

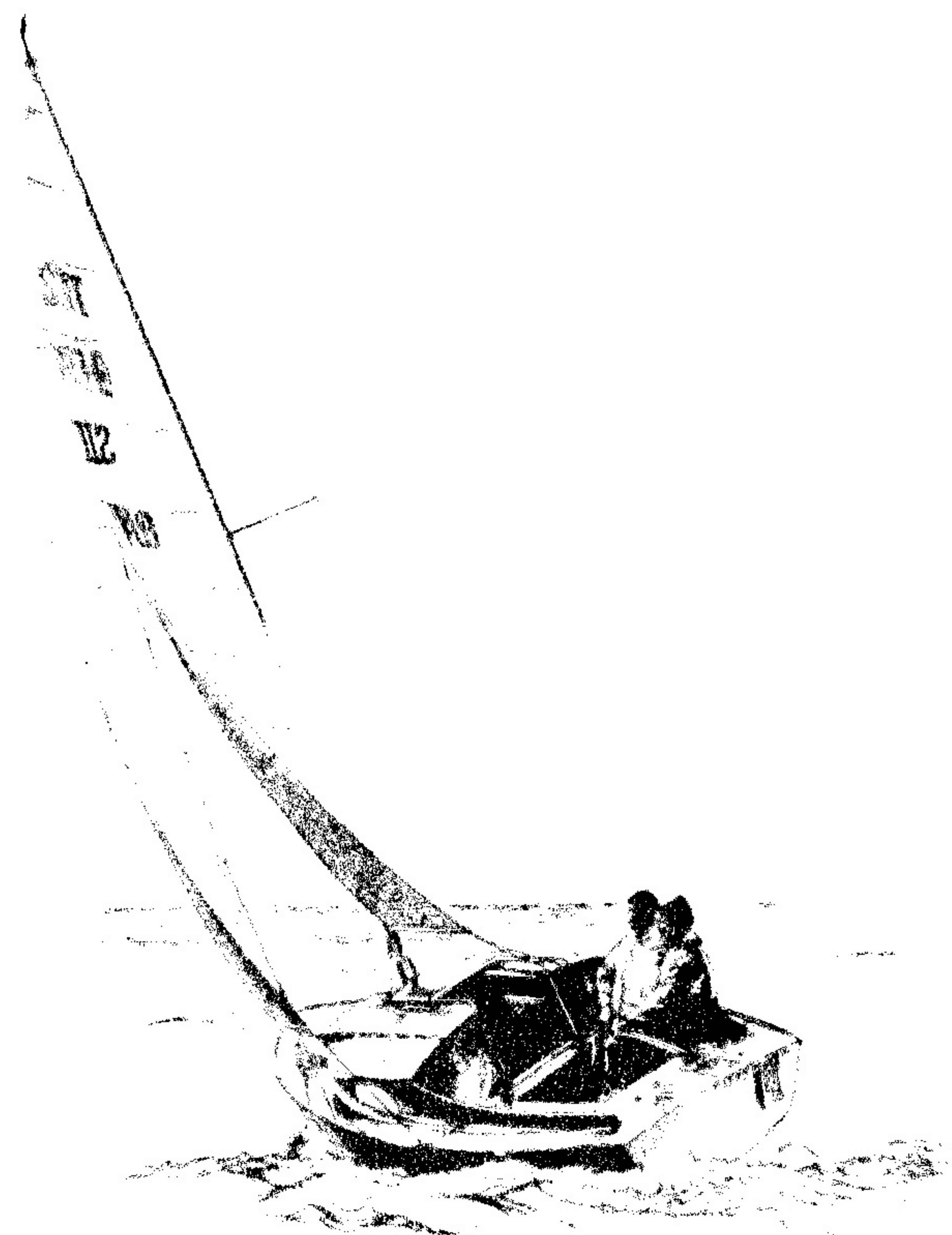
The Silhouette Owner

*The journal of the
Silhouette Owners' International Association*

NUMBER 36

NOVEMBER, 1963

PRICE 6d



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Hon. Editor: J. R. L. Anderson, The Old Hall, Marple, Cheshire.
 Advertising rates on application to the *Hon. Advertisement Manager*,
 Helen Anderson, The Old Hall, Marple, Cheshire.

