

The Silhouette Owner

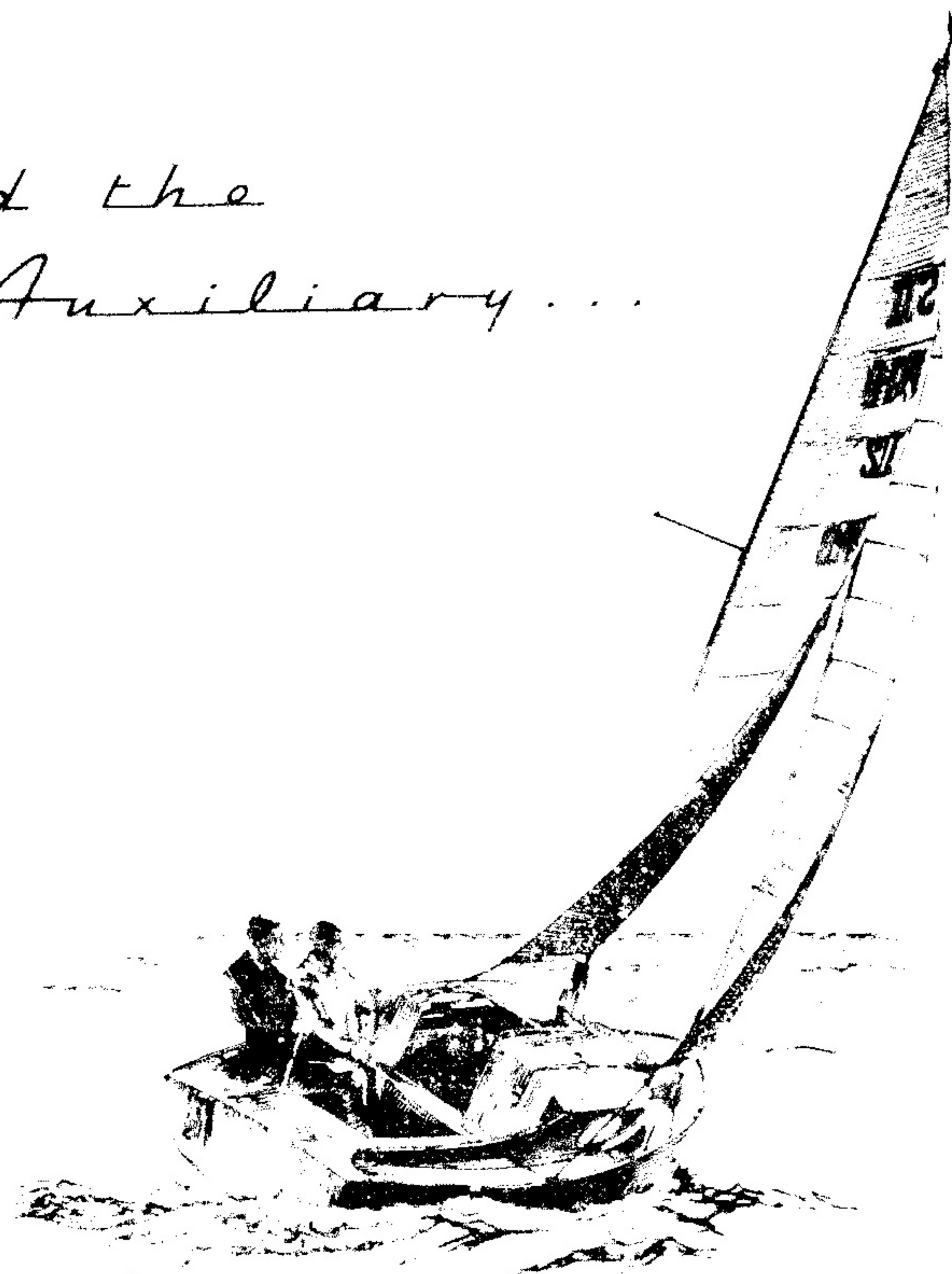
The journal of the Silhouette Owners' Association

Number 18.

