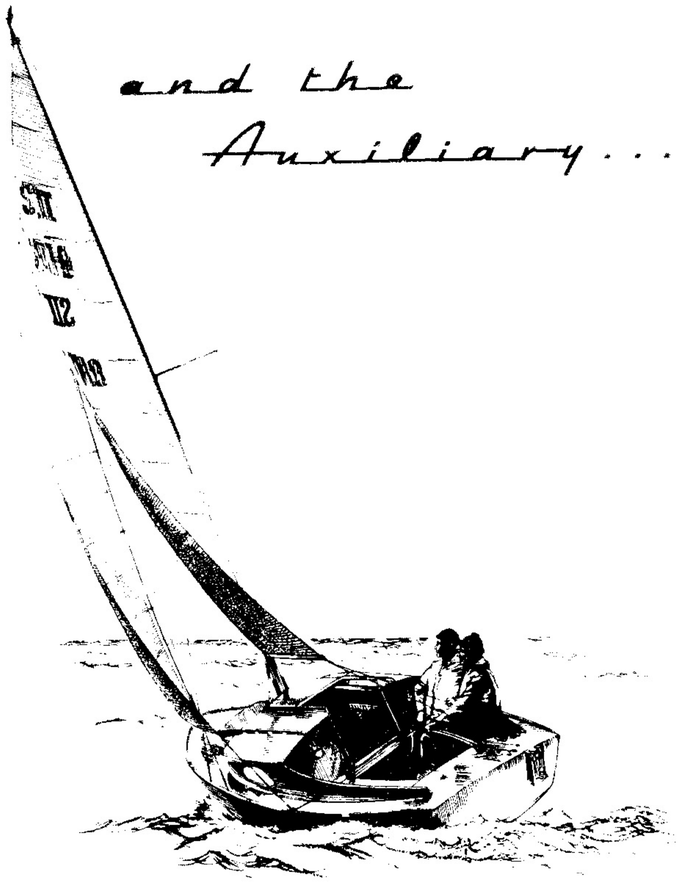
The Silhouette Owner

The journal of the
Silhouette Owners' International Association

NUMBER 39 FEBRUARY, 1964 PRICE 6d.



and the Auxiliary...

BRITISH SEAGULL

"The best Outboard Motor for the World"

THE BRITISH SEAGULL CO. LTD.,
FLEETS BRIDGE, POOLE, DORSET. *Telephone*: POOLE 1651.

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.

Contents

SECRETARY'S NOTES . . . 4
YORKSHIRE GROUP . . . 5
PEOPLE—1, THE HON. SEC. . 5
EXE FLEET 7
IN THE SOUTH EAST . . . 8
STORM IN TASMAN BAY . . 10
NEW ZEALAND CRUISE . . 11
By R. G. Cotterell
L'HIRONDELLE'S IRISH CRUISE 14
By D. H. McKnight
SHARING EXPERIENCE . . 18
MOONRAKER'S EARLY LOG . 20
By T. J. Bickford
SHOW BOAT 22
By Dorothy Ison

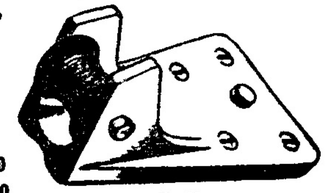
Helping Beginners

ALL the signs are that the *"Learning to Sail"* scheme which we are trying to get under way really is going to touch the national imagination. There is an immense need: one had only to visit the Boat Show to realise that thousands of people are going gaily to embark in buying boats for this summer, many of them without the least experience, and with little means of acquiring experience. There is a dreadful idea around, "If you can drive a car, you can drive a boat." Trailers make it easy for all sorts of boats to be taken to the coast, and a launching in fine weather may easily be followed by tragedy. Our scheme cannot hope to touch more than the fringe of the problem, but we can give a lead in showing what can be done by voluntary effort to pass on elementary – but vital — lessons in boat handling to beginners. Lots of our own members have already written in with offers of help. We have, we think, replied to them all personally, thanking them for their public-spirited interest, and asking them to hold themselves in readiness to make a start some time in April, by which time we hope to have worked out administrative details for the scheme, and settled such practical problems as insurance. Offers of help are coming from far beyond our own association. The Dinghy Cruising Association has welcomed our initiative, and promised all the help its own members can give. Group Captain F. H. L. Searl, chief instructor at the Emsworth Sailing School (which is certainly among the best in Britain), and author of that splendid textbook *The Pan Book of Sailing* writes, "I read with much understanding the task which confronts you and the Silhouette Owners

TAILOR MADE FOR YOUR SILHOUETTE



"INTERNATIONAL" ALLOY MAST
£31 10s.



PULPIT 119s. 6d. (plus 10s. carriage) Hot dipped galvanised. Stainless steel £10 15s. (plus 10s. carriage)

Nylon spinnaker	£14-10-0
Main reefing gear	£6-16-0
Terylene genoa	£14-10-0
Storm jib	£10-10-0
Cockpit cover	£8-10-0
Trailer winch	£8-15-0

Stem Head Roller complete with bolts and screws. Tufnol roller. LM7 Corrosion resistant alloy 50s. Gunmetal 65s. Chrome 75s. Plus 3s. 6d. postage and packing.

From your Chandler or direct from:
RUSSELL MARINE
69, ELM ROAD, LEIGH-ON-SEA, ESSEX. Tel. Southend-on-Sea 72778

Association, and I am ready to take on any job which you think might help your aims." This is aid of the best sort. We hope during this coming month to establish a small National Committee to formulate rules for the scheme, and with the help of Group Captain Searl and other friends of long experience to draw up a simple syllabus of the kind of instruction we can undertake. Next, we shall compile a National Register of people who are willing to help to give newcomers to the water advice and simple instruction in the handling of boats. Ultimately, we hope that we shall have a list of people all over Britain to whom beginners can turn for a friendly hand and for advice on what sort of clothes to wear, safety equipment, and all the other fundamental things which form the basis of seamanship.

* * *

We congratulate Francis Chichester, who honoured us last year by becoming an Honorary Rear Commodore of the SOIA, on the C.B.E. awarded to him in the New Year Honours. Yachtsmen are particularly proud of this award, because the citation says that it has been given to Francis Chichester for his services to yachting. There have been some well-merited awards to yachtsmen in the past for administrative services in connection with yachting, but Francis Chichester has earned his honour by pure sailing — a great distinction.

* * *

At the AGM last month, a member asked if the *Journal* could give from time to time some personal information about the people who make up our association, so that those who do not know them personally can feel that at least they know them in print. We are happy to do what we can, and start this month with a brief portrait of our Hon. Sec. Reg Garrod. It should be said that Reg was thoroughly hostile to the idea of starting with the Hon. Sec., but we think that most people will agree that there could be no better No. 1.

