

The Silhouette Owner

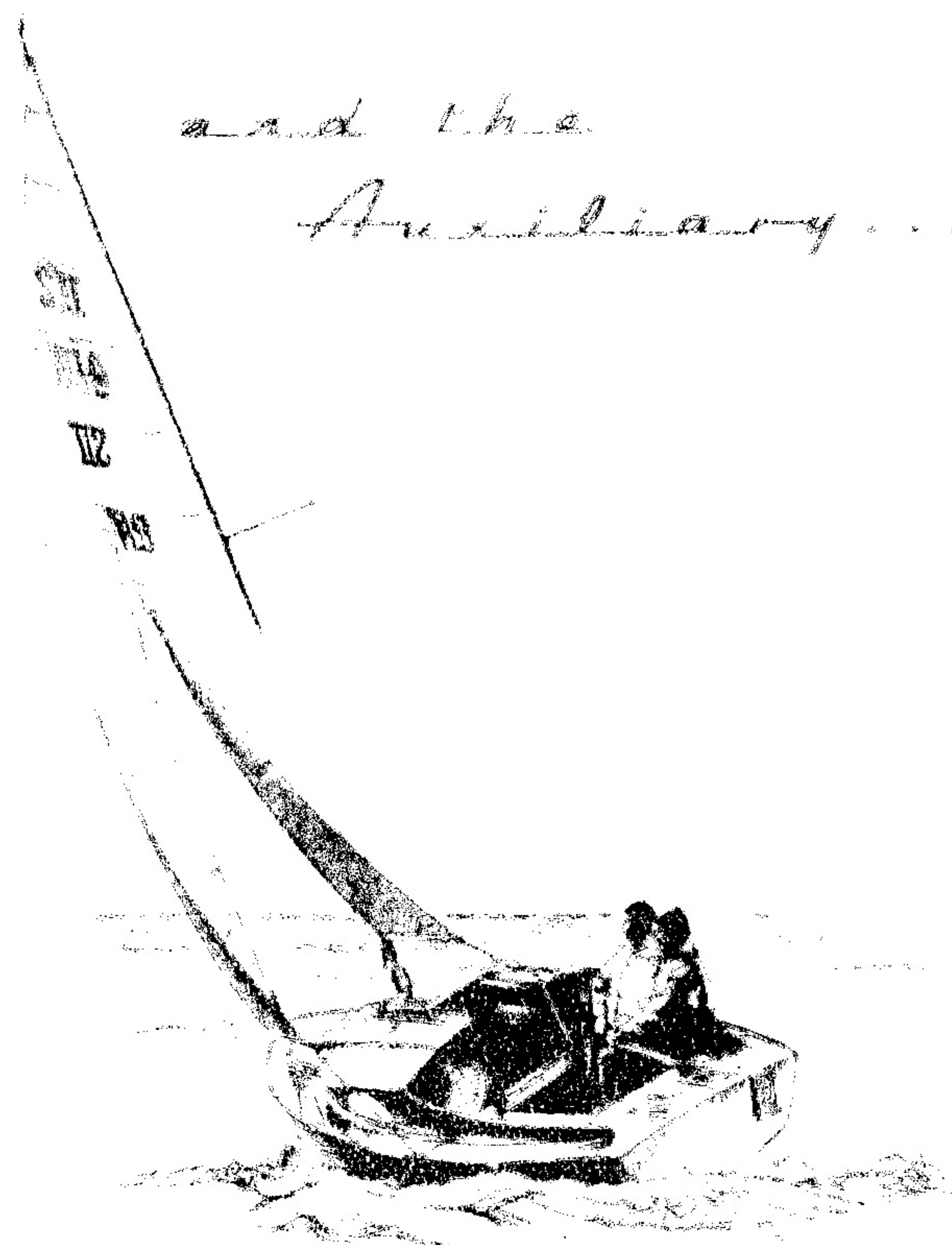
*The journal of the
Silhouette Owners' International Association*

