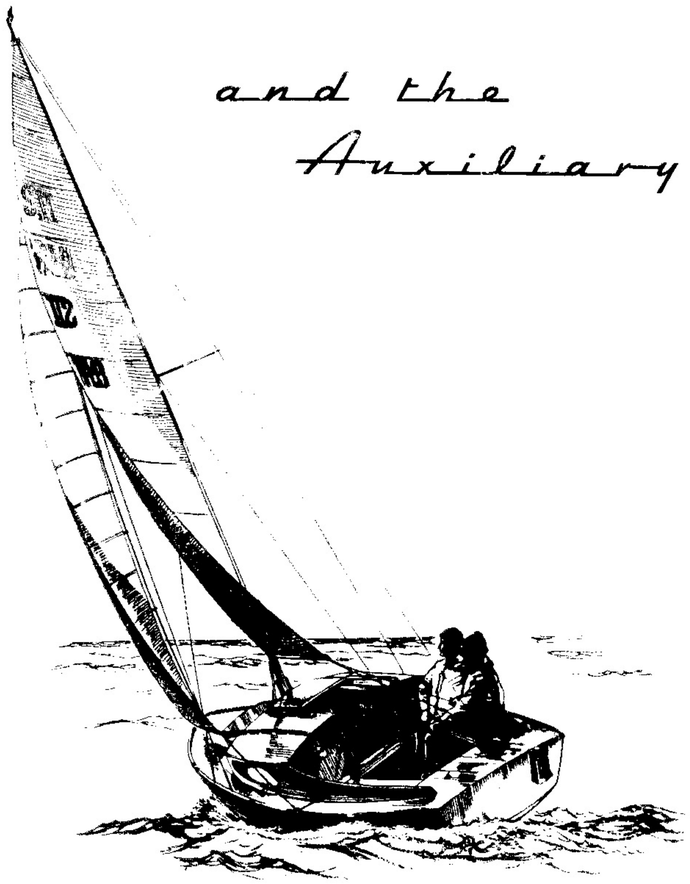
The Silhouette Owner

The journal of the
Silhouette Owners' International Association

NUMBER 49 JANUARY, 1965 PRICE 6d.

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Auxiliary...





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Contents

FROM THE COMMODORE 4
SECRETARY'S NOTES 5
LOG COMPETITIONS *by A. R. T. Garrett* 7
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR 10
FROM THE SECRETARY'S MAIL 11
FIRST TIME ACROSS *by Anne Fowler (concluded)* 13
TWICKENHAM TO ZIERIKZEE *by Peter Comber (concluded)* .. 16
LEANDA GOES TO SEA *by M. F. Orton* 20

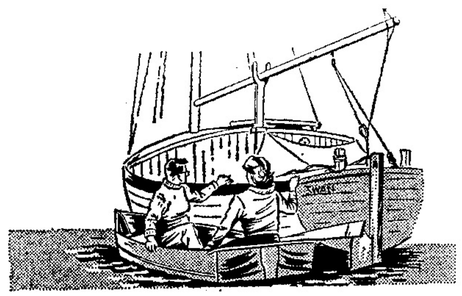
Log Competitions

WE owe a special debt of thanks to Alasdair Garrett, Editor of the Royal Cruising Club's Journal and of its superb annual *Roving Commissions*, for undertaking to judge our own log competitions. His report is on another page, and we commend it for detailed study. We offer our congratulations to the winners of trophies, and to all who sent in logs.

About ourselves

THIS is the time of the Boat Show (which we owe to the initiative of Sir Max Aitken and the *Daily Express*) and many thousands of men and women who have not yet had the wonderful experience of owning a cruising boat will meet our Silhouette for the first time. We hope that a goodly number of them will decide to join us. What do we offer? First, the Silhouette offers the freedom and contentment that in this distracted world comes only from possession of a boat on which you can sleep on board: the Silhouette cabin is a small home, but it can be a very comfortabe one, and there is no joy in the world like

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bringing up in a sheltered anchorage, making all snug, and turning into one's bunk, to listen contentedly to the gentle chatter of a boat, and the ripple of water along the hull before going off to sleep. Transport and home in one — this the Silhouette provides, asking only the wind to sail on adventures that can be as modest or ambitious as inclination and skill suggest. And, since the sea is unpredictable, and what began as a gentle voyage may continue as a severe storm, it is a comfort to know that the little Silhouette is among the toughest of sea-boats: from tempests in the Tasman Sea to gales in the Mediterranean, there is massive evidence from all over the world of the gallant behaviour of our Silhouettes when subject to ordeal by sea. But joining our Silhouette family offers more than the opportunity of sailing in perhaps the finest small cruiser ever designed and built: membership of the Silhouette Owners' International Association is at once to become a member of what, we think, is the happiest group of seafarers in the world. There are international rallies and parties, group activities all over Britain, and a constant interchange of ideas and experiences through our monthly *Journal*. So come and join us. You can be sure of a welcome, and if you are ready to give as well as to get in life, you can be sure of making the best and most lasting of friendships.

From the Commodore

HERBERT FIRTH writes: As Commodore of the Association I would like to express my gratitude to all those who have helped to make the organisation the success it is. Without doubt, much is owed to John Anderson for his untiring efforts over the years, not only as President but as Editor of the *Journal*. The *Journal* has made a great impact on the Association and on the sailing world in general, and has been the means of helping to keep together the members from John of Groats to Lands End—the British Isles to New Zealand—and Germany to America—a truly International Association. Many contacts have been made, and experiences swapped to our mutual advantage. All this has meant a great deal of work, and when one realises that John has been the Editor since the first monthly publication in November 1960 the debt we owe is tremendous. In all this he has had the willing co-operation of his wife, Helen, who, not satisfied with just supporting John, has cheerfully taken on all sorts of other jobs.

