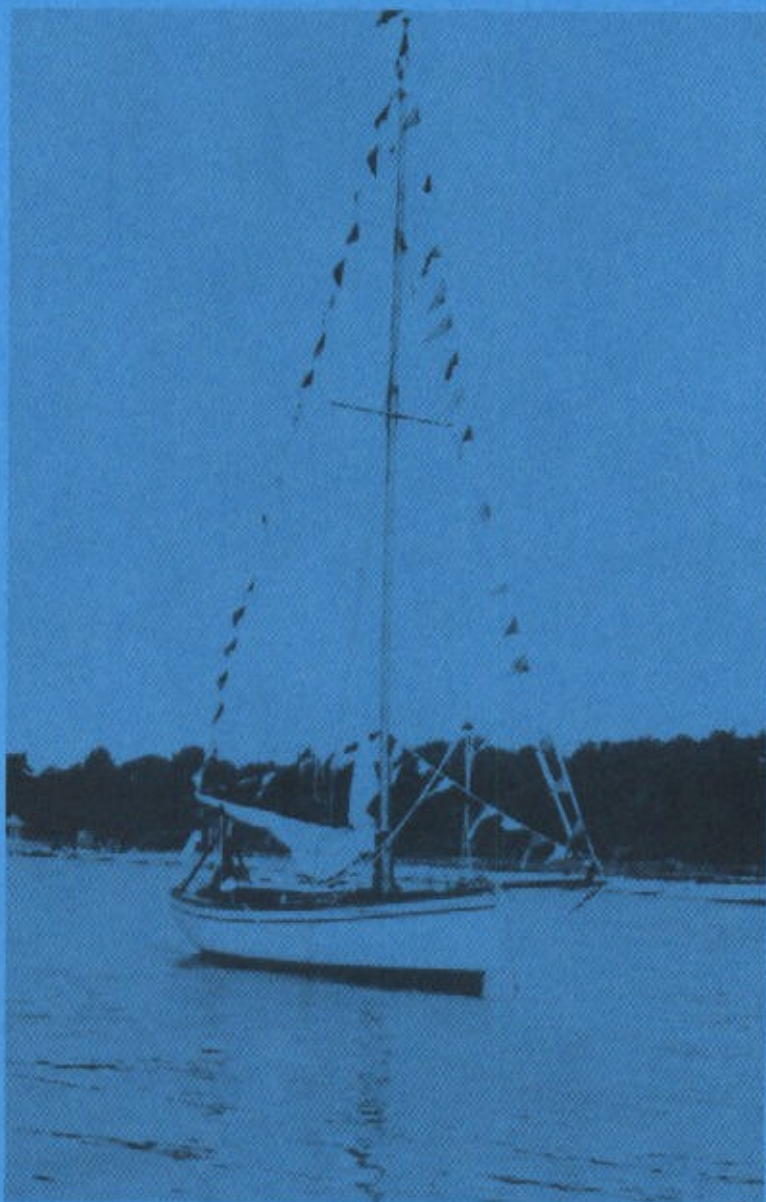




# THE HARRISON BUTLER ASSOCIATION



*"West Wind"*

NEWSLETTER No:28

WINTER 1988



## LETTER FROM OUR PRESIDENT

2 The Chestnuts  
Theale.

December 1988

Dear Members,

My letter was written way back in October but subsequent events have made much of it obsolete and I must needs re-write the whole epistle.

It is my inclination always to deal with the bad news first and it is with great sadness that I have to tell you that Edith Forster died in late August, quite unexpectedly, and that Bill followed her on November 17th. Frank Hart and I spent an hour or more with Bill on September 10th and although he was in good form and entertained us with the story of his life, from the Royal Flying Corps in the Great War to his naval experiences in World War II and onward to the present, it was obvious that he was missing Edith. Now, it is we who are missing them and they will leave a large hole in the Association. They were our oldest members: Edith was 87 and Bill was nudging 89, plus or minus, and they were among the original nineteen people present at our first General Meeting, in 1975. Bill succeeded Peter Rosser as Chairman, in 1982 and continued in office until 1985. He had been in and out of hospital during his last year because, as a result of long periods spent in ships' engine-rooms, he had developed asbestosis. Edith had a wonderful memory for people and this extended to people's grandchildren also. She had the disadvantage of being stone-deaf when "off the air" but Bill had a good quarter-deck voice which he used to good effect. It has been a privilege and a pleasure to have known Bill and Edith and though we have lost them, the memories will last. **JASLIA**, too, has left our shores but I have asked Kathy to look out for her in Sydney harbour and to try to persuade her back into the Association. Kathy, by the way, though married to Jeff Rigby, is retaining her maiden name so will still appear in the List under Veel.

Our Laying-up Supper on September 10th was a near-disaster. I booked the room in March and made my final telephone call on the morning of September 10th to give the number of people expected. I checked at 6.0 p.m. (visually, not verbally) that the room was ready for us and just before 7.30 went along to see if they were ready for us to go in. To my horror, I found the room filled with people eating our Supper!

By coincidence, the Chichester Cruiser Racer Association had come to the Hamble River and moored at the Elephant Boatyard. They sent someone ashore to the Jolly Sailor to ask if they could be fed and were told: "Yes, the room is booked for you." It was a genuine mistake on the part of the management but one which caused me acute embarrassment because, for the first time, there were more newcomers present than seasoned members and it must have given a very bad impression. I can truly say that it was the first hitch we have encountered in any of our functions - and that stems from 1974.

I wrote afterwards to the Brewery and had a letter of apology wherein they had the audacity to say that they disagreed with my allegation that the standards had fallen very low. Not long afterwards, they were fined £6,750 and admitted 18 breaches of food hygiene regulations. We shall have to change our venue and it will be very helpful if members will come to the A.G.M. armed with suggestions, researched suggestions, with details of the approximate cost of a pub supper. We prefer to be able to choose and to pay individually rather than having a set menu.

The other piece of sad news concerns Alessandro and **JARDINE**. He and his companion are to be congratulated on having reached Nukuhiva in the Marquesas Is. but there, Alessandro became ill and had to be flown home. **JARDINE** was sailed to a safe berth in a marina in Tahiti by French doctors and Alessandro has decided to put her on the market at £20,000. It's a

sad end to his dream but a great achievement, especially when you consider the disasters he overcame in the early stages of his voyage. Many would have given up at the second dismasting, if not after the first. As I write, tentative plans are afoot for **JARDINE** to be sailed to Australia where there would be a readier market. I hope they will come to fruition. If they do, we shall hear more. Meanwhile, any prospective purchasers should contact Alessandro whose address is on the Supplementary List. In his letter, Alessandro said that she was ready for sea, with plenty of spares - but no engine. She is bound to need some attention after seven months in a tropical marina, judging by the varnishing/painting time spent on **EASTER**, while we were in the Mediterranean.

I've heard from many members during the year and I hope they've all had replies: if not and, if I've forgotten to send you anything, please write or telephone and jog my fallible memory. Some letters will be found in the **CORRESPONDENCE** section. There should also be one from Phil and Jill Gordon who took the trouble to send Ron and Mary an account of their further West Indian wanderings and thence to Venezuela to ride out the hurricane season in safety. Unfortunately, although Ron sent it to me and I to our Editor, Peter later returned it to me as I'm doing more of the typing for this Newsletter than usual (consequent upon Peter and Ruth's housemove). I have either mislaid or, lost it. I apologize most sincerely. Luckily, part of the letter repeated what we reported in the Summer Newsletter so that bit isn't lost to us. Phil and Jill were planning to sail North, through the islands and then proceed up the East coast of the United States.

Geoff Taylor has gone off to the sunshine and heat again and sent P.C.s from Bayona and Madeira. He was expecting to spend a single-handed Christmas at sea, on his way to - yes, Venezuela. I saw him in the Summer just after **Watermaiden** had been put into the water for the second time after her three-years refit ashore. The previous day she had had to be pulled out of the water in order to deal with the not altogether unexpected leaks. She should be sailing again next season and, who knows? Perhaps she will start commuting again across the Atlantic.

Peter and Wenda Morée wrote, as 'the only members in Holland' (but not our only Dutch members) to say that **YARINYA** is now the most beautiful boat in Holland. (**ALMONDE** might be a contender, Peter!)

Rod Nevols has sent photographs of **JUNE**, "before and after": he has transformed her outside and can now get going on her innards.

We have a very welcome number of new members as will be seen in the Supplementary List. Among these is Albert Wentseis who has just completed a course at the International Boatbuilding Centre, Harbour Road, Oulton Broad, Lowestoft, who wrote with a very interesting suggestion for anyone who would like to have an H.B. boat built at a reasonable price. One could be built there, as a Student project, for £1,000, plus the cost of materials (including a 15% handling charge). The building would of course be carefully supervised by the instructors. It seems to me to be a very good idea. I wonder if they would consider restoring boats which have fallen into disrepair. Talking of which, Trevor Cheesman is worried about **DINDY** as he is so seldom able to get down to Bursledon to tend her and she is deteriorating. I wonder if a scheme can be evolved to help her? We can discuss it at the A.G.M.. Albert, by the way, is planning to build an "Omega".

The youngest of the new members is Daniel Dawson-James who is still a student at Falmouth Technical College. Last year, he wrote to me to ask for information as he had to do a project on a boat or, type of boat, of his choice and as his father had recently bought **HOBBY** (a "Cyclone"), he had decided to do Harrison Butler Boats.

I rang and suggested that he limit his project to "Cyclone", "Zyklon" (the metacentric version of the "Cyclone" design) and "Khamseen A." which is the enlarged "Zyklon". That would be quite enough. I sent him information and so did Peter Mather and to our satisfaction and delight, Daniel's

project gained the highest marks - 80% or more, I think - and he was the student who had improved most during the year. Congratulations, Daniel! We hope you will be just as successful with this year's project which is to design a boat. Let curves be your watchword! As a reward, John has given him Hobby so he is now eligible for independent membership. John, you may remember, is going to build my "Prima" - sometime.

