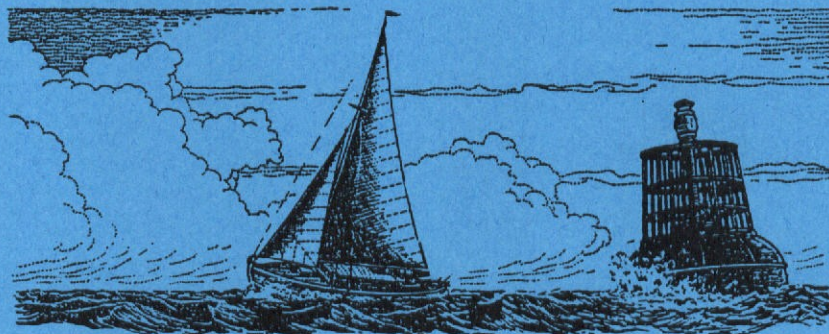


THE HARRISON BUTLER ASSOCIATION



NEWSLETTER No: 44

WINTER 1996-97



THE HARRISON-BUTLER ASSOCIATION NEWSLETTER

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THE PRESIDENT'S LETTER

October 1996

The Crag
St Mawes

Dear Members

I've just realised that my HBA letters are read, probably, by about two hundred people. No wonder I feel daunted at the top of the first blank sheet of A4 paper. Not only that but it's the same two hundred, give or take a few, who have been subjected to my outpourings twice a year for about twenty years. President's letters were not a regular feature in the earliest years nor had we settled into a regular (more or less) twice yearly regime.

Now, we have a new incumbent in the editorial chair, poised in an acting capacity until the AGM at which I am sure that Paul Cowman's appointment as Honorary Editor will be ratified. He has bravely offered to relieve Janet and Keith Band of the task which had become burdensome to them, not surprisingly, when you consider their other commitments which had to continue alongside the HBA. I should like to take this opportunity of thanking Keith and Janet for keeping the Newsletters on course since Mark's retirement. It is no sinecure, as Paul will doubtless discover. Thanks go to him for stepping (?leaping) into the breach. Please make his job easier by sending contributions, however short they may be - even just a drawing. Incidentally, the plant sale of the Cornwall Garden Society having finished and everything being cleared up at a reasonable time, I nipped along to see Mark and Priscilla and had tea with them and was glad to find them in good heart in every way.

It's good to be at The Crag again and to be able to catch up on this half of my life. I want to get my writing tasks over because the garden is screaming for rigorous machete treatment despite my efforts in June/July. The jungle encroaches at an alarming rate and I work more slowly as the years go by. Also, there has been less time available. This year has been particularly busy on every front. Very interesting for me but not much time left for breathing.

The Autumn Supplement shows additions to our membership and other changes. Please tell me if you need any amendment to your own entry in the List of Members for next year's edition. Do you, for instance, wish your office and/or Fax number to be included? I think the present list has fewer mistakes than previous ones but it's almost impossible to be completely accurate throughout a whole year because people move house or change boats or get married - or unmarried - so the situation is bound to be fluid.

It has been my pleasure to meet some of the new members as well as some of our overseas members. Matthew Holliday did manage to fit me into his itinerary and came to lunch at The Chestnuts. It was very enjoyable but not long enough; however, Matthew plans to return. He took the Khamseen A. design with him and suggested that I might go to Sydney to launch her when/if he builds her! This followed on from a conversation about 'Jolanda'. Read on and you will discover where 'Jolanda' fits into the scene.

Martin Braint also came to see me and gave me news of 'La Bonne'. She is lying rather idle at present because Georgie Stone is occupied with two small children and they come first. Martin has bought 'Argo' (Mike Turner is looking for a Z.4) and is having her renovated in a village between Newbury and Hurstbourne Tarrant. It's an unlikely place to come upon an HB boat but a convenient one for me to call from time to time to watch progress.

We were lucky with the weather for the whole of the weekend although Patrick Gibson was hard pressed to make it to Gin's for the Laying-up Supper. He had planned to pick up Jill Betts and me at Hamble on the Saturday morning so that we could sail to the Beaulieu River with him aboard 'Alexa' but he had been weatherbound in Dartmouth and managed to make it to Lymington by Saturday morning. Thus, Jill drove me to the Meet and we enjoyed the

drive, having chosen non-main roads to avoid any Southampton Boat Show traffic. The countryside, particularly the New Forest, was looking beautiful. We stayed with Clive and Ann Lester and discovered that we shared the gardening disease/addiction as well as sailing. They have created a lovely garden around their house which must be beautiful and interesting at all seasons.

Those of us who were at the Supper, about twenty-four, are grateful to Clive for making all the arrangements for our very enjoyable evening. We had some guests as well as members and it was good to have Associate members in their boats in addition to the HB's, helping to swell the numbers.

Patrick and Lesley Gibson were aboard 'Alexa', Lesley having had to drive so that they could return home by car directly after the Supper. 'Mary Gray' (Z.4) made her first - and I hope not her last - appearance and it was good to see Peter Hasler afloat as he so often comes overland. Christine, unfortunately, was involved with a patchwork quilt exhibition elsewhere. The other HB boat was also a Z.4-tonner, 'Susanna II', owned by Alexia Jenkins which was rather confusing with 'Alexa' there as well. Associate members were Nic Compton, aboard a boat whose name I have forgotten, unless it is 'Brynhill'. Adrian Morgan (arm-twisted into membership that day) was aboard 'Sally', a Vertue which he had bought from Peter Hasler. Classic Boat readers will recognise these new members' names and I'm glad to have them aboard. Alexia has been showing the HBA flag in Bristol, Plymouth, Penzance, Falmouth and Brest at the various Festivals. Now, she wants a larger boat - whither, then?

Patrick met Larry and Lin Pardey in Dartmouth and invited them to join us at the Supper and they came in 'Talisian', a boat full of surprise features, in which they have sailed to almost everywhere you can imagine, hailing originally from Canada. I had met them in the spring when I was staying with Jeremy and Adrie Burnett and, surprisingly, they had met Catriona, Colin's younger daughter, in Zimbabwe - an unlikely place in which to find a great granddaughter of THB.

Several people commented on the absence of Denis and June Murrin from the Supper. Sadly, 'Minion' suffered a mishap in the Solent and repairs were not complete. It seemed strange to be without them once more.

I am expecting to hear very soon that 'Jaslia' is back with us although not back in the UK. She is still in Sydney and is owned by Tony Brown, a colleague of Matthew Holliday. Tony wrote to tell me that he is getting 'Jaslia' back into shape again after having suffered neglect for a period. So sad, when one remembers how well she was tended by Bill Forster for the many years when she was in his care. Tony also expressed his wish to join the Association.

I spent a week in Austria in May, with a Gardening Group, at St Gilgen but the only nautical experience was a trip from end to end, twice, on the local lake, the Wolfgangsee. Much more exciting was the expedition which David Burnett and I made, in August, to Meissenheim, about 35km south from Strasbourg.

In my last letter to you I mentioned the 'Omega' which Jochen Schreiber was building. He and Anja invited me, not only to be present at her launching but actually to launch the boat. Although I was keen to accept their invitation, and honoured to be asked to break the bottle, I was very reluctant to go on my own. I was, unfortunately, born with suckers on my feet and need to be plucked off the ground with both hands. David, when we were talking, was very insistent that I should go and I managed to persuade him to accompany me.

The weekend was full of new and entertaining experiences and my limited knowledge of German (two terms' learning, way back in 1934) wasn't too much of a handicap as the young all spoke fluent English - shaming, though! We stayed with Jochen's parents and, although their English was less than my German, Jochen's brothers were staying there too and were able to fill the gaps.

As for *'Jolanda'* (formed from Jochen and Anja), Joch's craftsmanship is of a very high order. At present, she is varnished and her larch planking gleams a golden brown. She was far from being finished but was launchable or, rather, dunkable, for she was baptized and then lifted by crane and dunked in a small tributary of the Rhine, about 500 miles upriver from the sea. Anja's parents' house, in Kiel, was burnt recently and the plan is to sail there in *'Jolanda'* so that Joch can become housebuilder and repair their house. I think they may have quite a long wait!

On the Friday evening, Jochen made the tiller, from *Robinia pseudo acacia*, and on Saturday morning, *'Omega'* innominata, as she was still, was taken out into the street, which she straddled, to the exclusion of all traffic, and the tiller was fixed in position and then the propeller was screwed in place. Jochen and various boatbuilder friends beavered away, doing various jobs until, at about 13:00, a gigantic crane arrived, to obstruct the road still further. Meanwhile, it seemed as if the whole village had turned out to watch the spectacle of this beautiful vessel being transferred from her cradle into the air and then back into the cradle which was now on a low-loader which was then driven in procession behind the crane, at funeral pace, to the launching site which was about 2km away. The rest of us followed in cars and people on bicycles raced past, eager to see the fun.



**How to stop the traffic in the village of Meissenheim.
Martin on the ladder, Jan in the cockpit.**

The launching site was a gravel extraction area with large metal structures used to transport gravel from the heaps on the site to barges in the river - or, so I suppose. It was practical rather than beautiful and put me in mind of moonscapes. There was a large crowd assembled, including the local brass band, complete with one of Joch's brothers. The only tune I recognised was the Martin Luther hymn 'Now thank we all our God'. The other tunes were secular, I think.

The boat was lifted from her cradle for the last time and was lowered to the ground, supported in her slings. When all was ready, I was handed up onto the box we had brought with us for the purpose and, bottle in hand, I delivered my baptismal message in German,

followed by the traditional English blessing and then broke the bottle on *'Jolanda's'* garlanded bow. Jan, one of the boatbuilder friends, said: 'I admired your strong smash!'. We Butlers aren't weaklings and I was determined to avoid any risk of ill-luck as a result of an unbroken bottle. David was standing at the back of the crowd and he assures me that he heard almost nothing of what I said. I've always said that women's voices are useless for public speaking - especially out of doors.



Post smash! Note village band.

Photographs were taken of Joch and Anja aboard *'Jolanda'* and suddenly, to everyone's surprise, including their own, they were airborne and were launched with their boat! Not many boatowners' first voyage aboard their new vessel is a flight!

Some of us went for a short trial under power and then came ashore for hot soup but a sudden thunderstorm caused a hasty retreat to the local gravel-lakeside yacht club, together with tables and benches which were set up on the verandah. There was much talk, quite a lot of beer (not me) and much rain, but finally we returned to the house for warmer clothes by which time the rain had ceased and some of us went back to the site and a fire was made from boat off-cuts and sausages were cooked and served in the German equivalent of baps: hot and spicy and very acceptable. We sat and chatted in the moonlight.

On Sunday, two carloads of us went for a lunch picnic to the Black Forest which, in that area was neither very black nor very forest but it was delightful foothill countryside with plantations of conifers and dotted with prosperous-looking farmhouses. After lunch we were taken to a restored mediaeval town which was gay with window-boxes and tubs of flowers everywhere. Very colourful as were most of the houses wherever we went.

On our return we had another trip in *'Jolanda'*, this time onto the Rhine itself with quite a strong current. I bethought me of my maxim: 'Never trust a marine engine' for we had on board no mast; no sails; no sweep and no anchor. Happily, the engine did not falter although fuel was beginning to get low and we returned to base and went ashore. Jochen said he would take an anchor in future.

Monday started very early but we had quite a long wait at Strasbourg Airport because the air-crew had gone on strike - a French airline. My chief enjoyment in flying is in looking at the map spread out below. France is terribly well-ordered with all the fields in squares and rectangles - all straight lines. It was comforting to get back to higgledy-piggledy England after crossing the Channel. On our outward flight we had a magnificent view of the Thames and the Thames Estuary.

I have asked David to give his impressions of the launching expedition so that you get a different perspective. For my part, it was a memorable and enjoyable experience. There is no collaboration so there may be some repetition. On the other hand, there may be no word from him at all if he's too busy. He has just published 'The Peregrine Sketchbook' by C. J. Tunnicliffe. As yet I have seen but the print-proof but that was enough to make me impatient to see my copy of the real book even though, technically, I am not a birdwatcher: so many birds are just 'little brown jobs' to my imperfect eyes. Birds of prey are easier on account of their size.

Even if you are unnerved at first by Edward Burnett's thesis, persevere, go on reading, it's not nearly as difficult as you think and I personally have found it profoundly interesting. We seem to be having a balance-orientated newsletter and I hope it will be thought-provoking and, perhaps, will goad some of you into comment for our next issue. The article is based on Edward's B.Eng. dissertation.

I always put in a plea on behalf of the Treasurer and I am asking you to pay your 1996 subscription if you have not done so already. January 1st will be upon us by the time you read this so you might think it a good stamp-saving idea to send Simon your 1997 subscription at the same time. (£10 per year).

I must thank all our members who have written to me, especially those who are still waiting for an answer. Do please give me a prod if you are waiting for me to do something which I may have forgotten. Telephone if you can or come and see me. How lovely it would be if, even if only once, I could write to you knowing there were no letters waiting for answers. How forlorn can a hope be?

What I have forgotten will have to remain unsaid for I am determined not to hold up the production this time!

Salaams to you all.

As ever,

Joan.

P.S. The sad news about Boyd Campbell reached me after I had sent my letter to Paul and I have written about him on another page.

P.P.S. Concerning the column in "Tell Tales" (Classic Boat, November) labelled "Glass Butlers", and lest you gained the impression as I did, that the project has my blessing and approval, I enclose an extract from the Minutes of our 1995 AGM.

Any Other Business

Ron Goodhand had sent a leaflet about a new organisation "Heritage Afloat" for discussion. Membership subscription was £10 and members could apply for financial help with restoration of "important" vessels.

It was suggested that funds might be available for small associations from the National Lottery and the President agreed to make enquiries.

