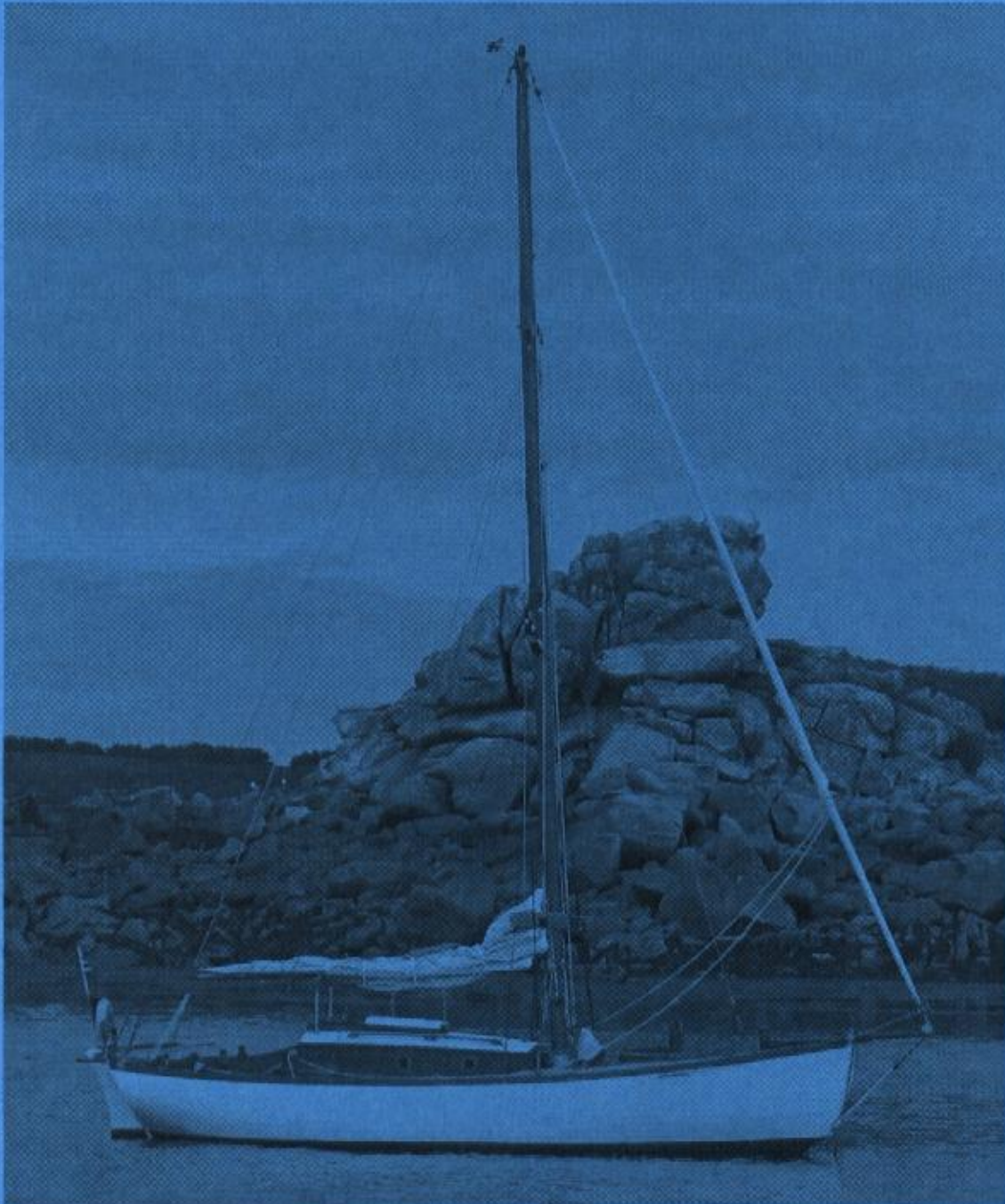




THE HARRISON BUTLER ASSOCIATION



NEWSLETTER No: 63

WINTER 2006

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February 2006 to February 2007

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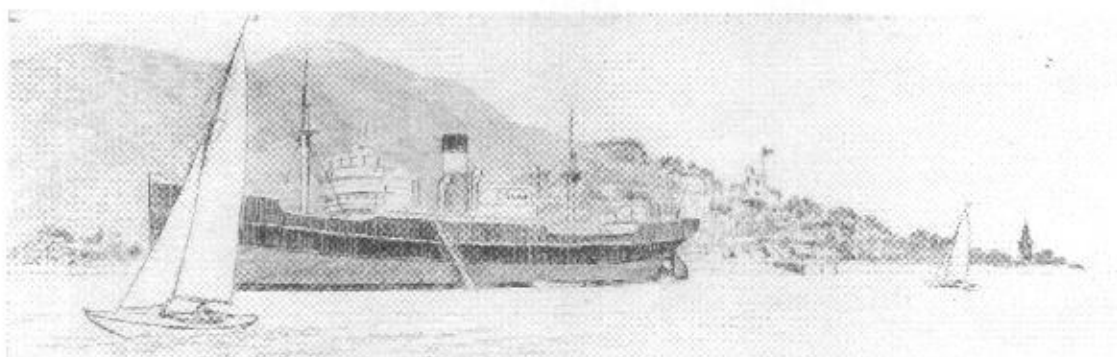
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Holy Loch. 6th July 1931.

Saskia passing Strabo after the Race.

George F. Holmes

THE HARRISON BUTLER ASSOCIATION

FOUNDED 1974

No. 63

OCTOBER – FEBRUARY

2006/7

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COVER PHOTOGRAPH
At anchor off the Cornish Coast, Bogle Design 'Davinka'

The President's Letter

The Chestnuts
July 2006

Dear Members,

Its months and months since our last newsletter and it feels as if much has happened although probably it is less than it seems.

We of course had the AGM long, long ago now and I must ask you to refer to the Minutes for the details. We returned to The Bull for our lunch which was pronounced a success – and at a very reasonable price. Next year we shall not have post prandial coffee at the pub but you can have it here at The Chestnuts if you like. If we have it at The Bull it delays the start of the meeting as one naturally lingers over a cup of coffee. Also it adds £2 to the cost of the meal which I consider is money not well spent. (I am a dedicated coffee drinker).

One thing which I have discovered we didn't do officially was to ratify Loudon in his position as Honorary Treasurer, although he has been functioning as such ever since last year's Laying-up Supper. I discovered this fact because NWB lost the mandate for Loudon to sign cheques and he sent me a form to rectify the situation. I signed my name in the relevant places and also altered Chairperson to Chairman wherever it occurred and sent the form to Judy Giles to sign as Honorary Minutes and Meetings Secretary. She did this but in a blue ball-point and then discovered that it had to be black. She blacked it over but took it to her local branch of NWB to check that all was well. It wasn't. The document had been altered not only by her corrections but also by my alterations from Chairperson. (I was brought up that it was very ill-mannered to refer to anyone as a "person".) New form, signed by Judy and sent to John Elphinstone (Chairman) who then returned it to me and I completed my sections. Then, Loudon came to lunch both for HBA and for other purposes and I handed him all the relevant papers – but where was the mandate? I expected that it would turn up as soon as Loudon had left but no, it was 11.50 pm before I ran it to earth within arm's length of where I normally sit. In the course of my search through heaps and piles I came across several papers which were "out of sight, out of mind" and now they will have to be dealt with. Good has come out of our afflictions and Loudon should be in receipt of the mandate the day after I am writing this letter.

The next item on our calendar was the Bring & Share Lunch at The Crag on April 29th. All went well – with some members lunching on the terrace despite the wind – until, just as I had finished my coffee one of our members came down from the car park to say that they were leaving on account of her husband's migraine. I went up – path and steps – (but slowly) to say goodbye but reached only the car before theirs and draped myself over the bonnet. Whose car was it I wonder? Shiny and blue. My recollection is of an Audi but that could have been the next door car which I had passed. The next thing I knew was that I was lying on the ground looking up at paramedics. Patrick Gibson had summoned an air ambulance as well as a land one and the airmen had to negotiate a barbed-wire fence to reach us. To Lesley G's disappointment she and I went to Treliske Hospital in Truro by land. I spent the night there and a test the next day showed that I had not suffered a heart attack. I'm afraid it broke up the party and I do apologize.

I hope there'll be another lunch in October and I shall not go up to the car park to bid farewells. Meanwhile, cardiac paths are being trodden and the outcome is yet to be discovered.

HBA life doesn't stop and we continue to have new members. Look for their names in the Year Book. We shall also publish a list of "pipeline" members whose applications have not yet been processed but who will probably end up as members. Steven and Glynis Florence have taken on 'Free Spirit' (Philesia design) as a restoration project. They came to stay with me at The Crag but not for long enough. I wonder how all the other restoration projects are progressing? Do please write and tell us. I hope they are not just lying fallow. If you find it's all too much for you, do hand on the boat to someone else; don't just let her wilt and die. Parting may be a wrench but think of the boat. The boats are the corps of the HBA, the reason for its existence and as I have said many times, the owners are a bonus. We want HB boats not heaps of decaying timbers.

I had a late evening visit recently from 'two wild Irish people' – Rob's description, not mine – Rob and Marcia Bateman, owners of the Z4-tonner 'Kastag', who live in Cork. Marcia told of a panic telephone call to Peter Crook for an HBA tie for Rob to wear at their wedding, with little time to spare and here they were in England off to another wedding in London and THE HAT had been left in Ireland. Luckily I have a black panama which we were able to wet and stretch to fit her head and it sure did suit her. It was returned the next day. Any more candidates? It was a very pleasant evening and a chance to put faces to names.

You'd hardly believe it but I had a repeat performance of my débacle at the B&S Lunch at the Thames Traders Traditional Rally in mid-July. I was walking with Paul Cowman alongside the Thames at Fawley Meadow when I felt I needed a little more support than my two sticks and took Paul's arm. Next thing, his arm was round me and he was calling for help. Incidentally, when Robert and I became engaged a senior member of the BBC engineering staff, by the lovely name of Marmaduke Tudsberry, said of my father 'if he designs his daughters on the same lines as his boats, you'll be all right'. As you know, HB boats are not light displacement craft: no wonder Paul called for help. I was aware, vaguely, of a male shape approaching and my next vision was a crowd of people including Paul, Peter Edwards and Colin and Lucie Henwood, all of them HBA members and the inevitable paramedic (Roger, efficient and delightful) and an equally delightful St John Ambulance lady. Very soon I was helped into Peter's car and he and Paul brought me home. Both were staying with me for the weekend and they returned to Fawley the following day, leaving me here to re-charge my batteries. They were joined by Jill Betts whom I see reasonably often as I do Alan and Judy Giles.