Recently I received a design, from Italy and a follow-up letter from Bruno Veronese confirmed what I had deduced. In commenting on the "Prima" design in his book, my father suggested that she would be improved by having the sections spaced out to increase the L.W.L. to 20ft. Bruno did just this, for fun, in 1964 and has sent me the result. He says that he can supply plans, specifications and a table of offsets if anyone is interested.

I ought to have mentioned in my last letter the news which I had from Jean Cook early in the year. She and Dennis were just off to South Africa on the first leg of their Cecil Kimber Centenary World Tour, taking in Australia and culminating in the launching of the Cecil Kimber Centenary Book at Providence, Rhode Island, in April.

Cecil Kimber, the designer of the M.G. car, was Jean's father and was the second owner of **FAIRWIND** (now, **FAIRWIND OF KINSALE**). There are comments about **FAIRWIND** and about T.H.B. in the biographical chapter.

It promised to be a very interesting tour and MG enthusiasts in Australia had been instructed to see that they got some sailing while in Perth.

Our cover picture shows **WEST WIND**. We don't know where she is but we do know that she started life on the East coast for her original owner was one Norford Suffling (whose brother owned **MEMORY**). The design was made to illustrate an article on "The Weekend Single-handed Cruiser" which appeared in the Yachting Monthly for January 1917. Of the design, T.H.B. says: 'The lines are in no sense experimental, but are those of the "**Memory**" enlarged and somewhat refined.' She is a 4-tonner and it would be nice to find her. Another boat was built to this design, in South America.

One or two things in the article read, very strangely now, when one compares them with my father's later writings. For instance: 'I would have nothing to do with two-stroke motors. They are tricky, and often refuse to start in an emergency.' (He had a Stuart Turner put in **SANDOOK** and again, in **VINDILIS** when she was built. And: 'The fuel tank is best placed on deck, forward of the deck-house. This arrangement is seen in the deck plan of Design No. 11' (i.e., **WEST WIND** and **DARLING**) 'There will then be less danger of a serious fire. All the fuel connections must be perfectly fitted and well protected.' Life has moved on since then.

The design featured in this issue is "**Sinah**" and she was a milestone in T.H.B.'s designing life. For several years his designs had shown fuller bow sections and finer quarters, in an effort to produce better hull-balance and latterly he became somewhat addicted to canoe sterns. Certainly, it is easiest to produce a balanced hull when the two ends are not dissimilar (as they are with a transom) and hull-balance was almost his holy grail.

After his experience of sailing aboard **MYSTERY**, the first of Robert Clark's designs to be built (by Moody's), my father became hooked on the metacentric theory of hull-balance but he found the mathematical explanations incomprehensible so he was pleased to be invited to spend a weekend with Admiral Turner, the Guru of metacentricity. He took with him his latest completed design and the Admiral took him through the process of analysing it, balancing heeled sections, cut from tracing paper, on a cut-throat razor in order to plot the metacentric shelf. The shelf is one of those non-existent things, like isobars. You can plot it on paper: you will never find it in your boat but its character may influence the behaviour of your boat considerably.

On completion of the analysis, the design was found to have a perfect "shelf" and it was therefore his first metacentric design. He had "arrived" by his own intuitive skill but he now knew how to cross-check the more orthodox calculations. Admiral Turner lived in Sinah Lane, near Sinah Lake and that was how the design came to be called "Sinah". Two are known to have been built: **ERLA**, built in Denmark but now in British Columbia, and **AMIRI**, built and formerly owned by John Hartley, in Australia. I wonder, and am hoping to hear, how she compares with his new "Dream of Arden", **ARDENE**, also built by himself.

Members have suggested to me that we should have an H.B.A. tie and so I have done some research. The result may be seen on the order form. In consultation with the other Officers, we decided to go ahead and order sixty ties (the minimum number) rather than wait for the A.G.M. because by then the price would have increased. The ties are navy Polyester Barathea with an all-over pattern in white of our T.H.B. device, as on the Burgees. Each white spot represents a motif.

I cannot finish my letter without mentioning THE FILM. Judging by letters received and the overwhelming majority of the comments made, I think we may count it as good news and for myself, I am most grateful to Ron for bringing H.B. boats to the notice of Brian and, to Brian for creating such a lovely tribute to my father - which couldn't have been done without the cooperation of very many members. It was lovely to see so many appearing on the screen. All the people who actually knew "Tommie and Nellie" who saw the film enjoyed it and found it very nostalgic. My sister-in-law Joan (alias Hickson) was among those and gave a very favourable "professional" opinion. It brought so many memories back to us.

I am very grateful to Brian for being so kind and understanding throughout the production of the various episodes. I now know what an immense amount of research is done and material collected in order to sift out a twenty-minute programme. Skilled craftsmen gave of their best in the photography, the sound-recording and the lighting and Geraldine and the back-up team all contributed to the whole.

Brian has asked me to express his thanks to all those who participated in the making of the film either by actually taking part or by lending photographs or supplying information. Two tapes have gone to Australia and we have one for our archives so the film is perpetuated legitimately. I'm very grateful for these courtesies.

I've at last put a face to Tom Salmon's voice: I lunched with him and Elsie at their home in Mylor. It was so interesting that I stayed much longer than politeness allowed.

At the ill-fated Laying-up Supper, I promised to put the formula for Thames tonnage in this letter. It is as follows:

$$\text{(L.B.P. — Beam) x Beam x } \frac{1}{2}\text{Beam}$$

94

L.B.P. is length between perpendiculars, that is, from the fore side of the stem to the after side of the stern post.

I am writing this after Christmas and I should like to thank all of you who sent me cards and good wishes which indeed, I reciprocate but needs must confine them to good wishes for 1989 which will no longer be new by the time you read this. I am looking forward to seeing you at the A.G.M. on March 4th so do come if you can. Please return the form in good time: it does so help with the catering.

Wendy Funnell tells me that she would like us to look for a new Hon. Treasurer so do please come to the A.G.M. with suggestions - even of yourself.

Boyd and Desiree have at long last sold **DAVINKA** and she is now owned by Elliot and Cindy Bialick. Dorado also has changed hands and her new owners are John and Felicity Moody. I hope they all will have as much pleasure from their boats as did their former owners. They have not changed hands very often.

And now for the sting in the tail. Subscriptions are due on January 1st and the treasurer would like to receive them, please. In case you have forgotten, Full members pay £7 and Associate members £5. Get in touch with Wendy if you prefer to pay by Banker's Order. Perhaps we could have a year when everyone remembered to pay? Get out your cheque book now!

What a horrid way to end: I should have slipped it in sooner - but it might then have made less impact. The truth is, I forgot.

In case new members don't know, the Treasurer keeps stocks of burgees, Member's flags, badges and, soon, ties. Prices can be obtained from her.

Copies of my father's designs are available from me. He used to charge just the cost of duplication and invited a contribution, if people wished to make one, to whatever charitable project was interesting him at the time. I work on the same principle: my project is the H.B.A..

Most members probably don't know how the Association came into being but if you continue to read, you will find out. I won't keep you any longer in suspense but will just send you

My greetings for 1989,

Yours aye,

Joan.

### IN THE BEGINNING

Boyd Campbell and Peter Mather met on the Guinness stand at the 1970 Boat Show and fell to discussing **DAVINKA**. Boyd wanted to find out about her design and Peter knew of an H.B. grandson in Wivenhoe - where he and Ruth then lived.

Nicholas Butler was approached by Peter and he suggested that his uncle, Rupert Butler, would probably be the best person to ask, and Boyd was informed.

There was then a lapse of time and on 18th May, 1973 Boyd wrote to my brother Rupert who passed him on to me as I have looked after the designs and matters pertaining thereto since my father's death in 1945. Boyd wrote to me on May 31st, 1973 and I replied by telephone and we arranged that he and Desiree should come to my home so that plans and photographs could be consulted. This meeting was fixed for July 3rd and when they came we talked of many things concerning T.H.B. and we also touched on the idea of some sort of association and agreed that it would be a good idea. We confirmed that **DAVINKA's** design was "Bogle".

Later that summer Boyd and Desiree, in **DAVINKA**, met Trevor Cheesman, in **DINDY**, in Plymouth and again, conversation drifted towards T.H.B. and an association and they told Trevor about our meeting in July.

Meanwhile, things were stirring on the Hamble River, as Ron Goodhand describes: 'It was all very slow in starting. For some considerable time, that is, from about 1971, there had been desultory conversations between sometimes two, sometimes three, sometimes four or five of us, all owners of Harrison Butler designed boats. The five were myself (the owner of **CRUINNEAG**), the late Peter Rosser(**CORA A.**), Trevor Cheesman (**DINDY**),

'Dennis Murrin (**MINION**) and the late Dan Bowen (**ROMADI**). Our boats were moored in the same locality on the Hamble River and of course we bumped into each other - not physically!

'The conception of the Association can be said to have happened aboard **CORA A.** one evening when Peter Rosser, Trevor Cheesman and I were talking of this and that - 'Shoes and ships and sealing-wax' - that sort of thing and inevitably, the conversation focussed onto one subject: some sort of society, club, association, call it what you will - for owners of boats designed by Dr Harrison Butler: something easy, informal.

'This meeting must have been the "trigger" for both Peter and myself because the next issue of the Yachting Monthly, November 1973, carried copies of letters from both of us to the editor of that illustrious magazine suggesting a loose confederation of H.B. owners. (Incidentally, there was no collusion between Peter and me: we both wrote independently and unknown to each other.)

'Whether my letter was more convincing, my address shorter or perhaps because I volunteered to act as Hon. Sec. until more specific arrangements could be made, I don't know but almost immediately, I was swamped with letters from all over The U.K. - later, from all parts of the world, clamouring enthusiastically for a coming together of like souls. For my pains, I was Hon. Secretary and Newsletter Editor for the first nine years and Mary was Hon. Treasurer.'

In course of conversation, Trevor had mentioned his meeting with Boyd and Desirée in Plymouth and that they had met me and on 12th November 1973, Ron wrote to Boyd to ask him to seek my reaction to an invitation to become President, should an association be formed. Accordingly, Boyd wrote to me on November 16th to ask me to consider an invitation in that vein.