The addressing of envelopes and the distribution of the *Journal* has been the responsibility of Harry Maloney, and he has undertaken this chore without complaint.

Reg Garrod, our hardworking secretary, took over from George Oliver in 1962 and has been a tower of strength to the Association. His friendly, unassuming manner has made many friends, and smoothed numerous difficulties. The work of organising the National Rally and the various meetings and parties would tax the efforts of anyone, but Reg has sailed through without a "Yaw ! "

Jack O'Brien, our treasurer, has done trojan work in keeping the accounts, and makes sure that the Association runs on an even keel.

Eileen Morgan has taken on the job of Supplies Officer, which she is doing with enthusiasm, and to all the National Committee I would like to express my thanks for their help and co-operation throughout the year.

But the success of any Association depends on the members themselves, and we are most fortunate in having such a jolly good crowd of people we call Silhouette Owners and Associates. The group secretaries make a very valuable contribution, and without their enthusiasm and energy the Association would not be what it is today.

Thank you all.

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Secretary's Notes

THE Annual General Meeting of the Association will be held at the National Liberal Club, Whitehall Place, London, S.W.1. on Saturday, January 9th, that is the first Saturday of the Boat Show at Earl's Court. The start will be at 5-30 p.m. and arrangements are made for visitors to be welcomed, either in the room where the meeting will be held, or in an ajoining room, in which the party will follow. Tea will be obtainable, so there is no excuse for members not to turn up; your guests will be well cared for while you are voicing your opinion. The agenda of this meeting was printed in last month's *Journal,* but please don't let that deter you from adding other points; that is what a General Meeting is for, and everyone will have ample opportunity of airing his or her views.

* * *

Your present committee feels that a representative ought to be elected on the committee, to look after interests of non-Silhouette owning members. This should be given some thought, as it could prove to be a very important task. With the ever growing numbers of members who are " going bigger " their needs should be well catered for. So come along to the meeting, on time, with a nomination for this post worked out.

* * *

The cocktail party and buffet, will be held, as I have pointed out already, in the room adjoining the meeting room, promptly at 7-30

p.m. The South Western network of BBC Television has kindly lent us the films they took of our Plymouth Rallies. These will be shown, together with any 8mm film that members care to lend us for the evening. Already we have quite a few feet, and Peter Croft, who is an expert in these matters, has temporarily joined these together to make what should be an interesting interlude to the party. But we do need a few more feet, so please don't be shy! All you folks who carried ciné cameras at Plymouth, every little piece is of interest to someone, and the fun and games that went on at Cawsand could put a Mack Sennett comedy to shame; so lend us your film, Peter will take good care of it, and see that you get it back, intact, within a day or so. This is all apart from the competition for still photographs that Harry Maloney is organising, and of course, the appeal he made for photographs for this contest still stands.

* * *

The Association, has again been offered accommodation on Messrs. A. G. Hurley's stand at Earl's Court, and again the stand will be manned by volunteer representatives, at least during the evenings, and all day Saturday. Our Lady Bo'sun has committed her husband Stan Morgan, to make a display cabinet, so that ties, burgees, brooches, and car transfers, will be on sale during the Show. In the past, this stand has proved to be quite a meeting place for members and friends to congregate, and I know of several people who, on visiting the exhibition during an evening, get no further than an extended chat with new and old friends. If you do go to the Show, look up your member on the Hurley Stand, and better still, if you have some time to spare, let Harry Maloney have your name included on the duty roster.

* * *

That you are reading these notes is proof that you received your monthly *Journal* but, did you look on the envelope? Is the name and address quite correct? Is the name of your boat spelt rightly? Now is the time to start collecting the new list for the printers to publish our " List of Members " so if the details on the envelope need altering, please let me know. And please remember that unless you are a " Banker's Order " member, " Your Subscriptions are now due." I make no apologies for mentioning the fact again, but if you do not insure through the association, you are wasting money. Our policy being issued for a large group, is cheaper than you can get anywhere else; the cover is for full twelve months sailing, and covers racing risks; you will save at least 33⅓ per cent. If you need a proposal form, I can let you have one by return.

* * *

We are still getting suggestions on this year's Plymouth Rally. A small sub-committee is dealing with them, so if you have not sent in your contribution there is still time. Lots of people are in favour of some form of passage race, perhaps round the Eddystone lighthouse. A member has questioned the validity of membership of the Association, which is, of course, affiliated to the R.Y.A., as being



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sufficient to enable us to enter races run by R.Y.A. yacht clubs. This point has now been cleared up with the ruling body, and it is affirmed that membership of the SOIA is enough to enable anyone to enter races without being a member of any club or body.

* * *

Can't let this first issue of 1965 go by without wishing everyone a very happy New Year. I wish the very best of luck and good fortune to all those who are elected to serve in the various offices during the coming year.—*R.A.G.*

Log Competitions
By A. R. T. Garrett

EIGHT logs of Silhouette cruises during the 1964 season were entered for this competition:

In *Valerie Ann*, H. Crossley and a companion spent seven days sailing in the Bristol Channel. Starting from Weston-super-Mare, they sailed to Minehead and thence to Porlock under power. From Porlock to Porthcawl and, after being weatherbound for three days, a final passage back to their home port. The ship's company clearly enjoyed battling with the strong tideways of the Bristol Channel, and seemed to have no difficulty in finding congenial ways of whiling away time spent ashore.

In *Oranui*, R. Cotterell and his brother had an enjoyable race on Good Friday from Auckland (New Zealand) to Leigh, 35 miles up the coast. After a day of relaxation and festivity ashore, *Oranui* took part in a 10 mile race to Kawau Island, completing her return to home port on Easter Monday. In all about 70 miles were made good, and the Easter holiday seems to have been a great success.

