

The Silhouette Owner

*The journal of the
Silhouette Owners' International Association*

NUMBER 27

MAY 1964

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The next instalment of Moonraker's splendid adventures is regrettably held over until next month.

Crews and Cruises

SINGLEHANDED sailing is, for some of us, among the richest experiences of life. There is a unity between man and ship that is unique in the relationships between man and all the range of things that he has created; there is a sense of peace, of self-reliance, of not only being one's own master, but of being one's own servant, too, responsible to no one, and for no one. And there is the humility that comes of being alone with the vast elemental forces of sea and wind, of knowledge of one's own littleness, and yet of knowledge, too, of being in God's hand. But this form of retreat (for singlehanded sailing is a kind of retreat) is not for everyone, and not for all of us all the time. There is delight in the close community of the crew in a small boat, of experience shared, and the joy of tackling things together. Our Silhouettes are small boats, specially suitable for family sailing, and most of us, no doubt, do most of our sailing with wives or sons or daughters. That is as it should be. But owning a boat is a rich possession, and ownership even of a very small boat brings special privileges. It is right to share these outside our immediate small circle of family and friends when we can. There are many would-be-sailors in the urban communities of modern Britain who would jump at the chance of a weekend or even a Saturday cruise, if they knew how to set about it. Lifelong friendships may spring from a pierhead jump, from picking up a crew at short notice, when, for one reason or

another, a regular crew has not turned up. Even if friendships of this sort are rare, the companionship of a new mate is worth having. The SOIA's Crewing Register can help here: if you can occasionally take a stranger for a day or a weekend on your boat, let the *Journal* know and be assured that your kindness will be much appreciated. And if for any reason you find yourself lacking a regular crew for this season, tell us about it, suggest the sort of person you are looking for and we shall be delighted to see if the Register has any would-be crews who might be helpful to you.

Learning to Sail

SEVERAL new names were added to the register of volunteer instructors of our Learning to Sail scheme last month. We are particularly anxious now to recruit volunteers in the Midlands (Nottingham-Coventry--Birmingham areas), Yorkshire and the North-East. Volunteers are asked to be ready to give advice on boats and equipment to newcomers who get in touch with them, to suggest suitable clubs in their areas where people are helped to begin sailing, and, if necessary, to give simple practical instruction in the elements of boat-handling.

Transatlantic race

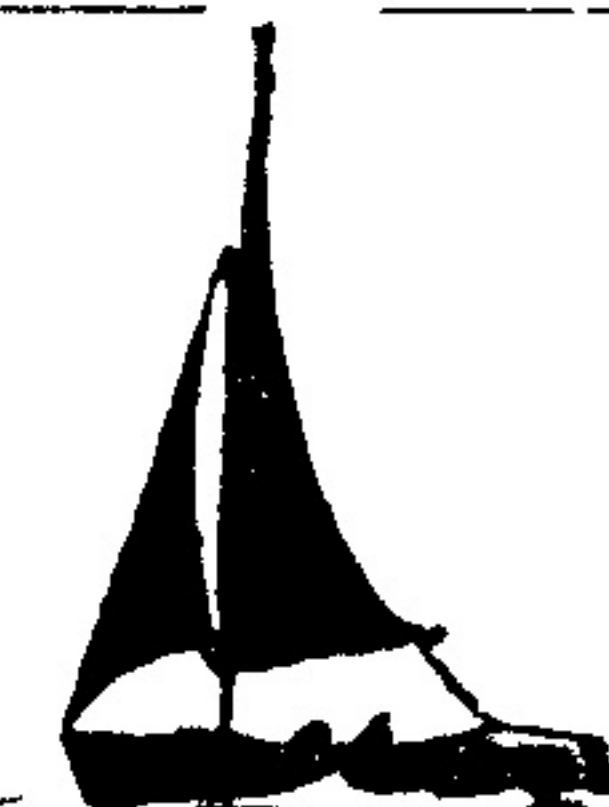
AT the time of going to press, there are some fourteen firm entrants for the Singlehanded Transatlantic Race that starts from Plymouth on May 23. The race is from Plymouth "by any route" to Brenton Reef, off Rhode Island, outside New York. Arthur Piver, who was sailing to England in his trimaran to take part in the race, met heavy weather in the Atlantic during his passage across in April, and his self-steering gear was damaged. He put in to Bermuda, and decided that repairs would take so long that he could not get to England in time to enter. David Lewis is at Plymouth now, working up his catamaran *Rehu Moana* for the race. There may be another trimaran, but if not David Lewis will be the sole representative of unconventional boats. There are two French entries, a Dane and an American in the fleet. Francis Chichester, Hon. Rear Commodore of the SOIA, is taking part again in his 13-tonner *Gipsy Moth III*. The *Guardian* has arranged to report the exclusive narratives of Francis Chichester and David Lewis day by day throughout the race by radio telephone.

