

PLYMOUTH WEEK SPECIAL

The Silhouette Owner

*The journal of the
Silhouette Owners' International Association*

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*and the
Auxiliary...*



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THE SILHOUETTE OWNER. The *Journal* of the SOIA is published monthly, and is sent to all members by post.
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Plymouth

PLYMOUTH WEEK is the first really big rally of boats that the Silhouette Owners' International Association has undertaken. Plymouth can fairly claim the Silhouette as a Plymouth boat; it is the home of Hurley Marine, and most of our boats started their lives in this great centre of West Country seafaring tradition. It is a happy thought that this great assembly of Silhouettes at Plymouth will be, in a real sense, a homecoming. And Plymouth has gone out of her way to make us feel at home. The Plymouth Group of our Association, the Royal Plymouth Corinthian Yacht Club, the Lord Mayor and Civic Officials of Plymouth, and many, many individual Plymouth people, have done, and are doing, everything they can to give us a welcome. We are deeply grateful to them all — and we hope to have an opportunity of saying Thank You in a more personal way at the buffet-dance that the Association is holding on Friday, August 23. We must place on record here that without the devoted work of so many Plymouth people, Plymouth Week could never have taken place. The weather, alas, (or perhaps, mercifully, for a man's record as controller of his own destiny is not all that impressive) is beyond human control. At the time of writing this, we still hope for a week of sunshine and blue water, to make a reality of those marvellous pictures that appear (mostly on the advertisement pages) of yachting magazines. Perhaps. The English sun has been known to shine, and one can recall actually having been on board a boat in English waters without needing three pullovers and oilies. Our Plymouth Week may yet make amends for



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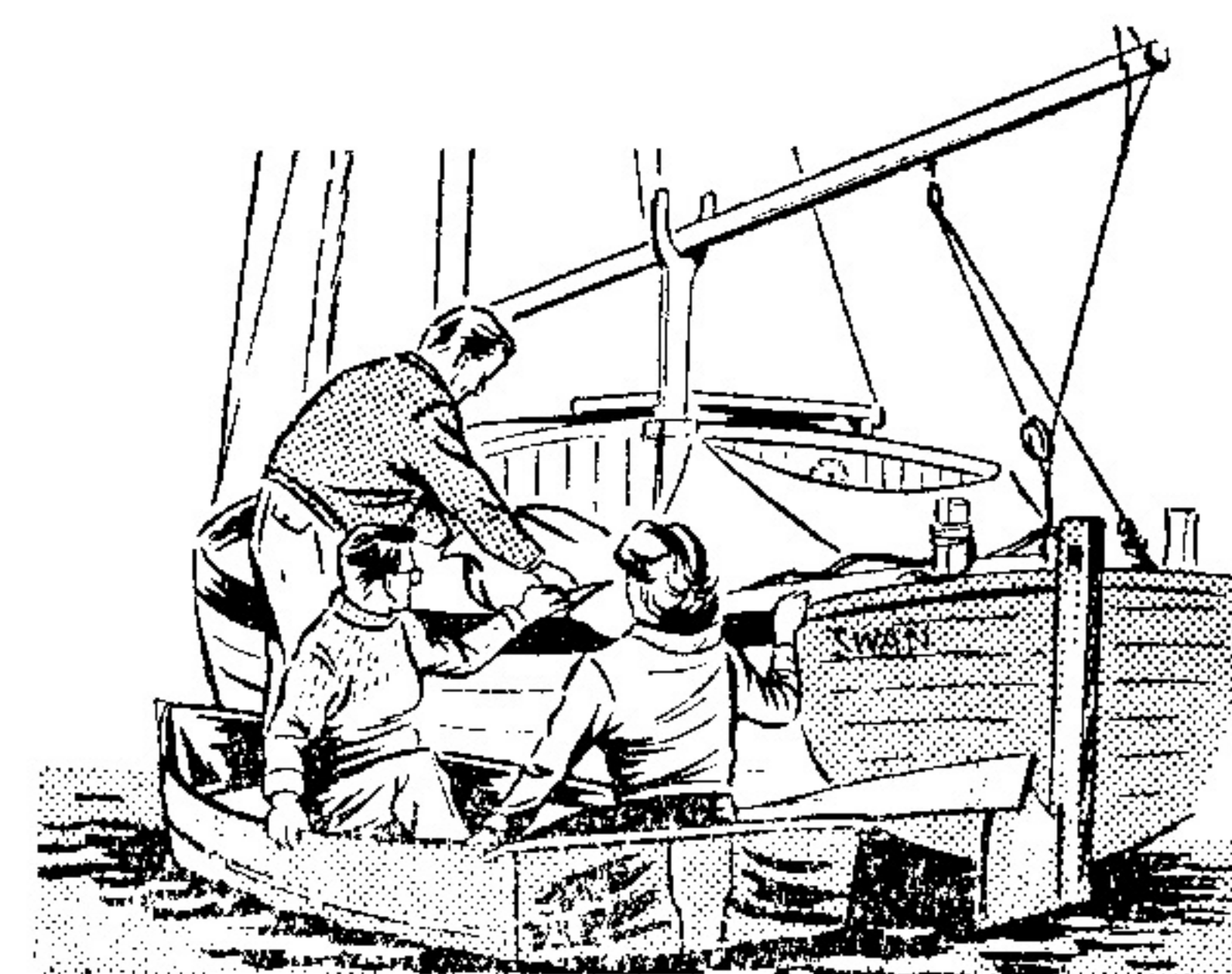
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this sorry "summer." We hope for the best, but we have perforce had to learn to live, and to sail, with the English climate. Even if August this year is no better than other Augusts of unhappy memory, Plymouth is still a goodly place to visit, and the Sound hallowed waters. We shall lie at our moorings within a few yards of the place whence *Mayflower* sailed with the Pilgrim Fathers to America, whence Anson sailed, whence Drake sailed, and many others whose names are written into the history of the sea. In the beautiful clubhouse of our hosts, the Royal Plymouth Corinthian YC, we shall enjoy ourselves under the walls that have guarded the Western Approaches to Britain through the centuries. It is a great privilege that Plymouth should welcome us, and we hope that we shall leave behind us memories of the Silhouette fleet not only as good sailors, but as good people to sail with.