In *Mary Lane*, John Anderson accompanied by his wife and three children spent a happy and not uneventful 8 days exploring the waters of Plymouth Sound and the Tamar and St. German's rivers. The youngest member of the family was 4½ months old, and this necessarily imposed limitations on what could be attempted. Her two brothers were both under 8. There are few occupations more rewarding for the sailing man than teaching and encouraging his own children to share his love of the sport.

In *Ruscan*, E. Scott Grinndal and his wife cruised for 17 days in the lovely archipelago South of Rijeka, Yugo-Slavia. Driving from their home port, Goteborg in Sweden, to the cruising ground, and back again with *Ruscan* on a trailer, was a most enterprising undertaking, and seems to me to have exploited to the full an important characteristic of the Silhouette. It was,

disappointing that in the narrative the actual sailing was dismissed in a few short paragraphs.

In *Sou*, Colonel H. O. W. Fowler and his wife Anne, crossed from Dover to Calais and thence proceeded under power up the canals visiting Burges, Ghent and Veere and a number of other small towns and villages. *Sou* eventually emerged again at Flushing, and the return trip was made down the coast to Calais and so back to Dover. In all a cruise of 270 miles in 10 weeks. The Fowlers were the only competitors to produce a distance table—I shall refer to this later—but the cruise went at a leisurely pace. 50 days after leaving Calais on the outward voyage *Sou* reached Dover again—an average distance made good of 5 miles per day.

In *Tammy-Norie*, D. L. Smith and two companions set off from Lerwick in Shetland at the end of April with the intention of rounding Cape Wrath and making Mull. Leaving Grutness Voe a good passage was made to Calf Sound in Orkney, but here they were delayed by near-disaster when both spreaders came adrift. Later, making Stromness, they were delayed by weather, and the final attempt to clear Cape Wrath had to be abandoned due to adverse winds. Mr. Smith was fortunate in being able to arrange shipment of his vessel from Orkney to Scrabster whence she regained her home port by trailer. Later, from Ballachulish *Tammy-Norie* made Loch Spelve via Oban and then Colonsay and Iona, finally ending at Bunessan poised for her summer cruise. I must confess to my great disappointment that Mr. Smith's account stops short at this point, for the West Coast of Scotland and the Hebrides provide one of the finest cruising grounds to be found anywhere.

In *Defiance*, Lieut. Commander M. Seymour, RN., Commodore of the Lakes Group, led a fleet of seven Silhouettes from the Windermere and Ullswater flotillas on a week's cruise in company. By road to Largs, where the boats were launched, the fleet sailed to Lamlash, thence to East Loch Tarbert and Caladh and returned to Largs. This ambitious enterprise met with very unfavourable weather, and I entirely agree with Commodore's conclusion that it is preferable to plan for a common rendezvous every two or three days rather than to attempt to keep eight boats in company throughout the cruise. Possibly the difficulties of communication under way might partially be solved by the use of a limited number of special code flags — two horizontal colours — capable of being made from any pair of corners. I also endorse his remarks about ground tackle — it is the weight of chain cable that matters.

In *Leanda*, Mr. M. F. Orton and a companion sailed from Kingston on Thames to Queenborough and thence to Brightlingsea, returning to their home port via Burnham on Crouch and Leigh on Sea, a distance of 227 miles in 9 days. Approximately 80% of the distance was covered under power. This was an enterprising cruise for the owner's third sailing season, particularly when taking into account the considerable pilotage skill which is essential in the Thames estuary. The log is well written and presented, and I hope that Mr. Orton will continue his exploration of estuary waters with as much pleasure and enjoyment as he evidently experienced on this occasion.

When your President paid me the compliment of inviting me to judge this competition, he told me that the only rule was that the crew of a vessel eligible for *The Silhouette Owner Trophy* must include a woman — everything else was at the sole discretion of the judge. I think that I owe the various entrants who have taken great trouble in writing up their logs—and most enjoyable reading too—some explanation of the yardsticks which I have tried to apply. First, I consider that a cruise should be a venture beyond the familiar waters of one's home port, and that this venture should *not* be a race. Secondly, in the planning and execution of a cruise, the master of the vessel shall have particular regard to the characteristics of the vessel herself, her sea-keeping qualities, and her ability to stand up to hard weather. Nor must he overlook these same qualities in his ship's company. Finally, the time

available, and how this is to be divided between the passages to reach the cruising ground, and to return to base, and the time for sailing in the selected waters. By virtue of the comparative ease with which a Silhouette can be moved by road there would seem to be unlimited opportunity for being venturesome.

I must point out that the task of judging is made more difficult by the absence of essential data. One does not wish to make the business of writing up a log burdensome, but some elementary facts are essential if the judge is to evaluate each cruise properly. These are matters for the Flag Officers and committee of the Association and I hope that they will consider my suggestions helpful. Every log submitted for competition for your trophies should comprise:

(*a*) A narrative of the voyage.
(*b*) A table of distances made good day by day, giving the dates, distances made good day by day, giving the dates, distances and time under way spent under power.
(*c*) A rough track chart of the cruise.

Were I to elaborate these point briefly, I would say that your narrative should be the story of your voyage — of your passages between anchorages and the conditions experienced and some description of each anchorage. Don't clutter up your story with too many technical details, but retain sufficient to give an impression of your seamanship. Details such as how you complete your stowage and the formalities of entry and departure can well be left to Notes at the end of the narrative. The table of distances, and the track chart, are not only of considerable assistance to the judge, but also of great interest to your fellow members, who may be fired by your example.