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People - IV. Harry Maloney

WHENEVER you see a note in one or other of the yachting journals about something that the SOIA has done, or plans to do, you can thank Harry Maloney. You can also thank him for getting this copy of the *Journal* to you, for at the moment he is looking after the whole task of distribution. It is a big job, putting hundreds of *Journals* into envelopes, seeing that they are properly addressed, and posting them in time to meet the publication date. Harry must be about the hardest-working Press Secretary of any volunteer association. He does everything cheerfully, and although he must often find the work heavy, he has never been known to complain: indeed, he is living proof of the old saying that if you want something done, ask a really busy man to do it. Harry was born in London in 1926, and began a lifelong interest in boats when he spent a year with an aunt at Appledore, North Devon, when he was a boy. He was a keen Scout, and went from Scouting into the Army during the war. He has owned a variety of craft, from dinghies to a converted ship's lifeboat, and he has loved them all, but he would admit that his Silhouette is nearest to his heart. He is sometimes suspected of carrying a private bellows to get wind when nobody else can, but however he manages it, he is a wizard at winning races. But although he is one of the finest helmsmen in the SOIA, there is nothing of the tiger about him; he is the gentlest and nicest of people to sail with (or against). Harry is married, with a 10-year-old daughter Lorna, lives in North London, and earns his living by the export of wholesale newsprint. He is a keen member of the Up River YC on the Crouch. He likes sailing people, as well as sailing. "I have found," he observes, "that in general people who are interested in sailing are of a disposition more pleasant than the ants usually found running to and from their jobs in a big city." It is a profound observation.

Anglesey notes

EASTER in Anglesey was thoroughly enjoyed by a number of members of the Venturers' Fleet, who gathered at the club house to enjoy its comfort and facilities. Among Silhouettes in the fleet launched that weekend were *Dolphin* (H. Firth), *Buttercup II* (R. Bradbury), *Martini* (G. W. Smith), and B. Wiggins's boat. Derek Birse launched his new *Felicity*, and N. Hopkins his *Caprice*. Don McKnight has bought Wilf Jaques's *Mystic*, and he and Hilary have been hard at work getting ready for the season. Goody has been working hard on *Lady Irene*, launched during the month. The substantial number of launchings over Easter were made possible only by the willing help and team spirit of club members. It was an excellent start to the season, and there was another happy gathering on the weekend of April 11 for the official opening of the Venturers' new club house.

For all Silhouette Women

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46 JOY LANE, SEASALFERR, WHITSTABLE, KENT.

Secretary's Notes

THE plans of mice and men gang aft a'gley: I can certainly confirm the truth of this statement. All was arranged to enclose the entry forms for Plymouth Week, with last month's edition of the *Journal*, but with Easter coming so near to the end of the month, delays in postage caused by the holiday upset all the carefully arranged plans, and we have had to hold these entry forms until this month. Please accept my apologies for the mix-up, and I hope the explanation is sufficient for all those people who have written asking for forms, thinking that they had been missed out. You still have plenty of time to fill in your entry, and post it off to The Sailing Secretary of The Royal Plymouth Corinthian Yacht Club, Madiera Road, Plymouth. Even if you were one of the senders of a "Nay" postcard, you can still change your mind!

* * * *

The postcards that were returned were much appreciated, and have given us all a pretty good idea of the numbers who will be attending. The count to the first week in April was 57 "Shall's" with Silhouettes, 12 with other craft, and a round dozen who will be there without a boat. So while we could justifiably claim to have had the largest gathering of one Class of cruisers ever at Plymouth last year, this year will beat that figure easily.

* * * *

Our "Learning to Sail" scheme has proved to be something which many people must have been waiting for a long time. Applications for advice and instruction are rolling in, and it is really heartening to

see the number of willing folks, who have offered to help, assist and instruct. And surely we must be the first Association ever to get publicity from another Association, as we did when the Dinghy Cruising Association publicly announced that they would give us every support, in several of the yachting publications.

* * * *

With the coming of Spring, it is nice to see all the Groups arranging their season's programmes. Judging by the correspondence I get from Group secretaries, this should be a good year for Silhouette activities all over the country. Owners in the North West are even more active than ever, the Blackwater is buzzing with boats all preparing to do battle and regain the cup that the Crouch Group took from them last year, while that Group is raking in every creek in the Crouch, enlisting the aid of every member to make sure they don't. John Caulder from the Solent, proudly announces that they will be sending the largest contingent to Plymouth, while down in that part of the world, the Exe fleet is busy stitching neat little "X's" on the fly of their burgees, so that they can be instantly recognised. Morecambe Bay, Bristol and the Midlands, plough their own furrows, enjoying each other's company whenever possible. Our friends in the Lakes are for ever awaiting visiting members to explore the charm of their waters. It's only from Yorkshire and Scotland, that I have little news, but perhaps they are so busy sailing they have little time to write about it.

