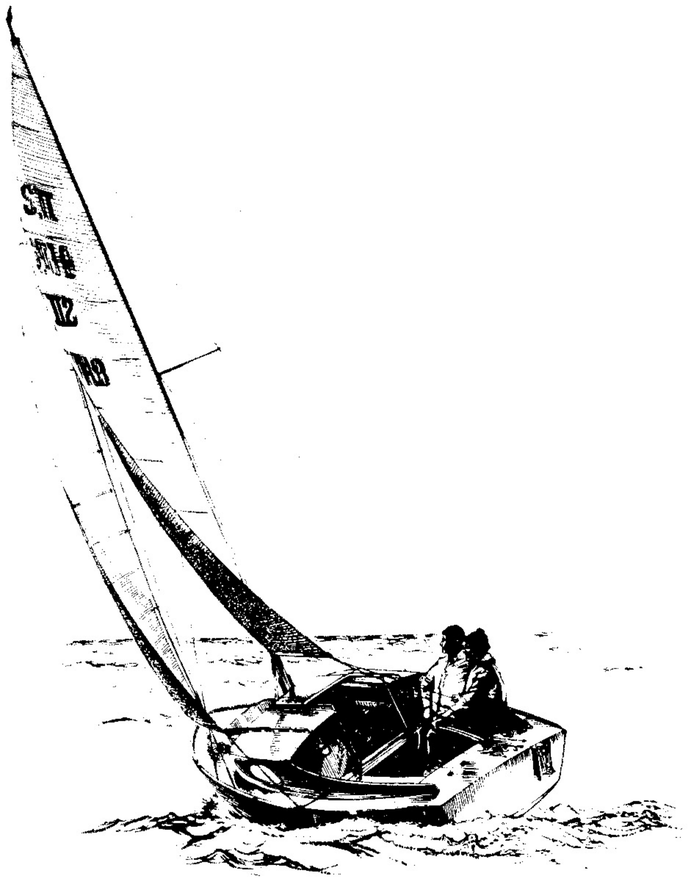
The Silhouette Owner

The journal of the
Silhouette Owners' International Association

NUMBER 37 DECEMBER, 1963 PRICE 6d.



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THE SILHOUETTE OWNER. The *Journal* of the SOIA is published monthly, and is sent to all members by post.
Hon. Editor: J. R. L. ANDERSON, The Old Hall, Marple, Cheshire.
Advertising rates on application to the *Hon. Advertising Manager*, HELEN ANDERSON, The Old Hall, Marple, Cheshire.

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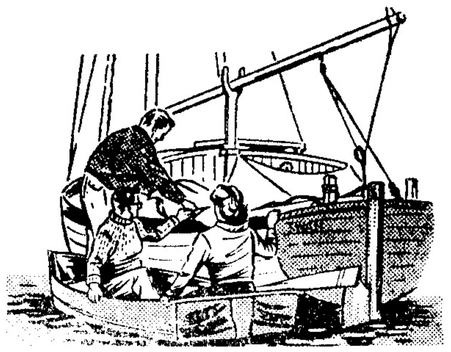
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Learning to Sail

THE greatest lack in all aspects of recreation in Britain today is the lack of facilities for learning to sail. Britain has one of the longest coastlines in Europe, some of the finest sailing waters in Europe, and an age-old tradition of the sea — but more people sail in France than they do here. Yet never has the *desire* to sail been wider or stronger in British life than it is today. But how does one learn? A sad toll of inquests makes clear that many people do *not* learn; and for every inquest upon final tragedy, there is an unguessable number each year of near disasters. There are some excellent sailing schools, recognised by the RYA, but they barely touch the fringe of the problem. Most of them are on the South Cost and in any case they can cater only for a tiny proportion of all those who want to learn to sail. The standard advice given by official bodies is "Join a club." This is a good thing to do, but how many clubs have any organised arrangements for teaching newcomers? Precious few. The SOIA has a real chance here of doing a thundering good piece of work, and of making its influence felt nationally. Through this *Journal*, we should like to organise a simple scheme whereby people who want to learn something about sailing can get in touch with one of our members, who will either help himself, or call in aid sailing friends and companions to give simple weekend (or evening) instruction in the basic elements of boat handling. We shall try to compile a register of members in different parts of the country who are willing to give such help, and invite the rest of the Press to make our scheme widely known. Nothing elaborate is intended — or needed. The real need is that men and women in Birmingham, or Coventry, or Manchester, or the London suburbs, or anywhere else in the great centres of population should be able to know of some sailing man or woman who can give them advice and elementary instruction. This is not a question of teaching navigation or the finer arts of sailing — all that comes later. The need is to explain to people who want to get afloat but have no experience of any sort, *what* they have to learn, what *basic precautions* they must take, and simply *how to handle a boat*. We believe that a scheme of this sort could be of inestimable value to Britain, and we invite members who are willing to take part in trying to get something organised, to write to us. It may be that in many cases instruction can be arranged through clubs: if so, so much the better; but it needs somebody to take an initiative, and to make a start. The SOIA has never been afraid of breaking new ground — or, perhaps it would be better to say, ploughing a new furrow in the sea. Let us give a national lead here.

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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.

Secretary's Notes

WE all make mistakes at times, but it seems that I dropped a real "clanger" in my parsimonious ordering of the association's Christmas Cards; we were completely out of stock before the full announcements came out in last month's *Journal*, so any of you who sent cheques and postal orders, and wondered why a reply was so long in forthcoming, will have to forgive my gross miscalulation of what the demand would be.

* * * *

With the boat carefully cocooned in tarpaulins, the sails and gear stored until the time comes for the great fitting out process, one would think that this time of the year would be quite dead with regard to anything to do with our sport. But don't believe it for one minute; I get more correspondence and inquiries for membership than at any other period, and I see that behind the scenes activity is still going at full blast. Enthusiastic home constructors work in spite of the weather, and I know of many cruises that are already being planned for next year.

* * * *

As it is well known that some clubs, or bodies, like to run races for Silhouettes using only working rig, it has now been officially approved that "working rig" means: mainsail not exceeding 65 sq. ft., and foresail not exceeding 52 sq. ft., with an allowable tolerance of one square foot.

* * * *

A committee meeting was held during November, and you would be surprised how much valuable time was spent in recounting experiences at Plymouth; everyone is determined to make next year's "Week" even better, though for my part I'll be more than satisfied with the same again! Apart from next year's "Plymouth Week," much necessary business was got through. It was decided to have a small executive committee to be fully answerable to the main committee, to make decisions on important issues, when necessary, to save the time and effort of gathering together the main body. This executive sub-committee will consist of the Commodore, the Treasurer, the Secretary, with Harry Maloney and Bill Chambers. This very good suggestion should prove beneficial in the future, as there have been times when one member of the committee has had to make reasonably important decisions, purely because it would have been impossible to call a full meeting for one issue. This *could* have been very unsatisfactory; I say "could," because to date I know of no instance where there has ever been any disapproval.

