

The Silhouette Owner

The journal of the Silhouette Owners' Association

Number 21.

August 1962

Price 6d.

*and the
Auxiliary...*



BRITISH SEAGULL

"The best Outboard Motor for the World"

Contents

WHITSUN ON THE CROUCH	4	A CRUISE TO FRIESLAND	13
IN THE STRAITS	5	By Clementina Gordon	
FLEETWOOD - RAMSEY RACE	6	(concluded)	
By D. C. W. Sutherland			
ON THE BLACKWATER	8	WEST BUXY RACE	17
THE NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP	9	FOR WOMEN	18
By Stan Morgan		By Anne Fowler	

Midsummer Party

SOME seventy members and friends turned up at the Overcliff Hotel, Westcliff-on-Sea, on Saturday, June 23 for the Midsummer Party of the SOA. This was a new venture by the Association, and since a thoroughly good time was had by all we hope that it may become an annual event during Southend Yachting Week.

The SOA entertained on this occasion a delegation from the French Corsaire Owners' Association, who came over to discuss the possibility of holding an international challenge match between Corsaires and Silhouettes next year. Two of the French guests, M. and Mdme. Mazaires arrived at Southend early in the afternoon. They were met by Arthur Collie and Eileen Morgan, who looked after them before the party got under way. M. and Mdme. Tricaud, the secretary of the Corsaire Owners' Association and his wife, and M. Troman and a friend arrived soon after 8.30 and were welcomed by the Commodore, John Anderson. Many of us were trying desperately hard to remember some French in order to carry on conversation with the three attractive ladies: and they certainly didn't lack attention from the more learned among us. Jack O'Brien and his nice family proved to have stalwart French—in fact perhaps we should call him Jacques O'Brien now!

We were honoured to have with us Their Worships the Mayor and Mayoress of Southend, who stayed for the whole evening. In a short speech welcoming the Association to Southend, the Mayor said how pleased he was to have Silhouette support for Southend Yachting Week. He hoped that the event had been a success for the SOA, and that happy relations between the Association and Southend would long continue. On behalf of Southend he welcomed the French delegation, and offered whatever help Southend could give to bring about an international meeting between Silhouettes and Corsaires.

We were very pleased to see among us Bob Thomas, the secretary of the Up River Yacht Club, and Sheila, who were standing in for the Club's Commodore, Ted Nicholson. Unhappily, Ted could not be with us because he was away, but he sent a kindly telegram of

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.

good wishes, which was read out to the party by John Anderson during the evening. We were also glad to welcome the chairman of Southend Yachting Week, Rodney Hillman, and the senior race officer, Ron Alexander. We hope that they enjoyed themselves, for they certainly deserve everybody's thanks for the work they put into the week.

During the evening (of course) the races of Southend Yachting Week were sailed again many times, with bigger seas and stronger winds as the evening wore on and the bottles got lower. That is the way of yachtsmen the world over.

A vote of thanks is particularly due to Stan Morgan the national Vice-Commodore, and to Bernard Collins, Rear-Commodore, who took on the task of making all the arrangements for the party, and helped everything to go well.

The manager of the Overcliff Hotel went out of his way to help, and we are most grateful to him and his staff.

Hazard on land

KAY B. WHITE, secretary to J. H. G. Pearce, managing director of Pearce Signs, who is one of our members, writes: You kindly sent the list of members and July journal this morning. Unfortunately, the little King Charles spaniel thought these would make good eating, and has promptly chewed half the books, making them completely useless. In the circumstances, would you please be kind enough to let me have another set? I will see that this time the spaniel does not meet the postman.

Whitsun on the Crouch

FOR the Whitsun event, the Crouch Silhouettes had arranged a cruise to the Blackwater, with a race on the first leg to the Outer Crouch buoy for the Adelaide Cup, starting at the Up River Yacht Club's line at 0700 hrs on Whit Saturday. Most of the skippers had slept aboard on the Friday night, and at 05.30 hrs on Saturday morning there was great activity, with the crews walking the seawall trying to rouse the skippers in order to join the ship. It wasn't long however, before the boats were getting themselves ready to do battle down to the Crouch estuary.

The wind was a very light Westerly, so we knew we were in for another early morning drift through the Brandy Hole and Fambridge anchorages. *Joybell* had positioned herself, kedged by the stern on the line, with "Jaundice" (her spinnaker) set, and fully ready for the off, while most of the other boats were trying to hold themselves away from the line against the falling tide. Four hours later found all the boats in a fairly close bunch, still drifting, with positions changing frequently, as first one boat and then another got her own little private wind. By this time four of the boats were signalling to each other that they intended to start their motors, which they did in order to get an anchored lunch at Shorends. Ken Barrett and Jack O'Brien, however, hung on for the wind, and were rewarded eventually by a fair breeze, which enabled them to complete the race leg of the course under sail. Ken Barrett was the winner, with Jack O'Brien finishing about fifteen minutes after.

