

The Silhouette Owner

The journal of the Silhouette Owners' Association

Number 20.

July 1962

Price 6d.

*and the
Auxiliary...*



BRITISH SEAGULL
"The Best Outboard Motor for the World"

Contents

THE HON. SECRETARY	4	ISLE OF WIGHT TO ANGLESEY	9
SILHOUETTE v. SPITFIRE	4	By A. Goodwin	
By Peter Croft		A CRUISE TO FRIESLAND	14
FALMOUTH CRUISE	5	By Clementina Gordon	
IN SCOTLAND	6	DINGHY WISE	17
FIRST VOYAGE	6	By Anne Fowler	
By W. R. Grey		FOG AND THE CHILDREN	19
		By Margaret Croft	

The Log Competitions

MR. Maurice Griffiths, editor of *Yachting Monthly*, has generously consented to judge our log competitions this year. So please, let us have a good entry, showing what Silhouettes and members of the SOA can do. There are three national trophies for competition this year, the two that were presented to the association last year, and one new trophy: they are,

The Suzanne Trophy, presented by Robert Tucker and called after the name of his own first Silhouette II.

The Silhouette Owner Trophy.

The Open Cruising Trophy, specially for associate members of the SOA.

The *Suzanne Trophy* is open to all members of the SOA, and is awarded for the best log of a cruise in a Silhouette anywhere in the world. The *Silhouette Owner Trophy* is equally open to all members of the SOA anywhere, but is awarded for the best log of a cruise in a Silhouette with a crew including a woman—she may be master, mate, navigator, deckhand or cook. The *Open Cruising Trophy* is for associate members of the SOA, and will be awarded for the best log of a cruise by an associate member in any boat.

The judge has absolute discretion in awarding the trophies, and his decision is final. Entries must be sent to the editor of *The Silhouette Owner* to reach him not later than November 1, 1962. All logs must relate to cruises carried out during 1962, but there are no restrictions on length, cruising waters or anything else. The points that count in awarding the trophies will be good seamanship in relation to the conditions of the cruise, sensible concern for the safety of crew and vessel, enterprise, and the presentation of the log from the points of view of interest, accuracy and observation. The log should be written as a narrative, with an appendix giving a table of



always out in front

MARLOW

Terylene YACHT ROPES
MARLOW ROPES LIMITED

*The Synthetic Ropemaking Division of
Hawkins & Tipson Ltd.*

from
your
chandler

daily times and distances run, a record of any use of the engine, and essential meteorological and tidal data covering the passage. A sketch map of the passage should also be included. There are no limits as to distance covered or time taken, so that an enterprising weekend cruise will be just as eligible for an award as a longer passage. The trophies will be presented at the National Party of the SOA after the AGM in London at the time of the Boat Show in January. Last year the competition was judged by Mr. Alasdair Garrett, editor of the Royal Cruising Club's Journal. He awarded the *Suzanne Trophy* to the Rev. Clementina Gordon, of Wivenhoe, for her singlehanded voyage in *Mary Williams* (S II 47) to Zeebrugge and back. The *Silhouette Owner Trophy* was won by Dr. and Mrs. K. Hoehne, of Chicago, for their cruise in Lake Michigan in *Sweetie Mouse* (S II 112). All entries submitted in the competitions may be published in the Journal, either before or after the awards. Please don't wait until the last date before sending in logs: they are welcome at any time, and the sooner the better. The trophies are held by the winners for a year, and small replicas are presented for keeping permanently.

In addition to the National Trophies this year, Mr. A. Goodwin has presented *The Irene Goodwin Trophy*, for the best log of a cruise by a member or associate member of the SOA in the North West Group. This trophy is not limited to Silhouettes, and associate members in the NW Group are equally eligible with Silhouette owners. The rules for the submission of entries are the same as those for the national competitions, and entries must also reach the editor of the *Journal* by November 1. There may be other Regional Log Competitions also this year, and details will be published as soon as Groups have announced them.

The Hon. Secretary

AFTER two years of really gruelling hard work, George Oliver has decided that he must resign as Hon. Secretary of the SOA. His own job is an exacting one, and it was only out of the kindness of his heart that he allowed himself to be persuaded to carry on after the last AGM. The Association owes him a great deal. He took on the secretaryship two years ago at an extremely difficult time, when it seemed touch and go whether the SOA would survive. Its subsequent remarkable growth owes much to his work, and to the splendid help of his wife Ethel. We are sorry to see George retire, but he has more than done his stint. We know that all readers will join with us in saying Thank You.

R. A. Garrod, whose contributions to the *Journal* have already been of great help, has undertaken to act as Hon. Secretary until the next AGM (It must be an acting appointment until then, because the rules require the election of the Hon. Secretary by the AGM). We think that the SOA is fortunate to have such good friends as Reg Garrod, ready to take on work for other people. With the Association growing as it is, the secretaryship involves a great deal of work, and we know that we can count on members to support Reg Garrod in every way possible. His address is 4, Crawley Road, Bush Hill Park, Enfield.

Silhouette v Spitfire

By Peter Croft

THIS Spitfire is not the immortal fighter of World War II, but a 20ft centreboard boat weighing 12 cwt and carrying 170 sq. ft. of sail. It may interest Silhouette owners to know how a Silhouette fared against such a craft when sailed according to Bob Tucker's recommendations.