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FOR SALE. Silhouette Terylene genoa, one season's use £9. Simpson, Cedar House, Windermere. (Windermere 2385).

Feminine Approach

By Eileen Morgan

NO doubt many of you are looking forward to the forthcoming events at Plymouth, about which, I suppose, the dear Skippers have made such rash statements as, "*What a wonderful holiday it will make for you too, dear.*" Well, this year I'm making Stan keep all his promises, which in the past have relied too much on the weather being good. All those quiet cruises with a few days in Whitstable, and a day in Ramsgate, finishing with a leisurely sail back across the estuary to the peace and quiet of the Crouch, have usually resulted in a week on our mooring, waiting for the weather to quiten, or a dusting in the middle of some estuary or other. But not this year: Rosie Garrod tells me that if it rains in Plymouth you can practically walk round all the shopping centre without getting wet, and, my word, that will cost somebody something! No wonder the "Old Man" is praying for that high over the Azores or something.

I must say I, too, am looking forward very much to the sailing part of the holiday, and the social functions in the evenings, which all sound most exciting. We have never been to Plymouth, and I am hoping there is a little bit of beach there, where we can give Jackie a bucket and spade holiday for a couple of the days — perhaps after the sailing events, which she would not want to miss, anyway.

I shall be ever grateful to our Plymouth Group for all the work they are doing on our behalf to make this event a real success. Here's hoping to see you in August, enjoying yourselves with clear consciences that we are not keeping the dear boys away from their little "tubs."

Secretary's Notes

LIKE suddenly realising that one is out of step, I am caught completely off balance, by this earlier than usual issue of the *Journal*, although I feel sure that everyone will agree that it is a splendid idea, to have a publication, hot off the press in time for our Rally. Our editor and his band of willing helpers, can be congratulated on their forethought.

Can I take the opportunity, of thanking you all for supporting the Rally, and officially, on behalf of all of us, say a really big "Thank you" to all the officers and members of the Royal Plymouth Corinthian Yacht Club, for extending such a welcome, and to all those who have worked so long and so hard, with all the thousand and one jobs that have had to be done. If you don't have the time of your life at Plymouth, it will not be for the want of real effort on behalf of our Devon-based very good friends.