May 1962

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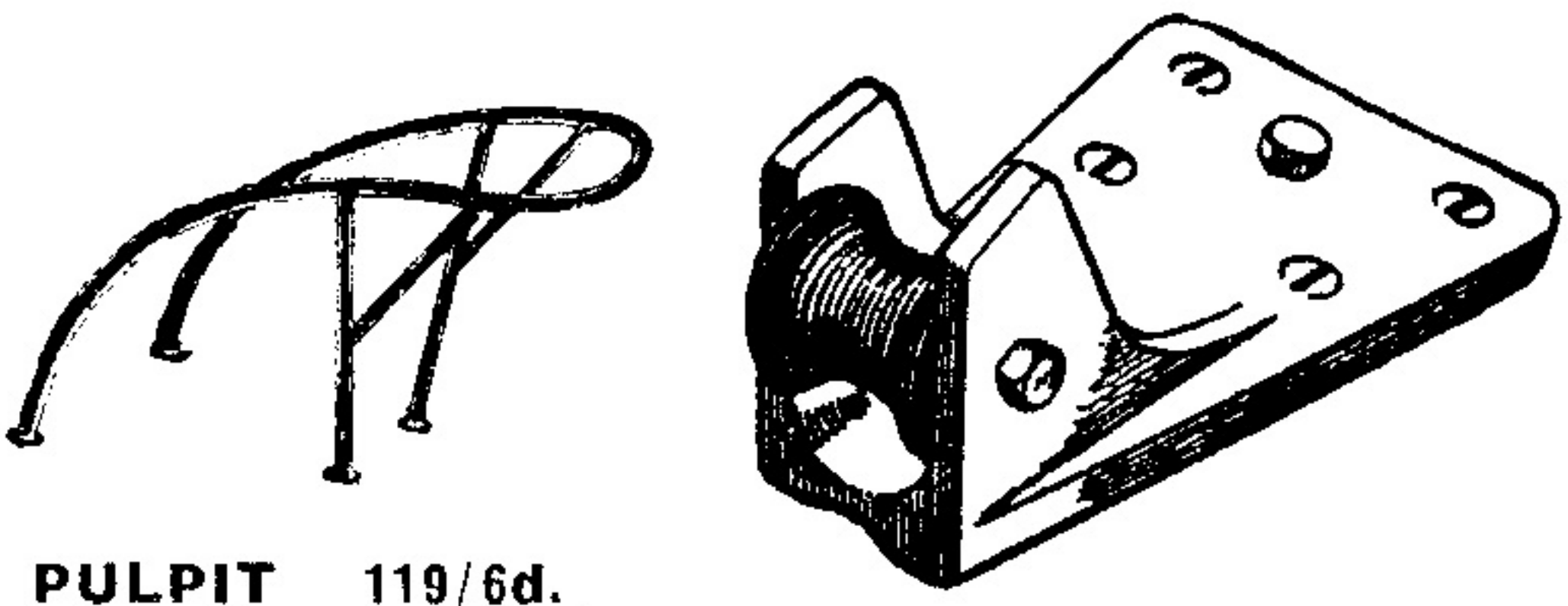
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Ships and Weather

THE coldest March for 90 years left many of us sadly behind with fitting out. Early April did little to help. Maddening as it is to be weatherbound, it makes for humility and a philosophical approach to life. And it is a valuable corrective to the increasingly artificial nature of so much of twentieth century life: man can put up satellites to orbit the earth, but he cannot give himself a fair wind to cross the Channel. It is useful to be reminded, too, of what men have achieved at sea in the most appallingly adverse circumstances. Forty-six years ago this month Sir Ernest Shackleton and five companions were in the middle of what must surely rank as the greatest small boat voyage of all time—the passage in an open boat from Elephant Island in the South Shetlands to South Georgia, through the gales and tremendous swells of the most desolate seas in the world, far South of Cape Horn. Perhaps because it happened in 1916, when a world at war had other things to think about, Shackleton's great voyage to fetch help for the rest of his Antarctic party, stranded on the inhospitable beach of Elephant Island after their ship, *Endurance*, had been crushed and sunk by ice, has never seemed to have the recognition it deserved. Their boat, *James Caird*, was a rather lightly built ship's lifeboat, 22 ft. overall, with a beam of 6 ft.—somewhat less than the beam of a Silhouette. She was partly decked, and a little built up by the ship's carpenter with such materials as could be salvaged from the wreck of *Endurance* (not much), which gave her a freeboard of 2 ft. 2 ins. The ocean passage to South Georgian from the pack ice took fourteen days, and the navigation, by Commander F. A. Worsley, with scarcely a sight of the sun and his navigation tables a sodden pulp, was a superb achievement. Here is a laconic extract from Commander Worsley's record: "May Day (1916). The ice on the boat got so thick and heavy that she was riding deep and had a tendency to capsize. Something had to be done, and quickly, so we took it in turns to crawl out with an axe and chop off the ice. What a job . . . she was covered fifteen inches deep in a casing of ice like a turtleback . . . Finally we got the bulk of it off, and were satisfied. All night the gale continued heavily from the SSW." They made it, and four months later, at the third attempt to get through the

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ice, all the rest of Shackleton's party were rescued. For a sparetime sailor, weatherbound and cursing the weather, there is no better reading than Commander Worsley's log. There is a handy paperback edition of it, *Shackleton's Boat Journey*, published by Hodder and Stoughton at 2s. 6d.