Secretary's Notes

JANUARY was quite a hectic month, with our AGM being held on the first Saturday of the Boat Show, at the National Liberal Club. This proved to be a well attended meeting, with some lively but what I am always pleased to report, very friendly discussion; we have a wonderful atmosphere in our organisation even those folk who were arguing the most opposite points of view always did so with the most friendliest of smiles.

Stan Morgan, our Commodore, opened the meeting promptly at 6-30 p.m. by asking all members present to propose a vote of thanks to the committee. The minutes of the last meeting were read and adopted, and Jack O'Brien, our treasurer, presented his balance sheet, pointing out two errors in typing, one an incorrect date, the other "Beachwater" should read "Blackwater!" Jack made a strong plea that owing to the rising numbers it was becoming more and more impossible to carry on lengthy correspondence, and asked that small matters should be referred to the Group Secretaries and Treasurers first. It was also pointed out that Association Membership could not be passed on to another individual, and that the beneficial terms of our Group Insurance Scheme, could not be handed over when a boat was sold to a non-member.

* * *

Your Secretary made a report on what he thought were the highlights of the past year, and pointed out one or two instances where we had made mistakes. He hoped that this year would prove even more successful, and finished by thanking all those who had assisted him.

* * *

Much discussion ensued over the new rules of the Association, and our chairman had difficulty in handling all the propositions and admendments that were being bandied about. But all finished up well, with the rules being accepted in their present wording. All the committee members were re-elected.

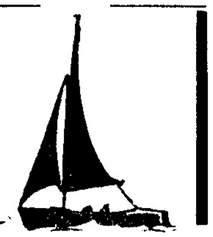
* * *

Four hundred and more members and friends enjoyed the party that followed the AGM and even though at times the room seemed to be bursting at its seams, a good time was had by all. Many were the tales told to old and new friends, many were the acquaintances made renewed. Somehow or other everybody saw the excellent film (made by our Plymouth Club friend, Mr. Denton) of the Plymouth Rally and generally it was voted a successful party and a fitting start to the New Year.

* * *

Did you get to the Boat Show? I thought it was well up to expectations this year, but was a little unhappy to notice that the emphasis seemed to be on the power side. But I suppose that is where the money is made; it is easier to find a person with enough

SILHOUETTE • FELICITY
GLASS FIBRE AND MARINE PLY
The largest selection of sloops from 17ft. to 24ft. on show in the North West at the complete chandlers
THE NORTH WALES BOAT SHOP
Llandudno Junction 81073



imagination to picture himself cruising from port to port in the sunny Mediteranean in an out board-propelled, glass fibre, oversized sink unit, than it is to wheedle cash from the sailing types, who want to know the ins and outs of everything before spending good money on it! Our own especial table on Messrs. Hurley's stand was manned most of the time by a rota of volunteers, who answered lots and lots of questions, and helped to add to our membership roll. Many thanks for all your efforts, you manners of stands.

* * *

So a Caprice has crossed the Atlantic? Congratulations to our sister association. It only remains now to see who will do it first in a Silhouette; whoever it is, though, must make sure that he beats the Caprice's time.

* * *

The first committee meeting of the new year will be held on February 1, when the new Commodore will be chosen, and the ground work started for this year's Plymouth Week. Book the date from Monday, August 16 onwards.

After a generous donation of a trophy at our party, we now have perpetual awards for the overall winner at Plymouth; the craft that sails the farthest to reach the event; a race under power; and one for the winner of one of the four main races. Three short—any ideas?

* * *

Applications for new membership to the *Secretary* please. — *R.A.G.*

Yorkshire Group

THE Yorkshire Group, which was formed last year, has been a bit disappointed at the support it got for meetings last season. But it has decided to carry on, hoping that as it gets better known more people will rally round. Scarborough YC has given most valuable encouragement to Silhouettes on this part of the coast, and the Yorkshire Group deserves the fullest support from members. A great deal of hard work has been put in by the Group's officers, and we do urge members living in Yorkshire, or sailing from the Yorkshire coast, to get in touch with the Group. The Hon. Secretary is Brian M. Beeden, Toll Bar House, Firsby Lane, Conisborough.

FOR SALE. Early Mk. II, No. 14. Beautifully built, little used, Seagull and dinghy, all equipment £300 ono. Holroyd, 111 Bay Crescent, Swanage, Dorset.

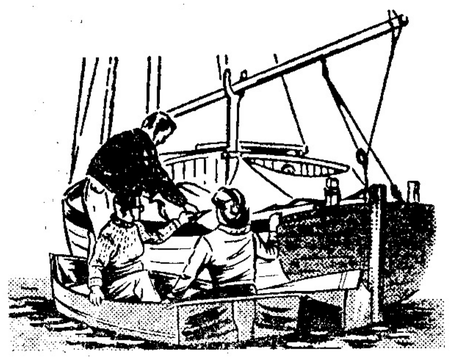
People — 1. The Hon. Sec

BRITISH life would collapse without the noble band of Hon. Secs. whose unpaid (and too often unthanked) work keeps the whole edifice in being. From learned societies to darts clubs, from political associations to youth groups, it is the Hon. Sec. who keeps things going, writes letters, arranges meetings, and takes all the grumbles on his long-suffering shoulders. Why anybody ever takes on the job is beyond the understanding of the rest of us: all we can say is that we're damned lucky that Hon. Secs. do, somehow, come forward. The SOIA is exceptionally fortunate in having Reg Garrod to look after its affairs. Reg is a big man—big in every way, with an infinite capacity for being nice to other people, and infinite patience (he needs it!) We asked him to give an outline of his life for this portrait in print. He wrote, "You could scarcely find a more ordinary bloke than me, thoroughbred Cockney, never made anything better than a Central School. Worked all my life at the same job, involved with the fitting and fixing of floor coverings, except for four years in an aircraft factory during the war, nearest I ever got to the Armed Forces being a dispatch rider in the Home Guard. Only really had four consuming passions in my life — swimming (with a little success), Boy Scouts, motorcycle competitions (with much smaller success), and boats. Spent all the holidays that I could afford pre-war on the Broads, crewed for any and everybody who would have me from East Coast and Dover, never thought I could find the time to maintain a boat of my own until I saw a Silhouette. Joined the Up River YC, and now engaged in trying to whip up Rosie's enthusiasm for sailing. Never in my wildest dreams believe I am a very good helmsman; still trying to figure out why I did so well at Plymouth. Play golf (handicap 24), still a member of a motor cycle club, still own (but seldom now ride) a motor bike. Keen on driving cars, have had several touring holidays when I have thoroughly bored my passengers by driving too far without stopping. Have not the slightest trace of racial hatred, but am a bit of a joke among my friends because I insist on buying British. Play chess, read a lot of history, but never very good at anything except, perhaps, sleeping, which I can do anywhere, any time, in any conditions." Well, well. Perhaps the real key to Reg's greatness (and we use the word with deliberation) is in his remark that he is inclined to drive too far without stopping. This is because he drives himself — for other people.