Graham Howitt described his proposal to use 'Rama II' as a plug for a GRP centreboard 24ft LOA 4-berth cruiser. The scheme was discussed at some length. There was no great enthusiasm shown and Joan said that although she felt sure her father would have been interested in the medium on account of the possibility it gave in combining strength with lightness, she knew that he would not be happy that 'Rama II' was to be used because he had improved upon her design. She also said that should the project go ahead, the boats were not to be described as HB boats as they would have deviated from the original design. She thanked Graham for his courtesy in discussing his ideas at the meeting. It was agreed that there was some merit in adding a pleasing shaped boat to the GRP world rather than the usual types.

STOP PRESS

Nemesis has struck! While at the Crag in October, I fell and fractured my spine. This has caused problems although I hope not permanently, but it has become clear that I cannot cook lunch for the AGM on March 1st. For several years I have been saying that we ought to consider making other arrangements and it is now imperative, so I have booked us into "The Gathering" for lunch.

"The Gathering" could hardly be more geographically convenient as it is almost opposite The Chestnuts. Thus, we can park here as usual and forgather before going across the road for lunch. We can then return here for the Meeting and tea.

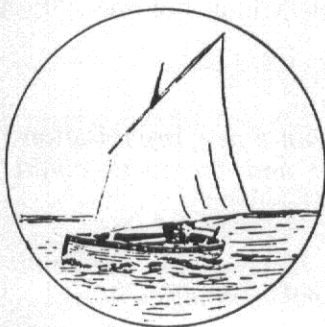
Various things have been happening to me since my accident and it is chiefly these which have delayed the completion of the Autumn(!) newsletter. I apologise both to all the members and to Paul Cowman, whose first publication has thereby been complicated. He has been remarkably patient.

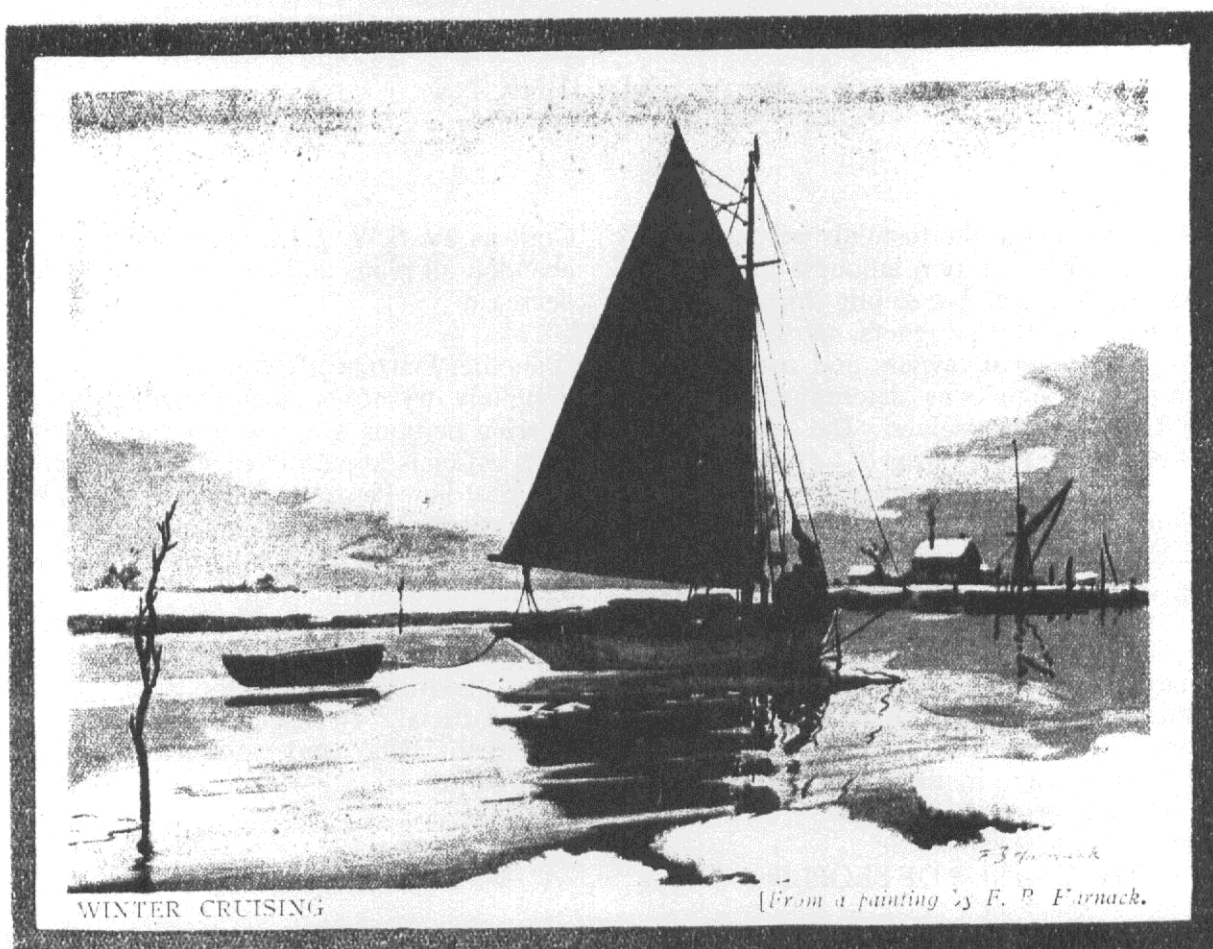
We shall discuss the suitability of "The Gathering" for future lunches (and possibly, even for the meeting itself should it become impossible to have it here) at the AGM.

* * * * *

I should be very grateful if someone would take over the job of sending off "Member's Packs" to new members. In itself it is not an arduous task but they have to be weighed and our Post Office is beyond my present walking range - though scarcely far enough to warrant getting the car out.

O.J.J.B.





Editorial

With the Christmas festivities already a pleasant hazy memory and the brave New Year rapidly becoming established, I sit snug by the open fire happily recalling those halcyon sailing days of last Summer, whilst a fierce North Easterly gale whistles in the chimney and roars through the walnut trees in the orchard. With the firelight casting a warm reassuring glow around the room and with a copy of *Magic of the Swatchways* by Maurice Griffiths open before me and a fortifying drink, who could ask for more.

Little did I imagine one cold and frosty December morning all those years ago as I stepped aboard a trim little white cutter designed by Dr T Harrison-Butler that I would one day become acting editor of the Harrison-Butler Association. I follow humbly in the footsteps of past editors whose encyclopaedic knowledge of H.B. designs and boating matters is legendary, I am deeply grateful for their words of support and encouragement and for their written contributions to this newsletter.

I have been in the most fortunate and possibly unprecedented position of receiving from members sufficient copy for more than one newsletter, a situation I sincerely hope will continue in the future. May I take this opportunity of thanking those members who have contributed to this issue and extend my good wishes for the New Year to all members.

Worcester. January 1997.

Paul Cowman

Around the Festivals

By ALEXIA JENKINS

The best thing about the festivals was arriving at a new and different port amongst an armada of classic craft. From big sailing ships to small rowing boats, gaffers, luggers, musicians and dancers, private boat owners and commercial charterers, everyone was determined to take part and to enjoy themselves. The second best thing was leaving afterwards!

This summer's festivals for classic craft were organised throughout the UK and France. Sailing '*Susanna*' to a few seemed to be a good reason to venture further from the Solent.

The hardest part was getting to the Bristol Maritime festival so early in the season. I left Southampton in April, encountered a lot of fog and N.W. winds and by the time I had reached Plymouth had borrowed a G.P.S.

THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE

Dad joined me in Penzance, looking forward to a sail to Bristol in '*Susanna*', but N.W. gales blew for a week. Other boats, bound for Bristol arrived, but none would venture around the corner and soon there were enough boats to hold our own classic boat festival. Finally we left Penzance in a N.E.3, beat to Ilfracombe, motored to Barry and beat again to Bristol.

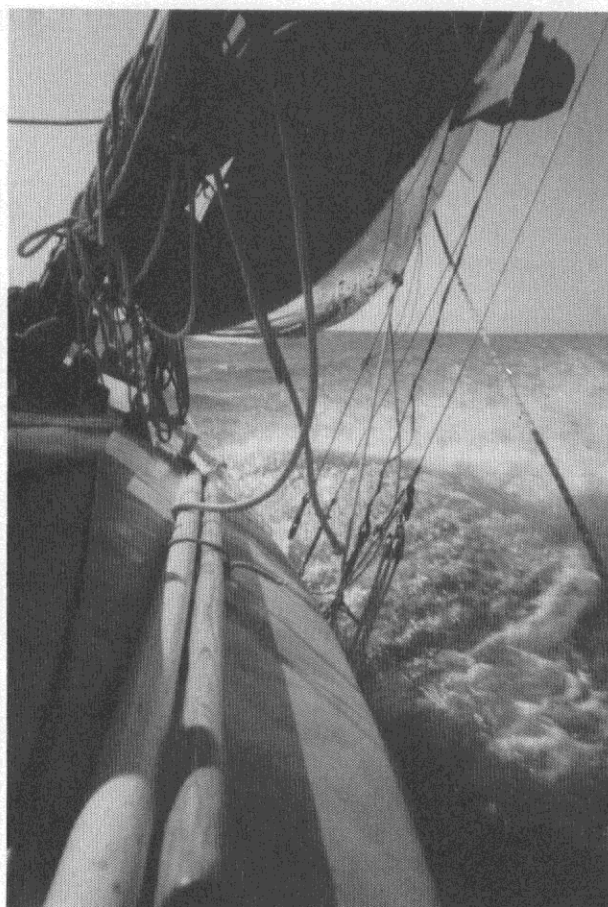
The only way to see Bristol was by water. Thousands of people, hundreds of boats, musicians, dancers and hot dog stands.

With new crew aboard we found it very difficult to leave Bristol as all 700 boats tried to leave at the same time on the last day of the festival. The roads and slipways were jammed with cars and trailers. At the lock, many boats ignored the booking procedures and joined the race to lock out, packing themselves as best as they could into the lock. With chaos and confusion everywhere, it was a frustrating time for all, but especially so for the lock keeper who seemed to lose control of the traffic and his cool at every locking.

The next planned stop for the festival touring fleet was Bantry Bay, Southern Ireland, but on leaving the Bristol Channel boats scattered North and South to Milford Haven, Dublin and

Cork as the S.W. gales again forced us all to abandon all plans and to wait for the winds to decrease.

If another Penzance festival is organised, I will definitely try to be there. Getting into the floating harbour was the only tricky part with strict officials in patrol boats who refused to let any boat into Penzance harbour. Cargo sailing ships were heaving to outside, some were anchored and others sailed around impatiently - the gates were only open for 3 hours on every tide. Occasionally a yacht would break ranks and made a dash for the empty harbour gates only to be turned away at the last minute by an angry official. A suspected engine room fire caused the delay and we were all eventually allowed in.



Sailing Down the Bristol Channel

Lord and Lady St Levan of St. Michael's Mount invited all crew to a cocktail party during the festival, and so we found ourselves tramping up towards the castle with 20 or so other sailors all dressed in our best not too crumpled clothes. It was very apparent that the Mount is still used as a home despite the majority being open to the public and run by the National Trust and I felt honoured to be shown around by the family who had many great tales to tell. There was a lot of wine to drink and it seemed as if the St Levan family had anticipated many more people to attend. Nevertheless by the time the tide had come in and the water taxi waiting to take us back to Penzance, we had all managed to finish most of the wine.

Another crew change and Dave arrived having just left an oil rig in the North Sea. Fog while crossing the shipping channel and I began to worry about sailing through the Chanel du Four in low visibility. The Brixham Trawler 'Provident' had offered to accompany us through by their radar, but not until 5 a.m. the following morning. The time was 22:00 and switching on the borrowed G.P.S. was no help at all. The batteries were flat and changing them involved a re-programming lesson. Approaching the Chanel du Four with Spring tide and little visibility was no time to be reading the instruction booklet! Approaching Ushant the fog lifted and we arrived in Cameret the following morning.

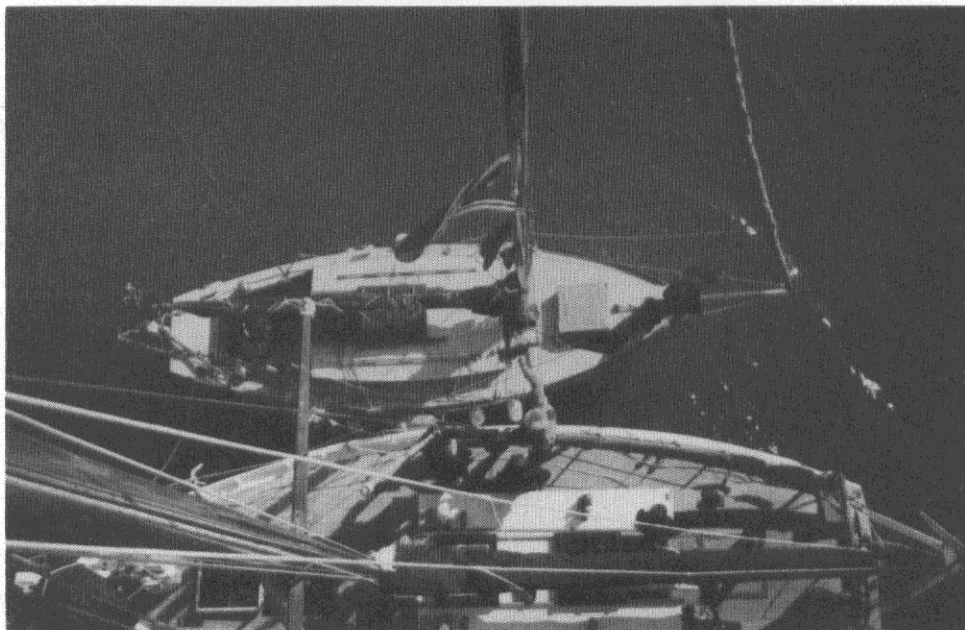
I remember Cameret for the langoustines, the terrible wine at the Cameret festival party in the tower by the harbour and a great Irish band in the bar at the marina.

