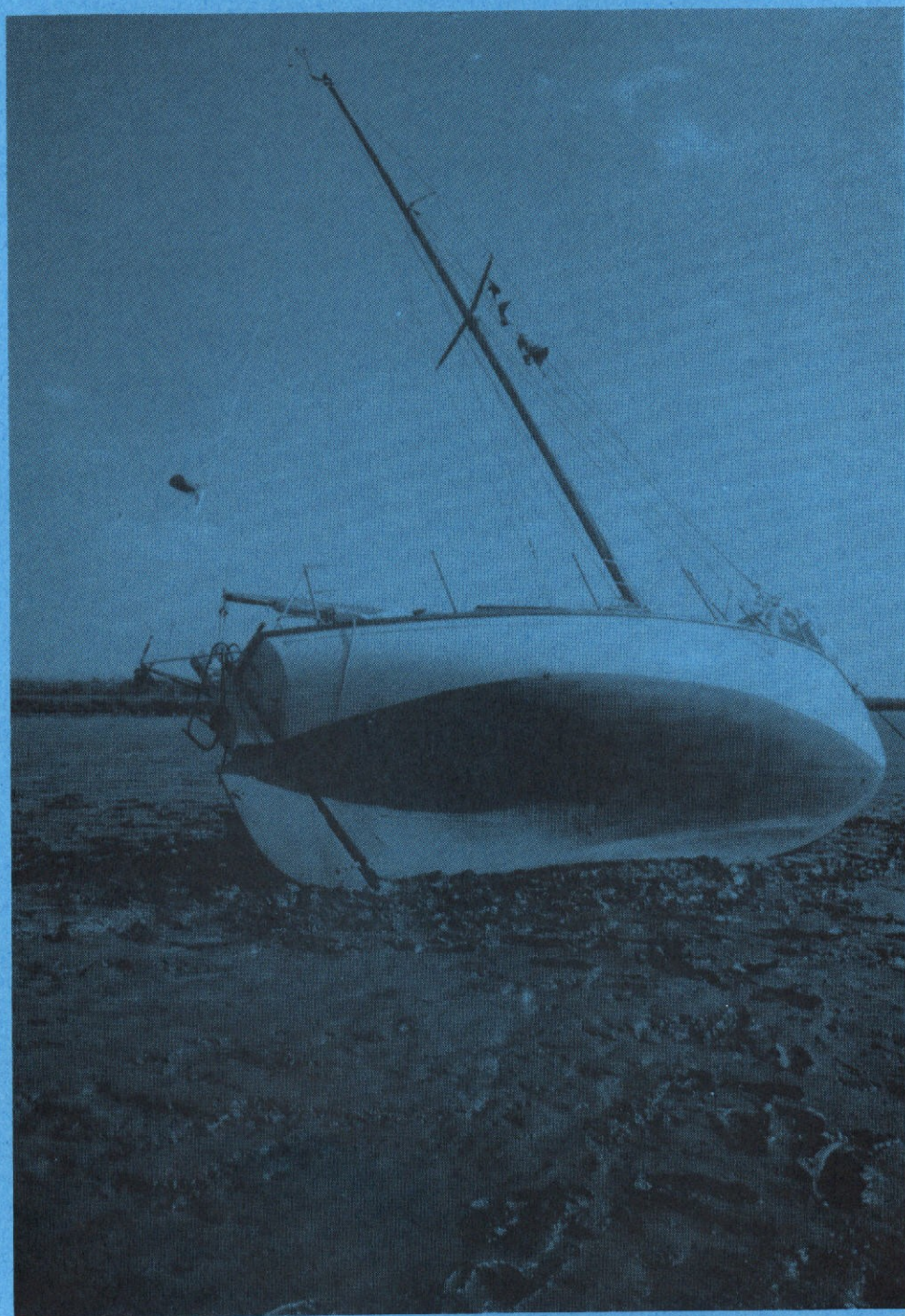


# THE HARRISON BUTLER ASSOCIATION



NEWSLETTER No: 46

WINTER 1997-98





## THE HARRISON-BUTLER ASSOCIATION NEWSLETTER

No. 46

DECEMBER

1997

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### COVER PHOTOGRAPH - 'CHIQUITA' (Z4 TONNER No. 22)

Firmly aground off Ramsholt. Poor visibility at first light on an ebb tide resulted in an unscheduled stop whilst returning home from the laying-up supper at Woodbridge

*Disclaimer: The opinions and views expressed in articles and correspondence in this newsletter and in other association literature are those of the contributors and not necessarily those of the association or its officers. No responsibility can be accepted for the accuracy of the advice, opinions, recommendations or information given. Dates of events should be confirmed before setting out. Modifications, alterations or additions to boats featured in any articles or correspondence should be checked with the appropriate manufacturers or professionals.*



## THE PRESIDENT'S LETTER

November 1997

2 The Chestnuts  
Theale

Dear Members

Letter time again and I'm glad to report that we continue to attract new members as you will see in the Autumn Supplement. This is due in part to boats changing ownership but Associate members who do not necessarily own boats of any type yet have an interest in HB boats and in matters pertaining to THB himself. It is a step on the ladder and sometimes the change is made to Full membership on the acquisition of an HB boat. Nearly always when I am rung up by a stranger the call is HB or HBA related - far more often than double-glazing or other such calls.

The Laying-up Supper was as enjoyable as usual and our thanks go to Peter Mather once again for making the arrangements - for the last time because he is moving to Ely which is nearer to his family. You will be greatly missed in your erstwhile haunts, Peter, and I hope advantages of the move will compensate for the loss of what you are leaving behind. Ely is not out of all reach of Woodbridge so I hope you will grace the board when next we sup at The Bull. Peter Temple is willing to take on the Social Secretary (East Coast) office from Peter M. and this can be confirmed at the AGM.

I, myself, was fêted far beyond my deserts and Patrick's speech can only be described as a eulogy in which I did not recognize myself and I must here thank all the members who so kindly and so generously contributed to my "benefit" - rather like a cricketer - in such an overwhelming manner. Patrick had explained to me earlier the nature of the gift and that it had been decided that I should choose something I'd enjoy: a very kind thought but very difficult to decide until I had a sudden idea. As I said at the Supper, my choice was for something utterly useless and entirely frivolous but that I'd love, if possible, to have a free-standing model of *'Prima'*, the boat I designed in those far off days when I was twenty. Although I'm pretty certain that several have been built, they have all been built abroad and I have yet to see one. There is a project afoot to build one in Australia but it is long-term as Daniel Legg has to recover from CFS before he will be fit enough to build her. Also, Theale is a long way from Australia!

I understand from Patrick that the gift is shared between my birthday and (mostly) to mark the almost twenty-four years of my Presidency of the HBA, a position I have held since the Association was formed at the end of 1973 and which I hope to occupy for as long as I can be of use in that capacity. It has been a labour of love and many woman-hours have been and are spent on HBA affairs but my gains have been manifold - in interest and, most of all, in the friendship and affection of what always feels like a large, extended family. Many people have remarked on the spirit of the Association, whether by repute or from personal experience. Long may it continue. Personal input is of the essence and every member can contribute even if only by helping to fill the pages of our newsletters which are the link between us all. Also, please keep your eyes skinned, wherever you are in the world, for HB boats. There are some which have slipped away from us and others are as yet unlocated and our aim is to have as complete a membership as possible.

One thing leads to another and I have been deflected from the Woodbridge theme. At the end of the meal at The Bull, the lights were dimmed and an 80 candlepower cake was brought blazing to the table which took three breaths to extinguish. Lesley Gibson had made the cake and was also responsible for a basket of beautiful flowers which lasted for ages. Paul Cowman drove me to Woodbridge in an elegant and elderly Rover - with a drink problem, an incurable alcoholic I fear. We were the overnight guests of Robert and Bryony Hebson who are the new owners of *'June'* - not *'Davinka'* as I inadvertently put in the Member's List. *'Davinka'* is now owned by Miles and Celia Joyner who have joined us very recently. We spent Sunday morning visiting *'June'* and *'Chiquita'* which were moored in the Tidemill basin and left after lunch with the Hebsons, deviating slightly from our direct route to call on my sister-in-law, Hick and nephew, Nicholas whom I hadn't seen for a very long time.

Newsletter No. 44 had a mistake which I had meant to correct in the last issue. The design name, Bogle (not Bogel), is the middle name of my brother Eric's widow, Joan Bogle Butler. Her maiden name was Hickson which she continued to use in her acting career and many of you will have seen her in the role of Miss Marple. Until my own marriage there were two Joan Butlers in the family and,



although most of us called her Hick, as I do still, my father always called her Bogle as he disliked abbreviations. He was very fond of her and called the design which he made for a Little Ship Club designing competition in 1933 after her. Although he disapproved of the design because a 22' 6" LWL is so much better than one of only 22', he said that it was his best design at that time. Later, 'Askadi' took first place in his rating. The LWL length was governed by the constraints of the competition rules.

At the time of writing, Simon Wagner has not sent me an up to date list of subscription defaulters. I cannot believe that there are none so, if you think your name would appear on his list, please will you deal with the situation. Probably, by the time you receive this, your 1998/9 subscription will be due also, or almost due, so a cheque for £20 would be in order. The last time we spoke on the subject, Simon said that standing orders would probably be acceptable and I shall remind him to put a note in this issue to explain the situation. I think that the newness of fatherhood may by now have abated enough for him to give his mind to our affairs! His and Linda's son's threatened imminent arrival prevented his coming to Woodbridge - unnecessarily as things turned out but one can't be sure about these happenings. Do you suppose we could have a 100% payment for the onset of 2000 A.D? No, neither do I but it's an idea.

We have two dates fixed for next year. The AGM is on Saturday, 28th February and the arrangements will be similar to this year's event apart from the fact that "The Gathering" has reverted to its original name, "The Bull," and that there is a new manager. I hope everything will be as satisfactory as it was last time. The new manager sounded welcoming when I spoke to him. I shall check details with him again before drafting the form to be enclosed with the newsletter. Early replies will be appreciated. We shall return here after lunch for the meeting and tea.



**The HBA Laying-up Supper, Woodbridge 1997**  
by Robert Hebson

The Laying-up Supper is again to be a Beaulieu River Meet and will be in the Gins Farm clubhouse of the R. Southampton Y.C. Details will come with the Summer Newsletter. The date is Saturday, 12th September. The R.C.C. Meet is the same weekend so, if you are going to that, please fly your HBA Member's flag also and bring your friends to see us or perhaps bring them to the supper.



Paul will list the National events at which it would be good to see the HBA burgee flying. Remember, the Tall Ships set off from Falmouth next year. I'm not sure if I shall still be at The Crag (grandstand view from there) but some members of the family are likely to be in residence though probably afloat for the actual start. And, the following year there is the total eclipse of the sun which is well worth making an effort to see. There is quite a narrow geographical band of totality, outside which the eclipse is partial and not nearly so spectacular. I saw the last one on a cold, grey dawn in Southport, having managed to be included in a school party for which I was underage.

*'Spirit of Britain is the UK's Challenge for the America's Cup for the year 2000.*

*'Spirit of Britain is a commercial organisation dedicated to challenge for the America's Cup.*

*'The management team is drawn from the UK's best in sailing, science, technology and business to ensure the competitiveness of the team on the water, ..... It includes ..... chief designer, Ian Howlett, Britain's foremost America's Cup yacht designer; .....*

I quoted from a leaflet which Ian gave me when he paid me a very rapid visit in the summer. He was just off to the Solent to see Craig Nutter ('Sabrina') off on the Whitbread Round the World race aboard 'Silk Cut', the UK Challenger.

As I was writing, I realised that it was perhaps not tactful when we have members who would not wish to see 'Spirit of Britain' succeed but I consider it an honour to have the chief designer as an HBA member - and one time owner ('Sabrina'), not to mention as a friend. I hope Craig is enjoying the Whitbread though it sounded, judging by the remarks in Classic Boat as though he was looking forward to some more tranquil sailing in his HB boat. I hope, Craig, that you will send Paul an account of your experiences.

As always, Geoff Taylor's letters are full of interesting snippets and not always of a technical nature. He gets around more than most of our members so has a wide range of encounters with Nature on his voyages. I quote from a letter written to me on 30th October, from the Marina de Vilamoura, Portugal, which is one of his almost regular staging posts on his way to the Caribbean where he spends most of our winters.

*'As you can see by the address I have shaken loose again. My understanding of migratory birds becomes deeper all the time and on this trip I had two small yellow-breasted ones land for a break - recognising me, no doubt, as a kindred spirit.*

*'Also, another marine biological surprise: I saw a large flying fish about 30 miles north of the North Coast of Spain, i.e., actually in the Bay of Biscay (about 44°30'N). A previous one I had seen about the latitude of Lisbon. Obviously this chap's migration program [transatlantic influence!] had let him down and he was heading north and destined to become ice-bound (fish fingers!).*

*'As you may have noticed, during that long anticyclonic spell, we had a lot of easterly winds in the Channel and southwards. I got away near the beginning and carried fair winds of 3-4 (on a couple of short occasions a 5) all the way across Biscay and down the Spanish/Portuguese coast to C. St. Vincent (11 days so far). Then I was becalmed for hours and the wind came back - albeit light SE - on the nose. We had a fine display of thunder and lightning from about midnight on with occasional torrential rain and the odd stiff breeze which did not last long.*

*'The Algarve coast, true to form, had light winds and little sea. I've had some very pleasant sails along this coast as the wind seldom gets a chance to build up. So, in all I got in after 13 days 10 hours. Not the best time I think but I was very pleased. The decks were dry virtually all the time and carpet slippers were the order of the day.*

*'I had begun to think I was losing my nerve over Biscay but it has borne out what I had often thought that if you wait for a settled spell you are OK.*

*'From here on south the effect of depressions is much less - although I have seen Force 9 blow in the Canaries. It blew the bikinis off most of the sun-worshippers who soon vacated the beach - but that is not the norm.*

*'My plan is to keep going after a break here to catch up on some varnishing etc., and a bit of maintenance although 'Watermaiden' gives no trouble and this trip was uneventful apart from a drain valve in the wet exhaust leaking (I think the innards have corroded out). Luckily, I was sailing/motoring with the engine cover open and heard the rasping exhaust note as the gases - and water - leaked out. In fact the water was gradually filling up the bilge so I was lucky. I think had I looked over the side, as I normally do after starting the engine, I would have seen the reduced water flow to outside. Luckily, the different exhaust note alerted me. I have found both with 'Watermaiden' and my car - also owned for a long time (30 years, to be precise), you become attuned to the pattern of noises and soon spot changes.*

*I continue to have chats with Ernie Mashford at the yard (he built 'Watermaiden' and knew the first*



owner well). He is full of information. Do you have any of THB's correspondence with Philip Pike re his choice of The Rose of Arden design?"