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Three years

THOSE who notice the little figures on the front page of the *Journal* will observe that this is Number 36 — which means that this issue marks the *Journal's* third birthday. The four-page leaflet which was Number 1 was posted to some 72 members of the association, and a few friends; making a total circulation of roughly 100. Today, our circulation to members, non-member subscribers, yacht clubs, and others is close upon 1,000. A tenfold increase in circulation in three years would be regarded with satisfaction by any periodical, but our own feelings are a trifle mixed. We hope that we have done a useful job in bringing news of Silhouette activities to members of the Silhouette family, now world-wide, and we are deeply grateful to the contributors who have helped us, and to the advertisers whose faith in a small-boat journal like ours has given us the practical support that has made the whole thing possible. We are most grateful, too, to those splendid friends who have helped and are helping with the tasks of envelope addressing and distribution, and to those who responded to our appeal last month for clerical help with typing. But we confess to some disappointment at the lack of members to supply that continued flow of news and accounts of their own doings with their boats which is the lifeblood of our sort of journal. We get many nice letters of appreciation — “*I want to tell you how much we look forward to the arrival of the Journal every month.*” “*We enjoy the Journal very much indeed, and read it from cover to cover*” — phrases like this gladden an Editor's heart. But we should be happier if more of those who enjoy reading the *Journal* would sit down and write something for it. Every group ought to

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COMING EVENTS



A.G.M. and PARTY. These will follow each other on Saturday, January 4, 1964 at the National Liberal Club, Whitehall Place, London SW 1. Time, 6 p.m. This is the first week of the Boat Show, so combine a visit to the Show with our party. And please bring friends from your local sailing club.



PLYMOUTH WEEK, 1964. Week beginning August 16. Make a date now, and fix next year's holidays so that you can come to Plymouth.

have a *Journal* correspondent, who will make it his or her job to send a report of Silhouette activities in the group's area *every* month. It need not be long and (thanks to our volunteer helpers), it need not be typed. The existence of a *Journal* like ours, without paid staff, is bound to be precarious unless those for whom it is produced are ready to help in its production. Fine writing does not matter; it is usually bad writing, anyway, and not to be compared with a simple and straightforward account of people's doings. So as we enter our fourth year, may we make this appeal? To all groups: *Please* appoint a correspondent who will send us a brief report of members' activities, to reach us by the 17th of every month. And to all members and associates: *Please* send accounts of logs and cruises, of your own observations, and of anything that you think may be of interest to other owners. And don't feel that if you have written once, that is the end of things. It is the *Journal's* task to reflect life, and life goes on. We want our *Journal* to be a continuing record of the activities of our people and their boats throughout the world. Please help us to make it so.

Secretary's Notes

MOST clubs have had, or are about to have, their laying up dinner and dance, and the tarpaulins now cover our land-based boats. The 1963 season is ended, and all the plans we made for improvements to be carried out during the winter can now be put in hand. The clerk of the weather has not been as kind as he might have been, but all in all, we have enjoyed a wonderful season — with the Black-water cruise for the Eastcoasters, and Plymouth Week, which exceeded all our expectations.

* * *

Are you coming to the Party? On Saturday, January 4, at the National Liberal Club. You will be sorry if you miss it this year. The organisation is well in hand, and we hope to have our very own official film, for the first time. Please don't forget that we can splice into this film any shots you may have taken if you care to give them to the Association, and send them to me. Our Party Sub-Committee has decided not to run a photographic competition this year, but they have larger boards and many more mounts to exhibit any and every photograph that is brought or sent along. So can I make this appeal? Please let us *borrow* any sized photograph you may have taken, that you feel would interest your fellow enthusiasts. It doesn't matter one jot how good or bad the camera craft; it is the subjects we want.

* * *

Several types of brooches have been submitted by the manufacturers with, of course, several kinds of prices. But in this instance I am leaving the committee to decide. Always I find it difficult to choose something for the ladies.

* * *

Association Christmas cards are available from the Hon. Sec. at 9s. 0d. per dozen. These attractive coloured cards show a Silhouette sailing in idyllic surroundings, and will be welcomed as a fitting carrier of season's greetings from Silhouette owners.

* * *

Already we have the membership cards printed for 1964. These are smaller than the 1963, edition, as complaints were received about not fitting nicely into the average wallet. This coming year our Treasurer will be distributing these cards, which will act as a receipt for your annual subscription. (Sorry to have to remind you that these will soon be due). So when you have renewed your membership, if you don't get a card within a short time, let someone know, but please let the short time be at least a week. Even honorary officers have to do other things than attend to association business!

NORTH - WEST DINNER DANCE

Date: SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1963.

