radical change of balance. Drawn in 1919, she was conceived I believe, before T.H.B began to perform the metacentric analysis on his designs, indeed no analysis is evident on her lines plan. However her hull has remained well balanced at all the angles of heel I have as yet encountered.

On the whole, the restoration was an enjoyable and educational experience. There were, of course, bad days, but I always tried to end the day on a good note. One of the advantages of working in a reasonably busy yard was the good productive atmosphere that usually prevailed. This prevented me from becoming bogged down on any one job. Whenever any advice or encouragement was needed (and sometimes when it was not), the resident shipwrights were always forthcoming.

Boats and their owners being what they are I am sure I will make some changes in due course, but for now I am happy. Except for that vegetable hammock.....

Cyclone Single-Hander

BY

Dr. T. HARRISON BUTLER

CYCLONE was designed six years ago and was built and sailed in Sweden under the yawl rig. The owner tells me that she proved most efficient and was a wonderful sea-boat. On one occasion, while fishing in winter, she was caught in what he describes as a "cyclone," during which two large yachts were dismasted and another blown ashore. Her behaviour left nothing to be desired, and she came through the ordeal successfully.

The design was proportionately enlarged to a water-line length of 20 ft. and built on the South Coast. She was rigged as a Marconi sloop. This yacht made an adventurous voyage to Holland in wild weather, and the next year was caught in mid-channel in a moderate gale. After sundry mishaps she found herself in the race off Cape Barfleur, but worked out again with her engine, a Watermota. Her crew were too exhausted to get her to Guernsey, and so put her on her course for England and turned in. When they woke up she had again crossed the Channel and was in sight of the coast near Dartmouth.

It is therefore obvious that the design is seaworthy, and also that she will sail herself in a heavy sea.

The draught has been kept down in order that the yacht may be suitable for estuary work. The boat is stiff and sails at a moderate angle, making her draught effective. In consequence she is a reasonable performer to windward.

The cabin plans show that there is comfortable room for two. The galley is placed aft to starboard, and on the port side aft there is a pantry and food locker. Forward on the port side there is a sideboard, under which is the bread locker. Behind this is a large cupboard, extending well into the fore-castle, fitted with two shelves for clothes. In the fore-castle there is ample stowage for kit-bags, and a shelf to starboard for the

anchor and side-lights. The spare sails will stow on the shelf in the eyes of the yacht.

The yawl rig has the advantage that the mast is well forward, giving a good cabin. It has other merits in a small boat that is intended to sail outside, and the fact that this boat will sail with either jib or mizen or under mainsail alone makes the rig particularly useful to a single-hander.

In the cutter rig the mast has been placed where it ought to be in a cruiser—well in the boat. This plan gives a large staysail, the most easily handled of all sails, and a balance between head and aft sails which enables the yacht to be hove-to. A cutter with the mast forward heaves-to badly, for the mainsail is not sufficiently an aft sail and continually drives the yacht. Again, in a yacht of this size the modern racing position of the mast cuts up the accommodation: it is too far aft to give a good cabin, and too far forward to make the fore-castle of any value.

With the yawl rig there is no fore-castle and therefore no fore-hatch. Ventilation is imperative, so a large cowl has been figured which stows below during serious sailing.

The lines can be proportionately enlarged up to a water line of about 24 ft.; after that it would be desirable to space out the sections. This was done in a 10-tonner which was laid down in Sweden.

Particular care has been taken to balance the in and out wedges, and in consequence the yacht is what some would call fine aft. In a beamy boat it is essential to pay attention to this question, and the fine water line aft is no detriment, but is essential to easy action when heeled in a sea-way. The unseaworthiness of Typhoon, which almost resulted in her total loss at sea on the return journey to America, could have

been foretold by inspection of her lines: there was a total lack of balance between the forebody and afterbody, so that when heeled she would trim by the head.

It is difficult to attain balance in a yacht with deep sections and a counter: in fact, it can be done only by taking one's courage in both hands and boldly adopting V-sections for the counter. This has been done in the design by Messrs. G. L. Watson which appeared in the YACHTING MONTHLY for February. In my humble opinion, this is the finest design for a yacht of the size and type which has ever appeared. Were the stem drawn out another few inches to its natural termination, the design would be perfect. I predict that this yacht will be a wonderful sea-boat.

If any readers are interested in Cyclone, I shall be delighted to let them have the lines if they will pay for the reproduction.

CYCLONE.				
Dimensions.				
L.O.A.	21 ft.
L.W.L.	19 ft.
Beam	7 ft.

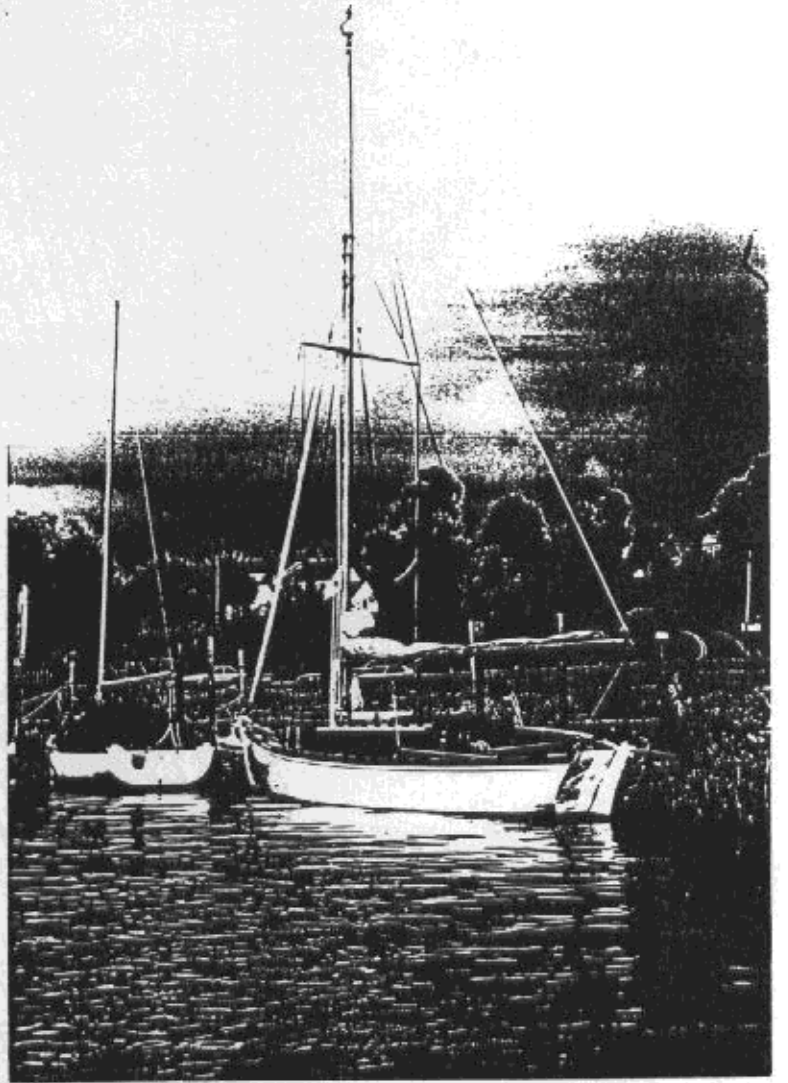
Draught	3 ft. 6 in.
Displacement	3.4 tons.
Thames tonnage	3.6 tons.
Weight of iron shoe	1.25 tons.
Area lateral plane	60 sq. ft.
Area mid-section	10.8 sq. ft.

