

The Silhouette Owner

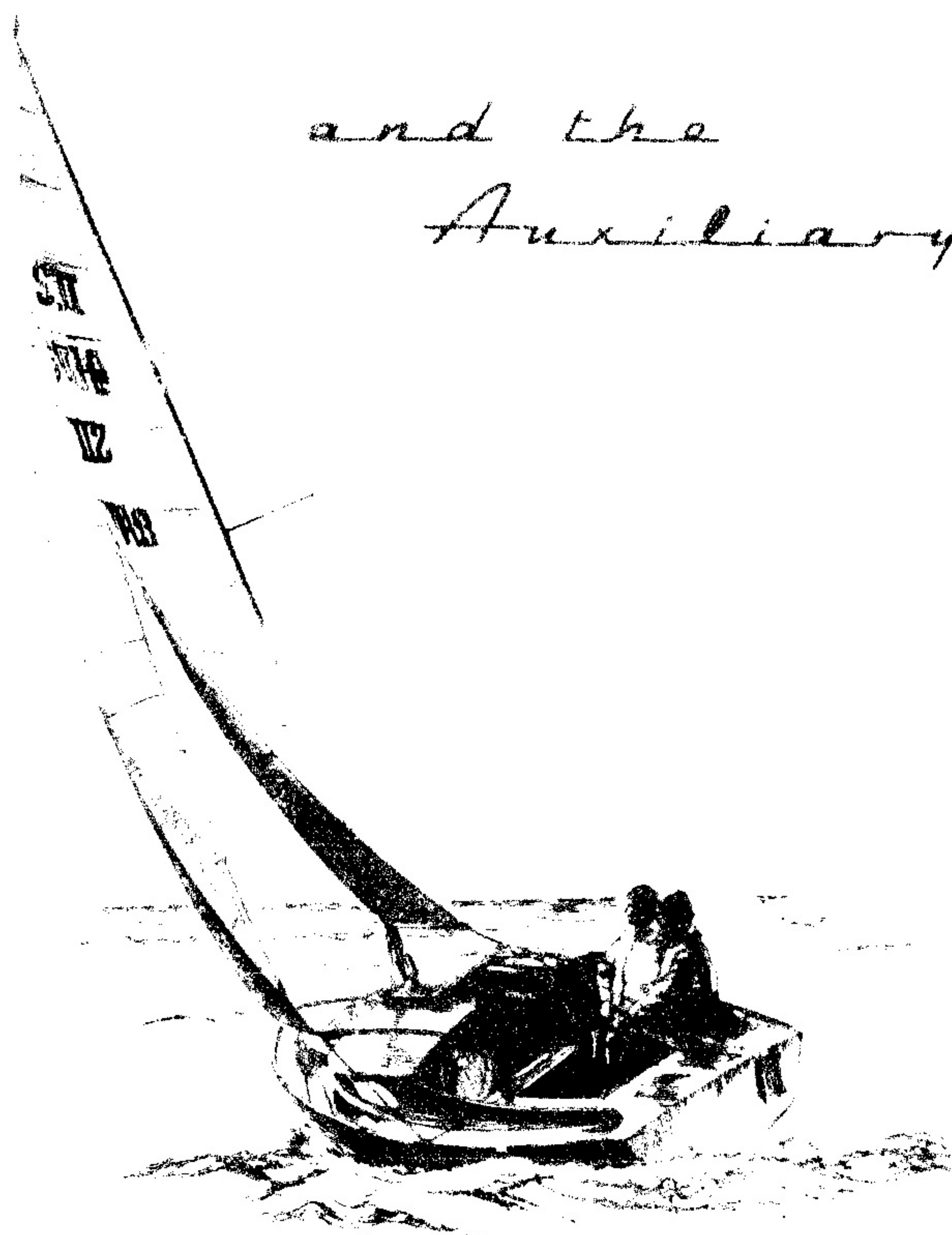
*The Journal of the
Silhouette Owners' International Association*

