The Silhouette Owner

The journal of the Silhouette Owners' Association

Number 24. November 1962 Price 6d.

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A.G.M. and Party

THE annual general meeting of the SOA will take place on January 5. This is the first Saturday of the Boat Show, and again this year the committee has arranged for a "get together" party to follow the AGM. This will enable members to combine a visit to the Boat Show, the AGM and our annual London party in one visit to London. We have been fortunate, through the help of a member, to obtain one of the fine reception rooms at the National Liberal Club for our AGM and party this year. The National Liberal Club is very central, standing at the corner of Whitehall Place and the Embankment, just across the road from Charing Cross *Underground* Station note that this is Charing Cross *Underground* Station, on the Embankment, and *not* the main line station in the Strand. The AGM will be at 6.30, and the party will begin at 7.30—so will everybody please be prompt, to enable us to get down to business smartly?

Membership of the National Committee is in two parts elected members, and representatives of the Regional Groups, who are *ex-officio* members of the National Committee. It is the duty of the AGM to elect (or re-elect) the Hon. Secretary, Hon. Treasurer, and the elected members of the comittee. Our able and hard working Hon. Secretary and Hon. Treasurer, Reg Garrod and Jack O'Brien, are eligible for re-election, and have agreed to stand, and the committee has much pleasure in recommending them for re-election. The other elected members are also eligible for re-election. Please send any other nominations of candidates for election, with the names of proposer and seconder in each case, to the Hon. Secretary, Reg Garrod, to reach him not later than the first post on December 5, 1962. Any resolutions to be put before the AGM should also be sent to Reg Garrod by December 5.

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About money

WITH the AGM to be held on January 5, the National Committee has decided that the SOA's financial year should run to November 30, so that the Hon. Treasurer can have time to prepare accounts for the meeting. Will all Group Secretaries or Treasurers please let Jack O'Brien have accounts of their administrative expenses and other costs of group organisation not later than November 15, so that he can reimburse them in good time for this year's accounts?

Thanks to a succession of most able Hon. Treasurers in O. W. D. Akers and Jack O'Brien, the SOA's finances are in good shape and it is important that groups should be reimbursed for their expenditure on Silhouette business. All they have to do is to let Jack O'Brien have an account—but *please* let him have it before November 15.

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Secretary's Notes

HAVING dined and wined at a function designated as the Club's Annual Laying-up Dinner and Dance. I feel now that the 1962 season is over. Most of our boats are settled in their winter quarters like patient broody hens awaiting the spring hatching. So much has been written and said about the "Summer" we have had, that comment is unnecessary, but one is reminded of the old music hall song, "The summer now is over, though we've scarcely seen the sun." However I was talking to one sailing secretary, who was bemoaning the fact that this had been the worst weather he had experienced for nine years, and seven of their important races had had to be cancelled. "After all" he said, "it's useless to try to sail when the tempreture is around the 130 degree mark." (But his club sailed in Arabian waters).

* * *

The increase in SOA membership is very satisfactory, especially is it gratifying to have so many overseas enthusiasts joining our ranks. In the past few months we have had, a New Zealander, a South African, two Americans, a German, a trio from the Emerald Isle, a Manxman, and a resident in the Persian Gulf area, all added to our list.

* * *

Thanks are extended to all those who have written to alter or add to information in our list of Members 1962. If, dear reader, your own details are not correct, please let me know, and please make it before, *well before, please,* the end of this month.

* * *

It is not intended to make this a "Hints and Tips" Column, although why we don't have one I have no idea. (How about it Mr. Editor, with say the prize of an Association tie for the best hint of the year!). But have you noticed that the womenfolk are now buying certain washing bleach in elongated plastic bottles? I have found these ideal both for carrying the small quantity of oil needed for a riding light, and also for holding just about the right amount of petrol and oil mixture to top-up the Seagull while under way, a jolly sight easier than dangling over the stern with a gallon can and a funnel.

Send in some hints and tips, and we'll persuade the Hon. Sec. to look after the tie—Ed.

* * *

A well attended meeting of the National Committee, was held in London on October 17. All the regular officers attended together with reprdesentatives from, Plymouth, Bristol, Whitstable, The N.W. Group and the Blackwater Group. Arrangements were discussed to make sure that the association is ready and prepared to meet the increase in the numbers of groups being formed. Details for the AGM and Party on the first Saturday of the Boat Show, January 5, were thrashed out, and if this is not the best *"Do"* ever organised by the association it won't be for the want of willing offers to help. Preliminary suggestions were made to run some form of Silhouette Rally in the Plymouth area

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during the coming season, and a small sub-committee is to report on the possibilities in the near future. Further work was done on the question of measurements and registration of boats, and we even have hopes of a further supply of burgees. Altogther, a very long and lively meeting such as would be expected from the largest Cruiser Class Association in the world.—R.A.G.

The hard at Maldon

WE have at Maldon (Essex) a Public Hard, the charter for which was granted some 400 years ago. Over the years this hard has been neglected, and it is now under about four feet of mud.

This ancient right of access had long been forgotton, until objecting to being charged too much for slipping my boat I started investigating a story that I had heard from an old fisherman that there was an ancient Public Hard. Investigating, I found that this right still exsisted, but that the hard had been covered with mud. We are now trying to get Maldon Borough Council to restore the hard to a reasonably usable state.