* * * *

It has been announced that our Dover-based Associate Member, E. Large, who has now completed the building of his Eclipse, has undertaken the job of secretary for the newly formed Eclipse Association. While wishing him and his Association every success, we must

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insist that his efforts on our behalf must not be discontinued! Already many members have good cause to thank their lucky stars that we have such a member in so important a port. Thank you very much, Mr. Large.

* * * *

At last the final draft of the complete rules and bye-laws of the association has been collected, drafted and approved. These will be published in full with next month's issue of the *Journal*, in time for the AGM, so with a comprehensive set of bye-laws, a definition of what can be termed a Silhouette, and sail sizes laid down, we can say that we are getting our house in some form of order.

* * * *

Arrangements are going ahead for the AGM and party. Any items for the agenda of the AGM should be sent to me before December 5 if you want them included. The official film of Plymouth is now nearly completely edited, but we still have room for more strips of film; all that which has been sent already is spliced in, but your little bit will still be welcome. Don't forget the size, 8mm. I hold out no hope that any film can be returned to donors, but of course

the whole film will be available for showing after the party. You must be reminded, too, about the display of photographs, as many black and white or coloured prints as you have — please send or bring them along, to the party; everyone wants to see them, and this time they *are* returnable. Remember that it is the *subjects* we want, not super quality photography. Even if you have not started on your new dairy for 1961, please make a note of the date, January 4, at the National Liberal Club, at 6-30 p.m.; please make an effort to be there; I promise that you will have a good time.

* * * *

One cry from the heart at the committee meeting came from our enthusiastic Press Secretary, Harry Maloney. He wants to bombard the yachting press with snippets of information about our association, he is anxious to see the SOIA mentioned in every edition of "news of clubs," etc., and he wants *you* to keep him supplied with any and every form of doing, being or suffering, that happens, to Silhouette owners everywhere. Please oblige.

* * * *

We have added the word "International" to our title, and we feel that this is more than justified. Would overseas members please note that they are fully entitled to copies of the minutes of meetings if they are formed into any kind of group? I shall be only too happy to send on application.

* * * *

Maybe it is a little early, but may I wish you all a very happy Christmas? And remember that it will help the association (and yourself) to give a burgee, tie, or car badge, a brooch, or even one of those little cards, that says "Member for 1964" — all obtainable from our very able treasurer, Jack O'Brien. Have a good time at Christmas, and I know you will enjoy the new year at least on January 4. *R.A.G.*

A Night to Remember

NEARLY 100 members and friends of the North West Group of the SOIA attended the group's third annual dinner-dance at the Manor Hey Hotel, Urmston, on November 16. The day had brought the worst fog so far this winter in NW England, and members coming long distances had some difficulty in navigating. But rain came with the evening, and gave a clear night to go home in.

Ron Bradbury, the NW Group Commodore, presided, and after the Loyal Toast, George Smith proposed a toast to the NW Group, coupled with the SOIA. He spoke with pride of the group's success in Plymouth Week, and of the happy atmosphere in all the group's activities. He thanked the National Association for having arranged Plymouth Week, and urged members to support the *Journal* by making a resolution to write in at least once a year with an account of sailing experiences.

John Anderson, National President, replying, thanked George



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Smith for his kindly remarks about the SOIA, and for his plea for more copy for the Journal. It was a wonderful sight, he said, and a source of great pride to see such a splendid gathering in the North-West. The groups were the lifeblood of the association, and he wished the NW Group all success, and was confident that it would go from strength to strength.

Reg Pegg, Rear Commodore, proposing a toast to The Guests, spoke of the happy relationship that had been built up between Silhouette owners and those who sailed in other cruising boats in the North West. He thought that this was extremely healthy for sailing generally, and he was sure that these happy relationships would be fostered and extended during the coming year.

John Dampney, Rear Commodore of the Royal Plymouth Corinthian Sailing Club, and Mrs. Dampney, honoured the NW Group by coming all the way from Plymouth to attend the dinner. They brought with them their son Michael, who is studying architecture at Liverpool University. Replying for the guests, John Dampney said some very nice things about Silhouettes, and recalled our happy experiences during Plyomuth Week. He and Mrs. Dampney had judged the *concours d'elegance* of Silhouettes in Sutton Harbour during Plymouth Week, and he praised the very high standards of Silhouette owners in looking after their boats. He said charmingly that the Royal Corinthian Club was looking forward to Silhouette Week at Plymouth next year.

Mrs. Bradbury, wife of the Group Commodore, presented the group's trophies. The Goodwin Cup, for the best log of a cruise during the season, was won by Ian Hyde-Smith, for his log of a singlehanded cruise from Anglesey to Ireland and back in *Slipper* (S II 643). Ian also won the Firth Cup for the opening race of the season. The Pegg Cup, for the closing race of the season, was won by Ian Holyman, in *Kotka*. Mrs. Bradbury was presented with a beautiful bouquet of flowers.

Before the dinner part of the evening ended and the dance began, Ron Bradbury expressed the special thanks of everybody to Herbert Firth, Vice Commodore of the Group and of the National Association, and to Arthur Goodwin (Goody) for all their splendid work and help for the group. This vote of thanks was received with prolonged applause.

The Anglesey Cup

A new trophy, to be known as The Anglesey Cup, has been generously presented to the NW Group by Derrick Williams and his wife. It was sailed for on Sunday, October 13, in the Straits. Jim Berry was officer of the day, and six boats crossed the starting line — *Coral Reef II* (Roy Beaumont), *Dolphin* (Herbert Firth), *Kotka* (Ian Holyman), *Siobhau* (Frank Kerridge), *Buttercup II* (Ron Bradbury), and the Caprice 382, sailed by the brothers N. and R. Hopkins. The race was sailed under the Portsmouth Yardstick handicap, and was won by the brothers Hopkins in their Caprice — they came in just two minutes ahead of Ian Holyman in *Kotka*. *Dolphin* was third.

Laying up Supper

AS well as the formal dinner-dance in Manchester on November 16, the North West Group held a most enjoyable laying up supper at the Royal Anglesey Yacht Club, Beaumaris, on October 12. The club generously allowed the group the use of a large room, and provided a buffet which can only be described as lavish. Most grateful thanks are due to Mr. Rodney Jones, Hon. Secretary of the Royal Anglesey, to the Steward and his wife, and helpers. May we put on record here that these kindly efforts are very much appreciated.

