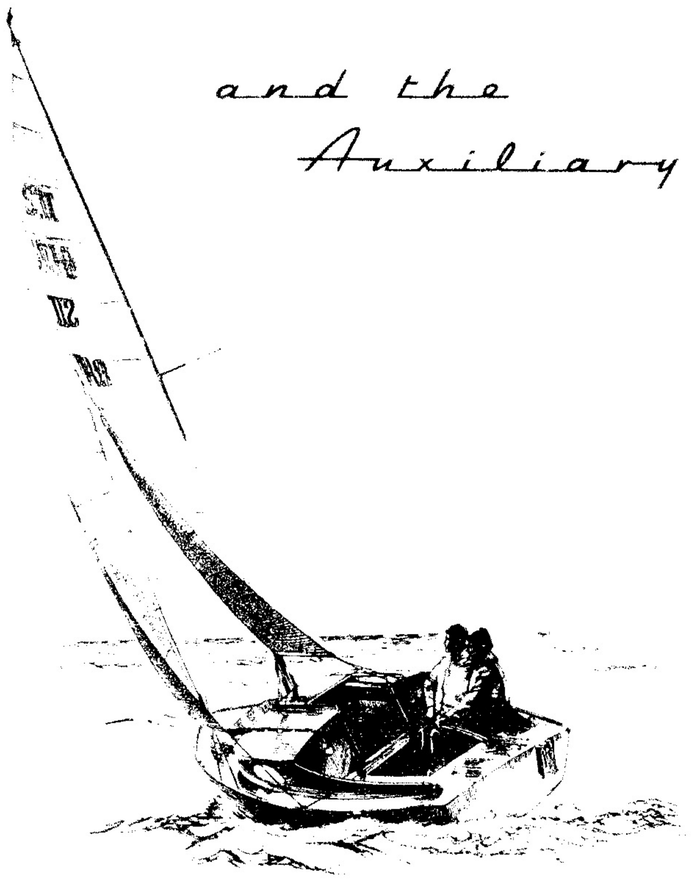
The Silhouette Owner

The journal of the
Silhouette Owners' International Association

NUMBER 50. FEBRUARY, 1965 PRICE 1/-

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Hon. Editor: J. R. L. ANDERSON, The Old Hall, Marple, Cheshire
Advertising rates on application to the *Hon. Advertising Manager*, HELEN ANDERSON, The Old Hall, Marple, Cheshire

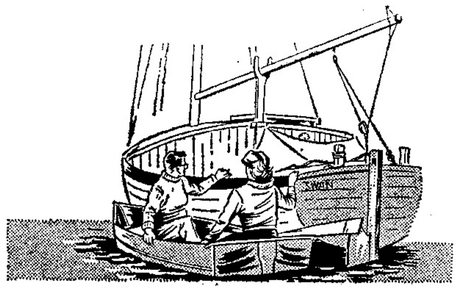
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By Diarmuid Taylor

On course

THE Annual General Meeting and London Party last month have set our Association fairly on course for the coming season. Both in a business sense, and as a happy social occasion, the A.G.M.—Party went well. It is a pity that we can't contract out of the economic situation that bedevils everybody, but in spite of rising costs we hope that the SOIA can be kept on an even financial keel without any serious difficulty: an increase of 5s. a year in the annual subscription, though regrettable, is not a grave additional burden to the costs of yachting. We were particularly heartened by the number of members at the A.G.M. who suggested that we should put up our sub. by *more* than the 5s. the committee had suggested; at least this shows that people think that, as a yachting association, we give something in return for subscriptions! Having a special interest in the logs of Silhouette owners, we were delighted with Mr. Alasdair Garrett's suggestion that the submission of a log within three years of joining should be made a condition of membership of the association! Mr. Garrett spoke with a twinkle — and we fear that the committee would be unlikely to agree to setting the membership such a stern task; but we do hope that a great many members this year will act on the spirit of the suggestion. The value of an association like ours is in the sharing of sailing experience, and the more people there are who send in records of their cruise,

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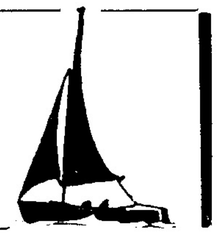
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the more valuable shared experience will be. We sometimes feel that the standards of navigation and seamanship in some of the logs which have been published in this *Journal* are so high that less-experienced sailors may be put off writing about their humbler adventures. Please don't feel anything like this. The record of a weekend cruise can be just as interesting as the log of an ocean voyage — what matters is the interest and enthusiasm of skipper and crew. Nothing could be humbler than the Editor's account of his modest cruise with a family of young children last summer — yet many people were good enough to write and say how much they had enjoyed reading about it. So make a good resolution for this season: keep a log in an exercise book, and write up at least one of your trips for the *Journal*. And may 1965 bring a splendid season's sailing for all Silhouette owners.

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Secretary's Notes

THE marble-floored halls and panelled rooms of the National Liberal Club, in Whitehall, London, were invaded by Silhouette owners and friends on Saturday, January 9, when the A.G.M. and Party was held, to coincide with the first Saturday of the Boat Show (as is our usual custom). They came from far and wide, including several places overseas; they came dressed in their best party outfits; in casual wear; they came fresh and eager to enjoy the evening, and tired and footsore from tramping the floors at Earl's Court. Whatever the approach, all confirmed that they had a jolly good time. With music in the background, good food for the asking, and a well-stocked bar in both rooms, how could it have been otherwise? Everybody knew somebody, and it was the easiest thing in the world to join in a discussion or argument on your favourite topic, sailing, in all its facets.

* * *

Our Rear-Commodore, Francis Chichester, very kindly fitted in a visit to the party, and presented the awards for our Log competitions. He entertained us with a very interesting speech, in which he very generously praised the efforts of an ex-Silhouette member (Bob Bunker) who was competing against him in the Trans-Atlantic Race. When it is considered what demands there must be for the services of a truly great man like Francis Chichester, we really do feel honoured that he is such a good friend to our Association.

