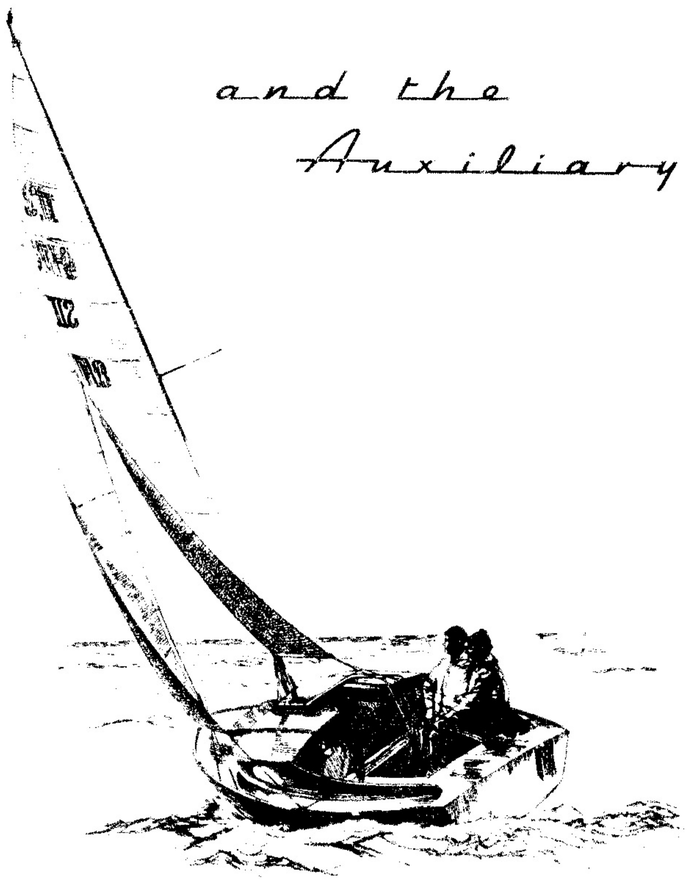
The Silhouette Owner

The journal of the
Silhouette Owners' International Association

NUMBER 52 APRIL 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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The Cruising World

AMONG the nicest harbingers of a new sailing season is the annual appearance of *Roving Commissions*, Alasdair Garrett's splendid selection of cruising logs by members of the Royal Cruising Club. *Roving Commissions—5* (RCC Press, 53 Cornhill, London EC 3., 30s.) is notable for the logs of H. G. Hasler's two singlehanded passages across the Atlantic last year in *Jester*, and of Francis Chichester's return passage from Newport, Rhode Island, with his son Giles in *Gipsy Moth III*. Hasler is an austere and dedicated seaman. He writes:

> I have no engine. My batteries (for lighting only) have to last the whole passage, and to be recharged in port. I have no wireless transmitter or receiver, as I like to be totally independent when at sea, and unconnected to the world by any link.

But let no one think that Hasler is any kind of killjoy or sour-faced puritan glorying in discomfort. He likes good food (not out of tins) and drink ("I deeply love a glass of gin every evening, red wine for lunch and dinner.") He likes jazz music (provided at sea by his tape-recorder). Here is one splendid entry in his log for June 22 last year:

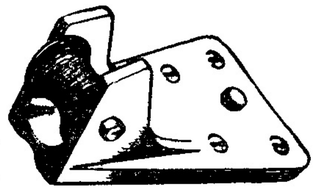
> June 22. 01.30. It is a peaceful night and I am enjoying it, being full of good food, and drink. The swell has largely died away. *Jester* slides along close-hauled at ½ knot, under a woolly moon with the rig making Chinese creakings and an occasional rattle as it shakes the radar reflector. Inside the cabin Humphrey Lyttleton and Buck Clayton are playing their slow blues *Fondu Head* with marvellous delicacy.

