

The Silhouette Owner

The journal of the Silhouette Owners' Association

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Weatherbound

IT has been a dreadful August: it does not much matter whether it has been the worst for 30 years or for 300; for those of us who sail, and particularly for sailing folk with children of school age on whom the rigid school system forces holidays in August, it has been a miserably depressing summer. Yet it has brought some compensations. It is not comfortable to be caught out in a wind of Force 7 or more in a vicious short sea, but more than one Silhouette this August has brought her crew home safely in just such conditions, with added respect for the boat. The weather has brought other useful lessons, among them that it is not heroic to carry full sail in a near gale; it is just silly. Robert Tucker has always stressed that a reef in time is not only good seamanship, but makes the boat go better. The winds of August have proved this over and over again. As well as showing the value of reefing, they have shown the value of carrying a storm jib: indeed, the sail locker can benefit from holding a variety of jibs. Owners with masthead rig who have kept or got hold of one of the smaller jibs for the original rig, have found this a most useful "in between" sail, for conditions that do not quite call for a storm jib but are a bit too much for the masthead jib. Deplorable as it has been from the point of view of comfort, it has been a good season for instruction (even if sometimes the hard way) in handling sail. We hope that it has also taught lessons about changing headsails from the fore hatch. This can be done quite satisfactorily, though it is useful to put in a bit of practice to work out one's own methods for handling halliards and sheets. In a seaway, and particularly if the boat is being thrown about, it is vastly safer to tackle foredeck work through the hatch than to struggle on deck; it is also infinitely safer to make one's way forward through the cabin than to go on deck. It may always be necessary to tackle something that requires the skipper or a hand

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to go forrard on deck, and there is no need to be afraid of this if proper precautions are taken. But it is good seamanship not to take unnecessary risks, and if you can do a job safely through the forehatch, do it that way. It is also good seamanship to wear safety-harness, on a line which can be shackled to a shroud or other convenient strong point. And don't forget that there should be two lengths of line to a safety harness, each with its snap shackle. In moving about a boat in bad conditions there is always a moment of danger in unshackling oneself from one position to shackle on to another one. Two shackles to a harness mean that one can shackle to the new place before unshackling from the old: this is a precaution that ought to be taken. But perhaps the most important lesson of all brought by this month of gales and strong winds is that however frustrating it may be to be weatherbound in port, it is better to be weatherbound than shipwrecked. No one on a passage can avoid being caught out by bad weather sometimes, and our Silhouettes have proved sturdy seaboats in getting out of trouble. But it is wrong to ask for trouble, particularly if you are responsible for other people who sail with you. Maddening it is to plan a weekend cruise, to get down to your boat, and then to put it off. But this may be the course of wisdom—and of seamanship. No one who feels that conditions are likely to be too much for him or his crew need be ashamed of calling a trip off. Indeed, that is the brave decision, and the right one.

* * * *

Don't forget to send in logs for the log competitions as soon as possible. This has been a poor cruising season, but people have still made enterprising cruises, and we want to publish as many of their logs as we can. So send in logs soon, please: don't wait until the day before the closing date.

Secretary's Notes

MANY letters, some angry, some mild, but all complaining, have been received about the much publicised but very elusive SOA tie, so a few words of explanation would not come amiss. When it had been decided to adopt a design to be known as the Silhouette tie, an announcement was made in an earlier edition of this Journal to test the reaction of the members. When it was obvious that there was a demand for this form of wearing apparel, an order was placed with the makers, and we all awaited the delivery, but unfortunately some mistake had been made (no fault of the tie-makers) and the background colour had been changed from the original order. This did not meet the approval of the committee, and an order was sent off poste haste to alter this to the one chosen: all this took rather longer than it should, and by the time the corrected order had been placed the works were about to close down for their annual "Wakes". So although we now have the promise of priority dispatch, we are still without the actual ties. May I, dear reader, especially if you are one of the unfortunates who have already sent cash with order, please crave your indulgence, and ask for a little more patience; and you can rest assured your tie will be delivered as soon as possible.