NUMBER 31

MARCH 1964

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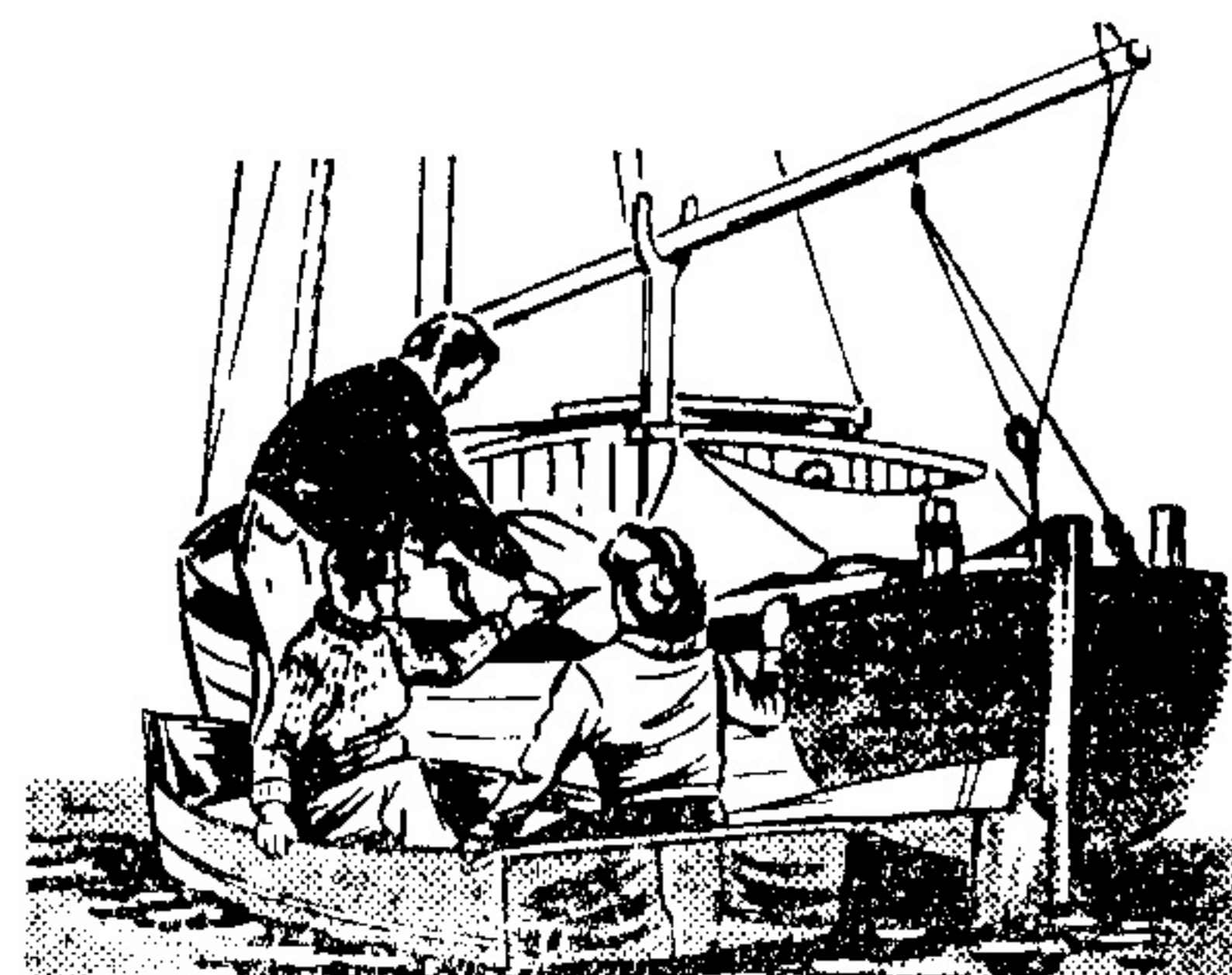
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Living on board

WE have heard of one Silhouette owner who lived on board his boat throughout the bitter winter of last year. This may appear exceptional hardihood, but it seems that he made himself very snug. Why not? A Silhouette's cabin, with curtains over the portholes, and lamplight playing on a shelf of books, is as cosy a home for one person as one could wish. It can be a comfortable home for two, but for holidays rather than permanent living; for that, one rather needs the co-operation of the climate in a tropical anchorage, where one can bathe by going overboard, and relax on deck without needing to wear four pullovers under tough oilskins. Many families of four have lived on board Silhouettes for holidays, and found such living cheerful enough: we ourselves have done so year after year, though as the children grow, the accommodation does tend to get a trifle cramped. Even so, with a tent over the cockpit, it is surprising how comfortable a family can make itself. We sometimes wonder whether enough owners realise how practical it is to live on board, particularly in a boat that takes the ground upright, and (if the cruising area has been chosen carefully) offers the chance of sitting peacefully on a beach. The ingenuity of a Silhouette cabin has always seemed to us a brilliant piece of design, and half the value of the boat is lost if the cabin is not used for living in. Even on an English summer evening we have not found the need for a stove; snuggled down with a blanket over one's knees, the little cabin soon seems warm and cosy. For sleeping we have found that the washboard can be left out of the main hatch; this gives plenty of air, and rain hardly ever comes in. If a cockpit tent is used, there is no

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problem at all about rain. But the tragic accident to one of our members this winter, when an oil stove without adequate ventilation caused death, while he slept, is a sharp reminder that heaters of any sort (other than electric heaters, which are scarcely practicable on a Silhouette) compete with man for air. If you are going to use a stove, oil or bottled gas, make sure that the washboard of the main hatch, or the forehatch, is left open while the stove is alight. And it would be a wise precaution to make a rule never to turn in with a stove of any sort burning. If you feel the need for warmth while sleeping, boil a kettle and fill a hot water bottle before turning in. Then there can be no possible risk. We hope that this summer many new Silhouette owners will prove the ability of our boats to provide holiday homes as well as splendid sailing. We shall be glad to hear from owners of their methods of living on board — their hints and tips will be most valuable additions to "Sharing Experience."

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.