Being the youngest of the Butler siblings I thought it right to consult my surviving brother and my two sisters (now, sadly, all dead) before writing on November 20th to both Boyd and Ron (Mr Campbell and Mr Goodhand in those days) to thank them for the very flattering suggestion and saying that I should consider it an honour to be President of an association so dear to my heart. I also enclosed a sketch to each of a design for our burgee and this was the one which was adopted.

Correspondence with Ron ensued and before the year ended he and Mary came to see me at High Point and we discussed very many things such as the name of the Association, who should be eligible for membership, where we should hold meetings. In fact, many preliminary details were discussed and they were formalized at the first General Meeting which was held at High Point, Pangbourne, on January 25th, 1975, when we drew up our Constitution - which has since been amended several times.

In 1974 we held two Meets: on June 1st/2nd in the Medina River, off the Folly Inn and on July 26th/28th at St Mawes, with tea at The Crag on the Saturday.

Ron produced the first Newsletter in the Spring of 1974 and continued to do so until 1982 when Peter Mather became Hon. Editor and I took over as Hon. Secretary and Janet Band as Hon. Treasurer.

The Yachting Monthly letters are reproduced at the conclusion of this account of the Association's beginnings and I'm sure it is true to say that it was Ron's initiative in offering to do the initial secretarial work which resulted in the H.B.A.'s existence today. He and Mary worked tremendously hard to launch it and to keep it afloat in its early years and the momentum has been maintained.

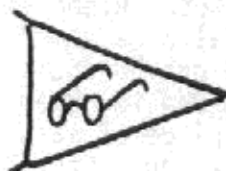


I think the above account explains why I referred, in the Summer Newsletter, to there having been several strands in the formation of the H.B.A. and that Ron was the chief instigator. Perhaps I should have said the instigator.

### YACHTING MONTHLY LETTERS

#### HARRISON BUTLER OWNERS' ASSOCIATION WANTED . . .

SIR.— This year, and I think tardily, scuttlebut along the Swanwick Shore says that in proper celebration of our Meta-centric Genius, the late 'Daddy' Harrison Butler, ophthalmic surgeon and father of all our Z4s, 6, 7 and 8 tonners, the Kham-sins and the Ardens, there should by now be an Association of Owners—a Mutual Admiration Society in fact. Small subscription, minimal rules, a biannual meet (or pride) of his masterworks. And a burgee . . .



'Somebody,' they keep saying, 'should write to the YACHTING MONTHLY Editor about it and see what happens.'

Now somebody has to see what happens.

Hurstbourne Tarrant,  
Hants

PETER ROSSER  
Cutter *Leuen*

#### INSTANT ANSWER

SIR.— Wherever I cruise in my Harrison Butler 6-tonner *Cruinneag* I meet other Harrison Butler owners. Quite rightly, we all seem extremely enthusiastic about our boats and their pedigrees.

I wonder if sufficient owners of HB-designed vessels would be interested in forming an association or club—something very informal with, say, a newsletter twice yearly and perhaps the odd meet or two. There are at least four of us on the Hamble who are sold on the idea, and I would be glad to act as a 'clearing house' until some sort of organisation is formed.

37 University Road,  
Highfield,  
Southampton

R GOODHAND

### EDITORIAL NOTE

The Association is indebted to Mrs. I. Clarke of Lower Wroxham, Norfolk who, through her friend, Katherine Smith (a past owner of **MEMORY**), sent me the snapshot which has become the subject of the COVER PHOTOGRAPH in this issue. The snap is captioned "Off Lepe, Beaulieu River." **WEST WIND** is dressed overall and Joan has deduced from this that the snap was taken on the occasion of the Spithead Coronation Review in 1937, whence she must have sailed from the East Coast.

I was introduced to Mrs. Clarke through a letter of mine to the East Coast Yachting News enquiring whether anyone knew the present whereabouts of **WEST WIND**. Mrs. Clarke replied confirming the boat had been built in 1928 by Ernest Woods of Horning for her first husband, Mr. N.A. Suffling. However, this was not the same Mr. N. Suffling, the brother of H.J. Suffling, referred to by Joan (who has asked me to insert this correction) but his son. H.J. Suffling (the first owner of **MEMORY**) was, therefore, Mr. N.A. Suffling's uncle. It is also interesting to note from Lloyd's Registers of the early thirties that N.A. Suffling was the owner of **MEMORY** as well as **WEST WIND**. Evidently this acquisition of **MEMORY** proved a keen disappointment to Joan's father who had also wanted to buy her from H.J. Suffling.

**WEST WIND** was an enlargement of **MEMORY** and those members who have access to the Spring 1983 issue of the Newsletter will also have little difficulty in recognising **LA BONNE** without a counter. Apart from the obvious difference in overall length the remaining dimensions are practically the same and the displacement is exactly the same. Unless she has become a total loss or suffered some other misfortune she must be about somewhere. She may have changed her name. I think we should try to find her.

(continued on p.15)

CORRESPONDENCE

August 16, 1988

Box 142, Ganges, BC

Dear Butlerites:

Hello Joan and Co.! I've just received the Summer '88 edition of the Newsletter and it reminded me to write and bring you up-to-date on **Galatea's** wanderings and share some thoughts with you, besides.

Marlene and I were back in Panama City in mid-Feb. to pick up a friend from Saltspring Island who was to crew with us to Cocos Island, a Costa-Rican National Park (and the famed, but never proven, Treasure Island!) and then on to the Galapagos Islands. Panama City at that time was in turmoil and I was nervous about leaving **Galatea** at anchor, as well as about wandering the streets of the city but, one must provision, and we had no trouble, although trouble seemed never too far away during those days. There were yachts waiting to transit at that time, of course, and, as far as I know, everyone made it through - although the banks and many government offices closed, the Canal continued to function as always.

We spent a couple of weeks more in the Perlas Islands, then a few days sailing back up the coast before setting out for the 5-day trip out to Cocos Island. This emerald isle, rising alone from the Cocos Ridge, is blessed with ample water, and the many streams and waterfalls have made Cocos a popular stop for many years. These sailors have carved their names and those of their vessels on the rocks of Chatham Bay for over a hundred years, so of course **Galatea's** name now graces a piece of sandstone near those of warships and whalers of the last century, Jacques Cousteau's vessels and yachts of all nations.

Most of the week spent at Cocos was pure pleasure, hiking the many trails, socializing with the few Costa Rican fishermen who shared our anchorage and, filling every available container with the cool, clear stream water, but the onset of a heavy north-easterly swell prompted us to shorten our stay and set out for Galapagos, 600 miles to the south.

Seven days of beating into light southerlies, and a little motoring, put us in Darwin Bay, a flooded volcanic crater on Tower (Genovesa, in Spanish) Island. A day later, we entered at Puerto Ayora on Santa Cruz Is., happy to find that our application for a permit had been granted, giving us 15 days to tour the archipelago. Much time was spent in securing provisions, fuel and water, all of which are in short supply as two of the three vessels which supply the islands were out of commission and the yachts were in direct competition with the local inhabitants for all fresh produce, fuel, and many staples. Despite this unfortunate circumstance, we were made to feel very welcome and the Galapagos were one of the highest points of our two years of cruising and deserve much more space than I can give them here. Suffice it to say that they are one of the earth's treasures, and all efforts to protect and preserve them should be encouraged, including, I feel, the restriction of the freedom of yachts to move uncontrolled among the islands. At the moment it is extremely difficult to get a permit for a yacht, and a 72 hour lay-over is the norm, and is being quite rigorously enforced by the local authorities.

On April 10th, when our permit expired, Marlene and our friend, Tom, headed for mainland Ecuador by plane for some overland travel, while **Galatea** and I headed west for the long trip back to British Columbia. A long, single-handed voyage had been in my mind for years and this seemed the ideal opportunity, there being very few things to run into between here and Canada. **Galatea** is a very easy boat to sail - she balances quite well, although is a bit headstrong on a reach, but the Aries vane can always

be coaxed into handling her with the right sail combination. Her motion is very easy for a small boat (*Galatea* is 40 feet on deck, 10 feet beam, yawl rigged, with 450 sq.ft in the main, 195 sq.ft staysail, 275 sq.ft yankee, 88 sq.ft mizzen) and I was well rested, if a little battered, for the entire 71 days of the 6,000 mile voyage.

We had a very slow start, taking two weeks to sail the first 800 miles, west and a little south in search of the S.E. trades. This failing, I turned north-west, re-crossed the equator, and steered to pass west of Clipperton Is., as per "Ocean Passages". At about 11°N. I found the N.W. trades which blew 25-30 knots more-or-less continuously for the next month as *Galatea* bashed along, close-reaching under deep-reefed main and stay-sail much of the time, while spray flew and I lay on the settee and read book after book, occasionally sticking my head out for a look at the horizon and a glance at compass and sails. My working sails, by John Barker of Sidney, B.C., performed flawlessly as *Galatea* drove on, day after day, week after week, a tiny yellow (yes, yellow!) dot in an ever moving universe of sea and sky.

The voyage continued quite windy, although not stormy, as I became intimate with the Eastern Pacific High, a most unco-operative meteorological phenomenon - I experienced a week of strong northerlies at about 35°N. which pumped extremely cold air down on me, and slowed things down considerably. All things change, however, and we eventually found the westerlies and began working our way north-east towards the Straits of Juan de Fuca and home. Radio contact with the Canada Coast Guard while still 60 miles from Vancouver Island enabled me to phone my family, the first contact I had had with them in 2½ months. A very fast run down the Straits put me off Victoria on the bright, sunny morning of June 21st and, a few hours later, *Galatea* was safely back on her mooring in Fulford Harbour on Saltspring Is., and I was sleeping-off the champagne with which Marlene and my parents had greeted me on the beach in front of their home.

The trip had been completely trouble-free and successful, if a little slow, and for me a very satisfying way of ending a two year cruise. *Galatea* is now out of the water for a month of painting and varnishing at Canoe Cove in Sidney, B.C., where she was built in 1931, and daily draws compliments on the beauty of her lines from old and young alike. Tell me, is she an enlargement of the "Nursery Class" 21ft waterline design of 1919?