It would be hard to find a finer example of the sheer *contentment* of the sea. But buy *Roving Commissions—5*, and read it; read the whole of Hasler's marvellous log, Chichester's log, Miles Smeeton's account of his passage in *Tuz Hang* from Singapore to Kagoshima in Japan, F. E. Hicks's beat to windward from Santander to Cherbourg in his 5-tonner *Corran*, and a host of others, covering most of the Seven Seas. If one has a slight feeling of regret after this annual feast of reading about the sea it is that the really small cruiser, like our Silhouette, in which so much enterprising sailing is done nowadays, does not yet have much place in sea-literature. With one or two exceptions around the 5-ton mark (*Jester*, a Folkboat, is one), most of the Royal Cruising Club's members cruise in fairly big boats—*Tzu Hang* (Miles Smeeton) 22 tons, *Bluebird of Thorne* (Lord Riverdale) 20 tons, *Mary Deare* (Hammond Innes) 16 tons. These are superb yachts, and it is good to read of their adventures, but by today's economics, for most of us they are a little out of this world. We have long felt that there is a great gap in modern yachting literature and journalism concerning the *small* cruiser. Dinghies and dinghy racing get written about, and there is a good deal of writing about cruising in 7-tonners upwards, but much less is known about the activities of people in 2½ tonners. Yet the 2-3 tonner (TM), the boat from 17-19 feet or so, is becoming more and more the little ship that takes the amateur sailors of today to sea. In this *Journal* we try to record the adventures of our own fleet of Silhouettes, but there is little else published regularly about our sort of boat. Part of the trouble, perhaps, is the snootiness of some organisations which scarcely consider a boat to exist unless she is 30ft. on the waterline. Yet some of the seafaring that is done in our sort of boat is of the highest standard, and to more and more people in the modern world, our sort of boat is *the* boat. Let us do what we can to make ourselves better known to the world at large — above all, take the trouble to write up our logs so that the rest of the world can read them.

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Secretary's notes

ENCLOSED in this edition of *The Silhouette Owner*, is your entry form for Plymouth Week. The Association, the Royal Plymouth Corinthian Yacht Club, and the City of Plymouth Sailing Association, would be grateful if you would complete this form, and send it with the appropriate remittance, to Mr. P. Harvey, as soon as possible.

It does so help with the organisation to have entries in early. We are all delighted to see that Messrs. Hurley have again offered to transport members' boats for the same low figure as last year ; this is a wonderful gesture, and one that does much to make our Rally a success. All thanks are due to George and his fellow directors. Our Commodore, Herbert Firth will be leading the cruise of those who are lucky enough to be able to continue their holiday in Plymouth for a further week. Full details of this programme will be published in the *Journal* in due course.

* * *

A letter was received recently asking for more news from the groups. This is something our Editor would be pleased to comply with, but it all depends on the groups : and don't always blame the poor old local secretary ; *your own* story would be welcomed.

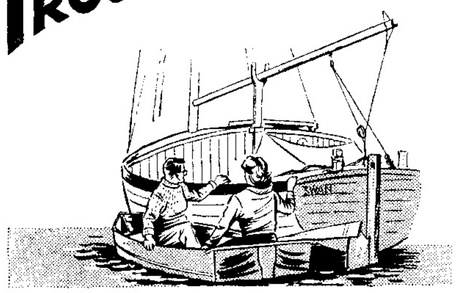
I quote from two letters. From Bristol, "Our Group may not meet very often, but we sail a lot, even if we don't talk or write much about it. Our numbers have dropped a little, owing to boats being sold, but we are very active even though very scattered. We made landings on Flat Holm and Denny Island last season, and did a number of day sails in excess of fifty miles, so you can see that all goes well, and that Silhouettes are well to the fore in most local sailing affairs". From Yorkshire, "Our committee live at the opposite corners of the county, and because of the distance most of our members live away from the sailing centre, most of us manage to get over to the coast only half a dozen times during the season. We have found that it is almost impossible to organise events for more than two or three vessels at a time, what with professional and family commitments, tides and weather."

* * *

It is with the greatest regret that I have to announce the death of Mr. R. Ryder, who passed away, leaving a widow and three children. Mrs. Ryder has written to say that while the children are to be encouraged to continue sailing, she has several articles to sell, such as a brand new Seagull, compass and barometer, etc. David Barnes, our organiser of second-hand sales has all the details. Nothing but the highest admiration can be shown for Mrs. Ryder's courage and spirit, and it is certain that her family will grow up to be a credit. There may be no financial

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gain to be made out of sailing, but it is certain that it is better than strumming discordant guitars in the development of the younger generation.