The rest of the cruise was completed by all the boats keeping within sight of each other, and all more or less arriving at the Tollesbury Hard about 18.00 hrs as planned. The six Silhouettes lined up on the beach made a brave sight. Bob Thomas, the secretary of the Up River Yacht Club, was there to meet us, having done all the work in arranging our visit to the Tollesbury Yacht Club. He certainly looked very proud of us when he brought the Commodore of the Tollesbury Yacht Club down to introduce us, and to extend the club's formal welcome. It made us all feel pretty good when one of our lady hosts was heard to remark, "*I suppose the Silhouettes of the Up River Yacht Club are all deep sea cruising types*".

After a most pleasant evening in the clubhouse, we all retired to our boats, and spent a peaceful night aground. We were up and about again at 0600 hrs on the Sunday morning on the top of the tide. We had a bit of trouble extricating ourselves from our moored positions, but eventually succeeded in doing this and were ready to get away at 0900 hrs. Three of the boats returned to Hullbridge, the other three to Southend in readiness for the racing off that shore the following week.

The passage to Southend from the Blackwater was most enjoyable, but uneventful. We chose the seaward route through the Swin Spitway, which made the journey more interesting. The biggest laugh was when a fairly large working boat of sorts asked our advice on how much

water there was through the Swin.. He doesn't know how hard we were praying for him when he went through on our rather nonchalant "There's enough for you". I'm sure none of us knew his draft, I think he thought we were drawing about six feet, which gave him a bit of confidence. However when we opened our eyes again, we were glad to see he was through, and we went happily on to arrive at Westcliff-on-Sea. S. M.

In The Straits

THERE is now a fine fleet of Silhouettes at the North West Group's mooring off the Gazelle Hotel, Glyn Garth. Herbert Firth, the Hon. Sec. of the North West Group, and Ron Bradbury, the Vice-Commodore, deserve particular thanks for the hard work they have put into things. The N.W. Group is a bit different from most other groups of the SOA in that many of its members earn their livings round Manchester, and have over a hundred miles to travel to their boats. This makes organisation a bit difficult, and it is an immense credit to the group's officers that such a fine fleet can be catered for in the Straits.

There was a good turn out of around 10 boats for a cruise to Nevin on Saturday, July 14. The weather forecast overnight was not encouraging, offering strong winds from the South West, which would have meant a dead beat through the Swellies, and were not at all suitable for Nevin. Overnight the fleet decided to cruise out through Puffin Sound into the Irish Sea, and to make for Cemaes Bay on the North coast of Anglesey instead. It had to be an early start for the tide was right around 07.00 hours. Instead of the promised South-Westerly, however, the wind blew hard from the North-East, which would have been fine for Nevin, but was dead wrong for Cemaes Bay. The fleet set off for the Sound, but on getting there found not only a head wind, but a thoroughly nasty sea. So it was decided to turn back, and people made the Gazelle jetty conveniently in time for a drink before lunch.

In the afternoon there was some very pleasant sailing, and a race for a RNLI pennant on Sunday morning. This was won by Ian Holyman in *Kotka*.

Arthur Goodwin's beautiful Colin Mudie sloop, *Lady Irene*, which he and some friends sailed round from Cowes to Anglesey, is a notable addition to the fleet, and many members of the NW group have already sailed as his guests.

There looks like being a good turn out of Silhouettes for the Menai Straits Fortnight in August. Silhouettes are an official class in the Straits, and we hope to see a fine racing fleet during the Regattas. This fortnight is the second oldest event in the British Yachting Calendar, and in terms of numbers of boats taking part is now the largest festival of yachting in the Commonwealth.

Fleetwood - Ramsey Race

By D. C. W. Sutherland

THE annual race from Fleetwood to Ramsey, I.O.M., was to start at Fleetwood at 5-30 a.m. on Saturday morning June 9. This meant sailing from Lytham to Fleetwood on Friday, and to make use of the tides it was a six thirty departure.

The Friday's sail was in glorious sunshine and practically a dead calm; however almost on ETA we ran in to Fleetwood and managed to ease up alongside one of our club boats, which being larger, was not yet afloat. By the time we were tied up snugly, everyone was floating, and things were left safely alongside the wall. Then home, to have a last sleep, as it was to be up and on the dock by 4-30 a.m. at the latest in the morning.

Saturday dawned clear, but too calm, and we were on the dock at 4-30 a.m. feeling rather sleepy and a little apprehensive. *Sid* was outside two other club boats, and while we made ready for the start, the inside boat—a *Vertue*—unmoored and motored out into the stream, with us still tied along. Then she anchored, and we held on until the 10 minute gun. Cast off, sails up, (our biggest genoa) and a circuit close in to the starter for identification. How small we felt amongst our bigger competitors.

It was quite a fair start, and hemmed in on all sides by towering masts we sailed out of the bay. No difficulties at all with the channel or the crosstides. For hours we sailed, not last although at the tail; however, we could still see the leaders and as the land had long since disappeared we were content.

From 5-30 a.m. to around four in the evening we were in a calm sea, with a gentle beam wind, so we sailed a direct course to Ramsey. In the clear air we could now see the high peaks of the Lake District; we kept hourly fixes on these as we knew how the weather can change. It did.

