



# THE HARRISON BUTLER ASSOCIATION



*"Kelana"*

NEWSLETTER No: **31**

SUMMER **1990**



2 The Chestnuts  
Theale.

May 1990

Dear Members,

During my five weeks at The Crag I made several attempts to write my piece for the Newsletter but mostly, I ended up asleep in my chair, exhausted by my exertions in the garden, trying to make something out of the aftermath of the January storms which destroyed 7½ very large sixty-five years old windbreak trees. A garden shed was flattened and the roof of a boathouse was stove in. As far as we have been able to see so far, the boats appear not to have been damaged but spars, which were slung under the roof, have suffered some damage.

As a result of being de-treed, our previously splendid view has been made positively splendiferous - but I miss the framework of the trees, and the screen they provided between us and our neighbours below. Also, views and wind go hand in hand and I am fearful of what damage next winter's gales will wreak.

Enough of that and on to H.B.A. matters.

I'm delighted to say that I have twelve more names to add to the List of Members since the Autumn Supplement and I had the pleasure of lunching with one of our new members on my way home. We were hoping that when I had seen his boat he would be able to graduate to Full membership but sadly, the boat is a near-miss. Her builder had convicted her out of his own mouth by confessing that when he lifted her lines from T.H.B.'s book, he made alterations, slackening her bilges and this shews in a certain flatness where a curve should be. If only these "pirated" boats were built correctly it wouldn't matter but over the years they acquire H.B. labels to which they are not entitled and bring disappointment to their owners when the truth is known.

Another non H.B. boat has recently been sold and when I told the vendor (I was too late to forestall the sale) he wasn't very pleased and tried to tell me that not all Colin Archers .... but I said we were not discussing Colin Archers but Harrison Butlers and that if they had not been designed by Dr Harrison Butler they were not H.B.s. She is in fact a Waterbug and I had already made this clear on a previous occasion. He rang off.

You will be able to read what transpired at the A.G.M. by studying the Minutes. No very momentous decisions were required and Denis Murrin was elected Chairman. We might have lost Ron and Mary Goodhand because they resigned, having sold Lindy II but it is the prerogative of the President to be able to confer Honorary Membership and when I invited Ron and Mary to become Honorary Members there was a roar of approval and their names are still on the List.

An Isle of Wight Meet was suggested but in the end it had to be cancelled as nobody could be found to make the arrangements. The Falmouth Meet is going ahead and will of course be over by the time this reaches you and also, I expect will the Classic Boat rallies at Shotley and at the Plym Y.C.. I hope these will have been patronized by H.B. boats. It's good to shew the flag at these events. Last year, Ron and Mary carried off the Plym cup the Concourse d'Elegance, with Lindy. They brought the cup to the A.G.M..

I have heard, via Brian Hawkins, in a letter from Jeff, that he and Kathy have taken Quest off the market: they decided they couldn't bear to part with her and I confess that I am delighted by the news as are all their friends. Frank Hart, too, will be pleased as he said in a recent letter that it always saddened him when he heard of H.B. boats being sold - until he knew they had found caring new owners: or is it a stewardship rather than ownership? I agree with Frank's sentiments.

Frank is coming to England for Christmas after spending some time "doing

Europe". It will be good to see him again but I am afraid he will be gone before the A.G.M. which will be on February 23rd 1991. (Put it in your diary now.) Frank had made one cruise to Tasmania and was hoping to go again at Easter. He sent a newspaper cutting about a catamaran building project which his younger son had undertaken. Unfortunately, the owner ran out of funds so that work had stopped on that boat in favour of other craft. He, Frank, thought that both Amiri and Thuella were on the market, Amiri because Richard and Maureen are having a larger boat built - not an H.B., sadly.

Geoff Taylor wrote to tell me that he had set off with a friend, from Gibraltar, to help him to sail his boat to New Zealand but they had been obliged to turn back as the friend became very seasick and as a result, very dehydrated and as he was a kidney sufferer it would have been unwise to continue. Thus, Geoff put Faineante back in the water and sped to Tortola. He must be nearly if not quite back by now. I wonder if we can get him to the Falmouth Meet?? In Watermaiden???

If you see a non H.B. boat on the cover it is because we haven't at the moment a suitable photograph of Freiga to use. "Mir" is a Russian training ship which sailed out of Falmouth on Easter Sunday making a beautiful sight, unfurling her sails as she proceeded. Freiga is built to my father's "Russia" design, named thus because a boat was built to it in Russia. More than that we know not but, as mentioned in the last issue, Freiga, the boat which took so long a'growing, was built in Salcombe, by Edgar Cove and John, one of his sons - and an Associate member, is writing of his earliest recollections of the boat with which he grew up, so to speak.

We have a new member in New Zealand, John Graham Powell (and his daughter, Liz Whitehead has joined as an Associate, here, in England) who owns Memory, a Cyclone - not to be confused with the Memory in Eire. Memory's original owner, now in his nineties, is still alive and well and still has the same address as that in my father's address book - and T.H.B. died more than 45 years ago! I think he may also be Quest's first owner too, as the design was sent to him. They both live in Auckland and I have already enlisted John's help, via Liz, because, to my sorrow, Alessandro has had a relapse and is in hospital in Auckland. John is going to visit him and I'm very grateful. It will be good for Alessandro to have a friend when so far from his family. The H.B.A. is like a large family and one is never very far from a member. A comforting thought.

We have reverted to a South Coast venue for the Laying-up Supper and, as the Beaulieu River Meet last Summer was such a success we have asked to be allowed to hold it at the Royal Southampton Y.C., on Saturday, September 15th. Details are on a separate sheet and I look forward to seeing whoever can come. We don't seem to get many Associate members' boats at our Meets but our functions are for all our members.

At The Crag, in early April, there were F.6-8 N.W. winds for about ten days - and was it cold - and on one gale-swept day a cock pheasant tried to walk into the teeth of the wind along the terrace wall, on a day when I had almost been blown over myself while on one foot when coming up a flight of steps to the terrace. The pheasant's feathers were blown every which way and it had to admit a very ruffled defeat and to retire as gracefully as the wind allowed. I was also troubled by amorous seagulls hoping to set up house on our dormer window roof. They made their first landings at about 5.15 a.m. and at intervals thereafter but I never let one sit long enough to lay an egg. What happened after I left? I shall find out next week when I return.

Greetings and good wishes to you all,

Yours aye,

Joan.

P.S. When writing my letter, I omitted to mention that Quest won the contest for the Most Elegant Yacht in the Castlecrag Twilight Races and that she had come second on handicap in a 12 mile offshore race in the Shorthanded Sailing Association in which most of the opposition were 30ft to 35ft yachts and Quest was about 45 years older than most of them.

Kathy has no plans for the next Sydney / Hobart race and Jeff is busy painting for an exhibition and he also has contracts to paint office buildings in the city, one of which was where his father used to work for forty years, until his death. That one has a special interest for him.

Jeff also has a particular interest in Thames Barges: a strange interest for an Australian, he says. He is building a model which is nearing completion.

Remember that John Paton runs a "crew wanted: crew available" service. There has been little response so far.

If you want burgees, house-flags or ties, get in touch with Peter Hasler.

When you receive the 1990 List of Members, please check that your own entry is correct and let me know if I have blundered. Jane Wrightson has offered to put it on a floppy disc so perhaps after this year we may produce fault-free lists. If you object to your name being put on a floppy disc, either for the List of Members or for labels for posting mail to members, please let me know but I hope you will allow it because it will lighten the Hon. Secretary's work-load no end!

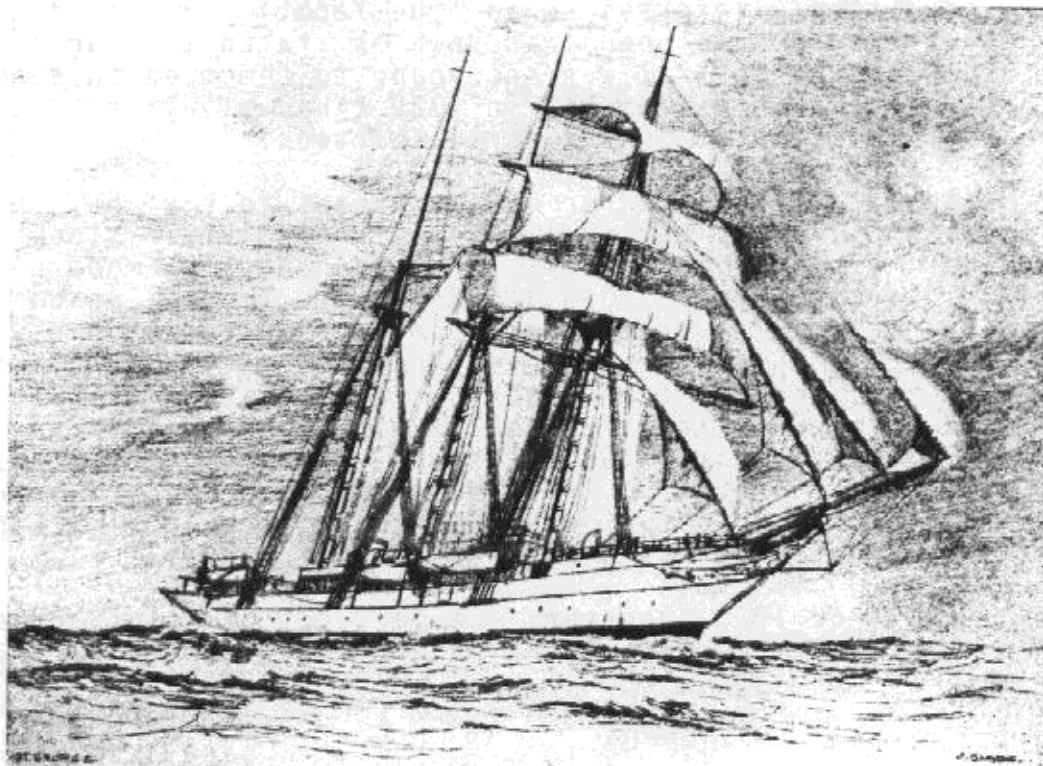
Peter the Editor is pleased to receive "copy" for Newsletters, also, photographs of your boat (upright and, preferably, black and white) for Newsletter covers.