Some fifty members and friends of the group attended. During the evening films of two of the group's cruises were shown by Herbert Firth, and Jim Berry showed a film he took on the Irish cruise in A. Goodwin's boat *Lady Irene*. Ian Holyman showed some excellent slides of cruises in which he had taken part, including trips to the Isle of Man and Ireland, of the Plymouth Rally and of the Straits Regattas.

On the Thames

THE Small Boat Club, Teddington, will be pleased to consider applications for membership from Silhouette owners interested in the section of the Thames above Teddington Lock. The Small Boat Club caters mainly for the family type of sailor/cruiser enthusiasts. Our sailing section has all classes of craft, including Silhouettes, Mystics and a Week-Ender. We do not go in for serious racing, but our members do not hesitate to use the tidal section of the Thames. We have our own boathouse on Stephens Ait, just below Kingston Bridge, and limited moorings are available. An active programme is planned for the winter evenings, and any Silhouette owners interested in the Small Boat Club should get in touch with the Secretary, Mr. J. Clark, 66 Princes Avenue, Tolworth, Surbiton, Surrey. — *Stanley Kirby, Press Officer and Vice-Commodore.*

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.**

Sharing Experiences

INBOARD ENGINES. In his letter in the November issue of the *Journal* Mr. Beeden raises the engine problem, and recommends the 4 h.p. Stuart with reverse and self-starter.

Several years ago this engine was fitted into the odd Silhouette. To avoid having it in the cabin, the builder reduced the bridge deck bulkhead to almost vestigial proportions, and built an engine box which almost halved the cockpit. Since these changes destroyed the big feature of the Silhouette, namely its safety and seaworthiness, the builder was asked to de-class the boats, removing the insignia and numbers; he was also advised not to repeat the folly.

As a corollary, in these cases the need to accomodate a large propeller meant drastic reduction of the skeg area by the aperture. Correspondence with the unhappy owners revealed that, although they motored nicely, they would not sail; even in light airs the weather helm was apalling. As many owners know, weather helm builds up rapidly with increase of stern weight, causing transom drag. The engine recommended weighs 366lb dry, and thus about 400lb when fuelled up— as much as three adults.

The P5MC, with centrifugal clutch only, with neither reverse, reduction nor electrics, weighs only 160lb and can be fitted under the bridge deck quite neatly. In this brief discussion of weight, nothing has been said about the stern gear, because this will not vary much with the engine selected. The 3 h.p. Watermota shown on the 1961 plans has 4:1 reduction, four-position gearbox (forward, neutral, astern and feathered) yet weighs only 80lb, complete with sterngear. It fits well under the bridge deck, with quite a small hole in the bulkhead, gives 7 knots in smooth water, starts easily and is a 4-stroke. But it is air-cooled, so is noiser than the Stuart. The propeller aperture is reasonable, but, as with all inboards, the skeg must be bigger than that shown on the pre-1961 drawings. I have no axe to grind with any of the engine makers; my only concern is to prevent owners running into sailing difficulties.—*Robert Tucker, ARINA.*

ENGINES. It is strange that with so many sailing cruisers under 20ft on the go nowadays that little or no attempt has been made by British manufacturers to produce a compact, light engine with ample reserve power for use as an auxiliary. Why must we "make do" with power units designed mainly for the 12ft pleasure launch? Once it is accepted by the owner that he requires an engine, it should not be considered "bad form" for that engine to have ample reserve power to push the boat and all its occupants out of trouble, and into safety in the vilest of conditions.

My present motor is the Swedish Crescent 8 h.p. 140 c.c. twin cylinder outboard. It has a clutch, which is standard, as well as a 32 watt, 6 volt, lighting point. The long shaft model is 28ins instead of the usual 25ins, which means that it can be fixed to a bit of wood bolted to the transom, and protruding about 2ins above the rear deck for the clamps. No cutting of the transom is necessary. The

compact powerhead enables the motor to be stowed in the side locker, complete with its separate fuel tank. It weighs 37—40lbs, and mine uses a gallon of fuel in two hours at half throttle.

My Silhouette also has a Smith's speedometer, the readings of which may or may not be correct, but it does indicate comparative speeds in m.p.h. and knots. From where I sit I can see the m.p.h readings, but not the knots. In a flat calm at half throttle, the motor pushes us along at 8 m.p.h., or at 9 m.p.h full throttle. My trusty Seagull Century Plus, which I had before the Crescent, would reach 6 m.p.h at half throttle, or 7 m.p.h at full — and you know what that sounds like. To be fair, the old Seagull did everything its makers claimed, and never failed to start under all types of conditions; however, I wanted something better (which costs more, of course).

It is interesting to note that under sail my Silhouette, which is old rig and covered in piano wires, sails along nicely between 7 and 8 m.p.h. Once on the lake a squall from behind knocked her up to 9 m.p.h., when the kicking strap bust. Eight would seem to be her comfortable maximum. There was another time, last year up on the Clyde, under full sail, Genoa and engine (we had just raised sail) when a good puff of wind hit us from a flank, pushing the old needle to 10½ m.p.h. before the crashing of crockery and a screaming wife distracted my attention. It pays tribute to Bob Tucker and friend Hurley that nothing of theirs bust, even though the strains must have been terrific.

The point I am trying to make is that the boat will go at 8 m.p.h either under sail, or under power. So there is no point in trying to obtain a power unit which will go faster — only one which will maintain a reasonable speed up to this rate under all conditions. On about our last run out on the lake this year it was blowing around Force 8 with clouds of spray being whipped off the tops. There was a fair lop, and we plugged straight into it at ¾ throttle at 5 m.p.h. Water came over the cabin top by the tubful, and into the cockpit. The old Crescent was drenched, as we were, but kept on without a falter. — *SII 378.*

ENGINES. My boat is fitted with a 2½ h.p. Solo Type S 21. I admit that it has no self starter, but I should find it difficult to find room for a battery. Its advantages are:

1) It can be started from the cockpit or inside the cabin.
2) Forward and reverse gears.
3) Slow running — 900 r.p.m. — and therefore amazing petrol economy.
4) Large, two bladed propeller, which can be lined behind the deadwood to prevent drag when sailing.
(5 Engine noise almost non-existent. The performance can be compared with a boat fitted with our old friend the Seagull.

—W. P. Lloyd-Jones, 40 Sydenham Villas Road, Cheltenham.

CHARTER, 1964. 3-berth Silhouette II available in the South of France, from £10 per week. Roger Hancock, Woodcote, Colgate, Horsham, Sussex.