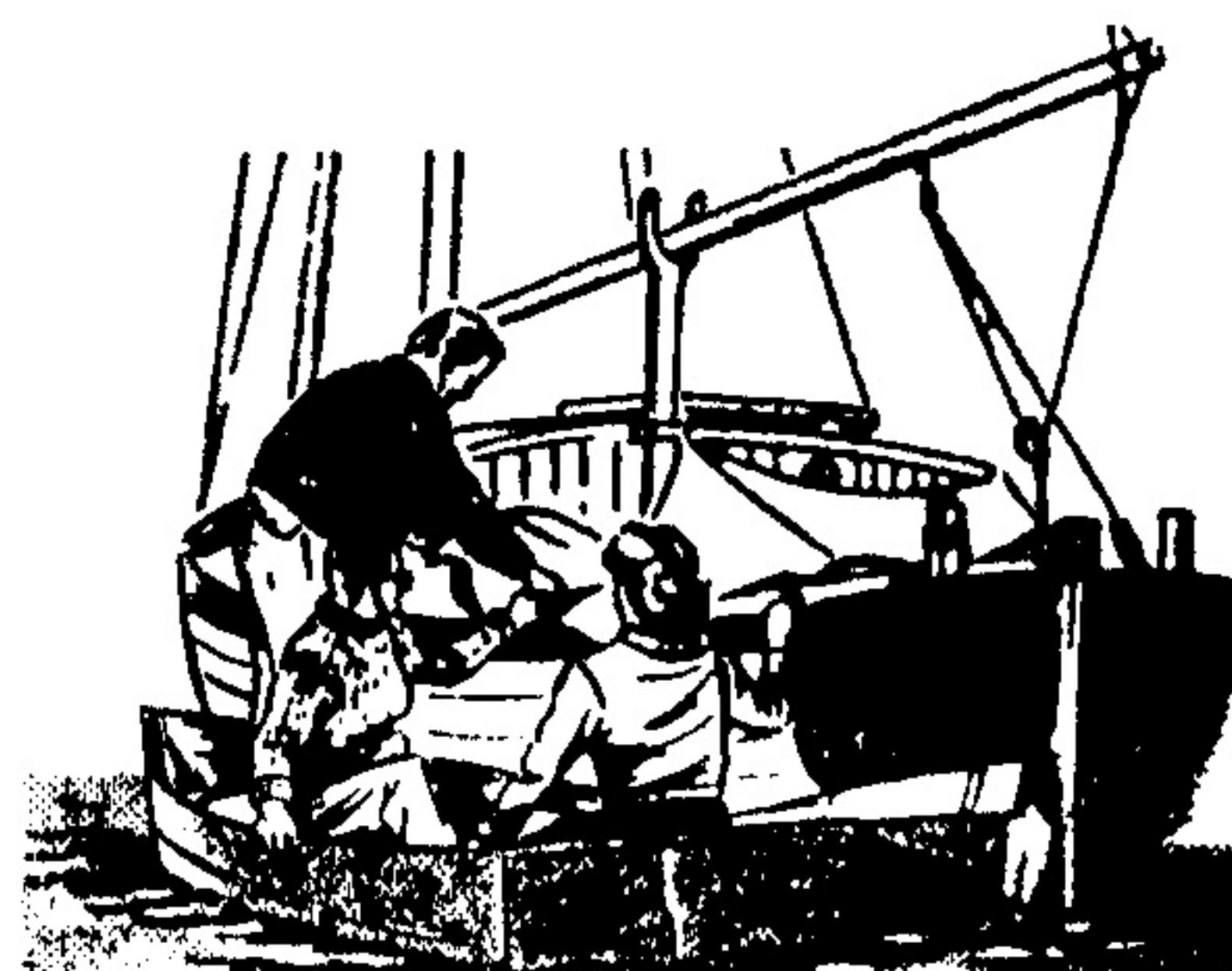
* * * *

The start of the single-handed Trans-Atlantic race should be a wonderful spectacle. I have nothing but admiration for these stalwarts, who willingly, and at not inconsiderable personal expense, cast themselves on the broad wastes of the Atlantic, cut off from all forms of companionship for at least a month. So often have I heard that someone would "love to compete" if only he had the opportunity; but while I should put forward every excuse to prove conclusively that it would be impossible for me to join such an undertaking, I always wonder if I would have the necessary courage. I am certain that I would not have the necessary patience to attend to all the detail required. I had the opportunity to talk to Bill Howell, who is busy preparing his 30ft. cutter *Stardrift* at Dover, and I was staggered with the endless lists of stores and gear that he was convinced was more or less bare necessities.

* * * *

Did you read the account of the single-handed Silhouette sailor, who was lost for two days in a storm in the Mediterranean. One national daily published a big picture of the boat, complete with

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the faithful Seagull dangling over the stern, and spoiled the whole report, by describing her as a "small motor cruiser." How can journalists make such stupid mistakes? Perhaps one day our Editor will write an article or two on what really goes on behind the scenes in a newspaper office. (*Oh, Dear!—Ed.*)

* * * *

The report on concentrated foods in the *April Journal*, should prove useful to us all. I have tried, and can recommend the curry, but I am not going to despise the humble tinned food, especially that kind that one opens with two little triangular holes each side of the top. (So long as it is not shaken up too much, and the whole contents reduced to froth!).—*R.A.G.*

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 note on life Jackets by Pat Mulley

ALL of us who "mess about in boats" know that it is the other fellow and not ourselves who gets into difficulties. The hundred or so persons drowned last year thought the same, and so if we are wise, among the many sensible precautions that we shall observe this year is one which advises "*Equip self and crew with B.S.I. kitemarked lifejackets.*"

It has frequently been argued that a "kitemarked" lifejacket is too bulky, and is all very well if, but only if, one anticipates being knocked unconscious when entering the water. This is utter nonsense. To achieve 30lbs. of buoyancy, half a cubic foot of bulk is undeniably essential, but if an inflatable lifejacket is chosen, the deflated bulk is often appreciably less than a swimming aid; secondly, the British Standard stresses that lifejackets must cater for the *exhausted* or unconscious person. Cold water can bring about exhaustion as quickly as (and often more quickly) than physical effort, and it is this fact that has brought about many deaths than drowning. It is not generally appreciated that exhaustion can occur in as little as four minutes in water at 40° F. Conversely, four minutes is more than sufficient time in which to inflate a lifejacket.