Secretary's Notes

JUST two ticks, please two ticks on the post card enclosed with this month's Journal, will make the organisation of Plymouth Week much easier. It is the policy of our Association to be as free from formality as possible, so come to Plymouth, have a good time and enjoy yourself, without fuss or bother, with or without a boat, everybody is welcome. But if we could get a little idea of how many to cater for, it would be most useful.

So, without any obligation if you have to change your plans later, please return your postcard as soon as possible. And please don't think that if you are not coming it doesn't matter; we want to hear from the nays as well as the ayes.

A committee meeting was held in London during February, well supported by members and delegates from the Groups. Stan Morgan, after thanking all the members for their support during the past year, tendered his resignation from the post of Commodore of the Association. Herbert Firth was duly elected to carry on that task for the coming year, and your secretary was voted to stand in as Vice Commodore. This now means that Stan Morgan joins the ranks of Rear Commodores, very useful people to call upon when it is necessary to represent the Association at a meeting or function.

With growing demand in the Association for ties, burgees, car badges, brooches, and the like, the committee decided to elect a Supplies Officer to handle the buying and distribution of these articles. This onerous task has been undertaken by Paul Smedley, who will answer all your inquiries about these things. But before you bombard him with queries, let me hasten to add that the brooches will not be ready for at least another month; it seems that it takes an awful long time to get a die manufactured.

The suggested training scheme for would-be small cruiser owners, is still in the throes of being formulated, but arrangements are well in hand, and announcements will be made in these pages at future dates. In the meantime any ideas you may have on the subject would be welcomed by either the Secretary or the President.

Spring is just around the corner, time to think of rolling back the tarpaulins, and getting ready for the season. What sort of summer we are likely to have this year, in spite of the long range weather forecasters, is anybody's guess, but let us all hope that it will be an enjoyable one.

According to correspondence received to date, it seems that we are going to have quite a few Associate Members with boats other than Silhouettes at Plymouth. The Association is working carefully with the Royal Plymouth Corinthian Yacht Club, trying to make sure that these very welcome members will have enough races as well

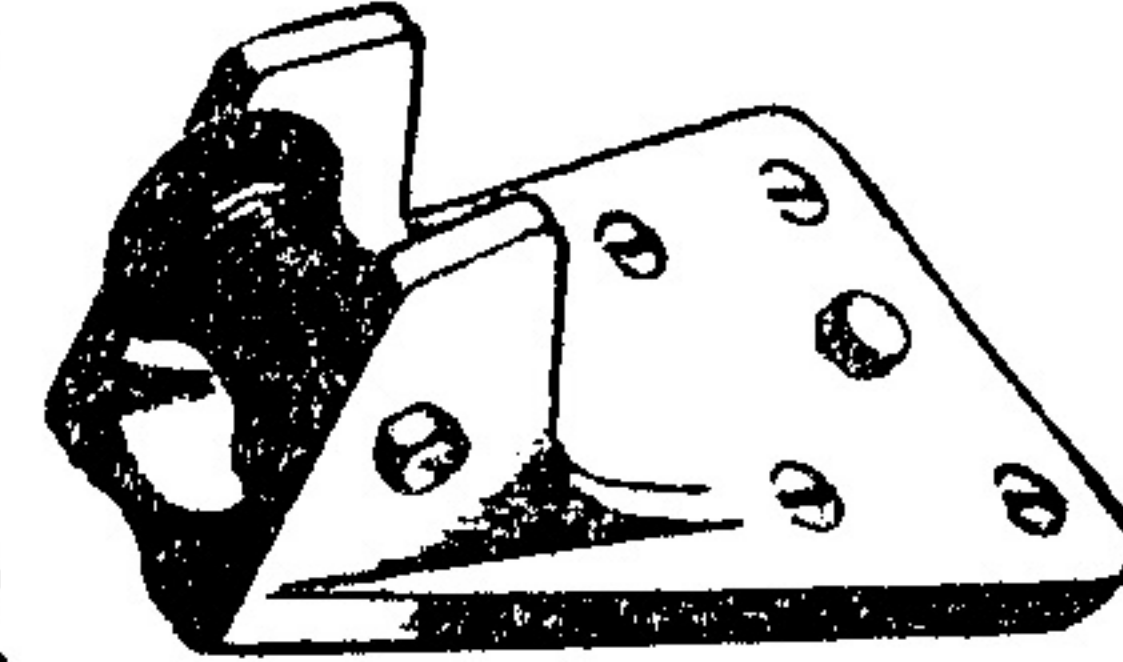
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as cruises, etc., and it is hoped that we can fit in one race, free for all, with any sail area on the Silhouettes. This should be jolly good fun, as so far there will be at least two Felicities, two Eclipses, a Mystic, a Debutante and a Caprice, apart from those Associates, who are based at Plymouth.

I have been asked to put into print again what the official Association rule is on Working Sails for a Mark II Silhouette. These are, mainsail 65 sq. ft.; jib, not exceeding 52 sq. ft.; with a permitted tolerance of one square foot.