All for now. Keep up the good work.

Best wishes,

Steve.

[What a fascinating description of your voyage, Steve. Perhaps you will let us share some of your experiences in the Galapagos in a future Newsletter? And, no, I never heard tell that the "Fastnet" design was an enlargement of "La Bonne". T.H.B. designed several boats with counters, especially in his early designing years.

Is *Galatea* still gaff-rigged, I wonder? Her sistership, *Seasalter* (now in the Caribbean), was changed from a gaff yawl to a Bermudan cutter, without changing the position of the mast and did she pull!! She probably does, still. My brother, Rupert, owned her for a while and we brought her round from Burnham-on-Crouch to the Hamble River in 1949. A very grey and windy cruise, as I recall.

Thank you, Steve: what is your next objective?

Joan.]

#### THANKS

We are indeed fortunate to have a Newsletter this Winter on time! Fortunately for me, Joan understands the time-consuming trauma of house moves. As a result she has slaved away at her typewriter and produced a good half of this issue including the "bits and pieces." My undying thanks Joan - it won't happen again!

12th October, 1988

29 Pitch and Pay Park  
Sneyd Park  
Bristol. BS9 1NL

Dear Joan,

We have had a very good season on **MAT ALI**. We left Bristol at the end of May and sailed her round to her summer mooring at Starcross on the River Exe. It took a weekend to sail her round which isn't too bad.

We left Starcross on 18th June on Saturday morning and headed south across the Channel. On Monday night we arrived on the Ile de Groix having navigated the Chanel du Four and the Raz safely. We spent a night on the Ile de Groix before heading on down to La Rochelle. We arrived there on the Wednesday evening and as we sailed through the twin towers guarding the entrance to the harbour it was really good to hear a cheer go up from some people standing round. I really enjoyed our short stay in La Rochelle and it was wonderfully warm. We had had a really good trip down. The trip across the Channel had been excellent: we caught mackerel for the first time for ages and had them within a few minutes of catching them and, it was sunny, with a fair wind - we couldn't have wished for anything better. After a very brief stay in La Rochelle we turned north and port hopped homeward. We spent an interesting night on Ile des Yeux at Joinville and the following evening called in at Herbardiere where we were joined by Desiree and Boyd Campbell who were sailing with friends. It was lovely to see them and they came aboard **MAT ALI** that evening for a drink. After various adventures we arrived back at the entrance to the Exe in driving rain and poor visibility. We really knew we were home.

In August we set sail again, this time for the Wooden Boat Festival at Douarnenez. This time we were joined by two extra crew as we knew we must get there and back again to Starcross in a week. We had a bit of an uncomfortable journey across the Channel but arrived off the coast of France in brilliant sunshine and had a very pleasant sail down the Chanel du Four to Douarnenez. Sailing in was quite incredible as the bay at Douarnenez was just a mass of masts, quite unnerving as far as I was concerned. I wondered if we would have room to anchor. Fortunately, there was just enough. We had been there for the Festival in 1986 when about 400 boats joined in. This time there were over 800 boats there: it was an amazing sight. That evening, the organizers of the festival laid on an excellent meal in the open air for 3,500 skippers and crew members. Quite memorable. Throughout the next four days the festival laid on various displays: boat-handling, handling under sail alone, races of various kinds, exhibitions of boat-building and St Bernard dogs rescuing people. I gather that in the first two days 400,000 people visited the festival.

All too soon Tuesday morning came and we weighed anchor and set off. We had not a breath of wind all the way back and so the engine was on the whole way back. We arrived on our mooring just in time to see "Just What the Doctor Ordered". However, we had forgotten the coastguard and customs who said we should wait on board for the customary two hours. However, we had videoed the programme and watched it later that night. We thought Brian Hawkins had done an excellent job. It was wonderful to watch all the H.B.s sailing together on the Solent and to see how well **MAT** can go though we didn't like the shot of the staysail flogging off the Needles - we had a very rolling sea!

At the end of August Mike brought her round Lands End and back to Bristol. We sailed some 1,800 miles this year, which isn't too bad. We are hoping to take her mast out this winter and give it a proper going over. It's beginning to look a bit sad as it hasn't been out for about six years now.

We will put it in a friend's shed (a rather large shed) to dry out before we sand it and put on as many coats of varnish as the mast really needs. I usually haul Mike up and down the mast but it's not really good enough.

I hope all is well with you,

With best wishes,

Mike and Jane Wrightson.

# *Sinah*

(Erla)

AN EIGHT-TONNER DESIGNED by EYE and LATER ANALYSED by the METACENTRIC SHELF

METHOD by T. HARRISON BUTLER A.I.N.A.

In 1935 I realised that after trying for many years to design a balanced hull I had not succeeded. I had fined down the quarters more and more in each succeeding design, and when built each was better balanced than its predecessor, but perfection had not been attained.

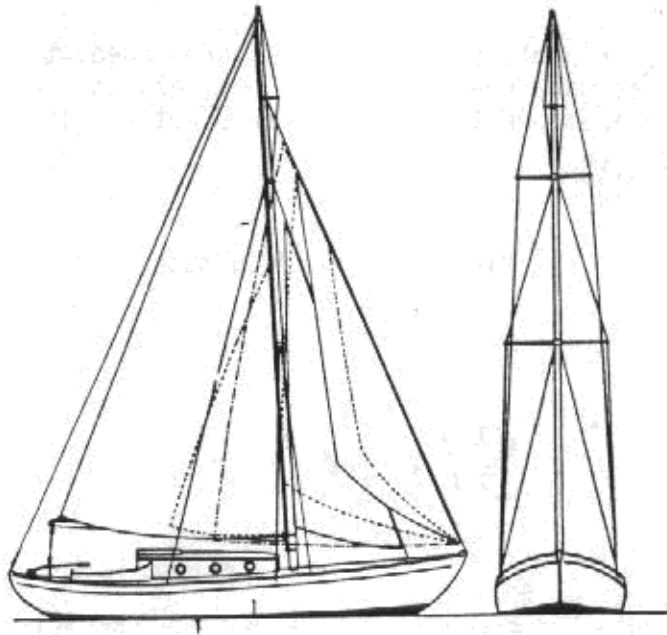
I had for some time been interested in the metacentric shelf method of analysing a design, but after reading many accounts of the procedure I never succeeded in mastering the exact technique. After sailing Robert Clark's **MYSTERY** I was so impressed with her perfect balance that I determined that I must understand Admiral Turner's discovery.

A study of metacentric designs showed me that, although I had been quite right in my treatment of sterns, I had obviously not filled in the bow enough. The result was that I designed **SINAH** with the idea that she would be properly balanced. Mr. Welch very kindly got out for me what he called a curve of centres of heeled sections. This was a very non-committal term, but it is really a metacentric shelf plotted from an axis at right angles to the inclined waterlines starting from the intersection of the load waterlines and the central upright axis of the body=plan. This is what I call the Welch Axis and use it to get out the shelf rather than the actual metacentric axis. It is quite unnecessary to take the trouble to calculate out the metacentre, for this point has really nothing to do with analysis. Later we find the prometacentric axis by a process of trial and error, and this is all that we need.

Then one day Admiral Turner asked me to go down to Hayling Island and spend a week-end with him so that he might teach me how to work out a shelf. I took the design of **SINAH** with me, and he worked out her analysis. When I saw the actual working of the scheme I at once saw how simple and how valuable it was, and from that time I was able to design with the knowledge that I was no longer dependent upon mere inspection of the lines but had in my hand a method of actual measurement. I could get a graph that at once showed the relationships of the displacement fore and aft.

As a matter of fact, **SINAH**, designed entirely by eye, turned out absolutely correct. Her analysis is accurate, in that curve a, or rather -a, is -c, but a + c is not -b. This means that she is not quite a metacentroid. The curves shown are plotted upon the actual metacentric axis. It is necessary to draw another axis parallel to the metacentric axis, that allows the equation to balance, but two or three shots will get it right. This new axis is the prometacentric axis. The analysis shown in the drawing was done by Admiral Turner himself, and I called the design **SINAH** because the Admiral lived in Sinah Lane.

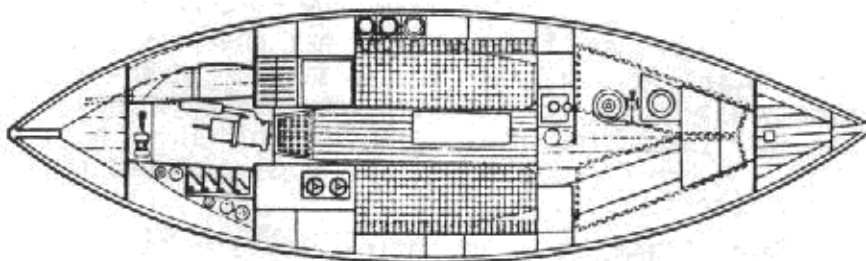
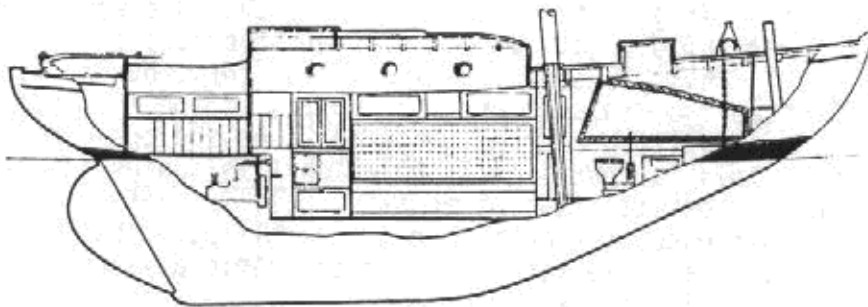
The design was built to by Mr. E. F. Hingeley at a Danish yard, and the build-

