The Silhouette Owner

The journal of the Silhouette Owners' Association

Number 14. January 1962 Price 6d.

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The Log Competitions

MR ALASDAIR GARRETT, editor of the Royal Cruising Club's *Journal*, who generously undertook the work of judging the entries in our Log Competitions, has awarded the *Robert Tucker Trophy*, for the best log of a cruise in a Silhouette anywhere in the world, to The Rev. Clementina Mary Gordon, The Manse, Wivenhoe, Essex, for her singlehanded voyage in *Mary Williams* (S II 47). He has awarded *The Silhouette Owner Trophy* for the best log of a cruise by a crew including a woman, to Dr and Mrs K. Hoehne, of 500 E. 33rd Street, Chicago 16, USA, for their cruise in Lake Michigan in *Sweetie Mouse* (S 11 112). We congratulate the winners, and we also express our very great thanks to all those who have written about their adventures,

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Mr Francis Chichester, who won the single-handed Transatlantic Race last year, has done us the great honour of accepting our invitation to present the trophies to the winners of the Log Competitions at our Silhouette party at The White Hart, The Terrace, Barnes, London, SW 13. *Date and time, Saturday, January* 6, 19.30 *hrs. The party will follow the AGM of the Silhouette Owners' Association at the White Hart at* 19.00 *hrs. Please be on time.*

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and sent logs to the *Journal*. We announced the Log Competitions in July, and they were open all cruises by Silhouettes carried out by members of the SOA during 1961, and of which accounts reached us by November 1. Some readers sent in logs specially prepared for the competitions, but all accounts of Silhouette cruises, whether published in the *Journal* before or after July, were eligible for consideration, so we asked Mr Garrett to consider all of them. This explains why his report covers such a wide range of different types of voyage, some gentle excursions, some magnificently ambitious ventures. Taken as a



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whole, we feel that these accounts present a good picture of the Silhouette year, and illustrate well the sturdy qualities of the Silhouette. The trophies will be presented at the annual London party of the SOA at The White Hart, The Terrace, Barnes, London, SW13, at 19.30 hrs. on Saturday, January 6. The trophies will be held by the winners for a year, and will be open for competition again during 1962. A fine standard has been set in 1961, and we are confident that Silhouette owners will make even more distinguished voyages this year.

The Judge's Summing Up

By Alasdaire Garrett

THIRTEEN logs have been considered for the association's two cruising trophies, and their varying nature illustrates the wide interpretation given to the term. This, however, has been covered in the conditions of entry published in the July issue of *The Silhouette Owner*. Unfortunately, quite a number of competitors did not include an appendix summary and track chart: while no entry was ruled out on this account, as judge my task of evaluation and assessment was made more difficult on account of these amissions. (*This was not the fault of the competitors. As explained on the page opposite, we felt that all eligible logs published in the Journal ought to be included in the competition, and some of the earlier ones, particularly, were not written with these useful appendixes. I owe Mr Garrett my apologies for not making this clear.—Ed.*)

Of the entries, only five related to cruises of more than seven days' duration. Inevitably, perhaps, such cruises seem to be inspired by a spirit of curiosity and adventure which is difficult to satisfy in a short weekend passage. So far as possible, particular note has been taken of

the use of the motor, not only while on passage, but also on leaving and entering port. I suggest that no owner of a Silhouette should be satisfied until he can handle his vessel under sail in confined waters. I was, therefore, rather horrified to read in one log that, in spite of a fresh breeze, "it took only a moment to decide that to carry on to strange anchorages without the engine would be foolhardy".

I have also been obliged to note that on one or two occasions the standard of seamanship could have been considerably better. While we all make mistakes now and then, at sea, one can seldom afford to do so more than once. Failure to take soundings, and to reduce to soundings tidal information, can easily lead to disasters. A good standard of maintenance and regular inspection should reduce failures of gear to a minimum.

The following worthy entries were submitted:

In *Kingfisher* E. Swain and a companion enjoyed an exhilarating sail from Dover to Calais and back. A graphic log gives one a good idea of the behaviour of the Silhouette at sea.

In *Leprechaun* N. C. Blomfield, a friend and a large consignment of apples, made a 120-mile passage from Plymouth to Jersey in two days. Weather conditions favoured this relatively long passage, which was executed without incident.

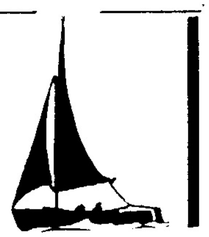
In *Ljublana* A. Vine and two companions, sailing from Beaumaris, had an enjoyable trip along the north coast of Wales, covering 53 miles in four days. Mr Vine is to be congratulated on the care which he has taken in the presentation of his log.

In *Marigold* H. Sheen and a crew of two sailed from Keyhaven to the Cherbourg peninsula. No summary of the log was included, and it was difficult to establish the time taken over this enterprising cruise—just under a fortnight? A more careful study of tidal data might have enabled Mr Sheen to have had a more comfortable time in the Carentan River. Mr Sheen and his crew did plenty of sailing, and I enjoyed his account of it.

In *Mary Williams* Miss C. M. Gordon, sailing from the Colne, cruised via Ramsgate and Dover to Calais and thence coastwise to Zeebrugge, returning to Brightlingsea by the same route. Miss Gordon was under way on seventeen days out of a total of twenty-one. Leaving Ostend on July 13, after a gale had been forecast for Wight the previous evening, Miss Gordon had a thoroughly unpleasant experience of being overtaken by a sou'westerly gale with the shore close under her lee, and a strong tide sweeping her away from the shelter of the Zeebrugge Mole. In these hazardous circumstances Miss Gordon managed to anchor in broken water, and she was dismasted and badly damaged, but her ground tackle held her safely until later the same evening, when she was successfully recovered and towed into port. After three days to effect repairs, Miss Gordon continued her cruise and brought *Mary Williams* back to Brightlingsea without further incident.

I cannot help wondering if Miss Gordon was wise in putting to sea on that day. At the other end of the Channel I myself was weather-

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bound in Brest, where gale warnings were continuous from July 10 until the end of that week, and we experienced one of the worst summer gales for fifty years. This severe weather lasted for five days, and I think one might reasonably have been rather suspicious about the reliability of the forecast which Miss Gordon records in her log for July 13!

In *Sabrina* W. A. M. King and his friend Martin spent an exciting Whitsun weekend taking part in the Bristol Channel race. It was bad luck that necessity to be back at work, a foul tide and little wind at the crucial moment, led them to abandon the race. I consider, however, that a race cannot fairly be considered eligible for a cruising trophy.

In *Sherry* P. Austin made a pleasantly uneventful trip in common with other yachts from the Menai Bridge to Caernarvon and back. Fascinating and beautiful waters these—with a strong run of tide. I hope that Mr Austin will not again enter into a tideway in a dinghy with only a single ineffective paddle.

In *Sid* D. C. W. Sutherland made a cruise from the River Wyre to visit friends on the Anglesey coast near Holyhead. Mr Sutherland covered 155 miles in four days, mostly in conditions of bad visibility and lack of wind. This resulted in long stretches under power to enable him to reach his objective and return in time. An excellent single-handed effort, and I was pleased to note Mr Sutherland's painstaking pilotage, and that on approaching a strange anchorage he behaved in a seamanlike fashion by sounding his way in.

