



THE HARRISON BUTLER ASSOCIATION



"T. H. B."

NEWSLETTER No:27

SUMMER 1988

OUR PRESIDENT'S LETTER

The Crag

St Mawes

April 1988

Dear Members,

The time has come round again for me to write to you to bring my greetings to you all and to pass on the news which I have garnered. Thank you for your letters which I hope will have had replies before you receive this. I very much enjoy gathering up the H.B. threads from around the world.

We have a number of boats on the move. When I last heard, **GALATEA** was on her way to the Galapagos Islands; **JARDINE** was about to head south to Costa Rica again; **CORA A.** was still in the Caribbean and Geoff Taylor in his "other boat" had reached Antigua and was going to take his two crew members to Venezuela on his way back to England and **WATERMAIDEN** which he hopes to have in commission this summer after a prolonged refit.

Ron Goodhand passed on to me a letter he'd received from Philip and Jill Gordon. **TRADE WIND** has lived up to her name and she also is in the Caribbean. They had written from Tobago Cays, in the Grenadines, in an anchorage which they said was as lovely as the brochure. They were planning their cruise so as to spend the hurricane season in Venezuela. They were visited by Tim Hurst, a previous owner of **TRADE WIND**'s sistership, **FAIRWIND**, who was very interested to see her. He sent messages of sympathy to Ron and Mary for 'the loss of a good mutual friend'. (I think many of you will not have heard of the sad and sudden death of Danny Bowen, a previous owner of **ROMADI**, while Liz was in England.)

Phil and Jill's Atlantic crossing had been harder than they'd expected but it had been judged by others to have been a poor year. After two days' reaching, from Las Palmas, they were hove-to for twenty-four hours in a full S.W.ly gale, followed by a flat calm. They had head winds all the way to the turn-off point 150 miles N. of Cape Verdes: no trade wind was found but they had a dead run and the rolling to go with it and short cross seas which had a tendency to leap aboard uninvited. They had a few idyllic days but others in which they were maddened by the constant filling and collapsing of the spinnaker which necessitated hand-steering. There were other days with winds F.6, gusting 8, with rain driving through to the fo'c'sle unless they sealed themselves in. And so it went on, I quote: 'The final day was heavily overcast, huge seas and winds reported at 45-50 knots. We were caught out with a triple reefed main to port, vanged out, of course, the yankee poled to starboard and I couldn't leave the helm to get them down. Conditions were such that Jill hadn't the physical strength to hold the tiller and prevent a broach. All a bit too exciting.

'But Barbados was found and we drifted in after 27½ days, with just enough wind to keep the sails asleep.'

I hope the return voyage will prove more enjoyable. They were, however, enjoying the sailing in the Caribbean.

I have recently been sent an extract from "Bateau de l'Aventure" entitled: "**VA DANCER 1957**" and I translate:

'It appears that it was following a disappointment that Bernard Kohler purchased **VA DANCER** with the intention of crossing the Atlantic to change his ideas (sort himself out??) despite his modest nautical knowledge. The boat was made ready, the open cockpit was protected by movable panels. Provisions and 120 litres of water

were put aboard and 27th August was the departure date from Concarneau.

'Course was set for Cap Finisterre and it was sighted on 30th August. The boat steered herself! Unfortunately, she was not able to do so with a head wind, which obliged Bernard Kohler to remain at the helm for 10-15 hours every day for the first fortnight in September. At the same time, he plied his needle diligently, mending one sail as the other was tearing.

'On 15th September, he put into La Luz (Grand Canary). Everything was soaked, morale was at rock bottom, Bernard Kohler considered selling **Va Danser**.....But he couldn't find a buyer in the islands! So, perforce, he was obliged to continue. It was then that he met **Chimere** and Jean Bluche. He left La Luz on 28th October. **Va Danser** rolled terribly but sailed herself. In such conditions it was possible to make about 100 miles in 24 hours after 26th November, when he at last found the trade wind. He reached St Lucia on 7th December, 50 miles from Fort de France (Martinique), after 40 days at sea.'

And, of **Va Danser** herself, described as 'A good, well-built boat': 'Thanks to Jaques Comber, the renowned ship-broker of Nantes, it was possible for me to identify **Va Danser** which was none other than the admirable little boat which R. de Kerdrel had built in 1932 by the famous builder, E. Moguerou, of Carentec. This excellently little boat had been designed by the very well known Dr Harrison Butler, disciple of Admiral Turner, and had won the designing competition organized by the **Yachting Monthly**, in 1929.

'Jean Bluche, in the course of his circumnavigation of the world, noted that in November, 1957 while at anchor in La Luz, he had seen **Va Danser** in the anchorage, manned by a single-hander from Concarneau, navigating without a log, without a sextant, solely by dead reckoning. He had identified nothing except Cap Finisterre.

'Kohler's knowledge, in terms of navigation, was therefore of the scantiest. One deduces that a good well-designed boat forgives much and allows much.'

Va Danser is sistership to Peter Mather's **Elgris** and, with an 18' L.W.L., she must be the smallest H.B. boat to have made a Transatlantic crossing. Are you going to follow suit Peter? I just hope B.K. got over his disappointment in the process. Where is she now, I wonder? I believe her to be the **Bonveen** which we have been seeking though now renamed.

Oddly enough, I have a letter written by Vicomte de Kerdrel to my father in which he says kind things about my design, **Prima**. I know that he had the plans but the war would have prevented any building. However, to my great joy and excitement, and after waiting for more more than fifty years, **Prima** is to be built in England, by John Henderson, one of our new members, who owns **Hobby**. I'd become resigned to the sad probability that I should at best see her only as a model but more likely, just as the design on paper.

It always seems to me that ridiculous situations are more likely to arise in hospitals and boats than in other places and thus it happened that one morning, a great search was in progress aboard **Vindilis**, looking for the skipper's detachable teeth but to no avail. They were nowhere to be seen. Life went on and breakfast was prepared: something fried, as I recollect for, when the dripping was dug into, the grinning fangs emerged. They had been dropped inadvertently into the wrong (old) mug in the dark while the supper dripping was still in a liquid state.

I've written lots (too many) of letters to members who had forgotten to pay their subscriptions and am grateful to those who have responded in the approved manner: sadly though, a number of letters have remained unanswered and that means that we lose members - and their boats. We like to keep tabs on the boats' whereabouts, changes of ownership &c., and the easiest way is if their owners remain in the Association. That's what it's for.

Brian Hawkins took his team to Sydney in January and he saw a little boat with an H.B.A. burgee so went across to her in the B.C.C. launch and was greeted by: 'You must be Brian Hawkins?' I had written tell Kathy Veel to look out for Brian and hoped they'd be able to meet: more than that, they were able to have a sail together aboard **Quest**.

Nearer home and concerning the deliberations of the A.G.M., Ron Goodhand is

our new Chairman. After so many years, many of you will not know that Ron was one of the instigators of the formation of the Association (it had several strands) and was the first Hon. Secretary and Editor: Mary was the first Hon. Treasurer. It was Ron who first got in touch with Brian Hawkins and told him about H.B. boats and the sequel to that was the making of the film.

We didn't have quite as many members as usual at the A.G.M. but it was a very lively meeting and you should read the Minutes carefully because we had another attempt at improving the wording of the Constitution and we made some changes. I don't expect they will be the last.

Although it is in the future that I write, the Buckler's Hard Meet will be past when you read this. However, I hope that there will be a goodly gathering for the Laying-up Supper on September 10th for which the notice is enclosed. Please let me have your numbers by Friday, September 2nd.

The next A.G.M. will be on Saturday, March 4th. in my flat. The notice will come in the Winter Newsletter but please reserve the date.

Those of you who possess or have seen my father's book, **Cruising Yachts: Design and Performance**, will recognize the cover picture which was taken by one of my brothers as they left St. Mawes in Vindilis in 1939, during my father's last cruise.

