

The Silhouette Owner

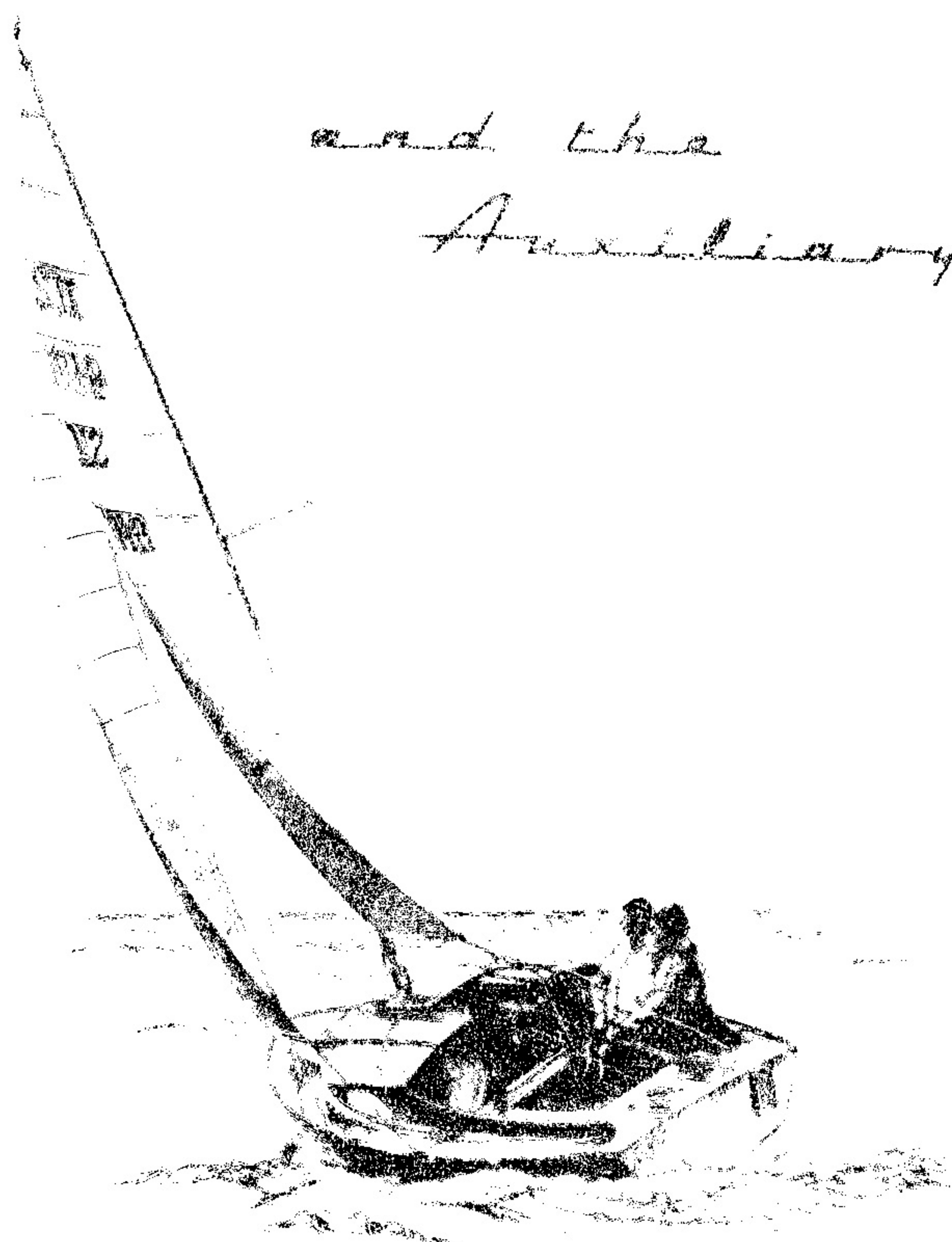
*The Journal of the
Silhouette Owners' International Association*

NUMBER 41

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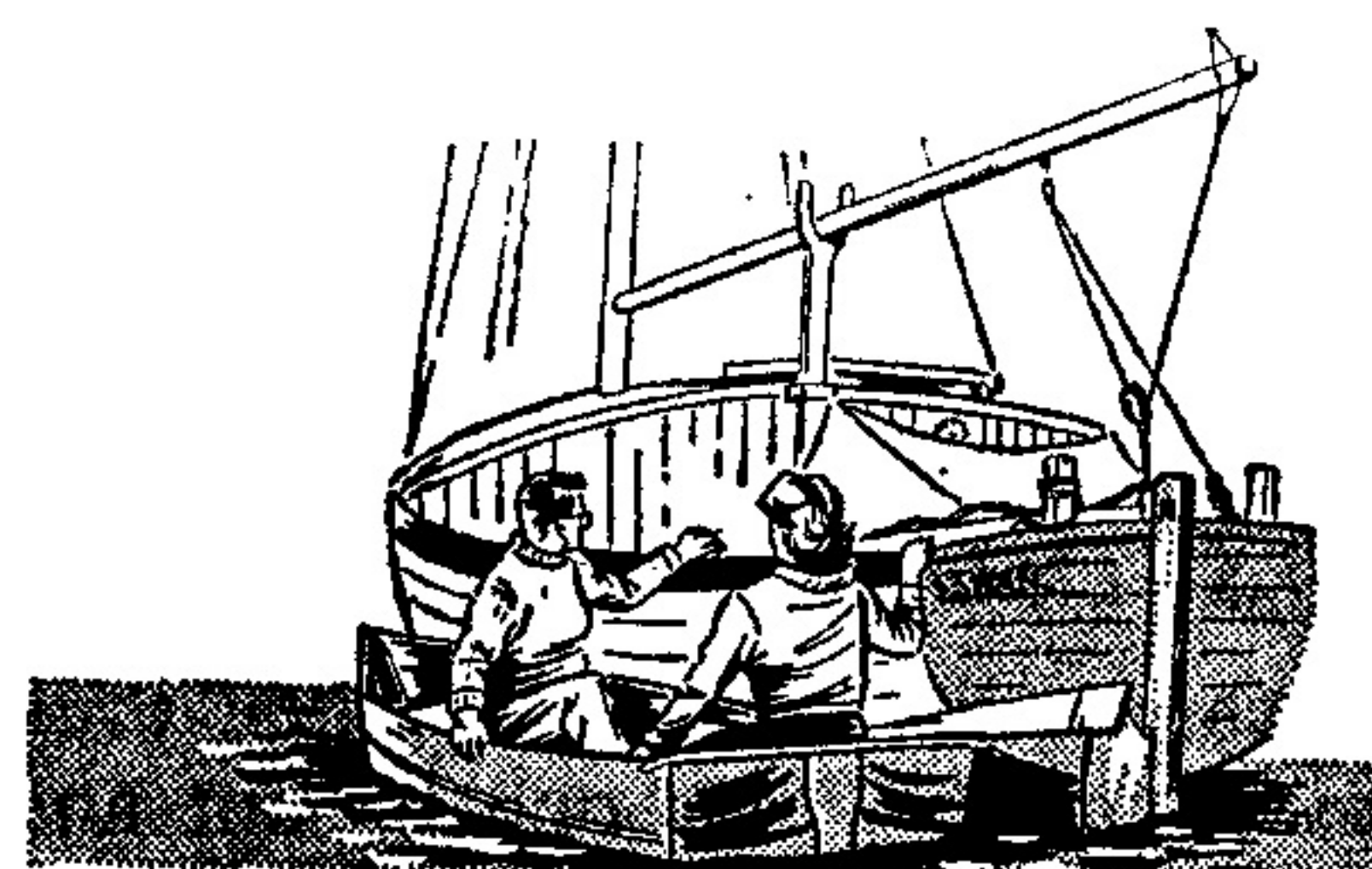
Moonraker will reappear next month. We thank many members for letters which will also appear next month.