The little band of enthusiasts who supported Southend Week this

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year, enjoyed battling with the giants and other classes in the now well known Nore Race. The little Silhouette performed well, and added further proof to the already known fact that she is never outclassed by other designs.

* * *

A secretary is supposed to conduct himself with dignity and decorum, but I fear all this went by the board at our club regatta, a week or two ago, when owing to my ample girth, I was unanimously selected to play the part of King Neptune in a little nonsense act that was put on. Clad in swimming trunks, and swathed in what was supposed to look like seaweed, in my ignorance I understood that it was the victims that all had the duckings; but I have never spent so much time under water, since I tried to do a Hans Haas act (without equipment) when my anchor fouled a mooring chain in about three fathoms of water.

* * *

At long last we now have a laid set of measurements, of what officially comprises the Silhouette. This is long overdue, and thanks are extended to Bob Tucker and our Commodore for getting this all down in print. I suppose that it behoves us all to make sure we comply, as knowing our members as I do, I can't for the life of me imagine any protests ever being made.

* * *

I am looking forward to the race under power. I wonder if anyone will lash a scaffold board astern, and have about a dozen Seagulls, all buzzing away in line abreast? Would be interesting to see a Silhouette hydroplaning across the Sound; or would such ingenuity lead to disqualification Mr. Sailing Secretary?

* * *

The car badges are going like wildfire. Have you ordered yours yet? Better hurry, the next batch will be at least a month's delivery.

R.A.G.

Keeping Clear

MR. F. P. USBORNE, Secretary of the Royal Yachting Association, writes: It is well known that all experienced yachtsmen not only keep clear of deeper draft and less manoeuvrable vessels of all sorts in narrow or shallow channels whenever that is possible, but also try to avoid hindering or delaying such vessels, which, after all, are on business and not on pleasure bent, even in open water. However, there are nowadays more and more novices going afloat and it is so important that the normal courtesies of the sea should be maintained, that the RYA has readily agreed to give all possible publicity to the following letter, which we have received from the Ministry of Transport. On the maintenance of this tradition of courtesy and good seaman ship depends not only preservation of good relations between yachtsmen and other seafarers, but also, in many cases, safety itself. We hope that you will give this letter all possible publicity.

From the Ministry of Transport:

The United Kingdom Pilots' Association are worried about pleasure craft interfering with the navigation of large vessels in narrow deep water channels, and at their Annual Conference in November last year adopted the following resolution:

That in view of the hazards caused to large vessels navigating in narrow deep water channels by the presence of small craft, the Minister of Transport be urged to implement forthwith in United Kingdom waters the relevant recommendations of the 1960 International Conference for the Safety of Life at Sea.

The provisions which the Pilots have in mind are contained in Rules 20 and 25 of the Regulations for Preventing Collisions at Sea which are annexed to the International Convention on Safety of Life at Sea 1960. The new Rules 20 and 25 read:

Rule 20

(a) Where a power-driven vessel and a sailing vessel are proceeding in such directions as to involve risk of collision, except as provided for in Rules 24 and 26, the power-driven vessel shall keep out of the way of the sailing vessel.

(b) This Rule shall not give to a sailing vessel the right to hamper, in narrow channel, the safe passage of a power-driven vessel which can navigate only inside such channel.

(c) A seaplane on the water shall, in general, keep well clear of all vessels and avoid impeding her navigation. In circumstances, however, where risk of collision exists, she shall comply with these Rules.

