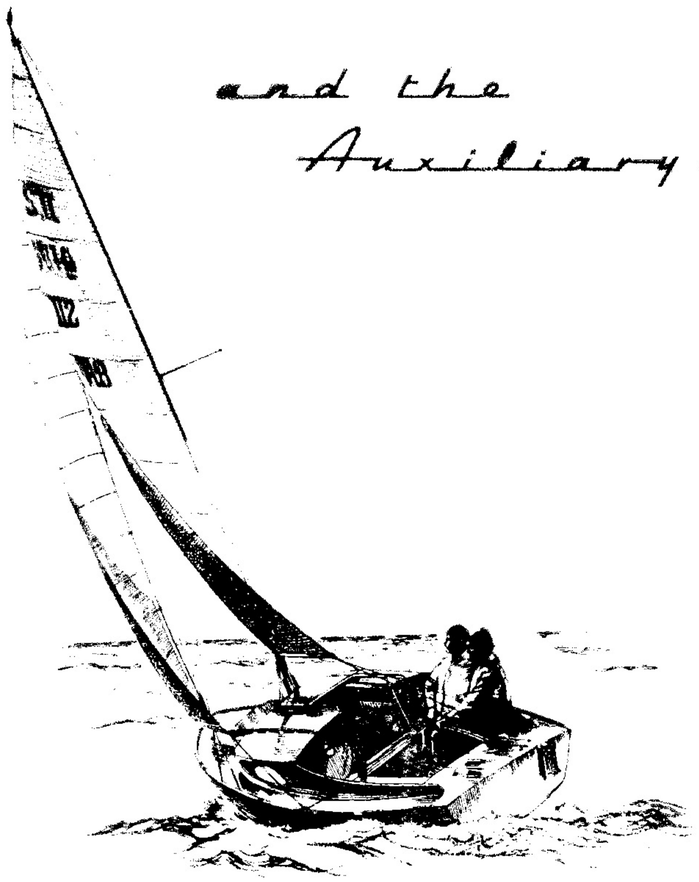
PLYMOUTH WEEK NUMBER

The Silhouette Owner

The journal of the
Silhouette Owners' International Association

NUMBER 45 AUGUST 1964 PRICE 6d.



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Plymouth, 1964

ROUND about 100 Silhouettes will be assembling at Plymouth this month for the greatest gathering of sailing cruisers of one Class that the world has ever seen. It is a notably achievement, and the SOIA is deeply grateful to the officers and members of the Royal Plymouth Corinthian Yacht Club, to Mr. George Hurley and members of his firm, and to all our many friends who have made this great rally. Particular thanks are due to our own South-West Group, and to Reg Gerrod and his helpers in the SOIA for the endless work that has gone into making all the arrangements for Plymouth. Above all, however, Plymouth Week has been made into the reality it is by the enthusiasm and good comradeship of members of the Silhouette Owners' International Association. We have a marvellous body of people in the SOIA, and if Plymouth Week this year lives up to our hopes for it (and we are confident that it will) it will be because Silhouette Owners collectively have infused it with such a wonderful spirit. We hope to see more members this year living on board their boats at Sutton Harbour. Of all the happy memories of last year, the good-humoured family spirit that prevailed in the fleet at North Quay is among the most treasured. It *made* the sense of being part of a world-wide fleet, and it proved in the best possible way that the Silhouette is a jolly good home as well as a jolly good sea-boat. For this is the unique distinction of our annual rally—it is not merely a week of racing, but an assembly of men, women and children for a kind of family festival of the sea. There will be plenty of fine racing in Plymouth Sound, but the heart of the rally is in the coming together of Silhouette Owners and Associate Members to talk, laugh and share experiences. Those who came to our first Plymouth Week last year set a tradition that has, perhaps, never been equalled in sailing gatherings. Long may it be sustained and flourish.

POSTAL DISPUTE

The Postal dispute made it next to impossible to produce this *Journal* at all, delaying letters, holding up copy, and severing communications generally. We can but apologise to our readers for being the victims of events utterly beyond our control. We had planned to do as we did last year, producing the August *Journal* at the normal time, followed by a Special Plymouth Week Number in mid-August. Regrettably, the postal dispute made this impossible. We have, therefore, combined the August issue and the Plymouth issue in this one *Journal*. The next issue of the *Journal* will be dated September-October, and will appear in the ordinary way at the end of September. We regret any inconvenience to advertisers. Series bookings will, of course, be carried on for an additional month without extra charge.

Why SII. 649 is called Eskimo Nell
by Surgeon Commander C. J. Robarts, R.N.

SOME of our members probably recall a rather bawdy ditty recording the feats of *A gentle maid who was not afraid, and her name was Eskimo Nell.*

In 1941, Wavell captured the small port of Derna. Lying there were some Levantine sponge fishing caiques. The Navy took them over, and called them the F class. Douglas V. Duff, sometime Merchant Service apprentice, monk, and Palestine policeman, but by now Lieutenant R.N.R. was appointed to command F4.

Preferring a more imaginative name, he christened her *Eskimo Nell.* In due course her name was inscribed on her wheelhouse in Army boot studs. Finally, official recognition was given, when HMS *Eskimo Nell* appeared in the Fleet Signal Book.

Rommell now landed in Africa, and advanced on Derna. Laden with loot, *Nell* sailed for Alexandria. An Italian submarine surfaced and attacked her. *Nell's* three 7 mm Bredas and one 7 pounder anti-tank gun were too much for the steely-nerved descendants of Horatius. Deciding to fight another day for the ashes of their fathers and the temples of their gods, they submerged and made off for safer waters. Next, MHS *Aphis* challenged *Nell,* but was fortunately persuaded that she was a friend. Duff, who had been wounded, was put ashore at Mersa Matruh, and *Nell* plodded on to Alexandria.

There she was loaded with land mines and mail, and set off for

Torbruk. now surrounded by the Afrika Korps. In 1941, this was one of the less safe excursions, but *Nell* took it in her stride. On arrival, the Naval Officer in Charge, that grand character, Captain F. M. Smith, D.S.O., R.N.R., fell in love with the disreputable little lady, and decided to keep her as our harbour launch.

She took Base Staff out to pilot ships, to collect stores, to repair machinery in the incredible old crocks that brought fuel, food and ammunition to the besieged garrison, to examine the wrecks that littered the harbour, to search for mines dropped the night before or to visit patients in the merchant ships and the M.L.s, landing craft and South Afican whalers of the Inshore Squadron. She ferried the Australian Division out, and the Polish Carpathian Brigade in. One more than one occasion, she took Captain Smith and his helpers to blazing tankers in attemps to put out the fires.