Peter the Treasurer is pleased to receive your subscriptions and so, if perchance you have forgotten to pay your 1990 subscription, this is a good moment to make out a cheque and send it to him.

We haven't had much success with our Meets this season: for lack of support we hav had to cancel the Falmouth Meet. Sad.

My postscript is now concluded.

O.J.J.B.



C O R R E S P O N D E N C E

(A much appreciated letter from John Cove on the subject of FREIGA)

The Coach House,  
Buckland tout Saints  
Kingsbridge,  
Devon TQ7 2DS

29th May 1990

Dear Peter,

I am writing to you at Joan's request to expand a little on the piece about FREIGA on page 3 of the HBA Newsletter No.30.

My Father Edgar Cove started to build boats in Salcombe on his own account in 1909 after serving his apprenticeship in Salcombe and then working for further experience at James Taylor of Chertsey and Wm Fife of Fairlie, where he was involved with one of the early America's Cup challengers. However, all his initial production at Salcombe consisted of open motor, sailing and rowing boats for use in harbour, plus a large number of whalers, cutters, &c. for the Admiralty during the 1914-1918 war.

After the war for some years the demand for open boats continued and Father's interest in sailing led him to build and compete in a number of local classes up to 20' long as well as several of the earliest 14' International sailing dinghies. However, he wished to branch out into cruising yachts and came into contact with H.B. regarding designs. I know that they met on a number of occasions but unfortunately no documentation of these contacts remains. The outcome, however, was that Father decided to build the boat now called FREIGA but at the time for many years simply referred to as 'the Yacht' as a speculative venture and she must have been laid down as stated in your Newsletter in about 1929 - I was too young to remember this and until I read that HR had seen her in 1929 I had always assumed that she had been started in the early thirties.

I do not need to swell on her design except to say that she was built with a view to having a twin cylinder Kelvin sleeve valve engine - a pretty massive piece of machinery by modern standards - driving a two-bladed Kelvin folding propeller on the starboard quarter. My first memories of her were when she was about half planked up and building progressed pretty slowly because she was being built on spec and had to be put aside every time a firm order materialised. Slowly, however, she took shape and finally had laid teak decks plus the cabin top and fore hatch, cockpit seats and, down below, the bunks, bulkheads and forward cabin in which was a simple bucket toilet. I had many hours playing in her as a boy and imagining myself at sea!

In about 1935 or 1936, however, the yard got its first orders for more boats for the Admiralty as part of the Country's

rearmament programme and this work continued to keep the yard working at full capacity right up to the end of the war. Consequently, nothing whatever was done to her after 1936 except that she had to be hastily launched in an unfinished condition when the yard was largely destroyed by a direct hit by a bomb in 1943. The bomb exploded only about 50' from the yacht as she sat on her stocks but the force of the blast was taken by our steam engine, part of which was blown several hundred yards, and a concrete pillar. She escaped virtually without damage and as the bomb fell during the lunch hour there were only two men left in the yard who were mercifully unhurt as they sheltered under a bench.

A squad of men arrived to rebuild the yard as a matter of urgency and the yacht, being in the way, was unceremoniously launched and spent the rest of the war and a year or two post-war in a mud berth in our private dock behind our house until she was finally bought and sent to Upham's for finishing off. In the meantime, the engine had been put into another boat but I think she still had the folding propeller when she went away.

I can remember being somewhat disappointed when I heard that she had gone because I had been away from Salcombe for some time and when I came out of the Navy I was working in Colchester and was hatching a plan to finish her off and use her myself for cruising!

I can remember seeing her in Torquay harbour at one time and then she disappeared and I never heard of her again until I was told by a friend that she was now called FREIGA and was in South Wales being overhauled. The present owner has kindly sent me a picture of her and I hope to see her again one of these days.

I hope that you do not find this all too long-winded but it does at least explain why she must be a contender for the HB yacht which spent the longest time building.

Yours sincerely,

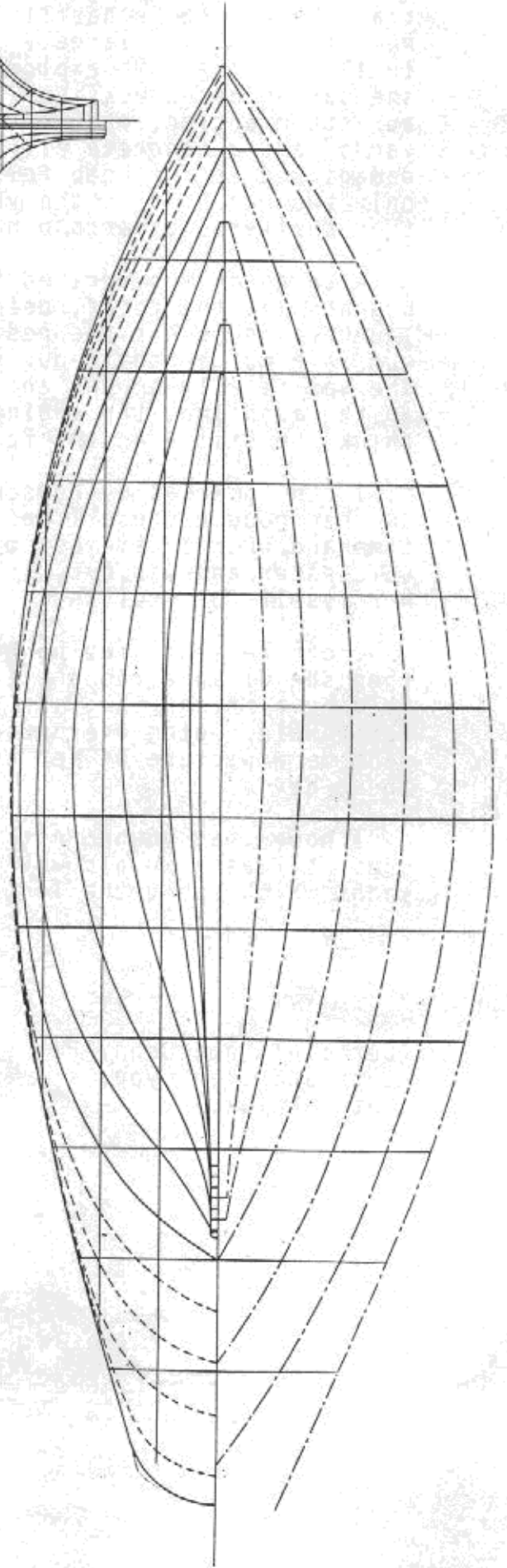
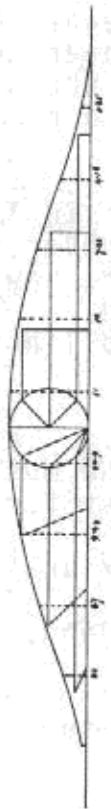
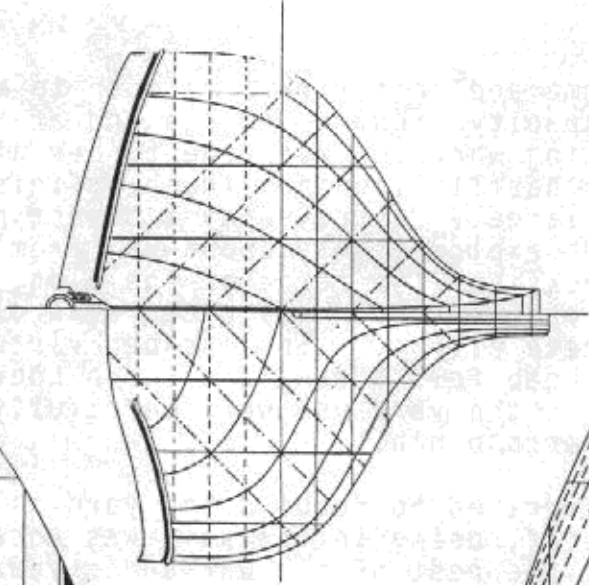
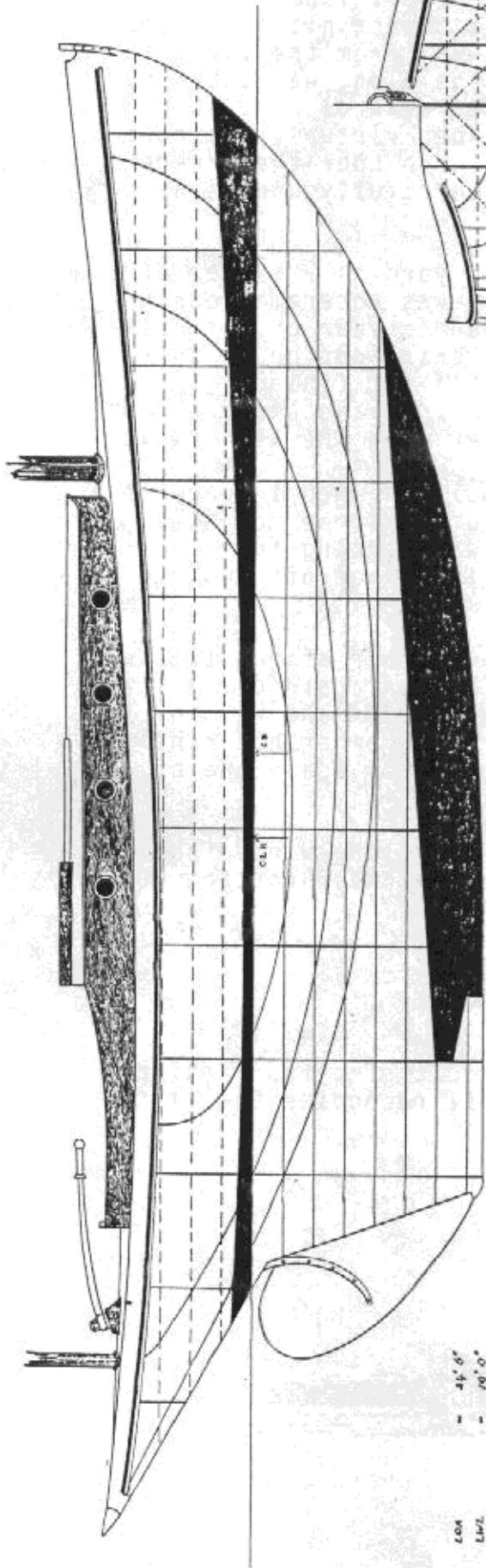
John Cove.