The answer is, sadly, no. Many times I have wished that the file of yachting correspondence (if there was one) had come to me after my father's death. I had only the current correspondence which needed to be dealt with. It would have been/be extremely useful to have such terms of reference. With 'Romadi' the choice of Rose rather than Dream of Arden was because she has an iron keel and lead was expensive at the time. What an interesting letter. I'm glad Geoff's Guardian Angel was on duty to save him from a watery grave!

When John (Ives) and I were sailing to Malta in Easter in 1975, a small bird took shelter for a night under the dinghy. I had the dawn watch (I like seeing the world waking up) and in the early hours the bird emerged, fluttered round the mast once or twice - to get its bearings, I supposed, and then flew off shouting loudly. I told it to save its breath for flying.

When it comes to writing my HBA letters it is my repetitious hope that I shall find a neat file enclosing all the bits and pieces I want to include or comment upon. What a hope! I do try to gather things together and to an extent succeed but nearly always I find caches long after I've sent my letter to the Editor. Thus, I shall write little more now but may have to add a codicil to be pushed into a last-minute space.

Please check the List of Members and the Supplement for mistakes. I have become aware of some already and have corrected them but I rely on you to keep me up to date with your changes of address and telephone number. Let me know, also, if you want a Fax number included. I don't think we can cope with Internets, E-Mail or Webs.

I have come across a cache from which have emerged a letter from Steve Phillips and, from David Stamp, an ingenious but simple method of cleaning those impossible bits of below waterline hull which are so difficult from a dinghy (see Members Letters page).

I agree with Steve about 'Seasalter'. Repairs would probably be so costly that it might be better to consider building a new vessel - to an improved design. THB updated his Fastnet design, first to 'Aristene' and then 'Queen of Arden'. Tony Gaze told me at the Supper that he would be interested to do repairs/restoration work on HB boats - not just for love, I fear.

A very recent letter from David states his intention of coming with Elizabeth to next year's Laying-up Supper. Let's give them a large fleet of HB boats (and Associate boats) to visit. Perhaps some of our European members could sail across the Channel and join us.

News has reached me of the death, in October, of Peter Finlay who joined a few years ago as an Associate Member. We corresponded at that time but, sadly, he has died before I had got to know him better. I do not think he was known to any other member - they are rather thin on the ground in Scotland. I have written to Fiona Leslie, his daughter.

I send my best wishes and greetings ("Seasonal" would be the safest) to all our members, with a special welcome to our new members and, once again, my most sincere thanks for your kindness and generosity to me,

Your President,

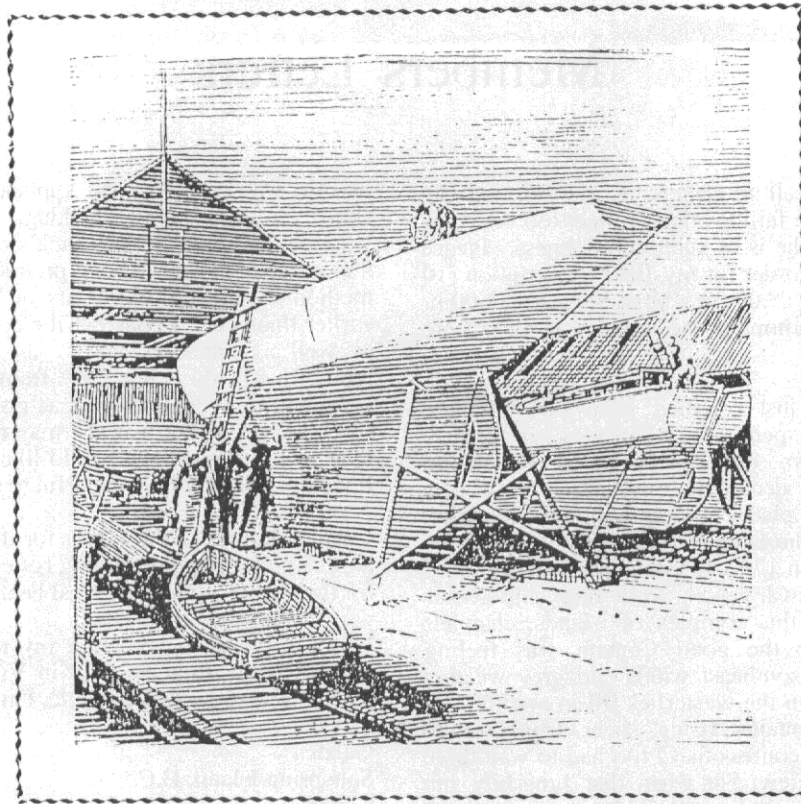
Joan.

Joan.

P.S. If any members are waiting for information from me please get in touch.

\* \* \* \* \*





## EDITORIAL

For most of us, except the lucky few who sail in warmer climes and those hardy souls who elect to keep their yachts in commission throughout the winter, the actual sailing season is now well and truly over. Neatly coiled and labelled rigging, greased bottle screws and oiled blocks should already be in store and the time has come once again to brush up on those dormant shipwrighting skills. For some the winter months are happily spent armchair sailing with a good book, content to allow the yard to undertake any winter fitting out required and to have their yacht re-commissioned on request the following spring, however the majority of wooden boat owners take full advantage of those precious fine winter weekends to contemplate some of those necessary jobs aboard which have arisen during the season. A work schedule, drawn up in descending order of priority is vital, not forgetting to include that new galley shelf your wife has constantly been reminding you about. Now is the time to tackle that irritating deck leak above your bunk and to investigate dark recesses of the bilge, possibly discovering lost treasures and unidentifiable rusty objects like that shackle key that mysteriously disappeared two years ago and a supposedly stainless steel teaspoon.

In most traditional and indeed some modern boatyards a camaraderie exists between fellow yachtsmen as earnestly they go about preparing their vessels for the following season. Discussions may ensue about the merits of Gaff rig over Bermudian and the latest types of effective deck seam caulking. The distinct aroma of warm varnish (as the tin stands in a bowl of water to reduce its viscosity) and fresh paint pervades the air. The unmistakable 'twick twick' of a Sanderling calling from the salt marshes and the sound of church bells drift musically on the breeze.

Winter fitting out has much to recommend and should be an important, and above all enjoyable, part of the boating year.

Seasons Greetings and Good Wishes for the New Year.

Worcester. December 1997.

Paul Cowman



## Members' Letters

### 'Galatea'

Once again I find myself *in arrears*, as it were, and can only hope that my own failings don't reflect too badly on 'Galatea', innocent as she is of such untimeliness. Please find enclosed a money order for my 1997 subscription (10 quid) and an additional £8.00 for a large burgee, £18.00 in all. My apologies accompany the money, as all sincere apologies should.

'Galatea' and I have just returned from our 'summer' holidays, five weeks spent on an area of the British Columbia coast known rather loosely as Desolation Sound. The name is decidedly misleading, as it is a spectacularly beautiful place. It was conferred by Capt. George Vancouver, whose ship 'Discovery' spent three weeks at anchor there in 1792, in company with the sloop 'Chatham' and two Spanish vessels while their ship's boats surveyed and mapped this complex of islands, channels and fiords. I gather the good Captain was feeling homesick, and let the southeast winds and grey weather get him down, but when the westerlies fill in and the sky clears, one sees mountains rising sheer from sea to snowline all around. I confess that I too had to wait three weeks for a bit of a view, but when that June/July sun does come out, there is no place on earth to compare with it. In addition, the confluence of north and south bound tidal streams in the Sound allows the sea to warm up to temperatures otherwise unknown on the BC coast, and swimming off the boat is the order of the day. Despite the coolest and wettest spring and early summer on record, the sun finally did come out, the water warmed, and now all I remember are the good days.

'Galatea' is in fairly good form these days, despite some engine problems last fall. A head gasket went on the old Volvo Penta (MD2B-25hp) and led to a complete top end rebuild. At the time of the spring haulout, April 6 - 22, I finally bit the bullet and pulled the mainmast for complete overhaul. This may seem a minor issue, but there is no spar crane in our area capable of handling her 59' wooden spar, thus a mobile crane is required for both out and in, at a cost of \$440.00 (about £250). It had been 12 years since the last overhaul, and I found a substantial glue-line failure, which I was able to repair. I also committed to painting the mast for the first time, as I find the varnish too difficult to maintain. New wiring, a new main halyard, and she slid back into place looking as good as new. The glossy white spars are much easier to spot against the dense forests that surround most of our anchorage here in BC.

I had an interesting brush with the long-lost 'Seasalter', our sistership, this spring. In the last newsletter I was amazed to see the names Tom and Rae-Ellen Lee as new owners, and I contacted them immediately. I understand that you (Joan) also had some correspondence with Tom, and sent him all available literature. He was very interested in my opinions about the design, and also about the possibility of repairs, as it seems 'Seasalter's' story is not a happy one. We communicated a lot (by e-mail) as I tried to understand exactly what was wrong with the boat - what could possibly happen to require 'keel replacement', for example?! And what could possibly prompt the owner-repairman in the Virgin Is. to suggest a 'concrete keel'?! Well, it would appear that a few years ago the

old girl was 'saved' by the application of a cold-moulded skin over the original planking. I can now understand what has happened to the backbone structure - rot from the inside. (There was a protracted discussion of this method of 'saving' old boats in Woodenboat magazine earlier this year. I consider the concept seriously flawed, as well as unnecessary - as you may remember, I replaced all of 'Galatea's' frames, and 40% of the planking, in 1983, and she's as good as new). I have not seen 'Seasalter', but fear she may not be recoverable. (I'd love to try, if someone would like to hire me to do so!!). It would certainly be wonderful to see her restored.

Congratulations to the Editor for the wonderful job on the Newsletters. They are getting better and better, particularly for those of us with a technical bent. Great work!

I look forward to receiving my new burgee before this year's Classic Boat Festival in Victoria (29 - 31 August 1997). The old one is pathetic, I'm afraid.

Galatea  
Saltspring Island, B.C.  
Canada

Steve Phillips

\* \* \* \* \*

### 'Jaslia'

Thank you most sincerely for Newsletter No. 23 dated Summer '86, showing the picture of 'Jaslia'. She looks very beautiful there and I think the Association could again be very proud of her status. A colleague of mine who worked on 'Jaslia' in Australia is now in England, working on a Harrison Butler in the West country, and he intends to contact you in the near future.

I am still unclear how the name 'Jaslia' came about, however I am sure some wise sage will remember the original reasons. It is my intention to contact the original owner Bill?? at Paddocks, School Lane, Hamble, however I am unsure if he is still with us, or sailing on other clouds, or has joined Davy Jones down below.

The status of 'Jaslia' is as follows:

We dropped the keel and removed 7 of the 8 keel bolts, which were less than a needle thick. It is most fortunate that I was not sailing in too heavy seas, otherwise we would have been in a right mess. We removed the iron floors, as these unfortunately had rusted away, and replaced them. The frames underneath the iron floors were also rotten, so we took out the timbers, steamed them ourselves, bent them and re-copper fixed them. We re-stripped the old Ailsa Craig (Albin petrol engine) and it is working like the proverbial Singer sewing machine. We removed the old iron bumpkin and replaced it with a magnificent Huon pine bumpkin. All the standing rigging was replaced. We replaced it with galvanised iron strand wire with all the lower areas whipped with black cord. Timber blocks have been put back on all areas of the boat and she has been re-painted more sympathetic colours than those in which I found her. The mast was removed and completely rubbed down, and received eight coats of varnish, which makes it look shiny and new.



We have recently participated in the 125th anniversary of the Sydney Amateur Sailing Club in Sydney, where 'Jaslia' came 8th out of a field of 30 in the Vintage Boat Division, which was a very good result, as there were some extremely fast ships of passage. We were thinking possibly at one stage to enlarge the cockpit of the boat, as HB would have designed her primarily as a single handed easy passage ship, however, Sydney Harbour with its vast magic inland waterways, is less suited for such a confined space.

I was wondering if amongst the records, sages or pieces of wisdom, if HB ever envisaged a larger cockpit for a more inland water activity. Perhaps you could advise me of your views or the views of any other HB enthusiast. I have been in contact with Frank Hart in Melbourne, who owns another 'Omega' and who hopes to eventually sail into Sydney once again. Unfortunately, he has not yet arrived. He was most kind to send me a video of an HB outing in England, which I found delightful.

Matthew Holliday, the ex owner of 'Quest', looked resplendent at the recent SACC Regatta with his HB tie. I unfortunately used my tie to keep my trousers up, however I am sure I looked equally as charming. Possibly after 10 double rums I was feeling less than steady, but a good time was had by one and all.

Thank you most sincerely for organising the plans and lines which I recently received. They have been of great benefit, and I intend to have them framed and adorn my study in Sydney.

Milsons Street  
NSW 2061  
Australia

Antony Brown

\* \* \* \* \*

### 'Amiri'

Our Sinah design boat 'Amiri' lives in a marina berth where moderate fouling occurs. Normally we slip and anti-foul the boat every Spring, but by late Autumn there is usually sufficient growth to show a noticeable reduction in speed and manoeuvrability. We saw a need to scrub the boat, but without the time and expense of slipping, so that we could enjoy sailing in some of the light weather we sometimes have during the winter months.

After what seemed to be more thought than action, we came up with the buoyant scrubber shown on the sketch. The idea is certainly not new, but we hoped to bring in some improvements on what we had heard of and seen in some brochures. There was more guesswork than engineering, but the results have come well and truly up to expectations, and almost no developments have been required from the prototype construction.

The main parts are two 3M Doodlebug coarse (brown) scouring pads and self-aligning pad-holders, arranged so that when passed over the hull they scrub a fairly wide area, but without tipping over as is possible when moved sideways across a surface - this is the reason for the 45° offset from the direction of scrubbing. The pads are operated from the marina platform, and upward thrust obtained from the four-litre plastic cordial bottle appears to be just right for the net weight of the pads and the cranked stainless steel and aluminium tubular handle.