The Log of Slipper

By Ian Hyde - Smith

Skipper's Note: The normal ship's log which records the bare facts of the voyage described below has been rewritten in narrative form, in order to give a more readable account of the events which took place, without departing from their accuracy or navigational value. In addition, it should be explained that this voyage was *not* undertaken without a crew out of any sense of bravado or anti-social feeling, but rather because it is not always possible to get hold of a suitable crew at short notice; and who can say from one day to the next what the English summer will bring in the way of weather? The Silhouette is such a small boat that an unskilled crew, or anyway, someone who cannot be confidently left in full charge of the boat under any conditions of wind or sea, can be a liability on such trips. In this case there was no one readily available at the time, so the passage was made single-handed, rather than not at all. Any voyage of more than about 8 hours at a stretch tends to be rather more a test of endurance in these circumstances, the principal difficulty being that of not being able to leave the tiller for more than a few seconds in anything of a seaway. This means heaving-to for sail changes, meals, etc., with consequent loss of valuable time. Of course in a bigger boat, it is possible to arrange self-steering devices, but in a Silhouette this was found to be pretty well impossible in open sea conditions. Others may have achieved it, but the author found the boat too sensitive to steer an accurate course without a guiding hand on the tiller. Certain special preparation is required for single-handed trips: pre-computed courses and distances; a selection of marked charts in waterproof covers; an extract from the Admiralty List of Lights, showing the characteristics of the lights likely to be sighted, and their approximate bearings, again under waterproof covers; and, of course, one needs hot drinks in flasks, and other food such as sandwiches, pies, biscuits and chocolate, readily available. The main enemy is fatigue: if one is warm, adequately fed, and reasonably fit, there is no reason to fear this ,provided that one can rest properly after the voyage. Sailing is often a challenge, and as with many sports, one gets much satisfaction from overcoming difficulties encountered. New lessons are learned or relearned every time one puts to sea, and the sum total is called experience.

WHITSUN week-end surprisingly produced some quite passable weather by current standards. There was rather too much wind, from the North-East for comfort in the open sea, however. Nevertheless, a number of Silhouettes and other small craft set off on the Saturday for a week-end cruise to Holyhead. The NW Venturers left in the early morning to the Eastwards from the Menai Straits, while the NW Group of the SOIA left at a more respectable hour to the Westward through the Swellies bound for Caernarvon, where they were to spend Saturday night. *Slipper* was among this group. The plan was to continue the voyage to Holyhead on the Sunday, but when the

THE SILHOUETTE OWNERS' INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION

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

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J. R. L. ANDERSON, W. SPURRELL.

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National Member: PETER CROFT, 48 Annalee Road, South Ockendon, Romford, Essex.

Hon. Technical Adviser: ROBERT TUCKER, 58 Southbury Road, Enfield, Middlesex.

All recognised groups appoint an ex-officio representative to the Committee.

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.

time came to leave it was blowing hard from the North-East, and Ron Bradbury, Commodore of the NW Group, called a meeting of skippers, at which it was decided that the weather was not suitable for the trip, in view of the very exposed beat to be expected when rounding the South Stack Lighthouse, West of Holyhead. It was left to individual crews to decide on where they would go. Most of the boats arranged a cruise in Caenarvon estuary. They went down to Abermenai Point and back under the leadership of Herbert Firth, the Vice-Commodore. Ron Bradbury in *Buttercup II* and the Hopkins' brothers in their *Caprice* decided to head for Holyhead in spite of the weather, and they set off in company out to sea over the bar which lies at the entrance to the Straits. Meanwhile *Slipper* had decided to follow them out, and if the weather looked reasonable, to set a course for Ireland, where the skipper hoped to spend a holiday later in the month.

By the time the dinghy had been deflated and stowed on deck, and five rolls had been tucked in the main, and the small jib set it was 11 a.m. The others were out of sight to the Westward. The swing bridge opened to let *Slipper* out into the tideway, where the strong ebb accompanied by the NE wind soon carried her down to Abermenai Point, where she passed Herbert's party on their way back. It was a lovely sunny day. The sea, in the shelter of Anglesey, was calm, and very blue. Farther out over the bar, where there was only about 4ft

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, Sellafield, 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.*
Midlands.	*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.	*Hon. Sec. T. H. Swarbrick, Wardleys Cottages, Hambleton, near Blackpool.*
Lake District.	*Hon. Sec. T. K. Jones, Foxton House, Lowther Street, Penrith.*
Yorkshire (Humber to Tees).	*Hon. Sec. Brian M. Beeden, Toll Bar House, Firsby Lane, Conisborough, near Doncaster.*
Scotland.	*Hon. Sec. J. B. Jackson, 81 Baillie Drive, Calderwood, East Kilbride. Tel. East Kilbride 21194.*

of water in parts, the yellow sand showed clearly below the surface, and beyond was the open sea, with lines of white horses where the wind caught the wavetops. At noon the decision was taken; the log was streamed, a departure taken from the lighthouse on Llanwyn Island, and a course set for the entrance to Wicklow harbour (272° mag.). The tide was ebbing until 14.00, when it would turn and start to flood to the Northward, until 20.00 hours. The Southbound tidal stream (ebb) would last from 20.00 (2 June) to 02.00 (3 June), so for that period the tides would cancel each other, and it would not be necessary to allow for them. Soon after 02.00 it was hoped to sight the lights off the Irish coast, and it would then be necessary to start allowing for the tidal streams which always run more strongly nearer to the coast.

At 13.00 hours it was so warm and sunny that it was possible to enjoy a very pleasant lunch of cold meat and salad, washed down with canned soda water coloured orange, which was refreshing (but produced noisy results!). A couple of apples followed (to guard against scurvy!). At 13.45 hours the shipping forecast on 1500 metres was not particularly encouraging; it talked about NE winds of up to Force 7. However they would be from astern, which in a Silhouette is important; Easterly winds are rare in June.

There was quite a heavy swell, and the boom slatted about in an awkward way until lashed down to keep it under control. The Walker Patent Log was being read every hour to record distance travelled through the water. At 14.00 hours it read 6.5 sea miles (of 2000 yards).

The wind veered a point or two and fell very light. At 14.15 a yacht of about 10 tons T.M. passed across *Slipper's* wake, bound South. Her sail number was 1702 (DWYKA), and she belonged to R. W. Oats. For the next 45 minutes the wind was flukey both in direction and strength. At 15.00 hours the log read 9 sea miles. Fifteen minutes later the wind died completely, and the boat lay becalmed and rolling heavily in the swell. The log line became entangled in the rudder pintle and had to be cut, and re-rigged. An hour later there was still almost virtually no wind; the boat had covered a mile of sea since 15.00 hours. By 16.30 hours she was making 2 knots, and crossed the coastal shipping lane. several small coasters of about 500 tons being sighted.