Sail Areas.				
CUTTER.				
Mainsail	212 sq. ft.
Foresail	63 "
Jib	42 "
Total	317 sq. ft.
YAWL.				
Mainsail	180 sq. ft.
Mizen	40 "
Jib	60 "
Total	280 sq. ft.

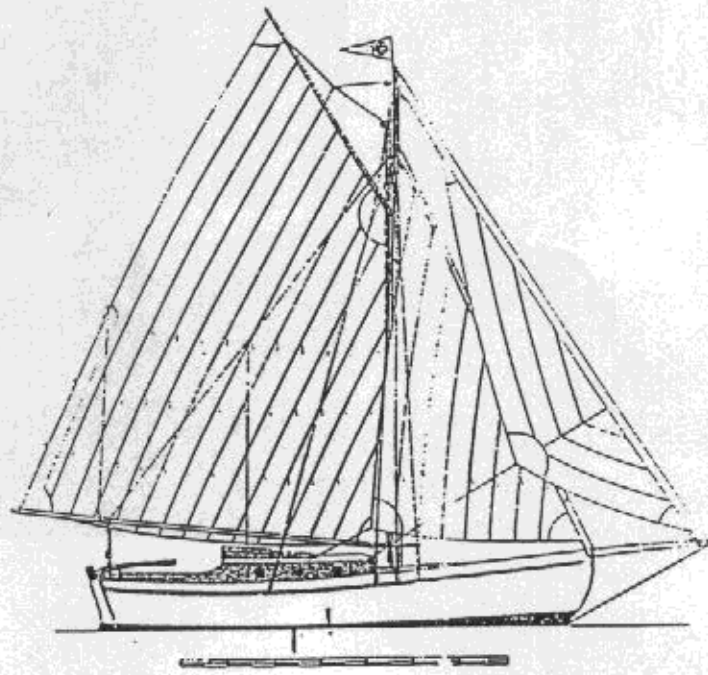
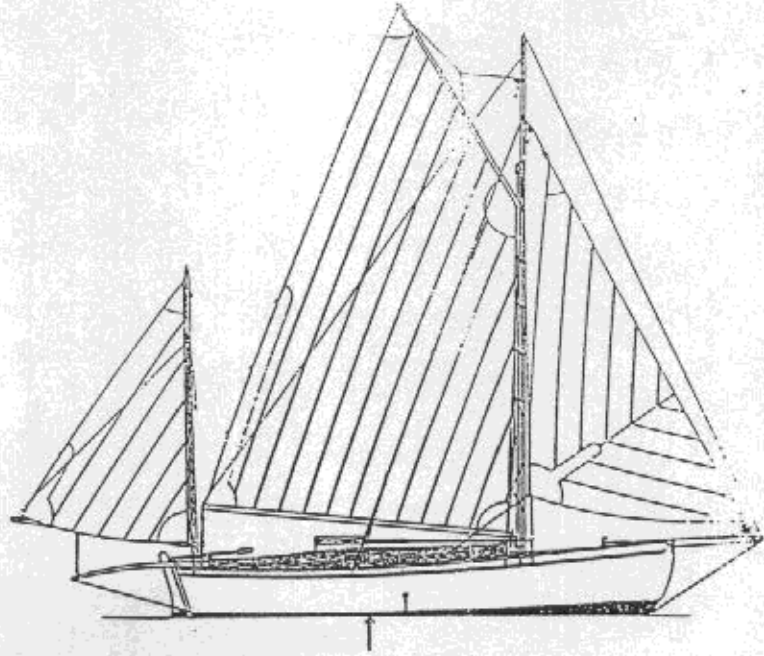
This makes the yacht a "one-rater" by the old length and S.A. rule.

[Mr. Barnett, of Messrs. G. L. Watson, is in agreement with Dr. Harrison Butler in regard to the form of Venture's stem. This would have been drawn out a few inches had the length on deck not been restricted by the requirements of a specified tonnage under the Thames Measurement.—Ed.]