But I digress and now to business. First of all I must express my unbounded admiration for the wives — for it appears that in all the vessels which are eligible for *The Silhouette Owner Trophy* the essential female members of the crew were the owners' wives. Either one marries a girl who has already been bitten with the lure of seafaring or one must make proper acknowledgment to one's nearest and dearest who year after year accompanies her husband on holidays afloat when she would much prefer to stay in a comfortable hotel and spend her days basking in the sun with gay clothes and society in the evenings. How do we deserve such devotion? One ingredient common to all logs sent in for competition was enthusiasm. I have also paid regard to navigation, pilotage and the general handling of boats and their maintenance. Why did *Tammy-Norie's* spreaders come adrift so shortly after setting out? Why did *Sou* go so far adrift on her course from the South Goodwin to Calais? The logs do not say. John Anderson refers to the problem of dinghy work—a very real difficulty in such a small vessel as a Silhouette—is the solution an inflatable tender? Having regard to all the points which I have mentioned, I make my award as follows:

The Suzanne Trophy to D. L. Smith of *Tammy-Norie*.
The Silhouette Owner Trophy to "Skipper" Fowler of *Sou*.

Finally, there remains the *Open Cruising Trophy*, and this I award to Mr. Peter Comber of *Ripple,* a gunter-rigged centreboard sloop of the Yachting Monthly Senior class. Mr. Comber and a companion who had to leave at the end of two weeks, cruised from Twickenham to Zierikzee, working their way up the coast from Gravelines. Not many days inside the canals, and the owner made a very creditable passage homeward singlehanded down the coast to Calais and thence to his home port via Ramsgate. I particularly congratulate Mr. Comber on both planning and executing an enterprising cruise, and also for his excellent log, which appears in this *Journal*. From his log it is apparent that *Ripple* made good an average distance of 160 miles per week, allowing one day per week as a lay-day. The allowance for lay days is an essential element of planning and flexibility—not always easy to determine when one must take into account the susceptibility of your boat to weather delays, which one may expect to encounter in the selected waters at a particular time of year.

Much can be learnt from this cruise and I commend a study of this log to all members of the Association.

Letters to the Editor

FROM WINDERMERE. — I have had a wonderful season with my Silhouette, and although I have not had chance to meet up with many other SOIA members yet, I have thoroughly enjoyed the excellent magazine with its stories of members' experiences. After about 20 years of mostly dinghy sailing, I am sorry that I did not buy a small cruiser sooner. My teenage son and I have had some wonderful weekends living abroad, and in, perhaps, an unusual way, we have made use of the cruiser to enjoy sailing without leaving my wife and two young daughters (who are *not* too keen) to fend for themselves each weekend. We have often set out at 11 p.m. (my boat is normally moored on Windermere, and as well as no tides to contend with I think that I know every inch of this lake and its shallows) and enjoyed a good sail before late supper and bed . . . then, up with the lark, a sail back to the home mooring, and we can be home by mid-morning after ten hours in the boat, and before the ladies at home had chance to miss us! — Roy Snaith, Ivy Bank, Holly Road, Windermere.

FROM NEW ZEALAND.—I entered my Silhouette in a cruising race of about 18 miles against six other keel yachts, all bigger boats. On the morning of the race my crew Pete (from London) and I got the boat ready and as the race started at 10 a.m. we set sail for the line fifteen minutes early, with the main and small jib up. We spent about twenty minutes tacking against the wind and tide to reach the line, and by this time the race was underway, with the other yachts setting their spinnakers and disappearing down harbour. As we rounded the start buoy and eased steets in the stiff Westerly I discovered that the spinnaker pole was still at home, so we had to be content to sail without extras. After running flat off for half an hour, we rounded North Head and tacked up to the Lighthouse on Rangitoto Island. It was a flat run off the wind from there to the end of Motutapu Island, about five miles away, and although the seas were a little lumpy, we could still make a cup of coffee and have our lunch in comfort, sitting in the cockpit in the sun. Rounding the point into calmer water, the boat flew along with the wind on the quarter till we reached the other side of the Island, where we tightened sheets for the slog back up to a bay between Rangitoto Isle and Motutapu Isle where the race finished. Dropping anchor along side the other yachts, we went on board the winner and had some refreshments. I was amazed to learn that although

we finished an hour behind, on handicap we missed winning by about 15 minutes! I shan't forget the spinnaker pole next time, that's for sure.—Rex Cotterell, 22 Notley Street, Westmere, Auckland, New Zealand.

BENDING MASTS. We considered fitting a "running forestay" last Spring to prevent an alarming rearward bend in the mast, following near disaster when a gust shook the spreader tubes clear of their 4½in. long stubs. Actually, we fitted two extra lower shrouds, leading forward of amidships, but this was not a complete cure. We also drilled and wired the spreader tubes in place. I'd always felt my rigging was wrong—unlike the sketch on the *Journal* cover, the lower shrouds came aft, and were too long to swop chainplates with the upper pair.

Russell Marine, consulting Robert Tucker, confirmed my suspicions, and the masts will now be rigged properly. My point here is that surely a correctly stayed mast will not need extra gadgets to make it bend the way we want it. After all, with our modest sail area we don't really need a lot of extra wires —or shouldn't.

Arising from this is the problem of leading the jib sheets nicely. Obviously with the rigging playing tricks, the jib fairleads never seemed to be right, and I did fit blocks on 15ins. Tufnol slides, in order to get the pull where I want it as much as to ease friction. These were shackled to slides and aligned fore and aft, not athwartships as in a proprietary "lazy block" arrangement. The system works very smoothly, cuts out one set of bullseyes, can be adjusted for different jibs. — *D. L. Smith, c/o William Tawse Ltd., Bunessan, Isle of Mull.*

From the Secretary's mail

" I wish to thank you for your prompt attention to my letter and the friendliness of its tone. It seems like a grand organisation, and I am most happy to be a member.—R.J.M., Texas.