Fitting Out Party

HERBERT FIRTH writes: Over thirty members and guests arrived for the Fitting Out Party at the Gazelle Hotel, Glyn Garth, on Saturday, March 31. Mr W. L. Jones, the proprietor, and a keen sailor himself, put a room at our disposal, and his staff produced an excellent buffet, which was much enjoyed by all. We were all disappointed that John and Helen Anderson were unable to be with us, due to the illness of his mother, and we wish her a speedy recovery. Apologies for absence were also received from John Hagar and Reg and Mrs Martin, all new members who will be moored in the Strait this season. Other new members present were Mr and Mrs Pat O'Connor and Frank Swinnerton, who, incidentally, had taken delivery of his new Silhouette the day before.

Reg Pegg, our Commodore, made a short speech, welcoming everybody, and while regretting the fact that John Anderson had felt it proper to resign as Vice-Commodore of the NW Group on his election as National Commodore of the Silhouette Owners' Association, he welcomed the appointment of Ron Bradbury in John's place.

His Honour Judge Meurig Evans, Vice-Commodore of the Menai Bridge Boat Club, to whom the Group is affiliated, explained the position regarding the new Club House.

A. Goodwin ("Goody" to his friends) handed over to the Secretary the Irene Goodwin Trophy. This is a very elegant cup, and is for the Group's Log Competition, which is open to both members and associate members of the Group.

The severity of the winter has put everybody behind with fitting out, but we are hoping to have most of the Group's boats afloat in time for the Easter programme. In spite of a very cold day, Bill Nash and his crew John Wood launched *Ballerina* and had a good sail before the party. They were closely followed by Ian Holyman in *Kotka*. Philip Austin arrived too late to launch on the Saturday, but willing hands helped him with his boat at Gallow's Point on Sunday morning.

Maiden Trip

By R. A. Garrod

ENJOYING the thrill of taking delivery of a new boat, they checked everything with the builders Messrs. Hurley, settled the final details paid up all the bills, stowed everything carefully for the trip, leaving large packets of sandwiches and flasks of coffee conveniently to hand for sustenance during the coming hours. No questions were asked of the skipper by Jim the crew; this was to be a long pull under power. The motor was started and fuel checked, and with a final wave to the builders standing on the quayside the new little boat carefully nosed her way to say goodbye to Plymouth the place of her birth. Soon the mouth of the Plym and Tamar, and Drakes island faded out of sight astern and the proud little craft dipped her bow courteously to every rise, the motor purred smoothly without fuss, steadily pushing her to her new home.

Two hours steering by the skipper ended with the first of the Thermos flasks being broached, and a good swig of the hot liquid being drunk by both members aboard. The petrol tank was refilled with suitable spirit, and Jim took charge while the skipper pored over the large illustrated sheets of parchment so beloved by course plotters. They had both travelled down from London to Plymouth by road leaving in the very early hours of the morning. It was now nearing mid-day, and after diving into the rear of the cabin for sandwiches and more coffee, which were appreciatively devoured, the skipper stretched out for a brief nap, while Jim attended to the job of keeping on the right course, to the rhythmic throbbing of the motor.

The wind pulled up gently from the SW and although it was only a few days to mid-winter's day the sun was quite bright and warm when they again changed places, and Jim had a cat-nap while the skipper took his rightful place in charge. Using the last of the afternoon sunshine to take a few photographs—which subsequently proved to be not quite up to Beken standards—Jim carefully packed away his camera, light-meter and other gadgets in the waterproof bag he keeps for that equipment, and set about checking the riding lights, as it had been realised before starting that this trip could not possibly have been made entirely in the hours of daylight. It was quite dark by half past four, and the slight haze that follows a fine winter day made both a little

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apprehensive as to the possibility of fog and lessening visibility. However, it remained clear enough, and lights from distant towns could be seen quite clearly, offering the promise of creature comforts, very attractive after the number of hours confined to cramped quarters.