* * *

However one may try, it is not possible in this day and age to be completely cut off from television. Many of the programmes are devoted to sport, football having pride of place, with horse racing a close second. I wonder why we see so little yacht or dinghy racing ? Even the films shown of the Olympics did little credit to British sailing.

* * *

Do you like " Sailorising "? Ever since I made my first Turk's Head to wear on the Boy Scout scarf, I have been fascinated by the intricate designs of plaited ropes and the like that can be seen in any museum with a seafaring connection. The *Cutty Sark* has some wonderful examples of this art, and one of the well known sailmakers displays a set of sailmaker's tools, all carefully worked with ornamental lashings. I have never laid any claim to being an expert in the art, but I do take a little pride in my splices and whippings. I find it difficult to make anything other than a

series of bound string to hold together the popular (and expensive) plaited ropes, that are the only type available suitable for sheets. Why is it not possible to buy normal cotton rope, which has served the purpose for so many years?

* * *

What is the general opinion about shrouds? Some people have the hounds shroud forrard with others vice versa. This has caused a lot of argument, and no few letters to the association, Bob Tucker, and Messrs. Hurley, what do *you* think on the subject? The designer says the main shrouds should be aft, our professionals at Plymouth insist on the opposite. Having tried both, I can't say that I find much to be dogmatic about either way, unless you like to carry forrard rake on the mast.

* * *

I really must make another appeal to home builders. So many letters are received asking, How long does it take to build from scratch, How much will I save? How does one fit this part into some other? An article on the snags that may be encountered is much needed. Please write one.

Extract from a description of a new design on the market, from a well known yachting journal. "Washing up facilities consist of a plastic bowl, which is easy to keep clean, and can be quickly emptied overside." Whatever will our designers think of next?—*R.A.G.*

Solent Group

THE Solent Group held its annual business meeting at the White Hart Hotel, Holybourne, Alton, on Saturday, February 27. The following Group Officers were elected:

Chairman ..... George Oliver
Secretary ..... John Caulder
Fleet Officers ..... Chichester, Fred Dawson
Keyhaven, Dick Sheen
Christchurch, John McCaffrey.

Members were interested to hear that some owners sailing in Poole Harbour proposed forming a Poole Group.

The programme drawn up by Fred Dawson was welcomed. The first cruise is on May 8 at 10.00 hrs., when the Chichester Fleet will cruise from East Head to Bembridge, returning the next day. As the majority of active group members are anchored in Chichester Harbour, most group activities are based there, but it is hoped that other fleets will join in where possible. The Whitsun Rally and Race for the Oliver Trophy at Wootton Creek is usually supported by boats from many Solent Harbours, and visitors from other groups will be very welcome. The chairman and secretary are always willing to help visitors to the Solent,

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Members spending their summer holidays cruising in the Solent, and wishing to cruise in company should contact George Oliver, who will try to co-ordinate dates and plans. Last season a number of members enjoyed cruising in company, and the Solent Group is eager to welcome all to these delightful waters.

Members on the secretary's mailing list have received copies of the minutes and programme. Anyone who would like a copy, please write to John Caulder.

Blackwater Group

THE A.G.M. of the Blackwater Group was held on February 18 at the Bell Inn, Ingatestone, Essex. Some 20 members and their guests arrived, to enjoy a pleasant and informal evening. The Commodore and Sec./Treasurer were re-elected, and three members, Brian Bell, Bill Langsdale and Derek Welsford were elected to the Committee.

The enthusiasm shown towards the coming season was perhaps more than usual, even for this time of the year. Provided that we have just that little bit of help from the weather, we all look forward to having one of the best seasons yet on the Blackwater.

The events for 1965 have still to be finalised, but will be made known soon. Our thanks go to Mrs. Knight, of the Bell for the use of a private room, and for putting up with us all tramping through and behind the bar. (Most collecting drinks on the way!)—A.G.B.