At 17.00 hours a light wind came up from dead astern, and one had to be careful to avoid an accidental jibe. A small coaster passed ahead going North. The log read 12½ and the barometer was steady at 29.8. The 3,000ft peaks of Snowdonia were still visible in the haze to the South-Eastwards. At 18.00 hours the forecast for the Irish Sea was good. A substantial meal of soup and cold chicken improved morale still more, while an enjoyable concert on the wireless helped to pass away the time. The log now read 15, and because of the slow speeds over the past few hours was thought to be under-reading by about 4 miles. Speed improved to 4 knots as the wind gradually increased to Force 4.

A large liner passed half a mile ahead, bound North at 19.00 hours, and soon afterwards the swell increased from the NE, and the sea became quite rough. (All this good living had an unfortunate effect on the skipper, who was violently ill over the side; but felt a lot better for it!). A few dry biscuits and a hot drink are a good tonic in these conditions, and when a magnificent full moon rose out of the sea, broad on the port beam, contrasting with the most perfect sunset which followed at 12.35 hours, life was indeed good. There is something fascinating about sailing in bright moonlight; it never fails to thrill those who love the sea and boats. It is, of course, very much easier than rushing into a black void, too, where there is always the background worry of hitting some unlighted object.

A Silhouette does not normally carry navigation lights, so that it is a wise precaution to carry a powerful torch on deck (waterproof if possible), which can be shone on to the sails in an emergency, or onto the bridge of a closing vessel. It is not a bad idea to have a second one, fitted with Red and Green filters to indicate to passing ships which side of one's boat they are looking at. This question of direction and speed of movement can be very critical at night in avoiding a collision.

At 21.30 hours the decision was taken to make for Dun Loghaire, formerly Kingstown, in Dublin Bay, rather than Wicklow. Accordingly the course was altered to 310° (mag.), when the log read 28, for the Kish Light Vessel — 8 miles off Dublin, and marking the passage through the offlying banks which guard the Irish coast from the Eastward.

So *Slipper* rushed on through the night on a broad reach on the

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starboard tack. The skipper sat to windward enjoying the thrill of this headlong plunge at 6 knots or so (though it seemed a great deal more) through steadily increasing seas. His webbing safety harness was secured by a nylon line to a bollard in the centre of the counter, and he was dressed in yellow oilskins, now drenched wih spray. At 0.200 hours the loom of the Kish L.V. (Gp. Fl (2) ev. 30 secs. Vis. 11m.) was seen dead ahead, and shortly afterwards that of the Bailey Light House (Fl ev. 30 secs. Vis. 17m), which lies on the headland forming the Northern extremity of Dublin Bay.

Shortly after this a heavy sea broke on board and filled the cockpit. The luminous ex-RAF grid steering compass was completely submerged, and thrown off its mounting, fortunately without damage. At the same time the waterproof torch was plucked from the skipper's hand and dropped overboard. (It should have been secured by a lanyard but wasn't!). However the same thing was to happen twice more before it was possible to heave-to (at 03.00 hours) and reduce sail drastically, by lowering the main completely, from the safety of the main hatch, and stowing it below. It would have been a good thing to change to a smaller jib at the same time, but this was not considered advisable in the conditions at the time, as it would have meant opening the forehatch with the possibility of taking a heavy sea on board through it.

So it was that first light found *Slipper* running under working jib only towards the Kish L.V. at about 5 knots. There was a heavy swell and a confused sea. The wind was about Force 6, gusting 7, from the North East. At 03.45 the lightship was abeam to starboard: the log read 53.6 (this was in fact under-reading by 8m). It was 16 hours since leaving the shelter of the Anglesey shore, and the boat had sailed 61.6 sea miles at an average speed of just under 4 knots, including a period of nearly three hours becalmed, or almost so. Course was now altered to port on to 270° mag. for the entrance to Dun Laoghaire harbour, which lies on the South side of Dublin Bay, and is not only one of the finest yachting ports in the British Isles, but also the terminus of the ferry service running from Holyhead.

Now the direct course from Kish to Dun Laoghaire crosses the Burford Bank which lies across the open side of Dublin Bay. There is plenty of water over it for yachts, and other small craft, but with strong Easterly winds the seas over the bank do tend to be somewhat larger and steeper than in the deeper water on either side. At any rate, it became increasingly difficult to hold the boat steady in the following rollers which became progressively steeper and steeper with breaking tops. At. 0.400 a particularly big one rolled up under the

counter which was lifted high in the air, before being flung over to port as the boat broached to, and rolled over so that her masthead touched the water. The solitary occupant was catapulted into the water, which seemed remarkably cold. The bouyant jacket which he was wearing quickly shot him to the surface to find his boat sitting upright, head to wind with the jib flogging until the clew and half the foot tore out, and disappeared overboard, together with the sheets.

It took only a few strokes to regain the shelter of the boat, to which the owner was still attached by his life line. To make assurance doubly sure he then took the end of the mainsheet, and after tying a bowline (just as well to practice one's knots and splices in the winter months!) slipped it over his head and under his arms, taking a turn round the stern bollard for good measure. By this time the boat's head had paid off, and she was drifting slowly towards the River Liffey, some 5 miles to leeward. One would think that it was a comparatively easy job to scramble back on board a boat as small as a Silhouette. But when one is tired, cold and wet, and being continually thrown against the outboard motor by a rough sea, until one is black and blue, it is not so easy. One needs some sort of step on which to place one's feet, so that it is then possible to get a leg up on deck. It took the best part of three hours for *Slipper's* crew to rejoin. It was eventually achieved by rigging a makeshift ladder formed by the log line wound round the outboard motor, across the stern to the log mounting bracket, and back several times. When eventually the boat was once again fully manned, it was found that she had shipped remarkably little water. A few minutes' pumping served to dry her out. The jib — or what remained of it — was then lowered, as it was still flogging. Dry clothes were a necessity, but finding these was not so easy, as the inside of the cabin was a shambles, with books, sails, pillows, sleeping bags, charts, binoculars and all the other paraphanelia of the yachtsman piled in a confused and sodden mess. However, the brandy bottle (medicinal stores) was intact, and a swig of this admirable prescription soon put new heart into the job of digging out some spare dry clothes from their waterproof polythene bags under the bunks. All this took the best part of an hour, during which *Slipper* continued to drift safely and slowly Westwards.