Lone Sailors

SILHOUETTE Owners have several reasons for being particularly interested in the Singlehanded Transatlantic Race, won so brilliantly by the Frenchman, Eric Tabarly, on June 19. Hard on Tabarly's heels came our own Hon. Rear Commodore, Francis Chichester, after a passage which, for sheer dogged determination and superb seamanship, eclipsed even Tabarly's winning voyage.

Then we had one of our own former Silhouette Owners in the fleet—Robert Bunker (ex-S II 254) of Cheam, Surrey, who entered in his Folkboat *Vanda Caelia*. Bob was the youngest competitor in the race. Two days before he sailed he became engaged to Miss Anne Lavelle, who was helping him at Plymouth in fitting out his boat. We congratulate both Bob and Anne, and wish them every happiness in the voyage of life together. Yet another distinguished friend of the SOIA in the race was Dr. David Lewis, in his notable catamaran *Rehu Moana*. She was the only multi-hulled boat in the race which made the ocean passage without having to put in anywhere for repairs. The other catamaran in the fleet that started from Plymouth had to put into the Azores, and the only trimaran put back to Plymouth some days after leaving, after damaging her self-steering gear in collision with some large baulk of floating timber—or, perhaps, a whale. David Lewis and his wife Fiona have been at the last two of our annual London parties, and made many friends at them.

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On another page, a letter from Sheila Chichester acknowledges a telegram of good wishes which Reg Garrod sent to Francis from the Association just before he sailed. And some member of the SOIA gave Francis a cake! Regrettably this *Journal* does not know who, but a radio telephone message from Francis to *The Guardian* on June 15 said that the cake had kept well, and that he had just eaten it.

No one can grudge Eric Tabarly his victory in the race. It was the outcome of a dedicated effort, with the plywood ketch *Pen-Duick II* specially designed and built for the race. Tabarly is one of the leading ocean racers in France, and he sailed the race superbly. In a way, he ought to have won. *Pen-Duick II* is bigger than Chichester's *Gipsy Moth II* (44ft. overall against *Gipsy's* 39ft.), and of remarkably light displacement. And Tabarly is *thirty years* younger than Chichester—33, against Francis's 63! Chichester's performance, at an age when many men regard a round of golf as fairly strenuous, is all-but incredible. He not only sailed *Gipsy* magnificently, but for half the passage he had to contend with a leak which required up to 1,000 strokes of the pump a day to hold in check. In spite of this heavy burden of fatigue, in spite of the weight of *Gipsy's* gear and sails, in spite of his extra thirty years, Francis held the Frenchman almost all the way across, and lost to him only in the last few days. Francis

Chichester's Atlantic crossing will rank as one of the most magnificent feats of sailing in the world's history.

Silhouette Owners, too, have yet another reason for particular interest in the Transatlantic Race. Many of our boats are plywood, and although we know how tough they are, there is still a lot of ill-informed prejudice in the world about plywood, and about light displacement. The winner in this most testing Atlantic race deliberately chose a plywood boat, and one of exceptionally light displacement. His victory is an immense encouragement to all who believe in our kind of boat.

Secretary's Notes

THIS really isn't the time of the year to sit down and write; even our climate, wet and wintry as it can be, bids one be out and doing, and when one has a little boat, a little water and a little wind, there is only one thing to be doing. But this is no help to our already overworked editor, the Journal must go to press, be it July or January, and blank pages are most uninteresting. So please rake out your pen, pencil or typewriter, write to the Editor, complain about all the things you feel the Association should be doing, tell us of your latest exploits of last weekend, describe how you have overcome some of the problems. Weather-helm, for instance—ask for advice, in fact, anything so long as we hear from *YOU*.

Our Commisariat Department (Paul Smedley) asks me to apologise for some delays that have occurred with the delivery of burgees, etc. He asks you to bear with him, as stocks do run out, and the best of us cannot always estimate the demand. The Association is not wealthy enough to hold pounds and pounds tied up in material things, so inevitably there will, on occasions, be a delay, so please be a little patient, and above all please write to *him* if you have any queries; it saves time, for if I get the letter, I can only pass it on.