One of our Plymouth members, Peter Nichols, has sold his Silhouette to buy a slightly larger boat, I am told that he has outgrown the Mark II. If this means physical growth, then there is little chance for me, unless I acquire *Stomvogel*.

I spent a few very interesting hours at Dover recently; there is always plenty to see and inspect in the Wellington Dock, and I had a long talk with one of our members, who is busy fabricating the necessary parts to form a self steering gear on his Eclipse. He is using the servo-rudder principle, as most of the single Trans-Atlantic entries used. I wonder if any of our members have ever successfully designed something on this line for our craft? Any attempts to do this would make welcome reading in our *Journal*.

The official Association film of Plymouth Week 1963, is to be had on loan to any Group or body that cares to write.—R.A.G.

APPRENTICES

Congratulations to Audrey and Jim Berry on the birth of a son (6lbs. 14oz.) on January 21, 1964.

Congratulations to Joyce and Ian Roberts on the birth of a son (8lbs. 4oz.) on January 9, 1964.

People - II. Herbert Firth

CAVALRY officer, painter, sailor, company director — few men have distinguished themselves in so many fields as Herbert Firth, founding father of the North West Group of the SOA and newly elected National Commodore. Yet few men could be more modest, friendly and easily approachable. It is a mark of real distinction to be reluctant to talk about the activities which have made a man distinguished, and you have to drag out of Herbert any reference to the things that he has done. The SOIA can be jolly proud of its new Commodore. Herbert was born in London in 1915 and on leaving Sir Walter St. John's School he decided to be a cavalryman. He enlisted in the ranks of the Eighth Hussars and earned his commission as a Hussar officer the hard way. Horses, of course, disappeared from the cavalry in war, and the Eighth Hussars was one of Britain's finest armoured units. Herbert fought with them through the Western Desert and in North West Europe. After the war he left the Army and is now a director of a business making precast concrete. Herbert began canal cruising on the Bridgewater Canal, but soon turned to sail. He acquired an Enterprise on Rudyard Lake and was an early enthusiast for the Silhouette — his boat Dolphin is No. 488. For a time he sailed Dolphin on Lake Rudyard, but then decided to go to sea, and in 1960 with two companions he made one of the first long Silhouette cruises from Abersoch in North Wales to Saundersfoot in Carmarthen Bay. On this passage he navigated the formidable Jack Sound. In 1961 Herbert helped to found the North West Group of the SOIA and took on the job of Hon. Sec. The Group's successes since have been largely due to Herbert's selfless and untiring work. The trouble in writing about Herbert is that it is hard to know when to stop. He is a most talented artist, and is Chairman of the Altrincham Society of Artists. He is also a trout fisherman (President of Davenham Angling Club) and a wildfowler (Frodsham Wildfowlers' Club). To all these manifold activities Herbert brings an integrity that makes him the best of friends to his mates. Perhaps there is no more accurate way to sum him up — he is a splendid friend.

The Exe Fleet

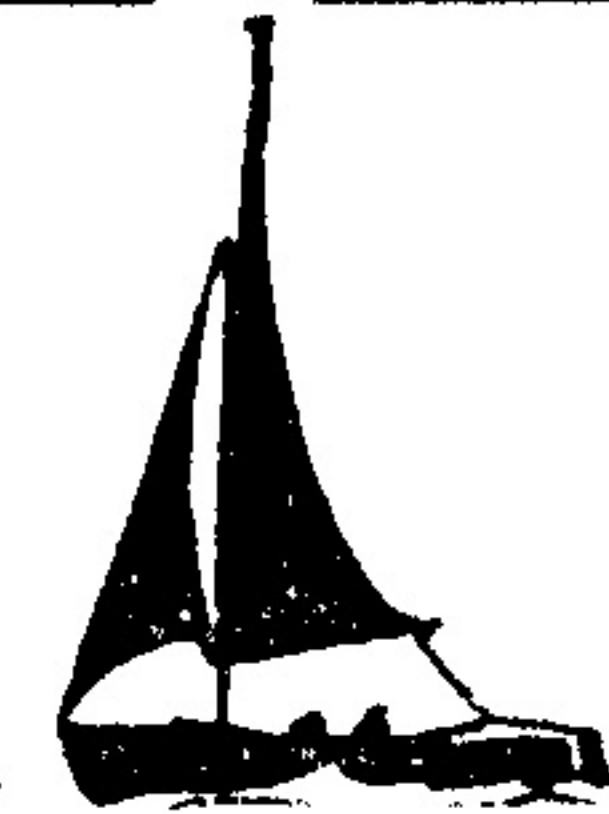
ACTIVITY in these part is of two kinds around this time of the year. We have the honest, open efforts of those concerned with sorting their moorings off Shelly beach into some sort of order (where, incidentally, it is hoped to provide a mooring for visiting Silhouettes from, as we say, foreign parts). On the other hand there is a good deal of furtive fitting out going on, with modifications still on the classified list and ideas pinched at Plymouth being incorporated. And dreams of passages to be made absorbing all spare moments! Roll on the longer evenings, we say, then watch us.—C.J.G.