At about 08.00 the Seagull Century outboard was started — second pull. What wonderfully reliable engines they are if you keep the plug clean, and the mixture right (1 : 10). The two lighthouses marking the entrance to the R. Liffey, were only half a cable away. The river is dredged all the way up to Dublin, and many cargo boats use it, especially those carrying Guinness, as well as the ferries from Liverpool. At low water springs the bay dries out almost to these lighthouses, which are over a mile offshore. Dun Laoghaire lies some two miles to the South, across the bay. It is exposed to Northerly gales, but is otherwise an excellent harbour. Not far off the entrance the outboard ran out of petrol. This was a bit awkward as, although there was plenty of petrol on board, it is not easy to fill an outboard tank in a heavy following swell; however, it was managed without too great a loss, and just in time to get the boat under control for the

rather tricky entrance between the pierheads. In the prevailing Westerlies there is, of course, no problem. (The lesson to be learned here is to always make sure you have plenty of fuel when approaching a dangerous passage under engine).

Once inside, there is plenty of room to chose an anchorage or mooring. From South to North on the landward side of the harbour there are situated: the National Y.C. of Ireland: the B.R. ferry piers: the Royal St. George Y.C. (which was undergoing extensive rebuilding internally at the time): the railway station and bus terminus: the Royal Irish Commissioners for Irish Lights (the equivalent of Trinity House) are moored on the starboard side (North) of the harbour, and yachts frequently anchor off the South breakwater, or go to moorings off the various yacht clubs. Some go into the small boat harbour, but this is rather inconvenient for the town. *Slipper* came to a mooring belonging to the R. St. George Y.C., and was subsequently directed to a bigger one some 75 yards off the club, among a trio of 30 sq. metres, and near the well known yacht *Huff of Arklow*, designed by Uffa Fox, who fitted her with a hunting saddle complete with stirrups for the helmsman!

The club boatman was exceptionally helpful, as was everyone I met at the club, or indeed, anywhere else in Ireland. They are a very hospitable and generous people. The skipper was made an honorary member (temporarily) of the club, and entertained right royally.

A member, Bill Aplin, who happened to be in the club at the time, insisted on taking him back to his charming house in Dun Loaghaire for a hot bath and plenty of excellent whisky, followed by a very welcome hot meal. Meanwhile the club staff had arranged for the torn jib to be repaired, and wet clothes to be dried. Visits were arranged to places of interest in Dublin and elsewhere, and many introductions were effected, resulting in still more hospitality. It would be nice to think that we treated visitors in the same way in this country, but possibly it is not always so. Perhaps we are a bit reserved as a nation.

During the fortnight spent in Ireland, cruises were made along the coast in both directions, and in and around Dublin Bay. These are a story in themselves, but suffice it to say that they were filled with interest, and adventure. Of particular interest was a visit to the River Boyne (scene of the famous battle) which lies some 30 miles North of Dublin, where the high banks form platforms from which fishermen are busily engaged in seine-net fishing for salmon. Some three miles up river lies the old town of Drogheda, with many old walls and battlements dating from Cromwell's time. All these harbours have bars at the entrance to the estuaries, which can be dangerous in strong onshore winds, as tidal streams run strongly.

Perhaps the most interesting trip was made by train to the wonderful country round Cork, on the South coast. One of the skipper's hosts in Dun Loaghaire was kind enough to arrange an introduction to the owner of one of the leading newspapers in the South, whose family owned an 8-metre and a Dragon in which he was able to

enjoy some excellent racing from the Royal Munster Y.C. at Crosshaven in Cork harbour. This is by far the most active yacht club in the South, and has many well known international helmsmen among its members. The Royal Cork Y.C., which is the oldest in the country is unfortunately, no longer well supported, or very active.

When it was finally time to return to England the weather was very unsettled, with promises of Westerly gales, and general unpleasantness. It seemed foolish to attempt the return passage single-handed under these conditions. *Slipper* was left in the care of the R. St. George Y.C., the skipper promising to return later in the month with a crew to take her back. He returned to Anglesey on the ferry. Week-end followed week-end with hardly a break in the bad weather. It was not until July 12 that he was able to return with hope of making the passage under reasonably favourable conditions. Unfortunately, he was still without a crew, various attempts to secure one having fallen through. As a last resort it was hoped to enlist a keen sailor in Dublin, but it was the week-end of the annual regatta, and all were fully committed.

So it was that at 02.45 on the morning of Saturday July 13 *Slipper* once again put to sea with only her owner on board. He had been given a resounding send off by his same generous hosts, who had also provided him with a cold chicken by way of padding for his liquid cargo. With only an hour's sleep before departure, and not much more the previous night on the ferry, the skipper was not feeling quite prepared for along trip. However, there wasn't much choice. At 05.15 the buoy marking the Southern end of the Burford Bank was abeam to port, and close. There was a strong ebb tide. Ten minutes later the wind died completely. The engine was started, and a course set by eye to pass close to the Kish L.V. from which it was intended to take a departure. At 06.30 it was close abeam to port. The log was streamed and a course set for Holyhead breakwater (099° mag.). A light wind filled in from the NNW. The sea was an oily calm, with large patches of weed floating on it, carried by the tide. This weed tended to foul the propeller when the engine was running. Th sails (main and working jib) were reset, and the boat made about 1½ knots to the Eastward, and about two to the South with the ebb. The wind soon died away, the Seagull being refilled, was started again at 06.50. About the same time a large ketch appeared out of the mist from the direction of Dun Laoghaire, and made off to the North, setting her sails as she went.

The Liverpool — Dublin ferry passed about a mile to port, heading West. It was now clear that it was going to be a really hot day, with restricted visibility owing to a haze, but precious little wind. At the moment there was none. The forecast promised a depression moving in from the West, and it was problematic whether one could make Holyhead before it arrived. It was therefore, decided to press on with all speed using the engine, which gave a speed of 4½ knots at just over half throttle. At 08.05 the flywheel of the patent log came unscrewed, presumably because of the vibration, and was lost overboard, together with the line, sinker and rotator. This was a sad loss, and necessitated making calculations of the boat's speed, and the distance travelled, by means of a Dutchman's Log — timing an object passed along the ships side (of known length) when the formula: Speed (in knots) equals 3 × distance (feet) divided by 5 × Time (secs.), is used.