In *Soubrette II* Lt. Col. H. O. W. Fowler and his wife spent an enjoyable six days sailing in the Solent and Spithead. This was Col. Fowler's second season, and I think it was most sensible of him to confine himself to these delightful waters.

D. Wynn wrote an entertaining account of a day on the River Avon in *Swallow*. While this sail could hardly be described as a "cruise", Mr Wynn was limited by a very young and inexperienced crew of two, and was engaged in that most admirable of all occupations —indoctrinating his own children in the pleasures of sailing.

In *Swift* Mr and Mrs Redmond-Lyon spent three weeks in cruising the Bristol Channel, covering 151 miles from Clevedon down the Somerset and Devon coast to Ilfracombe, thence to Mumbles on the Welsh side and returning via Ilfracombe, Porlock Weir and Barry. A

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very well written log, with a good summary and track chart. I must confess, however, that it was a little disappointing that in three weeks *Swift* was only under way on eight days. Otherwise, this cruise was well planned and carefully executed.

Dr Hoehne sailed his *Sweetie Mouse* on the waters of Lake Michigan to Chicago, 62 miles across the lake to St Joseph, and thence up the eastern side of the lake to Muskegon, where he turned homewards. In all, *Sweetie Mouse* covered 311 miles, and except for the first and last passage of the cruise Dr Hoehne was accompanied by his wife. The cruise lasted twelve days in all, on nine of which *Sweetie Mouse* was under way, and the log is written up in an entertainingly breezy style.

Finally, in *Two Gees* Mr Walton and his son took part in a cruise in company organised by the North-West Group. Leaving Beaumaris, the squadron made a passage to Port St Mary, Isle-of-Man, where they were weatherbound for two days. Then, after departure, deteriorating weather obliged the squadron to make port again, where bad weather delayed them for nearly three more days. The return passage from Port St Mary was then accomplished without further incident. This excellent cruise in company was planned by the North-West Group, and clearly the planning was extremely thorough, with careful attention to every point of detail. The execution was admirable. I hope that Mr Walton will forgive me if I say that decisions of a "Skippers' Meeting" (sound though they were), are probably more easily taken than those which the lone skipper has to take by himself without the moral support of his brother seafarers!

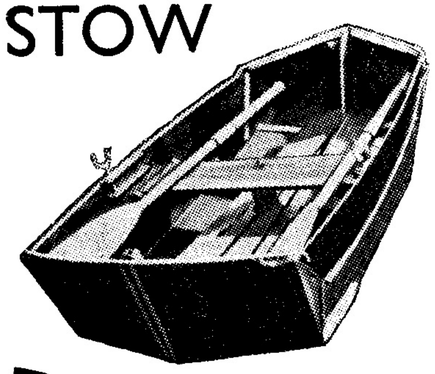
In judging these entries I have kept firmly in mind the limitations of the Silhouette as a cruising vessel, for it is clear to me that the one virtue which the Silhouette owner must practice consistently is that of prudence. Conditions of sea, tide and weather must be given the most careful consideration before offshore passages long in time are attempted, and I would say that this seems to be very well appreciated by the various entrants of the competition. One most valuable quality which is common to all entries is enthusiasm, and this has added to my enjoyment in the task of judging.

I regard the singlehanded cruise of Miss Gordon as outstanding, not on account of her narrow squeak at Zeebrugge, but because in the conditions prevailing she made the maximum use of the time available as to distance made good and ports visited. I therefore award Miss Gordon the *Robert Tucker Trophy*.

This award means that only the cruises of *Soubrette, Sweetie Mouse* and *Swift* are eligible for the *Silhouette Owner Trophy*. Using the same standard, I award the *Silhouette Owner Trophy* to Dr and Mrs Hoehne, and express the hope that this trophy will not become quite as immobile as the America's Cup!

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Robert Tucker Trophy: the winning log

The Cruise of Mary Williams

By Clementina Mary Gordon

THIS is simply a transcript of my log as written on passage. I have sailed singlehanded for nearly 20 years, but seldom had a more unsatisfactory trip than this. Vile weather, got nowhere, started tired out from months of overwork. Then was caught out on a lee shore off Zeebrugge, in a freak gale 8-9 NW, and unable to get in. Other years I have had the same boat to Friesland, or Devon, without any trouble.

(Miss Gordon is Minister of the Congregational Church at Wivenhoe, Essex.)

Monday, July 3, 1961. Wivenhoe, Essex. Too tired to be human. Tumbled off somehow about 5.15 p.m. on first of ebb. Fresh SW. 6.00. Brought up in Pyfleet Creek. Sorting mess, cleaning neglected ship. In mechanical daze of exhaustion from months of overwork. Forecast 5.56 p.m. Dover Thames SW-W 4-6 going W-NW. Rain, good visibility.

Tuesday, July 4. Colne River. HW Brightlingsea 5.15 a.m. Dried out. Quiet night, but wind in rigging. Awoke to find myself dragging down the river. Engine. Anchor was polished and foul with chain round the fluke. May have wrapped itself round in the night. Wind NW 7. Found I was not in Pyfleet, must have been so dazed with tiredness that I went into Rat Island creek instead. Collected my wits, and made in for Pyfleet. Lots of boats sheltering. But ebb and wind made it impossible to keep her head on, and too weary to bother to sail, so just let her blow on to mud at half tide, about 8.30 a.m. Spray in cockpit. Blowing. 2.0. Not quite so windy. Managed to get her up into Pyfleet properly. 5.55 wind right off. Slept. Forecast 5.55 p.m.

Thames, NW 8-9 dec. 5-6, good visibility. Dover, NW 6-8, dec. 5. Wight, NW 4-5, good visibility.

Wednesday, July 5. Very tired, still N 5, sunny, cloud. Too exhausted still from the last few months for a pasage. HW 6.15 a.m. Brightlingsea. 1.40 p.m. forecast, Gale Humber, NW 6-8, dec. 5, Thames, NW 4-5, 6 at E, Dover, NW 3-4, fair. 11.0. Left Pyfleet with spitfire jib and deep reef in main. Roared down to Colne Pt and up the Blackwater. Felt way through Ray Sands channel, keeping to weather bank. At least I fathom all the way. 2.30. Roared into Crouch. Brought up under weather bank, mud. 1½ fm. Nice little spin, but too much wind for a semi-invalid. Hope it quietens tomorrow for Ramsgate. 6.0. Forecast NW 5-6, dec. 4. Began to blow dead E. Tiresome slop. Night would be unrestful. 6.30. Ran into Roach under jib.

Thursday, July 6. Crouch. Lovely summer morning. Delayed by finding huge tear in old Genoa. Mended. 9.15. Uunder way. Light W. 10.10. Crouch Buoy, red can. 10.20. Outer Crouch Bk. Con. Course 70 deg. for W. Buxey. Poor visibility. 10.50. W. Buxey Buoy Lt. 11.10. Ridge Buoy R W Ch. 11.10. Can't see Whittaker Beacon. 11.35. S. Buxey abeam. No sign of Whittaker. Visibility at least threequarters of a mile. S. Whittaker and W. Hook very clear, but *really* W. Beacon gone! S. 30 E. for Barrow Beacon. Wind now S. Can't lay anything. Engine, or else will be caught by flood soon. 12.50. SW Middle abeam. 1.50. Maplin Spit Buoy. Wind SE. No good going through between the E & W Barrow Banks as would not beat through Edinburgh Channel with the flood against me, and head wind. Decided on W Swin and the Swale, or Herne Pier for the night. Seals, 27 of them, and 4-5 pups on W. Barrow. Sailed up close to them, weather side of bank. Drew in sheets past wreck, and just before SW Swin Buoy. Could not lay Swale. Other tack dead E. No good either. Red Sands Tower. Flood setting me up W. Spile, black con. W. Mid. Buoy. Fresher. Made into cliffs for shelter of Sheppey Isle. Hanging on to whole main. Oilies. Plenty of water under Warden Pt. Better right inshore, 2 fm. Went about. Romping up to Shell Ness. Decided against Herne Pier, weather odd, and would roll all night. Romped up Swale. Brought up behind Shell Ness. Mud, 1½ fm. A bit of motion as near HW, and carrying over Whitstable Flats. 7.0 p.m. What a slow passage!