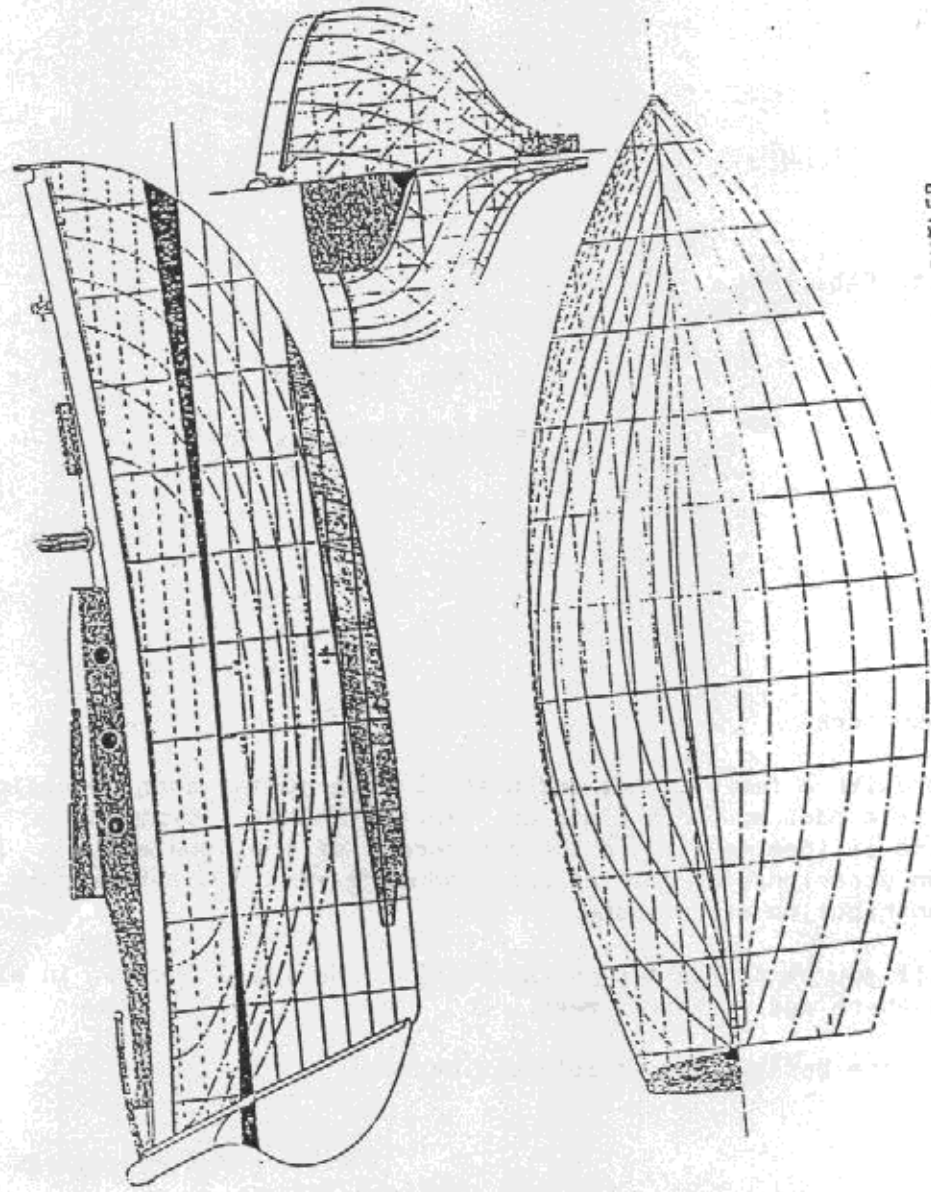


THE YACHTING MONTHLY



ALTERNATIVE SAIL PLANS FOR CYCLONE

Scale: $\frac{1}{4}$ in. = 1 ft.



LINES OF CYCLONE, DESIGNED BY DR. T. HARRISON BUTLER
Scale: $\frac{1}{4}$ in. = 1 ft.

20th Feb. 1994

Ron Goodhand

35 Lower Swanwick Road
Southampton
SO3 7DY

Dear Mark

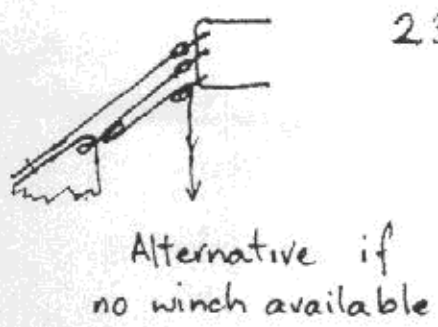
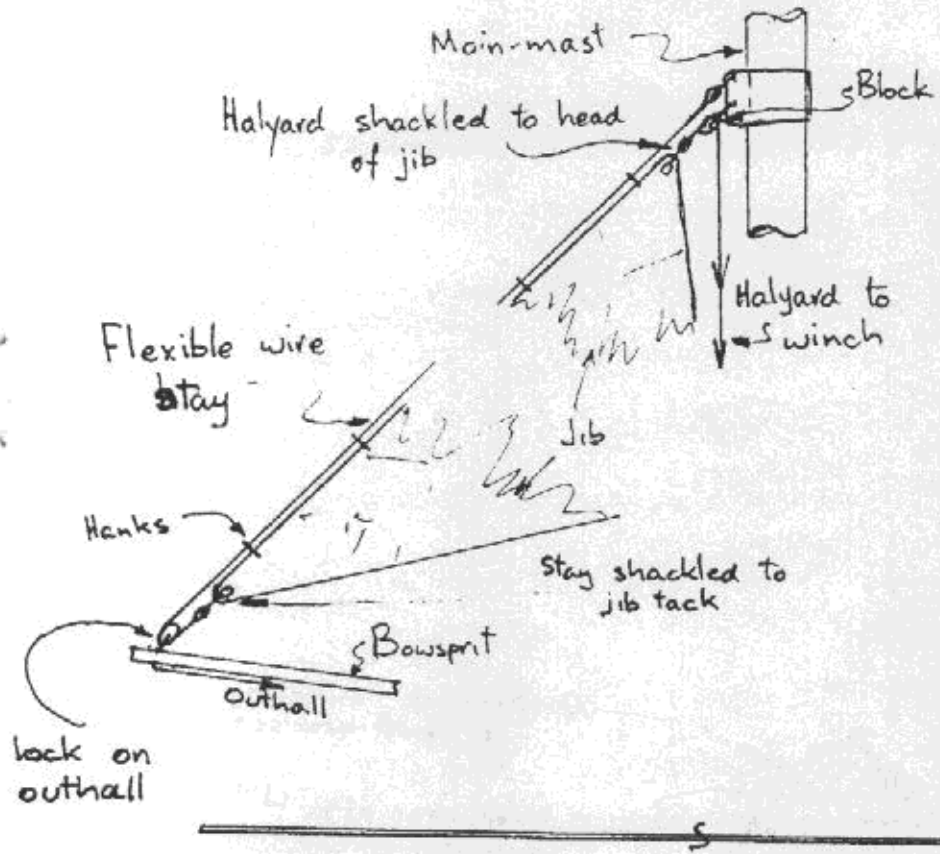
Herewith a few sketches and notes I have jotted down regarding some of the little odds and ends I did on 'Lindy II' when I owned her. You may be glad of them to fill in the odd corner of the Newsletter. I know from my own experience of editing and producing said Newsletter that ANY contribution was welcome.

Will you be at the AGM on the 26th? Mary and I will, in all probability, be there and I hope we meet.

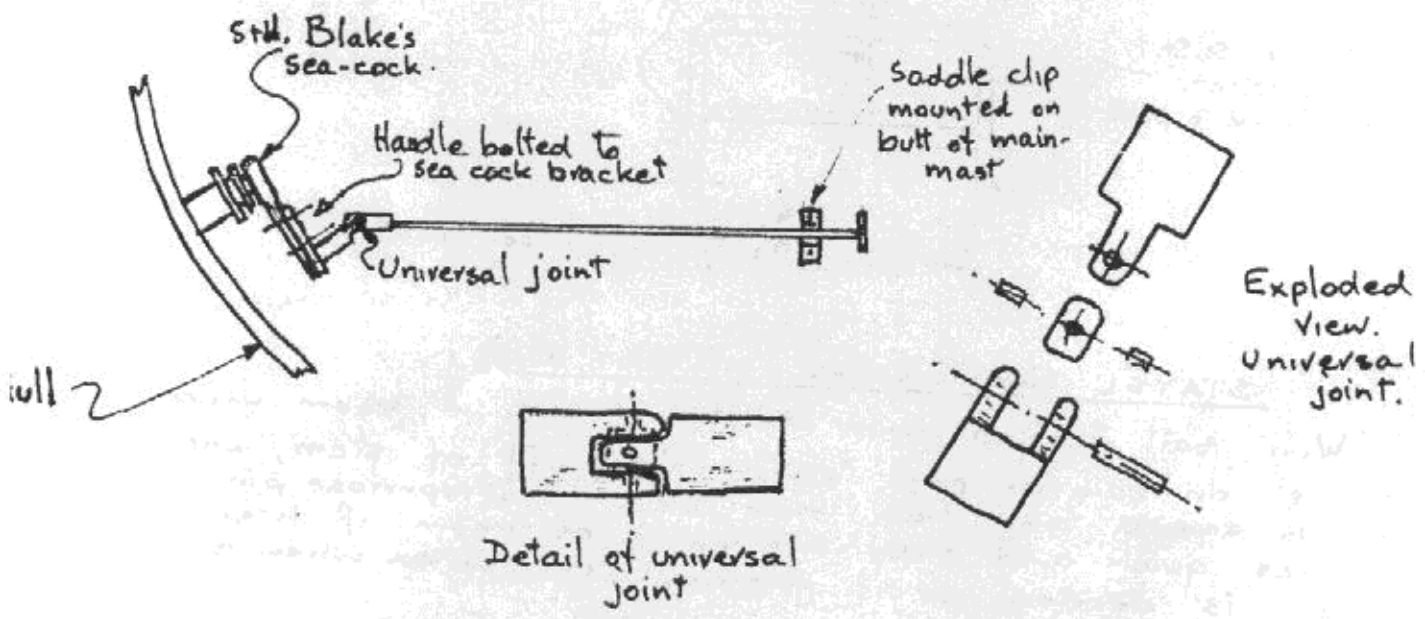
All the best with your splendid work.