The last sandwich had long since gone, together with the coffee, the only remaining means of sustenance being plain water, for the cooker had not yet been installed. Not wanting to pull in anywhere they pushed on steadily through the darkness, hoping always that their lights could be seen and recognised by other voyagers using the same course. Enthusiasm was now at a low ebb, and eyes peered into the gloom trying to pick up landmarks. At last with a half sigh, half shout, Jim said, "There we are," and the skipper put the helm hard to starboard and drove straight into the already opened doors of the garage. Two tired motorists tumbled out of the car, unhitched the trailer and retired to do justice to a hot meal, well satisfied with themselves having travelled from Enfield to Plymouth and trailed the new Silhouette back in exactly fourteen and a half hours.

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.

N.W. Vice-Commodore

RON BRADBURY has been appointed Vice-Commodore of the North West Group to succeed John Anderson. John Anderson writes: The North West Group is my own home, and I was immensely proud at the Group's AGM in January when I was re-elected Vice-Commodore. But when the National Committee elected me Commodore of the SOA in March it seemed to me that it would be improper to continue to hold both offices. This is not because there is any conflict between regional and national activities, but because I think that offices ought to go round. So with great regret I came to the conclusion that I ought to resign as Vice-Commodore in the NW. This regret is tempered by very real pleasure at seeing Ron Bradbury become Vice-Commodore in my place. Ron has been and is a notable friend to all members in the NW, and he is a tower of strength to the Group. I'm sure that I speak for everybody in wishing him the very best of luck in a job that means much work as well as the distinction of flying a swallow-tailed pennant (if we had one).

A date for Scotland

A MEETING has been arranged at the Locarno Club, Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow, on Friday, May 18, at 7.30 p.m., to discuss the formal establishment of a Scottish Group of the Silhouette Owners' Association. Full details from W. G. Lang, Clyde Chandlers, 200, Great Western Road, Glasgow, C.4. (Telephone: Douglas 0707). All Silhouette owners in Scotland are invited, and it is hoped that as many as possible will come along.

Blackwater dates

AMONG the events arranged by the Blackwater Group for this season are:

June 9-10-11. Rally at Brightlingsea (to coincide with the SE Group's race to Brightlingsea).

July 15. Race to Osea Island Pier, start from Maldon Yacht Club 11.30. HT Maldon, noon.

September 1-2. Rally at Osea Island.

INSURANCE. Edward Lumley (Yacht Insurance) Limited, Lumley House, 43/51, St Mary Axe, London, EC 3, offer special facilities to members of the SOA for all forms of marine insurance. Details from Hon. Treasurer.

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From the Log of Ljubljana

By Andrew Wine

(Concluded.)

He told us to follow his light to the place to beach. We went out again, and then headed in for the torch. Taking it dead slow she grounded quite easily, but with the heavy surf took quite a lot of water over the transom. By the time she had settled and the tide receded, there wasn't a dry piece of clothing on board apart from our shore clothes. We thanked our friend and then retired into the cabin to snatch what sleep we could.

The morning dawned fine and sunny, so as soon as we had finished breakfast we hung all our wet things out to dry. By about 09.00 hrs quite a few people were about. Several of them came over and asked such questions as, "Did you turn over?" or "Are you in trouble?" or just "Wet?". Before long, some of the local fishermen came down, and after we had explained our plight to them, they decided we would have to be pulled up the beach, above the high tide mark. With the help of several planks, two rollers, and about twenty men this was quite easily accomplished.

We were just recovering our breath, when along came an official, who politely informed us that we could not leave the boat where she was on the beach. We were too amazed at first to say a thing—luckily, however, one of the brawny fishermen rescued us by explaining that we couldn't be sent out to sea with the wind as it was. With this the official had to be content.

The next job was repairing the hole. For this we were given some hardboard and waterproof glue by the local coastguard, and with plenty of paint on top this made a very good patch. After tidying up as much as possible and arranging with one of the local lads to look after the boat, we took a walk into the town. We had an excellent meal, a

THE SILHOUETTE OWNERS' ASSOCIATION

Officers and Committee—1962

Commodore: J. R. L. Anderson, The Old Hall, Marple, Cheshire, Marple 1458.

Vice-Commodore: Stan Morgan, 44, Station Crescent, Rayleigh, Essex.

Rear-Commodore: Bernard Collins, Hilltop, Lincoln Road, Rochford, Essex. Rochford 56876.

Hon. Secretary: G. R. Oliver, 52, Middle Road, Higher Denham, Bucks. Denham 2602.