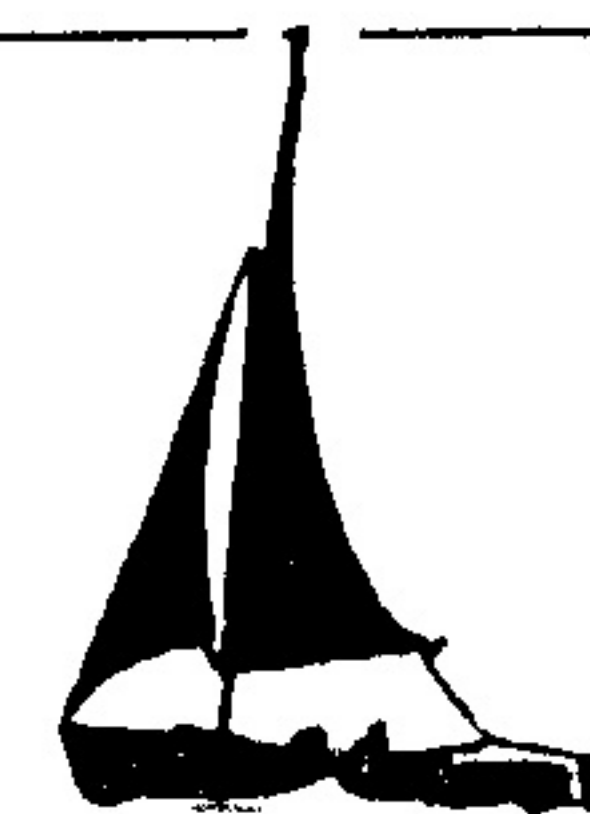
With our rising numbers of members, I get a pretty heavy post bag every day, all of which I do my best to answer (or, if they are too technical, to get answered). Constantly I am asked by prospective owners, if I think that the Silhouette is seaworthy and a safe boat for a small family; perhaps you get the same sort of inquiry? This extract from a letter from an owner in the Channel Islands, will be of interest, "When the weather is bad over here, we are generally out, somewhere between here and the French coast, and we are beginning to gain the reputation as a very hard weather boat. Most of the boats I have owned during the last thirty years have been between 4 and 10 tons. But in none of them have I enjoyed greater confidence when the weather is bad than in *Leprechaun*. I am taking her through the Alderney Race in August; I can't pay any small boat a greater compliment than that. Our notorious Channel Island tides have to be seen to be believed. Bowling along in a soldier's wind recently, with

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the genoa nicely full, I noticed that we were going astern, and believe it or not, with the engine at full throttle, we still could not make over the tide." This may be preaching to the converted, but it is nice to be able to quote such letters to newcomers.

Next month we shall all be assembling at Plymouth for our second regatta. Entries have rolled in very nicely, and I have every confidence that the final figure will be near the hundred mark. Have you sent your fee to The Royal Corinthian Yacht Club, yet? You will miss the best holiday you have ever had if you miss "Plymouth Week." I really must reiterate, that the extra seats available for the Prize Giving Dinner and Dance, are very, very limited, and will be given out on a strictly first-come-first-served basis. This is the only part of The Week that we have to limit, for in all other events, the more the merrier. All arrangements are well in hand, even to a hut erected on the quayside in which stores can be delivered, or articles left, and a floating pontoon will provide fuel and water for all boats, and will be especially welcomed by those living aboard. And it is those who live onboard who have the most fun.

After three years of careful hard work, Eddie Coxell launched his built-from scratch *Sarah Brown* on the Crouch recently, a proud day for him, and a very satisfying week's cruise he had the following week. Always I marvel at the patience and industry of the home builders, and envy their courage to undertake such a task, but I do think that some of our home builders ought to write an article or two, on the snags encountered, and how they were overcome. Time must hang heavy when the boat is afloat!

Another recent launching was at Dover, when Associate member Ernie Large, dropped his newly built *Eclipse* into the dock with the local crane. Although Ernie bought the moulded hull, all the rest of of the boat is his own work, including the half ton of moulded lead for the keel, a beautifully fitted out craft that will be sailing in the handicap races at Plymouth.

Small boats, mini cars, miniature breeds of dogs, mini flats and houses, all very well and useful. But when the local restaurants start advertising "Mini Steaks" I draw the line. We will be drinking beer by the teaspoon soon.

Good sailing, looking forward to meeting you at Plymouth.—
R.A.G.

Crewing Register

OWNERS who are looking for crews, and people who would like to crew on Silhouettes, are invited to make use of the Crewing Register maintained by *The Silhouette Owner*. This is a completely free service, in the interests of sailing. The following have recently asked for their names to be put on the Register. Will Owners or Crews interested, please write directly to the people concerned?

LONDON AREA. I have recently become interested in sailing, particularly in the class of yacht that your Association deals with. I have had no experience of sailing, but I understand that it is possible to gain the rudiments of sailing via your organisation, through one of your existing Owner-members. If this is possible, I would greatly appreciate any assistance.—*P. C. Woolton, 74 Sumatra Road, West Hampstead, London, N.W.6.*

SCARBOROUGH. I should be glad to know if you have a man on your Crewing Register who would like to sail with me at weekends. My boat is at Scarborough, and as I have a car, I could arrange transport for someone not too far from my home, or from the East Coast. This is my first season with my Silhouette and, if possible, it would help to have a crew member with a little sailing experience. I should be only too glad to get in touch with anyone who would like to come along. I am 40 years old, and would prefer to sail with someone around my own age, if possible. — *G. Chenery, 7 Marlow Road, Intake, Doncaster, Yorks.*

WELWYN. I have had a fortnight's sailing with a Sailing School, and hope to get another week in shortly. I should very much like to crew at weekends.—*Pamela Dalton, 7 Ashley Close, Welwyn Garden City.*

SOUTH COAST or EAST COAST. I should like my name added to the Crewing Register for this season. For all practical purposes I have had no previous experience of sailing. I would list South Coast between Chichester and Eastbourne and East Coast, Maldon or Burnham in order of preference for home ports.—*B. T. Elkington, 90 Woodlawn Crescent, Whitton, Middlesex.*