This contest took place over a distance of about seven nautical miles in a Force 2 wind, the conditions calling for a close hauled beat over the whole distance. I had been at the helm for about eight hours and felt very tired, so leaving my wife at the helm of our Silhouette *Me Too II*, I went below. As I went I noticed a triangle of sail on the horizon. Two hours later, on awakening, I found to my surprise that the triangle of sail was a blue Spitfire, about two cables ahead. I left Margaret at the helm and a friendly match ensued, with *Me Too II* soon leaving this Spitfire behind. We then identified a white Spitfire about three cables ahead. He proved to be of stern stuff, and we had a real battle before passing him after about one and a half miles—we had to pass him to windward. After the white Spitfire had been passed, a red Spitfire joined the battle from a nearby creek. He had Terylene

West of LONDON Area Silhouette Stockists

BOTH WOOD AND GLASSFIBRE MODELS IN STOCK
TRAILERS - OUTBOARDS - SPARES

Parker Marine Services Ltd.

The Sailing Cruiser Specialists

Private Office: 324, Laleham Road, Shepperton-on-Thames.
Phone: Chertsey 3502 and 2149.

Boat Store: Fairview Drive, Shepperton-on-Thames.

*Write now for details of the wide P.M.S. range of
twin bilge keel sloops—14ft to 22ft.*

Where to find P.M.S.:-

Train: Via Waterloo & Wimbledon to Shepperton station, then 218 bus to Squires Bridge Road.

Road: Staines, 2m.; London, 14m.; Kingston, 5m, Boat store is off B376 (Laleham Road) opposite Squires Bridge Road.

sails and no tender to tow, and he was catching us up. I then took the helm, refreshed and determined not to let Margaret get away too cock-a-hoop with her sailing. We fought in real earnest, a deadly silence all round; this was serious—honour was at stake. We sailed on for about a mile, gradually gaining on our original lead over the red Spitfire when he joined the fray. The three of them gave up as we reached some moorings, leaving *Me Too II* an absolute winner.

For the record *Me Too II* is a masthead 1961 Hurley-built Silhouette, with cotton sails, 45 sq ft jib, 65 sq ft main. Our Prout Scoprel was carried stowed on the coachroof, and our Seagull was stowed inboard under the cockpit seat. Trim was maintained at all times by having the crew up forward, which kept the edge of the transom clear of the water.

Falmouth Cruise

A FLOTILLA of the North West Group transferred itself to the South West over Whitsun, and had some grand sailing from Falmouth. Herbert Firth (*Dolphin*) and Ron Bradbury (*Buttercup II*) trailed their boats from the Menai Straits to Falmouth and launched from the Corporation Hard the day before Whit Sunday. On Sunday Ian Holyman (*Kotka*) joined them, and he launched on the Monday. They sailed up to Gweek in the Helford River, and cruised up and down the coast, visiting among other places Mylor, St. Mawes, and Portscatho. The boats behaved beautifully, and they were delighted to meet a number of other Silhouettes in Cornish waters.

In Scotland

SOME fifty Scottish Silhouette owners attended a meeting at the Locarno Club, Glasgow, on May 18, and unanimously decided to form a Scottish Group of the SOA. The meeting was organised by Mr. W. G. Lang, of Clyde Chandlers, Glasgow, to whose enthusiasm the growth in popularity of the Silhouette Mark II in Scottish waters already owes a great deal.

Stan Morgan, Vice-Commodore of the SOA, brought the association's greetings to the meeting, and the guests included Robert Tucker, the designer, and George Hurley, the builder of Silhouettes at Plymouth. John Anderson, the Commodore of the SOA, had hoped to be at the meeting, but his job made it impossible for him to get to Glasgow that evening. He sent a telegram of good wishes which was read out at the meeting.

The officers and committee of the Scottish Group are:

Commodore: D. M. McCallum, Elderslie Hotel, Largs.

Vice-Commodore: Lieut. Commander J. Hanson, RNR, 23, Stirling Drive, Bearsden.

Hon. Secretary/Treasurer: J. B. Jackson, 81, Baillie Drive, Calderwood, East Kilbride. (Tel.: East Kilbride 21194).

Committee: G. R. Borthwick (Glasgow), K. Brown (Edinburgh), J. D. L. Gregor (Helensburgh), W. M. Mitchell (Glasgow).

The formation of such a well-organised group in Scotland is a big development. The Scots have some of the finest sailing waters in the world, and we hope that many Scottish members will send the *Journal* accounts of their cruises and adventures. Members of other groups who may visit Scotland should be sure to let Mr. Jackson know. This is what the SOA means—any member, finding himself anywhere where there are other members, can be sure of finding friends.

First Voyage *By W. R. Grey*

THERE she was at last, after months of hoping and planning; a brand-new Silhouette, resting on the calm waters of Poole harbour. After a few spins round the harbour, I felt ready for anything, for Torbay or Tahiti (well anyway, Torbay, perhaps). So next weekend, armed with a chart, a compass and a lot of hope, I set sail alone for the open sea.

Crossing Studland Bay, (the wind was gusting force 6), it seemed prudent to anchor in the lee of Handfast Point for lunch, and await developments. After lunch the wind was easier, but visibility was bad, and obviously it would now be impossible to carry the tide round Portland Bill. But I had to go somewhere, so set off on a course to pass

An Invitation . . .

to view at your leisure the latest Mk. II Silhouettes
in Fibreglass and Marine Ply.

* **Genuine Silhouette Spares**
always in stock.

* **Seagull Century and Century**
Plus.

* **Hurley, Prout and Avon**
Dinghies.

* **Trailers.**

* **Sailing Clothing.**

BOATS AND EQUIPMENT LTD.

WESTHILL SHOWROOMS : HANOVER ST.
MOSSLEY (ASHTON-U-LYNE) TEL: 325

After normal hours, Saddleworth 518 or 1875.

about 5 miles off St. Alban's Head, which seemed a wise distance for avoiding the race, the tides being springs. Two miles out, visibility shut right down, and there was nothing but sea in all directions, and one very small compass for guidance.

Five hours later, a ship appeared out of the murk, where the Shambles Light Vessel should have been, though not for another hour. The light was beginning to fail now, and soon the ship sent out its first flash of the night, unbelievably brilliant. Four miles off the D.R. position in five hours, which was not very good.