A very interesting letter came last month from Mr. Swaby, who has now moved to 18, Westbourne Road, Whitby, Yorks., extolling the virtues of Whitby as a sailing area, and offering advice and a welcome to all visiting members. Having spent many happy holidays in Whitby I can endorse all he says, and thoroughly recommend a visit to this spot if it can be arranged; even the beer is good there.

Were you listed correctly in the lately published *List of Members*? I regret that some mistakes were made: would it be too much to ask for a post-card from any member either not in the right category, or suffering from any other mistake, so that we can have a hundred per cent list next time?

The membership of the Association is really getting world wide: a new member this month from Texas, and interested inquiries have been dealt with from Rhodesia and Germany. It is very gratifying to receive so many interesting forms of correspondence, even if I must confess that I pass the technical questions on to more knowledgeable members, which I feel is the best part of our organisation: there is always someone who knows how, and someone who will help. This makes things really worth while.

R. A. G.

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The value of a grapnel

AN incident occurred to me the other day which it may be useful to record, for it seems to offer a practical lesson about anchors. With Ian Hyde-Smith's help, I was working *Mary Lane* out of a creek at Menai Bridge, to take her back to her mooring off the *Gazelle* at Glyn Garth a couple of miles away.

We had to get out of a narrow entrance, not more than a cable across, between the shore rocks and a rocky islet. The wind, a pretty stiff breeze, was blowing dead on the nose into the entrance, so we decided to motor out. What we hadn't bargained for was that this same wind had blown in masses of kelp, which littered the sea face at the entrance. The *Seagull* did its best, but as we met the kelp the propeller got hopelessly entangled, and I had to stop the engine before worse happened. It was not a pleasant situation: there was little room to manoeuvre, and a combination of wind and tide was setting us on to the rocks. I got into the dinghy and tried to tow her clear of the kelp, but against the wind and tide I could not move her. Ian threw out the anchor, a 15 lb CQR, but on a bottom foul with kelp it would not hold. We were also more or less over a causeway on which you can walk at low tide, so that even without the kelp the CQR might have been unable to bite the hard causeway.

Fortunately, *Mary Lane* carries a 9 lb grapnel, a folding Norwegian anchor which stows neatly and opens to provide four

prongs. Ian threw this over, it caught on something at once, and we were held. The grapnel even held strongly enough for us to kedge the boat towards it, making a little room for ourselves from the rocks, to which we were unpleasantly close. After kedging a little more room with another cast of the grapnel, when it again held firmly, we found a yard or two of clear water in which it was possible to start the Seagull again. Praying hard, and fending off kelp with the boathook, we managed to keep enough clear water for the engine to push us through the rest of the kelp into the Straits, where all was well.

The importance of carrying a second anchor as well as the main anchor scarcely needs stressing, but I think the moral of this incident is that there is particular virtue in carrying an anchor of the grapnel type. In kelp, or on a rocky bottom where a CQR has no chance to bite properly, a grapnel may get one out of trouble—as it did us. JRLA

Shipwreck

Members of the SOA will learn with much regret that Miss Clementina Gordon, who won the Suzanne Trophy last year for the log of her remarkable cruise in appalling weather to Zeebrugge, was shipwrecked off Boulogne during a gale on the night of August Bank Holiday Monday. Happily Miss Gordon got ashore in her rubber dinghy, and after resting in a French hospital returned to her home in Essex. She sends the following account of her experience. Miss Gordon blames herself for being in the position in which she met disaster, but all who know her for the fine seaman she is will put it down to sheer misfortune in being caught out by a violent shift of wind.