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Growth in the North - West

THREE years ago last month a small group of Silhouette owners, coming from as far afield as the Lake District and Staffordshire, met in Chester and decided to form a North West Group of the SOA. Most of us lived a long way from any decent sea, and it was decided that it was worth making the long journey to sail in the Menai Straits. Through the good offices and hard work of Herbert Firth, the Group's first secretary, and now National Commodore of the SOIA, Ron Bradbury, now Commodore of the Group, Emllyn Oliver, Geoff Walton, Storm Bate and a number of other good friends, moorings were found off the Gazelle Hotel at Glyn Garth, and a little fleet assembled there. That first season was one of the happiest that any of us have ever known in our sailing experience. The Group was fairly small, everybody knew everybody, and the bar and restaurant of the Gazelle made up for the absence of a club house. In every essential, the NW Group was the Glyn Garth club, but we were a club without a clubhouse, or indeed, without any of the other necessities that go with a club.

As the Group grew, the dichotomy of being at the same time a club without a clubhouse, and a regional group of a national association became rather unworkable. Owners sailing from Tranmere, West Kirkby, and other places on the Lancashire and North Wales coast joined the group but, in the nature of things, they could not share in the club life of Glyn Garth. Another thing happened too. The NW Group was the first bunch of organised small cruisers in the Menai Straits. Because of the companionship it offered, owners of other boats — some quite big, five tonners or more — joined in. But attempts to race Silhouettes and five-tonners — even Mystics and Debutantes — defied the most ingenious forms of handicapping. This led to the formation of a cruising club proper for all kinds of boats called, the North West Venturers. Last year these two bodies existed side by side, but now it has been decided to re-arrange things. The Glyn Garth Silhouettes have become a fleet of the North West Group, and members have been generously invited by the Venturers, who now have club facilities of their own, to join as a Class of the Club. The Venturers have adopted the Silhouette as a Class, and George Smith who is Fleet Captain of the newly established Glyn Garth or Menai Straits fleet (now known as the NW Venturers' Fleet) has been elected to the committee of management of the Venturers Club. It should prove a very happy arrangement.

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, STAN MORGAN.

Flag Officers and Committee:

Commodore: HERBERT FIRTH, 5 Moss Grove Road, Timperley, Ches.

Vice-Commodore: R. A. GARROD.

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.

Supplies Officer: P. SMEDLEY, 46 Joy Lane, Seasalter, Whitstable.

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.

The North West Group has been reorganised as an assembly of fleets. George Smith, who as well as being Class Captain in the Straits, has taken on the job of Hon. Secretary of the NW Group, has written to a number of clubs in the North West area inviting their co-operation in the formation of Silhouette fleets, or in any other ways. The NW Group's area is roughly all that stretch of coast from Fleetwood to Portmadoc. The clubs to which George Smith has written include the Royal Anglesey YC at Beaumaris, the Caernarvon SC, the North Wales CC, the Conway SC, the Rhyl SC, the Tranmere SC, the Holyhead SC, the South Caernarvonshire YC, the Royal Welsh YC, the Port Dinorwic SC, the Pwhelli YC, and the River Wyre Club.

We hope that any members of these clubs who are, or may become, Silhouette owners, and who are not already members of the NW Group, will realise that the Group is not a rival "club," and that it cannot conflict in any way with their own club programme. The Group simply enables all owners in the North West, no matter where they sail, to become members of the international Silhouette family, and to share (if they wish) in any national or regional Silhouette events, sailing or social, that may be arranged. For those in the NW who have no club, or who may be contemplating buying a boat and are uncertain where they can sail, the Venturers' Fleet offers a home,

REGIONAL GROUPS

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

South-East.	<i>Hon. Sec. Stan Morgan, 44 Station Crescent, Rayleigh, Essex.</i>
Blackwater.	<i>Hon. Sec. R. W. Sharples.</i>
Solent.	<i>Hon. Sec. J. R. Caulder, Sellafield, Orchard Lane, Hermitage, Emsworth.</i>
South-West.	<i>Hon. Sec. C. A. Gulliford, 50 Merafield Road, Plympton, Devon.</i>
Bristol Channel.	<i>Hon. Sec. Cyril Watts, 5, Vassall Road, Fishponds, Bristol.</i>
Midlands.	<i>Hon. Sec. E. G. Oldham, 206 Hagley Road, Edgebaston, Birmingham.</i>
North-West.	<i>Hon. Sec., George Smith, Woodcroft, Park Road, Hale, Cheshire.</i>
Wyre and Morecambe Bay.	<i>Hon. Sec. T. H. Swarbrick, Wardleys Cottages, Hambleton, near Blackpool.</i>
Lake District.	<i>Hon. Sec. T. K. Jones, Foxton House, Lowther Street, Penrith.</i>
Yorkshire (Humber to Tees).	<i>Hon. Sec. Brian M. Beeden, Toll Bar House, Firsby Lane, Conisborough, near Doncaster.</i>
Scotland.	<i>Hon. Sec. J. B. Jackson, 81 Baillie Drive, Calderwood, East Kilbride, Tel. East Kilbride 21194.</i>

a warm welcome, and club facilities. The Venturers' Commodore is a distinguished friend of Silhouettes, Judge Meurig Evans. The Hon. Secretary is John Osola, 249 Brooklands Road, Manchester 23.