Thuella is the "Design of the Month". During the first World War my father designed a boat for amateur construction but to be inexpensive to build. As he said himself, it was not a good design. Thuella is the World War II D.I.Y. model and was designed specifically with amateur building in mind. There are certainly two in Australia - Thuella, and Primavera which we have yet to discover. At least one was built in this country and maybe more for both my father and I sent plans to several people. The English one is now called Thuella, unfortunately. Her original name was Reform and since I saw her I have wondered if it was really Re-form for something strange has happened to her underwater body.

And now for some snippets of U.K. news: several boats are undergoing major refits which, when you consider their ages, is not surprising. They are: The Ladt Mary of Woodbridge, Watermaiden, Greylag, Argo, Peradventure, June, Possum. Possum, actually, has taken to the water again and Peradventure was nearing that stage when I spoke to Hugh Barrett. Steve Shave suggests, and I'm sure he is right, that the name "Possum" derives from the Latin: possum, potes, potest &c., which, if you remember means: "I am able" or, "I can" and is thus a play on her original name which was Kandoo. I think, however, that Kandoo has an Indian connotation and is not of the "Dunromin" ilk.

My thanks go to all of those who have helped me throughout the year: they know who they are.....

And my very best wishes to you all, wherever you may be. You'd be surprised if you knew how often I think of you, even if I don't know you.

Yours sincerely,

Joan.

P.S. May 1988. Two snippets of news have trickled along the grape-vine since I wrote my letter. First, I have heard that Kathy Veel and Jeff Rigby were married on April 16th. I hope that this will be a very happy partnership and I send the best of good wishes from us all.

By a somewhat roundabout route, news has come from Alessandro saying that all is well aboard JARDINE and that they have reached Nukuhiva Island, in the Marquesas. I also learned that he had to build a dinghy before leaving South America, to replace one which was stolen. Looking at the atlas, Alessandro has reached an area absolutely peppered with islands so I hope he has some good charts (if such exist, for those parts?). The question I ask myself is: will he make for Australia or New Zealand? I look forward to hearing from him, direct, with details of their voyage. Luckily, I am a patient person. O.J.J.B.

CORRESPONDENCE

1/52A Premier Street,
Neutral Bay 2089,
N.S.W. Australia.

7th. May 1988

Dear Joan,

My letters to you always seem long overdue, and this one is no exception. It is rather late in the year to wish you "happy new year", so perhaps I should say "happy summer", as I guess the sailing season in G.B. is now underway.

Thank you for your last letter, in particular for putting me in touch with Brian Hawkins, whose company Jeff and I enjoyed greatly when he was here in January. We actually met on the harbour. He was out photographing 18' skiffs and we were taking friends to see the Bicentennial Tall Ships, and Brian spotted my THB burgee. He was able to get some marvellous shots of QUEST reaching along in a 15 knot sou'easter.

Brian came sailing on QUEST in one of our "Twilight Races" (held during the week in summer daylight saving time) - no doubt you have already heard this from him. We have kept in touch since then and he has most kindly sent Jeff some information on Thames barges. Jeff is interested in traditional sail of any kind and is building a model Thames barge.

This "Jeff" I keep mentioning is my VERY new husband Jeff Rigby. After four years we tied the knot on April 16th. We have both sailed QUEST many miles over the years, so now he is really a joint owner.

You will find several things enclosed with this letter. There is a description of our 3 week cruise in January down the NSW South Coast, which you may wish to use in the H.B. magazine. It is extremely condensed compared with the ship's log, but I thought it may interest people. I include rather a lot about the weather, as it is the chief influence on sailing anywhere anytime I think.

There are also two photos of the interior of QUEST, which I thought may interest you. The galley is my own design and workmanship, and it works pretty well. The timber is celery top pine, a native Australian timber, with teak trim. The bulkheads are kauri, the N.Z. timber of which QUEST's stringers, hull and deck are built. The forward bulkhead is recycled from a rather cramped forward bunk which I removed to make room for a head. Most people who come aboard are amazed at her spaciousness below decks.

The other photograph is, of course, Don Marshall aboard CIMBA. They arrived in Sydney just after our return from Eden, after an epic voyage from Albany, W.A., via Adelaide, Melbourne and Hobart. He left Hobart 12 hours before the Tall Ships and like them was becalmed in Storm Bay, on the SE of Tasmania. He sent me a copy of his daily runs, and I include a copy for you.

CIMBA is a very tough looking LITTLE boat, but, like all the H.B. yachts I've seen (all 5 of them), there's enough room and she's proven herself. Don carries a vast wardrobe of sails, mostly second-hand and has a home-made Haslet-type wind vane. He is an extremely practical and resourceful sailor and his voyages on CIMBA are remarkable - single-handing The Great Australian Bight, down the west coast of Tasmania where he weathered a 70 knot storm. He is now somewhere in Queensland, hoping to complete a circumnavigation of Australia, and flying the H.B. burgee. (CIMBA was built to the Thuella design featured in this issue.)

You asked me to keep an eye out for JASLIA, and I did in fact see her, every day for a week while she was up on a slip at the Spit, only a mile from where QUEST is moored. She has disappeared though. I left my name, address, and phone no. with the yard, but have heard nothing further from the owner. If she's in Sydney Harbour or Pittwater I'll surely come across her again.

QUEST is immobilised at the moment, having her engine overhauled, so we have not sailed much at all, and even missed the Vintage Yacht Race (although after

coming 2nd last year, we were so savagely handicapped that we'd have no chance.)

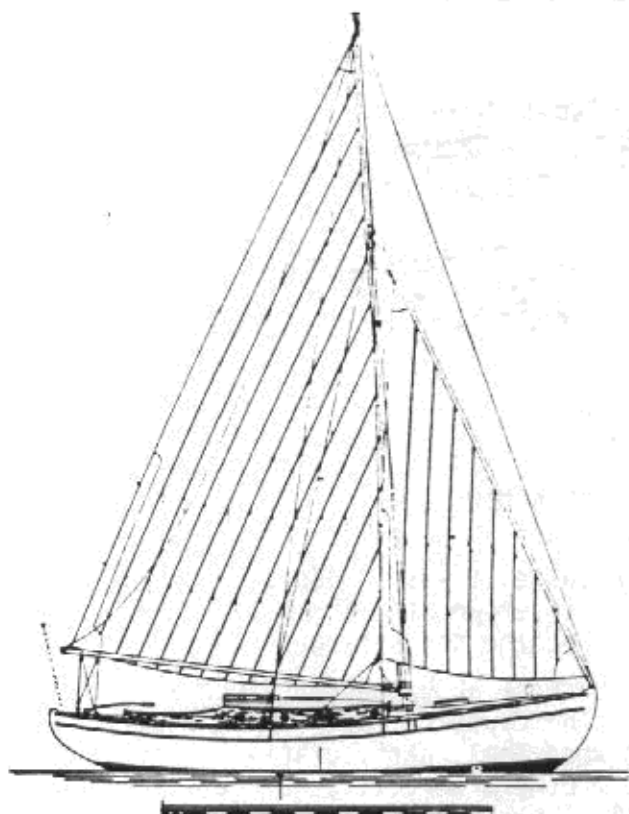
I'd be interested to know if there are any record's of QUEST's original rigging plan. I include a sketch, made for my sailmaker, of her present rig. She carries some weather helm until you reef the main. With 2 reefs and the No.2 genoa she balances perfectly and is good in 20-25 knots of breeze with that amount of sail. Next year, or very soon, we will have to replace both No.1 and No.2 genoa, so I'm considering roller furling.

So, there you have it! All the news I know of antipodean Harrison Butler yachts. I hope you are well and enjoy a good summer of sailing.

With best wishes,

Kathy Veel

"QUEST"



Mainsail 220 sq. ft. Foresail 80 sq. ft. Total 300 sq. ft.