I apologize for the anxiety I caused. I think it's worse for the observers on these occasions: I was gloriously oblivious and none the worse. I am however having an angiogram on August 7th and provided my arteries are serviceable I am to have an aortic valve replacement in the near future. Just in case I am in the unfortunate 10% I should like to say how very much I have enjoyed my Presidency of the HBA because of all you lovely members and the warmth of your affection. At the end of December we shall be 33 years old and I hope that a new valve will enable me to continue for a few more years. I apologize for my shortcomings.

I had a letter from Geoff Taylor in late May complaining of having to wear a thick overcoat. Another more recent one remarks on the perfect summer. For me, this Mediterranean weather was unbearable when sailing there in 1975 but to have to endure it here in England is totally unacceptable! Luckily, my flat is comparatively cool especially when I can sit in a blast of air.

Geoff has twice tried to sever his connection with 'Watermaiden', this and with his French boat, and now with his Hurley. He says:

'I shall be getting 'Watermaiden' ready soon and have tentative plans, if all goes well, to take her down to Spain where I managed to get back into Ayamonte marine.

This is on the Spanish side of the Guardiana river which separates the Algarve (Portugal) from Spain, and about three miles upstream from the coast. It is a very pleasant town with all the Spanish character although it has seen a rise in tourism in only the last three years. The marina has been shut to new customers while dredging was in progress and this dragged on until the end of March. Once I had left to haul out I could not get back until they re-opened. However, I now have an annual contract and the berth is long enough for 'Watermaiden' so, if we get down in August I can haul 'Monique' out and ready her to return to Plymouth the following year. I missed living on 'Watermaiden' and, although the Hurley is fairly comfortable and seems to sail quite well there is something lacking. Perhaps it is the knowledge that, with 'Watermaiden' I was always equipped for an Ocean passage and had confidence in her past performance. One builds this up over many years without realising it and it is the continual little improvements and additions one makes that help to produce an efficient sailing unit with reliability (plus, one is never short of a job where varnish work – or should I say brightwork – is concerned).'

A later letter will be reproduced elsewhere. As usual it is full of useful information including the holes in your hulls. My father deprecated the boring of unnecessary holes in hulls as, for instance, for sinks in small boats.

The Laying-up Supper will again be in Woodbridge this year, at the Bull Hotel, on Saturday 23rd September. At the time of writing I don't know if I shall be there. If I have an aortic valve replacement it may be at around that time. If I am not with you it will be the first one I have missed in all our years and I shall be very sorry. But don't let it stop you from enjoying the occasion, as we always do.

I hope to be in touch again in the Winter Newsletter and to see some of you before then. Meanwhile, keep you fingers – and toes – crossed for me and keep on with the good work of the HBA.

With my very best wishes
As ever
Joan.

What have I forgotten? I wonder.

* * * * *

At Yew Bank House, Ibworth.

19th October 2006

Dear Members,

A codicil to my letter to tell you that I am out of hospital at last and recovering with Colin and Karin and hope to be back in Theale soon.

Things are progressing but slowly.

Love to you all,

Joan.



'Dawn II' a misty June morning off Shingle Bank, The Solent.

Editorial.

I must begin my editorial with a sincere apology, regrettably the second apology this year for the late publication of the newsletters. Due to other commitments such as concerts and shows and the fact I am now, in the words of Pooh-Bah, a 'salaried minion' my free time is somewhat limited. In my defence copy has been rather scarce and the usual 'pressgang' has been in operation, I shall quite understand if I am not re-elected as editor at the next AGM.

Perhaps a more streamlined, quarterly newsletter could be considered, with the usual content, but providing a more regular contact for those members geographically and actively on the periphery. The 'boats for sale' section would be more up to date and notices of events could be included. Anyway, food for thought.

With the increase in postage cost, according to size, the newsletter now falls into a small packet or large letter based on a weight of up to 100 grams, exactly the weight of the last newsletter. Letter post now has an increased maximum weight of 100 grams too, so a reduced volume, quarterly newsletter would now cost the association the same, as would an A5 format, which seems to have been adopted by most yacht clubs and associations. The A5 size also complies with the new letter post price levels.

Anyway matters we can consider in February.

Now to more important news, that of our President's health. You will probably have already read in the codicil to Joan's letter that she is presently convalescing with Colin and Karin at Yew Bank House in Ibworth. Although Joan remains frail, her doctors and family, at the time of writing are pleased with the improvement after her heart operation, although after long weeks of recuperation a fall at the Reading hospital resulted in a broken pelvis. Joan in her usual way has borne this immense frustration with stoicism and should, in time make a good recover.

Throughout Joan's stay in both Southampton and Reading hospitals HBA members have kept in touch, sending messages of support, cards and flowers, visiting when possible.

I am sure you would all like to join me in sending Joan our very best wishes for a swift and satisfactory recovery.

Perhaps Joan's wish to defeat the chancellor of inheritance tax will be granted after all!

Joan will be celebrating her 90th Birthday next year. To suitably mark the occasion HBA members may like to consider a gathering of HB boats, possibly on the Beaulieu River. This has the potential to be a very special event, not least for Joan's remarkable milestone but for the largest 'fleet' ever of HB designed boats moored together. The day could end with a black tie dinner at perhaps The Montague Arms or supper at the Royal Southampton.

August 07 will soon be upon us, so member wishing to consider the idea need to put in place arrangements fairly soon, after discussion at the AGM. Meanwhile, let me know if you have any thoughts, or suggestions.

News comes of a variety of HB boats.

My thanks to Mike Hughes from New Zealand for his welcome article about '*Omicron*'

The Omicron design has the undoubted honour of appearing on the dust cover of the fourth edition of *Cruising Yachts, Design & Performance*. The design is a scaled down version of the successful Omega design – the result, an attractive, balanced, three ton vessel of 17' LWL.

We look forward to hearing about Mike's progress in the next newsletter.

Following his earlier letter, Peter Harrison telephoned to say 'Z' Four-Tonner '*Chiquita*' was back in commission on the River Exe, at Topsham, East Devon.

We hope she will give Peter years of pleasure, reward for all his hard-work.

Roy Aldworth has made excellent progress this year with Omega design '*Mischief*'

Reproduced in this newsletter are a number of photographs showing the rebuild to date.

It won't be too long before Roy is ready to re-fit the interior.

The original was pretty basic, but with a few nice touches, such as a small saloon firegrate.

Unless sold Cyclone design '*Diana*' has been offered for sale, also 'Z' Four-Tonner '*Zephon*' the successful 'Round Britain' Zyklon, helmed by Richard Hunn

Progress is continuing down at Gweek Quay with Tabloid 16 design '*Elgris*' with some planking and re-decking to complete.

A number of other HB boats have changed hands during the season and to those new owners who have recently joined the association we extend a warm welcome.

A number of factors intervened, not least Joan's health concerns which resulted in a last minute decision to cancel the East Coast Laying-Up Supper this year. The officers of the association were in full agreement that the supper should be deferred until a later date. Apologies for any inconvenience this may have caused, particularly to Frank Hart, visiting from Australia who had arranged his trip to the UK during September so he could attend the supper.

We will soon be able to reproduce within these pages an almost definitive list of HB designed boats known to have been built, including the elusive 'missing boats'. The intention is to circulate the list to the various yachting press and include boat details on our website. If, by these efforts we are successful in re-discovering only a handful of otherwise lost vessel our task will have been worthwhile. As members we all need to keep a sharp lookout for any potential HB's and even those purporting to be HBs. Only the other day I saw advertised a 'Lynette Class' Harrison Butler which was clearly not an HB design. After investigation the vessel turned out to be a 1950's Johnson & Jago Sloop! An unsuspecting buyer could well have purchased the vessel believing it to be a genuine Harrison Butler; on the other hand she could have been an authentic HB, mis-described in the advertisement. If any of the vessels listed initially on the website ring any particular bells, then please do not hesitate to contact either Joan or one of the HBA officers.

On a more personal note, the pressure of time, distance and upkeep of a vintage wooden boat have colluded resulting in the need to bring 'Dawn II' my Osborne Motor-Yacht back up to the Stratford River Avon at Bredon. My sojourn in Christchurch, Dorset has been an extremely happy one, particularly the association with Elkins Boatyard.

My wish to take 'Dawn II' back to the Royal Motor Yacht Club in Poole after an absence of fifty-three years was fulfilled on a blustery summer's day this June. Progress along the coast for several hours was uneventful with a sparkling white capped south-easterly sea on our quarter. Turning towards Sandbanks and the entrance to Poole Harbour a boisterous and turbulent stern sea caused the wooden pram dinghy we were towing to surge into the transom on several occasions. 'Dawn II' rolled heavily in the steep waves, but her flared bow keeping her buoyant and dry. During a visit to the fo'c'sle I was slightly alarmed to discover the internal mahogany joinery creaking loudly, the noisy diesel engine having masked the sound in the wheelhouse. All was well as 'Dawn II' reached the sheltered waters of this remarkable natural harbour. During the day the wind built up to storm force. We were soon joined by a jostling collection of yachts on Poole Town Quay. A rather disturbed night ensued, partly due to the weather but also burst fenders after constant bumping against the piles with the heavy quay fender board on chains seeming to require continual adjustment. The arrival alongside of a Dutch yacht in the early hours added to the disruption and local colour of the scene!

By morning the wind had abated and after a hearty breakfast and payment of harbour dues we set off at nearly high-water for Christchurch. How different the entrance to Poole Harbour appeared the wind overnight having veered to the south-west. 'Dawn II's' motion was gently so we turned due south and set a course across Studland Bay towards Old Harry Rock. This famous south coast landmark is always a welcome sight, particularly with the early morning sun reflecting off the sea and white chalky rock. The sea busily eroding more interesting shapes along the coastline. After closing in on Old Harry and rounding in to Swanage Bay time and tide prevented us from continuing further so we altered course eastwards for Hengisbury with the Needles glinting on the horizon. Our return trip to Christchurch was largely uneventful except for a rather confused popple off Hengisbury Head, mostly over Beerpan Rocks, a relatively shallow shelf where a careful look out for lobster pot buoys is always essential. Even so we managed to run in to a small half submerged black buoy; the line luckily not fouling the propeller. The entrance over the bar at Mudeford caused the usual anxiety, the golden sand showing clearly beneath the keel. Christchurch Harbour soon came into view, such a pleasant, mostly sheltered area of water, criss-crossed at present with a colourful array of sailing dinghies. Back on our moorings we felt a sense of achieving, not particularly for a momentous voyage but that we had accomplished our objection, with 'Dawn II' back in Poole for the first time since 23rd May 1953.