I have enjoyed seeing the Plymouth Film. It has made my wife and me keen to come over for the next Rally, if I am able to get a few days of."—D.J.M., Jersey.

" It may interest you to know that my wife gave birth to a baby boy, at midnight on the evening of the A.G.M. and Party in January. I got home just in time for the event! His arrival will always be linked with that enjoyable evening in mind."—R.H.

" I should like to say that during the two cruises I've done, I have not trailed a dinghy, which could prove inconvenient when wanting to get ashore. But not so, thanks to the hospitality of such clubs as The Royal Brixham, The Royal Fowey, and Royal Cornwall. All kindly lent a mooring and a dinghy during our stay, and invited us to use their bar. Many thanks to them all, especially to a member of the Royal Cornwall in Falmouth, who generously lent us his brand new clinker pram, which is one of the best of it's kind I've seen."—D.B.

" I believe that there are now two or three Silhouettes owned in Aukland area which has wonderful waters for cruising and sailing, for this type of craft. An ever growing interest in these bilge keel cruisers, is taking place here."—P.H.P., New Zealand.

" Our local sailing club was officially born last Sunday. *Sletten Badeklb* and KIU's starboard spreader looked like a Christmas tree. By the time we got over to Sweden ; we almost didn't need a jib. The standing joke in my crew (the missus and our lad) is that I do not yet know the finer points about sailing. I finally admit it! So soon after the flag had been hoisted,

The Silhouette Owners' International Association

President:
J. R. L. ANDERSON, The Old Hall, Marple, Cheshire. Marple 1458.

Honorary Flag Officers:
BERNARD COLLINS, FRANCIS CHICHESTER,
J. R. L. ANDERSON, W. SPURRELL, STAN MORGAN.

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Vice-Commodore: R. A. GARROD.

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Hon. Technical Adviser: ROBERT TUCKER, 58 Southbury Road, Enfield, Middlesex.

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

The Silhouette Owners' International Association exits to promote the interests of Silhouette Owners throughout the world. The annual subscription is 15s. (USA $5). Bankers: Westminster Bank Limited, 92 High Street, Harrow, Middlesex.

we were off, out of the harbour and on our way, over to Sweden, knowing that the Folkboats and L.A.'s would be over there before we had got ourselves settled down. Now, our neighbouring boat is a Felicity, and when we sailed he wasn't even on board; but when we sailed into Kirkebakken harbour, there he was tied up! Needless to say we were last in and everyone was waiting for us. Well, this rather niggled me, cos' I do admit I am not so good yet, but I think that I can get as much as the average man out of a Silhouette, particularly in a fair wind, and we were blown over at a steady fivish knots. My crew gave me a rough time of "I told you so," until I could take no more, and hunted the bloke out of the crowd and had it out with him. Bless me if he didn't say "I did not want to be the last over, so I came across on sail and motor, to keep up with the main party, because I was not sure of the way over!" The distance is just 10 kilometres, and by comparision I would say, Southsea to Cowes. Needless to say on the return trip I wached him like a hawk, and again we were last home, but at least I know that my crew don't mind a bit of dirty weather sailing. We had a bit of a race back, and he packed up because it was too choppy, and it started to get cold. His granddad was never a Viking!—P.S., Denmark.

"We belong to a local yacht club, and have had 43 trips in our boat this season, which has given us a truly wonderful summer to remember. (If you are wondering how we managed this, I am a shift worker, and some of these trips only lasted a couple of hours, but well worth the bustle to fit them in).—S.R.

Regional Groups

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

South-East.	*Hon. Sec. Stan Morgan, 19, Philbrick Crescent East, 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. V. P. England, 8, Belle Vue Rise, Hore Hill, Plymstock.*
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.*
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First time across

by Anne Fowler

(Concluded)

JUNE 24. We wandered along the quayside in the morning, marvelling at the number of cafés. Nearly all the other walkers we saw were English tourists and there were several fish and chips signs outside enterprising cafés. Winds light and variable. We left Ostend at 16.25 with half an hour of foul tide to run; however, we managed to sail for an hour. Arrived at Nieuport at 18.15. There is a long channel up to the yacht harbour. The left fork goes into the town and the right (with very little water at low tide) to the yacht haven. It was such a long way to the shops, water and petrol that we thought of moving into the town, but were stopped by some fishermen who said we would be very disturbed at night by the fishing trawlers going out, and would not find room alongside the quay without having to move.

June 25. Wind gusting to Force 6. An enterprising grocer came on board, and as we had not bought any whisky at Zeebrugge we arranged for him to bring a bottle of whisky, some scent and tobacco out of bond. He came on board the following day with a gendarme who handed us the sealed parcel, after which we proceeded to a session of toasting the Entente Belgique in beer and gin.

June 26. NE wind, Force 5, gusting to 6 on our windmeter,

although Force 4 was predicted. There were six Silhouettes at Nieuport, but no owner present while we were there.

June 27. Forecast Force 4. We left Nieuport at 7 a.m. but had to motor the whole way to Dunkirk, as there was no wind. We seemed fated either to have too much wind or too little. Arrived Dunkirk at 10 a.m. There were six Corsairs moored along the poontoon, but unfortunately no owners appeared.

June 28. We left at 7-15 a.m. and had to motor the whole way, as what little wind there was was coming from the West. We passed Gravelines Pier at 9.25, sighted Walde Beacon at 10.45 and Dyck Light Vessel at 11.0 and laid a course halfway between them for Calais. We entered Calais at 12.15 and tied up alongside a small boat. We were lucky, as within a few minutes the gates and bridge leading to the Bassin de l'Ouest were opened and we were soon comfortably moored.