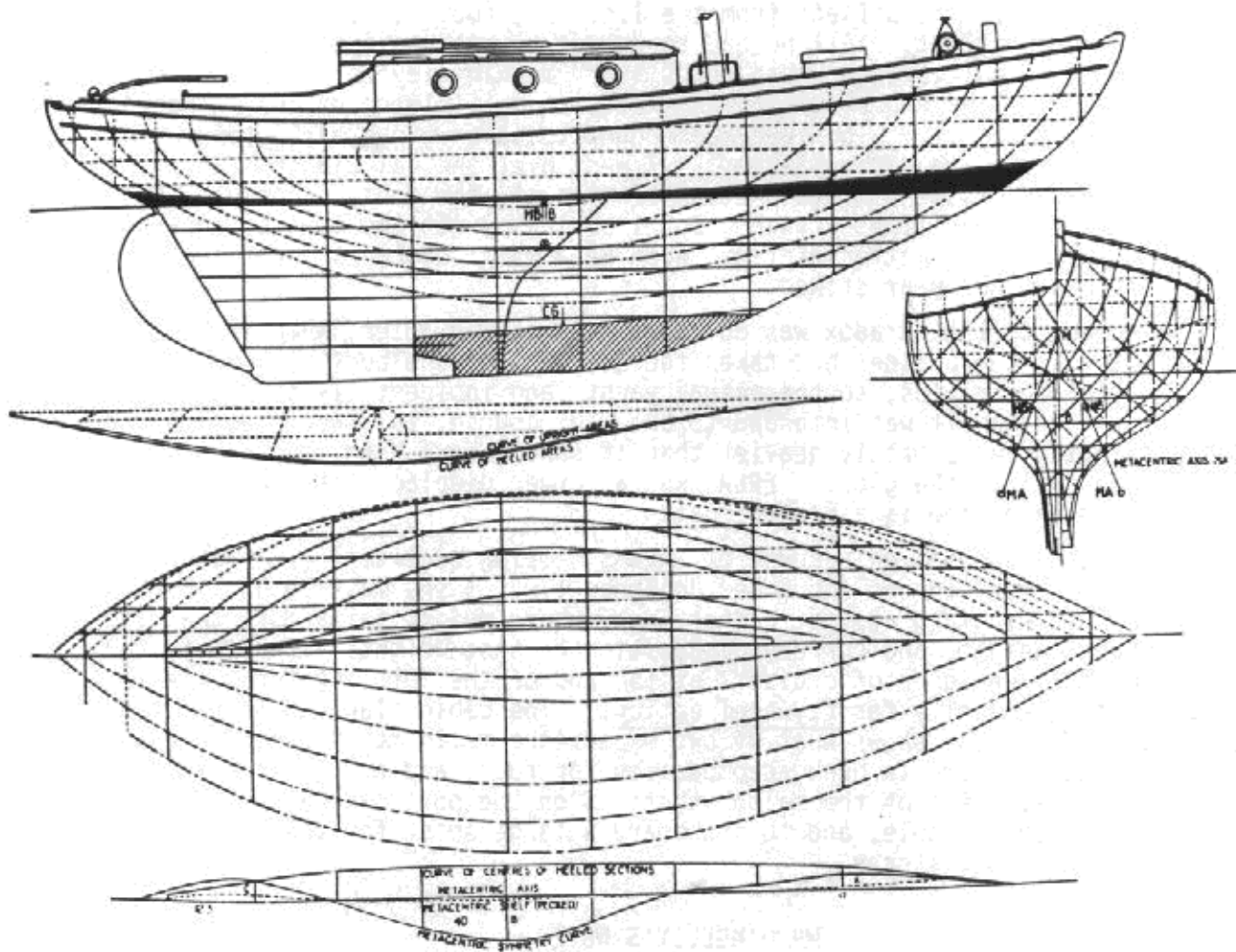


DIMENSIONS

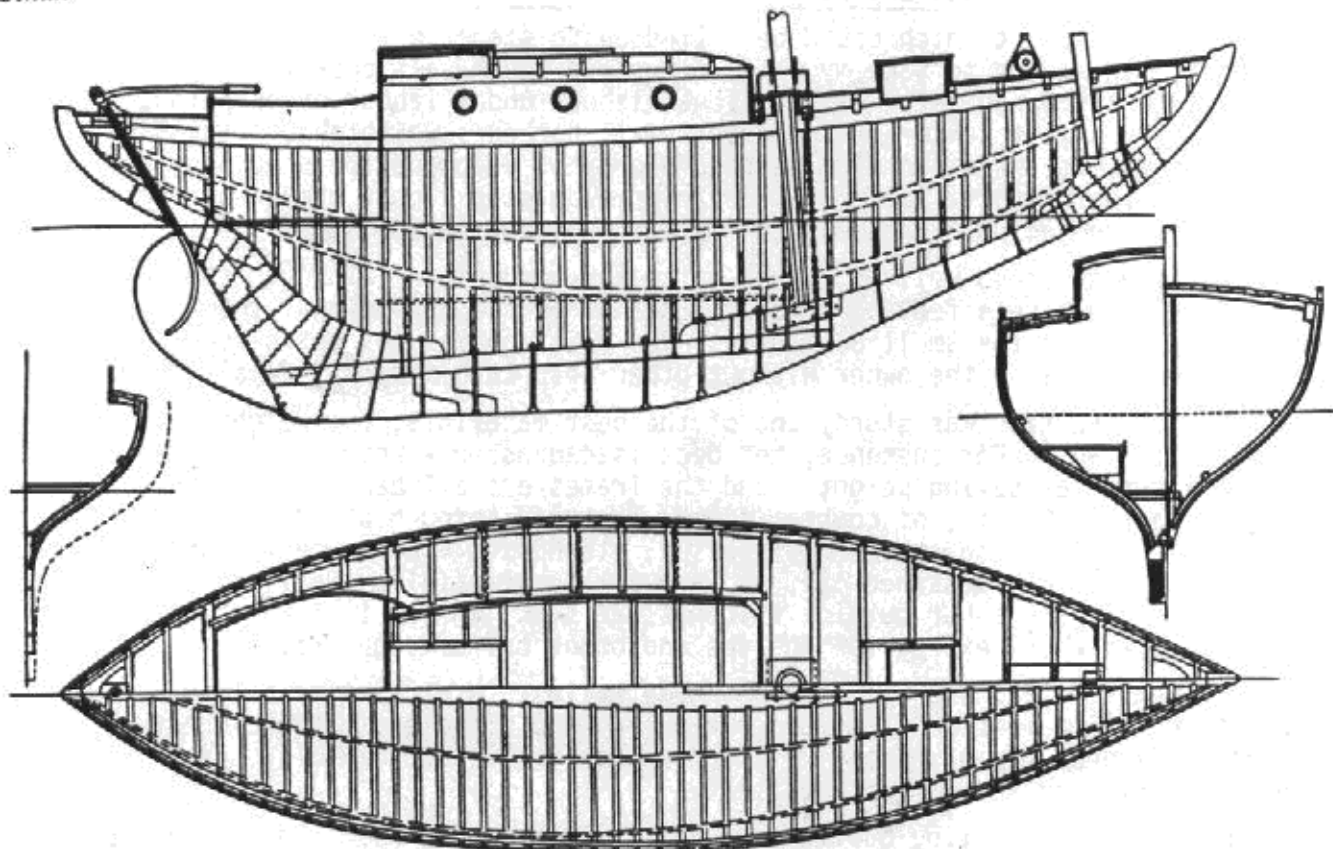
L.O.A.	.. .. .	31ft.
L.W.L.	.. .. .	24ft.
Beam	.. .. .	8ft. 6ins.
Draft	.. .. .	5ft.
T.M.	.. .. .	8 tons
Displacement	.. .. .	6 tons

Trysail	.. .. .	72 sq. ft.
Mainsail	.. .. .	254 sq. ft.
Foresail	.. .. .	70 sq. ft.
Jib	.. .. .	92 sq. ft.
T.S.A.	.. .. .	416 sq. ft.
Second jib	.. .. .	33 sq. ft.
Genoa	.. .. .	217 sq. ft.
Yankee	.. .. .	124 sq. ft.





*Sinah*



er had to make all the offsets from the  $\frac{1}{2}$ in. to a foot scale and read them off as a metric equivalent. All he had to do was to measure the offsets with his metric rule and multiply the reading by 16. Mr.Hingeley tells me that his builder said that he had become quite expert in multiplying by 16! Then came a curious discrepancy. The lead keel ought to have weighed 1.95 tons, but it actually was 2.83 - a serious error. I went over the calculation many times, using a drawing of the keel to a scale of  $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. to the foot, or double the size of that shown on the lines drawing, but I could not get the correct answer, and I gave it up. As a matter of fact, when ERLA was launched she was above her marks, with all her gear stowed.

The answer to the paradox was obtained a long time after, when Mr.Hingeley found out that the builder had taken the sections of the body-plan to those of the frames or moulds, so the actual yacht, and incidentally the lead keel, is 2in. wider than it was intended to be. Of course, this would account for the keel being considerably heavier than it should have been. Probably the mistake was all to the good. ERLA was a larger displacement than she was intended to have, and is a bigger boat.

Mr.Hingeley appends an account of ERLA's sailing qualities. If she is really two or more inches above her designed l.w.l., she must be handicapped in turning to windward against a short sea, where weight tells more than anything else - weight, and correct disposition of that weight. Kunhardt, the great American designer of cruisers at the end of the 19th. century, always stressed the necessity for flywheel action. The cabin plan shown is not that built into ERLA, but shows what my own experience tells me is useful for a family yacht. There is bunk accommodation for four, and a fifth can sleep on the cabin sole. Aft of the saloon there is on the port side a large oilskin locker and a chart-table, and to starboard a large space for the galley and galley utensils and stores.

#### MR.HINGELEY'S NOTE

Since the performance of any boat must obviously be relative, in any summing up the purposes she is intended to fulfil must be understood.

I wanted a craft which could be relied on to stand up to any reasonable weather, big enough to take my wife, two girls and myself coastwise cruising, yet not too big to be sailed alone without undue labour or exertion. She must be able to enter the numerous small harbours which abound in Scandinavian waters, have standing height, plenty of accommodation, and provide full cruising comfort. I do not believe in building a boat around her accommodation, and actually accepted the design without an inside plan.