Place: MANOR HEY HOTEL, URMSTON, MANCHESTER.

Tickets: 30s. each from NW Group Commodore R. Bradbury, West Lodge, Lakeside, Lymm, Cheshire. *All members and friends welcome. This will be a first-rate evening, so please make every effort to come.*

A reminder to all of the committee meeting at 6 p.m. on Saturday, November 9, at the National Liberal Club. Representation from your group is necessary.

* * *

Please accept my apologies for any late answers to correspondence during October. I had to go overseas for a couple of weeks, but at least I found some sunshine.

New membership applications to the *Secretary* please!—R.A.G.

Family cruise

WE had a week of holiday left after this year's Plymouth Week and our original plan had been to sail *Mary Lane* in company with Herbert Firth's *Dolphin* to Torbay. But those who were at Plymouth will recall that the weather that week-end was not attractive for an offshore voyage, particularly with our young crew of David (6) and Timothy (4). We had intended to start on the Saturday, but stayed in Sutton Harbour overnight in the hope of better weather next day. It was much worse; leaden, persistent rain, and a wind that called for several rolls in the mainsail and a small jib — all right with a strong crew on a sparkling day, but depressing, if not dangerous, for offshore sailing with young children in filthy weather. So we abandoned our original plans, and decided instead to explore the rivers that give Plymouth such a wonderful water-hinterland. We left on Sunday morning, bound for Anthony Passage, which I remembered from a past trip as a delightful and secluded anchorage in the St. German's or Lynther River.

Secluded it still was, but delightful on that day it certainly was not. The wind was howling down the river, making the stone-walled beach of Anthony Passage a lee shore. We got there early in the afternoon after battling our way against the wind the whole way under power, and anchored in about 2 fathoms with our 5 fathoms of chain — all, regrettably, that we possess. I think that the CQR would have held in a minute or two, but our terrifying first experience was to be swept back by wind and tide, almost on to another boat, and horribly near shore. It could not be risked for a moment longer, so we started the Seagull again, and just managed to claw ourselves off.

We were wet and hungry and needed a meal, so having gone a couple of cables farther upstream, we anchored again, this time with 6 fathoms of Terylene warp made fast to the anchor chain. And this time, with our longer scope, the anchor bit and held all right. But we were straining hard against it, and I decided to row out in the dinghy with the kedge, and lie to two anchors. That didn't work, because I couldn't make a yard of progress in the dinghy against wind and tide. However, as we seemed to be holding, and as I knew that the holding ground there was good, we made up our minds to have a meal before doing anything else. Helen had the Bluet going well, and a fine stew of meat and fresh vegetables in the pot. I had a bottle of rum. So in spite of drenching rain and some anxiety about our position, we had a civilised drink before our meal, and a jolly good meal to follow.

We had intended to take the children for a good walk ashore through the lovely steep lanes behind Anthony Passage, and to spend the night at the anchorage there. But as the afternoon went on it became less and less attractive. We could have got ashore all right — the Prout would pretty well have flown there; but it was more than doubtful if we could have got back. And we didn't like leaving the boat. So we consulted the chart, and decided to run away and go up the Tamar to Cargreen, which looked as if it would be a good deal more sheltered.

It was an anxious business getting off, but nice anchor work by Helen, and the readiness of the Seagull to give full power just when we needed it, with her head in the right direction, got us off without trouble. We didn't need any sails: now we were running before the wind, and we scudded along under bare poles. We kept the Seagull for manoeuvrability, but we scarcely needed it. I'd have been happier with a jib, but we were too wet and miserable to set it.

Round the corner, into the Tamar, we were at once more sheltered, and the wind was on the beam, which made things a lot better. The passage to Cargreen was not difficult and we made for the anchorage indicated on the chart. It seemed a bit lonely, but the chart and K. Adlard Coles's *Pilot to the South Coast Harbours* were both encouraging, so we let go. I had 10 fathoms of new sisal warp, very strong but kinky, which I wanted to stretch, so I added this to our chain, and we lay very comfortably, about 150 yards offshore. There was a pub on the waterfront, and when we had tidied up we decided to go ashore for a drink.

While we were tidying up we saw a lovely and distinguished visitor making for the anchorage, the 29-ton ketch *Saoirse*, in which the late Conor O'Brien sailed round the world by way of Cape Horn. Her present owner and his friendly crew also went ashore, and we met in the pub. Next day he visited *Mary Lane* for a drink, and invited us on board *Saoirse*, an invitation we were proud to accept.