I was trying to cruise on the difficult North coast between Boulogne and Cherbourg, exercising great care, as the anchorages are dangerous with vile bars and ripping tides, also drying out 20 ft and more. On Monday, August 6, I left Le Canche river about 3.45 a.m. negotiating the bar with a terrible ebb, and then the SW tide for St. Valery sur Somme. At 6.45 a.m. the forecast was a W gale coming from Plymouth area, so as I hadn't a hope of making Dieppe, I ran back over a foul tide to Boulogne. (The Somme estuary is murder in on-shore winds). I came into Boulogne in pouring rain, and brought up just by the inner pier head, clear of traffic, and of course behind the big W breakwater. There I rested clear of the miseries of that inner basin and all ready to slip in when I had sorted myself out. I must have dozed off, thinking myself perfectly secure. When I came to, the wind had flown round, from off shore, to put me on the lee of the inner pier, about Force 7. I thought it a risk to get under way, and placidly waited for a lull or a pluck in from a passing tug. My signals, even red rockets bursting 100 ft, were unnoticed, so I had to hang on with very heavy ground tackle, two anchors and vast new warps and chain.

By mid-night, the wind settled in the SW and increased, I guess to

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Force 8, but another report said much more. I had now the far side of the harbour in my lee, down Cape Griz Nez direction, all rocks and old blockhouses, with heavy surf. She held till just before H.W. 3 a.m., when the W breakwater ceased to function, and a heavy swell came in almost unimpeded. I sent off the remainder of the big rockets (after I learnt that the inner pier head, 80 yds was manned all night and the life boat station was 150 yds away !).

I then took the situation seriously and inflated my good rubber dinghy, as it was obvious that if the bitts were not torn out of her something would have to go. The surf and the rocks were so nasty that I had a drink of Madeira to steady my poor nerves, and stop my being sick all the time and therefore inefficient. Just after that there was a bigger heave than usual, and with a roar I found myself trapped under the cockpit with the boat on top of me. (Afterwards examining the wreckage, I found that the new 2½ bow warp had parted about 15 ft from the bitts, so I presume she was caught underneath by a steep wave and turned bow over stern). Luckily I held my breath, extracted my leg wedged under the boom, and got out plus dinghy, which my safety belt was attached to. Then a gulp of air, before a monster of a wave crashed me down and down. Eventually I came up, and was rushed ahead for 250 yds or so nearly torn away from the rubber dinghy. A pause, then crashed down again and pushed violently forward. This was repeated while one weakened physically.

Luckily I missed the rocks sticking out, and after ¼ or ½ mile had slacker water but a sheer cement wall with an overhang and railings right on top. It was just light, and a Frenchman fishing with a rod was there, so I yelled like an otter hunter, and he slithered down a drain

THE SILHOUETTE OWNERS' ASSOCIATION

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

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

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pipe to help. I was too weak to keep a hold of the rocks as the dinghy acted like a sea anchor and pulled me back by the safety line. He could not approach to pull me out, as he had a new pair of suede shoes, and leaped back for fear of wetting them—even then I could see how funny it was! Eventually, I had the wits to pull the release of the belt, and was able to hang onto a rock.

I was hauled out. A baker's delivery man had now appeared to join the fun, and then manhandled me into a pub where Madame had hysterics and tipped filthy French "whisky" down me, such as the fishermen use. As I would insist on subsiding on to the floor in a pool of my own private sea, they sent for the ambulance and tucked me up in a nun's hospital. There I stayed for a couple of days, as I had only a nightshirt lent by a nun, and it stopped short 1½ ft above my knees; so I was a prisoner of modesty.

The unfortunate boat broke up ¼ mile off shore. The local Yacht Club picked up the bits at low water and most of my gear was salvaged.

Obviously the whole silly accident was quite unnecessary, I could easily have gone right inside before supper. But it is a sobering lesson on what a dangerous place a harbour is in a gale, and how useful an

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.*

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inflatable dinghy can be (no other dinghy would have had the buoyancy to bring me through that stuff), also on the improbability of one's distress signals being seen. Perhaps one ought to carry a minimum of a dozen rockets and a dozen flares, instead of three of each and some whites, as I had.