North West Group

THE North West Group held its Annual General Meeting at Chester on January 26. A report of the meeting will appear in the next *Journal*. The Group has every reason to be proud of the 1963 season, which brought outstanding successes to group members both at Plymouth Week and in the National Log Competitions, and is looking forward to 1964 with zest.

PROUT Folding Yacht Dinghies



6ft. Scoprel ideal for your Silhouette. Stows on board, tough practical and stable. Weight only 45lbs., folds to 6' × 20" × 7". Complete with oars £19 16s. 0d. ex-Works.

Send for catalogue of full range up to 10ft.

G. PROUT & SONS LTD.

89, The Point, Canvey Island, Essex.

CREWING REGISTER

★

The SOIA does its best to find crews for owners, and skippers for crews who want to gain experience. Details from the Journal.

★

Burgees, ties, brooches, car badges from the Hon. Treasurer.

The Exe Fleet

THE Exe is a happy sailing ground, with a growing number of enthusiastic Silhouette owners. At the last AGM of the SW Group at Plymouth it was agreed to form a sub-group here, and on November 15 the Exe Fleet came officially into being. Bill Sleeman was elected Fleet Captain, and yours truly already a committee member of the SW Group, found himself the Fleet's secretary.

On January 15 the first full scale meeting of about 30 members and their ladies took place with a programme of films, eats, and chat. The main event was the film of Plymouth Week, and this was supplemented by films by Bill Sleeman, Dick Trevithick, Peter Blinko and the undersigned, showing something or the lighter side of Silhouetting, boarding parties with knives between teeth, obviously apprehensive first voyaging in a home made collapsible dinghy, and what amounted to a commercial for a certain make of outboard motor.

The bar of the Exe SC, who so kindly offer us their hospitality for our monthly meetings, at times showed signs of coming apart at the seams, and all was enjoyed, not least the mouth-watering array of goodies put on by a band of our ladies, to whom our thanks must be recorded.—*C. J. Guscott.*

In the South East
by Stan Morgan

IT seems moons since a report of the South East Group appeared in our *Journal,* but please don't put this down to inactivity. In fact, it is because of our programme that it has been hard to find time to write.

The highlights of our season were Plymouth Week, and our skirmish at Maldon with the Blackwater Group. The members of the S.E. Group did enter Southend Yachting Week for the Silhouette Class racing, but (as was feared) met no competition at all. This was a sad experience for us, as it usually costs us four weekends to get our boats there, to compete, and get back. It was also rather felt that owing to the low entry, little thought seemed to have gone into the Silhouette events. But we battled on, and did our best to enjoy it. Some of the races necessitated being on the water for some ten hours or so, with little hope of completing the course. The one bright spot in the week was the Nore Race in which both Reg Garrod and Harry Maloney showed a lot of other boats how a Silhouette performs in a "big puff." They both brought home a couple of very nice "Red Barrell" tankards to prove it. Both Reg and Harry thoroughly enjoyed themselves amoing the other 150 or so craft on the starting line.

The Maldon meet with the Blackwater group was during August Bank Holiday. Eight or nine boats arranged to get up to the Blackwater and along to Maldon for the Saturday evening dance at the Maldon Y.C. We left Hullbridge at 9 p.m. on Friday evening, and moored at the mouth of the Crouch to make an early start on Saturday morning. What a morning it was! About 7 a.m. Bernard Collins loomed out of the mist with his pirate hooker *Falcon II* causing come consternation among the sleepy Silhouette skippers. Visibility was about 200 yards, and there was some doubt whether we should continue the trip, particularly as the schedule was tight, and the Rays'n Channel could be a bit tricky without decent cross or back bearings. However, as we would make the channel at fairly high water, we decided to push on. Motors were used by most of us, but made the channel passage tedious and uncomfortable. We all felt sorry for Jack O'Brien whose motor had failed, and we assumed that he had turned back. We could have saved our sympathy. Jack was making a better passage than most of us by sailing, and wondered why we were all worrying about him. He had hoisted his Heron sails and was going great guns somewhere out on the "main," but out of sight of everybody else.

As for the rest of us, it was a great relief to make the Blackwater, and to hoist sail to a fair wind for Maldon. Visibility was still poor, but at Bradwell we found that the fleet was increasing in numbers. Other Silhouettes from the anchorages on the Blackwater

were beginning to converge on us for the last leg to Maldon. Eventually we finished up with a goodly little fleet of 15 boats, and a fine sight they made too, under the misty backcloth of Old Maldon town and church dominating the quay, which on this weekend was packed with four or five of the Thames Sprittys. What a wonderful sight it was!

All the boats tied up alongside the barges, and everybody cleaned up for the evening's festivities which went with a swing until midnight, when everbody turned out of the clubhouse and scrambled aboard their boats. By this time the tide had left the quay, and everything was very firm, which was well for a restful night. Next morning we found that all the boats had settled in the soft mud, and the barges had tended to slide almost imperceptibly outwards, flattening our fendoffs alarmingly. However, no damage was reported, although one or two of us went a little sick with imagination.

The highlight on Sunday was the International Paints team challenge trophy race, which was reported in an earlier *Journal.* I would, however, like to remind the Blackwater Group that we are still awaiting formal challenge for the return match.

After the race, the S.E. Group pushed off to get as far down river as possible that day, to make an easier journey of it on the Monday, and no doubt the Maldon YC thought that was the last they would see of us that holiday. But if nothing else, the S.E. Group always endeavours to make full use of its time, so it was arranged that Tom Jones should pick us all up in his converted ambulance and take us back to Maldon, to round the holiday off. Which we did in grand style.

The journey home from Bradwell Quay produced for us the usual uncomfortable beat into the Crouch, but that, of course, makes the last few miles of quiet sailing in the upper reaches an enjoyable homecoming.

The rest of our season consisted of Plymouth and the series of club races which had to be rounded off.

Harry Maloney and L. Jones had their usual bouts of needle matches, and Reg Garrod went about his task of collecting points by entering *Rosette* in every event (promising to "take the pants" off everybody each race with some adjustment which would put everything right once and for all).

John Beales now has a heaving line with a tennis ball on the end, so we are all now carrying our extra item of equipment — tennis racquet.

So much has been written and spoken about Plymouth Week that I hesitate to write more, but I must say one thing. That is to thank all those who participated for their wonderful spirit, and the holiday atmosphere it created. I have had some delightful letters from the officers of the Royal Plymouth Corinthian YC, and there is no doubt we have made many friends who want to see us back again this year.

Storm in Tasman Bay

SAILING in Tasman Bay, New Zealand, last month, a Silhouette was caught in a storm with winds rising to 75 mph. She survived the storm triumphantly, and brought her master (who was sailing singlehanded) safely to shore. One of our members, Mr. A. R. Mackay, of Christchurch, NZ, has sent us a report of the storm from *The Nelson Evening Mail*, to whom we are indebted for the following account:

Seeing spray lifting from the troughs of waves is an experience few yachtsmen want. It was an experience forced on Mr. Wallace Reed, of Christchurch, when he was caught in a violent storm in Tasman Bay. Not only was the spray whipped out of the troughs, it was carried over the top of the 20ft. mast of his Silhouette yacht. The waves were rearing 10 feet above the 17 ft. cruiser, and Mr. Reed discovered later that the wind in the bay had reached 75 mph. They were the worst conditions ever experienced by the 37-year-old yachtsman during a lifetime of sailing.