(Certainly not John - it seems but a précis of a fascinating story and thank you. I am sure you will recognise the little sketch below.)



THE NEW STONE, RIVER YEALM

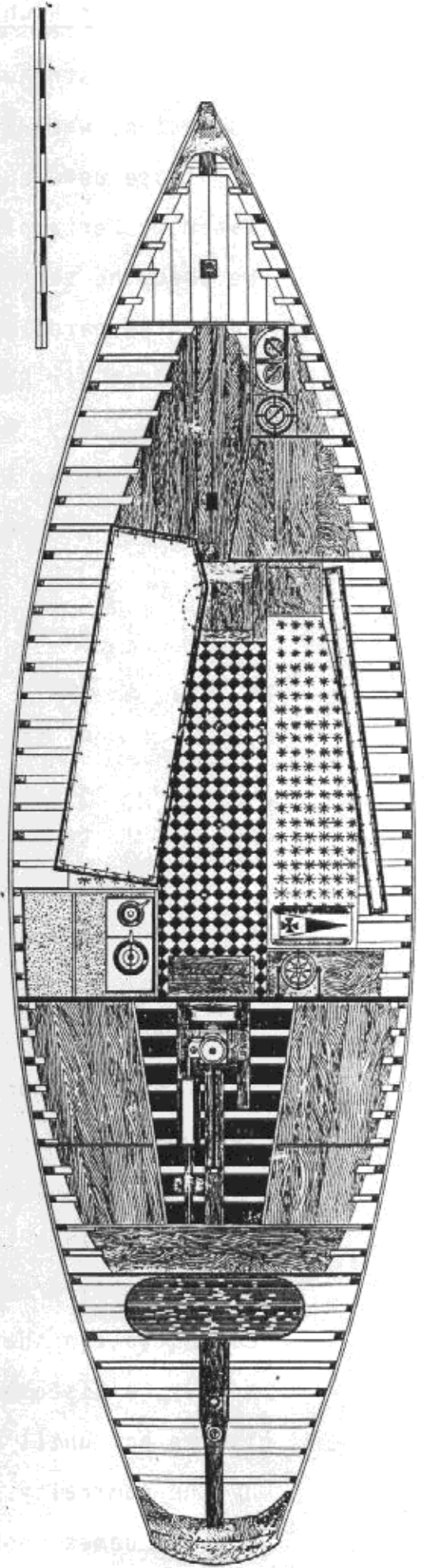
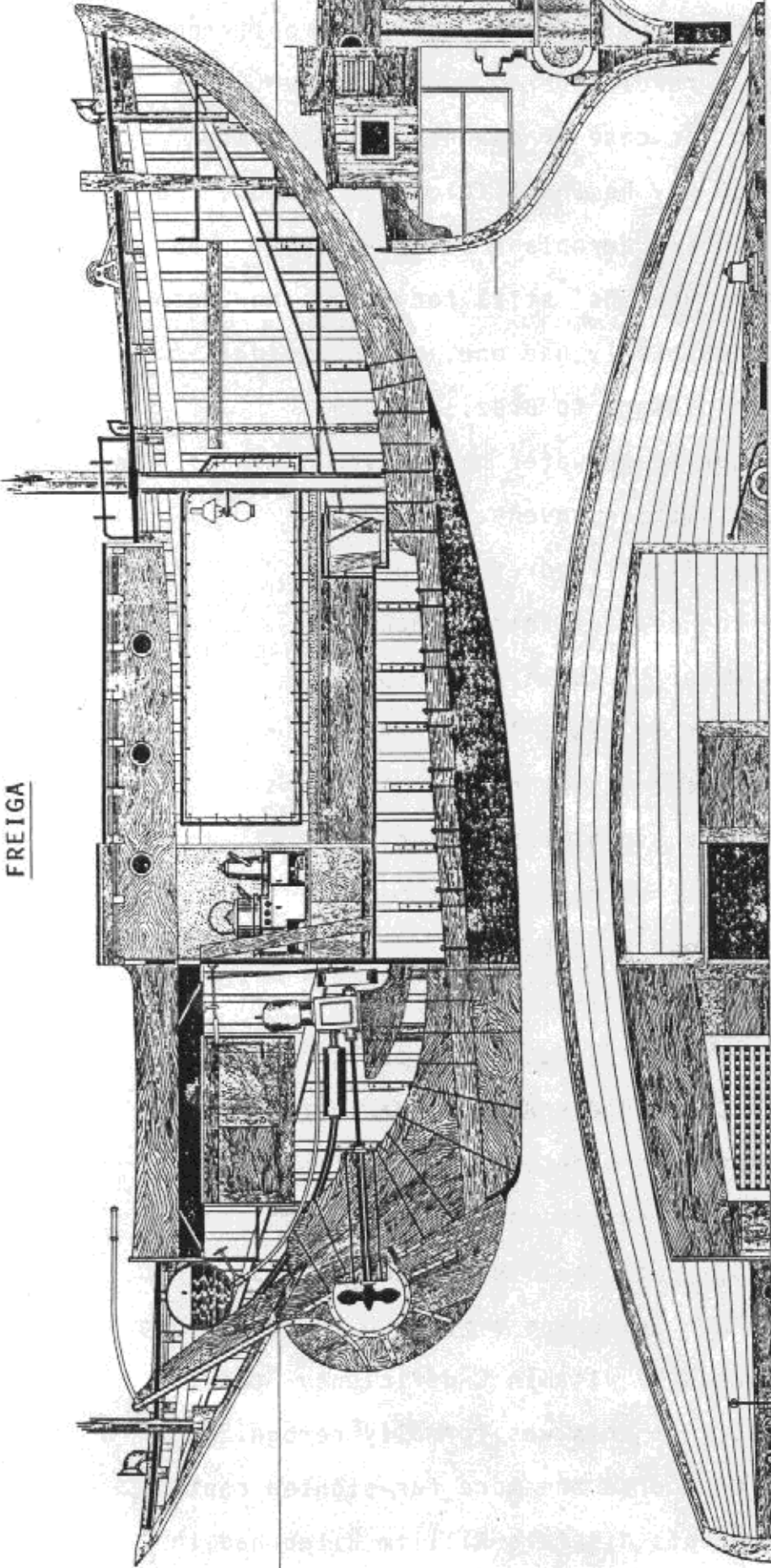
FREIGA



LOA - 44' 6"  
 LWL - 39' 0"  
 LBP - 21' 0"  
 BEAM - 7' 1"  
 DRAUGHT - 3' 9"  
 DISPLACEMENT - 3.5 TONS  
 FROM KEEL - 18 TONS  
 THAMES TUNNAGE 8.65



FREIGA



Sir Richard Hawkins and the Lemons

It is strange that sometimes an important fact or invention, well-known to one age, can fall into oblivion or disuse before being re-discovered sometimes centuries later. Certainly in the case of inventions the reason may be that the technology may be insufficient to support the idea - Leonardo da Vinci's aeroplane is an example. But what about Sir Richard Hawkins' still for producing fresh water at sea? He undoubtedly had one, but how did it work? Here he is on passage to Brazil in 1593:

"Although our fresh water had failed us ... yet with an invention I had in my ship, I easily drew out of the water of the sea sufficient quantity of fresh water to sustain my people ... the water so distilled we found to be wholesome and nourishing."