Commanded by a Petty Officer with a crew of half a dozen other cheerful pirates, *Nell* was bombed two or three times a day and shelled rather more often by "Bardia Bill," the German long range gun. This went on unceasingly for four or five months. Her bulwarks aft were wrecked, and hull holed, and her ancient engines creaked and groaned, but she always bobbed up. Commander Percy, our Base Engineer Officer, would patch her up (as far as I could see, mainly with condensed milk tins) and off she would go on her next job.

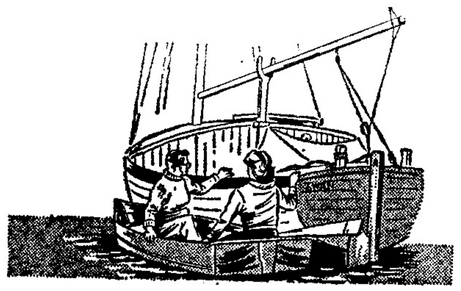
Then Torbruk was relieved. For the next few weeks things were very quiet, and the old lady settled down to a respectable life. But not for long. Rommel counter-attacked, and was held along a line forty miles west of Tobruk. The Stukas reappeared, and *Nell* was once more attacked two or three times a day. In his excellent book *Tobruk*, Commander Heckstall-Smith, D.S.C., R.N., describes *Nell* as having survived more attacks than any ship in the Service. A bold claim, but I doubt if even HMS *Victory*, in spite of Trafalgar, the Portsmouth blitz, and all the events before and between these battles, saw more action than did HMS *Eskimo Nell*.

A few weeks later, Rommel broke through, and entered the town. There was some disturbance over and around the two square miles of the harbour, an area about one third that of Plymouth Sound. Aircraft bombed vigorously, field artillery shelled with enthusiasm, and tanks raced round the Northern shore, shelling the ships. Captain Smith ordered his ships to leave, staying behind himself to supervise the demolitions. While doing that he was killed, but not before he had seen *Nell* chug imperturbably out bound for Alexandria.

Perhaps she had heard of his death. She fell in with German E boats, fought them furiously till at last the gallant little ship went down, the White Ensign she had worn so worthily still flying over her battered hull.

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Secretary's Notes

THIS is the traditional holiday month, the time when we can enjoy the only remaining non-religious holiday, so grudgingly bequeathed to us by our money-grabbing Victorian forebears. Let's hope that the weather is as kind this bank holiday, as it was for Whitsun, and let's hope that we get many people writing into the *Journal* describing their two or three day cruises; and let's hope that the Clerk of the Elements, bestows a little sunshine, a little wind, and not much rain for our own, most important event of the year, Plymouth Week.

* * *

The small executive committee met during July, to finalise the arrangements for Plymouth, and to prepare any items necessary for thrashing out at the next full Committee meeting, to be held on Saturday, August 15. One of the more unpleasant tasks was to reply to a letter from the Southend Yachting Week Committee, about the Russell Marine Trophy. As every member already knows, this cup has been included as one of the awards for Plymouth; the original donor, Mr. Pollard has given his full consent for this, and as no invitation was received from Southend this year for a special Silhouette race, we all assumed that it was understood that the Association would not be

putting up an award for the regatta. It appears that the Southend Committee took it for granted that the cup would be avail-ble, and announced the winner by name, causing embarrassment all round. I trust that this gentleman (I don't think it would be fair to mention his name) will understand the mix-up, and I sincerely hope that both he and the Southend Committee, will accept my apology for any inconvenience caused, I am quite willing to accept my share of the blame; certainly I should have written when I wrote to Mr. Pollard, but our friends at Southend should also have written an invitation to all members, if they hoped to present the trophy.

* * *

Another point of discussion, was the need to recruit more working members to the Committee in general. As an Association we have grown quite big in the last few years, and there is now an urgent need for a few more officers. With only one full gathering of our members in a year, it is difficult to get to know the right people for the job. One volunteer is worth ten pressed men, as the saying goes, so if you are prepared to spend a few hours a week on Association business, and can type or write legibly, drop me a line, and I will give you a list of "Situations Vacant," all carrying the same high rate of salary—"Nowt!"

* * *

I am amazed at the power of the Press! A mention in these columns that the Plymouth Film is available for loan, and I am inundated with letters asking to be put on the list. Please be a little patient if you are one of those still waiting, it is going the rounds, but will be with you in strict rotation of receipt of your letters. Another instance—I mentioned that the Association needed two extra trophies for the points races at Plymouth, and low and behold, the Exe Group promptly have a whip round, and Messrs. Lumleys, our Insurance brokers, write out a cheque, and we have the completed awards list for our regatta. Many thanks, all you members of the Exe Group, and many thanks for your rather unusual, but very appropriate trophy. Messrs. Lumley.

* * *

A recent postcard from that stalwart of singlehanded helmsman, John Bownas, who, you will remember sailed singlehanded from Chichester to Plymouth last year, entered all the events there, had a good time at the Friday evening party, and left at midnight to repeat the journey in reverse. This year he has crossed to Cherbourg, but from the few lines on the card, I don't know whether he has a crew or not, and neither do I know if this is to let me know that he will be missing Plymouth. I hope not.

* * *

When one starts off by writing about summer holidays and then gets on to Christmas, it may seem a little disjointed. Last year we bought a number of Christmas Cards, which were sold to members, but there was some criticism that they were not the best design. So what about it, you artists among us; why not design a card that you feel would meet the need? We can get a single tone line block made



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quite cheaply, and therefore produce a card that is really unique. So send in your suggestions for a design, drawn preferably with Indian ink, about 7 ins. × 10 ins. in size. Formal, humorous, or pretty, we'll let the committee decide which one to use.

* * *

I was pleased to see Leigh Jones's reply to my query about metal masts, and knowing that he is a very technically minded young man, his opinion is worth considering. But it would be useful to hear other points of view.

* * *

There has been much activity on the Crouch. Three members, who had anointed their boats with a certain type of anti-fouling, found that it was quite platable to Crouch barnicles, and the moans, groans and bad language, as they wallowed in the mud, scrubbing, scraping and repainting with another brand, could be heard over a large radius. Ie seems that it is always worth asking the advice of the locals; marine life is not the same in every part of the British Isles.

* * *

A sad letter from our late Scottish Group Secretary. who says that the Group is not now functioning as such, and that he has had to resign as he has now sold his boat. Let's hope that someone North of the Border will soon take on the job of secretary, and pull the Group together again. It seems a pity to announce a defeat on the anniversary of Bannockburn.