The buoyancy required to "prevent death by drowning" is the subject of much controversy. Many of the arguments are based upon conjecture, and more than one leads to the wholly fatuous and potentially dangerous practice of defining required buoyancy by the weight of the individual. The weight that matters is the weight *in water*, and if this is appreciated, it follows that children, who in water frequently weigh more than their parents, will not be equipped with lifejackets often of less than half the buoyancy of an adult version. It cannot be overstressed — *never, never buy a lifejacket because the manufacturer or retailer says that it is the right size for your weight.*

In order to define "not less than 30lbs.," the British Standards Institution instigated a programme of research of an infinitely more comprehensive nature than any formerly conducted outside of the Armed Forces. As a result, it discovered the importance of a feature of lifejacket design never previously appreciated — namely, that the buoyant element of a lifejacket must be capable of producing an acceleration equal to, or greater than, the vertical acceleration of a wave. This, together with the need to rotate rapidly a person into a safe backward-inclined position, irrespective of the build of that person, led to the conclusion that 30lbs. buoyancy was an absolute minimum, and that 38lbs. was highly desirable.

Of the three manufacturers currently licenced to use the B.S.I. "kitemark," R.F.D. Co. Ltd., Beaufort Air-Sea Equipment Ltd., and Vacuum Reflex Ltd., the last named has already marketed a not inconsiderable quantity of inflatable lifejackets packed in various types of valise to suit the needs of almost all sporting users. One variant



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provides for 20lbs. of semi-inherent buoyancy and is suitable for most purposes. The 20lbs. bulk is not so large as to embarrass or hamper the wearer, but is of considerable use to a person finding himself in a situation of need to inflate the life jacket fully. When fully inflated, it provides 38lbs. of buoyancy. This is much better than either using life jackets relying upon trapped air for their buoyancy or even partially inflating an inflatable lifejacket. In both cases, the buoyancy is free to move about the wearer, with obvious consequences.

The final, and perhaps most tangible objection, to B.S.I. approved lifejackets is cost. In perspective however, the cost is no more than that of a good anorak, and is a small price to pay for the degree of safety offered. None the less, it is more than the unapproved counterparts, and for a series of reasons. These include first, the degree of quality control rightly imposed by the B.S.I., and secondly the quality of the component materials necessary if the lifejacket is to prove reliable in real need, and maintain its reliability over a period of years. Thirdly, several years ago, the Royal Navy established that to facilitate ease of rescue, particularly from vessels of high freeboard, a lifting becket was desirable, and, fourthly and finally (as was confirmed in the recent tragedy in Rye Bay) a means of attracting attention is necessary.

It frequently happens that the experts are not understood and equally frequently that they are misunderstood so in his short article it is not proposed to elaborate any further upon the work or requirements of British Standard 3595 : 1963, except to say that it has provided the incentive for further research in several other countries. And daily, the B.S. findings are being authoritatively confirmed.

* * *

Pat Mulley first became involved in lifejacket problems in 1948-49, when serving with RAF Air-Sea Rescue. After that he worked on survival and marine research for the Ministry of Supply. He is a member of the Lifesaving Garments Committee of the British Standards Institution, and is employed in the design and manufacture of survival equipment. He is a keen small-boat sailor.

THE SILHOUETTE OWNERS' INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION

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

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

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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). Bugees and ties can be obtained from the Hon Treasurer.

Silhouette to Singapore

LAURENCE DRAPER, who is on his way to Singapore in his Silhouette *Laurie D*, has reached Corsica safely after surviving a severe storm in the Mediterranean. The *Daily Mail* reported on April 1 that Draper had put into Bastia "without a scratch" after having been reported "lost" in a great Mediterranean storm some days before. He planned to leave Corsica during April for the next stage of his voyage to Singapore, which he hopes to reach by the end of August.

Draper, who is 37, served with the RAF and later joined the Merchant Navy. He left England in July and took his boat by inland waterways to Paris, where he spent the winter. He then took her on through France to the Mediterranean. On his way to Corsica he ran into heavy weather, and before long was meeting huge seas whipped up by one of the tremendous storms for which the Mediterranean is famous (or infamous). According to the *Daily Mail* he was in company with a ketch with a British couple on board, who took him in tow. But the tow-rope parted, and the boats became separated. The crew of the ketch were taken off by a steamer, and in their view

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, Dalegarth, Watch-house Road, Salleywood, Chelmsford.</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. Bertram Lloyd, The Tythe, Glebe Lane, Dowbridge, Kirkham, Lancs.</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>

Draper stood little chance of survival in the huge seas. He and his Silhouette, however, thought differently. He was driven up the North coast of Corsica, but managed to make Barcaggio, a fishing port, where he put in. He sailed on from there to Bastia.

The *Daily Mail* published with its report from Bastia an excellent photograph of Laurence Draper in the cockpit of his Silhouette, with his Seagull mounted on the transom. To Silhouette sailors it was a homely, familiar picture — except that instead of being bound (say) from Plymouth to the Yealm, this Silhouette was on her way to the Red Sea, the Indian Ocean, and the Far East.

We congratulate Laurence Draper on his enterprising voyage, and on the seamanship which helped him and his boat to survive such a testing time in the Mediterranean. All our hopes and good wishes for fair winds and a successful voyage go with him.

CONVERTING AN ENGINE. — I have purchased a 4 h.p. Stuart stationary engine, and intend to fit it into my Silhouette. I would appreciate hearing from any members who have accomplished such a conversion, or who have any helpful suggestions to offer.—N. Taylor, 11 Field Close, Whitby.
D. Wood, 118 Clayburn Circle, Basildon, Essex.