I had the feeling 'Dawn II' was like an old lady, attempting to recapture her youth and after a lively party was only too glad to be back home to put her feet up and ease her aching bones.

Members' Letters

'Watermaiden'

What a glorious summer we are having. No need to go to Spain while it remains like this. I spent around six weeks down in Plymouth and got all outstanding jobs completed on *'Watermaiden'*.

These included scraping the mast back to bare wood and varnishing, painting topsides and bottom, replacing various fittings which had been re-galvanized and renewing the bolts holding on the engine seawater intake seacock. How often do we check these? They were holding, but broke when force was applied to unscrew them. I wonder how many boats have been sunk for defects in this area.

Once, in the yard in Vilamoura, I counted 13 holes in a hull for skin fittings. I wonder if the owner knew where they all were inside the vessel and, more importantly, whether they turned freely or not?

'Watermaiden' is ashore in Millbrook at the Multihull Centre and we attempted, or rather had planned, to launch mid-July. But high barometric pressure and marginal tides led to us postponing it to Mid-August when I shall return. The tentative plan is to sail south if there are no unforeseen hitches once in the water.

I missed being on *'Watermaiden'* last winter, and feel I must get another trip completed before the urge disappears for good. A run down to Ayamonte, where I again have a one year contract, will break me back in for any further endeavours.

With best regards

Geoff Taylor
Corbridge on Tyne
Northumberland

'Chiquita'

I had been considering bringing *'Chiquita'* back to Shropshire to work on her, but in the end decided on moving her to Mark Sampson's Yard at Exmouth – couldn't really see much point in carting the old girl around the country. The cost up and down, craning her off and on, renting a barn etc, in the end didn't seem to make a great deal of sense, since it could have been in the region of £1,700. As it is I go down for two or three days at a time, do the work, of which I'm capable, returning home with sketches, photograph plans and a template, so while at home the Devil doesn't find work for me.

In the meanwhile Mark Sampson puts in the shipwright element i.e. dropping the ballast keel for new bolts, some re-fastening etc. I must say how very helpful he is and how willing to let me use his workshop facilities, though what he thinks of my skills I couldn't possibly say!

There was a time when I seemed, however, to have more of *'Chiquita'* at home than at Exmouth. Basically if it could be removed I removed it, nothing too heavy to be lifted. Some things will not go back, like the thirty gallon water tank which occupied the entire area below the starboard bunk and would have frustrated efforts to get to the hull, should the need have arisen.

What I can say is that I'm happy the way she is looking and she will be back in the water in the late Spring 2006.

Every good wish

Peter Harrison

PS. I've built an Iain Oughtred, Mouse Pram as tender to *'Chiquita'*; she looks the part, does *'Pig-Wig'*.

'Zephir'

I am in great difficulties in writing this letter, being in the meantime very honoured in doing so.

My companion Stefano and I are the very proud owners of a 'Z' 4-tonner designed by T. Harrison Butler. We met *'Zephir'* last winter on the River Arno. A friend gave us some information about this boat for sale. We decided to buy *'Zephir'* the same afternoon we saw *'her'* (from that moment, we began thinking about *'Zephir'* as a *'she'*, I mean in Italian language). It was the end of November 2005. Stefano was very much more informed on T. H. Butler, than me. For me it was just a question of *'heartstroke'*.

The boat was in general good conditions, which enabled us to begin sailing on the very first days of January, this year. From the Arno, we reached Viareggio, then La Spezia, Chiavari and finally Genova, where *'Zephir'* is now.

After some research, I happened to find the website of The Harrison Butler Association and decided to write this letter the same day, being convinced by your welcome to any information on the yachts built to a Harrison Butler design.

'Zephir' was built by Alfred Lockhart (Marine) in Brentford.

Apparently her number is 52. We had some doubts about the correct reading of the number; the doubt being between 32 and 52, but now 52 seems to be the most probable reading. We bought her from Mr Nicolo Orsini Baroni, the owner of the Cantiere Arnovecchio, where we found *'Zephir'*. We know Mr Orsini Baroni bought *'Zephir'* in October 1997 from a Roland Hutzenlaub, a German photographer who used to keep the boat between the River Arno and Civitavecchia and to sail in the Mediterranean Sea.

Up to now we are trying to get in touch with Mr Hutzenlaub, to try to go behind that date. Actually we do not even know whether *'Zephir'* is her original name or not.

We would so much like to know the story of *'Zephir'*, from her birth to 1997 and have information about her former owners.

As I said, *'Zephir'* was in good conditions. We nevertheless began in June some works whose main aim are to improve the general

conditions and above all to resume what we think to be original features. With the help of a *'Maestro d'Ascia'*, of the precious indications contained in Dr. Butler's book and of my very small support, Stefano has been working on this almost from June to now.

As soon as she will be back to water, we will begin some works in the interiors. Unfortunately we could find only few photos of the interiors, from which they seem to have been changed a lot.

It would be greatly useful for us to have a correct definite idea of how the interiors should look like. Do you think that maybe other 'Z' 4-tonner owners will be able to give us some help?

In case we could get in touch with them, or have an idea of where to find some photos, information, drawings, Stefano will provide any technical information, if useful: he is much more clever than me.

For my part, let me send you just one photo of *'Zephir'*. As you can see she was red, when we bought her. But be sure we are resuming her original white colour.

We really and profoundly thank you for your kind attention, and we will be sincerely grateful for any kind of information or suggestion you will be able to give us on your association and on Harrison Butler's 'Z' four-tonner.



'Z' Four-Tonner 'Zephir' in Italy.

With our best regards,

Carla Lombardi and Stefano Bruzzone.

'Mischief 111'

The restoration of Clements of Portsmouth built Yonne Design '*Mischief 111*' is gathering pace as the following pictorial report reveals. Roy Aldworth of Cornwall is fast gaining a reputation for his excellent shipwright skills and his knowledge of yacht construction.

The massive rebuild project would have daunted the majority; however Roy has tackled the task in a methodical way which will no doubt result in a sturdier craft than when built.

In subsequent newsletters we shall follow Roy's progress until '*Mischief 111*' is back afloat once more after an absence of over thirty years.

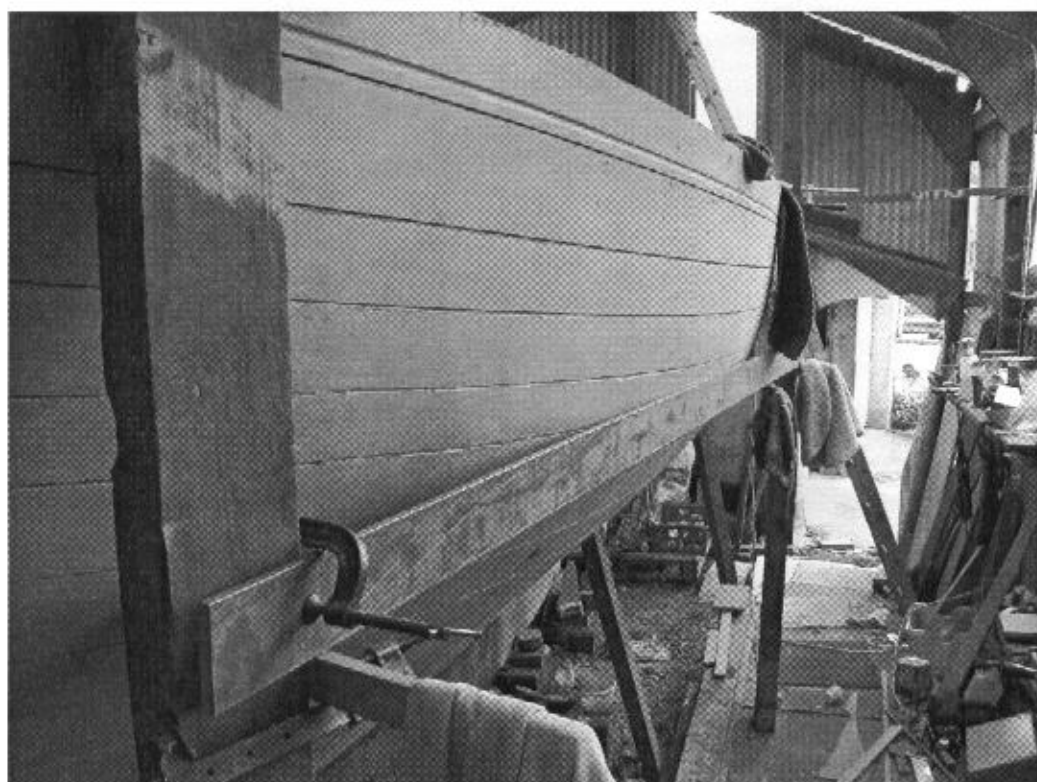
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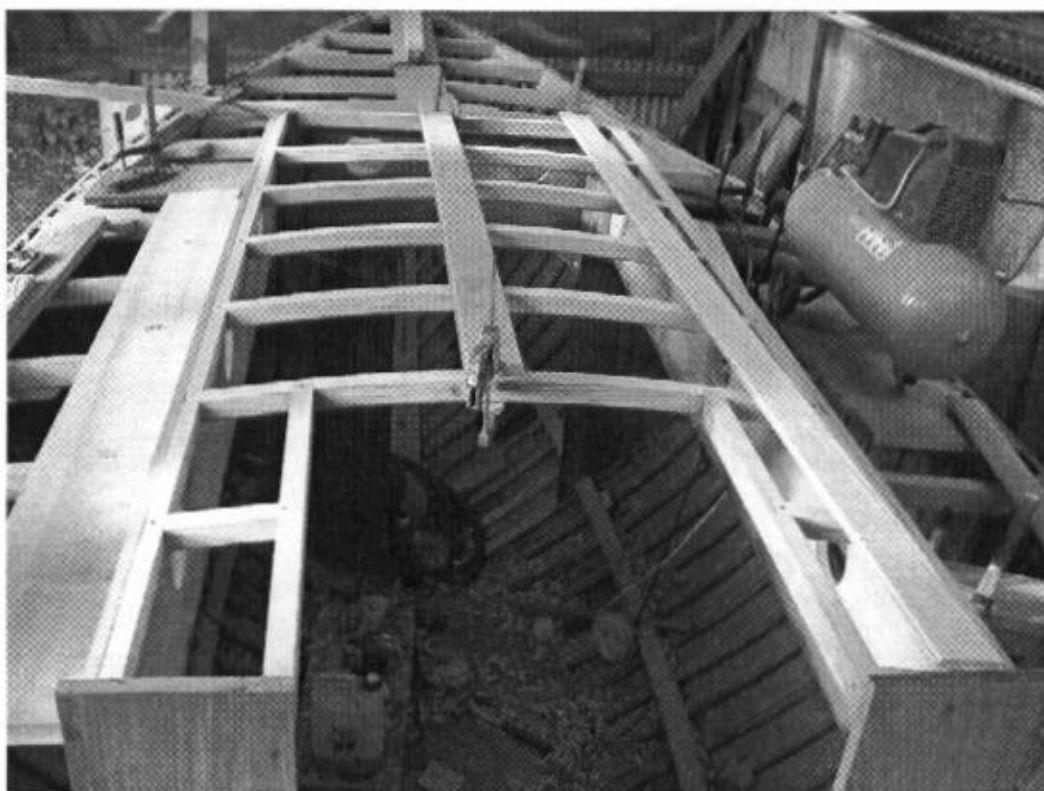
The new keelbolts machined to the old pattern.