We spent two good nights at Cargreen, with the two children in the quarter berth, and ourselves sleeping head to toes on the double



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From the Hon. Sec. R. A. Garrod, 4 Crawley Road, Bush Hill Park, Enfield, Middlesex.

berth. (This, by the way, seems to me much the best way of sleeping two adults on the double berth). It rained most of the time, but a kindly shopkeeper at Cargreen supplied us with some wonderful runner beans from his own garden, and we ate well. We also took the children ashore for some good walks — at least in land rain, oil-skins are completely waterproof.

All good things come to an end, and we had to get back to work. We had already arranged to lay up *Mary Lane* at Mashford's yard at Cremyll, so we made our way there. If you have ever been cold and wet, and want to know what a heartwarming reception on shore can be like, go to Mashford's. *Mary Lane* is a tiny boat compared with the ocean-racing beauties lying up there, but the Mashford treatment makes you feel like a king. They couldn't have been kinder to us, and took the children to their hearts. "This," said David, "is the place to come back to."—J.R.L.A.

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

THE SILHOUETTE OWNERS' INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION

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

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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.

North around the Isle of Man

By D. C. W. Sutherland

THE first week in July was a holiday to my crew and myself, so we decided we'd sail in *Sid* down the East Coast of the Isle of Man. As we were to start on Monday it gave us just six days, and we planned to call at Ramsey, Peel and Port St. Mary, so that we could have a free day in Ramsey and Port St. Mary.

On schedule we set off from Lytham at 08.05 hrs. on Monday, July 1, with a forecast of Force 3—5 NE with mist and showers. The tide was ebbing, so we quietly sailed off under working sails. As we left, the skipper of a yacht still on her moorings hailed us as to where we were bound, and we happily called back Isle of Man—somehow that set the seal on our holiday feeling. By 09.00 we cleared Wall End Buoy and set course 320° which gave us a nice easy reach in the right direction. The mist was quite thick and land had well disappeared, when we started our plot for Ramsey.

On through the mist until at 1230 we sighted Morecambe Bay Light Vessel on our port side, bearing 240 deg., just about where she

REGIONAL GROUPS

Regional groups of the Silhouette Owners' Association have been established in the following areas:

South-East.	<i>Hon. Sec. Stan Morgan, 44, Station Crescent, Rayleigh, Essex.</i>
Blackwater.	<i>Hon. Sec. P. F. Croft, 48, Annalee Road, South Ockendon, Romford.</i>
Solent.	<i>Hon. Sec. J. R. Caulder, Sellafield, Orchard Lane, Hermitage, Emsworth.</i>
South-West.	<i>Hon. Sec. C. A. Gulliford, 50, Merafield Road, Plympton, Devon.</i>
Bristol Channel.	<i>Hon. Sec. Cyril Watts, 5, Vassall Road, Fishponds, Bristol.</i>
Midland.	<i>Hon. Sec. E. G. Oldham, 206, Hagley Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham.</i>
North-West.	<i>Hon. Sec. D. Williams, Ael-Eilian Llanceilian, Amlwch, Anglesey.</i>
Wyre and Morecambe Bay.	<i>Hon. Sec. T. H. Swarbrick, Wardleys Cottages, Hambleton, near Blackpool.</i>
Lake District.	<i>Hon. Sec. A. M. Seymour, Hartforth Grange, Gilling West, Richmond, Yorkshire.</i>
Yorkshire (Humber to Tees).	<i>Hon. Sec. Brian M. Beeden, Toll Bar House, Firsby Lane, Conisborough, near Doncaster.</i>
Scotland.	<i>Hon. Sec. J. B. Jackson, 81, Baillie Drive, Calderwood, East Kilbride. Tel. East Kilbride 21194.</i>

should have been. This gave our speed over the ground as nearly 4.6 knots, which again confirmed our calculations.

The 1340 forecast gave moderate to poor visibility, and the wind still Force 3—5 going round to Easterly; this was good. *Sid* sailed on in her own circle of sea with the only diversion being the sudden and heavy showers of rain. Why does rain seem so much wetter than breaking sea water? We had a lovely thunderstorm just before the 18.00 weather forecast, but the mist was thinning. Lightning was all around and thunder rumbled, but we could do nothing but sit it out. I don't like violent thunderstorms, but we re-assured each other by our moth-eaten joke of saying, "Cheer up, you're supposed to be enjoying yourself."