The scheme worked well and I had a first-class ship. Although she was big enough to give a feeling of confidence under all conditions, she falls essentially into the small boat class, and maintenance does not become a labour when done by the owner without other help than from his female crew.

The construction was sturdy and of the best materials, but weight has been kept down. For instance, her deck is canvassed - which makes it watertight as well as saving weight - and the frames are all bent except in way of the mast. She is, of course, copper-fastened throughout. Planking is selected pitchpine, the stem, keelson, sternpost, floors, deck beams, carlines, &c., are seasoned oak, and are all substantial. Rail, coamings, cockpit and other outside fittings are teak, whilst inside mahogany is used everywhere except for shelves and other out-of-sight fittings.

Her keel is lead and she has no inside ballast, as I like my bilges sweet and unencumbered. Between the saloon and the cockpit there are two continuous deck beams which give great rigidity and, incidentally, provide a sheltered and comfortable seat.

How about her sailing qualities? Well, ERLA can be fast and she can be slow! Naturally, according to how the conditions suit her. With a heavy Baltic sea and a one-reef breeze a point forward of the beam I have logged



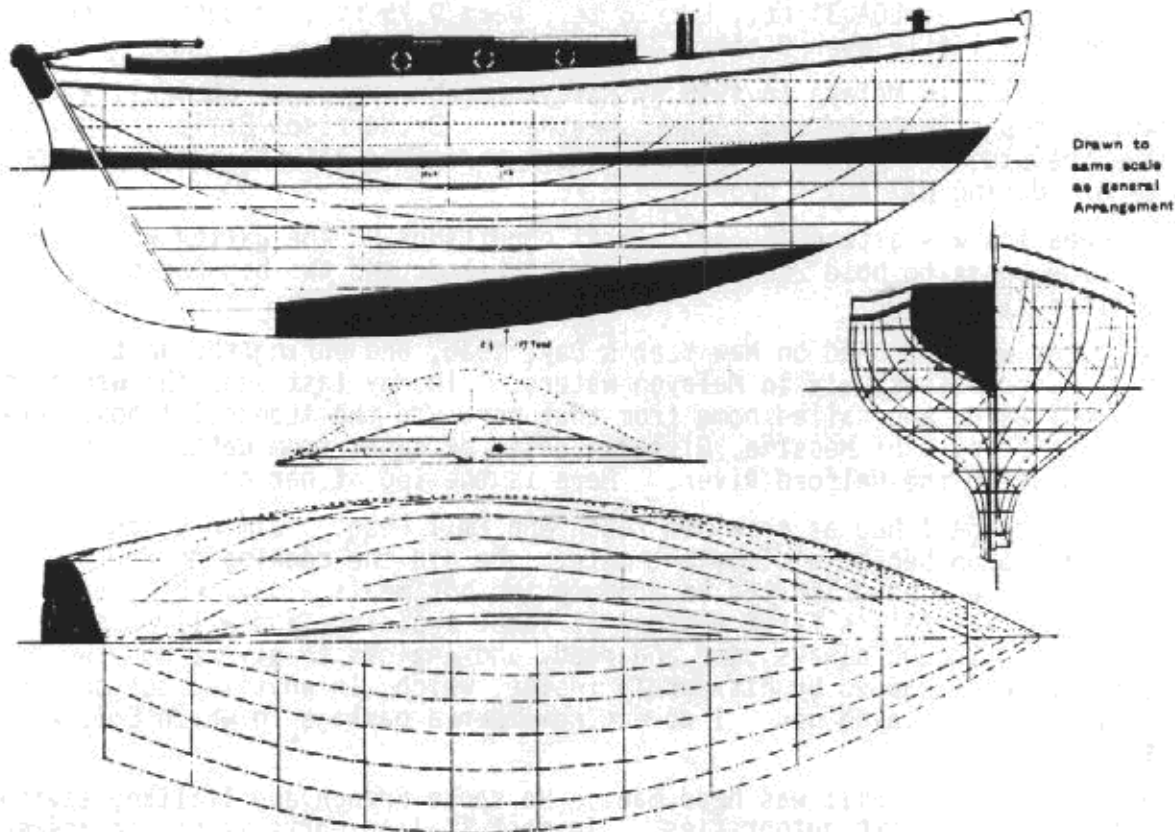
a genuine six knots. On another occasion close-hauled in a short hollow Kattegat sea with full sail we have had the way knocked off us as we put our nose into every fourth or fifth trough, and have had to keep the Stuart Turner auxiliary ticking over to make any reasonable progress. I think this is purely ballast and sail trim. I added a high-footed but oversize jib to my sail locker just before the war, and that improved her performance on a wind with a short sea, but I badly wanted a better staysail. The one I had was badly cut, and subsequent alterations were merely attempts to remove the main deficiencies. It could never be a good sail. As regards ballasting, we were two or three inches above our marks, and I never had the chance to put her down where she was intended to be. With these two points attended to I believe the only serious cause for criticism would disappear. She was stiff, but not too stiff. For Baltic conditions, perhaps a little under-canvassed, but I made up for that by a magnificent balloon jib of greater area than the mainsail, which could be sheeted to sail five points off the wind.

No matter what weather we sailed in, so long as there was no water from above the helmsman required no oilies, but the passengers did, as the gutters at the after end of the coachroof were not high enough and if there was a lot of water about it was apt to cascade down their necks. The normal angle of heel was about 20 deg., which is attained fairly soon, but it takes a lot of wind to put the rail down and only on very rare occasions have I had the deck awash in a particularly vicious squall. On all points of sailing the steering is light and definite, and my girls have handled her for hours without strain or fatigue, although they were not long in their teens.

Inside she was a real home, and we had some rare times together in her. Of course, I had too short a time to get things to rights. There were at least two seasons' work still to be done before we could have settled down and felt that we had completed our trials. But during the one and a half seasons we had her we came to the conclusion that our wishes had been - or were on the way to being - satisfactorily fulfilled.

April 1943.

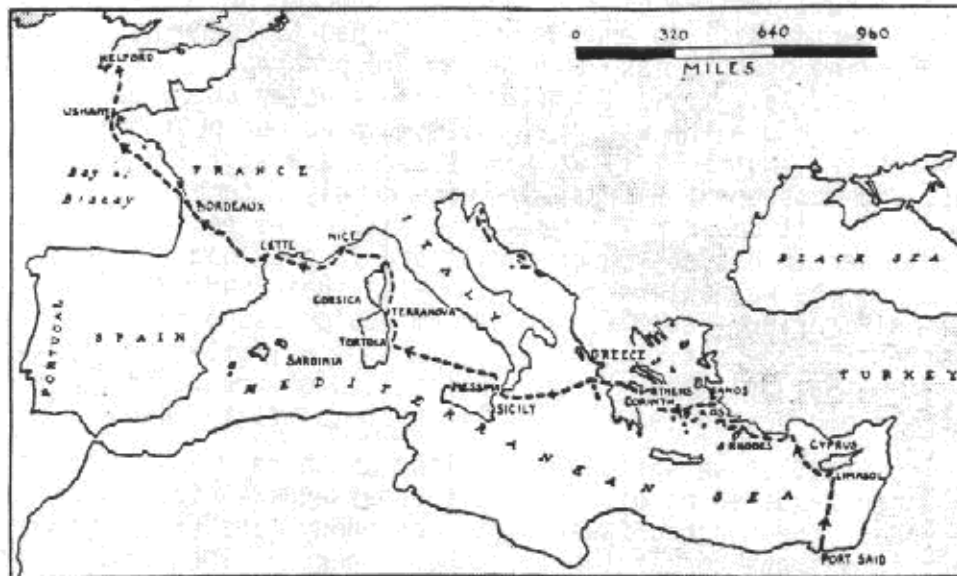
WEST WIND



Drawn to same scale as general Arrangement

DESIGN No. 2 SINGLE-HANDED WEEK-END CRUISER BY MR. T. HARRISON BUTLER

L.O.A., 34.16 ft.; L.W.L., 31 ft.; Beam, 7.08 ft.; Draught, 4.16 ft.; Iron Keel, 1.57 tons; Displacement, 3.8 tons; T.M., 4 tons.



*Track of Mat Ali's cruise.*

From Port Said to Helford  
Bringing an 11-Tonner Home from the East  
BY  
E. J. C. EDWARDS

**MAT ALI**, an 11 tons T.M. Bermudian cutter, was built to the design of Dr. Harrison Butler's *Khamseen*, published in *The Yachting Monthly*, January, 1931. Her dimensions are: LOA 31 ft., LWL 28 ft., beam 9.75 ft., draught 5.5 ft., displacement a little over 9 tons.

She was built in Malaya in 1935 by Malay boat-builders, of chengal, a local hardwood, copper fastened and copper sheathed. Dr. Harrison Butler kindly let me have the blue prints, and was good enough to answer all the fool questions put to him during **MAT ALI**'s growth.

Accommodation was altered to suit local conditions. The galley was brought aft, an ice chest to hold 200 lb. of ice installed, and two big Dorade type ventilators fitted.

The yacht was launched on New Year's Day, 1936, and during the next 16 months cruised extensively in Malayan waters. In May last year she was shipped to Port Said, and sailed home from that port via the Aegean Islands, Corinth Canal, Straits of Messina, Riviera Coast, by canal from Cete to Bordeaux - and so to the Helford River. Here is the log of her cruise:

On this voyage I had as crew Jim Leach and Emil Fesq. Jim had done some sailing, and soon became a competent mate. He did the cooking during the entire voyage, and never failed to produce two hot meals a day, whatever the weather. It was Emil's first venture at yacht cruising, and will possibly be his last. Though always game and ready and anxious to give a hand when able, he was handicapped by his unruly inside, which, in anything but smooth water, invariably played up. I do not remember a passage in which Emil was not sick.

In port, however, Emil was head man. He spoke French and Italian, saving us endless trouble with authorities. In most Italian ports we had to answer innumerable questions, not only about ourselves but also about our forefathers.

Before leaving Singapore we bought sufficient tinned provisions for the

whole voyage. Bread, eggs, ice, fruit and butter were bought wherever possible en route. The big success in the commissariat was the tinned potatoes, which were excellent.