The weather forecasts were talking of wind around Force 4 or occasionally Force 5, and coming from the North. We wondered where it was? It came, rather stronger, and dead on our nose; down came the genoa, and up went the masthead jib. Now a beat, great long tacks, but not too long, as the wind was liable to change, and we could be caught out far on the wrong side of our course. By soon after six it was getting rough, and still a dead header; by seven, up storm jib and reefs. Now the heavy seas were smashing into us, and probably stopping us dead. However, by seven thirty we could see Maughold Head, and to cheer us up we caught sight of two larger yachts struggling—they were reefed too.

By 10-30 we were six miles off the head, oh, so near, but we were taking punishment now, and not getting anywhere. An hour and a

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

half later we were nine miles off, and the motor was going, too. We had seen one of the big fellows fall off, and go to Douglas and we were getting doubtful.

It was a heartbreaking decision, we weren't going to make it, and as we had to be back in Lytham by Sunday night, the only answer was to turn and run. Down main, a big breath, and we were round, tearing away; must slow down; down jib, can still steer on the mast windage, she's taking these following sea's nicely, but going too fast, too near surfing for peace of mind. After a few minutes the decision was made that we could hold this course, and so the shelter of Walney Island was to be our haven. We know Piel Harbour, and we had been there before in a near gale.

That night was a nightmare, especially about 2 to 3 in the morning. The spray cut, the mast howled like a banshee, and those following growlers always. Anyway, we made Walney Island by 6-30 in the morning, a good time for any yacht.

Our worry now was how to let people know we were there. There was no solution to this, so after a short breather, and listening to the forecast—sea rough, wind moderating to Force 5—we stood out once more, and set sail for Lytham. Visibility was good and we sped along; we were going to be too early. However, we approached the bar at Wall End at about 1½ hours flood, and even with these rollers that was plenty. As we came in we saw a yacht in trouble, but a motor launch was nearer and offering assistance. Anyway, we were all now behind the shelter of the banks, and to us it was a dead calm.

We arrived off Lytham at 2-30 just in time to see the maroons and lifeboat going out to the yacht on the bar—she got in safely. One of the club members came out in a dinghy and held our buoy for us; we thought this a really kind gesture. The club had seen us come in and had telephoned the coastguard at Ramsey.

When we came ashore we expected a bit of leg pulling, but we found that very few had reached Ramsey; the rest were strewn in other

parts, and two—now we were in—were still not located. We felt a little sheepish to know that coastguards, lifeboat crews and friends had worried over us, whilst we had always known where we were, but were unable to tell.

We didn't get there, but we'd had thirty hours at sea, and we were even more proud of *Sid* than before.

On The Blackwater

THE annual race of the Blackwater Group was held over the week-end July 14-15 under the burgee of the Maldon Yacht Club. On the Saturday a race briefing and social evening was attended by all the racing skippers and crews, and most enjoyable it was. The Blackwater Group is again indebted to the Maldon YC for its generosity in putting the clubhouse entirely at the disposal of the SOA.

The race began at 11.15 hrs, and ten Silhouettes got off to a good start in light winds. Peter Croft's *Me Too II* was first over the line, closely followed by *Pandora* (D. Welford). But these two yachts allowed too much for tide, and were quickly pushed to the rear of the fleet. *Carcia* (Ken Mantle), *Sapphire* (A. Collie) and *Lodestar II* (R. Cheesman) fought it out on the run down. At the turn and beat, they separated. *Sapphire* and *Carcia* were neck and neck for the whole beat, but on the last track *Sapphire* went too far into the tideway and gave *Carcia* a three-minute lead which she held for the rest of the race. *Osprey* (B. Bell) was lying third, closely challenged by *Lodestar II*, *Me Too II*, *Pandora* and *Water Witch* (R. Bickerton). At the turn, *Me Too II* took third place, followed by *Water Witch*. The race finished at Osea Pier. Result: 1, *Carcia* (K. Mantle), 2, *Sapphire* (A. Collie), 3, *Me Too II* (P. Croft).

Peter Croft, Hon. Sec. of the Blackwater Group writes: Our particular thanks are due to John Moule, one of our cruising types, who spent a long and lonely vigil at Osea Pier waiting for the race to finish, and to the Maldon YC for help and organisation. Also, we should like to thank all the skippers and crews who took part in making the event so successful. Next year we hope that Silhouettes from other fleets will visit us to sail in the Blackwater Race.