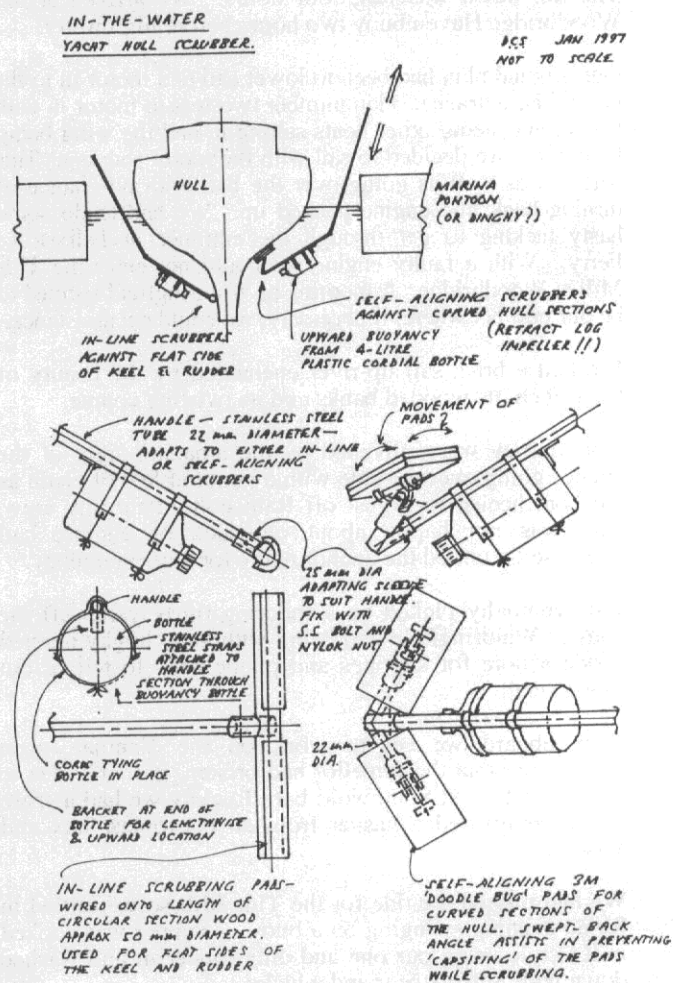
The self-aligning pads work well on the fairly slack-bilged hull, and for the near-flat surfaces of the keel and rudder we remove the Doodlebug pad-holders as a unit and fit the length of large diameter doweling to the handle, with two more pads wired onto it. The cleaning of the propeller and its aperture is finished off with a nylon-bristled toilet brush fixed onto a long varnished wooden extension handle; the canoe stern of the hull permits a good view of the operation until the still water is muddied by the scrubbing activity.

The whole scrubbing operation takes about one hour, including turning the boat around - we usually wait for a day with a light wind blowing off the marina so that we can let the wind turn the boat without our having to use the engine. The only part of the boat not reached is the under-side of the keel, and it is important to retract the log impeller before even thinking of scrubbing the hull.

As it happens, this year, with winter nearing and thoughts turning to scrubbing as outlined above, our propeller cast off a blade a few weeks ago, requiring that we slip the boat to fit a replacement. With the boat out of the water we took the opportunity to do a few minor fitting-out items, including applying new anti-fouling to the hull - 'Amiri' is thus reprieved from the usual scrubbing procedure this year at least.

Brighton  
Victoria 3186  
Australia

David Stamp



BEST JAN 1997  
NOT TO SCALE



# Woodbridge Bound

By ANTHONY GAZE

This was to be our first cruise in 'Chiquita', a Z4 tonner, having bought her in the Spring and day-sailed off Southwold.

We intended to make an early start on the Friday so arrived at Southwold on Thursday afternoon to prepare the boat, the jib was hanked on, main cover removed, engine checked etc. The tasks completed we rowed over to the Harbour Inn, had a meal and a few pints of Adnams beer. I felt a mixture of excitement and trepidation for this my first cruise as captain.

At six a.m. we cast off from our stage and were swept towards the harbour entrance by the last hour of the ebb. Being Spring tides the water was lower than usual and as we left the protection of the harbour we encountered a grey lumpy sea and with a sickening thud hit the bar, fortunately in the trough of a wave and we bounced over the bar to deeper water.

My crew was rather unnerved by this experience so soon on our trip. However we were soon bowling along with the large Genoa up, the wind on the beam, the tide running with us under a showery sky.

The sail down was fast, four hours. We arrived at the Woodbridge Haven buoy two hours before high water.

Our original plan had been to lower sail and motor in to the unfamiliar entrance. Plan number two was to motor in with jib up, but seeing other boats sailing in and the wind being favourable we decided to sail with the motor running. This was just as well as going over the bar, with no chance of turning back, the engine packed up. We had to do some hasty tacking to get through the entrance at Felixstowe Ferry. With a faulty engine we could not enter the Tide Mill at Woodbridge. A mooring at Waldringfield seemed to be our best bet where, if necessary, we could get assistance.

We had a brisk sail up-river enchanted by the beauty of the Deben, its wooded banks and its twisting course.

Our journey was enlivened by the amazing sight of the anchor going over the side with a hundred feet of chain as the boat heeled to a gust off Ramsholt. Paul, my crew, who was not happy about our lack of engine, had unadvisedly untied the anchor ready for any emergency.

We eventually picked up a mooring thirty yards off the quay at Waldringfield and being without a dinghy hitched a ride ashore for supplies and phone calls to tell of our safe arrival.

Back aboard we set to work on the Yanmar, soon discovering that the impeller had broken, probably due to sand drawn in on Southwold bar. Luckily we had a spare and I improvised a gasket from an elastoplast box and Vaseline.

We had missed the tide for the Tide Mill so we settled in for an evening swinging on a buoy. Supper was cooked in Z4 style using our one and only saucepan and washed down with Suffolk beer and whisky.

At mid-day on Saturday we motored up to the Tide Mill, passing many wonderful wooden boats and gingerly entered, only to be stopped short in our tracks as we hit the sill. We managed to push ourselves off and entered when the water had risen further.

The purpose of our voyage was to attend the HBA laying up supper at the Bull. We received a warm welcome as we circulated with our pre-dinner drinks. It was an enjoyable evening and leaving at midnight we ambled down the hill to the peaceful harbour.

Next morning we readied ourselves for visitors. Joan and Paul Cowman came aboard first, Joan settled herself down below and looked very much at home. Before we knew it there were ten or twelve people aboard, we stayed afloat and felt honoured by all the attention.

We left the Tide Mill in the afternoon and had an exhilarating sail down to Ramsholt, weaving our way between racing dinghies and for a time sailing in company with a fleet of Squibs, close reaching with spinnakers flying, the boats lurching over in the gusts. We picked up a mooring off Ramsholt and made plans for an early start on Monday.

We left at 6 a.m. before it was fully light to cross the bar two hours after high water and carry the tide North. Our day's sailing was dramatically curtailed when, not being able to see the river banks very clearly, we ran into the mud and stuck, a hundred yards from the shore. It was a beautiful sunrise, the water rapidly dropped and we gently settled to a thirty degree angle. My crew was not quite so philosophical and later in the day trudged through the mud and walked the mile to Ramsholt along the river bank. At the pub he enjoyed a crab salad and Adnams beer in the company of Eric Thomson, 'Possum' (Cyclone design). Meanwhile I scrubbed the hull, ate a luke warm tin of baked beans - it is hard to cook on a non gimballed stove at thirty degrees - and enviously watched passing yachts.

The water rose as quickly as it fell and soon the boat was surrounded by water several feet deep but minus my crew. As I planned a solo voyage Paul appeared, merry from his lunch time pint, and waded out through the rising water. We were soon afloat, pulled the kedge up and took a mooring at Felixstowe Ferry. It was here that I faced a mutiny from my crew who refused to sail any further, not liking the 6.00 p.m. forecast of winds 3 - 4, possible 5, N.E. which could lead to a lumpy sea.

However, the tension on board melted as we finished off the whisky, the wind dropped and Paul agreed to make a decision upon listening to the 6.00 a.m. forecast. Fortunately nothing stronger than force 4 was forecast so we cast off our mooring and motored out of the Deben, a wonderful sunrise creating a backdrop to Bawdsey.



The ensuing eleven hours were thankfully free of incident. We carried the tide past Orfordness then we slowed down as we doggedly took in long tracks against the tide.

We had hoped to get to Southwold in time for lunch at the Harbour Inn, but lunch time saw us approaching Surewell and the hours slipped by as we made painfully slow progress. By teatime we were off Dunwich, Southwold

clearly in sight. We finally made Southwold at 5.30, an hour after high water. The entrance was slightly choppy but the considerable force of the ebb was yet to come.

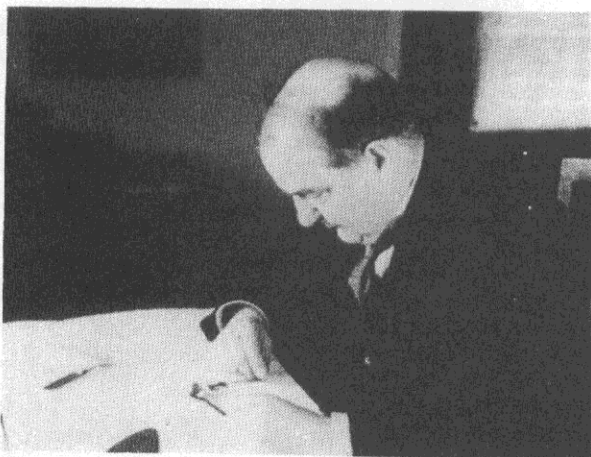
We tied up hastily, packed the boat away and rowed over to the Harbour Inn and settled ourselves around a pint of Adnams and mulled over our adventure, full of admiration for our sturdy boat.



**Z4 'Chiquita' at Woodbridge with Captain and additional crew**

**Standing - Robert Hebson, Paul Cowman, June Murrin, Lesley Gibson, Tony Gaze, Denis Murrin**  
**Seated - Paul Smith, Bryony Hebson, Patrick Gibson, Elspeth Macfarlane and Joan Jardine Brown**





SIR, - I recently read a most interesting article by F. B. R. Brown in a weekly paper which pointed out the faults of the fisherman and pilot boat type of boat when used as a yacht. He emphasized the fact that these craft have a heavy but not strong construction, in fact that in actual strength they are inferior to many racing yachts, which, although lightly built, are intelligently constructed and well fastened. He agrees that they are suitable for their purpose, the pilot boat being ideal for lying-to, and the fishing boat having low freeboard to facilitate getting in the nets. But he rightly says the average man who cruises does not want to get nets on board and rarely has to lie-to. He wants a yacht that will claw off a lee shore if caught out, and can be driven to windward and get home while the pilot type is lying-to outside. This, he says, is achieved by light displacement and good design, and also by a modern rig which is effective even when reefed down.

On the other hand, your anonymous correspondent "Backwards to the Past" seems to think that the very fact that a yacht has been designed is enough to condemn her. In a word, men like Albert Strange, Nicholson, Hereshoff, the late McCallum, Laurent Giles and others, who are practical yachtsmen, who have devoted their lives to the improvement of yachts and have tried them out in all weathers, are useless: the correct man to build a yacht is the local craftsman, a man who has generally never been to sea in his life.

Theoretically one would suppose that a craft designed by my friend, the late Albert Strange, a man who was not only a yacht designer but also a prime seaman and a professional artist, would be very suitable for the work he designed her for; and, as far as I know, the happy owners of these craft are very satisfied with them. But what are the actual facts?

I read in the American journal, *Yachting*, of a German-built 12-Metre caught in a gale while completing her voyage to New York from a Northern American port. She was hove-to eventually under bare poles, and not only made good weather of it but could be steered, and actually was found to have made several miles to windward. Another American 12-Metre was also hove-to in a gale under bare poles, and the crew were perfectly comfortable. A former owner of *Istar*, another German "Twelve," told me that he was bringing the yacht home from Hamburg, and got caught in a gale in the North Sea. He said that she made beautiful weather of it.

Mr. Crankshaw, the owner of *Noreen*, tells me that this 12-Metre is a splendid sea-boat. "When I get into a breeze

## Why Have a Design?

By T. HARRISON BUTLER

I get the rags off her. She will go windward with a close-reefed staysail." Once, when cruising in *Maud*, formerly owned by Claud Worth and regarded as an "ideal cruiser," we were passed by a 12-Metre with a trysail and staysail set. It was blowing a fresh breeze off Portland Bill, and she went past us as though we were standing still; and she was making better weather of it than we were.

These are only a few examples going to show that the extreme racing type is perfectly happy and comfortable in a sea and strong wind if sailed under very small canvas. That is the chief point: a well-designed yacht, embodying all that is good in the racing design, can go to windward under strenuous conditions with a very small sail area. This small area is not throwing enormous strains on the vessel, and is easy to handle.

These are second-hand histories. I will now come to my own personal experiences. I have for the past 21 years owned *Sandook*, a 6-ton cutter, originally a Plymouth waterman's boat, and have sailed her up and down the coast and over to the Channel Islands. She is neither better nor worse than her type. She is cutter rigged with gaff mainsail. Her forward sections are very fine, of the vertical type, and her quarters are very full. Her displacement is moderate, and this is her chief virtue.

Many have asked me: "Why sail a boat like that when you can design one so much better?" The answer is that one cannot educate a large family of yachtsmen and women and build boats in these days of high income-tax.

*Sandook* is a wonderful boat to run. Her motor boat type of hull and her long keel make her ideal for this work. She, of course, reaches well, and is quite good to windward with full sail and fairly smooth water. She is quite fast, having attained 6.5 knots on more than one occasion. 6.5 is the theoretical maximum speed for her WL length of 25ft.

But when it comes to going to windward off Portland Bill it is a different story. She has no spoon bow to pick her up, and she puts her bowsprit into the water on the least provocation. In anything of a head sea she dives right into it; of course she does, she has no overhang to pick her up. When sail has to be drastically reduced she wallows about and is apt to miss stays. On 15 June we were in Newtown, I.O.W., and it was blowing a fresh breeze. We set the third jib, rather to give it an airing than because it was necessary, and with this and full stay-sail we reached up the Solent with a NW wind. Under this rig she was very comfortable. We could sail her within five points of the wind, but she would not come about. When we rounded



Calshot we had to come by the wind to get to the Hamble River, and we set a double-reefed mainsail. Off the Hook buoy we were struck by a long squall of almost half-gale force. 'Sandoek' was hove-down till the water was running along her side-decks almost up to the top of the cockpit coamings. We lowered the staysail to ease her, and came about with difficulty.