NUMBER 43

JUNE 1964

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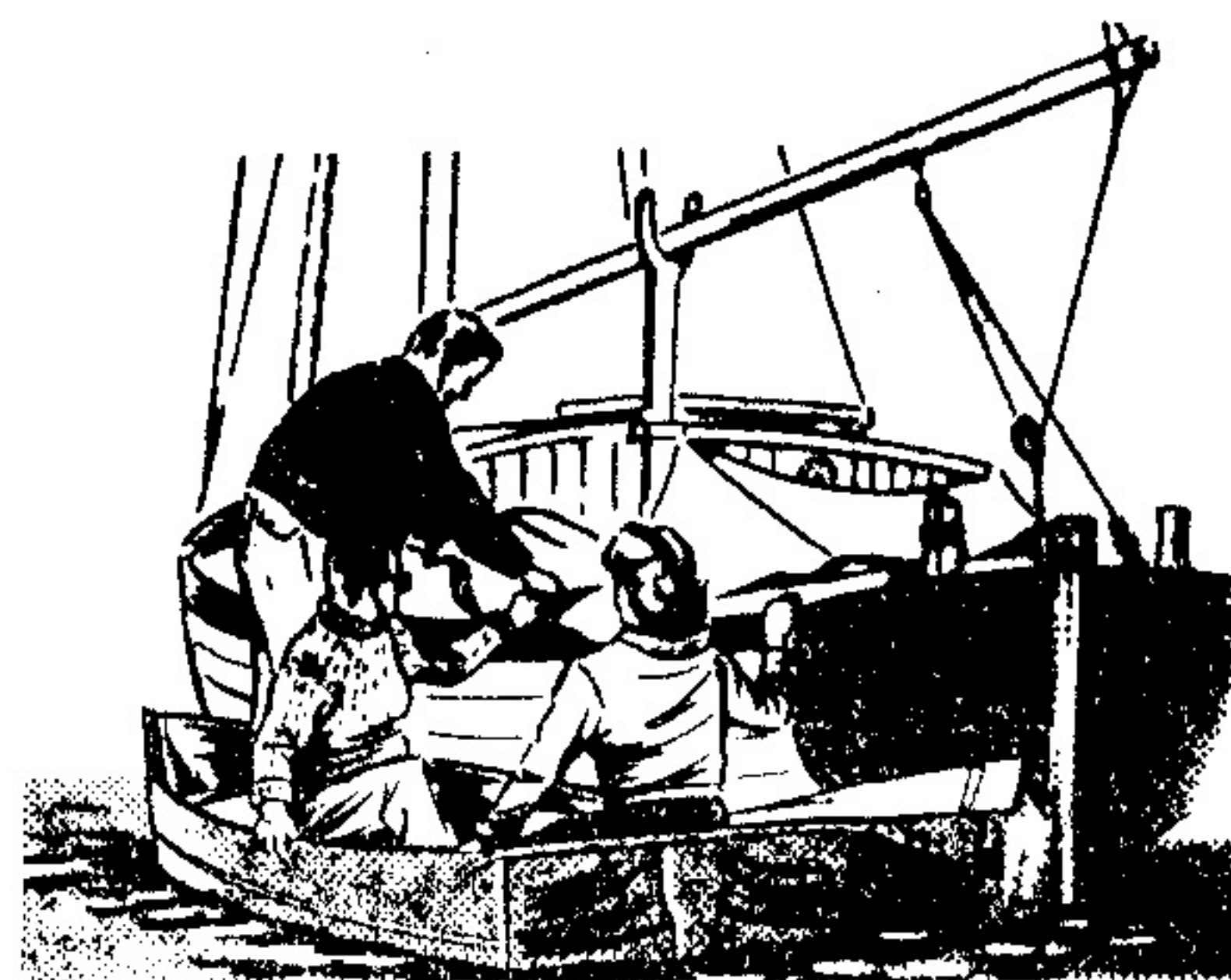
Contents

SECRETARY'S NOTES	4
ON THE WAY TO SINGAPORE	6
THE EXE FLEET	9
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR	10
MOONRAKER—IV by T. J. Bickford	12

Names

MARK TWAIN once observed that if he had nothing else to read he could be quite happy with a tram ticket. Perhaps 19th century tram tickets were more discursive than the horrid little bits of paper that come out of bus conductors' machines nowadays; for ourselves, bus tickets as reading matter are a trifle limited. Stranded at one of those dreary junctions that British Railways consider good for the traveller's soul, we once found a wait of two hours pass remarkably quickly by coming across columns and columns of small print, setting out the Conditions for the Carriage of Explosives — the improbable situations envisaged by whoever thought them up made absorbing reading. For anyone who wants a whole evening's entertainment at home, or to make a long journey pass quickly, we recommend the SOIA's latest List of Members. This has all the fascination of a telephone directory, and — richer feast by far — pages and pages of the names that people have given to their boats. Some are gloriously incomprehensible, recording no doubt some piece of private family history, properly hidden from the rest of the world. What crisis, financial or domestic, is covered by *Ultimatum*? Why is it *Lotus I*? Does her owner look forward to a splendid succession of *Lotuses*? (Or is it just a misprint—for, alas, the printer's devil is as diabolical still as he ever was?). Our two Moonrakers may pay homage to Dr. Peter Pye — or they may have nothing whatever to do with that illustrious *Moonraker*, who carries her 60-odd years gallantly across the Seven Seas. In spite of the rather dreadful pun, *Maid of Wood* is a pleasing name for a boat

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(one hopes that she is not glass fibre). *Half Hour* is a bit puzzling, but we hope enshrines some notable victory in a half hour's struggle in clawing off a lee shore. *Crusader* is a gallant name, and so is *Strive*; and it is nice to think of *Sabre* showing the flag proudly in the Far East. Birds — *Egret*, *Jenny Wren*, *Teal*, *Puffin*, *Gannet* — are well represented; they are all nice names for a boat. *Seawife* is a delightful name, and it is good to see that a *Temeraire* is still at sea under sail. How many of our boas are registered under the Merchant Shipping Act as British Ships? We know that some are, and perhaps in the next Members' List we should include a column for Official Registration Number as well as Sail Number. Registration is a ship's passport, giving her status and a permanent place in the long history of British ships; it is pleasant to see yachts properly registered, and we commend the practice to owners. Moreover, if you ever need to make a transit of the Panama Canal, having your registered tonnage carved in the cabin will save all argument about dues. And if you are stranded abroad as the Master or crew of a Registered British Ship, you are entitled to be sent home as a Distressed British Seaman. You never know your luck, and it could be useful.