KENT or SUSSEX. I do not profess to be very knowledgable about the Silhouette, but I am willing and keen to learn. I am in my mid-thirties, and have the following experience: (a) owned 20ft. motor cruiser for two years before I was married, based Kingston-on-Thames, (b) crewed on 40ft. MFV type yacht out of Medway on numerous occasions, once to France, (c) crewed on Flying Fifteen, (d) built my own 10ft. sailing dinghy, and have sailed her singlehanded for the past two years. I would be very willing to help anybody fitting out, etc. I can quite easily reach any part of the Kent and Sussex coasts as far as Chichester.—*K. G. Barrett, Pineview, 80 Sundridge, Avenue, Chislehurst, Kent. Imperial 1089 (evening); Monarch 5255 (day, messages can be left).*

READY TO GO ANYWHERE. I have had previous experience of dinghy sailing and offshore Class boats, over some five or six years. I have my own kit, and am available at short notice. I have a car to drive anywhere in England or Wales.—*F. H. Barrie, 18 Holmbush Road, London, S.W.15.*

Owners and crews make their own arrangements with each other about sailing, transport to moorings, etc. It is reasonable to expect crews to provide their own sailing clothes, oilskins, personal bouyancy, etc. Anyone making use of the Register must bear in mind that this is a voluntary service, and that all concerned sail at their own risk, without liability to *The Silhouette Owner* or to the Silhouette Owners' International Association.

Letters to the Editor

TRANSATLANTIC RACE. Dear Silhouette Owners—My husband has asked me to thank you so much for your good wishes for the Transatlantic Race. He is sorry not to answer them himself, but as you know, he is well across the ocean. With kind regards. Yours very sincerely—*Sheila Chichester, 9 St. James's Place, London S.W.1.*

NAMES. I was surprised to see the name of my boat, *Half Hour*, mentioned in *The Silhouette Owner*, but I must say that the origin is not as glamorous or dramatic as your proposed explanation. I thought, when I used the name, that it would be obvious—but no one has, as yet, to my knowledge, hit on the correct solution. My name is Hancock—the boat must, therefore, be *Half Hour — Hancock's Half Hour.* — *J. Hancock, 52 Victoria Road, Bournemouth.*

BLOCKS AND WINCHES. May I hasten to correct an error which appears in my last letter printed in the June issue of *The Silhouette Owner*—"make certain that the end ply where the hole is cut is protected by sealing it with a *hardboard* strip, suitably glued and screwed."—This should, of course, have read *HARDWOOD*.

Your correspondent Mr. R. E. Robinson asked in his last letter whether anyone had any experience of the Lewmar Novex Block on the mainsheet. We have used one of these in all weathers, and it is now in its third season. They do need adjustment to the tension according to wind strength, but the new type have been modified to make this simplicity itself while under sail. We wouldn't be without ours.

We have overcome the problem of making jibsheets fast in the cam jam cleats by mounting the latter on the bridge deck on two ash blocks cut at an angle of something like 20 degrees. This lifts the cleat a couple of inches or more above the bridge deck, and allows a downward pull. The blocks are 4 inches square and slope from 2½ inches down to nothing.

We have Lewmar Snubbing Winches fitted on the side deck, immediately opposite the nylon sheathed hole in the cockpit coaming (leading to the cam jam cleats). "Bulleyes" are fitted forward of these, of course. This overcomes the right angle problem, but one must be careful to order one right hand and one left hand snubbing winch! There is still a fair amount of friction to overcome, and we are still looking for the perfect answer to this problem. Just in case Mr. Robinson wants a quick answer before the next *Journal* is published, I have sent him a copy of this letter.—*Rex H. Mendham, Pilgrims, Crompton Down, Winchester.*

TIMBER OR ALUMINIUM? After the Hon. Sec.'s comments on timber versus aluminium masts, the following from a "timber merchant" may be of interest.

We found that the extra weight of the timber mast—raising the centre of gravity of the boat above that of one fitted with an aluminium mast, served to overcome the inherent "stiffness" of a Silhouette. This was an advantage in light airs where one could heel the boat over and let gravity form the aerofoil in the mainsail. However, owing to the extra bracing required—especially in our case where there was an initial kink in the mast, the windage became quite abhorrent in anything over Force 4. The extra weight aloft wasn't so good either.

From a purely sentimental angle, the timber mast seems to me more part of the boat and not just another fitting—one can hardly nail a dubloon to nor stick a knife in an aluminium job. There is also something rather unnerving in rigging which "clinks" and a boom that can whistle! — *Leigh Jones.*

First Time Across

By Anne Fowler

EVERYONE else just does it. "Left Dover 4-40 a.m. soon sighted Gris Nez," they remark tersely. We waited. We waited at the Hoo Marina, Rochester, where we were treated most courteously, for the crane to launch us to be repaired. We waited four days because the weather was too bad. We left at last. The Skipper hauled up the jib and hastily hauled it down again.

"First time I've ever set it upside down," he said. We glanced back, and were glad that there were no obvious watchers.

We sailed down the Medway, and with pride I studied the Fairway Echo Sounder which had been given to us. It added spice and confidence to our leisurely voyage, and gave me a pleasant occupation. After a peaceful night at Queenborough we left at 7 a.m. So easily others leave.

"You must sleep in your clothes," ordered the Skipper "and I'll call you at 5."

I could not complain, as I had proved too often that my thorough bath in an inch of water, breakfast and stowage of kit occupied 1½ hours. Neither the Skipper nor I could understand how time passed. "Ten minutes late," complained the Skipper. "Your husband may wait for you, but the tide won't. We must reach Kingsferry Bridge at low water, or we shall have to lower our mast."

We anchored just past the bridge. It was the first time we had ever done so, and I was relieved when the chain slid gently down. We filled up with petrol, and as usual it overflowed into the well in which the engine was fitted in the cockpit. Can no one invent a petrol gauge to be fitted to outboards? The Skipper went forward and began hauling in the chain.

"Plenty of time," I thought remembering the quantity of chain which had gone down. "I'll fill in the log. We must record the amount of petrol we are using."

I was aroused by a scream of rage from the Skipper.

"What the — do you think you're doing! We're drifting on to the shore. Start the engine immediately."