Kind regards

Ron

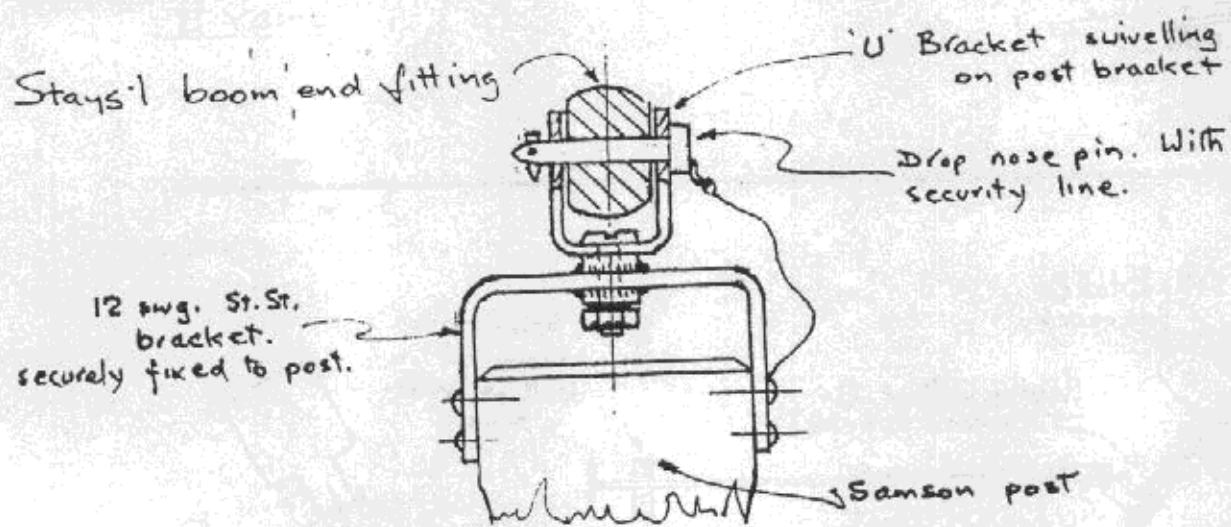


SELF HARDENING JIB-STAY
'LINDY II'



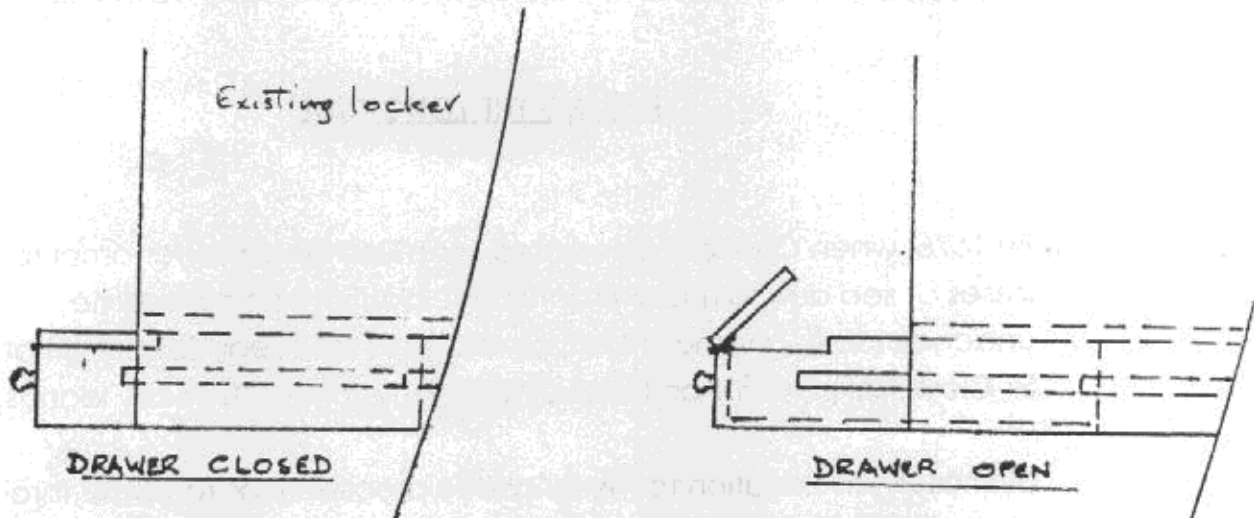
REMOTE OPERATION OF HEADS OUTLET SEA-COCK LINDY II

To obviate the necessity of scrabbling contortions to reach the sea-cock a stainless-steel rod fitted with a universal joint is bolted to the sea-cock handle and brought inboard to the butt of the main-mast where it is immediately accessible. A simple saddle block supports it on the mast. A suitable handwheel fixed to the inboard end of the shaft means that a quarter-revolution of this wheel will either open or close the sea-cock.

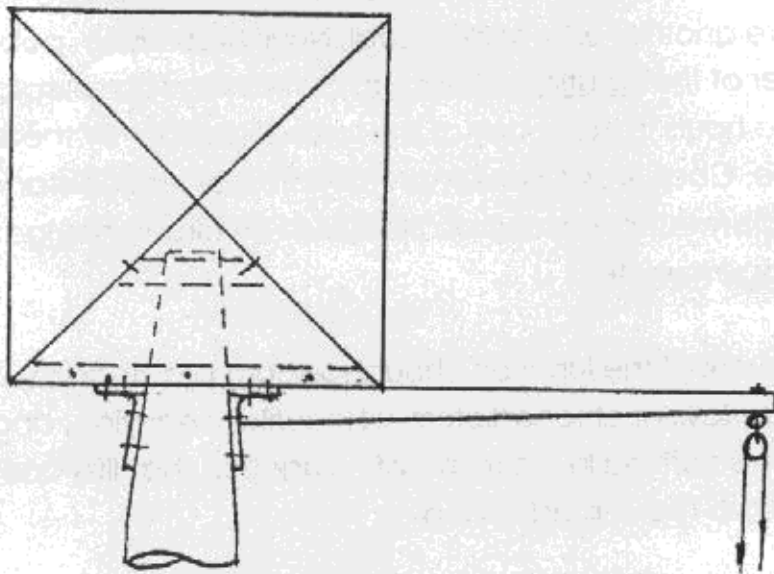


STAYS'L BOOM SWIVEL - 'LINDY II'

With sail tacked down to stem-head a boom fixed to swivel on samson post some 3'0" aft of stem, when sheet is eased sail has more 'belly'. Drop-nose pin facilitates quick and easy unshipping of boom if head-s'l change is needed, or if fore-deck is cleared when at moorings or anchor.