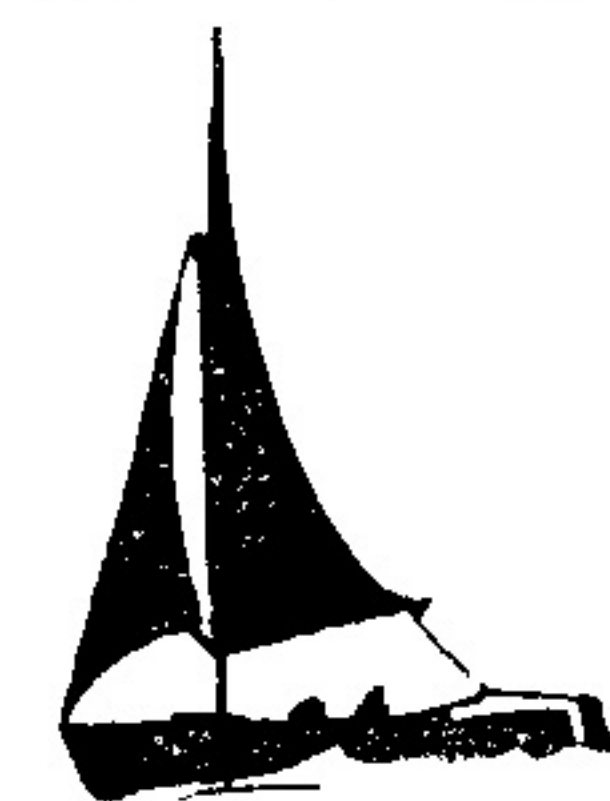
HOLIDAYS

THE staff of *The Silhouette Owner*—both the editor and Helen—are hoping actually to sail in *Mary Lane* for a couple of weeks in August. Letters will not be forwarded, and *Mary Lane* (Praise the Lord) is not equipped with a radio-telephone. We ask readers to be patient and understanding if letters and inquiries are not answered as promptly as they might be.

SILHOUETTES Fibreglass & Marine Ply
available for demonstration.

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

NORTH WALES BOAT SHOP
Llandudno Junction 81073



The National Championship

By Stan Morgan

THE National Championship series for the Russell Marine Trophy was sailed at Southend June 16-17 and 23-24. Ten Silhouettes entered, but the maximum number taking part in any one race was seven.

The courses, of which there were three, were selected just before the Ten Minute Gun, and all started and finished at the pier, ranging over the estuary. The committee this year selected courses of two laps, one of approximately ten miles, and the other about four miles, which gave the officers an opportunity of shortening course if necessary. All races started at 11.00 hours, which meant that on the second week-end the crews had to be aboard at 0600 hrs in order to get away from the foreshore before the tide left it. This was the real stuff. This year the Silhouettes were being treated as cruiser racers, with none of that inshore dinghy racing.

Saturday, June 16. Seven starters; wind, light Westerly.

All boats made a good start in an Easterly direction. The first mark being a run there was very little in it, but the fleet began to spread a little on the beat to the next mark, which lay more on the Kent coast and well windward. By the time this mark had been taken the tide had started to ebb, which gave a long beat against tide and a rapidly falling wind. About three hours after the start the boats were well spaced, and it looked as if there were only four boats left in the race *Bellatrix* (Bernard Collins), *Wee Three* (Harry Maloney), *Cherie* (Ken Barrett), and *Midnight* (Stan Morgan). All these four boats were trying to get out of the ebbing tide on the foreshore, and at the same time were trying not to lose the fitfull puffs of wind coming half off the land. The mark was close, but tantalisingly up tide and wind. *Midnight* looked as if she might turn it first, but *Cherie* and *Bellatrix*, who had overstood the mark a little more whilst out of the tide, made better courses for it. *Cherie* managed to round first, and squared away back to the pier. *Midnight* and *Bellatrix* were by now close to each other and both found it necessary to kedge and enjoy a beer together to wait for the favourable puff. Neither boat was more than twenty yards from the mark, which kept putting its tongue out at us once every second. *Bellatrix* was dragging her kedge, which sent her well behind *Midnight*, who got the next whisper of wind to get her round. By this time *Cherie*

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.

was a good four miles away and it wasn't long before *Midnight* had a similar lead on *Bellatrix* and *Wee Three*. These kindly puffs which took *Cherie* and *Midnight* round that mark turned out to be ill winds, because neither of those boats were able to stem the tide after altering course for the second lap, and were taken farther away on the tide from the first mark of the second lap. This gave *Bellatrix* and *Wee Three* their opportunity to get on even terms again. In fact it did better than this, for it gave them an advantage, as when the tide turned the wind freshened and started to come from the East. With the tide, *Cherie* and *Midnight* were completely out-boxed with this change of fortune. The advantage was so great that *Wee Three* and *Bellatrix* soon gained an unchallengable lead, having completed the worst part of this leg while the flood was still young. *Cherie* and *Midnight* both found it necessary to retire while there was still some daylight left. Result : 1st *Wee Three*. 2nd *Bellatrix*. All other boats retired.

Sunday, June 17. Five starters; Wind fresh Easterly.

The course was as before, only this time it was a beat to the first buoy and the fleet soon split up, everyone having his own idea on how to get there first. It was obvious that in spite of what anybody else did,

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, Edgebaston, 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, Calderwood, East Kilbride. Tel. East Kilbride 21194.*

Wee Three was getting the advantage, and did eventually turn the first buoy first closely followed by *Bellatrix*, with *Conqueror* and *Midnight* not far behind. *Midnight* was put in a bit of a spot at this juncture as she was hailed by a sinking vessel, apparently for assistance, but as other assistance was near at hand, and no lives were in danger, she was waved on and got back on course.