Off the Ower buoy she missed stays and I had to wear her. We now set the staysail again and sailed her full-and-bye for the Hamble. Inside the Spit buoy it became obvious that another tack was necessary. Again she missed stays, and again she had to be worn. Alas! this time there was not room for the long circle that a yacht of this type needs, and she went ashore. With a rising tide she was soon off and up the Hamble under engine.

The fact was that under small canvas she would not handle properly with the small amount of sail that the wind demanded.

While we were wallowing - not really sailing - under small canvas, an "X" boat was going along blithely under two reefs, handling like a top. Of course, she was getting a wetting, but she was getting there and we were not.

Now for the reverse of the shield. By the kindness of my friend, Mr. Douglas Johnson, I have had quite a lot of sailing in his new yacht 'Faraway'. This was built to my own design, my latest type. The plans will appear in Francis Cooke's new book on "Week-End Cruising."

'Faraway' is 22.5ft on the LWL, her beam is 8.5ft or 8in more than 'Sandoek', and her draught is 4.5ft - 6in less than 'Sandoek'.

We were sailing in company, and we changed crews. I went aboard 'Faraway' and his crew took over 'Sandoek'. With one reef down, 'Sandoek' was having full sail, we sailed away from her on all points of sailing, and pointed higher. We left her more rapidly running than going to windward. We lowered the mainsail, and in a nice sailing breeze in some sea off the Solent Banks, we went to windward with headsail alone, and came about several times with certainty.

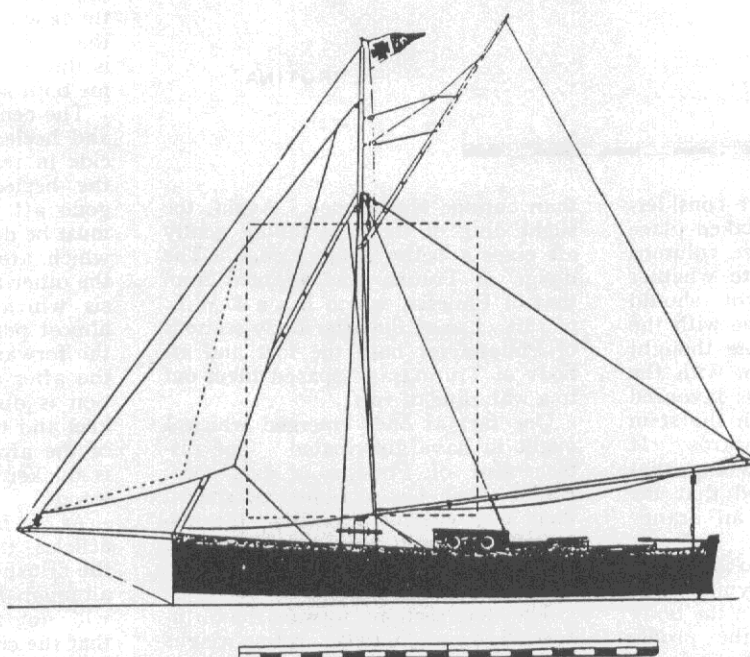
We hove her to solidly with jib aback, and no mainsail. With one reef down she has less sail than 'Sandoek'. Her displacement is about half a ton more than 'Sandoek'.

On 19 August I sailed 'Sandoek' back to Bursledon from Porchester. It had been blowing hard all the preceding day and during the night. 'Sandoek' was putting her bowsprit in all the way home, but was quite dry. In the afternoon we went out in 'Faraway'. It was blowing much harder. 'Faraway' was perfectly dry in the tidal sea off the Brambles, and he bowsprit was never near the water.

Here we have an example of the "old" and the "new". 'Sandoek' is a good specimen of the fisherman type, 'Faraway' is a modern cruiser designed entirely to be a sea-boat, with no thought of speed. She is chubbier and shorter and yet she is faster and drier than the rule-of-thumb yacht, while quite as steady on her helm, but as handy as a gimblet. I cannot see a single factor in which 'Faraway' is not superior to 'Sandoek'. She would certainly be far safer in a heavy sea, because she picks herself up and does not dive into it as a straight-stem vessel must. If 'Faraway' were lengthened out, so as to be 25ft on the LWL, with the same sections as at present, she would be immeasurably superior in every respect.

T. Harrison-Butler

Yachting Monthly October 1933



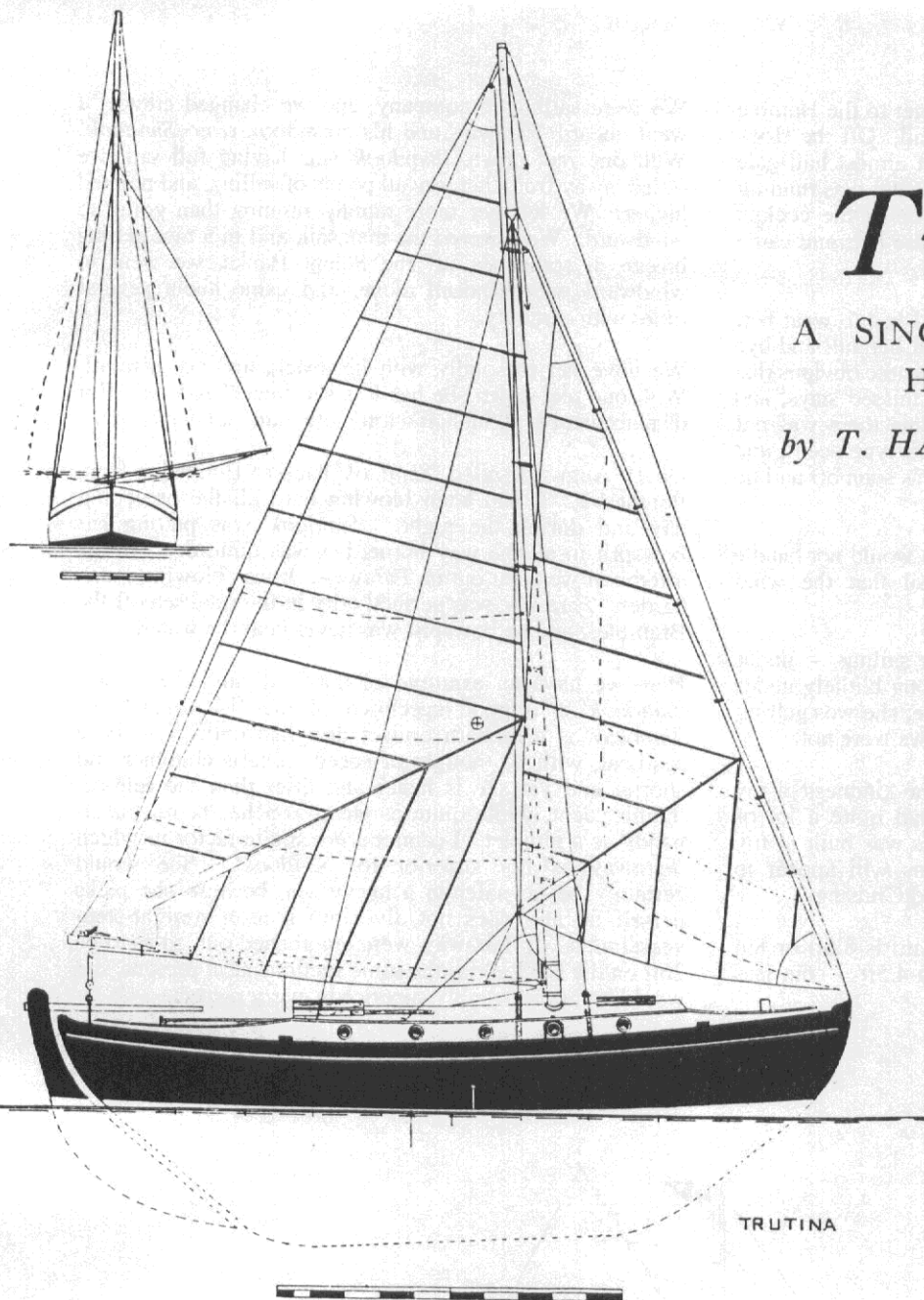
**'Sandoek' (25' LWL) A Plymouth Hooker type designed and built in 1897 by Burlace of Plymouth. Owned by THB from 1912 - 1934**



# Trutina

A SINGLE-HANDED or TWO-HANDED CRUISER

by T. HARRISON-BUTLER, A.I.N.A.



## DIMENSIONS

Thames Measurement	-	-	4.3 tons
L.O.A.	-	-	23ft.
L.W.L.	-	-	20ft.
Beam	-	-	7ft. 2½ins.
Draft	-	-	4ft.
Displacement	-	-	3.9 tons
Lead Keel	-	-	1.4 tons
Turners' Stability Factor	-	-	24
(20 being a good normal)			
Mainsail	-	-	165 sq. ft.
Foresail	-	-	80 sq. ft.
2nd Foresail	-	-	48 sq. ft.
T.S.A.	-	-	245 sq. ft.
Spinnaker	-	-	90 sq. ft.

of small craft is low, and any factor that will raise it is valuable.

An inspection of the lines of Trutina reveals the curious fact that, although her lines fore and aft are the same, they look dissimilar. Thus the slope of the stem appears to be steeper than that of the stern-post; it is identical. Then the bow lines do not appear to be quite the same as the buttock lines. This is due to the increased sheer forward, for both sets of curves are the same.

The centres of the curves of upright and heeled sectional areas must coincide in reality, but when worked out the heeled centre of buoyancy has gone aft by a mere fraction. This must be due to those errors in working which are so difficult to avoid. On the other hand, the metacentric analysis which one would expect to be almost perfect is not so. The area of the forward curve is 14 units, that of the after curve 17. This overcorrection is due to the slight drag of the keel and to the fact that the thickness of the after dead-wood and sternpost is thicker than that of the fore dead-wood.

As I have pointed out in other articles, this is an important factor in the cruising type of hull, and I think, although I know that Admiral Turner will not approve of my suggestion, that the correct equation for a cruising type of hull should not be  $a+c=b$ , but  $a+(c+x)=b$ , where  $x$  is a factor that must be determined by experiment and experience. The experiments could be made with models, and  $x$  would be more or less constant for similar types. The formula  $a+c=b$  is true only in the case of a hull where the keel appendage or fin

**D**URING the past year considerable discussion has taken place in the correspondence columns of the yachting Press as to whether the waterlines of a yacht should approximate to a pear-shape with the stem forward or aft. Some thought that the old-fashioned form with the stem aft was correct, others favoured the more modern type with the stem of the pear pointing forwards. It seems to me that both are wrong, that the pear shape is bad, and that the waterlines should be like an orange pip, fore and aft alike.

Trutina carries this idea to its logical conclusion. She is almost symmetrical fore and aft. The sections in the body plan are identical, and the profile varies from perfect identity only in that the sheer is higher at the bow than at the stern, and that the keel line follows not the waterline but the sheer.

It is obvious that any yacht should have more sheer forward than aft; and when I tried an absolutely symmetrical profile I could not accept the more

than curious appearance. Again, the slight drag of the keel falling gently aft gives a better leading edge. The design of Trutina was adapted from that of Philesia, which has a L.W.L. of 18ft. I used the after body sections of Philesia for both the fore and aft body of Trutina and spaced them out to a waterline of 20ft.

One fact at once emerged which I ought to have anticipated. The displacement of Philesia is 3.25 tons. Had I taken her sections and spaced them out without alteration, the displacement would have been 3.6 tons.

## Both Ends the Same

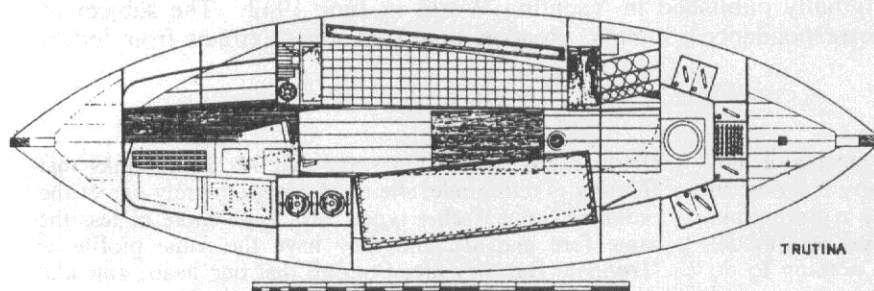
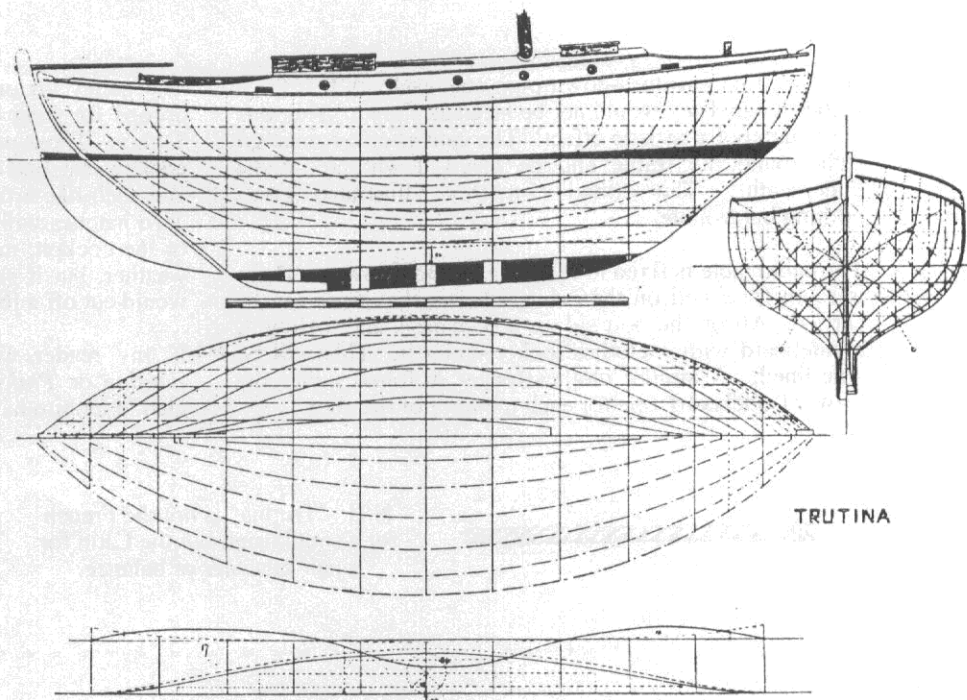
The new sections forward have increased this to 3.9 tons; Trutina weighs six cwt. more than she would have done with more orthodox sections forward. This again has raised her metacentre two inches, and her stability factor from 20 to 24. On the other hand the increased displacement calls for more sail area to drive it, but this, in a small ship, is, I am sure, all to the good. The absolute stability



is well forward in a position where the increased thickness aft has little influence, for its moment is small.

