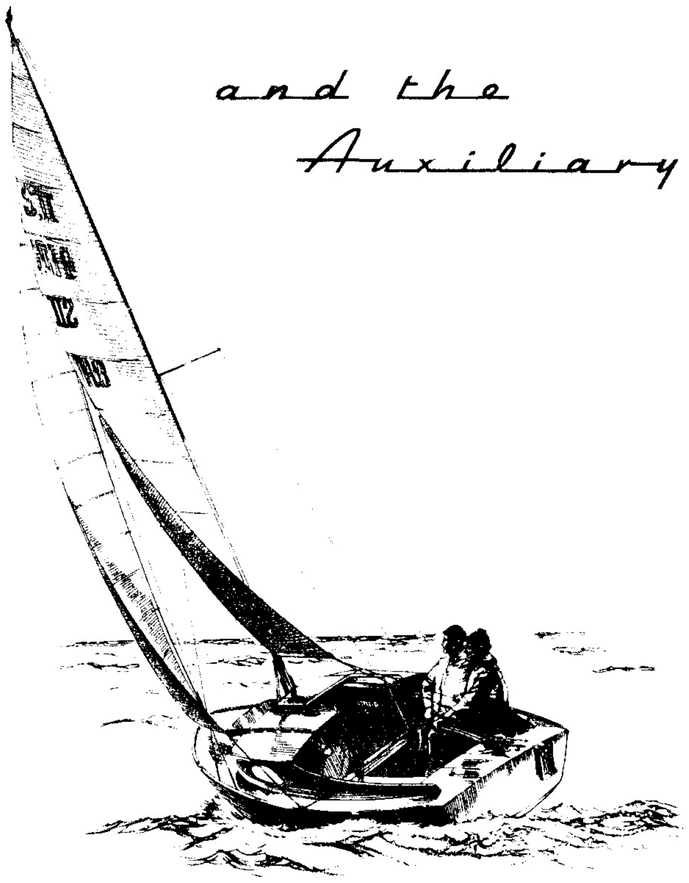
The Silhouette Owner

The journal of the
Silhouette Owners' International Association

NUMBER 47 NOVEMBER 1964 PRICE 6d.



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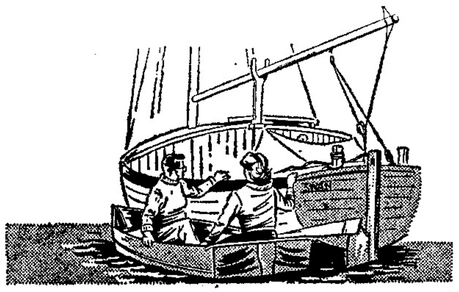
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Ships' biscuits

HAS anyone succeeded in buying ships' biscuits in the last few years — those genuine hard biscuits that really need the axe that all sailing boats are supposed to carry to make even a mark on their formidable surface? It would be a pity if they went from the world, for all modern developments in the preservation of food have not produced a substitute for genuine hard-tack. If one is nearly starving and has exceptionally good teeth, it is just possible to eat ships' biscuits as they come, but that is only the beginning of an immense range of uses for them. Break them (with an axe or hammer), boil them with a good seasoning of curry powder and anything else edible that may be on board, and you have a marvellous curry; put them into a soup with shellfish and you can make a princely *bouillabaise*. Old-timers may have had to throw the salt pork overboard, but they could depend on ship's biscuits to keep them going, from the Antarctic to the tropics. What about some Silhouette recipes — with or without ships' biscuits? Where are our sea cooks? In all the articles and letters that reach the *Journal*, hardly anyone ever writes about food—unless it be to record some marvellous meal ashore in France or Holland. What do people eat on board? We don't believe for a moment that all meals come out of tins, and that the variety of stoves to be found in Silhouette galleys do nothing but boil water for making tea. Let us have some accounts of Silhouette catering, of meals cooked on board, on passage or at moorings.. Tell us how you feed your crew (or how your crew feeds you). This will not only make good reading for the winter months, but should provide useful ideas for next season. So please — send in *your* experiences in the galley.

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Secretary's Notes

THE Annual General Meeting and Cocktail Party, will again be held at The National Liberal Club, Whitehall Place, London. SW1, on the first Saturday of the Boat Show, that is, January 9, 1965. The meeting will start at 5-30 p.m. and the Party will begin at 7-30. This time, the meeting will be held in a separate room from the Party, so we hope to prevent the overcrowding that marked last year's event. Visitors will again be more than welcomed, but this time a small fee will be charged to help to cover costs. Every member will be entitled to bring one guest free (children of school age can accompany parents without charge), but other visitors will be asked to contribute 10s. towards the cost of the Party.

* * * *

We want to print the agenda for the A.G.M. in next month's issue of the *Journal* and so your secretary, would be pleased to have notice of any items that you would like to see included, as soon as possible. So far what seems to be the most important (or perhaps the most controversial) is the question of permitted sail areas for racing

with working rig. Nominations for the various offices are now also welcome, officially the whole of the officers, with the exception of the Commodore, resign at the A.G.M. and the election of officers, is an item on the agenda. In the past, we have had re-election en bloc, which, while being speedy, is not the most satisfactory way of ensuring that the best person available is doing the job. So may I make an appeal? Give the matter a little thought, and nominate your choice; then we can truthfully say we have a democratic association.

* * * *

Association Christmas Cards are now on sale at 9s. per dozen, from our Lady Bo'sun. There was a little criticism last year about the card selected, so for 1964, we have a very formal, dignified, folded card, with our burgee crest in colour as a centre-piece, and I am quite sure they will please everyone. *But please note—Mrs. Eileen Morgan, holds the stocks.*

* * * *

During the past year, certain members have over-paid our Treasurer for something or other. Rather than write out a cheque for a few shillings, on which postage would have to be paid, Jack O'Brien has credited these amounts to the people concerned and will deduct them from subscriptions due in 1965.

* * * *

Have you thought about insurance lately? If you are not insured with our Group Policy, then you are probably wasting money. Look into it. Proposal forms are readily available.

* * * *

Two outboards were dropped overboard during Plymouth Week, both being successfully recovered by the willing and expert efforts of the local Sub-Aqua Club. So when one of our members recently had to slip his anchor and fifteen fathoms of chain in about five fathoms of water, we appealed to the local diving club, for assistance. Skin divers are very enthusiastic about their sport, and spend time and money exploring the sea or river bed whenever possible, so usually when they are asked to perform an actual service like retreiving something that has been lost, they welcome the suggestion, and are only too willing to help. If you do lose something valuable overboard, take a sight, or mark the spot, and seek out your local diving club; I am sure that it will try. One interesting point arose while talking to the secretary about our own lost anchor; he told me that on an organised dive in the Dartmouth area, they found no fewer than sixteen light anchors! They now use this spare metal as ballast for their boat.

