

The Silhouette Owner

The journal of the Silhouette Owners' Association

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Economics at Home

WITH this issue, *The Silhouette Owner* completes a year of life. Its readership has rather more than quadrupled since the first little experimental sheet appeared in November 1960, and it seems to be making a small home for itself in the world of yachting journalism. In these days when great newspapers with circulations in millions are sometimes unable to survive, it may be of some general interest to discuss the economic of a very small newspaper. In proportion, our costs and problems are precisely the same as those of any other periodical. Editorial work is given voluntarily, but costs of production, and postage for distribution, are inescapable. In deciding to produce a journal for Silhouette owners, we decided that we could also claim fairly to be offering a service to the boat industry, in providing a medium through which the suppliers of marine gear could make known their products to an audience with a direct interest in everything pertaining to the equipment of small sailing boats. Now it is all very well for a new journal to make such a claim, but it takes vision on the part of manufacturers and suppliers to spend money on advertising in a new and untried periodical. We have been both delighted and impressed by the support that we have been given. Important businesses and their advertising agents, to whom *The Silhouette Owner* must be the smallest of small beer, have taken as much trouble to design and produce advertisements for our pages as they could for advertisements costing many hundreds of pounds. We think that in our small and specialised section of the marine market we have given them in return a coverage that is in many ways unique. This seems to us to be co-operation between journal and advertisers as it should be, a form of mutual aid, with each contributing to the other's economic livelihood. There is an important point to be made here. We live in a sceptical age, and much is said about the "influence" of advertisers on newspapers, with the implied suggestion that periodicals must be subservient to their advertisers. We should like to put on record that in no way whatsoever



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has any advertiser ever attempted to influence what goes in the journal, or what we say. We sell advertising space in the journal, and subject to the considerations of law and good taste, advertisers are free to say exactly what they like in the space they buy. In the rest of the paper advertisers have no say at all. The function of newspaper advertising is to sell goods and services, and it can do so only if people read the newspaper concerned. People will read a newspaper with respect only if they know that it is an independent production, and not a collection of puffs for this and that. Therefore the independence and integrity of a journal are of the first importance to advertisers as well as readers, and advertisers who know their business, know this. Our job is to make the journal readable and interesting, and we believe that if we do our job properly we can count on advertisers for support. Our advertisers have helped us, and we hope that we have helped them, and can continue to help them.

If advertisement revenue has helped to keep us in production, there would have been nothing to produce without our contributors. We are deeply grateful to all who have written for us in our first year of life, and on behalf of Silhouette owners throughout the world—for we now have readers in countries all over the world—we should like to say *Thank You* to those who have shared experiences through our pages, and in doing so have given much pleasure (and instruction) to fellow-owners. We also owe a debt of gratitude to Trajan Press Ltd., our printers. Their readiness to get things done at short notice and to fit in with the scanty free time of the editorial staff by whom the journal is produced has helped enormously to bring it out to time each month.

FOR SALE.—Vincent 2.5 inboard, ex-Mark II Silhouette, has had only about 10 hours total running. Complete installation, £35. Thwaites, "Windrush", Perranwell Station, Truro, Cornwall.

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Laying Up

IF there is one golden rule about laying up, it is this: wood does not particularly mind getting wet, but all wood hates, loathes, abominates (and is liable to react horribly to) getting wet in places where a current of air can't get at it. So the strategy of laying up should be directed to achieving conditions for your boat such that if any water or damp can get at her, a flow of air can get around her and through her as well.

If you have a large shed, well ventilated and lighted, where a boat can spend the winter, then you are jolly lucky. Most of us haven't, but if you haven't got a shed there's no need to bemoan ill-luck. Boats are demanding often enough—they are not called "she" for nothing—but like the best of women they will put up with almost anything provided that they are loved and shown that whoever cares for them is doing his best for their welfare. The best that can be done for a laid-up boat is to take ordinary, commonsense precautions.

Silhouettes, with their bilge keels, sit happily on any flat or nearly flat piece of ground, but if the ground is not quite flat try to wedge one or the other keel so that the boat sits as upright as possible. Remember in going on board a Silhouette on the ground that she is supported by her skeg and bilge keels aft rather than forward, and try to avoid standing on the extreme bow, or putting any excessive weight forward. The first thing to do is to clean up, to pump out the bilges, and to sponge out any water that may be in places where the pump doesn't draw. All floor boards should be taken up—and it's a good idea to mark on the bottom where each goes, because it's surprising what odd shapes some of them seem when it comes to putting them back. All locker covers should also be taken out, so that every enclosed space in the boat is open to the air. Floor boards and locker covers should be stored under cover, and make a note of any small repairs that may be necessary so that you remember to get them done. Floorboards ought, of course, to be cleaned before being put away, and they will benefit from a good wax polish, or rub with linseed oil.

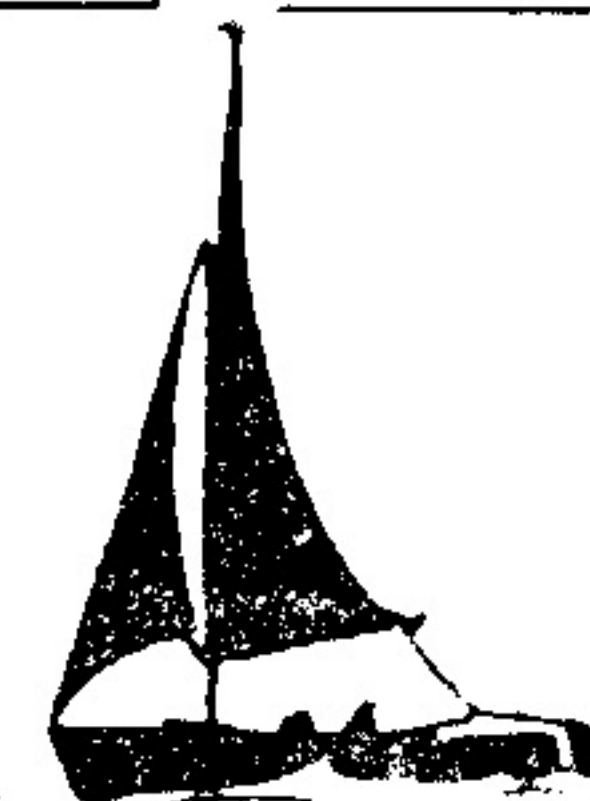
All varnish work and external woodwork on the boat will also benefit from a coating of wax. Rub it in well, particularly where the varnish has worn, and it will form a good protective surface for the wood. It is not difficult to take off wax polish before re-varnishing for next season—the old varnish will probably need rubbing down, anyway.