Philesia is even more overbalanced, for her forward curve measures 60 against an after curve of 90. Theoretically Philesia should carry lee helm, but I very much doubt whether she would actually do so. A model would settle this point. I think that we can be quite certain that Trutina will not carry lee helm.

I think that Trutina would make a very excellent buoyant sea-boat, and be comfortable and perfectly docile. With the sail area shown she would need a nice breeze to drive her, but she was designed for easy handling by a small crew, perhaps one man, and not for racing purposes. I agree that she will be slowish, and that her profile is not beautiful. On the water



she is as pretty or as ugly as any other Scandinavian model. I cannot but feel that this type of stern is the easiest to build and the most seaworthy after end for a small yacht that is meant for Channel cruising and not for mere sailing in sheltered waters.

The sail plan is designed for a short-handed crew, and the yacht would carry quite a lot more if desired. Economy has been considered and the track and slides have been eliminated. The Dutchman did without shrouds, and his mainsail was almost a Bermudian, for the very short gaff called for a long luff and high mast. Many of my designs have been built with ordinary mast-hoops, and as far as I know they have worked well. I rigged an X-boat that I owned with a Bermudian with mast-hoops and it worked quite well in practice. All that is necessary is to make the mast a little stouter. Of course, I am thinking of a cruising rig with an aspect ratio of not more than two to one.

If you must have high efficiency then you need a track, two or more sets of spreaders, and elaborate and expensive rigging. I have shown my single-handed spinnaker. There is a jack-stay on the boom and this runs through an eye on the mast. There is a guy at both ends of the boom. The sail can be carried amidships, giving an excellent sail for running without a mainsail. Incidentally, after considerable experience with a square-sail on Sandook I came to the conclusion that it was an abomination, and turned

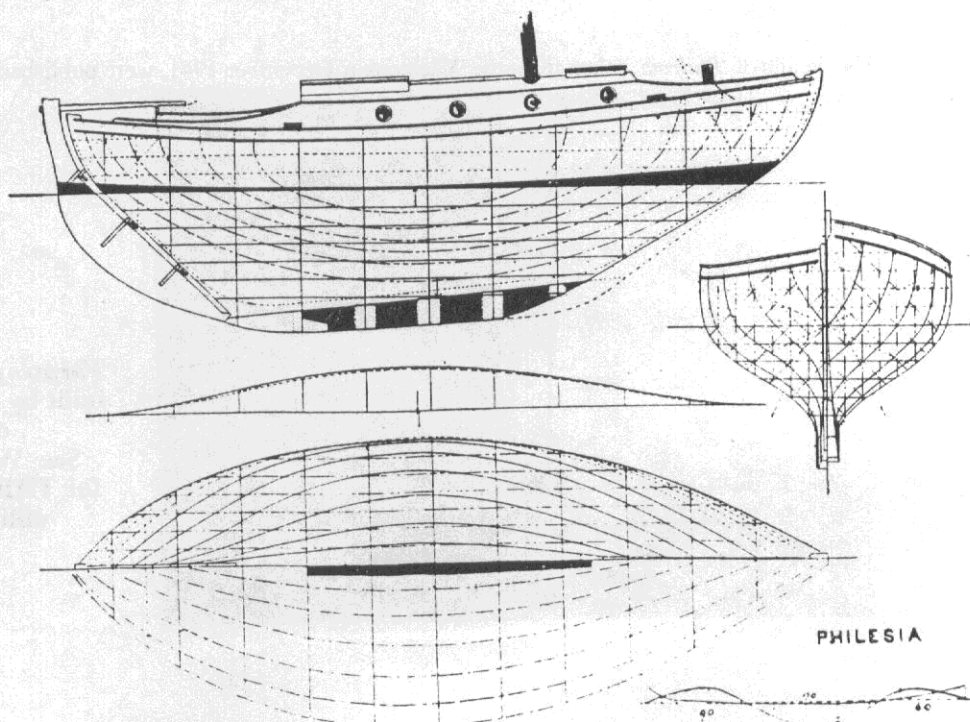
it into a spinnaker. Then the spinnaker can be boomed out on either side with the minimum of trouble. Of course it is cocked up a little and the area is of necessity small, but it is designed for ease of handling only, and not for speed.

Trutina and Philesia are both devised for easy building, and for cheap construction. I have for this reason adopted a lead keel rather than an

iron one. An amateur builder will find lead far easier to deal with than iron, and in a small ship the difference in price is small. It would be quite easy to draw an iron keel with no alteration in the wooden keel shown.

The layout is designed with the idea that one or two persons can live comfortably on the ship for long periods. The forecabin can be shut off by doors giving complete privacy when desired. The topsides are carried up to eliminate a coach-roof. This plan gives sitting room in the forecabin. Right forward is a shelf for light articles. Then comes the chain-locker. There is a place for six water tins the exact size of petrol tins, but made of galvanised iron. There is room for the riding light and side lights, and plenty of hanging space for oilskins.

On the port side there is a food locker opening into the main cabin.





Here we find two turn-down pipe cots each six feet three inches long. They would not be laced as shown. This was done merely for artistic effect! The canvas cover must go right round the frame and be laced down the middle underneath. The orthodox method illustrated gives nothing but trouble.

The cabin table is fixed to the mast and folds away. There is room for a bed on the cabin sole, so that three can be carried. Aft on the port side is a bookcase, and, below it, a sideboard with a clothes locker under it. This will be zinc-lined. A similar clothes locker is found under the forward sideboard, one for each member of the crew.

The galley aft on the starboard side is ample for living aboard for long periods. The engine is a 4 h.p. Stuart Turner. Three petrol tins are located under the starboard cockpit seat, and on the port side are two lockers for warps and such-like articles. Aft there is a commodious locker. Two hatches will be carried to cover in the after two feet of the cockpit, making the yacht fit to face any ordinary weather, but if she is intended for a real single-hander, I would cut off a foot from the after end of the cockpit.

If any reader would like to made a model of either *'Trutina'* or *'Philesia'* to try out the hull balance I shall be glad to let him have a blueprint of the lines.

N.B. "*Trutina*" is not the French for a small trout, but the Latin for a pair of scales or balance.

The article describing *'Trutina'* was originally published in *Yachting World* in June 1942. The subject of Balance still featured regularly in the correspondence columns. Readers may find some extracts from letters written by H.B. of interest.

April YW - "I have repeatedly pointed out that a hull may have a perfect analysis and yet be a very bad one; in fact, have an absurd shape. For example a rolling-pin would have a perfect shelf and yet be useless as a model for a hull. The metacentric analysis has nothing to do with anything but sailing balance. A ship with a good analysis does not pull on her helm or run off to leeward, but tends to run straight. That is all that the analysis is meant to ensure.

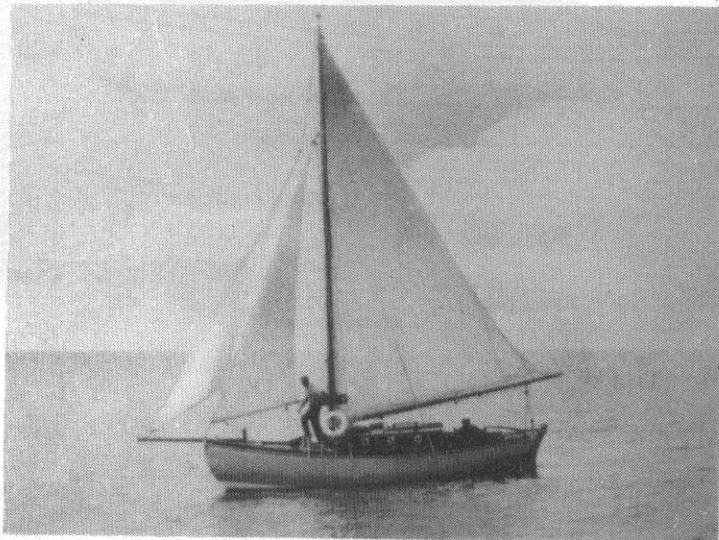
My only reason for supporting Admiral Turner's theory is that it has enabled me to design yachts that are docile; before I had mastered the method I failed to achieve this desired quality."

October YW - "I am sorry that Mr Paul thinks that *'Trutina'* is retrograde; she is, of course, merely one of the ordinary Colin Archer types. They are more or less the same fore and aft, and they have the same profile as *'Trutina'*. But they are, from all that one hears, splendid sea boats. Their defects are due to their flaring topsides which make them lift bodily when heeled, giving a most uncomfortable sea-sick making motion.

This feature has been avoided in *'Trutina'*. I regard her more as a *study* than as a final design. She shows the kind of ship that results when hull balance is pushed to its logical limit. She can be modified this way and that without losing her main characteristics till the ideal shape has been reached."

The details of *'Philesia'*, taken from the *'Yachtsman'* December 1941, were published in our Newsletter No. 34, Winter 1991.

M.M.



***'Faraway'*, Englyn design (22.5' LWL)  
built by Anderson Ridgen & Perkins  
of Whitstable in 1933.**

**See 'Why Have a Design' page 10  
for THB's comments on *'Faraway's'*  
sailing performance in 1933.**

# The Cruising Spirit

FROM - UNDER THE CABIN LAMP - 1950

By SIR ALKER TRIPP



To my shame and sorrow I own it; I do not possess the full and true cruising spirit. That lot cannot be the lot of everyone, and I am one of the poor specimens; I am simply not in it with some men I know, as regards that placid and adaptable frame of mind which is the true fruit of the cruising spirit.



It is not that I have found myself wanting in times of stress or trouble. Even among the poorest of us such a failing is seldom encountered; and I, like all the rest, have generally muddled through somehow. But my inferiority comes out even there; for I do it with the utmost expenditure possible of nerve-strain and foreboding. Until things are *really* bad I spend my imagination in thinking out, and providing escape from, all sorts of awkward predicaments which may never happen. I believe a good many other people do the same, though they do not always own up. And I believe that they also, like me, only become reasonably placid and contented when the awkward predicament has really arisen. Then the fight against odds brings its own inspiration, making a man even of the abject.

I am not thinking, however, of that aspect of matters just now - but of the ordinary everyday cruising outlook. I was shamed into realisation of these things the other day when, lying in a mud-berth in my yacht (not yet fitted out), I heard a song as glad as that of a skylark. It was some fellow singing; he may not have had high musical proficiency - on that point I am not competent to speak - but for sheer joyousness and freedom I have seldom heard his music matched. It had the merry note that only a man who is happy to the core can put into a song.

And guess where my songster was! Thigh-booted, he was knee-deep in the mud. On Easter Monday he was shovelling the mud away from the keel of his yacht which, had she only floated from her winter berth (as, by all the rules of the game, she ought to have done) would have taken him for his projected Easter cruise to the Channel Islands. The Spring tides on the South Coast since

January had all been short; even the March tides, usually bumper ones, had failed to float his vessel. He had lost his Easter cruise, and was spending his holiday digging out his yacht instead. Grumble? Not he. Every time you met him his happiness was infectious and did you good. At low-water he was digging, and at high-water he was on deck with marlinspike and knife, hard at work at rigging jobs which he had intended to carry through in mid-channel on his cruise.

Speaking for myself, I am sure that I shouldn't have been. I should have groused. I should have been telling people about it all and expecting their sympathy. But *he* had the cruising spirit to its uttermost, and the chances of the game were all one to him.

He came on board me for a yarn once or twice, at intervals between his labours. I mentioned Newtown River, I remember; and he smiled reminiscently. 'What was it?' I asked. 'A double casualty,' he laughed. 'I was in a twenty-four-tonner, and there isn't much room, as you know. But I had brought up in a snug berth, making myself a nuisance to nobody - unless perhaps the oyster people. And I was rather pleased. Then another pilot-cutter of about my own tonnage came in, and - went bang aground.' He paused. Good Samaritan as he was, I might have known that he went to the rescue. So he did. 'I thought I could fetch him off with my auxiliary,' he went on, 'but I couldn't.' He paused. 'The fact is I went aground myself on the other side, and we both dried out. Drawing seven foot six we both lay over at a mighty angle, so that, while some of the berths on board were quite comfortable, the ones opposite - weren't!'

'So your weekend was spoiled?' I hazarded. 'Not a bit,' he answered. 'We found all sorts of things to do. We made a great bonfire ashore, for one thing, I remember. I daresay I never enjoyed a weekend better in my life.'

There you have it; the genuine article. That is the spirit.

Yet once again, a week or two after, I heard that cheery note of song. The neaped yacht was afloat by now, and she came proudly in from sea. Her sails were soon off her. A kedge was down as well as the big anchor, and some pulley-hauly was in progress to the merry tune of a shanty. The same note of utter happiness was in his voice. Then my hero came ashore, and I noticed that the bridge of his nose was gashed and his nose itself newly blooded. 'What on earth -?' I asked. 'Oh, the block of the tops'l halliard fell on it,' he exclaimed. 'When did it happen?' I asked. 'Just this minute, as I was getting the tops'l off her,' he laughed.

And he went striding off, the happiest man you ever met.





## Winter Cruising

By ALEXIA JENKINS

On the weekend between Boxing Day and New Year we went sailing, it seemed a good idea at the time.

It was Friday afternoon, absolutely freezing and snow was falling on the pontoons. 'Susanna' was looking good with sails hanked on, shopping neatly stowed below and her charcoal stove quietly glowing, but all the odds for leaving that night were against us. The engine still under warranty had been taken out of 'Susanna' and was due to be replaced with a new Yanmar in the New Year. One of my crew was stuck in a traffic jam on the M1 and we were down to our last bag of charcoal.

Bored with waiting for crew who may or may not arrive, I set off on an unsuccessful mission to find some more 'barbecue charcoal', and by the time I had returned, Robin had arrived. He explained that on seeing that I was not there, he had jumped aboard 'Susanna', thrown his kit bag below and had started to think about making a cup of tea before realising that he was on the wrong boat. He was

instead on board 'Bambino', a Deben 2 1/2 tonner. It was dark by the time Richard arrived, there were little piles of snow building up on top of all the cleats and along the mooring lines. We hurriedly made a decision, as everyone was keen to go sailing that night, to meet Steve the M1 crewman, still stuck on the M1, the following morning in the Hamble. A mobile phone call later and Steve agreed, promising to pick up a bag of charcoal on the way.