Joy really did come at last, when at 1850, we saw the first faint outline of the Isle of Man. We kept on, and at 2100 we had Maughold Head abeam, and definitely indentified and fixed. By 21.50 we were moored up in Ramsey. The first 67 miles were completed.

Tuesday, July 2, we spent in the sun enjoying the island; the weather was perfect. On Wednesday, July 3, we set sail from Ramsey at 1015 after seeing the coastguard, and we set off to round the Point of Ayre. We had been warned about the race there, so we were prepared for it. The wind was Force 4, Easterly, the sea was only slightly lumpy, and visibility was good. As we approached the Point we could see broken water ahead, and although we knew that if we went close

in we would find it easier, we actually went clean through the race as we said we could. It was awesome to see the angry tumbling seas running in all directions, so we cleared ship and tightened down for action, clipped on our harnesses and set into it. It is a sudden hard line, and for twenty minutes we fought our way round, and then as suddenly as it started, we were through, and in quite calm water again. As we sailed down the coast the wind dropped, probably because we were now in the lee of high ground, but we couldn't stray far from the coast, for there is an RAF target area off shore. The target and its buoys we saw, but as no patrol boat was around, we knew that it was clear. We were also pleased to see the hills of Scotland in the distance, just after rounding the Point. From then on it was just coastal pilotage, Rue Point, Jurby Head, Orrisdale Head and on to Peel. We tied up against the deep water quay at 1530, content with our day's journey.

We saw the Viking Ships preparing for their annual festival, and the preparations for the Queen Mother's visit. It was only here that we realised that we were a day ahead of *Britannia* and the Queen Mother at each of our ports of call.

Thursday, July 4, saw us set off at 1310 from Peel, bound South. Our times of departure are always decided by tide times, as a little ship like *Sid* doesn't like foul tides where they can be avoided; neither do we. The weather forecast was variable Force 3 with showers and mist patches. A variable Force 3 it may have been, but clear and sunny it certainly was. We sailed quietly off the coast, went Westward enough to see the coast of Ireland, resisted the temptation to carry on and call, but sailed back and came in towards Port Erin. We looked and carried on, as schedule must be roughly kept. We wondered if we should slip through the Calf Sound, but decided that it was cheating, as we said we'd go right round Chicken Rock. We had fine weather, no race and a four knot tide with us. It seemed only a short while until we were back in sight of the Sound again.

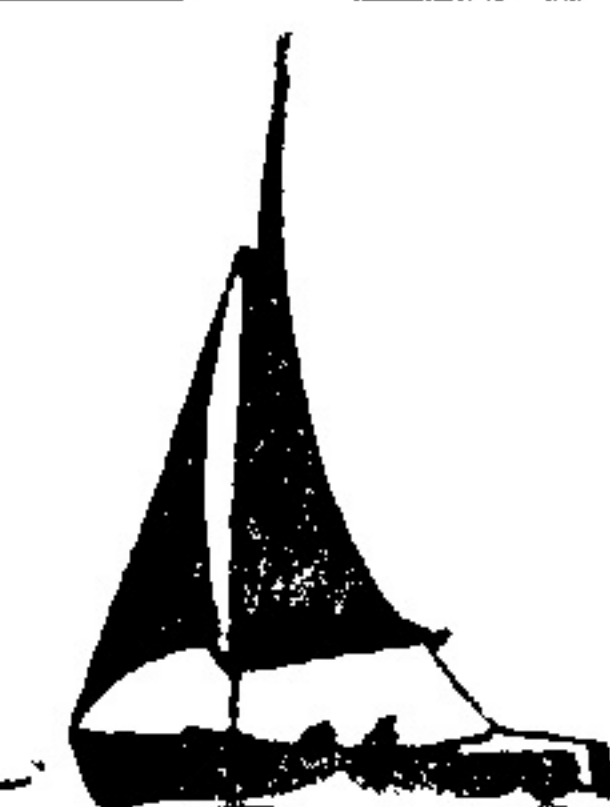
Port St. Mary was then a short sail, and at 1830 we were in the outer harbour. It was a lovely relaxing day, and we were still within our schedule. Friday, July 5, we spent lying on the smooth hard rocks of the Point, and it was the hottest and sunniest day that either of us can remember, real holiday weather. On Saturday, July 6 we set off from Port St. Mary at 0550, with sails set, but limply hanging, and so it was motor. The mist (or was it fog?) was so thick that we couldn't see the inner harbour wall from the outer harbour. The 0645 forecast gave us NE Force 2—4, with moderate visibility; Ronaldsway gave thick fog; we agreed.

