



THE HARRISON BUTLER ASSOCIATION

No. 70

JULY – OCTOBER

2011

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Cover Photograph: Yonne Design '*Mischief*' River Tamar, Torpoint. April 2011

The President's Letter

May 2011

Dear Members,

It's difficult to write when reclining and I spend all my days in my reclining chair and don't do much.

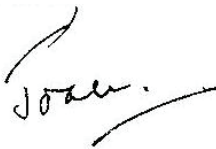
Not a lot happens these days. People come to see me now and then which is good and of course I have my friend the telephone so I am not quite cut off but am not a great gatherer of news, so don't expect too much from this letter. In fact I can't at the moment think of any snippets.

Colin is very helpful to me. Tim lives much further away so the onus falls on Colin.

In my present (and future) state I have had to relinquish my active role as President and let others take over but I am always ready to answer questions especially on the telephone, not good at writing anymore. Oh dear, I am breaking up! My only excuse is that I am nearly 94.

I'm afraid this is all you're getting from me this time except for my best wishes and the hope of good sailing ahead for you.

Yours ever,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "Joan", followed by a long, sweeping horizontal flourish.

Joan.

Chairman's Letter

I am sure that members will be pleased to read a brief letter from our President. Joan is still suffering from the after affects of her fall last year and I know she feels that the years have caught up with her. She will remain as the final arbiter in design matters and the history of the boats, but we can no longer expect that she will give time and energy to the association as she has in the past. We must work together to see that the legacy of THB is cared for. Her sons Timothy and Colin take her place for most purposes as Vice Presidents.

We have been looking for a suitable person to look after the collection of designs and are looking into the re publication of THB's book *Cruising Yachts* and the List of Designs. A member of the Association has made an exciting offer of publication which one of our Vice Presidents is looking into. We have a new Web manager in Kaila Simmons and are grateful that she is willing to develop the excellent website developed by Bill Edwards and thank him for all the time and effort he has expended. Please let us know any changes in land or e mail address or 'phone numbers and keep in touch. The Web Master has been acting as Social Secretary since Joan had to give this up. It may be that we should have a separate Social Secretary and will need to offer a nomination to a future meeting. Does anyone have any thoughts on this?

I know our Editor would like contributions of photographs of the boats in or out of the water, accounts of cruises, handling and technical advice. What improvements have you found when returning a boat to her original rig as has to be done from time to time? I am glad to hear that *Mat Ali* has an enthusiastic new owner and look forward to hearing more about her progress. *Memory* is being rebuilt by Colum Mcevoy in Northern Ireland. You should be able to follow her progress at [http// yachtmemory.com/](http://yachtmemory.com/). There has been a request for information about the acquisition of plans for a new build. This is also being looked into by a Vice President. At present rights are held by THB's family. This is also exciting though I am afraid that cost of building any new wooden boat will be high.

We have had some good sailing weather so far this year. I hope you have been able to enjoy it. As I put things together for yet another Round the Island race I am reminded that at one time (in the 1950s I believe) Z4 came first second and third in their class. Does anyone plan to race an HB around the Island in the future; it would probably be more relaxing than in some of the contemporary boats.

Have a good season.

John Elpinstone

EDITORIAL / NEWS

June 2011

Since the last newsletter back in November 2010 events in the Association have moved on apace. The AGM this March was preceded by a pleasant lunch at The Bull in Theale and thereafter the meeting was held at the nearby village hall. A lively discussion took place on various HBA matters all of which are detailed in the enclosed minutes. Not least members considered several outline proposals for a fifth edition of the Cruising Yachts Design & Performance. Tim Jardine Brown will principally spear-head the project and I am sure he would be grateful of any practical suggestions or contacts members may have regarding publishers or specialist printers. Several potential sponsors have already come forward.

As mentioned in the Chairman's Letter the HBA would also like to re-print the popular Design Album as produced by Mark Miller ten years ago. At the time of going to press no definite decisions have been reached, although, cost permitting this could also be printed in book form. Due to other commitments Mark is unable to revise the Design Catalogue at the present moment so any willing volunteers who would like to assist the committee would be most welcome.

NEW OWNERS FOR ZEBEDEE

Z Four-Tonner '*Zebedee*' has new owners. A German couple recently bought the boat and have already re-commissioned her in central Ireland close to the River Shannon Lakes. We wish them well with '*Zebedee*' and good sailing this season.

MISCHIEF RESTORATION COMPLETED

After five years of painstaking restoration and re-building '*Mischief 111*' was launched on the River Tamar in April. Photographs show what a magnificent undertaking Roy has achieved, she is undoubtedly much better than when built and now features the trademark curved coamings and heart shaped cockpit.

With photographers in attendance the first sail in nearly thirty years took place a few weeks ago, with a feature soon to be published in Classic Boat Magazine.

HALF – DECKED HARRISON BUTLER DAY SAILER

Tony Webster from Norfolk has contacted the HBA regarding '*Marita*' a half-decked Day-Sailer designed by THB. Although the lines-plans were published in Yachting Monthly in 1932 no examples are known to have been built.

In 1933 THB received a letter from a Mr Grout of Bedfordshire regarding a model Mr Grout was building of the design. After nearly eighty years Tony Webster has completed that model and is curious to know if a full sized yacht exists?

Tony would appreciate any information members or their sailing colleagues may have about '*Marita*' his contact details are, Tel: 01493-701992

MEMORY CENTENARY 2012

The restoration of *'Memory'* the earliest know surviving yacht designed by THB is progressing well in time for the boats centenary in 1912.

Her owner Colum McEnvoy has set-up a website, www.yachtmemory.com for those wishing to follow the re-build on-line. As owner of *'Avocet'* Ex: *'Wee Bess'* the only other yacht built to the *'Memory'* design I am following the project with great interest and have been able to supply archive information and photographs.

'MY GRANDFATHER'S BOAT'

Another interesting website is: z4treize.com which charts the history and family connections of Z *'Four-Tonner'* number thirty-one *'Treize'* now stationed in St Just, Cornwall.

PROJECT WITH ZEST!

Z *'Four-Tonner'* *'Zest'* is in need of a new owner. Like *'Treize'*, *'Zest'* is also one of the full width coach-roof designs, formerly owned by HBA treasurer Simon Wagner. Following a two year restoration the boat was launched on the River Medina at Newport and moored against the harbour wall. Sadly she was untied over-night by vandals and went over on the tide and sank. She was recovered and has been re-caulked and the keel removed for re-bedding and new bolts.

Reasonable offers are now sought by the owner, Tel: 01983-291433 kimlyall@msn.com

VINDILIS SISTER SHIP FOR SALE

On the market for the first time in a good few years is *'Lindy 11'* formerly owned by Ron & Mary Goodhand, Ron being one of the instigators of the HBA as far back as 1971. *'Lindy 11'* is currently owned by Len & Joan Taylor, who, having moved north find it impractical to keep the boat on the Hamble.

'Lindy 11' was built by Moody's in 1935 using the same moulds as THB's *'Vindilis'* so they are virtually sister-ships and feature the original patent folding cabin table.