I am wondering if somewhere among the readers of the *Journal* there is an expert on these ancient charters, who would advise and assist us in this task. I would take the opportunity of drawing everyone's attention to the fact that many rights are being whittled away or conveniently forgotten. It is a public duty of each and every one of us to ensure that these rights are kept in being. Perhaps *you too* are having to pay, or to be inconvenienced, because your rights have been forgotten.—*Peter Croft.*

Bristol Channel

ON Tuesday, September 25, the Bristol Channel Group held its third meeting. This by courtesy of the Cabot Club, was aboard the club's H.Q. Ship *John Sebastian*, an ex-Bristol Channel Light Vessel, now moored in Bristol Harbour.

The whole theme of the group is on informality, and cruising rather than racing. This is largely due to the fact that our members are widely dispersed, sailing from moorings at Oldbury, Clevedon and Weston and Burnham-on-Sea. Nine Silhouette owners attended the meeting, in some instances bringing their crews.

Our aim during the next season is to encourage visiting afloat, and during the winter months to meet monthly. Silhouette owners who have not so far got in touch with us will be more than welcome. They can always get in touch with me at home, or during the day at Watts and Allen (Boats) Ltd., 344 Stapleton Road, Bristol 5. Tel.: 51551. Our next meeting will be on November 27.—*Cyril Watts, Hon. Secretary, Bristol Channel Group, 5 Vassall Road, Fishport, Bristol.*

End of season

by Margaret Croft

MALDON and the Blackwater on a bright October day are among the most beautiful of places, especially during the week when one has the whole river almost to oneself. It was on a day like this that we had the last sail of the season. Georgina was in a good humour for a change; she is normally inclined to panic at the bustle of flapping sails and splashing water, and will shout "Sit down" or "Hold tight" but this time I fixed up her hamock and she was quite content to swing in that while we were getting under way.

As soon as the sails were sheeted in and *Me Too II* was sailing along smoothly, Georgina climbed into the cockpit where she sat munching apples and chattering. She has an unhappy knack of pointing out monstrous motor-boats and saying "Oo look Daddy, nice boaty."

This was a lovely day, quite uneventful, but it is on the uneventful days that we most enjoy ourselves, for our "events" are almost always catastrophies. The weather was favourable, a bright warm sun, wind Force 3 and plenty of room (for me) to manoeuvre, we call it "family weather." There are two other kinds of weather; one is "adults only", and the other is "unfit for a dog."

I took the helm for a time whilst the Skipper lay on his bunk dreaming of distant shores (or more likely, of how nice it would be if I bought him a compass for Christmas). Georgina was bobbing up and down like a Jack-in-the-box in the forehatch, playing peep'o when three swans appeared in flight. This delighted her no end, and we heard nothing but "Fon fons" chanted all the way back to Maldon. When

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we then saw two more swim very close by I really think she thought she had seen everything.

Next week we shall be slipping the boat for the winter and I realise with dismay how quickly the season has passed. While Peter's head is filled with pots of paint and antifoul, mine has to be occupied with thoughts of Christmas puddings and presents and cards for all the nice new friends we have come to know through the SOA.

Child overboard

Reprinted with the Editor's permission from The Guardian

THIS accident ended happily, but that it did so was by the grace of God, and I feel both humble and ashamed every time I think of it. It seems to me to hold a lesson for all who sail with children.

It happened when accidents do happen—that is, when nothing seems in the least likely to happen. We were back at our mooring off Glyn Garth in the Menai Straits, and our boat was comfortable and secure. That always slightly harrowing moment of picking up a mooring in a rather crowded anchorage was over, and we could relax. We were preparing to go ashore. I had untied the dinghy from the mooring and brought it astern, and done various odd jobs on deck. I went below into the cabin to stow things there, and my wife was aft, getting out the cockpit cover.

The children were eager to get ashore, but we were not taking much notice of them. We have a rule when under way that whenever the children are not below they must wear harnesses, with "Terylene" lines shackled to a shroud or some other secure point on the ship. This rule is fairly well observed, for the children rather like the snap shackles on their harnesses, and enjoy shackling themselves on to things. But we were not under way, everything seemed safe, and we were both busy: neither of us noticed that the children had taken off their harnesses.

Timothy ($3\frac{1}{2}$) was safely in the cockpit with his mother, but David, nearly 6, was on the foredeck. What exactly he was doing I don't know but suddenly there was a splash and he was overboard.

Mercifully, the other family rule—that the children must always wear lifejackets whenever they are on board—was being obeyed. David's "Marksway" waistcoat popped him up like a cork—and head upright—and as the tide swept him along the boat his mother managed to grab him and haul him inboard. It was all over in a few seconds, and he rather enjoyed being made a fuss of and being put into dry clothes. He thought the whole thing funny rather than alarming.

But is was alarming, and just how alarming was made quite plain a few minutes later. After David had been restored. we began loading the dinghy with gear to take ashore. Among the things to be taken was a pair of sandals. The dinghy was made fast not much more than a yard from the counter, and we were tossing things into it. Instead of going into the dinghy, one of the sandals went into the sea.

It floated, and since we had no wish to lose it, I went after it in the dinghy. It took only a moment to get into the dinghy, cast off, and ship the oars, but by the time I caught up with the sandal the tide had carried it a hundred yards away. I do not like to think what might have happened if the sandal had been a child not wearing a lifejacket.

The moral for us is clear: the sea has demonstrated once more that even in a benign mood, the watchfulness of those who sail upon it must never be relaxed. And young children on deck in a tideway must be somewhere where adults can hold them or be tied on. The incident was wholly our own fault; the family rule about safety harness is a good one, but the best of rules is of no use unless it is carried out.

J.R.L.A.