* * *

Films of Plymouth Week, lent by members and the B.B.C. were shewn during the evening, and much appreciated and enjoyed, even if the room in which they were projected could have been bigger. Our projectionist who had undertaken the job could not manage to come but two members from Plymouth stepped into the breach, and managed magnificently with unfamiliar equipment. Many thanks Lt. Sweet, and your able companion; you upheld Naval traditions well.

Eddie Coxell organised a good raffle, which helped to defray some of the Association's expenses, and one extremely happy member staggered home with fifty pounds (sterling) worth of inflatable rubber dinghy, for the total expenditure of half-a-crown. You can bet *he* won't forget the party in a hurry!

* * *

These happy times were proceeded by the more serious business of the Annual General Meeting, very well attended, and beautifully conducted by our Commodore. No queries were raised on last year's minutes, and these were passed almost without comment. Our Treasurer, Jack O'Brien, then spoke on the accounts and balance sheet, and pointed out that although the Association had spent some £80 more than income during 1964, we start off in 1965, with more

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money than we had in 1961. He then regretted that owing to pressure of business he would not be able to continue with the work of Treasurer in the future. This was a sad blow to the members, and our President then paid tribute to the good service Jack has given the Association, and asked for a vote of thanks to be recorded. It was, with acclamation.

* * *

The Association is lucky in having so many willing members, and this proved no exception, when Ron Fairman agreed to take over the responsibility of the finances for the coming year. We all wish him every success, and knowing that he will be assisted by his charming wife Iris, we are confident of having discovered a real treasure(r)! If I was Mr. Hurley, and wanted to sell more boats at the Boat Show I would persuade Iris to pose on the stand, and know that my sales would rocket. For the official records, the Association Hon. Treasurer is now Ron Fairman, 142 Hornchurch Road, Hornchurch, Essex.

* * *

Some interesting, amusing and clever photographs, were displayed on the board, and entered in the competition, and although communications broke down, and less than a tenth of those present heard the results, prizes were given out for the best entries. All in all an evening well up to the standard of good fun and fellowship, that we have come to accept as commonplace whenever Silhouette Owners meet.

* * *

Your Secretary took up some of the time, reporting that he had

little to report, as with the excellent medium of this *Journal*, members far and wide are kept in constant touch with each other, and the doings of the Association are well known to all. He thanked all the Committee for the work they had done during the past year, and asked for a special vote of thanks, for Mrs. Olive Butt, who has acted as shorthand writer for all the meetings throughout the year, and has produced, and duplicated such admirable minutes. He also praised the work behind the scenes done by Mrs. Maloney, Mr. Large, and George Hurley, and asked that it should not go un-recognised.

* * *

Our President had the unhappy task of explaining to all present that owing to rising costs, principally the threatened increased postal charges, our annual subscription, would have to be raised to £1 No one was dismayed, many even suggesting a larger increase, but it was decided that from January 9, 1965, onwards, all annual subscriptions would be 20s. (early payers this year benefiting by their promptness!).

* * *

The general discussions that took place under the heading of "any other business," proved to be somewhat in the nature of suggestions for the committee to note for future reference. All suggestions have been duly noted and will be acted upon, wherever possible. The wretched question of "Working Sail Area" was well ventilated, finishing with a vote of confidence in the Committee's decision. All in all, a good meeting, well aired views, and good feeling prevailing at all times.

* * *

Now for Plymouth Week 1965. We still want suggestions for the programme, for this is not yet settled, and your ideas may well be the best yet. So drop a line, and have your say, but please let me know *in good time if you intend to be there.* Alterations, additions, to the new list of members, which will be published soon, will be welcomed.

* * *

A final word on a more sombre note: no issue of the *Journal* will be sent in April to anyone whose subscription is unpaid.—*R.A.G.*

Our friends and associates
by Ernest Large

I SHOULD like to thank those members of the SOIA who, at the AGM on January 9 elected that I should serve as the "Associate Members' Representative" on the Committee. I hope that I shall be able to express the "Associate's" view fairly, and look forward to an interesting year with a Committee which, by some miracle of hard work and goodwill, has managed to keep its 800 odd members



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in a state of contentment over a long period with the minimum of red tape.

I must admit that at the time of the meeting I was not quite sure who I was representing, and was surprised to find on consulting the 1964 List of Members that there were, by my count, some thirty-three members listed owning boats other than Silhouettes. I make it 9 Felicities, 3 Caprices, 2 each of Debutantes, Princesses, Sylphs, West-coasters and Y.M. Seniors, and one each of Alacrity, Ballerina, Eclipse, Eventide, Leeward, Mystic, Pimpernel and (not least) a Lympstone Lugger! We could provide quite a Boat Show were we all to arrive at one place (say, Plymouth) at one time (say, August 16!).

I know of other "Associate" boats not listed in the 1964 list, and no doubt by this time there are more members who have been obliged to part with the faithful Silhouette in favour of a craft better able to cope with expanding familes, or more appropriate to expanded fortune, and I look forward to letters from "old boys" telling me about these successors to Silhouettes. I feel sure that our Vice-Commodore and Hon. Secretary, Reg Garrod will not mind if you write to me direct, and if you do, I'll try to live up to his good reputation for prompt reply, and will, of course, keep him informed.

My home port is Dover, and home address, 19 Victoria Park, Dover.

N. W. Group's annual dinner

THIRTY-SEVEN members attended the annual dinner on December 5, when we were honoured to have as our guests His Honour Judge Meurig Evans, Commodore, North West Venturers Yacht Club, Mr. D. Hugheston Roberts, Sailing Secretary, Caernarvon Sailing Club, and Mr. Luther Jones, proprietor of the Gazelle Hotel (our favourite port of call).

The evening started round the bar with cocktails, and with Dickie Roper appointed "wine waiter" we all had full glasses and bottles at the ready!

We enjoyed a speech from Judge Meurig Evans, who proposed the toast of the North West Group of the Silhouette Owners Associa-

tion. He expressed the pleasure of the North West Venturers YC in having the Silhouette as its class boat, and thanked the North West Group for its support in the formation of his club. The Group's Commodore, Ron Bradbury, replied, recalling the formation of the Group at the Gazelle Hotel, and how one or two Silhouettes grew in to a sizeable fleet. Many memories ran back to happy days.