Some people say that if a boat is going to live out for the winter she is better off left uncovered, save for hatches and cockpit cover to protect her down below. This is applying the sound principle of leaving wood open to the air, but there's another hazard to be reckoned with in English winters—frost. Frost can play havoc with paint and varnish-work, particularly if it is worn paint, with patches—they can be all-but invisible—where water can collect under the skin of paint. Some protection from frost is certainly desirable, and this means a cover of some

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kind, but you want to be careful that in covering up you don't prevent a flow of air. Probably the best cover is a sort of tent, ridged over a pole extending from the tabernacle to the Samson post forward, and supported by a crutch (or on blocks of wood) aft. There is a choice of fabrics for waterproof covers nowadays, and one's personal choice will be governed largely by what one has to spend. At the cheaper end, reconditioned ex-railway tarpaulins can be had for around £5 or £6. They are fitted with eyelets for lacing, and can be roped down securely, covering the boat from stem to stern, but leaving air holes at both ends. If the boat can be covered with a tent like this, the forehatch can be left slightly open, which will greatly assist the flow of air through the cabin. The cabin hatch should be closed, but the washboard should be left out—the cockpit cover, which should be in place under the tarpaulin tent, will cover this opening to the cabin without shutting out air. One important small point—make sure that the drain holes in the coamings are clear so that water can run through them freely. There are drain holes port and starboard in the coamings just aft of the cockpit, in the slides for the main hatch and in the slides for the forehatch. Run a wire through them to be sure that they are open. Even if no direct rain can get at the boat water may condense in the corners of the coamings, and the drain holes are vital for getting it away.

In laying up, as in mooring or anything else to do with a boat, remember to secure against the exceptional. On a still day a few bits of string will keep a tarpaulin in place, but they'll snap as soon as a wind gets up. The tarpaulin or cover should be sheeted home with good rope, and you should pay as much attention to making everything fast as you would in mooring.

Mast, spars and standing rigging should be stowed under cover. In small modern houses and flats it isn't always easy to find room for a 20 ft mast, but if you can't store the mast at home, find a friend with a loft, or boatyard which will help. Don't lean the mast against a wall, or lay it over a couple of rafters—unrigged and unsupported, a mast is a sensitive willowy thing, and if it is not supported along its length it will sag and get a kink in it. If it is being laid on rafters it should be supported every couple of feet, or it should be laid on an even floor. Most masts after a season at work can do with revarnishing, and since the mast is going to be under cover, you can get on with varnishing when you feel like it. If you are not going to varnish until Spring, the mast will benefit from a coat of wax polish or a good rub with linseed oil as much as other woodwork.

South East Racing

By a Correspondent

THE Up River Yacht Club's Open Silhouette Race on October 1 promised to be a particularly interesting event, as the Race Officer decided not to restrict the boats on sails apart from stipulating that the sail area used should not exceed the maximum laid down by the published sail plan. It was known that some boats had "big guns" tucked away in their sail bags, and this looked like being an opportunity for them to open up. However, it was not to be. At the five minute bell everybody was struggling against the running tide to keep the boats from crossing the line before the start. After the start, there was half an hour's drift down river with no wind at all. This made things a little difficult for the helmsmen trying to clear the anchorage at Brandy Hole on a beam drift.

A wind however, did come from the South East. It was quite light at first, which allowed the masthead boats to get a good lead on the low rigged craft, although Ken Barrett in *Cherie* made a very brave effort to keep on their tails. Tom Jones in *Sapphire* got a commanding lead early on, with the help of his Genoa. He was followed at the turn by J. Harry Maloney in *Wee Three* and John Beales in *Joybell*. They had a bit of a tussle until John got some of his old touch back, and started seriously challenging *Sapphire* leaving *Wee Three* to worry about *Cherie* and Jack O'Brien in *Secundus*.

Stan Morgan in *Midnight*, Bernard Collins in *Bellatrix* and Ken Heales in *Cas Catala* took the turn in that order, quite a long way behind the rest of the field. Stan Morgan was seen at one time kneeling on his foredeck, screaming for a Force 7 to come from nowhere and cause havoc and confusion with those masthead foresails and Genoas. But it didn't happen that way. Bernard Collins had a nice new spinnaker tucked away, which he couldn't use to any advantage. It was definitely a day for big headsails, with hardly a tack on the course. Tom Jones used all his sails to the best advantage, and finished the race a very worthy winner, followed by John Beales and Harry Maloney in what we all felt was the best race the Crouch has given us this year and indeed the fastest.

Tom Jones received the winner's trophy at the club's closing season dinner and dance on October 14.

Increased Postage Rates

THE increased postage rates that came into force at the beginning of last month mean that it now costs 2½d to send a single copy of the journal as printed matter instead of 2d. We regret that this compels us to raise the charge for single copies of the journal sent by post from 8d to 8½. (The price of the journal itself remains unchanged at 6d.) We should like to point out that the additional ½d for posted copies goes wholly to the Government.

Passage to Jersey

By N. C. Blomfield

I BOUGHT *Leprechaun* from A. G. Hurley through Mr Wooller's Boat Shop at Llandudno Junction, and as shipment home to Jersey was rather costly, I determined to sail her back from Plymouth.