* * * *

If you are adept with a paint brush, you probably paint the name of your boat on any spare equipment that may be mislaid—spinnaker pole, paddles and the like—but ham-fisted folk like me, who are a little ashamed at their own efforts at lettering, can get a very good effect with sheets of stencils, sold in artists material shops, under the

PLYMOUTH WEEK — 1965

Dates : **AUGUST 16 — 21, 1965**
Hosts : **ROYAL PLYMOUTH CORINTHIAN YC**

For the best holiday in the best company. Please let Reg Garrod know as soon as you can if you hope to get to Plymouth next year.

name of "Letraset." These stencils are easily transferred to wood or metal and the like, letter by letter, and with a protective coat of varnish make a thoroughly professional-looking job.

* * * *

The committee, had a long discussion recently about unregistered craft, and decided that while owners of boats without a sail number can apply for one to be issued by the SOIA, all such applications should be accompanied by a report from a bona-fide surveyor, or naval architect that the the boat conforms with the measurements laid down. This being in order, a number will be allocated on payment of three guineas to cover Association costs, but there is an important legal point to be borne in mind. Registrations by the SOIA are made in good faith from information supplied, but registration does not in any way exempt an owner from any claim that may be made if it is discovered that a boat has been built from pirate plans.

* * * *

If you have any ideas for improving the January Party, do drop me a line. We welcome criticism, especially if it is constructive. — *R.A.G.*

In the Atlantic

OUR ex-Silhouette owner Robert Bunker, who sailed his Folkboat *Vanda Caelia* singlehanded from Plymouth to Newport R.I., to take 10th place (8th on handicap) in the Singlehanded Transatlantic Race is now back in England. In a letter to the Editor, he writes:

I was very interested to read about the Silhouette Week at Plymouth. It sounds as though it was great fun, and I wish I could have been there to join in.

The first three weeks of my trip were rather hard work. We seem to have had exceptionally bad weather. I was hove-to for 95 hours of the 420 that it took to reach the Azores, and had the full main up only for 120 hours. I managed to get ample sleep, and had two hot meals every day throughout the voyage, except for two days seasickness at the start. On the first day out the log stopped, so I had to strip it down and make a couple of pieces out of some spare washers.

Once I had settled down and got over the first patch of bad weather, I really quite enjoyed myself. I shaved and washed every other day. My paperbacks all got soaked, and had to be read page by page after drying.

I had to cut my hair after a few days, as I did not have time to visit the barber at Plymouth.

The day after passing the Azores I fell off the mast and broke my right wrist and cracked a rib (they call it a *single* handed race!). I was fortunate in that the weather cleared up from that moment and for 16 days I kept the main and genoa up, just occasionally adjusting the steering gear and the sheets. I had plenty to see. Ships came alongside for a chat — alas, not many reported my position; they thought my MIK was some kind of festival! I also saw a couple of interesting "tows" —one, the New Orleans-Havana Car Ferry going East, the other a large drilling platform, also going East. I had plenty of wild life: flying fish, sharks, swordfish (ugly brute), dolphins, porpoises, turtles and birds, mainly stormy petrels and shearwaters.

After my 16-day respite I ran into some heavy weather again, but when it came to reefing the main, it got stuck up at the jumpers. I had to go climbing up there in a Force 6, in torrential rain, and with only one arm. It was the only time I was really worried throughout the trip.

I had some magnificent thunderstorms. with brilliant lightning and gale-force winds at the point where I met the Gulf Stream. This lasted four days, and entailed much painful pumping. I then had reasonable weather for most of the remaining distance. The penultimate night I crossed into the Labrador Current and met the last of the bad weather (and what a difference in temperature!).

I stayed for a month in Newport and New York before returning with *Vanda* (on a merchant ship) to London. I have since been working hard to catch up on my time away.

I thoroughly enjoyed my trip, had innumerable adventures, and learned an enormous amount about sailing, the sea, myself — but chiefly, what it is like to be completely free. I hope to enter for the next Race!

Bob tells us that he and Anne Lavelle, to whom he became engaged at Plymouth the day before he set out on his singlehanded Atlantic crossing are planning to be married in November. On behalf of Silhouette owners everywhere, we offer them our heartiest congratulations, and wish them every happiness in life.

The English are supposed to be good at under-statement; Bob's laconic description of his broken wrist and cracked rib must surely qualify for an all-time record in that direction. His was a marvellously courageous crossing, and we are just immensely proud of him.

Calling photographers

ENTRIES are invited for a photographic competition for display at the AGM and Party in January. Photographs should be full-plate enlargements, and should be sent to Harry Maloney at 42 St. Thomas's Road, Finsbury Park, London N4. All photographs received will be displayed at the party, and a small prize will be awarded. Let's have a really good show of pictures this year, so please send lots of photographs to Harry Maloney.

A nice letter from Francis Prout, one of the Prout Brothers of the famous boatbuilding yards at Canvey Island, expresses great interest at the use of Prout dinghies by Silhouette owners. Has anyone got a good photograph of a Prout in use with a Silhouette, or with a Silhouette crew? If so, Francis Prout, G. Prout and Sons, Canvey Island, Essex, would be delighted to have a copy.



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Letters to the Editor

PLYMOUTH WEEK. As a rather recent member (Hollandia, SII 1777) I did not venture to air my views about Plymouth Week. However, I see in our *Journal* that you invite members' views' so may I add mine?

1. Both the organisation of the Week and of its races, and the incredible hospitality, friendliness and helpfulness of the officers and members of the Royal Plymouth Corinthian YC deserve the highest praise, as does the tireless planning of the officers of our own Association.

2. One of the great advantages of the boat of our choice is that she is an ideal single-handed sea-sailer, and it would seem that this quality has been overlooked in the racing programme. There should be at least one race for a single-handed effort.

3. The idea of passage races to Looe or to the Yealm is a great one. A course to the Yealm would present more protection in most weathers and, from its mouth up to Cellars, give a sheltered anchorage for hundreds of boats, even at low water.