Francis Chichester's Story

by Ernest Large

FRANCIS CHICHESTER, in his autobiography, published this month, *The Lonely Sea and the Sky*, (Hodder and Stoughton, 30s.) says of one of his earlier books *Seaplane Solo*, "I tried too hard. I tried to force myself to become an artist, which I was not." Later too, writing of his wartime publications, *The Spotters Handbook* and *Night and Fire Spotting* he again says that the first contained a lot of nonsense and the last a lot of "boloney." Both were best sellers. By 1943 he estimated that he had written 500,000 words on air navigation.

The autobiography which is his latest book is undoubtedly the work of an artist and I have not been able to discover any "nonsense" or "boloney." The artistry lies in a simple directness of approach, in the opening chapter, dealing with his childhood experiences, the style appears terse in the extreme. It is only after reading on that one realises with what economy of phrase the author has conveyed the impression of a solitary childhood and an unsympathetic family.

Chichester believes that unhappy prep school experiences led him to the habit of solitary search for excitement and adventure. Certainly, his early years as a coal trimmer on passage to New Zealand, as a shearer on a sheep farm, as a coal miner, and panning for gold, as an amateur boxer and as a door to door salesman in the Up Country of the North Island never lacked incident, and these pursuits make exciting reading.

With success in business (which at the age of 26 earned him £10,000 a year), he sought adventure in flying. Most men in his position would have been content to regard flying as a hobby, but this was not the Chichester way. He determined to own a plane, and his accounts of learning to fly, buying a Gipsy Moth in England and straight away flying it round Europe on a "trial spin" before flying back to Australia, leave one breathless at the intensity of purpose and audacity of the man.

Long accounts of long flights or long voyages can be boring, but although the greater part of this autobiography is devoted to solo flights to Australia, across the Tasman Sea, from Australia to Japan and from Sydney to England, the story is of consuming interest. The Gipsy Moth was converted to a seaplane, it was wrecked and rebuilt on a lonely island and finally suffered a crash which the author was lucky to survive. Throughout, the plane was maintained and serviced by the author, and the descriptions of his makeshift repairs, search for elusive faults in the floats, and navigational improvisations bring his epic flying feats to a level we can understand and admire the more.

Chichester originated a system of navigation by sextant sight in the air and a means of calculating drift which enabled him to make

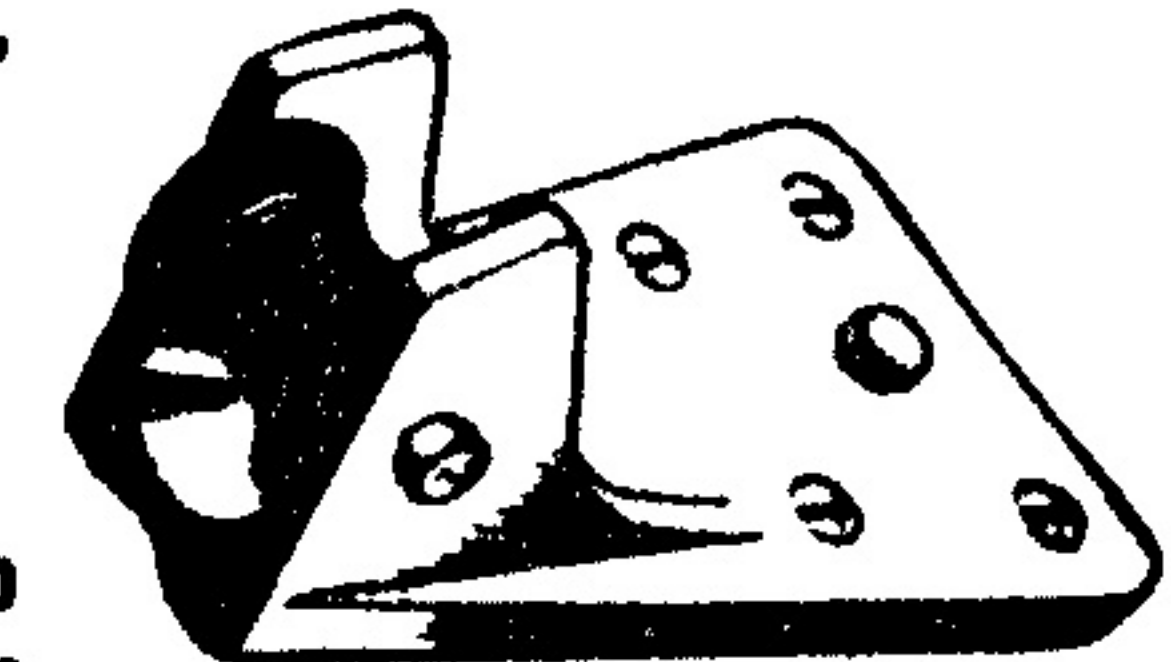
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pin-point landfalls, systems which he later developed at the Empire Central Flying School in the second world war.

His reproductions of his original charts for the Tasman crossing are of outstanding interest, and needless to say, his track charts of various flights and voyages, are of impeccable quality.