I might add that we were fortunate to have in the early days people like Herbert Firth, now Commodore of the SOIA, and John Anderson. Their enthusiasm moulded the Group around the Menai Straits, and together with the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs Jones at the Gazelle gave strength when it was most needed.

The toast to our guests was given by Herbert Firth who recalled old times at which our guests were present. Luther Jones responded and we shall all remember his remark — one swallow does not make a summer but a lot of Silhouettes with good swallows make mine! We all hope that he will enjoy many more.

Dinner was followed by dancing until midnight, when a very happy crowd parted on their various journeys home.

We thank the Royal Anglesey Yacht Club, its Commodore, members and staff for making this evening possible.—*George Smith.*

Leanda goes to sea

by M. F. Orton

(Concluded)

SUNDAY, September 6. 11.55 weather forecast, wind NW, Force 4 and 5, visibility mainly fair to good. After a long lie-in and a lazy morning spent doing odd jobs on the boat in between watching the ships passing up and down Sea Reach we rowed ashore to fill our water containers, and have a couple of drinks at the Lobster-Smack Inn with the crew of *Quanta-Costa.* The row back against the tide took us a lot longer than the trip down and "Jacko," sitting in the stern of our Avon dinghy, had a soaking from the spray as I occasionally chopped off the tops of the small waves.

After a leisurely lunch which we ate sitting in the cockpit in the sunshine we sailed out the anchor at 15.55 hours, and with three rolls in the mainsail to the strong NW wind ran across the river at top speed in company with *Quanta-Costa.* When we were clear of the shipping channel we altered course to 103 degress mag. to the W. Hore Sand buoy then 122 degrees to take us through the Hore Swatchway. At the Mid Swatch buoy we went round to 148 degrees and took a short cut across the Sheerness Middle Sand (it was half tide and there was still a good depth of water here) to the Grain Edge buoy and then into the Medway.

This was great sailing and *Leanda* (and crew) just revelled in it. *Quanta-Costa* was well behind by this time but we had an unfair

advantage in that we deflate the Avon before starting on a passage and stow it in the cabin, while Dave and Phill were towing a wooden pram dinghy.

We anchored in Queenboro' harbour at 18.10 hours, after a sail of 11 miles at an average speed of 4.9 knots. This was the fastest speed that I have made on a passage under sail in my Silhouette and even though we had the tide with us for most of the way, it was against us going into the Medway and the tide runs pretty strongly off Sheerness.

My compass is the Sestral Junior, the bracket for which is screwed to the cabin bulkhead in the corner of the cockpit. I have found this compass excellent in practice as with graduations on the side as well as on top, it can be read with accuracy from any angle. It will also double as a handbearing compass when unclipped from its bracket if required. We always made sure before starting on a passage that there wasn't any steel objects stowed in the quarter berth below. We also carried an ex-WD hand bearing compass belonging to Jacko, but we rarely found it necessary to use this when under way in the Estuary. The buoys, beacons on the sands, forts and landmarks gave frequent transits which provide a succession of lines and give a constant check on position.

I always take bearings when at anchor in order to check that the anchor is holding and I always like to be awake when the boat swings to the tide in order to be sure that we swing clear and are holding in the new direction, also that the anchor buoy is clear of the boat. (I lash the tiller to give us a shear and to help prevent the boat swinging in the tide). My anchor is a 15lb. CQR and I carry 21 fathoms of chain. As a spare we had a 20lb. Fisherman anchor which we never had to use but which is an excellent "peace of mind" insurance.

Monday, September 7. 06.25 weather forecast, wind NW, Force 3 or 4, backing SW. Visibility good to moderate. Our destination was Brightlingsea at the mouth of the river Colne. This is a distance of 35 miles from Queenboro' when you have taken the wide detour you need to take to avoid the sandbanks which run like huge fingers from the mouth of the Thames.

We left Queenboro' at 11.25 hours with about 2 hours of the flood tide against us in order to have the whole of the following ebb to take us through the Swin Channel. The sun was shining brightly and the wind was blowing strongly from the West and we had every promise of a great day's sailing. Just before we were ready to start the crew of *Quanta-Costa* said they had decided to join us. So at 11.25 hours both Silhouettes set off at a cracking pace through the water although our speed over the ground was slow due to the adverse tide. When we were clear of the mouth of the Medway the wind went round to WSW and reduced in strength. Our course was 081 degrees out to the No. 1 Medway buoy, which we reached at 14.05 hours. We then altered course to 060 degrees which would take us across the

Estuary, and up to the Maplin Spit buoy, which is between the Malpin and West Barrow sands.

After passing the Maplin Spit and altering course for the Swin Spitway buoy the sky behind us started to go very dark so we took three rolls in the mainsail and waited for the wind. When it came, about 15 minutes later, it was not as strong as we had feared. I should think beween Force 4½ and 5 from the WNW. Even so our speed must have nearly doubled and I don't think that either of us would have changed places with anyone in the whole world.

At 18.05 hours we passed through the Spitway which is a gap between the Buxey Sands. As it was by this time near low water, and as the tides on the following day were springs there was not much depth of water under us, when we judged ourselves to be clear we altered course for the Colne Bar buoy. We must have turned too soon as the lee bilge keel touched bottom in the trough of a wave. I immediately put the helm over to get clear and the sharp alterations in course resulted in a gybe which started the top batten from its pocket. This eventually fell out and was one of our only two losses on the cruise. (The other was a broken flask later in the week).

The wind went round further towards the North and sailing close hauled on the port tack our course was taking us to a point about half a mile East of Colne Point which meant that we would have to make a tack to keep clear of the Bar. By this time it was getting dusk and as Dave had started his engine on *Quanta-Costa* with the intention of motoring the last few miles we also started the Seagull but kept the mainsail rigged with the jib furled. The light on the Bar Head buoy gives a good mark for the entrance and we motor-sailed into Colne, marking off the channel buoys as we passed. The entrance to Brightlingsea creek is very narrow near low water, and we finally ran aground on the edge of a mud bank about 8 cables from the mouth of the creek at 20.15 hours.