4. Racing around buoys would be more interesting in my opinion if only two rounds were planned. If necessary, the courses could be lengthened.

5. The size of our working jibs should be subject to handicaps as it would be unfair to force members to buy the larger sails just to take part in Plymouth Week, when they might be perfectly satisfied with their smaller jibs.—*Daan Cevat, MBE,* 58 *St Jermyn's Street, London SW*1.

PLYMOUTH WEEK. It was noticed with some surprise that certain of our members at Plymouth were racing Silhouettes in contravention of the measurement rules laid down by the Association for occasions such as this. The policy of the Association has always been to invoke as few rules as possible, and it would be a great pity if the rules had to be more stringent; but in order to avoid any misunderstanding in the future I trust that everybody who wishes to race their Silhouettes on the class basis will interpret the rules in the spirit of the game. I cannot, in any circumstances, see how the sail area rule was misinterpreted. The foresail should be 52 sq. ft with a 1 sq. ft. either way tolerance, and it is optional to the owner whether he sets this to the stemhead or up to a foot inboard. To use the argument that as the sail can be set to the stem it must be increased on the foot to take up the consequent gap is intolerable. If an owner feels that he cannot himself tolerate a gap between the head and mainsail, then he must set the headsail aft of the stem, but on no account increase the sail area. The Association has, all along the line, taken into account the masthead rig and the other slight alterations which occurred up to July last year, and it then said that for racing purposes within the class no further amendments will be allowed. It was thought that sufficient time had elapsed for the design and rig to settle down. The majority of our owners who want to race at Plymouth wish to do so on even terms with other boats—in most cases this is

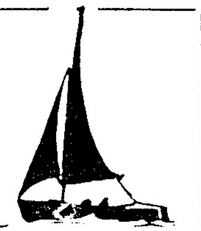
the only type of racing they understand, and that is the way it should be. All forms of handicapping are full of flaws and open to question so let's have none of this. Let's race on even terms and find the best helmsman in the Silhouette, and then have a free for all race with the first boat home.—*S. J. Morgan, Rayleigh, Essex.*

AT MOORINGS. I enjoyed Plymouth Week immensely, and am really grateful for all the work that our hosts and our own officers put in on our behalf ; but may I voice one small complaint? I think that some owners might have been more considerate of their neighbours at the moorings in Sutton Harbour. Some people just left their boats, without adequate fenders, and with no one to adjust warps ; inevitably, neighbouring boats suffered in the gale. My own neighbour was splendid, helped me greatly, and turned out with me in the small hours of one morning to help an unattended boat. But one or two were not so lucky. Obviously, not all owners sleep on board, but the problem of unattended boats is a real one: could we have a section for unattended boats next year, and appeal for volunteers to keep an eye on them if the weather turns nasty? I think another trouble this year was that boats of different sizes were moored together ; with the best will in the world it is hard to tend fenders for boats of different lengths and different freeboard. Next year, could we have sections for Silhouettes, for Felicities, etc., so that boats of the same size lie alongside each other? I think it would also help if there could be an agreed policy about bow and stern check-ropes. Some people used check ropes to help a block of boats to move together without grinding against each other, but this only works if everybody knows what is expected of him and people co-operate fully. Perhaps the committee could draw up some simple rules about next year—I'm sure that people will co-operate if they are asked. I enclose my name and address, Mr. Editor, but please don't publish them, since I don't want to complain of individuals, which would be unfair, but to make general suggestions for improvements next year.—*One who enjoyed Plymouth Week.*

SOME IDEAS. 1. A topping lift, using an ordinary shackle secured to the mast at the cross trees, is a great boon, and does away with the need for a boom crutch. When sailing, the rope can be left a little longer than the curve of the sail, and is quite unobtrusive. 2. The Camping Gaz people do a very shallow 2-burner stove, designed to screw on to a large gas bottle. I have mounted this unit on runners on the shelf below my bridge deck, and using a right angle connector have a high pressure flexible hose running to the gas bottle in cockpit stowage. The stove slides out, and is supported by two folding legs for use, and can be pushed back like a drawer when not required. (A new shelf has been fitted just above the stove, and I've only lost about 2½ins. of headroom as compared with the old shelf). 3. I paint my deck each year with non-slip deck paint but find increasing numbers of patches where narrow cracks appear. It looks as though the top ply has shrunk and split. Can anyone recommend treatment? 4. Quite a few South Coast Silhouette owners, like me, ruminate on a cross-Channel cruise, but lack know-how. Could a knowledgeable sailor run a series in the winter, describing preferred port to port crossing, departure times relative to tides, essential port formalities at departure and arrival, etc? — *E. S. Dunthorne, 5 Rickfields, Gossops Green, Crawley, Sussex.*

GLASS SHEATHING. I purchased my Silhouette II last summer. It is the standard ply hull, and I am contemplating having it glass-fibre sheathed this winter. I have inquired from other owners of the Ullswater YC of which I am a member, but none of them has had any experience of glass sheathing. I am, therefore, unable to assess what effect it might have on performance, overall weight, ease of maintenance and general effectiveness under normal wear and tear. I shall be most grateful if any owners who may have had their boats sheathed could give me any information.—*J. F. Brown, Greystones, Rosehill, Yarm, Yorkshire.*

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The Exe fleet

WINTER sets in even on the Exe, and this year it seems to have come all at once. Casting back over the season there are one to two things that stand out. A kind friend of the Association has presented a cup to be raced for by Silhouettes, and this year the race was held in conjunction with the Exmouth Regatta. The conditions of the race were as follows: craft to motor to the Fairway buoy and return under sail, a dead beat along the sea front. Eight boats entered, and the result was:

1. *Coreopsis* (1014) P. J. Holt.
2. *Liat* (125) B. Hardiman.
3. *Elia* (789) Cdr. J. N. G. Grace.

Two of our members made the longest sea passage to the Rally, Dick Trevithick and his crew John Lockyer in *La Mouette,* and Russell Lee in *Elf.* Russell moors in the Teign, and we've persuaded him and Bill Kirby, also from the Teign, to come across to our meetings at the Exe S.C. when they can. *Poucette* was in luck in the Concours d'Elegance, coming in first just ahead of *La Mouette.*

W/Cdr. Austen and his daughter, Sue, left us in August to move to the Ise of Wight. And an important arrival! Barbara and Brian Hardiman have a bouncing addition to the crew, Louise Ann. Many congratulations from us all.