Midland Group

THE Avon Group (Hon. Sec. E. G. Oldham, 206 Hagley Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham) has decided to change its name to the Midland Group of the SOA. The change may well be helpful to new owners in the Midlands, who may not realise that they can get some very pleasant river sailing quite near home. E. G. Oldham writes:

You may know that Shakespeare's Avon is non-tidal and is not one of our great commercial rivers, but all the same it offers peace and relaxation to many who have to work in the great industrial cities of the Midlands. The valley of the Avon, meanders through some of the most pastoral scenery in England, and offers to some fourteen members of the Silhouette Association (who are approximately 120 miles from the coast) an opportunity to enjoy the thrills of small boat sailing. Our summer activities have been mostly cruises with picnics and a barbecue, and (so far as this "summer" has allowed) have been enjoyed to the full by members who took part in them.

The Avon Group, now the Midland Group, send their most cordial greeting to all other groups in the Association.

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Charter Cruise

by John Pickup

THE Fal and Helford rivers are ideal waters for a Silhouette. The Yachtsman's Pilot to this area states that the Fal and its adjacent rivers and creeks offer sailing for a week or more with a different anchorage each evening, and this is quite true.

We chartered a Silhouette, *Frippet,* from Flushing, near Penryn, for a week in mid-July, just before the start of the school holidays. Fortunately, a good crew (D.C.) was available at short notice, and he and I travelled down by slow overnight train from London. There is limited storage space on a Silhouette, and one advantage of coming by public transport is that it tends arbitrarily to reduce the amount of gear one can bring. "People with cars invariably bring too much," said the brochure.

After a good breakfast we felt a little stronger, collected the stores we had ordered beforehand, and were shown over the boat by her owner. Every boat is different even when they are of the same class and from the same builder, and each owner makes his own improvements and alterations but isn't this one of the delights of having a boat?

The day being Sunday, we thought it sufficient to go "round the corner" to Restronguet for the first night. This is an interesting anchorage with a pool five fathoms deep near the entrance to the creek. There was not much space to lie to our single anchor, and we were fortunate in being able to pick up a mooring (by permission!) This was marked by a large black buoy, an upturned empty Calor gas cylinder, but so heavy that I had to put a line on to it, from the dinghy, before we could haul it up.

It was here also that we discovered that the goose-neck had seized. By taking it completely off, and soaking the hinge in petrol, it was

possible to work it free, and it gave no more trouble. The rain during the year had probably flushed out all traces of lubricant. It might be worthwhile to grease this neck at the beginning of the season, and lap it with half inch p.v.c. adhesive tape, which would allow sufficient movement. The mast track was replaced with larger screws (No. 12's) into 1 inch No. 8 Rawplugs in the exsisting holes, to give a firm grip.

There is a good hostelry and fresh water tap on the shores here. The next day was fine and sunny, with a light northerly wind, and we followed the Fal river up, past Pill Creek and Turnaware Point with its shelf of mud.

The Fal estuary is used by Naval and RAF helicopters for rescue practice, and we were "buzzed" by one of these flying low overhead. This was an obvious subject for an action photograph, so I went forward and clung to the mast with one hand, and to the camera with the other as it came over again, closer this time. But a helicopter makes a wind, and as the boat suddenly heeled over, the camera and I nearly went overboard, to the obvious amusement of the pilot.

Above Tolcarne Creek, the river narrows, although quite big ships are laid up in King Harry's Reach. This is a delightful place, with steep wooded slopes down to the water's edge. But there was little room, and the wind failed, so we started the outboard and dropped the sails.

Above Malpas, the river dries out, but at two hours before High Water we were able to follow the narrow channel to Truro, and moored at the quay on the left (or should it be port?) side of the car park. The other quay is used by local motor boats.

Cornish pasties make a good meal at any time of the day, and when we returned to the boat the descent was easier, because the tide had risen rapidly meanwhile. Getting away was easier, though I managed to lose the top of the fuel tank of the outboard motor. It is not easy to do this. We made a temporary one out of a clean rag and a pepper pot.

We could now cut the corners down the river to Malpas, and with the engine running and the wind aft it was a swift run down the Fal. The scenery was magnificent in the evening light, with plenty of time and easy sailing, to enjoy it all. That night we moored at Flushing, the home base. The dinghy was left behind at a pontoon, as we planned an open sea passage for the next day.

The 0645 weather forecast was Force 2-4 S.-S.W. winds, with occassional rain, visibility becoming poor in places later. After a trip ashore for stores and refreshment, we left the new BP fuelling pontoon at Falmouth at 11.00 a.m. (The public houses in Falmouth open early)! After the Black Rock, at the entrance to Falmouth Harbour, progress was slow under the engine (there was little wind and it was adverse) until we realised that the propeller was fouled with weed. An hour later we reached the red and yellow conical basket buoy whose true colours are difficult to see except by a close inspection. From here one can make for the Helford river, or the Lizard, but we decided to steer for

Dodman Point and Fowey. We made sail and stopped the engine.

The Gull Rock was abeam three hours later, which gave us a good "fix". Another hour-and-a-half later Dodman Point was abeam and we got the second (short) shipping forecast of the day. This prophesied increasing and westerly winds on the morrow. Dodman Point is a fearsome place, with overfalls as far out as two miles off shore—and we were less than that—and it seems to take a long time to round it, passing in either direction. We were past Gribbin Head, with its wonderful red and white day-mark, and moored in Polruan Pool, by 7.00 p.m. Not a fast passage by any means.

High water at Fowey, next morning, was at 7.00 a.m., so we were away two hours later, but not before we had been hailed by the Customs. It is quite a thrill to be asked to state "Master", "Owner", "Destination" and "Last port of call" as if one had come from France, the Channel Isles, or further.