We threw the anchor as far as possible away from the boat, dropped some chain over the side, and made the sails ready for hoisting again if necessary, while the kettle was boiling for a very welcome cup of tea. The tide was rising so we were well afloat again even before the kettle was boiled. We had half decided to stay in the same spot until morning when the crew of a large yacht running out against the tide saw our riding light and very kindly came over to tell us that barges often took a short cut across the flats where we were, near high water to get into Brightlingsea. Not wanting to have to feel our way through the moored yachts in the harbour we lighted the navigation lamps again and motored across the river and in to the entrance of Pyfleet Creek where we anchored for the night.

Day's run: Sail 30miles, motor-sail 4 miles, motor 1 mile. Average speed under sail 3.75 knots).

Tuesday, September 8. We made this a lazy day after our long trip of the day before. The anchorage in Pyfleet Creek is quite delightful, and we stayed there until the afternoon when we motored into

Brightlingsea Harbour. There we rejoined Dave and Phill, who had spent the night at anchor just inside the entrance.

Wednesday, September 9. 06.45 weather forecast, wind West, Force 4 or 5. Visibility moderate, some fog patches, occasional drizzle. Dave and Phil left in *Quanta-Costa* at 08.00 to make their way back to the Medway. We motored out of the creek about twenty minutes later with our destination Burnham on Crouch. We kept the engine running until we were clear of the Colne Bar buoy and then hoisted the sails and set our course for the Spitway.

With the wind about Force 4 on our starboard quarter and the last of the ebb tide behind us, we were again sailing as only a Silhouette can sail. She seemed to sing and dance over the waves in conditions such as these. This time we took soundings when passing through the Spitway into the East Swin. It is very shallow here and the sands are extremely hard. (Certainly not a place to be in when the weather is bad).

Our course into the Crouch was now 248 degrees mag., and as the wind kept constant at about WSW we had to tack all the way. This was the sort of sailing I had dreamed about when pottering about between the trees of the Upper Thames. As it was " Burnham Week " we passed a fleet of large ocean racing yachts running out of the Crouch, and the sun on their multi-coloured spinnakers made a glorious sight out at sea. At the mouth of the river the mass of smaller yachts, dinghies and catamarans racing round the buoys, gave us plenty of exercise changing tacks to keep out of their way.

When sailing, we always wore life jackets (inflatable Mae West type) and life lines. These proved to be in the way at times, until we became better organised, as we often found ourselves entangled together after changing tacks.

At 16.00 hours, we arrived at Burnham to find the river crowded to capacity with moored and anchored yachts. We carried on for about 1½ miles and anchored in a very pleasant spot off the South bank, opposite Creeksea. Day's run: Sail 30 miles, motor 3 miles.

Thursday, September 10. 06.45 weather forecast, wind WSW, Force 5. Visibility moderate to good. At 07.45 hours we sailed out the anchor and ran out of the Crouch, eating our breakfast under way as we passed a sleeping Burnham. The wind WSW at this time, about Force 4.

We were making for Leigh on Sea which is just to the West of Southend at the mouth of the Thames. We started early in order to use the last of the ebb tide to take us out of the Crouch and the whole of the next flood to carry us through the Swin and into the Thames. After passing to the Eastwards of the Whittaker Beacon, we were close hauled making tacks with long and short legs between the Maplin and Barrow sands.

A very careful check must be kept of position and course when sailing in these waters. I have a full set of Stanfords Coloured Charts of the Estuary and Rivers which were corrected and replaced up to

The Silhouette Owners' International Association

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

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date a couple of weeks before the cruise and which I find very easy to read. The chart in use is clipped to a piece of marine ply and is kept handy on "the box" just inside the cabin. I also have a copy of *"The Pilot's Guide to the Thames Estuary for Yachtsmen"* which gives excellent notes on pilotage and full descriptions of the rivers, creeks, harbours, etc. A correction sheet for this book is issued free each year. This book also makes excellent reading for the long winter evenings, or, for the train ride into town each day. I have read it so many times that when entering a strange river or creek I often have that "I've been here before" feeling.

During the morning the wind gradually gained in strength until we were sailing with the side deck often under water and weather helm making steering hard work. (A Silhouette always tells you when it's time to reef). We put two more rolls in the mainsail which brought the bottom batten down to the boom and the effect was instantaneous. We were again sailing more or less upright and if any thing we were moving even faster through the water. After blowing

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, Galleywood, Chelmsford.*
Solent.	*Hon. Sec. J. R. Caulder, Sellafield, Orchard Lane, Hermitage, Emsworth.*
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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.*

hard for about an hour the wind reduced in strength and we were able to take out the reefs and carry on under full sail.

At 14.50 we started the engine near the E. Shoebury buoy. We hated doing this as there was still a good breeze, but we were still tacking and we calculated that we would just have time to reach Leigh under motor before the flats dried out.

We anchored in Leigh creek, opposite the cockle sheds at 17.25 hours and about twenty minutes later we were aground more or less upright on the mud for most of the night. Day's run: Sail 32 miles, motor 10 miles.

Friday, September 11. We made this a lazy day after our two days of hard sailing. During the morning we took a bus ride into Southend where we spent a very interesting hour chatting to the Assistant Coxwain and the Engineer of the Southend Life Boat and we also treated ourselves to an enormous lunch at a restaurant in Leigh.

At 15.15 hours as soon as the tide floated us off the mud we motored away from Leigh and into Benfleet Creek. We then motored through the narrow creeks which separate Canvey Island from the mainland and out again at Holehaven. Through the back door, so as to speak. This passage should only be attempted near high water as the creek very quickly dries out.

Here we rejoined Dave and Phill Hiscock who had spent the previous night in the Swale at Oure. Day's run: 9 miles under engine.

Saturday September 12. Due to the difference in times of HW and LW between the Estuary, and the tidal limit at Teddington, it is

possible to do the trip from Holehaven to Kingston in one tide, whereas at least two tides are required for the journey down river.

We left Holehaven at 09.35 hours, about two hours before low water and motored away up Sea Reach. The wind was very light but as it was from the NE we set the jib and this probably added about ½ knot to our speed.

The only events of note during the return trip were to see Tower Bridge raised to allow a ship to pass through (not us!), and when the prop. picked up a large sheet of plastic which stopped the engine dead, just below Waterloo Bridge. We have plenty of practice at this sort of thing on the river and it didn't take long to unwind it and get going again.