CUTLERY DRAWER ON 'LINDY II'

The most suitable place for a cutlery-draw aboard 'Lindy II' was beneath an existing locker, but unfortunately the length available between locker-front and ship's-side was too short to accommodate cutlery. A drawer was made of sufficient length with a hinged flap to close the gap between drawer, when closed, and locker front. A false end was fixed to locker to carry drawer slides.

RADAR REFLECTOR ON 'LINDY II'

As 'Lindy II' is yawl rigged I had to find something for the mizzen mast to do apart from supporting a diminutive piece of drapery. I therefore fitted two $\frac{3}{4}$ " thick pieces of teak suitably chamfered & taper-bored to attach the radar reflector to the mizzen-mast head. This arrangement also allowed a most convenient mounting for an ensign halyard jack-staff.

FINDING THE LONGITUDE

By 1675, when Charles II appointed John Flamsteed astronomer royal, losses at sea due to mistaken longitude positions had become unacceptable, a famous example being, a few years later, that of Sir Cloudisley Shovell on the southernmost rocks of the Scilly Islands.

Ultimately, the solution to the longitude problem was to come through chronometers, for longitude is time, one hour being equivalent to 15° of longitude, but Flamsteed's original instructions had nothing to do with these machines. He was

to apply himself ... to the rectifying the tables of the motions of the heavens, and the places of the fixed stars, so as to find out the ... longitude of places for the perfecting the art of navigation.

In other words he was to produce tables so that longitude could be calculated using lunar distances, a method that involved calculating the distance of the moon from the sun, a planet or a fixed star. It was 1766 before another astronomer royal, Nevil Maskelyne, published the first number of the Nautical Almanac, containing tables calculated for every three hours in each day of the following year. By the end of his first voyage, Cook was a passionate devotee of lunar distances, as, over a century later, was Joshua Slocum in his circumnavigation of 1895-8. Slocum wrote:

The work of the lunarian, though seldom practised in these days of chronometers, is beautifully edifying, and there is nothing in the realm of navigation that lifts one's heart up more in adoration.

The trouble was that the calculations were too long and complex for the average seafarer, and John Harrison's chronometer, tested on a voyage to Barbados in 1764, was too expensive. However, on his second voyage, James Cook took a replica of Harrison's fourth chronometer made by Larcum Kendall, and gradually its accuracy and simplicity won him over, so that in his journal, 2 September 1772, Cook wrote

such is the effect the currents must have had on the sloop, which Mr Kendall's watch taught us to expect.

The determination of exact position, of course, cannot be achieved by chronometer alone, and, until after the second world war, the necessary calculations to achieve a position were still onerous, often performed in HM ships by the navigator's yeoman, a rating known usually by a soubriquet describing his other responsibility 'fresh water tanky'. The necessity for more speedy calculations of position led to the publication of sight reduction tables for air navigation, using assumed positions. It was these simple tables, together with the invention of reliable self-steering gear, that caused the universal interest in single-handed voyaging to be experienced (or read about) from the 1950's onwards.

Sadly, it may be thought, both the wonderfully predictable movements of the heavenly bodies and the superbly engineered clockwork and quartz timepiece have been made redundant/as far as the art of navigation is concerned/by a tiny, hand-held device powered by four AA batteries. As distinguished a navigator as Michael Richey writes of his latest transatlantic passage in Roving Commissions 34

It was the first time I had used GPS in the ocean, and so convenient did I find it that, having first adjusted the sextant, I put it back in its box, where it remained for the rest of the voyage.

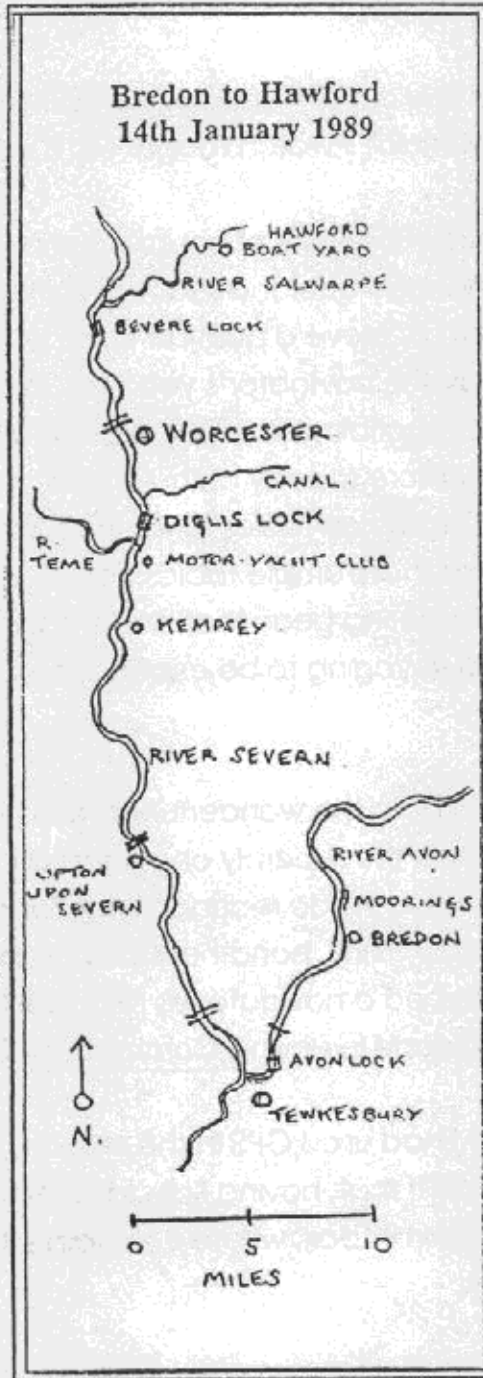
P.W. Hasler

UP THE CREEK IN AVOCET

For over a fortnight bad weather had swept across the country, bringing with it heavy rain storms and flooding. Whilst driving home from the office one evening early in the New Year, I decided in view of the weather, to take a short detour to the boat yard and mooring where my Harrison Butler 'Memory' design 3 ton yacht was laid up afloat for the winter.