Sail plan for the VINDILIS design

Dimensions are approximate only.

Height of mast above deck	9.66m.
Rake of mast at head (aft)	.76m.

Mainsail

Luff	8.94m.
Leech	9.15m.
Foot	4.44m.

Foresail

Luff	5.99m.
Leech	5.12m.
Foot	2.84m.

Designer's comments: "The knockabout rig is very simple. I do not think that it would often be necessary to reef the staysail, because these beamy yachts tend to carry strongish weather helm, and even

with two reefs in the main, Vindilis will, I think, balance in a strong wind with full staysail. I think she will heave-to with a reef in the staysail, and the main furled."

(Dear Kathy - THB's predictions seem to be borne out by your own practical experience. Your mast is taller and the boom much shorter. The result is a main of approximately the same area - perhaps a little smaller. The designed staysail is somewhere between your No.3 jib and storm jib. Derek Bunting, when he owned QUEST's sistership, DYLIS, told me that he had changed to masthead rig which greatly improved her speed and weatherliness. She was inherently slow because she had been planked in oak. I think the rake of the mast is important. In your sketch the mast appears to be vertical and I am not sure whether this was intentional. The roller reefing headsail sounds a good idea. Our immediate past Chairman, Boyd Campbell, and his wife, Desirée, decided to fit one to the outer stay of their cutter, DAVINKA, and now they wouldn't be without it. Best wishes for the future and congratulations to you both - Peter Mather.)

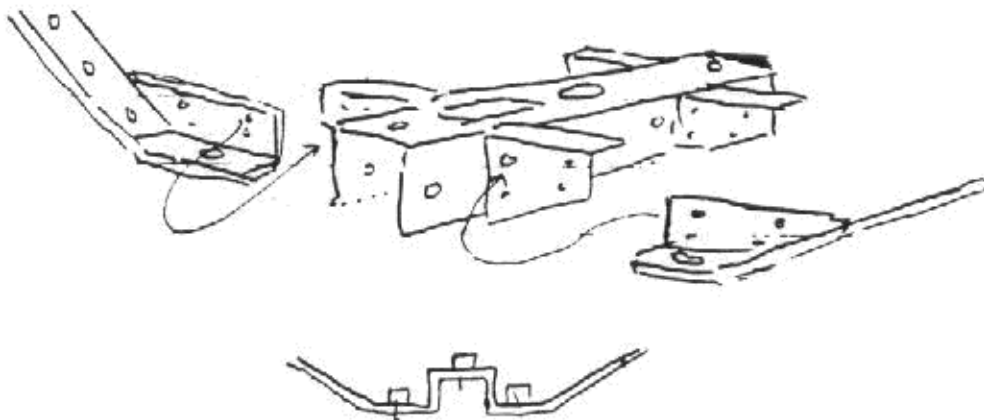
Yacht FAINEANTE
Mashford Bros.,
Cremyll Shipyard,
Torpoint,
Cornwall.

26th June 1988.

Dear Joan,

Here I am back in Plymouth after a relatively uneventful sail from the Virgin Islands. You may be interested in hearing of the work we have been doing on **WATERMAIDEN**. As you remember she was making a lot of water on the last trip and we took out seven of the strap floors. These were braced up with steel plate about 9" or more deep depending on the position of the cabin sole and depth of the bilge. On top of the plate, from side to side, was welded a girder section to support the sole bearers. This makes a really substantial job.

In way of the mast, where we felt the garboard was opening, we made up a composite mast step of channel section tied by bolts to the floors immediately forward and aft of the mast.



The original floors were straps bent over the step.

These two floors were cut off near the base because it was impossible to get them out since they were bolted in between the stringer and the frames. However, in the new build-up mode they can be re-installed behind the stringer.

Last week we shored up the boat and dropped the keel about half-an-inch and slid it out from underneath on greased blocks. The cause of most of the leaking was apparently the bolts through the floors and wood keel, particularly in way of the mast where some were completely eaten away. Others were like whiskers and some came out like fine dust! I doubt if the keel has been moved since original building. We made up new $\frac{1}{2}$ " stainless bolts from bar and counterbored the underside of the wood keel to take the bigger nuts and replaced the 12 bolts plus two others to hold the new step unit down and also to tie the wooden mast step to the wood keel. The original bolt through the former being intact but badly corroded. The top of the ballast keel was given two coats of bitumen paint and a gasket - full size - cut from tarred felt. This will be fitted using liberal coats of Aqua-seal compound and new keel bolts made last year will be fitted. We hope to do this next week. Then I shall get her into the water after refastening the garboard plank ends with new screws. She needs to soak up again as the oak keel has shrunk.

Regards,

Geoff (Taylor)

Tip to members: It's worth removing the keel for your own peace of mind if you think there are iron bolts hidden by it and which have not been checked for many years.

Some Remarks upon Amateur Yachtbuilding

By

T. Harrison Butler, A.I.N.A.

Thuella, 4 tons

Dimensions

Thames Measurement.....	4.36 tons	Turner's stability factor....	19
LOA.....	23 ft. 6 ins.	Mainsail.....	165 sq.ft.
LWL.....	20 ft.	Foresail.....	80 sq.ft.
Beam.....	7 ft. 1 in.	Total plain sail.....	245 sq.ft.
Draught.....	4 ft.	Second staysail.....	50 sq.ft.
Displacement.....	3.6 tons	Storm staysail.....	15 sq.ft.
Lead keel.....	1.15 tons	Trysail.....	58 sq.ft.

From time to time articles have been written in YACHTING MONTHLY describing how owners have built their own yachts. Thus Mr. Nicholson built DILYS (Vindilis), and in YACHTING MONTHLY, Vol. LXIII, page 229, he tells us all about his four years' labours. But when finished, DILYS challenged comparison with the very best professional work. DIANA (Cyclone) was another magnificent piece of work, built by Stanley Knowles. Her building is described in YACHTING MONTHLY, Vol. XLVII, page 103. This article gives full details of the work, with tables of scantlings. This yacht took two-and-a-half years to build. It is obvious that yachtbuilding calls for great patience and perseverance.

After the war yachtbuilding will be expensive, and upkeep will be higher than it was in the late thirties. I think that more men will build their own yachts, and will now be beginning to consider what type will suit them best. Amateur boatbuilding is as old as the ages. Probably the Ark cannot be considered boatbuilding, for she had the dimensions of the Great Eastern, but Homer, who knew all about the sea and ships, and loved them both, gives us the first account of the building of a boat by a single-handed amateur. He tells us in the Odyssey how Odysseus (Latinized as Ulysses) built a raft-like vessel to enable him to escape from his captivity by Calypso, the nymph who fell in love with him and tried to keep him from returning to his wife Penelope. Eventually Zeus ordered her to let him go, and she provided him with the tools and materials for shipbuilding.

Here is the poem: "At early dawn the rosy-fingered Odysseus put on his coat and and tunic, and the nymph donned a long robe, finely woven and magnificent. She encircled her waist with a golden girdle and veiled her head. She then planned the journey of great-hearted Odysseus. She gave him a great bronze axe, double-edged and handy, fitted with a haft of olive wood securely fastened. Then she gave him a polished adze, and led him to the coast of the island, where grew tall trees, alder, poplar and fir, reaching skywards, dry for a long time and well seasoned. Such as would float lightly. When she had shown him where the tall trees grew, Calypso, the beautiful goddess, returned home. But Odysseus settled down to the job of felling timber, and the work continued rapidly. Twenty trees did he fell and trimmed with the bronze tool, smoothing them with skill and trueing them with a carpenter's line. Meanwhile Calypso, the beautiful goddess, returned with augurs, and he dovetailed all the members, boring them and fastening with tree-nails. As a master lofsman lays out the flowing lines of a freight-ship broad of beam, even so did Odysseus plan his boat on beamy lines. Then he fitted the deck-beams, bolting them to the closely-spaced ribs, and, working hard, finished the craft with long bulwarks. Then he stepped the mast, complete with yard, and devised a steering paddle to guide the ship. Finally he rigged dodgers of

willow withies to keep out spray, and strewed much brush (probably to make a comfortable bunk). Then Calypso, the beautiful goddess, brought him canvas to make a sail, and this too he fashioned in a workmanlike manner. Then he rove off the braces, halyard and sheets, and with levers launched the vessel into the heavenly sea."