With the purchase of his first sailing boat in 1953 (up to then his single-handed sailing had been confined to a few trips in a twelve foot dinghy) Chichester at once embarked on an ambitious sailing programme, similar in character to his flying programme of 1928. His first boat, *Florence Edith*, re-christened *Gipsy Moth II* was a 24ft. day sailor. In her he learned to sail. And how he learned! At the end of the first season he had sailed her 2,510 miles, and, converted for ocean racing, had raced her in 16 R.O.R.C. events by the end of the first four years. Most of this was at a time of financial worry and ill health.

Gipsy Moth III was built at a time when the author's expectation of life was nil, and when his hitherto indomitable courage was at low ebb. The constant encouragement and faith of his wife Sheila were responsible for his recovery, and for the completion of the yacht which was later to win the Single-Handed Trans-Atlantic Race of 1960, and to beat his own record in 1962. The author deals with this harrowing period with a direct sincerity which is more moving than an emotional account, and through it we have an insight into the personality of both Francis and Sheila which makes us feel at one with them.

Readers of Chichester's first sailing book *Alone across the Atlantic* (1960) know well enough the author's ability to conjure up the "feeling" of being at sea. How better could anyone express speed with all sail drawing than his words: "*There was a slight, snaffly, clinky jingle from the end of the main boom which, from the cabin, sounded like the bit in a horse's mouth. Gipsy Moth was going so fast . . . like a horse flying over fallen logs on rough ground, haunches*

thrusting up with a wobbly movement as if shaking her powerful stern in the air."

Similar nostalgic descriptions, coupled in the later accounts with a lighter touch of humour, make these passages unforgettable reading.

It is doubtful whether the "stuck in a rut" daily bread earner can ever fully understand the force which drives or entices men to feats of outstanding endeavour, but perhaps *The Lonely Sea and the Sky* helps us a little to understand what we might have done had we the same courage and determination. Possibly one of the author's own log entries best describes both Francis Chichester and his achievements: "Somehow I never seem to enjoy doing things so much with other people. I know now I don't do a thing nearly as well with someone. It makes me think I was cut out for solo jobs . . . It looks as if the only way to be happy is to do what you are destined for."

This book may make one regret neglected opportunity, but if we learn its lesson aright it may also help us to recognise our destiny. It cannot fail to be an inspiration. I hope my boys will read it.

Inboard Outboards

IN reply to the query in "Secretary's Notes," we have a 3 h.p. Johnson outboard which is fitted into a well in the cockpit when in use. The sides of the well project approximately 12 ins. above the cockpit floor boards, with a plug, the bottom of which is flush with the bottom of the boat when the well is not in use.

At first sight there would appear to be three disadvantages:

1. Water splashing up into the cockpit when the engine is fitted.
2. When the engine is fitted, backwash from the water in the well, causing loss of speed.
3. Less room in the cockpit.

The first is obviated by fixing a rubber mat (Woolworth's, 9s. 6d.) over the top of the well with a slit in it to take the engine shaft. The edges of the mat are held down with shockcord round the three sides of the well. (The fourth side being the locker).

As regards (2) when cruising, the loss of speed appears to be negligible. When racing, the engine would not be fitted, and the plug would be in the well with no consequent loss of speed.

The well is roughly 12 ins. square, and so though it does take up a certain amount of room in the cockpit, I think the advantages of a well more than make up for the small amount of space lost.

The advantages of a well are:

1. Easy to fit the engine in bad weather.
2. Easy to refuel—particularly when the stern is bouncing up and down.
3. The propeller, down through the well, does not spend half its time out of water as does one fitted on the transom.—

H. D. W. Fowler.

"Roving Commissions - 1963"

ALASDAIR GARRETT, who judged the first Log Competitions held by the SOIA and who presented the trophies at our last London party, has added to the considerable debt which all yachtsmen owe to him by producing another splendid volume of the Royal Cruising Club's *Roving Commissions*. Garrett is editor of the RCC's *Journal*, and four years ago he thought that a selection of the logs of members would interest the public. His judgment was amply justified, and *Roving Commissions* has become an annual to which small boat sailors (and may others) look forward eagerly. The latest edition, containing upwards of a score of logs recording voyages in waters all over the world, is certainly a vintage one. It can be obtained from the RCC Press, 53 Cornhall, London EC 3, for 25s.

In this year's *Roving Commissions* one can sail with Dr. R. M. Jackson in *Isbjorn* from the St. Lawrence to Brightlingsea, with the Pyes along the coasts of Brazil, with Hammond Innes in the Mediterranean, and (coming down nearer to our own size) with Simon Baddeley in the 18ft. *Two Pearls* across the Channel to Brittany and back, and with Mr. and Mrs. Deane in their three-tonner *Tom Bowling* from France to the Faeroes. And this is only a selection of the voyages to be made in the good company of RCC members.

Dr. Jackson has a pleasing addition to the Decalogue for the guidance of crews:

*Six days shalt thou labour, and do all that thou are able,
On the seventh, holystone the deck, and scrape the cable.*

I think that he is not really such a hard-case skipper as this little verse might suggest, for *Isbjorn* seems to have been always a notably happy ship. And the skipper who can get such loyalty from a volunteer crew has earned it.