* * *

Looking forward to meeting you at Plymouth, and please don't expect replies to letters arriving during August 15th-22nd, at least not until the following week.—*R.A.G.*

Ullswater

THE Cruiser Trophy of the Ullswater Regatta, sailed under the burgee of the Ullswater YC, was competed for on Saturday and Sunday, June 20-21. The original intention was to have four trophy races, the best three to count, and scored under the Low Points System. As things turned out, the light airs of the Saturday precluded the possibility of a second race on that day, so all three trophy races counted.

Nine Silhouettes of the Lakes Group entered, and made an impressive sight on the start line. We should have liked to compare our

performance with cruisers of other classes, and hope that another year this will be possible. In the first race, an early lead was taken by Mike Seymour, our worthy Commodore and his elegant crew, in *Defiance*, a lead which he held throughout the race. There was much exchange of the remaining positions in the light conditions, Tommy Sewell in *Javongi* sailing a particularly good race after a delayed start to put himself in second place on the homeward reach, only to suffer the misfortune of going aground when taking a caculated risk round a point near the finishing line. Morton Nash in *Shady Lady* was a good second, and Ken Jones in *Blue Moon* a poor third.

Sunday provided much better sailing conditions, though still lighter than ideal. In both morning and afternoon races *Defiance* shot away to the first windward buoy, but was in both instances overhauled. An excellent finish came in both races. In the morning, *Defiance* was splendidly helmed to overhaul *Blue Moon* virtually on the finishing line. In the afternoon, *Blue Moon* was just able to hold off *Defiance's* challenge, to win by eight seconds. Who said that 5 m.p.h cannot be nail-bitingly exciting?

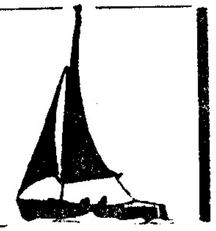
Mike Seymour was a very worthy trophy winner, and the trophy was presented to him by the Commodore of the Ullswater YC, Mr. J. N. Farrer. Ken Jones (*Blue Moon*) was second, Morton Nash (*Shady Lady*) third, and Austin Pybus (*Jan*) was fourth. It was altogether a thoroughly good meeting, and our thanks are due to the Ullswater YC for its wonderful hospitality and organisation. Here there is indeed good fellowship in the most beautiful surroundings. — *T. Ken Jones, Hon. Sec., Lakes Group.*

Letters to the Editor

TRANSATLANTIC CAKE. I just thought that you woud like to know who made and supplied the cake to Francis Chichester. It was our Commodore, Rupert Brewer, who is a master baker and confectioner. The cake to Francis Chichester came about when Rupert Brewer was introduced to him at the Boat Show Party in January, and during their conversation Rupert promised to supply this fruit cake slab for Francis's Atlantic crossing. Most of us in the Group keep a stock of this cake in the home, being much full of fruit, and tending to go better with keeping, particularly if there is that little bit extra in it (which Rupert will obligingly do for anyone provided that they state brandy, rum or whisky, or what have you). We do pull his leg a little about using the stuff on long journeys for ballast, but he seems not to mind, and the quality never deteriorates. In fact, with our individual recommendations, we now have the cake up to the finest full fruity and alcoholic flavour you could possibly wish for. Some of us will be seeing you at Plymouth—maybe Rupert will bring some cake.—*B. Lloyd, Hon. Sec., Wyre and Morecambe Bay Group, The Tythe, Glebe Lane, Dowbridge, Kirkham, Lancs.*

BENDING MASTS. I am aware that our Hon. Secretary occasionally uses his " stick " as a means of climbing back aboard after a near capsize, and possibly on these occasions he should be grateful that it is a robust spar, rigidly stayed. On more normal occasions he need have no fear of bending it a little. Dinghy practice has shown that an alloy spar responds well to rough bending treatment. In the Moths, which we sail here, metal has almost superseded wood, and the very flexible " Sparlight " mast is favoured in preference to the rather more rigid " Proctor." The former must bend somewhere about eighteen inches out of straight when the mainsail is well flattened, and

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is usually straightened when a full sail is required by tensioning the forward side of the mast by means of an extra shroud operating on a jumper strut at about half height. The additional shroud is tensioned by a Highfield lever. There is no doubt that alteration to the bend in the mast on Silhouettes could appreciably alter the characteristics of the mainsail, whether the stick were of wood or metal, and no doubt plenty of owners have had a go at this sort of tuning. I doubt whether results have been very successful, since to make appreciable difference it is essential, first, that the mainsail be cut to suit the characteristics of the spar, and secondly, that the mast be so stepped that bending is not confined to a limited part of its length. It would be necessary to dispense with the tabernacle in some cases, or at least to ensure that the through bolts had ample freedom of movement, and that the arrangement of the main shrouds did not inhibit the bend. Similarly, the arrangement of the topmast shrouds would have to be such that they continued to provide lateral support while not unduly limiting an even bend.

If this sort of mast bending were contemplated, the old rig (pre-masthead) would have some advantages, mainly in that the lower forestay would permit more messing about with the masthead without effect on the foresail luff.

Personally, I hope that this sort of " tuning " does not become too common in Silhouettes. It can lead to the inclusion of horribly expensive equipment. Some of the dinghy boys have learned this, notably in the Finns where the sail is ordered first and the mast whittled away until its bending characteristics suit the sail. Naturally, one goes about with several spares for each. What a nusiance to have to go about with a couple of spare masts!

I hope our Measurements Committee is cocking a wary ear, and will produce a rule or two before the " benders " get too extreme.—*Ernest Large, 19 Victoria Park, Dover, Kent.*

SHROUDS. This problem came to light the other day when the owner at the yard where I winter my boat remarked that I had got the shrouds on my Sillhouette *Patricia* the wrong way round. I checked with my set of drawings from Tucker and was delighted to be able to show him proof that I was correct—namely, the topmast shroud abaft the lowermost one. His reply was unrepeatable, but he still maintains that it is wrong. Rather intrigued, I started looking around and found that out of six boats in West Mersea, three were rigged the same as mine, and three the opposite way. I feel it may be interesting to hear what the experts have to say on this subject.—*G. Spalding.*

SINGLE-HANDED SAILING. In the June issue Mr. R. E. Robinson writes about working the jib sheets by the standard method of making them fast by cam-jam cleats. I do not know what is the standard method now, nor did I know at the time when my boat was being built early in 1958 ; nor do I know what cam-jam cleats he is referring to. He suggests using blocks in place of bullseyes, and it may be helpful to him, and perhaps others, if I relate my experience in working the jib sheets.