To be truthful, we were often worried during that morning's journey, as we heard ships around, but couldn't see them; if one sounded near, we blew our lungs out on our mouth foghorns. We laughed when one ship heard us and answered, and we wondered what he entered in his log; we couldn't possibly have shown on his radar, although we felt his disturbed wash. By around 1300 the weather was clearing, and now the sea was our own. The 1340 forecast gave variable Force 2—3, and fog patches but we were clear and sailing nicely.

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At 1600 we sighted Morecambe Bay Light Vessel and thence it was easy sailing until Nelson was sighted at 1955, then a gentle sail up to Lytham and moored up by 2145, very pleased with ourselves and, of course, with *Sid*. She had behaved like a peach. The words of the Port St. Mary Harbour Master came back to us — "Why she's less than 18 feet, the dinghies here are bigger than her, and you've been North about the Island! Well, I hardly believe it."

To sum up:

Saturday, July 6	Peel to Port St. Mary	34 miles, 6½ hrs.
Thursday, July 4	Ramsey to Peel	26 miles, 5¼ hrs.
Wednesday, July 3	Lytham to Ramsey	67 miles, 13¾ hrs.
Monday, July 1	Port St. Mary to Lytham	65 miles, 16 hrs.

Total 192 miles.

Perhaps we should add that we sail with very strict safety rules on *Sid*. If one of the crew goes below at sea, the other one must wear safety harness, at night or in bad weather the rule is the same, and also when changing head sails. We carry flares and life jackets as well as personal bouyant oilies — a life jacket is donned much more quickly if an emergency arises in dry weather. A Kapok floating cushion is always at hand for tossing overboard, and emergency sealed rations and water are carried. Heavy anchor and storm sails and oars for jury rig or emergency steering are on board, as well as many other likely items. *Sid* carries all with bouyant, confident ease.

Sharing Experience

COMPASSES. A suitable compass for the Silhouette is the P11 ex-RAF model distributed by Thomas Foulkes of Leytonstone., E.11. This is advertised as a "£30 compass for 50s." The gimalled version (which I have) costs 85s. This compass is considerably more relaxing to steer by than the more usual type, because of its grid steering system. I have not yet found a really suitable position for the compass; I, too, would be interested to hear other's views.

ENGINES. May I recommend that owners and prospective owners considering having an inboard engine fitted should consider the Stuart Turner 4½ h.p., as opposed to the 1½ h.p. model. The advantages of the more powerful model are:

1. It has a self starter.
2. It has forward and reverse gears.
3. It will move the boat at a good 5 knots at ¾ throttle, and a little over 6 knots at full throttle.

I make this suggestion as I have met several owners with the

1½ h.p. engine who have been frustrated almost beyond endurance when going into a head sea because their craft makes virtually no progress. No doubt many owners will claim that an engine more powerful than the 1½ h.p. is unnecessary. I would disagree if one intends to "go places" when cruising in far from perfect weather (which is invariably the case). I returned from Salcombe to Falmouth (about 45 miles), calling in at Newton Ferrers, in under 10 hours against an unpleasantly choppy sea for the greater part of the voyage. There was insufficient wind to sail for more than 3 hours of this time.

A COOKER. In my two berth saloon, I fitted a "Turm" two burner methylated spirit stove in the space under the bridge deck. This fitted exactly into the recess, which I then lined with glazed asbestos and stainless steel. A brass wire fiddle rail keeps kettle and pans in place, and this arrangement has functioned successfully for the past three seasons. Although I believe the stove is not so economical as some other (much more expensive) types, it is very easy to start, and the flame can be adjusted easily.—*B. M. Beeden, Toll Bar House, Firsby Lane, Conisburgh, Doncaster.*

All's well that ends well by Arthur Goodwin

GEOFF WALTON (who sails with me regularly) and I planned to sail to Ireland on July 6 to spend a week cruising round the Irish coast. Unfortunately, at the last moment, Geoff had to call it off owing to business commitments. But I was determined to make the trip, and was most fortunate in getting Ian Holyman to come along.

