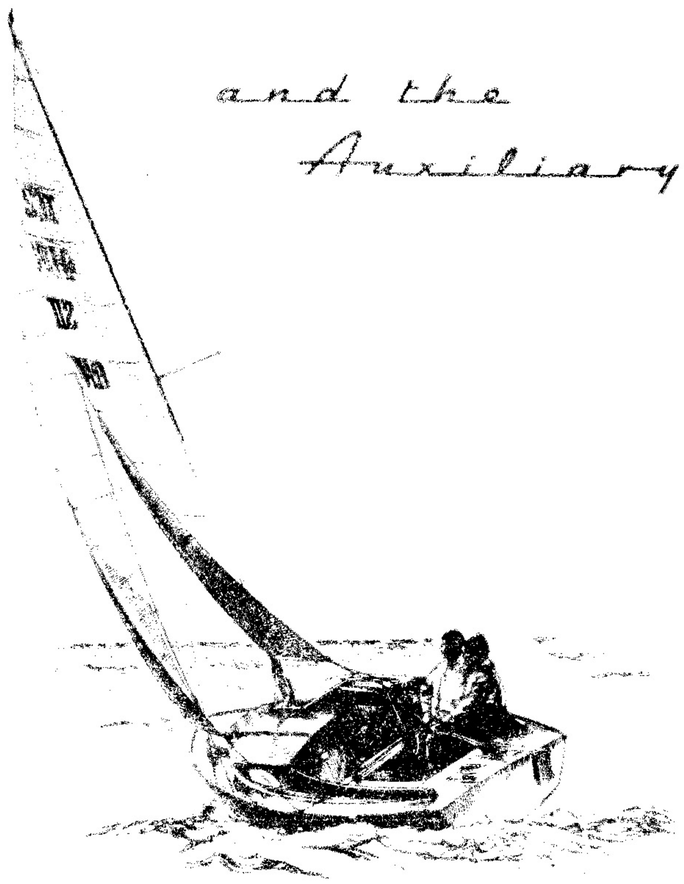
# The Silhouette Owner

*The journal of the*
*Silhouette Owners' International Association*

NUMBER 46 SEPTEMBER - OCTOBER 1964 PRICE 6d.


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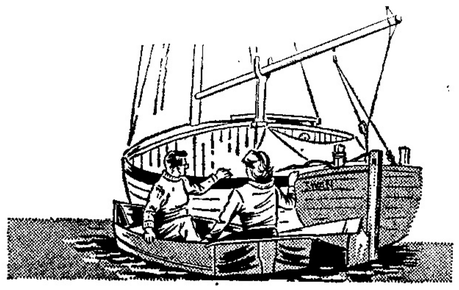
# *Next Year*

FINE October days sometimes give the best sailing of the year (make sure that your insurance covers you, and that you are not sailing on into a "laid up" period), but most of us, holidays over, are already making plans for next year. After two marvellously successful Plymouth Weeks in 1963 and 1964, what should we try to do for 1965?

Should the SOIA and our hosts, the Royal Plymouth Corinthian YC, follow the 1963-64 pattern, or should we experiment with something new? Members' views are needed: so please write to the *Journal* giving your ideas on what you would like best during Plymouth Week in 1965. Is there too much or too little racing around buoys? Is there too much or not enough cruising? Would there be entrants for a passage race, say from Plymouth to Looe, or to the Yealm, or wherever the weather might suggest to the Race Officer of the day? If we have a passage race, there may be problems about getting back: would it be a good idea to arrange the programme with the intention of sleeping on board one night and returning next day—a sort of combination of Passage Race and cruise in company? There are all sorts of possibilities, and it will be an enormous help in making next year's Plymouth Week happier and better than ever if members will say in good time just what they and their families would most *like* to do. So give your views *now*; don't just *mean* to write, and let the next six months go by without actually getting down to it.



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# *Secretary's Notes*

PLYMOUTH WEEK was a great success; of that there is not the slighest doubt. But, was it any better than last year? Or only just as good? Let us wait to hear the comments of others. We should like to hear from you, be it criticism, suggestions or advice.

* * *

It is always pleasing to hear news from the Groups, and a postcard from Mr. Garnett let me know that his home built Silhouette *Girl Pat II* was launched recently. I had the opportunity of visiting Mr. Garnett's very efficient little workshop when the boat was at the planking stage, so I feel that in some way I have a personal interest. We all hope by now that *Girl Pat II* has proved her worth, and that many successful sailing days have been enjoyed. None of us will be loath to celebrate the launching at the New Year Party!

* * *

A committee meeting was held in two parts, during the Rally at Plymouth. Many problems were sorted out, and a few left for further thought and discussion. Mr. C. Guscott, of the Exe Group, took over the job of Press Secretary, so he will be pleased to hear any news that

would be of interest to the Yachting Press. Mrs. Eileen Morgan, wife of our Rear Commodore, has assumed the responsibility of "Bosun"—Paul Smedley, unfortunately had to relinquish this position owing to pressure of business. (Something went wrong there, Paul; when business interferes with pleasure, there is only one that has to be given up! Still, you know best, and many thanks for all your efforts in the past).

* * *

The vexed question of sail areas caused a lot of consternation, and is one of the "Left over for further thoughts items." As is well known, it is our practice to run all the points races at our annual rally with working sails only, for the obvious reason of not wishing to penalise anyone on the capacity of his sail locker, the stocking of which can prove a very expensive business. In view of this, it has been published at least three times in the pages of this *Journal,* what constituted "Working Sails." However, it was pointed out that the more recent boats have been turned out with larger jibs, which as the manufacturer rightly says, makes them sail better. But what has it done to our rules? And what should we do to bring things into line? Increase the permitted area? Then hear the wrath of the older boat owners! Insist on the the smaller size sail? Then we are back to making folks spend money. Or allow full rig, and pander to the millionaire class, and be done with it? This is a subject on which your views should be aired.

* * *

Our A.G.M. and Cocktail Party will be held as usual on the first Saturday of the Boat Show; and again at the National Liberal Club. The date is January 9th. But this time to prevent overcrowding, all members will be welcomed on production of the membership card, which will entitle one guest only. A small charge will be levied for extra guests. More details about this event in the next issue of the *Journal.*

* * *

I always enjoy reading "Letters to the Editor" in any publication, and very much more so in this *Journal,* please keep them up—there is no better way of sharing experiences. I do think that the member who signed himself "Dog lover" last month was sticking his neck out, much as I am incllined to agree with his sentiments that dogs and boats don't mix. But he could have been kinder to "Man's best friends."

* * *

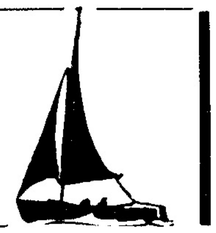
Can I make a plea to some of you better photographers? What is the ideal camera for a boat owner? Not a budding Beken, but an individual who wants to record a few of the happenings during his cruises, doesn't want an instrument that should be cocooned in cotton-wool, but does want a camera that will produce a reasonable picture when conditions are not perfect.