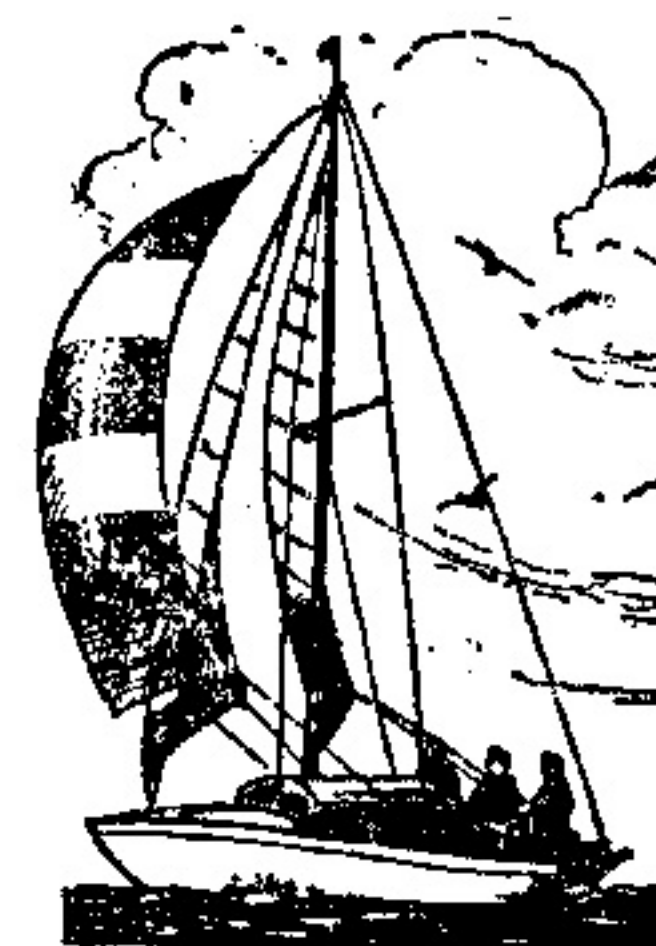
Just in time our faithful Johnson responded, but coughed apologetically and stopped in a moment. The Skipper dropped the anchor again and hurried back to the cockpit.

"It's probably a dirty plug. I'll get my spanner"

It was the only thing we had learnt about our engine. We could change the plugs, but had recoiled in dismay when we were shown how many nuts and screws with which we should have to contend if we examined the engine any further. "I suppose you turned on," he added as an afterthought, and turned on.

"It's eighteen months since we sailed," I apologised and the Skipper stalked back to the anchor.

The Fairway Echo Sounder brought us up the Swale, and I was



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thankful that we had it, as the channel was narrow and shallow. *East Coast Rivers* had informed us that one could tie up at the steps of the pub, the Shipwright's Arms, at Oare Creek, at any state of the tide. We picked up a buoy some yards from the shore, and the Skipper rowed ashore to get water, stepped into the glutinous mud and it oozed over his short Wellingtons.

"Good thing you didn't come," he shouted. "I'm just going into the pub for half an hour. Won't be long."

He returned two hours later to find *Sou* reclining inelegantly on a precipitous mud bank, and a somewhat stony wife perched at an acute angle.

"Met a couple of chaps," he explained half heartedly, while mud poured from his boots into the boat. We woke next morning at the same uncomfortable angle, and found it too difficult to cook. We later discovered, however, a comfortable mooring within the quay. Sitting placidly on level mud, we wondered why there were not more boats beside us.

"It's springs," explained Barry the shipwright, "You'd better move, or you'll be stuck there."

So again we found a sloping bank of mud, and waited for a good weather report. We thought of spending a night at Whitstable, as a concession to my dislike of rising early, and then going on to Ramsgate before sailing across. We sat on the mud and passed pleasant hours in the old world bar of the Shipwright's Arms, the club of the Hollow Shore Cruising Club, a peaceful spot, having only the pub and the shipwright's yard and the unspeakable mud.

At last we had a good weather report, and we decided to leave the next morning, but a telephone message came through to the club saying that the Ramsgate inner harbour was to be closed for a week.

"I will do a lot for you," I said "but I will not bounce about in an outer harbour waiting for another good weather report."

Secretly delighted, I am sure, the Skipper agreed that we should go up to Faversham, get *Sou* lifted out of the water, and then trail her down to Dover. My courage ebbed slowly as we waited among all the larger boats in Dover Harbour. It was too like waiting for a dentist's appointment. We met the Woods, who had completed their Silhouette last year, and the Larges, who had sailed in Silhouettes for four years and depressed me still further by mentioning casually that they had lost their 13 tonner. What chance had I of surviving when

The Silhouette Owners' International Association

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

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bigger boats foundered? We listened anxiously to the weather reports. Two nights we went to sleep in our clothes, so as to get up at 5 a.m., only to find the midnight and 6-45 a.m. reports discouraging, as they mentioned winds of Force 6 and 7 and gales of Force 8 in the North. One day it was windy, but the second a perfect day for crossing and we fretted at being misled. The third night we woke again at 12 and 5 and heard, on the Skipper's part with relief and on mine with a little dismay, that there should be a wind of 4—5.

"There's a high pressure over the Continent too, so it will probably be a day like yesterday. I'd prefer a 3—4, but I think we should be all right," he said.

We motored out and set our sails in the outer harbour. The Skipper looked over his shoulder and gave a shout of dismay. Immediately behind loomed a ferry boat which had uttered no friendly warning. We scurried away, and the dread I had of crossing the busy shipping lines increased. However, perhaps because it was a Sunday, there were remarkably few boats, and all those we saw when on top of a wave were easily avoidable. *Sou* surged forward into the Channel, and bobbed like a cork over the surprisingly high waves, caused by a Force 8 gale in the Humber area. When we had gone too far to turn back the waves rose more steeply.

Regional Groups

established in the following areas:

Regional groups of the Silhouette Owners' Association have been

South-East. *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, Edgbaston, Birmingham.*

North-West. *Hon. Sec. George Smith, Woodcroft, Park Road, Hale, Cheshire.*

Wyre and Morecambe Bay. *Hon. Sec. Bertram Lloyd, The Tythe, Glebe Lane, Dowbridge, Kirkham, Lancs.*

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

Yorkshire (Humber to Tees). *Hon. Sec. Brian M. Beeden, Toll Bar House, Firsby Lane, Conisborough, near Doncaster.*

Scotland. *Hon. Sec. J. B. Jackson, 81 Baillie Drive, Calderwood, East Kilbride, Tel. East Kilbride 21194.*

"I don't believe," I said anxiously, "that this is a Force 5 wind. It's frightening to think that you just can't trust the broadcasts."