Many visits to Hurley's yard convinced me that numerous reports of the courtesy and helpfulness one met there were no exaggeration. Nothing was too much trouble for them, and even my most cranky ideas were treated with sympathy and tolerance. The yard foreman, Mr Reg ("Pop") Hooper went to great personal trouble to fit me out for the long journey, and as he was taking a week's holiday, he offered to come with me. This offer I accepted gladly.

Leprechaun was launched on September 2, and twenty four hours later, was slipping past the breakwater at Plymouth (Sunday, September 3, 14.15). The forecast had been fair, with NW winds, Force 3, and foggy conditions in the Channel Islands, likely to improve. Among other stores, I had taken a large quantity of apples; with masterly foresight "Pop" had done the same. As we munched our way through the evening on a course of 130 deg. we reflected happily that we could always find our way back to Plymouth by following the continuous trail of apple cores!

After the first hour, the NW breeze, so confidently predicted by the Met. office died away altogether, but was replaced by a light breath of wind from the East. We flattened our sheets, glad to be sailing again. Darkness descended, and we sailed on through one of the darkest nights I can remember. Until 05.30 we were kept busy avoiding a large number of huge vessels, seemingly determined on our destruction. Occasionally they saw the powerful lamp we shone on our mainsail, but more often they ploughed steadily on, and we boxed the compass several times in our efforts to avoid being run down. "Pop" illuminated the darkness with an unbroken stream of original and brightly coloured language, and I had to restrain him from flashing a very rude and Anglo-Saxon word at an unlit French trawler!

Dawn eventually came, and the trail of apple cores continued. We were now sailing over a very troubled sea, but *Leprechaun* behaved and handled beautifully, riding over the breaking seas with the greatest ease. We had hoped to make landfall at about 07.00, for we calculated that we had maintained a steady four knots, but as the sun rose behind threatening clouds, to illuminate a grey and unfriendly sea, there was nothing in sight, not even a gull. The hours passed slowly, and we anxiously scanned the horizon. We said little, but a deal of thinking was done. When 09.30 came, I became anxious. Had we laid the right course? Had I added the magnetic variation? Had I underestimated the tide? Was our estimated speed wrong? These, and a hundred other questions, churned through our minds. Silently we swept the horizon, but nothing was to be seen, and still the breeze came from the East. I

began to wonder if the prediction of "Pop's" father, that we should probably end up off the Cape Verde Islands might not be so far wrong.

Then came a joyful shout from "Pop", "A rock!" It was 09.50, and there it was, half a mile ahead, and I can never remember being so pleased to see one. In a few minutes the shadowy outline of Guernsey appeared, and it was obvious that we were dead on course. Then we realised that visibility was less than a mile.

In an hour, we were beating up the Little Russell Channel in a heavy sea, the wind having gone round suddenly to the NW again. By 12.00 we were off St Peter Port, and the compass was put away, for I was in home waters. Six and a half hours later we were tying up in Jersey, at my home, the little port of Gorey. We had covered 120 miles in 28 hours 15 minutes.

Bristol Channel Race

By W. A. Montague King

THE smell of hot coffee was very appetising as we brewed-up for our supper on the little primus stove fitted in *Sabrina's* companionway. We were anchored in the middle of the Bristol Channel in about ten fathoms, where it was a flat calm and a clear sky, with the sun setting in the west. But, a three knot flood tide was causing quite a wake as our little ship tugged at the anchor warp, which was humming merrily as the tide slooshed by.

It was Whitsun weekend, and my crew, "Red" Martin, and I had entered the Bristol Channel Race in my 16 ft 6 ins Mark I Silhouette *Sabrina* (S12), for the first time. We had left Burnham-on-Sea at 20.15 on Friday, and after a good sail over, we motored into Barry at 00.30, and it was not long before we were tied up between two other craft. Needless to say, we wasted no time in getting ourselves tucked up in our bunks and asleep.

We awoke next day to a bright, exhilarating morning, with the sun shining through a slight haze, but no wind. We decided to go ashore, and after only a very short walk found a cafe, where we banished our hunger pangs with cornflakes, grapefruit, eggs and bacon, followed by toast and marmalade, finishing with good strong coffee, served by the charming daughter of the proprietor. After this good start to the day, we made our way back to the Yacht Club and collected our identification flag, which had to be flown throughout the race, and returned on board. The wind was just beginning to stir, and after bending on full mainsail and Genoa, we cast off, and in a Force 1 from the South East, we made course for the starting line.

The Channel Race is divided into two sections. Class I is for yachts of 24 ft LWL and over, and their course is from the starting line at Barry, around Lundy Island, then around the Helwick Light Vessel, and

back to the finishing line at Barry, covering 123 miles in all. Class II is for yachts of less than 30 ft LWL and converted ships' lifeboats, and their course is from the starting line to the Helwick Light Vessel and back to the finishing line at Barry, a total distance of 95 miles. Before leaving the jetty, we were told that we were one of the smallest yachts ever to enter the Channel Race, but this did nothing but offer further encouragement for the coming adventure. Our nearest rival in size was a *Yachting Monthly* Eventide called *Vieve*, so we watched her closely as we counted down the seconds for the sound of the starting gun.

Luck was certainly with us! We were first over the line after the gun at 11.00, and with the tide and a following wind of Force 1 to 2, we led the fleet for the first half-hour. The larger boats soon got their spinnakers set, but the wind began to veer, making this task very difficult. But they began to pull away from us. Visibility had improved to about five miles, and as the wind went further round, it became a broad reach. We kept hardening our sheets until we found that we were close-hauled, and, making long tacks out into the channel. It was on one of these, at 15.50, that the wind began to die away. Our position then was five miles South-West of the Nash Light, so we decided to make for the shallower water, anticipating that when the tide turned the wind could quite easily drop altogether, which would leave us to anchor against the flooding tide. At 16.00, the wind did fade completely, and we had to anchor to prevent ourselves being washed back up the channel. Visibility had decreased to about two miles, and we could see two boats anchored about one mile north of us, otherwise our horizon was quite clear, with nothing in sight.