The account goes on to describe how Calypso victualled the ship with a skin of dark wine, another of water, and a wallet of provisions and dainties. She then gave him a good send-off with a gentle warm wind, and gave him sailing directions which were concise: "Keep the pole-star on your right hand."

Odysseus completed his work in four days, and then made sail on the fifth - not bad going.

Yachtbuilding is a more serious business than the god-aided work, and needs much thought and consideration before the work commences. On the other hand, there is nothing that should frighten any man who can use carpenter's tools and has the necessary pertinacity and determination to complete the work.

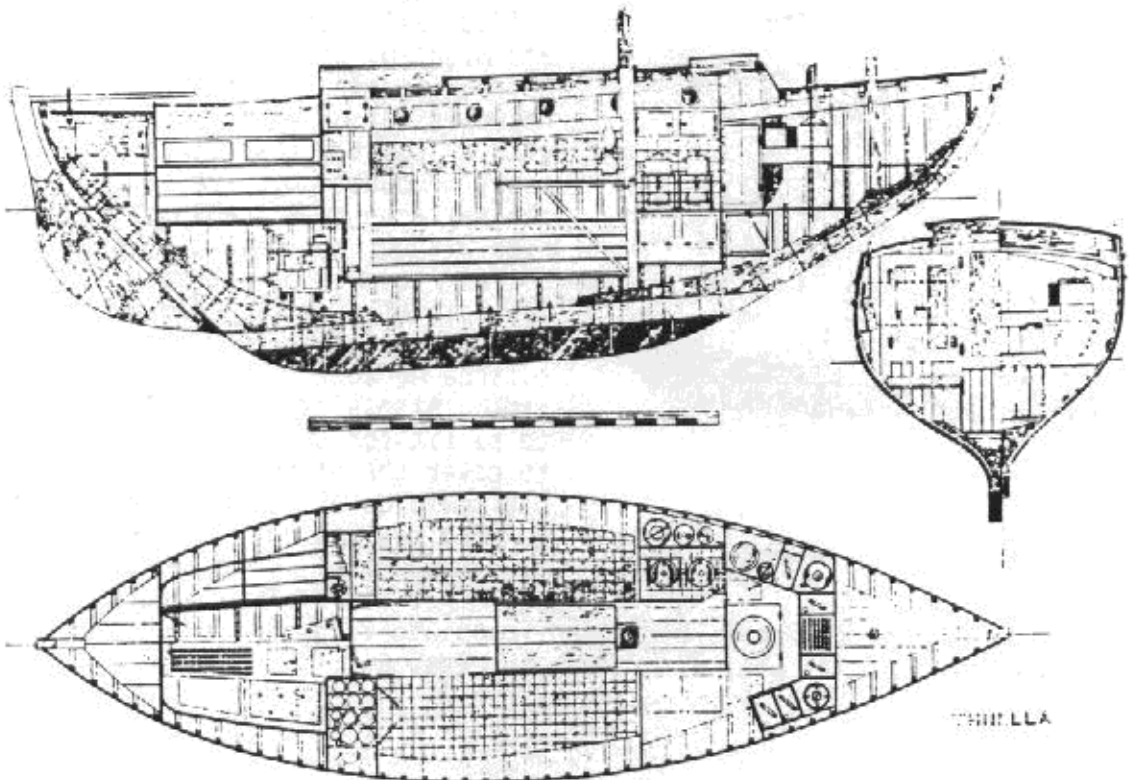
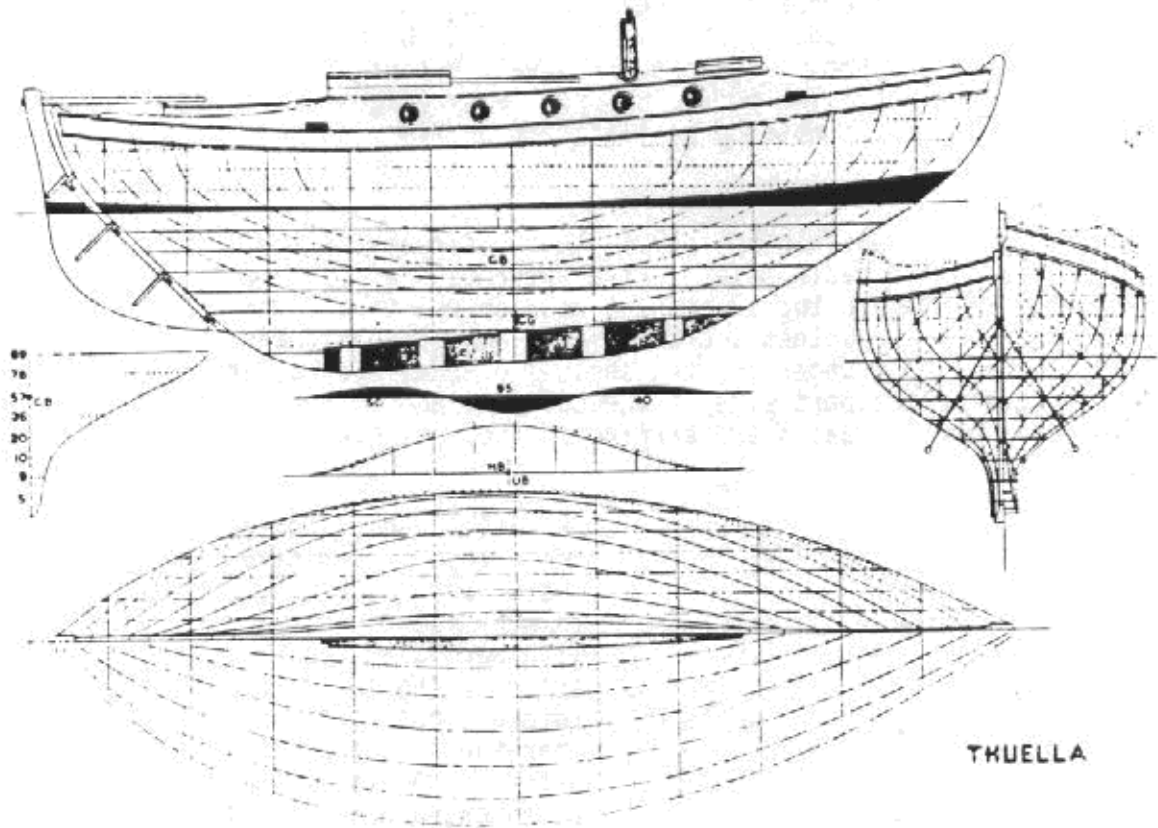
If the prospective builder has not had any previous experience, I think that now would be a good time to make a scale model, say, $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. to a foot. This will be a very good training and enable the constructor to see how the planks have to be spiled, the way the rabbets and bearding lines have to lie, and the directions of the mitres. He will be able to make an exact model of the whole of the planking, and when the real ship begins to take shape much of the work will have been done, and only a large-scale copy of each plank will have to be made. Much will have been learned of the frame, the deck beams and of the kneeing. Finally, the model will enable the owner to plan out his accomodation exactly as he thinks best.