Hon. Treasurer: J. D. O'Brien, 12, Malpas Drive, Pinner, Middlesex.

Sail Number Registrar: W. H. Chambers, 79a, Adelaide Grove, London, W.12. Shepherds Bush 3856.

National Member: Herbert Firth, 5, Mossgrove Road, Timperley, Cheshire. Altrincham 0765.

The Commodores and Secretaries of all recognised Regional Groups of the SOA are ex-officio members of the National Committee.

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

THE SILHOUETTE OWNER. The *Journal* of the SOA is published monthly, and is sent to all members by post.

Hon. Editor: J. R. L. Anderson, The Old Hall, Marple, Cheshire.

The Silhouette Owners' Association exists to promote the interests of Silhouette Owners throughout the world. The annual subscription is 15s (USA \$5). Barges can be obtained from the Hon. Treasurer.

bit of exercise and began to feel human again. When we got back to the boat the tide had risen quite a bit, so all the holiday makers had retreated to the top of the beach. It was so crowded that we could only see the mast of the boat, and to reach her we had struggle over heaps of sun worshippers.

In the middle of the afternoon the owner arrived with a fresh supply of clothing. After satisfying himself that we had not completely wrecked the boat, he went over to Deganwy to try to get a new prop-shaft. This search proved fruitless so, wishing us good luck, he left to return home with a promise from us to let him know our movements.

After tea we took a stroll along the pier and then went to the pictures. (It certainly felt odd going from the comfort of the cinema back to the boat.) Although we had found Llandudno a pleasant change and rest, we all agreed that another day there would be just too much, so before turning in we decided to leave the next day if at all possible.

The morning of Wednesday, August 16, started cloudy, but bright with a North West wind blowing at about Force 3-4. We rang the Met. office straight after breakfast, and were told that it was likely to remain as it was, possibly increasing to Force 5. After a discussion with the fishermen we decided that it would be reasonable to try to get as far as

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. R. Caulder, Sellafeld, Orchard Lane, Hermitage, Emsworth.*

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

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

Scarborough. *Hon. Sec. B. M. Beeden, Elm Tree Cottage, Doncaster Road, Thrybergh, near Rotherham.*

Blackwater. *Hon. Sec. P. F. Croft, 48, Annalee Road, South Ockendon, Romford.*

Scotland. *Provisional Hon. Sec. W. G. Lang, Clyde Chandlers, 200, Great Western Road, Glasgow, C.4.*

Rhyl. After telephoning home and letting them know our plans, we moved *Ljubljana* down the beach on wooden rollers as before. We then prepared for the off.

As we started to float at vast crowd gathered on the beach to watch us set off. At 11.50 hrs we weighed anchor and motored out. About five hundred people lined the water's edge, waving and calling out "Bon Voyage" as they watched us head out towards the Little Orme. We all agreed that the people of Llandudno are among the friendliest anywhere. As soon as we got clear of the land we hoisted sail, putting a couple of rolls in the main and using the working jib. Under this rig we started to move very well, although goosewinging the jib under these conditions was quite tricky, especially as we had no whisker pole. We were soon off Rhos and could see Colwyn Bay in the distance, when the dinghy painter broke again. Coming on the wind to retrieve our "kipper box", we suddenly realised there was more wind than we had thought. However, we managed to recover the punt, and put on a new painter, using four thicknesses of plaited cotton rope. We then headed for Rhyl again. After a time the conditions worsened considerably, causing us to broach-to twice. We then reefed down further, and set the jib tight to leeward (in case we broached-to again). Even under this extreme reduction in sail we were still moving very well, and landmarks passed quickly.

Our next difficulty was again caused by the dinghy; this time it was half full of water and in danger of sinking. Rather than bail it out, Colin and Pete hauled it out of the water and onto the quarter deck. This required a real feat of strength and balance, but was eventually successfully accomplished and the punt re-launched. By this time the seas chasing us were really big, with angry foaming crests and white streaked sides. To look behind was frightening and yet the boat was

superb: with each sea she just rose up and up until they roared harmlessly underneath. Only twice did she ship any water, and on each occasion it was just the very top of a really big one. The freak ones like these could be heard approaching making a noise like an express train, and as they caught up with us they seemed to spit contemptuously into the cockpit.

Approaching Rhyl I saw on the chart a line of stakes marking the entrance to the harbour, but we did not see these until we were well past them, by which time (since beating into that sea would have been practically impossible) we just had to keep straight on for the Point of Air.