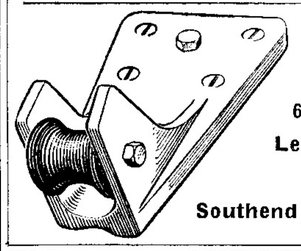
Friday, July 7. Swale. 8.45 a.m. Under way. Light NW. Hazy, warm. 9.5. No wind, Engine. 9.40. Wind, NE. 10.0. Herne Bay Pier abeam. Wind N, 1. 11.10. Reculvers abeam. 11.30. Margate Hook Beacon. Light N. Engine still running. 12.30. Margate Pier. 1.15. Passed close to Longnose Buoy. Quite a decent bit of tide runnnig still. Hot, breathless. Might thunder. 1.30. Wind SE ahead weather forecast. Engine out. S SE 2-3. Beating down, tide with me. 3.0. On Wall, Ramsgate. Took me until 6.30 to complete shopping. Very close and stuffy.

Saturday, July 8. Ramsgate. HW Dover 8.39 BST. 12.0. Under way. Downs Channel. Fresh SW oilies. Should reef, but still too tired from overwork to bother. 1.30. Deal Pier. Sheltered. 1.40 p.m. forecast, Dover, SW-W 3-4 rain. Thames, SW 4-5, going W-NW. 4.0. In Dover Harbour. A surprisingly nasty sea off S. Foreland. Had to reef and

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change jibs. Wind *v.* tide, and ugly little seas. Ship drenched and staggering. Not much water in, half-bucket in all. Finally moved into the cliffs, found 200 yards of quiet water in a band, probably owing to slack tide inshore. Worked down that to E. entrance. Awful weather. 6.30 p.m. Almost calm.

Sunday, July 8. Dover. HW Dover 9.44 a.m. Gravelines 9.0. Stream NE from 9 a.m. to 2.30 p.m. Stream along French coast 8.30-2.0 p.m. 8.45 a.m. Under way. Nice light W. Working canvas. 10.0 S. Goodwin Lightship abeam, ½ mile. Tide putting me up a lot. However, all to the good the other end. Fine. Light W breeze. 11.0. Cap Gris Nez coming up out of haze. Steady SSW breeze. 12.0. Forecast Thames, W-NW 4-5, showers. Dover, W 4, drizzle. (Written in Calais). 12.30 p.m. Freshened from W. 1.0. Reefed main. 1.20. Changed jib. No sea, spray and lumps. No shelter from Cap Gris Nez. Lovely strong breeze. Saw smudge of Calais Town Hall and tower. Tightened in sheets and lay well up to windward. Spray in sheets, bailed cockpit. Reefed main again. Boats coming out, obviously racing each other to Dover. An Atalanta taking it well. 2.0 p.m. Among the channel buoys. Came right into steamer channel, but no shelter. All of 5, W, lumpy little sea. Near piers eased to run in. Going far too fast, boring into the water fo'ward. Hove to, and took out batten, and reefed main right down past first batten. Took entrance cautiously, sheeted in for gybe. All well. 2.45. Basin full of British yachts. Very windy. Water smelly. Cleaned up, washed clothes. 6.0. Thames, Dover W 4-5, dec. 4, rain, drizzle.

Monday, July 10. Calais. HW Dover 10.30. E stream to Dunkerque 9.30-2.30. HW Dun. 11.18. 6.45. Forecast W 3-4. 7.45. Under way. Outside light E. Confound it! 9.0. Past Cape Walde. No wind at all. Tide still foul. Engine. 9.30. Tiny NE wind. Looks rainy ahead. 10.0. Gravelines abeam. Still hardly a breath of wind. Should have tide all right

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now. 10.30. A bit of N wind. Hazy and queer looking. 12.15. Passing Dunkerque entrance. 1.30. Frontire. Warm and fine. Light NE 1. Forecast, Th.D. W 2-3 going W-SW 4-5. Rain. Moderate visibility. 2.30. Engine off. Genoa NNW 2. 2.45. Sailing Genoa goose winged. Engine stopped. 3.30. Fed. Very hot in sun. Sailing slowly. Foul tide. Nieuport Pier about one mile. Too lazy for engine. 4.0. Fed up with engine. That second a sudden fresh breeze 4-5 NW. Roared into Nieuport, and went right up to town. 5.30 p.m. Tied up at big wharf.

Tuesday, July 11. Nieuport. Forecast Th.D. SW 4-5 going 6-7, later S. 10.30. Left anchorage (which I had moved down to last night after shopping). Wind NW 4. Decided Ostend was safe in spite of gale warning. 11.30. Awful beat out. Minesweeper entangled in a trot of dinghies, then a dredger right in the entrance. Flood against me. Persevered. No sea outside. 12.30. Reefed main, left working jib. 1.30. In Ostend Yacht Basin. 1.40. Forecast Th.D. E 5-6. Does not make sense. Hot. Rested, ate, varnished. 6.0. Forecast SW 5-6 going 7-8 and 9 in Ushant. Ugh!

Wednesday, July 12. Ostend. Fair tide to Schelde 11.5 p.m. 6.45. Forecast Th.D., SE 3-4 going 5-6 gale 8 later. In far W 10. A heavy rain squall. 1.40. Forecast Th.D., SE 4-5 thunder Wight, SE 5-6 going 8-9. 6.0. Forecast Th. E 4 going SW 5. Rain. D, S-SE 4 going SW 6. Wight SW 8.

Thursday, July 13. Ostend. Forecast Th., S-SE 3-5. Dover, Wight, var. 3-4. Tide fair 11.30-5.30. Wind SW 4. Decided to go to Zeebrugge or Flushing. Sailed out of Yacht Basin. Wind now S. Outside NW 4, grey. 10.30. Outside Ostend. 12.0. Reefed right down, spitfire. Expecting squall.