By now every member of the SOIA will have heard of Ian and his Silhouette *Kotka*. He carried all before him at Plymouth, coming home with his car boot full of trophies. The other member of my crewe was a man who had never sailed in his life. His name is Don Marsh, he was a client of mine who sometime before had taken me shooting; in return I invited him to a sail aboard my yacht. If he could have known what lay in store, I feel sure that wild horses would not have dragged him anywhere near my boat. However, more of that later. First, let me tell you something about my yacht, *Lady Irene of Menai*. She is a Bermudan sloop, 25ft. OA, 18ft. WL, 8ft. beam, and draws 3ft. 6ins. The hull is of glass fibre, and she has a sail area of 290 square ft. She is powered by an 8 hp Coventry Victor petrol engine.

Our plan was to leave our mooring at Glyn Garth in the Menai Straits, proceed to Holyhead, a distance of about 33 miles, (a sail of about 6 or 7 hours) and then leave Holyhead on the Sunday morning, July 7, at around 05.00 hours.

On Saturday, July 6, Don Marsh and I were on board bright and early as we made our preparations for the passage, filling water tanks, getting all the food aboard, sleeping bags, etc., all the numerous little things necessary for a sea passage. The night before Geoff and I had very carefully gone over the charts, and had the trip planned from the Gazelle Jetty all the way to Ireland. The tidal stream in the Irish Sea



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travels from North to South and vice versa, so that it was most important to lay off for current when plotting our course to steer. Ian Holyman came aboard at 09.00 hours. Herbert Firth and George Smith, both members of the S.O.I.A. (Herbert also being a member of the NWVYC) both decided to come along as far as Holyhead for the ride. We cast off moorings at 10.00 hours, heading for Puffin Sound, a distance of about six miles.

The weather forecast was Force 1 to 2, SW, but when we cast off there was not a drop of wind. So it was engine on, hoping that we might pick up some wind once we got through Puffin Sound into the open sea. Our speed on the engine was about 4½ knots and, as we had the ebb with us we made good time, going through the Sound at 11.10 hours. The sea was still dead calm, so we were still under power as we set course for Point Lynas. Our one consolation at this time was that the weather was lovely. Herbert was up forrard sun bathing, and all hands were enjoying the trip. As we closed Lynas, the weather began to change: a thick sea mist came down, later developing into a pea souper, with visibility down to about 10 yards. Ian was at the tiller, I was up in the bows blowing on the fog horn for all I was worth. It was "blind flying" from then on all the way to Holyhead.

Here I must compliment Herbert Firth on a terrific piece of navigation; he gave us a course which brought the light tower on the end of Holyhead breakwater bang on the nose and we were dead on course in spite of the thick fog.

Once we had picked up the breakwater, we were able to creep along the wall, so to speak, and dropped anchor just off the Yacht Club. We then went ashore, had a tidy up in Club, and then proceeded into the town for a well earned meal. Not being a very big eater myself, I made do with a double portion of place and chips, 8 slices of bread and butter, and 4 Eccles cakes, washed down by 5 cups of tea. The rest of the evening was spent at the Yacht Club where we met Don McKnight, who was also making the passage to Ireland in his Debutante, *L'Hirondelle*. Crewing for him was Storm Bate and Jim Berry all associate members of the SOIA and also members of the NWVYC, whose burgee they were flying at the mast head. As my yacht *Lady Irene* holds the Royal Warrant to fly the defaced blue ensign, she was flying the burgee of the Royal Anglesey Yacht Club at the mast head, the burgee of the NWVYC, on the starboard spreader, and the SOIA burgee on the port spreader. Geoff Walton came over from Beaumaris

in the evening for a final drink. He was heartbroken about not being able to come along, but he promised to come over to Dublin the following week and sail back with us.

Sunday morning, July 7. We were up at 03.30 hours, as it was my intention to be off the breakwater by 05.00. It was up anchor at 04.30 hours, and we noticed that Don McKnight in *L'Hirondelle* was also under way. Both vessels were off the breakwater by 05.00 hours as planned, and as we came nearer to one another, we wished them bon voyage and set course for the Kish Light Vessel, which is about 6 miles North of East from Dunlaoghaire harbour.

After laying off for current, I set a course of 255° mag. and gave the engine a bit more throttle, bringing my speed to 5 knots. Being a beam tide both ways, I was not going to get any help or obstruction from it, and as there was no wind, it was my intention to try to average 5 knots all the way, giving me about 10 hours to make the passage. I kept this speed up for the first 4 hours, and at 09.00 hours eased down to 3½ knots, to give the engine a rest. I made approximately 28 miles in the first 6 hours, and at 11.30 hours I altered course to 302° mag. to set off for the South-going current. It was just a question of pointing her nose towards Dublin. There was not a breath of wind, sea flat calm, and visibility was only fair.