* * *

If you tow often, it is worthwhile inspecting the brake cable where



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it is roved through the levers. One wore through at this point recently, and consequently put the brakes right out of action, unbeknown to the driver, who found the whole outfit sliding merrily on a greasy bit of downhill road, when an uncomfortably large lorry was ascerting his right of way across the bows. Happily no impact ensued, but it was a little frightening all round. A small length of tubing welded on the hole would be well worthwhile.

* * *

Many times we have letters of appreciation from purchasers of SOIA brooches, saying how nice they are, and what good value for money. If you haven't one for your lapel, and if the wife does not sport one on her more sporting outfit, then you are missing a good six bob's worth, and our newlady bo'sun just loves wrapping them up and posting them off.

* * *

Don't forget the entries for the Log Competitions. With longer nights, it is easier to get down to writing it up.—*R.A.G.*

# *At Plymouth*
## *by Iris Fairman*

WHEN Plymouth Week was mentioned I wasn't at all sure if I was going to enjoy myself. One day, the first Sunday, was sufficient to convince me that we would thoroughly enjoy this holiday, and also find good friends. Strolling along to Sutton Harbour on the Sunday morning we came across Stan Morgan and his wife and daughter Jackie, and John, his valuable crew member. On learning that we had not brought our own boat, *Conqueror,* with us, we were immediately invited to board Stan's boat and join the cruise with all the other Silhouette members to Cawsand. My husband, Ron, daughter Madeleine, and myself wish to thank these two charming people for starting our holiday on such a friendly footing.

Monday was a tiger, with high winds and no racing, but the Civic Reception and dance at the RPCYC helped to end that day. The hospitality offered by the RPCYC members and wives was wonderful. Tuesday was a beautiful morning, winds, good sunshine, everything ready for racing. Ron was asked to crew for a young Merchant Navy officer, David Barnes, and they had a jolly good race. Wednesday brought more exciting racing, Ron once again crewing for David. The evening was spent at a dance at the Glenholt Country Club, where

there was a jolly good band and some of the prizes were handed out.

Thursday there was no racing, but another jaunt en bloc for Cawsand, and lots of fun. Everyone without exception joined in the fun. The children put a lot of effort into their races in the dinghies, and the ladies also had a fair share of wetting. The men as usual really did put themselves out to amuse all of us. The holidaymakers of Cawsand laughed with us. David, Ron and another friend, Peter, entered the punt race, and Stan Morgan joined them. I have not laughed so much for a long time as when I saw this punt (West Country name for dinghy) gracefully sink beneath them, and they still paddling up to their necks. They received a grand ovation for their performance, and a prize for being the first to sink.

We all hurried back for a steamer trip up the beautiful River Yealm, and returned to the Royal Corinthian Club for hot Cornish pasties, which Madeline thought were the tops. Friday brought another good day of racing, when David with Ron crewing for him got a third place and a cup. Well! All week David had thought how happy he would be if he attained a cup (a little one would do for this year), and when the cannon boomed his boat *Naura* third across the line I really jumped over the terrace of the Royal Corinthian club with excitement. In the evening, at the dinner and dance at the Duke of Cornwall Hotel, the prizes were given by the Lady Mayoress of Plymouth. We all clapped like mad when David received his. This evening was the first dinner and dance Madeleine had attended. It was a truly grand evening to finish the week. Saturday came round all too quickly. We entered for the gin race with David and won a jug, then back to the club to have lunch and say final farewells to everyone before setting off home. It had been a wonderful week, full of excitement, and life to the full. Needless to say it looks as if *Conqueror* will be going to Plymouth next year, and I hope to see all the people I met this time, plus a lot more. If you are undecided like I was, rest assured the friendliness you will meet will warm your heart. Good sailing.

# *HMS Raleigh*

A NUMBER of members of the SOIA who stayed on to cruise for a bit after Plymouth Week, found their way into the St. German's river, and anchored off the naval pontoons at Jupiter Point. This anchorage is run as a base for sailing instruction by HMS *Raleigh*, Torpoint, and those who were fortunate to see parties of Sea Cadets under instruction there could see what a high standard is achieved. The Navy at Jupiter Point was universally kind to visiting skippers, giving advice on where to anchor, letting us use their pontoons to come ashore, providing water, and doing everything possible to make us welcome. It was a heartwarming reception and we offer our sincere thanks to the Commanding Officer of HMS *Raleigh* (Captain D. Jermain, D.S.C., R.N.) and to all members of his Staff at Jupiter Point.



# *Letters to the Editor*

*DOGS* (1). If you care to look around you, I am sure that the collection of broken bottles, cigarette packets and sewage adorning our footpaths and foreshore far supasses the humble efforts of Fido. I see no trace of Fido, but the appalling mess left by generations of boatowners gets steadily worse. When our so-called "wretched animals" cut their feet on discarded empty soup tins, I wonder if they think much of the pedigree of the anti-dog brigade?. *Victor Wood*, 118 *Clayburn Circle, Basildon, Essex.*

*DOGS* (2). I have a devil of a Black Border Collie, whose one ambition is to get on the boat or in the car. She stations herself on the foredeck and sleeps in the well, but should I allow her to sleep on my bunk, I should deem it my business. Conversation in Locals can cover many interesting subjects in which one may or may not participate — it is surely up to the individual. The joy of a pint, smoke and company is the chief charm of such establishments. I think your correspondent must have been unfortunate in having only "mangy mongrels" and "slobering gun dogs" around him. Also, except for holidays, we do not go to sea, but even there, my "pooch" (not being a cat) would scorn a tray of ashes. Perhaps your correspondent would care to sail with us and I invite him to do so if that "Thing" will let him on board. Maybe I could rustle up a few well-behaved Spaniels, in which our Group seems to abound, for his edification. They are not sea dogs, but nevertheless are faithful and obedient companions to their owners, and a joy to sail with. —*W. P. Lloyd-Jones*, 40 *Sydenham Villas Road, Cheltenham.*

*SILHOUETTE IN STEEL.* You may be interested in what I think may be a new type of Silhouette. About two years ago I purchased the dry rotted hulk of a Silhouette from a colleague here. It was originally sold by Hurley's to a Mr. Powell in Salisbury, in about April 1958. Dry rot attacks all wooden boats on Lake Kariba, and after partially rebuilding *Gipsy* twice, I wrote to Robert Tucker in January with calculations and a proposal to rebuild her in steel — expecting, I must admit, that I would be told to walk the plank! However, Mr. Tucker approved the proposal, and gave me a great deal of help and advice with the result that a new steel *Gipsy* is now sailing on the Lake. Having learnt how to work in thin gauge steel now, I should really rebuild her again and make a decent job of her, but . . . her trim, stability and flotation lines are about the same as the wooden boat, and I think she is a touch faster. The watertight cockpit is self-draining, and I have used the mast, rigging, sails, sliding hatch, handgrips, tiller and rudder, ballast keel, bilge keels and fittings from the old boat. The hull lines were taken from Mr. Tucker's drawings, so that she is a cross between the Mark I and the Mark II Silhouette. She was built in my backyard using a small welding transformer, and 12 gauge welding rods. The frames and stringers are light angle and tube. The skin is 16 gauge steel. A rust inhibitor primer is applied, followed by two coats of enamel. In a blow, the Lake can produce vicious waves, though smaller than the deep sea criteria, of course, and *Gipsy* has behaved very well indeed. I would naturally prefer a wooden boat, and there well may be some big disadvantage as yet unseen, but it is a relief not to carry out an examination for dry rot every few months!

