The Silhouette Owner

The journal of the Silhouette Owners' Association

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Growth

LAST month we reported the formation of a new group of Silhouette owners on the Wyre at Fleetwood. This month we report the establishment of two more well-organised groups, the Yorkshire Group to serve Silhouette owners between the Humber and the Tees, and the Lake District Group, to cover Windermere and Ullswater, and other sailing waters in this area, including Barrow. It takes much hard work by individuals to get things going like this, and the SOA owes a great debt to all who have helped, and continue to help, in organising Silhouette activities in this way. The virility and continued growth of the association is immensley encouraging—a tribute both to the fine sailing qualities of the Silhouette and to the enthusiasm of Silhouette owners. The aim of the SOA (as of this *Journal*) is to promote the interests of Silhouette owners wherever they may be, and we urge all new owners to get in touch with that hard-working officer, the Hon. Sec., of the group nearest to their sailing waters. But please don't join a group simply to see what you can get out of it the strength of any human organisation is in what its members give, as well as get. The SOA is lucky in having many members prepared to give a great deal of time and effort to helping fellow-sailors, and the more help that everybody gives, the happier (and the healthier) will be our part of the yachting world.

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

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Open Cruising Trophies

AS its name implies, the Silhouette Owners' Association is the Class Association for Silhouettes, but the rules make special provision for those who sail other boats to share the activities of Silhouette sailors, and to enjoy with them the wider comradeship of the sea, as Associate Members. To acknowledge the valuable part that our friends who sail with us play in our sailing lives, we instituted this year a *National Open Cruising Trophy* for Associate Members. Like our other trophies, this will be held by the winner for a year, after which he will receive a replica to keep permanently. In the *Irene Goodwin Cup* the North West Group of the SOA has a rather similar Open Cruising Trophy, except that this is open to Silhouette members of the group as well as to associates. Logs entered for either of these trophies must reach the Editor of the *Journal* by November 1 each year. The Editor writes:

Wretched weather during most of the 1962 season interfered seriously with cruising plans, and limited the entries for these competitions. Nevertheless we received two logs of most enterprising cruises by Associate Members—Arthur Goodwin's cruise in his 25 ft Colin Mudie sloop *Lady Irene* from the Isle of Wight to Anglesey in April (published in the July *Journal*), and Don McKnight's cruise in his Caprice *Sampan* to the Channel Islands and France, in company with a Mystic and a Leeward, in July (published in the November *Journal*). Goodwin sailed *Lady Irene* with a crew of two men, and McKnight sailed his Caprice with his wife. Both these cruises were admirable small-boat voyages, ably carried out, and it was not easy to judge between them. The sub-committee which helped with the

judging, however, was assisted by an observation by Mr. A. R. T. Garrett, who judged the Silhouette cruising competitions last year, that the decisions taken during a cruise in company with other skippers "are probably more easily taken than those which the lone skipper has to take by himself." It was decided, therefore, to award the trophies as follows:

The National Open Cruising Trophy, to Arthur Goodwin.

The Irene Goodwin Cup, to Don McKnight.

The SOA can, I think, take a justifiable pride in the fact that the first awards of these two trophies should both be so well merited—and in a year when the weather was all against cruising. Don McKnight was presented with his trophy at the North West Group's annual dinner on November 17 (reported on another page.) The National Trophy will be presented to Arthur Goodwin at the SOA's London party on January 5. Congratulations to two good sailors, and good friends of the SOA.

On the Wyre

WARDLEYS Creek, on the Wyre just above Fleetwood, was a port long before Fleetwood came into existence. The delightful house now called Wardleys Cottages, which is the home of Mr. T. H. Swarbrick, Hon. Secretary of the newly-formed Wyre Group of the SOA, is over four centuries old. At one time in its history it was The Ship Inn, with barns and storehouses for all the commerce of the Fylde which was shipped from Wardleys Quay. In the days before there were any railways in England most of the commerce of the home market was moved by coastal shiping: the ketch and, a little later, the trading schooner were the trains, motor lorries and buses of their day combined.

Today Wardleys Cottages form a private house, and the old seaborne trade of Wardleys has departed. But a handsome little fleet of Silhouettes, moored in the tidal Wyre off Mr. Swarbrick's house, keeps up the seafaring tradition. John Anderson writes :

Helen and I were delighted to have a chance of visiting the interesting and attractive Wyre estuary when we were invited to meet the Wyre Group at Mr. Swarbrick's house on Sunday, October 28. Those present included the Wyre Group Commodore, Mr. R. O. Brewer and Mrs. Brewer, Mr. Swarbrick, Miss J. Wright, Hon. Treasurer of the Group, Mr. and Mrs. Hayfield and John Hayfield, Mr. B. Lloyd, Mr. and Mrs. J. Davis and Mr F. R. Gregory. We were entertained to a sumptous lunch, provided by the ladies of Wardleys, and had a most interesting discussion on Silhouette affairs and sailing generally. We were also shown some fascinating films of Silhouette and other sailing on the Wyre. The Wyre Group has enterprising plans, and Silhouette owners in the North who may not have thought of sailing from the Wyre are invited to get in touch with Mr. Swarbrick.

Invitation to a Party

★

Members and friends of the Silhouette Owners' Association are cordially invited to the SOA's Annual London Party. Make a date now.

Saturday, January 5th, 1963

at 7-30 p.m.

at the

National Liberal Club,
Whitehall Place S.W.1

Just across the road from Charing Cross Underground Station.

* * *

This will be the best party that the SOA has ever held, so please try to come. It is on the evening of the first Saturday of the Boat Show, and will follow immediately after the association's AGM at the National Liberal Club at 6.30 p.m. So Boat Show, AGM and Party can be combined in one trip to London.