(Log continued later.) The squall was a 45 knot gale 8-9, coming NW up Channel. I ran for a bit, then hove to, and lowered all sail, lashing them. Continued running under bare poles. Blown spume, visibility 40-50 yards. Seas rapidly got tumbled, and very dangerous in the shallow water. Doubted if she would some through. Wanted to clear the Mole at Zeebrugge, which I reckoned I was being put right on to, though invisible, so put on a scrap of jib, half hoisted. Saw big Belgian fishing boats lifted clean out, then disappearing under water. Mole came up, right place 300 yards abeam. Seas terrible, could only see cranes on Mole sticking out of them. Managed to nail green canvas over cockpit (the cockpit cover), and bucket ready on top for bailing. Rather pitiful precaution, really. Let off a red flare. Now had to get round inside Mole. Impossible without some main. Hoisted 5-6 ft. A feat! She stood it! Tide setting her away E down wind, away from the shelter of the Mole. So near, yet could not make it. Nearly inside the line of the big W. Mole when I saw a ghastly row of submerged rocks just to leeward—obviously a new E. Mole in the making. No marks to show position. Somehow managed to go about, third attempt on a stern board, and cleared it by 50 yards. Had lost a lot of ground, and being set right down E away from shelter of Mole, and on to lee shore behind. Last chance, another red flare, then let go anchor, all new warp plus its own heavy chain. Got sails off, then bent old warp double, and

let it all out. One end on tabernacle, other on bitts. Let off white flare, no more reds left. Seas smashing on to decks. Second lifejacket, and unclipped safety belt in case she stove in, which gave me a chance of being washed ashore. Bailed cockpit. One foot of water only. Was re-nailing canvas when a vast covered launch rose on a mountain of a wave near me. She tried to get a line, it snapped. I threw mine just short. She came round again alongside. *Mary Williams* rose under her flange, and smashed in the foredeck. Men lifted me on board; had not expected this. They went round again, took a vast boathook, tied a line to it, and hooked my shroud near the cross-trees. Pulled sideways. Mast went. I yelled. They shoved me in the wheel house, and went home. Felt sick. Huge seas racing over the covered launch (she was a 40 ft seagoing article). Could see nothing, except through the revolving wiper, and not always then. I said: " It is 7-8 ". " No, it is 9, gusting 10 in the Harbour Master's Office instrument." They took me to the Harbour Master's Office. He came out and said that there was another bigger yacht in the same trouble, could not get in with E going tide. (Afterwards this turned out to be *Griffin* RORC, about 25 tons.) Watched through the window, down and down towards that sunken breakwater at the East of the harbour. The lifeboat was out there already. Then the launch went out again. Meanwhile, the men off duty fussed over hot water for me to wash off the salt, but by 3.0 p.m. I needed a hot drink and food. Found lumps of sugar in their kitchen. Ate and shivered, soaked to the skin. The yacht had now anchored close to me. Launch came back, said their anchor was fast, foul, and they could not get it up for a tow in. 'Phoned British Consul again. Had no money on me at all for food, and only one shoe, so could not walk round to the Yacht Club. The consul's secretary doubted my financial reliability. Tired and hungry. At 4.30 begged hot coffee. The men then lent me their dry trousers. Better. Then a nice little man from the RBY Club came, and took charge of me. In the clubroom I found Tony Gaster of the ICC, and a friend. They stood me food, beefsteak, at 6.0 p.m. and lent a change of clothes. Bless them! A Belgian air pilot took me in his car to see if my boat could be towed in. But when the launch got there they said they could not get near enough to pick up the anchor with a grapnel. Back to sleep in an old Dormitory Ketch of the club's. Aching, and nervous reactions. At 11.0 p.m. an amateur fisherman brought my boat in, safe, but sodden and a wreck. Wind only 3-4, easy he said. The other boat came in about then, under own power, *Griffin* of RORC. Very shaken skipper and crew. All sick. The launch, as well as damaging me, had pulled off all *Griffin's* side fittings, a shambles under the club lights. Pulpit gone, rail, covering board, part of dinghy stove in on deck, and I think a spinnaker boom bust. And she is 25 tons, well built. No wonder I'm a mess. Bailed my boat dry. 1 ft. 6 ins. water, mostly from hole 2 ft. by 6 ins. stove in foredeck, and seas pounding on it for hours. Cabin fairly dry, considering. Wireless working, clothes in bags dry. Returned to big club ketch. No sleep, young people talking until 2.35 a.m.

Friday, July 14. Zeebrugge. Had 2-3 hours morning sleep. Had

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Hon. Technical Adviser : Robert Tucker, 58, Southbury Road, Enfield, Middlesex.

The Association exists to promote the interests of Silhouette Owners throughout the world. The annual subscription is 15s.

breakfast in own cabin. Not too bad. Stripped rigging off mast. Took broken bits and got quotation of 1,200-1,300 Fr. for a new one if I dressed it. Cashed £20, and got wood for foredeck. Did repair neatly. Good night's sleep on board. Wind 6-7 SW.

Saturday, July 15. Zeebrugge. Wet morning. Forecast 6-8 SW. Wet. Re-made chain plate. Mended clew of spitfire. Got cabin civilised. Wet, wet, wet. Saw new mast in making. Bought two more red flares, Italian.

Sunday, July 16. Zeebrugge. Mast finished. Dressed, and stepped. Weather improving. Still 5-6 plus, W, tides 5 hrs. before HW Dover. HW Dover 17th 2.30, so ought to leave 8.30-9 a.m. for fair tide back. (Holiday up, no choice.) Forecast 6.0 p.m. NW-W 3-4. Very smart young skipper of a big iron fishing boat came with a ciné camera to photograph me and boat. He had seen me out on Thursday, and seen two red flares, but could do nothing in such conditions. So he radio-telephoned the Harbour Master to stand by. He said that while out beyond the Mole he had taken an 8.5mm ciné film of the whole thing. Arranged to buy a print of the whole reel.

Monday, July 17. Zeebrugge. Forecast NW 4. Left about 8.40 a.m. Outside Mole nasty wet chop. W 4, one reef in main. 9.0. Zeebrugge Mole. Beating down coast, long leg, short leg. Wet, cold, slow. Ugh! 12.30. Ostend. Did not think it worth while going on to Nieuport with head wind and tide turning against me soon, so spent restful night in Yacht Basin. Drizzle.

Tuesday, July 18. Ostend. LW Dover 9.0 a.m. HW Dunkerque 4.0 p.m. 8.45. Outside piers. Engine stowed. Oilies. NW 4. Can just lay course. 11.0. Nieuport Pier. 4.0. Dunkerque coming up. Tide turned against me. Engine. 4.40. Yacht Club, Dunkerque. A slow passage. Long leg, short leg whole way. Other boats from Ostend still slower.

Wednesday, July 19. Dunkerque. HW Dover 3.40 a.m., 4.0 p.m.

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SILHOUETTES CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

8.40. Turning down towards Calais. 2.40. Up to Ramsgate. 9.45. Outside,, sailing N 3-4. 1.15. Calais Pier. A fast, fresh passage. But I did not like the forecast, or the look of the seas building up behind on a lee shore. Was a good 5 NNE when I got in. Passage exactly 20 miles in $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours, 5.7 knots with tide. Did lots of maintenance, and painted all the decks.

Thursday, July 20. Calais. HW Dover 4.40 a.m. Calais 4.45. Down to Cap Gris Nez 9.30-2.30 p.m. Turns up Goodwins 3.30 p.m. 10 a.m. Wind NW 3. Fog horn going on Pier. Decided against passage: shall just be put down on to Cap Gris Nez. Maintenance, varnish. Don't like the feel of the weather, uneasy. Rain now, dark. Wind slightly more W, say WNW. Wet. Forecast 6.0 Th.D., NW 3-4. In E 5.