It was found that with a long range tank fitted, the engine would run for 2 hours and 15 minutes on one filling. At 11.15 the engine, which had been running badly for the previous ten minutes, was stopped for 35 minutes, while the plug was cleaned and the carburettor was stripped and reassembled. The jets were blocked. A cowl over the air intake is essential according to the makers, for open sea work. This was certainly borne out in *Slipper*, whose original rubber one was lost overboard. The engine never ran so well without it. It was later replaced by a plastic one, made in two halves, which is more secure. At 12.10 a large fishing trawler passed close astern, bound North. At 13.15 a large ferry overtook, a mile or so to port on a parallel course. By 14.15 the half way point had been reached, but there was still no wind at all. Sunbathing was the order of the day. The cold chicken was admirable for lunch, followed by bananas and chocolate. The noisy engine was stopped for an hour to allow for a bit of peace and quiet after lunch. At 15.15 a small steamer passed across the stern, steering South.

In view of the loss of the log it was decided to take sun sights as a check, and also for practice. Accordingly the sun's lower limb was observed for a meridian alt. at noon (1300 B.S.T.). This put the boat about a mile South of her D.R. course, but of course gave no check on distance run. Later another position line was obtained (at 16.30 approx.) and put the boat 5 miles West of the D.R.

At 15.30 a coal-burning paddle steamer called the *Slieve Bloom* came up from astern, belching black smoke from her funnel. She looked like a tug. Her skipper waved as she disappeared in the direction of Holyhead. Half an hour later Great Orme's Head was sighted about 20 miles away, fine on the starboard bow. By now the haze had cleared, and there was a promise of some wind from the South. At 16.22 the outward bound ferry from Holyhead passed 2 cables South at 15 knots. This provided a further check on the position, as it was known that she left at 14.15 on Saturdays.

At last at 17.50 the wind arrived. It was only light, from the South but enough to sail. The faithful Seagull was stopped, and a wonderful peace reigned, broken only by the swish of water slipping passed the hull. It was very relaxing. The skipper lay with his face soaking up the evening sun, while he steered a reciprocal course with his foot, using the sun as acompass in relation to the back stays — crude, but effective; and very relaxing. Finally, at 18.45, the wind really filled in properly from the SW, Force 4. The skipper had to sit up and take notice as *Slipper* bounded forward towards the Welsh coast. It began to get colder, but it was grand sailing. By 19.00 the South Stack lighthouse, on the most Westerly point of Anglesey bore 130° (mag.), distance 3½ mile. There was still a strong ebb stream running out of Holyhead Bay, and although the boat was making over 4 knots through the water, she was making nothing over the land. It

was too deep to anchor, and the tide was due to turn in a couple of hours (L.W. Holyhead 21.15) so that there was nothing for it but to keep stemming the tide, and to wait for it to turn. Towards low water as it began to ease off, the boat began to creep ahead of her shore bearings, which had been steady for so long. At 22.00 she was hove-to off the breakwater, while the skipper tidied up on deck and prepared to enter Holyhead harbour. The anchors were made ready on deck, flag 'Q' hoisted, and mooring warps prepared. The boathook, which also served as a sounding pole was also placed handy for use. At 23.15 *Slipper* was secured to a substantial looking chain mooring among other yachts off the local yacht club, in 8ft of water. A weary crew turned in for a sound sleep. At. 02.15 he awoke with the feeling that something was wrong: it was! The boat had dragged her mooring right across the harbour, and was now moored in the shadow of the breakwater which towered over her. Some 5 yards astern there was an ugly-looking pile of masonry blocks, forming the base of the sea wall. It was a lee shore. With remarkable alacrity the skipper was out of his sleeping bag, dressed, and starting the Seagull which had never been more welcome. She started first pull, and *Slipper* was soon chugging back across the harbour with the mooring dangling over the bow. When she reached her original position she released it, to settle back without its burden, and motored to a position clear of all the moored craft, where she was moored to two anchors with plenty of scope on chain and 1½ inch nylon warp in 4 fathoms. The next morning it was blowing a gale from the S.W. and the foghorn on the Stack was warning shipping of the fog which reduced visibility to a few hundred yards. It blew hard all day, accompanied by torrential rain, so that it was impossible to inflate or to launch the rubber dinghy to row ashore. Later in the evening a passing motor boat took the skipper ashore to report his arrival to the Customs office. (The inspectors don't seem to inspect on Sundays). Then the long drive back to Cheshire in the dark.

All's well that ends well

by Arthur Goodwin

(*Concluded*)

SATURDAY morning, July 13. I met Geoff who had sailed over on the night boat from Holyhead in order to do the return trip with us. It was our intention to leave Dunlaoghiare on the Saturday night at 24.00 hours, but the weather forecast at noon was Force 8 for the Irish Sea. We decided that if the forecast did not alter, we would fly home on the following day, returning the week after to sail her back. Nevertheless, we carried on with our preparations to sail just in case the weather improved, and at 22.00 hours, Geoff rang up Dublin Airport Met. Office for a forecast. The promised gale had veered away to the North, and the forecast was now Force 3 to 4 SW increasing later to 5 to 6 . This was just what we wanted and at midnight we got the BBC forecast which was the same. What more could a yachtsman ask for? This was perfect, and we looked forward to a fast passage home.

Little did I know what was in store.

Sunday, July 14. We cast off moorings at 00.50 hours, heading for the harbour entrance. Aboard were Geoff Walton, Ian Holyman, John Osola, Don Marsh and myself. We were heading for Caenarvon Bar, through the Swellies and back to our mooring at Glyn Garth. We expected to be off the Bar at approximately 13.00 hours, so as to get the slack through the Swellies at 1540 hours, BST. We were using Admiralty Chart 1411, sailing in Area H, the Kish was flashing bright and clear, so it was visual navigation to that point. In order to keep up an average for the passage to the Bar, we were motor sailing, and our distance made good in the first hour was 4.9 knots. We closed with the Kish at 01.30 hours, and after laying off for a current of 1.9 knots at 2°, we set course of 136° mag. for Caernarvon Bar. The wind was now Force 3 on the Ventmeter, and it was nice sailing. At 02.30 hours we had made a further 5 miles through the water, and a fix of our position gave the Kish bearing at 280° compass, and the Bailey light on Howth Head bearing 290° compass. After fixing our position on the chart, we altered course to 131° mag. Geoff was at the tiller, and we all settled down in the cabin, awaiting our turn for watch. By 03.30 hours it had started to blow a bit, and was increasing to Force 5, and at 04.00 hours it had reached Force 6.A few tucks in the main seemed indicated; this was done, and she steadied down to 6 knots on the log. We were reaching with the wind from the SW. What more could we ask?

At 03.30 hours the engine conked out, but as there was plenty of wind, we were not bothered. At 05.00 hours it was really blowing, so we decided to drop the main and sail on the jib only. At 06.00 hours we were definitely in the middle of a howling gale. The seas were mountainous, *Lady Irene* was being tossed up and down like a cork, at one moment she was high in the air, the next moment—whoosh—and down into the valley. Poor old Don Marsh was seasick in a corner of the cabin. Remember, this was the first time in his life that he had been on a sailing boat — what an introduction to sailing!