We watched the spume being blown from the crests of the waves, and from the troughs stared up at the waves reaching half way up our mast. But *Sou* gave one a wonderful feeling of confidence. Not once did we have the feeling that she couldn't cope with the situation, and I realised that I felt happier in the open sea than bumping about in harbours.

When we were halfway across I noticed some water pouring from the cockpit well, where the engine was, into the bilges. To my horror I found the bilges threequarters full, and pumped vigorously until the pump failed. I seized the plastic baler, which up to now had always been used as a useful dustpan, and hurled the water out, but as fast as I baled more came in.

"You've just told everyone that no water comes in," I said. "It's never happened before."

The Skipper sat looking British and nonchalant.

"It's all the clobber you've brought aboard that's put *Sou* inches below the water line." He has always ignored 20 fathoms of chain, three anchors and the engine.

I baled feverishly for the rest of the voyage, and found it me so that I could not worry about the waves, and luckily our anti-seasickness pills conquered any seasickness I might have had.

We stared at each other with delight when Cap Gris Nez loomed on a misty skyline. The Skipper had worked out our course at 165 degrees from the South Goodwin Light Vessel, and we were pleased and surprised to discover that we were right. Unfortunately, we discarded the compass at this point. We had found, when it was too late, that the lid of the box in which the compass was prevented from sliding in the hatchway, as we had the compass fitted on the bridge deck, and the waves which rushed over the bows drenched us, while a certain amount went down into the cabin. We now battened down.

"I'll make straight for Calais," said the Skipper, forgetting all about such things as tide and wind.

We soared along, and there was a wonderful feeling of exhilaration as *Sou* glided up each wave and gently sank down into the trough. We sighted a buoy in the distance and made for it. At last we saw some cranes beyond, a tall tower and a stretch of sands. It's too small for Calais we decided, as there appeared to be no houses.

"Damn it, I believe we've reached Dunkirk," said the Skipper.

We studied the chart which, fortunately, was in its invaluable plastic Seewall Chart Case, but we found that the buoy was CA2 when we approached nearer to it. It was then that the Skipper remembered that he should not have been there at all, but should have hugged the coast instead of sailing across the shallows *Ridens de Calais* and *Ridens de la Rade*, where the turmoil of the waves threw *Sou* about.

"I must get round the starboard side of the buoy," the Skipper told me as I knelt, bailing continuously. We tried for an hour, going back out to sea and surging forward again.

"We'll never get in at this rate," said the Skipper. But *Sou* made the special effort necessary, and we struggled past. Sailing on a broad reach we passed another buoy, and were soon triumphantly tossing into Calais harbour. We grinned at each other with pride.

"Our joint ages are 123 and we've done it in seven hours and it could have been six but for the last hour," I said with satisfaction. We sailed up to a dilapidated barge.

"Hang on with the boathook," ordered the Skipper.

It was an impossible boat; there seemed nothing to hang on to. The boathook slipped and slithered. The Skipper came rushing up.

"I'll do it," he said a little impatiently.

I watched with concern as he leant nearer to the barge. *Sou* glided away with heartless thoughtlessness. The Skipper seemed stretched to breaking point, then suddenly collapsed, and I saw his surprised face as he fell ingloriously in. I remembered that it had taken another Silhouette owner three hours to get on board again, and knew that I could never lift him. However, luckily he was clutching the mooring line and, having twisted it into a step, was soon on board again.

It was not a graceful arrival, but at least we had arrived. A Belgian sailor helped us to moor alongside his boat.

"La la," he said as he saw the water in the bilges. "Too much wind today."

Venturers' Fleet

LED by the Commodore, Judge Meurig Evans in his 9 ton Hillyard *Maid of Skye*, eight boats of the North West Venturers' Y.C. set off from Gallows Point, Beaumaris, on Saturday, May 16 for Cemaes Bay on the North coast of Anglesey, on their Whitsun cruise.

The original plan had been to sail to Morfa Nevin in the Lley Peninsula, SW of Caernarvon Bar, but with a South Westerly wind forecast, which would have meant a beat most of the way, and the possibility of meeting a foul tide, the destination was changed to take us around the East coast of the island instead.

Boats and crews taking part were:

A Colin Mudie designed 5 tonner *Lady Irene* (A. Goodwin, Rear Commodore, who had the Training Officer, Geoff Walton and his son Herbie, on leave from the R.A.F., crewing for him).

Five Silhouettes of the Venturers' Fleet—*Buttercup II* (Ron Bradbury and Bob Allsop), *Dolphin* (Herbert Firth, Dicky Roper and his twin sons John and Robert), *Martini* (George Smith, Hon. Sec. N.W. Group S.O.I.A., and his wife Paddy), *Charlotte* (Evian Owen, and his wife Margaret and Alan Pritchard), *Joyce* (Ian Roberts and his father Joe). And a Caprice, *Etesian* (Neville and Richard Hopkins).

The boats made a gay sight, as with their club and association burgees flying, they set off with a S.W. wind, Force 2, which meant a gentle run down the Straits to Puffin. At 13.40 hours the wind died away, and engines were started up. We passed through Puffin Sound at 14.00 hours, and made course for Lynas Point on a compass bearing of 320 degrees. As we got away from the coast the wind came up again, and a very pleasant passage was made up to Lynas Point, which we passed at 16.00 hours.

As we rounded the Point we could see the Liverpool pilot boat waiting, just off the East Mouse near Amlych, to put pilots aboard incoming merchantmen, and take off those outward bound. As we drew abeam of her, three merchantmen came in sight to pick up their pilots.

The wind freshened considerably after passing Lynas, and a rather lumpy passage was made through the various overfalls along the North Anglesey coast. Ian Roberts, in *Joyce* got left behind about a mile, due to the fact that he went too far offshore and failed to get the benefit of the ebbing tide close inshore. Our Commodore left us off the Middle Mouse, to carry on to Holyhead and Ireland.