When my boat was being built, I was convinced that it was highly desirable that the jib sheets should be worked from and in the cockpit, and a fairlead (lined with brass) was made in the top of the coaming, just aft of the bridgedeck bulkhead, and the sheet was led through this fairlead and made fast to a cleat on the said bulkhead, which cleat served both sheets. In my case the sail set correctly with the sheet led direct from the clew to the

fairlead, but was subject to two disadvantages. One, the friction through the fairlead being at a right angle, was considerable; and two, I thought that the sail would set to a better advantage if the clew was taken as far outboard as possible. Accordingly, I fixed a block as close to the toe-rail as possible, which was a great improvement.

The next stage (after several seasons) was to fix a Lewmar jamming cleat (14s.) on the inside of the coaming against the fairlead. When there is no pull on the sheet it is a little difficult to get the sheet into the jamming cleat, but I am told that this can be overcome by screwing a small piece of wood in front of the arms in such a position that the arms can only partially close ; the opening, of course, being such that it still grips the sheet.

The block, which should of course be of a generous size for the sheet, is connected by a shackle between the becket and a small metal eyeplate, which plate is secured as near as possible to the toerail by two bolts through the deck, which can be strengthened by a piece of wood, say ¼ins. Marine ply 4ins. × 3ins. Rather than make a fairlead through the coaming, use a Lewmar jamming cleat with a fairlead (24s. 6d.) which is fitted so that the sheet does not rub on the top of the coaming. The jamming cleat is screwed to a block of hardwood shaped to the jamming cleat, and about 3ins. deep, which in turn is secured to the inside of the coaming. The block of hardwood can be secured to the coaming by two 3/16ins. brass " metal thread " rods, which can be obtained from any good ironmonger in not less than one foot lengths. Each rod (some 4ins. long) is secured by a washer and nut at each end. The sheet can lead from the clew through a deck fairlead, and then to the block, but it is desirable that the block should be not less than 6ins. from the deck fairlead.

I am not familiar with a Lewmar Novex block, but my main sheet is secured by a Lewmar jamming cleat, as above mentioned, and this is fixed with the fairlead just above the stern deck in a central position under the tiller, and is screwed to a block of hardwood, which is secured to the stern locker bulkhead. The main sheet is fixed on the stern deck on the port side, level with the wire horse and is led through one-half of a double block on the end of the boom, then to a block on the wire horse back through the other half of the double block, and then through a block on the starboard side corresponding to the starting point on the port side, and then to the fairlead on the jamming cleat. This gives a powerful purchase. I have found these arrangements very satisfactory, whether sailing single-handed, or with a strong and experienced crew, or a weak and inexperienced crew.—*J. H. N. Collis, Bridgenorth, Stableford, Salop.*

DOGS. I note with growing alarm, almost horror, the increasing number of dogs that are included in the crews of small yachts. This is a practice that ought to be deplored and discouraged. Whatever, insanitary arrangements are carried out on board with dirty trays of cinders and ashes, are entirely the business of the owner and the remainder of the crew, but it is annoying to arrive at some anchorage, in company with other boats, to find that there is a "pooch" on board one or more of them. These wretched animals are always carefully ferried ashore first to make sure that any footpath is soiled as soon as possible. Should there be any form of assembly in the local, then the proud owner, with a grin that would put any Cheshire cat to shame, will carefully explain to all the people in earshot, how he or she sleeps on the bunk, under the bunk, or in the bunk, or other similarly uninteresting remarks, of the doings of his canine pet.

The only slight consolation, to the onlooker like myself, is when two such proud owners are in the same company, when some slight amusement can be had, by listening to the mounting cresendo of merits of the grotesque clipped toy lap pet, compared with the overfed, over-bred edition of a slobbering gun dog, as each fancier tries to justify his choice. Dogs and boats don't mix. If you must satisfy your ego, by being a slave to a mangy mongrel, which you think obeys your commands, then leave the thing at home, when you go sailing — *Dog lover (Yes, if you really love dogs, don't take them sailing).*

Moonraker - VI
By T. J. Bickford

Saturday, July 29, 1960

GAVE a quick clean to the bottom growth of past 2½ months in the water and drying out at low tide. Took a second Pat on as crew, and pleased that launching of punt went like clockwork, together with practised lowering and lifting of mast while under way. Within 45 minutes we were sailing past the breakwater lighthouse, and across the light swell, with the warmth of the sun coming in short bursts as the gaps in the clouds allowed the sun to filter through. About 2 miles out we just lowered sails, and relaxed to the gentle roll of the boat.

Unable to restrain the instincts to be doing something, and unable to release my energy by taking a stroll. Viewed sea swimming from the boat without appeal, so decided to clean petrol system of outboard. Trials after reassembly indicated that a fibre washer must have rolled overboard, for lost petrol at 15 drips per minute under power. Developed an appreciation of the abilities of a tight rope walker with large corporation full of beer, endeavouring to perform upon his wire, for on returning to the punt, we found there was about 2ins. of water in the bottom. The punt has a flat bottom, and as soon as a slight port or starboard roll was imparted by occupants the whole of the moving ballast endeavoured to increase the roll. The young lady did not appreciate the trip to shore ; she constantly looked about for passing boats which might upset us.

Monday July 31

John, Pat and Auntie Maude joined me upon a damp drizzling evening with the intention of going fishing. Off the power station the outboard popped out ; changed plug, and attended to petrol leak, but motor popped out again after 50 yards or so. Another plug inserted and all went reasonably well.

Caught five good sized mackerel by trawling around the Sound. We were amazed to watch the technique of the masters. They watched the gulls. As soon as the brit were driven to the surface in a mad whirlwind, swarming up with the mackerel in hot pursuit around the periphery of the column, the gulls went to work polishing off those unfortunate brit who were over eager to get out of the way of the mackerel. This was the sign for the experts to motor into position and stop over the milling column of fish. Lines equipped with about 1 dozen hooks were lowered over the side, each hook having a small white feather tied to it, a few quick jigs of the line and in they hauled a line full of fish.

The hectic pace of hauling in fish lasted for short periods of 5—8 minutes and then a long wait with boats milling about, searching and watching the gulls.

Petrol ran out ; on refilling a marked increase in performance was noted ; must have been stale petrol causing poor performance.

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The Silhouette Owners' International Association exits to promote the interests of Silhouette Owners throughout the world. The annual subscription is 15s. (USA $5). Burgees, brooches and ties can be obtained from the Hon. Treasurer.

Saturday, August 5

Brian, Joe and his daughter joined me for an introduction to the joys of the Silhouette. Having overhauled the motor the previous evening, we considered that sluggish performance was due to an overfilled gearbox. Also changed plug to improve motor note.