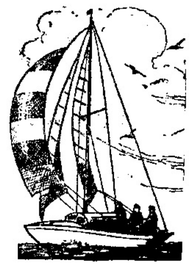
It was a flat calm when Mr. Reed, sailing alone in a boat that is usually handled by two, left Kaiteriteri. He used the outboard motor for the first hour. Conditions were extremely pleasant, and Mr. Reed looked forward to a leisurely run back to Nelson, where he was holidaying with his wife and three children. The weather forecast had predicted moderate South-Westerly winds, which would have been perfect. Then, through his binoculars, he noticed "white horses" in the distance. It was a warning he heeded only just in time. No sooner had he replaced his large Genoa with a smaller headsail than the storm struck. The headsail split, and Mr. Reed removed it. He rolled the mainsail as low as it would go, and ran before the wind. At one time, for a stretch of about a mile, he got into water where the waves were coming down like combers.

He had lost all sight of land, and his only means of keeping direction was to base his steering on the wind. It was not until he saw the Nelson lighthhouse from about a mile away that he was able to get his position. Realising that the tide would be running out, he decided it would be impossible to get through the harbour entrance. He considered using the old entrance, but decided that also would be too dangerous under the conditions. He knew that farther West was a sand bar off Monaco, so he decided to head for Tahuna beach. He corrected about 150 yards to the East, and then landed on the beach within 30 yards of where he had intended. Mr. Reed dropped anchor and took down the sail. Then he cut adrift his dinghy, which was riding up under the outboard motor. Dragging the anchor, the yacht was slowly carried up on to the beach through the breakers. The yacht was not damaged, and later in the night, with assistance, he was able to refloat it.

* * *

There could be few more impressive practical demonstrations of the toughness of our boats than that. We congratulate Mr. Reed on his superb handling of his boat, particularly in his cool decision to beach her when he could not make harbour. By using his anchor as a brake, he seems to have put her ashore as gently as if he were beaching her for a coat of anti-fouling. This ability of the Silhouette to take the ground, properly used, is an important safety factor.

Mr. Mackay writes that by the end of this summer in New Zealand (that is, by the end of March in our calendar) there will be a fleet of over 20 Silhouettes sailing in the South Island waters of New Zealand. He says that there is "a spurt of interest" in Silhouettes



SILHOUETTES IN WOOD, FIBREGLASS and KIT FORM ALWAYS IN STOCK
● Felicity ● Alacrity ● Signet
Everything for the Amateur Yachtsman
Part Exchanges - Spares - H.P. - Insurance, Etc.
BOATS & EQUIPMENT LTD.
Westhill Showrooms: Hanover Street, Mossley (Ashton-u-Lyne).
Tel.: Mossley 325. Evgs.: Saddleworth 2875

among New Zealand yachtsmen. We wish our New Zealand shipmates the best of luck, and hope that one day they may be represented at Plymouth. (Although New Zealand to Plymouth is rather a long passtge, even for a Silhouette!). Any New Zealander who happens to be in Plymouth in August can be sure of a welcome from English Silhouette owners at Plymouth Week, even if he cannot come in his own boat.

New Zealand Cruise
by R. G. Cotterell

AT 09.00 hours on December 26, Garry my brother, and I, sailed out of Auckland Harbour in a fresh Westerly wind, on board my new Silhouette *Oranui* (No. 1671), heading for an island in the Hauraki Gulf, 26 miles up the coast. This was the first cruise in the boat, as she had been launched on December 1, and all trials had been sailed within the harbour limits. We had a flat run down harbour under main and genoa (100ft), reaching the entrance at 10.00 hours, when I set course North towards Whangaporoa Peninsular, the wind freshening a little, and with a little more South in it. After another hour's sailing I felt that it would be prudent to take in the Genoa and use the small jib, so Garry went for'd to change sails, while I controlled the sheets. As he removed the halliard from the sail it slipped out of his hand and shot up the mast, so we had to carry on under main only. The father up the coast we went the rougher it got, and I was very pleased with the way the boat handled in a quartering sea, which was very lumpy at times, as the tide was against the wind at this stage. There were about 20 or so yachts and launches going North with us, and I was surprised to find that we were only a knot or so slower than some of the bigger yachts, most of which were reefed well down by this time, which passed us at different times.

We arrived at Kawua Island at 16.45 hours, and dropped anchor in a secluded bay just in time for tea. Afterwards a young chap rowed over from another yacht, and told me that he was building a Silhouette, and could he have a look on board? We talked for a while and as the wind was starting to blow into the bay, he offered on

THE SILHOUETTE OWNERS' INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION

President:

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

Honorary Flag Officers:

BERNARD COLLINS, FRANCIS CHICHESTER,
J. R. L. ANDERSON, W. SPURRELL.

Flag Officers and Committee:

Commodore: STAN MORGAN, 44 Station Crescent, Rayleigh, Essex.

Vice-Commodore: HERBERT FIRTH, 5 Mosgrove Road, Timperley, Cheshire. Altrincham 0765.

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

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

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

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

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

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.

behalf of the owner, to tow us around the point to School House Bay where most of the other boats were. It was dark by the time we reached there, so I anchored outside all the boats I could see, and went on board the yacht which had towed us and had a most enjoyable evening. The owner (Frank) and his crew Tom, and Brian (who was building the Silhouette) were on their way North to Whangaroa, but were waiting for the weather to improve before going farther up the coast. We went to bed about 22.00 hours, and I was a little groggy from all the refreshments consumed. About 04.00 hours I woke to find the boat rolling in a swell, and had to get out and tow the yacht with the dinghy in towards the beach. When I woke again at 06.30 hours, Garry and I felt a little under the weather, but we still had a good breakfast of bacon and eggs cooked on the two burner meths stove (which I find is ideal, although a little expensive to run). Breakfast over, I had to shift the boat again, as this time we were bumping another yacht, so I towed the boat right in to the beach, and this time we stayed put.

The weather continued to blow a Force 5 or 6 for the next two days, so Garry and I went for walks all over the island, getting fit doing so. I have often wondered why people tour the world looking for paradise, when it's rigth here in N.Z. You just need a yacht and

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.*

a crew, and you are all set! As far as I'm concerned, the Hauraki Gulf is the place for me — or so I thought then, for on the 29th we decided to sail back to Whangaparoa Peninsular and go up the Wade River. When we cleared the island the wind died away to nothing, so I, feeling fit, decided to row the dinghy towing the yacht. I rowed for an hour, then Garry took over, and when the wind came I went below and slept for an hour. Coming back on deck the wind had freshened, so we changed headsails (successfully this time) and punched our way through the seas, heading for the river mouth.