One small hint, which I saw on a friend's G.P. 14 dinghy, is to fit the Seagull mounting bracket on four Mini-Minor exhaust pipe moulded rubber hangers; makes quite a difference to noise and drumming. Lake Kariba covers 2,000 square miles — jolly good sailing — and if any Silhouette owners get the chance to visit Kariba, I would be delighted to make them welcome. — *D. Miller, c/o Central African Power Corporation, P. Bag* 1, *Kariba, S. Rhodesia.*

# *On the Blackwater*

THE Blackwater Group met on August 2 at Stansgate for the annual race for the Maldon Yacht Club "Silhouette Cup." This was a five hour race over approximately 20 miles and was sailed in a wind of about Force 4, with an occasional gust of Force 6, and a few holes of next to nothing! Six boats entered, five boats started, although one was still on the mud, and being valiantly heaved off by a lady crew in bathing costume. Unfortunately, the sixth boat arrived too late because of a misunderstanding over the starting time.

Bill Langsdale in *Oliver Twist* sailed into the lead, but went a little too far down river, and had to change tack to round the Nass Beacon for the first time. Somewhere along the five mile beat back to Stansgate the lead changed, and Brian Bell in *Osprey* and Tony Banks in *Ragtag* headed for the mark together. Brian won that battle with *Ragtag* in stays, and having to bear away and round again. Off towards the Nass once more, *Osprey* was away in front, with Ragtag and *Oliver Twist* having a chat together until *Oliver Twist* went ahead to give chase. Derek Welsford in *Pandora,* by this time, was surging along, and catching up in no uncertain manner. His was the boat on the mud, and June, his wife, the intrepid mudlark mentioned earlier.

Ken Bishop in *Calypso* was well in the picture, and overhauling *Ragtag.* Around the Nass, and away for home—*Osprey, Oliver Twist, Ragtag, Pandora* and *Calypso.* All boats were in line astern, but fairly well spread out. *Pandora* overtook both *Oliver Twist* and *Ragtag,* and *Calypso* almost caught *Ragtag.* Then, for the last 15 minutes, the wind blew harder, and in a blow that all Silhouettes (but not all crews) love, each boat tried to get to the line with as few tacks as possible. *Osprey* crossed an easy first, *Ragtag* a few minutes behind, and *Oliver Twist* third, then *Pandora* and *Calypso.*

Just to add a stir to the spoon on the position of the forestay argument, both the first two boats home were original rig with forestays *unaltered.* — *A. G. Banks.*

# *Southport Sailing Club*

From *Jibsheet,* the news-letter of Southport Sailing Club:

ON Sunday, September 6, the West Lancashire YC sailed the Open Event for Cruisers, which had been postponed on Regatta Day due to bad weather. This day turned out to be just as rough, with wind Force 5 gusting 6, and a wild sea. First across the starting line was Silhouette *Tapio* (Southport SC), closely challenged by the Valkyrie *Brunhilde* (West Lancs. YC) for the windward end of the gate. All the boats got a buffeting once South of the Pier, and the Race Officer shortened the course to one lap. First home was the Hilbre helmed by the West Lancs. YC Vice Commodore, Jack Whiteley, who won first prize. On adjusted time second prize went to *Tapio,* helmed by Rear Commodore Vin Evans of the Southport SC (crew John Eaton). Only 22 seconds separated *Brunhilde* for third place, helmed by Geoff Binks (West Lancs YC).



# *The Anglesey Coast*

We set off, it was Force Three
And pointed for the open sea;
Passed Beaumaris, Puffin Sound,
Lynas Point, Holyhead bound.
Close hauled, then sailing free
The sound of music of wind and sea;
Wordsworth never had such glee
With all the daffodils in the breeze.
Overfalls, tides and races,
Thank the Lord for all His graces,
Dolphins rollicking around our stern
We'll meet again when we return,
Mackerel rising to the spinner
Make a first class cruising dinner.
Harry Furlong on our beam,
That's just where he should be seen.
Skerries passed, then Carmel Head,
Holyhead harbour looms ahead;
Take up moorings, row ashore,
Can't this go on
For evermore ?

*—Herbert Firth.*

# *Farthest North*
## *by D. L. Smith*

THE last Friday in April saw *Tammy-Norie* emerge from her winter storage and take the water, watched, so it seemed, by half of Lerwick. What with collecting crew, and borrowing a trailer and lorry, we only just made it for closing time. After refreshments we motored rather slowly to the West Dock (who poured oil into the Seagull for winter and forgot to clear it out?).

Saturday was largely spent provisioning and rigging. The inevitable Shetland Saturday night meant nothing done on Sunday till afternoon, when we took a trial spin out of the North mouth for a quick look at the islands and back. By Monday lunchtime we were finally ready, and at 1-30 waved our farewells as we motored out of the small boat harbour. The hoped-for Easterlies of spring had changed this very day for a Southerly, and once the sails were up we were beating into a gentle breeze. Picture-taking and last minute rummaging over, we changed the jib for the genoa to hurry things up a bit. By 5-30 p.m. we were just North of Mousa and started the motor as the wind eased on entering the sound.

We kept close to Mousa to give Chris a good look at the Pictish broch — the most complete in existence, a sort of 50 foot dry stone cooling tower structure. Clear of the island, we found a better wind and built up to about 5 knots. Two large tacks brought us by dusk to Grutness Voe, the most Southerly anchorage available, by

10 p.m. This gave us plenty of time for supper while waiting for the Sumburgh Roost to die down. This tide race is uncomfortable enough in larger vessels and no place for a small boat at full strength, but there are about 40 minutes of relative calm between East and West-going streams.

Leaving at 1-15 a.m., swaddled in woollies and oilskins, we motored quickly South and covered the vital 3 or 4 miles with all speed before bearing away to 240 degrees, which we could just make on this wind. Variations in wind strength kept us busy through the night, changing jibs and working the reefing handle.

Sumburgh Light vanished astern, and we never saw Fair Isle lights, possibly due to the seas which were building up as we left the relative shelter of the islands. Jack and Chris took their turns below. When it was my turn, I suffered the ignomy of being sick aboard my own boat. However, the reassuring presence of a gay plastic bucket did the trick, and sleep descended. How cold it was up there — it penetrated three woollies, three pairs of trousers, life jacket and oilskins. We resolved to get gloves at the next stop. About 6 a.m. Chris woke me to take in sail again, as some of these seas are coming aboard. "Ugh!" what an awakening! Setting aside my faithful bucket, I came up to the biggest seas yet — probably not more than 15 feet, but they looked impossible to a Silhouette. Besides, the sun wasn't shining today, and hearts sank at the prospect. The log said 21 miles form Sumburgh — was there really any land anywhere? However, with storm jib and a deep reef, we continued to make good time between the occasional wave that took us by surprise. The sheer weight of these across our backs was astonishing; one looked up expecting to find the boat awash, but the cockpit sole was barely covered once everything had seeped through. The bucket came into its own again!