It was on this stretch that we received the worst beating. With the tide ebbing strongly against the wind, the seas became shorter and steeper; white crests were everywhere, and we were thrown about violently. Yet we never shipped a drop. But we were not too over-confident to omit taking sensible precautions; we all wore two life jackets, and we placed the distress flares under the bridge deck. Also, we arranged life-lines near to hand in case anyone had to go up forward. Meanwhile, although reefed right down to a patch of sail, we were still making a good four knots over the ground.

At last we saw the Point of Air Lighthouse ahead. Gradually it grew larger and more distinct. *Ljubljana* seemed to sense that this was the last leg before calm water, and she surged forward down the sides of the seas towards home. At 18.10 hrs exactly we rounded the point, and headed up the channel of the Dee Estuary. We wanted to anchor for a while in the calm water, but with a fast ebbing tide it was rather awkward. So we lowered the main, started the engine and headed across the Dee for West Kirby. The distance is five miles, and it took us one hour. At 19.15 hrs we dropped anchor off West Kirby, put the cover on, and walked ashore. As we reached the slip in front of the Sailing Club, three lads greeted us and said that the Rhyl Coastguard wanted us to telephone him. I did this immediately, and assured him we were all safe and sound. Then it was home, hot baths and warm beds.

Sharp left at the Needles

By H. Sheen

FOR our 1961 cruise I had decided to cross the Channel again with my two sons. Our aim was Barfleur on the Eastern tip of the Cherbourg Peninsular; thence to cruise down the East side of the Peninsular to Carentan. From here we hoped to be able to make trips by coach over to the west coast to Granville or Carteret.

September 9, our D-Day, came peacefully. The plan was to get to bed on the boat as early as possible on the Friday evening, snatch a few hours' sleep and set off at 02.30 hrs. This gave us a tide out of the Solent, and provided that we were across in around 18 hours we should

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have a favourable tide off Barfleur. I viewed the Barfleur Race with some apprehension. Not so renowned as the Alderney Race at the other tip of the peninsular, it is obviously a bad spot to tackle after a Channel crossing. However, we had the choice of making for Cherbourg if conditions were unsuitable.

It was indeed a stilly night as we motored down Keyhaven River. During the winter I had fitted a Kigass primer pump in the rear of our cockpit, and with rubber tubes, one attached to our tank, another feeding from the gallon cans we had stowed in our aft locker. Thus we had an easy method of refueling at sea. This proved a great boon, for although there was no wind, the Channel, once we rounded the Needles rolled us about considerably.

I was truly amazed at our petrol consumption. Nine gallons were stowed in our locker, but although we motored all the way we used only 3½ gallons—a remarkable effort by our Seagull 40 Plus. It faltered once or twice either from dirt or a spot of water in the carburettor, and off the French coast we ran into lots of seaweed.

By 15.30 the French coast showed a thin blue on the horizon. It soon became obvious that we were on course. We had steered due south from the Needles, and it had brought us in a good position, we could easily have turned for Cherbourg if necessary. Barfleur lighthouse stands like a pencil, looked to be offshore when we first saw it, and for a long time we did not realise what it was. Off Barffeur Race we had little to worry about on the calm September evening. There were eddies and swirling currents as we often see off Hurst, and with a wind over it there could be a bad sea.

We had the Admiralty Charts 1106 and 2073 for this section of the coast. On these the approach to Barfleur Harbour looks pretty formidable, with rocks strewn around, but as we rounded the lighthouse the buoys on the entrance showed up clearly, and on such an evening it was child's play. All through our cruise we were to find the coast well marked with buoys, lights, stakes, etc. I think this is due to the very busy fishing fleets that use these harbours. Their boats, methods and skill were a source of much interest to us, as were their catches.

It was 19.30 when we entered Barfleur. It had taken 17 hours of steadily plugging, with only the faintest of breezes all day. We anchored close by the fishing boats with plenty of room for we were the only yacht in the harbour. Sunday we spent relaxing in Barfleur. There are good sandy beaches on either side of the harbour. A pleasant spot, and all quaintly French. The harbour dries out for several hours, and we found ourselves shut of *Marigold* at tea time—a disaster in France!