The wind was Force 4-5, straight into the entrance of the Harbour. This is the weather a Silhouette likes. After some short tacks to avoid the rocks on either side, the tide caried us out of danger, and we found that we could shake out one turn in the mainsail, and then another, until we had full plain sail and could make a long leg to Mevagissey. At 11.30 we altered course near the Gwinneas Rock, off Mevagissey, and stood out for an hour to allow sufficient clearence off Dodman Point. Again it seemed to take an age to get past, but the wind was increasing all the time and we were abeam of the Whelps Rock at 3.00 p.m. Beyond, the weather and visibility slowly deteriorated, and we had to reef when the boat suddenly became hard pressed.

With full jib and two turns in the mainsail she was thoroughly tractable. Again we were lucky to get a fix by hand-compass midway between St. Anthony Head and Dennis Head, near the entrance to the Helford river, as heavy rainsqualls cut off all view of the land. By six o'clock we were near the Gedges Rocks, and tacked towards Dennis Head to clear them. After the tumult outside it was very pleasant to reach the shelter of the Helford river, and to find a snug berth at Port Navas, where there was a chance to dry out and get a warming (alcoholic) drink.

Next day, whilst the boat was aground at the quay, we visited Helford village, which is charming, and partook of more Cornish pasties at the Ferry Boat Inn. The ferry service is somewhat erratic, and after an hour's wait on the other side we were lucky to get a lift in a hired motor-boat to the landing place near the Oyster Farm in Porth Navas Creek. We got away under engine at 5.00 p.m. and meandered up the main river on the rising tide. The whole Helford river is delightful, especially seen from a boat, abounding with wild life and with many quiet anchorages with colourful Cornish names like Tremayne, Polwheveral, Mawgan and Polpenwith. In Frenchmans' Creek there was an authentic Cornish lugger looking all the world as if it belonged to any century but the twentieth.

At Gweek, at the head of the river, we moored alongside an ex-steam yacht, that had once belonged to Baroness Orczy. This was fitted in real Victorian comfort as an hotel-cum-houseboat, and made

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.

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.

a wonderful berth, with hot and cold water available by the kindness of the owner (Mr. Taylor). We had an anxious moment as the last of the water drained away in a rush beneath us and we settled on the flat hard bed of the river, with the steel-plated underbelly of the 80 ton houseboat towering above us.

We floated again in the morning three hours before high water (5.15 a.m.) and by nine o'clock were level alongside and ready to cast off, and left under the engine. The channel up to Gweek is tortuous, with high mud banks, but it is reasonably well marked with perches and shore marks. Our chart had been annotated by a local man at the shipyard at Helford, and by using the lead frequently, the helmsman (D.C.) could feel his way along the channel with confidence.

The object this day was to have a look at the Manacle Rocks, eight miles from the Lizard, and then to turn for Falmouth and home.

The tide turned at the Manacles at 11.30 a.m., and the tide would build up to two knots in an unfavourable South-Westerly direction two hours later. The Manacles are indeed impressive, with jagged foam-washed teeth and a shollow patch 30 feet deep to the Northward, which causes quite big seas even in settled weather. There is reputed to be a way through inside the red buoy which marks this hazardous area, and certainly there was a local fishing boat working much closer to the

SOA REGIONAL GROUP

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. Altricham 0765.*

Solent. *Hon. Sec. J. R. Caulder, Sellafield, Orchard Lane, Hermitage, Emsworth.*

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

Midland. *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.*

rocks than we dared to go. We were quite glad to turn tail and to see them disappear behind. The tide was quite strong by now.

It is a long leg from here to the entrance of Falmouth Harbour, and the weather deteriorated into persistent drizzle and poor visibility until, as St. Anthony's Head came abeam in the mid-afternoon, its dreary fog-signal started to boom, and the coastline behind St. Mawes disappeared. By now the rain was torrential; the sea changed in colour to light green and the cockpit flooded with rainwater as fast as one could bail, and yet there was enough wind to keep way on the boat, and to allow a compass course from buoy to buoy. A cormorant, sitting in the water, and more at home in the downpour than we, did not see us approach and was nearly run down as it flew out from under our bows.

Visibility improved enough off Falmouth for us to approach the mooring pontoon in classical style as we dropped first the main, then the genoa, and glided alongside. Collecting the dinghy was not such an elegant operation, as it meant a wade ashore in four feet of water to retrieve it, but we were so wet by this time (in spite of oilskins) that it hardly mattered. We were back on moorings by 5.00 p.m. and glad to report no damage to the boat, or loss of gear.

The last day of the holiday was spent at Plymouth, looking round the harbour from the dryside, and visiting A. G. Hurley's works. They had so many orders that even on a Saturday afternoon they were working hard, but the foreman was not too busy to show us round and was glad to do so. We were well impressed by the standard of work-manship and the ingenuity used in building the Silhouette.

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.

Self-steering and other matters

MR. Bob Swaby's self-steering and booming-out-jib problem prompts me to write of two other bits of kit in addition to "that bucket" which I always carry, and which, like the bucket, have many uses. These are :

A. 5 ft of Hambro line with a 3 in. loop at each end.

B. Boathook on a 4 ft 10 in. wooden handle.

This is my drill for making Silhouette II self-steering, and for booming out the jib:

1. Hook one loop of A to the aftermost cockpit-cover securing link on the outside of the cockpit coaming, to port.
2. Centralise tiller, and then goosewing sails.
3. Take two turns of A round the square part of the tiller, and hook the other loop of A to a hook on the outside of the coaming to startboard.
4. Make sure that you are not sailing by the lee. Then slide the "turns" of A towards the handhold of the tiller. If A is the right length, the tiller will lock amidships with the "turns" 3 in. from the handhold.
5. Grab B from its position (by the handholds on the cabin top) and slack off the jib sheet.
6. Put the spike end of B into the eye of the jib sheets, and put the butt end at the foot of the mast tabernacle.
7. Tighten up jib sheets to keep B in position, and secure.
8. Return to tiller and slide the turns of A backwards down the tiller handle, and unhook the loops.