Our winter meeting times come into force in October, that is the third Wednesday of each month at the Exe S.C. at 8 p.m. We are hoping for a good turn-out of Exe members at the AGM of the S.W. Group at Plymouth on Thursday, November 12.—*C.J.G.*

The chain locker

EVERY year good boats get lost or damaged because they are left at moorings riding to warp instead of chain. We still talk about the "chain locker," but in far too many small cruisers nowadays little or no chain lives there. I possess no steel shares and have nothing whatever to do with any chain merchant, but I think that it cannot be stressed too strongly that *there is no substitute for chain.*

I am quite prepared to believe that some of the modern synthetics in reasonable sizes have a breaking strain higher than the sizes of chain that we use on small boats — but they don't do the same job.

Chain has two absolute advantages over the best and strongest of warp.

1. It sinks instantly to the seabed and helps the anchor to bite.
2. It does not chafe.

Chafe is the insidious enemy of all rope, of every textile fibre. You can take every known precaution, wrapping the rope in strong cloth where it passes through fairlead or over roller, but given a few hours of wind against tide on a rough day, it will still chafe dangerously. And the boat is only one end of the rope; even if you are on board and can tend your warp, letting out and hauling in from time to time to change the section subject to chafe, you just can't know what is happening on the seabed. It doesn't need much of a rock on the bottom to rub away at the strands of warp.

Chain has tended to become unfashionable for several reasons Many cruising owners have come from dinghy sailing where, in the racing classes, every ounce of weight may affect the trim of the boat. So they have never carried chain, and when they take to a small cruiser, they don't think about it. Then the universality of outboards and small inboards nowadays has weakened the old sailor's instinct for strong ground tackle. In the old days, if you were embayed, or caught out in a bad tide, you anchored, and trusted to your ground tackle to hold you until you could sail again. Nowadays you turn on the engine. Finally, there is the cost. Tested chain does cost a bit more than warp strong enough to hold your boat, and since you have to have mooring warps, anyway, there is a strong temptation to make do with warp for anchoring as well. It is a temptation to be resisted. A few pounds spent on chain may save your boat — in some circumstances it may save your life.

Chain seems to me to have other practicable advantages over warp, over and above the functional virtues that make it a great deal safer. It will run cleanly through the pipe, and hardly ever gets tangled if you need it in a hurry. On taking up the anchor, it will run back cleanly into the chain-locker under its own weight. You have none of the struggle of dealing with wet warp. And if it comes up from a muddy bottom, chain is much easier to clean than warp.

A reasonable amount of chain for Silhouettes seems to me to be about 15 fathoms. This will enable you to anchor safely in most of the depths that one would normally choose for anchoring, and the weight is nothing to worry about—indeed, it is an advantage to have some weight of chain forward in a Silhouette. Fifteen fathoms of chain is not enough to permit safe anchoring against a foul tide in, say, 10 fathoms, but you can always add warp to the chain — and fifteen fathoms of chain on the bottom will make excellent holding for your warp. This is a situation in which the risk of chafe is not so serious: you are anchoring temporarily, you are on board, and you can look after things. Moreover, in normal circumstances, with 15 fathoms of chain you will not often need to use any warp at all.

So if you have not already got a good supply of chain, give your boat a Christmas present. You will surely bless it one day.—*J.R.L.A.*

One weekend

I AM sure I am not the first sailing wife who has "carried the can" for something or another, but have you ever got into hot water over a stupid thing like a dinghy?

Like many other couples ,we have only Sundays in which to enjoy our leisure hours in our Silhouette, and one Saturday evening I hit on an idea. "Why don't we," I suggested brightly, "go down the coast, take the dinghy and sleep aboard?" — having in mind the chance of slightly extending our hours at sea, and, more particularly, my own desire to go ashore at a reasonably nearby resort where there was to be a Carnival that night.

Knowing my lord and master as I do and his pet aversion to trailing a dinghy, I turned the charm tap full on, and he reluctantly gave in under the strain. Once under way I secretly congratulated myself on the perfection of the evening, as though I personally had been responsible for the meteorological conditions. In fact, the sea was calm enough to drop anchor just off the coast. We rowed ashore and were just in time for the Carnival, after which we entered into the spirit of the attendant festivities, miraculously finding our way back on board in the early hours.

Everything was going well; too well in fact. Next morning we were awakened by the rocking of the boat in a fresh wind, accompanied by enormous rollers. "Up anchor," ordered the Skipper, while I was in the middle of my toilet. (Why do they always give their orders when you're not quite ready?). "We'll make our way farther along the coast," he continued, "and try to find a sheltered spot for breakfast." A bit later we discovered a most intriguing little cove, and after breakfast I persuaded the Skipper to go ashore to explore, very much against his wishes as he was anxious to press on towards home.

We must have taken longer than we thought, because when we returned to the dinghy the wind had freshened still more, and the rollers were dashing inshore as though all hell were behind them. It was almost impossible to launch the little boat, but after repeated attempts we managed it. I had hardly scrambled my by now very damp body aboard our Silhouette when I received the command, "Get the anchor up — quick as you can." I heaved at the chain and immediately three-quarters of me took a dive overboard. "What the hell do you think you're playing at," barked the Skipper through the howling wind, addressing my upturned posterior. Having by this time lost my hat, grazed my knees on the bulkhead and ripped off two finger nails (where did I put those gloves?), I was in no mood for polite conversation. Concentrating all my breath in one big effort I won the tug-o-war with the anchor and hauled the wretched thing aboard.

Heading for home was like a scenic railway with the dinghy behind racing down the troughs with alarming speed. Once it hit the stern of the boat, knocking a hole right through its bow. We ploughed on

The Silhouette Owners' International Association

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until we reached the lee side of a sandbank in home waters, where there was comparative calm and a chance to have a breather and a fry-up. "There's one thing you'll never get round me to do again" munched the Skipper emphatically.

"What's that, dear?" I asked innocently.

"Trailing that . . . . dinghy round the coast," he replied.—*B.S.*

A trip through Europe
by E. Scott Grinndal

A DREAM that came true this summer for my wife Ann and me was to take a boat with us through Europe and sail along the Yugoslavian Adriatic coast.