Rule 25

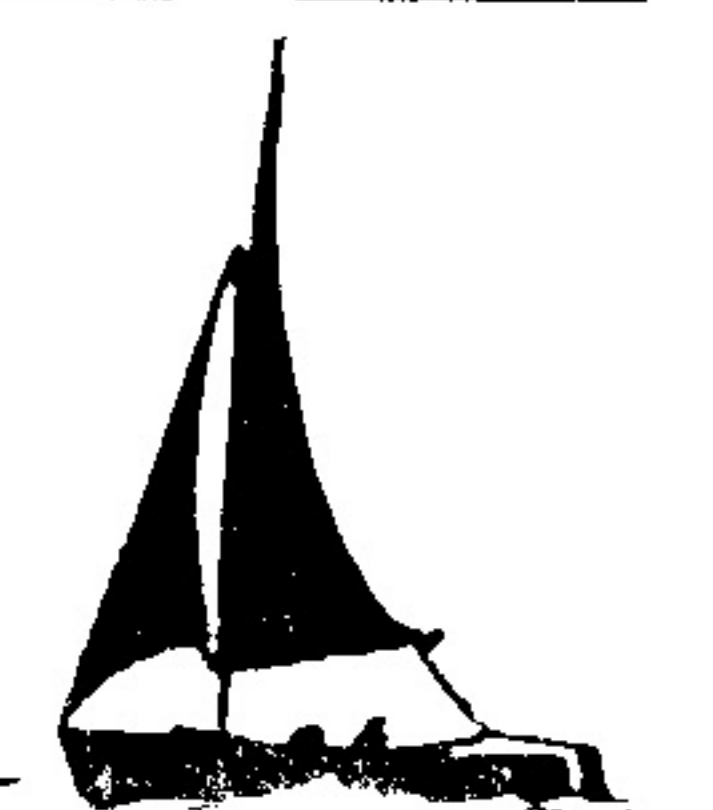
(a) In a narrow channel every power-driven vessel when proceeding along the course of the channel shall, when it is safe and practicable, keep to that side of the fairway or mid-channel which lies on the starboard side of the vessel.

(b) Whenever a power-driven vessel is nearing a bend in a channel where a vessel approaching from the other direction cannot be seen, such power-driven vessel, when she shall have arrived within one-half ($\frac{1}{2}$) mile of the bend, shall give a signal by one prolonged blast on her whistle which signal shall be answered by a similar blast given by any approaching power-driven vessel that may be within hearing round the

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bend. Regardless of whether an approaching vessel on the farther side of the bend is heard, such bend shall be rounded with alertness and caution.

(c) In a narrow channel a power-driven vessel of less than 65 feet in length shall not hamper the safe passage of a vessel which can navigate only inside such channel.

You will see by comparing with the present Rules that the new Rules 20(b) and 25(c) are additional and meet the point the Pilots have in mind.

I explained to the Pilots' Association that we could not implement provisions in the new 1960 Rules in advance of their being brought into force internationally, but I would see what could be done voluntarily.

These two new Rules contain no more than is said at various places in the Ro.S.P.A. publication "*Safety Afloat*" and obviously represent good seamanlike practice. I should be grateful therefore if you would remind your members of the need to avoid hampering large vessels in deep water channels, pointing out that this procedure is contained in the 1960 International Collision Regulations, which will probably come into force in the near future.

(Signed) J. S. Parker.

Fitzpatrick Cup

FOUR Silhouettes from the NW Group competed in the Manchester Cruising Association's Fitzpatrick Cup Race, an offshore race from Puffin Sound to Holyhead on Saturday, June 22. Ron Bradbury, Herbert Firth, George Smith and Ian Holyman with a Force 4 to 5 wind had a brisk sail. Conditions became rather heavy round Northern Anglesey, and an adverse tide eddy in Holyhead Bay forced Ron Bradbury, Herbert Firth and George Smith to retire. David Swinton in his Mystic took first place in this class, with Ian Holyman in *Kotka* coming third. The Holyhead Sailing Club extended an open invitation to all competitors for the evening.

* * *

On May 25 the Royal Anglesey YC held its first race of the season for Silhouettes. The number of boats at the start did not do justice to the Group's strength, but the weather once again must take much of the blame. Some members had still to launch, and others, who had launched, still had work to do on their boats. The start on May 25 was at Glyn Garth, with a beat to the first mark, a run to the Fife mark opposite Gallows Point, and a beat to the finish on the start line. Three boats started, *Dolphin* (Herbert Firth) *Slipper* (Ian Hyde-Smith) and *Buttercup II* (Ron Bradbury). *Slipper* took the lead, which she maintained to come in first in 1 hr. 4 min. 2. sec. Second some 3½ minutes later was *Buttercup II*, closely followed by *Dolphin*.