The fleet, led by Goody in *Lady Irene* entered Cemaes Harbour at 17.15 hours, and all made fast to the harbour wall. Due to making a late start from Gallows Point, we were only just able to get inside the harbour, and this fact brought home to all the importance of setting off on time. As soon as all the boats were in, the Coastguard was informed. Whenever we have an organised cruise, it is a drill to notify our departure, destination and arrival to the Coastguard Service, so that they can keep a lookout for us.

Some members dined on board, but the majority had dinner in a pleasant little restaurant overlooking the harbour. Later, Ken and Peggy Lingard arrived by road to meet us, and also Ron Bradbury's wife, Ena and daughter Anne. A very good get-together was had at the Vigour Inn, until closing time, and afterwards in the harbour when Neville and Richard Hopkins cooked sausages and bacon for all.

As we went aboard, the boats were lying some distance below the top of the harbour wall, but with Dicky Roper acting as guide everybody managed to get aboard without any midnight bathing.

Sunday dawned warm and sunny, and a conference was held about the return trip. Some members were in favour of continuing around the Island and spending the night at Pilots' Cove before crossing Caernarvon Bar, and returning to Beaumaris on Monday. However, after some discussion it was decided to return the way we had come, and to leave Cemaes Harbour as soon as we were afloat which would be about 13.00 hours for the twin bilge keel boats but later for *Lady Irene*.

As things turned out the right decision was made, for early in the morning a S. Westerley Force 7, gusting to 8 came up, and we would have been in rather a bad position off Pilots' Cove; and it would have been impossible to have crossed the Bar to enter the Straits.

At 13.10 hours all the twin bilge keel boats left the harbour, and we had to head a Force 2 wind all the way to Lynas Point which was passed at 14.30 hours. Here the wind dropped completely, and the sea looked like glass. Visibility was considerably reduced, and it was necessary to sail a compass course towards Puffin Island of 140 degrees, led by Ron Bradbury. It became very hot, and most of the time was taken up in sleeping or sunbathing.

By 17.10 hours we were through Puffin Sound, but there was still no sign of *Lady Irene*. *Etesian* had left us at Lynas to spend the night with friends in Lynas Cove. On approaching Puffin Sound we passed Brian and Margaret Wiggins in the *Silhouette* SII 646.

By 18.10 hours we had reached Gallows Point, and by 18.20 were picking up our moorings. *Lady Irene* arrived later, and the Coast-guard was informed that we were home. All voted it an excellent weekend, but it could have been even better had we had wind to sail the whole way back.

It would have been nice to have had more members and boats taking part in the cruise but some were unavoidably prevented from coming for business reasons.—*Herbert Firth*.

George Smith, Hon. Sec. of the N.W. Group writes: Will all members going to Plymouth please check that their subscriptions are paid, and that all necessary information regarding numbers, crews, etc., has been sent to the Sailing Officer so that your place may be reserved at all the functions.

July 11. Club Cruise to Lynas Cove. Derrick Williams has once again offered to arrange a barbeque. Will those expecting to go kindly let me know as soon as possible, so that the required amount of food can be assessed?

Log Competitions, 1964

WE want a big entry for this year's Log Competitions, and please send in logs to the Editor of the *Journal* as soon as you can. The closing date for this year's competition is Friday, November 27, but that does not mean waiting until November 26 before you post. *Please send in logs from now on.* There are several trophies for different sections of the competition. These are *The Suzanne Trophy* (presented by Robert Tucker) for the winning log of a Silhouette voyage by a member of the SOIA in any waters in the world. *The Silhouette Owner Trophy* for the log of a Silhouette voyage anywhere by a crew including a woman (she may be master, mate, navigator, deckhand, or cook). *The Open Cruising Trophy*, primarily for Associate Members, for the winning log of any voyage in any boat. These are all international trophies, open to international competition. In addition, various Groups have Group Trophies. In the North-West, *The Irene Goodwin Trophy* (presented by Arthur Goodwin) is open to Members and Associate Members alike. Full details of Group Trophies may be obtained from Group Secretaries.

The Exe Fleet

ON May 23 we had an invitation to the "At Home" held by Topsham Sailing Club. Unfortunately, on the appointed day the rains came and the wind did not and the fixture was more or less a wash-out. A few of our members went along by road to show the flag and were warmly received.

One of the problems at Exmouth for those who keep their craft in the harbour is the low bridge at the entrance. Frank Troulan uses the following method for overcoming this. With the mast lowered, he fits a sheer leg 3ft. long with a fork made of ply at one end over the mast just by the tabernacle. The forestay is rigged over the top of this and to the end of the forestay is attached a tackle with double and single blocks and with the fall carried aft. Frank suggests two precautions, a copper tube bearing in the top bolt hole, and a lanyard attached to the sheer leg as it frequently goes over the side when the strain comes off.

At Whitsun two of our members, Dick Trevithick in *La Mouette* and my self in *Poucette* had a most enjoyable little cruise. Dick and his crew John, came across to Brixham from Teignmouth on Friday evening where Jean and I were able to join them on Saturday afternoon. We got away at about three o'clock and, after having to motor to the start where we were bounced about a bit going around the corner, a nice breeze sprang up off the land and we were in Salcombe at eight. On Sunday we carried on down the coast with a pleasant Easterly and the tide under us, and fetched up in the Yealm in about three hours. We all walked up to Noss Mayo to the Globe where Dick's wife and family, who were staying in Plymouth, came over to meet us. Monday's sail was across to Cawsand and the wind kindly

went around into the West to make the bay habitable. The good thing about Cawsand is the Boatel, which sounds dreadful but is in fact just what is wanted by the small boat sailor. Temporary membership costs 3s. 6d., and for that you literally have the run of the place, bar, splendid meals, showers, drying facilities and a generally matey atmosphere generated by Frank North who runs the place. The 3s. 6d. also covers membership of the Boatel, NOT the Marina, at Dartmouth, run by Mrs. North.