Boats were flooding into Brest, I recognised many from Penzance and Bristol. Matthew Holliday sailed past nearly spearing us with the bowsprit of 'Angelique'. Officials directed us into moorings at the far side of the harbour, but we chose a better mooring alongside some Falmouth working boats at a quayside. 'Xenocrate' moored opposite us probably also feeling left out on the buoy in the deserted part of the harbour that had been allocated to us. There were crowds of people everywhere, lots to see and sailing in the roads outside was definitely the place to be during the day.

The race to Dournenez was amazing. Boats everywhere, as far as the eye could see. Becalmed in the Bay of Dournenez we towed a 12' Tideway dinghy into port with Roger the owner, fast asleep at the helm.

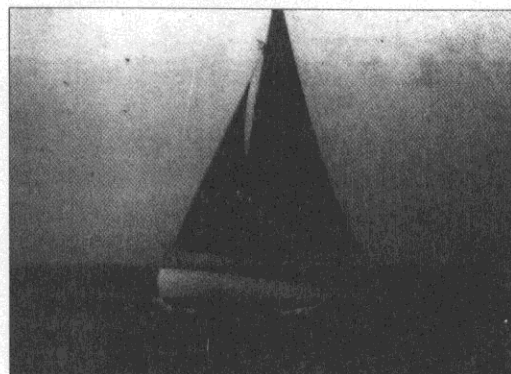
From Dournenez it was onto the Plymouth, Fowey and Falmouth Regatta. It was a very wet and windy 3 weeks but always great fun.

I finally sailed back to Southampton in September, arriving in time for the H.B. supper at Gins Farm. Probably the best rally of all - no crowds, no busy harbours, no hot dog vans and no folk music!



**Joan and Lin Pardy aboard 'Talisian'.
'Susanna' moored alongside at Gins Farm, Beaulieu River
during H.B. laying-up supper.**

One of the most enduring designs from one of Britain's most enduring designers is Dr T Harrison Butler's Z 4-tonner. It also has a perfect metacentric shelf analysis... THB's daughter and a leading authority on his designs, Joan Jardine-Brown, recalls how the 'Z' came about



COURTESY OF JOAN JARDINE-BROWN

Four tons of metacentricity



IN 1919 MY FATHER, the late Dr T Harrison Butler, designed a 19-foot (5.8m) LWL, transom-sterned, 3.4-ton TM gaff cutter, later bermudan. The design was called Cyclone because the first one weathered what her owner described as a cyclone off the coast of Sweden in which other larger yachts were dismantled. About two dozen were built in various countries to the Cyclone design but

HB did not care greatly for it, as he felt the sheer was too flat.

His only experience of sailing a Cyclone was aboard *Diana* but not in testing conditions so that although, years later, the design was found to have a crossed 'metacentric shelf' (see panel on page 35), any inherent faults in balance were not apparent. Owners made no complaints and found them to be docile. *Kandoo*, now *Possum*, a Cyclone which had been proportionately enlarged to give a 20ft (6.1m) LWL and rigged as a bermudan sloop, once found herself in mid-Channel in a moderate gale. Too exhausted to proceed to Guernsey, her crew set her on course for England and turned in. When they awoke they found her heading towards Dartmouth, having crossed the Channel unaided by a hand on the tiller. *Kandoo* and *Diana* are still in commission, and *Diana* has recently returned from Scottish waters. She was in the Falmouth area this summer.

Then came Zyklon. The design was published first in *Yachting Monthly* in July 1937. THB wrote: "It seemed worthwhile to modernise Cyclone and give her a good metacentric analysis. I also wished to find out whether I could satisfy the Turnerian hypotheses [ie

the Metacentric Shelf theory] with a design that had no overhangs, one of the type beloved by the hard-bitten shellbacks of a past age. Zyklon is the result. She has the same dimensions as the original Cyclone except that her draught has been increased to 4ft (1.2m). Above water her appearance is similar but I have given her more sheer, for Cyclone looked too flat when built. Of course, the forefoot had to go, for it is almost impossible to design a well-balanced hull with a deep forefoot.

"She has a long keel with plenty of drag aft and I anticipate that she will be self-steering and will even run with an occasional touch on the tiller. [An HB Association member wrote to me from Australia and said that he thought his Zyklon sailed herself better than when his hand was on the tiller.]

"Her metacentric analysis is perfect... She is almost a metacentroid but not quite. The centres of the curves of upright and heeled areas almost coincide.

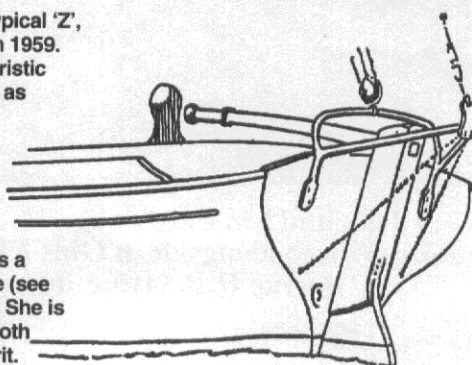
"Another motive in my mind was to design the cheapest form of yacht and I have seen an estimate from a West Country firm to build a Zyklon with a 4 hp Stuart Turner engine for £220. This was a good specification." The boats now sell for up to about £7,500.

The Z 4-tonners are the Zyklons built by Alfred Lockhart (Marine) Ltd of Brentford, Middlesex. Other Zyklons have been built singly in Britain and abroad. At least 52 Z4s were built, but the total number is unknown as the records were sent inadvertently to a Beaulieu Boat jumble.

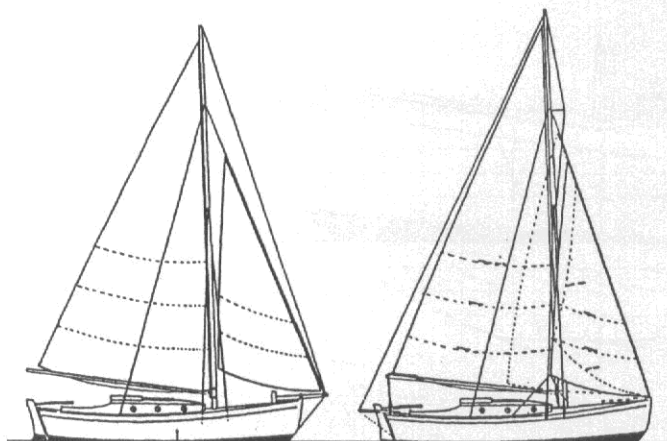
If you own a Z4 and care to extract the Samson post and mast, you are likely to find the boat's number in the sequence.

Z 4-tonners can be distinguished from other Zyklons at a glance by the triangular chainplates and the combined bumkin and mainsheet horse galvanized fitting. There may still be a brass Z on the stem. Further, internal examination

Top: Zenocrate, a typical 'Z', crosses Start Bay in 1959. Right: The characteristic galvanised bumkin, as featured in OM Watts' Z 4-tonner brochure of the period. Opposite page: Still going strong. The 1939 'Z' *Susanna II* enjoys a breeze off Penzance (see feature on page 36). She is unusual in having both bumkin and bowsprit.



COURTESY OF JOAN JARDINE-BROWN



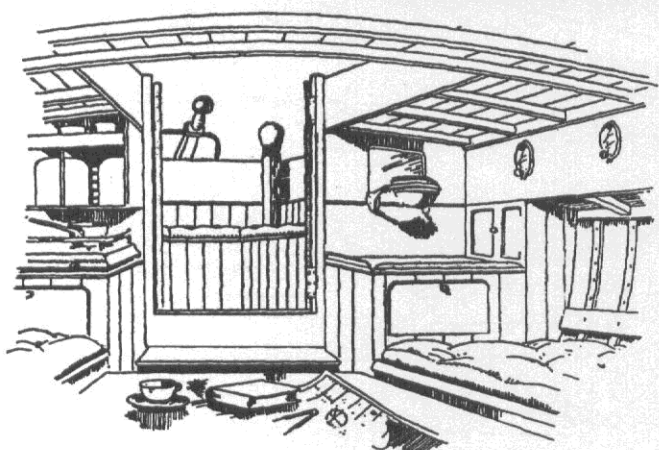
Opposite page: Lines of the original Zyklon. This page. Above: The design was available in two rigs. Right: The Cyclone design *Diana*, precursor to the Z 4-tonners. Below: An artist's impression of the interior.

ZYKLON / Z 4-TONNERS

LOA	21ft (6.4m)
LWL	19ft (5.8m)
Beam	7ft 2in (2.2m)
Draught	4ft (1.2m)
Sail area	284sqft (26m ²)



JOAN JARDINE BROWN



COURTESY OF JOHN PARKHOUSE

gunmetal, two-blade feathering propeller (giving 5 knots) or 4hp Stuart-Turner. The boats, complete with sails, 30lb (14kg) fisherman anchor, 15 fathoms 5/16in chain, paraffin anchor and cabin lamps, two "best quality spring mattresses, covered in green Willesden canvas", coir fenders, mop, 9ft boathook, unchokable bilge pump and the usual necessities for life at sea, sold at £297. Without engine the price was £240. Hire purchase terms could be arranged: £77 down, plus 12 monthly payments of £19 10s 6d. A Baby Blake instead of a bucket heads could be fitted for an extra £8 10s.

Some were built 'American fashion', the cabin top extended out to the ship's side (see *Treize* panel on page 39), for the same price. A half-decked version was also offered as a "day fishing boat".

'A delightful little craft'

Capt OM Watts brochure predicted: "The 'Z' Four-Tonner will be found a delightful little craft ... the smallest yacht that can go anywhere, and just the right size in which a man and his wife may spend enjoyable week-ends, as there is an astonishing amount of room inside ... Any Yachtsman who wishes to take his holidays abroad can arrange this in his own yacht by sending his 'Z' Four-Tonner ahead on the deck of a steamer."

War put an end to the Z's brief career, but a few were completed from hulls after the war to varying degrees of expertise. The Zyklons are excellent seaboats, handy and remarkably fast. An excerpt from *Vindilis's* log of her Whitsuntide cruise in 1939

The wonders of 'metacentricity'

THE METACENTRIC SYSTEM of design analysis was developed by Rear Admiral Turner in around 1935, initially in relation to model yachts and later applied to 'real' boats. A model yacht has no one on board to tend the tiller, so one which does not hold her course in changing strengths of wind and consequent angle of heel is unlikely to win races.

The system has its limitations and should, I think, be looked upon as a guide. In essence, the designer should aim to minimise the inequalities in buoyancy in the fore and aft ends of a boat as it heels, thus lessening its tendency to gripe or turn into the wind. Any regular shape, such as a rectangular box, would in theory have a perfect 'metacentric shelf' — although of course it would not necessarily make a satisfactory boat to sail.

My father was profoundly interested in hull balance and he strove to eliminate weather helm in his designs. Whenever possible, he sailed in boats built to his designs and the owners had to try different manoeuvres with various sail combinations to test the handling qualities of the boats.

In 1936 he was fascinated by the performance of Robert Clark's first yacht, *Mystery*, a metacentroid. He sailed on her sea trials from Bursledon to Southampton Water and back when she was put through her paces. He had lent the sails of his own boat, *Vindilis* — much too small — as *Mystery's* own had not arrived and even with this 'reefed' rig she gave an impressive performance on all points of sailing. This increased my father's interest in metacentric analysis. He was delighted when Rear Admiral Turner invited him for a weekend and showed him how to analyse a design.

HB had taken with him his latest design, and the analysis showed her to have a perfect 'shelf': he had achieved his goal without any aids beyond his usual methods. Over the years he had been filling out the bow sections and fining down stern sections. Transoms had become smaller, and the resulting boats were better balanced and easier on the helm than their predecessors. He named the design *Sinah* and she was built in Denmark (*Erla*) and in Australia (*Amiri*).

There is a full and simple description of the metacentric theory in THB's book, *Cruising Yachts: Design and Performance*, Excellent Press, £16.95.