Monday we took a trip on the bus to Cherbourg. There were some thirty yachts in the basin here. This is the best port to make your base along this coast, with deep water mooring, a good shopping centre, trains and buses to all parts, and I understand that you are very welcome at the Yacht Club which is just behind the moorings. But I love exploring the smaller harbours and creeks, and on Tuesday morning we sailed out of Barfleur to make our way down the East side of the Peninsula. There was a good South West breeze, but it was a little cold and not really a pleasant sail. Perhaps we had a hangover from our cross Channel trip. We were glad to reach St Vaast the next small port along the coast. There is a picturesque approach to the port. The island of Tatihou lies a mile off the entrance. There is a farm at one end, but at the seaward end is the tall rounded tower of a fortress, and in the background on a headland south of St Vaast is another fortress with a twin tower, all very dreamy looking. The deepest channel, and the correct approach to the harbour, lay round Tatihou to the South, but *Marigold*, being a well-bred Silhouette sailed across the bit marked Oyster Beds on our chart North of the island.

We found a good-sized harbour with a few local yachts in, but no moorings, so we anchored near a small fleet of cockle boats. That evening we walked along the sea wall to Reville. The River Saire estuary was on this corner of the bay, and I wanted to see if it was navigable, but there were sluice gates on the mouth, although just in front of these was a good anchorage with good clean sand in abundance. We appreciated this for we had just paddled through nine inches of black mud to get off *Marigold* and had to walk about half a mile before we could find sufficient water to wash our feet.

As we walked back to St Vaast the tide was way out past Tatihou, and the oyster beds lay exposed and looking like allotments, each plot marked out with low rock walls. The fisherfolk were busy among them, bagging the oysters and loading them onto their homemade trucks. They are masters at knocking up trucks in this part of the world. Dusk was falling and the tide beginning to sweep back as we neared St Vaast and we were amused to see a horse and cart of the covered wagon variety go thundering off at a gallop across the sand towards the island. Obviously the last bus to Tatihou that evening.

Next morning (Wednesday) the weather cracked up. We were rather depressed about it all. Winds were high, and the forecast from England bad. We could see our holiday folding up. St Vaast was no good as a centre for touring the district, and the only thing that seemed possible was to go back to Barfleur. This did not appeal, but we felt that if we could not get down to Carentan during the next two days, it

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would not be worthwhile. It was on this wet and windy morning, while searching for *alcool à bruler* (methylated spirits) that we met Mr Jones late of Newcastle-on-Tyne. He keeps a *drogulstes* (hardware store) on the Place de la Republique in the centre of St Vaast. Here is a friend indeed to poor ignorant souls like myself, who cannot understand a word in French. How pleasant it was to find someone to talk to again. His charming French wife could also speak English well.

(To be concluded.)

FOR WOMEN

Land Ahoy

By Anne Fowler

I HAVE always been impressed by the woman who brings a boat neatly alongside while her stronger skipper copes with the heavier tasks. Not for her, apparently, the hurried climbing of slimy ladders to reach the looming quay, clutching desperately at the writhing ropes which tend to trip or drag one from a precarious hold—a third hand is obviously necessary to give comfort to the frightened. Nor need she be prepared to risk a broken arm in order to protect the boat's bows if a too hurried arrival is imminent. Apparently, she has that perfect judgment and admirable sense of timing which reassures her skipper of his competence. Belief in one's powers must be a major asset; a timid approach may leave too wide a gap to be bridged; and an overhasty one will end in calamity.

The skipper's pride in his paintwork prevents me from bringing *Sou* alongside, but I am, however, allowed to bring her up to her

moorings. The irritating thing is that I enjoyed the dramatic moment, waiting, boathook in hand, when I could scoop up the floating corks or bulbous buoy. There was a sense of triumph when one dragged the rope on board. But, sturdy as I am, I cannot pull on board the following chain. So I have been relegated to the tiller at such times. I notice that, whereas it was always my fault if I missed the buoy, my arm supposedly of elastic proportions, it is still my fault if the skipper misses an easy catch. I have approached at the wrong angle, at too fast a speed or have come up into the wind too soon. There always seems to be a dozen ways in which I may have blundered; that the skipper should miss his mark is a suggestion not lightly to be made.

How true it is that the closer one is to land the more perils there seem to be. *Sou* gives me a pleasing sense of confidence when we are in the open sea. Gone is the time when I feared a wide horizon; *Sou* has so often shown that she is perfectly capable of coping with a fairly rough sea. Others have written frequently of a Silhouette's sturdy ability to stand up to a stormy passage. Now I can read their stories without a bewildered wonder as to why they should delight in her triumphant struggles.