Secretary's Notes

THE List of Members' names and addresses for 1964, were, or should have been, included with the May issue of the *Journal*. Compiling this list is quite a monumental task, undertaken by our President's wife, and while every effort is made to keep this as accurate as possible, it is inevitable that some of the entries are not correct; boats change hands; often the new purchaser joins our ranks, but unless the vendor notifies us of his sale, the boat can then be registered on our list as having two owners. So, if your own particulars are incorrect, *please* let me know. (We never give up, and always hope to get things right in the end!).

* * *

I feel sure that everybody will join me in offering congratulations to our President and his lady, on the birth of their baby daughter, a future Silhouette helmswoman, who will have designs on the Lady's Cup at Plymouth. John has promised to postpone the official ceremony of wetting the baby's head until The National Rally, in August.

* * *

The entry forms for Plymouth Week have been sent out, and entries are rolling in fast. Let Peter Harvey, of the Royal Plymouth Corinthian Yacht Club, have yours as soon as possible; it never pays to leave things to the last minute. Applications for extra tickets for the Prize Giving Dinner, will be sent in strict rotation, and there is a limit to the number that can be accommodated; so please don't blame anyone if you are disappointed. We simply can't squeeze a quart into a pint pot.

* * *

What was hoped to be a gentle reminder of non-payment of subscriptions was sent out to all whom Jack O'Brien had not collected from last month. This was done with our tongues well and truly in our cheeks — after all, few people like to be reminded about accounts outstanding, and still fewer people like the job of doing it. But there was no need to worry; letters rolled in by return of post, everyone offering some sort of apology for overlooking payment, and many were quite light-hearted and funny. One member excused himself by complaining that salt had got into the brain though too much beating to windward; one offered to pay my fare for the best part of two hundred miles, to collect, if he ever forgot again! And many expressed the opinion that the *Journal* alone was worth more than the total subscription. Many thanks for all the letters sent: we had a lot of fun reading them, and please forgive me if they were not all answered individually. Jack complains bitterly about my postage stamp expenses as it is, but all those letters were appreciated, and all add to make this Association worth while. May I make one small plea? Jack keeps the records of the cash, and I know of no one better at the job, so if you have any queries about money, please write



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to him. (I only know how to spend it). To settle a little question officially, our subscription is 15s. per year, whether you own a Silhouette or not (and you are very welcome if you do not), payable on the first day of January annually. There are no reduced fees for part of a year, but we do make the concession for folks joining after October 1, who are counted as having paid as from the following January. I hope that this clears up any misunderstanding.

* * *

I notice that "tin sticks" are getting more and more popular these days and while I confess to having this extra fitted on *Rosette* it was only to pander to my natural laziness, as I figured that there would be less maintenance needed; although this is off-set by the time one has to spend lashing back all the halliards, etc. — that is, unless you want to send everyone else completely crazy at a crowded mooring. But are they really better? I notice that one boat that consistently wins races, has a gadget to put a strain at the hounds of his timber mast, to cause the thing to bow, under the right conditions. (Not a practice I should like to try with the aluminium extrusion). I feel that we ought to have some letters to the Editor on the subject; most sailing folk are either for or "agin" things — there is seldom a middle opinion.

* * *

The film of last year's Plymouth Week is still available to members on loan. I know that the weather is not the type that persuades one to sit and watch a darkened screen, but if you haven't seen it, it's worthwhile. It will cost you only the postage.

* * *

The very neat little brooches of the Silhouette pennant which were first advertised in last month's *Journal* are selling well. It was stated that they are for our Lady Members; this is not quite true, for although they are equipped with the usual pin which is acceptable to the feminine idea, they are neat enough to be worn on a jacket lapel, or to adorn a peaked cap. Paul Smedley will be pleased to send you one for six bob.

* * *

We spent a wonderful afternoon recently nosing over a B.P. tanker, which has a very enthusiastic Silhouette owner as Mate, learning how little we really know about navigation; how really

comprehensive are the regulations covering all the safety devices to prevent accident at sea; how complicated it is to load and unload bulk liquids from a floating vessel; and how one must never underestimate the force of the sea. What was casually described as a big wave had buckled the steel deck, sheared four $\frac{3}{4}$ ins. rivets, and buckled a six inch vertical girder. It was a most interesting visit. I certainly did not know that tankers were built with a permanent list to port, so that the tanks could be completely emptied, and neither did I realise that it is but the corrosion of the plates, caused by the cargo and the salt water, that governs the life of this type of craft.

We are still open to accept the donation of two trophies for the National Rally. These will be presented annually for the third and fourth points race winner, and will form the quartet with the Spurrell and the Russell Marine trophies. Any suggestions?

The Single-handed Transatlantic race is now well under way. It was a wonderful sight to see them cross the line for the start, and very gratifying to see the number of small boats that sailed out to speed them on their way, carrying the Black, Red and White Silhouette burgee. All our wishes are with our Hon. Rear Commodore, Francis Chichester.