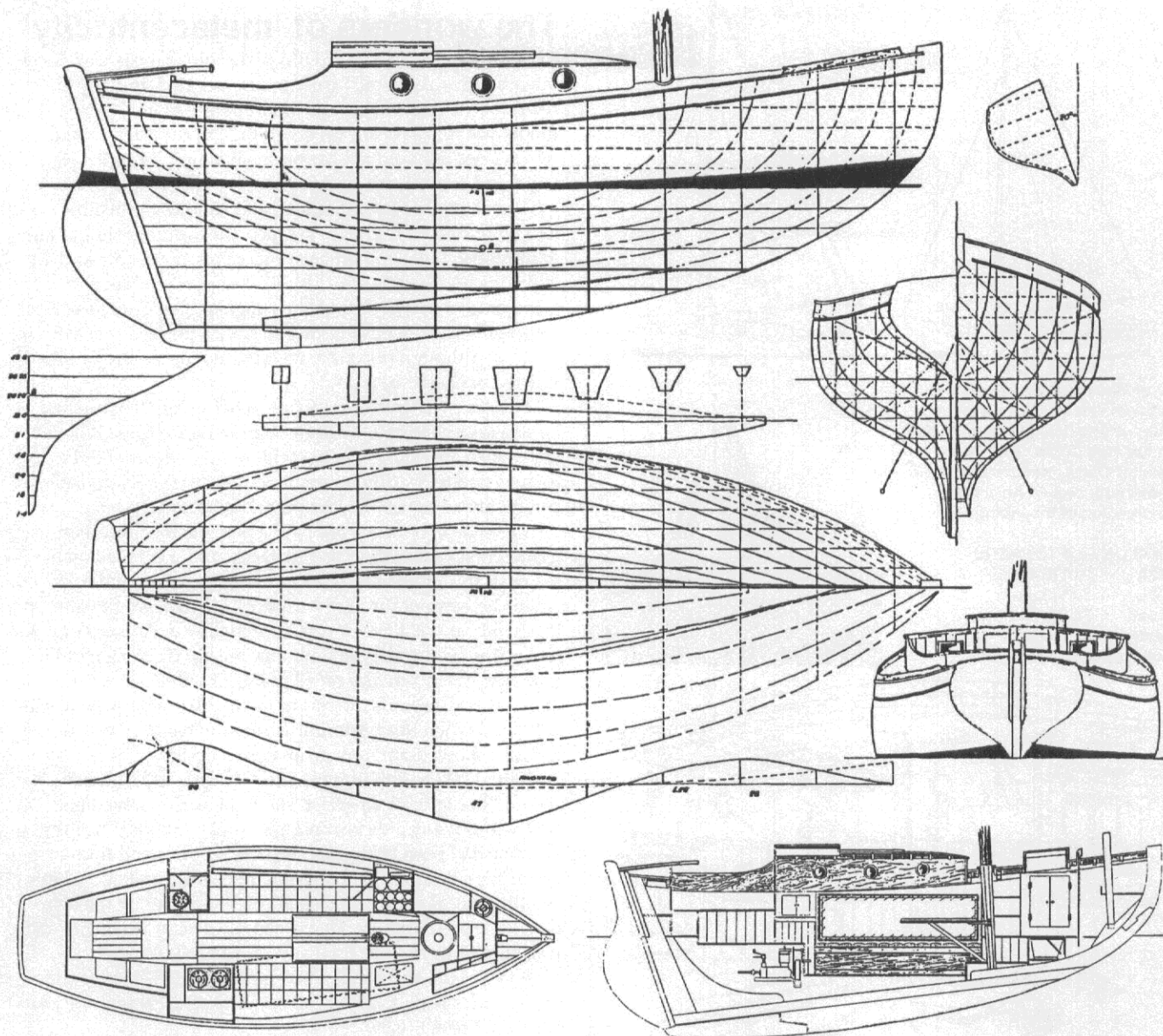
reads: "Sat June 3rd. Saw a Z boat moored close by [*Treize*]... went with him for a sail... The wind had died down a lot. She sailed like a dream, handling perfectly without her staysail. Balance exact. Seemed to be definitely fast and was as handy as a dinghy."

Some years ago, *Zenocrate*, *Constar* and sometimes *Chiquita* used to be fairly regular winners in the Round the Island Race, and one year they took the first three places in their class. *Zenocrate* is still going strong and was at Brest this summer.

June, during her period as *Here Now* in the early 1950s, surprised her owner by running dead for home with the helm lashed and genoa boomed out to starboard with a spinnaker pole and the boom guyed out to port while he lay in the sun on the coachroof. There was no tendency to gybe.

On another very different occasion, she was returning from Esbjerg to Harwich and on the last night a 7-9 gale blew up. When reefed sails became too much, she ran under bare pole with warps streamed astern. Eventually, she was hove-to under trysail and spitfire staysail and the crew turned in, but very soon awoke to find *Here Now* sailing enthusiastically to windward with a broken tiller. He effected a repair, and Peter Mather tells me that *June* still has the same tiller with its protecting metal band. *June* is the fourth HB boat and the third Z 4-tonner which Peter has owned. Each one left his stewardship in better condition than when he bought her after much TLC.

I have yet to sail in one...



will reveal characteristic features of the construction.

THB had no connection with the project apart from supplying the original design. Shortly after the publication of the design he was visited by Mr RHG Wilson of Lockharts, timber merchants and manufacturers of door and window frames. Mr Wilson had the design on the same terms as anyone else: one guinea to cover THB's expenses, and a donation was made to his current charity. Lockharts were responsible for the building, and the boats were marketed by Captain OM Watts of Albemarle Street, London W1.

The production line

My father and I visited the yard in either late 1938 or early 1939, and it was a most interesting experience. The first boat was expected to be ready by early February 1938 and thereafter they were built in batches of ten, the first batch being due for completion by the end of April.

They were built upside down on steel moulds incorporating the ten stations. The oak frames were drawn from the steam box and set in the jig to the correct curve and bevel for each station. Each component was made from a jig or a template including the full-length planks which were made in duplicate and then separated. Each item was numbered, and each side of the boat was worked on simultaneously, there being, in a large firm, no shortage of labour.

The whole operation was streamlined. The oak stem, keel

and sternpost (with its welded steel knee) and the deadwood, all made from templates, were fitted to the steel mould and bolted to it temporarily. The pitch pine, laminated stringers and shelves were steamed, shaped to the mould and held in place with cramps. The oak timbers were steamed, shaped in metal jigs and were then slotted into the pre-notched keel and fastened to the stringers. The planks, of Siberian larch, were also steamed and immediately screwed to the timber. At some time the system was changed and planks were fastened with clenched copper nails instead of screws.

It took about a week to produce a fully planked hull and almost another week for the caulking. The shell was then lifted from the mould, eight galvanized steel floors were fitted, the iron keel was bolted on and the boat was turned right side up, ready for the deck and interior fittings. All fittings were made in quantity on the premises and, being standard design, were fitted in the minimum of time. The coamings (teak) with beams (oak), carlins (pitch pine), cabin-top and hatches (teak) were pre-assembled and dropped into place. The deck was planked in pine, covered with canvas and painted. The toe-rail, cockpit fittings and cabin sole were of teak.

Masts and booms were of British Columbian pine or hollow silver spruce (£10 extra) with a lightweight cedar boom (£2 extra). There was a choice between a lowering mast in a well-designed tabernacle or an orthodox mast stepped on the keel.

A 6hp two-stroke twin cylinder Watermota was fitted, with a



Brian Hawkins lives in Bristol (in the United Kingdom). He worked for the BBC for many years and produced the long running series "Under Sail" for BBC Television. The craft featured in his programmes ranged from the traditional working boats of Cornwall to the high-tech Eighteen Footers of Sydney Harbour. On his filming assignments he met and filmed many people who had restored working vessels and enjoyed sailing them in this technological age.

"Bristol Celebrates"

By BRIAN HAWKINS

When it comes to maritime heritage the city of Bristol in the south west of England has much to remember and celebrate. Up until 1971 Bristol had a working port in the midst of its city. Today with the motorway systems that run across the country and the big container ships that navigate our oceans the modern ship terminal and the juggernaut lorry has taken over the trade which ports like Bristol flourished on. Bristol provided berths for "the dirty British coaster" immortalized by the poet John Masefield, and long before that for a motley throng of ships that depended on sail. This was how Bristol had earned her living for hundreds of years.

Just recently Bristol has been celebrating its rich past with an "International Festival of the Sea" which 300,000 people attended. This four day event, which claimed to be the biggest event of its kind ever to have been held in the United Kingdom, started with Sir Robin Knox-Johnston firing a cannon and ended with a spectacular fireworks display. A considerable

maritime history is enshrined in this city's past. A thousand years ago Bristol began its life as a flourishing port, becoming a centre for the wool trade with Ireland. Trade continued to prosper with the cloth trade with Europe and the ports in the eastern Mediterranean. In the 15th century the Italian navigator John Cabot sailed from Bristol in his ship the 'Matthew' discovering the American mainland and naming the island of "Newfoundland". The centre-piece of Bristol's festival was the dedication of the recently completed full size replica of the 'Matthew', the original of which made maritime history almost 500 years ago. Next year this new 'Matthew' will re-enact the voyage that Cabot made in 1497. It was this anniversary that was behind the idea of mounting this "International Festival of the Sea".

Bristol has other things to remember and celebrate also. Here is the birthplace of Samuel Plimsoll, who campaigned for better conditions for seamen in the 19th century. His legislation

eventually made loading lines on vessels compulsory. This and the subsequent law of 1876 prevented unscrupulous owners from sending their ships to sea overloaded, which had resulted in the loss of many vessels and the drowning of their crews.

Bristol is where Isambard Kingdom Brunel's famous vessel the '*SS Great Britain*' was built. Launched in 1843 she was the first large iron ship built as a transatlantic liner and the first to be screw-propelled. The '*Great Britain*' is now back in the same dock that she was built in and has been restored as a national monument.

At one time Bristol rivalled Liverpool as a port. Bristol's involvement with the slave trade meant that after the abolition of slavery the city lost a lot of its business. Originally Bristol served as a port for the new steamship transport to the New World but this trade moved to Southampton.

SECOND HIGHEST IN EUROPE

It's a 9 mile voyage from the Bristol Channel to the city docks, part of which is through the dramatic Avon Gorge spanned by the Clifton suspension bridge (another of Brunel's great engineering feats). In days of sail with contrary winds men with long oars used to propel their ships along this stretch of the journey to the port of Bristol. The tides here are the second highest in Europe. For the hundreds of vessels that visited Bristol for the Festival in these days of auxiliary power there was little to worry about compared with the old days when masters and pilots would navigate the winding river Avon with the continual worry of being caught on a falling tide. However, one square rigged vessel bound for the Festival, the Training Ship '*Royalist*', did get caught out in the Severn estuary and ended up in an undignified position on her side on a mudflat where the rise and fall of the tide is some 40' or more. Fortunately she was safely floated off on the next tide.

In spite of the geographical difficulties of getting in and out of Bristol and locking in to its floating non-tidal harbour, seven hundred craft found their way there to take part in this Festival. The types of vessels varied considerably, yachts, motor cruisers, restored working craft as well as naval vessels. The majority were open for the public to board and their crews and skippers were happy to answer the landlubbers' questions. Among the smallest

craft was a vintage National 12 dinghy built in 1937 and a coracle, an ancient and traditional design of craft made of hazel, willow, cowhides and horse-hair rope.

The largest wooden sailing ship in the world came to the Festival from the U.S.A. She is '*H.M.S. Rose*', a replica built in 1970 of a 24 gun frigate of Nelson's day. '*H.M.S. Rose*' is a sail training ship. There were other sail training vessels, the '*Lord Nelson*', a purpose built barque of steel designed for the physically handicapped to sail. The Irish brigantine '*Asgard 2*', built of teak on oak, arrived from Dublin. I last saw her in Sydney harbour for the bicentennial celebrations in 1988. Also taking part were the '*Etoile*' and the '*Belle Poule*' sail training vessels, top sail schooners of the French Navy and the British Sea Cadets. T.S. '*Royalist*' was safely berthed after her adventures in the channel.

There were yachts of all shapes and sizes, some built in the traditional style in wood, others of GRP and ferro concrete. Thames Barges, the sailing workhorses that used to carry cargoes under sail on the East coast of Britain, had also sailed to Bristol for the event together with vintage steam tugs, Royal Navy minesweepers, a German minelayer and the Harrison Butler designed Z4 tonner '*Susanna*'.

There were demonstrations of past skills. People were shown how a massive oak tree trunk was cut before the days of power tools by using a draw saw, how rope was made by hand and the way Bristol Blue Glass was blown. With all the music, excitement and jollification one had to remind oneself that here in the heart of these docks generations of people had worked hard in far from safe surroundings to earn a modest living and for those who crewed the vessels who used the docks life was indeed hard and challenging. One of the 700 visiting vessels was the ketch '*Irene*', now converted for private charter and owned by an enterprising psychiatrist.

COASTING KETCHES

The '*Irene*' and other vessels like her were built at the turn of the century and were designed to rely on sail. The '*Irene*' was still trading up until 1960 carrying cargoes as varied as cattle cake, coal, china clay and building materials across the Bristol Channel and the Irish Sea. The '*Irene*' was really one of the last of a line of coasting ketches which did most of the trading

around the western shores of Great Britain. Some of these ships that survived long hard careers working in all weathers, like the *'Irene'*, have been saved and lovingly restored. At the Festival of the Sea as "The Boys of the Lough" entertained crowds on Bristol's dockside with folk songs and shanties I imagine few of those visitors gave a thought to what those hundreds of thousands of seamen suffered earning a living in the teeth of North Easterly gales when the wind was "like a whetted knife". I can remember the *'Irene's'* late skipper, Billo Schiller, a wonderful character whom I had the privilege of knowing, telling me about a particular night in the Bristol Channel during the grim British winter of 1947 when their ship was under way with a cargo bound for Gloucester. (Like Bristol, Gloucester is also an inland port). As the salt water was blowing across the bows of the *'Irene'* it froze as it landed on the decks! Then for the sixteen mile run up the canal from the Bristol Channel to Gloucester a power tug had to break the ice ahead of them for fear of the ice tearing *'Irene's'* wooden bows.

Another story I remember vividly from my researches concerned the experiences of skippers from Portmadoc on the Welsh coast, who in their retirement were reminiscing about their days at sea under sail. Within living memory they left Wales with a cargo of slate, sailed for days and days against contrary winds until the Grand Banks of Newfoundland were in sight. However hard they tried to beat against the head winds they made no progress and the prospect of making a landfall was slim. Drinking water was running short and the only thing for it was to run some thousands of miles back to Wales!

UNSCRUPULOUS LANDLORDS

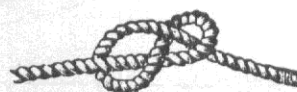
But for earlier sailors, in the days of the infamous grog shops, their troubles were often far from over when they arrived back on dry land. These grog shops provided accommodation, entertainment and "company" for the weary seamen after their months of hardship at sea. Having been paid off by their ships they became easy prey for unscrupulous landlords who, having lavished them with unlimited hospitality, would then rob them of all their money. These destitute seamen then had no alternative but to find another ship.

Today the interior designer uses facsimiles of notices announcing the crewing of "men of war" in the days of sail to decorate the walls of our dockside taverns. But back in those days when recruitment by normal means failed to produce sufficient numbers of recruits the notorious press gang went into action. Being in the wrong tavern at the wrong time could cost you your freedom for many years. In those pre-Battle of Trafalgar days men were desperately needed and in harbours around Britain and Ireland it was not unknown for complete crews of fishing vessels to be captured, taken to a Naval Dockyard and enlisted. Many would never see their families again. After Nelson's success at Trafalgar our towns and villages saw the return of many men with disabilities resulting from years of war at sea.