But place me at the tiller, and expect me to weave a careful passage for the last few yards through parallel lines of moored craft, and my heart is leaping, and my hand is tense. I watch with dismay the grim-faced crews preparing, with demoralising appreciation of my poor skill, to defend with boathook and mop their boats' immaculate paintwork. I have also run poor *Sou* on to the beach when only my uninhibited cries have brought the harbourmaster hastily to our side in a rescuing launch, while the skipper, aflame with shame, was prepared to suffer silently the abject humiliation of a twelve hours' sandy berth.

We have gradually increased our speed at coping with our various duties on making harbour. Am I the only crew invariably hit on the head by the descending boom? It was weeks before the skipper could learn that a warning shout would curb my wandering attention—too busy hanging on to the crutch. I found that I never realised when a descent was likely. While the skipper coped with the flogging jib, I have learnt to bundle the mainsail ineligantly into a secure roll along the boom. I was demoted from handing the jib when we both realised that I am too hamfisted to play with the shackler. We have found that my jobs on the boat have been gradually eliminated, so that I have the least opportunity of dropping, losing or breaking.

I am, however, responsible for stacking everything down below. I must confess that I am a little pleased to read of the disorder which often occurs in the cabin when other boats meet an angry sea, as our kit, more than any boat of such a size should be asked to hold, I am told, remains securely wedged.

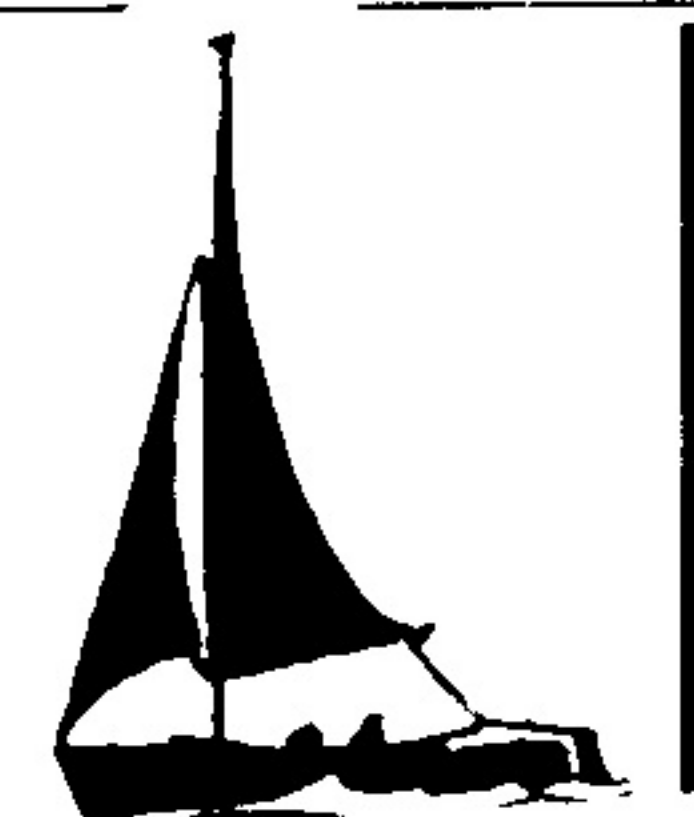
It is with a contented backward look that we leave *Sou* at her moorings, the tent awning neatly in place, her blue deck paint attracting many appreciative stares and her grateful lines always remarked upon. She looks as pretty as a picture, and the vain creature knows it.

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That Bucket !

A bucket is a beaker with a handle
And a bigger bit of kit than just a cup.
You can find it many uses with a wangle
So let's list 'em; then we'll try to add 'em up.

It is useful as a bailer
You can bang it as a hailer
If the usual chap's in t'water bottom up.
You can drag it with a line
To stop the boat in time
To avoid the overshooting of your buoy
You can use it as a tin
To keep the bottles in
Or give it to the baby as a toy.
If the decks or smalls need washing
Or the greens and spuds need bashing
It's a useful sort of thing to have on board.
As a wedge for things in lockers
When their rolling drives you crackers
The using of its shape will bring reward.
In a nasty sideways blow
If the crew retires below
She may find the dear old bucket quite a boon!
It has lots and lots of uses
As well as holding juices
Which the small boat sailor finds out very soon.
So let's keep it on the list
For it surely will be missed
If we fail to take this tincan of renown.
In the final last resort
If we fail to regain port
We can always kick the blighter as we drown.

SII 1064

You cannot sail
Without a pail;
Our rule defy!

We'll ban the man
Without a can:
Disqualify!

Choose any rôle
For your plastic bowl;
But be complete.

Without a pot
Helmsmen cannot
With us compete!

K.B.

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