Friday, July 21. Calais. HW Dover 5.17. Turning up Gris Nez 9.50. Up Goodwins 3.30 p.m. 7.0. Under way. Engine. No wind. Poor visibility. Haze $\frac{1}{2}$ mile. 8.30. Breeze NE. Just use, engine still on. 9.5. Dover-Calais ferry boat just S of me. A big blue gaff boat just N. 10.0. Wind N by W. Not much good, 2. Up level with the big blue and white gaff boat. 11.0. Foreland just visible, blur. Ostend Ferry. Wind E 2. 11.25. Think I can see S. Goodwin Lightship, but very hazy. Bearing W by N. No, it's not. A steamer, *Queen of the Channel* from Southend. 11.50. YES, definitely Goodwin Lightship. Bearing W. Layed course for SW Goodwin Buoy. SW Goodwin Buoy coming up on bow. 1.40. Forecast Th. NW 3, D., var. 2. Coming up to Deal Pier. 2.0. Brought up to eat lunch, and wait my tide up to N. Foreland. 3.45. Under way. Genoa. No engine. Wind E 2-3. Fresher off Ramsgate. Working jib. Draughty N. Foreland. No oily trousers on. 6.30. Sighted Longnose Buoy. Wind E 4-5. 7.30. Tucked right into Margate Harbour. First time, usually lie off Pier, but uncomfy in Easterly. A nice quiet place in harbour, dry out. Had 2 fm. going in. The club boatman yelled something about a lifeboat, but never made out what. HW Margate 6.20 p.m.

Saturday, July 22. Margate. Margate HW 7 a.m. Tide along Kent coast finished 8 a.m. HW Dover 6.30 a.m. Forecast, gale warning Fisher, Bight. Th. N-NW 3-4. 7.30. a.m. Left with fresh NE. Decided, as ebb was starting, I could not beat through Edinburgh, so went up

Kent coast, meaning to see if I could get across to Swin for ebb there. 11.0. Wind lighter, obviously will have foul tide and head wind in Swin. So lazily went to E. Swale. 2.0. Brought up by Shell Ness. Mud. Has been a slow passage against tide.

Sunday, July 23. Swale. Forecast, N-NW 2-4, rain, good visibility. Whitstable, HW 7.50 p.m.. Whittaker LW, 2.30 p.m. 8.0 a.m. Left with 1 hr. tide to run. Genoa and engine. Wind N 1. 10.0. Pulling up to Warden Point slowly. Light N, and tide the devil. Only half a gallon of petrol in reserve. Ought to have bestirred myself at Margate. Somehow one does not bother in the Thames. 10.45. Wind flown round to NE 2. Course N, sailing, but engine as well, as light wind. 11.0. Spile Buoy. 11.30. Stowed engine. Look like spending the night in Sheerness at this rate. 1.0. No wind. Shall spend night on Maplins at this rate. 1.15. Blackwell Spit. Tiniest SE breeze. 2.0. SE Maplin Buoy. Shall have to cut across Maplins into Buxey. 4.30. NE Maplin Buoy coming up. Cutting inside it. 5.30. Whittaker Beacon *has* gone. Petty pilfering again. Cutting across Maplins from SW Middle Buoy. Course N by E. Might just do it, as it is neaps. Calculated at 5 drying, and 15 ft. rise. Have 4 ft. 6.15. Over. In Whittaker Channel. 5 ft. exactly, with the boathook I bought at Zeebrugge. 8.0. Running across Blackwater mouth, goose winged. Lovely sunset. Hunger. HW Colne Pt. 8.11 p.m. 9.30. Brought up by the spit of shingle opposite Brightlingsea. What a long weary passage.

Anglesey Pilot

IT is good to see the waters of Anglesey and the North Wales coast made the subject of one of *Yachting Monthly's* excellent series of Pilot Books. The *Anglesey and North Wales Coast Pilot*, published last month by *Yachting Monthly* at 12s 6d is splendid value, giving detailed sailing notes for the whole coast from the Point of Air to Portmadoc. It is based on the devoted work of Henry Glazebrook, who sailed from Trearddur Bay for years in his 14 ft. dinghy *Mermaid*: old hands on the North Wales coast may know his book *The Inshore Passage*, though unhappily it is now out of print. Glazebrook's work has been revised and brought up to date by Normal Sheldrick, and the new *Pilot* is a most meticulous study of the whole area. There are many charts and plans of harbour entrances, all clear and beautifully drawn. The *Anglesey and North Wales Coast Pilot* is a worthy member of the series which includes *East Coast Rivers* and *West Country Rivers*.

CREWING REGISTER - 1962 SEASON

The Silhouette Owner maintains a Crewing Register to help owners who would like crews, and crews who would like to sail in Silhouettes, to get in touch with one another. The register for 1962 is now being compiled. Anyone interested is invited to send, name, address, cruising area, type of crewing wanted, etc., to *The Silhouette Owner*, The Old Hall, Marple, Cheshire. Telephone: Marple 1458.

SOA REGIONAL GROUPS

Regional groups of the Silhouette Owners' Association have been established in the following areas:

South-East. *Hon. Sec. Stan Morgan, 44, Station Crescent, Rayleigh, Essex.*

North-West. *Hon. Sec. Herbert Firth, 5, Mossgrove Road, Timperley, Cheshire. Tel. Altrincham 0765.*

Solent. *Hon. Sec. J. H. Taylor, 15, Bolley Avenue, Bordon, Hants.*

Bristol Channel. *Hon. Sec. Cyril Watts, 5, Vassall Road, Fishponds, Bristol.*

Avon. *Hon. Sec. E. G. Oldham, 206, Hagley Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham.*

All new Silhouette owners are invited to get in touch with the group secretary nearest to their own part of the world, who will gladly arrange membership both of the national association and the group and do all he can to help with problems of finding moorings, and the like. In time it is hoped that there will be active groups in all parts of the country. Members of the association willing to help in the formation of groups in areas not yet covered are invited to get in touch with the national secretary, George Oliver. Their help will be greatly welcomed.

The Silhouette Owner Trophy: the winning log

From Chicago to Muskegon

By Dr. K. Hoehne

FIRST let me give you some data on *Sweetie Mouse* (SII 112). She has a fin keel. After the first big blow we decided to replace the original brass fittings on the mast with stainless-steel ones, since the plate that held the forestay showed a large crack. We also felt that a masthead rig would allow us to put up more canvas in the frequent calms and light airs on Lake Michigan, and consequently we also added two upper shrouds to the rigging. To eliminate some of the weather helm which was noticeable in heavy gusts, we put our forestay right to the tip of the bow. Moreover, we filled the space between the stern edge of the keel and the skeg with a wedge-shaped piece of wood: not only does she not broach so much any longer, but she has also become a little faster at higher speeds, since there is not so much water drag from the keel. (What the added wetted surface does to lower speeds I have not yet been able to determine correctly.) Anyway, with all these adjustments for Lake Michigan we think our *Sweetie Mouse* is one of the nicest little cruising sloops on the lake.

We have four foresails. First, there is our working jib, of cotton; then we have 100 sq. ft. masthead Genoa, a 75 sq. ft. Genoa-jib and last—but not least—our 20 sq. ft. storm jib, all three of Dacron. We also have a 100 sq. ft. spinnaker. A very useful contraption is a 12 ft.

whisker pole, made from aluminium tubing, which permits us to goose-wing the big masthead Genoa when running free. We prefer this to our spinnaker on long trips, and particularly in light airs with a swell, as it is less demanding on the helmsman. For night sailing it is ideal.