SAFER EXPERIENCE

Those who now relive the days of sail on board these ships restored to their former beauty are blessed with the benefits of modern technology. Powerful auxiliary motors, satellite navigation, scientific weather forecasting and efficient and predictable radio communication all combine to make sailing them an infinitely safer experience. Many replica vessels are designed with water-tight compartments and built using modern materials. They have deep freezes for storing food, central heating, and radar to give them "eyes" when the visibility closes in. What is more they are blessed with well co-ordinated search and rescue services in cases of emergencies.

It would of course be foolish for people to deny themselves the advantages of modern technology and so be exposed to unnecessary hazards at sea when recreating ships of the past. However when Bristol was feasting off the romantic images of the past in this glorification of the days of sail it would have been a pity if only the good times were remembered and the grim realities of daily life on board ship that the brave sailors of yesterday were confronted with were forgotten. This historical dimension should have enriched the visitors' appreciation of Bristol's International Festival of the Sea.

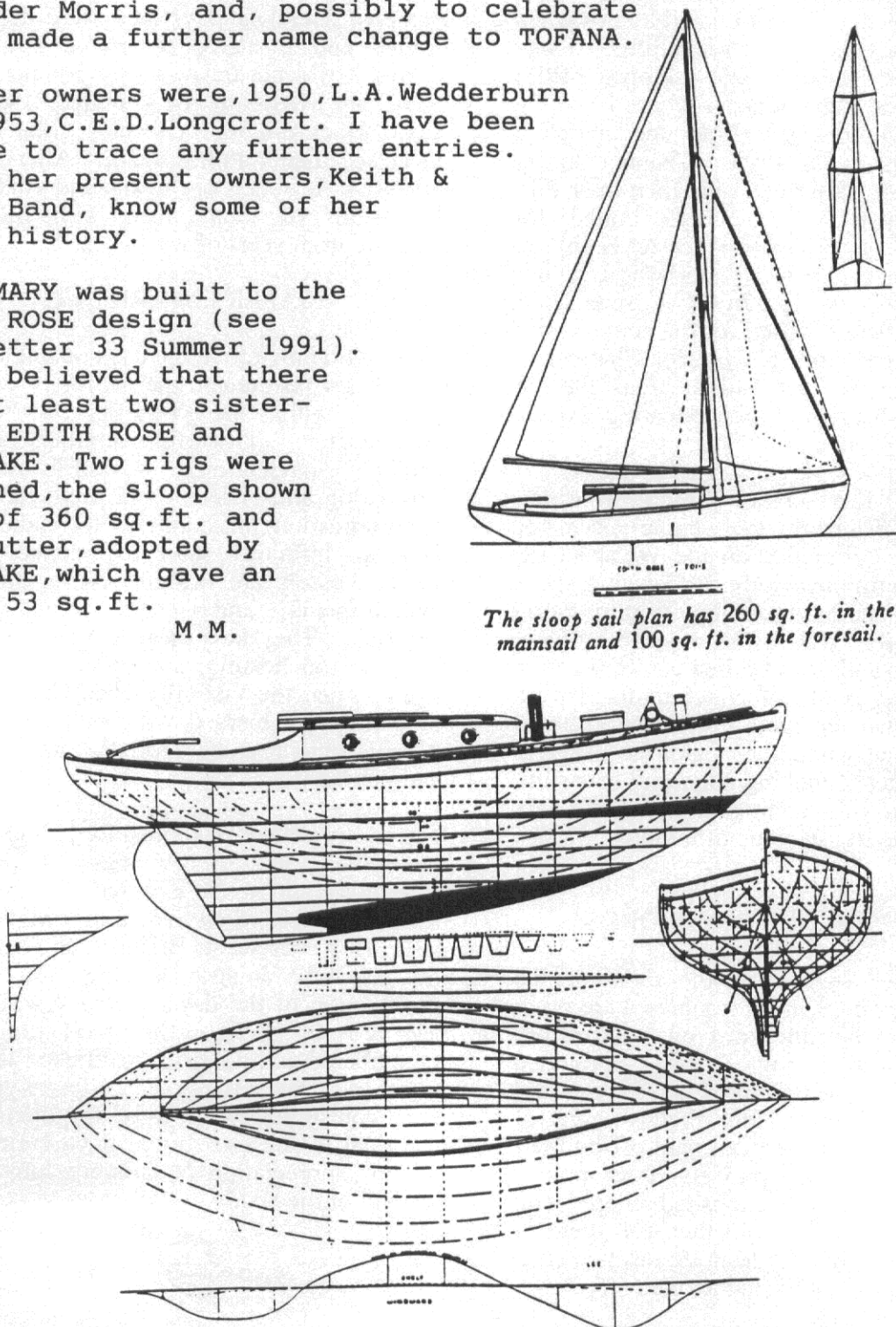


The article on the next page was originally published in THE YACHTSMAN magazine in June 1938.

Further owners were, 1950, L.A. Wedderburn and 1953, C.E.D. Longcroft. I have been unable to trace any further entries. Maybe her present owners, Keith & Janet Band, know some of her later history.

M.M.

The sloop sail plan has 260 sq. ft. in the mainsail and 100 sq. ft. in the foresail.



The lines of Edith Rose are a development of Vindilis. The metacentric shelf, also shown, is said to be "excellent."



“Pour encourager les Autres”



A Beginner

A Metacentroid

A First Season

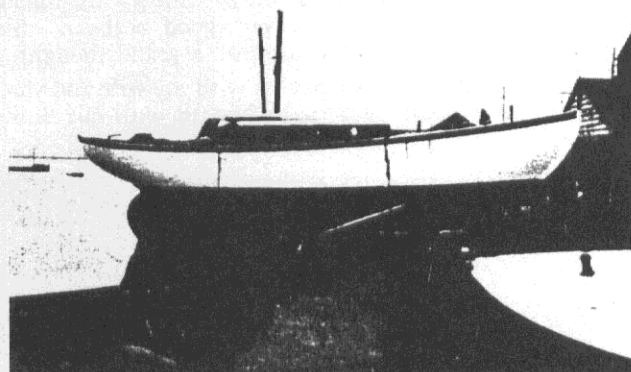
By J. F. P. PENNINGTON

I HAVE a brother-in-law, so no doubt have you, but John from earliest infancy has been a keen sailor. It so happened that I spent my holidays in 1936 with him. Personally I had always regarded sailing, or rather being sailed, as a moderate pastime in very fine weather, and as merely stupid in any other kind of weather. On this occasion, however, I took the dinghy out and sailed it myself. From that moment I became an enthusiast. I suppose in all in 1936 I did some three hours sailing but it was enough. I knew that sooner or later I should have to buy a boat. I put myself in John's hands, very capable hands too, for John not only knows everything about sailing boats and single-handed cruising, but he thinks nothing of building sailing dinghies and he is at the moment converting a Thames barge into a home for himself. We decided that I ought to get a five-tonner for about £250. Nothing less than three berths would accommodate my family and for this we thought 5 tons the smallest possible size. We searched the waterways and mudways of the East Coast. At weekends we frequented yachting resorts, we inspected ripe old ships that resembled sponges, long narrow gutted boats, boats that were so beamy that nothing short of a gale could move them, others had deckworks fit for a liner, while many others were condemned by John as unseaworthy and only fit for river work. My wife smelt others and condemned them. At last we were driven to think of building; by now I had stretched the £250 to £350 or even a little more.

In one of Mr. F. B. Cooke's books I had seen a design of Dr. Harrison Butler's with which I had fallen in love. I therefore wrote to Dr. H. Butler. It is to his courtesy and kindness that I owe my ship. He at once sent me the plans of three of his boats, but strongly recommended me to select his last. A Metacentroid. We decided to build this boat if I could manage the financial side. I had seen in a yachting paper the design of a boat built by C. Whisstock, of Woodbridge, at a very reasonable figure. I took my plans to him and told him the maximum amounts I could afford and he agreed to build the boat. He built it faithfully and well and I'm sorry to say that owing to rising prices I don't think he made a fair profit. The measurements of the boat overall were 29 ft. 6 in. by 8 ft. 6 in. by 5 ft.—7 tons T.M. I will not dwell on the joy of watching it take shape.

Grew More and More Alarmed!

In the meantime I read many books on sailing and cruising and with each successive book I grew more and more alarmed. Sailing seemed impossible for an ordinary mortal. Gales and dirty cross seas predominated. No one seemed to sail in what I call fine weather, still worse things were predicted in the Pilots' guide, well named the gloom book. Every port on the South Coast was apparently beset by terrible dangers. The boat looked vaster and more unmanageable every time I looked at it. I insisted on an auxiliary, John snorted, and I snort now.



THE LAUNCH

At last I found a little book that brought joy to my novice's heart, "A Beginner in Sail" by J. A. Williamson. In my darkest hour I sat down and read this book and it gave me courage. It is in the hope that this may give courage to others like myself that I write this article.

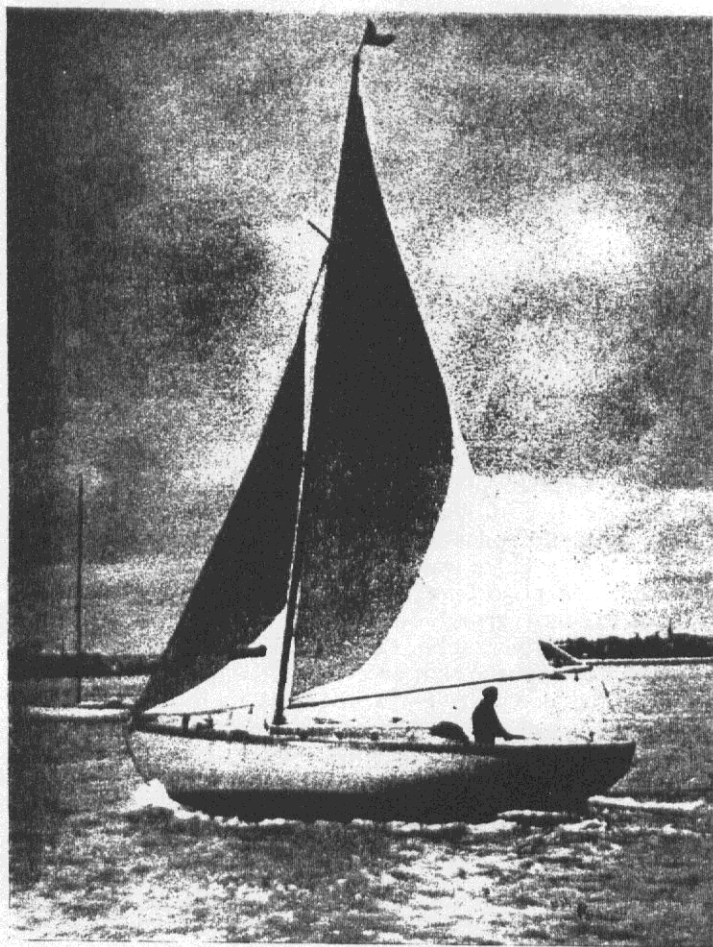
On April 14th, 1937, the "Lady Mary" was launched and on April 28th we left the Deben for Poole. The crew consisted of J. F. Mitchell (John), navigator and skipper, J. C. Colebrook, able seaman and myself. We dropped the pilot who took us over the bar at about 5.30 a.m. There was little wind but there was a horrid swell. At 11.30 I was sick, I well remember it. We had undercooked greasy sausages for lunch and that disgusting mariner, John, calmly sucked the meat from the skin and spat the skin over the side. My sausages went over the side too. Awful thoughts flashed through my mind. I had gone to immense expense and trouble to get a good seaboard and here I was, sick in almost a flat calm. I had visions of being the man with a seaboard who never left harbour. I'm glad to say I've not been sick since.

The Metacentroid Joke

The Metacentroid has become almost a joke. Clever young men writing about their experiences with ships are apt to say "she was beautifully balanced in spite of the fact that she is not a Metacentroid." Others, some from far off foreign lands, write virulent articles condemning them and attributing to them every kind of vice. Now I know nothing about Metacentroids, though to be sure, unlike some of those who write about them, I do own one. The opinions I now give are those of experienced sailors. In the first place the ship is exceedingly good to windward and will go to windward under almost any sail plan. She carries no helm at all, and carrying a whole mainsail only it is possible and comfortable to hold the tiller with two fingers—and this in a good sailing breeze. The ship will sail herself both on or off the wind and is not at all tender. It takes a good strong breeze to put her down to the rail. I would not call her a fast boat, but then she was not built to race. We did the journey

from Woodbridge to Poole in sixty hours and only used the engine from Yarmouth to Brownsea. One experienced yachtsman who has sailed all kinds of craft, after sailing the "Lady Mary" on all points of the wind described her performance as "almost uncanny." Personally, I am delighted with her and very grateful to her designer and builder. I am but a rather craven hearted beginner and I like to think of the words of a man who has sailed and raced for thirty years. He has seen the "Lady Mary" sailing in various types of weather. I asked him his opinion of her and he looked her over with a knowing eye and said in that lovely Dorset burr "She's a bit under-canvased, zurr, but she's a ver' good seaboat. She woan't drown 'ee," which is after all a grand thought.

I arrived at Poole on August 1st with my wife and small girl aged six. Soon we were all aboard with our duffle.



"LADY MARY"
A Harrison Butler designed 7-tonner.

That night I wondered if we should ever leave the moorings. True I had an engine, but I was determined to sail the boat. I had three hours sailing experience and my cruise round. I had never dropped an anchor, picked up moorings, or bent on a sail. The ship looked enormous, the mast 40 ft. from deck to truck looked immense. I felt very queasy; I sat down and read "A Beginner in Sail" and felt better.