* * *

Photographic Competition. Prizes are offered in a competition for black and white photographs of Silhouettes, and a selection of the entries will be displayed at the party. Please send entries, clearly marked with sender's name and address on the back, to A. A. Collie, White Cottage, Cliveden Close, Shenfield, Essex.

Secretary's Notes

WE'VE torn off the last page of the calendar for 1962, which makes this the last opportunity I shall have to wish you all the very best wishes for the festive season, and a sincere hope that 1963, will be a prosperous, happy, peaceful, and jolly good sailing year.

With Christmas so close upon us, most folk have plenty to think about, but that's no excuse for forgetting the Annual General Meeting and Party: So make a date, make a note, and a New Year's resolution that come what may, *you* will not miss this very important date in our calender. The date, January 5; the time, 6.30 p.m; the place, The National Liberal Club, Whitehall Place, S.W.1. And a note to all crews and mates; this will not be a time of propositions, amendments, and dry as dust debating, but the speediest, slickest meeting you have ever attended, followed by the happiest gathering you have ever been with. So even if the "skipper" is reluctant to put on a tie for a change, this is the one time when you must insist.

* * *

A word of thanks would not be amiss for all those who took the trouble to drop a line adding further information, and corecting mistakes that occured in our last printed list of members. Our new list, which is due shortly, should be complete.

* * *

It's a pity that we can't yet announce the date of next year's National Week at Plymouth, but it will be well worth while to postpone booking your next year's leave until the date is officially known, as "Plymouth Week" will be a good way to spend a holiday. I had to spend a week in that town during November, and although the weather was cold and miserable, and it was pretty lonely on a winter day, I walked all around the front, and was impressed with all the amenities that there are for sailing, and with all the sheltered water in the area. Everyone should have a wonderful week, so keep your diaries open.

* * *

Thinking of Christmas presents? We have stocks of Association ties, burgees, or how about the annual subscription to the Association.

R. A. G.

The Log Competitions

ENTRIES for the *Suzanne Trophy*, presented by Robert Tucker, and for *The Silhouette Owner Trophy* are in the hands of .Mr Maurice Griffiths, the Editor of *Yachting Monthly*, who generously agreed to judge this year's competitions. The awards, and Mr Griffiths's report, will be published in the January *Journal*. The *Suzanne Trophy* is for the best log of a cruise by a Silhouette anywhere in the world. *The Silhouette Owner Trophy* is for the best log of a cruise in a Silhouette by a crew including a woman.

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The Lakes Group

SILHOUETTE owners who sail in the Lake District assembled at the Ullswater Hotel, Glenridding, on Trafalgar Day and decided to establish a Lakes Group of the SOA. The Group will cover all the lakes and adjacent waters of the English Lake District.

Windermere and Ullwater are the two largest sailing areas, and although they are fairly close in miles, geography makes them pretty distinct. It was decided, therefore, that there should be both a Windermere flotilla and an Ullswater flotilla, each with its own flotilla captain, and each appointing representatives to the regional committee of the Lakes Group. It is hoped that in time there may be flotillas in other sailing areas, for example Barrow-in-Furness.

Lt. Commander A. M. Seymour was elected Group Commodore, and he has taken on the job of Hon. Secretary as well. Mr J. W. Wallace is Ullswater flotilla captain, and Mr. E. R. Adams and Mrs. J. Nash were elected to the Ullswater committee. Mr. M. F. P. Nash is Hon. Treasurer of the Lakes Group. The Windermere offices have not yet been filled, but a meeting is to be held in the Windermere area early next year to appoint officers and to arrange a programme of events for the season.

All members of the Lakes Group will be, of course, members of the SOA, and the meeting decided to have a group subscription of 5s. a year, due from February 1 next, in addition to the 15s. a year for membership of the national association. The group has conducted a survey of all boats known to sail in the Lakes, and is carrying on a most enterprising recruiting campaign for membership. The committee of the Ullswater Yacht Club has welcomed the formation of the group, and sent a nice message wishing it every success, and assuring the group of support in any ventures that it may arrange on Ullswater. The group hopes to run a series of races, to organise picnics at pleasant spots on the lakes, and to arrange shore functions like occasional dinners and

dances. It hopes to provide facilities on the lakes for Silhouette owners in other parts of the country who would like to have a holiday in the Lake District, and it will also try to arrange sailing for members in one another's boats, to avoid the need for trailing over Kirkstone Pass if somebody would like a day out on a different lake. All members, or potential Silhouette owners, who may be considering sailing in the lakes are invited to get in touch with Lt. Commander Seymour at Hartforth Grange, Gilling West, Richmond, Yorkshire.

The Yorkshire Group

A meeting of owners convened at the Royal Station Hotel, York, on October 24 decided to form a Yorkshire Group of the SOA. This will incorporate the smaller Scarborough Group which Brian Beeden and Derek Birse formed last season. The area of the new Yorkshire Group will extend from the Humber to the Tees, and it is hoped that all owners in the area will join. The group plans to arrange coastal cruises and social gatherings, and to race Silhouettes under the auspices of the Scarborough and Whitby Yacht Clubs. The folowing officers have been elected:

Commodore. I. Smith.
Vice-Commodore. R. Swaby.
Hon. Secretary. Brian M. Beeden, Toll Bar House, Firsby Lane, Conisborough, Near Doncaster.
Hon. Treasurer. J. K. Huggon.
Committee representative. Flight Lt. D. L. Birse, RAF.

The Boat Show

THE 1963 Boat Show at Earl's Court will open on Wednesday, January 2, and remain open until January 12. The London Boat Show, which is organised by the Ship and Boat Builders' National Federation and sponsored by the "Daily Express," has no equal anywhere in the world. The 1963 show will be even bigger than this year's, with over 500 exhibitors displaying boats and marine equipment over 11 acres of Earl's Court. The central feature for the coming show will be a replica of a South Pacific village, set as an island between twin pools. The show is open from 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. each day. Admission : opening day, 10s. (children under 16, 5s.); other days, 3s. 6d. (children under 16, 2s. 6d).