At Whitby

SILHOUETTES are on the increase in this area, two recent arrivals in Whitby being Bob Swaby, with *Samtoo* (272) and John Grange of Leeds with fibreglass "*Wingletang*". Bob now lives in Whitby, having spent most of last season on Ullswater, before which his was the only NE Silhouette for two years with the RNYC at Blyth. He extends a warm welcome to anyone who would like to make use of the local sailing facilities—his address is 18, Westbourne Road, Whitby.

Whitby is fortunate in that it is not yet crowded out and plans are afoot to dredge the inner harbour, converting what is now a large mud flat at low water to useful mooring. At present most of the available moorings dry out, but the Silhouette is ideally suited to such conditions.

With a group of four Silhouettes in Scarborough and two in Whitby it is hoped that the interchange of moorings and dinghies will enable coastal passages to be much simplified. If anyone has occasion to leave their craft in Whitby harbour, a local "watchdog" will be a considerable comfort to absent owners! If a convenient time and place can be arranged, a meeting of owners is proposed, with a view to fuller organisation of this area.

The Menai Straits Fortnight

THE Menai Straits Fortnight (July 30-August 11) lived up to its reputation for mixed weather this year. We had pretty well everything from Force 7 to dead calm, with rain in bucketsful and the occasional (very occasional!) blue water sunshine that almost lives up to the advertisements in yachting magazines. The dinghies had a rough time, and on several days all racing for the dinghy classes was cancelled. But the Silhouettes and off-shore classes stuck it out, and raced every day but two, when all sailing was cancelled, no matter what the Welsh mountains and the Irish Sea flung at them. Indeed, the Silhouettes added to the considerable reputation they have already earned on this coast for seaworthiness—George Eglin, the doyen of yachting writers in the North West, writing in the "Liverpool Daily Post," commented on the "remarkable seaworthiness" of the Silhouettes in bad conditions.

Twelve boats entered for the Silhouette Class (No 8, Code flag H) in the regattas, though not all made the starting line every day. However, some late entrants helped to keep up the fleet from day to day. The entrants listed in the official programme were *Ballerina* (283, W. Nash), *Mary Lane* (397, J. R. L. and Helen Anderson), *Dolphin* (488, Herbert Firth), *Chota* (655, J. K. Parry), *Fenton* (677, F. V. Bellis), *Kotka* (765, Ian Holyman), *Buttercup II* (818, R. Bradbury), *Tina* (843, W. Ronald Jones), *Phalarope* (863, R. and B. Martin), *Sian* (964, J. D. Williams), *Portinax* (1218, J. B. Hagar), and *Whim* (1272, K. F. Lingard). *Gemini* (D. J. Taylor) was a late entrant who covered herself and Jack Taylor with a good deal of glory.

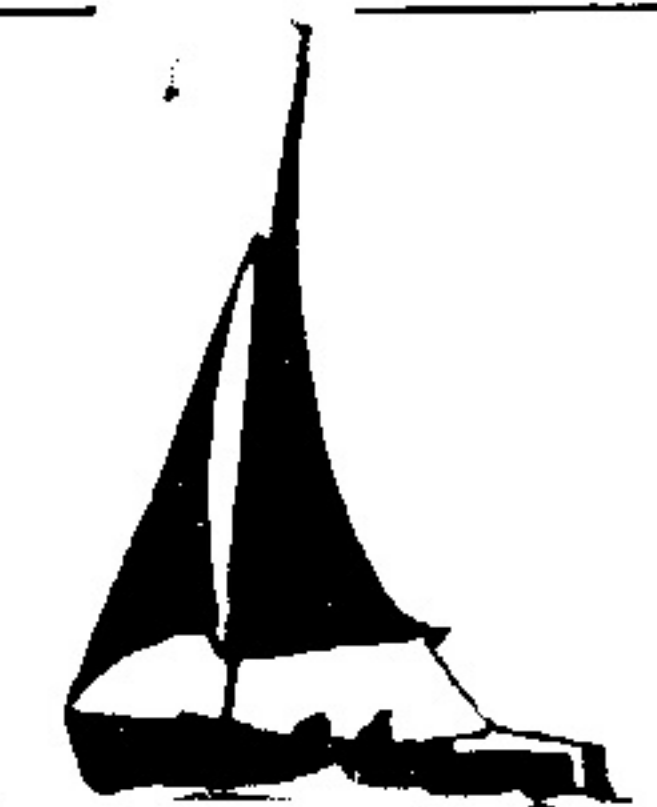
The Fortnight opened on Monday July 30, with the Royal Anglesey Regatta, in vile weather, and with a postponement of the start for an hour. It was blowing around Force 6 with rain in torrents when the Glyn Garth fleet left moorings off the Gazelle to sail up to the line at Beaumaris. *Mary Lane* had two reefs in her mainsail, and on the run up to Beaumaris showed that Bob Tucker is right when he says that reefing pays, for she did rather better than unreefed boats. The wind moderated a bit, *Mary Lane* shook out her reefs, and all boats were carrying full mainsails at the start. On the beat back *Mary Lane* suddenly lost way when one of the eyebolts to which the main sheet is shackled fractured and carried away. A. Goodwin and John Anderson who were sailing her tried for a bit to carry on by holding in the sheet by hand, but couldn't make much progress and so retired.