Sea rough and wind gusty, so motored to Barn pool and dropped anchor to spend a pleasant afternoon eating in the sun.

Wow—that anchor is heavy; heave, puff and blow. Stern out of water with weight and effort upon mooring rope, 1¼ins. new hemp. Motor started to try and pull the fisherman's anchor out, the way it went in—but no luck. We provided entertainment for the other boats in the area as we went at full power round and round, clock, anticlock, but nothing for it but a quick change and overboard we go. Hauling myself down upon the bright white rope through the deep green mist, the pressure seemed fantastic, and nerves got the better of me so up I came for air. Next time a quick dive off the bow to help get down, but soon the deep green mist was so thick that I could only just make out the rope I grasped. Knowing that the waters of Barn pool are subject to strong tidal undertolls, and as there were plenty of anchors in the chandlers, this one could stay where it was, for the time at least. Cut rope, tied marker buoy and left for home.

Regional Groups

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

South-East.	*Hon. Sec. Stan Morgan, 44 Station Crescent, Rayleigh, Essex.*
Blackwater.	*Hon. Sec. R. W. Sharples, Dalegarth, Watchhouse Road, Salleywood, Chelmsford.*
Solent.	*Hon. Sec. J. R. Caulder, Sellafield, Orchard Lane, Hermitage, Emsworth.*
South-West.	*Hon. Sec. C. A. Gulliford, 50 Merafield Road, Plympton, Devon.*
Bristol Channel.	*Hon. Sec. Cyril Watts, 5 Vassall Road, Fishponds, Bristol.*
Midlands.	*Hon. Sec. E. G. Oldham, 206 Hagley Road, Edgebaston, Birmingham.*
North-West.	*Hon. Sec. 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.*

Saturday, August 12

Returned to Barn with Zan, but this time we moored to the services buoy for tea, no sign of my buoy and rope so decided to purchase new anchor.

Saturday, August 19

We looked forward eagerly to this day, for it was to be our first Silhouette race for *Moonraker*. Organised as part of the Yealm Yacht Club Regatta, the start was from the Royal Western Yacht Club line in Plymouth Sound, whence entrants had to pass across the Sound, out the Western end of the breakwater, ouside the Mew Stone, and into the mouth of the Yealm to where the finish lay between RAF rescue launch and marker buoy.

John and Pat, joined me in reasonable time to reach the starting line at 2-30 p.m. but unfortunately, when ready to proceed down stream, I realised that the racing pennant was still in its cellophane wrapper at home. So, a Le Mans sprint up the slipway, quick start, and a short spell breaking the speed limit. Fifteen minutes passed before I could get back aboard and push off under motor, setting the rigging as we went. Motoring across the Sound, with the sails flapping furiously as we hoisted them, the other competitors were en route in the opposite direction towards the Mallard buoy.

In this particular race all dinghies and small sailing boats, plus naval whalers and cutters start together in a jolly good scramble. When we started, many of the faster boats had nearly reached the breakwater, but soon the Royal Western gun gave two bangs and we noted

that most of the smaller boats had turned about and were heading home.

A two day South Westerly storm had only subsided 24 hours earlier, and now the wind was good and strong from the North West. *Moonraker* revelled under full sail, but at the helm I was not too comfortable, for the wind was much stronger than the previous hour's sailing had presented. We demonstrated to observers at the R.W.Y.C. that the motto of the day was caution, for to make the 120 degree turn to the right at the Mallard buoy, necessitating a jibe we did a 240 degree turn to port in order to go around into the wind. Within minutes I felt that we had been wise, for with wind now abeam the mast experienced such a twisting torque that there was a crack, and we all started to blow extra air into the life jackets. Investigation by the crew showed that the tabernacle, the hunk of iron at base of mast, had twisted a few degrees upon the coach roof. Action of spanner upon nut by crew put my heart at rest, but there were undertones of "Don't you think the wind a bit strong" and, "Look at the others going home." But all that I could see was the sail of a Silhouette out by the breakwater. Soon the lighthouse (breakwater, not Eddystone) was passing us to port, then, up and down we go in a glorious swell. Once around the Tinker buoy, we were about 600 yards to rear of other Silhouette proceeding fast in an Easterly direction, with a heavy following sea. Effects of land mass caused the N.W. wind to twist as it came round the land, lying to our North, thus wind was more over the stern. It was an experience I have not had the pleasure of reliving since ; strong wind over the port quarter, and heavy sea swell about 4 foot, spaced some 25 yards, apart coming from the starboard quarter. A wary eye was kept on each approaching wave as it crept up on us, gentle tiller work, before being caught in the downhill rush, was soon acquired by a sixth sense, without realising what was actually happening. As we reached down the waves, foam spread on either side of us, reminiscent of times spent on a surf board at Newquay. Applying the theory that to start surfing you hold the nose of the board down to make the wave push you along, I sent crew member up to the front hatch to hold the bow down. Right or wrong, it seemed to do the trick for *Moonraker* buried her nose to 3ins. from deck level as she bounded along, much under her own control ; at least giving the sensation of great speed.

The full rig of canvas set also seemed to enjoy the afternoon spree, for it came to life with quick haste. From starboard set it decided upon a quick change to port. Technically we broached, but at the time it was just an inconvenience that caused us delay, so with all speed we reset sail before the next tower of water crept up on our transom. At the time we had been watching one of the ocean racers in the Yealm—Eddystone—Tinker buoy—Yealm race, as she passed us 200 yards to windward. It was great to see such action at close quarters, but our attention should be fully concentrated upon our own performance. Apart from the big boat's company, we also had the welcome company of big brother, with a yellow and red rescue flag,

in the form of one of the Captain of the Dockyard's pinnace boats ; a kind of ferry-cum-tug boat. She stood some 400 yards to the South, and now that the other Silhouette and ourselves were the only small boats about, she gave us personal company.

The rocks of the Mew Stone looked awfully menacing, with the swell licking at the jagged teeth at the base of a near sheer wall as we passed 100 yards to the South.