Re-framing finished. New deck beams, bulkhead, floors and stem in place.



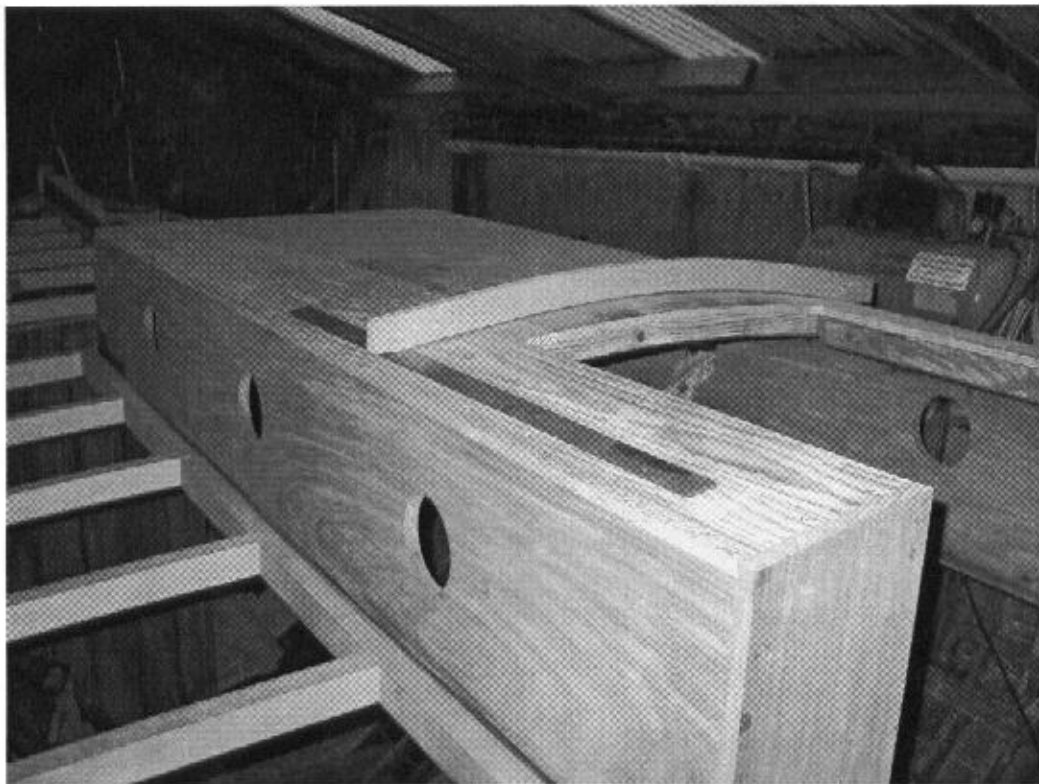
Topsides prepared for caulking. Locating position of waterline.



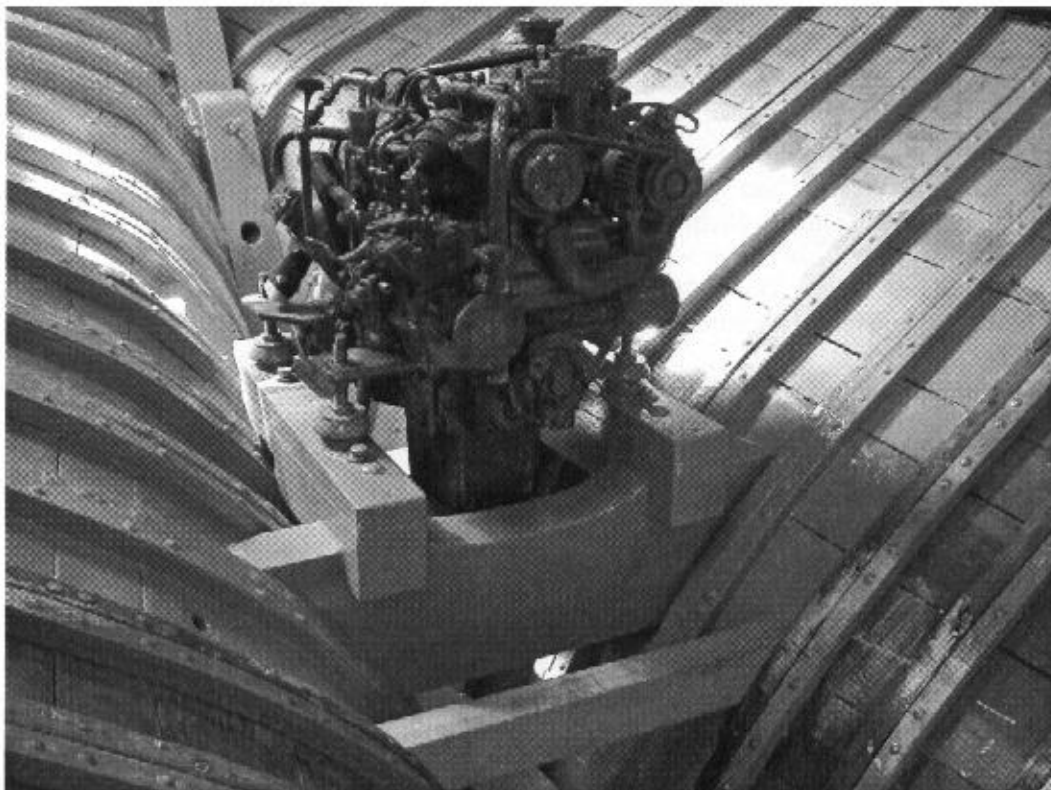
Coachroof front and sides in place and deck beams in position.



One of the new laminated hanging knees and frames alongside the old one.



Afromosia being used for brightwork and deck. Coachroof ready for sheathing.



Twin Beta 13hp diesel engine, sitting on new beds.

Log of 'Sandook' June 1913

Falmouth to Bursledon

{*'Sandook'* had been bought in 1912 in Falmouth and had been sailed in the Falmouth area that season. This was the first "proper" cruise on her.}

Saturday June 14th

Went down to Falmouth. Lovely day, bright sunshine. Met by Burt and Bartram. Took gear to Burt's yard.

Sunday June 15th

Had a look at the ship. Alterations satisfactory. Cockpit now grained in teak, teak seats. Jib halyard is now a flexible wire one. Put up at Bartram's. (Had seats lowered after all and am glad I did so. They would have been very uncomfortable as they were).

Monday June 16th

A heavy day on board stowing gear and superintending small alterations to rigging and fitting the windlass which is a Telling. Dinner at Bartram's and then slept on board. Compass turned up in afternoon: fixed in cabin on starboard side with a window. It is a 5" card and is in every way satisfactory. The little 2" one is of doubtful value.

Tuesday June 17th

Burt came off early and gave me his Builder's Certificate and brought the riding-light which we could have done without. Barometer 30.2. HW Dover 9.40. HW Falmouth 3.44. HW Plymouth 4.17, Fowey 4.0 pm.

Let go mooring at 9.55 am and started the long voyage. Wind S by E light. All plain sail. Beat out of harbour. St Anthony abeam 10.55. Sea smooth, no sun, a grey day. 10.10 Gull Rock abeam. 1.15 abreast of Dodman and then lost Gubbin Head in the haze but by steering N by E picked it up again at 2.05. Moored Fowey at 3.45.

Time from St Anthony to Fowey 4h 50. Distance made good 21 miles, 19 from St Anthony. Average speed from St Anthony 4km. The square-sail a great success. We lash a bamboo across foot and so can at once boom it out on either side. Hoist with topsail/halyards.

Wednesday June 18th

HW Dover 10.26. Plymouth 5.11, 5.36. Tide makes E.2.26, Bar 30.2. Wind W light. Wired home on arrival, had to go and get reply in morning but it was not there. Got anchor at 8.20 and beat out of harbour. Set course outside SE x 5½S for Rame Head 10.20 set square-sail. Grey day, drizzling, oilskins at times. Sea smooth and light. 12.00 Looe Island abeam. 12.20 lowered square-sail as wind came out south. 5.15 moored in Cattewater just inside the breakwater. Went ashore for letters and to railway to inquire about a parcel from Simpson Lawrence which was not there. Shortly before passing Rame Head almost decided to push on to Salcombe but wind fell light. Distance run 22 miles. Time 9 hours. Average speed 2.5 knots.

Thursday June 19th

Kingdom and Jewell, the two former owners of *'Sandook'*, came aboard and signed declaration regarding sale. She was built by Burlace in 1897 and was called *'Sapphire'* {? *'Sapphire'*}. She then became *'White Heather'* and had the reputation of being the fastest Waterman's boat in the port, winning all the races.

They greatly admired her at present and Kingdom wanted to buy her back again!