PLYMOUTH WEEK

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Moorings. Arrangements have been made to accommodate the Silhouette fleet inside Sutton Harbour, alongside the North Quay. Boats will lie four abreast, the inside boat being made fast fore and aft to bollards on the quay. All boats should have two good warps at least six fathoms in length, and stout fenders. Launching from Elphinstone dinghy park, Fisher's Nose, Barbican. Any problem, get in touch with Reg Hooper, Plymouth 51417.



Letters. These may be addressed to individuals at Silhouette National Rally, c/o Royal Plymouth Corinthian Yacht Club, Madeira Road, Plymouth.



Race instructions and sailing directions. These have been sent to all entrants by Peter Harvey, Hon. Sailing Secretary of the RPCYC. In case of difficulty please get in touch with Peter Harvey at the club.

Royal Plymouth Corinthian Y.C. Officers :

Commodore and principal race officer, F. R. Dunstan.
Hon. Secretary, C. N. P. Nicholson.
Vice-Commodore, F. R. McLaughlin.
Rear-Commodore, F. J. Dampney.
Hon. Social Secretary, Col. G. A. L. Davies.
Hon. Sailing Secretary, Peter Harvey.
Berthing Master, E. T. Looney.

The Club has generously invited members of the SOIA and their friends to use its premises during Plymouth Week. The Club is open from 10.00 hours to midnight.



Social Programme

- | | |
|------------------------------|---|
| Sunday, August 18. | Informal get-together at RPCYC 7-0 p.m. |
| Monday, August 19. | Civic Reception at Guild Hall, 8-0 p.m. Dress, lounge suits or reefers. |
| Tuesday, August 20. | At Home, Royal Western Yacht Club, 8-0 p.m. |
| Wednesday, August 21. | Dance at RPCYC, 8-0 p.m. This is the Club's weekly racing evening, which starts at 6-0 p.m. Members and friends are cordially invited to come along before the dance if they would like to watch. |
| Thursday, August 22. | River Trip. |
| Friday, August 23. | SOIA Buffet Dinner and Dance at 8-0 p.m., at the RPCYC, followed by prize giving. Dress, lounge suits or reefers. |

THE SILHOUETTE OWNERS' INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION

President

J. R. L. Anderson, The Old Hall, Marple, Cheshire. Marple 1458.

Honorary Flag Officers

Bernard Collins, Francis Chichester, J. R. L. Anderson, W. Spurrell.

Flag Officers and Committee

Commodore: Stan Morgan, 44 Station Crescent, Rayleigh, Essex.

Vice-Commodore: Herbert Firth, 5 Mosgrove Road, Timperley, Cheshire. Altrincham 0765.

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

Hon. Treasurer: J. D. O'Brien, 12 Malpas Drive, Pinner, Middlesex.

Sail Number Registrar: W. H. Chambers, 79a Adelaide Grove, London, W.12.

Press Secretary: Harry Maloney, 42 St. Thomas's Road, Finsbury Park, London, N.4.

National Member: Peter Croft, 48 Annalee Road, South Ockendon, Romford, Essex.

The Commodores and Secretaries of recognised Regional Groups of the SOIA are ex officio members of the Committee.

Hon. Technical Adviser: Robert Tucker, 58 Southbury Road, Enfield, Middlesex.

The Silhouette Owners' International Association exists to promote the interests of Silhouette Owners throughout the world. The annual subscription is 15s. (USA \$5). Burgees and ties can be obtained from the Hon. Treasurer.

On the Blackwater By Margaret Croft

ON Sunday morning, June 30, the skies and forecast were promising rain and high winds. At about 8-0 a.m. the was Force 2—3 at Maldon and by 8-30 a.m. we were off down river to Osea Island for the start of the race.

There were only four starters. Les Lancaster (Commodore, M.Y.C.) and I in *Me Too II* were first over the starting line a second or two after the gun. Derek Welsford in *Pandora* was second over the line. Arthur Collie, in *Sapphire*, and *Pandora* chose the North shore, while *Me Too II* crept along the windward South shore, with Dr. Wilkie in *Draco* closely following, and endeavouring to pass us to windward. We fought for half an hour to luff him up, but eventually we were unsuccessful being unable to point up in to the wind as well as *Draco*, who had a genoa.