Another little gadget that has proved useful is our foredeck cover, which covers the hatch as well as the vents in the cabin. This keeps our cabin much drier in heavy seas, and my wife is very proud of her work. Our cockpit cover is very large, and doubles as a sun awning by means of a boom crutch and two bamboo poles fastened athwartships over the boom. After all, the southern part of Lake Michigan corresponds to the latitude of Rome and the sun can get real scorching in Midsummer.

Usually the winds on this large inland sea are light during the summer season, with many dead calms thrown in for good measure; but occasionally the old lake can kick up a terrible fuss, with winds up to 50 miles or more. The waves on this lake are short, steep and choppy. The ratio of height to length is about 1:10 to 1:15, and when the North wind blows down the lake they can easily reach 10-12 ft. in height. Thus a boat has to be really seaworthy for a long trip, and that is why we, with our Silhouette, are the envy of many a small-boat owner round here.

My first mate is my wife, Enid. She grew up on the Canadian prairies, but in three years she has become a brave and competent crew, who not only tends to the galley with skill, but is also calm and efficient at the helm in a 30-knot wind. Through our experience on Lake Michigan we have learned to simplify our galley operations. We now prepare hot food ahead of time, or have our tins heated in a restaurant and put the food in wide-neck Thermos bottles. Other Thermos bottles are filled with hot water to be converted into instant coffee or instant tea as the situation calls for. There is no galley slavery on *Sweetie Mouse*.

Our trip was to take ten days, and our farthest point was to be Muskegon. In order to get a head start we had to get boat across the lake to St Joseph, South Haven or Saugatuck a week before our vacation started. Enid did not have a baby-sitter, so Don, my second crew, stepped in. Thus we started on Saturday, August 19. The weather forecast spoke of winds increasing to 18 knots and turning from SW to N. We wanted to go North first, so as to be able later on to lay one of the harbours named above. With 10 gallons of gasolene for our light little 5 hp outboard engine, we left Burnham harbour as soon as possible.

August 19. 2.30 a.m. Harbour entrance passed, wind 2-4 knots SW, with engine in low, masthead Genoa on whisker pole and main course 50 deg., to 8-mile buoy. Speed 4 knots. 4.50 a.m. 8-mile buoy passed, wind still SW 4-5 knots, course true North in anticipation of North winds. Speed 2-3 knots. 5.50 a.m. Wind turning W 6-8 knots, course 30 deg. and speed 3 knots. Still masthead Genoa and main. 7.0 a.m. Wind up to 12 knots from NW, course 30 deg. and speed 5 knots. Still masthead Genoa and main. 9.0 a.m. Wind N, down to 3-5 knots, course 50 deg., speed 2 knots. 10.0 a.m. Wind N, up to 12 knots, course 50 deg., speed 4½ knots; a choppy sea comes up. 11.30 a.m. Wind N, 12-15

down, Genoa jib up. Course 50 deg. 1.0 p.m. 18-20 knots, 3-4 ft. waves; Genoa jib down, working jib up. Boat pounding in choppy seas; 3 knots, course 60 deg. 1.45 p.m. Wind N, 20-24 knots, seas getting higher, so working jib down, storm jib up and one reef in main. Seas getting higher—4-6 ft. 2.0 p.m. Wind N 24-26 knots, seas getting very high. Second reef in main. Course, 60 deg. Sky looks dark and breakers are forming. 2.10 p.m. Course 100 deg. to St Joseph, since obviously beating it up to windward to the 50 miles distance to Saugatuck and the 40 distant South Haven is no longer feasible. 3.15 p.m. A large breaker of the now 8-10 ft. high waves washes clear over the boat. Some 200-300 lb. of water sloshes in the cockpit, so Don bails frantically with pump and pail. Wind and sea still North, wind in the gusts up to 30 knots. We change course to 60 deg. again, to cope better with the breakers. Put a third reef in the main, which is by now almost down to the second batten. 4.30 p.m. Wind N, in some gusts certainly over 30 mph. Sky looks angry, large breakers, waves 8-10 ft. Shore in sight. We are both a little scared. My reaction, however, is different from Don's. While I am silent, somewhat gruff in my orders and don't let Don take the helm, Don makes silly remarks, although he usually displays an extremely sharp mind, making crisp and witty remarks. 6.15 p.m. Wind and waves the same. We are 10 miles from land, not quite half way between South Haven and St Joseph. St Joseph harbour entrance in sight. Since we have drifted more than 10 miles during the past 30 miles, we decided to go down wind to St Joseph. It is a wild ride, and the helmsman really has to work. Course now 170 deg., speed 5-7 knots with about 45-50 sq. ft. of canvas. 7.45 p.m. St Joseph Harbour entrance passed; the waves in the shallow water near the harbour are awfully steep. *Sweetie Mouse* has behaved like a Hawaiian surf-board rider rather than a sailboat during the past two miles—a phenomenon that I have never experienced to this extent before. 8.10 p.m. Tied to dock at yacht club, St Joseph. The size of our reefed main told the whole story, and everyone was helpful with mooring lines, a place to dry our soaking wet clothes, a good whisky and a quick ride to town. When I phoned my wife and told her our story she was surprised. " Gee, here in Chicago there is just a nice fresh breeze; I did not have a worry in the world. OK, I will get you by car tomorrow." Well those are the weather conditions on Lake Michigan.

With little Michael (our son, aged one year) safely farmed out to a nice family, Enid and I were back in St Joseph a week later. A leisurely stroll through the peaceful little lake resort and visiting with old yachting friends delayed us even more than our getting up late. Holidays and alarm clocks are incompatible in Enid's and my own humble opinions.

August 26. 3.15 p.m. Harbour entrance St Joseph passed. Wind S-SW, 3-4 knots, very hazy, with visibility only 2-3 miles; very warm

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and sunny—a very common weather on Lake Michigan. A moderate swell is the remnant of former stronger winds from the same direction. These SW winds dominate the summer season and have something to do with the high-pressure areas originating over the prairie. When they hit Lake Michigan they frequently become frayed up and deflected and twist, so that Chicago (the windy city) may have a strong breeze, while farther North and East the conditions may be entirely different. The same holds true for the air bodies that reach Lake Michigan from the Canadian North or North East, as our first trip has clearly shown. Under these conditions (swell and very light airs) our masthead Genoa with the long whisker pole is invaluable, since it requires so much less attention. Of course, a boom vang is indispensable too. 9.0 p.m. After a complete calm (in which Enid and I took a swim and cleaned the boat around the waterline) and after a good supper, the wind picked up somewhat, now from the East—from the shore, that is. This again is fairly typical. Often one finds better winds close to shore, and then mostly coming from the shore. Many a race has been won by making use of this phenomenon. 10.0 p.m. Tacking to shore. 10.30 p.m. At anchor, 1000 ft. from the shore in 15 ft. of water. The bottom profile here falls very steeply, and we had to go that close.