His son expressed a wish to have another sail in her so we took him with us to Salcombe. A nice boy. They said that our berth in Cattewater was a bad one but *'Maud'* always moored there and we were satisfied. Bar. 30.3. Wind fresh SSW. Sunshine with occasional showers. HW Salcombe 6.9 am 11.45 pm. Left Cattewater 12.15 passed out of E. entrance. Wind fresh, sea moderate, Stoke Point 1.0 pm. 3.15 passed Bolt Head. Moored Salcombe 4.0 pm. Distance 19.5m. Time 3.45h. Speed 5 knots. Dined with Twining. I was a bit anxious about Salcombe but tide was nearly high and wind right in so had no difficulty.

Three white beacons on port and a red buoy and a brown with a name on it to starboard. At first kept (back of road on with Bolt Point.) *{Difficult to read, sounds odd}*. Then, leading marks came in line to cross the bar. Had a splendid sail.

Friday June 20th

Bar. 30.22. HW Dover 11.57, Brixham 7.15, 7.30 Wind light NW but shifty, light clouds, occasional rain. Got a motor-crabber To tow us out of Salcombe for 5/-, 7.0 am, {25p} 3.40 start abeam. Wondered why a trading cutter simply sailed away from us and then why the boat would not answer helm. Found that we were towing a crab-pot. Sea crossed with buoys of crab-pots and crabbers at work all round. Wind N & E very light. 11.15 off Dartmouth. Wind light. Sun came out for 1st time, heavy clouds over Dartmoor. 1.45 passed Berry Head, wind NW, fresher. At last re-passed the two traders which had passed us off Start Point. 3.0 pm anchored off Ice-works at Brixham.

Saturday June 21st

HW Dover 12.20, 12.40. HW Portland 8.40 pm. East-going tide makes at 3.0 am. 4.20 best time for passing inside race. Bar. 30.3, wind W x N light sea calm at first. Cleared Brixham breakwater 3.55 am and set course E x S to clear Portland by three miles. Set square-sail. Turned out at 2.0 am, fine night, bright moonlight. Berry Head abeam 4.30. 6.30 last bearing of Berry Head. Ore Stone And Down End Point. put us 4.5 miles from Berry Head. Turned in at 9.30, slept till 11.0. At 9.0 handed square-sail as wind had gone southerly but re-set it at 11.30 and carried it until we made out Portland Light 1.30 fresh breeze, going 6 knots. Considered that we should be in time to go inside race so headed up half a point to EX½S. Wind light at 3.30 so E x S again. High land in region of Hardy's Monument on port bow but Portland not visible. Haze over land but bright sunshine all day. 3.50 made out what we considered to be Portland Bill bearing E, so steered for it. Cross bearing of coastguard station gave us the Bill distant 8 miles, too late to go inside so steered E by S again to pass outside. 4.30 saw Portland light bearing ESE on starboard bow, distant about 5 miles!

The high land we had seen was not nearly so high as Portland, it was near Abbotsbury. We made a great mistake in not keeping to our E by S compass course. We were three miles inside our estimated position and three miles ahead of our position. But it turned out well for we rounded the Bill close in at 5.50 in a confused sea. She had put her bowsprit in but we did not ship a drop of water on deck. Anchored in Portland Roads at 7.30.

Distance over 48 miles. Time 15.5 hours. Average speed 3.1 knots. We anchored a shade too near a barge.

Sunday June 22nd

Remained at anchor and cleaned up the ship generally. Cleared out bilges which were filthy and put in some Sanitas. Cleared out all lockers.

Monday June 23rd

Sailed over to Weymouth and tied up to inside buoy. Harbour Master hailed us to tie up a bit but as it was about a yard under water we had some difficulty in locating it. Tacked up harbour and then dropped down against cbb under jib. Went over to Broad Mayne and Knighton and returned at 8.0 pm. Distance sailed 3 miles. Time 1 hour = 3 knots.

Wednesday June 25th

Bar. 30.2. HW Dover 3.4 and 3.26. HW Southampton 2.26 and 2.46. ?? makes 8.4 am. Lay all night comfortably at Studland. Turned out at 5.0 am and got anchor at 6.15. Wind W by N moderate, sea smooth, sun corner visible. Set square-sail at once but as we drew off from the land the wind veered more to the N to NW. Square-sail drew well with wind 3 points from astern with sheet well eased off. Wish we had a balloon staysail. 7.45 Christchurch Priory abeam, 6 miles in 1½ hours against the tide. Wind now came N so hauled square-sail. 8.5, passed two submarines steering for Swanage and later in Solent several more with the mother ship. 9.0 rounded SW Shingles buoy, Hurst abeam 9.30. Strong tide and fresh breeze. Solent Banks buoy 10.5, W. Lepe 10.25 Calshot abeam 11.30. It was now blowing a fresh breeze NNE and a choppy sea so we did not fancy a berth off Hythe Pier. Decided to enter Hamble.

Tacked in with very short tacks. Off Luke's, yachts as thick as peas. Difficult work threading our way up, once nearly fouled a yacht but with aid of sweeps just got clear of her bowsprit. 'Sandoek' is slow in stays but she never showed any sign of refusing. Picked up lanthe's mooring at 1.0 pm. Distance run 31 miles. Time 7 hours. 27m to Calshot in 5h15' = about 5 knots. Total distance run from Falmouth 166 miles in 50 hours = 3.3 knots average.

Thursday June 26th

Stowed gear. Went ashore for letters. Had to walk 2 miles to Bursledon post office! Went to Southampton to see about registration.

Friday June 27th

Packing, showing ship, cleaned out the stern locker. Dried sails and re-stowed the locker.

Notes

Before starting we always lashed the starboard cot to port to avoid deviation of the compass. The compass as fixed is exceedingly satisfactory. It is well seen and has no deviations. Folding table is lashed up to starboard and can be taken down and laid upon seat for chart work at sea. The Boilerette is very useful. It provides both soup and meat courses. We badly need a balloon staysail and roller gear to mainsail would be very handy. We never had occasion to reef at sea but we might have found it very difficult as holes in cleats are very small for the pennants.

We generally forgot to set up the clew outhaul but as wind was free it did not matter. Note that in reefing before hoisting one is very liable to take in a reef point of row above and tear the sail.

Dinghy lost in Cattewater as Bartram mistook our tow rope for painter. Another man retrieved it.

Do not forget to shut fore-castle Bull's-eyes {portholes} we took in a sea or two off the Shag, which filled the bucket and on another occasion we forgot to close these valuable aids to ventilation flaps on fore-hatch are useful for ventilation.

Find on reading "Field" that on July 25th at 1.0 noon it was blowing a fresh breeze NW. We had it NNE. The 7 and 8 metre boats

had a reef in with jib-headed topsail over it. The 6-metres started with a reef in but shook out before the race. We were nicely canvassed for the wind.

Saturday June 28th

Returned home by express. The 12 bottles of sterilized milk were most useful. On leaving Fowey Bartram said my course was wrong but really it was correct. We could see Bolt Head which he mistook for Rame Head.

{So Bartram was the mystery man aboard for the cruise. He was the first owner of 'Argo', built in 1914.

I think all the recommendations he makes regarding rigging etc were carried out.

Certainly in my day there were crosstrees, shrouds, backstays, runners etc, and a balloon staysail which was very useful and could be led inside the shrouds for windward work or outside when the wind was free.

Even I find my father's handwriting defeating at times and I am not certain of what he kept on Bolt Point when entering Salcombe.

In my day the starboard cot was not shifted when sailing.

We never had roller-reefing for the mainsail but the reefing points for nos. 1 and 3 reefs were manilla and no. 2 were cotton so that even in the dark one could feel the difference and one was unlikely to confuse nos. 1 and 3 reefs.

'Sandoek' had no engine until 1932 and we became adept at kedging-off after going aground. I never knew the "boilerette". Perhaps it was an early form of pressure cooker? Surnames were almost always used – public school and all that! – even until WWII.

The visit from Weymouth to Broad Margue and Knighton was to visit his sisters Ellen and Jane and I think his father was still alive then.

These old logs – almost period pieces, give a sense of slow-moving (3kn) tenor of life which is quite restful in contrast with present day rush.

OJJB

‘Z’ Four-Tonners and Brass Screws

By: Peter Mather



**A restored, but largely original Z4 interior showing the surprising volume for a vessel of 19' LWL.
Can anyone identify her ?**

It does not seem that Z4 owners are yet fully aware that the planking of the earliest boats was fastened to the steamed timbers by means of brass screws. This is standard practice in the USA except that our cousins use bronze rather than brass. I first discovered this in the 1960's when I heard of an owner in Brightlingsea, Essex who patiently removed all the brass screws and replaced them with silicone bronze. (It was then still possible). I have yet to discover exactly how many boats were involved but I suspect about two dozen; what Joan would call 'the first batch'. This method applied to the entire hull, not just to the hood-ends and garboards where screw fastening is conventional in any wooden boat. Some years ago I inspected one of these boats which, despite the protection of a cockpit cover, had sunk at its moorings in Heybridge Basin on the River Blackwater. The condition of the screws was so bad that the planking was actually parting company from the timbers. I feel certain that an Admiralty Court would hold such a vessel to be unseaworthy. This in turn raises the question of insurance. A policy of marine insurance covers loss or damage arising from unseaworthiness but when a vessel is allowed to proceed to sea in an unseaworthy condition with the privity (i.e. knowledge) of the owner the insurers are entitled to avoid the contract. This principle is written into the Marine Insurance Act of 1906 from which there is no escape. I feel equally certain that an owner would be deemed to know whether the planking of his boat is fastened with brass screws and the inherent danger in an elderly boat if no action is taken. To refasten the planking with conventional copper nails and roves would be expensive as it would entail stripping out the entire hull with no guarantee that the joinery would be replaced exactly as it was before. However, I do know of one case where this was actually done. A more practical solution would be to fit additional screws (where the originals cannot be removed because of their condition) of silicone bronze and to keep an eye on them by withdrawing a few from time to time for inspection. The drilling of additional holes (a No. 10 screw would probably be suitable) would not weaken the substantial structure to any measurable extent and would strengthen the hull enormously. The later boats were fastened with clenched nails that is to say where the nails are turned and the points driven back into the timbers. It should be possible to see these even through several coats of paint. Not quite so effective as nails and roves but acceptable nevertheless. This report may explain why we have identified less than half the number of Z4's that were actually built.

‘Omicron’

By: Mike Hughes

Scanning through the Internet 'boats for sale' two years ago, I saw it 'Harrison Butler boat for sale' only an hour away from our home in the North of New Zealand.