The run to the next two buoys was quite exciting, and needed quite a bit of concentration by the crews, as the sea by this time had begun to heap up a bit. By the time the leeward mark had been turned the sea was very uncomfortable, and *Midnight* decided to get inshore to lose the advantage of the stronger tide, but to hope that the smoother water would compensate. It didn't and again she retired, leaving *Wee Three*, *Bellatrix* and *Conqueror* to fight it out in rough and tough conditions. Result : 1st *Wee Three*. 2nd *Bellatrix*. 3rd *Conqueror*.

Saturday, June 23. Six starters; Wind, light Westerly.

This race was to be a different kettle of fish. All the Westcliff moored boats were under way to get into the deep water by 0700 hrs, and having four hours to waste before the start most of the skippers and crews got their heads down to catch up lost sleep—except for one of the younger crew members, who couldn't resist the water on this beautiful morning, and decided to take a dip. At the start *Conqueror* came along, but after exchange of greetings we learned that she wasn't racing but was making for Calais. Wishing her luck, she was soon out of sight. A change of course this morning boosted everybody's morale somewhat. The start was again Easterly, but this time well down the estuary to the first mark, which again *Wee Three* took before everybody else. *Midnight* decided to keep on her tail, but *Bellatrix*, *Rosette* (Reg Garrod) and *Shanghai* (J. Smith) decided to try and outwit them

by taking the middle and Kent course for the windward leg. *Midnight* didn't close the gap, but *Bellatrix* and *Rosette* were very close on *Wee Three* at the mark. *Wee Three* turned, followed by *Bellatrix*, but as the wind had died again almost completely they were both being carried up river away from the finishing line. *Rosette* and *Midnight* having overstood the buoy a little, were now desperately trying to stem tide to get round. *Shanghai* and *Miranda* (A. G. Dingley and A. W. G. Elliott) were in somewhat the same predicament but a little further towards mid-stream, which made it worse for them. After all the boats had rounded this buoy, the situation became intensely interesting. The course had been shortened, and all they had to do was cross the line. All the boats were now virtually parallel with the finishing line. *Midnight* was in the weather berth, and *Wee Three* was down to leeward, with the others spread about in between, and no boat with more than a hundred yards to go. The tension was almost unbearable; was *Wee Three* going to be beaten at last; could *Bellatrix* do it with her 100 ft genoa; or would either *Rosette* or *Midnight* do it with the weather advantage? If only the breeze would come! Then to everybody's astonishment *Wee Three* started to creep up, and she continued to do so to take first gun again. The race now was for second place, *Bellatrix* wasn't doing so well, so it looked as if it was between *Rosette* and *Midnight*, who were now very close together, less than fifty yards from the line. It was *Midnight* who started to dribble forward, but this was shortlived, and *Rosette* nosed in front. So it went on for another half hour or so, until *Midnight's* crew in desperation drew his knife, and with wild eyed expression plunged it into the foot of the mast. Believe or not, it worked to give her second place. Result : 1st *Wee Three*. 2nd *Midnight*. All other boats retired.

Sunday June 24. Wind westerly, Force P-S.

The crews whose boats were moored at Westcliff found it impossible to get to their craft in the conditions. Harry Maloney made a very gallant attempt but it was impossible for him to reach *Wee Three*. Bernard Collins, however, had somehow or other managed to get on board, and was having a very uncomfortable time out in deep water waiting for the rest of us. While we called him all the nuisances under the sun we were very sorry indeed after his efforts not to have been able to give him a race. If we had not seen him set sail, I don't think we would have attempted to board at all, and it was only because he got away that we endeavoured to stir ourselves into the attempt. *Race cancelled.*

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.

An Invitation . . .

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

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| * Genuine Silhouette Spares | * Hurley, Prout and Avon |
| always in stock. | Dinghies. |
| * Seagull Century and Century | * Trailers. |
| Plus. | * Sailing Clothing. |

BOATS AND EQUIPMENT LTD.

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

After normal hours, Saddleworth 518 or 1875.

A Cruise to Friesland *By Clementina Gordon*

(Concluded.)

I forebore to charge headlong into steep breaking waves and an unknown harbour at about five knots, and so hove to, and put on a small jib and rolled a bit off the main. In this leasurely operation a Sopranino boat came skimming down, and hailed me in perfect English, to ask if I was all right. The situation explained, he went off quite happily, with something like a bow to my little Red Ensign fluttering crookedly at the back-stay. (Incidentally, how *does* one fly an Ensign in a small boat? A jackstaff is inadmissable extra gear, a halyard to fly it from the leech, ditto—after twelve years' cruising I place priority on things which will keep me alive in all likely situations; ground tackle and inflatable dinghy, yes; jackstaffs no.)