We both enjoyed our supper after our good day's sail, and took this opportunity of filling our Thermos flasks ready for the night ahead. We were keeping two hourly watches, and so settled down to wait the turn of the tide, or the return of the wind, with the man on watch also keeping an eye on the anchor warp in case it should drag. Our cautiousness was rewarded, for with a 36 ft range of tide, the anchor did drag, and we had to look round for further lengths of rope to get it to hold again.

Soon after the sun had dropped below the horizon the sky cleared, and at 20.50, the wind returned from the North East, very gently at first, but enough to start sailing again, until it gradually increased, and by 22.00 she was sailing a good four knots. By 00.12, I called "Red" up to take in the main, as she was sailing very fast before a Force 5 wind, but it was not long before this was changed for the storm jib. It was noticed that the barometer had fallen two points, and by 01.00, when we changed watches, she was racing along on a steep following sea which was building up and breaking. We estimated the wind to be a good Force 6. Between us we took in the storm jib and found that she was travelling nearly as fast with bare poles. Inevitably, she was rather difficult to steer, so we trailed a couple of warps astern, making the steering much easier. These ropes glistened and shone in the pitch black of the night as the phosphorescence in the water glowed around them. The breaking crests were also visible by the white glow as they hissed

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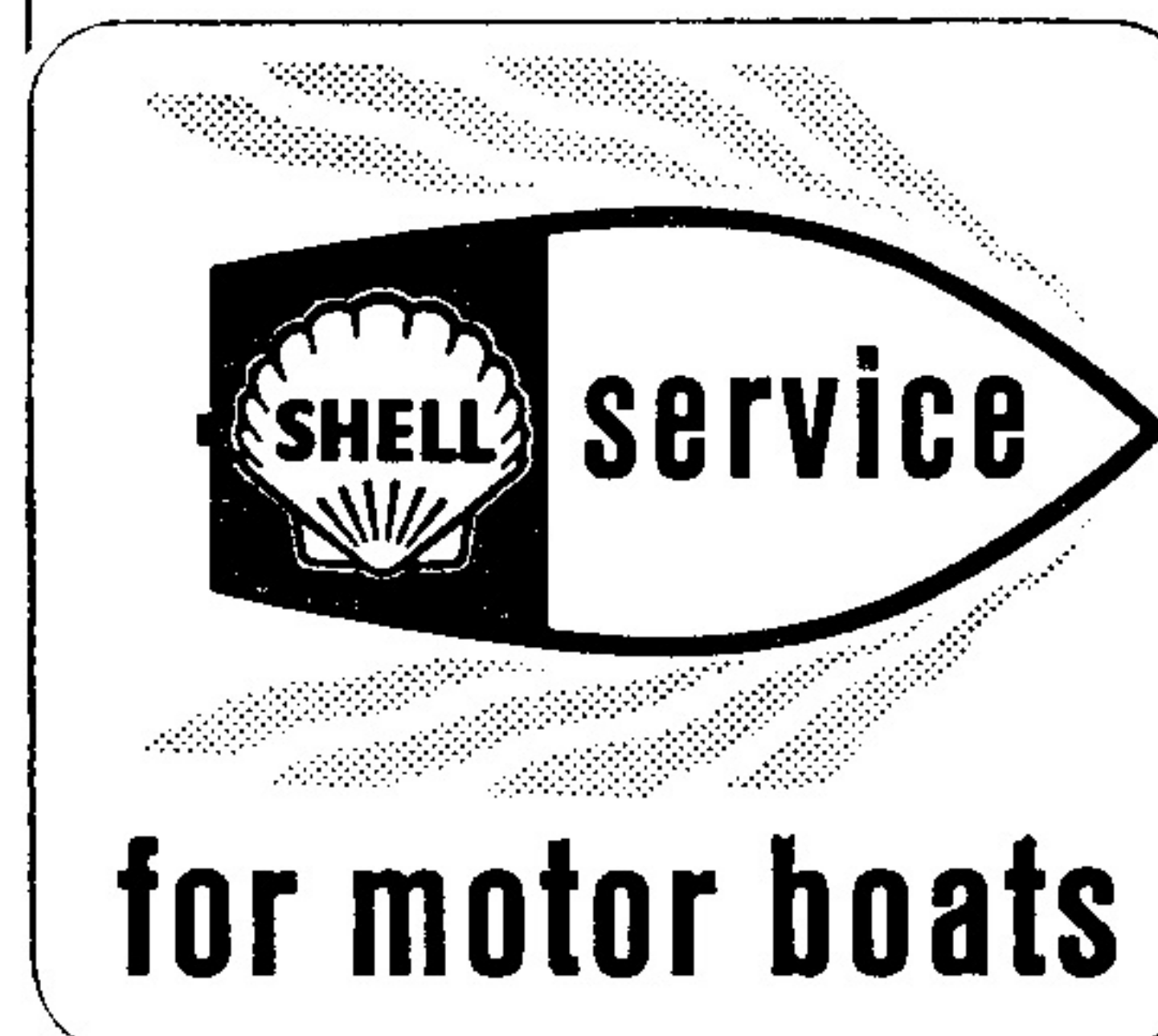
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their way past us. I left "Red" to settle down to his watch, as we careered on past the Scarweather Light Ship at 00.30. The motion became very severe, lying below in my bunk, the water rushing past, and the occasional thump as we were hit by a breaking wave, made it almost impossible to sleep.