June 29. We had to collect the Skipper's binoculars from a Calais optician, as they had fallen into the water-logged bilges on the crossing coming over. They were not ready, however, until the following day, and when it was too late we discovered that they had been wrongly put together again. I was delighted to spend the extra days in Calais.

June 30. We planned to leave the following day, but there was a Force 6 wind forecast so cancelled our plans.

July 2. Our invaluable Pilot Pal Direction Finder failed to work for the midnight weather report the night before, so we decided not to go out into the outer harbour at 4.30 a.m., to my great relief. At 7 a.m., by which time the gates had been closed, the Skipper changed the batteries and found that the Pilot Pal worked perfectly. It turned out to be a perfect day, too. We checked our equipment again. Life jackets, life-lines, which had given me such comfort on the way across, fire extinguishers, first aid kit, Fairway Depth Sounder, charts in our most useful Seewall Chart case, with our course plotted on its plastic surface by a Chinagraph pencil, anti-sea-sickness tablets and "that bucket" — we had the lot. The Skipper fitted the rubber mat more firmly over the cockpit well and we felt prepared.

July 3. Although the weather forecast had been Force 5—6 at 6 p.m., at 12 midnight it was light and variable, so we decided to go out into the outer harbour at 5 a.m. We were glad we had done so as at 6.45 the forecast was NW 3 so we left Calais at 7.25. Our compass setting was 318 degrees and I could hope only that the Skipper's navigating powers would be as good as they had been coming across. There was very poor visibility, and we motored against the tide, which was weak, so as to give ourselves plenty of time to get across. What little wind there was was on the nose, so we had to motor. I realised how much more I had enjoyed the exciting passage coming over. The exhilaration when *Sou* glided up the steep waves was something that I shall remember always. Visibility was patchy, and it was not until 10.30 a.m. that we sighted bits of white cliffs here

and there. We wondered where exactly Dover was but the Skipper's navigation seemed to be spot on. At 11.20 we saw a ferry boat going into Dover and were reassured. We sighted the South Goodwins Light Ship at 11.55 and passed it at 12.35. We had been a bit worried as we thought the Light Ship should have been a good deal more to starboard where we had seen a buoy. We were told in Dover that evening that she had been moved about 2 miles closer to Dover. We reached the entrance to Dover Outer Harbour at 13.30 but, as the signals were against us, we circled round for twenty minutes waiting for permission to enter. No boat came out or went in and we heard afterwards that yachts frequently had to wait there unnecessarily. We reached the entrance to Wellington Dock at 14.00 — six hours to get across. The squelching rain came down a few minutes after we had moored comfortably alongside, and we felt it was a fitting welcome to England. The Customs officers came on board, sampled our drinks, were interested in our experiences and mildly interested in our possessions. We had lived on *Sou* continuously for the last ten weeks (seven weeks on the Continent) and enjoyed an experience that we should remember for many a long day. Now that I had achieved the luxury of a magnificent hanging locker, I was very happy on *Sou*. The Skipper, however, exploded every night when all the kit was taken out of the quarter berth and put on the cabin sole. "I can't even put my feet on the ground," he would wail.

* * *

When travelling on the canals from Calais — Terneusen beware of well built up banks, which look as if especially made for small yachts to tie up alongside. They invariably have large rocks just under the surface. The best places at which to tie up are close to bridges and locks.

Tyre fenders are a "must," and rond anchors, which we bought four years ago on the Broads, were invaluable. Petrol can be obtained in almost all villages. There are launderettes at Bruges and Middleburg. A foghorn of sorts is essential to flush lock and gate keepers out of locals. Three toots on the horn appears to be the recognised call — presumably in case the first and second are not heard, and maybe the third might penetrate to the bar. We found, however, in all cases, bridge and lock keepers very co-operative.

Documents. We obtained our Triptyque costing £1 10s. 0d. from the AA, and the Permis de Circulation from the French Tourist Office. 178 Piccadilly, London. The latter enables one to pass free of charge through the French canals. It is now necessary, however, to obtain a new form, Navigation de Plaisance Passeport du Navire Etrange (a green card) which came into force this year. When we applied for the form, as we were told about it by another yachtsman in Calais, we were met with puzzlement, shrugs and frantic thumbing of pages in almost every conceivable department of the French Customs and Maritime offices — the buck being passed from one office to the other. Everyone knew something new had appeared in January 1964,

girl in a bikini in a sort of sailing surf-board. " You sail from England in that little boat ? " " Yes." " And now you go back home for tea ? " But the laugh was on her, as two minutes later she had capsized and righted herself, and was scooting off shorewards to dry off. Arrived at Breskens at about 5 p.m. after a very pleasant 37 mile sail. Just in time to shop, fill up with water, and watch the gaiety of the Fishing Festival, with bands, swimming races and the rest of it.

DAY 14. Here Mike had to get a train to Ostend and hurry back to England, leaving me to sail the boat back on my own. I left at 8-30 a.m. with a pleasant North Easterly, which wafted me along most of the day. I had the ebb down the Schelde and then the West-going stream outside, but it did not last me the whole way. In the late afternoon the tide slacked off and turned, and the wind suddenly veered to SSW and freshened a bit, giving me a fetch against the tide to Nieuport, where I tied up in the old place at about 7 p.m. Day's run: 44 miles—10½ hours.