In we went, in very nice order; shot through a 12 ft. wide entrance to the Yacht Club, turned in the area of the drawing room carpet, and (rather accidentally be it whispered), came to rest in a vacant berth. A kindly hand held her forestay while I slipped the canvas off and tied up. After that the club was mine. Not even a subsequent blunder, when I took my Dutch friends out and tried to get away under the main with a following wind, could quite undo the kudos of such a small boat all the way from England, and a woman singlehanded.

It was lovely weather, but it blew persistently from the NE, and I wanted to go up to the Friesland Lages from Lemmer, which is in the NE corner of the Ijsselmeer. So I just had to beat her there in oilskins, with much labour and long hours. She was so light that the steep little seas just knocked all the way off her, and I could not always use the engine profitably. So it took me two days to make the 40 miles from the Eem River to Lemmer, via Harderwijk, Lelystad and Urk. The local, heavy Dutch fishing boats did much better, their sheer weight

carried them through, and their overhanging bows were like a steam roller to flatten the sea. In the Lakes, I thought, I shall do much better. But the day after I arrived at Lemmer the fine weather broke with violent SW squalls of rain. Sailing was no pleasure, and for two days I sat in reed beds watching birds, while it pelted and blew. I saw a little of the Groote Breken and the Jjeukenmeer, of black terns, water rail, purple heron and local fishermen. It was all I could do on the third evening to push her out against the Southwester, through the lock and back to the higher level of the IJsselmeer. I was bothered about the time factor; it was not fair to have to beat both ways. Also, I ought to try to meet my brother with his Atlanta at Rotterdam, and be certain of being back in England to skipper a boat for my club a fortnight later. It is difficult to work to a date in a boat, as we all know, and I really could not move until the Wednesday. It was an uninviting morning, with fitful SW squalls, wet, poor visibility, and a short sea running. Why, oh why, do we sail?

She would just lay Enkhuizen on the W shore, where it is so shallow that the main channel goes through the harbour. I arrived damp and cross, so decided on lunch and dry clothes. That did wonders. It was really a lovely spot, the yachting fraternity charming to me, and a little sunshine struggled through. After a quick lunch I went on, bound for Amsterdam (very civilized to stop for meals, I wish one could do it in the Channel). But the weather was weird: the sky to the E deepest purple, the water brilliantly light yellow against such a dark backcloth, and there was no wind. I ran the engine just to get me on, and kept oilskins and heavy canvas ready. Then it came. Luckily I was dressed, engine stowed and a reef down, my safety belt on as always, before it swept onto her—a wall of wind and rain. We covered the ground, rapidly. There was no sea running, but I could not open my eyes at all part of the time, and sailed by the feel of the tiller, sitting her out. Presently I hove to, and bailed nine buckets of rainwater out of the cockpit—there was nothing at all in the main bilges. A barge appeared close by, on the same course; I was just keeping up with him, which shows the pace, 4½-5 knots I suppose. The last log entry was “15.45. Oilskins ready”; the next “18.45. Hove to off Marken for dry clothes, squall over”. I find need for dry warm clothing on these occasions, and a hot drink from the Thermos, otherwise physical discomfort reduces my efficiency and leads to serious misjudgements. So it is well worth while “wasting” ten minutes hove to.

Marken looked nice, a big lighthouse on the island, and a roomy harbour behind. But I had no time to spare, and pushed on to Amsterdam, arriving after dark with navigation lamps. I could not see the yacht basin, of course, so groped carefully on the starboard side of the channel behind a medley of fishermen's stakes to a shallow sheltered corner. Ate hugely. Forty miles, the best I had wrung out of the IJsselmeer so far.

There was no sightseeing in Amsterdam next day, for it poured in torrents. When at last I emerged onto the Amstel Canal bound for

Rotterdam, I took the rain seriously, and rigged up a tent over the lowered mast, then sat within it, steering diligently in yellow oilskins. It was a great improvement, and confirms my feeling that the next advance in yachting is to provide cockpit protection on the principle of the coupé car. Being soaked and frozen only lowers one's vitality and impairs one's judgement, which is the greatest risk in sailing.

At the Gouwsluis a funny little clerk in his shirt sleeves raced along the bank. I assumed that the extreme wet had affected his mental balance, and so proceeded with just a friendly acknowledgement. But at the next lock, leading to the tidal river above Rotterdam, there was consternation because I had no pink ticket. How much? I offered 2.5 guilders, then 5 guilders. Horror expressed. The charge was 10 cents, about threepence. So that was the sum for which the poor clerk sprinted half a mile in the wet. But how could I have known?

Once through this lock one is within reach of the sea; it is tidal, with a sense of freedom and expectancy. I sailed down just short of Rotterdam, and dried out for the night in a nice quiet reed bed. Next day there was the traffic, driftwood and the “cruel sea” from tugs to face before coming into the welcome calm of the Royal Maas Yacht Club basin. Courtesy, efficiency, friendliness, just as usual; but no sign of brother, nor of any Atlanta. Many things might have happened to hold him up, I reflected, and with a slightly superior feeling at my own punctuality, I left a note.