We set course for the mouth of the Yealm as soon as we thought we were clear of the offshore outcrops of the Mew Stone. The other Silhouette was not far ahead, but we lost out by a second jibe ; she continued upon an Easterly course, which gave us second thoughts about our knowledge of rock outcrops but comfort of mind was restored by viewing the course of a large yacht 200 yards astern, following the same course as we were. Wind now abeam, full complement in the cockpit, thus control easier, going well, we watched the yacht astern slowly come up on us. To keep out of the way, we moved to port but was surprised that she did not overhaul us at a faster rate. The other Silhouette and big brother were $\frac{1}{4}$ mile away, running upon a more Northerly course, and making much slower progress. We passed across the line to take a gun just behind the larger boat. Sailed up river and into old cellar's beach, retainer dropped overboard. Retainer is a cast iron cistern bell, filled with 15lb. of lead with eyelet fitted, so that bellmouth may be dragged into sandy bottom. Unfortunately, line was fixed to ring at top of cistern bell ; thus correct action lost, and we drifted on to beach. Paddles out, motor started and sails hoisted, with three rolls to reel down as we headed out to sea again. As our course was on the opposite line to the run into the Yealm, the wind was abeam from the starboard side on this course the heavy S.W. swell came from our port bow. The heavy swell was influenced by the outgoing flow of the Yealm, plus the now stronger N.W. wind. Result, M.1 pile up, steep short waves attempting to break. My full attention was taken up with mainsail and tiller to combat each wave, crew not quick to shut forehatch so sea poured into cabin as *Moonraker* buried her nose into each wave. As soon as my attention was distracted from task, a sea caught us at different angle, and the sea breaking over bow ran back over the cabin into cockpit. Crew nervous so skipper barked to tie rope around waist as we went up and down in a quick sea-saw. A motor boat en route into the Yealm rolled and wallowed in the other direction, the occupants eagerly watching our battle. But soon, after a 200 yard battle, we were in the gentle swell, and the battle now became a different problem. At the Eastern side of the Mew Stone, we met the head wind, and started to tack out to sea. Some boats stayed at the Yealm for the night, others went home behind naval patrol boats, and only two other craft were battling it out back to Plymouth. A Dolphin close in shore went inside the Mew Stone, and made good progress in the lee of the shore. Big brother pinnace went to the aid of a whaler now one mile to seaward, but healthy crew must have refused assistance, as watch dog passed astern of us to inshore Dolphin. My crew was concerned about

our slow progress into the wind, so he waved to pinnace. I was so tired that pride did not overpower fatigue and stop the call for aid, so we dropped the mainsail and the 40ft. pinnace came up astern. Once she shut off power the full curvature of her bow and a couple of feet of her keel rode out of the water as she passed slowly just to windward. With the foresail loosely cleated, we drifted faster than she did. The hawser which they passed us would have pulled a frigate ; it just fitted around forward bollard and soon we slowly pendulumed at the end of a taut line. The effects of the waves upon us seemed to be less, and we settled in the bottom of the cockpit to drink welcome hot coffee.

The pinnace notched up another gear, but immeditely slowed when she observed our performance. But we had confidence in the stability of *Moonraker*, especially after our experiences today, so we gave thumbs up sign to notch back up, which she did. Once at the new pace we had to put on our riding macs, as the waves thrown up by the bows were blown along the cabin roof and sprayed down upon the three of us crouched in the cockpit. Inside the breakwater the transformation to calm water was welcome. We expressed thanks to the crew, and were grateful to the Captain of the Dockyard as the pinnace cast us off at the end Mout Batten pier. The outboard soon pushed us to the mooring chain and back to the world where we felt more at home with the elements.

Our distant waters fleet

FROM Aden, R. G. Grove (*Shirona*, S II 989) writes: I have raced my Silhouette against Mystics which we have here in Aden, and have no difficulty in showing them my transom when running or reaching, but when it comes to beating I'm afraid the weather helm I develop rather lets them get the better of me. Could any readers give their ideas on (i) the necessary rake of the mast (ii) tension of the rigging (iii) any other points they consider might help? For the information of UK readers, with the best anti-fouling at approximately £5 a gallon, I average about 3 ins. of growth on the ship's bottom *per month*, so a fortnightly scrub is the order of the day. Any tips about anti-fouling would be welcome. I see from the *Journal* that one Silhouette is already on her way from the UK to Singapore. If any other members may be passing through Aden and let me know, I can arrange for moorings and slipway at our Club. If they travel by a larger vessel, I can also be of help if they get in touch with me. All my best wishes to fellow members, and looking forward to meeting you at the Annual Party in January. (Mr. Grove's address in Aden is Flat 3, Strathalmond House, Steamer Point, Aden).

From Hong Kong Ray Jenkins writes: I am happy to say that my Silhouette (*Aeolus*, S II 1744) is afloat. She is behaving beautifully, and causes tremendous interest at the Club and wherever she visits. I was grateful for the loan of a complete set of back numbers



of the *Journal* from Mr. Eddie Coxall and found the details of hull trim and rigging given by Mr. R. Tucker in an early issue extremely helpful. (Mr. Jenkin's address in Hong Kong is Electrical and Mechanical Office, Public Works Department, Hong Kong Airport, Hong Kong).

The Journal is anxious to publish as much news as possible of Silhouettes in the distant waters of the world. So please send as much information as you can. And don't forget the Log Competitions. Members sailing abroad are, of course, eligible for all trophies, and we want to maintain the international flavour of these competitions. So please send in your logs to reach the Editor of the Journal at The Old Hall, Marple, Cheshire, England, by November 26.

Messing about

"WHY," asked the light of my life and provider of my nourishment, "do you always look such a mess when we go down to the boat?" Restraining a desire to mar the cockpit of our Silhouette with a gallon or so of blood shed with a boathook, I clutched my thick jerseys and oilskins grimly about me, watching the waves wallowing, and said nothing.

Next weekend a lifted eyebrow greeted my newly set hair, newly reddened nails, and newly acquired clothes. He seemed unaware that my wardrobe was completely empty, except for a few dozen outfits suitable only for occasions that no longer seemed to arise. We went aboard. "Hold this," he said.

"This" happened to be the outboard motor, very heavy, and nicely garnished with grease, oil, seaweed, and a sort of encrustation that looks like litchen, but can't be.

Two broken nails later, I managed to wipe some of the oil off

my new and pretty coloured slacks. It was stupid to buy a white jersey, too. Somebody started the engine, and somebody pulled the buoy aboard. The heavy wad of mud that hit me could have been flung towards me only by accident.

I added a life jacket to the new outfit. It began to rain. We pulled on oilskins. I put my head in the cabin.

"What's the good of coming away to get fresh air if you stuff in there?" asked a caustic voice.

It began to blow.

My ears grew cold and my newly set hair blew. I put on a woollen cap. Several wet hours later somebody passed me a sou'-wester.

I knew by the time the tide had turned and the sea had steepened, just why men went to sea. It's such heaven on shore, that they like to make themselves uncomfortable to enjoy the contrast.

Finally, there was enough water to allow us to moor the boat and row back, and make lashings of hot food.