Happy Sailing. Looking forward to our meeting in Plymouth, don't forget to arrange your booking if you want to use the "Nursery Scheme."—R.A.G.

On the way to Singapore

Mr. L. E. Draper's remarkable experience in riding out a storm in the Mediterranean on his way to Singapore in his Silhouette II was reported last month. Here is his own account of his voyage so far, in a letter to Mr. Hurley, at Plymouth, written from Bastia, in Corsica.

I BOUGHT a Silhouette II (sail number 1421) a matter of eighteen months ago, and for six months she lay on moorings at Chiswick, under the care of Mr. Wicks, of Auto Marine, there. This was while I did a trip to New Zealand in the Merchant Navy, aboard the M.V. *Port Melbourne*. On my return I spent a month fitting out the boat, and left London on July 3 last. I arrived at Dover on July 12, stopping here and there because of bad weather, sailing only during the day and anchoring at night. I spent a week in Dover, and left on July 20 for France, crossing the Channel in $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours and anchoring at Lejeune in the evening.

Arriving at Le Touquet, I was unfortunately misplaced on a sand-bank at the yacht club for a week, arriving at Le Crotoy (Baie de la Somme) on August 4. Extremely bad weather, and a discussion with

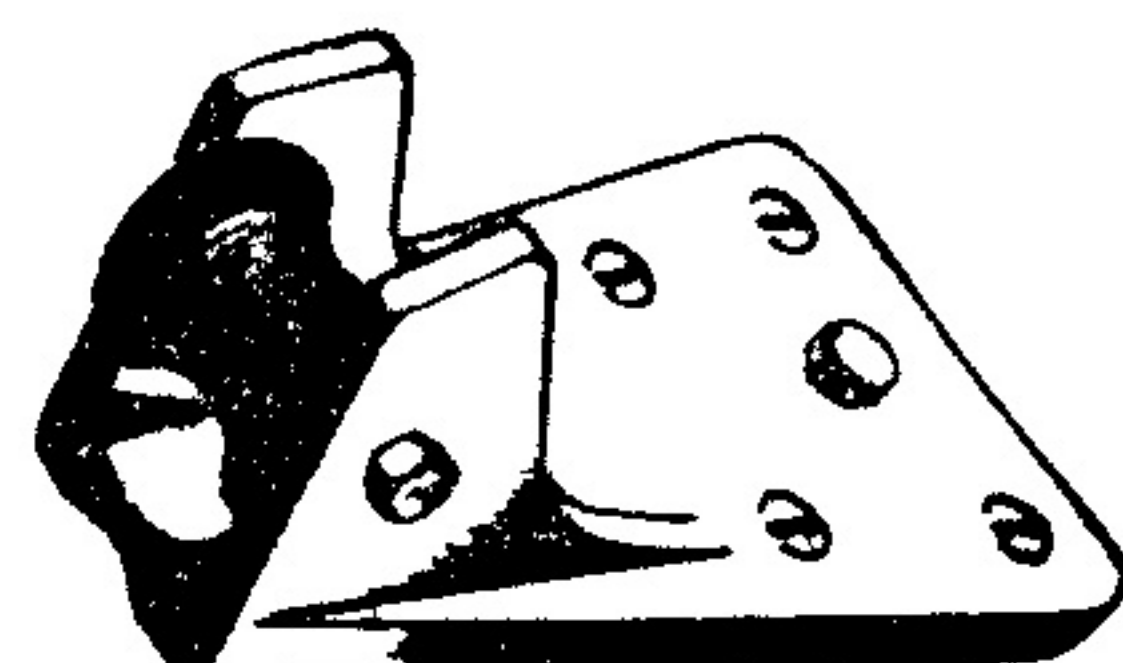
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the president of the French yachting club, who happened to be holidaying at Le Crotoy, decided me to go to Paris via the Somme canal. Unfortunately, on Sunday, September 1, two barges decided to crush the boat against a concrete quay to which I was moored, enforcing a stay of one month at Poissy, having a four-foot gash in the star-board side repaired. The insurance company of the barges fortunately paid for the repairs.

I spent a month in Paris, and decided to make for the Mediterranean via the Seine, the Marne, the Saone and the Rhone canals. The last-named is extremely hazardous; one must keep *exactly* to the chart if one is successfully to navigate it. I have a British Seagull Century outboard motor, and although I was fairly safe going down, to navigate upstream would be impossible, as the rate of flow is too fast.

I reached Port St. Louis on December 20, and after a few days enforced stay, owing to the "deep freeze," I made for Port De Bouc on December 26, staying there eleven days. From there I went to Marseilles, where I stayed eighteen days, having met up again with a Mr. and Mrs. Kane on board the yacht *Elaine*, whom I had previously met in Paris. We proceeded round the coast to Bandon, where we stayed six weeks, waiting for the "good weather."

On March 10 (three weeks too early) we decided to make for Malta, via the Straits of Bonifacio, but we ran into some extremely bad weather about 50 nautical miles due West of Ajaccio, in which we parted company. Recently I learned that they lost their boat soon afterwards, after being picked up by a freighter.