Next morning promptly I pushed off down the Oude Maas into the Spui against a stiff breeze and rain showers. It was blowing so hard that I actually reefed, and that in a land-locked channel 300 yds. wide. The Haringvliet below was going to be most uncomfortable for the night. I decided on a little cut going up to a farm. After a couple of attempts I beat her in and tied up. Out came the daughter of the house, not to upbraid for trespass, but to invite me in for coffee and to watch the TV with their children. I remarked that it was blowing quite hard, and that I had difficulty beating into such a tiny place, “Yes, I saw you,” she said. “When father brings his barge in, he does it in one.”

The morning tides up the Haringvliet were thoroughly awkward, and it ended in my bringing up, long after dark beyond Zipe. A barge in the same predicament turned its headlights on, and picked out each buoy and swatch in turn; excellent for him, but as there is no rule about dip switches at sea, it was blinding for me.

Next day, in the heat we were back in canals, the south Beveland Canal. “How I HATE canals” the log reads. Congestion, stuffiness and nautical claustrophobia have to be endured before emerging half way up the Schelde Estuary. “At least,” one thinks, “the sea ahead, and one can get on”. Not a bit of it. A head wind from Terneuzen, rain and short steep seas round the corner to Zeebrugge. The entrance should be clear and straightforward, but in that North Westerly the seas were breaking quite unpleasantly, right across to the mole itself. I had to



drift in carefully down wind in the deepest water, watched by a ghoulish holiday crowd who seemed to want an accident.

The rest of the passage down the coast to Gravelines was sheer pleasure. It was lovely and sunny, just like yachting, and one dried the blankets and watched the sand yachts racing. The only disturbing thing was the buoyage system, which did not correspond with my chart. But I assumed that if one went between the red cans and the black conical buoys, all would be well. One such pair had a little black can between them. On focusing the binoculars, it clarified itself into a projecting funnell of a wreck. After that I stood out on the lead, supported by a vow to buy a brand new chart next season.

Gravelines I like. It is unsophisticated, much quieter than Calais and an equally convenient jumping off ground. I dried out on clean sand at the edge of the channel under the big crucifix (my usual place here), and exchanged pleasantries with the fishermen. Except at dead LW they seem to charge in and out, and as I have never found less than 5 ft. on the bar, I had no anxieties about getting out a couple of hours before LW in the morning.

Of course it was hazy that morning, with a very light NE breeze, and a strong W tide, so progress was slow and navigation problematical, assisted by the observed direction of the train ferries. At 10.30 I picked up the Outer Ruytinge buoy, dead on my DR. But the violent tidal whorls and slicks worried me, and I made several readjustments of my course, working from the tidal atlas. The guesses came out about right, for at 14.00 I heard the South Goodwin Lightship, and glimpsed a procession of whitish ships' ghosts passing. Then there was more wind, and I stood in straight for the S. Foreland. Once inside the ship-

ping lane it was safer, and the solid grey shape of the coast could be followed right up the Downs. At 18.00 I was eating a vast supper, tied between two buoys at Ramsgate. It had been a slow tiresome passage, but Q was flying, and I was happily home.

But no Customs came. Perhaps Saturday afternoon was their free day, when smugglers were allowed to abound. Sunday morning, again, was their day off, so after Church I hauled Q down and sailed away, bound for the Swale. The tides just don't fit round the North Foreland, and even cheating up over the Flats past Whitstable, I could not quite reach the Swale. So with Thames Bargee philosophy I dried out in the middle of the flats, and then proceeded on into the Oare Creek in the morning. Here the Q flag produced results. One Customs Officer came in the pouring rain, and hurried off to telephone, producing two more (from Rochester?) They crouched in the driving rain, apologising for the mud on their boots, and trying to hide their amusement at the whole outfit. As the *Certificate pratique* was gravely handed over, the senior one said, "So you have been away 32 days and sailed about 800 miles, um . . . er . . . very small. What is she built of?" "Plywood", I said. "Gawd!" he replied with deep feeling.

West Buxey Race

THE Up River Yacht Club's West Buxey Buoy Trophy Race started from the club line at 07.00 hrs on Sunday May 27 with a goodly little fleet of five Silhouettes in a light easterly wind. It wasn't long before it became obvious to everybody that Johnny Beales in *Joybell* was finding form, and picking the right currents to help him down the course.

The fleet made a pretty sight all completely becalmed half way out to the turn in pouring rain, giving everybody a thorough soaking for good measure. However, it wasn't long before the wind freshened, and the crews were able to get down to serious racing again. By this time *Joybell* had a convincing lead, but she was not uncatchable. By the turn Harry Maloney with *Wee Three*, Ken Barrett with *Cherie* and Jack O'Brien in *Secundus* had become a serious threat to the leader. Reg Garrod in *Rosette* and Stan Morgan in *Midnight* were the last to turn the West Buxey Buoy and were having a private race on their own. Ken Barrett at the turn made for the southerly end of the Buxey and Dengie banks and appeared at times to the rest of the fleet not to be making much way, but he deceived everybody by eventually positioning himself well up with the leading bunch. *Secundus* chose the North edge of the Foulness Sands for the run from the estuary and was making very good footing, but for some reason or other not obvious to the others he started to limp. It was revealed later that she

had unshipped a shroud from a cress-tree and the skipper had to nurse one side of the mast. All credit to Jack for finishing the course in these circumstances in a blow which by now had reached Force 4.