When we got our glass fibre Silhouette No. 1634, called *Ruscan,* from Hurley early this spring it was placed on a specially-designed trailer (which had been dimensioned according to Felicity's weight). To ensure extra safety, we fitted it with a shock absorber (Volvo) and a wire connection with the pulling vehicle to act on the handbrake of the

Regional Groups

established in the following areas:

Regional groups of the Silhouette Owners' Association have been

South-East.	*Hon. Sec. Stan Morgan,* 44 *Station Crescent, Rayleigh, Essex.*
Blackwater.	*Hon. Sec. R. W. Sharples, Dalegarth, 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.*

trailer in case of emergency. The problem of number plates was solved by placing them, and the traffic lights, on an aluminium plate, bent to fit the stern of the boat. During transportation the plate is tied to the boat cover with belts, but when the trailer is empty it can easily be secured to it by the aid of wing nuts. Mast and rigging are lashed, placed in the tabernacle and fastened with belts in stem and stern. Next year however, we intend to procure a two-part cover for the mast. As little as possible is placed in the boat during transport. Everything is concentrated in the centre. The hatches are locked, except the front hatch, which must remain unlocked because of Customs inspection.

Our pulling vehicle is a six years old Volkswagen Dormobil, the interior of which we have fitted up to obtain greatest possible comfort and cleanliness. The whole ensemble, car and boat, weighed 3,000kg. and since the strength of our VW motor is only 30hp, speed and the acceleration were low. On good motor roads we could, however, reach a speed of 80kph. We met no difficulties in driving, even in dense city traffic. The problem was parking and is, unfortunately, still reversing.

In tense expectancy one day in June we started our trip from our home town Göteborg in Western Sweden. The first evening we reached Trelleborg, Sweden's most Southern town, but continued immediately by the night ferry to Sassnitz in Eastern Germany. We drove via Berlin to Frankfurt-on-Oder, where we crossed the Polish border. To avoid high mountains we had chosen to drive via Breslau in Poland and on through the Eastern part of Czechoslovakia and

Hungary to Budapest, where we made our first real stop. All the Customs officers we met were amiable. Only one Customs officer in Poland tried to calculate how many saboteurs we could hide in a Silhouette, but since we were leaving his country he found that we could proceed unexamined.

In Budapest we enjoyed the lovely thermal baths and the good Hungarian cuisine, but lake Balaton tempted us. Unfortunately, we were met with heavy rains, so we gave up our plans to launch the boat at Siofok and hoist our new Hungarian flag. It was a pity, since it would no doubt have been the first time a Silhouette had been cruising in Hungary. We only paid a short visit to lake Heviz, a lake, but at the same time a hot spring. The temperature of the water is 35 degrees C. in the summer and 30 degrees C. in the winter.

In the rain in Hungary we longed for the sunny Adriatic, and we proceeded down to Rijeka and along the lovely coastal road to Zadar, where a friend of ours employed at a forwarding firm, had arranged with a mobile crane that helped us to launch the boat in an elegant way. Otherwise, there are lots of slips in Yugoslavia suitable for trailer launching. A crane, however, is preferable when the boat is to be taken up from the sea, since it must exactly fit the trailer.

Now to the formalities. The Customs formalities in Yugoslavia were extremely easy. For safety's sake we had made up a list, showing all uncommon objects we had brought with us. This list was stamped both at entry and on leaving the country. We went to the harbour captain, *Luksa Kapitanja,* armed with passports and documents for the boat. There we had to give a report on our contemplated route, and were immediately granted a permit made out in Croatian and English. This permit laid down the districts that could be visited as well as forbidden areas. In each port with a *Luksa Kapitanja* the permit should be shown to him immediately on arriving, and at one's departure he should be told which port one intends to visit next. On the other hand, there is no compulsion to stay overnight in large ports. We could very well remain in small bays and be absolutely undisturbed by the authorities. Since we wanted to do some diving, a visit to the Militia was obligatory, where a permit for this sport was given. For underwater photography another permit was necessary. Finally, we had to pay a visit to our friends at the Office for the Conservation of Monuments at Zadar, who gave us a written permit for underwater archaeological studies.

Back to the boat, and to the rigging and stowing of all that was necessary for a 17 days' sailing trip. A large number of small boys were only too willing to assist. The mast almost flew up, and a chain was formed passing things from the Dormobil to the boat. In the forepeak the air compressor was stowed ; it is a monster which for 3 hours, making a lot of noise, pumps two cubic metres of compressed air into two 7-litre bottles. This is an evil thing, but necessary in a country with few stations for compressed air.

Tinned food, beer and butter were placed in the bilges; bed

clothes and wearing apparel, in transparent plastic bags, went under the berths.

In the small lockers in the cabin we stowed fresh food, cooking equipment and various small things. We packed a lot of small things in polythene bags, which was a mistake: it would have been better to use transparent boxes. The electric battery — a Fiat 12 volt — just fitted the port locker. For safety's sake we placed the butane gas container in the starboard locker. The recess has been converted into a pantry, lined with stainless steel and fitted with a 2-flame cooker (Sievert).

In the large starboard cockpit locker we stowed diving equipment, spare ropes and lifting blocks having a capacity of 350kg. In the large port cockpit locker we placed the sails (mainsail, cruising foresail, storm foresail, and genoa). A spinnaker can be of great use in Yugoslavia, since the wind often blows parallel with the coast. In the aft stowage we placed anchor, ropes and various plastic containers. The motor — a Crescent of 2.5 hp — was placed under the cockpit. However, this motor turned out to be too weak and has now been replaced by an Electrolux Penta E-7 of 6 hp, which exactly fits in the stowing space. With this motor one can obtain the highest speed permitted by the shape of the hull.

Navigation equipment was simple. Marine charts cannot be bought in the open market in Yugoslavia, but only at the *Luksa Kapitanja.* It is, therefore, better to buy them in one's native country. There are up-to-date English and Italian charts for Yugoslav waters down to scale 1 : 100,000. English charts are best, since they have the Croatian names on islands and villages. To make the charts more easy to handle they were first cut down to suitable size, pasted together with the backs towards one another, and finally they were covered with a special kind of nylon tape. They can accordingly be thrown anywhere in the cockpit, and cannot be damaged by water. We had a simple ruler with attached protractor, a clock and field glasses. A compas was suspended under the tiller but unfortunately it got influenced by the anchor and the magneto field of the outboard motor when this was operating.

Long passages across the open sea seldom occur in Yugoslavia, and when they are necessary they bring some difficulties from the constant heat haze during the summer months. Only after a hard storm and heavy rains is there likely to be a day with good visibility.