CHARLES RAYNER'S FORMER BOGLE

Bill Edwards is presently seeking a new custodian for Bogle design *'Caracole'*. Bill has lavished a great deal of time and expense on the vessel in his long ownership; she is now once more stationed on the River Tamar at Weir Quay Boatyard.

With only a few on-going jobs to complete Bill is willing to consider a very reasonable price for *'Caracole'* which as members will have read in Peter Ward's articles was once owned by well known yachtsman Charles Rayner.

MEMBERSHIP SECRETARY REQUIRED

With the changes to the HBA committee structure this March the Association require a Hon. Membership Secretary. The principal task is up-dating the Year Book each January and

sending out Membership Packs to new members as they join. For more details about what is involved contact John Elphinstone.

RIVER MEDINA SUMMER 2011 MEET

Following last years informal HBA 'River Medina Meet' Craig Nutter has kindly suggested he would be happy to arrange a similar, possibly impromptu event for HB boats again this summer.

Overnight berthing at reasonable cost could be available, contact Craig for more details on: kateandcraig@mac.com / craig@medinayard.co.uk

ALEXA, TRAMONTANA, CRUINNEAG

At the time of going to press several of the larger HB designed yachts are on the market, including Askadil design, *Alexa* and Cayaca design, *Tramontana*.

Bogle design, *Jane*, Cyclone 11 design, *Cruinneag* and Z4 *Mary Gray* are also available. Owners contact details are in the 2011 Year Book.

EVENTS

Henley Traditional Boat Rally 16 – 17 July

British Classics Week (BCYC) 16 – 23 July

Plymouth Classics 22 – 26 July

Fowey Classics 1- 5 August

Cowes Week 6 – 13 August

Falmouth Classics 6 August

Poole Classics 1 – 2 October

Harrison Butler Laying-Up Supper, Saturday 24th September, RSYC, Beaulieu.

BEALE PARK BOAT SHOW

And finally..... with Peter Ward we visited the Beale Park Boat Show on 12th June, spending a good part of the day in the Classic Boat Magazine marquee with Editor Dan Houston and Publishing Consultant, Martin Nott. Martin had, just in time for the show completed a superb 'half rater' to a Charles Sibbick design of 1911.

Unfortunately the weather was against us and after hours of persistent heavy rain and high winds the organisers closed the show early at 3.30pm.

We then returned to The Chestnuts in Theale to spend an enjoyable early evening with Joan, who although immobile was in good health and spirits.

Paul Leinthall-Cowman
Worcester



Yachting Monthly & Motor Cruising Fitting-Out Number. April 1940

Sailing Days: Part Four



PETER WARD continues his reminiscences about a life in boats that started as a child after the Second World War

The incident at Porlock and the wonderful trip from the South Coast had helped me to make a special decision in my life. I had, virtually, a new boat. I had a taste of the much easier and newer cruising possibilities of the South Coast. I would move to Poole. I obtained a job, not very well paid, but in the early part of 1968 I moved, lock stock and barrel, to the wonderful Poole harbour. My boat in its splendid new topsides was trailered to Cobbs Quay again.

I became a member of the Poole Yacht Club and started to feel my way around, with some good advisers. I visited the harbour office, for I needed a mooring. “Impossible! Well, very difficult,” the harbourmaster said, pulling out a chart from his desk. “Where would you like it?”

Well, here my shallow draught helped because I was able to choose a spot off the Hamworthy Park. I paid the licence fee of £12 and had to lay a mooring. Whereas at Weston you had to do this yourself it was not so easy here and a professional was needed. I was told to

contact Horace Hoare, the Poole Yacht rigger. This wonderful old Poole character had been crew and rigger to the prewar J class and would prove a good friend later on when I became the owner of *Peradventure*.

He could often be seen on his ancient bike with a box over the handlebars containing items of rigging, fitting and tools for his work. He had been also a rigger in the Royal Navy during the War and always wore a battered old naval cap. Horace also owned a large workboat with a Lister diesel engine of great power. He laid a good strong mooring for me – he always referred to them as moorinses!

I got another, much better, job as a design engineer with Hamworthy Hydraulics and met Peter Hallowen who also had a boat and a house at Wimborne. He lived alone as his wife had got tired of Pete's lifestyle and sought pastures new. He invited me to stay and a very happy and convenient arrangement ensued with workshop space for cars and boats.

That summer was a paradise to me. Each Friday evening I would stock up with stores and head for Studland or anchor off Brownsea, for an early start.

A destination was chosen, depending on weather and wind direction, sometimes Yarmouth on the Isle of Wight, or perhaps Weymouth or Lulworth. It was so different to the Bristol Channel where most harbours dried out and were difficult to approach. However, the experience and rigours of the Bristol Channel were beginning to prove a great help and I often had visits from my old friends from Weston anxious to experience the joys of South Coast sailing. The Seagull, wonderful and reliable as it was, had proved its limitation of not having a reverse gear. It was also thirsty and required frequent refuelling at sea, which is where half the fuel would end up. I purchased a new Yamaha 9 hp, which started on petrol but was designed to run on paraffin. It had a generator which would charge a six volt battery for lighting and of course reverse. It was never as good a starter as the Seagull, though.

I really wanted an inboard motor and with that in mind purchased a new Honda stationary engine, but never did get round to installing it.

With more ambition and improving my skills at navigation and dead reckoning, a trip across channel was the goal. A long weekend was arranged and an office friend and I set off from Studland, one Friday night, for Cherbourg. We underestimated the strength of tide on that peninsular and ended up nearer Cap Barfleur, but eventually struggled into the passage de L'Oust just as the early morning fleet of Vacquelots, (the chunky little distinctive fishing boats of that region), were setting out. Those boats have largely disappeared now, but in 1968 there seemed to be a huge number.

In those days a Bristol registered ship could obtain a green document from the Cherbourg custom to enable one to visit the duty free stores of Henri Ryst & Co. and purchase liquor etc. completely duty free.



Below decks – ‘Peradventure’

You visited the stores close to the quay, made an order, had your document stamped and the next morning the Citroen 2cv van would arrive, with a gendarme to ensure your purchase made its way aboard as sealed duty free. Quite a performance. This became the first of many crossings of the Channel. A favourite destination in those times was Alderney. No fees were charged, you anchored behind the breakwater. The so called German pier was still there.

Fellows in the office would say, “Where are you going this weekend, Pete?” I would probably say, “Alderney, Cherbourg or Barfleur, depending on conditions.” The first time I visited Alderney happened to be in a friend’s Contessa 26 which had no engine. At that time my sister’s husband’s father ran the Alderney Post Office. We were asked to ‘phone them from the quay on arrival. The ‘phone was the old type where you had to turn a handle and the operator asked for the number. The Post Office got an instant reply and we were invited to a lovely dinner and drinks in the flat above the Post Office.

We had many trips to Alderney in those days, the beer was cheap in The Divers, (the pub at the bottom of the road to the harbour), and Alderney had yet to be discovered by the wealthy tax dodgers and smart restaurants.