Actually, *Sabrina* is a very dry ship, and during this blow we only took about two gallons on board, and this came into the cockpit as spray. One or two green ones came aboard, and as they cascaded down the side decks, they were split by the shrouds, causing the odd lumps to be deposited into the lap of the helmsman. Our course was 280 deg., but as the loom of the Helwick Light Vessel showed up at 02.30, we found that the wind had blown us south of our course. So we decided to bend on the storm jib, which made her easy to handle, but with the extra speed, greater care had to be taken. As the first light of dawn began to appear at 03.00, we could see the wild scene around us, but in spite of this, we bent on the mainsail, and reefed right down to the sail number with both of us in the cockpit. We dashed on round the Light Vessel at 04.30 and then made for the Worms Head, but tacked back into mid-channel again as we neared the Helwick Sands. By now, the glass had risen $2\frac{1}{2}$ points, and the sky was clouding over a little as the sun came over the mountains. The wind was noticeably decreasing, so after bending on the working jib we shook out the reefs in the main.

At 05.30 "Red" decided that breakfast was called for, and promptly produced a tin of "self heating soup". This was very warming and tasted good, but unfortunately, did not agree with the skipper's tum at that early hour. We came about and bent on the Genoa, and decided to make towards Port Eynon Point, and in this way, we hoped

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to make the best of the flood, and to find ourselves in a good position to cheat the ebb when it started.

As we closed with the shore, the clouds were clearing and the golden rays of the sun soon warmed us. We noticed a sail ahead of us on the same course as ourselves, and wondered if it was one of the other competitors. It was a wonderful day, with glorious sunshine, a Force 3 from the South East which blew steadily, thus giving us an unforgettable day's sailing along the Glamorgan coast, passing in turn Oxwich Point, Pwll-du-Head, White Shell Point and by 13.15, we had Mumbles Head abeam. We felt very pleased with ourselves, for we had identified the sail which we were following as the Eventide *Vieve*, and by this time she was only half a mile ahead. By 16.50 she was abeam, and as we sailed closer to the wind on several boards the wind began to veer south and freshen. As we passed Kenfig Patch buoy at 17.15 we changed the Genoa for the working jib. By 18.45 we had the West Nash buoy abeam, and *Vieve* was about one mile astern. By 20.15 we had the Middle Nash abeam. *Canberra* on her show voyage hove in sight, and she looked very magnificent as she steamed proudly up the Channel.

It was at this point that fate took a turn against us; we were five miles West of Nash Point, with $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours of flood left in the tide, when the wind died away, leaving us 15 miles to the finishing line at Barry. Both "Red" and I had be back in Burnham on the next flood for business reasons, and if there was no wind during the ebb we should have to anchor, but by doing this we could not reach Burnham on the next tide. So, after talking the situation over very carefull, we reluctantly decided to bend on the Iron Sail (a Seagull 102) and motor back to Barry. We had the Nash Light abeam at 21.00, Breaksea Point abeam at 22.05, and eventually tied up in Barry at 23.00. When we reported to the Yacht Club, we were very surprised to learn that we were the first boat back, and that nothing had been heard of the fleet since they rounded the Helwick. We had a very refreshing cup of tea, thanks to the ladies of the Yacht Club, but before we had time to finish it, *Onaway*, the first boat to finish, came in, followed half an hour later by

the second, *Ripple*. We were then able to have a long conversation with the Skippers about the events of the past 36 hours, before returning to our bunks.

At 07.30 we were motoring out of Barry, and had the course set for Burnham. The morning was dull, with a haze and almost no wind, but as we crossed the Channel, we were disappointed to have to be returning under such circumstances. Though we did not get a final position in the race, we had gained much more confidence in our small craft. She had carried us through calm and wind, and was now returning us to the safety of our home moorings, a little wiser for our experiences.

Two Seasons

By H. O. W. Fowler

IT was my wife's remark that did it, may Allah be praised. During the winter of 1959-60, she came out with, "You know, unless you hurry up and buy a boat, you'll very soon be too old to start—after all, you'll be 61 in March."

So January and February 1960 were spent in writing for and studying countless brochures from various boatyards; constant reference to our bank statement; working out extras, and then eliminating all but what we considered the essentials necessary for us to live on board for one or two months at a time. Eventually, in April, we flew over to the mainland (we live in the Isle of Man) and visited Mr Hurley at Plymouth. There, we saw and fell in love with the *Silhouette*, and one was ordered which we would take over in June.

No one could have been more charming and helpful than Mr Hurley and his staff, not least Mr Hooper, the foreman, who listened, advised and noted for hours particulars over this and that which Anne wanted added, changed or done away with. Acutely embarrassed at what I conceived to be extortionate and over-elaborate demands on the part of my spouse, I slunk away into another *Silhouette*, and tried to realise that at last a dream had come true. In June we drove down to Plymouth from Liverpool, wondering whether our little Austin A35 would be able to tow the *Silhouette*—especially up Devon hills. As it turned out, we experienced no trouble of any kind. We duly took over *Soubrette* and set forth on the first leg of our two months stay on the mainland.

We stayed at Bosham for a week, where I had some lessons in sailing on *Soubrette*. It was here, on our last day, that we learnt to our consternation that there existed another *Silhouette*, already named *Soubrette*. Feeling guilty of having committed a minor crime, we hurried away and at the first opportunity had a "II" placed after *Soubrette's* name. We then trailed up to the Thames, where we spent the wettest month we've ever had the misfortune to experience. There,

we quickly learnt that, for beginners like ourselves, the Thames is by no means ideal on which to sail a boat like the *Silhouette*, and were glad eventually to leave for the Broads. Here we were lucky in the weather and had some wonderful sailing, particularly on Hickling Broad, which, to us, seemed the best of them all for actual sailing.

It was here that we first met other *Silhouettes*, four all told, and where we think, and hope, we converted two or three enthusiasts, in hired boats, to becoming prospective *Silhouette* owners. We had three weeks on the Broads and, as the season was nearing its end, we returned to the Isle of Man, so that we could get in the last few weeks sailing in home waters before coming out for the winter.

This year, we again went over to the mainland in June and July, when we were fortunate enough to get a permanent mooring at Bosham. We spent the first month sailing round the various creeks of Chichester Harbour, ideal for the novice, as one can sail whatever the weather is like, in really lovely surroundings. Weekends, however, scared the lights out of us; every bit of water resembled London at rush hour, with every conceivable type of craft moving in all directions and the air rent with cries of "Water-Water" or "Starboard". We found that leaving *Soubrette II*, and visiting friends and relations at weekends, was the answer.