After about two hours of getting wet, and as the jib was not setting properly owing to the halliard stretching all the time, we both agreed that as we were short of a few necessities it would be better to go home until the weather settled. From then on the boat simply flew through the water, and with sheets eased we made record time back to harbour. At the entrance to the harbour the wind freshened to Force 6 or more, and slogging up harbour took two hours of exhilarating sailing to reach our mooring in West Haven Boat Harbour. We were glad to go ashore and dry out, as by this time is was raining cats and dogs, and it took all our energy to row ashore against the wind. Taken all round, we had a wonderful trip in a fine little yacht, which I'm glad to say came up to my expectations.

L'Hirondelle's Irish Cruise
by D. H. McKnight

THIS years cruise started with the Manchester Cruising Association's *Puffin to Holyhead Race*, which was held on June 22, two of us on board, self and crew. We crossed the starting line at 11.00 hours, which was just Westerly of Puffin Island. Conditions could not have been better, with winds of Force 4, from the South West. We passed Lynas Point on port reach at 13.25, by which time we had passed about four of the eight twin-keel yachts which were racing. The reason for having to pass any was that we had a late start.

We were moving along very well, with the added help of a spring ebb. 14.25 hours, off Cemaes, with only one boat of our class ahead. We stayed on port tack until 14.30, by which time we were 2 miles off shore. Closed within half mile of land and went outside West Mouse and inside Skerries.

Rounded Carmel Head at 15.25 hours. Stayed about 1 mile offshore, to avoid the adverse tide coming out of the river between Holyhead Island and Anglesey. This gained us half a mile, and we were again in line with *Prelude* and *Samantha*, who were fighting hard on the inshore passage. However, when we closed in with Holyhead Harbour we felt the tide, and it sent us too far inshore; and *Samantha* overhauled us to finish first, off the Holyhead SC line. We followed across a short time after.

I left *L'Hirondelle* on a mooring in Holyhead for two weeks, and then rejoined her on July 7, for our trip to Ireland. I had a strong crew of Storm Bate and Jim Berry. 24.00 hours, forecast, Force 3—4 SW. Dropped mooring at 05.15, rather cloudy with only sight wind. "Goody," a fellow club member, also left at the same time in his 25 ft. sloop *Lady Irene*. We were both bound for Dun Laoghaire. Started the outboard soon after leaving harbour, as wind almost dropped dropped completly. 06.45, variable N winds, Force 2. *Lady Irene* passed us, and pointed towards unseen shores. Took back bearing on S Stack. Had the tiller from 07.00—09.00, and by the time I was relieved *Lady Irene* was out of sight, not ahead, but over on our port bow, the reason being that she was not allowing as much as we were for tidal set, because of her faster turn of speed. Visibility was not too good, between 1 and 1½ miles. During the afternoon the wind dropped entirely, and the sea also was quite calm, occasional periods of sun through the clouds. 15.40, engine stopped without any assistance from crew: renewed plug, it started alright, but there seemed to be trouble in the fuel supply as it was giving only half speed. Two hours later we had the same trouble, engine stopped. I cleared carburettor, emptied petrol tank, in case of dirt; it restarted, but without too much enthusiasm. 19.30, not yet sighted land.

We used the portable radio and got an approximate bearing on

Kish LV which put us South of our intended course; however, soon after we made out the mountain background of Dublin Bay, time now being 20.15. Later, as we got our correct bearings, we were only 1½ miles South of Kish LV. We passed Kish No. 2 Bouy at 22.05 — this bouy marks the southern end of the Kish Bank.

Entered Dun Laoghaire Harbour at 01.15, where we dropped anchor, just off the National YC. Spent a few days sightseeing in the Dublin area, and on July 11 set sail for a Southerly cruise, down the coast. Jim stayed in Dun Laoghaire so only Storm and self on board now.

We left harbour with a light SW wind at 14.35. Weather again cloudy, and sea slight. Started tacking, but wind too light for reasonable progress, so resorted to the motor at 15.35 as we were only in line with the "Muglins." Passed Bray Head at 17.45, slight rain, seas became choppy, and outboard occasionally left water altogether. Carried on in rather miserable conditions, and entered Wicklow at 21.15. Tied up against harbour wall (which, incidentally, is just a very dusty fertilizer factory).

This is one of those desolate harbours which one should enter only if forced to by gale canditions. 24.00 forecast, N Force 4. Possibility of a helpful wind at last.

July 12. Intended to leave one hour before high water at 14.00. Spent the morning provisioning in Wicklow, when we were caught by a heavy thunderstorm, so we sheltered under the lee of the public toilets, when who comes along in a car but "Goody" and his crew. They had left their boat in Dun Laoghaire, and had hired a car to locate how far down the coast we had managed to sail. They came back to the harbour to wave their farewells, but as I was cleaning the plug and refitting it, I managed to strip the thread on the cylinder head. This, unfortunately meant another day in Wicklow, while I had the thread re-tapped.

July 13. Left harbour under motor at 12.35 hours, wind very light Easterly, cloudy and rain. 13.15, motor sailed past Wicklow Head. Rather depressing conditions but slight increase in wind. Mizzen Head at 16.30, wind now Force 3, Southerly. After rounding headland I was looking through the glasses and saw what appeared to be a tanker high and dry on a sandy beach. We closed in with the shore, and our first sight was confirmed; later we learned that her engines had stopped, and she was driven ashore by an onshore gale. The vessel was the *Seabank*, out of Dublin. Efforts had been made during the past year to refloat her, but so far without success.

18.00 hours, entered river, and motored up to inner basin, having passed through a small pedestrian bridge. Inside, we tided up against the bank. Arklow is an excellent harbour, and well away from the open sea. During our four-day stay we saw some interesting craft in the harbour, not the least of these being *Rob Roy McGregor* of the RCC, outward bound for a Meditteranean cruise.

July 17. Forecast, Southerly Force 5, we hope for a wet and

windy sail back to Dun Laoghaire, so leave harbour with 3 rolls in the main at 13.00. Outside protection of harbour, wind is actually Force 3 Southerly, so we unfurl main. Complete cloud, slight rain. Pass Mizzen Head 14.25, good to be moving well under sail, this is the first time we have had a good wind in the right direction. Wicklow Head 15.35. Checked with chart, speed so for 5 knots which is excellent for this boat. Arrive Dun Loaghaire 20.20.