The AGM of the Silhouette Owner's Association, and the SOA's annual London party, have been arranged for Saturday evening, January 5, so that members can combine attendance with a visit to the Boat Show in one trip to London.

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North West Dinner Dance

THE weather in the Straits last "summer" was at least a good apprenticeship for North West Silhouette owners in getting to the NW Group's annual dinner dance on November 17. In spite of the worst November weather for a decade, 82 people fought their way through a blizzard of driving snow to reach Manor Hey Hotel, Urmston, near Manchester, in good time for dinner. What is more, in weather a lot more suitable for oilskins, they came in dinner jackets and pretty evening frocks—a notable example of English (and Welsh and Scottish) scorn of the English climate.

Good behaviour by Silhouette owners at the group's first dinner dance last year must have impressed the magistrates, for this year they granted an extension until 2 a.m. Reg. Pegg, the Group Commodore, presided—with Mrs. Pegg and his son John he drove up from Wrexham. George Hurley and Mrs. Hurley drove all the way from Plymouth. People came from Anglesey and North Wales, from Birkenhead, from Fleetwood—from all over the place. It was a wonderful demonstration of enthusiasm and good comradeship.

After an excellent dinner, Reg. Pegg proposed the Loyal Toast, and then George Hurley proposed a toast to the Silhouette Owners' Association and the NW Group. Ron Bradbury, the group's Vice-Commodore, replied. Jim Berry then proposed The Guests, and John Anderson, speaking in this context as National Commodore of the SOA, replied. Mrs. Pegg then presented the trophies won by members of the group during the year—the Fielden Trophy, a beautiful half-model of a Silhouette, given by Mr. Fielden of the Menai Bridge Boat

Club as a Silhouette trophy for the Menai Straits Regatta, to Jack Taylor, the Firth Cup to Herbert Firth (a very popular victory in a hard-sailed race), the Pegg Cup to Ron Bradbury, the Beaumaris Town Regatta Cup to Ian Holyman, and the Irene Goodwin Cup in the group's own log competition to Don McKnight. Mrs. Roy Francis then presented a bouquet to Mrs. Pegg on behalf of the group.

The formal part of the proceedings over (and they were not very formal), the party settled down to dance until 2 a.m. Everything went with a real swing, and from start to finish it was an immensely happy party.

The group was particularly pleased to welcome many old friends, and new friends from the recently-formed Wyre Fleet. Don McKnight acted as MC, an dthe success of the party owes much to his cheerful activities. Herbert Firth and Ron Bradbury organised the dinner, and arranged the decorations. With Don McKnight, Jim Berry and other helpers they deserve a warm vote of thanks.

Sail Training

ALMOST alone among maritime nations, Britain has no big sailing ship offering national facilities to young people to get some sea-training under sail. The Sail Training Association, under the patronage of the Duke of Edinburgh, has set out to remedy this lack by raising £300,000 to build and commission a 300-ton topsail schooner, designed by Camper and Nicholson in association with John Illingworth. The schooner will take 36 boys, aged between 15 and 20, on fortnightly training courses. She aims to spend at least 200 days in the year at sea, which will enable some 500 a year to get sail-training in her. This is a wider purpose than training seamen—the purpose of the STA's schooner is to provide sail training, to help in character building, for boys drawn from all walks of life. Silhouette owners, who know what the possession of one's ship can mean in life, may feel that the Sail Training Association's project is one worth supporting. Donations should be sent to The Sail Training Association Special Appeal, c/o Hoare and Company, Bankers, 37 Fleet Street, London E.C.4.

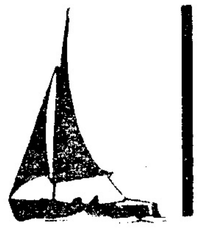
Photographic Competition

DETAILS of the SOA's annual London party on January 5 are given on another page. An innovation this year will be a competition for black and white photographs of Silhouettes. Prizes are offered, and a selection of the entries will be displayed at the party. Please send photographs as soon as possible to A. A. Collie, White Cottage, Cliveden Close, Shenfield, Essex—and please make sure that all entries are clearly marked on the back with the sender's name and address.

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The Log of Perelandra
by W. S. Farnell

LAST September, Dr. Roderick Greenshields and I sailed from Ramsgate Harbour at 4.15 a.m. bound for Dover. We were joining the small Silhouette fleet which was sailing from there to Calais the next day. However, we sailed into fog and had to start the outboard, as the Force 2-3 wind forecast never materialised, The fleet was fog-bound in Dover for three days. We trailed home feeling a sense of frustration. However, we had talked over drinks—we had plenty of time for this—and decided we would make another attempt earlier in the season the following summer.

Accordingly on June 9, 1962, *Perelandra* was trailed from Welford-on-Avon to Ramsgate. Again Rod was the navigator. The previous trip, although frustrating, was useful. It had taught me several lessons, the chief of which was that Rod's navigation was extremely accurate.

Perelandra was launched from the slip in Ramsgate Inner Harbour the same evening at 5 p.m. After stepping the mast, we went home to my father's house to stay the night. The weather forecast was "winds Northerly 2-3 strengthening 4-5, good visability." This decided our course for us. We would sail to the N. Goodwin Light, and set a course for Calais with the wind aft.

We sailed from Ramsgate Harbour at 7.35 a.m., June 10, course 125 deg. for Quern Buoy. It was two hours after high water, tidal stream was 0.29 deg. at 1.6 knots. Wind was estimated at Force 3, boat's speed estimated 3.5 knots. The actual speed was 4 knots. I had modified the rig to masthead, the new big jib was drawing well, and *Perelandra* was sailing well on a reach. Quern Buoy was passed at 7.45 a.m,; at 8.10 I altered course to 060 deg. to West Gull Buoy.