I expected to be somewhere off the Kish by 16.00 hours, but at about 15.00 visibility was about 2 miles and the LV would have had to be dead on the nose for me to lay her. We must have been about 3 miles to the North of the Kish, and visibility being what it was, we missed her. I say this, because at 17.00 hours we sighted land which we indentified from the Pilot Book as Ireland's Eye, a small island to the North of Dublin Bay, and Northern part of the entrance to Howth Harbour. If visibility had been normal, or if the passage had been made at night, no doubt we should have picked up the flashing from the Light Vessel, and could have corrected accordingly. However, under the circumstances, I was quite satisfied. Although it was my intention to go into Dunlaoghaire, I had most pleasant and nostalgic memories of a holiday I had spent in Howth several years before. We had to pass the harbour approaches anyway in order to go into Dunlaoghaire, so after talking it over with Ian and Don, we decided to spend the night in Howth. I altered course for Howth, hoisted the "yellow," and the courtesy flag of Eire, and made for the entrance.

At 19.00 hours we were tying up against the harbour wall. As Customs did not seem to be bothering, I decided to go ashore and get clearance from the office, which was situated on the quayside. There was the usual slippery slimy ladder against the harbour wall which I managed to climb, and as I put my feet on the top of the wall, there stood a bloke with a large glass of whisky in his hand. He shoved it under my nose and said, "Will ye have a throp of the hard stuff, me darlin' boy?" "I will indeed," sez Oi, and down it went.

After I had stopped coughing, spluttering and wiping my streaming eyes it took me a good 5 minutes to get my breath back. But it was a lovely gesture, and only one sample of the wonderful hospitality we

were to receive during our stay in this lovely land. This chap was a yachtsman and he was a member of the local sailing club, about to set off himself for a cruise to the Western Isles of Scotland.

The Customs office was closed, and we took a chance and went ashore. I left a note in the letter box at the office, giving full particulars of what they required to know. Ian, Don and I then went to the best hotel in Howth for a slap-up meal. Unfortunately, I was not very hungry, so I made do with a plate of soup with 3 rolls dropped in, this was followed by a large size rump steak smothered in onions and mushrooms, with a double portion of chips. This was followed with a nice fruit salad and a portion of trifle.

Why they put the trifle on a soup plate I will never know; an ordinary dinner plate would have been OK for me. The cheese and biscuits washed down with a couple of pints of the old porter was quite sufficient for my needs. I did not want to make a pig of myself in front of my crew, but it was most disappointing for me a couple of hours later to find that the local fish and chip shop had closed 10 minutes before we arrived.

We were back aboard by 23.00 hours and all hands slept like tops. The next day we cast off at 14.00 hours to give us the ebb across to Dunlaoghaire, and at 16.00 hours after a nice sail, we arrived in Dunlaoghaire. Don McKnight, the skipper of *L'Hirondelle*, together with Storm and Jim and their wives Hilary, Pat and Audrey (who had sailed over on the mail boat from Holyhead) were all standing on the harbour wall to greet us as we came in. Our stay in Ireland was most enjoyable and the hospitality we received at the National Yacht Club was unbelievable. Hot showers were laid on for us, terrific meals at most reasonable prices, all the facilities of the Club were put at our disposal for the extra stay.

Tuesday, July 9. We all went for a coach trip which was most interesting. Don and his crew were staying for two weeks and intended to sail down as far as Waterford. They left on the following Thursday, while I and my crew, with the addition of John Osola who flew out from Manchester on the Wednesday evening in order to sail back with us, sailed over to Howth once again. The wind was Force 4, and we had a grand sail with a reach and a run both ways. On the Friday, we decided to hire a car and drive along the coast to see if we could spot the Debutante heading for Waterford. The weather now was atrocious, pouring heavens hard, and as we entered the outskirts of the small town of Arklow, there stood, Don, Storm, Hilary and Pat, soaked to the skin, trying to get some shelter by leaning against the wall of the ladies' toilet (what was wrong with the wall of the gents' toilet?) bedraggled and miserable. Their faces lit up when they saw us, and we all retired to a small milk bar for hot coffee and a chat. *L'Hirondelle* was moored up against the wall of a fertiliser factor, and was covered in a white powdery film. However, we all climbed aboard and had a yarn for an hour or two before we departed for Dunlaoghaire.

(To be concluded)

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