At Bradwell, with the Naze in sight, we were practically becalmed, and with only the tide taking us forward, it was a bit of an anticlimax. *Sapphire* rounded the beacon first, followed by *Draco* and *Pandora*, with *Me Too II* lagging way behind. Once round the beacon, how-

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.

Blackwater.

Hon. Sec. P. F. Croft, 48, Annalee Road, South Ockendon, Romford.

Solent.

Hon. Sec. J. R. Caulder, Sellafeld, Orchard Lane, Hermitage, Emsworth.

South-West.

Hon. Sec. C. A. Gulliford, 50, Merafield Road, Plympton, Devon.

Bristol Channel.

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

Midland.

Hon. Sec. E. G. Oldham, 206, Hagley Road, Edgebaston, Birmingham.

North-West.

Hon. Sec. D. Williams, Ael-Eilian, Llanceilian, Amlwch, Anglesey.

Wyre and Morecambe Bay. Lake District.

Hon. Sec. T. H. Swarbrick, Wardleys Cottages, Hambleton, near Blackpool.

Yorkshire (Humber to Tees). Scotland.

Hon. Sec. A. M. Seymour, Hartforth Grange, Gilling West, Richmond, Yorkshire.

Hon. Sec. Brian M. Beeden, Toll Bar House, Firsby Lane, Conisborough, near Doncaster.

Hon. Sec. J. B. Jackson, 81, Baillie Drive, Calderwood, East Kilbride. Tel. East Kilbride 21194.

ever, we favoured again the same shore, as the tide was still ebbing slightly. Again we were all becalmed around Bradwell, with sudden gusts which put each alternately in the lead. *Sapphire* then drew away, with *Me Too II* pursuing her. Near the narrows at Osea we were positive that *Sapphire* would have to put in a tack to round the island, but with her Terylene genoa she was able to make it without tacking. She was straight over the line at about 3-0 p.m. Ten minutes or so later, Derek Welsford in *Pandora* and Dr. Wilkie in *Draco*, who had dropped sadly behind for a while, were coming up so quickly that we were getting a bit concerned as to weather we took second place.

During the last five minutes everyone was tense. Derek sent his crew of two up forward, and sat amidships himself, and Mrs. Wilkie was also ordered forward aboard *Draco*. *Pandora* took on a hideous angle, like that of a submarine preparing to dive, and drove through the water like a bomb. She passed the finishing line in second place with *Me Too II* and *Draco* in third and fourth a second or two later. Tony Banks, in *Rag Trade*, and Ken Mantle (last year's winner) in *Caricia*, who were late starters, came in fifth and sixth.

Congratulations go to Arthur Collie in *Sapphire* for winning outright by superior tactics and good sailing. But I feel that the person who really deserves honours is Derek Welsford in *Pandora* (2), who has only been sailing for one previous season, has only raced once before, and who last year came to us with this tale of woe, "I've bought one of those Silhouettes and I have been told that I need a mooring; what is a mooring . . .?"

A Night in an Open Boat

by A. Gulliford

EARLY in May last year, I was looking for a crew in the Yacht Club when an enthusiastic but novice lady volunteered. We set off in *Juanita* in a Force 3 to 4 SW breeze and headed out to sea at about 6 knots. When about 2 miles SE of Rame Head I decided that it was time to think of returning, and went about. Halfway through this manoeuvre, I heard a loud cracking sound, and then the mast decended on my "poor bald pate." Fortunately, the sails let the mast down lightly, and there was no physical harm done, but there we were, bang in the middle of the shipping lane, with no engine or means of getting home. The mast, which had fallen overboard, was acting as an anchor, so that even the tide, which was in our favour, was of no help. Daylight was getting short, and we were some 6 miles from the moorings. We hailed several passing merchantmen without being able to attract their attention, so I decided to jettison the mast and rigging, salvage the boom and mainsail, and fix up a jury rig. Using the boom as a mast, we got under way again, and found ourselves heading for home on a broad reach at about 2 knots. We were very pleased with ourselves. About a mile off the breakwater, a destroyer came up and asked if we required assistance, but we told them "No," and away it went. Before it was out of sight (but well out of hailing distance) the wind veered NW and that was that, as far as sailing under that rig was concerned. We began drifting with the tide towards the most unfriendly reefs in these waters, so I threw out my anchor.