By 12.30 p.m. we had logged 50 miles, and checked our dead reckoning on the "Pilot Pal." North Ronaldsay came in very loud straight ahead, and in the next hour or so "N—R" was a very popular little tune!

By the time we sighted North Ronaldsay light at 3 p.m. we were sitting up and enjoying a little sunshine, though nobody was eating very much. We clearly had to abandon Stromness as our objective, and thought instead of Pierowall on Westray as being the nearest shelter with a light. However, the wind began to go West of South, and we tacked down towards the North Sound, and were soon lee bowing a 5 knot tide from North Ronaldsay Firth. This brought us nearer to Calf Sound and Eday, so we scrubbed the idea of Westray, and as dusk fell we were motoring in between the forbidding Red and Grey heads into Calf Sound. We followed the narrow white sector almost to the light before creeping along the shore with the handlamp. We found a handy slip below Carrick House, and wasted little time in getting to a phone, though waddling up the track felt very strange



after 36 hours at sea.

After working 2 years in Shetland I should have known to expect island hospitality, though Mrs. Byers must have had a few misgivings finding three bedraggled strangers at the door at 11 p.m. Things rather snowballed thereafter: from a "cup of tea" while Jack 'phoned (which turned to be an enormous supper) to an offer to dry clothes in the kitchen, and finally an offer of a bed for the night. Well . . . Chris' sleeping *bag* had got wet . . .!

After a farmhouse breakfast ("That's home cured ham, just leave it if you don't like it!") we got a favourable forecast from Kirkwall Airport and prepared for off again. We left at 3-30 on the start of the North-going stream, back into North Sound, and beat towards Weatherness Sound, where the tide obligingly sets South into Westray Firth. Suddenly the jib sagged away, and we looked up in horror to see the port spreader pulled clean off its stub and the mast bending like a fishing rod. Going about only brought off the other spreader, and we quickly ran before the wind — at least we still had a backstay! We got the main off her while I tried the Seagull. This *would* be the time to change a plug! A lobster boat crossed our tracks, and kindly stood by till the outboard burst into song, and we waved "all's well."

Taking in the jib and securing dangling spreaders we now faced the tide to re-enter Calf Sound. This runs at 6 knots right into the shallows, but no other haven was available, so we plugged away — sometimes moving, sometimes not. The Byers were delighted to see us back, and wouldn't hear of our sleeping aboard.

That evening we de-rigged, drilled the spreaders and stubs, and wired everything in place.

Thursday's forecast was S.W., 25 knots gusting to 30, so we made ourselves handy about the farm. Friday's forecast was for the wind to go North of West, Force 4, so we prepared to leave that night. As a belt-and-braces measure we added an extra pair of lower shrouds, forward of the others, as it was the mast's bending that started the trouble. Thank goodness our Chandlery department had been well stocked. Just in time we remembered the cold, and went for some gloves.

We slept aboard till 2-30 a.m. and motor-sailed over our previous course in lighter conditions through Weatherness Sound into Westray Firth. The tide was to be with us for 12 hours. With daybreak, the wind freshened, and we leebowed a healthy 5 knot tide in Westray Firth and fairly shot clear of Rousay into the open Atlantic. Leaving the boisterous seas of the Firth behind, we found wind and wave much reduced, save when passing through the confused outpourings of Eynhallow Sound before hugging the coast of Mainland. The sun got out and we all basked — though still heavily clad — during a pleasant chug down the coast, the wind having decided to pack in rather than shift obligingly North.

Hoy Sound, the entrance to Stromness harbour, had a lot of white water considering the flood was past its peak, and we kept well to the

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South away from the rocks, till the lighthouse on Graemsay when we crossed to the North and turned into Stromness. By a brilliant piece of timing, Jack had a magnificent stew ready the minute we tied up. This kept us well occupied below during the assembly of the inevitable discussion group on the quay. Snatches floated down to us . . . "a' da way fae Ledwick in yon peerie thing?" . . . and the like. A louder voice — the Coast Guard — asked our tonnage. This was only for the record; no charges were made.

After lunch we went in search of a petrol tank cap, as we'd lost one at the last refuelling. The garage couldn't help, but a perfect stranger, hearing our plea, took us home and gave us his own, and wouldn't hear of payment. Boat-ownership seems to bring out the best in people!

Sunday dawned calm and still, but we were moving out of Fair Isle into Hebrides and the forecast was S.W. Force 6 to 8, and the more detailed Norwegian Forecast gave 6 to 7 for Orkney, so we went off for a couple of pints and hoped for better things on Monday.

Monday was a repeat of Sunday — calm conditions but ominous forecast. One doesn't tackle Cape Wrath in the face of gale warnings.

It became clear that even if we rounded the Cape we might hole



## Regional Groups

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

| | |
|---|---|
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up in some remote part of the West Coast, more difficult of access than Orkney, and the complete trip to Mull was out of the question. We agreed that Jack should return to Lerwick. While seeing him off at Kirkwell Airport, we had a chat with the Met. Officer, Mr. Nixon, who said the winds would not be so strong today.

Chris and I sailed at 2 p.m. on the start of the ebb. Starting with genoa and main, we were soon reduced to normal jib and reefed main. The tide didn't help much and our progress into the seas of yesterday's gales was painfully slow. Later, the wind eased, but the seas were too steep to let us motor very briskly. We leaped and pranced but not a drop came aboard.

The 6 p.m. forecast was gloomy, and to cap all, the Norwegian shark-fishing fleet passed us shortly after, making for shelter. We reckoned that if they couldn't make the West coast, we were wasting our time, and turned about after a last look at the Old Man of Hoy. The wind having strengthened, was aft of the mast for the first time of the trip, and we had a storming sail back. If only we'd had Easterlies or Northerlies as we should have, what progress we'd have made. Hoy Sound was a mass of angry waves and white horses. Keeping well South out of the force of the tide as far as Graemsay Light again, we made good time. Crossing to the North side was rather fun — our speed through the water was splendid, but over the ground was nil . . . full speed a-sideways! The waters were wild and we kept a wary eye in case of gybes while dashing along. Not a drop came aboard, though golfers ashore found us interesting enough to stare after.

Entering harbour again we berthed under sail, watched by our Norwegian friends who had seen us outside and were anxious for our safety. It was a new pleasure to cook and sleep in a cabin free from water and chaos; strange how some seas *will* come aboard while quite nasty onces can pass harmlessly beneath.

The seas got up that night and in the morning we reluctantly inquired about shipment to the mainland by steamer; time was running out. That night we de-rigged and passed a couple of hefty slings under her hull.

At 8-30 the following morning we motored alongside the *St. Ola,* to be lifted gently on to her deck — thank goodness for bilge keels. The crossing was rough, but compartively luxurious to us, and by lunchtime we were bobbing in the harbour in Scrabster. My firm was doing repairs to the harbour here, but alas, neither crane nor lorry was available. While brooding on the quay a gentleman asked us if we'd like to borrow a trailer . . . wouldn't we just! A mad rush got us to the train in Thurso, Aberdeen-bound. No landrovers being available at head office, we had a towbar fitted to my unsuspecting "mini" and bowled back to Scrabster in six hours.