We finally arrived back at our home moorings at Kingston at 19.20 hours after a day's run of 48 miles.

SUMMARY OF DISTANCE TRAVELLED ON CRUISE

Sail	105
Motor sail	25
Motor	97
Total	227 Sea miles

Due to an excellent crew, wonderful sailing weather, and surely the greatest little yacht ever designed (how much we all owe to Robert Tucker) this had been a week which I will never forget. The Silhouette is ideally suited to shoal waters such as in the Thames Estuary and we are already well under way with planning our next year's cruise. It's a long way to the sea from Kingston, but well worth while when you get there and there are enough rivers, creeks and inlets to keep a man provided with new cruises for a lifetime. When you see a Thames sailing barge running up the Swin under full sail in the sunshine, as we did, then you just know that there is still enchantment left in the world.

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★ These new rates do not, of course, apply to existing contracts.

Clyde Cruise from the Lakes

by Mike Seymour

FRIDAY, July 3. Left Ullswater Yacht Club in tow with Land Rover for Largs. Fleet of eight boats of Lakes Group to redezvous at Largs, a.m. Saturday: *Defiance* wearing burgee of Commodore Lakes Group, *Nyroca* wearing burgee of Captain, Windermere Flotilla, *Joka* wearing burgee of Captain, Ullswater Flotilla, *Shady Lady, Sharon, Shadow, Helenor* and *Carol*. 18.00. Launched from Largs slipway with *Carol* and *Sharon*. Calm and fine. 19.15 Trailers away, *Carol* remaining at anchor off Largs. *Defiance* proceeded with *Sharon* in company, under power, to anchor East of Great Cambrae. Dinghy in tow. 19.30. Anchored in Ballochmartin Bay, 10 fathoms chain in 3 fathoms.

Saturday, July 4. A.m. dull and cloudy, slight sun. Calm. 08.45. Weighed the anchor and motored back to Largs slipway, to assist launching of remainder of boats. 12.00. All boats afloat, dinghy and trailers stowed. Shopping completed. 12.15 Weighed, and proceeded under power, in company, Southwards through Largs Channel to Millport. 13.05 Anchored in Millport, NE of Eileana, 2½ fathoms, for lunch. Wind now NW 2—3 sunny. 14.05. Weighed, and made sail, to sail East and South of Little Cambrae. Remainder followed, except *Joka*. Sailed into entrance of sheltered bay near castle on East side of Little Cambrae to examine. Rocky and stony. 15.00. Rounded Little Cambrae into seas toward Garroch Head. Wind increased to NW 4—5. Seas fairly rough, 3 feet and breaking. 15.30. Two tacks up towards Cambrae Light. Obviously a hard sail if we are to make Scalpie Bay to night. Will make long leg across to Arran and reconsider. Fleet spreading out now, but " old hands " seemed to be paired with " new boys." One Silhouette turned back behind Little Cambrae towards Millport. Full working sails. Wind though strong, is less than seas would indicate. 17.00 Close to Arran, just north of Corrie, beating up to Sannox Bay for tea. Very gusty so near to mountains. Remainder beating up to join me in *Defiance*. 17.15. Fleet hauled close to beach, and crews went ashore for a stretch while tea brewed. (*Nyroca's* crew includes fifteen months old Hilary Ellingham, who thoroughly enjoyed the crossing). *Helenor* and *Joka* not with us. *Helenor* had gone back. 18.00. Wind and seas increasing; obviously Scalpie Bay will be a hard and wet struggle of several hours. Plans changed; go to Lamlash. All weighed or shoved off beach and set sail Southwards for Lamlash. 18.30. Winds under lee of Goat Fell violently variable and sailing exasperating; started engine to keep steerage and progress in right direction. *Carol* (Felicity) under power only, well ahead, remainder following under various rigs. 21.00. Entered Lamlash Harbour through N entrance, lowered and stowed sails and squared up for harbour. Very cold now. 21.15. Anchored 100 yards off Lamlash Pier, 10 fathoms chain in about 2 fathoms to

allow for tide. Sandy bottom. 22.20. All six boats in and anchored. (Two missing boats have both been to the Clyde before, *Joka* several times).

Sunday, July 5. NW 3—4 in harbour. Sunny with clouds. 08.30-09.15. All six boats weighed independently and berthed at the pier alongside each other; topped up water supplies. 11.00. To clear ferry steps, all craft moved off and ran in over sandy beach West of pier, and moored to settle on sand on falling tide. 11.45-12.00. All vessels high and dry, bows towards shore about six feet apart. Crews cleaning up and doing odd jobs—all the effect of a spell of hot sunshine. Local folk wandering among the four Silhouettes, one Caprice and one Felicity. Hot sunny afternoon, crews sunbathing in cockpits, fairly well sheltered from winds. 16.00 All ships floated on incoming tide and kedged off to anchor as convenient near the pier. *Shady Lady* (Nash) sailed down the harbour and anti-clockwise round Holy Isle. Reported sea quite rough outside. 18.20. "Puffer" arrived and berthed at pier to unload coal next day. 23.00. Anchored for night, and secured with 10 fathoms chain in 3½ fathoms. Wind appeared to ease slightly. Fairly calm night. Forecast not very good.