Day followed day with at least a variation from strong winds to dead calm. The Royal Dee Regatta on Monday, August 6, was an interesting example of the fierceness of the Straits tide. *Mary Lane* tried to be independent with the result that she made barely 100 yards in an hour. The rest of the fleet disappeared over to the Caernarvonshire shore and did better. The Menai Bridge Regatta on August 7,

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with the beautiful Fielden Plaque as a special trophy for Silhouettes—a really lovely half-model of a Silhouette on a handsome mount—was another example of tideway technique. The start was at Menai Bridge, with a sluicing tide out of the Swellies at one end of the line and almost slack water at the other. Jack Taylor and Vivian Bellis got to the right end, and made a magnificent start, timing things superbly, and being swept over the line as the gun fired. The others were not so well placed, and as there was barely any wind at all they had a somewhat miserable drifting match. Holyhead Regatta on August 1 brought one of the few nice days, and small piece of private history for *Mary Lane*. She started late and finished last, *but* this was the first race she has ever completed with her own crew of John and Helen Anderson, David (5½) and Timothy (3½). The younger members of the crew are not always racing assets, but they stuck this race out and actually finished. The results of the regatta day by day were:

Royal Anglesey Regatta, July 30. 1, *Kotka* (Ian Holyman), 2, *Tina* (W. Ronald Jones).

Royal Mersey Regatta, July 31. 1, *Chota* (J. K. Parry), 2, *Tina* (W. Ronald Jones), 3, *Kotka* (Ian Holyman).

Holyhead Regatta, August 1. 1, *Kotka* (Ian Holyman), 2, *Sian* (J. D. Williams), 3, *Fenton* (F. V. Bellis).

Red Wharf Bay Regatta, August 2. 1, *Kotka* (Ian Holyman), 2, *Whim* (K. F. Lingard), 3, *Sian* (J. D. Williams).

Conway Regatta, August 3. 1, *Kotka* (Ian Holyman), 2, *Buttercup II* (R. Bradbury).

Bangor Regatta, August 4. 1, *Kotka* (Ian Holyman), 2, *Buttercup II* (R. Bradbury), 3, *Dolphin* (Herbert Firth).

Royal Dee Regatta, August 6. 1, *Gemini* (J. D. Taylor), 2, *Fenton* (F. V. Bellis), 3, *Buttercup II* (R. Bradbury).

Menai Bridge Regatta, August 7. 1, *Gemini* (J. D. Taylor), 2, *Fenton* (F. V. Bellis), 3, *Whim* (K. F. Lingard).

Race through the Swellies, Beaumaris to Caernarvon, August 8. 1, *Sian* (J. D. Williams).

Royal Welsh Regatta, August 9. All sailing cancelled. Gales.

Caernarvon Regatta, August 10. 1, *Phalarope* (R. and B. Martin), 2, *Sian* (J. D. Williams).