As I sped along Dock Lane in my Peugeot, I could already see the River Avon had broken its banks and the evening light reflected vast expanses of pewter grey water covering the fields as far as the eye could see. Quickly parking the car and struggling into my sea boots and oilskin jacket, I hurried along the soggy pathway down to the creek where 'Avocet' was lying, her mast silhouetted against the darkening sky. On arrival at the landing stage, I was horrified to find the river level having risen over five feet, that 'Avocet' amidships was firmly wedged under the edge of the landing stage, the cruel steel cutting into her teak rail. Desperately I tried pulling on one of the mooring ropes, but 'Avocet' was firmly held. The water had already covered the boot topping and I had dreadful visions of the river rising until 'Avocet' was completely submerged. Numerous thoughts raced through my mind. If enough people could be asked to stand on her decks maybe we could float her out from under the steelwork. Unfortunately that plan was useless as the river was deserted but for a few cottages. Perhaps if I opened one of the toilet sea-cocks and flooded the bilges, she would settle low enough in the water, but that would probably ruin the engine. The situation by the minute was rapidly getting worse, as the swirling muddy brown water rose ever higher. I felt completely helpless, but something had to be done, or I would undoubtedly lose the boat! Breathlessly, I ran back to the road where thankfully I could see a light in the window of one of the nearby cottages, the home of a retired architect, who I knew had an affinity with old wooden boats, being an owner of a splendid steam yacht 'Puffin'. I gasped up to the front door, knocking loudly. Graham soon appeared and I blurted out my sorry tale. Within five minutes we were both standing on the soon to be submerged landing stage.

Whilst I had briefly been away 'Avocet' with the rising water had been forced over on her starboard side, the weight of her heavy ballast keel, pushing her further under the staging. It was time for action or 'Avocet' would soon flounder.



Quickly scouting about I discovered a suitable lever, a 12' long three inch square piece of timber. Placing the end under 'Avocet's' quarter we both levered all we were worth but frustratingly, not

a sign of movement. We moved position and tried again several times with still no luck. By now I was beginning to lose all hope, if only we had more man-power, Graham in his seventies was not as fit as he had been and I was worried should he over do himself. With renewed vigour we tried again nearer the bow this time we heard an ominous splintering sound, which at first I thought was our lever, but, I imagined 'Avocet' had moved. We tried our efforts once again and the air filled with the rending and cracking of timber, no option remained but to continue whatever the damage, it was better than a total loss. We once more concentrated our efforts at the stern and little by little 'Avocet' seemed to be moving outwards and away from the staging. We heaved and strained for what seemed an age, but in reality was probably only ten minutes or so, when suddenly with a sickening crash and cracking of wood, 'Avocet' leapt free, throwing us backwards onto the bank. Struggling to my feet I rushed over to inspect the damage, a gaping hole about 5' long met my eyes, the teak toe-rail and covering board for a length of about 8' was missing, one of the cast iron chain plates bent over double and the top plank smashed revealing the ribs and frames. I felt physically sick, but thankfully 'Avocet' was still afloat.

There being nothing else I could now do that night, I went back with Graham to his cottage for a cup of sweet tea and to dry out, as we were both soaked through. Whilst driving home later that evening I thanked my lucky stars, I had decided to visit the moorings and shuddered at the thought of what might have been if I hadn't.

The following morning, I drove impatiently down to the moorings, anxious to what I might find. It had again rained all night and the wind was gusting up to storm force from the South West. As I once more rushed along Dock Lane, the scene that greeted me was of breathtaking beauty. The shy winter sun had turned the now watery landscape into one vast mirror the mooring, boat yard, hedges and fields were all covered, all that remained was the masts of a few laid-up yachts, which, thankfully, included 'Avocet's'. I called on Graham with a suitable bottle

of malt whisky, to thank him for his help and ask if I could borrow his dinghy to row out to 'Avocet' now more that fifty yards away across the flooded moorings, the pathway submerged to a depth of three feet.

Rowing out to 'Avocet', I knew that I had made the right decision the night before, the river now over eight feet above its normal summer level, with no trace of the landing stage visible above water. Predictably, the damage looked worst in the daylight, anxiously I inspected the ship from stem to stern for more extensive problems, she had, as far as I could see, miraculously survived any straining of the hull.

On contacting my insurance company, I found them most understanding, asking for two quotes, which if under £1,000 work could begin at once, without inspection from the company. Telephone calls to two reputable local yards produced two similar quotes, the one just under £1,000 from Hawford Boatyard was chosen and a date fixed for the work to begin. Fortunately Hawford Boatyard was near to home, but only about forty miles by water from 'Avocet's' permanent mooring at Bredon in Gloucestershire.

Within a week the flood levels had subsided, the Spring tides in the Bristol channel had past and the River Severn flood water was consequently able to run away and the River Avon once more flowed into the Severn.

January 14th dawned bright but cold with a light westerly breeze, pleasant enough weather, given the time of year, for the forty mile passage to Hawford. By 10.30 am I was on board and preparing to get under way, having previously lowered the mast on deck with the help of the yards 1950 'Coles' crane. After some coaxing the Ducatti diesel engine burst into life and with mooring ropes cast off I swung 'Avocet' into the stream and around to follow the tide down to Tewkesbury about 5 miles away. The warm air coming into the cockpit from the engines cooling vent, most welcoming in the chill of a winters morning. The river seemed a lonely place with no sign of life aboard the many moored yachts, it being too early in the year and definitely too cold for fitting out. A solitary Heron stood sentry like on the far bank, taking off as we approached and with majestic wing

beats, swept silently over the frozen river meadows. After half an hour of steaming at three quarters throttle, Tewkesbury Abbey hove into view, by now we had reached the sailing club, several members busy getting their dinghies ready, probably for a frostbite race that afternoon. Very aptly named I thought as I rubbed my numbed hands together to return the circulation. Soon we were passing the entrance to one of the crowded marinas and I throttled back so as not to upset any of the occupants of a number of houseboats moored along that part of the river. Suddenly around a bend in the river the diminutive arches of the ancient King John's bridge came into sight. The headroom under the centre arch at normal summer river level is about ten feet, with still some flood water, this was considerably reduced. I eased back our speed, just allowing steerage way and aimed for the middle arch. My concern was for the unstepped mast now resting in the boom crutch at an angle of 40°. With inches clearance to spare we motored through and into the lock cut the other side. With some difficulty owing to the current I manoeuvred 'Avocet' the right angle turn in the narrow cut and into the open lock. Roger the lock keeper as cheerful as ever, whistled brightly as he operated the gates and paddles. The water surged and the level rapidly fell, whilst I swiftly eased on the shore lines with Roger's help. Within twenty minutes, I was waving goodbye to Roger and carefully negotiating the winding channel down to the River Severn, alarmed to find on reaching the river entrance a considerable amount of fresh still running, including such obstacles as tree stumps and wooden pallets. The remaining thirty mile passage against the stream would be slow and hazardous. With no option but to continue, we plugged away against the stream making painfully slow progress, even at maximum throttle, however one consolation, the air cooled diesel now working overtime was providing a constant flow of hot air, keeping my feet as warm as toast. By maintaining a sharp lookout I managed to dodge the largest pieces of debris coming down the river, eventually passing under the impressive single 170' span cast iron bridge, built by Thomas Telford in 1828.