It was a lovely day for sailing. The wind was steady, and when we passed just south of the North Goodwin Lightship, we altered course for the long leg to Calais. The course was 164 deg. true. Allowing for tidal set and leeway, we steered 190 deg. This put the wind on the port quarter, and we ran on comfortably, *Perelandra* taking the Channel swell like a seabird. We saw no other yachts or shipping. The East Goodwin Buoy was on the starboard beam at 9.45. We had a good look at the wrecks through the binoculars. The waves were breaking on the

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.

sands in a smother of foam—not too healthy for a small boat. We were thankful for deep water and the distance between us and the Sands.

The East Goodwin Lightship was the next mark to come abeam. We altered course to close her, so that Rod could get a photograph. It subsequently turned out to be excellent, as did the other transparencies of the trip.

At 10.17, we left the Lightship on the starboard quarter, and steered 178 deg. for Calais. At 11.25 we encountered our first ship the Turkish M.V. *Demisel*. We were obviously on a collision course. *Demisel* held course, but was slowing down; she had spotted our sails. The whole ship seemed to breathe caution. When I finally altered course to starboard, one could sense the relief on the bridge, she held course, but slowed down even more to lessen her wash. As it was she pushed up quite a steep bow and quarter wave, which made us dip like a scenic railway car. Even through the binoculars, we could not see anybody on the bridge. If we had, I would have acknowledged their courtesy.

At 12.00 hours, the wind slackened and finally became so light, that now *Perelandra* literally wallowed, unable to maintain course

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. Altricham 0765.*
Solent.	*Hon. Sec. J. R. Caulder, Sellafield, Orchard Lane, Hermitage, Emsworth.*
Bristol Channel.	*Hon. Sec. Cyril Watts, L, Vassall Road, Fishponds, Bristol.*
Midland.	*Hon. Sec. E. G. Oldham, 206, Hagley Road, Edgebaston, Birmingham.*
Lake District.	*Hon. Sec. Lt. Commander A. M. Seymour, RN, Hartforth Grange, Gilling West, Richmond, Yorkshire.*
Wyre and Morecambe Bay.	*Hon. Sec. T. H. Swarbrick, Wardleys Cottages, Hambleton, near Blackpool.*
Yorkshire (Humber to Tees).	*Hon. Sec. Brian M. Beeden, Toll Bar House, Firsby Lane, Conisborough, near Doncaster.*
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.*

against the tide. At 12.45, we started the Seagull and resumed course. Land was sighted at 13.01. Rod took bearings, and from his plotting discovered that we were five nautical miles SW of course The error arose through reluctance to start the motor; now we were going to pay by having arrived at the wrong place at the wrong time. At 13.48, the wind picked up, but as we were down tide of Calais, we made no headway. There was nothing to do but await change of tide, which was at 14.20. From then on, we dog-legged to Calais, and made our first foreign landfall at 15.48, when we sailed into the Outer Harbour. Total distance was 32.5 NM, and sailing time 8 hrs. 3 min., average speed 4.0 knots. We celebrated by having an excellent dinner and plenty of wine. We slept like logs!

The next day we arose early to lock into the Outer Harbour. We did not turn in again, but squared up the ship's gear and made coffee. At 9.30, we cleared the harbour mouth, and steered 267 deg. for Blanc Nez, the first leg to Boulogne. The NW wind was almost non-existent, so we motored steadily on course. The Northern beaches were almost deserted at this time of year. Blanc Nez came abeam at 12.45 p.m. We altered course 234 deg. for Gris Nez. From Blanc Nez to Gris Nez the navigation was alded by the abundance of landmarks on which to check bearings. The French buoys, with their system of numbering are also very helpful. Most of the buoys are tall and can be picked up at from about 3-4 miles in calm conditions.

We were now steering 234 for Gris Nez, which came on the beam at 14.10. The course for the buoy off Boulogne was 196 deg. At 14.10 we were one mile north of the Red and White buoy. We stopped and lay in the sun. At 15.00, we resumed sailing, course 118 deg. for the Outer Harbour. At 15.45, we entered and finally tied up to the fishing vessels in the inner tidal harbour. Total distance 22.5 sea miles, sailing time 5 hrs. 25 mins., (not including stop), average speed 4.2 knots; with stop, 3.6 knots.

June 12. Weather forecast sunny, winds variable Force 1-3 S, Westerly, dropping to calm. We decided that as the winds were light, we would sail to Le Touquet instead of Dieppe. High Water at Le Touquet was at 18.56 GMT. This late high water gave us plenty of time in Boulogne to do some shopping, to refuel, and to replenish the water tanks. Rod bought a French Admiralty chart of the Cote Nord de France, and this we used for the next three days until we were off Gris Nez on the homeward leg. Our policy when coastal sailing was to stand out to sea as far possible to avoid local eddies and fluky winds. Today the wind was indeed variable. It was a beautiful sunny day, so we just cruised along with sails flapping, and the Seagull chugging steadily.

We had sailed at 14.00, and we were at the Boulogne buoy, 2-5 miles from land, at 14.40. From there onwards, once having left Cap d'Alfrech on the port quarter, the course was almost parallel to land, 174 deg. At 16.45, Rod decided he could not resist the water, and so we anchored and swam. There was still plenty of time before High Water, which we needed to cross the bar of the Conche River into Le Touquet. It was after our swim when we had our worst moment. I was idly looking at the compass and was fascinated to see it revolving through 360 deg. in its gimbals. We were a long way from home to be "blind"! However, it was soon put right; it had stuck in the gimbals through corrosion. From then on we were very compass conscious, and continually checked with the hand-bearing compass.

We crossed the bar an hour before High Water. Rod sat on the foredeck and sounded me in. The water was so shallow that he sounded with the boathook, calling out the depths in feet and inches. As we cautiously sounded towards the anchorage off the Yacht Club, an English voice hailed us. If we were a Silhouette, we had plenty of water, we were told, so we anchored near the friendly Debutante. That evening was perfect. The sun set over the bar of the river, and we stopped in the cockpit for a long time, talking to our new English friends.