The last leg of the race became very exciting with *Joybell*, *Wee Three* and *Cherie* more or less in line astern. With the wind directly astern, *Joybell* was not in a very happy position, and it wasn't long before *Wee Three* had drawn abeam of *Joybell* and possibly would have got her nose in front. After holding the lead for so long Johnny Beales wasn't going to let that happen to him, so out came "Jaundice"—*Joybell's* yellow spinnaker which we all knew she had got, but thought Johnny would be too kind to use, however, the smell of victory overcame his sense of kindliness and he slid over the line a worthy winner of a most satisfying race for everybody.

The interesting feature of this event was that although the course was approximately 30 miles there was only six minutes separating the first and last boat.

We would like to thank Ted Nicholson, the Commodore of the URYC for starting us at that unearthly hour on a Sunday morning.

FOR WOMEN

Well Meaning

By Anne Fowler

THERE are guests and guests. The experienced crew will make appreciative remarks about a Silhouette's graceful lines, comment continually and gratifyingly on her competent performance, and only casually (or not at all) mention the ten tonners on which he has sailed. We Silhouette owners prefer not to be reminded that there might be anything bigger that could give us the joy we get from an easily transported pocket sloop. We like to preen ourselves in a Silhouette's reflected glory and the amazement shown that anything so small can be so sturdy.

It is the inexperienced but willing guest who causes dismay and loss of temper. The Silhouette has many gifts, but no one can pretend that the third or fourth person in the cockpit can be overlooked. The spontaneous invitation that was issued after a glowing phrase of approval results in an irksome period when the mass of bodies in the cockpit becomes wedged inextricably as a flogging mainsail is being got ready.

"I only want to help," Henry cried. "Just tell me what to do."

We met and remained jammed in the hatchway as we both struggled to seize the sailbag in the cabin. Plastic battens slid overboard and sank with dreadful finality. His unresponsive hand ignored

the toppling crutch; he dropped the treasured shackler overboard, and parted the burgee halliard. They were mostly things that I had done myself, and now I could appreciate the Skipper's bottled up wrath which finally exploded. Henry was always there; too large to be ignored, too helpful to be utterly crushed.

We took twice as long to get under way as usual. Henry, helpfully removing the mooring warp, hung on too long, and we swung round and faced the opposite way. He clung determinedly to his jib sheet when we tackled, or released it too soon and never chose the correct moment.

When we returned to harbour Henry insisted that he must retrieve the buoy. He flung himself down on the forepeak and almost slithered overboard. He became involved with the flapping jib and prodded the rubber dinghy with a savage thrust of the boathook, which elicited a yelp of dismay from the Skipper, who captured the buoy as it swept past. Henry lurched back exhausted into the cockpit.

As the Skipper went forward, Henry plunged to my side of the cockpit. *Sou* heeled over and deposited the Skipper in the water. We retrieved, with difficulty, an apoplectic Skipper.

"What shall I do?" cried an anxious Henry.

"Go and sit in the cabin," roared the Skipper "and do nothing."

"There is, however, a silver lining to every cloud."

"The extraordinary thing is" remarked the Skipper as we drove home afterwards "I had never noticed before that you have really become quite useful."

Staff Sergeant A. J. S. Digby

MEMBERS of the SOA will learn with deep regret that Staff-Sergeant A. J. S. Digby, one of our keenest members in Scotland, was killed in an accident when a gun exploded on June 19. We extend our sincere sympathy to his family.

Major L. G. W. Reynolds, of Armament Wing, King's Barracks, Townhead Camp, Kircudbright, has written to ask if we can help to find a buyer for Staff-Sergeant Digby's Mark II Silhouette. She is new, for he had her barely three weeks before he died. Her inventory includes a Seagull Century Plus, Dunlop rubber dinghy, compass, Calor gas cooking and lighting, cabin cushions, cockpit cover, anchors, suit of oilskins and life jacket. The list price of the boat and all this equipment is around £535, but Major Reynolds would consider offers over £410. He has also offered to try to arrange free transport as far as London or Surrey for a buyer. Hire purchase terms could be arranged. Will anyone interested in buying this boat, please write directly to Major Reynolds at Armament Wing, King's Barracks, Townhead Camp, Kircudbright, Kircudbrightshire, Scotland.?

— *Silhouette II* —

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

*Everyone 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.*

THE ORIGINAL SILHOUETTE CRAFTSMEN
ARE ALWAYS AT YOUR SERVICE

A. G. HURLEY (Marine) LTD.
PLYMOUTH : Tel. 51417/8

Illustrated brochures and prices on request.

H.P. Terms available.