A fellow engineer at the office introduced me to a lady called Ann who was keen to sail. She lived at Moreton-in-Marsh in the Cotswolds and as I was often short of a crew Ann would drive down from Moreton at weekends. She was a very good cook and insisted upon supplying the food. We had tuned the Gallant very well; she was comfortable to live on with two deep quarter berths and two more forward. The wind was welcome company in the Solent sojourn and we had one trip across to Cherbourg, when a great deal of wine was drunk. We were late leaving and of course had to be back for Annie’s return, (she was a dental receptionist), and in those days after being “foreign” we had to clear custom, yellow Q flag flying. This was

awkward, for when you went to the Customs the officers often didn't turn up. On these occasions we would sneak back to the mooring with the Q flag still aloft, go ashore and finally return to England without being vetted.

Sometimes there was little wind and dense fog. Crossing shipping lanes, with the noise of fog horns all around, was nerve-racking.

On one occasion, while we were under power in the fog, which is very common in the English Channel in summer, we saw two dashes of white in the grey. In the fog it is very difficult to tell how far away things are. However, we took these dashes for the bow waves of two motor or speed boats, as they seemed to be moving quite fast. After about half an hour they seemed to have got quite a bit bigger, obviously much closer, but always exactly the same distance apart. There was no noise and it was quite eerie. Then quite suddenly I looked through the fog and there, very close, was the grey shape of a huge ship. We were only a hundred yards away. She had not sounded her siren, or if she had we had not heard it. The bow and stern waves were quite visible, but the hull was not, as it merged into the grey murk. An amazing sight – and it could so easily have been a disaster!

A friend of mine at the office, Peter Toms was his name, and I arranged a summer cruise. He had had little experience of sailing, but believed in my ability. We only had two weeks holiday in those days, so we planned it carefully. By this time I had done a great deal of work on the boat and she had the great virtue of being totally bone dry above and below, with a self draining cockpit, which had two watertight doors and a huge locker which could hold fenders, warps and even the outboard. I had seen some French yachts of similar size and design built in contre plaque, with a slight reverse shear, which though ugly does provide more space below. However, the French in their flare for style had painted the hull so that the dark topsides colour, (I chose rather beautiful greenish-blue), appeared to show the normal shear line and what would be a shear plank was painted white. I copied this and painted *Eroica* in this way. It transformed her appearance – she really was a good boat, apart from her modest windward performance, with a splendid design for her size. Fully victualled and equipped we sailed for St. Peter Port in Guernsey, spent a day or so there eating and drinking and planned to set sail at 8 p.m. for Trequier in Brittany. My navigating was becoming quite good and we headed for a buoy to the west of the famed Plateau de Minquères. As the night progressed it got darker and the wind started to rise. It was our practice at times like this to make tea and then decide what to do. It seemed unlikely that we would see the buoy, (I can't remember its name), but we had to get sail off for the sea was now alarmingly rough. As we drew nearer to the dreadful area of the English Channel, we tied down a double reef in the main and changed to a small jib. She was very comfortable and safe as long as we could clear west of the buoy.

I remember Peter looking up at the sky and saying that the cloud formation appeared like a giant hand hovering over us – a true description. However, in the early hours we saw a faint winking light which I am sure was that which we were to clear, but I never did get the actual

identity as morning light started to appear. We had more tea and some breakfast and it seemed a little warmer – it is always chillingly cold, even on summer nights, in the English Channel. We began to cheer up, shook out the reefs and set course. After a few more hours a buoy was sighted, we sailed close enough for a positive identification. It was Bas Grublast at the mouth of the Trequier River. The sea was calm now, and the sun was warming us, and I will never forget that first sight, (I have been there several times since then), of that beautiful rugged rocky coast and sailing up to the town with its church tower. There is a marina there now, but not then. We anchored astern of an English yacht. Her name was *Moonspray* – from Poole, a beautiful Arthur Robb designed yawl. A French yacht hailed us and said if a man came in a boat demanding dues do not pay him as you only pay if you pick up a buoy, not if you ride to your own anchor. The harbour master did come and demanded an absurdly small sum compared to today, and I *did* pay him. This incomparably beautiful river and place seemed worth it.

We of course went ashore, drank wine, went up the church tower had crepes, drank more wine and slept for many hours in tranquility.

The next day we just stayed in the cockpit. I would always take my watercolours and sketch pads and try to produce a masterpiece. I did sketch a few nice little pictures, but they are now all lost. However, Peter caught the artistic bug here, and later became a very notable marine water colourist and member of the Royal Society of Marine Artists (See his watercolour of *Peradventure*.)

After the very memorable few days in Trequier we went into the Legardreux and the Pontrieux Rivers where we met the Island Sailing Club's Brixham trawler *Provident*. It was pouring with rain and we wandered up the street, dived into what I think was the only bar, which was full of the contingent from *Provident*. The following morning we were boarded by some pretty girls from *Provident*. The Island Sailing Club in Salcombe provided opportunities for many young people to sail on large boats and Legardrieux was a regular visit. We were entertained to a massive breakfast on board and had an interesting morning with the skipper explaining the finer details of the ship and her rig.

An important change was about to take place in my life. I was invited to help take a large motor yacht to West Africa. This vessel was on charter to the Decca Company and it was to be used for a complete hydrographic survey of Lagos harbour and the Bonny Bar at Port Harcourt. Her name was *Freelancer* and she had two Rolls Royce turbo charged engines. The outcome of all this was that I became one of the permanent staff of the Decca Survey Co. after successfully contributing with my draughtsmanship and navigational skills as well as being able to handle the vessel. This all resulted in a considerable improvement in my income, but also meant that I was away from the U.K. for long periods. However, I had quite long leave periods on good pay.



During one of these periods I happened to be in Yarmouth on the Isle of Wight. Living on board boats were a few fellow sailing people whom I knew. There seemed to be quite a few such people in those days, living aboard boats with plans to sail afar.

I had decided I should purchase a new boat or, to be precise, an old boat of great character. Talking to the lady yacht broker at West Solent Yachts who had agreed to receive phone messages for me from my office in Leatherhead, (I was often needed somewhere at short notice), I recalled my Bristol Channel days and Charles Rayner talking of Harrison Butler. She told me that a very fine H.B. had just been placed on her books and she was a friend of the owner, C.W.R. Winter, (who wrote *The Turn of the Tide* and *The Ancient Town of Yarmouth*)

This boat was in the Beaulieu River. I sailed over there and found the owner and his wife aboard this beautiful yacht. Her name was *Peradventure*. She was moored at Keeping Copse, astern of another lovely Harrison Butler boat with a blue keel called *Ardglass*. I fell for her straight away and bought her.

This was in about 1974. I was only just in time, as when I returned to Yarmouth to make arrangements for sale there was a message for me. I was required in a few days' time to be at a place called Kharg Island in the Arabian Gulf. What a blow. I had quickly to lay up *Eroica* at Hayles Yard, and make all the necessary arrangements to sell her and buy *Peradventure*.

Kharg Island was terrible, one of the worse places in the world, a huge oil terminal where Decca was using their most sophisticated equipment to position pipe laying operations. Moreover, the island was in Iranian waters and the less said about that the better, though on my return to Bahrain about a month later I had to travel via Shiraz in Iran. With a Canadian colleague I had the exciting experience of renting a large American car and spending a day in Persepolis, the wonderful ruin of the ancient Persian capital of Darius and Xerxes.