Port Dinorwic Regatta, August 11. Cancelled. Gales.

Points Trophy for the whole series: *Kotka* (Ian Holyman).

Hazard on Land—II

THIS title, used in August's *Journal*, prompts me to write of another hazard (with a moral!) which we met with *Samtoo*, returning North from Dover when trailing.

Wanting to get a coat stowed inside the cabin, I had stopped the car on a wide, three lane, mile long, straight, at the bottom of a slight gradient, giving perfect visibility for overtaking vehicles. Just as we were ready to start again, we heard an enormous bang from behind, and on investigation found an apparently headless body protruding from the transom, with a mangled bicycle under the trailer chassis. Fortunately, apart from concussion and abrasions, no serious human damage was done, and the cyclist later recovered.

The light relief from this came later, when our claim for a new transom was submitted to the marine insurance company, which required, (and got), some very odd answers to its questions:—

Is the vessel a total loss?—No, only the bicycle.

What was the visibility?—1 mile forwards, 20 yards sideways.

Has the receiver of wrecks been informed?—No, only PC 105, Notts Constabulary.

What depth of water?—We were both 500 ft up.

Which vessel was to blame?—The pushbike.

What speed was each vessel?—Parked, and estimated 30 mph.

Was a good lookout kept?—Overtaking vessel was looking downwards.

What injuries?—One head pushed through a transom.

We also had to explain to our club members that although we navigated successfully from Newcastle to Calais, we were sunk by a pushbike on the A1. Needless to say our claim was met under "Normal towing risks", but we learnt two lessons: (a) You can be damaged even if stationary on dry land, and (b), next time park in a lay-by.

R. W. S.

Will she turn over?

THE Silhouette is a stiff boat, and many owners have found it next to impossible to get her lee gunwhale down to the water. But boats can be blown over, and people have wondered what would happen to a Silhouette if she were blown down, with her mast forced to the water. Hitherto it has not been possible to suggest an answer, because no such event has been recorded, but recently a Silhouette did go over on the Crouch estuary. The circumstances were exceptional. Reg Garrod was running goosewinged in pretty foul conditions in a stiff breeze. He went forward, slipped and clutched at the mast. Two things then apparently happened simultaneously: a quirk of wind caused the boat

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to gybe, and she broached to just as the leverage of his weight came on the mast. She went over, and her mast hit the water. But she behaved magnificently. She righted herself and he scrambled back on board. Stan Morgan, who saw the whole thing happen, writes:

Reg and I were competing in one of the Crouch estuary events and were lying a good fifth and sixth—out of six boats competing—and were running before quite a stiffish breeze back towards the mouth of the river. Main squared, and genoa goosewinged. To keep an eye on Reg I had to peer under my fores' l, and whilst doing this I saw Reg hand the tiller over to his crew and start making his way forrard over the cabin top. The next minute the boat had lifted her ruder out, giped the genoa and was lying on her side with the top of her mast in the hoggin, and her weather bilge keel and ballast keel both getting an airing. Reg was hanging in the water holding on to the mast about half-way along. The crew was floating around somewhere, still holding on to the mainsheet. What happened next is Reg's story. Apparently he started to work his way along the mast to the cabin top, and as he did so the leverage of his weight was reduced and the boat eventually came up head to wind, the crew was dragged in, and the race continued. How much water had he taken in? None in the cabin, and a couple of gallons only in the cockpit. We are all very grateful to Reg for trying it out for us. If any other awkward questions crop up about the boat we will now pass them on to our long suffering experimental department!

The George Hurley Trophy

FOURTEEN Silhouettes crossed the Royal Corinthian Line at Plymouth on July 28 to compete for the George Hurley Trophy, presented by George Hurley, who is president of the Plymouth Silhouette Association.

Pelican, owned by Dick Frost and helmed by George Veal, won the trophy, with Vic England and Sheila Kennedy taking second and third places in a fine race.