Monday, July 6. Wind NW, fresh, cloudy. 80.45. Weighed, set storm jib and reefed main, and sailed out clear of other boats. Several of the fleet topped up water at pier first. *Carol* proceeded under power ahead of remainder. Destination Tarbert. 10.15. Five boats clearing harbour under reduced sail. Fairly heavy seas. Wind gusting and variable, from NW but variable direction at times. 11.00. Started engines to keep better course and as sails became hindrance into wind, lowered and stowed them. Steering head to sea up NE coast of Arran. 12.00. Fleet spreading out, but keeping in pairs or groups. Two Crescent 8 engines and three Seagulls. Seagulls needing refuelling now. *Defiance* and *Shady Lady* with Crescents (faster and separate fuel tanks) staying in company with re-fuelling boats. 13.30. Scratch lunch. *Defiance* ahead of remainder, but *Shadow* close astern. Heavy swell and wet seas, but ship riding well and turning round easily during refuelling of *Shadow*. 14.00. Fleet well spread now. *Defiance* with *Shadow* ahead, *Nyroca* half a mile away in centre, *Shady Lady* with *Sharon* about a mile further astern. Wind NW 5—6. On clearing Northern end of Arran, slight Westing wind increased spray, but still riding well. *Carol* out of sight ahead. 16.30. *Defiance* with *Shadow* now nearing Skipness Point, Kintyre, and getting some shelter; seas less troublesome. Sent *Shadow* on ahead and returned to escort *Nyroca*. (Ellinghams, including baby, doing well). 17.00. *Nyroca* well into calmer water left to go on ahead. *Defiance* turned to meet *Shady Lady* accompanying *Sharon*. 18.00. All now in calm water, wind dropped to Force 2—3 for a while. Basking shark fins appearing intermittently close Eastwards of us. Wind ahead, very cold. Cloudy and overcast. 19.20. Entered Tarbert Harbour (E. Loch Tarbert) and anchored NW of islands clear of boats and weed. Five boats by chance in a straight line with one big gap. 19.50. *Joka* motored into

harbour and anchored in the big gap completing an almost perfect line for direction and distance to the cheery greetings of remainder. *Joka* (Wallace) had sailed out of Millport and headed NW as originally intended and made Ascog Bay by Sunday. Though keeping watch he had not seen the rest pass, and a hunch on the weather decided him to proceed to Tarbert. All anchored in 20ft. water, rock, weed and mud with 10 fathoms out.

Tuesday, July 7. Wind NW, Force 4—5 in harbour. Forecast bad. Overcast but dry. 08.00. Situation not pleasant. Wind increasing although *Defiance* is holding. If she dragged she would clear the rocks, the other boats would not. 08.15. *Joka* began to drag, and must have fouled *Defiance's* anchor, as anchor buoy no longer watching. Heaved 15lb. C.Q.R. plus chain and Terylene out to port, and hove in main anchor. Other boats having trouble. Shadow dragged down between island and shore, now held by light Courlene rope fouled on her Seagull propeller. *Shady Lady* under way and assisting her. All vessels now working anchors or under way. 09.30. *Shadow* free, but had to buoy and slip the anchor line. 10.00 *Joka* and *Defiance* now cleared anchors. *Defiance* riding to C.Q.R. *Sharon* and *Nyroca* weighed, and motored up harbour. Remainder followed, and five Silhouettes and Caprice berthed bows Westward, fast to lee end of concrete jetty with stern anchors out. A fine sight over the end of the jetty. On entering harbour *Carol* had anchored and picked up a vacant mooring farther up harbour and rode the gales out there. 11.15. Harbour Master brought postcards from *Helenor* to say illness had forced them to haul out and return home.

Wednesday, July 8. Forecast atrocious. One shipping forecast gave Force 8, 9 or 10 in every sea area except Biscay and South Finisterre. Wind in Tarbert Harbour fierce, and gusting the whole time. Intermittent heavy rain, and short spells of sunshine. Admiralty vessels proceeding in and out of harbour caused some rolling and bumping during the period, but otherwise things were comfortable. At low tide a precarious climb up an iron ladder made shore-going interesting. Several crews went on a coach trip to Crinan. In a sunny spell all boats cleaned and tidied up and were really smart. Then a fisherman came with a barrow to collect a net which had lain on the jetty above the boats for a few days. The net had collected grit, fish scales, feathers, and everything which had blown along the jetty. As he loaded, the six boats below got the lot. On Wednesday afternoon the wind eased; forecast dropped from Force 10 to 9 and 8. Locals warned wind would veer, and we would then be blown on to the rocks. 16.00 *Shady Lady* disentangled herself and motored across to where *Carol* was moored, and then out of harbour to take a look. Meantime wind was veering, so *Defiance* edged out from the shoreside berth, and after trouble with anchors locked with seaweed, motored to the head of the Loch and anchored—shallow water with two anchors spread at open hawse. At low water she will settle on the mud. Remainder of the fleet moved themselves or were moved

by others to anchor in the same place. *Shadow* cut the engine, but drifted faster than expected, and Don King decided to jump into what he thought was 2ft of water! The wind had worked hard and, clad in oilskins and thigh boots, he landed in water waist deep, later to pour out his boots! Hired a dinghy for ferrying purposes while anchored off.

Thursday, July 9. Wind eased to about Force 5. Cloudy. Forecast improved. Large yachts sheltering in port preparing to sail. 10.30. Weighed, and motored out of harbour. Set storm foresail only as example. All boats cleared harbour by 11.00 with various sails set or engine only. Set course for Ardlamont Point and Klyes of Bute. 11.15. Set reefed main running before wind. 12.30. Rounded Ardlamont Point. Fleet spread out over about 3 miles. 13.00. Uncomfortable in West Kyle, so lowered sails and started motor. Reversed course to close other boats. 14.15. All boats except *Carol* now motoring up Kyles, so turned and spoke to *Shady Lady* and *Joka* (fast engines) and these and *Defiance* now taking the three Seagull-fitted boats in tow with all engines running. 18.10. Entered Caladh Harbour in company and anchored close in towards beach. All crews more cheerful after successful passage. After tea, kedged to ground on sandy mud. Laid out anchor and took walk asore. 20.30. Anchored for night 6 fathoms chain in shallow berth. Wind dropped to light airs. *Carol* had passed and gone on to Largs.

Friday, July 10. Light airs from N.W. Bright but cloudy. 09.30. Weighed, set sail and moved slowly out of Eastern entrance—a fine sight as all six got moving past Caladh Entrance. 10.45. Sailed slowly through Burnt Isles Channel. *Defiance* leading and drawing away from others. 18.00. Off Kames Bay (Port Bannatyne). Weather forecast unpleasant—Southerly Force 6 expected. All boats immediately started up again, and made for Largs. The calm waters of Kyles changed on clearing Bute, and passage across to Largs fairly loppy. Wind SW Force 3—4. 19.15. Reached Largs and berthed at pier. Low water; hauling out not possible until about 22.00. Other boats arrived in sequence, some having turned back to tow slow ones. 20.00 Placed one trailer at foot of slipway to watch tide position.