DAYS 15 and 16. After a long run the day before I felt lazy and as it was a headwind and pretty fresh, I decided to stay in port for the day. The boat I was tied to belonged to a sailing school, and soon pupils and instructors came in swarms. There was a constant to-and-fro all day, which was amusing to watch. My plan was to get away at 2 a.m. the next morning, to make use of the whole tide. I woke at 4-30 a.m. having wasted two hours. It was a cheerless morning, and obviously there was going to be some wind, so I rolled down one reef, but set the big jib, as she balances well like that. When I cleared the pier heads things were a bit lively and the boat over-canvassed. It was blowing about Force 5—6, in exactly the wrong direction. First of all I had to change to a smaller jib—no easy job with the boat bucking about like mad. Then, after bouncing up and down for about an hour. I realised that I would get nowhere before the tide turned, when I should start going backwards; so, swallowing my pride, I ran back to Nieuport and tied up again. It was a lucky decision as it blew up in the day to Force 7—8, as the wireless forecast had said. In the evening I moved into the yacht harbour which is spacious, quiet and private and nearer the old town. Later that evening I had a special dinner on board of fish salad, steak, fresh peaches and coffee, and turned in hoping things would be a little quieter outside the next day.

DAY 17. The tide did not serve till about 2 p.m., so I went ashore, did some shopping, and walked to the end of pier to see what things were like. It was about Force 4, a headwind, livelyish, but O.K., so I got under way about 12.30. In the subsequent sail the wind steadily decreased, and finally petered out when I was just a few miles short of Dunkerque. Even in my boat it seemed wisest to keep to the big boat channel, as the shoals looked as if they were barely covered, and there was a bit of swell left over from the previous day's weather. So it offered an interesting little piece of navigation, turning in from the West Deep through the Zuydcoote Pass. For the last mile or two I had to get the engine going as the wind fell to a calm, and I got to Dunkerque just as it was falling dark and groped

my way in to tie up to a motor-cruiser which lay in what appeared to be the yachty part of the place at about 10 p.m. Day's run 19 miles —9 hours.

DAY 18. Left Dunkerque at 4-45 a.m. (so I never saw it in daylight) with a light air from the East which gradually increased; which was just as well, as the tide turned against me some while before I reached Calais. By lunchtime I was tramping along before a good Force 3—4, yet progress past the land was painfully slow. In spite of the warnings I remembered from an article in *Yachting Monthly* and the weather-going tide, I cut across the Riden de la Rade. It was a bit bouncy, but not too bad and well worth the distance it saved by not going round the Western tip of the bank. Let go in Calais harbour about 2-30, 26 miles in nearly 10 hours—not very fast progress. However, it was very pleasant washing, lunching and tidying up in the sun. A shopping excursion ashore, an expensive and not very good meal, and, for a change, an early night.

DAY 19. Bound for Ramsgate, so I planned to take most of the West-going tide to the S. Goodwin, and the East-going tide through the Downs to Ramsgate, which meant leaving at about 5-30 a.m. Wind was S. Easterly and light. I allowed 30 degrees for tidal drift, which turned out to be exactly right, as the S. Goodwin duly appeared, dead ahead, after about five hours sailing. The wind backed and lightened somewhat at about mid-day, but it was a lovely sail, just enough wind to keep the sails drawing nicely and a bag of nuts, raisins, plain chocolate and pears to munch. Arrived at Ramsgate at 2-10 p.m. got Customs clearance, and tied up to the same buoy in the outer harbour, and went ashore for a wash, shave, and shower, and a miserable meal, discourteously served. What must foreigners think of us? However, back on board in the still evening, with the coloured lights and a nip of Vat 69 and a couple of pipes all was fine! Day's run: 32 miles—8 hours, 40 minutes.

DAY 20 To church in Ramsgate at 8 a.m. Leisurely breakfast and tidy-up and leave at about 11 a.m. A very light Easterly took us along nicely enough to Margate. Then the tide made itself felt. I had counted on an Easterly to run against the foul tide, but, maddeningly, the wind suddenly shifted to the SW and freshened, giving an unprofitable beat along the Kent shore, with poor progress over the tide, though there was no sea whatever. The ebb seemed to run for hours, and the boat was too pressed under full sail, so I rolled down one reef in the main (losing a great deal of hard-won ground in the process). By dark it was distinctly fresh, but at last the tide turned and I felt my way (literally!) into the Swale, which I did not know, and picked up a mooring at Harty Ferry at 2 a.m. Fifteen hours at the tiller without a break and jolly tired. Nevertheless, I had a good tuck in before retiring to bed. Day's run. 34 miles.

* * *

The next day the weather was not nice. It was fresh, and raining. Harty Ferry seemed a good place to leave the boat, so I decided to go home for a day or two to attend to my correspondence and other

committments, and to come back later to fetch her away. So I gave the boat a good tidy-up, locked up and rowed ashore. The hard at Harty Ferry is a long one and it was nearly Low Water, which meant carrying the 7ft. 6ins. glass fibre dinghy on my head a long way. Having got it safely over the bank and stored away I discovered that I had left my wallet with all my money on board, so the whole operation had to be repeated. Day's run: approximately one mile in two hours.

DAY 21 (*about a week later*). Arrived at Harty in the afternoon. Blowing fresh, but set whole sail to show off, as a friend was colour-filming me. The rudder wouldn't go fully down, and the boat was almost out of control—serve me right. Later we anchored (Peter and I), had a cup of tea, and rolled down one reef and proceeded more sedately to Queenborough via the inside passage and Swale lifting bridge. Picked up moorings just before dark, and went ashore to fill water-containers in readiness for an early start.

DAY 22. Under way at 5 a.m. Clear of Sheerness it breezed up to about Force 4 or 5 and we reeled off the miles all day, making good progress, even when the tide turned against us, which it did at about 8 o'clock. Ran on and on, and anchored, temporarily, at Blackwall at about 4-30. Lowered the mast and motored through the bridges until the engine stopped off Chelsea with the water-cooling system blocked—our first trouble with the engine. We were tired and everything went wrong. We failed to clear the blockage. A cleat to which one of the warps was made fast pulled out as we rolled in the wash of a passing pleasure-boat. The port side navigation light went overboard. Nothing for it but a good hot stew and a night's sleep. Day's run: 46 miles.