June 13. The next morning we sounded out of the river, and anchored, waiting for the tide. There was no wind, but it was sunny and warm. At 9.30, we started the Seagull, and set course for Boulogne. We noticed that the Debutante *Sou-wester* was keeping a parallel course inshore to us. The wind had freshened slightly, so we hoisted all sail and cut the motor. The Debbie had spotted our wind, and followed on our more seaward course. This invoked in us a spirit of competition, so up went the storm jib on the starboard forward shroud! We managed to hold our own until just off Boulogne, when

the wind dropped, and we both had to motor into Boulogne Harbour. We tied up to *Sou'wester,* and spent another pleasant evening swapping experiences and the odd drink. *Sou'wester's* skipper had really been in some blows. We felt we had been in the presence of a yachtsman.

June 14. My birthday, and what a day's sailing it proved to be! Forecast, Wind Force 2, increasing 4-5 SW fair, some showers later, gusting 5-6. The wind was absolutely right, so we set course from Boulogne to Ramsgate via South Goodwin Light Vessel and the Downs.

We left Harbour Wall at 8.25, and were off Boulogne Buoy at 9.05. Course now 007 deg. to Gris Nez, wind freshening, and sailing well with wind and tide aft. Our actual speed over the ground was 7 knots, we had estimated. At 10.30 Rod had got sufficient bearings from Gris Nez to give the new course of 340 deg. for the Goodwin Lightship. At 11.45 we were sailing well, when our first interruption came. I spotted some glass floats and was dubious about what seemed to be a hazard. However, after 30 minutes of cruising, looking for an opening, a trawler gave us the OK to cross. We had plenty of water under us, but somehow the idea of fishing gear mixed up in the bilge keels, did not induce a quiet mind. It was at this point I decided to boil some eggs.

Rod took the helm, and we sailed steadily on course, the slick of our wake indicating that we were really going fast. The main was goosewinged to starboard, and the big jib was full and drawing. I had to douse the stove when the *Lord Warden* overtook us, then we relit and started again. The eggs were really hardboiled when I finished with with them. We ate them with bread and chunks of butter, washed down with coffee and brandy.

The wind was freshing, and now the bilge keels were throbbing as we ploughed down the waves. It was smashing sailing. We must have been at a Silhouette's maximum speed. How I blessed that big jib and the masthead rig. The wind increased, but as we approached the Goodwins, visibility became poorer. However, conditions were too good to shorten sail, so we pressed on. *Perelandra* rode the following seas magnificently. My weight was as far aft as I could get comfortably, but the transom lifted buoyantly to everything that came. By now the whole boat was throbbing rhythmically on the downward rush.

At about 13.00, Rod heard a fog signal. Was it Dover, or the South Goodwin Lightship? Soon our doubts were resolved when the Lightship appeared on the bow. We were on course, it was 13.15, and we had been sailing for over two hours out of sight of land. Once again our navigation was spot on.

A glance over the transom showed that we were being followed by a large cargo vessel. I hung on to course as long as possible, but eventually altered course to port. This put me nearer the land. I thought he would not follow me on an inshore leg. Finally, however, he altered course to starboard, and appeared to stop seaward of the lightship. By now the SW Goodwin Buoy was on the starboard beam, and we ran on through the Downs.

After the Deal Bank Buoy was passed, we met two yachts beating

to windward. We realised then that we had the best of it. They were stuffing their noses well in, and throwing the spray well aft. At 15.45, the tide set against us, and we finally entered Ramsgate Harbour on a reach at 16.30. By 17.00, we had cleared Customs and were preparing to lock through into the Inner Harbour before hauling out. Total distance, 38 sea miles, sailing time 8 hrs, average 5 knots.

In five days, we had visited four French ports, and had sailed 125 sea miles. Rod and I have often discussed this trip, particularly after showing the transparencies. Some few facts emerge which may be of benefit to those who are contemplating "going foreign" for the first time.

Two compasses are essential; our little "Sestrel" handbearing compass was as accurate as the steering compass, and provided a good check. A good compass must have a good navigator—if you can't get Rod to do it, swot it up! We carried a full set of charts, more than adequate for our cruising area.

A Silhouette is a good sea boat, and will provide lots of fun for adventurous sailors. All the same, we took no chances. Our 15 lb CQR was more than adequate. I also carried a 9 lb French type kedge anchor. This chain was then bent on to 200 ft. of 1 inch nylon warp. The warp was wound onto a drum in the forepeak. Other gear which we considered essential included, signalling apparatus, flag and rocket, first aid kit, spare warp (100 ft) paraffin lamp for riding light, life jackets, life buoys.

We had intended taking an inflatable dinghy, but were unable to get one at short notice. Reluctantly, we sailed without. In future I shall carry an inflatable in the cockpit locker. The dinghy packs into a bag of kitbag dimensions, so there is no stowage problem.

All our canned food was stowed under the floorboards in the bilges. In this manner, you can carry a considerable reserve, and the weight is where it does most good, below the waterline. We cooked on a spirit stove. Never again! I am now converted to Calor gas. Because of the bother of refuelling spirit stoves and the smell of spilt fuel, cooking is not an enjoyable chore in a small cabin. In any sort of a seaway, spirit stove fumes can be a little sick-making.

Laying up
by Margaret Croft

MEN, in particular those who sail, are sometimes apt to loose all sense of proportion. It was on a horribly foggy morning that the Skipper decided that he and the Mate (me) should get up before the crack of dawn, 3.30 a.m., in fact, to slip our precious Silhouette.