At Decca's office in Bahrain, I found all the documents for the purchase of *Peradventure* and after a visit to the British Embassy to obtain witness signatures etc. etc. she was mine, waiting at her mooring in the Beaulieu River.

My return to England in mid March was a shock, for it was freezing cold. I drove down to Beaulieu, parked my car in Keeping Copse and there was my beautiful yacht. Mr. Winter had covered her with a fitted blue canvas cover and when I got aboard I discovered he had left me a bag of coal, (she had a lovely little Caledonian stove), enough to make tea etc., which was very kind. He loved the boat too, but decided he and his wife were a little old for her, so he bought a motor cruiser, albeit a rather beautiful wooden one.

Peradventure had a Stuart H2MR 2 stroke diesel engine, which though big and heavy for only 9 hp, was very smooth, reliable and economical. I am rather fond of engines, particularly of this rather superb design, which make a beautiful sound. I duly started it and, single handed in the freezing cold, headed out of the river into the Solent, with sails up and the tide with me. I made an easy uneventful sail to Poole and soon found how easy she was to handle. Her fine balance meant that with slight sheet adjustment the helm could be left and any necessary function, like getting warps stowed, fenders in, tweaking halyard etc. was easily done and, with a bit of sea room, sails could be stowed and made fast easily. I was not disappointed with my yacht. I had arranged a berth at Cobbs Quay in Poole and had to wait for the bridge to open, for the Poole swing bridge has set opening times. I arrived at my berth in the dark, manoeuvring *Peradventure* into it without difficulty. With the stove drawing nicely and the kettle on the hob I felt great contentment until there was a knock on the cabin top.

Thinking it was a friend of mine I said, "Come aboard, the kettle has boiled." A policeman appeared in the hatch. "Mr. Ward?" "Yes, that's me." "I am afraid I have bad news." (*Oh, hell. What now?*) "Your father died last night."

The policeman was wonderful and stayed for a cup of tea which I am sure he did not want. I, of course, was stunned. I knew my father was not a well man, but had seen and spoken to him only a couple of days before. My car was at Beaulieu. My parents lived at Weston-super-Mare. I rang home and said I would be there the following day. I loved my father dearly, he was the finest of men, but he was dead!!

TO BE CONTINUED

The Sinking of My Assets!

TONY HARTLAND entertains his bank manager – with disastrous consequences.

Remember that advertisement that appeared a few years ago, the one which suggested that no civilised home was one which was complete without a bank manager in the cupboard? They may be all right in cupboards, but not so long ago I got one on my boat and a very unnerving experience it turned out to be!

It is one of the unfortunate facts of life that it is difficult to persuade a bank to part with money for the upkeep of a maritime relic of uncertain years, whose care, should on the face of it, be delegated to the National Trust rather than a boatyard. But, somehow after a protracted and deeply meaningful correspondence between myself and the manager of my bank (actually I was writing begging letters) he invited himself along to have a look at the yacht in question. Since it was a forty-foot Dutch Boler, and his experience with yachts was confined to elegant multi-[storey palaces moored stern-to in Nice, perhaps the encounter was doomed from the start.

We met prior to lunch which was to be partaken on board the barge. I breathed a sigh of relief; he seemed to be a kindred spirit as he clearly liked a glass or three. His enthusiasm for things maritime increased and the prospects of an overdraft appeared to be improving. Until, that is, his suggestion that we trot along to the marine and go aboard my yacht. Now, a Boler isn't strictly a yacht – or at least mine wasn't. It was a working vessel and built somewhat on the lines of a brick washhouse. That is, it had been originally, but over the years rot and corruption had set in and it was not the vessel it once was. Neither was it lying in a marina. For various reasons, structural as well as financial, it was lying in a mud berth where it only floated for an hour each side of high water. And, to be brutally frank, my guest was not dressed for it. He was attired for an afternoon of proper yachting as it is done and seen to be done by the best people in the best places: hand-stitched shoes of elk hide, white trousers, hand-knitted Guernsey with his initials embroidered on it and one of those incredibly expensive watch-coats with just about every safety device known to human ingenuity incorporated within it.

Visualising the sumptuous repast ahead of him – fresh crab and lobster, local mullet and I know not what – he marched along happily enough, keen to inspect his client's forty foot cutter. To be fair, he kept his spirits up for nearly half a mile until he reached that amalgam of mud, cow-pats and sump oil typical of an Essex creek, when the first flicker of consternation was visible on his face. "Er....my boat....she isn't actually alongside I'm afraid. You....er....have

to row....There's well....a dinghy. Down there!" He surveyed the skiff with disfavour and transferred his glance towards the deep water channel where yachts bobbed on the rising tide. Closer inshore the barge sat ominously in a few inches of water, just enough to float the dinghy. By the time he had arranged himself in the dinghy, feet braced on the thwart, and I had insinuated myself around him, the tide was well up. It was a precarious excursion in the six foot dinghy, and his personal prospects and my financial ones nearly came to an unscheduled and abrupt end in the wash left by a police launch belting past. The elegant jacket was surreptitiously fastened, its built-in buoyancy examined and adjusted, with the air of one who has just heard the band strike up on the Birkenhead.

We drew alongside the Boler which wasn't a pretty sight close up. It was also faintly aromatic; hardly surprising as the first forty years of its existence had been intimately involved with fish one way and another. I reached out to grab the gunwale and he expressed alarm thinking we were in trouble. I explained we had arrived and realised that he had been feasting his eyes on a smart motor sailer moored out in the stream.

"THIS is it?" "Yes," I replied. "Isn't she beautiful? Rare too. There aren't many around nowadays!" I thought I caught something to the effect that he wasn't altogether surprised, but it was impossible to be sure as he was scrambling aboard with a foot on the Boler's iron-bound leeboard. It was unfortunate that the leeboard was not made fast. Being timber it had just about neutral buoyancy and tended to stay pretty much in one place, until that is, any weight was placed upon it. But he made it onto the deck, and emptied the water from his shoe with a sullen air. Thinking a drink would put matters right, I invited him below and settled him comfortably on the one settee which had a cushion on it. I was able to reassure him that the bilge paint which had transferred itself from the fertiliser sack to his white trousers could probably be removed with turps – I would row ashore and go into town to procure some if he liked. He shook his head and glanced around, clearly waiting for a drink. He was in luck; I had several bottles of wine in the bilges to select from, all home made and maturing nicely. Since he was an honoured guest I settled on a glass of chickweed and burdock which he sipped thoughtfully, his eyes taking in the intricate carving of the deck beams, or as much of it remained visible between the G cramps.

The stew – one of the ship's specialities from a secret recipe – did not take long to warm up once a certain amount of gunge had been pricked from the burners. He looked rather surprised at it and poked cautiously about with his fork but I had made sure that I had carefully removed all the black bits. After he had eaten and drunk – he asked if it was possible to have a whisky or two to clear his palate, and fortunately there was some.