My heart skipped a beat as I grabbed the phone and dialed the number. Yes it was still available, yes it was OK to come up this weekend and see it. What an opportunity. Yes we could afford it, just. Should I tell my wife or keep it a secret? Surely I could find time to finish the family house in between restoring an old wooden boat? I found the courage to casually mention to her that there seemed to be a Harrison Butler boat for sale just up the road. Much to my relief she thought it would be a great idea to go and see it. Then, the evening before we would drive up, the phone rang. 'Don't come up' said the owner. Some chap from overseas has just bought it over the Internet. My heart sank. Life is full of lost opportunities, but at least I'd given this one a shot.

Then about a week later the phone rang. It was Mark Jack, a New Zealander living overseas. He had just bought a classic Harrison Butler boat over the Internet, had heard I was a wooden boat builder and wondered if I'd be interested in doing a small refit. We had a chuckle over the circumstances of it all and made the arrangements. Within a few weeks, 'Omicron', the little 20'er that HB designed as a pocket cruiser was in my workshop. A survey had shown that 75% of the frames had lost their grain strength and broken. Ten years before, a number had been replaced and these seemed OK.



'Omicron', shored up in the workshop. The restoration about to commence.

All the through-bolts looked suspect and the ballast keel bolts really needed further inspection. Mark, the new owner wasn't too concerned about the time frame, but we were all I think a little unprepared for the extent of the frame damage, and fastening decay. Was it worth it all? A few weeks of serious contemplation and playing with the calculator ensued. From a financial investment point of view, of course it wasn't worth it. Name one boat that will make you more than a bad day on the stock market. Making money is not the reason people go boating, or get involved with wooden boats (I see you all nodding in wry agreement) so we had to have other sound reasons for going ahead with such a project. There was no doubt we had a true classic on our hands. Designed by the famous Harrison Butler. Built in 1945 by Voss' Ship Yard, Auckland New Zealand, then one of the top yacht building yards in the country. Backbone, planking and deck of the finest New Zealand Kauri. Yes the frames were not good but we couldn't fault the rest of the timber.

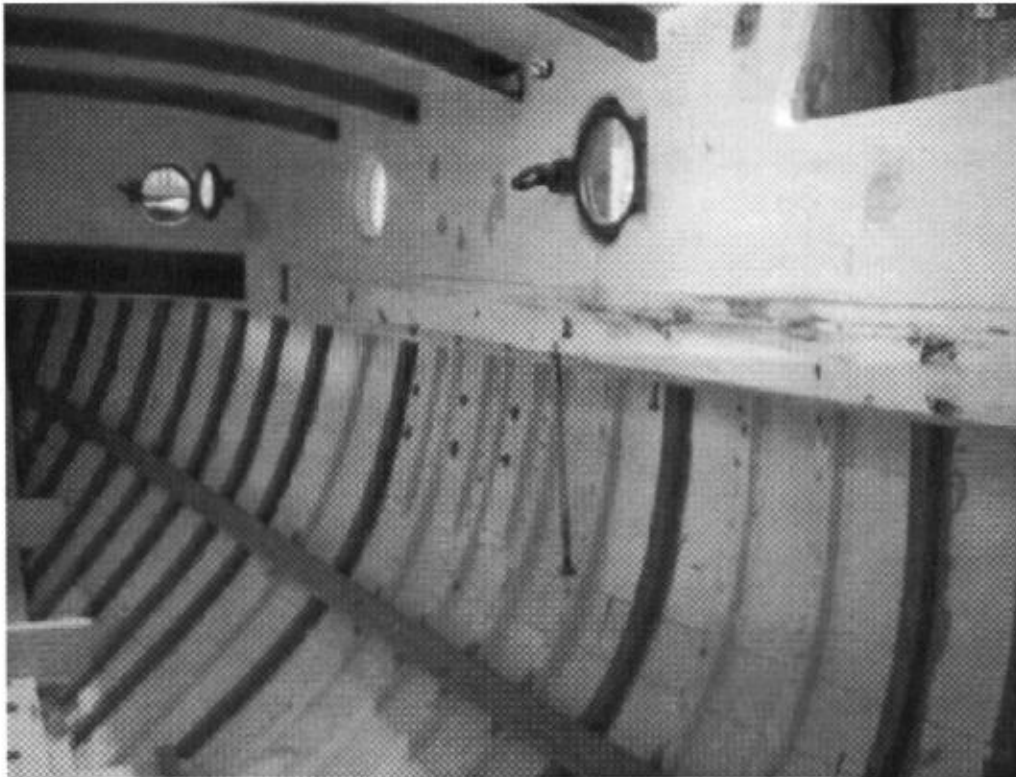
The ship was 60 years old and we knew that if we did it right, it would live another 60 at least. We were dealing with history and almost felt HB and the builders looking down on us wondering what the verdict would be. Of course, anyone with a conscience would know there was only one way it could go. We would go ahead. I have been truly blessed as a boat builder to have Mark as an owner wanting only what is best for the boat. We have found ourselves in sync with most of the work so far, always asking the question, would HB be OK with this or that aspect of the job?

Over the decades I have seen old boats spoiled by the over zealous mixing of old and new technologies. We made up our minds to do it the right way, the old way. I was interested to see in HB's design book that he specified ply for bulkheads. Obviously the ply industry would have been in its infancy back then but HB must have seen the benefits of weight savings and stiffness. Yes we could use it for bulkheads, judiciously, provided we riveted the bulkhead grounds to the hull to allow for the inevitable movement of the hull.

The builders had installed the floor timbers a little differently that the plans showed. They had also built a conventional cabin on side decks rather than the raised topsides HB was keen on. The rudder was slightly different in profile, but then we also had an inboard engine installed on the centre line, something the early designers took a while to come round to. But all in all, we had a Harrison Butler vessel and knew we had become custodians of maritime history. What a privilege to work on such a vessel.

First we began by checking a few backbone bolts to see what condition they were in. The first came out in pieces, then the next, then the next. It was pretty obvious the Naval Bronze (Tobin Bronze) had de-zinctified. They were all shot and all had to be replaced. We used half inch copper as the replacement material. Softer, but plenty strong enough for the size of vessel. The ballast keel bolts were also suspect, calling for a complete replacement, all of silicon bronze.

Then the old frames had to come out. We began by removing the interior joinery. This was pretty basic as previous owners had been quite minimal in their requirements. Then the toe rail and covering board came off to allow us to pass the new steaming hot frames down through the deck. The frames were replaced in a staggered pattern so as not to lose the shape of the boat as we went.



Detail of the original structure with new mid stringer fitted.

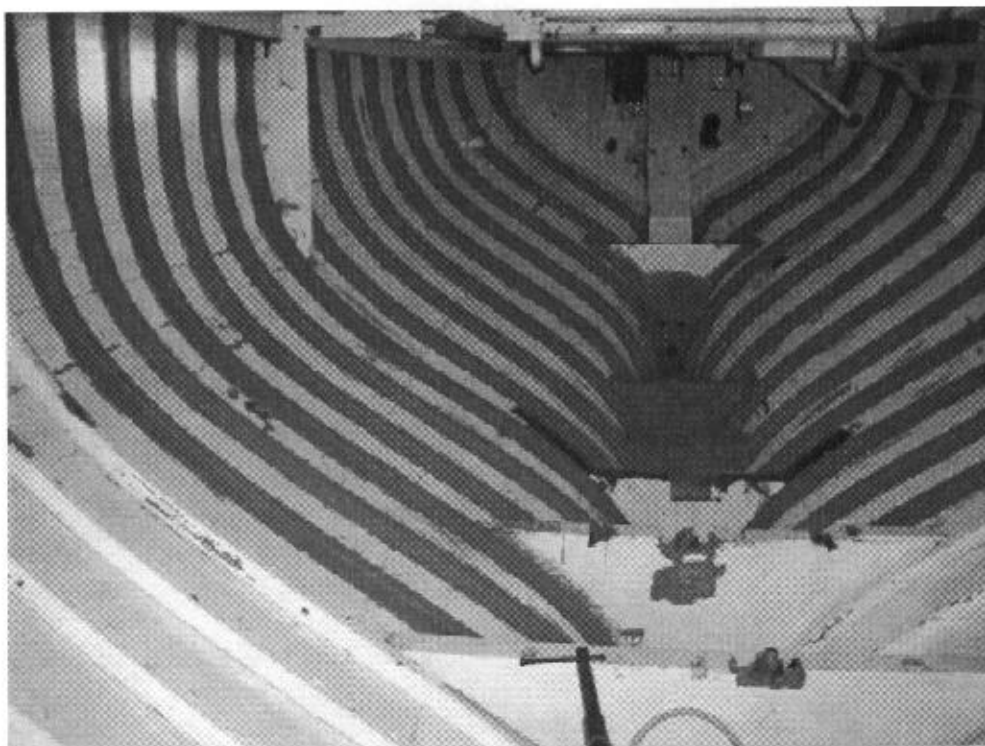
We used the next gauge up in size of copper nails so they would be tight in the planking. My wife and teenage son really enjoyed hanging on to the heavy metal dolly as I riveted the 1500 + roves..... maybe enjoyed is not the right word.

I was more than happy when Mark said we needed to lose the existing cabin profile and replace it with something looked the part. We poured over the HB design catalogue to come up with what we felt was the 'HB flavour'. We think we have it right. Mark was inspired by the articles about 'Sabrina' having no engine. So being fed up with the mess the 6hp Lister was making, the decision to take it out, plug all the holes, and fair the stern post and rudder back to pre-engine days was made. An out-board bracket will be fitted on the transom for those awkward little moments.

The cockpit was next, and in fact is still being worked on. We have made it self draining as it rains very hard here in the north of New Zealand and we want it to be worry free on a mooring.

We have found it quite a challenge to work with such a small boat. Every inch counts. Ergonomics and aesthetics don't necessarily go hand in hand i.e. just because a cockpit seat looks in proportion doesn't mean it is comfortable to sit on. But we are up to the challenge.

We will update HB members with progress reports and photographs over the coming months and in the next newsletter.



The new stern quarter steam-bent timbers in place.



Work continues on the replacement coachroof coamings.