In fairly light airs, we hoisted mainsail and jib, slipped the lines and drifted out of the marina. Attaching another foresail below the boom made a good waterwing and we ghosted down Southampton Water on the tide. 'Bambino' and 'Barquentina' overtook us under engines heading towards the Isle of Wight where we had arranged to meet them the following evening. Hamble

Point buoy appeared too soon and we quickly handed the jury rigged foresail and began beating into the river entrance, Robin sitting in the hatchway calling out the depths when it became time to tack. When we reached Mercury Marina the wind had picked up and due to the narrowness of the river, we were tacking at about every 10 seconds, or so it seemed.

Dumping all sails on deck and simultaneously throwing all fenders and ropes over the sides we crash landed alongside a pontoon, tied 'Susanna' with a variety of secure knots and made for the pub.

Steve turned up the following morning as promised with a bag of charcoal. There was a layer of frost on the pontoon. Adrian, who had sounded so keen the previous week, arrived and on looking at our blue noses and the north wind, hurriedly made up several reasons why he could not join us with his boat. He kindly lent Chris and Georgina his little yellow boat however and promised to help us with casting off our lines.

Leaving the marina with a North wind blowing required a long line to pull 'Susanna' away from the pontoons into deeper water. This was duly floated across the water, down wind attached to a fender and tied to 'Susanna's' bow. It all looked very professional as we hauled 'Susanna' from her downwind berth into an upwind berth, hoisted sail and cast off. Disaster struck, however, as sailing to windward is not always her strong point, especially when she has not been given any warning. Instead of gliding gracefully down river as expected, we were blown downwind and were brought up abruptly, much to the crew's disappointment, as her backstay became entangled with a very large and expensive power boat. By the time we had sorted ourselves out and caught up the little yellow boat further down river, it was past lunchtime and getting colder as the sun grew lower in the sky.

\* \* \* \* \*

## The Good Captain

While the ship was under sail, but making, as will appear, no great way - a kitten, one of the four of the feline inhabitants of the cabin, fell from the window into the water: an alarm was immediately given to the Captain, who was then upon deck, and received it with the utmost concern. He immediately gave orders to the steersman in favour of the poor thing, as he called it; the sails were instantly slackened, and all hands, as the phrase is, employed to recover the poor animal. I was, I own, extremely surprised at all this; less, indeed, at the Captain's extreme tenderness, than at his conceiving any possibility of success; for if puss had had nine thousand, instead of nine lives, I concluded they had been all lost. The boatswain, however, had more sanguine hopes; for, having stript himself of his jacket, breeches and shirt, he leapt boldly into the water, and, to my great astonishment, in a few minutes, returned to the ship bearing the motionless animal in his mouth. Nor was this, I observed, a matter of such great difficulty as it appeared to my ignorance, and possibly may seem to that of my fresh-water reader: the kitten was now exposed to air and sun on the deck, where its life, of which it retained no symptoms, was despaired of by all. The Captain's humanity, if I may so call it, did not so totally destroy his philosophy, as to make him yield himself up to affliction on this melancholy occasion. Having felt his loss like a man, he resolved to shew he could bear it like one; and having declared he had rather have lost a cask of rum or brandy betook himself to threshing at backgammon with the Portuguese Friar, in which innocent amusement they passed their leisure hours.

But as I have, perhaps, a little too wantonly endeavoured to raise the tender passions of my readers, in this narrative, I should think myself unpardonable if I concluded it, without giving them the satisfaction of hearing that the kitten at last recovered, to the great joy of our good Captain.

Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon

Henry Fielding

On sailing up the Medina towards the Folly Inn, we passed several large Moodys and Sigmas, all overflowing with merry people aboard, returning from the pub. When we arrived, only 'Bambino' and 'Barquentina' were left on the pontoon. An enjoyable evening in the pub followed, broken only by a fondue for all eight people aboard 'Susanna' and finished off with a bottle of whisky aboard 'Barquentina'.

The little yellow boat was the first to leave on Sunday morning. We left with the tide at lunchtime, stopping at Cowes for a warm up in the Blue Anchor. A meal on board before casting off once again as it grew dark. It was a beat all the way home, the northerly wind making it impossible to stay on deck for too long. Fortunately, there were more than enough people on board, and we were able to spend some time below warming up by the stove. Steve appointed himself navigator and we slowly made our way across the Solent, dodging the Bramble Bank and Calshot Spit.

At midnight, the wind died away altogether and, after drifting with the last of the flood, we rowed the last 100m back into the marina.

Everyone agreed that it had been a great weekend. For myself, it was probably one of the most memorable. We didn't go very far and we certainly didn't go anywhere very quickly, but to sail with the wind, to wait for the tide and to take some out time to enjoy the sea with a group of friends aboard is what the Z4 Tonners do best.

I visited Danny and Libby aboard 'Saltwind' in Thorny Island, Emsworth earlier this month. She is looking beautiful after a complete refit taking over a year and a half. They are currently finishing the mast and are about to install the engine and hope to be cruising to Scotland and Ireland next summer.



# Laying Up

By AUBREY DE SELINCOURT

The more things a man can do for himself the better. It's good for all of us to cook our own breakfast now and then, and clean our boots, and wash the dishes, whatever our circumstances may be. Such things have a sanative, even a sanitary effect; they prevent us getting bored with too much money, or too much culture - both of which are dangerous in excess.

Certainly a man should lay up his own boat just as he should fit her out. It's a sad business to step ashore from the dinghy at the end of the season with no more than a nod for good-bye, hurry home for dinner, and have the boat packed off like a parcel to the nearest yard.

This is my considered opinion. But do I act upon it? I do not, but I wish I did. My own good-byes have been far too hurried and unceremonious. So much the worse for me; it was not my fault.

I will now indulge myself in a bit of fancy. It will be a harmless fancy, and the excuse for it is that it will serve for one more tribute to an old friend.

'Sybil', then, is not lying stripped and derelict on the mud above Bursledon Bridge. She is in harbour somewhere in the West Country, say Salcombe - in the Bag. I cannot, indeed, pretend that she is young; but she is tight and sound and in every respect ready for the sea. Moreover she is mine. I am sitting on the settee in the saloon, studying tide-tables by the light of one of the cabin candles which has just been lit, and Bob (for a wonder) is washing up in the pantry. For of course he and Ros are with me.

It is an evening in late September - yes, *late* September, for the familiar bell has rung for me for the last time, and I am my own man. No need now to waste St. Martin's Summer, golden days. The year is a whole for me, as never before. Once it was parcelled out in bits, greedily swallowed or patiently endured - when I was a boy I never believed that summer began until August; June might burn, but not for me, for I was in exile at school: 'A place of sleep, where we in waiting lie' - waiting, so far as I was concerned, for my room at Creeksea where the broad sun woke me in the morning not later than the rooks, for the plum tree in the garden, the hedge of tamarisks by the sea-wall and the river beyond. I have only just got really rid of that belief; but now it is different: summer can begin in April if it likes with the apple blossom, or wait in its casual dilatory, English fashion until the end of May. It's all one to me; I can watch it grow - and it can die softly without regret, into October.

To-morrow we are bound back to the Solent; it is the last trip of the year - we are going to lay up.

The next dawn comes, with a new breeze from the west. I am first on deck. The other yachts in the anchorage are still asleep. Only gulls are stirring - and the westerly breeze. What shall it be, reef and topsail? I think so, but Bob and I will decide together at breakfast. Soon the

primus is hissing. Then we sit at breakfast in the cabin; we are chilly and sleepy-eyed, and say little to each other. Ros clears away the cups and Bob and I go on deck to pull down the reef - for that is what it's to be.

With the sun up and an hour of ebb to run we are under way, and quickly slip down the sheltered river. Soon we have crossed the bar and Bolt Head is under our lee. 'Sybil' feels the breeze now and lifts on the slow swell. Bob takes the tiller and I go below for a second sweater....

No need to describe the boisterous run up-Channel, past the Start and the Skerries, across Lyme Bay (looking perhaps for the old Wreck buoy, which I am told is gone), watching the grey sea-beast which is Portland raising higher and higher his sloping chine; past the milky cliffs of White Naze and Lulworth, the coloured cliffs at Warbarrow and the dun promontory of St. Alban's Head; past the entrance to Poole, with its bright sails, red and white, mere dots far away on the port hand, and the cliffs above the Needles, Scratchells Bay and Tennyson's Down, now clearly visible on the bowsprit end, and hour by hour growing up - with the pilot cutter off the end of the Shingles, and a tramp steamer, her smoke blown flat from her funnel, nosing her way out between the buoys. All this I mustn't speak of again - nor yet of 'Sybil' herself, gay with the fun of it, her main-sheet stiff as rods, easily rolling - and the sun-glitter, the moving clouds, the changing lights, grey and green and darkest cobalt, on the following waves and as far as eye can see: all this I must pass over, this time, in silence. Enough to say that all sails are good, some are better, and this the best. For my theme is not sailing at all, but laying up: not the journey, but the journey's end - not that I would make a sharp division between the two; one, no doubt, is a part of the other, as death is of life. We shouldn't, I suppose, know we were alive if we didn't know that we should one day die.

Let me just remark, however, that we struggled through the Needles Channel against the tail-end of the ebb, and that somewhere off Yarmouth the East-going tide began - and that the wind (as it does on a fine September evening before the gales start) was quickly dropping away. By the time we reached the Hamble it had nearly gone; so had the sun. Broad and bright he rested 'Almost upon the western wave', and with his upshot beam the sky was flushed to the zenith.

The river was mute. The topsail was already stowed; the mainsheet hung in a bight. But 'Sybil' slid between the darkening banks, softly and lightly as a leaf on the rising tide. Off the green gate of Brooklands farm we dropped anchor. It was nearly dark, but the sky to the westward was still pale. Then we stowed away, silent and leisurely, while the kettle boiled, and when all was done went below for supper.

Always before on the last morning of the summer's cruise I had woken up with the sense of change heavy upon me; now, when the next morning came, the cruise was over,

but we were still on board. The feeling of change was still there, but itself changed; it was no longer heavy, but unsorrowful and mild. We could stay aboard as long as we liked; there was work to be done in the fine autumn weather, with its chilly nights and dawns and its burning noons, but there was no hurry to do it. Those bells were still ringing, but far away and not for me. Even when the work was finished, I should not hear them but go back to my garden and its fallen leaves and bonfires.

Indeed, why shouldn't we keep 'Sybil' afloat? There were fine days to come for a long while yet - up to Christmas perhaps; and even in winter there are worse places than a yacht's cabin when the coal stove is red-hot and the shelf has a book or two on it. Another year, maybe, we should do it, but not this. This year we were going to lay up.

There was plenty for breakfast. How good that sounds! Not merely because of the breakfast, though that was good too, but for a larger reason. *Plenty of time!* That's what I've wanted all my life, and never had till now. Of all things in the world, that which is worst spoilt by the urgency of the clock is any sort of occupation with boats.

I would not be misunderstood in this; only an idiot loiters over breakfast while his tide, for instance, runs to waste; that goes without saying; and how many times haven't we all listened for the alarm long before daybreak, and obeyed it - just when our bunk is more comfortable than ever before? But in this we endure the urgency of the clock for sailing's sake; it is very different when we have to endure it for some vile extraneous reason - like catching a train, or going back to those bells. No honourable man should promise to finish a cruise on a certain day; he condemns himself to misery. If he is dishonourable, I suppose it doesn't matter - he waits for his tide just the same, and his promise goes down the wind.

This time, however, there really was no hurry for breakfast. High water was at midday; and it was not till high water that we should have to move 'Sybil' into her berth in the creek. Meanwhile there was little to do, except drink the last cups of tea on deck and watch the sun strengthening on the river and the last shreds of mist disperse. No one can be so idle as a yachtsman, when the hour is propitious; or less bored. So we hung up the sails in the windless air to dry, and contentedly waited for the tide.

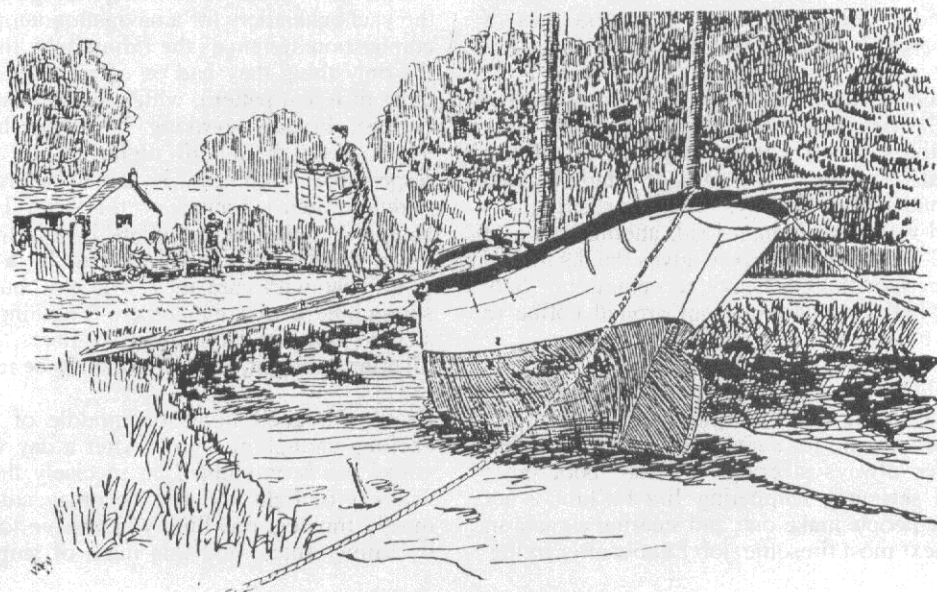
Just before the first high water we got the anchor, and Bob in the dinghy towed 'Sybil' into the creek opposite the green gate. We took the lines ashore and hauled and coaxed her farther in, until she was properly in the bed where she was to sleep till spring. Then we rigged the plank from the gunwale to the salterns, for all the necessary comings and goings with her gear.

Did we finish on that day? Certainly not. But we got the small gear ashore, the furniture of cabins and pantry, packed in boxes, and the running rigging (carefully labelled) and the sails; and we carted it all in a wheelbarrow, load after load, to the shed at Brooklands, where we stowed it on the airy racks, that nothing might perish or corrupt before the spring. Brooklands is a hospitable house, and that night we slept there: and on the following day, while Ros watched for birds in the tangle, Bob and I unshipped the boom and gaff and bowsprit and took them ashore, a slow and heavy task. Another day and another were needed - for a coat of paint on the deck, for greasing her mast and rigging the tarpaulin over the hull, not forgetting to leave a gap fore and aft for air. Then yet another day (or perhaps two) to leave the house on a sudden impulse, and walk to the creek to look at her and see if she was 'still all right', and that nothing had been forgotten.