I showed him around the boat although he frankly admitted that its virtues were rather a closed book to him. He seemed to be rather taken with the engine and asked when I was going

to remove it from the forecabin, tapping it inquiringly once or twice. Not a lot happened since it seized solid; twenty pounds of high explosive might have moved the pistons but not much else would have. It was however quite a good-sized engine which had, so I was told, previously provided the propulsion for an American cattle truck. Quite a long time previously. I was though, able to reassure him that the barge was a sailing vessel after all, and the wind was free. I showed him the massive mast passing through the deck. "This mast," I said, "comes down!" "Yes," he said. "I can quite believe that. The problem, as I see it, is surely keeping it up." I hurried explained that it was possible to lower it for bridges and showed him the ballast basket attached to the heel in which various heavy objects were stowed to act as a counter-weight and enable the mast to be lowered single-handed. He inspected the contents: "Lead? No....What's this?....bricks....this seems to be part of a kitchen range....two gardens gnomes....a length of cast iron piping. This, I take it, is where you keep all your worldly wealth?"

Seeing his eyes darting furtively around the accommodation I correctly interpreted his delicacy and indicated that he might make use of a certain luxury item I had installed prior to present financial constraints. I lifted a corner of the sacking and left him to it. It was very quiet on board, only the lapping of the wavelets against the hull intruding into the silence.

Then the tide came in. And I do mean in. I was preparing camomile tea – so refreshing – when I noticed that the saloon carpet was rippling as though a giant caterpillar had crawled under it and was in its death throes. And my feet were wet. We were undoubtedly sinking. Well, every so often a butt joint would let go and we did sink. It wasn't terribly serious in four feet of water, just kept the bilges sweet. But where was my guest? I coughed loudly several times and at last rent the veil. He was sound asleep. They breed them tough in the Lloydminster. Boarding the dinghy was this time quite easy as the Boler had by now settled comfortably on the mud and the dinghy was level with the gunwales. The atmosphere was somewhat strained as we walked up the lane

"My overdraft....?" "No!"

And that was that. As we passed the boatyard office in frozen silence, the boss emerged from his lair with a letter in hand. "Opened in error," he assured me. Was it hell! He thought it might have had money in it. Apparently some one had made an offer for the boat. A very substantial offer. Four times what I had paid for it. He went on to tell me that it was a very famous vessel and mentioned in all the leading reference works on Dutch yachts. "Don't be silly, she's priceless," I said. "I couldn't possibly dream of selling her!" The bank manager drew himself up to his full height and glared. He turned with an unmistakable air of authority to the man from the yard. "Tell them," he said, "that the gentleman will accept."

The Prettiest little boat in the Southern Hemisphere



The Land Rover backed down the ramp with its purpose built trailer as *Omicron* touched salt water for the first time in many years. Our hearts raced to see the culmination of 4 years work as she returned to her natural element.

It seemed a life time ago that Mark Jack, the owner of the 'prettiest little boat in the Southern Hemisphere', called me from his home in Hong Kong to discuss the rebuild of *Omicron*, the 20' design of that name. She was drawn by HB in 1940 as a miniature version of '*Omega*', hence the interesting name. Built by renown Boat-builder Percy Voss in 1945, we suspect her keel was laid earlier, and like many a project, delayed by the 2nd World War.

Both Mark and I having a love and respect for things traditional were keen to retain the classic feel and style of the period that *Omicron* was birthed into.

The original cabin profile incorporated a kind of doghouse but had been so chopped and changed over the decades that it was neither useful nor pretty to look at. Standing room was out of the question even if we left things as they were, so it was silly to try and make her something she wasn't. Instead we opted for aesthetics as the driving force and built a low cabin in proportion with the size of the ship. Actually she looks so in proportion that you need to see her next to something or a person on board to realize she is not a much larger vessel.

There is plenty of sitting room below even for Mark's lofty height.

Built of the finest New Zealand Kauri, the hull and deck planking were in remarkable shape. The Australian hardwood frames had all broken and perished and it was a wonder she held together at all. These were all replaced with American white oak frames steamed in. All fastenings from the keel bolts up were renewed with the exception of the deck which only needed a few copper nails added here and there to keep things tight. Hull planking was re-riveted with copper and backbone bolts likewise re-fastened with copper.

The new deck-house was constructed of teak whilst the interior joinery was a combination of teak, iroko, and as much of the original as we could include.

The 6hp Lister Petter inboard was removed, the aperture filled and a trusty 5hp Seagull hung on the stern. Mark has since tracked down a similar Seagull but with a reverse gear and believe it or not, a recoil start. We hope *Omicron* is not over-awed by these modern contrivances.

Sails are Contender Sail cloths 'Polypreg Dacron' made by Calibre sails of New Zealand and have the slight off-white look of cotton but being of a modern material are much tougher and able to hold their shape.

The rig wasn't touched other than a quick tidy up and the odd new fitting here or there and will probably be in for a thorough overhaul when the sailing season comes to and end. Here in the north of New Zealand you could argue that the sailing season never ends but the sun does get low on the horizon quicker in the winter. We are rather spoiled with

our long fine summer days.

As she was lowered down the ramp it was obvious that the small crowd that had gathered were caught up in the moment. The air was filled with oohs and aahs, and 'isn't she just so pretty!' Mark was the picture of the perfectly contented owner and I was thrilled that I had been a part in a rebuild not just of national significance, but of the wider interest in the maritime world.

As she floated off the trailer we pulled her alongside and checked the bilges. Wet yes, but after 4 years the odd trickle here and there was to be expected. I had only lightly caulked her knowing she had become very dry out of the water and not wanting to put her under too much strain during the 'taking up' period. We hung the sails on with a single reef in the main and a small heavy air jib, pulled on the halyards, hardened the sheets and cast off. She sprang to life in the fresh bay breeze and immediately we were struck at how she seemed to look after herself. Heeling until the lead keel began to do what it was supposed to do she raced ahead, totally in control and only needing a guiding finger occasionally on the tiller. Big grins all around as we saw how close to the wind she was able to point without losing speed or showing noticeable leeway.

She went about with ease and settled on new tack, only a little impatient with us as we learned the skill of handling the runners. They are set up on a purchase system rather than levers although the latter would undoubtedly be a little quicker. Being a fractional rig they are needed to keep the forestay tight but not vital to the safety of the rig. I think with short tacking they could probably both





be left on without worrying the set of the main too much.

We worked our way around the bay for a couple of hours, experimenting on different points of sailing and marveling at HB's skill at getting the balance so satisfyingly perfect. There was just the merest hint of her wanting to come up into the wind so that we knew if we argued and threw each other overboard she would eventually come into the wind and allow us to catch up. An important consideration when trialing a rebuild with the owner aboard.

No need to worry about that. Mark and I are both so thrilled with the outcome and satisfied that we didn't follow the past, and sadly present trend of mixing modern materials with traditional methods. Some may be ok in the short term, but can have different characteristics than that which they are attached to. Some methods can create a demand for more restoration in a few years time. Epoxy, while having some good uses, has been my biggest headache in recent years as I dig out filler from holes, seams, and even recently 'served marlin' over rigging splices. It won't 'give', or at least not in the same way as that which we put it on. It eventually parts company with things that do 'give', and that just encourages moisture and bacteria to begin what they do best.