The Exe fleet

OUR usual monthly meeting was held on Wednesday, February 17 at The Exe Sailing Club's headquarters at Exmouth. The attendance was excellent and we were lucky in having Mr. Crowhurst who came from Bridgewater, to talk to us on the NAVACATOR. This is the latest form of navigational aid, specifically designed for small yachts, and can be worked using one hand. Interest was good, and many questions asked. We are all looking forward to a dinner and dance to be held in conjunction with the Plymouth Group on Friday, March 26 at The Chateau Bellevue, near Totnes. *Richard Trevithick.*

The Unappreciated
By Anne Jowler

WE are the dogsbodies, supposedly ever ready to tackle all those jobs which the master-mind is too busy—or otherwise too occupied—to handle. We must be prepared to shrug off the blasphemous torrent of words when our lords and masters are frustrated, either by our inferior performance or Nature's whim. We are always there, assumed content to face an icy blast or dripping clothes, anxious to oblige, willing to placate, driven by an urge to maintain our position as crew, considering the alternative of lonely days and unshared misfortunes mingled with rare moments of exhilarating excitement, a fate too gloomy to be dwelt on. We are, we know, the lucky ones, able to participate, to share the experiences which bind a marriage pleasurably secure, to understand the thrill of sailing, anxious to toil, overwhelmed when the rare word of praise transforms us into sailors. But why so grudgingly given ?

I thought of all this at the Annual General Party of the Silhouette Association when the unaccustomed V.I.P. treatment bathed me in an atmosphere of rare appreciation. The pleasure of meeting so many other owners and the interchange of experiences made a memorable evening. Next day I proudly studied the graceful cup we had received for our leisurely cruise. I stared outraged. There were the four winning skippers, their names emblazoned, their successful craft named but where were we—their womenfolk who had toiled, enjoyed, succeeded and but for whom, forsooth, there would have been no cup ? Not even mentioned—that's life—the lot of the sailor's wife !

We are a bit on Anne's side in this engagement of the never-ending Sex War, but there are one or two difficulties. Trophies are normally engraved with the name of the winning Skipper. It would be nice to list crews, too, but there isn't all that room. Still, we'll see what we can do.—Ed.



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Cruising Signals
By John Caulder

MANY Silhouette owners have found that the most enjoyable sailing is cruising in company. Groups that have cruised in company have often tried to exchange signals, but even if you know the Morse code and have a signal lamp, it is not easy to call up another boat, exchange signals, and sail at the same time Code flags appear to be a simple answer, but are not easy to see on all points of sailing, and are difficult for the single handed sailor. Many boats carry mouth or gas foghorns that have the ability to carry far beyond the human voice. In suitable conditions, a .32 starting pistol can be heard a long way. Whichever method is used, it is most important that the signals, interpreted according to the International Code, should not confuse shipping, and flares etc. should be used only for their recognised purpose. Any code, in addition to signals to contact the fleet, should include a signal for assistance. When cruising, there are many occasions, such as running out of petrol on a calm day to dropping the bottle opener overboard, when friendly help would be appreciated, but there is no need to fire distress rockets to fetch out the lifeboat or even signal V ("I require assistance") to all shipping.

With the permission of the National Committee, the Solent Group has adopted for trial the following code of signals. It is not intended that Silhouettes should exchange signals—continuous sounding of a foghorn is an International distress signal—but they should signal to come within hailing distance (mind the topsides !)

These signals can be given by sound, flashing or starting pistol, and their meaning depends partly on the situation and partly on whether they are given by an individual member or by the Officer of the Day. An individual advises the Officer that he is retiring. The Officer informs the fleet, but each member is responsible for the safety of his boat and crew, and only he knows the ability of himself and his crew. Signals should not be given when sailing close to ships. Normally signals will not be exchanged, and signalling should be over in one minute as a

cacaphony of hooting that may be regarded as a distress signal must be avoided. Use only sufficient volume to reach the boats concerned.

— or gun — 5 minute gun. Start. Attention.
—. N — No. Cancel. Return to port of departure. Officer of the day will also hoist code flag N.
... S — Shorten course or cruise. (Officer of the day will haul down burgee).
.—.. L — Come within hailing distance or, at anchor, confer also hoist code flag S.) Retiring (members will also at signalling boat.
..... 5 — I require assistance (or hoist numeral pendant 5).

These signals can be simplified by ignoring the distinction between dots and dashes, so that they can be sent in a variety of ways.

Note also the following from the International Code.

—.—. C — Yes.
——— O — Man overboard.
..— U — You are standing into danger.