On the morning of Monday, May 24, **MAT ALI** was placed in Suez Canal waters via the **CITY OF DERBY**'s derrick, the mast stepped by the same means, and an orgy of fitting-out began.

Wednesday, May 26. - 4 a.m., some 40 hours after leaving the deck of the **CITY OF DERBY**, **MAT ALI** left the snug berth in Port Said given us by the Canal Company on the first leg of the cruise, to Cyprus.

The passage was uneventful. Light breezes from various directions until midnight on the 28th, and into Limasol, which, to the surprise of the navigator and relief of the crew, appeared over the bowsprit end at 10.50 a.m. A car was hired and a trip made to Nicosia in the afternoon.

For time on the voyage I depended on a Schooner radio set and a watch. Unfortunately the set had been damaged in transit to Port Said, where Mr. Turney had sent it to await our arrival. I managed to get time from Cairo, but only with headphones, and faintly at that. In Limasol I could not get the trouble diagnosed, so Kastelorizzo, where there is a big Italian wireless station, was made the next port of call.

Sunday, May 30. - Left Limasol at 4 p.m., and spent a filthy night beating along the SW coast of Cyprus against a strong WNW breeze and biggish sea.

Monday was a lovely day, N to NW breezes. Beat up the West Coast of Cyprus.

Tuesday, June 1. - Another lovely day, but only light variable breezes. The engine was run during intervals of calm. At 11 p.m. the triple flash of Cape Khelidonia was sighted, bearing NW.

Wednesday morning was spent sailing along the Karamania coast at a distance of two or three miles. In the afternoon it blew hard from NW. Shortened down by stages to five rolls in mainsail, no foresail and small jib. At 10 p.m. the wind dropped, and after an interval of calm, in which we rolled and rolled and rolled, a light breeze came in from the SW, which blew us into Kastelorizzo on Thursday, June 3, at 4.50 a.m.

I am not attempting to describe the beauty of this lovely place. Kastelorizzo is an Italian island off the Turkish coast. A little land-locked harbour, clear blue water, white houses and sailing coasting craft of all descriptions off the quay. During the morning we watched a small barquentine being careened for a scrub.

The officer in charge of the wireless station kindly came himself and righted our set. His small daughter came aboard with him, and appeared to distrust our chocolate, as a bar I gave her, instead of being eaten, was rubbed over her face, her address and my settee cover while we were busy diagnosing the cause of the anaemia of the wireless.

Friday, June 4. - Passage from Kastelorizzo to Rhodes was uneventful, Rhodes harbour being entered under power in a calm at 2.15 a.m. on Saturday, June 5. We moored between Paul Hammond's (American) ketch **LANDFALL** and a cutter, **THE VISION OF ST. ANTHONY**, in which Commander and Mrs. Montague had sailed up from New Zealand. **LANDFALL** sailed after breakfast for Athens, and the Visions and Mat Alis indulged in a somewhat hilarious lunch at the Savoy.

I have a son at Dartmouth whom I had not seen for four years, so, being anxious to be home for the summer holidays, our stay in ports was usually limited to one night.

Sunday, June 6. - Away at 4.30 a.m. for Kos. An enjoyable sail, except for a squall at 7.30 p.m. which came shrieking down the side of a mountain just as supper was laid. Chaos above and below. Kos was reached at 5.30 a.m. on Monday, June 7.

Tuesday, Jun 8. - We left at 3 a.m., a wild morning and an exciting start. As in most Mediterranean ports, the method of mooring here is with anchor out ahead and stern warped to the quay. I always dropped the anchor well out in the harbour, to facilitate getting away, and also because I could not quite get away from the danger of dragging a few feet and smashing the rudder. Getting away drill was: Heave in chain and ease stern line until clear of other craft at the quay; let go stern line, then crew made sail while I hove short. This particular morning, in the dark, instead of just heaving short I (probably still semi-conscious) hove the anchor right up. We careered across the harbour with no one at the helm, mainsail half up and jib, which had been loosed but not hoisted, making a thorough nuisance of itself. I understand no Greek or Italian, and was unable to appreciate the trend of remarks crooned at us from caiques that we missed by inches.

The passage from Kos to Port Tigani, Samos Island, was thoroughly unpleasant. Strong head winds all the way, and short, difficult sea.

We arrived in Port Tigani at 9 a.m. next day, and motored over to Vathi, a pretty seaside town on the north side of the island. From Samos we sailed without incident to Athens, calling at Syros Island en route.

As a specimen passage, I give the Samos-Syros log in detail:

Thursday, June 10. - At Port Tigani, Samos Island.

5 a.m.-Alarm. Bathed. Tea and fruit. Dinghy lashed on deck.  
6 a.m.-Let go from quay. Anchor foul of a schooner's cable. Raised the cable and cleared.  
6.10 a.m.-Away under power. No wind in harbour. Bar.30.5. Made sail while motoring out.  
6.50.-Stopped engine. Wind NW x N.2. Course as required to follow coast of Samos, westerly.  
8.15.-Passed to windward of Samo Pulo Island. Wind freshening, squalls, bright sunny weather, rather cold.  
9.-Three rolls in mainsail. Stowed foresail. Breakfast in cockpit. Porridge main course.  
10.-Reset foresail. Making short tacks to weather C.Milaki, northern extremity of the Furni Group, a bunch of barren rocks. Sea getting up and wind freshening. Course WSW.  
Noon.-C.Milaki close on port beam. Wind easing. Full sail. Streamed log. Course WSW. Bar.30.  
13.-Wind NW3. Log 5.  
13.40.-Hove-to. Set up rigging screws. Bathed.  
14.-Let draw. Sailing down lee side of Nikaria Island. Grand sailing, but occasional squalls.  
15.-Log 14. Tea on deck.  
16.-Log 17½. Wind all over the place. Bar.29.98.  
18.45.-C.Paphos, south extremity of Nikaria Is., bears N by E, distant 5 miles. Wind N 5. Four rolls in mainsail, stowed foresail and set small jib. Dirty to windward. Course W by S for 38 miles. Log 30.  
19.30.-Supper (sausages, spuds, pancakes).  
20.-Jim noticed that the bight of main sheet is foul of flywheel of log. Reading short. Estimate 9 miles. Awkward that this should happen on the only occasion when we have no large-scale chart.  
Midnight.-Wind easing. Shook out two rolls of mainsail. Set foresail. Log reads 51 (add 9).

Friday, June 11.

2.30.-Position fixed by cross bearings of lights on Delos and Mykonos Islands. Altered course NW. Log 63. Wind N 3. Full sail.  
6.-Syros town in sight. Handed log. Wind N 2. Course NW.  
7.50.-Calm. Engine. Bar.31. Stowed sail.  
8.50.-Moored, stern to wall in Syros.

Distance made good, 88 miles. Time, 26 hr. 50 min.  
Engine time, 1 hr. 40 min. Usual formalities on arrival.  
Breakfast ashore. Cleaned ship. Bathed. Bought vast quantities of Turkish Delight, which is reputed to have originated in Syros.

Saturday, June 12.-Arrival at Athens was made at 9 p.m., and nearly ended in disaster. I had been told in Rhodes to use the yacht basin in Athens, not the Piraeus. If arriving at night to make for a certain position, when a green light would be seen marking the entrance to the yacht basin. A green light was picked up and steered on. When a few hundred yards away the green light revealed itself as an advertisement on a petrol pump, and some "shadows" as rocks. 'Bout ship! The yacht basin proved elusive, but was eventually discovered.

We made an overhaul of the engine an excuse for spending the weekend in Athens. The Royal Yacht Club of Greece, which has a fine club-house on a hill overlooking the basin, kindly made us honorary members during our stay.

Monday, June 14 -Left at 4 p.m. on a short passage of fifteen miles to Kanakia Bay, at the western end of the island of Salamis. A perfect anchorage off a farm, but the peace of the night was disturbed by one of the farm donkeys, which apparently had a pain. Left next morning at 4.30 a.m.- donkey still in pain-and arrived ay Kalamaki at 8.50.

Kalamaki is a little port at the eastern end of the Corinth Canal. We paid 30s. and motored through the Canal, which is three miles long, cut straight through the rock.

After clearing the canal we sailed into Corinth for fruit and ice, and left again at mid-day, with the intention of making a night passage through the Gulf, but at 7 o'clock it came on to blow hard, dead ahead. I decided that beating about the Gulf of Corinth on a dirty night was a fool's game, and an anchorage was therefore sought in Andromache Bay, on the north shore. It is a desolate spot, but the chart indicated good shelter.

Entry to the little bay, which was entirely unlighted, was made just after dark, in fear and trembling, but once inside shelter was perfect. When getting away in the morning LANDFALL was seen emerging from a cove a mile or two farther west.

Wednesday was spent beating through the Gulf of Corinth and the Gulf of Patras against a westerly breeze until midnight, when we brought up in a romantic little bay at the north end of Oxia Island.

Thursday, June 17.-Away at 5.45 a.m., after a glorious bathe. I notice this is the first time bathing is mentioned. Acyually we usually bathed two or three times a day, the ship being stopped for the purpose if necessary.

The sail from Oxia to Cephalonia was made with the spinnaker set. At noon anchor was dropped in Samos Bay. Away again at 2.20 up the Ithaca Channel, the wind in the meantime having gone round with the old quarter, NW, dead ahead. Anchored in Polis Bay, Ithaca Island, at 6 p.m.

Friday, June 18, was spent exploring Ithica. The Ionian Islands are a super cruising ground, an ideal spot for a prolonged stay, but we hardened our hearts, and were underway again at 6.10 on Saturday morning (June 19), bound for the Straits of Messina. Light head winds were the order during most of this passage, the engine being used a good deal. Cape Spartivento, SE corner of Italy, was reached at 5.15 p.m. on Monday, June 21, and, as tide and wind were foul, we brought up off Bova Marina at 7.10.