July 19. Leave Dun Loaghaire Harbour at 04.30. Wind Force 2, SW. Just breaking daylight, with a bright sky, which looks promising for a pleasant cruise back to Holyhead. We were under sail until 05.30, wind dropping, so the engine was started as progress was too slow. We were making for the South Burford Buoy, and then on past the Kish LV. 06.45 forecast, winds SW, 4—5. Pass within 2 cables of Kish LV, wind now round to the S.E., Force 2. I went below and had two hours sleep, although there was hardly any wind the sea was quite choppy. We changed watches at 09.30, and Storm went below. Sea flattened itself, but the sun was obscured by cloud, and the breeze was quite cold. Engine not ticking over too well. 11.00 about 1½ miles on our starboard beam, the Holyhead steamer passed with our wives on board. 11.50 lost sight of Irish Coast. Had a meal of soup, from prepared flasks and biscuits. Generally, conditions on passages are too unstable to prepare food in the galley, so we have flasks containing coffee, tea, and soup, and with these we usually have sandwiches.

14.30, engine stopped without assistance. Wind now Force 3 from South. We were able to sail, and appeared to be making our estimated speed of 3—5 knots. Seas were now more lumpy than before, but this was off-set by the fact that we were sailing without help from our unreliable engine. 16.40, dark formation on port bow, possibility of its being Holyhead Island. 17.00, this was confirmed by the fog horn of S. Stack. 17.15, wind suddenly dropped to Force 1. Restart engine. After running for 1 hour it appears so unreliable, that I changed plug, clean fuel pipes and carburretor. Still there wasn't the correct power in it.

We entered Holyhead at 19.40, tied up to the Admiralty bouy. Within half an hour we were cleared by Customs, who came alongside in their launch.

July 20. Storm, who had left his Leeward class sloop in Holyhead. rejoined her, and we each sailed single handed to our moorings in the Straits. We left Holyhead at 16.15, just before low water slack, so that we should have the help of the flood round to Puffin. Wind Force 2—3 NW.

Quite rough seas in the race off Carmel Head. This was the hottest day of the entire cruise, with a cloudless sky. Past Middle Mouse 18.55. Point Lynas at 19.55. As we passed Lynas Cove I could just see the masts of the Silhouettes which had come here for the evening. The wind dropped to Force 1, so I motored on, and lowered the jib. Passed through Puffiin Sound at 22.10. Storm was

well behind; seemed like he was having engine trouble. I motored down the Straits in the darkness, and picked up my moorings at 23.35. I rowed ashore, and started looking where Storm might be; eventually I found him anchored in a small bay by the lighthouse at Penmon. We worked on his engine until 03.00 but with no success. We had about 3 hours sleep, and then Storm towed his boat back to mooring, where we arrived at about 11.00.

Notes on Harbours. Dun Loaghaire is an excellent harbour, with all facilities and very obliging yacht clubs.

Wicklow, would not recommend, unless looking for shelter. The town is depressing.

Arklow, safe harbour, to be found by going ¼ mile up the river. Usual town amenities.

The East Coast of Southern Ireland is not as interesting as the South Coast, where we were hoping to cruise, but because of bad weather, we only sailed as far down the coast as Arklow.

PASSAGE TIMES

	Distance	*Time*		*Under Motor*	
	miles	*hrs.*	*mins*	*hrs.*	*mins*
Puffin—Holyhead	29	6	50	—	—
Holyhead—Dun Laoghaire ..	58	20	0	16	0
Dun Laoghaire—Wicklow ..	26	6	40	3	40
Wicklow—Arklow	16	5	25	3	50
Arklow—Dun Laoghaire	38	7	20	—	—
Dun Laoghaire—Holyhead ..	58	17	10	13	0
Holyhead—Menai Straits ..	34½	7	20	5	30

* * *

This log won for Don McKnight the Open Cruising Trophy of the Silhouette Owners' International Association.

FOR SALE. Silhouette II, No. 1504. Fibreglass, cost £830, April '63. Little used. Self-starting inboard 2½ Solo. Terylenes also storm jib and Genoa (unused). Roller reefing. Full navigation and cabin lights. Tent awning. CQR anchor and chain. Stemhead roller. Bilge pump. Garage stored. £695. Slack. Telephone Sevenoaks 51910.

FOR SALE. 3-berth Silhouette (1323) under cover at Bowling on the Clyde. Inspection, 'phone D. Bennett, Duntocher 4141. Complete with CQR, chain, warp, heavy duty braked trailer, £335. Clinker pram and Seagull Century available £45. R. J. Ginn, Flat 10, Dorchester Court, Dorchester Road, Solihull.

FOR SALE. Barton worm reefing gear with track and gooseneck £5 or nearest. Consider part exchange genoa or storm jib **WANTED.** Silhouette trailer. Cutt, Bank House, Skelmorlie, Ayrshire.

"PEN PAL WANTED." One of our members in the United States, Mr. Harold Kobel, has a daughter aged 12, who would like to correspond with an English Silhouette owner's daughter of about the same age. Mr. Kobel sails in Long Island Sound. His address is 61-39. 219th Street, Bayside, New York 11367, N.Y., U.S.A.

Sharing Experience

SPREADER TROUBLE. In a squall this season one of my spreaders became dislodged — a common trouble it seems, for I once saw two boats side by side on moorings at Plymouth with all four spreaders dangling.

In my own case, instead of lowering the mast (it was a choppy day and a race was pending) I made a simple tool, and replaced the defaulter in a few minutes without difficulty. To the end of a 6 foot pole I fixed a wooden crosspiece about a foot long, carrying $\frac{3}{8}$ in. Terry tool clips at each end. The masthead rigging screws were slacked off, and the spreader (which had slipped down to deck level) fitted into the tood clips. It was then pushed aloft, the outer end, fitted with Tufnol end-button, slipping along the rigging wire. To enter it on the stub, the inner end was raised to an angle of about 30 deg. and when a "foothold" was gained, it was brought to the horizontal and pushed home by the combined efforts of pole and rigging wire. When the rigging had been tensioned the tool was removed by pushing it along the spreader until it was as close to the mast as possible, and giving it a sharp downward pull to release the clips. Some amusement was caused at the end of the race when somebody wanted to know if our "tool" was some kind of whisker pole!—*Andy Cutt* (*Sail No.* 1195) *Largo S.C.*

LOWERING THE MAST. Quite a number of Silhouette owners appear to think that lowering the mast while afloat is difficult or dangerous. In fact it is both easy and safe, if suitable precautions are taken. Apart from removing the lower bolt of the tabernacle, nothing need be unshipped except the forestay, but before doing so a control tackle must be fixed, so that the mast can be lowered gently. I use the mainsheet for this purpose, shackling one block to the fore bollard (glass fibre model) and the other to the free end of the main halliard, the business end of which is cleated to the mast. When all is ready one person takes the strain on the main sheet — cum halliard, while another unfastens the forestay. The mast is then lowered gently until it reaches such an angle that it can be supported from the coach roof and "walked" aft. Another hand in the cockpit to spread the load in the final stages is useful, but not essential. I might add that the main sheet is used for smoothness of control rather than power. In fact my wife found the control tackle to be well within her strength. To raise the mast, the reverse procedure is adopted, and it will be found that the stiffest part is during the first stages, until the mast has reached such an angle that the control tackle can exert a useful pull.—*Andy Cutt* (*Sail No.* 1195) *Largo SC.*