Bearing in mind the usefulness (if not the efficiency) of their pumping engines, surely it must have been within the power of the ingenious Elizabethans to have produced this still in quantity sufficient for it to have prevented the dreadful stories of the effects of drought at sea epitomized for us in Coleridge's **Ancient Mariner** and other yarns of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries?

Sir James Lind, the first physician at Haslar Hospital, is generally credited, in a treatise written in 1753, with demonstrating that lemon juice was effective in preventing scurvy, a disease caused by vitamin C deficiency, though it was not until 1795 that this was formally recognized by the Admiralty. Of course the more far-sighted captains such as James Cook and his disciple William Bligh had in

the mean time encouraged the use of anti-scorbutics aboard their own ships, and it is difficult not to smile at the description of some of Cook's seamen earning the approval of their beloved captain by returning from a run ashore with handfuls of green salad. The point is, though, that 'the wonderful secret' and 'great virtue' of oranges and lemons had been known to be 'a certain remedy' for scurvy two centuries earlier, when Hawkins was cruising off the Spanish Main:

"My company began to fall sick of a disease which seamen are wont to call the scurvy ... and began to die apace."

From past experience, Hawkins propounded four remedies: clean clothes; regular exercise (the compulsory dancing Bligh imposed upon the crew of the *Bounty* in 1788 comes to mind); good water (from his still?) and, 'most fruitful for this sickness', oranges and lemons. When he had the chance to ask a friendly local governor for a long list of stores, including 'two or three hundred oranges and lemons and some hens' the official regretted that 'in consideration of the war between Spain and England' he could not oblige Hawkins, except in the matter of some oranges and lemons, which, 'coming aboard of our ships, there was great joy amongst my company, and many, with the sight of the oranges and lemons, seemed to recover heart.'

With the passage of time, the equally efficacious limes, grown in the British colonies of the West Indies, came to be substituted for lemons, hence the American soubriquet 'limey' for an Englishman and lime-juicer for his ship. The present writer remembers 'limers' being issued in powdered form aboard one such in 1944 - are similar issues still made?

P.W.Hasler.

## TRADE WIND TO AMERICA

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At the end of the hurricane season we headed **TRADE WIND** east along the Venezuelan coast almost to Trinidad before heading north back to the Caribbean Islands. It was still a hard thrash in wild trade wind conditions with a 30 mile a day current dragging us towards Panama. Under the circumstances we were well pleased to reach the lee of Grenada with only five upwind miles to St Georges.

Hard beating became the order of the day as we worked the heavily laden **TRADE WIND** north through the islands. Each anchorage was a relief and none more so than Beguia. It was like returning home - we'll be back there again someday.

We enjoyed a few gentle sails too, ghosting in the lee of Dominica through a starlit Caribbean night making two or three knots on a flat sea was a passage to remember.

Not until we left Antigua were we able to ease the sheets. The complaint then became "the bloody wind is dead aft", giving us that all too familiar Atlantic roll. We must be hard to satisfy.

Christmas was spent cruising in the Virgins. For almost four weeks there were four of us aboard while my sister and a friend visited. Quite a crush on such a small boat but enormous fun. (I met up with them in Tortola! - Ron).

The big drama was the peeling open of a mast scarph just above the cross-trees. A temporary repair was effected with many yards of car inner tube cut into a long bandage. Even more traumatic were the crane quotes. At \$150 an hour I didn't know whether we were hiring or buying time share. But Jill, ever observant, spied a derelict crane poking out over deep water. We hung our own tackle, lifted out the spar, repaired and returned it to its rightful place, all for the price of the glue.

From the Virgins we headed east towards Puerto Rico. There we cruised the south coast with riotous trade winds up our tail by day and snug anchorages each night.

At Bogueron, on the west coast, **TRADE WIND** was loaded with stores in preparation for the pricey Bahamas.

A poor job was made of the Mona Passage where we unwittingly sailed through the overfalls. We did wonder at the time why the sea was so lively.

Relatively unscathed we arrived after 30 hours at Samana at the eastern end of the Dominican Republic. We loved it there. The people are charming, even the various well-armed officials who crowded aboard **TRADE WIND** making detailed notes of useless information. Most politely they asked if they might search the yacht. The search started forward where the enthusiastic officer attempted to stand up. A mistake with four feet headroom. He then opened the large central locker only to find himself peering into the heads. The search was abandoned.

Hiring motor bikes with another English couple was an enormous success. Hardly another vehicle on the main road and what a joy to be wearing shorts and shirts and still be warm. We left the paved road for a rough track, little more than a dry river bed in places, passed little villages where tobacco was drying under straw roofs and stopped at a small bar where we drank ice cold beer at a few pence a pint. At the end of the road we found a five mile crescent beach, white sand, coconut palms and lively surf and

all to ourselves. Back to the main road, lunch at a neat little cafe and later a walk to a waterfall where we could enjoy a 40 foot freshwater shower.

The market too was unforgettable. Hygiene was low priority, a cow wandered around grazing on the piles of rubbish but the produce was fresh, good and cheap.

The trip to West Caicos should have been downhill all the way but due to a navigational hiccup our morning sight on the third day put us some 20 miles downwind of that island. With a fresh trade blowing it took us all day to regain lost ground. Suddenly Sat Nav became an attractive proposition.

West Caicos is a very pretty uninhabited island. Only two other boats shared the anchorage, perhaps the ultimate in contrast. The one, a 30' Haitian sloop with about 10 wild looking characters aboard. They approached us and shouted "What's de name of dis island man?" They had sailed up from Haiti to sell vegetables in the Turks and like us they had been set downwind. Someone was cooking over an open fire, on the deck, fish was hanging from the rigging, the sails were patched, the spars little better than trees with the branches lopped and not a fair plank in the vessel. They said they had a compass but no charts and wanted directions to get to Grand Turk.

The other vessel in the anchorage was a 68 foot American yacht being delivered, for the owner, to Antigua for the race week. We were invited over for drinks and were puzzled, as we approached, by a whirring noise. It was the electrically operated transom being lowered to facilitate stepping aboard. It set the tone of the yacht. Apart from essentials such as an ice maker, a laundry room, micro-wave cooker and an 800 gallon a day water maker it sported two jaccuzis, one in the master suite aft and another larger one on deck.

An easy 100 mile sail took us to Acklin Island in the southern Bahamas. There we shared an anchorage with about 80 pink flamingoes. Their outrageous colouring made a spectacular evening scene. Less attractive was the sand shark we disturbed whilst paddling in the shallows. I have never seen Jill move so quickly. It doesn't matter how often one is told that they are harmless, a shark is still a shark.

We considered the Bahamas to be near perfect cruising. The winds gentler than those in the Caribbean, the sea flatter, countless anchorages, few yachts once one leaves the busy harbours and water colouring that has to be seen to be believed. We quickly learned to read the water depths by shading - very pale almost white is too shallow, pale green we could just skim the bottom, darker green meant 6 to 8 feet and so on. Mind you we still touched bottom more than once. My solution is to leap overboard and push her off, the joy of 4'6" draught and warm water.

We were in Georgetown, a very beautiful harbour, for the Family Island Regatta. Bahmian boats with enormous rigs, booms extending way beyond their transoms, short gaffs and small headsails, indulged in cut-throat racing. We anchored outside the windward mark and sat back to enjoy the spectacular scene.

Sharks apart the swimming is superb. We snorkelled in and around "Thunder ball" Cove (as featured in the James Bond film of that name). Hundreds of vividly coloured fish crowded round us in the crystal clear water with a backdrop of rock and coral.

A trip to remember was the day we sailed for 20 miles in the lee of the Exumas with never more than a few feet under the keel. So clear was the water we could see **TRADEWIND**'s shadow racing along the sandy bottom, slipping over shells, starfish and bits of coral.

We enjoyed a few relaxing days at Man of War Cay in the Abacos where we had use of friends' cottage. We stayed on board but were able to indulge in showers and enjoy mountains of ice in our drinks- lovely. It was here I gave sculling lessons to a real single- hander - only one arm. Jill and I often struggle with four arms at our disposal.

Before setting off for the States we hauled at Green Turtle Cay where we antifouled the bottom, enamelled the topsides and re-payed a couple of seams. The seam work was a great success making **TRADEWIND** very dry. Some months later we were able to paint the bilges whilst lying at anchor.

The Bermuda Triangle provided gentle fair winds and an enormous boost from the Gulf Stream. Only 295 miles were logged on a 425 mile trip, the balance being a free ride.

At Charleston Mac and Mary, whom we met in the Grenadines, had organised a free marina berth for **TRADEWIND** and whisked us off to their beautiful home. We had a fortnight on dry land eating and drinking too much, enjoying unlimited hot showers, revelling in air conditioning in both house and car.

250 miles of fair wind sailing took us to Beaufort where we entered the Inter-coastal Waterway (I.C.W.) thus avoiding the infamous Cape Hatteras. The I.C.W. makes for relaxed cruising. Plenty of motoring but some good flat water sailing, many anchorages, a few bridges and locks, pretty scenery, thousands of birds, often dolphins and all free.

From Norfolk, Virginia, we set forth back into the ocean but very soon tired of the sensation in the dismal conditions so scurried back into the Chesapeake Bay. July is really too hot to be in the Bay but it turned out to be a most fortuitous decision. We had some good gentle sailing cowering under the "rabbit hutch", our rather primitive sun awning.