It became pitch dark, and with Portland light winking ahead, and the Shambles abeam, there was no doubt where we were. But now a difficulty arose. I had had a hazy idea that there was always a little light at night, once one's eyes became used to the dark, enough at least to make out the compass; but this night was inky. The torch batteries would not last indefinitely, but by flashing the light on the compass, getting on course, then picking out a star near the masthead to steer by, things went fairly well.

The tide turned, and for hour after hour, the bearing of Portland light stayed the same, as the boat just managed to stem the tide. Moreover, we were unlighted, and right in the middle of the shipping channel. At least the ships' lights all around showed that the course was correct which was some comfort. The lights came and went, but one green light on the port side stayed on a steady bearing and got larger and larger. I shone the torch on the sail, which someone had said was the best thing to do, and then tried flashing the lamp straight at him. He was now almost on top of us, so I made a sudden about turn, and he passed less than 50 yards away down the starboard side, unswerving, unseeing.

All day long the Light Programme had been playing away on the transistor, and for the first time ever, I was gaining familiarity with the pop songs. So the final midnight "goodnight" really brought home the isolation of the position, perched on the exposed stern of the boat,

alone in mid-ocean (almost).

It was now 0200, Portland light was still in the same place, and suddenly going on just did not seem worthwhile. A pity, as the east going tide had only another hour to run, and turning round there was only an hour's grace; my tortoise became a hare, and the Shambles quickly dropped astern. All at once, its sharp light became a curious diffuse glare, and then disappeared. A minute later, its foghorn started, and I realised there was now fog to contend with.

For what seemed hours the boat pressed on throughout the fog. No stars now and the flash light was failing, so I turned it on the compass only for a second or two in each minute, and for the rest tried to steer by the feel of the wind. Each time though, I found the boat's head at least ten degrees off course, and somewhere close to port, St. Alban's race must be roaring away. Sailing before the wind, the disadvantages of single-handed sailing become much more apparent. With the wind for'ard of the beam, the boat with suitable adjustment will sail herself, provided that the wind's force remains unaltered, but with the wind astern, the tiller cannot be left for a second. To heave to is not impossible, but with the tide setting you fast towards dangers, it cannot be done with equanimity. It proved too difficult even to eat an orange, which needs two hands to get the peel off.

By 0400, the wind had increased to Force 5, and with a weather-going tide, the following seas began to get higher and steeper. And then came a bad broach-to. That chapter on heavy weather in the sailing guide, read comfortably in an armchair, had now to be remembered fast. The thing to do seemed to be reduce speed, so I took down the main, and conditions at once became much easier, although we still seemed to be going fast enough. Every time the wind changed sides, the jib went over with a crack like a pistol shot, but at least there was no danger of a jibe.

About five, when the torch was flickering to its end, the sky began to lighten, and the compass became readable again. Two hours later, the sun was shining in a blue sky, the wind had died, and St. Alban's Head appeared through the mist, a quite respectable distance away to port. I realised that this was not going to be my last trip after all, not by a long way.

Silhouette Escort

WASKASOO (S II 49), sailed by the senior skipper in the SOA, 85-year-old William Spurrell, formed part of the escorting fleet from Plymouth which gave a send-off to Francis Chichester when he left Plymouth in Gipsy Moth III on June 1 on his attempt to break his own record of 40½ days for a singlehanded crossing to New York. *Waskasoo*, beautifully cared for, and with bright red topsides, made a gallant escort across the Sound to Chichester's famous 13-ton cutter. William Spurrell, whose home is near Plymouth, spent many years in Canada. *Waskasoo* is Red Indian for "Red Deer".

IMRAY & WILSON (YACHTING) LTD.