Min's performance up the slip settled doubts about Berridale Hill, the only serious obstacle, which she duly stormed in fine style. We did the 200 miles to Ballachulish, Argyll, in 10 hours including stops. Mind you, we got some funny looks on the way, especially when feeding (aboard, naturally!).

Our holiday all but over, we left her "parked" rather than moored, beside a friend's caravan, and shot into Glasgow to put Chris on a train for the South.

A fortnight later, Glen and Elenor helped to launch from the Corrau Ferry slip — at 2 a.m. (Moral: always check that your slip reaches low water springs — this one doesn't!). We anchored in Bishop's Bay, North Ballachulish, as dawn broke, and left soon after to return the trailer to its kind owner. This time the Pentland Firth looked positively benign and the North-Easterlies had returned. If only . . .

Yet another fortnight and a solo hop from Ballachulish via Oban to Loch Spelve on Mull. After another couple of week's work, we did the last lap. Quite a strong North-Westerly ruffled Loch Spelve, and out we shot into the Firth of Lorne. This was not a day for full sail. As on the mountains, I find one's solo performance much more modest than when in company. The seas were not high, but short and angry. Wind gusted off distant hills in an unnerving fashion. Stop and think, Smith! Down with the jib, and a nice big reef. That's better — now she's sitting up, but we aren't moving much are we? Caution gave way to boredom, and up went the storm jib. This was more like it!

Just as much sail as she wanted. *Tammie-Norie* swept along at full speed, bilge keels crooning contentedly.

With seas abeam and wind on the quarter, it seemed better to stand on for Colousay as originally planned, rather than beat uncomfortably into the Sound of Iona. Besides, I'd left gear there at the pier contract, knew a lot of people, and how better to visit them?



The setting sun put the wind to bed, and we drifted into Scalasaig at 10.30 — rather late for a pint! After a night in my former digs I had a lazy day waiting for the wind to ease up, and finally set off at 10 p.m. The seas were down, and we had a quiet trip North towards the Ross of Mull. By 3 a.m. we were as near the Torran Rocks as was safe till dawn broke, so we jilled about for an hour as the wind died away to nothing. It got light enough to thread through the rocks, and we motored into the mirror clam of the Sound of Iona. The sun got up and so did the breeze, and the last couple of miles to Bunessan were brisk enough to dispel sleepiness till we tied up at 7-30. Rather a slow trip, but preferable to a tussle in to wind and sea.

So here we are at last, with any number of islands to be visited, wonderful cruising waters all around and *Tammy-Norie* ready for anything. Looking back one or two things stand out particularly — above all the incredible cold which nothing could ward off for ever. Secondly, the futility of battling against wind and waves for long periods, in spite of any amount of willingness on the part of ship and crew. We were thankful for a well stocked repair kit too, practically everything was used at one time or another. As time passes the discomfort gets forgotten, but we are all left with very pleasant memories of Northern hospitality, splendid cruising water, and an astonishingly game little ship.

# *The Pegg Cup*

THE race for the Pegg Cup of the NW Group was sailed in the delightful surroundings of Conway YC on Sunday, August 30. Unfortunately, there was little wind, and those with local knowledge might well have had the advantage. We must thank Mr. B. Newport for the advice and tips given to entrants—a fine piece of sportsmanship in sharing information on local conditions. The fleet included *Seagull* (B. Wiggins), *Slipper* (Ian Hyde-Smith), *Buttercup II* (R. Bradbury), *Whim* (K. Lingard), *Martini* (G. Smith), *Cordelia* (J. Roberts) and *Shadow* (B. Newport). SOIA rules were acknowledged, and all sailed under working rig. But this (in my view) would have been an occasion on which genoa and spinnaker would have added zest to things. *Buttercup II, Cordelia, Seagull* and *Martini* all retired.

The race was won by Ian Hyde-Smith in *Slipper,* with *Whim* (K. Lingard) and *Shadow* (B. Newport) taking second and third places. Ian Hyde-Smith was presented with the Pegg Cup, and K. Lingard and B. Newport received insignia ashtrays of the Conway YC. We owe a great debt of thanks to the Conway club for entertaining us so well. It was a pity that this event rather clashed with the Plymouth Rally, for one or two of our NW members who would otherwise have been at Conway were unable to get back from Plymouth in time.

We were welcomed to Conway by the Commodore of the Conway

YC, Mr. A. S. Hughes, D.S.C., the Rear Commodore, Mr. T. Lord, and Captain West, Harbourmaster of Conway. Captain West's advice on Conway waters was much appreciated. We missed our friend Mr. Hepper, and thank him for his note. We all hope that his wife recovers quickly, and we look forward to meeting them at a later date.

The presentations were made by the Conway Commodore, and Ian Hyde-Smith returned a vote of thanks to him and to the Conway Club. We look forward to many more meetings in these happy surroundings. —*George Smith.*

# *News from the North-West*

THERE was an excellent turnout from the Venturers' Fleet of the SOIA and from the NW Venturers YC on June 27 for the race from Puffin Island to Holyhead, held by the Manchester Cruising Association. The fleet included Herbert Firth in *Dolphin,* George Smith in *Martini,* Ian Roberts in *Cordelia,* Don McKnight in his new Mystic, A. Goodwin in *Lady Irene,* R. Bradbury in *Buttercup II,* Neville and Richard Hopkins in their Caprice, and John Osola in his Debutante. The fleet was led by our Commodore, Judge Meurig Evans, in *Maid of Skye.* Twenty-five yachts started in the MCA race, with a wind Force 2—3, SW. Later this backed to S, and dropped. A very good sail was had by all, until we reached Carmel Head. Here, there were two schools of thought: there were those (like me) who felt it best to cut inland and across Church Bay, and those who went well out to take a long tack into Holyhead. The latter proved to be the best decision. Don McKnight, A. Goodwin and Ian Roberts took this course, and finished very well indeed. Holyhead YC entertained us in the evening with a party and dance, which made a splendid end to a very happy occasion.

On July 11 we had planned a cruise to Lynas Point for a barbecue arranged by Derek and Mrs. Williams. The forecast, however, was markedly unfavourable, so a Captains' Meeting was called in the clubhouse and it was decided not to sail. But we were not to be outdone, so we gathered in the early evening and went by road to enjoy the barbecue that had been so kindly arranged for us. Thirty-five members had a wonderful evening. Herbert Firth entertained us with some films, a particularly interesting one showing the start of the Singlehanded Transatlantic Race, which Herbert went to Plymouth to see. Ron Bradbury expressed our thanks to Derek and Mrs. Williams, and a small presentation was made to Mrs. Williams. We thank them both very much.—*George Smith.*

**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.



# *Cruise with a young daughter*

NO pretence is made that this cruise was in the least ambitious or enterprising. But the crew included two small boys, David (not quite 8), Timothy (5½), and a very young daughter, Ricarda (four and a half months). If it shows nothing else, it does show that a family can contrive to live very happily on board a Silhouette, and the domestic, if not the navigational, details may perhaps, be of some interest to others with young children.