In Annapolis we met Richard, a most remarkable character, an Englishman with a 1903 St Ives lugger, now schooner rigged. He has been sailing this coast for 20 years, much of the time as skipper of a 70 foot Fife yawl. He took us under his wing and made our New England stay rather special.

Our first set of instructions was to be in Mystic Seaport the following weekend for the Antique Yacht Rendezvous. So it was up the Chesapeake, through the canal and down the Delaware in gruelling heat that almost had Jill in tears.

A good two day sail brought us to Long Island Sound, arriving in the often present New England fog making landfall a tense affair. A few miles into the sound the wind died, the diesel was fired up but it too soon died - a blow cylinder head gasket. **TRADE WIND** entered Mystic Seaport under sail, a fitting arrival amongst the other "antiques."

The Seaport treated us regally. They loved **TRADE WIND** and happily gave us an extension to the normal two free nights that foreign yachts enjoy while we fixed the engine. That gave us time to absorb some of this fascinating place. A complete 19th century seaport has been created with shops, cooper, blacksmith, sailmaker and much more. There are scores of beautiful boats from a small canoe to the **CHARLES MORGAN**, a three-masted New Bedford whaler.

Engine fixed we followed Richard to Newport, R.I. where the highlight was a sail aboard **WEATHERLY**, America's 1962 Cup Defender. In a fresh breeze I had half-an-hour at the wheel; there must have been many Brits who would like to have had their hands on that bit of stainless 17 years ago. George, the owner, tools her up through the crowded moorings under full sail that was an impressive performance.

Another treat was to be wined and dined by a wealthy client of Richard. So up market was the restaurant that jackets were compulsory but not an item of clothing I possess. A quick tour of the anchorage produced a smart black number from a large Aussie. My fingertips just showed below the cuffs. Worth it, the meal was exquisite.

We left Newport at 6 o'clock the next morning having been drinking till 4. Along with fog were large seas, little wind and heavy rain. In our delicate condition all rather dismal, even more so when the red oil light started winking at us. Without the engine we would miss the tide for Vineyard Haven so I prepared to sail into Cuttyhunk. Richard wouldn't hear of it. By some uncanny 6th sense he told us the course to steer to find him in the fog; he seemed to know where we were better than we did ourselves. On making contact he threw us a line and with his 85 h.p. Perkins at fast tick-over towed at 6½ knots to Vineyard Haven.

This really was our sort of place. The whole harbour exuded a special charm with wooden boats everywhere, schooners working their way in and out under sail and a yard, Gannon & Benjamin, that still designs and builds traditional wooden yachts. If there is one place on the East Coast we should be sorry not to visit again this would be it.

The yard wouldn't hear of us working on the engine in our own saloon. At no charge it was lifted on to their dock where we could work on it in the warm sunshine with no shortage of technical advisers strolling up and down. The trouble was traed to my own incompetence. In cleaning up the sump in Mystic I had left in there a piece of paper towel that had become sucked into the oil intake pipe in the rough conditions. Like a surgeon I should count the swabs. With the engine stripped down we fitted new rings and bearings, gave it a general overhaul and a paint job.

In two weeks Vineyard Haven had become like home. We made friends, were lent a car, enjoyed a good social life and scrutinised all the wooden boats afloat and ashore.

An interesting diversion was a sail aboard **ERNESTINA**, a 110 foot Grand Banks Schooner built in 1893. Crew were needed to sail her the 25 miles back to New Bedford. It took 20 of us to hoist the monstrous mainsail and by the time all seven sails were set all arms were aching. When all was set I climbed aloft getting a remarkable view of the deck and of another 100 foot schooner with whom we were having a friendly race.

The Cape Cod Canal is another of those short cuts the Americans have created to avoid a nasty headland. We shot through with 4 knots of tide into Cape Cod Bay. A quiet sail to Princetown except for the half hour we lay under bare poles as a ferocious thunder storm passed over us with lightning striking the water all too close for comfort.

Princetown is surely unique. It appears to be populated almost exclusively by both male and female homosexuals. Some of the sights were quite bizarre. A notice in the Post Office summed it up, "Meeting of gay alcoholics anonymous, proceeds to Aids research."

We were pinned down for a few days by northerly winds but had a good sail up the Gulf of Maine when the prevailing south-westerlies returned. Even with that wind we were cold; it was the first time we were bundled up in sweaters and sea boot socks since leaving Europe two years previously. Jill did not care for the sensation one little bit. Just after midnight the Northern Lights were switched on, bars of red, yellow and green. I was most impressed, Jill less so. On being called from her warm bunk the verdict was that it was "spooky" and proved we were too near the North Pole.

Maine was stunning, quite as beautiful as we'd been promised but far colder than expected. We did have one day of dense Maine fog but that apart we had unlimited visibility. It was the biting wind from Canada's northern wastes that drove us south again after only one week. But it was a week to remember, clear skies, hundreds of pine covered granite islands and endless storm-proof anchorages generally shared with a seal or two.

We day sailed south with little wind to help us and the excitement of some very close whale sightings. The place names made us feel quite at home; Portsmouth, Plymouth, Portland, Truro, Falmouth, even a Penzance.

Early September hurricane Hugo was winding itself up down south. The possibility that it could follow the coast up to New England was a real one so shelter was needed. We opted for Vineyard Haven where the lagoon would give a degree of safety.

The little fleet that went through the opening bridge into the lagoon was indicative of just how "wooden boat" orientated is this harbour: a 40' 1950 Rhodes cutter, towing a 50' Rhodes cutter; an Alden schooner towing a pre-war 6 metre, a 1910 gaff cutter and **TRADE WIND**. What a select little band.

The hurricane devastated Charleston, where we should have been had we kept to schedule, an unlikely state of affairs at the best of times. Martha's Vineyard was untroubled so with regrets we left our snug anchorage and many friends to head south with winter not far astern.

Brief stops were made at Cuttyhunk, Block Island and a return to Mystic. Long Island Sound provided some good sailing without the crowds one would expect in mid-summer. We were totally enchanted by our trip down New York's East River. A glorious cold but sunny day, we had the river to ourselves. Just us and the skyscrapers.

**TRADE WIND** dealt with the sea passage down the New Jersey coast in good style. With a good breeze just forward of the beam she averaged 5.6 knots over 12 hours.

The infamous Delaware was kind. As with our trip down there was little wind but we were able to make 50 miles on one powerful tide.

We had a few days with friends who live aboard near Baltimore. They lent us a car for a trip to Washington which we loved. As we walked up to the enormous Washington monument that beautiful warm autumn day there was a 21 gun salute - and we'd told nobody that we were in town!

The trip down the Chesapeake was beastly. Cold driving rain, head winds and a nasty chop. After three days of that we were glad to enter, once again, the I.C.W. and as it turned out enjoy some of the best sailing we'd had in the States. A spinnaker run, with **TRADE WIND** making 6 knots, across the Albemarle Sound



and on up the Alligator River and some fast reaches, all on flat water. From Norfolk to Charleston we only used about 10 gallons of diesel (about 500 miles).

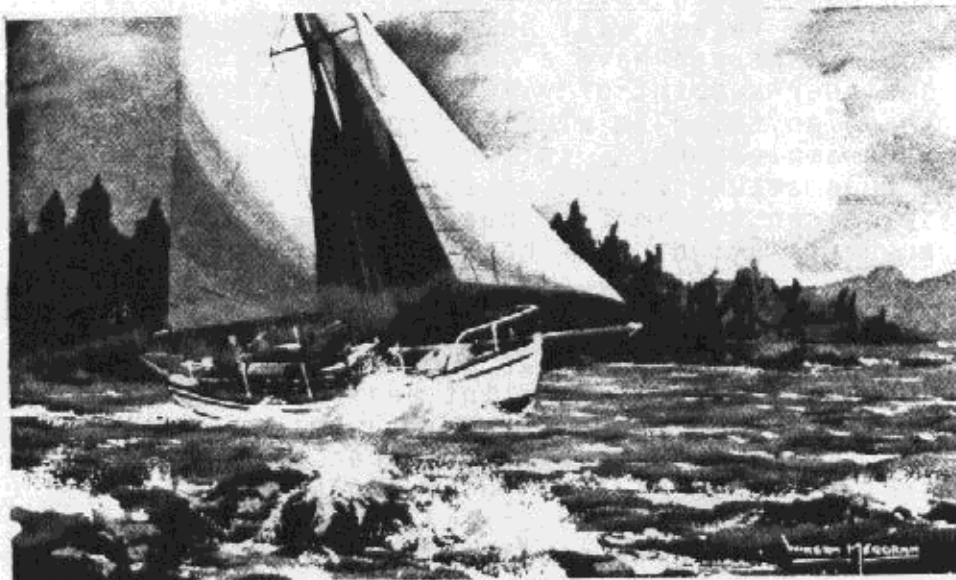
On reflection we don't consider the East Coast to be the ideal cruising area, too hot and humid south of New York, too foggy to the north and too many biting insects everywhere but the kindness and hospitality we received more than made up for any shortcomings. **TRADE WIND**, the star of the show wherever we dropped the hook led us to many friendships.