Towards the end of June we decided that we now felt confident enough to make our first cruise, and set off for the Isle of Wight with Wootton our first objective. Feeling a bit like Columbus, we left moorings at Bosham at 11.00 on Wednesday, June 28, to catch the ebb off the harbour entrance. With the tide against us, and a light Westerly wind, we motored as far as NW Winner Buoy, where we raised sail, continued past Eastoke Point over the Chichester Bar, which was in a kindly mood, to the Bar Buoy from where we set course for Horse Sand Fort. With a light W breeze our passage was slow and we had to tack, one leg taking us close enough to the firing range off Eastney Point for us to be firmly edged away by the patrol boat.

After passing Horse Sand Fort, and with Ryde Pier abeam, the wind died completely, so we were forced to start the outboard, and motored to Wootton Creek, where we were met by Frank Young, who acts as Harbour Master at Fishbourne, and guided to a mooring. So ended our first cruise—Bosham to Fishbourne, 15 miles, in 5½ hrs; an uneventful passage, but nevertheless our first, and therefore a memorable one.

The next day, Thursday, June 29, after spending the morning giving Peter, the dog, a run, and buying milk and stores, we decided to sail up to Cowes and back. With a wind S-SE, Force 2-3, we reached Cowes in 50 minutes, with the tide helping us. We had just got beyond Egypt Point, when we noticed the force of the tide against the buoys, and realised, with a shock, with what we would have to contend on our return, unless we waited for the tide to turn. So we went about, and spent three hours on the journey back, which we had done coming, in

50 minutes. Greater respect and attention was, needless to say, paid to the Solent tides.

On Friday, June 30, we left Fishbourne for Buckler's Hard at 13.30, wind Force 2-3, W, and entered Beaulieu River by 15.30. With the wind light, and the ebb against us, we reluctantly started the outboard, and motored all the way up to Buckler's Hard, arriving there at 16.20, where, owing to our shallow draft, we were lucky to get a mooring to ourselves. We had always wanted to visit Buckler's Hard, having heard so much about it, and were impressed with the scenery going up the river, but we were not greatly taken with Buckley's Hard itself. It was very crowded, and during the weekend was crammed with coachloads of visitors.

On Sunday, July 2, we left for our return journey to Fishbourne, leaving at 10.15 and arriving at moorings at 13.30—three and a half hours with the tide and a light W wind. It rained hard most of the way back. On reaching our moorings, we discovered that John England had arrived from Bosham in his 2½ ton Hillyard, and were persuaded to accompany him to Yarmouth the following day, instead of returning to Bosham. We both left Fishbourne on Monday, July 3, at 14.00, with wind NW, Force 2-3, necessitating tacking the whole way. Both boats kept fairly level, though as we slowly began to gain, we saw (to our indignation) John set his Genoa, something we did not possess, and from then on he slowly drew ahead.

By the time we opened up Cowes the wind was freshening considerably and was dead ahead, with the short steep Solent seas breaking continuously over the bows. We gathered later than John and his crew had considerable difficulty in handling their Genoa and setting their jib. We continued slugging into wind and sea, making very little headway on each leg against the wind, which by now, so we were later assured by the pundits on shore, had risen to Force 7. We were delighted with the way *Soubrette II* stood up to such a bashing.

At 19.40 we had reached the entrance to Lymington, and one more leg only would have taken us across to Yarmouth, into which we had just seen John entering. In this wind and sea, however, and with the tide turning against us, I doubted if we could make Yarmouth, and so we decided to go into Lymington, rather to Anne's disappointment—she appeared to be enjoying every moment of it. Personally, I was only too thankful to have got into calm water. Half an hour later we were moored against a fishing boat up in the visitor's moorings, thoroughly soaked in spite of oilskins. It says much for Hurley's yard, that in spite of the almost continuous waves breaking over her bows and cabin windows forrard, there was scarcely a drop of water below.

We changed into dry clothes and then rowed over to the Bugle, where we had some very welcome drinks and a meal. Next day we thought of going over to Yarmouth but, as it was still blowing hard, we decided that we would spend another day at Lymington and then return to Fishbourne the following day, where we expected to meet up again

with John. When the day came the wind had died down to a gentle Force 3, NW, and we moored at Fishbourne by 13.25. A very pleasant sail back. Later in the afternoon John arrived, minus his crew, who had had to return from Yarmouth the previous day.

As we had to get back to Bosham in order to be there to meet some friends, we set off for Chichester Harbour the following day at 10.30. There was a very light W wind. We took an hour to draw abreast of Ryde Pier, and from there to the Chichester Bar Buoy we ambled slowly along goose-winged. Anne was very bored, but I personally enjoyed it. About half a mile from the Bar Buoy the wind veered to the SW, and freshened to about Force 3-4, which sent us very nicely through the entrance of Chichester Harbour. With wind and tide with us, we made good time to Bosham, where we tied up to our moorings at 15.10—15 miles in 4 hrs 20 mins.

Thus ended our first cruise. It was a very minor jaunt to the seasoned yachtsman, but to us, something very real. We were novices before and are novices still, but with just a mite more experience.

Before we left the Isle of Man we debated for some time about what kind of dinghy we should get, and eventually decided on an inflatable one. For a small yacht it would appear to have decided advantages over other kinds. It is easy to stow when trailing, easy to tow, and cannot damage the yacht or itself, when towed. It is light, and in every way eminently suitable for a Silhouette. We bought a 9 ft Redcrest. The only disadvantage is that one is apt to get small holes in her if continually having to drag her over a rough shore, as we frequently had to do when coming alongside the quay at Bosham at low water. However many patches one may put on (a very easy process) there invariably seems to be at least one more puncture which one has not noticed.