Saturday, July 11. 08.00. Low water. Surveyed position. Long stony beach; loads of seaweed at high water mark. Seas heavy on slipway. Decision—haul up beach—we'd done it the previous year. Threefold blocks and rope plus Land Rover and crews of seven boats set to, and as boats floated on rising tide, each in turn was brought on to trailer and hauled up the beach; masts lowered to get under festooned lights, and all secured for road. Comments on weather, Largs, and on next year's cruises not very complimentary. 12.30. All washed and cleaned up, lunched well at Anchorage Restaurant overlooking scene of pulling and hauling. 14.00. Started tow back to Ullswater, *Shadow* suffered a burst tyre, otherwise all arrived safely by 22.00.

Post script. Since this cruise *Defiance* has had two further separate weeks' cruises from Oban and the Clyde, and *Nyroca* has had a

week on Loch Lomond. Next year's cruise is already being considered.

Lessons learned: (1) No one type of anchor is always suitable. We used variously Thames, C.Q.R.'s, Danforths, Four-prong-folding, and Fisherman. A length of chain next to anchor is very important. (2) A fleet of eight is rather large for such a cruise when weather may affect destinations, and so many places are available over short distances. Better to form groups of two or three, and each group go separately. A possible common port over two or three, days makes a pleasant rendezvous during the period. During passage, boats rapidly spread out and communications are practically impossible.

Letters to the Editor

SLOP CHEST.—Everyone has some old gear, or something that he bought and then did not fit to the boat, and has been hoarding ever since. As gear is somewhat expensive, all these bits and pieces might be very handy to another person, if only that other person knew you had it. To remedy this, I am willing to keep a list of people who (a) have gear to get rid of, and (b) who want to buy the gear. Having got a nice list I can then sort through it, and if there are two people who match, then I will put the two in touch. It is then up to the two to fight it out as to what they do, either cash or swop. So start spring cleaning early this year, and let's start the lists. Fitting-out time will soon be here again, and you might ease your budget a bit, besides making a bit more room in the shed. All you have to do is write to me, telling me what you want, or have got to get rid of, and I will try to do the rest.—D. I. Barnes, 3rd Officer, MV *British Fulmar*, c/o BP Tanker Co. Ltd., Britannic House, Finsbury Circus, London EC2.

PASSAGE RACE TO LOOE ?—I would advise against, for two reasons. 1. In August, the prevailing wind is often right up one's nose going from Plymouth to Looe and the trip might well take two days under sail. In fact, the only time I went there, in spite of starting at dawn, I had to give up twice, as I was making about a hundred yards an hour. 2. Looe Bay is a very narrow harbour less than half a cable wide, and packed with small craft. A five or six knot current makes it difficult to enter or leave, except at the right tide, and one has to drop anchors ahead and astern, and pretty good ones. I think twenty or thirty Silhouettes arriving would probably give the harbourmaster a fit!

As a substitute I'd like to suggest round the Eddystone. Though about twenty five miles, it would be a reach each way, and with an early start one might be able to squeeze it in.—Surgeon Commander C. J. Robarts.

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Under the Irish Flag
by Diarmuid Taylor

MY parents having just bought a house in Kinsale, the family was moving all goods and chattels from England during the summer. One item, however, would have to be sold unless . . . and that's when my sanity became debateable (to everyone else, that is) *Kuni* (SII 1213) was lying at Barmouth and, as I had two months' holiday before taking up my first job since leaving University, I determined to sail her across the Irish Sea. The hardest part of the whole affair was persuading people that I was really more than capable, and that my extensive knowledge of the sea (mainly fishing) would see me and *Kuni* through.

So, armed with numerous charts (including one of the Bay of Biscay—in case we were blown off course, you see) a good torch, a solid looking compass, a spare set of sails, an inflateable dinghy and last but not least, chief cook and bottle washer and erstwhile crew, Clodagh, we set sail from Merioneth Yacht Club at Barmouth at 11.00 hours, Friday, July 3, 1964. Our first stop was Aberdaron, which we reached at 20.20 hours the same day. This detour was necessary only to pick up my elder brother (who really did not want to come at all, but did so in order to appease worried parents.) He was to stay on board only for the trip across the Irish Sea. Next morning, with full complement aboard, we really set out.

July 4. 10.00 hours. Left Aberdaron—Force 3 NNW. Making three knots. Weather fine. 11.00 hours. Bardsey Island abeam—tide against us. Making little headway. Tried engine—doesn't work. 11.40 hours. Now on course (this could be called a diplomatic course — I said it should be 275 degrees but elder brother said 285 degrees — to stave off mutiny we sailed 280 degrees). Engine—plug ? 13.40 hours. A pleasant breeze and a calm sea. We carried on with no worries. One tanker slowed to let us pass, but no further shipping seen. 20.30 hours. Ireland sighted, and lights start to appear all around us. Had supper of a sort (stew and coffee). 22.30 hours. It IS Arklow ahead, but lights still confusing. Arklow Bank "dies," so says the chart. This is debateable; we passed over it at low tide!

July 5, 01.30 hours. Wind died away and we have been motoring successfully for last hour or so. 04.00 hours. Elder brother at last useful, he takes us into Arklow Harbour. Swing bridge successfully negotiated, and we tie up alongside other yachts. Brother leaves for Dublin at 11.00 hours bus, so there remain only the two of us. Good breakfast at the Royal Hotel and a bath—but cold. Decide to stay and relax for the rest of the day!