For All Silhouette Fittings

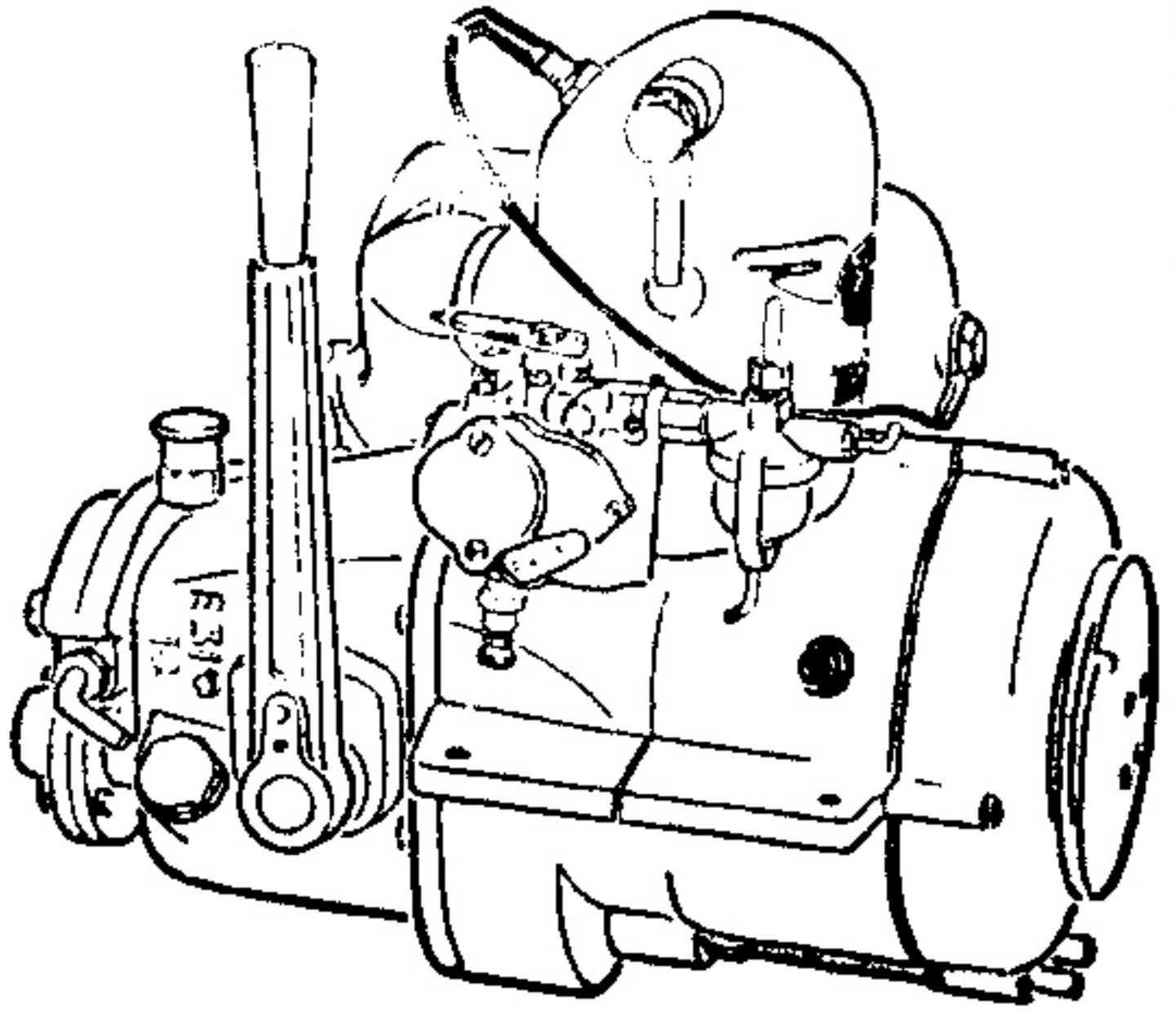
THE **Vire** ENGINE

6 hp. 2 Stroke. Water Cooled.

FROM **£85**

or with "Water Witch"
Variable Pitch Propellor
£118 C/t with Installation Kit

Small - Tough - Efficient



*Fully comprehensive catalogue of marine equipment
12/6 post free (10/- refund on first major order).*

141 CANNON STREET . LONDON EC 4

Isle of Wight to Anglesey

Arthur Goodwin ("Goody" to his friends, who include everybody in the N.W. Group) is the donor of the Irene Goodwin Cup for the best log of a cruise by any member or associate of the N.W. Group. In the following article he describes how he brought his new boat, a 25 ft. Colin Mudie sloop, from the Isle of Wight to Anglesey.

AS we intended to leave Cowes on Sunday, April 29, I arrived on the previous Wednesday, as there was quite a bit of fitting out to be done before starting. The fitters were still working on the engine installation and as it would be Friday evening at the earliest before we could launch I decided to stock up with food necessary for the trip. I rounded up my crew Tim and Patrick and off we went on a shopping spree.

On Thursday morning, as I did not want to hang around the yard, Wally Clark of R. & W. Clark, (the builders) kindly lent me his car for the day, and off I went on a most interesting trip all round the Isle of Wight, arriving back in the yard about 1700 hrs.

We launched Friday evening, but it was late for a sail so we were up bright and early on Saturday. The weather was glorious, and we had a lovely sail. Early to bed Saturday night for an early start on Sunday. Did not get much sleep, as I was a bit excited, never having

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. Southend 544876.

Acting Hon. Secretary: R. A. Garrod, 4 Crawley Road, Bush Hill Park, Enfield.

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). Burgees can be obtained from the Hon. Treasurer.

made such a long trip in a small boat. Before going any further, a few particulars about *Lady Irene*. She is a 25 ft. L.O.A. Bermudan rigged sloop, 8 ft. beam, and drawing 3 ft. 6". Designed by Colin Mudie. She is the first of her class, which is to be the Windward Class.

Sunday, April 29. Awoke bright and early, made breakfast about 0600, and prepared boat for casting off. Weather report was good, wind Northerly about Force 3. Cast off 0630, Tim at helm, sailing on a broad reach.

0700. Going nicely, making about 4 knts., passing New Town River abeam, Yarmouth coming up on port quarter. 8015, Hurst Point to starboard, Needles to port. Course 255 compass, speed 5 knots, rather cold.

Altered position of compass, too much deviation in former position. 1000. My turn for watch, weather a lot warmer, course still 255 deg, helm rather heavy when running. 1200. Finished watch, will make some lunch. Have just tried a tin of curried beans, what a marvellous dish, (must have another tin). 1600. My turn again for watch, course now 260 deg, wind dropped and sailing against a foul tide, making about 1 knot. Started engine 1645. There is a leak some-

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, Sellafield, 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. *Hon. Sec. J. B. Jackson, 81, Baillie Drive, Catderwood, East Kilbride. Tel. East Kilbride 21194.*

where, have to keep pumping. Past Portland Bill 1745, well out, about 7 miles due South. Very dangerous tide race here.

1800. Just passed one of the United States Line ships, very interesting sight. 20,00 hrs, course 260, no wind, running on engine.

April 30. 0100, still on engine, sea calm but very cold. 03,00 hrs, engine out of petrol.—very good petrol consumption, ran 7 hrs on 4 gallons. Decided to fill tank, so unscrewed cap marked petrol on aft deck, and poured 4 gallons of petrol in to stern hatch, not realising this was just entrance to tank. The drill is first to unscrew petrol cap direct off tank before unscrewing cap on hatch. Result was 4 gallons of petrol accumulated in bilges. We would all have been blown to kingdom come if Patrick had not complained of awful stench of petrol in cabin. On investigation we find bilge almost overflowing with petrol. No wonder engine would not start after cranking for half hour. How could it? All the petrol was in bilge.