To anyone buying an inflatable dinghy, I would recommend floorboards. With these they are perfectly stable; without them, the sides are apt to come up whenever one steps into or out of them—a nerve-racking experience.

We ended our stay in Bosham in the last week of July—not however, before we experienced a Force 8-9 gale at moorings. It was most uncomfortable in every conceivable way. Our rubber dinghy was carried away, and was spotted by people on shore, turning somersaults a mile from us and going well. We were fortunate to retrieve it eventually, none the worse for wear. My ego was shattered when, having refused Anne's offer of anti-seasickness pills, I was violently sick about 18.00. By then, we had both had enough, and all we wanted was to get ashore. Our dinghy, however, was heavens knew where, and even if we had had it, I doubt if we could have made our way ashore in it. However, we were eventually rescued by the club launch, which was busy collecting yachts which had broken loose or capsized at moorings. By the end of the month, we were back again in home waters.

Cruise to Conway

By S. Bate

PAT and I hung around the house wondering what had happened to our baby sitter, and some 45 minutes later she appeared. By the time we had fought our way to the Gazelle through the traffic, the other boats had sails up, and were ready for off. As quickly as it is possible to carry a 9 ft dinghy single handed, I staggered down the slipway, loaded up with provisions for the weekend. We soon had sail up, and got away with the others, who had milled around waiting.

A good Force 3, Southwesterly, took us quickly and pleasantly on a run five miles to Puffin Island, when we altered course for Conway ten miles away. Gently the wind eased and stilled, until two miles off the Fairway Buoy we were rolling around. To replace one discomfort with another we shattered the peace with outboards.

The three Silhouettes, a Mystic, a Leeward and a Caprice went into Conway line ahead. The harbour was almost dried out, and more than one went aground, and either wriggled off or waited for the flood to get us mobile again. Moorings, or a larger boat to tie to, were found for us by Mr J. Roberts, the Rear Commodore of the North Wales Cruising Club, and after a meal the rest of the evening was spent enjoying the hospitality of the club.

The midnight forecast for the Irish Sea was Force 4 to 5, locally 6, South, and if it stayed that way we should have a wonderful sail back. At 10.45 Herbert Firth lustily blew his fog pipe, and under jib and outboards we cast off, getting up the main with three reefs in the sheltered patches. As the channel veered round the Perch Beacon, the mass of Welsh mountains sheltered the fleet, and my three reefs came out. Slowly the others overtook *Eileen* (our Leeward), the light airs combining with the towed dinghy to slow down progress. The hero of the day, Wilf Jacques, in his Mystic, kindly offered to take the dinghy off me, and once freed of this encumbrance we quickly gained ground, overtaking two Silhouettes and fast catching Herbert in his Silhouette, Don McKnight in his Caprice and the Mystic.

As we cleared the shelter, back came the wind, Force 5, SW, and a dead noser into the Straits. It was difficult even to lay a course for Puffin Island with the ebb now setting in. Soon I found that *Eileen* was sailing very fast, and the tiller had so much weather helm that it was jammed against the quarter post. Heave to, and three rolls put back in the main. She sailed sweetly then, managing to forge ahead at a spanking pace with very little helm at all. The waves now rose to the size demanded by Force 5, buffeting and stopping way with the occasional dollop over the helmsman to show he was not forgotten. We were now off Puffin, clawing to windward, and fighting the ebb. Long deep tacks were made over the shoaling Dutchman Bank, the only way progress could be made. One bad tack, and you were set back half an

hour. Having made my bad tack, the Mystic, Caprice, and Herbert drew ahead. The other two Silhouettes were by now some considerable distance off Puffin, and soon only one could be properly seen. It appeared that the ebb held them fast. One Silhouette put on his motor and gradually made Puffin. The other was reported afterwards to have put up some flares and received a very kind tow from a power craft.

At 16.00 *Eileen* was still tacking off Puffin. The wind had lightened momentarily, so once again we hove to, and with one leg round the mast (sitting down of course) I took out one reef. At 17.00 I was still in exactly the same position, and on went the motor. The Caprice and two Silhouettes were also under motor and slowly inching against wind and tide. It took a good hour to cover the next mile, and get into the Straits. There we took all sail down and motored along the almost tideless South side, in the shallows.

The Mystic was now the only boat beating down channel, and towing my dinghy as well. I intercepted on one tack, and relieved them of the burden. And what a burden it was! She was by now so full of water that her nose was digging into each wave, and shipping panfulls of spray. I bailed to get some out, and Pat took the helm, but I left it for more sheltered water as I was gaining little. At 18.50 the rain came, and from then on until 19.45 it was a question of sit and endure in that damp but pleasurable state in which sailors sit bemused at the helm.

Eight hours for fifteen miles—almost unbelievable. The Caprice and Leeward reached their moorings together, and just as we were rowing ashore at 20.30, into the gathering murk came the sails of the Mystic, still tacking away to reach her moorings. Wilf Jacques was the only one to have made the whole passage under sail alone, and he is certainly of that tough, intractable fibre that never says no, to day or night or weather. Oh, and I forgot to mention that Wilf sailed after the rest of the fleet to make a night passage to Conway in the first place.

Silhouettes at Hullbridge

By Stan Morgan

THE Up River Yacht Club at Hullbridge-on-Crouch, Essex, is very pleased with its decision to adopt the Silhouette as one of the club's classes, and the sailing committee has been rewarded by the enthusiastic attendance of owners at the events which were laid on for Silhouettes during the past season.

Next season it is hoped to improve on the cruising programme and no doubt the racing will take on a rather different shape. But this will be up to next year's racing committee. One thing is certain, however, and that is that the Silhouette Open Event will become a permanent fixture.

The club is situated a considerable way up the river, and virtually dries out three hours either side of high water. To some people this is considered a bit of a handicap, but others think it is a good idea to be able to walk round their boats, and, if necessary, scrub the bottoms without leaving the mooring. It depends on how you look at it. Anyway, the members at Hullbridge quickly get used to knowing and living happily with the situation.