No boat should cruise without distress signals.

Letters to the Editor

WEATHER HELM. —*Has* the Silhouette an excess of weather helm? I expect most of us have, from time to time, hung on to full sail when heeled well over, and found the tiller tucked into our little tums, but this is surely not a design fault. When a hard-chine hull is heeled over for one reason or another the underwater shape becomes less and less boatlike, and when a Silhouette digs the corner of her transom well into the water, nothing is going to stop her rounding up into wind. I don't think we can alter the balance either by increasing rudder area or setting a jib at the end of a long bowsprit, as this tendency is built into the hull. A little attention to fore and aft trim will help matters—I find that a C.O.R. and 15 fathoms of chain usually balances two people and an outboard, but beyond that, once she heels beyond a certain point you have to ease the mainsheet. What are we worried about anyway? She won't really gripe until the lee rail is almost under, which is quite enough of a good thing. Sailing like this is great fun, but strictly speaking one should spill a bit of mainsail in the puffs or even take in a reef. We need to reef much earlier than the big stuff, but it doesn't really mean a loss of speed. If out for an afternoon's fun, then, hang on like grim death and sit out if need be, but for serious cruising be ready to adjust sail area in good time; either way, keep her *upright*. — David L. Smith.

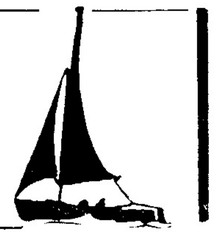
P.S.— Have you ever sailed in a boat that carried lee helm? I have, and it's frightening.

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Tammy Norrie at Staffa

By D. L. Smith

"STAFFA tomorrow David." William was beaming at me from over his pint of "heavy." William appeared to be in good trim. "Sorry ; what ?" "Staffa." "Oh, Staffa—would you like to come ? Who else can we Shanghai—Graeme's going wenching, I think, see if you can find Ian in this murk . . . Ah ! there you are—Instant Crew ! 10.00 hrs. tomorrow morning, oilskins at the ready, try to arrive sober. Three pints please, Angus."

That was it, then, all it needed was for the boys to wake before noon, and we'd be away—terrible thing these Saturday night hops, ruination of honest seafaring lads.

Sunday dawned bright and sunny, for once, and a healthy N.W. breeze offered a sporting chance of getting there without too much of Mr. Seagull. Getting Bill out of bed was a sordid experience, better forgotten, but eventually we managed to muster on the quayside with the makings of our lunch and a couple of cans of ale. We got under way with main and normal jib, expecting a bit more wind when clear of the lighthouse at the mouth of the loch. However, this was going to be a warm day, and the wind eased a little. Ian took the tiller while I swopped for the genoa, and away we shot in a sparkle of jolly wavelets.

The motion of the ship having settled to a gentle rhythm, Bill went below to resume his normal Sunday afternoon posture. It is only eight miles to Staffa, and pretty soon we were jilling about off the landing. Staffa seems to create its own swell, and here and there someone would pull out the bath plug to reveal horrid patches of weed in the troughs. Worse still—someone appeared

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to have stolen the landing place. The channel leading in to the steps is narrow and guarded with rocky skerries, but what was this wide expanse of water doing? The penny dropped at last; the first landing must cover at full tide, so that's why there's other steps farther in round the corner. And there's the iron beacon—hardly noticed it against the black basalt of that cave. Remember where the deep water is then, and in we go. Wake Bill someone. Right then, we're going down the middle of this inlet, sharp left round that black iron post, and get ready to fend off. Once in, we can't change our minds, so watch out, and it's keel hauling for anyone who fluffs it. (And remember gentlemen, *Tammy Norie* has three keels.)

Sails in, and watch the bottom—no need of echo sounders in these waters, royal blue is 30 fathoms, sandy tinge at 5, 2 fathoms looks like you're aground. Catching a gentler swell, we chugged in slowly under the shadow of the cliffs. Hands grabbed timbers, lines run ashore this way and that, while frantic fendering was

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.*
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.*
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.*

indulged in. Quite a bit of movement even tucked in here, plenty of springs needed. Right. Now to explore.