Any enterprise involving young children needs some planning. Our cruise began at Cawsand, where we stayed for a little after Plymouth Week. *Mary Lane* (S.II 397) was lying there, to her CQR anchor and the best part of 15 fathoms of chain. The holding ground is good, and the anchorage is well protected from NW round to SW, but is exposed to anything with East in it. Although the weather in late August this year was warm and, for the most part, really lovely, there was a disquieting tendency for the wind to come fairly strong from the East. We were all right for some days, but I didn't want to chance our luck too far. The family had a rented cottage at Cawsand until the morning of August 29, and it was obviously nice to have *Mary Lane* at anchor in Cawsand Bay. But I was a bit worried about Easterlies, and also about Channel cruising with such a very young daughter. So we decided to make our own cruise in the complex of lovely waters of the the Tamar and St. German's rivers. The first step was to get *Mary Lane* into the St. German's river, and here two fellow-members of the SOIA, Sid and Wyn Stuttle, kindly offered to help. They came over to Cawsand on Monday, August 24, to join me for taking the boat round.

We embarked from the beach around 3 p.m. on Monday afternoon. David and Timothy came with us, and it needed three trips in the Prout to get everyone on board. I have the highest respect and great affection for my Prout Scoprel, but one other adult is a safe load, though I can take the two children readily enough.

The wind was light Westerly, but it increased a little as we cleared the bay to perhaps Force 3, gusting to 4 at times. We could have run to Picklecombe Point, but we had some hours of making tide with us, and were in no hurry, so we stood out to sea a bit, and rounded the point in a series of pleasant reaches. Having made Drake's Island, the wind was more or less on the nose for entering the Hamoaze, but it had strengthened a bit, and we had the tide with us. So we beat in to fine style. When we turned the corner at Cremyll we could reach up the Hamoaze, and had a marvellous sail. To enter the St. German's river meant a beat again, but there was enough wind to keep us moving smartly, and we made short tacks between the lines of laid up shipping, enjoying every minute of the sail, though a little saddened by the laid up ships. We left Beggar's Island and its shoals well to port, as Adlard Coles's invaluable *Pilot to the South Coast Harbours* advises, and went on about a mile up the St. German's river

to the anchorage off Jupiter Point. There is a quay here and pontoons maintained by HMS *Raleigh* as a base for instruction in sailing. The Navy couldn't have been kinder, advising us just where to anchor, providing water, and generally doing everything to show that visiting yachtsmen were regarded as guests rather than as pests. Our ETA for Helen to meet us with the car was 5-30 p.m., but we were in by 5.

*Distance, Cawsand to Jupiter Point* 7½ *miles. But by standing out to sea on our course, we made it about* 10 *miles. Time,* 2 *hours. Engine nil.*

We lent *Mary Lane* to the Stuttles for a couple of days, while we went on with the landward part of our family holiday. On Friday, August 28, David and I returned to *Mary Lane,* filled up with water (a 2-gallon breaker with a tap that lives forward in the chain locker, and a 1-gallon container in the cabin), and generally made ready for the family to embark next day. On Saturday afternoon, August 29, we all went on board, about teatime. Embarking stores and people with the Prout took time, and when we were all settled in and had had our meal, the children were ready for bed. So we decided to stay where we were for the night. We disposed ourselves thus: Timothy on a short Li-Lo on the cockpit floor, under the boom tent; David in the quarter-berth; Helen and I (top to toe) in the double berth; Ricarda on the galley top, where the fiddles kept her in snugly. It was a superb night, full of stars, I slept forward and had the forehatch open most of the night, having only to open my eyes to see a canopy of stars.

Next morning (Sunday, August 30) we got away after breakfast, in the lightest of light airs. But *Mary Lane* has always been good at ghosting, and even towing the dinghy she moved through the water enough to give us steerage way, and the tide was with us for going up river. We wanted to get up to St. German's village, about 3½ miles and planned to have lunch ashore. We ghosted slowly as far as Earth Hill, enjoying the peace of a lovely morning. An otter came and looked as us, dived playfully, and swam off in a leisurely fashion, quite unfrightened by *Mary Lane.* By Earth Hill, however, the wind died away to nothing, and we decided that if we were to make St. German's by high water we should just have to use the engine. So, regretfully, we started our faithful Seagull. Above Earth Hill the St. German's river dries out pretty thoroughly, but we were near high water, and I thought that we should probably be all right. Helen had the chart (Sheet 13 of Stanford's *Coloured Charts for Coastal Navigators,* which covers the whole area admirably) and she kept telling me to stick to the channel marked on the chart, which follows the S bank of the river fairly closely. There seemed to be plenty of water, and I was a bit bothered by some withies roughly where the channel was supposed to be, so I stood over a bit. That was a serious error, for just as we were looking at some cottages with a little quay, with pleasant anticipations of getting ashore to find a pub and some lunch, we went on the mud. Going on the mud practically at high water is any navigator's nightmare, and with a crew of young children it is a particularly horrid nightmare: the prospect of being stranded for hours in a sea of mud, looking at the shore and being unable to get there, filled Helen and me with horror. I was in the Prout in a trice, and without attempting to unhitch and turn the dinghy round, sculled vigorously stern-first. Helen shoved with the boathook forward. To our delight, these combined efforts made *Mary Lane* begin to move, and we slid gently off the mud. Soon we were definitely afloat again. The problem now was to decide what to do. A little motor boat went by, going towards the village, and we asked if there was anywhere where we could lie afloat. They said there wasn't, so we determined to get out as quickly as we could. The ebb had started, and soundings with the boathook indicated that the water was going away pretty rapidly. The chart said that there was a channel, so we followed it as nearly as we could make out, going slowly, and with Helen sounding with the boathook, every few yards. By guess and by God we kept enough water under us to keep moving until we were half a mile or so down river, and it was deep enough to feel no bottom with the boathook.



Adlard Cole's *Pilot* mentions a good anchorage at Dandy Hole, on the S bank of the river opposite Earth Hill, where there is deep water all the time. We decided to make for it, and thought that we knew where it was, for we had seen another yacht at anchor there as we came up. We dropped anchor in what we thought was a good place, about half a cable from the other yacht, and I asked if we were in the pool. The friendly couple on board, who told me later that they had been coming there for 30 years, said that we ought to move a little downstream, and we did so. When we finally brought up, they called across, "A destroyer could lie there."

The *Pilot* observes that there are "no facilities" at Dandy Hole, and indeed there are none within miles. There are thick woods, steep to, on the S bank, and on the N bank nothing but river foreshore and the lovely curve of Earth Hill — it must be one of the loveliest low hills in England. There is nothing but peace. And we needed nothing, for the galley was well stocked. In complete contentment we had lunch.

After lunch the other yacht went away, and we were utterly alone. I would have been content to stay there, reclining in the cockpit and doing nothing for ever, but the children needed a run ashore. So I rowed them across in the dinghy to the Earth Hill shore, where there was a little shingly beach, landed them, and went back for Helen and Ricarda. Across the river *Mary Lane,* quietly at anchor, looked like a sloop visiting some remote Pacific island. We all went for a long walk, with Ricarda sitting on my haversack, slung from my shoulder.