I pulled off my cap. Lank tails of wet hair dropped mournfully round my cheeks. Nail varnish peeled off in all directions. The new outfit was crumpled and marked.

"Whatever you wear, you still look a mess," said the light of my life, who, whatever else he may have learned in many years of living with me, has not learnt tact.

Now I have gone back to old jeans and old jersey, and he can't think why! -- *J.S.*

More on the Broads

THE Silhouette is an ideal boat for the Broads. There are a number of launching sites mentioned in "*Getting Afloat*" (published by the magazine "*Light Craft*") and it should be possible to launch from one of the yards at Potter Heigham, Oulton Broad or Wroxham.

The best areas for sailing are undoubtedly Barton and Hickling Broads, and, for a first visit, the North rivers would give all the scope required for a holiday of a week or ten days. A good navigational guide and chart is published by Hamilton Publications (167 Normanstan Drive, Oulton Broad, Suffolk) ,and such a guide is indispensible. There is an Esso map of the area which is good value at 6d.

An aquatic pub-crawl is an attractive idea, and there is a map showing the location of all the Lacon's houses. There are good pubs at South Walsham (take your own flagon for their home-brewed cider), the Malsters at Ranworth, and the Pleasure Boat Inn at Hickling. There is aninteresting off-licence at Barton Turf, which is also a good mooring.

Private boats have to be licensed with the Great Yarmouth Port and Haven Commissioners (21 South Quay, Gt. Yarmouth). The toll for a short visit not exceeding 14 consecutive days in any one year

would be 15s. plus 5% for a Silhouette (I think). Adhesive indentification letters are provided, and a fire extinguisher and a lifebuoy, or buoyant cushions, must be carried.

Above Horning, trees tend to make the breezes fluky. Horsey Mere, Martham Broad, and the dykes joining them to the main river may be too narrow for sailing, and the propeller of an outboard is apt to become chocked with weed. The main hazards are at Potter Heigham and Ludham Bridge which have only 7ft. and 7½ft. clearance at high water, and at Yarmouth, where the tide can run fast, and the bridges are low. q

It is wise to follow the instructions given in guides to the Broads, or in "Anchors Aweigh" (9d., published by Blakes), and aim to be there within an hour either side of low water. If you are likely to be late, or if your Silhouette has no engine, then a tow through the bridges at Yarmouth to or from Breydon Water is the only seamanlike procedure. The charges are reasonable, and the motor boat will meet you at either dolphin at the entrance to Breydon Water by arrangement through the Yacht Station at Great Yarmouth (Tel. 2794). One can get a hot bath here, incidentally.

On the rivers, mooring fore and aft is the custom, using rond anchors which have a single fluke, but the most delightful mooring is in a Broad such as Ranworth, by dropping a (previously attached!) mud weight. A 56lb. coal merchant's weight, with a large bow shackle round the handle serves well. Other equipment one might not think of taking, but which may prove useful, are fenders (minimum of three) and a long pole for sounding, "quanting," or merely shoving oneself off the mud. It will also serve as a horizontal fender at a tidal quay such as Yarmouth Yacht Station, where the gunwhale may become caught under a bolt head, or the fenders miss the vertical piling.

A slightly longer pair of crutches than those used with the boom cover will keep the mast and halyards out of the helmsman's way if he decides not to struggle against an adverse tide and wind in a narrow stretch. There are not many bridges on the Broads, but lowering the mast should be practised, lest a low arch and a strong tide have their inevitable effect.—*John Pickup.*

Brief news (fuller reports delayed by the postal dispute)

SINGLEHANDED TRANSATLANTIC. Robert Bunker, ex-Silhouette Owner, who sailed his Folkboat *Vanda Caelia* in the Singlehanded Trans-Atlantic Race reached Newport, Rhode Island, safely on July 12. He had three week's supply of food and water left.

SINGLEHANDED ROUND ANGLESEY. Ron Bradbury, Commodore of the North West Group, made a singlehanded passage round Anglesey on July 17 in his Silhouette *Buttercup II.* He set out from the Menai Straits through Caernarvon end and returned to moorings at Glyn Garth some 13½ hours later.

Thoughts before Plymouth

by R. A. Garrod

I suppose that there may be some among us who are a little tired of reading about Plymouth, but as this is the special Plymouth Week edition of the *Journal,* I hope they will forgive me for writing more about it.

Mohommad the Prophet, suggests to all his followers that you should "Tie your camel securely to a stake, then leave it in the care of Allah." If all the behind-the-scenes work and arranging that has transpired over our annual regatta, can be likened to tying the camel to the stake, then I feel that we can safely leave the rest to Allah. I can't think of one thing that has been left undone; no member of your committee, and of the Royal Plymouth Corinthian Yacht Club, could have done more, to ensure that Plymouth Week will be even better than last year. If things go wrong, it will be beyond the scope of mortals.

I feel someone ought to say how much we all admire the Fowlers. Did you notice the small paragraph in Anne's description of their cross-Channel trip, that their combined ages come to 123 years? They both took up sailing well past the fifty mark, and I think it was a wonderful effort. Long may we be privileged to read of the cruises of *Sou.* but really Anne, I must sympathise with the Colonel about all "That Clobber" that put *Sou* much lower in the water than an extra five fathoms of chain would make!

Many more boats seem to be wearing pulpits this year than last. They look very smart and businesslike, and are a great safety factor. I shall have to buy one for *Rosette* soon. Sailing single-handed requires an extension tiller, don't you think? Has anyone seen or heard of a particularly clever design for such a fitting? And why can't one buy a small edition of an ensign staff in proportion to a Silhouette? I like to fly (or is it wear?) a Red Duster, but the lightest socket and staff I have seen to date is about an inch and half in diameter.

While on the subject of flying colours and burgees, I do think that efforts ought to be made by us all to "wear" the right insignia at all times. It seems that in most places where boats are sailed the code is slipping, and many owners, especially of dinghies, never fly anything but a racing pennant, even when just cruising. Can we make this appeal to all members of the Association to show the way?

Fly an oblong burgee when racing *only*; lower it as soon as you have finished or retired; use the usual triangle shape for ordinary cruising; *and don't leave it flying all night when at anchor.* This is not just tradition, but a useful signal to other boats, and really only common courtesy.

PLYMOUTH WEEK 1964

THE Second National Silhouette Rally will be held at Plymouth during the week August 17—22. The Rally has been organised by the Silhouette Owners' International Association in conjunction with the Royal Plymouth Corinthian Yacht Club and the Port of Plymouth Sailing Association. All sailing events will be under the burgee of the Royal Plymouth Corinthian YC.