The mooring situation is not at present desperate, but I think it can be said that most suitable mooring space within the very close vicinity of the clubhouse has been taken. There is still lots of space, however, which can be used for very safe mooring, a little farther up or down the river. Any new members with Silhouettes would always be welcome, and would get advice on how, when, and where, to lay new moorings.

Any Silhouette owner is welcome at any time to visit the club, and would be able to moor to the club's visitors' buoy, which lies immediately in front of the clubhouse.

It has been suggested that next season all members of the Silhouette Association within the area should be invited to join in the URYC Cruising Programme, and to this end the programme will be published in *The Silhouette Owner* as soon as it has been fixed. We are all hoping next year to arrange a fortnight's cruise of the East Coast and Medway either starting or finishing with the Southend-on-Sea Yachting Week, which will open on June 16. That seems a long way off yet, but it is very nice to think about it all.

Letters to the Editor

A note from Chicago

WE have had a 310 miles cruise across and along the shores of Lake Michigan, which has the proportions of a sea, 100 miles wide and 300 miles long. My wife went along with me, and we had a lot of fun. Once we got into a real gale in the middle of the lake, with over 80 miles of wind. The boat performs beautifully in rough weather. We love our *Sweetie Mouse*, and she has given us many hours of good sailing and cruising. In Chicago are four Silhouettes, and there is one more in Michigan City, 40 miles from here. We have sailed in the regattas of the Midget Ocean Racing Club of Lake Michigan, but since this lake has mostly light airs and our Silhouette is not fast in these conditions, we have not done too well. In our group (17-18 ft) a brilliantly sailed French Corsair always left us behind—it is a keel centreboarder with 180 sq ft of sail, and very fast in light airs. However, once we had a good 25 miles wind and during this race we really became aware of the excellent qualities of our boat in rough weather. While the Corsair broached heavily in every gust, we could hold our boat quite well on the course. We out-tacked the Corsair completely with full main and Genoa, while the Corsair not only had to reef, but had to take down his jib and put a smaller one up. Our little boy (aged 1) was in the cabin, and he was quite mad that his mother had no time for him for two and a half hours. Our little boat and its performance is getting to be known around here gradually.—*Dr K. Hoelne*, 500, E. 33rd St., Chicago 16, Ill., USA.

Some Cornish Harbours

These notes, by Surgeon Commander C. J. Robarts, RN, who is one of our members, have been sent to the journal in the hope that they may be useful to other Silhouette owners planning cruises for next year. We are most grateful to Commander Robarts, and the journal will welcome similar notes on cruising areas from other owners. The numbers in brackets refer to the appropriate Admiralty charts and plans.

Cawsand Bay (30)

PRETTY little harbour at entrance to Plymouth Sound. Sheltered from N and W. Anchor a hundred yards or so from wooded SW shore, about two cables out from Cawsand Beach, the southernmost of the three beaches. Cawsand and Kingsand are twin villages studded with pubs, all good. Very cheerful boatel, where baths are available. Almost anyone will give you water. Provisions available. Bus to Cremyll, and a ferry across the Hamoaze takes one into Plymouth. The Devon-Cornwall border used to run between Kingsand and Cawsand, but both villages are now in Cornwall.

Lamorna Cove (2345)

Quiet anchorage. Very pretty. Landing difficult, as shore consists of boulders each about the size of a Silhouette. Only facility ashore is a letter box a mile from the beach. The Lamorna Inn is a good pub, but three miles away. Water could probably be begged from one of the houses in the cove. No shops.

A delightful cruising ground. Only real snag is the Lizard. The race off this is tough going for small craft, and one should avoid it. Keep at least six miles off. There is an inside passage, but this should not be attempted unless one has local knowledge. Fishermen are most friendly, as are the publicans and shopkeepers. I think one gets more sun and warmth than anywhere in the UK. Artists and photographers would find much material.

Helford River (147)

Easy entrance, only danger is August Rock. Chart gives full instructions on avoiding this. Gillan Creek at entrance to river worth exploring, but has rock in middle of its entrance. Most convenient anchorage is in pool west of Bosahan Point. Helford Village at head of pool has a delightful pub. The Shipwright's Arms (I'm prejudiced, as it's kept by a cousin of mine.) Water from tap just across the road from the pub. Stores and post office kept by friendly types. Bread has to be ordered. Best baker calls on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. Across the water is Helford Passage with another good pub, the Ferry Boat Inn. Porthnavas, Frenchman's, Mawgan and Polwheval Creeks all worth exploring when the tide is right.

(To be continued.)

For Women

By Anne Fowler

WE are the lucky few. Not for us the nervous racking of brains to find a suitable present for a husband; nor need we fear the appalled silence, or gulp before pretended enthusiasm, when we give an unwisely chosen tie. We can be sure that husbands will receive with rapture anything that is in any way connected with the passion of their lives, their boats. Here are a few suggestions for this year's Christmas.

A Yachting World Diary, price 12/6d, published by T. J. & J. Smith Ltd., 12 Hanover Square, London, W.1., will keep any husband happy for the next 12 months, as it is packed with useful information.

Reed's Almanac, £1/1/0.

Annual Subscription for Yachting Magazines. He will be certain to insist on having these in any case, so it is a wise economy of family money, as you might have bought him something utterly useless.

Towelling Scarf—he may look askance at this but will welcome it on a wet passage.

Spare Battens. As crew you probably insert battens, and may have been mystified as to how they fall out. Spares mean that you need not confess obviously that another has been lost.

Windmeter. The Dwyer Windmeter, £2/0/9, from Arthur Beale Ltd., 94 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2. This will give pleasure during summer sailing and winter golf.

Handbearing Compass. Ex-Govt. stock, 45/0d.

Transistor Wireless. This can be considered as a house-to-boat present.

Make quite certain, however, that your husband understands that *you* have wider interests. Do not for one moment let him believe that you would like a silicone treated frying pan when you are longing for some nylon stockings.

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