Mr. Bernard Collins

BERNARD COLLINS, former National Commodore of the SOA, has been very reluctantly compelled to cut down his sailing activities on medical advice. He has done much for the SOA, and we are sure that all members will join us in wishing him a quick return to full health. His boat, which he has skippered so successfully in the South East, is for sale, splendidly equipped, with a dinghy and a lot of gear. Anyone interested should get in touch with him at Hilltop, Lincoln Road, Rochford, Essex (Tel: Southend 544876).

Self Steering

CAN any of your readers tell me if at any time they have succeeded in making a Silhouette self-steering? I have in mind something on the lines of a Braine steering gear as used by *Sopranino*. I have found it a virtual impossibility to boom the jib out when running single-handed, and in anything of a breeze at all, in spite of wild gymnastics I never quite get the thing fixed before I am either broached to, or head to the wind. Passing vessels, seeing my wild running about, and the boat going round in circles, think I have gone raving mad, and fortunately give me a wide berth! Such a gear would be a godsend on a single handed cruise, and would save going off course during such simple things as reaching into the cabin for binoculars, or going below for a sandwich.

I would also like some technical advice on interior paintwork: a matt finish is very difficult to keep clean, but at least lets the wood breathe. A glossy finish would be easier to look after, but would it trap moisture *behind* it, and so be worse in the long run?—R. W. Swaby, 18, Wesbourne Road, Whitby, Yorks.

Building at Home

I have almost completed building *Sea-Wolf*. In the very early stages, Mr. Hurley kindly gave me an old, unused laminated keel number. This proved unsuitable in the hull, but was used as a jig round which to bend and glue the laminations to make the new keel. My reason for writing is to say that if any member contemplating building would like to have it, it is available for the asking. Being approx. 14 ft long, it would probably be of interest only to anyone within motoring distance of Upminster.—W. J. Reynolds, 182, Corbets Tey Road, Upminster, Essex.

FOR WOMEN

Sailing into Retirement

By Anne Fowler

AN interest in life is what one needs when retirement brings added leisure for the husband, and marriage absorbs the children. Conscientious committee work means more responsibilities, but one may also crave for a hobby which will excite and amuse. Golf and friendly bridge are ways of passing the time, but sailing is a way of life itself. Few other hobbies can be so absorbing. One's life is geared to the tides and the weather, one's leisure on stormy days devoted to the study of nautical tales; the handy-fisted find themselves well occupied with useful chores. There always seems to be something a boat wants.

While perhaps only the young can enjoy balancing precariously in an easily capsized dinghy, a Silhouette can appeal to the ageing. The young may accept a bulleting with glee; older people are glad to know that the Silhouette has a good record of safe journeys, while exhilarated by the amazed feeling that they are tackling something that it seemed impossible to enjoy.

For the elderly, the first plunge into sailing is the difficult step. The sea seems cruel, dangerous and impersonal, and the crew discovers quickly that the skipper has unexpectedly unknown qualities of sternness aboard ship. Wet, cold, uncomfortable there must be some reason why we enjoy transforming a drenching passage into a good story. Perhaps every new experience is doubly exciting if one has reached an age one does not expect any more adventures. It is the best prescription against the monotony of a severely regulated existence, when something new may happen, even though it may be a minor disaster. Variety is the spice of life, and as one grows older it is just as well to be jolted out of too deep a rut; otherwise one apathetically sinks deeper into a slough of settled ways.

Why do any of us sail? For a majority, perhaps, the draw of the sea and small boats is an irresistible attraction. A man will stand and murmur, "What lovely lines she has", and never feel ashamed of his un-British display of feeling. The pitting of one's wits against the elements must engross most people, however careful they are never to start a voyage when the weather is unpromising. The sea is a challenge and an adventure and a rough wet passage is remembered when a gentle wind is forgotten. There are some who enjoy fitting out and making neat gadgets to simplify life on board; many love cruising and visiting fresh places, forgetting the dampening effect of a usual English summer, and translating discomfort into achievement. There are numerous powerful reasons for messing about in small boats. I, therefore, feel a little diffident about putting forward my own. I find sailing rejuvenating.

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