There is no tide to worry about in the Adriatic, but there are currents in many channels. These however, are not very bothersome. Navigation in daytime is almost child's play, partly because of the clear water. The lovely Adriatic Sea has the clearest water in Europe — sometimes one can see down to 30 metres — but it has also Europes's largest salt-content, which can be noticed when spray comes over the boat. Thirst can be embarrassing, for fresh water is scarce on some of the islands, and it is wise to fill up each time there is a chance to do so. Fuel is also a problem. Not every port has petrol, and oil

is liable to be expensive. Hence it is better to carry a good supply of 2-stroke oil in one's stores.

It was a heavily loaded boat that steered out from Zadar, after first having set a small Yugoslavian flag in the shrouds, and under it the SOIA burgee. The Swedish flag was on the after stay. The first and latter parts of our sailing holiday were spent in the Kornat Islands. This archepelago can only be described as a sailing paradise, with small mountain peaks, often crowned with Illyrian tops, and with steep precipices falling down to the sea. The colours are exquisite, greyish reds, pale yellow-greens and blues. Since these islands are almost uninhabited, fish is abundant. For diving this part of the Adriatic is wonderful, really among the best in Europe if you can dive without apparatus down to 25m. On the skerries cormorants can still be seen.

During the middle part of our holiday we sailed along the coasts of the islands Hvar and Korcula. Here, nature is quite different from Kornat. The waters are wider, the islands covered with woods, and the villages larger. The city of Korcula is a Venice in miniature (without canals). Venetian lions are often found in the coats-of-arms on the porches, dating from the time when Venice ruled this part of Europe.

During such a sailing trip there is not only the beauty of the landscape to enjoy, but there are also many possibilities of making friends with the local people. The Croats are among the most hospitable people in Europe; their spontaneous friendliness and generosity cannot be described, it must be experienced. There are few language difficulties, for everywhere in the archipelago one meets old English-speaking sailors, or Yugoslavs returning home when they are getting old, from Canada, Australia and New Zealand. Very young people and very old men talk some German but, unfortunately, it must be added that the *Luksa Kapitanja* and Sea Militia usually have only a little Italian outside their native Croat. But what is a holiday if there are no difficulties to overcome?

After 17 days of wonderful cruising we returned to Zadar, where the same crane took us up from the water and elegantly placed *Ruscan* on her trailer. The first halt on our trip home was at Rijeka, where two friends embarked and travelled with us to Sweden. It now turned out that a Silhouette can also function as a caravan.

We chose another route home, via Vienna, where the greatest adventure was to park *Ruscan* in an underground garage. The height was just enough but we had barely one centimetre left to the ceiling. In beautiful Prague *Ruscan* stopped only a short while, just enough for us to show our friends the wonderful view from the castle. Soon *Ruscan* proceeded through Eastern Germany. After having roamed round Berlin we were finally taken on board the ferry at Sassnitz. We reached Göteborg safely only 3½ days after we had left Rijeka. Two days later, *Ruscan* was back again floating at her home buoy, ready for autumn sailings.

The Cruise of Valerie Ann

by H. Crossley

AS the proud owner of the *Valerie Ann* (SII No. 596) and a member of the Association, I am an avid reader of our Journal and as a newcomer to the obsession I have read, marked and learned all I can from the back numbers. In doing so I have seen very little concerning our activities in the Bristol Channel and I now propose to dash in where angels fear to tread and recount the adventures of my friend, Frank Bruford and me on the occasion of a week's cruise in the Channel.

This is our happy hunting ground and it offers some exciting sailing, thanks to our tides, races, rocks and sandbanks which provide us at Weston-super-Mare with some intriguing navigational problems (not all of which we solve correctly, I may say). On the subject of tides, we have a rise and fall at equinoxial springs of 42 feet — our Clevedon neighbours have springs of 45 feet — and when one remembers that all this water must ebb and flow in 12 short hours, one will appreciate the speed and strength of our tidal currents. On the occasion of one of his visits to Weston, Uffa Fox is reported to have said that if one can sail in the Bristol Channel one can sail anywhere in the world. Personally, I have not yet tried this, and I think I would still hesitate to take on Cape Horn! However, perhaps I have said enough to indicate that sailing down the Channel is far removed from "Cruising down the River," to quote an old song, and I found our cruise of absorbing interest from start to finish.

Frank and I decided to take *Valerie Ann* and cruise for five days as far as the wind would take us in the time at our disposal. On July 4 at 11-45 we hoisted main and genoa, slipped our mooring in the river Axe, at Uphill, Weston-super-Mare, and with Porlock Weir as our first day's objective and a Northerly Force 3 to help us, we said au-revoir to Weston and away we went.

Our start was made some three hours before high water, which allowed us just enough depth in the river to get aboard. The sun was shining, and we left on a broad starboard reach, proceeding along the Northern shore of Brean Down towards the Westerly point of which we altered course a point or two to starboard, so as to give as wide a berth as possible to the Howe Rock and a race at the extremity of the Down, the latter of which is caused by a submerged rocky ridge comprising the last ramparts of the Bleadon Hills. These terminate at a rocky and sparsely inhabited island some 5 miles from Weston known as Steepholm, for which we pointed in order to make a channel clear of the race before going about and proceeding on a run down Channel.

Arrived off Steepholm, we altered course to 241 deg. true which would, we hoped, take us to Porlock and we held this course until 1500

when we sighted the East Culver buoy, which marks the Eastern end of a five miles long sandbank called the Culver Sand. By this time the the tide was on the ebb in our favour, but the wind had fallen somewhat, and such as there was backed to North West so that when we sighted the North Culver Buoy we realised that we could not possibly make Porlock that tide.

Minehead Bluff showed up on the port bow at 16.30, by which time we were sailing in light airs, so we decided to enter Minehead harbour and cut our losses. Hardly had the decision been taken when the wind freshened, backed still further and became due West, as if to confirm the wisdom of our choice. However, it was 17.25 before we could make the pierhead, by which time there was so little water in the harbour that we were obliged to run aground at the harbour mouth. Frank laid out the fisherman anchor with some 15 fathoms of warp seaward and dead astern on a sand patch and, at 18.25, I got busy with the frying pan with which I am an adept (so long as sausages, bacon, eggs, tomatoes and baked beans continue in good supply).

"Now," said Frank, an hour or so later, "let's lash and stow and go ashore for a walk and a couple of pints." And that we did. We returned aboard, via a vertical iron ladder down the quay wall, at 22.45, thus proving our sobriety, and having prepared our sleeping bags we sat in the cockpit smoking and yarning until 23.15 when the returning flood floated *V.A.* and enabled us to haul off and shorten our stern anchor warp. There we stayed until 00.24, when we started the $1\frac{1}{2}$ h.p. Stuart Turner as quietly as possible, so as not to awaken the natives, and motored into the harbour where we tied up alongside a superannuated R.N.L.I. boat and piped down.