04,00 hrs. Engine conked out, something wrong with gear box. Making for Falmouth, will have it seen to there. Course now 280 deg. There is a lot of shipping about, have to keep your eyes peeled, a good way to keep on course without constantly looking at compass is to line a star up with the course steered and to keep it in position with some part of the boat (I found a shroud to be the best guide); the moment the shroud veers away from the star, you know you are off course. It is always best to check compass about every 15 minutes, as stars are not in the same position constantly. 06,45. Star Point ahead, course 280 deg, wind feshening now to Force 4. Passed Star Point, Salcombe Harbour abeam 07,45. 0830. Altered course to 276 deg for Falmouth, wind Force 4 gusting to 5, running at about 6 knots. 11.00. passing Edystone lighthouse to starboard, filming as we pass. Wind

Force now 5 to 6, running on mainsail only, with a dead Easterly. Don't fancy goosewinging in this wind, so have a lazy jib at moment. Very high following seas now, speed 7 knots. 15,15. Just sighted Dodman Point, making for entrance to Falmouth Harbour. Sea running very high now, difficult to keep on compass course. Boat very lively, but most enjoyable. Have just furtively swallowed a sea sickness pill: (Hope the crew did not see). 17,00. Rounding headland and entering approaches to Falmouth Harbour. 17,20. Nailed by Customs launch, which is coming alongside, requesting ship's name, where we had come from, where bound, net tonnage, and if any bonded stores aboard. Only bonded stores being a drop of Scotch in tea flask, did not mention it. It must have seemed rather queer to Customs blokes when we appeared from nowhere in a Force 6, no other boats about and when all sensible people were ashore. 18,00. Tied up alongside R.A.F. buoy in Falmouth Harbour after getting permission from R.A.F. 19,00. Went ashore to see if engine could be repaired, everywhere closed, will have to wait till morning.

May 1. Mechanic came out to look at the engine, thinks it must be in gear box, decided to take gear box out, this took all day. Went to pictures with crew and enjoyed film "Carry on Cruising". Fish and chips afterwards, went back aboard, opened a few cans of beer and so to bed. Thank the Lord no watches to night. Took 36 hours from Cowes to Falmouth; good going.

May 2. 07,00. Rowed ashore for morning papers, on re-boarding dinghy slipped and went over side. Good job I can swim, soaked through. Recovered dinghy and went back on board, crew laughing their heads off. Complete change of clothing, none the worse for ducking. As money was soaked through, £1 notes were hanging all over the place, drying out. Good job police did not see; they could have thought they were just made and were hanging out to dry before going ashore to pass the snide. Hung about all day waiting for repairs, and cast off at 20,00. Long hop ahead, course is round Lizard and Lands End. Forecast not bad, Easterly wind, Force 3 to 4 which will suit us nicely. Compass courses various as far as the Lizard. 21,15. Passed Menacles buoy, speed 4 knots, wind Force 3. 23,15. Passed Lizard Head, set course 295 deg compass for Runnelstone buoy, which was passed to starboard 03,00. This is a whistle and bell buoy, and makes the most peculiar noise, just like a howling dog.

May 3. Passed Longship L.V. 03,50, and set a course of 013 deg. to take us to the Smalls, which is 99 miles. A long hop. Speedo broke down at 06,00, everything seems to be going wrong, boat is badly leaking, just had engine repaired and now speedo, I wonder what next? Sailed all morning in very light airs, and making about 3 knots. 15,30. Sailing now in thick fog, visibility about 200 yds, have hoisted radar reflector warning, (good thing I bought this little gadget). Incidentally, I bought a fog horn to blow when going through the tunnel outside Conway, (my car horn was not loud enough) and am blowing like mad now. Shipping all around, sirens and hooters working overtime, including my little fog horn. 18,00. Fog clearing, a big aircraft carrier

We always have these fine
craft in stock in wood and
fibreglass. We also have a
wide range of accessories

Silhouettes in Scotland

Sole Scottish distributor

CLYDE CHANDLERS LTD.

200, Great Western Road, Glasgow, C.4.

Telephone: Douglas 0707/8

just loomed up being towed by 3 tugs. 19,00. Very little wind, making about 2 knots. 20,00. My turn for watch, should be picking up loom of Smalls in next few hours. Course now 013 deg. 00,50. Altered course to 020 deg to bring us closer to Smalls as our calculations brought us a bit too far West. 07,25. Smalls light now on starboard beam. Altered course to 035 for Bardsey Island, wind Force 3, speed 4 knots.

May 4. Did my turn on watch, 04,00-06,00. Very cold, hope weather is better than yesterday. Off watch 06,00, slept till 09,00. Awoke to a glorious morning sun beating down, this is the life. Course still 35, making for Bardsey, wind Force 1 to 2. 11,00. Mountains to starboard about 30 miles away, very sunny, speed 4 knots, wind Force 2 to 3. Bardsey light sighted 21,30. Altered course to 050 deg. (compass). Bardsey light beam 00,15, Wind dropped, tide turned, not making any way.

May 5. 00,15. Course 050 deg for Caernarvon Bar, tide very strong just holding our own. In same position all night. Wind picked up 10,00. Going very nicely now, sighted Fairway buoys 10,30, and entered Aber Menai channel 11,00. Having arrived at Aber Menai Narrows tide was ebbing. It was motor and sail over tide to Caernarvon. Anchored off Inner Harbour with 8 fathoms of chain. Tide ebbing at 5 knots. With assistance of local pilot walked boat round into Inner Harbour. 20,00. Hired a taxi to take us to Gazelle and walked in like a ghost from the past as nobody expected me to arrive for at least another week. Back to the boat 23,00. Has anybody ever tried to climb a verticle ladder down a harbour wall with the rungs covered in greasy slime on a Saturday night after making merry all evening?