With the aid of two alarm clocks, one dog, and a helpful parent, we dressed and climbed into a damp car, and drove the few miles to Maldon still half asleep. Visibility was about ten feet in front of the car. Arriving at the quay we droped the tender over the side, stowed all

necessary gear and clambered in. I put the torch in a thigh boot, the last place we thought to look when it was needed; then we pushed off. Being very low on the water, there seemed to be little fog, and we soon were aboard the boat, having encountered none of the numerous dreadful things which I had imagined were going to happen. For instance, having a mishap in our Prout, drifting down with the ebb into oblivion . . . .

* * *

While we were making ready to cast off a ballast barge passed close by, and we could hear plainly the voices on board. One voice said, "That's a yacht going out there isn't it?" "Yes, must be mad" came the reply. Actually, until we passed the end of the promenade, we encountered little fog, and familiar buoys were easy to pick up. But onee out in the open river, with no lines of moorings to creep alongside, it became very dense. Shining our torch simply made matters worse. We have no reliable compass, and I sat right up forward, with legs dangling, the idea being that in the event of a collision my legs would be crushed before any damage was done to the boat. However, we skillfully manouvered the next two miles of the river, with all the channel buoys coming up obediently to port or starboard. But when we arrived in the proximity of the slipway we were to use, there were a few anxious moments when moving among an unfamiliar ,crowded mooring.

* * *

There was a bright flashing light near the slipway, which helped us when it was on. It went off just as we were bringing the boat up on to the hard, so just to be on the safe side, the Skipper switched the engine off, and gave the signal for me to jump overboard, rather prematurely, into ice cold water up to the waist. (Of course I did not mind a bit!). When the light flashed on again, we saw that we were in an ideal position; in fact it took us just half an hour to get the boat slipped. The only remaining problem was to get the car from Maldon, so the Skipper, for a change, set out on the long walk back whilst I huddled up in the cabin eating chocolate and drinking (lovely) hot cups of tea.

Single-handed Navigator
by Martin Ware

Atlantic Adventure, by Francis Chichester. Edited by J. R. L. Anderson (Pp. 95, illustrated). Cloth 12s. 6d., paperback 6s. London, George Allen & Unwin.

All of us will remember the thrill of reading in the *Guardian* last summer the daily reports of Francis Chichester's second single-handed voyage from Plymouth to New York. His dispatches, transmitted to England by a Marconi radiotelephone on his 13-ton cutter *Gipsy Moth III* brought us the true flavour of high adventure,

compounded of endeavour, pushed at times to the limit of physical and mental exhaustion; moments of exhilaration and heightened awareness; and, sustaining it all, the evidence of thorough preparation, rare determination, resourcefulness, and courage. As we read the dispatches we were lifted momentarily out of our ordinary humdrum existence and allowed to share (vicariously and in safety it is true) the hazards of that remarkable passage.

When one recalls that Chichester was 61 at the time, that he was racing to beat (which he did) his own record of 40 days which had been good enough to win him the Singlehanded Transatlantic Race two years before, and that he had the added burden of operating the radio-telephone, the measure of his achievement is apparent. But then Francis Chichester is a remarkable man. He has always, it seems, been adventurous. In 1929, when flying was not what it is today, he flew solo in *Gipsy Moth I* from England to Australia, and then made the first solo East to West flight from New Zealand to Australia. Like some other notable men of action he is also part poet and philosopher: he can distil into memorable words the essence of his experience. "A voyage", he writes summing up his latest adventure, "is like a classical drama: it starts slowly and works up with many adventurous incidents to the finish". And just because Chichester has this double gift—of action and reflection—*Atlantic Adventure*, the story of his solitary voyage to New York, has so great an appeal. It is a minor classic of the sea, and will for long hold its place in the literature of sailing.

John Anderson, who organised the Chichester dispatches for the *Guardian*, so making journalistic history, now puts us doubly in his debt by their skilled editing to form, with the working log of *Gipsy Moth III*, the present book. The working log was posted from New York while the Chichester family, father, mother and son, made the return voyage in *Gipsy Moth*.

The book opens with an introductory chapter by Anderson describing the origins of the voyage and telling us how the first idea of the daily radiotelephone messages became a practical reality. Silhouette owners will be proud to know that the seeds of this partnership between voyager, radio engineers, and newspaper were sown on the evening of last year's annual meeting of the SOA, when Francis Chichester came to present the prizes for the winning logs. We learn how *Gipsy Moth's* rig was changed from sloop to cutter, of the trials in the Solent of her redesigned self-steering gear *Miranda*, and the details of her victualling. (The last, was Mrs. Chichester's responsibility.) Then following Francis Chichester's account of the race—and race it was, make no mistake about that, even though he was only competing against himself. The story is told in his own words, words often set down under conditions of great difficulty, and editing has been restricted to the minimum essential for continuity and clarity. The result well justifies this editorial restraint, for the story comes through vivid and clear. Once started, it is difficult to lay down the book. After the Log there is a note on the "receiving end" written by David Fairhall who, with his brother John,

kept watch at the GPO Marine Radio Terminal at Brent for Chichester's messages. Finally, there is an appendix on *Gipsy Moth's* vital statistics. There are 12 photographs, including one of *"Pidgy"* the racing pigeon which joined *Gipsy Moth* on her second day out. Later in his gallant attempt to rescue *"Pidgy"* from the sea Francis Chichester put about *Gipsy Moth* 15 times in some 40 minutes. an astounding feat, nearly going overboard himself in the process. Unfortunately, in spite of these heroic efforts and his eventual salvage *"Pidgy"* died from exposure. A sketch map comparing the tracks of Chichester's two singlehanded transatlantic voyages completes the book.

This is a fine tale well told. Every now and then one gets a glimpse of what such singlehanded voyaging calls for. "It took me two or three hours" Chichester writes of one occasion. "to get the sails in and secured". Of another, "I was sick and tired of putting storm sails up, and getting working sails down, and the thought of going all the way round again and setting the other sails was very depressing". These sentences tell their own story. *Atlantic Adventure* will appeal to every yachtsman, young or old. It is a book to keep. The price is modest, and I recommend it unreservedly.