All right she was; comfortably asleep, having made a bed for herself in the soft mud when the tide left her. Then we went home to the garden and the bonfires. 'It's a long time till Easter,' said Bob, when we were saying good-bye. Bob always did say that at the end of the summer's last cruise. 'Yes,' I answered, 'but not so long as it used to be.' Bob's eyebrows went up in an interrogative sort of way. 'You see,' I said, 'we can come and visit her now - if we want to. And there are those new chart-racks to be fixed up in the saloon.' Bob grunted. 'So there are,' he said. 'And the galley too; there's nowhere to put the stove we're getting - it's bigger than the old one, and it's got an oven.' 'That'll mean quite a lot of work, won't it?' Bob nodded. 'It certainly will,' he said.

A CAPFUL OF WIND 1948

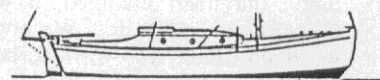
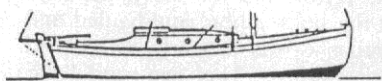
Courtesy - Methuen & Co. Ltd.





# Four Tons to Esbjerg

By MICHAEL CORLEY



*'Here Now' renamed 'June' is presently stationed at Woodbridge, formerly owned by Peter Mather and now in the careful ownership of Robert and Bryony Hebson.*

Or, to be precise, three-point-three, that being the displacement of my "Z" 4-tonner *'Here Now'*.

A Harrison Butler design grows nowadays to have an old-fashioned look; but, whatever they lack, the little "Z"s have seaworthiness; and, when I asked *'Here Now'* if she would like to be sailed single-handed to Esbjerg in August, her answer was obvious. Esbjerg, it may be necessary to explain, is the port on the West coast of Jutland from which the smart Danish packet *'Kronprinsesse Ingrid'* sails to Harwich (and the *'Kronprins Frederik'* did until she became a burnt-out wreck lying on her side at Parkestone Quay). Esbjerg is far enough away to be a real sea voyage, without being so desperately distant as are most parts of the British Isles; and it has in other ways more to recommend it to us East Coast yachtsmen than we seem to have realised.

Like all self-respecting owners, I was still happily making improvements to the yacht on the Sunday morning of departure, when, remembering Uffa Fox's aphorism that "the only way to stop is to put to sea," I ruled that at 09:00 improvements should cease. And at that hour I slipped my mooring at West Mersea and tacked down the Thorn Fleet with a nice breeze from SW. The yacht has an engine, but for certain reasons it was out of action throughout the voyage there and back - by no means an unmitigated handicap; my morale, at any rate, leaps up when freed from the gnawing question that crops up in times of difficulty: "Would it be more seamanlike now to try to motor than to try to sail?" Clear of the anchorage, the SW was a leading wind; and from 11:00 I had the tidal stream as well, so that, under a sunny sky, the voyage began ideally with a glorious coastal passage past Harwich and Orfordness. It was extremely good to run serenely past all the familiar marks, outward bound, the folding dinghy lashed on the coachroof, every locker crammed (but not overflowing), and every last item on countless lists of stores and gear correspondingly crossed off.

The Customs scale of victualling is not stingy, and I had at one time thought the most urgent task of seamanship might be to eat the yacht back to her marks, but that fear proved exaggerated. One of the joys of single-handed cruising is that one can always say, "Since I'm saving two or three hundred-weight of human load, another stone of stores *can't* hurt." And, so saying, one gives thanks for the Kilner jar, the perfect though heavy receptacle not only for stewed fruit but for anything from ground coffee to home-made rice puddings.

The fair wind held for three days, but not strong enough to make progress satisfying. A fair wind, and particularly a light fair wind, is no wind for a single-hander; he is either always gybing or always steering. A fore boom-guy, besides being a seriously hampering line for him, is not the cure-all some people make out; and steering a yacht in light airs is the next most tiresome job I know after trying

to make a toll call in the evening. No, the only wind for a quiet life is a fresh breeze, force 5 and of force absolutely unvarying, five points on the bow to the course, one wishes to make good. For such a wind the single-hander should accept no substitutes. To get any sleep, I had to spend some hours of the second and third days with the mainsail furled and the No. 2 staysail sheeted amidships, making about a knot in the right direction.

Tuesday, August 5, however, brought its own reward. The day having ended with a beautiful quiet sunset and moonrise, I was thinking idly how much the full moon, rising through one bank of cloud, resembled the sun setting through another; but the moon, when it got clear, was a distinctly different shape, with a bite out of it; I had a front seat at an eclipse without having even known that there was going to be one.

On Wednesday, after a calm, a light breeze gradually headed me. Thursday, still with a head wind, was cold and drizzly, and I refused to go outside and get wet. Instead I spent a whole pleasant and profitable day indoors, the best day of the trip; it was just like being at the seaside. Part of the time was spent in cooking what McMullen would have called "the men's dinner and my luncheon." Of all the routine jobs on board cooking was the most attractive and least neglected. The most troublesome was tending the oil navigation lamps, and shipping them the most dangerous (one hand for the lamp, to avoid knocking or jerking the flame out, and only one to divide between yourself and the ship).

About oil lamps for small yachts there is a mystery. One can buy an oil riding light which burns with a good flame all night in anything from a calm to a moderate gale. With a screen and a coloured window the only thing against it as a side-light would be its "dioptric" glass. When I asked the yacht chandlers for a navigation lamp having the same combustion system as the riding light, they were stumped; the only thing they had on offer was a handsome can of quite different pattern, which one hesitates to call a lamp, because, broadly speaking, it will not burn out of doors, while, even on a still night, if one turns it up to a respectable brightness, it has to be replenished in the middle watch. Lamps of this kind I already had; so, having searched the chandlers' in vain for anything better, I had them extensively modified by a welder, with the result that with care they will now burn up to about a strong breeze; above that there is nothing for it but to keep a sharp look-out and a supply of flares. And, if they burn till after midnight, they have then to be refilled.

Even with good lights the middle of the North Sea is exciting enough at night. After a day when not a single vessel has been sighted, at precisely the last moment of nautical twilight the sea becomes studded with ships, mostly trawlers trawling, which have to be avoided even by sailing ships; and this mass of shipping proceeds at

between twelve and twenty knots on interweaving courses, which, though individually haphazard, are collectively integrated in a master plan to cut off every conceivable course that the observer (you) could steer, except, occasionally, the reciprocal of the true course. Altogether, one needs that flask of tea at midnight. But there is always daybreak, with the ever fresh expectation that today one will get sights against which one may write "good," not "?" as yesterday. But on the subject of accuracy I ought perhaps to pipe down, since I got ten miles too far north before fixing my position on the Friday. However, as there had been no chance of any sight at all for thirty-six hours, I did not feel totally disgraced.

It was late afternoon when I reached the Vyl light-vessel, which is 23 miles almost due West from the Graadyb light-and-whistle buoy, at which one turns on to the leading marks to cross the bar and enter Esbjerg. This approach is tedious; at the Vyl one feels that one has made one's passage - but there are still those 23 miles, besides nine more over the bar and up the harbour. It is made even more tantalizing by the procession of speedy homeward-bound drifters that keep hurrying up from astern and pop-popping off ahead.

Although the fair wind had returned and freshened, various delays - reefing, tending an unusually fractious port lamp, and other things - caused it to be after midnight when I at last altered up from the Graadyb buoy. I had to shout at myself to stay awake, and dare not sit down; and even then I fell asleep - more literally than usual. The advantage of standing is that the fall wakes you up. But there came a certain moment . . .

The characteristic tugging swell on the bar subsided. I looked away from the positively blinding white leading lights and into the night on either hand. To starboard a faint dark trace lay on the ruffled and talkative water - Soren Jessens Sand. A red occulting light marked another wisp to port - Skalling-Ende. "I am in Denmark," I said, never having been there before.

At 02:30, having gone right on up the harbour, I came-to in a place sufficiently sheltered for the present and out of anyone else's way. I hoisted the riding light, squared up carefully on deck, knowing that Esbjerg would see me before I saw Esbjerg, went below to dig out my pyjamas, and went to sleep without reaching them. The last thing I overheard was a snatch of conversation between the main and fore halyards, in which I distinctly heard the main halyard say protestingly, "But we have *not* got the wadding." I never found out what it was referring to.

I had made a slow passage in six days, with winds of average force three. Nothing had gone wrong, but even on this short voyage I had cause to remember Phil (Waltzing Matilda) Davenport's classic answer at question-time after his lecture to the Cruising Association. "You didn't mention chafe," said someone in the audience. "I should've," was the reply. Re-sewing seams and making baggywrinkle kept me occupied for a day or two.

In Esbjerg (as can be seen daily on the arrival of the packet) Customs and immigration formalities are not taken too tragically, and it was entirely at my own convenience that I was later directed to a berth in a quiet corner of the basin called Dokhavn (which, by the way, is tidal, whatever the Admiralty *Pilot* says). Hardly had I settled down there when several members of the Esbjerg

Amator Sejlklub invited me to shift berth to their delightful moorings in Faergehavn. This, owing to the silence of my engine and an accident to a spreader, caused by a caress from a tug's rubber, I could not do for several days, and in the end, to my lasting regret, I never did it at all. Dokhavn, though close to the town, is not otherwise attractive; and no berth alongside a wall could compare with the excellent arrangements of the E.A.S., with stems to jetty and stems to buoys.

To any other visitor to Esbjerg I should now seriously advise the following procedure. Enter with flag Q hoisted, as well, of course, as both ensigns. Make straight for Faergehavn and borrow one of the E.A.S. moorings, which will be very gladly offered. Go ashore and show your papers to somebody in uniform; the harbour police in the small building at the end of the pier between Faergehavn and Søndre Forhavn will do, though they will probably look for your ship's tonnage in your passport. Then, having made enough friends and obtained enough facilities to go on with, haul down flag Q.

The town itself is a nice little place, with good shops half a mile from the harbour, not too many motor vehicles, and a quiet square where you can drink, snack or dine *al fresco*. The port having been virtually created for the purpose of trafficking with England, there is a fund of ready-made good will, especially towards anyone who knows Harwich or Grimsby. Nearly everyone speaks some English, and the West Jutland form of Danish is particularly easy for an English ear to understand. (On that score a Geordie and a Vestjude ought hardly to count as foreigners to each other.) In the harbour, for instance, there is a road called Parkestonvej, which means, and would often locally be pronounced, Parkeston Way.

Esbjerg is an easy place to enter - probably, being very well lighted, even simpler at night than by day. On an overcast but clear afternoon, when I left, the main leading lights were brilliantly visible at seven miles. Unlighted buoys are quaintly marked with besoms, business end up for starboard hand and down for port.

The cruising ground is somewhat limited, although the keen local yachtsmen seem to be sufficiently rewarded by evening sails in the harbour at their doorsteps and weekend picnics to Skallingen and Fano - the latter a delicious island with a modern bathing resort and, entirely separate, a village of hollyhock-surrounded wooden cottages. But Esbjerg would be well worth a visit by anyone on the way to Limfjorden; and, if you like sailing to a place and then remaining there to explore the countryside, it is ideal; there are easy coach trips to such well-known tourists' haunts as Ribe and Vejle, and even Copenhagen is only a little more than five hours away by a famous Diesel train ride.

The town and docks merge pleasantly together. No police will stop you wandering anywhere. You may not only watch the packets berth; you may walk right up and stroke them, if you like - which is almost how the people of Esbjerg seem to regard them. Then, in the picturesque Fiskerihavn you can watch some of Esbjerg's seven hundred modern Diesel drifters (the word describes them, whether or not it is strictly accurate) having their 3 tons of ice shot aboard by pair-horse wagons.

Every one of the seven hundred is painted the same shade of light sky-blue - owing, so I was laughingly assured, to one man's having got all the painting contracts - and the



reflection of so much pale blue gives Fiskerihavn a special character and beauty. Near by you can watch new drifters being built in the old old way, of wood.

There seems to be no time in the twenty-four hours when there is not a steady stream of drifters in each direction up and down harbour, across the bar, and in the approaches. For miles out at sea there are always some in sight. Indeed, provided you could distinguish East from West, it should be possible, from anywhere within seventy miles off the port, to find your way in without knowledge of navigation or pilotage, by merely following the nearest homeward-bound drifter till it was out of sight ahead, by which time another would be overtaking you from astern. Last but not least of the attractions, during a week alongside an open wharf, where the yacht was left unattended for as long as twelve hours at a time, nothing at all was taken or touched on deck.

Those who are unwary enough to berth in Kokhavn need a certain co-operation from the wind - and I got it. When I entered, that local rarity, a sou'easter, made this the snuggest berth in the whole harbour and the easiest for going alongside without help; on the next and following days the sou'wester would have made it difficult, and sometimes impossible, to leave under sail; on the day when I did want to leave, the breeze swung round to the North-East and puffed me off the wall and out of the basin. I liked Denmark for that.

\* \* \* \* \*

And so to sea again after a very happy week alongside. What I had done to pass that week is hard to say, except that I had never had a minute to spare. I had done bosun's work on board, spent half-a-day at Fiskerihavn, been to Fano and as far afield as Vejle on Jutland's East coast. I had eaten a great many pork chops, drunk a lot of cream, and found that Danish pastries with coffee are habit-forming. I had had a stream of visitors on board and long yarns in which English and Danish were unpedantically mingled. An enthusiast of the E.A.S. had taken me out twice in his yacht. And I fully understood why he preferred his "little Esbjerg" to Copenhagen.

The return was brisk and strenuous, with moderate and fresh fair breezes and not a sniff of what every schoolboy knows is the prevailing wind. The best day's run was 114 miles, which sounds modest but is fair to middling for a nineteen-foot waterline under the conditions, including periods hove-to for sights, reefing, and the like.

Having left at Saturday noon, by Tuesday evening I had sighted and passed the loom of Smith's Knoll light vessel. I had had five hours' sleep all told, and did not mind, because I was going to be in Harwich by Wednesday forenoon and was going to meet a friend arriving by the *'Kronprins Frederik'*.

But a big swell had been building up all afternoon, and after dark the wind freshened. Worse, it rained. My oilskin trousers happened to have got torn too badly to be wearable, so that for the next thirty-six hours I was continuously soaked from the waist down - a state that produces acute self-pity in the cockpit about dawn but is not otherwise a crushing disaster in August. When working, one forgets it; and when turned in with good blankets, one sleeps as well in a steam jacket as dry.