August 27. 1.0 a.m. One thunder and rainstorm after the other goes over our boat. While Enid sleeps well, I am a little apprehensive as to how our anchor is holding. Anyway, I am glad we did not decide to sail on. 5.50 a.m. Wind S-SW, 15 knots with the seas getting higher. It is too dangerous to stay any longer in this precarious position. The air warm and damp, even at this early hour, and after the thunder storms. The air is very clear, and the shore appears uncomfortably close. Not a soul can be seen. With Enid in the cockpit and I on the foredeck we set sail and leave the anchorage. 6.30 a.m. On our way North with working jib and main at $5\frac{1}{2}$ knots. Enid is sailing and I, for a change, prepare a hearty breakfast. 8.50 a.m. Passing South Haven to starboard (sailing North) at $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles distance. Wind S, 12 knots. The sun comes out. 12.0 noon. Again the same old pattern: gradually the wind dies down. What would we have done on this trip without our big masthead Genoa and the whiser pole? 2.15 p.m. Saugatuck harbour entrance passed, after a nice fast end-spurt in a lively little puff of a southerly. Sails down, engine on. The trip up the Kalamazoo river is verry pretty. The river winds through 300 ft. hills (wooded sand dunes) in a narrow gorge for three miles, and then suddenly opens up into a lake, surrounded by the town, docks, slips and boatyards. 4.0 p.m. We turn round and round like a restless dog in his basket. We just cannot find a mooring without paying $5.00. Finally, we settle down on an empty buoy in front of a small yacht club. A friendly fellow takes us ashore.

This fellow turned out to be a local pianist and entertainer. He went with us to a good restaurant, entertaining us freely in the process. Gradually we become reconciled with the harbour and town. Said he, "Oh, the Chicago syndicate that runs this whole place and squeezes money out of everything during the short season does not like the sail-

boats. Sailors have the wind for free and they think that everything else should be for free too!" Well, they did not get much from us.

Saugatuck is the beginning of what is called the "Northern Riviera." The shore here is lined with 200-300 ft. sand dunes, covered with beautiful forests on the land side of the slopes. They drop into the lake with magnificent wide beaches. Their sand is the finest I have ever seen, with not a pebble on it. The rivers running into the lake all form little lakes behind the dunes, through which they break in deep narrow gaps. For a hundred miles there is such a river, lake and harbour, town and resort every 10-15 miles. This is truly a summer paradise.

August 28. 12.05 p.m. Saugatuck Harbour entrance passed, North bound, after a tremendous breakfast on board. Our large sun awning and our folding chart table that doubles as a dining table makes life on the boat, and particularly in the cockpit, quite comfortable. Yes, sir, there is an air of luxury about *Sweetie Mouse* in the harbour. Wind again S, 8-10 knots. We are going great guns, thanks to our big masthead Genoa, $5\frac{1}{2}$-6 knots. Weather, as usual, sunny, warm and very hazy. 2.0 p.m. Holland harbour entrance passed to starboard about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile away, sailing North. The foghorn on the breakwater goes all the time in these hazy days. Sounds like a sick cow, Enid claims. Well, she grew up in cattle country and I am not a veterinarian. 2.30 p.m. Of course, we should have known—the wind is dying down fast. We just are too lazy to catch the morning breeze. 5.30 p.m. Under power in dead calm, course N, making $4\frac{1}{2}$ knots. 6.30 p.m. Wind from N, now, 8-10 knots, whipping up choppy little waves which slow us down quite a lot. 7.30 p.m. Harbour lights of Grand Haven in sight. 8.20 p.m. Grand Haven harbour entrance passed. 9.0 p.m. *Sweetie Mouse* moored safely in one of the excellent marinas of this area. Poor Enid has a bad attack of hay fever, and we are heading for the comfort of an hotel.

August 29. Grand Haven is grand only by its name. Actually, it is a sleepy little place, but its wooded dunes are beautiful and we spent the morning hiking through them on romantic little trails—all by ourselves, for Americans don't do things like that. 4.0 p.m. Harbour entrance of Grand Haven passed, Northwards bound. 5.15 p.m. After a good sail in wind from WSW 12 knots, making 5 knots, the calm gradually settled upon us. 6.30 p.m. We are motoring to the shore, hoping to find a little breeze there. 6.45 p.m. Sure enough, a nice little Southerly a few hundred feet from the shore pushes us Northward gently at 3 knots. 7.45 p.m. Harbour entrance of Muskegon passed. The huge car ferry of Milwaukee, which we met right in the channel through the dunes, pushed helmslady Enid to the side and made her quite indignant. As a sail girl she is used to having her ways and rights. Thank goodness she did not argue with the *Milwaukee Clipper.* 9.0 p.m. After some tricky navigating across Muskegon Lake we moored

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in the muncipal Marina right downtown. This is the best marina I have ever seen. Incoming boats are greeted by loudspeaker and directed to an empty slip. Power and water outlets are on every slip. In the harbourmaster's building there are showers, a little shop, bathrooms, etc. And the whole fun costs one dollar a day, the first day nothing.

We are probably one of the smallest sailboats ever to have come all the way from Chicago, and get due credit for our effort. A local doctor moors right beside us with his luxurious power yacht, and Enid and I promptly get an invitation for a friendly drink, and tomorrow we are to be his guests. This is so typical of the great hospitality of the American Midwest.

August 31. 1.45 p.m. After a delightful day in Muskegon and a good night's sleep on the motor yacht of our doctor friend, we are leaving Muskegon municipal marina with happy memories, southbound back to Chicago. 2.45 p.m. Muskegon harbour entrance passed. Wind still stubbornly SSW, 10 knots, A big swell makes tacking unprofitable, but we are going to try it. A tiny wee catamaran and a 22 sq. metre S-boat are having a private little race, and the S-boat is having a hard time catching the pert little contraption. 5.30 p.m. Wind dying down according to schedule. We have not gained more than three miles in 3 hours, therefore engine is started and sails taken down. Although we are not more than ¾ mile from shore the dense haze makes it appear far distant. 8.07 p.m. Grand Haven harbour entrance passed. 8.20 p.m. At the North Shore Marina our new friends from Muskegon are waiting for us as a surprise. They give us a rousing welcome. After a good drink and a lot of yarn we spent another night on a luxurious motor yacht.

(*To be concluded.*)

Silhouettes at Tranmere

TRANMERE Sailing Club has adopted the Silhouette II as one of the club's classes, and a most interesting and enterprising programme is being arranged for next season. Monty Fisher, a member of the Tranmere SC and of the SOA writes:

There will be at least five day cruises (surprisingly, the Mersey can be a delightful cruising ground) which will offer ideal opportunities for family outings. The racing programme includes three series of eight Class races, and various handicap races. There will also be a Silhouette Trophy Competition, and altogether we Silhouette owners will be more than adequately catered for. Planning of our new Club House on ground which we have recently purchased is at a very advanced stage, although we are able to remain in occupation of our present premises until the new place is built. Incidentally, it is our intention to lay a trot for Silhouettes next season, and we have pretty good landing facilities from our slip at nearly all states of the tide.

Sailing with Children

By the Editor

A LETTER which frequently comes to us on *The Silhouette Owner* runs something like this:

"I am very much attracted by the Silhouette, and am seriously considering buying one. But we have young children. Do you think it is possible to sail with very young children?"

The short answer is, Yes, but there are a good many qualifications. One of the first doubts that comes to our minds is that this letter (so far) has always come from a man. And the most important quesion to be answered in deciding whether to embark with very young crew, is this: *Is the mother of the crew really prepared to undertake it*?

If both parents are keen, and ready to put up with the inconveniences and sacrifices that sailing with young children is bound to demand, then the family can go to sea with every confidence, and the Silhouette is in many ways a particularly suitable boat for such family sailing. But if the mother has serious doubts and reservations, if she is really going to be scared all the time the children are on board, then it would probably be better to postpone things, or for the family to decide that sailing will be for father, and perhaps an older child or relative.