I have sailed my *Daphne Jean II* almost always singlehanded since I launched her in June in Ullswater, and this system works

Here are some other uses for Item A.

(i) Mooring to a jetty.

(ii) Securing jib or main when hauled down but not struck.

(iii) General restraint of the inconvenient.

Here are some other uses for B.

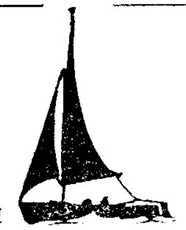
(i) As a sounding pole. Mine has the butt end painted red for its first 20 ins. and then has half-inch wide red bands at 6 in. intervals up the shaft. If I can see the top of the 20 in. red bit when I put it into the water as a sounding pole) I know that I'm damned nearly aground. The other red bands tell me how far above minimum I am (and it is often a comfort to get my hand wet at the hook end of the shaft). Incidentally, the 4 ft 10 in. shaft floats the metal hook part, and 9 ins. of the red end remains bobbing up out of the water if the thing falls overboard (as it has).

(ii) As a "spreader" for the cockpit cover. When at moorings and sleeping on board, I put my cockpit cover over the boom, and secure the front part to the mast and shrouds. I then lash Item B with Item A athwartship to the boom crutch cross, just below the boom itself, and secure the cockpit cover after end lashings to Item B, so that the cover stands out high and square at the after end of the cockpit. This gives

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head cover over most of the cockpit if it rains, and I can also see out all round.

(iii) Assisting, or repelling, boarders.

* * *

I use another dodge when sailing singlehanded and changing tack. It is, of course, an old one, but it may not be known to everybody, so I will pass it on, as it may be of some interest to members. It saves time, and allows one to go about neatly, too. Before going about, take a few turns of the mainsheet round the tiller, giving you a free hand. Next, put the tiller well down, and as she goes through the eye of the wind, leave the tiller and mainsheet to look after themselves while you look after the jib sheets and cleat home quickly. Move across smartly, and take the tiller, with the mainsheet attached to it. She should now be sailing on the other tack, with about the right amount of mainsheet out, and you will not have to mess about hauling in the sheet. (If you've been too slow with your jib sheets, of course, the boats will be in irons. A bit of practice, however, soon gives the singlehanded the necessary speed in handling jib sheets)

* * *

As a singlehander, I heartily endorse the *Journal's* recent remarks about carrying a grapnel. I have one exactly similar to the one described. It has 10 ft of chain on it, and 50 ft of Terylene (ex-RAF target-towing line) on the end of the chain. I always stow this ready for use on the foredeck before I leave my moorings—and I tie the end of the rope to the Samson post, too! When I first sailed to Pooley Bridge on Ullswater from my moorings at Old Church, about halfway down the lake, I found that I could not tie up at the steamer jetty as I had intended because both steamers were alongside. The wind was blowing pretty hard, and I decided to go round into the wind and anchor at the entrance to the little river spanned by Pooley Bridge. I wanted to buy some stores at the village and to save myself a longish row in fairly choppy water in my rather small dinghy, which I was towing, I went into the estuary a bit further than I would, perhaps, normally have done, because of the shallows. I was going pretty fast, with the wind behind me. I turned round head to wind with just enough room to do so in the width of the stream, and then, to my horror, I found that instead of flowing *into* the lake the river flows *out* of it, and at about five knots, too! So wind and water were taking *Daphne Jean II* quite literally up the creek—and the bottom is rocks and pebbles. I dashed forward, heaved over my grapnel as far as I could, and by the grace of Heaven the prongs caught on some big stones and held. By the time I

got to the cockpit again I had drifted back to the full 50 ft of rope and 10 ft of chain—and there was a telephone wire spanning the stream, nicely below mast height, about ten feet beyond my transom. My Marin 4 Crescent Outboard (a grand little engine) was mounted in the tipped up position, and the petrol was turned off. I turned on the juice, and she started first pull. The engine pushed *Daphne Jean II* out of the precarious position quite nicely, and I hauled in my grapnel from the bows as we went past into deeper water. I anchored again in 12 ft of water off the eastern shore of the lake, with the wind blowing my boat parallel to it, and where things were not quite so exciting. I rowed ashore later and I gathered that there is almost a local industry dragging yachts out of this little estuary and mending the telephone wires. Other Silhouettes on Ullswater should therefore watch out.

Lieut. Colonel Geoffrey Lee, REME.