I was forced to heave to, and, riding quite comfortably to an improvised sea anchor, spent seven days drifting with the storm round the coast of Corsica, until March 19, when the weather cleared up for me to make a little port by the name of Barcaggio, right on the Northern tip of Corsica (right against the lighthouse). I spent four days there, and left for Bastia, a distance of roughly 17 nautical miles,

THE SILHOUETTE OWNERS' INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION

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

which took me about six hours, as there was very little wind, and there was a current against me. Most of the time I was under motor, but a nice little breeze sprang up to help me into the port.

Before I proceed I must congratulate you on producing a wonderful little boat, and the shallow draft come in very handy at times. She is extremely seaworthy, and as I have lived on board since July last, that is no small praise.

As I strained the underside of the boat alongside the port fin while bumping about among the sandbanks in La Baie de la Somme during the bad weather there (incidentally, I lost my anchor, the rope parting), I have strengthened both fins with an extra piece of wood. Since then neither has given any trouble at all, and since I strengthened the parts I have had no worries.

I hope to write to you from Singapore.—L. E. Draper, c/o A. A. Draper, 18 Hollow Road, Anstey, near Leicester.

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.

REGIONAL GROUPS

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

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Hon. Sec. Stan Morgan, 44 Station Crescent, Rayleigh, Essex.

Blackwater.

Hon. Sec. R. W. Sharples, Dalegarth, Watch-house Road, Salleywood, Chelmsford.

Solent.

Hon. Sec. J. R. Caulder, Sellafeld, 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., George Smith, Woodcroft, Park Road, Hale, Cheshire.

Wyre and Morecambe Bay. Lake District.

Hon. Sec. Bertram Lloyd, The Tythe, Glebe Lane, Dowbridge, Kirkham, Lancs.

Yorkshire (Humber to Tees).

Hon. Sec. T. K. Jones, Foxton House, Lowther Street, Penrith.

Scotland.

Hon. Sec. Brian M. Beeden, Toll Bar House, Firsby Lane, Conisborough, near Doncaster.
Hon. Sec. J. B. Jackson, 81 Baillie Drive, Calderwood, East Kilbride, Tel. East Kilbride 21194.

Learning to Sail

THE Register grows healthily, and we are getting many requests for help. We still need volunteers as instructors, particularly in the Midlands and North-East. If you can spare a little time occasionally for giving a hand to newcomers to sailing, please write to the *Journal* and join the Register.

The Exe Fleet

THE winter season came officially to a close for the Exe Fleet on Wednesday, April 15, with what might be called a Grand Finale. Through the kindness of the Exe S.C. we are able to have the exclusive use of a room on one night a month during the winter, and, on this occasion at least, all was splendour. Bill Sleeman, our Fleet Captain, and a band of assistants did us proud with a mannequin parade of Silhouette wear. A square of carpet, even graced the floor, and on it were paraded altogether thirty different exhibits before an admiring, and at times vociferous, audience. Bill's able and, as far as the ladies were concerned, charming models were his wife Dora, Barbara and Brian Hardiman, and Les Pithers. We were shown weatherproof suits, anoraks, windcheaters, buoyancy, shore wear, etc., in all kinds of

materials and at all prices. Mr. Seagull put in an appearance with labelled kit bag, appropriate machinery, large boots and evil looking pipe, and we were quite happy to go on watching all night when the lights were doused, and in crept a shadowy figure robed in (he asserts fiercely) a borrowed night shirt and a night cap, bearing in one hand a lighted candle and in the other a sleeping bag into which he climbed and settled down to read his latest *Silhouette Owner*. Our thanks were made to Bill and his band with acclamation.

Les and his wife, Pat, ran a draw during the evening to provide a spread of bread and cheese and crisps which appeared to fill the company to saturation point. They also very kindly gave the prize, a basket of a dozen eggs, butter and cream, won incidentally by our guest, Mr. R. Weeks, a Bridge Officer of the Exe S.C.

We have gone over to our summer meeting dates now, that is the third Friday in each month at the Exe S.C., and any visiting Silhouette owner will be welcome. The local lads have even got a mooring up their sleeve for visitors. Should anyone from afar, contemplating a visit this way, want local information, drop me a line at 64 Cowick Hill, Exeter, and I'll be pleased to do what I can.—C. J. Guscott.

Letters to the Editor

BOUYANCY. The following may be of interest to your correspondent who inquired in the *Silhouette Owner* about built-in buoyancy and inboard/outboards. It will make a change in any case to have some correspondence from a member of the Solent Group!

When I was building my own Silhouette (1961) I wrote to Robert Tucker about both these questions, and I don't suppose he would mind if I quote his reply in which he says. "I have never been in favour of buoyancy in Silhouettes: they are self-righting up to nearly 90° (at least), and should be sailed like a ballasted boat; and one needs so much buoyancy to support half a ton that it leaves little room for bodies. On the assumption that expanded polystyrene has a residual buoyancy of 40 lbs. per cubic foot, it would need no less than 30 cubic feet of it. To ensure that she floats upright this should be placed as high as possible, so you could put a 1½ins. layer under the deck; this would give you about 12 cubic feet without causing too much bother. You could get a couple of bits under the cockpit lockers and another two under the bridge deck lockers. Line the sides of the cockpit lockers with 1½ins. slabs, and put the rest in the stern locker, where it will also perform the useful function of keeping the stern light."