Flag Officers

HERBERT FIRTH, Vice -Commodore of the SOIA, was unanimously elected National Commodore for 1964 at a meeting of the national committee in London on February 1. Reg Garrod, Hon. Secretary of the Association, was elected National Vice-Commodore. To allay anxiety at once, Reg is not giving up the job of Hon. Sec. in which he has been, and is, such a tower of strength to the Association: his appointment as Vice-Commodore is a well-deserved tribute for all that he does for the SOIA. Paul Smedley's readiness to take on the heavy job of Supplies Officer, looking after all supplies of burgees, ties, and other important bits and pieces of SOIA equipment, will, we hope, lighten Reg Garrod's labours quite a bit.

Stan Morgan, the retiring Commodore, has earned hearty vote of thanks for his sterling work last year. His Commodorship will go down in SOIA history as seeing-in our marvellously successful Plymouth Week. Thank you, Stan.

News from New Zealand

ON Anniversary Day in Auckland (January 27) yachts gathered in the harbour for races to commemorate Auckland's founding in 1840. This year, over 900 yachts entered, to make a colourful spectacle. The boats, ranging from the little 7ft. "P" class right up to the "A" class keelers, included O.K. dinghies, Flying Fourteen's, catamarans, trimarans, Mullet Boats, and dozens of varying tyles of small yachts. As I have what seems to be the only Silhouette in Auckland, I had to be content just to sail up and down the harbour in among all the other boats. The day was warm and sunny with a light Easterly wind, which did not suit a lot of the spectators, as it meant that few boats would capsize, and the thrill of watching the large keelers fighting out a tacking duel was missed, as the wind was rather flukey.

With the 100ft. Genoa set on my Silhouette, my two brothers, Owen and Garry and I sailed down harbour, joining all the other boats watching the start of the races. The first yachts away were the "P" class at 09.00 hours, followed by Merchant Navy lifeboats off ships in the harbour. As the day progressed more and more yachts were racing all over the harbour, some slogging down towards Motuihe Island, others flying spinnakers of rainbow hues, back up harbour again. At about mid-day the wind died away to nothing almost, and there were hundreds of small yachts, all with different coloured sails, drifting about and trying to round marks at the same time.

Late in the day one yacht found more wind than she could handle, for while chasing the leading boat, a gust came off the land and laid her over up to the coamings; while she was recovering another gust hit her and sent the mast overboard.

The big event of the day was the "A" class keel yachts race over 29 miles. About 23 boats started, and a contest developed between the champion boat *Ranger*, a 60-footer, and a new 49-footer *Northerner*, which led for most of the race, but was beaten on the last leg of the course by trying to fly an extra and drifting to leeward, letting *Ranger* go on to be first over the line by 58 seconds; although on handicap *Northerner* won by 1 minute and 2 seconds. Another new "A" class yacht, *Fedelis*, was launched the days before the Regatta, and withdrew from the race after being becalmed halfway. She is a moulded ply boat 61 foot long, reputed to be the biggest yacht built in this manner in New Zealand.

While all this was going on we were having a most enjoyable sail in and out of the harbour, now and again racing some of the smaller keelers, and taking photos of the different yachts, some of which were a bit unusual. There was a Chinese Junk that the owner had sailed out to New Zealand from Hong Kong, and a large schooner from America, here on a cruise. At one stage a Flying Fifteen came up alongside and the skipper and I had a long talk about Silhouettes. My boat created a lot of interest among yachters, comments coming floating across the water. I must have had at least 100 enquiries from different



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people at the oddest times. I've even had notes left on the boat at the yacht club, asking if I want to sell, or would I tell who builds them.—
Rex Cotterall, 22 Notley Street, Westmere Auckland W.2., N.Z.

In Torbay

AT the last A.G.M. of the SW Group at Plymouth it was agreed that if it was possible to raise enough support, a fleet should be formed in the Torbay area. About twelve months ago a couple of informal meetings were arranged at Babbacombe by Ray Smith who, we are sorry to hear, has now sold his boat. These meetings were thoroughly enjoyed, and the feeling was generally expressed that more meetings should be held. Premises for a regular rendezvous have been a difficulty, but Brixham YC has kindly offered us the use of the club house to get together for a chat — say once a month. Informal meetings like this have been enjoyed by members at Exmouth for some time now, and I am sure that we can achieve an equally friendly atmosphere in Torbay. If you would like such an arrangement made, would you get in touch with me, please, either by telephone (Exeter 73618), or by dropping me a line (64 Cowick Hill, Exeter.)—
C. J. Guscott.

Moonraker - III by T. J. Bickford

AS we rowed out to the moorings my father and I commented upon the pleasant breeze for further lessons in sailing but on examination we found that the sails had been left at home drying. Yes, Terylenes left to dry out. Fitted auxiliary means of power and started up.