Throughout the restoration we have tried to be in sympathy not only with the period and design style of HB's work, but also the methods used in building. We know these methods stand the test of

time if done correctly with quality materials. We have used the odd bit of plywood, judiciously and with a mind to how it fits in with the overall ethos of the rebuild, but take comfort in the fact that even HB recognized there was a use for materials and methods that were new in his time. Plywood seems to have been considered for bulkheads, different 'bronzes' were being developed at about that time, as were differing ideas on rigging and fittings etc.

Boatbuilding and design have always been evolving but not all that is new suits that which is old. Please consider carefully when you are choosing methods and materials for repair and rebuilding. Some other poor sod may have to deal with all that hard muck you've cleverly squeezed into that gap.

As we put her on the mooring for the night and rowed away, we couldn't help but do a lap around her to simply take delight in her lines. As the days go by she slowly takes up. Water intake has slowed to a trickle.

From the balcony of my house across the bay I can see her tugging impatiently on her mooring cable, wanting me to come and play.

Timeless, perfect, the prettiest little boat in the Southern Hemisphere.

Mike Hughes, Boatbuilder. March '09



Rita Bell owner of *Omicron* during the 1940's & 50's

Omicron's present owner had a wonderful visit from past owner Rita Bell.

Rita and her husband owned *Omicron* for fourteen years from about 1947.

She related many happy memories of sailing *Omicron* up and down the New Zealand coast.

Rita celebrated her 98th birthday on 18th November 2010.

It was a wonderful birthday visit and a surprise for Rita who hadn't seen *Omicron* for many decades.

Mike Hughes, New Zealand.

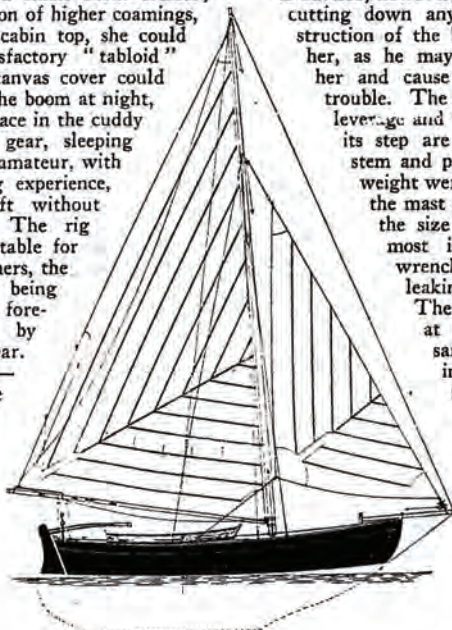
Marita, a Day Cruiser

THE design reproduced here from the board of Dr. Harrison Butler, is that of a healthy little half-decked day cruiser which would be eminently suitable for a beginner to learn the art of cruising alone around the Solent or estuary waters. Drawing 3 ft. with a lead keel of 15 cwt., she displaces 1.8 tons and is therefore not of the shallow centreboard variety, being uncapizable. Her sections are those of a small cabin cruiser; indeed, with the addition of higher coamings, and a well cambered cabin top, she could be made into a satisfactory "tabloid" cruiser. As it is, a canvas cover could be carried to go over the boom at night, while there is ample space in the cuddy forward for cooking gear, sleeping bags and clothes. An amateur, with previous boat building experience, could build this craft without untoward difficulty. The rig shown is especially suitable for day sailing in all weathers, the Bermuda mainsail being loose-footed and the foresail being furled by Wykeham Martin gear. The area—220 sq. ft.—could, of course, be cut down, if desired, for coastal cruising. On the next page plans showing the method of construction are given. Although this is, of course, not the simplest type to build, the resulting boat would be an able

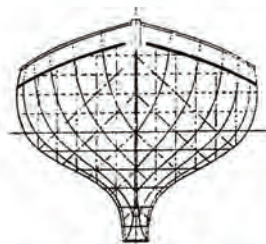
little craft that could make good passages in moderately bad weather.

The construction as shown is substantial, and if the boat is to be used solely for day sailing and "pottering about" in river waters, some of the scantlings could, with care, be cut down, and the galvanized iron floor straps could be omitted, or if preferred, replaced by grown oak floors. The amateur builder is advised, however, to seek advice before cutting down any weight in the construction of the boat if he is building her, as he may unwittingly weaken her and cause her to give endless trouble. The strains imposed by the leverage and weight of the mast on its step are taken partly by the stem and partly by the keel. If weight were "saved" by making the mast step half or a quarter the size shown, it would almost inevitably lead to a wrenched step and constant leaking.

The scarp in the stem at the waterline, necessary where no oak crook in one piece can be found to form the complete stem, will be noted, together with its "stopwater," indicated by a small black circle in the centre of the scarp. There are other stopwaters where both the stem and the sternpost meet the keel. There are

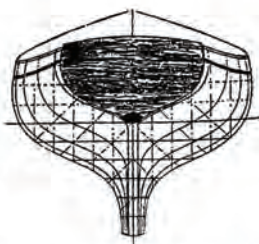


Mainsail 165 sq. ft.; Foresail 60 sq. ft.
($\frac{1}{8}$ in. scale)



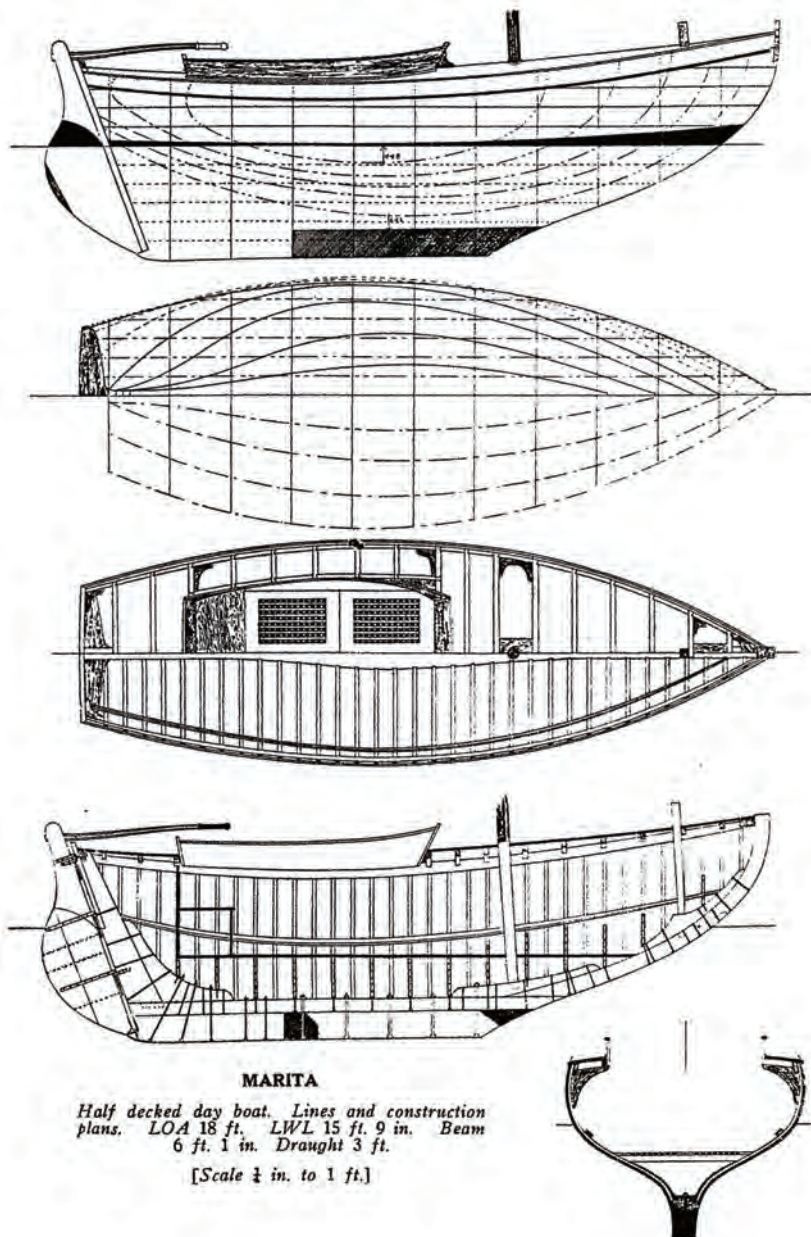
Bow sections ($\frac{1}{8}$ in. scale)