May 6. Cast off 10,30, and made for Swellies. After an uneventful trip we tied up to our mooring off Beaumaris at 13,00. If anybody was in the region of Land's End to the Bardsey light about the times stated, did you notice a long line of empty curried bean cans floating in line astern?

A Cruise to Friesland

By Clementina Gordon

I WAS lying in the E. Swale, having just finished fitting out in four days in a heat wave—yes, the job *was* properly done, even to painting the bilges. Now I could relax for the evening, and rediscover how enthralling an anchorage can be. A tug had just brought up, and produced a DUKW on which her crew roared ashore to the long hard at Harty Ferry; then it assumed wheels and roared off, up to drinks at Oare, presumably. Then an old gentleman arrived in a striped polo shirt and fished gently of his 5-tonner for a lost anchor. Presently he hailed a swimming tug-man, they formed a company for the salvage of his anchor, prize money £1. At 21.10 hrs., my log reads, “salvage abandoned”.

This was the peaceful beginning of a singlehanded cruise to Friesland in my Silhouette, *Mary Williams*. At 05.10 next morning she and I took the ebb down the Kent coast to Ramsgate, uneventfully, arriving in time for lunch at 12.30. We were held up for wireless repairs. Then, on July 10, the heatwave broke in what journalists call electric storms and cloud bursts. I was lying away from the weather wall, on a kedge on the edge of the mud, and woke about 2.0 a.m. to see a dinghy drifting by in a flash of lightning. I tore out of my sleeping bag, half dazed, to realize that *Mary Williams* was dragging. The wind had gone right round, it was a lee wall now; it was blowing hard, and pelting like bath taps. I held her off the wall with my feet, for it was impossible to leave my post to get fenders. Then the old dinghy drifted down, I slipped it between me and the wall, started the engine, and removed myself to a substantial mooring buoy. Moral—I *should know by now to anchor properly, always*.

By Monday, July 13, the blow had subsided to what the repaired wireless called 5-7 W. It was a fair wind for Dunkirk, but um . . . er . . . Outside I hove to at 08.30, put on oilskins and considered the foolishness of going out into Force 7 over the banks near the Sandette. So I took the landlubbers' route, by the Downs with a choice of Deal or Dover. But the weather beguiled me. It was a glorious day, brilliant white crests, hard cloudless sky, and the water aquamarine, azure and green, just like a picture of the last tea-clippers' race. A sailing barge passed me, and that did it! I slipped between the Sandhead buoy and the S. Goodwin lightship. The lumpy seas forced me to heave to and put on a spitfire, and reef the new Terylene main two battens down. She was easier then, and I returned to the cockpit satisfied. My thumb was smarting, and smears of gore everywhere; I found I had torn half the nail off, and not realized it, but there was not time to bother too much. She was sailing magnificently, it was about Force 6 now, and she was taking the seas like a good horse jumping timber. Incidentally, there was far too much timber about, baulks of hardwood 30 ft long, water-logged, hard to see, and murder if one hit them at that speed. A few of the “odd man out” seas I dare not take on her quarter, and spun her

right round to meet them. With the W tide this set us too far down, on the edge of the Cape Gris Nez race, where there were some wicked jumbled crests. A French Naval Patrol came up to have a look at me; I felt quite nervous seeing what the seas did to him, but they treat a slow moving sailing boat quite differently. We were soon in easier water, running up the Calais Roads, seeing the cranes get bigger and bigger. By 15.30 I was on a Yacht Club mooring buoy, having a cup of tea, and trying not to be superior to a cluster of English motor yachts, who moaned that they were stuck far from home in stormy weather.

The next days were frustration. I wanted to get to Holland, but the wind was light E to ENE, and the fair tides were at the unreasonable extremes of dawn and dusk. It took me until late on the Thursday evening to get to Flushing, and that was mostly under the engine, a Seagull 102. It was too late to contend with locks and passports, so I tied up by a stone barge. The log reads, “03.15 Stone barge moved, slack water probably, they were very nice and reberthed me inside”. After a thorough clean up and servicing the engine, I felt better, and moved into the lock, bound for Veere. No one took any notice of my little Q flag (no one had done, since leaving England), but people were quite charming and said there were no formalities for such a little boat, and nothing to pay in the canals. I had been here before the big floods in 1951, in a heavy old pilot cutter; things had not changed much. The channels between the islands, out beyond Veere were just as lovely, just as well marked. But the weather was even better. Never have I sailed under such conditions, sleeveless blouse, dark glasses, spanking breeze, the warm spray flying and she was pulling at her genoa a treat. I stopped in a little ferry harbour in the narrows between the islands of Overflakkee and N. Beveland, just because I felt like tea. It is rather like the Solent, you can pop in anywhere, or anchor in the “open”. The tides, however, require even more thought, and much wrestling with hourly diagrams, before they will serve one's direction. Next day, July 19, they worked to plan. I did not have to start until 11.00, and was whisked up to Willesstad with a procession of barges like Oxford Street traffic. My only trouble was with the Admiralty Chart No. 192 which marked things aqueous, complete with channels and buoys, where there were indubitably things terrestrial, houses, cows etc. It is true that they were not there in 1951 on my last visit, so perhaps H. M. Hydrographer had not kept abreast of the Dutch reclamations. When in doubt, follow the hay barges, and they led me safely into the main channel up the great Hollandish Diep with a tide like Southampton Water rushing me on, and the genoa goose-winged. There is a gigantic bridge right across, which looked very low to me, though my sailing directions said 33 ft. at HW. Mindful of the wind and tide setting me onto it, I pulled to one side, anchored, and looked at the 6m. marking through binoculars; then lowered the little mast, and motored safely under. Beyond lies the Biesbosch, a mystery of reeds and channels, like the fens in Hereward the Wake's day. I had no exact chart, only a blurr on a diagram saying, “Here Patriots hid from the Germans”. But there was no real danger of getting lost. One just followed the main stream of traffic. And what

traffic! Mostly yachts, Dutchmen, dragons, dinghies galore, half-deckers with camping equipment, motor boats, barges, tugs, canoes and even li-lo's propelled by a shirt; a cheerful sailing throng, all pelting up with the tide and a fair wind, all with perfect manners for each other's right of way. At the end of that lovely 25 miles of sailing, at dusk, my tide finished just at the entrance of the Yacht Club at Gorinchem. They were courtesy and kindness itself, and made me most welcome. As usual their arrangements for mooring and pontoons were far superior to anything one meets in English sailing, although none of the clubs are subsidised, so far as I know; they just seem to have a better understanding of the comfort of little boats.