For all the far-wandering voyages that *Roving Commissions* — 1963 records, this year's edition is particularly enriched for me by Alasdair Garrett's own short chapter on "messing about" the East Coast rivers in *Rococo*. What week-end sailor can read this without his fingers itching to hold a tiller:

"It was from Pin Mill that I made one of those night passages which I shall long remember for the perfection of its solitude and the satisfaction of making the Colne in the first grey light of a summer morning. I had come down on a Saturday afternoon, and having time to kill until the tide served an hour before midnight, I dropped down to Harwich to idle away the evening after supper in the friendly pandemonium of the Alma. With the last half-hour of the ebb, we — that is, my boat and I — got under way under all plain sail, and picking up the flood off Landguard Point, beat out to seaward to clear Walton Pier. There, the wind came free, and on a broad reach *Rococo* surged through the pitch-black night. The first grey tinge of day-break found us off the Colne bar buoy, and we glided into a berth at

Brightlingsea before a soul was stirring . . ."

This is the stuff on which dreams are made. And Garrett quotes happily,

*At the Butt and Oyster Inn
We mustered thirty-three
And feasted till moonlight
Silvered the sea . . .*

I don't know where you can find better writing about these beloved waters than in Garrett's brief reminiscences of week-end sailing there last year. They are too brief. It is all very well for an editor to discipline himself, and say that he is there to edit other men's writing and not to write himself, but his readers are interested in him, too. I hope that we may meet *Rococo* again.—J. R. L. Anderson.

Letters to the Editor

BOUYANCY.—I am very interested in why the family man should want to instal bouyancy in his Silhouette; as he would not attempt any rough sea passages, it is unlikely that he would be swamped, pooped, etc. I can only assume that he is afraid of capsizing. I have written to the designer, Mr. Tucker, on this subject, and he told me that with full sail and genoa under Force 7—8 conditions close-hauled, he was unable to capsize. However, as the owner of a glass fibre model with no natural bouyancy, I have thought long on the subject of installing enough bouyancy to prevent a complete sinking. One idea was to cover the insides completely with the expanded PTFE material used for ceiling tiles; however, this would have to be nearly an inch thick. If one of our mathematically-minded members could work out the enclosed area needed to float, say, 1,100lbs. and shaped bouyancy bags could be procured, say for bow and stern compartments, I for one would be very interested as this space is seldom fully used on my boat.—118 Clayburn Circle, Basildon, Essex.

REJOINING SHIP.—The difficulty of getting back on board a Silhouette after falling overboard was graphically illustrated by Ian Hyde-Smith in his account of *Slipper's* Irish Sea crossing, when it took him three hours to re-join ship. The same thought occurred to me shortly after I had launched *Suilven*, when I found that she would sail herself quite happily to windward with the genoa up. (This self-steering ability may be peculiar to my boat, as I haven't read of it in connection with Silhouettes. As she is slightly oversize I may have got the mast position wrong, or possibly it is due to the fact that I have the U.S. Silhouette rig). Anyway, I didn't fancy the idea (as I sail mainly single handed) of popping overboard accidentally and watching *Suilven*, when I found that she would sail herself quite happily to windward

I therefore made a step-cum-handgrip out of three pieces of 1ins. x 1½ins. hardwood and through-bolted it to the transom with ½ins. galvanised bolts, as low down as I could get it. This made it comparatively easy to clamber aboard in calm water at anchor, but I figured it would not be so easy with the boat bobbing about in a seaway. So I added the refinement of a stirrup iron (it doesn't have to be the genuine horsey article as long as it is made of metal). This is spliced to a length of ¾ins. Terylene rope, made fast to the after bollard, of the correct length to hang about 2ft. below the surface. The rope is kept coiled and stopped with "rotten," and the stirrup made fast likewise to an eyebolt on the after-deck so that one can reach it with one hand while hanging on to the step with the other. A sharp pull breaks the stoppings and then one can put one foot in the stirrup, thence to the step and so aboard.—H. K. Murray, Pigeon Bay, Banks Peninsula, Canterbury, New Zealand.

Oranui's Easter Cruise

By Rex Cotterell

Good Friday

SLIPPING the yacht off the trailer, my brother Owen and I set sail for the starting line of this year's Leigh race, an annual event starting at Auckland and finishing at Leigh harbour 35 miles up the coast. Fourteen yachts entered, including *Oranui*—our Silhouette (SII 1671). Most of the yachts being 22ft. or bigger. Just as we reached the start the gun went, and by the time we crossed the line the other boats were flying down harbour before the fresh Southerly wind.

With the genoa set and sheets eased, we reached North Head in 30 minutes, and gybing the main and setting the genoa on the spinnaker boom, we set course for Whangaporoa Peninsula. At 12.00 hours we passed through Tiri Passage off the end of Whangaporoa, and laid a course for the outside of Kawau Island, ten miles farther on.

The other yachts were now about 3 or 4 miles ahead, but as we had covered 16 miles in 3 hours we felt very pleased with the boat's performance. Reaching Kawau Island at 14.30 hours, with the wind freshening to about 25 knots and a large sea running, I became careless and the boat gybed and broached to, lying on her side with the genoa flying out to leeward; but after lowering the genoa and sailing out to sea a bit farther, we were soon sailing again, the boat not having shipped a drop. Rounding Takatau Point we then had a glorious sail the last 9 miles to Leigh, arriving there at 16.15 hours, exactly two and a half hours behind the winning yacht. This, with our 30% handicap, put us three quarters of an hour away from winning, so we went to bed that night well satisfied with our efforts.

Saturday, March 28

After spending all morning lying in the sun or visiting some of the other boats, we had lunch, and then went up to the pub for the afternoon. At 3.0 p.m. the proprietor's wife presented the cups and prizes to the race winners, and as we were the smallest yacht to enter a Leigh race we received a bottle of sherry as a special prize. We also got a half dozen bottles of beer for being the last boat home, making for a very satisfactory race (taken all round!).