I have got out the designs for *Thuella* (Greek for a whirlwind) to make the construction as easy as possible. The general type with Norwegian stern is the simplest, and is also, for a small yacht, the most seaworthy, the strongest and the lightest. I have kept down the sheer, because excessive sheer makes the planking difficult. The frame is made of straight members, except for the stem and sternpost, which call for a single scarf. The keel is of the so-called log type, and no adze work is called for. In fact the whole frame can be marked out and sent to the sawmill to be finished. Finally, I have avoided long bolts with difficult boring operations. The floors can be of oak or of metal. I would not use iron bolts. Malleable bronze, "Dixtrudo," costs very little more in such a small craft. Say £5 more, pre-war. I think that a lead keel is the best in every way. It would even today cost very little more than £20 and it maintains its value. It is easier to handle and brings the weight of the ballast very much lower than iron.

I recommend anyone who intends to begin boatbuilding to buy Edwin Monk's *Modern Boatbuilding*. He should also read *Small Yacht Construction and Rigging*, by the late Linton Hope. These articles were written by Linton Hope in 1901 and were published in *The Yachtsman*.

THE LINES DRAWING

The profile is well cut away fore and aft, but not unduly. I am not certain that I would not have liked to give the yacht a little more sheer, but this would have added considerably to the difficulty of planking. The topsides are carried up amidships to form a central turret. This construction is not continued to the stemhead, for we do not want our yacht to resemble a motor boat nor to carry a lot of extra weight and windage forward, where the extra headroom is useless. This method of building has every advantage, and I cannot see any disadvantage. If the upper strakes are left bright, or painted a different colour to the actual topsides, and if there are two widely-spaced, broad rubbing strakes, the appearance is quite good. This form of hull is easier to construct than one with an orthodox cabin-top, with all its short half-beams and carlines; it is lighter, stronger and safe; and it gives a noble deck and adds immensely to the room inside. It is worth quite a foot more beam.

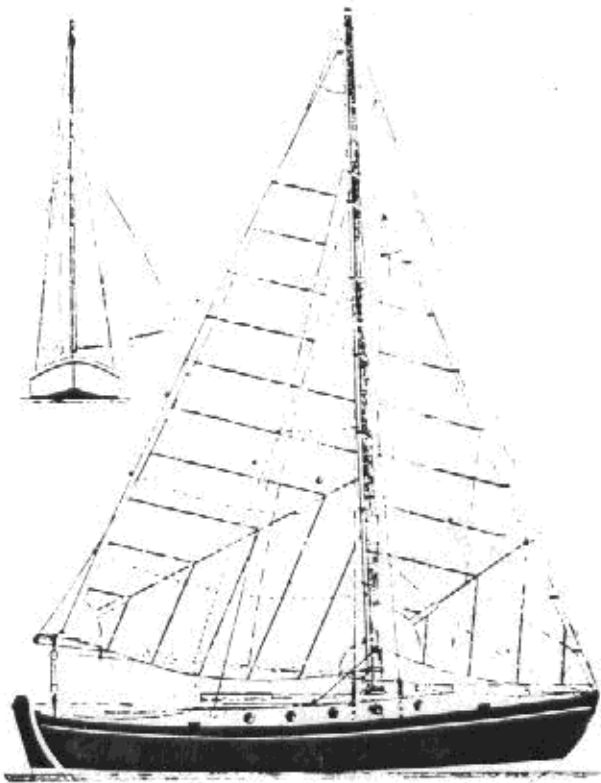


Dr. Harrison Butler thinks a little more sheer might have improved her, but this would add to the difficulty of planking.

The lines are metacentrically balanced, and the centres of the curves of upright and heeled areas coincide. The hull is not quite a metacentroid, but I do not think that this is a matter of great importance. The rudder is small and does not come down to the heel of the sternpost. The shape of the hull and its good balance does not call for a large rudder, and the heel had to be well rounded off to complete the metacentric balance. The rudder is well out of the way of mischief if *Thuella* takes the ground. The body-plan shows easy bilges, which make for sea-kindlyness, and so does the absence of flaring topsides.

THE LAYOUT

The drawings are self-explanatory. There is room for a crew of two on bunks. Another can sleep on the cabin sole. Five water cans are provided. These are made of galvanized iron and the exact size of a petrol tin. The ordinary size "Gem" type. There is a clothes locker to port and starboard aft. That to starboard has a clothes shelf under the two shelves of the food locker. There is ample locker space on the port side of the cockpit, and in the stern locker for warps and bosun's gear. Sails are carried in the forepeak, and here too is ample clothes space.



The sail plan is somewhat unusual.

THE SAIL PLAN is somewhat unusual. The mainsail is fitted with ordinary mast-hoops. This plan has worked well in many yachts that I have designed with Bermudian rig. All that is necessary is to make the mast a shade thicker, but as it should be a hollow spar the slight extra weight will not matter. At the top of the sail there is an extra hoop that can be detached, and if necessary reattached, to the top of the sail. This will prevent a reefed sail from sagging away to leeward, and might be useful if the sail was hoisted ready reefed. The single-handed spinnaker is set on a pole that is fitted with a jackstay that is attached to the mast. Double guys are fitted so that the sail can be set amidships for running without the mainsail, or alternatively to port or starboard. A special sail of stout material might be carried for heavy running. There is a large Genoa and a second and third jib. Also a trysail. *Thuella* seems to be fit for any weather. A hatch to cover the after 2 ft. of the cockpit would do all that was necessary to keep the sea out. It will be noted that a downhaul is fitted to the stay-sail that leads aft and bunches up the

sail at the foot of the forestay, making an immediate temporary stow. I used this plan on a cruising "X" boat with great success.

April/May 1944.

DON'T FORGET!

Wednesday, 17th. August 1988 BBC 2 7.20 p.m. UNDER SAIL
"Just what the Doctor ordered" PLEASE VIDEO.

A CRUISE TO ROUEN

By Dr. Harrison Butler

This summer we took **VINDILIS** across the Channel to Havre and ascended the Seine to Rouen. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that **VINDILIS** took us. She most certainly did at one time when our navigation was faulty. I need not describe my ship in detail, this has been done far too often. She is a 6½ to 7-ton yawl, Bermudian rigged, 22.5ft. on the L.W.L., 8ft.7in. beam, and 5ft. draught. Practically all her ballast - less than two tons - is on her keel. She is a magnificent dry sea-boat, and is full of comfort inside with 6ft. head-room in the main cabin. She has a 6h.p. Stuart Turner engine, which drives her a little over five knots. I had an ideal crew. My wife never gets sea-sick and prepares an adequate meal at all times. My daughter Joan has more or less been "raised", as they say in America, on my yachts. There is nothing that she cannot do, either as a deck-hand or as a pilot, and she, too, has never been sea-sick. My nephew Norman Laine is a first-class yachtsman, and he is invariably cheerful and amusing. **VINDILIS** left Yarmouth (I. of W.) at 7a.m. on June 17th, 1938, and at 8a.m. we crossed the Bridge. At nine we took our departure by cross-bearings of the Needles and St. Catherine's, streamed the log, and set a course for Le Havre lightship, distant 90 miles. It was a forbidding-looking morning, cold and cheerless, but we had a fair wind, S.W., force 4 to 5. We set the balloon foresail and carried it till 9p.m. when we handed it as it masked the sidelights. We read the log at each hour and were gratified when it generally read 6 to 6½ knots. We were foaming along across a fairly high beam sea, but apart from two big splashes **VINDILIS** was as dry as a bone; in fact, the fore-castle hatch was half open all the way and not a drop of water found its way below. Unfortunately at mid-day I got sea-sick and went below, where I slept most of the way across, missing one of the finest sails of a lifetime. Occasionally I gave the crew good advice about nothing in particular, and at 10p.m. I recovered and took over. We had just got an occasional glimpse of the light on Cap d'Antifer and at 10.30 it was sufficiently distinct for a bearing. This cut our rhumb-line. We now altered course to make an allowance for the supposed east-going tide. Soon we picked up Cap la Hève and got a fix from this light and d'Antifer. This showed that it was unnecessary to allow for the tide, because in this part of the Channel it runs north and south approximately. This fix placed us dead on our course 16 miles from the lightship, and showed that the log was accurate. Not having been there before we hove-to five miles W.N.W. of the lightship to wait for daylight, having averaged five knots for the passage. **VINDILIS** would not heave-to in the orthodox way with headsails aback, but under main alone with the sheet eased and the helm somewhat a-lee she lay quietly.