Sunday, June 18 (1961). Pleasant but gusty after period of rain. With my father and brother as crew we were soon returning the heavy 16ft. punt to the slip-way. Lack of experience at the art of the Silhouette as a tug boat provided a lesson in *Way*. That is, the way we wanted it to go, and the way the punt wanted to go. The length of the tow rope was about 10ft. so the punt did slow gyrations from left to right down the straight, and was reluctant to follow its leader when

we went between two closely moored boats. No accidents, just experience.

An associate with a mastless motor powered mud skipper was out with his friend, the boat being so small that the friend had to be towed along behind the boat on a pair of outsize feet. For some reason they appeared to be proud of this particular predicament and proceeded to demonstrate their state by travelling in circles around us. The effort, concentration and noise that went with their sport of water ski-ing was a complete contrast to our stately progress. It must have been a feeling of jealousy for our stately progress which upset him, for he acted like a moorhen that had just swallowed a wasp; he came straight toward us at maximum noise level, passing within a fender's width to upset our equilibrium. The plates soon damped the effect and we proceeded with noses and fingers held high.

Returning to pick up the punt we slipped a little too near to shore, and grounded. The waters of the Plym are not the normal clear variety of many South Devon rivers, but a milky kind, carrying fine particles of china clay. These waste products form a soft slithery off-white mud; thus, by off-loading crew into punt, and hauling upon an offshore mooring, plus a little rock and twist enabled us to free ourselves of the grip of the falling tide. Missing the mooring first time was also a contributory factor to our being late home for lunch, which brought forth standard comments from Mum.

Wednesday, June 28. Sunny, light breeze. Sufficient competence had been obtained to consider taking young lady friends out to demonstrate how well the whole outfit functioned. First, I took the two friends, one of long standing, and the other her close assistant (they often prefer to have moral support) to the "Spider's Webb" for a meal, good place for a pleasant lunch. Also, more impressive than stale biscuits plus green cheese.

Normally, there were two rowing oars left in the punt, but on this occasion we found a skulling oar and a paddle. Having watched the ease with which others manoeuvre the heavy punt with a gentle figure of eight movement upon the skulling oar, we proceeded to cast off in the flowing tide. As we drifted towards the boat we seemed to make good progress, mainly due to the tide. Before reaching the moorings I started to turn the punt to go alongside *Moonraker*, facing into tide. We were past before close enough to grasp the prize, but we did not immediately search for the water and survival biscuits, as we were heading towards the landward mud banks. With efforts of Tessa upon the skulling oar and me upon the paddle we slowly got back to where we were 10 minutes ago. Soon we were under the bridge and sailing across the Sound. The wind was light, and soon the conversation veered to whether natives were permitted to land upon the Breakwater sheltering Plymouth Sound, so we did.

With a little resurfacing, good sprint meetings could be held along the 1½ mile boulevard, but on this particular afternoon we lay back and watched the breakwater attendants feed it with a 15ft. cube of concrete to satisfy its appetite on rougher days. Having fed again, we

cast off, losing a non-floating fender, and took advantage of an on-shore breeze. Friend Dale thought that the Silhouette was comfortable, but Tessa, upon taking the helm, thought the boat a bit unstable. When questioned about her comparisons for stability the remark was, "It's so much smaller than Dad's 7-tonner." Nevertheless she enjoyed a doze below, while the wind teased us by slowly dying away. My companions shared the view that time is a dimension that it would be wonderful to lose, thus no watches, and surprise on returning to the boat house to find that we had been gone eight hours.

July 1. Friend Zan of long standing had always been keen on boats, so at the first mention of a Saturday afternoon trip she foresook her passion for horses and joined me. To reach the boathouse we had to pass across the 100-year old Laira Bridge, built of iron by Telford. Through the railings we noted that the tide was low. Not being equipped with tide-tables, we had to make inquiries about whether it was going this way or that. My comments about the oozing mud having a definite resemblance to the smell of the hay and horse muck mixture of the stables were not appreciated by my companion. *Moonraker* high and dry.

Zan, like all intelligent young women, was prepared for all eventualities, so we motored (by road) to Jennycliff for a swim in a quiet cove. Quiet coves are quiet because you have to be a mountaineer to get to them, and this particular cove was no exception. Three hours later we returned to the boat and were quickly under way in the waters off our cove.

Sat back and let the crew drive. "Who gives way to whom?" came the cry, when the pilot boat came steaming across our path. Not having read the nautical note books, and as our slow progress was in complete contrast to the impression of urgency radiated by the bow wave of the pilot boat, we went about.

July 8. Confidence had reached the stage that on learning that a friend was in the process of building an Enterprise, I volunteered to give him a few lessons in sailing. His young lady was a reluctant sailor, but with encouragement concerning my abilities, and the knowledge that the boat carried life jackets, she joined us for an afternoon on the Plym. Punt manoeuvres now in hand, and tide just on the ebb. Calm water and good wind gave an opportunity for theory to be put into practice.