SAILING PROGRAMME (*all times BST*)

MONDAY, AUGUST 17	11.00	First points race.
	15.00	Race under power.
TUESDAY, AUGUST 18	10.00	Cruise to River Yealm.
WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 19	11.00	Second points race.
	15.00	Third points race.
THURSDAY, AUGUST 20	10.00	Cruise to Cawsand.
FRIDAY, AUGUST 21	11.00	Fourth points race.
	15.00	Open handicap race for Silhouettes and Associate Members' yachts.

On all occasions when there is a points race for Silhouettes there will be a handicap race for the yachts of Associate Members. Starting times will be 15 minutes before the start of Silhouette races.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 22	11.00	Gin treasure hunt.
	14.15	Sweepstake race.

CONCOURS D'ELEGANCE

The inspection for judging will begin at 18.00 on Tuesday, August 18 at North Quay.

SOCIAL PROGRAMME

SUNDAY, AUGUST 16	20.00	Informal gathering at Royal Plymouth Corinthian Club.
MONDAY, AUGUST 17	20.00	Civic Reception and dance.
WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 19	20.00	Dance at Royal Plymouth Plymouth Corinthian Club.
THURSDAY, AUGUST 20	18.00	River trip by steamer.
FRIDAY, AUGUST 21	18.00 (for 18.30)	SOIA's dinner, dance and prizegiving at the Duke of Cornwall Hotel.

OFFICERS OF THE ROYAL PLYMOUTH CORINTHIAN YC

Commodore: F. R. Dunstan, Greengates, Southway Lane, Crown Hill. Telephone: 71399.

Hon. Secretary: C. N. P. Nicholson, 10 Peeks Avenue, Plymstock. Telephone: 43096.

Hon. Sailing Secretary: Peter Harvey, 3 Elphinstone Road, Peverell. Telephone: 73430.

The entrance to the Club is from Maderia Road, Plymouth. This is the road that runs along the front of the Hoe. The Clubhouse has a magnificent position looking out on Plymouth Sound.

LAUNCHING

Boats can be launched into Sutton Harbour by Messrs. Hurley's crane. Mr. Hooper will be in charge of launching. If you wish to launch at Sutton Harbour, please notify Mr. Hooper on arrival at Messrs. A. H. Hurley, Ltd., Richmond Walk. Telephone: 51471/8.

LIVING ARRANGEMENTS

By courtesy of the Sutton Harbour Improvement Company, arrangements have been made for berthing the Silhouette fleet inside Sutton Harbour, along the North Quay. All boats should, of course, be equipped with anchors and ground tackle, mooring wraps, and fenders. Although there is always a co-operative dinghy service from ship to shore in Sutton Harbour, owners are strongly advised to have their own dinghies with them.

MOORING

PETROL, OIL, and WATER may be obtained from the Floating Station in Sutton Harbour or the Plymouth Tyre Company, Vauxhall Quay. Telephone: 66171.

LETTERS and PARCELS for members attending the rally may be addressed c/o The Royal Plymouth Corinthian YC, Maderia Road, Plymouth, or they may be sent to the Silhouette Owners' International Association Temporary Hut, Sutton Harbour, Plymouth. This hut will be manned during the week by members of Messrs. Hurley's staff.

There are good PUBLIC BATHS near Sutton Harbour in Hoe Street.

LAUNDRY can be done by arrangement with the Millbay Laundry & Cleaning Co., Millbay Road, Plymouth.

PLYMOUTH GENERAL HOSPITAL is at Greenbank (Telephone: 68080).

THE INFORMATION BUREAU for Plymouth is at the Municipal Offices (Telephone: Plymouth 68000, extensions 2109, 2209). The bureau is open from 08.30 to 17.15 daily.

GOOD SAILING ! !

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. One year old, for quick sale at £435 (cost £502) Silhouette II 1534. Two berth, Terylene sails, 3h.p. Johnson outboard, dinghy, etc. Mooring Dell Quay, Chichester.—K. Day, 22 Royal Avenue, London, S.W.3. Sloan 1034.

WANTED TO HIRE. Silhouette, for day sailing only, September 7 to September 18, River Teign, by experienced owner.—Braddock, 43 Fairleigh Drive, Leigh-on-Sea.

WANTED. Silhouette trailer in reasonable condition. — M. J. Hobson, 42 Hill Rise, Ricksmansworth. Tel.: Rickmansworth 2091.

SILHOUETTE SAILS. Special offer of the world famous Rockall Terylene sails for Mk. II Masthead rig: Complete suit, mainsail and jib with number and insignia, battens and forestay hanks in Terylene sailbag £23 17s. 0d.. Storm jib £6 15s. 0d., Genoa (67 sq. ft.) £14 7s. 6d. Ghoster (100 sq. ft.) £20 5s. 0d. All plus 10% for colour. Nylon Spinnaker (white or coloured) £10 12s. 6d. No postal charges, cloth samples sent on request. Delivery approximately 7 days. South Devon Marine Agency, 22 Lichfield Drive, Brixham, Devon.

RIVER DART AND SOUTH DEVON COAST. 2-3 berth glassfibre Silhouettes and 4 berth Debutantes for charter in these glorious waters. Brochure from South Devon Marine Agency, 22 Lichfield Drive, Brixham.

PROUT FOLDING DINGHIES. We have given these craft a full season's trial with our charter Silhouettes and recommend them as the ideal tender. Quickly assembled and extremely stable. Prices from £16 19s. Carriage paid British Isles. Illustrated brochure free on request. South Devon Marine Agency, 22 Lichfield Drive Brixham, Devon. (Tel.: Brixham 2884).

ANGLESEY. Overlooking Eilian Bay and Point Lynas. Excellent sailing waters, launching and mooring facilities. H. & c. all bedrooms. Comfort courtesy and good food. Open to non-residents. Lunches, teas, dinners to order. Open all year. Ael Eilian Guest House (Mrs. L. Williams), near Amlwch, Anglesey. Telephone: Amlwch 394.

RIVER YAR BOATYARD will store, repair or maintain your Silhouette, or welcome you to "do it yourself," at Yarmouth, I.O.W. Tel.: Yarmouth 520.

WE AT HURLEY'S

LOOK FORWARD TO MEETING OUR OLD FRIENDS AND CUSTOMERS AGAIN DURING

PLYMOUTH WEEK

and hope that we may be of service to you in any of the following ways :

- Launching facilities
- Minor repair jobs
- Supplying ex stock fittings and extras
- Showing the original Silhouette craftsmen at work
- Supplying information and friendly advice

WE WILL ALSO BE PLEASED TO ARRANGE SUITABLE HOTEL ACCOMMODATION AT SPECIAL RATES !

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