I USED to steer *Gwelo* with a tiller extension made up of the boom crutch lashed thereto. Resting against the hatch side gave (usually) just the right amount of weather helm. I did try lines, but this proved the easiest and simpliest method, as I could prepare a meal in the cabin on singlehanded passages, and still have instant control.—*Bill Akers, 11, Daleham Drive, Hillingdon, Middlesex.*

IN resonse to Mr R. W. Swaby's letter in your September issue, as a regular singlehander I find that the least unsatisfactory way is to lash the helm with an elastic cord to the weather coaming, and a length of hambro to the lee. A small jab-cleat on the tiller permits a nice adjustment; in emergency, the helm can be put down against the pull of the elastic. The tiller can then be left long enough to grab binoculars, beer or bucket, as required.—*J. W. Mantle, 56, Broomfield Road, Beckenham, Kent.*

Laying up

I was very interested in your editorial on laying up. May I suggest that the mast makes the perfect pole for suporting the tarpaulin? If two pieces of one inch by two inch batten, fourteen inches long, are used, they can be fixed with two long bolts and nuts on the outer sides of the tabernacle. Larger holes are drilled through the upper ends of the battens, and the stretcher rods on the mast passed through these before the nuts are tightened. The crutch then supports the base of the mast in the stern, and a small crutch can be made to support the mast forward. A really firm support is then ready for the tarpaulin, and at the same time the mast is also protected for the winter. Incidentally, the mast is also thus securely held for travelling.—*Mark Lester, Appledore, 44 Summerdown Road, Eastbourne.*

Notes on Pilotage; the Dee estuary

By Joan Abrams

(Concluded. Mrs. Abrams is Editor of the Journal of the Dinghy Cruising Association.)

A shallow channel runs close to the shore for some miles upstream of Mostyn. There is a better landing place at Llanerch-y-mor, where a muddy little gutter enters the channel, and several fishing boats are anchored close by. A footpath runs along the sea wall here, and there is a path along the gutter to the road, near a pleasant pub. The landing is muddy, and care should be taken to avoid the mouth of the gutter itself, which dries as a steep-sided ditch. The local fishing boats are moored farther out, and their punts left near the shore upstream of the gutter. When approaching at high tide the position of these boats will give an indication of where the gutter runs, and where it is best to anchor. The channel close to the shore in which the boats are moored dries out.

The main channel of the Dee is a little further offshore at this point, and swings out in an easterly direction to the middle of the Estuary. It is well buoyed, although the buoys are not marked on the Admiralty chart. It describes an S bend, to swing back again and run up to Hawarden Bridge between the Flint shore and the wall built out from John Summers' ironworks at the head of the Estuary. These huge works are built on land reclaimed from the marshes, and they are a prominent landmark from all over the Estuary. From Hawarden Bridge the Dee is canalised as far as Chester. Just down the river from Flint Castle a deep gutter runs into a factory. Boats float there at all times.

Between the retaining wall built out from the ironworks and the Wirral shore lie Burton Marshes. There are gutters draining these marshes which can be entered by a dinghy for a short time at high tide. This is a place for bird watchers—there are nesting grounds crowded with shore birds of all kinds along the edge of the marshes. The coastline is a mile away from the furthest point to which a dinghy can penetrate, and to cross the marshes one has to know or discover the way round the deep gutters that riddle them. Burton Point stands out as a landmark, a wooded headland of sandstone cliffs, but it is now washed only rarely by the very highest spring tides.

The other channel up the Dee is more frequented by yachtsmen, and not at all by commercial traffic apart from small fishing boats, There are fewer of these every year. The nobbies which used to trawl for shrimps (though long since used as motor boats only) are one by one being converted into yachts.

This Channel leads from Welshman buoy along the edge of Lime

Wharf, the bank extending south-east of Hilbre Island, Middle Hilbre, and the Little Eye—the three high-tide islets which are really the highest points of this long bank. On this bank are moored many boats belonging to West Kirby sailing club. The sands are firm, and it is quite easy to walk ashore to West Kirby, a mile away at low tide. From West Kirby there are good bus and train communications to Liverpool.

The first buoy to make for from Welshman is Seldon Seen, then East Bar. From this point the channel changes almost every year. There is a group of yachts and fishing boats moored on the edge of the deep water, and close to these boats is the farthest point upstream at which it is possible to lie permanently afloat. Cawdy Buoy, a mile upstream of East Bar, is the last official guide. The bank on the landward side of the channel between East Bar and Cawdy is covered with nobbly mussel beds on which it would be uncomfortable to dry out.

From here the channel is navigable only as the tide rises, and the marker buoys of the Dee Sailing Club provide a guide to its course in the summer. A landmark is the white cottage by the wooded clay cliffs near Thurstaston, known as Sally's after the old lady who lived there for many years. There is a path up the cliffs here leading to the road to Thurstaston. The channel is nowadays a little way out from the shore at this point, but is closer in a mile further on, where two grassy valleys break the line of clay cliffs. The cliffs become lower as Heswall is approached. This is the chief mooring place for yachts upstream of West Kirby. The clubhouse of the Dee Sailing Club is at the point where the road from Heswall reaches the shore. Nearby is Richard Evans's boatyard. Water can be obtained here, by permission, and there is a general store a little way along the road. From this shop buses run to Heswall, and from there services run to Birkenhead, West Kirby, and Chester. There is water for sailing for two hours each side of high water. At low water the banks are muddy, but can still be walked over.

From here the channel becomes narrow, and Gayton now looks out to growing marshes. Parkgate is a marsh-side rather than a sea-side town though the Dee fishermen traditionally live there, driving home by car from Thurstaston or West Kirby. Shrimps are still sold at their doors in Parkgate. It is only possible to sail up to Parkgate on high spring tides, and still more rarely to Neston Quay, now embedded in the marsh.

These channels, the one from Dee buoy to Connah's Quay, and the one from Hilbre to Heswall and Gayton, are the only ones open to keel boats now. A dinghy can still get over the banks at high tide to cross the estuary from Heswall to Greenfield, but not at neaps. The sands known as Salisbury Bank, which block the lower part of the estuary, can be crossed by an exploring dinghy at some states of the tide.

Going foreign in a Caprice

by Don McKnight

This is an entry for the Irene Goodwin Cup, an open cruising trophy presented to the N.W. Group by A. Goodwin, so that members and associates may compete.