There is no doubt that modern ships call for a modified form of seamanship. One has heard the statement that yachts with a cutaway forefoot will not heave-to. The actual truth is that the owner does not know how to heave them to. I found that **MYSTERY**, Clark's first metacentric design, hove-to perfectly with mainsail alone and free helm. My Cyclone design will heave-to without her mainsail with one headsail aback, or with staysail only with the clew brought amidships.

At daybreak we let draw and steered for an enormous lattice-work pillar buoy - the whistling buoy. It has a most mournful bellow like a dying cow. We steered for the next black buoy and passed four steamers which we imagined to be waiting for the tide to enter the docks at Havre. It not dawn upon us that the mouth of the Seine was nearby and that these craft were waiting to enter the Seine. Things now seemed not quite right; we did not find the double row of red-and-black buoys that lead up to the dredged channel, so we thought that we were a bit too far south and near the Grand Placard. Havre was in full view so we just steered for it, went in and anchored in the Avant Port behind the North Digue. It was not till the cruise was over and I was re-sailing the passage at home, that the awful fact was borne into me that we had

probably at low water sailed close up to the banks that infest the Seine Estuary. In any case it is quite unnecessary to run down to the lightship, and from the ship the course to Havre is not via the whistle-buoy. My trouble was that I was working from three charts. One was a large scale and of no use, and the other two did not include the lightship which is really a long way out, ten miles from Havre. We hoisted "Q", but the Customs took no notice of it, so eventually we ran into the inner harbour, the Arrière Port, and picked up a mooring near the Town Quay. The fishing boats are out all day, and it is quite safe to borrow their moorings during the day. We went ashore to the Douanes and got a passport for 11 francs. This was all that we paid. Nothing was charged for the use of the docks and canal. The tide hangs up at Le Havre for two hours as it does in the Solent. Some of the docks have a tidal gate which opens a little before high tide and can be used for two hours. The Bassin de la Citadelle which leads on to the Tancarville Canal, has a proper lock (Sas d'écluse), and can be used for some time after high water. We passed into the Citadelle, then to the Bassin de l'Eure, and from this large dock to the Garage. Here we tied up for the night alongside a large - perhaps 1000 tons - steel barge or Péniche. Next morning, June 21st, we got under way and entered the Tancarville Canal. This is 15 miles long and has been reclaimed from the Seine. The cliffs at Harfleur, now some miles inland, were originally the banks of the Seine. During our passage of the locks we had no end of trouble with the engine, which after stopping when it thought fit and always at a horribly inconvenient time, then settled down to run at half power till we got the lock at the end of the canal. This was due to no fault of the engine, which is probably one of the best of its size, but to the fact that some busybody had removed the filter from the carburettor. We did not know this, nor did we realise that a filter lying in the tool box belonged to the engine. We thought that it came from the original carburettor that was fitted to the engine when we first had it. At 10 a.m. we arrived at the end of the canal and tied up out of the way of the traffic to the north of the lock gate to an elderly fishing boat. At 1 p.m. the captain of the lock shouted to us in English to get ready, and fortunately the engine started and we were tucked into a corner shielded by the steps from the attention of about 25 barges that crowded the lock. We had now to go ashore and show the passport to the Customs, and then cross over to the other side of the lock and visit the office of the captain of the lock to have particulars entered in a book. As every barge had to go through this process it took a long time, and it was not till 2.30 that the outer gate opened and a general scramble to get out took place. Alas! at the critical moment the engine refused to start, and we had to tow out with the dinghy. Before we could get clear we had a good squeeze from the stern of a barge, but VINDILIS is immensely strong and she did not even creak. The dinghy got caught end on between the barge and the lock, and it was touch and go, every timber squealed, but she, too, came out unhurt. The engine burst into life before we reached the dock gate and us to keep well over to starboard to avoid being carried up on to the masonry by the fierce flood outside. Here we were in a wide river with a strong favourable tide and a fair west wind. We shut off the errant engine and set sail. Soon we had Quillebeuf to starboard, and then we passed under the electric wires that carry current to Havre from a large central power station on the bank to our left. We were much surprised at the beauties that each bend unfolded. On our right the Forest of Brotonne, steep and high hills wooded to the sky-line with here and there an outcrop or a quarry showing dazzling white chalk. On our left we passed Caudebec with its pretty little cathedral with a delicate spire with lace-like tracery. Then reach after reach of beautiful scenery, glorious sunshine, and warmth that we had almost forgotten in England. We carried on mostly under sail till it began to get dusk, and then we looked about for a suitable anchorage. We were foolish enough to think that all that was necessary was to find a spot of spell-binding loveliness and throw the anchor over the side and turn in. We took a cast of the lead and found that it bounced on the river bed as on bricks. Again and again we tried to find a soft spot where an anchor might hope to get a grip. We even armed the lead, and brought up bits of hard chalk. Ultimately when it was getting really dark we edged into a small bay and anchored in four fathoms. We mistrusted the holding ground and gave her twenty fathoms of chain, but foolishly did not moor.

Next morning all was well. We were afloat in a charming spot with high wooded hills close aboard, and a picturesque ruined hut nearby. We were just below Yville-sur Seine. We had the river to ourselves, sharing it with some large black birds of sea habit. This was characteristic of the Seine - solitude, not a craft on the river for long periods, and not a soul on the shore. We had some time to wait for the flood so we set to work to dismantle the pipe-line and carburettor to try and find out why the jets so constantly choked. When all the parts were nicely spread about the cabin VINDILIS took the ground. An ugly reef appeared noy far astern, and sounding in the dinghy showed deep water just ahead. We had at low tide swung on to a shelf of mud. We anticipated the usual long wait of four hours or so, but within fifteen of the flood making we were afloat. As we had now not time to make Rouen in the day we meandered slowly up the river under sail, at times running, then by the wind, and sometimes tacking. The Forest of Jumieges and the ruined abbey were passed to port, and the pretty town of Duclair with its yacht club complete with flagstaff, and a trot of small racing craft in mid-stream. At 8.30 we anchored on the port side of the river opposite to La Ronce. This time we did not forget to drop the kedge. At 8.30 on June 23rd we got the anchor and sailed up the river, passing the delightful town of La Bouille to starboard. After this beauty left us, the river became commercial, showing docks and factories, till we saw ahead of us the Transporter Bridge at Rouen. We passed under this and tied up to the Town Quay before we reached the stone bridge that connects Rouen with St. Sevan on the opposite bank of the river. We had arrived without any trouble or worry apart from the grounding that was entirely our own fault. At Havre we had bought a chart of the river, one of the "ladder" type. Anyone contemplating the trip should obtain this map. It is entitled "Carte de Paris à la Mer," Paris, Société d'Éditions Géographiques, Maritimes et Coloniales, 17 Rue Jacob (Vle). Price 50 francs. Another almost equally valuable book is the "Annuaire des Marées pour Le Havre," Maison Vissière H. Heilmann, 15 Rue de Paris, Le Havre. Price Fr. 2.50. This book not only gives the times of both high and low water at Havre, with the appropriate Saint for each day, but also invaluable information regarding all the signals flown at the docks to indicate that one can or cannot enter; the weather signals; tables of conversion, etc., etc. It also has a map of the docks and of the neighbouring coast.