Our return to Charleston marked the end of an era for us. A certain lady had sold her 47 foot Swan and was desperate to become the owner of **TRADE WIND**. We had the chance to buy a 35 foot wooden yawl. It was an agonising decision; were we being disloyal to the little ship that had looked after us so well despite our many blunders? 22 years of love and attention in every detail of this exceptional yacht that had carried us 11,000 miles on this trip.

We were confident that **TRADE WIND** would be going to a good home and a competent owner prepared to lavish attention upon her. The deal was done but even as I write this some months later I know that no other yacht will have the place in our hearts that **TRADE WIND** has.

Phillip & Jill Gordon.

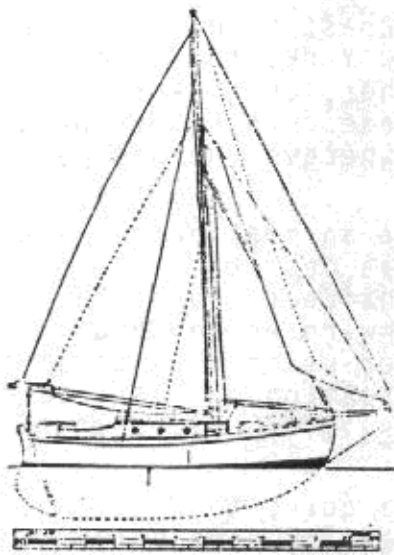
(**TRADE WIND** led an adventurous life even in former times, cruising to the Baltic and the "Pillars of Hercules". It is hoped to publish an account of these voyages in future issues. **TRADE WIND** was built to the Bogle design. Finally, I am indebted to Ron and Mary Goodhand for passing on the present account which was addressed to them - hence Ron's interjection on the first page - Ed.)



## THE SMALL AUXILIARY CRUISER

### Considerations Affecting Lines and Accomodation Layout

By T. Harrison Butler



"Cyclone A" with a Bermudian cutter rig.

When considering the question of size, the prospective buyer of an auxiliary yacht should bear in mind that a small boat is relatively dearer than a somewhat larger vessel, owing to the fact that there is little difference in the costs of design and of many of the items of equipment that have to be carried.

The smallest size of boat that affords a habitable cabin with full sitting room, and good sleeping arrangements for two, is a four-tonner. This is a "one-room" yacht: the forecabin is used for the toilet and the storage of gear.

For a two-cabin boat, with sleeping accommodation for three or four people,  $6\frac{1}{2}$  to 7 tons is the smallest practicable size. Such a vessel can be designed with 6ft. headroom in the saloon, and sitting room in the forecabin. Adequate sitting room entails a space of 3ft.2ins. under the deck. I would insist upon sitting room in the saloon under the side-decks, which should be wide and safe to walk upon.

These demands cannot be obtained in a six-tonner. (THB may have had in mind the Bogle design which suffered from the constraints of a Little Ship Club Competition). The  $6\frac{1}{2}$ -7 ton yacht costs practically the same as the six-ton yacht and is far better. The load water-line of the four-tonner will be 19ft. and that of the  $6\frac{1}{2}$ -tonner 22 $\frac{1}{2}$ -23ft.

#### Essentials of Design.

Before going into further details of these two vessels, I will consider the main essentials of the design. If price is the deciding factor the vessel will have a transom stern, but if money does not matter she can have a counter or, what is even better from the designer's point of view, a canoe stern. If a small yacht is to do anything to windward in a strong wind and head sea she must have ample power - in fact, as much as we can give her. By power I mean actual weight acting on a long lever, which for our purpose we can consider as beam and draught. I might talk about metacentric height, but beam will express my meaning.

Now, the actual weight of the yachts we are considering is small, not more than six tons at most. So to give them real power we must have generous beam and reasonable draught. There has always in England been a tendency to stint beam. This is a legacy from the old tonnage rules, which taxed it heavily. The Americans, however, take it with both hands and then want more. The well-known "Friendship" sloops are good examples of power gained by beam. It is quite a mistake to imagine that a beamy yacht is a slow one. or even that she needs a cloud of canvas to drive her.

During the past 15 years I have designed several yachts of the type under consideration, all with ample beam. Several of them have been built, and they have proved to be remarkably fast for their water-line length. Beam adds greatly to internal comfort, without materially increasing the cost.

The next essential is to combine the beam with a well-balanced hull. A powerful yacht that is unbalanced will probably be a failure. We must keep the after water-lines fine, cut down the spread of the quarters, and get as much flare in the bow as possible. Even then, unless we adopt an expensive long forward overhang with wide V- or U-shaped sections, we may fail to get a perfect balance.

We can do it by making the yacht double-ended, with the so-called skiff stern, but for small vessels this construction has disadvantages; the deck room aft is contracted, and reefing becomes difficult, even dangerous.

The small yachts recently designed by Mr. W. M. Blake are outstanding examples of good balance. Freeboard must be generous, not less at its lowest point than one-tenth of the L. W. L. There should be a good sheer, with ample spring forward. Here again we must take a lesson from America. Freeboard combined with a good sheer will keep the sea where it should be; it will increase the range of stability and make for comfort below.

#### The Scantlings.

Great care should be taken about the scantlings and construction. Our yacht is to be used for ordinary cruising and not for Arctic exploration. I have emphasized the need for power. To obtain power we must get as much of our total weight as we can in ballast, and place it as low down as possible. Do not be led away by the boggy of discomfort due to ballast low down. A small yacht is uncomfortable in a bad sea; no system of ballasting will avoid that, but plenty of power will enable us to get out of it, and anchor in a quiet harbour.

The small yacht must be able to carry sail to windward; she can do it only with an efficient sail-plan, effective when close-reefed, held up to its work by a powerful easy-lined hull. (In the case of large vessels conditions are different, and it is wise not to get the centre of gravity too low.)

Not only must the ballast be low, but it must be concentrated in the middle third of the ship. Otherwise the yacht will plunge deeply, shake all the wind out of her sails, and get nowhere. This postulates lead, and now that this metal is so cheap (1935), why not? To get plenty of ballast, the construction must be reasonably light. Lloyd's scantlings are sufficiently strong. Some of the yachts built to my designs have suffered by being built too heavily.

#### Placing the Engine.

Strength must be gained by the use of good material, scientifically fashioned, well knee-ed and fitted, and soundly fastened. The power plant must be readily accessible, and not placed too far aft. If the engine is entirely under the cockpit, and a heavy crew sits over it, the yacht will be down by the stern and become a sluggish plunger.

The maximum speed in knots that can be got out of a boat of this type, without excessive power, is found by multiplying the square root of the waterline in feet by 1.4. As an example: the maximum speed of a yacht 25ft. on the L. W. L. is seven knots. For auxiliary purposes the most economical speed will be found by taking the square root of the L. W. L. Our 25-footer will do five knots under power economically.

As regards rig, I favour a Bermudian mainsail. This, provided it is fitted with a Laurent Giles-Ward track of ample size, will

lower easily if we take one simple precaution. Ease off the clew tackle first. The sail is simple to handle, and the centre of gravity of the rig is low. The main drive of a sail when going to windward lies to leeward of the luff; the longer the luff the more efficient the sail.

When reefed the Bermudian sail still has an effective luff, whereas the gaff sail has little or none. Therefore, in extremis, if any sail will enable the small cruiser to beat out of trouble on a lee shore, the Bermudian will.

#### An inexpensive Four-tonner.

"Cyclone A" is an example of an inexpensive type of four-tonner. My original "Cyclone" was evolved some 15 years ago. The design has been extensively built to both with a 19ft.L.W.L., and proportionally enlarged to a L.W.L. of 20ft. I have never myself sailed in one of these craft in a strength of wind sufficient to try her out, but all the owners are most enthusiastic about the design.

The boat is said to balance perfectly and to sail herself to windward with the helm free. One in Sweden weathered a gale which dismasted a large yacht and blew others ashore. The design is far faster than would appear likely from a consideration of the proportions. Mr Macpherson, the present owner of **DRIAC II**, built **KANDOO** (now **POSSUM**) to this design, and after prolonged experience told me that he would take her anywhere.