The next morning was ideal. I bent on the sails; it took 1½ hours! And I said to the mate "What about it" and she agreed all about it. The wind was well forward

of the beam; I hoisted the mainsail, and the jib, I held the jib to windward to cant the head of the ship over. Mary took the helm, I dropped the moorings, and we were off. It all sounds very prosaic, but it wasn't. I had just that feeling at the pit of the stomach that one gets before a quarter mile race. We sailed about the harbour for an hour and managed to avoid all obstacles. It was now time to think of picking up the moorings. The wind and tide were in the same direction, I knew I had to pick them up against the tide. I manœuvred the boat into what I thought was the correct position and gave the helm to Mary telling her to luff when I shouted. I shouted—the boat shot into the wind and came gently up to the moorings, it was perfect—I missed the moorings, but on the fourth attempt I picked them up. The mate and I solemnly shook hands—we'd made it

Our First Cruise

The next few days were spent in a similar manner. A friend named Dennis was due to arrive and on his arrival we determined to go on our first cruise. It can hardly be dignified by that name as we were only going to the Solent. Dennis arrived in due course, and at 2 p.m. on Saturday we left the Bar buoy and steered a course for Christchurch Ledge buoy. Dennis knows rather less about sailing than I do—his efforts have been confined to the Broads. So far as I could make out from him, when you want to land there you just run the ship ashore. Shades of the Broads were to haunt us later on. The breeze was very light and although the tide was beginning to flood we did not make more than three or four knots. After about two hours Christchurch Head was abeam, but there was no sign of the buoy. At length Dennis thought he saw it—in fact he was quite sure he saw it and reluctantly I altered course. After a quarter of an hour it became obvious that Dennis's buoy was either a shore or a myth. Accordingly I stood out on the old course and a little later we picked up the buoy and set a course for what the "gloom book" calls a white farm house. Farm house, forsooth. Apart from the fact that there are at least six white houses and that not one looks like a farm house, the directions are good. I have since discovered that the one meant is one that looks like a magnificent road house. However, we sailed on taking soundings until we got three fathoms when we stood along the shore for Hurst Point. Half-an-hour later we were as far as I could see right in "The

BELOW: Fitting out.



Trap." The trap seemed harmless, however, and soon we were sailing up the Solent. I had determined on Newtown as my first anchorage and when the little black buoy hove in sight we got the sails and approached the creek under power. It was well we did. A nice quiet anchorage I thought, not like Cowes, the Hamble and Beaulieu, in fact just the right one for a beginner. We motored slowly in—it was almost dark. I was horrified to see boats at anchor everywhere. Nowhere is the river more than 100 yards wide; we threaded our way between various craft and eventually I found a fairly large gap and we brought up. I looked round the anchorage and counted over thirty-five yachts at anchor. At 4.30 a.m. I was roused from my slumbers by a rude voice shouting "Ahoy there, you've given me a foul 'birth.'" I climbed on deck, the stern of my boat had just touched the anchor chain of another craft. The boats were all swinging; in a moment we were clear but the gentleman, perhaps justifiably, was rather rude. I apologised profusely but he went below still muttering. I gazed round the anchorage, it was thick with craft, only five to ten yards separated them. This was the quiet anchorage. "Foul birth" I laughed hollowly and went below.

Summer Weather in Solent

The next few days were spent in sailing about the Solent. The weather was glorious, no gales, no cross seas, not even Solent seas disturbed us. We spent two days at Cowes. This time I picked up a mooring and avoided giving anyone a "foul birth." It was now time to think of getting back to Poole. We left Cowes one afternoon on the last of the ebb, for we had determined to bring up at Newtown for the night, and to leave for Poole the following day. Somewhere or other my propeller had hit a submerged obstruction, and it now resembled a donkey's ears and rendered the engine useless. So now we had to sail; all went well till we reached Newtown. I gave Dennis the helm and told him to leave the little black buoy to port and I went forward to get the anchor ready. Dennis was dreaming; we drifted delightfully over the summer sea, left the buoy to starboard and went hard aground. I got the sails off her and laid out a kedge, but it took us nearly an hour to get off. We reached the river without further mishap. Once more I gave the helm to Dennis. He had been ill and could not do anchor work. I told him to luff; he luffed. I watched the water waiting for the ship to lose way; at length I judged the moment had come—it had! I let go the anchor. It stuck up and looked at me. I looked up—I could have picked flowers from the bank. We had apparently put the ship out to grass for the rest of the season. I said to Dennis, "It took us forty minutes to get off the bar, how long do you think it will take us to coax her out of this little meadow?" The conversation grew heated. Things were not so bad as they seemed; actually the bank was steep and she was afloat astern. We pushed her off with the spinnaker boom.

The next day we were driven out of Newtown by hordes of wasps, but in spite of wasps and superfluous ships I like Newtown. It is a lovely creek. The wind was westerly and we took the ebb tide down the Solent. I noted a kind of haze was hanging over the island. At 3.30 p.m. we had Sconce Point abeam and shortly afterwards a beautiful schooner slipped past us. The haze was thicker now and looked as though it might turn to fog. A few minutes later I heard the Needles fog horn grumbling, and the schooner repassed us with her

engines running. As we approached Hurst Point I could see a bank of fog. I put the ship about. If it wasn't good enough for that great schooner it wasn't good enough for me. For three hours we just held our own against the ebb; fortunately the wind was free. All the time the fog was creeping up. At last we began to gain and we crawled along to Yarmouth and anchored off the harbour in company with a dozen other boats. I found myself close to a beautiful boat of the Norwegian Pilot type and, remembering "foul birth," I rowed off in my dinghy and asked the owner if he thought I had left him enough room to swing. "Ah, lad," said he in that North country accent there is no mistaking. "But bottom's a bit loose and if she drags and bumps me I'll push't-off. It woan't be't first time." I like the men from Lancashire, there's something warm about them. Later he told me he was bound for Fleetwood. He must have had a grand sail; I wish him many more.

I'm glad the fog came down otherwise we should never have seen Yarmouth. We spent the next morning looking around the delightful old town. In the afternoon we set sail once more and once again reached Hurst Point when a motor launch came roaring up and a fellow shouted, "You can't go down the Needles channel—they're firing." I was going the North channel and nothing short of a shot through the mainsail would have made me plod back over the Solent tide again. We stood on our course and ten minutes later the flag was hauled down and the firing ceased.

We had a rather uncomfortable trip back as there was little wind and a good deal of swell. We picked up our moorings in Rum Row just before dark. Soon the stars came out, the lights of Poole harbour glittered, and three paddle steamers that coal there came trundling up to bed. As the wash rocked us a sleepy little voice from forward said, "I know what that is daddy, that's a 'dirty'," which is her name for things that puff and pant.

Pour Encourager Les Autres

I have written this not because I like rushing into print, nor because I feel that it will interest experienced yachtsmen, but because I feel that there must be many people like myself, who never had the chance to sail when young and who would like to sail yet hesitate to take the step. I spent six weeks on my boat with my family and we never slept a night ashore. We had our moments but they were only little moments, and some day I expect we shall have greater ones but we shall be better prepared to meet them then. All the cruising stories I have read abound with rough seas and appalling conditions and all these things must be. I have no doubt that to the experienced sailors they make up the essence of the sport, but I hope they will forgive me when I say that they sound rather fearsome to a beginner. Curiously enough I do not think that the books I have read emphasise enough the danger of the tides. The beginner can avoid gales by choosing his weather. He will in all probability choose days when the breeze is light and gentle, and gentle breezes have a habit of dropping and it is then he must watch the tide. The advice of one beginner to another is "When in doubt drop the anchor and drop it quickly." As for myself and my family, we have never spent a happier holiday. We owe a great debt of thanks to all those who helped us so kindly and courteously. We have only one regret and that is for the holidays we have wasted sitting on some sweltering sunbaked beach.

Davinka: Past and Present

By ROD NEVOLS

My entry for this issue of the newsletter was to advise members that I was looking for the next custodian of 'Davinka' my 'Bogel' designed Harrison Butler. Before I could put pen to paper and virtually before the agent had got the details printed, the first person to view has bought her. The editor, Paul Cowman, still felt that a brief report on Davinka's past would be of interest to fellow members.

'Davinka' was stationed on the Dart when I bought her approximately four years ago. She had just come out of Nash and Holden's yard resplendent with a new teak deck amongst other works - courtesy of the then owner, Mr A Bialik. Prior to this she had been owned and cherished for over 20 years by Boyd and Desirée Campbell.

The design name 'Bogel' derives from a childhood nick-name that was given to Joan Hicks, a friend of the Harrison Butler family. Joan Hicks will be better known for her role as Miss Marple of TV fame.

The design was produced for a competition held by the Little Ship Club in 1933 and 'Davinka' was built in 1936 by Fox of Ipswich under Lloyds survey for a Dr Addey.

She was not, however, registered until the next owner, the late Martin Slater, a past Commodore of the Royal Harwich Yacht Club. The Campbells had purchased 'Davinka' in 1963 on the east coast where she had enjoyed a successful racing career on the Crouch.

They cruised with 'Davinka' regularly on the Brittany of Biscay coasts sailing around 1,500 miles each year from their mooring on the Tamar. They also made a sortie through the Canal du Midi and down to Corsica, Sardinia and Elba where 'Davinka' spent three happy winters.

Whilst in their stewardship, 'Davinka' was awarded first place in a cruising class in France and in 1975 Desirée was awarded the Royal Cruising Club's Lady's Cup. I feel that I have continued the tradition of cherishing 'Davinka' as I know Boyd and Desirée had.

It was with much sadness that I learnt that Boyd Campbell passed away in October of this year and I am sure that I will be joined by all fellow members in expressing our deepest sympathy to Desirée at this difficult time.



HULL BALANCE AND THE METACENTRIC ANALYSIS

EDWARD A. BURNETT

Balance is an important quality in sailing yachts; the seaworthy and the beautiful amongst them are generally well balanced, and although speed has been achieved without this quality, it is not assisted by the deficiency.

D. H. C. Birt

The balance of a yacht under sail is one of her most noticeable qualities yet remains one of the most uncertain aspects of her design. Extremes of weather helm or even small amounts of lee helm can make a boat unpleasant to steer and sometimes difficult to control. Although the symptoms of poor balance are easily recognised when the boat is under sail, it is far harder to diagnose the balance of a yacht whilst she is on the drawing board and in most cases designers rely on very simple processes and rules of thumb to achieve the desired characteristics.

Ultimately, the balance of a sailing yacht is determined by a number of contributory factors and it is perhaps best to start by defining exactly what is meant by balance and how it may be categorised.

Rig balance is the element with which most people are familiar. We all know the effect of adjusting sail area or trim, forward or aft of the mast. It is easy to visualise a sail well aft causing weather helm if it is not balanced with one forward. For design purposes, the centre of area of the sail plan, (sometimes referred to as the centre of effort) can be adjusted until it is in the appropriate location relative to the centre of lateral plane of the keel and underbody. The relative positioning of these two centres is decided upon by the designer in accordance with his experience and comparisons between other boats. For perfect rig balance, the turning moments developed by the rig and keel cancel each other out. This would result in neutral helm were it not for the effects of hull balance.

Hull balance is the less understood of the two categories, indeed there is considerable confusion as to its precise definition. I believe this is partly because hull balance itself can be split into two separate elements which are often confused or unrecognised. The first of these is what will be referred to as static balance, i.e. it is influenced by the hydrostatic forces of buoyancy alone. The rig, waves or forward motion of the boat are not considered to have any effect. This is the matter addressed by Admiral Turner's "Metacentric" theory. The other element will be referred to as dynamic balance. This is influenced by pressure variations along the hull, visible as waves, which are developed as the hull moves through the water. A yacht with perfect dynamic hull balance will track straight when heeled.

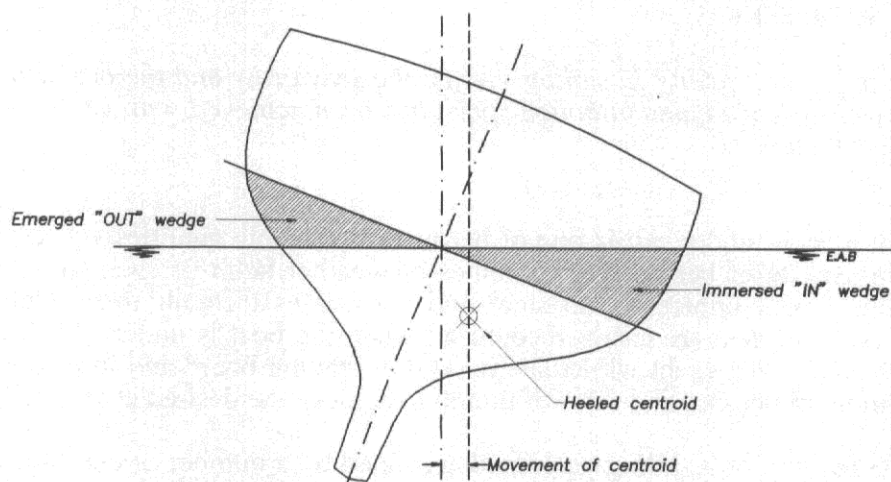
THE METACENTRIC ANALYSIS

The Metacentric Analysis was proposed by Engineer Rear Admiral Alfred Turner, following his observations of model racing yachts. His paper "A law of hydrostatics and its influence on the shapes of sailing yachts" is published in the transactions of the Institution of Naval Architects 1937 (Not to be made Royal until 1960). It is not recommended for light reading however it does give a sometimes amusing insight into the disagreements that can emerge within the membership of such a body. Having observed the behaviour of model racing yachts, Turner proposed a set of rules which defined what he considered to be bad balance and developed a means of testing for these characteristics on the drawing board. This he called the Metacentric Analysis.