THE idea of "going foreign" came after our cruise to the Isle of Man, which we successfully achieved in 1961 in company with eight other twin bilge keel sailing craft. On our 1962 cruise there were three boats, all twin bilge sloops, each boat having two people on board, husband and wife.

Friday, July 6. We towed our boats to Weymouth, arriving just after lunch on Saturday, having had a few hours sleep in the lay-by ten miles south of Worcester. The Saturday was a busy day, launching at the town slip, stepping masts and general provisioning.

Sunday, July 8. After obtaining the BBC shipping forecast I rang the nearest Met Station, which is at Southampton, and they confirmed the forecast, East Force 2, later S.E. We left Weymouth Quay at 11.15. The three boats assembled outside the harbour, and our course was along by Portland Docks, and then out to the Shambles L.V., where we arrived at 13.45. Our course was 180 deg. for Alderney. Here is the log of the voyage :

We are maintaining three knots, the speed for which we worked out our course. 14.25. We have lunch of ready prepared sandwiches and coffee. Several steamers in view. A Hamburg-Chicago line cargo boat passing 200 yards away across our bows. Hilary takes the tiller at 16.00 and I have a 40 minute nap. Back at the helm, the other two boats are over to starboard—about a quarter mile. Beginning to feel tired as darkness encloses us. 24.00 Can just pick out loom of Casquets light.

Monday, July 9. 01.05. Pick up loom of Alderney. Still steering 180 deg. and am now feeling completely exhausted. Hilary very quiet below, either asleep or wishing she was. Off Alderney 04.00. In my sleepy state I mistake Alderney light for harbour light, but breakers on the rocks bring me to my senses, and we sail into harbour and drop anchor at 05.05. I collapse fully dressed on to my bunk—oblivion. I didn't expect ever to awake, but do so at 13.00, to appear on deck to see the remainder of our "armarda" sunbathing. The weather is perfect —sunny and almost cloudless. We all walk into the village of St. Anne, which is the island's capital. We have a hearty meal, and wander round the shops, buying provisions for our next hop to Guernsey. The mid-night forecast is favourable so we decide to depart at 05.00 next morning.

Tuesday, July 10. The skippers are on deck at 04.30 at which time we leave our crews in bed (in fact they didn't appear on deck until we were entering St. Peter Port, Guernsey). We sail out of the harbour at 05.30, out through the Swinge, which was a truly memorable sight, the early morning mist lifting off the various small islands, and in the distance the Casquet rocks, with their lighthouse standing on what

seemed thin air, as the lower part was shrouded in mist. 07.30. Take a three point bearing on The Casquets, Ortac Rock and the SW point of Alderney, alowing for West setting tide, and steer for entrance to "Little Russell" channel, which leads to St. Peter Port. Wind S, Force 2. Enter Little Russell at 11.25. Start outboard as I am pushing against the flood, and getting little assistance from the light Southerly wind. Enter St. Peter Port 13.10, and am allocated a mooring by the Harbour Master in the outer harbour. The other two arrive, and we decide to look for a mooring in the inner harbour, where we are lucky, and tie up alongside the wall.

We spent three very pleasant days here, in what appeared to me to be tropical conditions, (having come from Manchester).

We were made most welcome at the Royal Channel Islands Y.C., where we had the "yachtsman's dream of civilisation"—hot baths. The friendliness of other sailing types made our stay seem much too short, especially after having sampled afternoon drinks aboard the 13 ton Hillyard sloop *"My Lady Ailsa."* This boat to us seemed remarkable, for one could actually *stand up* and walk around her saloon.

* * * *

Friday, July 13. Yes, we actually set sail this day for our first foreign port, that of Dielette on the N.W. coast of France. Forecast S. Force 3. Left St. Peter Port 11.10, wind nearer Force 2, so we motor sailed past the southern tips of Herm and Sark. Leaving Sark at 13.20, we steered 080 deg. Started to rain 16.00. Sight French coast through the mist at 16.40. We are direct on course with Cap Flamainville on our starboard bow. Enter Dielette 19.15 with "Q" flag flying. The entire village comes on to quay wall to see us enter.

Dielette is a delightful port of call. The village consists of 1 shop and 2 restaurants. This part of France has not yet become "tourisme" minded, and one can obtain full value for money in the shops and restaurants.

We tied up alongside the harbour wall, and had a rather disturbed night, having to re-adjust fenders as the wall has many projecting rough stones. We woke next morning to a perfect day, with the sun shining from a cloudless sky, and our boats sitting on a sandy beach. This, of course, is one of the many advantages of twin keel boats. The Customs office here is open two hours a week, so our "Q" flags flew in vain.

We left Dielette on the afternoon high tide, at 14.30. Forecast SW to W Force 3-4. Again we had to use motors, for there was not a breath of wind. The sea was just like the proverbial mill pond. 16.15 found us off the "Nuz de Jobaurg," and we suddenly found ourselves in severe overfalls, which were not listed on the chart. The long shaft Seagull was clear of the water most of the time, and we made way only because we had the stream with us. These hectic conditions lasted for about an hour, until we cleared Gras du Raz light on our starboard beam. At 17.40, we set course 140 deg. to clear Brefont Buoy, and at 18.40 anchored in sheltered Omonville harbour. Four other British yachts and two French yachts were anchored there. "Q" flag again flying in hope of clearance. We went ashore for an evening meal, and

were back on board at 23.00. There was heavy rain most of night

Sunday, July 15. Weather fine but cloudy. Walk into village to obtain provisions. Have excellent lunch at Café du Port. Back on board, set sail 16.15 for Cherbourg. Light following wind, coast hazy with sea mist. Enter Outer Harbour of Cherbourg at 18.10. Find the Yacht Basin, which is the Avant Port, with help of large scale chart. On entering we are confronted with a similar sight to that of being in the Black Forest—masts everywhere. Eventually, the three of us tie our sterns to a central buoy, and kedge our anchors out forward. We found this an ideal way of mooring in a crowded harbour, as it allows about ten boats to tie on to one buoy. We stayed at Cherbourg for three days. The mooring fee is £1, and permits membership of the Yacht Club.