"Cyclone A" has been given a little more sheer, her transom is a little narrower, with the idea of improving her hull balance, and a log keel has taken the place of the usual yacht keel. The log type is somewhat stronger and a little cheaper, as no adze work is required. The dimensions are as follows:-

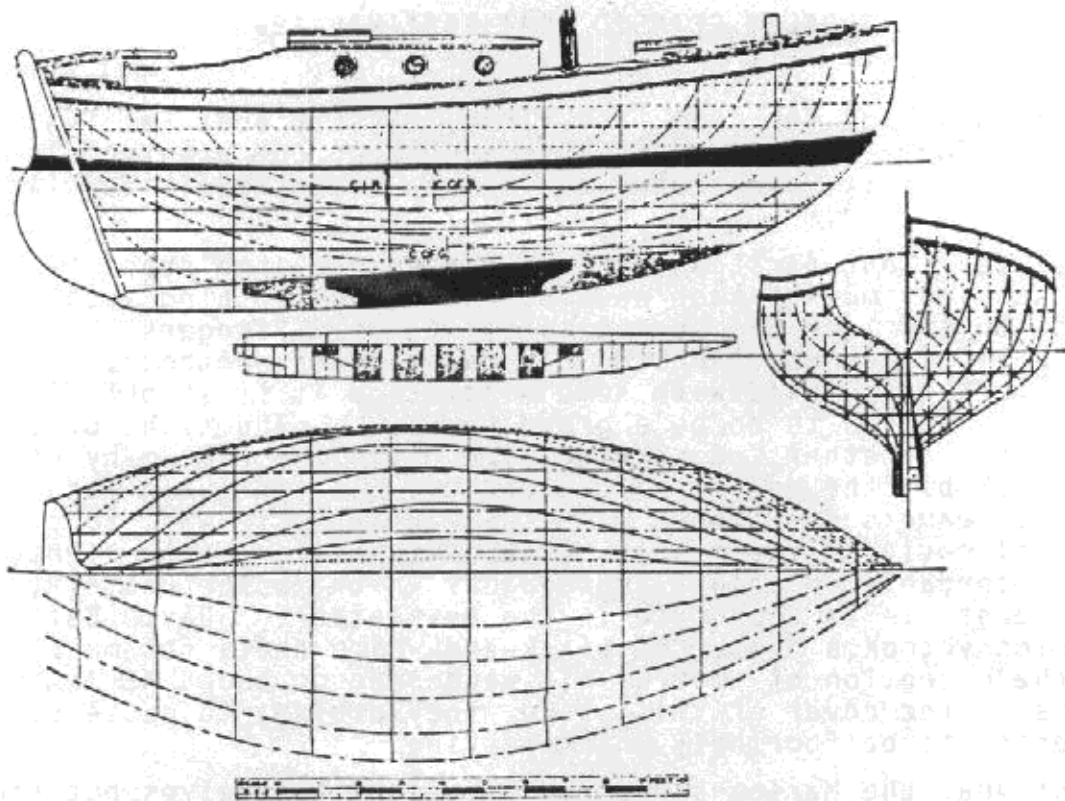
L.O.A. 21ft., L.W.L. 19ft., Beam 7ft.2ins., Draught 3ft.6ins.  
Displacement 3.36 tons, Keel (lead or iron) 1 ton.

A cutter rig is shown, but a sloop or yawl rig would be equally suitable.

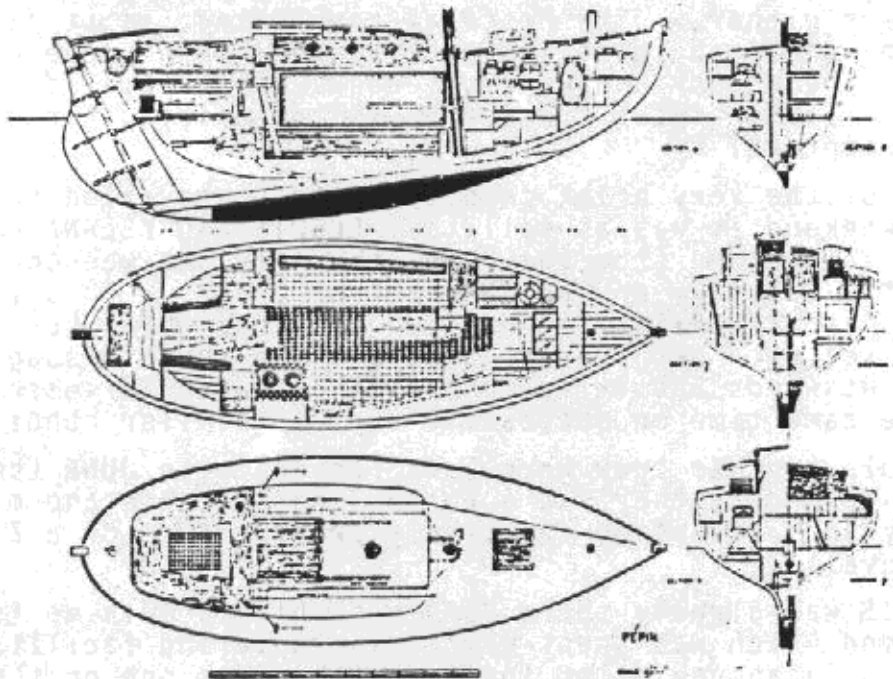
The accomodation of a four-ton yacht cannot vary much because of the small space at our command, but the details will alter with the individual ideas of each owner. A few hints may help him. Do not forget the mast! This was done in one of my designs, and now it is almost impossible for a fat man to get into the fore-castle. Do not get all the weights on one side.

There is no space for a serarate toilet-room in a seven-tonner if the fore-castle is to accomodate a full-sized bunk. Several of my owners have tried it, and all have failed. Do not forget that sails and warps have to be stowed, and let there be a separate clothes locker for each member of the crew.

The layout of "Pépin", a four-tonner (the plans of which are reproduced by courtesy of the "Journal of the Little Ship Club"), shows what can be provided in a vessel of this size. The engine would, I think, be better with a central shaft, for the side installation is apt to catch up moorings, etc. The fuel tank must not be fitted athwartships as shown. Since drawing it I have had a vivid experience of the evils of this position. The tank must, in all sailing yachts, be placed fore and aft, for obvious reasons.



The lines of the author's new design for a four-ton auxiliary "Cyclone A"



Accommodation plans of "Pépin", another four-tonner designed by the author.

## SHOTLEY CLASSIC BOAT FESTIVAL 1990

Impressions of the 1989, and first, Classic Boat Festival at this East Coast location, from the aspect of one afternoon's shore-based visit, were reported in the Summer Newsletter last year.

This year, our first waterborne attendance, the presentation was very much better because two large berthing areas nearest to the lock had been cleared of their "fingers" and craft were rafted up alongside the main access pontoons. This arrangement was viewed with some misgivings at first but, in the event, proved to be a great success. The sight of over 200 vessels together, of varying size, type and rig, many of them (probably the majority) dressed overall, including the yellow streamers emblazoned with the Marina motif was, to a "Festival novice" like myself, a never-to-be-forgotten sight, only truly recordable in colour photography which, unfortunately, it is not possible to reproduce in the Newsletter. David Batstone very kindly took a number of black-and-white shots for me but, with the exception of that of his wife Anne on board **KELANA** which appears on the cover of this issue, they proved, to quote David's own words, to be "boringly uninteresting."

Last year the Marina sponsored the event themselves but had this year failed to obtain outside sponsorship due to the current financial climate. In consequence it was necessary to charge a "Registration fee" of £25 (£40 for those who arrived at the last minute) which proved to be remarkably good value. No visitors' berth rent was payable during the actual Festival and indeed those, like ourselves, who had arrived a week early were not charged for that week either. The Festival terminated, as it had begun, with strong winds and those who were weather-bound were charged nothing for the Monday and were offered a substantial discount on normal visitors' rates thereafter whilst waiting for the weather to improve.

In view of the very brisk conditions that prevailed during the first weekend it was as well that **ELGRIS** and **KELANA** had elected to sail round from the Deben the previous weekend; **ELGRIS** on the Saturday and **KELANA** on the Sunday. This is the first season for **ELGRIS** after her long refit and was her first venture to sea with her present owner. The short passage was made in light winds and it is interesting that both vessels took exactly the same time on successive days in similar conditions.

Rod Nevols and his crew were less fortunate in **JUNE** the following weekend as they had a Force 7 on the nose and motored all the way thus revealing the lively propensities of a Z 4-tonner without canvas!

As **ELGRIS** was already there Ruth was able to join me for the first weekend which was spent mainly in exploring facilities, renewing acquaintanceships of long ago (this was one of the best parts of the Festival) and watching for new arrivals.

On the Sunday morning I was engaged in the cabin trying to fashion a racing flag (not a very usual item of equipment on board an HB vessel) subconsciously listening to Ruth being interviewed in the cockpit by passers-by. Suddenly her voice rose as I was summoned on deck to meet 'this gentleman from "Classic Boat" who wants to take photographs.' Presenting myself with indecent haste I was introduced to a smiling Peter Chesworth, the CB photographer. Ruth had endeavoured to steer Peter in the

direction of other HBs nearby including the pristine **JUNE** but, no, it was **ELGRIS** he wanted to take pictures of 'because she was unlike any HB he had ever seen before.'

We agreed to meet for lunch at the Marina club where we were joined by Deputy Editor, Jenny Bennett. Lunch became a fairly hilarious interlude with Peter demonstrating a remarkable aptitude for poking fun at long suffering Stuart Turner engines! In vain I tried to explain to him that ours was 'different' and he was not convinced until we had returned to the boat and "Hercules" started at the first touch of the button. Peter then insisted that the cockpit sole be removed so that this remarkable piece of machinery could be photographed. Later, I was asked to say words into Jenny's tape-recorder.

As John Lesh was not scheduled to arrive until Wednesday morning I returned home with Ruth on Sunday evening, having been kindly driven to Ipswich station by the CBs, intending to return to Shotley at the same time as John. Nevertheless, Monday evening saw me back at the Festival with the possibility of obtaining some sailing shots of **ELGRIS** the next day but on the Tuesday there was no wind at the appropriate time.

In the meantime, during my absence, other HBs had been arriving. **KEEPSAKE** had arrived on the Sunday evening from the Blackwater and had an unpleasant experience en route. Off Walton-on-Naze she was unfortunate enough to get a lobster pot line jammed between her sternpost and rudder and so, there she was, securely moored by her canoe-stern with no means of release other than to cut the line which "Mac" McKinney was loathe to do. In the end another passing yacht radioed the coastguard and the Walton lifeboat came out and cut the line without compunction which enabled **KEEPSAKE** to proceed on her way minus a considerable quantity of consumable stores!