We were not in a *Silhouette*, but an open 2 ton racing craft. We had no lights, nothing to eat or drink, and it was getting pretty cold. My crew dearly wanted me to try to get her home to her family, but I pointed out to her that perhaps it would be better for all concerned to be compromised rather than drowned, as to take up the anchor without any motive power meant certain shipwreck, and probable death from drowning. She accepted this with a good grace and we settled down to our long cold vigil. At dawn we were on the lookout and hailed the first passing fishing boat, were taken in tow and so back to terra firma.

Back on shore, my wife got worried by my non-appearance at about 2330, and got busy on the telephone. The police went to the boatyard, and reported to her that my car was still there; therefore, I was still at sea. The boatbuilder reported that I must be becalmed, and would be back as soon as the wind freshened. My wife then got on to the Coastguard at Rame Head, who told her that a boat had been dismasted with a man and a woman on board. In her innocence my wife said that in that case it couldn't be me (whether because of my high principles, or the fact that no other woman would be seen dead with me I have never been able to find out). However, they told her that the boat in question was under observation from no fewer than

4 stations, that the lifeboat was on stand-by, and that she could go to bed without any further worry.

On examination, it was found that the forestay plate had broken in the centre of the thickness of the deck planking through which it passed—a weakness which could not have been found by the most thorough survey.

It is good to know that so many eyes are on yachtsmen in sight of land. I wonder how many realise how well we are looked after. There are several lessons to be learned from this story. First, ensure that you have an understanding wife; never go to sea without a motor. (I now carry an outboard). After a warm afternoon and evening, expect a windshift to offshore as the land cools (elementary "Met"). Always carry the means of brewing up, and some iron rations on board. Carry distress signals, a torch for signalling and above all, a good anchor and sufficient cable and chain. I suggest a minimum of 20 fathoms.

Six weeks after this adventure the mast was washed ashore at Falmouth some 35 miles direct.

Lessons from life

by R. W. Swaby

AT this time of year a word or two on the correct procedures to adopt on bringing boats out of the water may be of use and interest to owners. After unlaunching a *Silhouette* many times over the past few years, our techniques are so firmly established that it is possible to fix a timetable—starting from inland after lunch, travel 70 miles, load the boat onto the trailer, de-rig, wash down, and be home again for dinner. All by careful pre-planning.

A suitable crew consists of four able bodies, and in our last combined operation we had this number available. Modesty forbids me to name them, so we shall call them Bob, John, Vera and Anne. (Nom-de-plume of course). As an illustration of procedures involved, a resumé of our actions last time we unlaunched will, I think, bring many points to light.

Collecting the trailer, and proceeding to the nearest slipway, we firstly unravel fifty yards of tangled rope, fix a tackle between trailer and car, and, taking care not to sink the car in the process, proceed to lower the trailer gently into the water. A slight swell we do not at this stage consider important. Bob and John then walk over to the other side of the harbour to collect the boat, leaving the girls to manage the trailer, and to take the boat's lines on arrival.

Boarding the boat is simplified if no dinghies are available and it is moored away from quayside ladders a climb down the stone surface of the quay, past the sewer outfall, adds spice to the day.

Once aboard, the essence of the operation is preparedness—start the outboard, stow ropes, have the anchor ready for emergency, and have fenders in place. This we set about doing in a calm, orderly fashion; except that the outboard won't start, the boat keeps bumping

the quayside scrunching the motor, and a minor problem of how to release the stern mooring from its bollard arises. Seeing all this going on an interested spectator in the form of a Gentleman With A Motor Launch comes alongside, and asks us if we would care for a tow to the slip. Of course we don't need one, as everything is under seamanlike control, but purely in the interests of good relationships between sail and power, we gratefully say, Thank you, the Gentleman With A Motor Launch forthwith passes us a line, presses his starter button, and moves us gracefully from the quay.

All hands to the bow anchor, and up she comes—heavier than usual, having fouled someone else's mooring. Mooring line made fast forward, and anchor laid by ready, Bob takes off his trousers preparatory to getting his feet wet.

Note the forethought: he *had* remembered to put on his trunks! The GWAML is now bringing us near the slip, and with a graceful manoeuvre turns away at the last moment, and casts off his tow. We approach the shore.