When we came back, we discovered that we had made another error. The tide had gone on ebbing, and below the little shingly beach there was a vast expanse of mud. Helen and I tried to launch the dinghy, but when we sank above our knees in muddy water without being able to get even the Prout waterborne, we gave it up. There was nothing to do but wait for the returning tide to bring back some

water. Ricarda went to sleep on a bed of sea lavender. I went to sleep, to. Helen gallantly kept the children amused by playing "I Spy." Then I woke up, and we composed an endless nonsense narrative-poem, to which each of us had to add a line in turn. At last it was apparent that the Prout was actually floating. We were thankful to return to our ship for a much-needed wash in buckets of river water, a big tea, and soon afterwards, bed. We made a change in the sleeping arrangements that night, because I don't really like to have the boom-tent up unless we are tied to a quay or bank: if you want to move in the middle of the night in a hurry, a tent over the cockpit would be a frightful nuisance. So Helen slept in the quarter-berth, and Timothy came into the cabin, sharing the double berth with David and me.

Next morning (August 31) the weather changed. It was still cloudless and sunny, but a considerable amount of wind was coming from the East. The tide was against us, but we felt that we had better get down river before the wind got up much more; also, we needed more fresh water. So we set sail and went off on a tack that took us across the river. With a making tide there was a fair amount of water. The strengthening wind gave us power to beat the tide, and *Mary Lane* surged on her way, on long diagonals back and forth across the river. It was a hard beat, though an exhilarating one, and it took us most of the morning to reach our old anchorage at Jupiter Point against both wind and tide. We went in under sail, anchored, and considered what to do. I let out all the chain we had, and the anchorage seemed safe enough as far as the boat was concerned, but it was not comfortable for us. The wind, howling straight up the river, was kicking up a considerable short swell, and it would get worse as the tide turned and there was wind against tide. The boat was already riding rather wildly. I was also rather bothered about taking the children—and Helen and Ricarda—through the disturbed water in the Prout. We were not more than 40 yards or so off the naval pontoon, but it was quite enough for an upset to be dangerous for a four-month-old baby. I decided to experiment by taking the boys ashore. David has passed his swimming test at school, and both wore Lifemaster lifejackets, fully inflated. Although I was nervous, the Prout handled as well as she always does, and we made the lee of the pontoon safely. Back for Helen and Ricarda, and we were all safely ashore. We picked up the car and went off to Torpoint to have lunch, without making any plans.

Throughout the afternoon the wind continued to blow strongly, and it seemed best to find beds ashore, hoping that conditions would moderate by morning. With morning, however, came a gale warning—"Force 8, imminent." It was. We went back to the boat, still wondering what to do. We had not much holiday left, and with the deteriorating weather it seemed risky to continue our cruise. But *Mary Lane* couldn't be left where she was: she had to get down to Mashford's yard at Cremyll to be laid up. The distance was only about 4 miles, but with the tide and a Force 8 wind against us, it was not a pleasing prospect — not with a four month old baby on board. I decided to go down under power with David, leaving Helen with the younger children



to drive to Cremyll in the car to meet us.

I did not enjoy the dinghy trip with David: the wind seemed to want to lift the Prout bodily out of the water. But we made *Mary Lane* by hard rowing. Before starting the Seagull I shackled on the jib, pushing the sail down the forehatch, but ready to hoist quickly, in case anything should go wrong with the engine. It seemed to me that there was no real danger, because if we couldn't make our way downstream, all we had to do was to set the jib, let the wind take her, and we could roar back up river. Having made ready the jib, I started the Seagull, and left the engine running with the clutch out while I got up the anchor. That was some struggle, but it came up in the end. David held the tiller to keep some control of the boat while I rushed back and let in the clutch—these manoeuvres are a little difficult for a crew of under 8.

We were off, and with the Seagull going hard we made a crab-like course across the St. German's. On the far bank we got a little lee from the lines of laid-up shipping, and managed to make progress. Turning the corner into the Hamoaze proved impossible. We got about halfway along a line of laid-up ships, and then with the Seagull going at full revs, we just stood still. With no steerage way, there was no helm. Using the tiller of the Seagull as an extra help, I managed to get her heading on a slantwise course, making for an opening between two moored ships. We got through, and then I tried again to turn downstream into the Hamoaze, and again failed. But the magnicent Seagull held us against gale and tide, and I turned a little off wind, to cross the Hamoaze on an upstream diagonal, hoping to get a little lee from the Devonport shore. This worked. We managed to turn downstream, and after our turn the wind was more on the beam than dead ahead. We made good progress down the Hamoaze, until we came to the turn for Devil's Point, where we had to get across to the Cornish shore for Cremyll. Here again the gale was full on the nose, and we could not turn the corner. But the tide which we were fighting was also making plenty of water on the Cornish shore, so we did what we had done before: went across on a diagonal a little off the wind, and then crept along the shore in the way we wanted to go. There was water in the dock at Cremyll. Helen waved to us from the pierhead, and we turned in without incident. As I switched off the Seagull to let our way carry us the last few yards into the dock, I blessed the magnificent little engine. It had never faltered, although sometimes it had been racing clear of the water, sometimes almost buried. How it had given enough power to bring us safely to Cremyll against the tide and a gale that was certainly a full Force 8 at times, I simply do not know. But it did. *Mary Lane* herself behaved in her usual gallant fashion, telling us whenever she could that as far as she was concerned, we had nothing to worry us. Wind and sea sometimes made her almost stand on her head: she could not help throwing up clouds of spray, but she took not a drop of green water on board, and apart from spray, nothing came into the cockpit.

Shackling on the jib in the hope that it would stay in the forehatch



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was an error. A few minutes after we had started the wind simply tore it from the hatch, and it had to come off altogether. This was a ticklish manoeuvre for me with an 8-year-old at the helm. David did splendidly; he showed not the least sign of nervousness throughout our rather Valkyrie ride, and jumped to do whatever I asked him. I think that I need not have worried about having the jib pre-set. There was enough wind to give us steerage way by running under bare pole, and with the jib all ready in the forehatch, it would not have taken long to get it up.

*Distance, Jupiter Point to St. German's, 3½ miles. Two miles under sail, 1½ under power. St. German's to Dandy Hole, 1 mile, under power. Dandy Hole to Jupiter Point, 2½ miles under sail. Jupiter Point to Cremyll, 4 miles under power.*

In terms of distance covered, this was indeed a trivial cruise. As a family occasion, it was an immensely happy one, giving Ricarda a good introduction to sailing at the age of four months, and giving David an opportunity to prove himself a first-rate crew in conditions of some difficulty. It is only fair to Timothy to say that he begged to come with us, and I would not let him. (David can swim). The only really difficult decision was whether it was safe to take the family ashore on our return to Jupiter Point. I think it was — just. But one must have iron self-discipline in such circumstances. And if you judge a dinghy trip unsafe, stay on board, even if everybody is seasick. The boat won't sink at anchor, and even if she drags and is driven ashore, her crew will probably survive. Young children tipped into the water from a dinghy stand a horribly real chance of being drowned. — *J. R. L. Anderson.*

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**THE SOLE PRODUCERS OF THE SILHOUETTE** hope that all who attended enjoyed PLYMOUTH WEEK and look forward to meeting all of you again next year.