In Memoriam

by Clementina Gordon

Mary Williams, SII 47, was wrecked off Boulogne in August this year when her cable broke while riding out a gale. Last year she won Miss Gordon the Suzanne Trophy for the best log of a cruise in a Silhouette. This is Miss Gordon's account of her first cruise in *Mary Williams*.

I left Hamersmith with the evening ebb, 6.0 p.m. July 4, 1958, mast down in crutches and under power (Seagull 102). In the jobble beside a lighter in the Pool of London I got the mast up and navigation lights on. The sailing barge *Redoubtable* passed under power. I brought up 9.15 p.m. at Gravesend YC. Saturday was cold at 6.15 a.m., and damp. On down river and rested midday at Hole Haven, sworn at by a rubbish barge. Then on to Herne Bay in the drizzzle, 10.20 p.m. Sunday, fair tide for Dover at 6.0 a.m. but no wind, drifted down coast, boiling an egg on the way. At 11.0 a.m. porpoises off Ramsgate and a cold little SE wind—duffle coat, but the tide was fair, and at 2.0 p.m. I locked into Wellington at Dover, where she had to be left while I was back in London.

I returned in time to lock out 7.30 a.m. Friday, July 11. There was a thick mist, even by 12.0 I could not see the pier signals as I groped out. After the 1.40 forecast I decided to carry on close inshore. I had

a glimpse of Folkstone pier head, then groped on to the E roads of Dungeness bringing up 7.0 p.m. off Littlestone—with a cheerful forecast of S Force 5-6. However it was a quiet night, and by 5 a.m. I took the W tide, meeting a popple off the point of Dungeness, and using the engine to save my tide round. Then I had a fair wind and arrived off Rye 9.30 a.m., just as the ebb was starting. The predicted S became Force 6-8 on the 1.40 forecast; and it came. Sunday, one could not stand upright ashore, Monday a 25-tonner came roaring back from Boulogne, but not fit for me till Tuesday, when it dropped to a light E. I was comforted on the way by a carrier pigeon which arrived off Beachy Head complete with letter, then settled on my bunk for a snooze. By 5.0 p.m. it freshened, safety harness, and a roll in the main. I dithered over Newhaven, then decided to carry on, as wind E by N and tide fair. At 9 p.m. the lights of Brighton and Hove came up, and a shower; by midnight I was feeling my way into Shoreham. Next day at 6.0 a.m. I was under way, with a nice little N wind, and off Littlehampton by 11.30 with cold drizzle. There seemed to be a lot of the Looe and Selsey, and I had to beat into Chichester. "Tired", log reads.

Thursday, July 17 brought a hard wet beat down the Solent to the Medina River, full of memories of my earlier boats. The wireless was wet and had to get a new battery, so could not leave Cowes till 3.15 p.m. next day. A grand ebb took me through the Needles and on to Anvil Point by 10 p.m. With a light SE and settled forecast, I carried on, 8 miles S of Portland. At 1.50 a.m. I hove to for soup, and a snooze. Course 280 Lyme Bay Buoy. Carried on, and at 7.30 hove to again for breakfast; "deserved it", log reads. Midday, Lyme Bay Buoy and a solitary coaster making into Bridgeport. Fine and hot, light E. By 4.30 p.m. DR 5 miles off Brixham, nothing in sight. Carried on, and 4.45 p.m. suddenly cliffs out of the haze, just right. Picked up club mooring 7.0 p.m. 100 miles approx. in 28 hrs including $2\frac{1}{2}$ hove to. Rested the next day, but not unduly tired. Monday July 21, left leisurely for short passage to Salcombe. S Force 3-4, cold and wet, found a vicious great swell off Start Point, which scared me stiff, mountains of water exploding white against a heliotrope sky and a tide rushing me on regardless. Was thankful to nurse her through it alive, and vowed to make extra shrouds and new hounds. In torrents of rain staggered into Salcombe and brought up by the club houseboat.

"Where are you from?"

"London River!"

"Don't be silly" was the answer. (Total passage about 380 miles, 13 days cruising, of which 10 under way).

I reurned from sailing a club boat in the Sail Training Race to Coruna, and started back to London River on Wednesday, August 20. It was a slow tiresome passage to Dartmouth, mitigated by catching 7 mackerel. Next day to Torquay was worse, eight miles in eight hours. On Friday there was only a light NW and no prospect of any more wind, so passage across West Bay would be too slow. Decided to work round by Beer Head and to visit relatives at Lyme Regis. Arrived there,

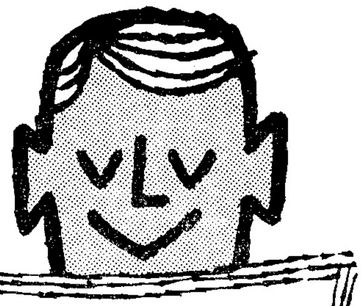
drenched with torrential thunder storm. Saturday, brought a forecast of increasing SW, but at least could lay course outside Portland with Genoa (I have never had the nerve to try the inner passage).The confused seas catapulted my favourite cockpit cushion overboard, but I beat back and snatched it from the crest of a wave—it is still with me today. By 4.0 p.m. I was off the Shamble, reefed with spitfire jib.

The seas off Anvil were dangerous astern but I had to push her over the ebb. I dare not try the Needles Channel, as the wind was against the tide, but I crept inshore and got relief under the light house. In Swanage Bay I looked back on a horizon of watery mountains behind me thankfully. Next day a full gale, lay to two anchors and could not go ashore.