Tuesday, June 22.-5.30 a.m. Blowing hard from the north. Got away under trysail and baby foresail, and beat through the straits to Messina. I found that by carefully following the Sailing Directions a foul tide can be cheated most of the way, but it means keeping very close in to the shore in places; no game to play at night. It blew hard, and the lee deck was awash, in spite of our small sail area.

Moored in an uncomfortable berth in Messina at 3.30 p.m. This is not a good place to bring a yacht. A peculiar tide appears to keep small craft perpetually rolling. And here we stayed all Wednesday, having dirty linen dhobied.

Thursday, June 24.-4.40 a.m. Away. Passed between Charybdis and Sicily, with moderate to light NW breezes. When passing to leeward of the Lepari Islands the wind boxed the compass, and we passed through an area of confused sea.

At daylight on Friday, the 25th, the breeze died and we motored into Palermo, taking a brigantine in tow. Moored at 9.25 a.m.

Saturday, June 26.-Away at 3.20 a.m., bound for the little island of Ustica. Nice easterly breeze. 11.15 a.m. Anchored in Ustica Roads. 12.30 away, as the island is being used as a sort of Borstal Institution. Visitors unwelcome. The passage from Ustica to the coast of Sardinia was made mostly under power over a smooth, calm sea. I had been warned of the probability of lack of wind on this passage, so had augmented the 12 gallons of kerosene carried in the tank with three tins lashed on deck.

Arrived in Tortola, a dull, miserable spot, at 2 p.m. on Monday, June 28.

Tuesday, June 29.-Away at 5.30 a.m. with a good breeze off-shore, and sailed up the coast of Sardinia, intending to pass through the Straits of Bonifaccio and visit Ajaccio, in Corsica. During the afternoon we picked up a gale warning from a French station. At 8 p.m. we were up at the Straits. By this time it was blowing hard from the west. By 10 o'clock we were down to six rolls in the mainsail, reefed foresail and no jib. It was impossible to make anything to the westward, and I decided to make a fair wind of it up the east coast of Corsica.

At midnight it blew really hard, and the sea was steadily getting worse. If I had not had the lee of Corsica to make for I should have hove-to. One green sea swept over the yacht, fortunately doing little damage. I was alone on deck and had taken the precaution of passing a soul-and-body lashing, or I should have gone over. Once under the lee of Corsica conditions improved, though we experienced some heavy squalls from the mountains.

At noon we anchored off a sandy beach for rest and sleep. Away again at 3.50 p.m., bound for Bastia. Picked up Bastia light at 11.30 p.m. and entered the port at 2.15 a.m. on Thursday, July 1.

Spent the day cleaning ship, drying clothes and buying stores. We were amused by people telling us that we were lucky not to have come the day before, when the wind had been "terrific". I thought: "You're telling me!"

Bastia is well worth a visit. Pleasant harbour and easily reached by yachts cruising on the Riviera coast.

Friday, July 2.-Away at 4.30 a.m. Light breezes from NE, with patches of calm, in which the engine was used-more engine than breeze. Monte Carlo harbour was entered at 7.30 next morning. Fesq had friends ashore, and left, rejoining again at Cannes. Jim and I sailed to Nice during the morning, keeping close in along this lovely coast.

Our passage down the Riviera coast developed, I fear, into a sort of mild pub-crawl. Jim is young and good looking, and developed the entanglement habit. A party on board in San Tropez broke up only just before sailing time.

However, 5.40 p.m. on Wednesday, July, 7, found us entering the little fishing harbour of Carro, a few miles west of Marseilles.

Thursday, July 8, 4.30 a.m.-Left Carro, bound for Cette. By 8 o'clock the wind had hardened from the NW, sea getting up and conditions generally indicative of a mistral. I fear the week's loafing along the playgrounds of the wealthy had destroyed the morale of skipper and crew. We ran for shelter in Port de Bouc.

There we were told that conditions were unlikely to improve for six or nine days. Morale having been re-established by a good rest, we put to sea again the next evening at 8.15.

Port de Bouc to Cette is only 62 miles, but the passage took 35 hours. Crossing the mouth of the Rhone seas were short and inclined to break, but after getting up into the Gulf of St. Marie conditions improved. It blew hard from NW, but by keeping close under the coast the seas were moderate. Most of the passage was made under trysail, full foresail and no jib. The engine was run slow to help the ship point up when the seas would allow without too much "punching."

Arrival in Cette concluded the Mediterranean part of the cruise. Winds were mostly ahead, which was to be expected. In the Aegean the prevailing wind is NW all the summer.

For navigation I used longitude by chronometer at 8 a.m. and 4 p.m., latitude by meridian altitude or ex-meridian, and by Polaris whenever there was a good night horizon. No pilots were employed.

Monday, July 12.-**MAT ALI** was unrigged for passage through the canals. Mast, spars, anchor, chain and all heavy gear were put aboard a chalon, a type of self-propelled barge, in order to reduce the draught. **MAT ALI's** draught is 5ft. 6in., and the canal limit is 5ft. 3in. On paper we rose the necessary 3in., but touched bottom occasionally.

Passage to Bordeaux was made in 10 days. We hurried, as the patron of the chalon expected to make the trip in 12 days, and I wanted a couple of days to paint the deck and topsides in Bordeaux.

The chalon was, however, held up in Toulouse. Arrangements were made for transhipment of gear. Result, a week's delay in Bordeaux. I flew over and spent four days in London.

The chalon carrying the gear arrived in Bordeaux the evening of July 29. At 8 a.m. on the 30th we went under a crane to have the mast stepped, and five-and-a-half hours later we got away under power, reeving running gear as we motored down the river.

By four o'clock we were under sail, beating against a good sea breeze. 6 p.m. tide turned and we anchored off Pauillac.

Saturday, July 31.-Away at 4.30 with a light land breeze. 7 a.m. Anchored off St. Christoley for tide. Noon away under power, calm and foggy. 4 p.m. Anchored in Bonne Anse, on the north shore at the mouth of the river - a snug anchorage but with desolate surroundings. Spent the evening listening to the music of "Floodlight" on the radio, from London.

Sunday, August 1, 2.50 a.m.-Away at half ebb. A fresh land breeze soon took us clear of the shoals, but after passing the last channel buoy we ran into fog, which continued on and off, mostly on, all the way home. Had I realized we were in for a spell of fog I should have shaped a course outside everything, but patches of bright clear weather rather bluffed my judgement.

Anchored off the Ile d'Yeu at 2.20 a.m. on Monday, August 2, and at tide time entered the harbour in search of bread and kerosene.

Passed Belle Isle about 3 a.m. on Tuesday and anchored off Audierne at 5.40 p.m. the same day.

Wednesday, August 4.-Away at 6 a.m., light westerly breeze. 7.30 a.m. fog. Stood off and on, listening to the Raz fog syren, but scared to attempt the passage through the Raz "blind." At 8.30 we fell in with a fisherman in an open boat, who offered to take us through the Raz for fifty francs. Said he "knew the Raz like my hand knew the way into my pocket." Came aboard, took his boat in tow, and proceeded. Our fisherman friend explain-

ed that the secret of fog navigation was never to lose sight of the rocks. I was scared stiff, for I thought we were not going to lose contact. Fog was dense, and the tide, sluicing through, but our ally shaved the rocks with perfect confidence and left us with his 50 francs and a cigar, which delighted him.

The fog cleared by degrees, and Parquette lighthouse was picked up at 2.45. Anchored in Trez Hir Bay at 4.45, in bright sunshine, to await the tide through the Channel du Four.

8 p.m. Away under power, over the last of the ebb. As soon as the flood made the fog again came up with it, but fortunately, before we were shut in we were on the last pair of leading lights, and the passage was made in a state of fright but without misadventure.

We chugged across the Channel in calm and fog until noon, when, with only a gallon of fuel left, and clear of steamer tracks, decided to await a breeze. In the afternoon the fog lifted and we lay basking in hot sun, and not a breath of wind until 1.30 a.m. on Friday, August 6.

By this time the weather was again foggy, but the Lizard light was picked up at 3.40 a.m. bearing NNW, distance doubtful, and was soon shut in again. At 6 o'clock the Lizard was sighted, bearing WNW, distance six miles. Fog soon came down again, but as I know this coast fairly well I stood in, hoping to creep into Coverack.

I caught a glimpse of the Headland Hotel, but was on the point of standing out to sea again for safety when a motor boat loomed out of the fog, and aboard her an old friend, Syd Hocking, of Coverack. He gave me a lead in, and we anchored off the lifeboat slip in dense fog at 7.30 a.m. A Customs officer kindly came over from Falmouth and cleared the yacht, and at 3 o'clock, the fog having completely cleared, we sailed into the Helford River with a spanking breeze, and were greeted with shouts from Trebah beach, where the family were bathing..

So ended a most enjoyable 3000-mile cruise in 72 days.

The cost of shipping **MAT ALI** from Singapore to Port Said by a City Line steamer was £30. This included lifting in and out with ship's gear, the slings only being on my account. These I hired in Singapore and shipped back from Port Said. I paid £2 for the hire.

We paid no harbour dues anywhere, except in Messina, where a small charge was made for an uncomfortable berth.

No charge was made by the canal authorities for passing through the Cette-Bordeaux Canal. A permit was applied for before leaving Singapore. The lock-keepers expect a tip of a few francs; we tipped on a basis of three francs per "deck", so that a double lock earned six francs, and so on.

Apart from these tips, the only expense in the canals is the cost of a crane, 50 francs, at each end, to lift the mast out and in again, and engine fuel. In order to reduce draught, I had to ship some gear on a chalon from Cette to Bordeaux, for which I paid 250 francs.

If the mast is longer than one's ship I think it would be advisable to ship it rather than carry it.

During the voyage we employed "agents" in three ports - Athens, Messina and Palermo. They were, in each case, efficient and expensive. They save trouble and time, but are not necessary. The same voyage, made the other way so as to enjoy a majority of fair wind, and freighting the yacht home from Port Said, would make an ideal summer cruise, taking four to five months in all.

Y.M.

April 1938.

We have heard a lot about **MAT ALI** recently (she featured prominently in "Under Sail") so it seemed appropriate that members know how she came home from Malaya, where she was built.