At 07.00, "Rise and shine," said Frank, "how about breakfast-" After somewhat sketchy ablutions I voiced the thought that there might be something to be said for growing a beard, and I began to feel an affinity with Captain Kettle. However, food being the next item, out came my little frypan once more, and we proceeded one more stage towards ruined digestions. Later, we tinkered with the Stuart Turner, which needed a slight adjustment, and having attained near perfection in the engine room, and the time being then 11.15, we stepped ashore for postcards, stamps, a cup of tea and a bun and forty minutes later were back aboard and ready for sea once more.

We had, of course, listened to the weather reports which were still bearable, except that the wind which had reached Force 3, was now North Westerly and so, as we were proceeding in that precise direction on our way to Porlick Weir, we left the main sail furled and left on jib and engine at 11.55. As we cleared the harbour and rounded the pierhead we were quite unaware that a gaggle of fishermen some 15 to 20 feet above our heads were trailing their lines in the water we intended to use, and we were shaken to the core when a cry of anguish apprised us of the fact that one of the lines had co-

cooned our shrouds and stays. I jumped forward while Frank demonstrated *V.A.'s* ability to revolve on her own axis and, as I held the line, it slowly unwound and fell over the side, taking its complement of hook and sinker with it. The situation saved, we resumed our course and, punching a flood tide, made slow but sure progress towards Porlock. The wind freshened to Force 4—5 and the seas became lumpy. Nevertheless our little engine behaved well, and after an uneventful passage we rounded Hurlstone Point and crossed Porlock Bay through beam seas which were beginning to show their teeth.

We entered the harbour by way of a tricky little channel shaped like a letter S, but finally made the deep pool in the outer harbour and, with the consent of the harbourmaster tied up alongside a motor cabin cruiser called *Hustler*. Fortunately, she did not hustle while we were in port and *V.A.* rested peacefully during our overnight sojourn. At 16.30 Frank and I regaled ourselves on cold chicken, bread and butter and tea. "No potatoes for me," said Frank, "they're fattening." Considering that he has not an ounce of fat on his body, he need not have worried, but at least I was saved the job of boiling spuds which seem to take so long on a Calor gas stove. At 18.30 we went ashore by way of the harbourmaster's dinghy, which was coupled to *Hustler* by an endless rope. This carried us to some stone steps forming part of the quay wall, and these gave on to the inevitable vertical iron ladder. As a pastime I consider that climbing up and down slippery iron ladders, especially when loaded with provisions, can be over-rated. We had a most enjoyable walk in sunshine and beautiful scenery and, after fraternising with the natives in the Anchor, we returned aboard at 23.00 to pipe down and sleep the sleep of the just.

Monday, July 6, 05.00. We were awakened by our alarm clock to check on weather conditions because our plans provided for a passage to Ilfracombe that day and a circuit of Lundy Island on the next. Not unnaturally we were concerned as to the intentions of the elements, particularly as we found the sun had gone behind some nasty dark clouds. We listened to the shipping forecast at 06.45 and heard that the wind was N.Y. to W. Force 2—3. With a wind in that direction, and some 22 miles to go, we realised that we should have a hard beat to Ilfracombe and we changed our plans there and then and decided on a passage across Channel to Porthcawl some 18 nautical miles away as the crow flies. Accordingly, at 13.00 we hoisted main and working jib, slipped our mooring and left Porlock on a port tack, the wind having backed West, and set course 16 deg. true for the Nash lighthouse, the object being to take advantage of the ebb when it occurred and to run along the coast of South Wales into Porthcawl Harbour. As we reached mid-Channel the weather began to deterorate rapidly, the wind reaching Force 5 and over, and the seas becoming increasingly larger. It became obvious that we were in for a real blow, and we lost no time in reaching harbour which we made safely at 17.30. There, with the willing help of Austin David

of the Porthcawl and Kenfig Sailing Club, we found a sung mooring in the S.W. corner of the harbour where we were sheltered by a 40ft. quay wall, thoughtfully provided with — yes, you've guessed it — a vertical iron ladder as the sole means of going ashore. However, by this time we were completely at home with v.i.l.'s and we nipped up and down this one like the proverbial lamplighter.

From that point of time until Friday, July 10 we were weather bound. Winds of Force 7, and gales of Force 8—10 were our daily meat, so, as neither of us are built in heroic mould, *V.A.* stayed tied up except for a couple of ventures on engine to see what the ocean looked like from her deck. On neither occasion were we suitably impressed, so we stayed put and gave earnest attention to local advice which was to do just what we were doing. The harbourmaster, Captain Ide, was a friendly soul and forgave us harbour dues, besides giving us some excellent advice concerning the Tusker Rocks which are a local hazard.

Our date of return being already past, we were anxious to get home so, when we both awakened simultaneously at 04.00 on July 10 —due to the flood rushing into the harbour and gurgling under our bilge keels — Frank asked me what I thought of a now-or-never bid for freedom. "What," said I, "no ablutions, no breakfast?" "No, nothing," replied Frank, "let's get set and away by 05.00 at the latest, so as to get the benefit of this tide." Galvanised into action, we lashed and stowed, and made everything shipshape. The engine was checked for petrol, and started, and with a last look round the harbour which had sheltered us so kindly we cast off our fore and aft moorings and slid out into the wild and woolly conditions prevailing. As we had left before the shipping forecast, we had no advance information on weather conditions, and as we had to circumvent the aforesaid Tusker Rocks and the Nash Sands we kept the main sail furled, and motored the first stage of our journey through the Nash Passage where two tide races meet.

The waves which came at us were the biggest I had seen from the cockpit of *Valerie Ann*, and I may be forgiven for comparing them in appearance to the Mendip Hills. However, our little ship revelled in them, and never gave us a moment's anxiety, although in the Passage they appeared to come from several directions at once, and to be intent on showing us what they could do when they set their mind to it. Fortunately, we were through the worst of the Passage in some two miles, and as the seas became more regular, we turned off the petrol, hoisted the ready-reefed main and the working jib, and ran goose-winged before a Westerly Force 5 to 6. Our course took us along the Welsh coast to Barry, where we changed to a starboard tack for Weston-super-Mare, our direction calling for little in the way of navigation as we had our two islands Flatholm and Steepholm to guide us until we sighted our own Brean Down on the starboard bow.