The path of the main stream in the upper reaches of the Plym varies from time to time, and as I had not been in the area at low tide for some time it came as no surprise to note that the milk-coloured water behind us was taking on a slightly darker colour from time to time as we slipped across the top of mud banks. The pole told us how much water there was where we were, but did not give an indication which way to go for deeper water.

Johnny Searle was a keen sailor, so we decided not to use the motor, but to try to sail our way down stream against light airs. Naturally, we had to come to a standstill on the mud. First move: motor down, one pull, and soon full power. Second move, pole and

oar over the side. Third move, fore and aft rock. Fourth move, me overboard to push. Combination of all four caused plenty of mud to be stirred up and progress made. The mud in this area is 50% china clay, and firm but soft to the skin. My friends dislike the stuff, but I enjoy the light touch as it gently oozes through the toes. It was a pleasant stroll, but on hauling myself up over the transom I found the two halves of the zip in my jeans had relinquished association with one another, and refused re-marriage. My amusement of string belt with black and white chequered shirt tail was not shared, but useful experience had been gained.

* * *

See next instalment for:

How to make a Silhouette sing.

How to use Silhouette as a shower bath.

How to use Silhouette to go a long way, but stay still.

Choosing Her Name

by Dorothy Ison

THE biggest moment of your life, including getting married or being knighted, is getting your first boat; and choosing her name is a far more serious matter than naming your children. For one thing, you don't paint children's names on their transoms for all the world to see; a birth certificate may cower under rich old Uncle Cuthbert Archibald Algernon Horace's titles, and no one will know if you call your boy "Johnny." But the eccentric aunt who simply *adores* your dear little boat—beware of her hints, even if she does line the curtains with fivers.

You can take the easy way, and name the boat after someone dear to you. The snag here is that a Nearest-and-dearest at twenty can become a What-on-earth-did-I-see? at twenty-two, and by the time you reach your fifteenth divorce you're in danger of having to sell the boat to pay for the "Change of Name" advertisements.

At first you don't realise how big a part of your life the boat will become; you will find yourself talking of her as old ladies gush over their pekingese, so make sure that she has a ship's name, and can't be mistaken for a particularly revolting pet.

Take a look at racehorses. *Queen of the Turf* could become *Queen of the Gravel-Pit*. Plenty of them can be lifted wholesale: *Dick's Delight*, *Wayward Lass*, *Hurricane Hattie* . . .

Studious types have a host of ideas at their fingertips. Characters from Eng. Lit. — *Becky*, *Trotwood* — or, let's have some Gulliver's travels (be tempting to call the dinghy *Little Endian*). Perhaps you could use the name of the tutor who helped you get the job which got the boat. The special terminology of your career or firm might provide something startling or intriguing, or even the firm's name.

More romantic are the names of your favourite Film/TV/Radio/Pop stars — NOT *Water-Beatle*. There's bound to be a whole class of

these sprouting just as the real ones are expiring.

There are enough names for all the boats in Britain under food, wines, weather, flowers, birds and beasts; cartoons, fictional and real. Only be a bit more imaginative, don't just call her *Cheese*, but the *kind* of cheese — *Mousetrap*, for instance.

Spend an afternoon in the library browsing through encyclopedias: something is bound to catch your eye and spark you off.

Then there is where you spent that wonderful holiday — or better still, where it is your ambition to go. Don't consult your wife. She may well suggest *Lorelei*, the lurer of sailors; or shock you with her opinion of your new love.

Boats should really have two names, the one Christened with a bottle of gin, and a coming-of age when you know what she's *really* like. Dear little *Candytuft*, bobbing decorously on her mooring, may be conjuring up plenty of devilment for you. Perhaps your wife wasn't so wrong . . .

Ask the name of the woman assistant where you buy your first precious bit of gear. Only drawback, there might be a hundred and sixty *Gwendolines* sailing up and down the Thames Estuary.

There's the day, month, and so forth when you bought her — *Tuesday, April, Thirty, Ten-Fifteen*.

What about the sacrifices you had to make to get her? *Smokeless* Or *She-Hawk* after the mother-in-law you're stuck with now?

There's absolutely no trouble at all about finding *ideas* for names, the house gets cluttered with lists, littered with clusters . . . but she can have only one. *Witch*?

The Blackwater

THE annual general meeting of the Blackwater Group was held on February 8 at the Maldon Y.C. Arthur Collie and Peter Croft have retired with a view to buying larger boats, and the Commodore is now Tony Banks, and the Hon. Sec.-Treasurer myself. We hope to challenge the South-East Group on their own ground for the cup that they so decidedly won last year if we can get enough prospective entries from our group. It is also intended to plan a number of events within the river designed to appeal to the family owner or less experienced sailor. If anyone sailing a Silhouette in the area is interested in knowing more about any of these events I should be very pleased to hear from him.—*R. W. Sharples*.

FOR SALE. Silhouette Mark II. Trailer, Stuart Turner inboard engine, pulpit, twin berth cushions, cleats, anchor, warps, cockpit tent, overall cover, and many extras. First class condition. £465. Barwell, Fingritn, Fingringhoe, Colchester. Tel.: Rowhedge 366.

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