Now several days into the Festival it was not easy to spot other boats immediately because of the rafting process, the composition of which was constantly changing, but soon **PERADVENTURE** was identified, having sailed down from Grimsby especially for the occasion, and it was good to meet her new owner, Peter Hemmingway, and his crew.

**FLEETWING** (the second boat to be built in England to an HB design), also from the Blackwater, had arrived on the Saturday having been sailed to the Festival single-handed by Mike McCarthy, a friend of John and Janice Frost. Doubtless Helen Bosworth would have been glad to see her father's old boat.

Prospective new member Geoff Harrisson turned up in **KIALEN** (built to the Bogle design by Feltham) with his sister and a 20 foot cabin boat that they had restored and which did rather well at the racing.

Last but by no means least there was **CATRIONA** built to the Aella design in the early fifties. In so far as we are aware she is the only boat built to the design in England. A centre-boarder, she is the metacentric version of the early nineteen thirties design that became **RAMA II**. Her new owners, Pat and Terry Bease, report that she has considerable heeling moment and carries much weather helm. Aella was designed as a "ditch-crawler" which means that she is intended to be sailed upright and I think Pat agrees that she may be over-rigged. The design has a stability factor of 13 as compared with say the Zyklon with 20. THB says in "Cruising Yachts - Design and Performance" that Aella would be difficult to capsize indicating, presumably, that the thought had crossed his mind.

And so by Day 4 we had no less than **EIGHT** HBs "on parade" which must be something of a record, not to mention Associate Members Mike and Jane Burn and family in the celebrated canoe-yawl **SHEILA**, and Don Goodsell (an old friend of our Wivenhoe days) in his **CAPRIOL II**, designed by a former Wivenhoe G.P., Dr Ratcliffe.

On Tuesday evening, lured by the prospect of the Bierkeller Band, John Lesh arrived complete with parrot hat and guitar determined to enjoy himself - and he did! An instant social success his musical aptitude was in great demand on board sundry vessels into the small hours. As John had not eaten all day on his evening of arrival we found that we could enjoy Bierkeller just as well over a meal in the club bar (located some 50 yards away!) and the sound of "Land of Hope and Glory" roaring out of the beer tent indicated that others were enjoying themselves as well.

On Wednesday **ELGRIS** decided to go racing. During the forenoon we blew up to Pin Mill where lunch at the "Butt and Oyster" was an advertised feature. Imagine our chagrin when we discovered that there was no transport to the shore (we had left the dinghy behind for obvious reasons) and so, there we were, munching corned beef sandwiches whilst sharing our last can of beer between three (Rod Nevols had joined us for the day) gazing woefully in the direction of the "Butt". We discussed the situation with a Falmouth workboat that had tied up alongside whose crew were gracious enough to produce some Pimms and lemonade!

Our start at 1500 was not spectacular but the sight of the rest of the fleet was. It was a gentle beat down the Orwell on the first of the ebb and to my delight we discovered that we were able to overtake other boats larger than ourselves. However, this pleasure was short-lived. Making way for a ship as we reached the Bloody Point mark we let two of our competitors through and then encountered the ebb pouring out of the Stour on a dying breeze. Somehow we kept going even though others about us were retiring (a decision favoured by the skipper but in which he was not allowed to indulge!) and, in the end, we rounded the marks off Erwarton Ness and drifted back to Shotley, distinguishing ourselves by coming last. Never mind, we had completed the course.

On Thursday, instead of partaking in the cruise to the River Deben, our home river, we decided to have our lunch at the "Butt and Oyster" which we had missed the day before, this time accompanied by the dinghy. This was a great pleasure to John who had not visited this well known hostelry by water since the days of his youth. The lunch was enormous (more than I could eat) at a most reasonable cost. Dinner that evening was at the Shotley "Bristol Arms" in company with Mac and Jill, the Batstones and Rod Nevols.

Friday was so-called "Fun Day" in which one was supposed to do all those silly things that one does on those occasions. Rather sensibly, we feel, we allowed others to provide the fun whilst we enjoyed ourselves watching!

It was now the weekend again with a marked deterioration in the weather. Those wishing to return home were anxiously listening to the weather forecasts and wondering whether they were going to make it. With the wind off the land and a temporary lull in its strength, John and I locked out at about 1300 on the Sunday only to find a great deal more wind outside Harwich Harbour than had been apparent in the marina. However, it was a fair one so we pressed on under "Solent" rig (jib and



engine) and, despite wasting half-an-hour recovering the dinghy which had pulled a cleat out of the deck in the following sea, we made good time to the Woodbridge Haven buoy. The Deben bar was in a moderately ugly mood but we got in safely and tied up in the Tidemill Yacht Harbour at Woodbridge at about teatime amidst somewhat wondrous looks from our neighbours who had been listening to the forecasts and deciding amongst themselves that 'they won't come today.'

Impressions of the Festival as a "first-timer?" One thing that I noticed is that the age-old "Gaff v. Bermudian" controversy seems to be finally dead. The old arguments are still valid but today one must remember that the youngest boat built immediately before World War II is now over 50 years old. Thus, it is the boats for their own sake which create the interest rather than how they perform in relation to one another.

John Lesh, who is a Festival veteran, tells me that the Continentals recognise the term "classic" only in so far as it concerns yachts within a greater concept of "traditional." It is his view that were we to adopt the same thinking there would be many more flags of other nations present at our Festivals.

I know I thought long and hard before deciding to re-rig **ELGRIS** as a gaff sloop, the rig under which the original design for a "Tabloid Cruiser" first appeared in 1920. I had it in mind that "Tabloid" was intended to incorporate the best features of **MEMORY** and **SEAGULL** (now **FLEETWING**) and, given normal conditions, the design might have been built to immediately, perhaps by one of the Sufflings. But conditions immediately after the First World War were far from normal. It may not be generally known but the British yacht building industry during the early twenties almost died for want of orders, the rundown in seasoned timber (they were using prime teak for duck boards in the trenches) and of course the sharp increase in prices compared with pre-1914. It was THB who was to contribute so much to the revival of the industry in the new smaller sizes which people could afford. So, it was against this background that the first "Tabloid", **CHLOE**, was not built until 1926 by a small boatbuilder on the Isle of Wight. But by that time the Bermudian rig was beginning to be considered suitable for cruising yachts and THB was one of the first to grasp the potential of the new rig and indeed used it for the 1928/9 Yachting Monthly Competition when "Tabloid" was re-presented with only the slightest hull modification, i.e. a reduction in draft of 3 inches. Because of this I feel that the gaff rig was never given a chance in so far as "Tabloid" is concerned. In adopting the rig for **ELGRIS** I have perhaps re-written history!

So far, I have had no reason to regret the decision. The rig has taken some getting used to because it is many years since I owned a gaffer. I am by no means a gaff rig buff and do not, as some do, regard the rig as the beginning and end all. Nevertheless I recognise its several advantages and it is not my intention to hunt for lee shores off which to beat close reefed! The rig is exactly as HB drew it in 1919 even to the extent of having an inner "forestay" set up on a tackle to save the mast in the event of the bowsprit carrying away. This arrangement was, I believe, first introduced by the late Francis B. Cooke and is described in his book "Seamanship for Yachtsmen." I have made one mistake: the boom is far too heavy for so small a boat and I shall consider reducing it this coming winter.

But I have digressed from the Shotley Classic Boat Festival. I hope you have enjoyed just one perspective (and there were many) of a truly magnificent week.

Peter Mather.

F O R S A L E

**CHLOE**

Built in 1926 by Bishop of Newport, I.O.W.  
to the design for "A Tabloid Cruiser",  
published in Yachting Monthly in January 1920.

Rigged as a Bermudian Cutter.

Auxiliary power, reconditioned 8 h.p. Stuart Turner.

LOA 21ft LWL 18ft Beam 7.1ft Draft 3.7ft. Price £3750

Open to offer.

Contact: Mr Amos Roff, 10 Passage Street,

Fowey, Cornwall, PL23 1DE

Telephone: Fowey (0726) 833728

**GARLEFFAN**

Z 4-tonner - raised topsides.

Built Alfred Lockhart of Brentford 1939.

Auxiliary power, 8 h.p. Petter diesel c.1982.

LOA 21ft LWL 19ft Beam 7.2ft Draft 4ft. Price £3000

Open to offer.

Contact: Tony Clare, 5, Brockley Avenue,

New Brighton Merseyside,

Telephone: 051 639 1862.

**ROSE OF ARDEN**

Built in 1939 by Claud Whisstock of Woodbridge, Suffolk  
to the Rose of Arden design, an improvement on  
Edith Rose. The principal feature of the design  
is the canoe stern. The design is metacentrically  
balanced.

Rigged as a Bermudian sloop.

Auxiliary power: Volvo MD2 diesel some 20 years old  
but said to be in a satisfactory condition.

LOA 30ft LWL 23ft Beam 8.6ft Draft 5ft. Price £8500.

Contact: Alan Thomas, Chemin de la Garde,

11120 Ginestas, France. Telephone: 0 1033-68462293.

(Vessel lying ashore at Ridge Marine, Wareham, Dorset.)