By leaving Porthcawl at the start of the flood we were enabled to cover the 22 miles to Barry in three hours, but, upon altering course to starboard and sailing across the current, our progress fell off considerably, and in spite of a sailing speed of some 5-6 knots, we probably made as little as $1\frac{1}{2}$ knots over the ground. From that point it took us nearly 4 hours to make the entrance to the River Axe, and we sailed some two hundred yards into the river on a cupful of water, the tide being at lowest ebb.

We dropped anchor and lowered sails at 12.55, and I immediately got busy with the frying pan as, by this time, we were two very hungry sailors. In the meal which followed we disposed of eight sausages, four slices of bacon, two eggs and a can of baked beans, plus bread and tea, the whole being topped off with a can of pears and cream. Being a tidy couple, we washed up and tidied our crocks, and then by common consent we found our bunks and slept until, once again, the sound of the flood wakened us, this time at 17.15. As soon as we floated I started the engine, Frank recovered the anchor and we made our way to my mooring at the end of a most exciting and enjoyable six days, during which I gained a tremendous confidence in my little ship and an even greater respect for her designer and builders. We Silhouette owners are very lucky people, and so say all of us.

South West Group

THE Annual General Meeting of the South-West Group will be held in the Royal Plymouth Corthian Yacht Club, Madeira Road, Plymouth, at 8 p.m. on Thursday, November 12, 1964. All Group members are cordially invited to attend.—*C. A. Gulliford, Hon. Secretary.*



From the Secretary's mail

MANY members in writing to the Hon. Secretary about this or that give interesting bits of information about themselves or their boats. Here is a selection of points from recent letters:

We decided to take a three day cruise along the Swedish coast, and as the weather was warm and settled, phoned the Met. Office for information about wind conditions. Force 3, increasing to 5, W to NW, was what we were told, just wonderful for us, so we pushed off. You'd think in this modern age that Met. Officers would have a better means of gauging wind speed than by just spitting against it, wouldn't you? We sailed over to Sweden like a rocket, and when we put into the harbour of Kirkebakken, our "Red Duster" flying proudly, the Harbour Master came over to us and said, "Only a mad English man would sail in a gale, and I bet you don't get out as easy as you came in." By this we learned that the wind had increased to Force 8, and that we could put our trust in the boat. When the storm eased off, we got out easily, on a well reefed mainsail, and one and a half hp, to cheers all round. Tots to the crew (the missus and the lad). — *P. M.* (*Denmark*).

Plymouth—it all seems ages ago now doesn't it? We thoroughly enjoyed it, and haven't met anybody who didn't.—*C.G.*

I have had my Silhouette at home for the last month for checking and repainting, but mainly for fitting of a locker in place of the PK (toilet to you) and am looking forward to getting her afloat this weekend. Fortunately one can do this kind of thing anytime of the year, as here the "Season" is all the year round. P.S., "PK" = Piccanin Kia, meaning "Small House."—*R. S.* (*Rhodesia*).

Can I take this opportunity of thanking you all for the strenuous effort put in on our behalf, especially the magazine which the family look forward to each month? — *A. H.*

The launching went very well, thanks to a local member, previously unknown, who put me in touch with all the right people to whom thanks are also due.—*R. G.*

Euphoria as we called SII 192, was put to bed after last sailing season in our usual manner. Around the end of March, as we began to loosen up the wraps, we noted that she had become mortally ill—rot—in the planking above and below the chine at stem, breast, king plank fore and aft. Prognosis —Fatal. Thus much as I hate to part company, it must be.—*W. R.* (*U.S.A.*).

LOG COMPETITIONS

Closing date — Friday, November 27, 1964

Make it a record entry this year. Send entries as soon as possible please, to the Editor, *The Silhouette Owner*, **The Old Hall, Marple, Cheshire.**

SMALL ADVERTISEMENTS

RATES: SOIA members announcements, 3d. a word (minimum 2s. 6d.) Trade notices 1s. a word (minimum 10s.). Please send payment with advertisement.

FOR SALE. Silhouette overall canvas cover brand new, £12. R. Gauntlett., 173 Birchanger Road, London S.E.25. Tel.: Addiscombe 6520.

FOR SALE. Caprice 3 berth 1962. Terylenes, pulpit, anchor, chain, Dunlopillos, Calor burners and grill, water tank and pump. Seagull, trailer. £500. Ellingham, 462 Kings Causeway, Nelson. Tel. Nel 62075.

WANTED. Hurley Silhouette glass fibre preferred. Must be perfect condition, complete with motor. Full details, price, etc., to 56 Shorefield Mount, Dunscar, near Bolton, Lancs.

WANTED. Secondhand Silhouette II. 100 Byng Drive, Potters Bar Middlesex.

FOR SALE. Professionally built fibre glass 14 foot catarmaran complete with all gear. Proctor mast, covers, road trailer, any trail, £150 o.n.o. Tel.: Sellyoak Birmingham 0779.

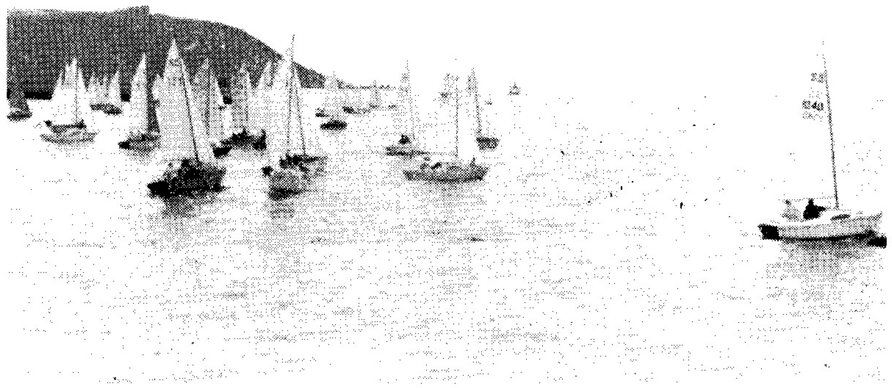
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INSURANCE. Edward Lumley (Yacht Insurance) Limited, Lumley House, 43/51 St. Mary Axe, London, E.C.3., offer special facilities to members of the SOIA for all forms of marine insurance. Details from Hon. Treasurer.

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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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