By midday I arrived off the town quay of Upton on Severn, a most attractive small town with quaint narrow streets and black and white cottages crowding

the water front. The Black Swan looked as inviting as ever. Upton was once a prosperous port in the days of commercial river traffic, now sadly, only a secondary tourist attraction. The time now 13.10 hours I decided to moor at Upton and have a spot of lunch. 'Avocet's' snug cabin was most welcoming and soon I had a kettle boiling merrily on the 'Taylors' stove. After a lunch of hot soup, pemmican, fruit cake and coffee I felt sufficiently sustained to continue. I cast off and proceeded slowly upstream, always trying to find where the current ran more slowly. This part of the river quite spectacular, where tall, steep red cliffs rise sharply from the water to over 100'. Once the landscape levelled out I glimpsed occasionally on the horizon the hazy blue outline of the Malvern Hills. Rounding a bend in the river the bold tower of St Marys Church, Kempsey appeared on the East bank amongst the trees, the sound of bells drifting musically on the breeze. Soon the first yachts and boatyards lining the river banks became visible and then the moorings of the Severn Motor Yacht club. As evening was drawing in, I decided being a member of the club, to use their visitors mooring and leave 'Avocet' there. The rest of the passage could be concluded the following weekend, there still being ten days in hand before the yard were due to start work, that is if they started on time. I had previously had experience of boatyards imaginary time-tables! Having secured 'Avocet's' hatches and checked her mooring lines, I began the short five minute walk through the yacht club grounds to my home nearby.

Needless to say the bad weather of the past month returned with a vengeance and the river once more flooded and became unnavigable. It was not until 25th February that conditions allowed me to conclude the passage to Hawford. For some time a colleague from the office, knowing of my passion for sailing, had been asking if he could join me on a short trip. His assistance in providing return transport, promptly helped to make the decision to invite him on this occasion. After leaving his car at Hawford boatyard we returned to 'Avocet' at the yacht club, where the steward filled our portable five gallon fuel cans. By now it was of course raining again and blowing hard from the South-West and my crew looked like deserting me before we had even started.

Later we learned from the met office that the wind in the central counties had gusted to over 45 knots.

Having already made all the necessary arrangements aboard *'Avocet'* we finally replenished the fuel tank and were just about to cast-off when unexpectedly my crew's father turned up asking if he could come along too. I hadn't the heart really to refuse his request and as conditions were deteriorating rapidly, I thought he might be useful. So with James and his father Roy, suitably clad in wet weather gear we set off at 11.35 up-stream towards Diglis lock. Within about half an hour the lock came into sight, unfortunately having no radio set aboard, I was unable to call up the lock keeper, making it necessary to moor up against the wharf and go ashore to turn him out of his warm cottage. This being February and with little river traffic, he was not on permanent duty. We came along side the wharf with difficulty, owing to the strong wind tunnelling up the lock cut making mooring almost impossible. I sent Roy forward to fend off and tried to position *'Avocet'* with the help of the engine under the iron rung ladder. Suddenly an extra strong gust slew the boat round and I shouted to Roy to fend off, seconds later there was a crash forward as *'Avocet's'* stem hit the pilings. Roy looked quizzically round as if to say "What was I supposed to do?" I have often said an unreliable or inexperienced crew is worse than no crew at all and consequently I mostly sail alone. Suitable crew members have either boats of their own, or always crew for some-one else.

With nothing more than minor paint damage *'Avocet's'* stout iron stem band standing up to the impact, we located the lock-keeper and without further mishap were soon through the large, efficient, electrically operated lock and into the wide expanse of the Upper Severn which flows through the City of Worcester. We were soon passing the commercial oil docks and river basins

and on the banks to port, through the rain, we could see the famous New Road county cricket ground. To starboard was the Royal Worcester porcelain works, followed shortly by the impressive splendour of the Norman Cathedral. We negotiated the centre arch of the city bridge with ease and continued up stream passing the Rowing club and race course, admiring as we went along the many lovely houses and gardens along the waters edge. By now James was looking decidedly dejected, although Roy was obviously really enjoying himself, no doubt a complete contrast to his job as a council health inspector. I sent James below to prepare lunch, which he did, thankful I think, of something to do. Soon we were chewing on thick wedges of ham sandwiches and drinking scalding cups of coffee.

Fortunately, Diglis lock keeper had radioed the next lock so the keeper of Beverc lock was on hand, however, we hadn't planned on there being a coxed eight in the lock when we got there. So once again we had to moor up on the staging in the lock cut. In attempting to moor, Roy gave us his star performance. I thought it probably safer this time if I went forward, so after giving Roy simple instructions, I clambered up to the foredeck and as we skilfully came along side the staging, I jumped ashore with a mooring line, which I instantly made fast to the staging. Meanwhile, Roy instead of putting the engine into neutral, accidentally put it into reverse, which if that was not bad enough, then proceeded to knock the throttle wide open. *'Avocet'* immediately charged backwards like a startled horse fetching up with a jolt on the scope of the mooring line shaking the staging violently and making me lose my balance. Roy, assessing rather slowly the dilemma, ignored the throttle and gear lever and grabbed the boathook, frantically trying to hang onto the edge of the staging in his attempts he was pulled in an undignified manner over the side deck and all but nearly fell in, which I thought was a pity for an involuntary swim would really have

rounded off the entertainment. Eventually he lost his grip of the boat hook which drifted away astern. My shouts from the staging to put the engine in neutral were at last heard and peace and order returned.

Presently we were able to lock through, fortunately without incident, and continue on our way. For the last few miles, typically, the rain stopped and the river took on a serene if cold beauty. We found the small entrance to the River Salwarpe without difficulty, negotiating the winding shallow channel the two miles to the boatyard with care. On arrival at Hawford Boatyard we moored where directed, alongside a converted lifeboat.

Eventually as predicted, it was over two months before *'Avocet'* was craned out of the water and taken into the work shed and then only because I was constantly badgering them to start. The repairs, however, were carried out to a very high standard by an extremely experienced shipwright who served his apprenticeship at Thorneycrofts in the 1950s. He clearly enjoyed working on *'Avocet'* and allowed me to use the workshop at weekends, as I had decided to forego that sailing season and give *'Avocet'* a complete refit.

'Avocet' emerged into the warm Autumn sunshine later that year to be launched, looking much as she had done, when new, back in 1932.

Extract from 'Cruising in Avocet' by Paul Cowman 1989.

LAYING-UP SUPPER AND BEAULIEU RIVER RALLY

R.S.Y.C. Clubhouse at Gin's Farm : 24th September 1994

Bucklers Hard : Sat 24th H.W. 1403 : L.W. 1951
Tides : Sun 25th H.W. 0330 : L.W. 0802
H.W. 1547 : L.W. 2030

We are returning to the Royal Southampton Yacht Club clubhouse at Gin's Farm on the Beaulieu River for our 1994 Laying Up Supper. Those of you who attended in 1990, 1991 or 1993 will remember what a hospitable and pleasant venue this is. The intention is that we should sit down to eat at 2000-2030 hours with a period before supper for drinks and a chat.