For the record, I did not build in any buoyancy after this!

Some of Mr. Tucker's comments on the fitting of an inboard/outboard have already been covered in the reply sent in on this subject by Col. H. O. W. Fowler, but the following may be helpful: "The outboard well should be the smallest possible size to accommodate the selected engine, and a sheet of rubber in which is cut an S-shaped slit to allow passage of the bottom unit of the motor should be fitted." Mr. Tucker goes on to say that "properly installed this is the most effective drive under power," suggests that a small water cooled engine with underwater exhaust is advisable and maintains that about 4 h.p. is adequate. We have used a 3 h.p. Gale which drives her along at her maximum designed speed. The only snag we have encountered is that one is apt to "clout" the bottom of the well with the bottom unit of the engine when taking it in or out in a bit of ruffled water. It is important, therefore, to make certain that the end ply where the hole was cut is pro-

tected by sealing it with a hardboard strip, suitably glued and screwed. Provided that one fits a neat plug flush with the bottom when sailing, the inboard/outboard has a great deal to recommend it. — Rex H. Mendham, *Pilgrims, Crompton Down, Winchester*.

SINGLE-HANDED SAILING. When sailing my Silhouette single-handed I find the standard method of making the jib sheets fast by the cam-jam cleats extremely awkward. The sail must first be drawing before the cams can be made to open, and often, even then, several hard downward pulls are necessary, wasting a great deal of time and effort. There is also an excessive amount of friction to overcome on the two bullseyes, one of which is a right angle pull. I wonder if any Silhouette owners have improved on the existing arrangement by the use of jib sheet blocks in place of the bullseyes, large wood cleats fixed inside the coamings, or snubbing winches. One other point: have any of your readers tried a Lewmar Novex Block on the main sheet and if so, has this block proved suitable for Silhouettes?—R. E. Robinson, 4 Harriet Place, Falmouth, Cornwall.

REJOINING SHIP. I suggest that the first thing is not to lose contact with your ship, and secondly to be able to get on board again. Ever since I have had my Silhouette, I have carried a 10 foot length of rope ladder (with wooden rungs), and this is useful on occasion for various purposes.

- (a) For use when moored against a quay wall, or side of a large boat.
- (b) For hoisting on a halyard to get someway up the mast.
- (c) For bathers to get on board.
- (d) For anyone in the water who wants to get out of it.

This rope ladder is stowed in the stern locker, but when single-handed, either sailing, or at anchor in a strong current, this ladder is coiled and wedged under the backstay, with the end loop over the tiller.

When single-handed, I always wear safety harness with the line attached to a loop of rope which goes round the mast, and reaches to the cockpit. This enables me to move anywhere about the deck, and if I fall overboard I am able to reach the rope ladder and uncoil it. A rope ladder floats and is easy to catch hold of.

Incidentally, for bathers and others, if it is fastened to the foot of the mast and draped over the coach roof, this gives convenient handholds as well as footholds.

Although the freeboard of a Silhouette is not very much, a person has to be young and very active to get on board, and it is still a difficult matter even with a strong and active crew to help. — J. H. N. Collis, *Stableford, Bridgnorth, Salop*.

CREWS AND CRUISES. Having read your editorial "Crews and Cruises" in the May issue, I should like to say how much I applaud this idea of sharing the joys of sailing. While my Silhouette, *Insignia*, is used by me when on holiday in Cornwall where she is kept, I do have a King's Cruiser (28ft. O.A., Bermudian rigged) which is moored in the outer harbour at Ramsgate, and if you have any members who would like to contact me, I should be very glad to hear from them. My commitments are such that I do not have too much time, and so my sailing is, unfortunately, normally confined to a Saturday or Sunday. — J. H. G. Pearce, *Chairman, Pearce Signs, Insignia House, London S.E. 14*.

BEST WEEK OF THE YEAR
PLYMOUTH - August 16

Moonraker - V

by T. J. Bickford

July 19, 1960

PLEASANT overcast evening, so John, Pat and I set off from the boat yard on *Moonraker's* first fishing spree. The enthusiasm with which fishermen treat their collection of lines, weights, hooks and bait has to the present baffled me. The delicate precision with which string and bent pins are kept within velvet lined mahogany boxes, and brought out with such great ceremony has amazed me.

While motoring down the Plym I was so intrigued by my companion's delicate handling of the lines that I failed to keep an alert eye. We hit an empty fish box with a bump; fortunately it was one of light construction, so that the impact was not great but the box lodged itself for a few seconds between the stub keel and one of the bilge fins. The increase in area of resistance presented to motion was very apparent in our drop of speed, so we eased off the throttle and the box floated up and away to starboard, thus avoiding contact with the propeller.

With a broad grin upon his face my companion produced from his innermost treasure chest a very live looking piece of rubber, which he called "a Mevagissey eel." The creature, for all it lacked was life, had sweet little eyes, a smooth silvery back, and was soft to touch, but from its tummy protruded a curved needle with a nasty looking barb upon it. Once in Plymouth Sound this tasty morsal (very much like the food adverts in women's magazines, nice but nasty to the figure, sort of come and get me and you will be sorry) with its tummy hook, was trailed behind the boat upon a length of string. We whiffed all the way across the Sound, keen and eager expressions upon our faces, but no passengers requested to come aboard.