wood pegs driven athwartships in the cracks to prevent the water from percolating along the crack and so into the ship—a small thing, but one which we have seen even experienced builders omit, with a "mysterious leak" as a result!



Stern sections ($\frac{1}{8}$ in. scale)

Extract from: The Yachting Monthly 1932





The completed 2ins. to 1ft. scale model of '*Marita*'



Day-Sailer '*Marita*'



Ocean Racing in *Rose*, 1935

By J. B. KIRKPATRICK

In the late 1950's Arthur Cowman bought the late Victorian, Joseph Soper designed 66ft. Gaff Yawl '*Rose*' when she was lying in Falmouth. With a crew of nine he skippered many a voyage to France and Ireland from the home-port of Milford Haven. The Richardson's (HBA members '*Cruinneag*') had previously owned '*Rose*' after the Second World War. '*Rose*', in the late 1930's was successfully raced in the Ocean Class by the Royal Artillery Yacht Club. In 1963 '*Rose*' sailed to Florida and her whereabouts are now unknown.

This article first appeared in *The Little Ship Club Journal*

When only three English yachts entered for the Fastnet in 1933 pessimists said that ocean racing in this country was a failure, that we had neither the ships nor the men to compete with the Americans. "True," said the optimists, "but there is no need to despair. At least we can start training our crews now so that when up-to-date ocean racers are built in England – as they soon will be – there will be a pool of trained

hands to man them." This was the idea which lay behind the purchase of *Rose* by C. F. King, owner of the 8-tonner *Sunshine*.

Rose is an old-fashioned yawl of 30 tons T.M., a typical gentleman's yacht" of the end of the last century, with many successes in handicap racing round the coast to her credit, but measuring so badly

under the R.O.R.C. formula that her chances of a prize were slender. Her lay-out and gear were quite unfitted for long-distance racing with a large crew. She had no cockpit and steered with an immensely long tiller; she carried a huge jack-yarder with the luff running on a track on the topmast, so that it could not be set without sending a hand aloft, and there was no provision for either heating or ventilation below. In the middle of February we sailed *Rose* up from Plymouth to Hamble, and the necessary alterations were begun. At the same time she was out every week-end for practice cruises, in the Solent at first, and then farther afield. At Easter, and again in the Jubilee week-end she visited Alderney. Very few of us had ever sailed in anything as large as 30 tons before, and found that there was much to learn. The art of hoisting up a boat in davits, of making up sails in stops, and of handling a 150-lb anchor with burton and cat-davit are strange to the man who usually sails in a 6-tonner. We were fortunate in our hand John Harper, who besides being a first-class seaman with ocean racing experience, was endowed with tact, a sense of humour and (almost) boundless patience. By the date of the first race, that from Burnham to Heligoland at Whitsun – *Rose* was getting ship-shape and her crew were beginning to know the ropes. Edson wheel steering had replaced the tiller, a comfortable cockpit had been built with big sail-lockers each side, an oilskin locker and a sea-going galley had taken the place of the passage berth at the foot of the

companion, watertight skylights and “Dorade” ventilators had been installed, and two extra canvas cots in the saloon brought the sleeping accommodation up to seven. The topsail was cut down to a jib-header with the luff running on wire jackstays, and a noble outfit of balloon canvas gradually acquired. Other improvements made during the season included the fitting of mast winches and sheet winches after, of roller reefing, and of running stays for the jib and jib-topsails. There was plenty of wind for the Heligoland race, and *Rose* actually finished second, averaging 9’4 knots over the 310-mile course, but failing to save her time on *Carmela*. For the rest of the season she was entered for all possible races – St. Malo, Cherbourg, round the Island, the Fastnet and the Belle Ile. In none of them was there any heavy weather, which would have made her size an advantage in competing with smaller ships which measured better under the rule. Still, if she did not often figure in the prize list she carried out her purpose as training ship and gave a great deal of enjoyable sailing to her various crews. With her owner acting as skipper and navigator throughout the season, over forty people – nearly all members of the Little Ship Club – sailed in her from time to time, and about twenty-five actually took part in races.

To sum up, there is no doubt that the experiment was a great success, and all who had the opportunity of sailing *Rose* appreciate thoroughly Mr. King’s enterprise and generosity.



By HUGH POPHAM

There is something about rescuing an old boat from the saltings and making something of her....

I shall not readily forget my first view of *Sela*. A nipping east wind was singing through the HT pylons which are such a feature of this part of Essex, whistling among the caravans and chalets, frapping the dinghy halyards, and rippling the brown water that lay thinly over the mud. Out in the marshes, in reedy holes only a little larger than themselves, was the usual assembly of heeling derelicts. Small arctic rain-drops, like splinters of glass, flickered on the wind. Tattered cockpit-covers, frayed ropes' ends and flaking varnish provided all the necessary additional symbols of decay and death. In this anthology of neglect the little *Sela*, 18ft 6in overall and 6ft beam, was

obviously well qualified for a place. Her spars were black with age, her short bowsprit grey and furry from wind and weather. Her running rigging had the exhausted appearance of very old clothes lines. Under an extensive (and reasonably valid) boat-cover, what was left of her deck-canvas was creased and green with damp. Below....but there's no need to itemise. You too, looking for a cabin boat for a hundred and fifty pounds and lured by the broker's guarded enthusiasm, have tried to match the image in your mind's eye of trim Solent-skimming sloops, all terylene rope and Tufnol blocks, with the quaint wreck you see before you, and realised with a pang that somewhere,

several noughts have got left out of your calculations.

That one can survive such disillusionment – and even enjoy it – this confession is intended to prove. But it as well to remember that it's likely to cost you your purchase price all over again – and more. But think of the fun you're going to get out of it, the pride of craftsmanship, the irreplaceable experience. Or, on consideration, better not think of them.