To mothers whose fears are so strong that they are unlikely to be successfully argued out of them, we give Mr Punch's advice to those about to get married, *Don't*. But we think that a family situation which requires this advice is a very great pity. There is no need for it to arise. If husband and wife enjoy boats and *want* to sail with their children, then there is everything to be said for going ahead.

We have two young sons, now 5 and 3 this January. They have been sailing on our Silhouette for two seasons, from the ages of just over 3 and about 1. Before that, from their earliest infancy, we took them with us in various small boats on the Thames. One year we voyaged in a 12 ft. dinghy, quarter decked. It was before Timothy (the youngest) was born, and David, then a baby of a few months, lived in a carrying cot which fitted neatly under the quarter deck, where he gave no trouble at all. So it can be done all right.

Going to sea is, naturally, a more serious business. Infants in arms are no problem, and next to no trouble: you must be careful about ferrying them in very small dinghies, but all you have to worry about is to make sure you do not drop them in. Once on board a Silhouette they either sleep or lie wherever you put them and chortle happily. They enjoy the boat's motion, even violent motion, and since they cannot crawl around, they get into no mischief. The main problem is laundry, but at least there are good drying facilities on a boat. A line of napkins hauled to the masthead is not one's choice for flag display, but in a brisk wind they dry remarkably quickly.

Once children can crawl or walk, seagoing presents more hazards, but they can all be dealt with. We have an inflexible rule that Marksway jackets are worn all the time (except when put to bed in the cabin) and

children on deck when the boat is under way *must* be shackled on. We have harnesses for them, of good strong webbing and Terylene cord (cost about 45s. apiece—expensive, but worth it). The harnesses are on a length of Terylene cord sufficient to allow the child to move about, and the free end has a snap shackle which can be attached to shroud or lifeline or anywhere that is convenient. Short of shipwreck, a child securely harnessed to a boat can come to no harm.

We have bare feet on board, and bare feet are the best non-slip soles in the world. The children are very sure footed, and hop in and out of dinghies like powder monkeys. There is a little problem here: from the age of about 2½ a young child wants to be more and more independent, and one must be prepared for tantrums about wanting to go on board or disembark "own self" without assistance. Guardianship must be tactful, but firm.

It is heartening to discover how quickly a very young crew becomes of some real use. Even at 2 or so the end of a sheet can be held for a moment, and from the age of about 3 onwards really useful little jobs are quite within a child's capacity. David at 3 could haul up the jib, although of course he could not "sweat it up," or make the halliard fast. But still under 5 last summer, David could be trusted to make fast a dinghy's painter to a cleat on board or a ringbolt on a quay. And young children love being useful.

But is has to be accepted that young children limit severely the kind of sailing one can undertake. In really bad conditions, to have young children on board without a strong crew who can give full-time attention to the boat, could be hazardous, simply because the children might require attention at a time when the boat requires it, too. So one must make a rule to try not to be caught in really bad conditions, and this means that one must stay ashore and not go out on a good many occasions when, without the children, one would have put to sea cheerfully. For anything involving more than an hour or two at sea, we like to have a third hand. Even in the best of conditions one cannot be sure of what may happen, and a third hand is both a comfort and a great safety precaution: his or her presence on board means that there are always two people who can look after the boat, while one person is available to give full-time attention to the children.

The children love sleeping on board, and the four of us can pack very comfortably in the cabin. They also love meals on board, but remember to carry plenty in the way of spare stores. We had one disastrous day when we took with us a great pile of ham sandwiches for lunch—all made with mustard on them. The children got hungrier and hungrier, but refused to touch sandwiches with mustard. It was not a pleasant voyage. We think that our children get a great deal from their seagoing adventures. And although strong nautical language has been known to fly around our boat when we have been more than normally exasperated with them, we get a lot out of having them with us. A four-year-old's beaming face on coming on deck in one of those brilliant dawns that one sometimes gets even in British latitudes is something to be remembered when the time comes to be a grandfather.

FOR WOMEN

Good Companions

By Anne Fowler

MANY doubtful starters may think that life on board is all hard work. "*My* holiday," they will say firmly, "is to be spent in an hotel. No washing up, no housework, no cooking, no chores of any description."

They may even blanch with fear and distaste at the sight of a heaving sea; be unsure whether, frankly, they would relish getting wet; may think they are not tough enough to enjoy many adventures.

Seasickness can often be alleviated by modern pills, fear can be soothed away by the comforting support of a Marksway jacket; it lowers, perhaps, one's self-esteem by its bulkiness, but luckily one feels —or perhaps hopes—that personal appearances matter in a different way on board. You are that useful, impersonal thing—*the crew,* quick, reliable and cheerful.

For some extraordinary reason, wetness at sea is not so unpleasant as it is on land. The wise woman muffles herself in oilskins at the slightest hint of bad weather, remembering painfully the time she waited until it was too late. Discomfort, too, in an unusual situation is more bearable than it is on a humdrum day; a surprised, triumphant feeling carries one over a crisis.

Housework in a small cabin is small. A plastic dustpan soon holds all the loose sand which clings to rubber soled shoes, a damp Spontex cloth wipes away any smears. If one has Fablon or Formica surfaces everything is easy to clean with Handy Andy; a Spontex sponge is useful for squeezing the last rather murky drop of water from the pumped bilges.

Above all you will find that your skipper will be only too anxious to co-operate in cleaning the cockpit. He will never say at such moments, "Why do women fuss? I'm sure it doesn't look dirty." He, and not you, will quickly make it all shipshape. For, while he enjoys a certain freedom to be a little untidy on shore, he believes that there is a place for everything on board ship. The chores are all shared, and soon completed.

Cooking is quickly done. A pressure cooker for stews, and a frying pan, cover all one's needs; salad and cold meats on warm days, with tinned fruit and cream, followed by cheese, make ample meals. If dirty plates are first wiped clean with Polyroll, washing up in scanty water is a less disagreeable chore. If one is feeling extravagant then a comfortable drink and dinner ashore in some quayside hotel will probably mean that you are soon swopping yarns with other like-minded folk.

If any woman fears that she is not physically tough enough she has only to look around at the many widows who survive their weaker

husbands. We keep it a dark mystery, as we like to be soothed and cherished, but few men would have the continuing physical strength to tackle the harder household jobs.

A man with a hobby is a contented person, and we also are lucky if we can enjoy it. While skill is required for other pastimes (no husband likes playing golf with a wife who habitually makes air shots, and even the most tolerant of men gets exasperated if his trick is continually trumped in a game of bridge), to sail, a woman chiefly needs the strong desire to be a good companion, feminine powers of endurance and a dogged sense of humour. Perhaps later, skill in handling a boat may develop, but long journeys, entailing watches at sea, need not be attempted at first. At least one can enjoy the thrill of sailing from the beginning, while the practice of shared companionship is probably one of the greatest assets in an enduring marriage.

AGM—agenda

THE Committee of the SOA met in London on December 9 with Bernard Collins in the chair. The following agenda for the Annual General Meeting, to be held at The White Hart, Barnes, at 18.00 hrs. on January 6, 1962, was drawn up:

1. Chairman's remarks.
2. Minutes.
3. *Journal* report.
4. Hon. Secretary's report.
5. Hon. Treasurer's report.
6. Proposed alteration to rules. (To make formal provision for representatives of Regional Groups on the National Committee, and to create a new form of Associate Membership of the SOA.)
7. Election of officers.

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