Off Drake's Island disaster struck, the motor coughed, and the decending pitch of the exhaust note indicated to us that it was stopping.

With eyes glued to the dying revolutions of the motor's flywheel we failed to note the fishing lines. At first my companion thought he had caught a fish of length beyond even the wildest fisherman's tail, but his delight waned when he realised that it was the Sound of Plymouth that he was trying to get aboard. As Plymouth Sound was comfortable upon its sea bed, it invited the Mevagissey eel to stay with it. Invitation accepted, to the disgust of the crew.

With disappointment in our hearts we cleaned the plug and set off trailing two lines with spinners attached (small shiny metal propellers which appear to mackerel as brit swimming). We were not alone in this habit, for about eight boats were also out for an evening's circular tour, and they appeared to be catching fish. After a careful study of techniques we got clever and when we saw another boat landing

fish we sailed at right angles across her stern, for we calculated that by doing this we should also find the shoal. Sure enough there they were, and within 20 minutes we had six good size fish for supper, and decided that the rest of the fish would keep better in the sea than in the "fridge," so home we went.

Sunday, July 22

For the past few weeks I had been working on my cribbed design for a punt. The original American design for a 9ft. fishing punt had 2ft. taken off the bow and a stub nose inserted, 6ins off the rear plus rake added, hog replaced by a flat bottom, thus a baby satellite for *Moonraker* was built, and today was the launching date.

Slight leak at the seams, but it stayed afloat so we got aboard for speed trials; with three (average weight) aboard she floated with about 3½ins. of freeboard, but tended to veer to port when propelled at maximum speed. (Noted that sheer of boat differed, thought I should have used a jib). With two aboard, one centre and one in stern, the bow sits well out of the water and efforts to row so strenuous that further speed trials abandoned.

One minor mishap was when Pop stepped aboard with weight correctly on the centre line, but upon an overhanging part of bottom board. Result—crack, and a few nervous seconds of acrobatics by Pop. The oars were a little too broad across the blade, which resulted in a great deal of water being being scouped by feathered motion of oar. With low freeboard and calm water all was reasonably well, but when waves present doubts for stability and ability of motive man were expressed by passengers.

Motored out to Cawsand Bay, trailing three lines and caught three mackerel, all upon one particular line. My colleague John was the masterly owner of the hand that held the one line which accounted for our catch. Must have fish fingers.

On return to the slipway, the young lad who came to give us a helping hand was puzzled by our method of getting the punt up the slip. A single wheel was attached to the front of the blunt nose, and as the quarter runners were allowed to protrude by 4ins. to the rear of the transom, we just lifted and pushed. The resemblance to a wheel barrow was by sheer design.

Tuesday, July 27

Arrived at wharf to find the seasonal high tide; thus we sailed straight off the top of the wharf, with John, Pat and myself aboard.

Motored down Plym, keeping out of the way of a group of Cadets who were making the best of a dull, light evening. About 100 yards off Mountbatten Pier, a 50ft. ketch made me rack my brain for its store of knowledge of the sea-way code. Noted shark fins in the bow, plus crew-cut Scandanavian member hanging over the side, attracting our attention, so throttled back the outboard, and sent crew up on cabin roof to get within ear sight. From my motor position, I could not hear all the conversation but from my crew's instructions of "Carry

straight on for 250 yards, turn sharp left, proceed for 400 yards and you will be O.K." I gathered that the gentleman had asked the way to the pool.

From the crew, and the local Press clippings, I learned that the trio were 42 days out from Bermuda, and we were the first boat they had spoken to since leaving. I felt a little ashamed afterwards at the lost opportunity to give safe pilotage to such noble adventurers, but noted later that the *Aniara* was safe and snug within Sutton Pool, where my crew had directed.

Soon caught one gar fish, large mouth lined with sharp teeth with a tail attached, so back it went. Off Drake's Island the weight at the end of the long line caught a rock, and the weight which had been proudly purchased the previous day stayed at the bottom. When just inside the Breakwater the weather took one of its quick turns from a light overcast evening to one with a menacing sky, freshening breeze, and that cold chill of concern for the immediate future was soon with us, so we turned for home. Keeping the weather eye open, we noted a large Fleet Auxiliary coming into the Sound, and promptly assumed that she was going all the way across the Sound, so set a parallel course to the main shipping lane. The light rain and chill of the evening added to the tension as we watched the massive towering bow slowly swing toward us; although 500 yards or more away, the momentum and difficulty of manoeuvring a large ship were factors which occupied our thoughts. Our eyes were glued to the grey mass, and with the throttle wide open, course reset to be at right angles to that of the big boat. Even at low speed, she had two small triangles of bow wave which rolled up from her great submerged hull. To us these two patches of live water were like car headlamps of an approaching vehicle at dusk; the eye endeavouring to look beyond at the bulky sides and towering derricks of the big boat were drawn back to the white of the bow wave.