On Tuesday we started the homeward run and came to an anchor as they say, in Salcombe, and on Wednesday we had a splendid sail back to Brixham, this time in four and a half hours. After a communal tea, Dick and John sailed on home to Teignmouth. The whole operation was carried out in perfect conditions, and next year's plans are already being laid.—*C. J. Guscott.*

Trek to Plymouth

THE North-West Group has collected as much information as it can about members' plans for Plymouth, well in advance of Plymouth Week, so that people can co-ordinate arrangements. The following members and friends of the Group (domestic and other crises permitting) are certain starters for Plymouth: John and Helen Anderson, Herbert Firth, George Smith, Philip Austin, Ken Lingard, Nevill and Richard Hopkins, Ian Warren, Roy Beaumont, Brian Wiggins, Ron Bradbury, Ian Holyman, Don McKnight and Richard Roper. The number of boats is a little less certain, but there will be at least seven and probably more. Boats from the NW fleet which are already known to be going to Plymouth include *Mary Lane*, *Dolphin*, *Martini*, *Whim*, *Coral Reef II*, *Buttercup II* and *Kotka*.

At least five of these boats with their owners will be staying on after Plymouth Week to cruise in Southern waters. Any members from other Groups who may also be staying on, and who would like to cruise in company, are invited to get in touch with the Hon. Secretary of the NW Group — G. W. Smith, Woodcroft, Park Road, Hale, Cheshire.

The Blackwater

THE Blackwater Group got off to a good start this year with a showing of the Plymouth Week film attended by about twenty people at the Bell Inn at Ingatestone.

On Whit Monday a rally was held at Stone and about twelve Silhouettes arrived in spite of a forecast of strong winds. After a few hours sunning ourselves on the beach we sailed for our home ports. Those of us heading up the river had to contend with the forecast strong wind dead ahead and *Saucy Sue*, for one boat, did it the easy way under outboard power.—*R. W. Sharples.*

INSURANCE. EDWARD LUMLEY (Yacht Insurance) LIMITED, Lumley House, 43/51 St. Mary Axe, London, EC3, offer special facilities to members of the SOIA for all forms of marine insurance. Details from Hon. Treasurer.

The Solent Group

EIGHT Silhouettes, one Felicity and one Valkyrie gathered at Fishbourne to take part in the Whitsun Rally on Saturday, May 16. We had hoped that the good weather would have encouraged more members to make the trip from their home ports, and we can only hope that those who did attend, and enjoyed the few days cruising in company and racing, will persuade more to join in next time.

On Sunday the eight Silhouettes raced round a triangular course in the Solent for the *George Oliver Trophy*, and after a keen contest in difficult conditions, during which positions changed a good deal, the race was well won by R. H. Mendham, in *Laughing Girl*.

After the race, some boats left Wootton to return to Keyhaven and Christchurch, while the Chichester contingent stayed overnight, and had a pleasant cruise back in company on Monday. Our thanks to those whose support made the weekend so enjoyable (and commiserations with those who missed the fun).

All members of the Solent Group will be glad to learn that John Caulder is now out of hospital and back home. We all hope that he will soon be completely recovered, and sailing again.—*Fred Dawson.*

Chaos in the cabin

By Dorothy Ison

IT just isn't possible to keep tidy in a Silhouette. We've tried and tried and never succeeded; everything is quite determined to get jumbled up.

For instance, the things kept handy on the side shelves: like artistes, tense before a performance, they wait for the rattle of the chain's overture, and down they leap for a ballet on the bunk. An ash-tray makes tinkling love with a penknife; a *pas de deux* between a chart and some knitting. An apple relentlessly stalks a raisin, but a lethargic, elderly book flops from above, capturing the quarry and presenting a vicious corner to the frustrated pursuer. Parry and thrust; roll away, twist, and back for another blow. Scarred apple totters to the edge, and thuds on the cabinsole, while victorious old Slocum slumbers on an unrecognisable raisin. It's no good putting the untidy wretches back on the shelves until the boat is still again, and (funny thing) there always seems to be twice as many by then.

The nice little cupboard over the end of the bunk, that's our bathroom and surgery. A peculiar shape, and it becomes an obsession to stack soap, shaving-gear, aspirins and iodine, neatly, so that they just fit. But when one thing is wanted, they all have to come out, and if there isn't a spare half-hour for re-stacking, in they're pushed, higgeldy-piggeldy, the door slammed on and secured, with the inevitable aval-

anche when the cupboard is opened again. Oh! the swearing when the razor lands on Skipper's bare toe, and I remind him, with a good imitation of his laughter, that tides don't wait for tidiness.

There's the big food shelf in the forepeak, and it's sense (or is it?) to pack all the tins of meat and fruit in the farthest corner? But when you crawl in to reach them, things get accidentally tipped into the chain locker. Or they jump in by themselves. I thought Skipper had been greasing the chain, but it had done its own lubricating by gnawing through half a pound of butter. We'll never forget when the forepeak and cabin were spattered with revolting red patches — one of us was bleeding to death, we couldn't discover which, until we found the red-current jelly all jumbled up with chain and seaweed. A colourful abstract, but revolting to touch — slimy and glutinous. Once jam runs amok you never get rid of the stickiness. Sugar makes a mess, too. Surprising how far a pound will go, and how long it will last, when it's unfit for human consumption.

Then there are clothes. Mine are too numerous and Skipper's too large, so they encroach under the bridge deck where the oft-needed ship's gear is kept for easy grabbing. You should see Skipper's face puzzling through binoculars at a magnified portion of apricot lace! We keep our decrepit clock on that shelf. It goes only on its side, and tends to wander about; I suppose it gets bored poor old thing, and several times it's disappeared up an oilie's sleeve or fallen down a boot, and we've missed the shipping forecast.

But the big advantage of a boat is that untidiness doesn't show unless anyone comes aboard. And when there's so much lying around that it isn't possible to get into bed (that's when we *really* notice the the chaos), well it's great fun to kick everything overboard and be tremendously tidy because there's nothing to be untidy with — until hunger and cold drive you to start all over again.



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FOR SALE. Silhouette II 721, three-berth wooden, executor's sale; very good condition, one owner; three Terylene sails, Seagull Century Plus with clutch, trailer, tarpaulin cover, also cockpit boom awning, toilet, many other extras; can be seen Emsworth; mooring Chichester harbour available; £395 inclusive; Cottingham, Northlands, Muster Green, Haywards Heath.

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