By midnight there was a fresh gale NE by N, and shortly

afterwards, as I estimated, a strong gale (force 9). Having gone through the stages of reefing and staysail changing, I finally took everything off, streamed warps, and ran bare. Afterwards, it was obvious from the state of several seams of the mainsail in places not subject to chafe that I had got it off just in time.

So far so good, but at dawn the question was, what next? Theoretically I could have run on, through the Shipway or the Sledway, and still been only a little behind the packet. In practice, with the sea then running, which was, for the North Sea, enormous, I should not in daylight have sighted any of the buoys at more than two cables; and the Shipwash light vessel was snugly berthed in Harwich harbour instead of on its station. Besides, even if I had guessed my way through either channel, it was a question what would happen if wind and sea should not have moderated by the time I reached the shallow end and required to come on the wind for entering Harwich.

It would also have been feasible to steer somewhere between the Shipwash and the Inner Gabbard, and I forget why I did not do so. Probably I had had enough of steering. At any rate, I persuaded myself it was better part of valour to heave-to under my two-year-old but still brand new storm trysail and baby spitfire staysail, with my head off-shore, and so turn in.

Almost immediately I awoke to realise that the yacht was slamming far too enthusiastically to windward, the cause being that the sea had broken the tiller. Making a substitute occupied the rest of the forenoon watch, and sleeping, cooking and eating the afternoon and dog watches. Meanwhile the sea increased, though the wind, still NE by N, slightly decreased.

Shortly after dark I set course in the estimated direction of the Outer Gabbard light vessel, and staggered myself by picking it up on the right bearing. But the state of the sea is shown by the fact that, although I passed within three or four miles of the light vessel, I never saw anything but its loom.

During the night the wind backed and moderated, so that by 08:15 I needed the whole main and Genoa. Before 11:00 I was exchanging greetings with the crew of the Sunk light vessel; and then an evil inspiration told me to hold on and go through the Customs at Brightlingsea. But the breeze died and then came faintly from SW, the stream turned against me, and I ended by being kedged in sight of Harwich - to whose friendly Customs officers I ultimately ghosted in.

The gale had given the yacht a fair testing, and, although it had turned a four-day passage into one of more than five, I would not for anything be without that extra assurance of the sufficiency of my ship.

Despite its attractions, Denmark is seemingly no place for the yachtsman with an envious streak of nature or old-world views about exchange control. A Dane who, being himself a yacht-owner, was presumably not simply ill-informed, pointed out a new Danish-built Bermudian yacht of eight or nine tons T.M. and told me it had cost twelve thousand Danish kroner. That is more than six hundred pounds.

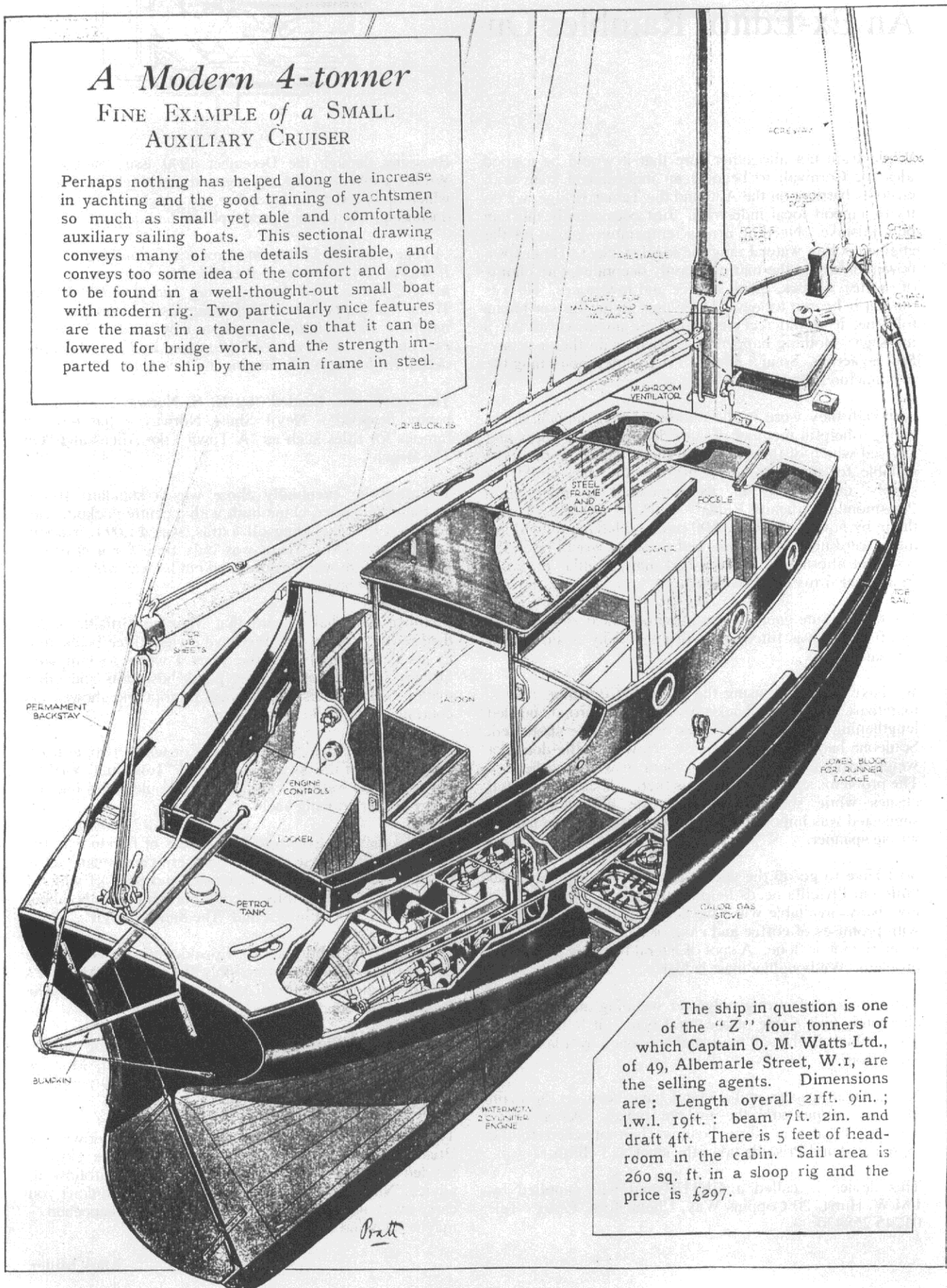
Yachting Monthly

August 1953

## A Modern 4-tonner

### FINE EXAMPLE of a SMALL AUXILIARY CRUISER

Perhaps nothing has helped along the increase in yachting and the good training of yachtsmen so much as small yet able and comfortable auxiliary sailing boats. This sectional drawing conveys many of the details desirable, and conveys too some idea of the comfort and room to be found in a well-thought-out small boat with modern rig. Two particularly nice features are the mast in a tabernacle, so that it can be lowered for bridge work, and the strength imparted to the ship by the main frame in steel.



The ship in question is one of the "Z" four tonners of which Captain O. M. Watts Ltd., of 49, Albemarle Street, W.1, are the selling agents. Dimensions are: Length overall 21ft. 9in.; l.w.l. 19ft.; beam 7ft. 2in. and draft 4ft. There is 5 feet of headroom in the cabin. Sail area is 260 sq. ft. in a sloop rig and the price is £297.



## An Ex-Editor Rambles On



While I am not altogether sure that it would be a good idea for Cornwall to become an independent state with customs barriers on the A30 and the Tamar Bridge, we do try to support local industries. Just occasionally this can be a mistake. Needing a new temperature gauge for the engine cooling water I rang the local stockist. He keeps a powered dory in the marina heavily decorated with claims of extensive stock, quick service and low prices. He was out but if I cared to leave a message, so his answer-phone told me, it would receive immediate attention. I left a message. Nothing happened. I tried again the next day. Still no action. So at 3.30 on a Friday afternoon I rang the manufacturer direct.

Although they were in the middle of their annual stock-taking a helpful member of staff dealt with my query and advised which of their many products would be the most suitable for my purpose. Unfortunately they could not supply me direct but recommended a stockist in Portsmouth, Furneaux Riddal - 01705 668621. I rang them, by now it was near 4.00 pm, and having quoted my magic card number was assured the item would be in the post that afternoon. Having had many similar promises from other firms I was dubious.

The temperature gauge arrived first post next morning and by 10.30 am was fitted and working. Why is such good service so rare?

We have been decreasing the rake of 'Cinnamon Lady's' mainmast. Hence the backstays and after shrouds needed lengthening while the forestays needed to be shortened. Someone had to go up the mast. Now Priscilla does not weigh heavy and I have no problem in winching her up. The problems start when she gets there. A shouting match ensues while she explains that the alteration I had suggested was impossible and anyway I had given her the wrong spanner.

So I have to go up the stick. But I am moderately well built and Priscilla needs help on the winch. Such help is not always available when we need it and needs tempting with promises of coffee and cake or being taken for a sail when the job is done. A spot of lateral thinking solved the problem. We bought a mast ladder.

This is made of strong polyester webbing and has steps alternately either side of a central bank. It is hoisted on slides which fit the sail track and tensioned by a lashing at the bottom.

It is a great success and so far I have been up the main mast five times and the mizzen twice. As a safety measure I wear a fabric bosuns chair attached to the topping lift and Priscilla takes the slack as I climb.

This device is called a GETUP and was supplied by I.M.W. Hurst, 20 Coppins Way, Chelmsford, Essex. Tel: 01245 258420.

Browsing through the December 1940 issue of *Yachting World* the other evening, my attention was caught by an article which described how the author had sought, and found, his dreamship. The opening paragraph was fascinating:

*'A year or so ago I hit upon a new way of making a living. It was a very good way; it enabled me to work only for myself, with a good deal of money and abundant leisure. When that happens to a yachtsman his first thought, very naturally, is to build himself a new boat. I was no exception. I sold my old 10-tonner and set about the delightful business of planning my new ship.'*

The article was headed "by N. S. Norway". Then the penny dropped - Nevil Shute Norway - the novelist famous for titles such as "A Town Like Alice" and "On The Beach".

The craft he eventually chose was a standard 10-ton Hillyard Schooner, chine built with a centre cockpit. Her cost in 1939, including all extras, was £1,094 or about £61 per ton TM. There was only time for a cruise to Brittany before war was declared but he was well satisfied with his new boat.

Members will have heard that Maurice Griffiths G.M. died recently, aged 95. We have owned three boats built to his designs and over the years I wrote to him with queries about heating stoves, plank bowsprits and other matters. His replies were always prompt and showed his continued interest in his creations.

He wrote more than a dozen books of which two, at least, "The Magic of the Swatchways" and "Ten Small Yachts" have become sailing classics and should be found on every proper cruising yacht's book-shelf.

The fact that he also wrote three works of fiction may not be well-known. These are "No Southern Gentleman" set in the American Civil War, "Dempster and Son" of which I have been unable to trace a copy but believe to be about the early days of railways, and "The Sands of Sylt".

This latter is subtitled 'An Episode of the North Sea before the War' and was possibly the result of Maurice's admitted admiration for that other sailing classic - 'The Riddle of the Sands'.

By writing about simple cruises and designing simple boats like the Eventide and the Waterwitch, Maurice Griffiths brought pleasure to a host of ordinary people - a very worthwhile achievement.

The old trading schooner was hammering down the Bristol Channel against a rising wind. The skipper handed over the watch to the mate with the following advice "Now don't you take any sail off her and don't you carry away nothing neither". I wonder what happened - maybe the wind eased.

Mark Miller





## LOOSE ENDS

**ASSOCIATION BURGEES**  
LARGE £8.00    SMALL £5.00  
**ASSOCIATION TIES** £6.00  
Available from the Hon. Treasurer

\* \* \* \* \*

### BOATS FOR SALE

**'SUSANNA II'** Z4 Tonner  
21' x 19' W.L. x 7' x 4' (Registered London 1939)  
Pitch-pine on oak, teak brightwork, new deck, 1995 Yanmar 10 h.p. auxiliary  
Bermudian cutter rig. Cruised 3,000 miles 1994 - 1997  
Classic Boat Magazine feature Nov. 1996. Lying: Southampton  
Apply to owner 0468 594827 or agent 01905 356482

**'COBBER'** Z4 Tonner (raised topsides)  
21' 9" x 19' W.L. x 4' 4" (Registered London 1939)  
Pitch-pine on oak, teak brightwork, 2 berths plus 2 pipecotts  
Stuart Turner 8 h.p. auxiliary. Richardson sails. Lying: Emsworth  
Apply to owner 01273 401076

**'SVALEN'** Z4 Tonner No. 44  
24' x 19' W.L. x 7' 1" x 4' (Alfred Lockhart Ltd. 1939)  
Pitch-pine on oak, teak brightwork  
1949 Stuart Turner 8 h.p. auxiliary, possible diesel auxiliary available  
Professional refit for 1998 season. Lying: Halesworth  
Apply to owner (after mid January) 01379 586241

### BOOKS FOR SALE

**'Sea Gypsy'** by Peter Tangvald (First Edition)  
The author's account of voyaging in his 32' HB design cutter *'Dorothea'*.  
**'Road to the Sea'** by 'Blue' Bradfield (First Edition)  
Covers the building of *'D'Vara'* (Dream of Arden) and subsequent around the world cruise.  
Both volumes in excellent condition.  
Offers considered - 01489 574450

### CALENDAR EVENTS

8 - 18 January	LONDON INTERNATIONAL BOAT SHOW, EARL'S COURT
28 February	HBA ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING (separate notice enclosed)
5 April	BEAULIEU BOAT JUMBLE
23 - 25 May	OLD GAFFERS ASSOCIATION CROUCH RALLY, ESSEX
25 - 30 May	BRIXHAM HERITAGE FESTIVAL
29 May - 1 June	INTERNATIONAL WOODEN BOAT SHOW, GREENWICH
5 - 7 June	SALCOMBE FESTIVAL, DEVON
13 - 14 June	BEAULIEU CLASSIC BOAT FESTIVAL
27 June - 5 July	SHOTLEY CLASSIC BOAT FESTIVAL
16 - 19 July	TALL SHIPS, FALMOUTH
22 - 25 August	TALL SHIPS, DUBLIN
28 - 31 August	INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF THE SEA, PORTSMOUTH
12 September	HBA LAYING-UP SUPPER, BEAULIEU

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