I awoke next morning with the sun streaming in, mist rising off the river, the tall reeds behind, and an old church tower with the bells ringing. Shopping in Gorinchem before the heat of day was a pleasure, and a well-stocked little ship entered the canal for Utrecht at 10.30. I went there to meet a Dutch friend, and also because Utrecht is on the route to the IJsselmeer. It is a leisurely journey, with pauses to eat red currants while a railway bridge opens, and pleasant little forays for petrol at waterside towns. The innumerable low bridges and sharp bends in Utrecht itself are worrying with a delicate mast trailing behind one, and the subterranean part is positively frightening. One dives into dark holes *under* the town, with no certainty that a 300-ton steel barge is not coming the other way in the blackness. However, the Dutch take it all very calmly, and were puzzled at my nervous fret. My friend made high powered arrangements which settled me at the Triton YC, poised in a bed of water lillies, with the peacocks screaming from the park ashore. I was not as grateful as I should have been, and was thankful to disentangle my propeller from the weeds, and escape down the Vecht River to the open IJsselmeer. There we arranged to meet again for a sail from the Club at the mouth of the Eem River.

The Dutch yachtsmen are quite happy in canals, but regard a passage of 20 miles at sea with respect: I feel cooped up and fearful of damage against all the hard protrusions, but confident that no little boat is hurt in the open; it is the harbours which make the yard bills. It is all a matter of psychological conditioning, I suppose.

The Vecht is as polluted as the Avon at Warwick, but much better for a yacht than the big parallel Rhine-Amsterdam Canal; besides, there are charming glimpses of old houses of the Dutch East India days, complete with Grecian summerhouses, where one took tea with the ladies and probably read Horace in the best circles. Fittingly it brings one out at Muiden, which is a little Cowes to the IJsselmeer, dignified by a castle, and resplendent with ocean-going yachts which are waited on by two expensive looking yards. Here *Mary Williams'* mast could come up into its rightful position, and I sighed with relief. At mid-day July 23, she became a sailing yacht again, and beat out into the new unknown IJsselmeer.

There was quite a stiff N breeze and a slop due to such shallow water, $\frac{3}{4}$ fa. here (Dutch charts are in decimeters i.e., units of about $3\frac{1}{2}$ "), and it felt strange and uncomfortable to be in shoal water. The

waves were hard little things, like a Van de Velde painting, and her hull shape was not accustomed to it, she seemed to cough and sneeze them back into the cockpit, like an offended dog. We reached down the S shore, standing well out in "deep" water ($1\frac{1}{2}$ fa.), and then picked up the long lane of little buoys leading to the Eem River.

(To be concluded)

Blackwater Whitsun Rally

SEVEN Silhouettes took part in the Whitsun Rally at Maldon organised by the Blackwater Group, most owners arriving by road and leaving their craft at moorings. On Saturday evening the Silhouette fleet enjoyed the hospitality of Maldon Yacht Club, to whose members and committee thanks are due for a most pleasant evening. Whit Sunday saw the fleet on the river, leaving Maldon on the morning tide. There was excellent sailing, and long trips down river were enjoyed by all members.

FOR WOMEN

Dinghy Wise

By Anne Fowler

WHEREVER Silhouette owners gather, sooner or later someone will raise the problem of dinghies. Many will agree that their own choice is the best, but only one thing is certain; there is a flaw in all of them.

The well-established wooden pram, sturdy and safe in feminine eyes, will beat an instant tattoo throughout the night if an inadequately sheltered mooring has been found. During the day, too large to be placed on a Silhouette's cabin roof, the pram will fling herself in a temperamental tantrum at a perfectly painted stern. Long painters or short she evilly discovers their faults. The long painter will entwine itself lovingly around the propeller; the short will still provide a dinghy

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.

with sufficient impetus to damage well cared-for paint. Only permanent rearguard action with mop or boathook will prevent trouble.

A folding dinghy must have similar tendencies towards wilful destruction, but the great advantage, claim her supporters, is that she can be stored somewhere on deck or even in the cabin, although no woman can really care for the idea of wet canvas against her plastic mattresses. Would her manageable lightness frighten one a little on a boisterous sea? Not all moorings are tranquil; even an estuary can be whipped into angry waves.

A rubber inflatable dinghy appears to have many advantages. So easy, her proud advertisements say, to inflate; how noiselessly and inconspicuously she modestly follows! It is well to dwell on these points, as the difficulty of deflating her on board a Silhouette is never mentioned. Once blown up, well filled she must remain, and admittedly nothing could be more obedient than her gentle pursuit. But lightheartedly the skipper proceeds to deflate her on the shore. Wilful pockets of air run round the plump tubes as determined feet chase them along.

"Soon be finished," we encourage each other.

Half an hour later trampling feet are still wearily stamping around. There is apparently always one ball of air that hurries ahead. Furiously impatient, the skipper at last abandons hope, and rolls her up into an unwieldy bundle, which later completely fills the cockpit.