CHAIN PIPES. There are smart hooded chain pipes which have hinged flaps. Some folk fix them facing aft, to stop waves going down; others face them forward, to act as ventilators, and to lead towards the

stem. With a hooded chain pipe, the chain usually has to be helped down, often from under the deck. One useful combination for Silhouettes consists of two bath waste fittings, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ ins. inside, one with a long thread of about three or four inches, the other short. The cross piece is cut out of the wastes, and the long one fitted through the fore deck, "plug end" up (plug used if desired). The short one is fitted upwards through the shelf in the forepeak (plug end down). Between the threaded ends, a $1\frac{1}{4}$ in. rubber radiator hose is fitted, so that the chain can run straight down on deck to the chain locker without splashing mud and water all over the shelf and its contents. A hooded chain pipe can be filed at its spigot to sit inside the deck pipe, and thus act as a ventilator and watershed, as well as providing for the chain. Reeve the chain, and when you anchor let the hooded chain pipe go with the anchor and chain; just a bit more weight!

When you weigh, standing on the deck, you can feed the chain down the open ended pipe, with only an occasional shake, or stop, to clear the locker. When the anchor is in forward, just replace the hooded chain pipe spigot in the hole, and it will sit smartly there, facing whichever way you like.

A final but vitally important point—remember to secure the inboard end of your chain to the boat! Fasten the end to an eyeplate, or some fitting, so that it is *always* accessible, even when the anchor is up. Thus, you can get at it if you wish to disconnect it for any special reason, but particularly if you want to tail the cable with more chain or rope. You want to be able to do this in safety, and not hope to stop the chain running out on deck in time to bend on a rope. You might miss it, and then you can say only goodbye.—*A.M.S.*

Solent Group

THE annual meeting of the Solent Group will be held at the Crown Hotel, Alton, Hants, on Saturday, February 22 at 5 p.m. It is hoped that as many members as possible will attend. Further details from the Hon. Secretary, J. R. Caulder, Sellafield, Orchard Lane, Hermitage, Emsworth, Hants.

Letters to the Editor

LESSON "ONE" How comforting to read ("Lesson One" by T. J. Bickford) that we are not the only novices with a Silhouette ! Last summer was our first season, and we'd chosen Lake Windermere as being a large, safe stretch of water to fumble our way upon — no tides, currents, navigation; only wind hazards that were a happy challenge.

We thought we were cheeky joining the SOIA, but we've enjoyed reading the Exploits of the Experienced each month, plus library, etc. books. Now we are assured that we're not the only babes (just entering our fifties). We haven't kept a log, though. Nothing to put in it, really. Except, perhaps, for the time when we weren't actually aboard, but were endeavouring to extricate our little Prout from among the bevy of tethered, unoccupied speedboats at the landing-stage. After my skipper had struggled and sworn, and

was on the verge of defeat, my hitherto ladylike blood was up, and I took a hand, trying to swing us under the protruding spars of the platform. How did I know our balance would be wrong, and that we'd slide sideways under water? Skipper smartly abandoned ship, while I calmly took hold of handbag, dog and thick sweaters as I gracefully submerged. (Lightning change of mind from exasperation to thankfulness at no one being about!).

Eventually we did reach *Warthog*, and I blest our chice of a boat with a cabin as I sat below in my nothings, my clothing festooned about the deck, the skipper laughing himself silly. The bunks were littered with the sopping contents of my handbag as I made a wet inventory, and all that was lost was my lipstick, without which I felt unaccustomedly naked.

Looking back, that was the day we had sunshine, for by the time we went ashore I was dry and respectable, though hell-bent for a chemist's shop. — *Miriam Hulme*, 15, *Appleton Road, Bishopthorpe, Yorks.*

CREW WANTED. Can you please help me to find a male crew for next season ? I have had some years sailing experience with dinghies and have had my Silhouette for three seasons, and I have also had some sailing experience in the Western Isles and Hebrides, and would not object to a complete newcomer to the sport. My craft is based at Maylandsea, Essex, and I cruise in the Blackwater most Saturdays and Sundays, with an occasional sleeping aboard trip. It would be best for the crew to live in S.E. Essex, and to have transport available. He could sleep aboard at moorings at any time.

You fixed me up with a crew resulting in quite a happy arrangement which lasted two years, and I hope you can do the same again.—J. A. Moule, 36, Willersley Avenue, Sidcup, Kent.

Obituary

STAN MORGAN WRITES: It is with very deep regret that I have to report the tragic death of Ray Wyss aboard his Silhouette *Revilo* on Sunday, December 8. Ray was to beach his boat at the Up River Yacht Club, but died in his sleep aboard. It is understood that he died by asphyxiation caused by the oil stove which he had lit not receiving sufficient ventiation. Ray was 31 years old, and leaves a widow, Joyce, who has our deepest sympathy for the loss of such a helpful and cheerful shipmate.

Moonraker's Early Log—II
by T. J. Bickford

MONDAY, May 15, 1961. Evening, overcast and boisterous wind. Name plate affixed to transom, and boat ready to move to her permanent moorings on the Plym. My father and I climbed aboard and cast an eye at the swift moving clouds, which made up our minds to proceed under motor. We made ready to go, pointed boat away from quay, carried out instructions and *whiss* with the rip cord. Instant full power sent the boat away with good acceleration — straight for another moored boat. Evasive action of tiller and motor hard over, and crew with feet out, only partially avoided a collision with the other boat. Lesson: *"Don't be too hasty in pulling the chain or your dinghy will drag in the wake."* Later discussion with yard foreman revealed only superficiad scratches. Before reaching the moorings, we had to pass under the Laira Bridge, which required lowering the mast. This proved quite easy by tieing a line part way

up the mast, taking it around the forward post, and back to the cockpit. By taking off front stay, and taking out the bottom bolt on mast, the rope was then loosened, and mast lowered from cockpit to be grasped and placed in boom crutch. Easily carried out during motion, but care not to get stays entangled in motor required. Picked up moorings that had been laid for us, and placed the ring of corks around the post.

May 18. Visited boat to fix cover and re-erect mast. Found that the boat yard master had visited boat and correctly moored. The ring of corks which I had slipped around post was attached to 10 ft. of rope, to which was linked the mooring chain. We learn chain has many uses. Shackles left hanging had worked loose, and still lay in the mud. Lesson: *Check all shackles.*

Sunday, May 21. Light air, pleasant to get acquainted with the *performance* of the Silhouette under sail. Found that in light air performance under motor more impressive. Returning to moorings, we carried out the procedure of running against the tide, easing down motor, and then switching off to allow way to take us to buoy. Too little way, and too much tide, so we frantically search for the cord with a ball on the end. Not organised yet, so hasty search in cabin reveals that tidy habits required. Second time round we missed by 6ft., but fortuntely crew just passing by with punt, so threw a line and we were rowed stern first to the mooring chain.