It is at this moment that experience counts, and where we put to test the detail planning. Bob jumps forward, steadies himself on a rope, and discovers, when flat on his face in the water, that it was the loose anchor rope. John, realising that Bob is no longer on board, bales out himself, to steady the boat against the swell, and to prevent damage on an adjacent wall. We now have two men trying to hold the boat against what seem to be towering breakers doing their best to smash her down on to the trailer, so a calm, seamanlike instruction is bellowed to the women to get the flipping trailer out of the way quick. They save time by trying to pull it out bodily instead of by the tackle, probably because the rope is now wrapped round their feet.

At this point the GWAML reappears, and politely suggests that further up in the inner harbour there is another slip in calm water, and should we so desire, he would be delighted to tow us there. We agree, again purely in the selfless interests of sail v. steam, and the GWAML passes a line which John, now aboard again, makes fast. Bob on the other side of the boat, does not see this, and tries to hold the boat against the offshore pull of the launch. Meantime, Anne is requested, please to pass the tool kit from the car, ready for unstepping the mast. (Again experience is of value; we knew that we could not get under an eight foot swing bridge with a twenty foot mast). Anne now proceeds down the slip, and reaching over to the bows of the boat steps gently off the submerged edge of the slip into twelve feet of water. Bob trying not to emulate the feat, and pulling against the movement of the boat, leans farther and farther out, until he makes a Big Decision. He had better get on board quick. With one arm over the cockpit coaming, and legs thrashing the water. Vera politely asks where is he going?

In mid harbour again, complete with tool kit, Bob and John now lower the mast; and John goes ashore to take car, girls and trailer to the new rendezvous. Hitching the trailer back onto the car is a

quick simple matter, the only slight delay being occasioned by the fact that the locking bolt for the trailer is now wrapped in the tool kit, on board, half a mile upstream. Nothing daunted the car sets off, only to be held up again by the irritating inconvenience of the trailer unhitching itself, lashing across the main road like a mad thing, and coming to a screeching halt outside the nearest grocer's shop. A pale and trembling grocer appears, wondering who has mangled his bicycle, and is relieved to see only the activities of three lunatic sailing types. He smiles a sickly grin, and retires. More delay now, while the whole contraption is re-hitched, fastened with string and wire, and the entourage moves on.

Back at the slip, the boat has now arrived, and Bob not being able to moor, stands in three feet of water for a minor eternity, holding the bows towards dry land. Night has fallen, and the wind is whistling around his damp and chilly middle. To pass the time, he chats gaily with the GWAML, trying to convince himself what Jolly Fun It All Is, and hoping that when he does go ashore his legs will go with him. Wondering also where are those nits with the trailer?

Finally they arrive, and the trailer is unhitched. Bob stands on it while the tackle is again unravelled, but on being asked to assist, dismounts. Without his weight as an anchor, the trailer takes off smartly downhill, nearly taking Anne with it, finally coming to rest sharply and suddenly against the bows of the boat.

Fortunately, not sinking it. Amid great jubilation, the climax of all our organisation is reached, trailer and boat are pulled out together and lashed down. Coffee is served, and towels are vigorously applied. Finally, we set off on the first stage of our journey home (a long way round to avoid any police who might take a mean view of our lack of lights). Two hours later, when the number plate has been rewired, a final checkover is made, and John and Anne depart over the moors, fingers crossed, and with a replacement wheel bearing in the boot.

It can be seen that it is easily possible to vary these techniques to suit other local conditions, but it must be appreciated that finesse such as ours is achieved only after much practice. When such perfection is achieved you, too, will be able to fix a timetable.

The only problem will be keeping to it!

Brooches and Ties

Dear Sir,

I see the ties are ready for the male adornment. What about the women who are crewing? Could we not have an enamelled brooch, perhaps the same shape as the burgee, or a headscarf with a Silhouette in the middle and a burgee in each corner? They may work out a little expensive, but we do have birthdays, and there is always Christmas coming along. We deserve a little recognition, you know. You men do like your cups of tea and meals served when you are at anchor, and we enjoy being head cook and crewman for you. So come on. Put your heads together, and let us have our small adornment. Yours, Iris Fairman, 141 Hornchurch Road, Hornchurch, Essex.

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