July 6. 07.30 hours. Set sail for Rosslare and found that we had to motor most of the way. So far the weather had been Mediterranean. 14.20 hours. Arrived in Rosslare and succumbed to the pull of the Welcome Inn for supplies and refreshment. As the weather

remained fair, we left for Kilmore Harbour at 17.00 hours. So far the trip had been uneventful and until I picked up my additional crew, I intended to keep in sight of land, as Clodagh was inexperienced at navigation. I passed inside the Saltee Islands as night fell and could just manage to make out Kilmore Harbour. 21.20 hours. Eventually we tied up alongside some trawlers and, as always, repaired immediately to the local for a drink. Kilmore is, principally, a trawler base, and we found the locals very friendly. Most of the trawlers had come in, as the weather report was bad and gales were forecast. It was nearly midnight when we returned to the boat, tired from our socialising and looking forward to our bunks. Our luxury was short lived, however; we were harshly woken by the gale. Arriving on deck, we found the dinghy overturned (bad lashing you will say!) and the paddles gone. Fortunately, a trawler escaping the gale outside picked them up for driftwood (they said). In the process of righting the dinghy it was blown overboard. A nasty session ensued, with my having to wade waist high in the water in the pelting rain. The crew proved resourceful and had coffee and rum ready for my bedraggled return. The weather report was bad, Force 8 to 9, SSW, and we sat shivering at this piece of news. We had not well thawed ourselves, when a trawler fouled our anchor, and once again we got soaked, this time clearing the line. To our amazement no damage was done. Although well after midnight, the local pub more than endorsed Irish records of hospitality and kindly dried our clothes in the back parlour. Next day the weather was no better, and we prepared for a dull time until we had the good luck to meet Cecil Miller. He looked after us splendidly.

July 8. It was still gale force winds and heavy showers, and as none of the trawlers put out, I wasn't going to either. Again Cecil Miller entertained us on his boat *Calloo* which he had built himself, and which was beautifully fitted out.

July 9. The weather a little better, and we spent the day cleaning up the boat and going to a local dance in the evening.

July 10. 09.00 hours. Left Kilmore in a big swell, making for Dunmore East. This was a difficult trip, but we eventually tied up in a good harbour at 13.30 hours. Later, we moved up the estuary to the city of Waterford, and there arranged for our next crew, Christopher, to join us. He had been waiting for us for three days.

July 11. Chris eventually arrived at 17.00 hours and, as always, was carrying pints of stout. Clodagh cooked a meal for him (bacon, eggs, sausage and tomato) and when he had woofed that down, plus the bottle of stout, we set back for Dunmore East. The tide and weather were too much for us, and I decided to head back to Passage East instead. Chris found everything too much, and said a long and laborous farewell (on the leeward side—thank you) to Clodagh's cooking. He claimed that it was the petrol fumes, but I gave 50% to the

sea and 50% to the stout. Arrived, and tied up at a nice time for entering the local pub again.

July 12. The weather still bad with Force 5—6 NW. However at 14.30 hours we decided to try to make a little further headway, but again we found the sea outside too big for the boat.

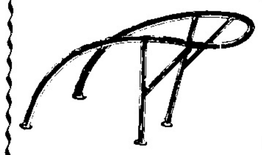
July 13. Irish forecast was quite good, and after consulting the local fishermen, we decided to make for Helvic Head at the entrance to Dungarvan. We had a very rough passage but eventually made it at 15.30 hours. All went well until we tried to enter Dungarvan Harbour, but it was low water and heavy seas running. Eventually, I decided to engage the services of the local "ringman" to pilot us into the harbour. We had to do this under power as the entrance was very difficult and, in spite of the Ringman's knowledge of the sand-bank, we ran aground. After some time we refloated *Kuni* and eventually tied up in the harbour at 19.00 hours. As we were all soaked through we made straightway for the local pub to dry our clothes and to entertain the Ringman. He refused to take any payment but by the end of the evening it had cost far more, with his Guiness and his taxi home!

July 14. The morning (our morning!) dawned calmer, and the weather forecast was promising, but we spent the whole day overhauling the engine. We discovered that the float of the carburettor was punctured, and there was not a spare to be had in Ireland. Chris, always dependable, persuaded the local chemist to help, and they managed to insulate the float. We understood that everyone went to the chemist with their insoluble problems.

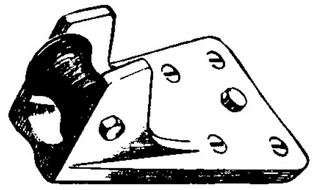
July 15. We again headed out, trying to make for Kinsale, but due to the high wind and waves headed to Youghal instead. I had immense difficulty in avoiding the salmon nets in the mouth of the harbour, and I was in danger of becoming extremely irritable, but at last we made a good anchorage for the night. My irritation was prompted also by the fact that my father was due to meet us in Kinsale with the car on Friday, and I was more than determined to get there well before him.

July 16. Imagine my fury the following morning on being dug out of my berth and told we were hard and fast aground! My rage was intensified, as we were on an area which had been specified as a place which *NEVER* dried out. Ah well, from our experiences it is best to test anchorages ourselves than to trust to local knowledge. Sometimes they have a funny sense of humour. Later we headed out for Kinsale. Visibility began to worsen, and by the time we reached the mouth of Cork harbour visibility was down to 100 yards. My navigation must have been good, for we made the Daunt Lightship at 09.30 hours. We sailed on and eventually entered Kinsale harbour with every flag, tablecloth, pyjamas, sheet and towels flying, and tied up at the pier at 15.30 hours — and naturally, repaired directly to the Harbour Bar.

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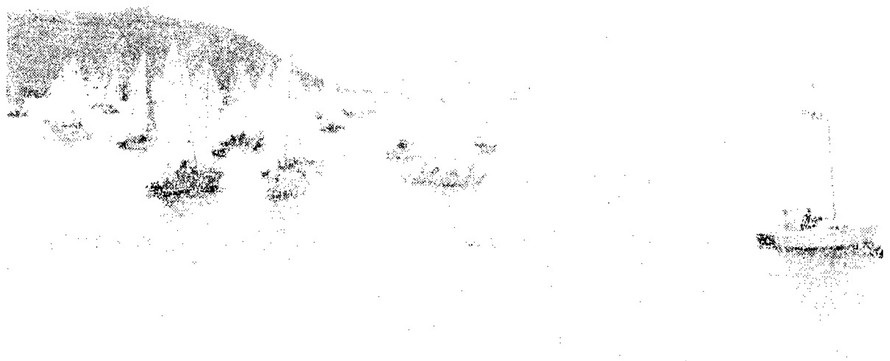
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Published by the SILHOUETTE OWNERS' ASSOCIATION *and printed by the* IRWIN PRESS, *432 Ashton Old Road, Openshaw, Manchester 11*