On Monday it was civilized yachting again, and I sailed into the Solent, bringing up early in Wootton Creek, with thoughts of fried liver and bacon. Next morning I stocked up with petrol at Ryde Pier, while waiting for the foul tide to run out, then went on through the Looe Channel with overfalls, arriving at Littlehampton before dark. I wasted the next day, with great irritation, because the tide was too strong to punch out with the engine. There followed forecasts of depression with a cold SE, and buckets of rain, in which I struggled to Shoreham and on to Newhaven. Next day was hot enough to sail naked when well off Beachy Head, until the fog came, when I crept inshore, drifting quietly till 8.30 p.m. when it lifted, showing the Royal Soverign bearing SSW. As the tide was fair till 1.0 a.m., and no wind, I let her drift well inshore, until the alarm woke me, and I let go in 10 fathoms off Hastings, while the foul tide ran past. At 7.0 a.m. the wind was E, and it was pouring wet. I beat quietly along to Rye, arriving midday HW, and meeting Mr. Hamilton with his Mk. II Silhouette, No. 72 who kindly took me home for a bath after I had scrubbed my boat's bottom on the hard. Next day, September 1, no wind till 2.45 p.m., then I could only just lay down Dungness, and brought up in the E roads, as I could not stem the tide.

The midnight forecast was SE gales, so I got under way, and groped along the 5 fathoms line in foggy darkness. At 4.40 a.m. a fright; huge masthead lights charging at me—then I realised it was a car headlight on the cliff road by Folkestone. I brought up in a hurry. At 6.0 a.m. visibility was about 40 yards, and I asked a swimmer where I was, "Folkestone $\frac{1}{4}$ mile, and turn left". I did so arriving 7.45 a.m. The 1. 40 p.m. forecast talked not of gales, but SE Force 2-4, so I left in a haze of fog and sun, creeping past Dover and along the cliff base of the S. Foreland The fog was thicker, tripods suddenly looming up, and there was a plopping noise like a monster, made by swell on a concrete block, rather frightening. By 6.0 p.m. visibility was 20-30 yards, and I clung to the shingle of Deal bay, groping for the Pier. Suddenly jammed the tiller down; there were two iron posts right in front and I brought up 100 yards away, more relieve than I realised.

At 6.0 a.m. I was woken by a fresh onshore breeze, rushed into clothes and away for Ramsgate. At 10.30 I was away under reefed

lively
minds
(like yours)
like

THE GUARDIAN

main, but the tide was foul, and I had a slow beat up to N. Foreland. A working top sail barge roared S, while I took some green lumps on board. Past the Longnose it was much quieter; a seal came up to look, the tide was fair and I ran up to Whitstable by 5.0 p.m., where the ebb caught me, so I cheated over the flats and managed to carry two fathoms right into Care Creek. At 8.0 p.m. I was blundering in the cold, wet and dark, tied a rope round my prop, and subsided on my tail on a mud bank; a picture of incompetence. But the log reads "9.0 p.m. warm and dry, lightning, and wind piping up in rigging."

There is a final note: "I suppose this may be my last sail in her this season. She has done about 1,200 miles cruising since October, bless her."

FOR WOMEN

Matrimonial Sailing

By Anne Fowler

"I know whom I shall marry," said Amanda emphatically. "A man who loves sailing."

I eyed my fourteen year old niece. She seemed young to be planning her matrimonial designs, but papers and magazines have frequently pointed out that the young of today have older emotions. She had possibly discovered a useful fact; perhaps sailing *does* reveal our characters. In spite of the alluring blonde in brief bikini who habitually appears in a certain yachting magazine, most skippers

probably prefer a working mate. All that allure must be wastefully useless if it is not also allied with quick competence and enduring strength.

From a woman's point of view, what a splendid opportunity we are given to assess a loved one's natural instincts. It is cheering to note that those fingers which so skilfully splice a rope may probably also be able to tie Christmas parcels. The man who has cooked and washed up on board will be a helpful husband; his acquired tidiness will be a useful asset, his love of fitting out a boat will reveal his competence for decorating rooms—such a necessary skill for all married couples—his nimble ability to make gadgets can surely allow one to hope that he will be equally helpful at nailing up shelves. And will she be chary of accepting the man who frequently changes his boat, wondering if this shows a fickleness of nature?

Sailing gives her unlimited oportunities to see her skipper's instinctive reactions. His character is revealed as he struggles against the circumstances of his voyage, in his careful planning before he undertakes a journey, and his pleasure in his boat and his companionship. In dinghy racing, is a man modest or over-exhuberant about his success, soured or composed at his misfortune, dogged in defeat or persevering in victory? Does a man with a cabin cruiser enjoy solitary journeys, or is he a sociable creature who prefers a companionable crew? Quickly one finds the characteristic virtues accumulating, the balancing defects acceptable or shocking.

Sailing before marriage exposes a man's intention to sail whenever wind and tide are suitable. A routine-bound woman may hesitate if she feels that her household duties must come first. If she cannot understand the delight of an unexpected adventure, then she is probably wise to withdraw from a partnership which may lead to many voyages, or condemn her to a grumbling grass widowhood in a reluctant solitude while her energetic husband pursues his hobby. Or perhaps she may insist that he should give up his boat, thus producing a forever unsatisfied husband.

Most sailing folk are friendly people, who enjoy meeting others, if only to have an audience to impress with the sterling qualities of their heart's adored (needless to say their boats and not their wives.) Remember that a woman should find it is easier to accept a boat as an exacting mistress rather than the blonde who might erupt into her life. At least she will have learnt before marriage that a man with a hobby is an absorbed person, and not wistfully wondering how he can pass his time. She is doubly lucky if she, too, can enjoy it. If she prefers a more peaceful life, there is always the stamp or butterfly collector.

I trust that Amanda will gain her experience in dinghies. I wonder, however, if perhaps there is an explanation for those somewhat odd advertisements which apear in certain yachting magazines when a lonely male seeks for a crew and in congested quarters is anxious to find a young and attractive female companion. Perhaps my first thoughts were wrong. He may only be searching for the perfect wife.

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