A (VERY) BRIEF EXPLANATION OF THE METACENTRIC ANALYSIS

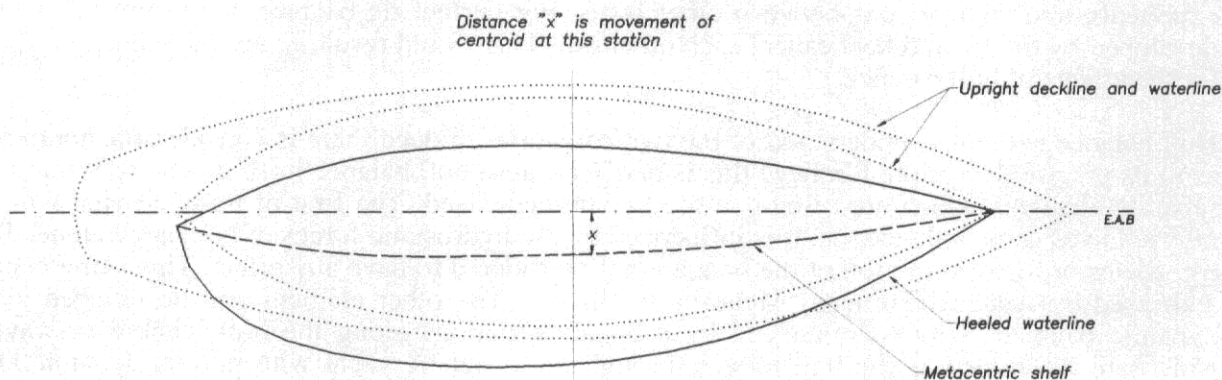
Admiral Turner's metacentric analysis effectively examines the way the volume of a boat moves from side to side as she rolls. It is easy to picture a wedge of topside becoming immersed (the "in wedge") and a wedge of bottom emerging (the "out wedge") as a hull heels (figure 1). This causes the centre of area of each section to move sideways.

Figure 1: How the centre of area of a section moves as the hull heels.



If we work out this movement for each section and look at it from above, we get a series of points which can be joined down the length of the boat (figure 2). This line represents the "metacentric shelf" and shows how the sideways movement of the volume is distributed down the length of the boat.

Figure 2: The heeled waterline and metacentric shelf of a counter sterned yacht.



The final stage of the metacentric analysis involves multiplying the area of each section by the distance from its centre to the new (heeled) centreline, referred to as the metacentric axis. This effectively weights the so called "discrepancies" by taking into account the amount of area that has moved. That is to say a large area a little off centre is made as important as a small area a long way out of line. We now have the "curve of moments" which features in all of THB's later lines drawings, and are in a position to diagnose the metacentric balance of the hull. Turner sets out a diagnosis for five characters of curve which are possible. These are based on the areas between the curve of moments and the metacentric axis.

If we look at the common sense of the system it seems reasonable enough. Imagine a modern type of racing yacht with a fine bow and wide flat stern, it is easy to see that as she heels, the immersed volume in her after sections will move way out to leeward, and that at her bow will remain near the centreline. Looked at from above (as in figure 2), the metacentric shelf will start at the bow on the centreline and trail off down towards the bottom left hand corner of the page.

This is a classic "crossed shell" and is the very antithesis of good metacentric balance. In effect the vessel has rolled like a cone and will have altered her heading in doing so. The alternative is a hull where a sideways movement at the stern is balanced by a similar one at the bow, this results in the boat moving bodily sideways but not altering her heading as she does so.

BUT DOES IT WORK?

There are a few important points that should be recognised before the Metacentric Analysis is used which define its approach and limitations. Firstly it is clear that Turner has decided what makes a yacht balanced and then goes on to suggest ways of ensuring that she is. His cure results from an assumption of the problem rather than an investigation of its cause. Secondly comes Turner's definition of balance. This I believe is the root of a great deal of misunderstanding which has in turn led to the analysis being unduly criticised. The Metacentric Analysis deals with static hull balance. Turner assumes that weather helm as the yacht sails along at a steady angle of heel can be corrected for with sail trim and helm angle, and concerns himself with changes in course "..... during the process of heeling to another angle of heel," He simplifies this by considering the yacht to be static, and analysing her as she rolls in still water, arguing that the change of heading is caused only by the changing angle of heel. The best analogy is to a cone, which when rolled from side to side will clearly change its heading. Turner's approach is more easily vindicated when considering model yachts, where the sail trim and helm can not be adjusted once the model has been launched on its course across the pond. He is merely trying to ensure that the model reaches the other side and does not worry about weather helm or what model yachtsmen might refer to as "elastic band fatigue".

By way of illustration, I will explain a little more of dynamic balance so the differences are more clear. We have probably all noticed dynamic balance when rowing a dinghy. If the load or passengers are not arranged so the boat is level, the oarsman may have to work consistently harder with one oar than the other to keep the boat going straight. In this situation we have an unchanging angle of heel but the flow of water around the heeled hull forces the boat around a curved course. This can clearly be seen as a hydrodynamic problem if we imagine the dinghy stopped. One would not expect her to spin around on the spot merely because she is heeled over, and indeed she does not. Thus it is not unreasonable to assume that the turning forces are generated by the movement of the boat through the water.

Returning to Admiral Turner, so far so good. He has defined the problem as he sees it and so long as we recognise that his solution deals only with an observed behaviour there is no cause for concern. The analysis evaluates the hull on the drawing board and in the simplest terms, it ensures that it will not trim or wiggle as it heels. Where I believe Turner gets into trouble is when he starts trying to extend his argument into dynamic balance. He does this not by proving that the same laws, definitions and general situation apply, but by attempting to disprove the alternative. He argues that the forces that are exerted on the hull by waves (resulting from the boat's forward motion) are not big enough to change the course of the boat as quickly as he observed it to happen. THB for one was uneasy about this, he had looked at the wave pattern around yachts and was sure that this must have had some effect on weather helm. What he was observing and correctly anticipating were the causes and effects of dynamic hull balance, whereas Turner's approach only deals with static balance. In truth, we sometimes have all the aspects of balance happening at once. A constant level of weather helm results from a combination of dynamic hull effects and those from the rig, and when a gust hits the yacht the static balance comes into play as she takes up her new angle of heel. As far as the time argument is concerned, how long the yacht takes to round up is determined not only by her wish to do so, but also by her ability to turn quickly. The long keeled yacht with a great deal of weather helm may not round up as quickly as the fin keeler with less weather helm. This is the difference between balance and directional stability, the latter determines the degree of response to the former.

So what does this mean to the average yachtsman, who is most concerned with weather helm? As mentioned above, weather helm, or lee helm for that matter, can result from the combination of dynamic hull and rig effects. I stress dynamic because the static balance only affects the yacht in the process of heeling and at no other time. Thus I am of the opinion that the Metacentric Analysis, which addresses the matter of static balance, has very little to do with weather helm. This is perhaps a contentious statement, but having read Turner's paper it is clear to me at least, that weather helm is not the evil he is attempting to eliminate. As a matter of interest, it should be said that Turner's model yacht designs were sought after and proved very successful. In this field of yachting he hit upon a solution to a very valid problem.

By way of conclusion, I feel the Metacentric analysis is a reasonable proposition in so far as it helps to ensure that yachts have good manners and do not behave skittishly as they heel. THB's boats appear to bear this out, my old yacht "Ibis" had impeccable manners when running hard in a seaway or sailing in gusty conditions. Although her design (Cyclone) was pre-metacentric, much the same philosophy was applied as in the later boats and a retrospective analysis whilst not perfect was not condemning. What the Metacentric Analysis does not truly address is weather helm and I have no doubt that this is why some yachts, despite having a perfect analysis, still pull hard on the helm.

AN ASIDE ON SELF STEERING

Much is thought of vessels that are said to "steer themselves", but does this mean that the yacht is well balanced? My thought is that they are most likely not. This may be rather a confusing proposition but try thinking about it as follows. Imagine a yacht sailing along with no one at the helm, in many cases the helm will be lashed in a position that causes the yacht to hold her course more or less as desired. Now let us assume that she is knocked off course by some means or other, perhaps an unusual wave. If she is perfectly balanced in all respects, the change of heading will not cause a change in the weight of her helm and she will continue in a straight line - on the wrong course. She has not returned to her original course after the disturbance and is therefore not self steering. Now let us imagine the helm lashed securely against a certain amount of weather helm that results from poor balance. If her head falls off, weather helm builds and she rounds up to her original course. If she luffs, she slows down and comes upright, weather helm lessens and she bears away to her old heading. She steers herself in much the same way a human helmsman would do if blindfold - by feel. In essence, for a boat to self steer, there must be a significant change in the helm as she changes her heading. Without this, there is no way she can restore her original course as she will not know she has departed from it.

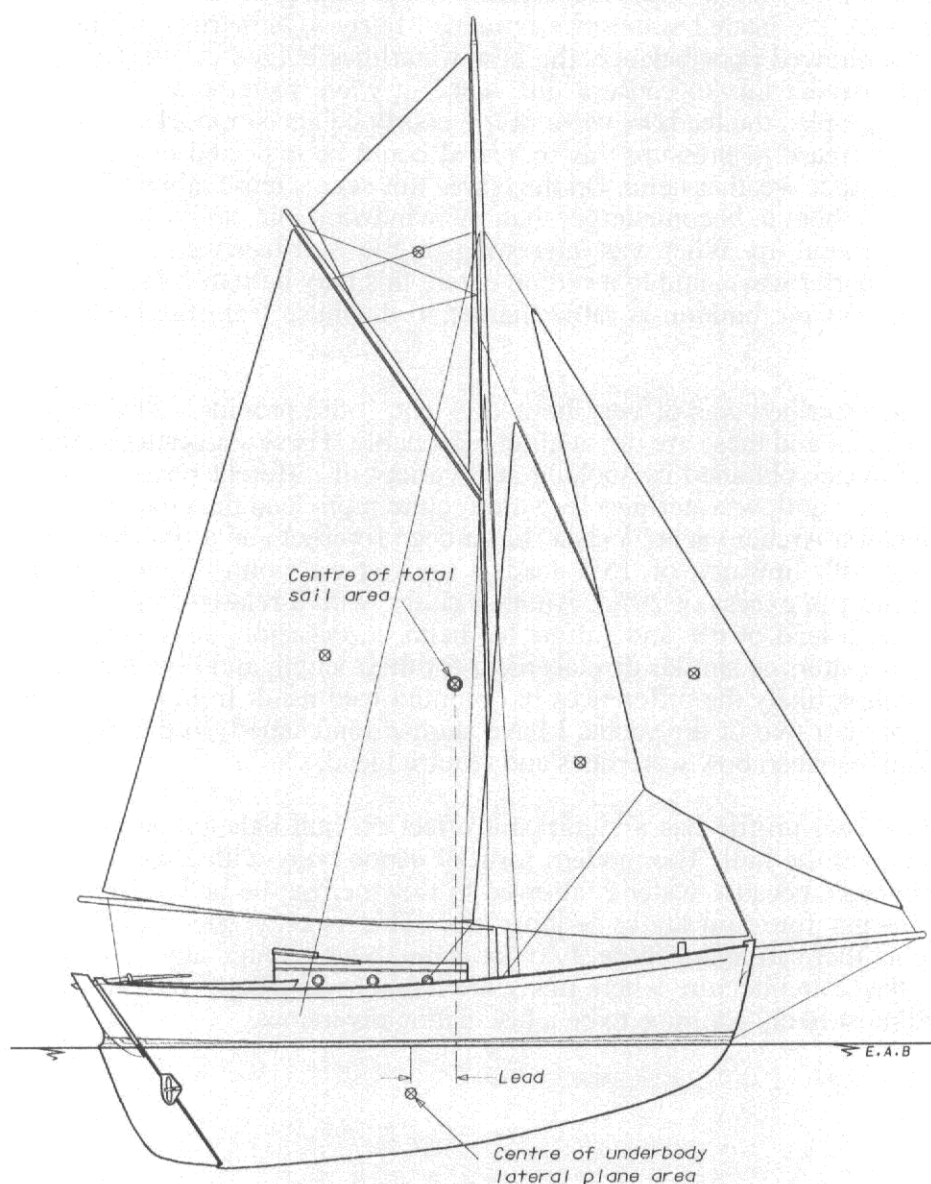
SO WHAT ABOUT WEATHER HELM?

Having decided that Admiral Turner and static hull balance have little to offer on the subject of weather helm, we have to look at the two remaining aspects of balance as the source of the problem. As far as a cure, what we get back to is the relative positioning of the sails and keel, which is the tool we have for balancing the helm. On the drawing board, the designer finds the centre of lateral resistance of the underbody, and places the centre of area of the sails a little way forward of it. This is to counteract the effect of the rig moving out to leeward as the boat heels, which would otherwise introduce a rounding up tendency. The distance the centre of area is ahead of the centre of lateral resistance is known as "lead" and is expressed as a percentage of the waterline length (Figure 3). The big question is how much lead to use; typical values range from 5% to 20%. If the rig is too far aft (not enough lead), the result is weather helm and if it is too far forward (too much lead), lee helm is likely. In most cases, there are enough boats around to find a normal value for the type and with a little experience and judgement the appropriate position can be decided upon.

The problems with this as I see it are as follows. Firstly, you need to find values of lead for yachts similar to the one in question, if she is at all unusual this data can be hard to collect. Similarly, to give the data real value, it must come complete with an honest appraisal of the boats helm characteristics. This is unfortunate because the subject of weather helm is one many owners

are somewhat cagey about. Even if we do have a reliable report on the magnitude of weather helm of a boat, we hit the original problem of having to decipher it's cause. As a final complication; even if we can decide upon an appropriate value of lead, we can only really design the boat for one condition. If the boat heels more, the rig moves further out to leeward, thus increasing it's rounding up moment. With these points in mind it is easy to appreciate the complexity of the problem and why it is surrounded by an air of black artistry. If designers are left to make judgements of this sort, any information that can help has to be worth a look. One of the more mysterious aspects of the whole business is the dynamic hull balance, which is also the most neglected. Perhaps with good reason.