OMICRON DESIGN

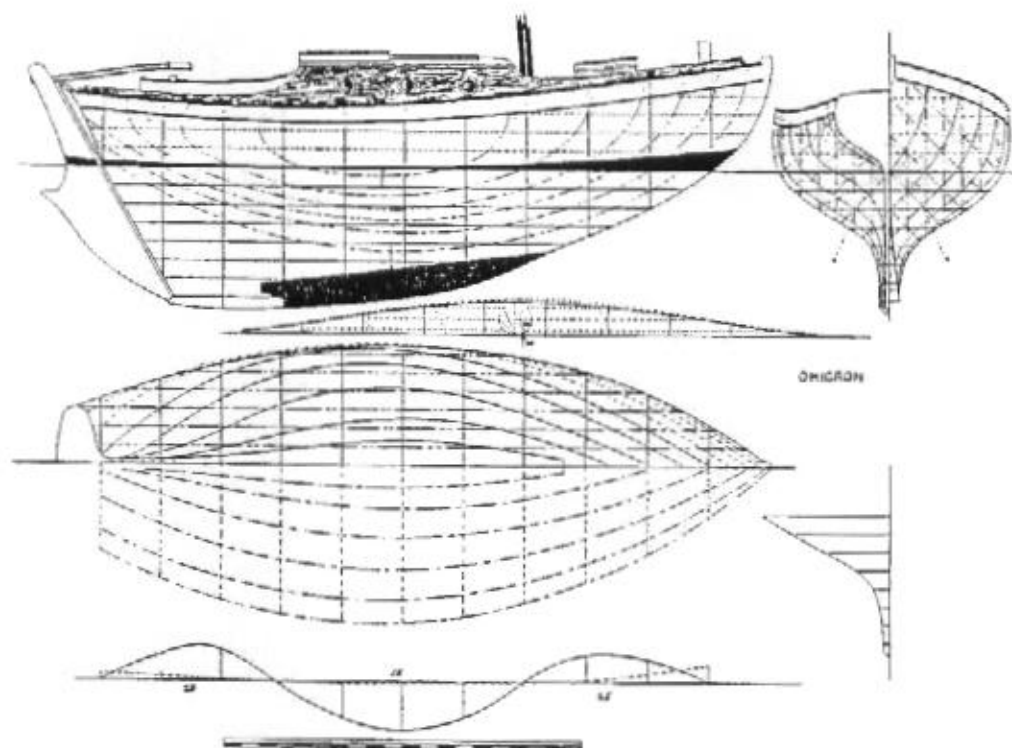
1940

The *Omicron* design is the best compromise that will give reasonable stability with the necessary cabin space. *Omega* has proved to be a satisfactory seaboard, so in the smaller sized the result should be the same. The metacentric analysis is almost correct without the rudder. The after curve is slightly larger than the forward curve, but this is due to the fact that the after deadwood is kept reasonably thick for the purposes of strength in a weak spot.

The mainsheet passes forward from the quarter block to a sheave in the cockpit coaming and is belayed inside the coaming. The sheet can be tended without looking backwards and a foot on the bulkhead gives an enormous purchase. The forehatch is a large one so that all work for'ard can be done from the fo'c'sle. One can reach the chain and raise the anchor. There will be double forestays, so that the headsails can be shifted; again without standing on the deck.

Writing in *Yachting Monthly* about this design T.H.B. explained that she was derived from the *Omega* Design.

"The drawings of *Omega* are to scale $\frac{1}{4}$ in. to 1ft. Taking the same lines I altered the scale 1in. to 1ft. and with a slightly change in profile to bring the centre of gravity of the lead lower and to improve hauling-out facilities, produced *Omicron*".



LOA. 20ft. - LWL. 17ft. - Beam: 6'6 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. - Draught: 3ft.9 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.
 Displacement. 2.5 tons. - Lead Keel. 1 ton. - Sail area: 190 sq. ft. - Thames Measurement: 3 tons.

“Sailors Don’t Care” Or, at least, hardly at all!

By P. T. CLOTHIER

“Your rudder is carried away; what would you do?”

We had been talking of books on sailing, while we were making our passage back from Guernsey. I happened to mention the “Yachtsman’s Handy Book,” with its numerous questions on seamanship, and appropriate answers. One question I had instanced was the above-but we only laughed and talking of books with more useful and practical information.

A couple of days later, we were doing the last stage of a most successful cruise, and this piece from Weymouth to Poole seemed a comparatively simple affair after our recent passages to Guernsey and back. Only two of us were left to take ‘*Ninon*’, a 6-ton Itchen-Ferry type cutter, home, but both O. and myself had cruised in her enough to know that in the normal course of events she is an able craft and can stand a dusting.

On this day, however, things went wrong from the start. We overslept, and were in danger of missing our tide round St. Alban’s Head, so that breakfast was uncomfortably hurried and satisfied neither body nor soul. There was a fresh westerly breeze blowing straight down the harbour, and as it would be almost behind us, we only took down one reef in the mains’l and set number-two jib.

Our departure from Weymouth was scarcely dignified, as we contrived to sail a complete circle round our mooring buoy before we could cast off, thus necessitating most complicated manoeuvres with warps, and much freedom of speech. In the end we got away and slipped out past the piers, laying a course for St. Alban’s. As we got clear of the land we found more breeze than we had expected, and the squalls came whistling down across Portland Harbour, sending the spray scudding before them and putting our lee rail well awash. It was grand sailing, and

as the wind was on our quarter and we were making good headway, we decided to do without the second reef. But after about half an hour, prudence and a stronger gust bade us do otherwise, and with some trouble we rigged the tackle and hauled it down - the overhanging boom and the short sea being so preoccupying that the crash of the skylight as the crew sat through it passed almost without comment.

Wind and sea were still increasing. Was it a case when discretion should be the better part of valour? Perhaps so. We rounded-to, put about, and started to beat back to Weymouth. We then realised the arguments on the other side. We had arranged for a car to meet us at Poole that afternoon, and we could not leave ‘*Ninon*’ at Weymouth, as it was the end of our holiday. Discretion went to the wall and we bore away on to our course again.

We stormed along towards Poole, and no longer had any fear of missing our tide. The seas, however, were getting unpleasantly big, and as she was carrying a good deal of weather helm she yawed about in a most disconcerting way. We were now about a mile SW of Lulworth, and we realised that she would be much more comfortable, and would steer more easily, if we took down the third reef.

O. had gone below to look at charts, and I was hanging on to the tiller like grim death.

“We must do something about this weather helm: I just can’t keep her on her course, the tiller’s nearly square across the stern, and she’s still shooting up into the wind. What the devil?”

But one look over the stern was enough - the head of the rudder had twisted clean off from the blade, which has hanging useless. Not a nice situation; a strong breeze, a steep

sea, a rocky lee shore a mile or so away, Weymouth seven or eight miles to windward, and Poole sixteen to leeward: no rudder, and not another craft in sight. We hove her to, and she lay pretty quiet while we considered.

Our first thought was for our own safety - run for Lulworth under headsails only, trust to hitting the cove, and, if we couldn't, to scrambling ashore somehow. Better put a spinnaker boom over the stern, and use that as a rudder; but it doesn't do much good, and anyway, supposing we could make Lulworth, nothing would hold her there in this sea, and she would only go ashore and break up; not very seamanlike, and perhaps not very safe.

"Let's beat back to Weymouth."

But it was quite impossible to get her about, even with the aid of the spinnaker boom and a dinghy paddle as well, and while I was hauling on a jib sheet the spinnaker boom got carried overboard, and not very long afterwards the dinghy paddle shared its fate.

So Poole seemed the only hope. We started the engine, and nailed locker covers to the remaining paddle to make a rather less ineffective jury rudder, with which we were just able to keep her on a southerly course to clear St. Alban's race. We had originally intended to go inside the race, but we didn't feel that our steering was accurate enough now to justify doing this. Our spirits were beginning to revive, only to be dashed once more by grunts from the engine, soon followed by a complete refusal.

"----- ! -----! I forgot to turn the water through the exhaust - she must have seized up!"

A moment later we were amazed to see the bowsprit pointing skywards. The bob-stay had carried away, and the jib out-haul went next. We gathered in the remnants of the jib and its tackle. Going inside to stow them was most reassuring, for the cabin at least was still warm and dry. I took the opportunity to read the instructions on our blue flares, but soon realised that they wouldn't be of much service in daylight. Then I bethought me of the sea anchor, brought it out, and cast it

overboard, in a misguided belief that it might check our progress towards the race and the shore. Of course, as we were hove-to, we were soon towing it on our quarter.

"But what's that other rope we're towing?"

It turned out to be the peak halliard, and as O. coiled it in he found it was foul of something - the propeller, of course!! So that was why the engine had stopped!! O. hung over the stern, spluttering and swearing, while I sat on his legs; and after five minutes or so the thing was clear. In another moment the engine was off again like a bird. We let draw the stays'l, and with much labour at the dinghy paddle (now lashed to the horse!), we got her on her course again.

We decided that keeping her off the wind might prove an easier task if we lowered the mains'l, and she certainly did handle better under stays'l and engine alone.

At this stage we were almost broadside on the seas, which were getting steeper than ever. That one must break into the cockpit - but 'Ninon' lifts to it just in time, and it hisses harmlessly under us.

"Hang on! This one will!"

It did too, and the cockpit and cabin floors must have been six inches deep in it.

"Better pump her out before another one comes. Hope to goodness the next won't get into the mag. Why ever haven't we got a self-draining cockpit?"

Nevertheless we were making good headway, and though the engine was only just ticking over we must have been doing at least four knots. The boards nailed to the dinghy paddle showed signs of coming adrift, and in any case we could not expect to have a great amount of control with so small a leverage.

As a substitute we took off the gaff from its jaws, unbent the mains'l from it, and nailed on to it at one end a drawing board which we had been using as a chart table. This we lashed to the horse, and as a jury rudder it was almost perfection.

We were now off St. Alban's Head and nearly three miles out. But this was apparently too small a margin, as with this wind and strong spring tides there was a nasty breaking sea even at this distance. Two more tops broke into the cockpit, and as it was now a following sea, we towed a warp to slow us down a bit. When we could we revved up the engine a little and stood by to throttle down again whenever we saw an extra big one coming. Even with our improved jury rudder she took the law into her own hands every now and then, and went off on a wild sheer which our united efforts could scarcely counteract.

We thought we were through the worst of it now, but no! they came again and another broke over our deck. But that was the last of the race, and the seas became more regular and less steep. Conversation began again, and we decided to raise a big cheer when we rounded Old Harry.