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**Richmond Walk · Plymouth**

# *Plymouth Week: Results*

HERE are the results of racing and other events during Plymouth Week, 1964. We are indebted to C. J. Guscott, who has gallantly taken on the job of Press Secretary, for all the hard work of classifying and co-ordinating this list.

★

*City of Plymouth Trophy—Championship*

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1. | *Moonraker* (727) | T. J. Bickford | (Mayflower S.C.) |
| 2. | *Dipper* (1040) | W. P. Grenfell | (R.P.C.Y.C.) |
| 3. | *Wee-Three* (654) | H. W. Maloney | (Up River Y.C.) |
| 4. | *Hollandia* (1777) | D. Cevat | (Yealm Y.C.) |
| 5. | *Julie* (1767) | G. E. Isles | (Ullswater Y.C.) |
| 6. | *Blue Moon* (883) | T. K. Jones | (Ullswater Y.C.) |
| 7. | *Secundus* (773) | J. D. O'Brien | (Up River Y.C.) |
| 8. | (SII 1262) | Miss M. Hurley | (R.P.C.Y.C.) |
| 9. | *Sheerelle* (1491) | J. D. Walker | |
| 10. | *Chota* (1005) | V. P. England | (R.N.V.R.S.C.) |

*1st Points Race—William Spurrell Trophy*

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1. | *Moonraker* (727) | T. J. Bickford | (Mayflower S.C.) |
| 2. | *Dipper* (1040) | W. P. Grenfell | (R.P.C.Y.C.) |
| 3. | *Wee-Three* (654) | H. W. Maloney | (Up River Y.C.) |
| 4. | *Blue Moon* (883) | T. K. Jones | (Ullswater Y.C.) |
| 5. | *Julie* (1767) | G. E. Isles | (Ullswater Y.C.) |

*2nd Points Race—Russell Marine Trophy*

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1. | *Dipper* (1040) | W. P. Grenfell | (R.P.C.Y.C.) |
| 2. | *Moonraker* (727) | T. J. Bickford | (Mayflower S.C.) |
| 3. | (SII 1262) | Miss M. Hurley | (R.P.C.Y.C.) |
| 4. | *Hollandia* (1777) | D. Cevat | (Yealm Y.C.) |
| 5. | *Wee-Three* (654) | H. W. Maloney | (Up River Y.C.) |

*3rd Points Race—Exe Trophy*

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1. | *Moonraker* (727) | T. J. Bickford | (Mayflower S.C.) |
| 2. | *Wee-Three* (654) | H. W. Maloney | (Up River Y.C.) |
| 3. | *Sheerelle* (1491) | J. D. Walker | |
| 4. | *Hollandia* (1777) | D. Cevat | (Yealm Y.C.) |
| 5. | *Dipper* (1040) | W. P. Grenfell | (R.P.C.Y.C.) |

*4th Points Race—Lumley Trophy*

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1. | *Moonraker* (727) | T. J. Bickford | (Mayflower S.C.) |
| 2. | *Dipper* (1040) | W. P. Grenfell | (R.P.C.Y.C.) |
| 3. | *Wee-Three* (654) | H. W. Maloney | (Up River Y.C.) |
| 4. | *Julie* (1767) | G. E. Isles | (Ullswater Y.C.) |
| 5. | *Secundus* (773) | J. D. O'Brien | (Up River Y.C.) |

*Handicap Series*

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1. | Felicity 283 | *Bigga Bear* | F. R. Gregory | (Wyre & Morecambe) |
| 2. | Mystic 90 | *Mystene* | C. H. W. Smith | (Parkstone Y.C.) |
| 3. | Signet 25 | *Half Hour* | J. Hancock | (Parkstone Y.C.) |
| 4. | Caprice 239 | *Selina* | I. W. Warren | (N.W.V.Y.C.) |
| 5. | Caprice 282 | *Etesian* | R. B. Hopkins | (N.W.V.Y.C.) |

*Best Performance by a Mixed Crew*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *Julie* (1767) | G. E. Isles | (Ullswater Y.C.) |

*Concours d'Elegance*

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1. | *Poucette* (1129) | C. J. Guscott | (Brixham Y.C.) |
| 2. | *La Mouette* (267) | R. Trevithick | (Teign Corinthian Y.C.) |
| 3. | *Lady Luck* (1216) | A. J. Linton | |

*Gin Treasurer Hunt*

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1. | Salcombe A-7 | *Juanita* | C. A. Gulliford | (R.P.C.Y.C.) |
| 2. | Signet 25 | *Half Hour* | J. Hancock | (Parkstone Y.C.) |
| 3. | SII 1520 | *Mystral IV* | J. K. Jenkins | |

*Stuart Turner Trophy—Race under power*

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1. | *Westbank* (1180) | P. H. Crampton | (R.P.C.Y.C.) |
| 2. | (SII 1262) | Miss M. Hurley | (R.P.C.Y.C.) |
| 3. | *Moonraker* (727) | T. J. Bickford | (Mayflower S.C.) |

*Hazelwood Hotel, Torquay Trophy—Longest Sea Passage to Rally*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *Le Mouette* (267) | R. Trevithick | (Teign Corinthian Y.C.) |
| *Elf* (991) | H. R. Lee | |

*Longest Journey by Road to Rally*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *Echo* (873) | E. R. Adams | (Ullswater Y.C.) |
| *Blue Moon* (883) | T. K. Jones | (Ullswater Y.C.) |
| *Julie* (1767) | G. E. Isles | (Ullswater Y.C.) |

*All-in Handicap Race*

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1. | Salcombe A-7 | *Juanita* | C. A. Gulliford | (R.P.C.Y.C.) |
| 2. | SII 773 | *Secundus* | J. D. O'Brien | (Up River Y.C.) |
| 3. | SII 1472 | *Naura* | D. I. Barnes | (Mayflower S.C.) |
| 4. | SII 727 | *Moonraker* | T. J. Bickford | (Mayflower S.C.) |
| 5. | SII 1767 | *Julie* | G. E. Isles | (Ullswater Y.C.) |

★

*Water Sports at Cawsand (Organised by Terry Bickford)*

*Punt race for boys*: 1, R. Kirkby; 2, M. Griffin; 3, C. Tucker.

*Gent's punt race*: 1, Mr. Jenkins; 2, Mr. Griffin; 3, Mr. Smith.

*Ladies' punt race*: 1, Mrs. Kennedy; 2, Mrs. Jenkins; 3, Miss O'Brien.

*Open punt ("All-in") race*: 1, Mr. Griffin; 2, Mr. Kennedy; 3, Mr. Hancock. 1st to sink; Mr. D. Barnes.

*Most Nautical Personality*: 1, Mr. W. Spurrell; 2, Master C. Newell; 3, Mr. A. Kennedy.

*Boys' swimming*: 1, C. Tucker; 2, M. Griffin.

*Ladies' swimming*: 1, Miss L. Kirkby; 2, Jo Beaumont; 3, Mrs. P. Kirkby.

*Gents' swimming*: 1, Mr. Warren; 2, Mr. McNight; 3, Mr. Smith.

*Official Starter and Horn Blower*: Stanley Spurrell.