Sunday, March 29

At 11.00 hours everybody got ready for a rather unusual race, which is started with all the crew members off the boats lining up on the beach behind the dinghies. When the gun is fired, they all run down the beach, jump in the dinghies and paddle out to the yachts, the sails are then hoisted in the bay. We were the last boat to sail out. The wind started off very light, but freshened later on, although it was still Southerly, making it a slog back to the finish line at Kawau Island. This time we finished the 10 mile race only 4 minutes behind the winning boat on handicap, finishing at 16.00 hours. That night a barbecue was held on the beach and more prizes were presented.

although we never won anything this time. We finally got to our bunks at 02.00 hours the next morning.

Easter Monday

We made an early start home, setting sail at 08.00 hours, with a light Southerly again. This time it took us four hours to reach Whangaporoa Peninsula, as it was a slog all the way. It then took seven hours of hard sailing to reach North Head and round it into the harbour, another two hours seeing us back at Westhaven pulling the boat out of the water in the dark.

Fitting out by Dorothy Ison

GAPS in the gunwhale, that's what we want. Those little holes — they're no good. Get blocked. I like a job done properly. Just smoke a pipe before I start. What, Emily? No, I'm not miking. Can't rush a job like this. Got to think it out first.

Now, if I could find a stick—about *that* long . . . The things you find in a yacht yard! Good, a couple of jamjars. And this rusty old tin'll come in for something. Ah, this is about the right length. Now . . .

Oh, hullo. Yes, come and have a look. Thinking of buying one? Make an extra cup of coffee, Emily, for this gentleman and his wife. Nippers? Ten, Emily. He's going to buy a Silhouette . . .

Oh, don't bother, she doesn't mind washing up. Not much for a woman to do on a boat—she's only cleaning the bilges and painting the cabin.

Now, where was I? Oh yes, measuring. Damn! Kids've trodden on the stick! And not another in the whole yard! Better have another smoke, calm my nerves.

Got any string Emily? I said, got any . . .? A tape measure? well why ever didn't you tell me before? Could have got this done ages ago! I do hate jobs hanging about.

Blast, it would rain! I'm going up the pub, can't work in this. . . . Come on, Emily, get the sandwiches out. Fitting-out makes me hungry. I know I haven't started yet—not my fault, it's this blessed rain and all.

Nothing to beat a pipe after lunch. Nice and peaceful. Well, better get on, I suppose. All go, isn't it? Three-foot-six—there! And three-foot-six—now, where's that . . .? Emily, pass out my tool bag. Screwdriver, lump of dried putty, nails, empty glucose tin, hammer, nutcrackers — couldn't find those anywhere at Christmas — aspirins one leg off oilies half a drip-dry shirt hanger . . . But *no* saw! Have to use my penknife, that's all.

There! One side done. Not bad, without the proper tools.

You're not the only one, I'm tired, too. Oh, well, that's another busy day over. Be nice when we get on the mooring and can take it easy.

The Exe Fleet

NUMERICALLY we go from strength to strength. The fleet now has a membership of twenty, of whom two or three are associate members, and two or three others are getting their Silhouettes in a little while. We have had a meeting every month through the winter, all of which have been well attended, and at which a variety of subjects has been talked over. In February, for instance, one or two of us stuck our necks out, and suggested what might be a suitable equipment list for a Silhouette. As we had to cater for all tastes from happy "messers about in boats" to "cruisers along the coast," discussion continued until Harry Bradford, fearing he might never get home to bed, began to pull the switches and close the bar.

We are changing over to our summer meeting times in May. This is the third Friday in each month at the Exe S.C. at 8 p.m. Any visiting member is sure of a warm welcome.

In March we were asked by the Topsham S.C. up the river to put on our show of films, including the Plymouth Week film, and we are to be invited to their At Home later in the season for a cruise/race in company.—C.J.G.

SMALL ADVERTISEMENTS

RATES: SOIA members announcements, 3d. a word (minimum 2s. 6d.)
Trade notices 6d. a word (minimum 5s.). Please send payment with advertisement.

FOR SALE. Silhouette II, 2 berths, PVC cushions, 2 suits sails, genoa, 5½ h.p. Johnson inboard/outboard, trailer, tow-bar, etc. All in good order. £325. Carpenter, 85 Monkleigh Road, Morden, Surrey. Tel.: CHE 1841.

FOR SALE. Mahogany bathing ladder, £2. Lewmar main sheet jamming block, £1 10s. White cotton spinnaker, £2. Hassall, Hazelwood Hotel, Belgrave Road, Torquay.

FOR SALE. Silhouette II, refitted, commissioned, £290. Corin, 29 Copse Road, Clevedon, Somerset. Tel.: Clevedon 2155.

FOR SALE. Silhouette trailer by Hurley, good condition. Also 1963 Mercury 6 h.p. 4-stroke outboard, with gears. Only run few hours. Reasonable prices. Hagar, Coach House, Hawarden, near Chester.

WANTED. Good used Terylene genoa for Silhouette II. Philip B. Bryan, Box 43, McDaniel, Maryland, U.S.A.

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We are pleased to offer all members of S.O.I.A. a limited number of ex-Government stock Pumps, ideally suited for the Silhouette, at only 35/- each. Including carriage anywhere in the U.K.

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