We thanked the powers that be that the worst was over, and both confessed that we had found that first half-hour pretty unpleasant. We were relieved, too, that we had decided to come on and not to attempt Lulworth.

In course of time we were round Old Harry. We raised the big cheer, but even if anyone had been out they could not possibly have heard us. We could scarcely hear each other, as the wind must now have been blowing at gale force.

Inside the bar buoy we had to lower the stays'l, as the two of us could not keep her near enough to the wind to make up for the leeway she was making. Right up the channel we were drenched with spray, and even in the narrowest part, by the ferry, the chop was big enough to break right over us.

We just managed to keep her between the buoys and eventually we reached Saltern's Pier, near which were our moorings.

Picking them up was a very different question, as our difficulties were increased by having no boathook. As we came up to them we throttled down, and of course the engine stopped with the result that we drifted rapidly backwards on to the mud, missing another craft by inches. We let go the anchor, got the engine going again, made another attempt at the moorings, and missed completely.

In circling round for attempt number three, we managed to ram our bowsprit into a houseboat, which was moored in the neighbourhood.

We got clear again, and made one more attempt. I rushed forward: the buoy was close under our bow; I dived at it, missed my footing, and did a very pretty cart-wheel overboard, just managing to catch the bowsprit shroud in one hand, but completely failing to secure the buoy with the other.

Neither the gravity of the situation, nor the acute discomfort of my position was sufficient to check the unwarranted mirth of the crew.

Our fourth shot was successful, and when we had got the chain on board we heaved a sigh of relief. But *'Ninon'* was a sad picture of dejection. We changed our clothes, cooked, ate, blessed Mr. Heinz, and then set to work to straighten up the worst of the wreckage.

Later in the afternoon we were taken off by a motor-tender, with some difficulty, however, as there was still a very stiff breeze blowing, and a chop which would certainly have swamped our punt if we had attempted to use it for getting ashore.

We came down next day and beached her for repairs. Two kindly souls happened to pass:

"D'you know your rudder is broken? ..."

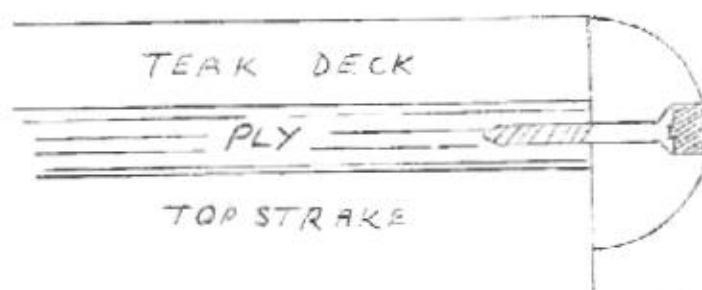
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BEADINGS, QUADRANT MOULDINGS & OTHERS

By: Mark Miller

We have a teak deck. It is 5/8" thick, runs parallel to the curve of the bulwark, is laid over 1/2" plywood and is set off at the deck edge by teak margin boards.

So at the edge of the deck there is a sandwich, teak, ply, topstrake, covered by a semicircular moulding, 1 3/4" deep, see drawing.



Along the sheer this joint is covered by a substantial piece of hardwood but aft at the poop deck the covering is an ordinary half round moulding or beading, call it what you will, and had suffered over the course of time so this winter I decided to replace it.

Although it had been painstakingly varnished each year of our ownership, I had never really looked at it very closely and was surprised to find that although fastened with bronze screws and not the more common brass, they went into the end grain of the ply. Now because of the way that ply is made it is considered bad practice to try to fasten into the end grain. Hence it was with some trepidation that I removed the beadings, quite prepared to find that the edge of the ply had delaminated. My fears were groundless, the beadings had been well smeared with gunge before being screwed in place and all was well. But I had always been taught that fastening into the edge of plywood was not a good thing so decided to try to avoid this with the replacement beadings.

Instead of half round I made them rectangular with the top and bottom outside edge rounded and fastened with two rows of screws, one into the edge of the teak margin board and the other into the top of the iroko planking below. See drawing.

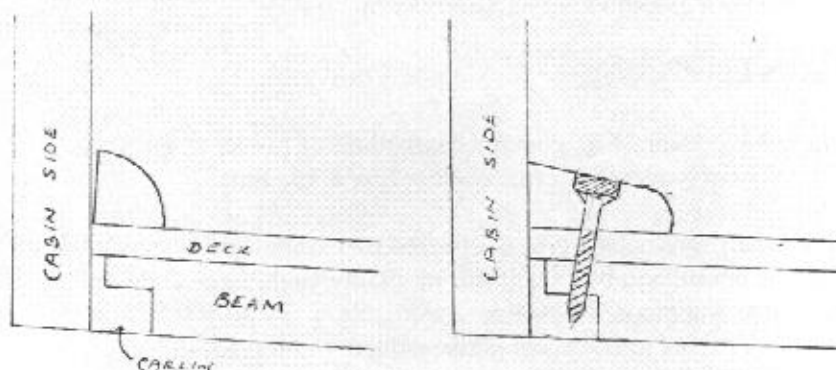


While on the subject of beadings, many owners of wooden boats have suffered from leaks along where the cabin sides meet the deck. It is quite usual to find that the quarter round beading between the cabin sides and the deck is a poor fit and so allows fresh water to penetrate to the joint below.

Francis B. Cooke, that prolific writer of yachting 'how to do it books', mentions this problem (Hints, Tips & Gadgets 1939). His solution was to run broad tape over the joint, half on the deck, half on the cabin sides, stuck down with varnish, liberally applied and covered with wood quadrant fastened over the whole with copper nails or brass screws.

This may effect a cure but the weakness of the idea is the quadrant moulding. The angle between the deck and the cabin sides is rarely 90°, usually a little more. Trying to hold the quadrant in a vice while planning the required angle is frustrating.

I suggest that the best way to cure this problem is to remove any quadrant beading, clean out the joint beneath, fill with your favourite brand of sticky goo (in really desperate cases caulk the joint) and then fit a new moulding shaped and fastened as in the drawing below



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YACHTING MAGAZINES & OTHERS

Until the year 2000 I always bought three yachting magazines each month – Yachting Monthly, Practical Boat Owner and Classic Boat.

Eventually I felt that the editorial content of each was becoming repetitive and no longer were there line drawings of interesting designs to contemplate. Also the storage space available in the house was becoming limited. So now I peruse all the magazines on show in the local High Street newsagents and only make a purchase if there is a particularly interesting article.

Recently some magazines have appeared enclosed in polythene. The reason must be to restrain all the inserts, mail order catalogues and appeals from charities, to stop them littering the shop floor when the magazine is inspected for readable content.

In practice this new development limits the selection available for consideration and is frustrating. What is worse, the practice is spreading. Last week I noticed that some of the woodworking magazines are also enclosed in a plastic envelope.

SCREWDRIVERS

A screwdriver is a basic tool. Everyone knows what one looks like and what it is for. But having written that last sentence I still remember doing a job, many years ago, on the 'Ranzo', my 1911 Mylne designed one rater. I was wedged right up in her narrow bow struggling to undo a screw. My then girl friend was making supper in the tiny galley. I asked her to pass me the 'big screwdriver' from my kit. She put a tool into my outstretched hand. It did not feel right. In fact it was a 1" chisel. She emigrated soon afterwards and I checked that her replacement knew the difference between a chisel and a screwdriver before inviting her to sample the joys of sailing.

If attempting quality woodwork you need a set of 'Cabinet Screwdrivers' to match the slots in No 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 size screws. If you are working on a big boat then add size 14.

From the tip the shank should extend parallel to where it flattens below the handle. Most modern screwdrivers have a flared tip which widens the countersunk hole so that a wooden plug matching the screw size is a slack fit.

A decent outfit of cabinet screwdrivers is hard to find. Second-hand tool shops are probably the best source but take some sample screws with you.

TINS OF PAINT

Does any member have a sure fire, guaranteed, method of preventing half full or half empty tins of paint from skinning over if left firmly closed for some time?

A long time ago when forelocks were still tugged and chandlers' shops smelt of hemp and stockholm tar it was possible to buy small tins of quality yacht paint and varnish. Probably ¼ pint size. Then came Napoleon's Revenge – metrication. Now 500 millilitres is a small tin but is far too much for most jobs, except perhaps doing the topsides. Hence my collection of half used tins with the contents growing a thick skin.

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DOES IT MAKE SENSE?

It was a lovely day. There was an anti-cyclone centred over the southwest, the sun shone, high water was about 9.00 am, an all-day tide. Yet the marina was full of boats. Not the old tore-outs, converted lifeboats or out-classed racing craft of my youth always needing work, but modern examples of shiny GRP with roomy accommodation, pressurised water, showers, GPS and chart-plotters.

Some were occupied. Families chatted to other owners or walked into town for shopping. A few, very few, cast off and went out into the safe and sheltered water of Carrick Roads, picked up a mooring off St. Mawes for lunch and then back to the marina for the night.

The price of modern boats amazes me. £30,000 will buy a new Shrimper the equivalent, maybe, of the 2½ ton Hillyard of fifty years ago. For a family boat with four or five berths prices seem to start around £85,000. But the owners do not use them, they seldom go sailing.

I have pondered this question many times and have come to the conclusion that for many owners the new plastic yacht is a substitute for the country cottage second home which is now out of their price range.



LOOSE ENDS

ASSOCIATION BURGEES:	£15.00
HOUSE FLAGS:	£15.00
ASSOCIATION TIES:	£6.00

Available from Hon. Treasurer. Loudon Greenlees. Tel: 01435-812466

HB BOATS FOR SALE

PRIMA Apply: Kalia Simmons or Mike Broome. Tel: 01297-445545

SELAMAT Apply owner agent: Enrico Zaccagni at www.zacboats.it or info@zacboats.it

WATERMAIDEN Apply: Geoff Taylor. Tel: 01434-632613

TALOFA Apply owners agent: Peter Gregson. Tel: 01803-833899

Member may now place their HB boats for sale on the association website at a cost of £10 to include a photograph and full particulars. Contact Bill Edwards for more details.

CALENDAR EVENTS

London Boat Show 5 – 14th January 2007

HBA Annual General Meeting. Theale 24th February 2007

Spring Newsletter

Copy deadline for the Spring HBA Newsletter No. 64 will be 31st January 2007.
Contributions to: Paul Cowman, Shalimar, Wheatfield Avenue, Worcester. WR5 3HA.

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