DAY 23. Cleared the blockage. Lovely morning. Had a large breakfast as we motored up-river to Twickenham. Moored the boat at about 11 a.m. and tidied up. We then had lunch and caught the train home.

Leanda goes to sea

by M. F. Orton

Friday, September 4. At 17.15 hours we cast off from our home moorings at Kingston upon Thames and motored down towards Teddington lock. This was my second cruise downriver to the Thames Estuary. Last year a single-handed cruise took me down to the Medway, through the Swale to Whitstable then round the outside of the Isle of Sheppey and up the Medway as far as Rochester, and then back up river and home to Kingston. This was my first taste of sea sailing and after having spent all of my sailing life (all two seasons of it) on the upper Thames, where one can take a whole day to sail just two or three miles between bridges, the joy of being able to sail free for hours on end was almost unbelievable.

A "choppy" weekend previous to this spent at Erith had put my crew (my wife Anne and daughters Diana 6 and Tina 3) right off

down river boating and so I now get my week of sea sailing when they visit Nana at the end of the school holidays.

This year my intention (given suitable weather) was to cruise round the coast and visit the Essex rivers or as many of them as time would permit.

My crew on *Leanda II* (SII 1257) was "Jacko" Jackson, a founder member of the Small Boat Club and an extremely fit "young" man of 68. Two fellow members of the S.B.C., David and Phill Hiscock in *Quanta-Costa* (SII 917) were also spending the same week down river with the intention of cruising in the Medway and the Swale and we had decided to cruise in company as far as the mouth of the Thames.

Just before we reached Teddington lock we noticed that more smoke than water was coming out of the cooling water outlet on our Seagull 102 outboard. A quick examination in the lock didn't reveal anything so we stopped at a boatyard about two miles further on at Richmond. Dave Hiscock, who is an excellent mechanic, soon found that the water pipe had broken off at the joint to the cylinder head. This was disastrous as it was now getting dark and in any case this pipe is not a normal spare. The owner of the yard very kindly phoned another yard, The Dock and Slipway Ltd., about half a mile back up river who said "they would see what they could do." This was the understatement of the year. After working in the dark for about 1½ hours a piece of spare tubing was bent to shape and fitted into the engine and the price charged could hardly have covered the cost of the material.

We eventually anchored in Barn Elm Reach above Putney at 22.45 hours and after hoisting the riding light and making ready for an early start the following day we had a huge meal of bacon and eggs, a smoke in the cockpit and so to bed.

Saturday, September 5. 06.45 weather forecast, winds variable, Force 1 to 3 becoming Westerly. Moderate visibility. At 06.10 hours we weighed anchor with about 2½ hours of the ebb left to run and in company with *Quanta-Costa* we motored on down river. As soon as the chain had been stowed away through the chain pipe we cooked breakfast and ate in the cockpit, whilst watching the sun rise over London. Both Jacko and I are good eaters and we made it a rule to have at least a cooked meal for breakfast and in the evening. Our mid-day meal whilst under way usually consisted of soup and coffee in flasks and sandwiches, and we usually managed to obtain fresh meat and vegetables for our evening meal.

At 08.10 hours we anchored off the Royal Naval College at Greenwich to wait for the next ebb tide. We raised the mast, rigged the sails (furled), changed the plug in the engine, and made everything ready for the next leg of our journey and then rowed ashore to do some shopping and to have a look at the *Cutty Sark*.

At 13.30 hours, about half an hour before high water we carried on down river. This is a most interesting trip as one sees at close hand the continuous procession of shipping to and from the London Docks. The wind was light and from the East, so sailing was unfortu-

nately out of the question. Tacking on the Lower Thames without a good breeze is most unwise and anyway one should try, as far as possible to keep out of the dredged channel. (Sea-going ships are huge at close quarters).

The next 3½ hours we motored on filling the petrol tank every hour on the hour so as not to forget. (You feel such a fool if the engine runs dry). I have six plastic two-pint (Castrol) oil bottles which I fill with petrol before starting a trip and we fill the tank from these whilst under way. It is much easier than hanging over the stern with a one or two gallon can.

At 17.05 hours we turned into Lower Hope Reach, just below Gravesend which runs roughly NE by N and with the wind still light from the East we were able to lay our course close hauled. We stopped the engine with a sigh of relief to be rid of the noise and sailed slowly over the flat calm water towards Sea Reach. There is something almost magical in those conditions with the only sound the gentle slap-slap of the water on the hull.

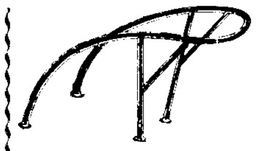
All too soon we had to start the engine as we turned again East into Sea Reach with the wind dead ahead. We motored the last few miles and entered Holehaven Creek where we anchored at 18.25 hours for the night. Day's run—motor, 35 miles, sail 3 miles.

The creek at Holehaven is a creek in the true sense of the word for about 3½ to 4 hours either side of low water. The rest of the time when the mud flats are covered it is open to the river and exposed to winds between South and West.

During the late evening the wind went round to the West and gained in strength. With the tide holding us broadside on to the waves we had an uncomfortable and noisy couple of hours in the early morning, but when the tide went down again all was quiet and we slept like logs. In these conditions it would be better to carry on up the creek and anchor in the lee of Lower Horse Island, but soundings should be taken before anchoring here or anywhere else in the creek as the mud banks are very steep-to. *(To be continued).*

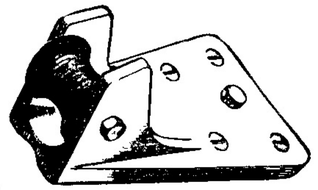


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