Figure 3: A sailplan and underbody profile showing how lead is calculated.



My own work on this subject has centred on trying to find a link between hull imbalance and hull shape. This was done as part of my final year project for my degree in Yacht Design and I was thus able to make use of the towing tank and computing facilities at the Southampton Institute.

In this work I received a great deal of help from Steve Dalzell, whose tank testing experience and yacht design sense was invaluable.

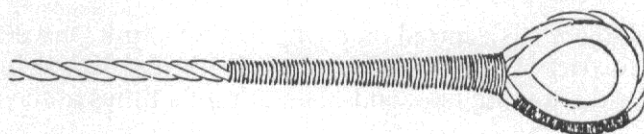
In the towing tank, hull imbalance was isolated and measured so models could be directly compared on more than a "looks quite good / not so good" basis. This work took two long sessions in the tank and yielded pages of computer print out, photographs of the models underway - and extremely cold toes. Next, using hull modelling and hydrostatics software, the true heeled shape of the hulls was obtained for the conditions in which they were tested.

What was immediately apparent was that the character of the metacentric shelf bore little relation to the measured imbalance. In a similar way, hull form coefficients, which are used to describe the volume distribution below the waterline, had little or no obvious effect. The best indicator seemed to be the relatively straightforward process of eyeballing the heeled waterlines. On the more balanced model, the heeled waterlines remained fairly symmetrical at the bow, whereas with the model that showed poor balance, the bow waterlines bulged out to leeward as the boat heeled. One would expect this to cause a difference in wave patterns at the bow and indeed looking at the photographs, the lee bow wave of the poorly balanced model could be seen to pile up markedly. The increase in pressure this indicated could be expected to push the bow up to weather and thus produce weather helm. On the whole this seems reasonable, it is not unusual for the lee bow wave of a boat to become larger than the windward one, and it is easy to picture this causing the boat to round up. What was interesting on the well balanced model was a definite build up of the lee quarter wave, and to a certain extent this may help to counteract any effects at the bow. The quarter wave buildup is rather harder to diagnose from the heeled lines but not impossible.

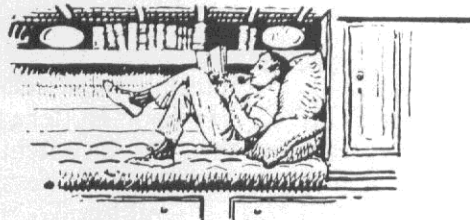
Although the work described was of very limited extent, it did provide a few suggestions as to what might be going on and these are not at all unreasonable. These suggestions are also in broad agreement with evidence obtained by looking at a variety of different boats. It is apparent that boats with fine or even hollow waterlines forward require more lead than those with fuller bows. For example, the Colin Archer yacht "Velsia" has a deep forefoot and a fine entry, and is almost perfectly balanced with upwards of 15% lead (I understand Colin Archer "Redningskoites" balance well with lead in excess of 20%). Another cutter, with a relatively shallow forefoot and fuller waterlines has a lead of 6% and suffers lee helm on occasion, suggesting her lead is too great. Both are gaff cutters of similar displacement for their length and both have good sails and well set up rigs so it is likely the differences in optimum lead result from the differences in hull form. The above are but two of the yachts I have studied (and sailed) in this regard and tend to substantiate the link between bow waterlines and required lead.

It is likely that the keel profile has a significant effect on hull balance because of the way it channels the flow over the hull. The modern form of canoe body with a short keel may be less prone to hull imbalance because water is allowed to flow across the belly of the hull and is not constrained to flowing fore and aft by a long keel. This is only one area that may make a difference, no doubt there are many more. I do not claim to have found any definite answers, this is not an area of naval architecture where many are liable to be discovered. However, the work has been and will most likely continue to be a fascinating diversion.

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Thoughts of an Ex-Editor



To enjoy reading in bed the size of the book is just as important as the content. Large volumes are too heavy to hold for very long and their pages have a disconcerting habit of turning themselves at inconvenient moments. Magazines are too big and result in the exposure of excessive area of hand and arm outside the warm cocoon of bedclothes. Small, light books are ideal.

One of my favourites is *A BEGINNER IN SAIL*, first published in 1933, written by J. A. Williamson. After describing his early experiences learning to sail in the Solent the author goes on to relate how he had 'seen the published design of the ideal 6 1/2 tonner from the board of a well-known designer who works for the love of the sport and places his achievements freely at the disposal of his fellow men'.

Unable to find a second-hand craft to his liking Williamson had this ideal 6 1/2 tonner built. From the name of the builders and the illustrations it soon becomes obvious that she is a HB design. But her name, '*Content*', though very pleasing, does not appear in Lloyds, at least not used for a vessel of her dimensions. Nor have I ever seen her mentioned in contemporary magazines or our Newsletter. I asked Joan about this while enjoying lunch one day recently at the newly renovated and extended Crag. "Oh, didn't you know that book was about '*Minion*'?". '*Minion*' has now featured in an article in September Practical Boat Owner. She is well known to us having been owned by Dennis Murrin, a past chairman of our Association, since 1957. He must be well content with her!

In the same issue of PBO are some splendid colour pictures of '*Cora A*', built to the Englyn design, sailing in the Caribbean.

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When Priscilla and I bought '*Cinnamon Lady*', our 42' Maurice Griffiths designed ketch, the previous owner had given up on a great deal of the varnish. He had had the boatyard strip the bulwarks, cappings, margin boards and king plank back to bare wood and then had them treated with one of those modern products which are claimed to give the same appearance as varnish, need only one or at the most two coats, and last for ever. In practice the treated timber has a dull, patchy, brown and tired look that would make any caring boat-owner reach for a sharp scraper.

Until very recently we have used Scarsten scrapers or an old file with the end bent over to a sharpened hook. These tools are cheap but both need frequent sharpening to do a good job. It is always difficult, with both, to avoid marring the surface due to a chance loss of concentration. While bemoaning my lot to our local chandler about the huge area of brown horrible that needed attention he suggested we invested in a new scraper made in Sweden by Sandvik. These have tungsten carbide blades claimed to have edges which last 50 times longer than conventional steel blades. They do and even though expensive are worth every penny. I soon had to buy Priscilla one as she kept borrowing mine! They are available with either a 2" straight blade or a 1" triangular one. An excellent tool.

* * * * *

In the late 1920's Maurice Griffiths wrote his first sailing book *YACHTING ON A SMALL INCOME*. His most recent book uses almost the same title - *SAILING ON A MODEST INCOME*. This is an anthology of articles by Griffiths and some of his contemporaries from the pages of *YACHT SALES & CHARTERS*, a magazine he edited in 1925-1927 before taking over *YACHTING MONTHLY*.

Of particular interest is a chapter on the 'TWENTY GUINEA DESIGNING COMPETITION'. Harrison Butler entered a design for a gaff cutter L.O.A. 27", L.W.L. 25', Beam 8', Draught 4'6", Displacement 6 tons. There were 36 entries among them, many well-known names, amateur and professional. The winning entry was the work of Frederick Shepherd M.I.N.A. a well-known professional. Harrison Butler's entry was placed sixth. Maybe Joan can tell us more about this design.

Waterside Publications are to be congratulated on publishing this fascinating volume. Pity about the soft cover, I would happily have paid a few pounds more for a hard back.

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Another book I have recently enjoyed is *LONGITUDE - The true Story of a Lone Genius Who Solved the Greatest Scientific Problem of his Time*. Written by an American, Dava Sobel, it recounts, in a very readable way, how John Harrison, who made the first successful chronometer, struggled to gain the £20,000 prize offered by Parliament.

Mark Miller

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Quest of Sydney

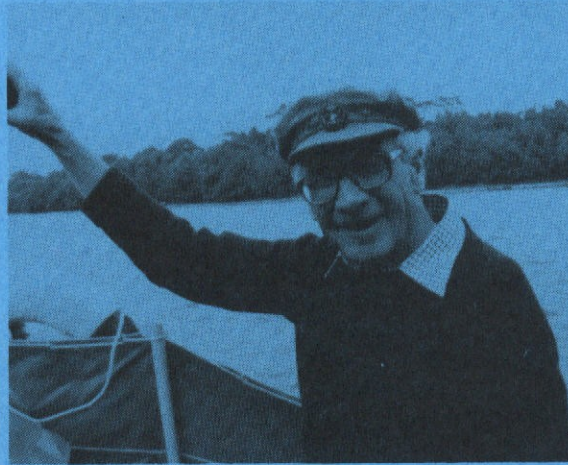
By JEFF RIGBY

Jeff Rigby has written from the Blue Mountains, Australia about sailing aboard 'Quest' with Kathy and their son Kit as guests on Sydney harbour. As members will remember they owned 'Quest' up until a few years ago.

" A couple of weekends ago we went sailing aboard 'Quest' with her new owner John Stanley. He is a delightful bloke, and very experienced and well connected in the sailing world. He is delighted with her and talks about taking her to New Zealand for her 60th birthday. We had a wonderful, if slightly disconcerting, time - it was great to sail her; all the little sailing tasks came back and it seemed so much second nature but all the same we couldn't get the feeling out of our minds that John and his friends were the visitors! She is in most respects much improved. Matthew Holliday, the person to whom we sold 'Quest', has made many changes - the fuel and water tanks have been taken out of the stern and put under the floor, the mainsail has been recut and fully battened. Her movement is much easier, and she has lost her jerky pitching caused by all that weight aft. She seems to balance a little better under sail too. All in all it was like spending the day with a dear old friend. Kit, our five year old son, was of course delighted and shows great interest and aptitude for sailing".



R. F. B. Campbell



It is with great sadness that I write to tell you of the death of Boyd Campbell on October 23rd. Desirée rang me on October 13th to warn me that he was very ill and not expected to live for many days so that at least I was prepared but it still does not lessen the sorrow of knowing that we shall never see him again nor experience his great kindness and courtesy.

I have had the pleasure of knowing Boyd and Desirée since 1973 when the ideas of forming an Association were taking shape. If you re-read "In the Beginning" you will see that Boyd was a founding member, being one of the threads which spun together to create the HBA. We did discuss such an idea when they came to see me in Pangbourne, and it was Boyd who was deputed to invite me to become President.

I have had the benefit of Boyd's wise counsel on several occasions and not only during his period as Chairman of the HBA. I have also experienced the warm and precious friendship and hospitality of Boyd and Desirée on the many occasions on which I have broken my journey to or from The Crag. These overnight (or two) stops in Torpoint have been very welcome and enjoyable but I have always been on the receiving end. Thus, it was a privilege and a pleasure, a few years ago, to have Boyd entrusted to my care at The Crag while Desirée sailed to the Scilly Isles with friends.

I think that the boys who came under Boyd's guidance and tutelage while he was Headmaster of John Lyon School, Harrow and Housemaster at Berkhamstead were indeed fortunate and there was the additional bonus of Desirée at his side. I should have been very happy to have had sons in their care. There must be a great many on whom a little bit of Boyd has rubbed off and influenced them in later life. After retiring from teaching, he was appointed Director of the Independent Schools Careers Organisation (I.S.C.O.).

Boyd and Desirée owned 'Davinka' for 25 years and sailed in her to the Mediterranean via the French canals besides cruising extensively in waters nearer home. When age made it difficult for them to continue to maintain 'Davinka' as they would wish, they wisely, but regretfully, sold her and bought a Drascombe but, latterly, Boyd's agility decreased and she too was sold leaving Desirée with a sailing dinghy.

Seeing Boyd at intervals, as I did, I had noticed recently a deterioration in his health and his mobility but, despite everything, his life always seemed to be full of interest with many activities in which he was involved. All of us who knew him will have happy memories to draw upon. These cannot be taken away and I hope too that Desirée and her family will find comfort in them and in the knowledge that they are in a cocoon of concern and affection woven by the thoughts of their friends in the HBA.

O.J.J.B.



LOOSE ENDS

ASSOCIATION BURGEEES

LARGE £8.00

SMALL £5.00

ASSOCIATION TIES £6.00

Available from the Hon. Treasurer



BOATS FOR SALE

'COBBER' Z4 Tonner (raised topsides) 1939

21' 9" x 19' W.L. x 4' 4"

Pitch-pine on oak. 2 berths and 2 pipecots

Stuart Turner 8 h.p. aux. Richardson sails

Guide Price: £5,000 or part exchange large H.B. or H.B. type.

'KELANA' Z4 Tonner 1939

21' 7" x 19' W.L. x 4' 4"

Pitch-pine on oak. 2 berths. Brydon Heads

Taylor's heater. Interior refitted

1990 Yanmar 9 h.p. aux. Five sails

Guide Price: £8,000

Lying: Argyll (01631 710729)

'CHIQUITA' Z4 Tonner 1939

21' 7" x 19' W.L. x 4' 4"

Pitch-pine on oak. 2 berths. Yanmar diesel aux.

Lying: Buckler Hard

'DESTINA' Yonne design 1933

26' 4" x 22' W.L. x 8' 5" x 4' 5" 6.5 T.M.

Larch on oak, teak brightwork, teak laid decks

Bermudian cutter rig. 4 Suffolk sails. 3 berths. Coal stove. 12 h.p. Yanmar aux.

Guide Price: £18,000

Lying: Aldeburgh (01728 688261)

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DIARY

3 - 12 January
1 March

13th April
24 - 26 May
29 May - 1 June
14 - 15 June
19 - 26 June
27 - 29 June

LONDON INTERNATIONAL BOAT SHOW, EARLS COURT
HARRISON-BUTLER ASSOCIATION AGM

(see separate notice)

BEAULIEU BOAT JUMBLE

O.G.A. CROUCH RALLY, ESSEX

INTERNATIONAL WOODEN BOAT SHOW, GREENWICH

BEAULIEU CLASSIC BOAT FESTIVAL

SHOTLEY CLASSIC BOAT FESTIVAL

SAIL IPSWICH 1997

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by the editor before the above date