I looked at other boats, in less repellent surroundings. Some were better; few, I must admit, were worse. All were more expensive. Finally, I paid my deposit, and despatched an unwilling surveyor to confirm – or deride – my fears. It took him several weeks to find her; but he judged the hull sound when he finally discovered the secret track through the marsh; and most of the other faults, which were numerous and which he retailed with relish, had been fairly obvious even to my unprofessional eye. And so, not exactly jubilant, even, I might say, with reservations, we bought *Sela*.

We sailed her all last summer, exactly as she was. She leaked a bit – quite a bit – and we didn't lose sight of land often, or for very long; but to our surprise, nothing actually parted. Admittedly, the mainsail – she has a high-peak gaff – already liberally patched, and worked over with an embroidery of herring-bone stitching, quite soon gave way, one breezy afternoon off

Clacton, and had to be replaced. And the outboard, when it finally consented to be tugged into animation, behaved more and more like a road-drill as the season wore on.

But she sailed very sweetly; and though somewhat ashamed of ourselves for appearing to care too little for her, we came to grow fond of her, and learnt to disregard the critical remarks and curious glances of wiseacres, longshoremen and those whom we came to think of as fancy yachtsmen. You see, we *knew* what she was going to look like next season, while they were all blind victims of appearances. Wait till we'd had a good go at her.

Yes, well, I've now spent much of the past three months on this "good go" caper. We got her out of the water at the end of last year, and she's lying up on blocks in a quiet corner behind the yard, out of everyone's way. This is just as well, when I think of the mounting stacks of splintered firewood, torn canvas, bit of pipe, old iron and rusty tins that have built up round her. The hull's sound enough. I can testify to that, having burnt off every flaking square inch of paint, every petrified barnacle, myself: the pitch-pine's as firm as when it was first clenched on, back in 1914. And the decks, with their new canvas, new toe-rails and rubbers (the old ones didn't survive their removal) aren't bad at all.

The new cabin-top is much more reassuring to walk on, too, now that I've

replaced the 3/8in marching with full 1/2in t and g, and screwed it down on to a proper



A good deal seemed to come out of her

shelf on the topsides, instead of nailing it straight into the edge of the boards like the previous practitioner. The bowsprit, planed and revarnished, looks like a new spar; and now that the diseased-looking varnish has been burnt off the coamings and thwarts, and they've been rubbed down and revarnished, the cockpit really looks most attractive. Of course, the new floor helps. (Incidentally, don't let anyone cozen you into believing you can't burn off varnish. The secret is to use a cool lamp, and never let the flam play on wood which you've already stripped. If, from time to time you find yourself playing it over the back of your left hand, well, it's all part of the fun.)

Inside – or below, if you prefer it – she's quite transformed. Ye gods, but the world's full of lousy carpenters! And

the material they use! Quarter-inch oak, bits of unshaven orange boxes, tea-chests – and then, all of a sudden, a thumping great lump of teak. You'd really think she'd been fitted out by the younger members of the Swiss Family Robinson. How her previous owners – a pair of clerical workers, handier I dare say with a space-bar than the spokeshave – how they put up with it, I don't know: those mouldering pipe-cots, ingeniously collapsible; that unique cupboard which, at the touch of a finger, or before, flew open and sent its contents spinning into the bilges; the rusting cuphooks and inexplicable lengths of expanding curtain-wire; the enormous galvanised bucket (whose purposes are best left to the imagination) which defied stowage and clanked like an ancestral ghost at every lurch; the thirty fathoms of chain, the colour of dried blood, which had to be stowed by hand in the forepeak every time the anchor was hove up, and the neatly-placed lamp that trepanned you very time you crawled forward to do it.

Gone, all gone – and now, most of them, replaced by, I hope, devices less inefficient or injurious. In a boat as mall as *Sela* the key for the cabin seems to me to be simplicity carried to extremes. For instance, instead of a narrow bunk each side with a narrow well between and a sail-locker like an iron maiden forward, there is now a slightly raised deck, a kind of low platform, the full width, and continuing from a third of the way down



the cabin right up to the stem. When this is matted with polyether, it will provide two reasonable sleeping places, and also a seat. A rack under the foredeck (above one's feet) will house spare ropes and sails. The galley on the starboard side (locker under) on the port side, where, also an extension of the bunks, carried aft, provides two extra seats, just about complete the fittings. No bulkheads, no clutter – and I think it will work.

There's a place for oilies forward of the galley, and the outboard now goes into the transom locker through its own private

hatch, instead of occupying one of the pipe-cots – as it did last year – and vomiting the contents of its carburettor into my sleeping-bag.

And so on and so forth. She should be in the water quite soon now; then we shall discover just how many of the improvements are really improvements, and how many are just changes.

Anyway, I've had my fund – if you can call it that – spent a lot of money, and had some useful experience.

I've discovered, among other things, that the trade of shipwright bears almost exactly the same relationship to carpentry as spherical geometry does to Euclid: that is, you can throw away your set-square, and take a short course in drawing freehand curves and astrology.

There's really only one thought that I find a bit depressing. When we finally come to sell her – for less, I'm sure, than she will have cost us – I can imagine all too vividly the private reactions of her new owners. I hear them in dreams, murmuring in shocked undertones: "God almighty, how did they bear those ghastly bunks? Now, if we had a locker in the forepeak, we could have a couple of pipe-cots, and....and...."

Carry on from there, my friend. She's all yours. And, anyway, her hull's sound.

* * * * *

AMIRI



The name ‘Amiri’ we understood to be of New Zealand origin but looking in a Maori dictionary in Wellingtons Te Papa Museum yielded no confirmation, nor did looking on the internet (this isn’t always reliable anyway) we were pleased to see Amiri wine on sale here a few weeks ago, and the label on the bottle explains all, including the explanation given to us many years ago about the easterly wind.

‘Amiri’ Sauvignon Blanc. MARLBOROUGH

Of Maoiri origin, Amiri meaning ‘of the east wind’ – referencing the cool coastal winds of the Marlborough Sounds. This delicious Sauvignon Blanc shows tempting varietal aromas of passionfruit, grapefruit and gooseberry.

The palate is intense and lively, brimming with flavours of tropical fruit and fresh herbs.



‘Amiri’ (Sinah Design) photographed in October 2010 - note the light helm in the top image.

David & Elizabeth Stamp, Brighton, Australia.



Restoration completed, '*Mischief 111*' April 2011

Correspondence

7, Hillside Road, Stromness,
Orkney, KW16 3AH

Dear Paul,

I am the proud owner of *Dilys* built in 1936. I am in the process of rebuilding her. She was in a sorry state when I acquired her, needing to be completely replanked along with gunwales, decks and coachroof. The keel and most of the frames were found to be in good condition. As you can see from the enclosed photo, the planking is almost complete and the steamed timbers are about to be fitted then it's new gunwales and deck. I had hoped to have the hull and framing complete by now but paid work must take precedence I am hopeful she will be finished within the next two years.

Yours faithfully,

Ian B Richardson