We then decided to drop the jib and hoist the storm jib. This was easier said than done, for the boat was being tossed all over the Irish Sea, and it took exactly an hour to make this sail change. How they did it I will never know, Geoff Walton was fighting with the tiller, trying to hold her into the wind, whilst John Osola, calmly, methodically and courageously, tied to the mast with a safety harness, made the sail change. The danger of broaching-to was ever present, but Geoff kept her head to wind by a superhuman effort.

I was most thankful that Geoff was onboard as he sails with me regularly and knows all her little tricks. All this was being done whilst the boat was shipping big seas. Everybody was soaked, in spite of oilskins, but all hands carried on calmly with what they were doing.

At 07.00 hours, after a conference, we decided that it would be silly to make for the Bar the way things were and that the best thing would be to alter course and make for Holyhead. Visibility was very poor, and we would have a better chance of seeing Holyhead mountain

than the Fairway Bouy at Caernarvon Bar. In any case, Holyhead was much nearer, and in the circumstances we wanted to make a landfall as quickly as possible. At this stage, I must say how grateful I was to have such sterling people with me, I would sail anywhere in the world with this crew without the slightest worry. At no time was there any panic, everybody carried on with his job as best he could. At one period, Ian Holyman was on the tiller for about 3 hours, and in all that time, not a murmur of complaint, in spite of the fact that his eyes were bloodshot from the sea water and he had much difficulty in seeing.

We altered course to 070° mag. at 07.00 hours making for Holyhead. The next few hours were a nightmare; by now it was easily Force 9. Mind you, the boat was going like a bomb and it was a marvellous sail, except that we were all feeling rather queezy from the violent motion.

At 15.00 hours we realised that we must have been blown off course, for the log was reading 83 miles, when in fact the distance from Dunlaoghaire to Holyhead was approximately 50 miles. As the gale was South Westerly, and we were sailing at 070° mag., we reckoned our position to be somewhere in Liverpool Bay. Visibility was very poor, and we must have missed the Skerries by a couple of miles. If visibility had been normal, we should have seen the Skerries and corrected for Holyhead.

Matters were now getting beyond a joke, and we had another pow wow and decided to alter course to 145° mag. to close with the Welsh coast. Sure enough, at 18.00 hours we sighted land, which we recognised as the coast of Anglesey. As this was to the South West, it was going to be beat to windward all the way. The engine had died on us, we were sailing under storm jib only, and the gale was raging worse than ever. We kept making a little on starboard tack, but lost what we made on going about to port tack. Remember we had been fighting this gale for 13 hours, and had been at sea for 18 hours, so you can imagine that we were rather tired, to say the least. We considered the possibility of throwing out a sea anchor, and try to heave-to for the night, but in the condition we were in, this could have been most uncomfortable. We decided therefore that the sensible thing to day was to send up a flare should we sight any shipping. At 19.00 hours, a ship was sighted to the North East, so we broke open a can of distress flares and sent one up. After waiting for about 5 minutes with no reaction, I sent up another one, and half an hour later after no response I got the Aldis lamp out and flashed SOS.

We saw the ship turn towards us. It was my intention to ask for a tow to Anglesey, but it was going to be a very tricky business in these seas to get a line aboard. This vessel turned out to be a French fishing trawler, the *Ille De Pantelaria* of about 250 tons; she herself was hove to, riding out the storm. The French crew of about 12 hands, lined up on the port side, and after a lot of manouevering eventually managed to catch a line to secure it to the sampson post. They used everything they could lay their hands on for fending off, and we were slowly pulled alongside. We dragged poor old Don out of the cabin, and I

managed at the crucial moment to jump aboard. Don, who could not have cared less whether he fell in the water and drowned, was hoisted on to the trawler by the scruff of the neck with the oilskin coat trailing over his feet into the water.

I must tell you about the sleeping arrangements on this trawler; it was rather queer, the crew slept in what appeared to be a series of large drainpipes inserted into the bulkhead. They seemed to be just round holes cut out into the bulkhead, into which they crawled when they went to bed. They had put a pair of French wooden clogs on Don, and all you could see of him was these wooden clogs dangling out of the drain pipe like a rag doll. In the meantime, the skipper who could not speak English, asked me where I wanted to go. He pointed to the charts, and with a lot of gesticulating and pointing I found out that he could not speak Welsh, (Neither could I as a matter of fact). So he spoke in a Breton accent, and I answered in broad Lancashire. We were however, all right, because one of the crew could speak English. He kept saying, "Any youse guys got any chewing gum?" What this had to do with the proceedings I don't know.

I pointed to the nearest spot it was safe to make for, which was Moelfre Bay in Anglesey. We were now about 15 miles off shore, and with the other three lads aboard *Lady Irene* we set course for Moelfre. At 22.00 hours we were about 4 miles off shore, the skipper did not want to go in any further, the weather being what it was, so I radioed Anglesey asking for a tow, explaining who we were and what had happened. The Coast Guard got in touch with the Moelfre lifeboat, and at 23.00 hours out of the mist appeared the lifeboat. By now I was enjoying myself; it was just like being at the pictures watching a sea rescue while licking a choc ice. Picture the scene, the lifeboat crew with their yellow life jackets and Sou'westers, with a little light attached to the jackets, a huge searchlight playing on *Lady Irene* and the trawler, mountainous seas, and the crew of the trawler watching this performance in amazement. We were even honoured by having the most famous Cox in Britain in charge of the Moelfre lifeboat. This was the famous Dick Evans, who holds countless awards for sea rescues, including the lifeboat VC. The seas were boiling, and his calmness and seamanship in getting us off the trawler while all three vessels were being thrown about was an inspiration to anybody who sails a boat. This accomplished, two of the lifeboat's crew were put aboard *Lady Irene*, and with the excited waving and cheering of the crew of the French trawler, we were off. Dick Evans dished out a concoction of mulligitawney soup laced with rum, which nearly blew my head off. (Incidentally, Geoff had two helpings of this, and was asking for more). We were towed into Moelfre Bay, but now the lifeboat could not get to her mooring, owing to the weather's being so bay, so she anchored in the bay for the night. We also anchored *Lady Irene*, I slept aboard *Lady Irene*, and at 04.30 hours on July 15 we up anchored and were towed through Puffin Sound down the Menai Straits to our mooring at Glyn Garth. We landed on the jetty at 06.30 hours, making a total of 30½ hours at sea. The moral of this story of ours is, If you want to keep your clients, don't take them sailing!

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