Concern was unfounded, for the ship was slipping in behind the Breakwater to anchor near the fort. Each of us should be equipped with a radar head; for, while our attention was distracted by the Fleet Auxiliary, a similar sized tanker which had been at anchor within Jennycliff Bay was now under way in a Westerly direction at low speed. Immediate work upon the tiller, for my slight knowledge of the main channel told me that we were heading across it, and we set course to the stern of the tanker, now about 2 miles away and heading at 30° off collision course. Just then the Captain of the tanker put his foot on the throttle, and away she went at a rate of knots. We kidded ourselves that she had waited for us, but on reflection it was big brother for which she had delayed her departure.

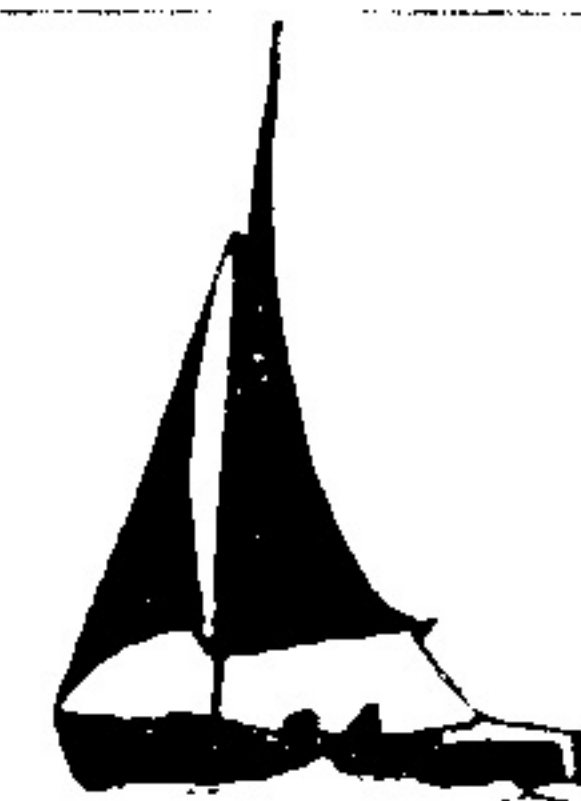
John and/or Pat caught one mackerel which became very greedy, for not being content with swallowing one metal spinner he or she proceeded to chase the other hook with the result that we were left with wonderfully twisted and knotted lines plus a few undertones of fisherman's language. First blood for the evening was aboard, so

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although night imminent, it was explained to me, that this was the time when our water neighbours upon earth fed, so off to the sewers at Millbay we went. The only thing what was caught, was us — caught out by using up all the fuel in the tank. Sufficient mix was prepared to refill and motor back to wharf in the dark without lights.

Next month:

Minor mishaps.

What not to do with an anchor.

The first race, and what an introduction.

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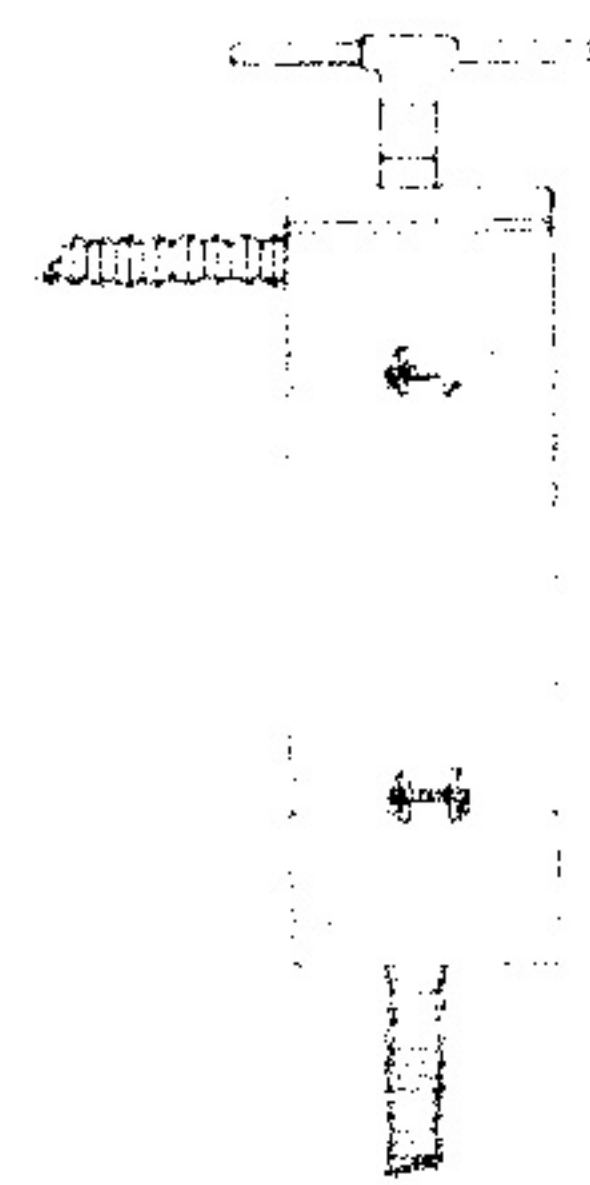
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