Saturday, May 27. Strong wind. Picked up three crew members from quay, and decided to get clear of wall before lowering mast to slide under bridge. In getting clear, caught hazard of two rope pulley system of mooring; rope around the prop stopped motor, and thus we drifted towards the bridge with the mast up. With inches to spare under the railway bridge, we managed to lower mast before reaching the lower road and bridge. The value of good crew members apparant in such circumstances where emergencies arise. If we had thought of casting out permanently available kedge or anchor, then panic to get the mast down would have been avoided. As we reached Plymouth Sound, the wind was coming from the North-West, and very strong. Motored into wind, while we set sails. As soon as we were under sail, the pleasure of the extra stability, not present while motoring, was appreciated in the choppy sea. As we sailed across the bows of those taking part in the Saturday afternoon racing, we all agreed that it was by far the better boat to be in during such choppy seas. As we sped out to Cawsand Bay, many of those who had passed us earlier were calling upon the services of the rescue boat. The Silhouette was wonderful in these conditions, the gusts of wind were hardly noticed except for slight increase of lean. It was entertaining for us as the heavy sea swell of the last few days was coming into Cawsand Bay from the SW, so that with wind abeam from NW, the sea was chasing us from the stern quarter. The after bouyancy of the upswept stern of the boat, combined with backward sloped transom, let the Silhouette pick her stern up gently as

the sea nippped past us. With wind near astern, and cross sea, the boat had a light roll, and gave a great feeling as three of us sat with feet on the edge of the seaward seat, bobbing like jack-knives from the waist, to allow our weight to balance the boat. We were all new to the Silhouette and to sea sailing, thus one crew member had made the mistake of going below to relax, with the result that he soon turned green and required a bucket. As we were near to Bovisand harbour, pressure from crew caused a course to be set with the intention to sail in a SE direction into harbour, and swing the boat about under the lee of the wall. As we approached, we were aware of a man on the quay having a fit; waving his arms madly, he jumped up and down. Full of confidence, we sailed over the rocks, which we learnt about later; well done shallow draft. Once behind the wall, I put helm hard over, but the boat did not respond in the manner of a dinghy. Here I panicked, and tried to go about, and thus we were caught by the NW wind again, which took us broad side into a 60 ft. motor passenger launch. Feet made good spring-loaded fenders, but boatman, the one with fit, bellowed that we would crash in the side of his boat. Sails down quickly, rope up over quay, and on to forward post, and a helping hand at the top to pull us around the vacent quay to a small sheltered beach pool. This journey was most disturbing, for the swell was about 4 ft. in the harbour, and we had to be dragged into a right-angled corner, and out by the other wall. *Moonraker* rubbed her nose sufficiently to grind off the point. The outboard was cocked out of the water and nearly had a similar fate, but paddle sacrificed as barge pole. (*Thought—A good test for footwear manufacture would be to sit aboard boat and allow soles to be taken up and down the barnacles of harbour wall*).

Deposited sick member ashore with bus fare, and made out to sea under motor; after listening to the good advice of the boatman. Even at full power, it was a slow journey back against the wind and surface choppy water. No rum on board.

The trip back took about an hour, and all three of us hardly said a word, just let our hearts pound within and wondered where all the crowds of boats that had been in the Sound had gone. We were alone, and 300 yards from a windward shore, but even when we had to refill with petrol, hardly a word was spoken. The warmth of the Saturday night chat at the local hop made the loneliness which we felt a little earlier in the Sound seem in another world.

Lesson: *Go into harbour under motor and always top up outboard before she runs out. Also, bottle of rum good stock.*

Show Boat
by Dorothy Ison

HE fondly caressed the cockpit seat with his bottom, shut his eyes to sniff the new varnish, canvas, paint, and stroked the gritty non-slip side-deck. Now for it! The mainsail, the jib, were ready

set. O.K. Johnny, haul away. He watched his ginger-topped, freckled youngster grinning at him from the cabin, blue eyes alight with adventure, O.K. Dad. A wriggle of a khaki behind, two small plimsolls balanced on the bunk sides, the ginger nut popped out of the forehatch and blue-jerseyed arms moved in rhythm with the rattling chain.

He tightened the sheets round his fingers, brand new white ones curling contemptuously, wanting to go their own way, still to be tortured into submissive co-operation. He watched the billowing sails, heard the seagulls all around. Keep away, I don't want you messing up my snow-white cabin-top! The hot sun tingled on his naked back, the little boat bounced, surged forward.

Aha! Is this a buoy I see before me, a black one that should be to port? Come, let me round thee! He pushed the tiller — that's right, old girl, come you round a bit more. Real old sailors' language, that. Lovely! He repeated it in dialect, savouring his second helping.

Oh Lord! A great glittering omnibus towering over the starboard bow — Out of my way, you—! Dammit, don't you know your rules — You shouldn't be allowed — BLAST! We're not going to make it!!! Come on, come on! Aaaah! Panic over . . . you're a good little boat, you are. He patted her transom.

Salt—sails—seagull wails—this is living. He'd been right. She was the ideal boat for the three of them—pity Mabel couldn't come —and she handled just as he'd always dreamed. All through his boyhood he'd imagined this wonderful moment. Yes, Mr. Hurley certainly knew what he was talking about . . . .

Mr. Hurley certainly was quite unaware of this bronzed King of the Ocean. All he could see was a youngish man in a lopsided cap, muttering and gesticulating over the show boat tiller. "If you wouldn't mind, sir, letting these people . . . ?

Dammit! He was just within reach of that tropical island, was going up with the Hiscocks, invite them to dinner . . .

He sighed as he climbed out and down the steps. Too many blasted people at the Boat Show . . . There was the car, of course, and the money they were saving for a house. But Mabel wouldn't let either of them go. "You never know," she was always saying. "There's still time for us to have a family."

In the aisle he gazed yet again at the Silhouette that had been *his* for ten minutes. That had been a wonderful trip!

FOR SALE. Silhouette spinnaker, blue, with pole. **WANTED.** Storm jib, genoa (masthead rig), CQR, compass. Robinson, 4 Harriet Place, Falmouth, Cornwall.

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.

A. G. HURLEY (MARINE) LTD.

were pleased to meet all customers both old and new, at the Boat Show and are confident that S.O.I.A. will have many new members in 1964.

We will be pleased to meet your fitting-out requirements and to supply any extras or replacements ordered now from stock.

IF WE CAN BE OF ANY SERVICE DO NOT HESITATE TO WRITE TO US

— AT —

Richmond Walk · Plymouth

Telephone : PLY 51417/8

WHERE THE ORIGINAL SILHOUETTE CRAFTSMEN WILL DO THEIR BEST TO HELP YOU.

Published by the SILHOUETTE OWNERS' ASSOCIATION *and printed by the* TRAJAN PRESS *432 Ashton Old Road, Openshaw, Manchester 11.*