* * * *

Wednesday, July 18. 06.00. Our three pyjama clad figures appear on deck at the same moment; we are banging badly with the early morning trawlers leaving us their heavy wash. A sleepy-eyed *"Good Morning"* and we retreat quickly to our warm bunks. Leave our moorings 13.55. Destination, Weymouth. Wind S, Force 2-3. Cloudy and warm. Slight rain at 17.13 for 25 minutes. 18.10. Lose sight of French coast. Course 345. 18.25. We are sailing quite close to each other with myself leading, when a large oil tanker *"Esso Munchen"* from Hamburg appears on the port beam. She holds her course with the result that we have to go about to avoid a certain collision. This was the only instance where a large ship did not alter course for us. Fortunately it was still daylight.

23.30. Sailing goose-winged, wind increasing. 24.00. Heavy rain. We decide to reef. I heave-to, and put 4 rolls in the main. Boat much steadier, less rolling. 02.30. Feeling very tired, with the usual result—finding it hard to focus my eyes when reading the compass. Navigation appears to be correct, as Shambles light is clearly visible. Dawn just breaking as we make out Portland Bill. 06.10. Arrive Weymouth, tie alongside quay, Customs on board and they give us clearance. Two minutes later, asleep in my bunk.

The three boats on this cruise were a Mystic, a Leeward and mine, a Caprice. All used navigation lights whenever sailing at night. We prepared no meals while under way, but ate sandwiches with flasks of soup and coffee. Lifelines were used at all times.

We were most fortunate with shipping forecasts during the whole cruise. If any doubt should have appeared, we would not have left harbour. Distress signals were carried by us all. A Prout 6 ft folding dinghy was used in harbours, and this was stowed in the Mystic's third berth while sailing. The cross-Channel passages we took were too long for only one helmsman per boat. We found our route a very interesting area for cruising, especially the smaller harbours of North West France. Eventually we were cleared by the French Customs at Cherbourg on the second day in port.

The possibilities of twin keel boats, taking the usual precautions, are limitless. A magnificent holiday was had by all.

FOR WOMEN

A short list

By Anne Fowler

"I think I shall make lists of everything we need for our three months stay on the East Coast next year," I said. "If I start now it will give me plenty of time to revise them, and save that awful last minute rush."

"Good idea," agreed the Skipper.

"Now how many books do you think I can take?"

"About six I should say. But there are other more important things."

"I shall have plenty of time to mak out more lists," I pointed out. "If it's a summer like this one I shall need a few well chosen books."

I sat with pencil and paper and immediately felt the usual blankness descend when clearness of mind is essential. It was obvious that I should need books which I could re-read with absorbing interest—biographies instead of novels; unless perhaps I included Jane Austen and Nancy Mitford? There were many enthralling biographies which I could easily re-read—*The Reason Why* and *Florence Nightingale,* both by Cecil Woodham Smith, *Elizabeth and Leicester* by Milton Waldman, or Edith Sitwell's *Fanfare for Elizabeth* and the *Queens and the Hive.* It would be a good time to re-read Trevelyn's *English Social History* or one of Arthur Bryant's books, or I could browse through Wavell's *Other Men's Flowers.* And of course I had always meant to study Browning.

The list grew longer in my mind. I pulled myself together. It was, after all, important that it should be a comprehensive list; books in which I could be interested during that pleasant half hour when one is snuggled down into one's sleeping bag at night, or long enough to help to pass a dreary summer's day of pouring rain, books that one could start on any page, even if one's book marker had disappeared. It was more difficult than I had thought it would be. But I finally presented my list for the Skipper's approval.

Bible
Shakespeare
A Century of English Essays.
English Saga by Arthur Bryant
Meditations of Marcus Aurelius
Pride and Prejudice by Jane Austen

The Skipper stared blankly at it.

"What on earth am I going to read?" he asked. "We can only take


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six books *altogether.* How long is it since you've read Shakespeare?"

"They are the only quotations I can remember in a cross word," I reminded him. "You can dip into the book of essays, and *English Saga* is a wonderful review of a hundred years."

"What about Marcus Aurelius?"

I hesitated.

"He made a deep impression on me when I was eighteen."

"And you haven't looked at him since," said the Skipper triumphantly.

"Well, what are your sugestions?" I asked, a little aggrieved.

"I can tell you immediately, and mine will be books we can both enjoy. If we are going to the East Coast we must take *Two and a Half Ton Dream* by Roy Whitaker, *East Coast Rivers, Reed's Almanac, Roving Commissions,* a dictionary and a bible."

"I loved Roy Whitaker's book," I agreed "but *Roving* is all about bigger boats. I prefer small ones."

He was quite right of course. We obviously had to take *East Coast Rivers,* or we should never find our way from place to place and *Reed's Almanac* is packed with essential information. The dictionary we should need for our daily crossword.

"But I must have something to read," I protested.

"Quite easy," said the Skipper. "You belong to a library and can have one fiction and one non-fiction book. We just haven't got room for any more."

One learns as one grows older. I shall make lists in future, but is it wise to discuss them?

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