We stayed a day at Rouen, of course, visiting the Cathedral. Its lovely spire is made of wrought iron and replaces the original wooden spire that was destroyed by lightning about 100 years ago. The berth alongside the quay is by no means ideal. The town drains discharge from holes in the masonry, a constant crowd of sightseers overlook the yacht and all the dust of the town blows over her. We found that by adjusting our warps and springs at low tide no further alteration was necessary. If the tension is properly divided between warp and spring the yacht will automatically keep away from the wall, and will not drift far away from it. The springs are the most important and should be the stronger. As we were pressed for time we made a start for home on June 24th, and at once the engine stopped in the heart of the traffic. We managed to get into the approach to the Bassin de St. Gervais and tie up to a buoy. We cleaned the jets for the umpteenth time and discovered that Joan had developed chicken pox! Our journey down the river was uneventful, but we were harried by the engine. It finally stopped and absolutely refused to start. We anchored for the night after having emptied all the petrol in the tank into buckets, jugs and any other utensil that we could find. Then we ran out the last dregs into the river, and filtered the lot back through a silk handkerchief. We turned in wondering however we could get into the canal again without an engine. Our fears were groundless for we discovered a bit of fluff in the pilot jet, and when this had been extracted the engine boosted off full speed and gave no more trouble till we got out to sea. We anchored next day off the Dolphins on the upstream side of the Tankerville Lock to wait for the time to enter, when the flood made

the propeller began to revolve rapidly and we estimated the speed at over four knots. Although it was now spring tide there was no evidence of any bore, only a few ripples as the tide made up. Probably the bore, the Mascaret or La Barre, is confined to extra high springs. When the green flag that indicated the approaching opening of the gate was hoisted, we got under weigh, and going over five knots with the engine full out, we only just made way over the tide. Had the engine failed us now we should have not been able to get in at all! The barges all bring up against the dolphins, but a sailing yacht would be well advised to go past the lock and so be to tideward when the gate opens. We had no difficulty in negotiating the return journey through the locks. We just blew three blasts on the fog-horn and in a very short time the bridge opened, either swinging round or rising, and the lock gates opened. We tied up in the Bassin de la Barre because it has only one tidal gate, and we thought we should get out quickly. Alas, no sooner were we safely tied up than we were told that the gate was to be repaired and would not be opened for some time.

We were wind-bound here for five days. We received a forecast from Droitwich, "whole gale on all coasts," and we got it. Tiles were flying from the roofs and the wind force was registered at 70 miles an hour in places. Two days later the conditions were favourable, a fresh S.W. breeze which petered out entirely when we had done 25 miles of our crossing. There was a heavy short swell in the dredged channel, and there would, I think, be quite a dangerous sea here for small craft with a strong on-shore wind blowing against the tide. At 2.30 a.m. when our log registered 40 miles, we were passed by the NORMANDIA, which left Havre twelve hours after we did. I was rather astonished to see her so close because she would be steering for the Nab and we were heading up for Dunose. She had had only one tide and we two. At this time we still had d'Antifer in full view, nearly 40 miles away. It seems impossible, for the official visibility is 27 miles. It is a wonderful light, having a yellower and longer flash than La Hève, which although also listed at 27 miles had long ago disappeared. It may have been a mirage effect. I wrote to the Marine Superintendent of the Southern Railway at Southampton asking him for some information about the tides in the Seine Bay, about the course steered by his packet, and about the visibility of the lights. I have received no reply, although I mentioned that I was going to write an article on the subject. At 9 a.m. the next morning we were so "fed up" with constantly cleaning the jets that Norman Laine took the pipe-line down and cut up the filters we had on board into small circles which he inserted into each joint, making all fast with rubber washers cut from a bathing cap. And it worked! We had no further trouble. The tragedy was that the filter that we were destroying was the only thing necessary to make the engine go properly. It only needed to be put into its proper place in the Solex carburettor! As we had no time to spare we ran the engine for the last 60 miles of the passage, keeping a steady four knots. We sighted St.Catharine's 25 miles away. It was a marvellous clear day, and never before even in the Trades and the Tropics have I seen such wonderful cloud effects. When we got near enough to get a cross-bearing we again found that our log was correct.

Off the Nab tower we picked up a nice breeze and lay close-hauled till we made the Hamble Spit Buoy. We could not find the Customs launch but Laine being in the Solicitor's office of the Customs went ashore and obtained permission by telephone for us to go home. We left Joan to meet them next day and obtain a proper clearance. What a pity it is that these courtesies may soon be withdrawn because some ill-conditioned so-called yachtsmen cannot avoid petty smuggling. The time may come when all the privileges we enjoy may be withdrawn. Then such cruises as I have described will become impossible. If only the authorities would exercise their power to confiscate the yacht if they detect smuggling, then even the vilest would think twice, for it is a vile thing. We sail under the Blue Ensign, and we are on our honour not to smuggle, and yet it is done. The clubs must take drastic action, expel the culprits publicly, and post up their names. No punishment is too severe, if we are to be allowed to keep the position we now hold. It is as well to keep the clearance papers. I was in the town harbour at Poole and a Customs official asked

whether we had been foreign. I said two months ago. He wanted to see the clearance!

We had a wonderful trip, the very best that any of us have ever had. I hope that many will follow our example. There is nothing difficult, it costs nothing, and the French take no notice of us. They neither help nor hinder. The passage is easier than the run to Cherbourg, though longer. There are not the strong tides that are always rushing past Cherbourg, driving a yacht that may be becalmed without an engine either into the Alderney Race or that off Cape Levi. If you keep west of the transit line of the two towers on Cap la Hève you are clear of all the dangers of the Seine Estuary. The Channel up to Havre is buoyed like Poole, with red to port and black to starboard going out. They are man-size staff buoys and a mistake is difficult when once the outer one is picked up. There are no difficulties in the Seine. It is well buoyed where necessary, and there is a lighthouse on every corner - dozens of them. Finally, the beauty is equal to the Rhine; it is lovely. Everyone ought to go!

(From a lecture given at Beaver Hall on September 23th, 1938.)

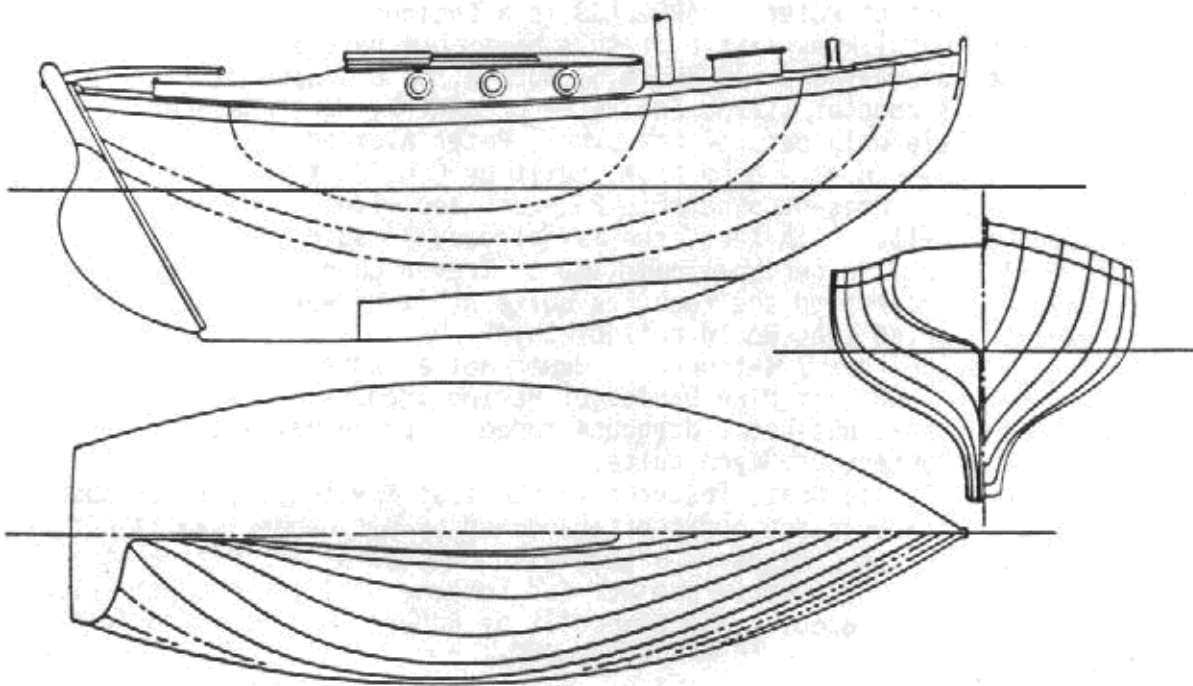
Published in the JOURNAL OF THE LITTLE SHIP CLUB, March, 1939.