Moorings are available on a "first come, first served" basis and in past years there has been no shortage of moorings on the piles opposite the clubhouse.

Those wishing to attend by car may find the enclosed map helpful. Gin's Farm is approached down a private gravel lane having its entrance directly opposite a large ruined monastery.

Railway travellers should disembark at Brockenhurst. The 1730 from Waterloo arrives at 1903 with a return at 2231 arriving at Waterloo at 0051. Taxis are available from the up side of the station.

In previous years this has proved to be a very enjoyable evening so let's see as many members as possible and make this years supper the best attended yet! The menu will be as set out below at a cost of 11.00 per head. I would be grateful if you could enclose cheques made payable to P.W.HASLER and return the slips indicating preferences NOT LATER THAN 17th September.

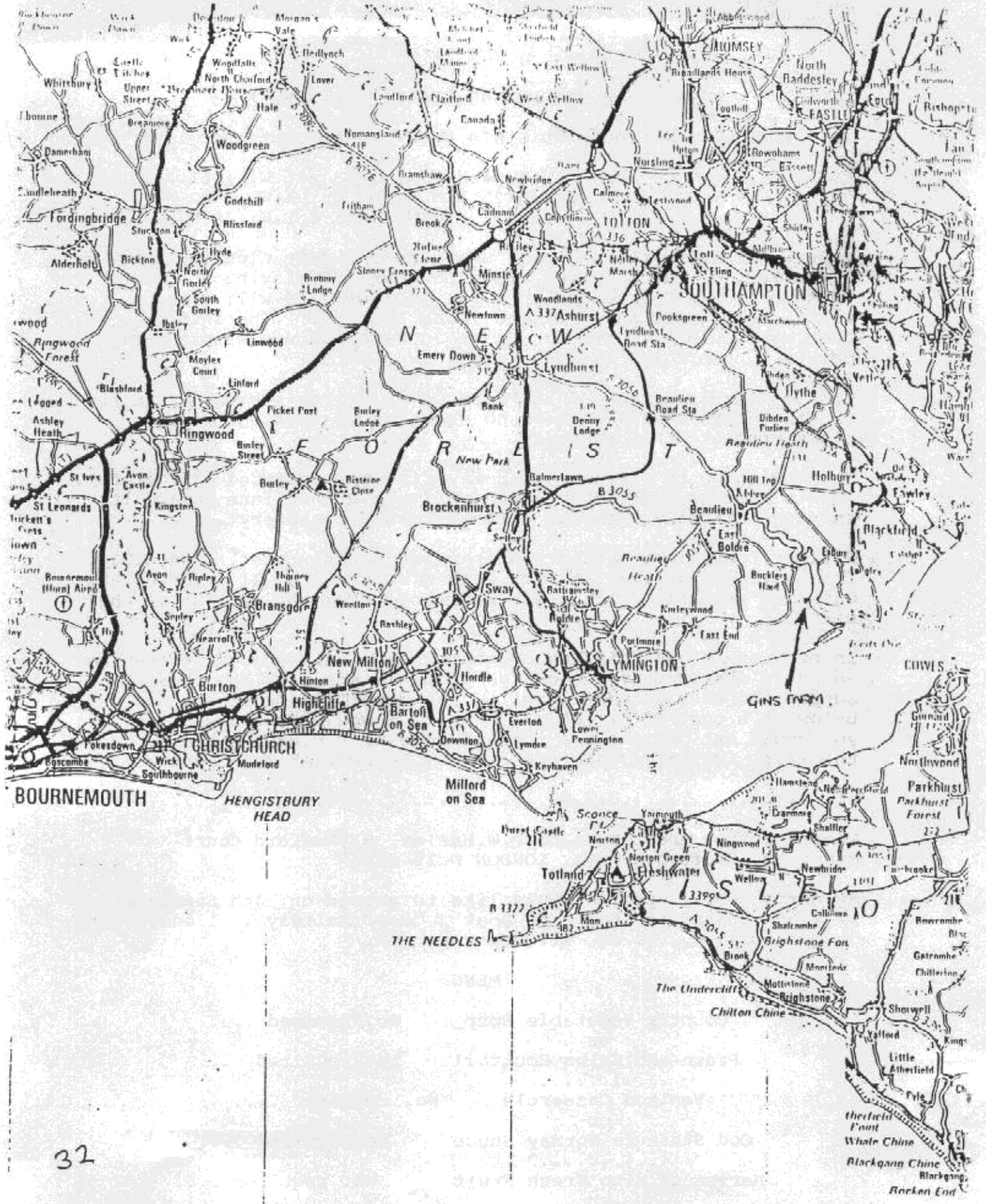
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Please detach and return to P.W.Hasler, 52, Bedford Court Mansions, Bedford Avenue, LONDON WC1B 3AA.

My party of people would like to attend on 24th September 1994 and intend to arrive by Boat / Car / Railway . I enclose my cheque for at 11.00 per person.

MENU

- | | |
|----------------------------|-------------------|
| Country Vegetable Soup | No.Required |
| or | |
| Prawn and Melon Cocktail | No.required |
| | |
| Venison Casserole | No. required |
| or | |
| Cod Steak in Mornay Sauce | No.required |
| | |
| Meringues with Fresh Fruit | No. required |
| or | |
| Cheese and Biscuits | No. required |
| | |
| Coffee and Mints | |



Editor's Notes

Many thanks to Joan for suggesting that Keith and I should take over as editors but apologies for the layout of this issue which I will hope to much improve in future editions. Life has been pretty hectic but we have actually taken Lady Mary for a sail after 11 years of restoration. She sails like a dream. The line drawing on the cover was sent by Micheal Burn. Many thanks for that.

I am asked to remind anyone who has not paid to contact the Hon Treasurer immediately if not sooner. He also has for sale ties (£6), Large Burgees (£8) and small Burgees (£5).

Paul Crowman has sent us an advertisement for his Classic Yacht Brokerage. Anyone interested should make contact at "Shalimar", Wheatfield Avenue, Worcester WR5 3HA. Tel:0905 356482.

Boats For Sale

<i>Myfanwy</i>	Bogle design	Apply Keith Towne
<i>Tradewind</i>		Contact Phil Gordon c/o 4, Maytree Close, Coates, Cirencester GL7 6NQ
<i>Free Spirit</i>	Philesia Design	3.6 tons
	Partially restored	Apply John Paton
<i>Saltwind</i>	Zyklon	Z4, new diesel
		Apply Roland Dowling

Andante II Norman Dallimore Design Apply John Lesh
10 ton cutter

NEXT ISSUE

We hope to publish the Autumn/Winter Newsletter at the end of November. Would members please send contributions by 12th November to;

Keith or Janet Band,
Countess Cross Bungalow,
Colne Engaine,
Essex
CO6 2HT.