Timid feminine visitors are frightened of her seeming lightness afloat. Stiffly they sit, sure that she is overloaded, but she is sturdily all that her makers affirm, sliding cleverly over steep waves and obstinately buoyant. A horrified glance, however, at the pool of water lurking in the bottom of the dinghy may send many a guest away. On a stony beach tiny punctures appear. They are, fortunately, easily repaired with the special kit, but a few are usually overlooked and while not affecting the safety of the dinghy, add a spice of illusory danger to the journey.

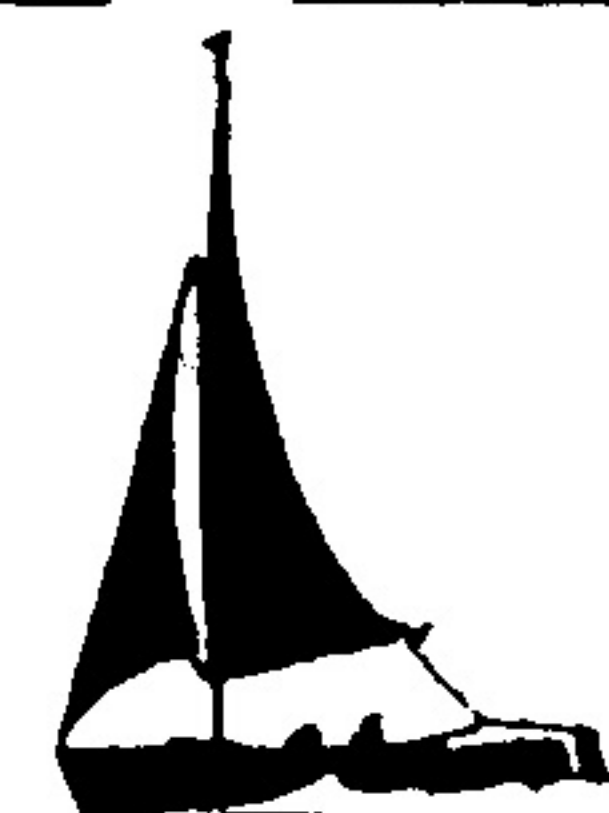
There is the always present problem—to row or not to row. That long pull against the tide for maybe two journeys (if the crew lingers too long over shopping expeditions) in wooden, folding or rubber dinghies may daunt many an owner when he contemplates the perhaps distant shore. He imagines how easy it will be to sit beside his throbbing engine, and lightheartedly drags the heavy outboard from its locker. This is when a feminine crew is a useless acquisition. All she can do is to attempt to hold the dinghy steadily, and all kinds are notable for their wayward behaviour. It is another pair of hands the skipper needs, as he lurches into the dinghy and struggles to fix the outboard on the bracket of a bobbing boat. It has to be heaved aboard on the return journey, and an exhausted skipper may well think that a steady row will not be so fatiguing (until he experiences it).

Getting on board from any dinghy is a delicate operation which longer legs can more easily tackle. There is a precise moment when the weight must linger in the dinghy while a knee gropes for support. A

SILHOUETTES Fibreglass & Marine Ply
available for demonstration.

Genoa — Spinnaker — Rigging in Stock.
Talurit — Seagull — Spares with Service.

NORTH WALES BOAT SHOP
Llandudno Junction 81073



violent push and, unless the skipper has been well trained to hold both stern and bows, only a watery arrival is possible. It can never be a graceful operation, except for the long-legged.

"I can't think why you find it difficult," says the skipper as he swings his legs easily on board.

It is, however, pleasant for him (I think) to know that at yet one more activity I can never offer any competition.

Fog and the Children

By Margaret Croft

WE invited some friends to come sailing with us one weekend, and we decided to sleep ashore, as we have one problem child. Saturday turned out to be extremely enjoyable, and the children were content with each other's teddies and dolls.

On Sunday we got up to find a heavy mist outside, and naturally assumed that this would turn into another fine day. So after preparing home-made hamburgers and curry sauce, to go with tinned peas and crisp rolls, we rowed out to the boat and got the children settled, as on the previous day. The skipper and his mate set sail with a light breeze, which seemed to come from nowhere out of the thickening mist. But the children didn't want to settle down. One was pulling the other's hair, while the other wanted the first one's lolly, because hers had dropped into the washing-up bowl. By the time we reached Osea Island visibility was down to about 100 yards, but still the mysterious breeze held, so we went on in hope. An hour or so later we dropped anchor for lunch. The children wouldn't touch their junior chicken and vegetables, but loved their mixture of a sweet which consisted of heated stained apricots that melted the strawberry jelly they also wanted. By about 15.00 we had got both to sleep, and settled down to enjoy our own lunch. After lunch we decided to give up and go home quickly before missing the tide. Unfortunately, owing to lack of wind, shortage of petrol, and the silly water running the wrong way, we slithered up on to the mud about 300 yards from our mooring. Here we sat with two fractious babies until the tide turned, and came back to rescue us around midnight. When eventually we rowed ashore we found friends waiting on the hard with help (which by then we were past), apparently having been hearing the cries of children out on the river for hours.

Silhouette II —

**"The best known and best loved small
Sailing Cruiser in the world"**

*Someone who has been to our Yard at
Plymouth says what a friendly place it
is. We look on Silhouette owners as our
friends and we are always ready to do
anything we can to help.*

**OUR BUILT-IN-DEPTH CRAFTSMEN
ARE ALWAYS AT YOUR SERVICE**

A. G. HURLEY (Marine) LTD.

PLYMOUTH : Tel. 51117/8

See us at the Boat Shows and Boat Shows on request.

H.P. Terms available.

*Types, prices and specifications of all our boats, accessories and boats are printed by the
A.G. Hurley (Marine) Ltd., 100, North Quay Road, Oldham, Manchester, 11*