Li	6.30 m	<i>Va Danser</i>	20' 8"
Lf	5.41 m		17' 9"
lmax	2.06 m	Architecte naval: Harrison Butler	6' 9" 1/8"
lf	1.98 m		6' 6"
FB av	0.90 m		2' 11" 1/2
FB min	0.54 m		1' 9" 1/4
FB ar	0.66 m		2' 2"
te	1.02 m		3' 4"
SMC sm	0.889 m		9 1/2 sq ft
D	2.780 t		6 137 lbs
OF	1.000 t		2 200 lbs
SV	24.66 m ²		265 1/2 sq ft
F	6.86 m		
GV	17.80 m		



This is the tiny Transatlantic boat referred to in Joan's letter. She is a Tabloid (No.16), sister to ELGRIS and near sister to CHLOE. The dimensions should be LOA 21ft., LWL 18ft., Beam 7ft.1in., Draught 3ft.6ins. A naval architect in the Channel islands has told me that the French yard that built her would have disregarded the section spacing of 2ft. and used their own rule-of-thumb equivalent of 600 mm for this size of craft which is slightly less than 2ft. In order to preserve the hull form the lines would then have had to be refaired thus reducing the beam and draught. This does seem a reasonable solution to the quandary as to why the dimensions are a few inches short in each case.

Ed.



THE VINTAGE WOODEN BOAT ASSOCIATION

Geoff Taylor's letter gives food for thought. One of the partner's in the firm of Robertsons' of Woodbridge (Boatbuilders) Limited, who are helping with the renovation of ELGRIS, remarked to me recently, "If one breathes new life into an old boat one ought to breathe new value into her." Very true. Yet how often in such circumstances have we seen the vultures waiting in the wings with a keen glance here and a shrewd question there, in the knowledge that, sooner or later, the boat will be for sale and there may well be a bargain to be had.

The chief reason why wooden boats have received a bad press in recent years is on the question of maintenance. Boats built in the thirties and earlier were so well constructed that they have been able to withstand many years of relative neglect but, in some cases, the chickens are coming home to roost. Thus it is that wooden boats have earned a reputation for being a permanent maintenance problem and, as a consequence, have developed their own "market" at prices disproportionately low in terms of the materials and craft skill that went into their original construction. This is unfortunate for the craft maintained regardless of expense but it is equally reprehensible that the owner of an obviously neglected boat, requiring the expenditure of much time and money, should base a relatively high asking price on little more than "pedigree."

Somehow, the gap needs to be closed between the price of GOOD secondhand wooden boats and the notional cost of new construction (for which money is evidently available subject only to the will of the prospective purchaser) and it is with these thoughts in mind that I welcome the formation of the Vintage Wooden Boat Association. In some respects the aims are not dissimilar to those of the H.B.A. except that the boats will be divided into classes: Classic, Vintage and Veteran, following a similar pattern to the motor car clubs. A further aim, not included in the official objectives, is that "the labourer shall be worthy of his (or her) hire." I doubt whether many H.B.A. members would disagree with that. Details of the new Association are enclosed herewith.

BOATS FOR SALE

The Editor.

ARDGLASS. Joan rang to say that Peter Moseley had been taken to hospital with a heart attack and had subsequently contracted pneumonia. We wish him well and hope that he will soon be fully recovered. In fact, Peter rang me shortly after his discharge from hospital and although he sounded rather hoarse he was cheerful and pleased that his spell in intensive care seems to have greatly improved his asthma. However, he is greatly concerned about the future of ARDGLASS: he does not feel up to continuing the care and attention he has lavished on her during the last twelve months and so, reluctantly, she is for sale. For further details contact Peter. ARDGLASS is a Cyclone II.

ARGO. I am afraid that I know little of this boat, nor have I ever seen her plans. She is 28ft. overall and was built by Burt & Son of Falmouth in 1914. I understand she has a counter stern. She is at present lying at Mashford Bros., Plymouth and is for sale only because her owner, Peter Alexander, is going abroad.

DAVINKA. Bogle design. A very good boat, built by C.H.Fox & Son of Ipswich in 1936 to Lloyd's rules. Present ownership 25 years and widely cruised. Contact Boyd and Desiree Campbell. (In fact, she may already be sold.)

DINDY. Cyclone II. Due to personal commitments Trevor Cheesman is unable to attend to Dindy. I understand she requires quite a bit of work and so is no doubt available at a price that would reflect this.

GARLEFFAN. A raised topsides Z 4-tonner. Owner not a member. Similar to **BOLDUSTER** and **COBBER**. Contact Mike Davies of Marine Traders.

LEVEEN. A Z 4-tonner that has had a doghouse added. Lying Maylandsea, River Blackwater, Essex. Contact Dr. Glynn White.

RAMA II This pretty little boat, featured in the last Newsletter, is an absolute tragedy. To all intents and purposes abandoned by her owner, she is out of the water at Bradwell Marina, Essex. Probably to be sold by the Marina at a very low figure she would be a noble project for someone. I believe her hull to be sound although dehydrated. She was built by Robertsons' of Woodbridge in 1932. They would be interested in restoring her.

THE VOYAGE OF LIMBA SO FAR.

DEPART HOBBART 14 JAN 1988 WITH TALL SHIPS.

FROM IRON POT 0900 HRS

INTO PORT ARTHUR AT ANCHOR 2200 14 JAN

DEPART PORT ARTHUR 0300 16 JAN

MET LADY LUCK ORFORD 1600 16 JAN

AT ANCHOR TRIABUNNA 1830 16 JAN

DEPART TRIABUNNA 0600 17 JAN

TIED UP BEHIND LADY LUCK MORRYS BAY SCOTEN ISLAND 1240 17 JAN

DEPART 0930 18 JAN

AT ANCHOR WINE GLASS BAY 1300 18 JAN

DEPART " " 0900 19 JAN

ROUND GABO ISLAND 1730 23 JAN

AT ANCHOR EAST BOYD TOWN 0200 24 JAN

DEPART " " 1130 24 JAN

TIED UP BERMAGUI 2000 24 JAN

DEPART " " 0830 25 JAN

OUT TO SEA SOUTHERLY STILL BLOWING ON SHORE

TIED UP DARLING HARBOUR SYDNEY 1700 27 JAN

DEPART " FOR SPIT BRIDGE 0845 29 JAN

AT ANCHOR BANTAY BAY 1700 29 JAN

DEPART SPIT BRIDGE 1430 30 JAN

AT ANCHOR SPRING COVE MANLY 1530 30 JAN

DEPART " 0500 31 JAN

IN PEN R.P.A.Y.C. NEWPORT PITNATLA 1330 31 JAN

DEPART " 1030 1 FEB.

TOURING HAWKSBUAT, & COWAN CREEK AREA

DEPART COASTAL RETREAT PITNATLA 0200 8 FEB.

TIED UP POLICE WHARF NEWCASTLE 1500 8 FEB.

DEPART " 0630 11 FEB.

TIED UP NELSON BAY PORT STEPHENS 1130 11 FEB.

DEPART " 0700 12 FEB.

TIED UP MARINA COFF'S HARBOUR 0300 14 FEB.