That crazy pinnacle of basalt columns left to port on the way in was separated from the island by a deep cleft, through which the swell heaved in from the West to meet that in the main channel, mercifully seeming to cancel out, mostly. At the foot of the cliffs is a levelling off over broken stumps of columns before the last dip into the sea, forming a handy pavement above tide level. This way for the cave.

Of course everyone knows Fingal's Cave; it is in all the geography books, but it is still rather much to take in at once when you finally get there. Deep water leads into the mouth, waves go flashing in from sunlight to shadow, throwing patterns on the roof. Regular columns of basalt towering upwards, with here and there a piece missing to provide a crazy paving staircase. We scrambled about. At least Bill and I did—Ian had on his "Masters" and was doing advanced rock-climbing over the surf. "It's all right for you, you're fit—I'm trying to give this up. Oh I don't know, it goes pretty easily in socks. Come on Bill, down from that bit where it says not to proceed further—you can always swim if . . . oh well done!"

So here we were, right in the very back of the cave—even a bit of shingle. Cameras clicked. Framed in the entrance, you could just make out the Abbey on Iona. A bit picture-postcard-y. Great place though.

We climbed about. We sang. Splendid acoustics—beats any bathroom, this ! How about a look at the rest of the island, then ? Bill was not with us. He was gazing fixedly at the lifebelt with "Fingal's Cave" written on it. "Yes, it is a temptation, but they would be on to us in a minute."

Getting on top was a bit of a scramble. A sort of natural staircase of broken columns leads up from the landing place, getting steeper towards the top, and you can't just leap on to the grass then, as it's only about 2 ft. wide and then sheer down to the inlet where *Tammy Norie* was bobbing. All very breath-taking ; more photographs. The relatively flat top of the island proved rather tame after the cliffs, but the view was great. Back towards Mull, Ben More dominated the scene ; not even a wisp of cloud on top. Out to the West stood all the islands ; Iona and its Abbey, bits of Coll and Tiree showing, the Treshnish Isles and, farther to the North, the jagged peaks of Rhum. What we need is a week or two of this—but I suppose we'd better start back.

We tried tea on board, but the swell was rather off-putting ; we kept wanting to fend her off, though in fact she wasn't coming to any harm. So we sat on the rocks a while longer. Replete, we got aboard, primed the outboard and singled out the lines. Carefully we warped her round—there isn't room to turn. Hold her off while we start the motor, bless its little heart, and off we go.

The tide had dropped by this time, and the channel looked much narrower. Luckily a Silhouette will just about turn on a sixpence if you steer with the outboard as well as the tiller. Jagged teeth of rock went gliding by as we made for deeper water. One last look into the cave mouth, more photographs, and then homeward bound. The wind was on our starboard quarter and getting rather light, so we headed more for Iona to bring it more abeam, to feel as though we were moving. Doesn't save any time, but feels more fun. When the lighthouse at the mouth of Loch Lathaich was downwind of us we headed straight in and hoisted the spinnaker.

Red and white stripes drew appreciative murmurs from the boys. "All very well, but I'd like one so big we'd need radar to see ahead."

The sun was getting low by now and the wind was dying on us. Ian remembered that he'd only postponed his wenching, not cancelled it. So reluctantly we lowered the outboard and shattered the silence. It did mean, however, that all the sails were taken in and neatly stowed away before we got to the pier. Ian hurried away leaving Bill and me to check over warps and fenders before adjourning to the Argyll Arms, where began the plotting and planning for the next trip.

Southwards, next time, Colonsay, maybe . . . .

March Folly

(*Concluded*)

A FEW minutes before 08.30 we cast off, and headed for the harbour entrance, under motor. the little Seagull 102 buzzing healthily as we made for the open sea. David and I were busy setting the main and jib, and thinking to ourselves, "Well, this it is ! " Passing through the pier heads, Mr. Eury gave our name and " E.T.A. Jersey " to the watchman. As it was thought that we should make Jersey at approximately 15.30. we also asked the watchman to ask Le Corbière lighthouse if they would keep a look out for us. A small boat wandering about in the Channel Island waters during March is most people's idea of stupidity.

At 08.30 we had passed trough the pier heads, cut the motor, and were now heading out into the Little Russell under canvas, the bow rising and falling, on each fall throwing off a shower of spray. The wind now seemed to be blowing about Force 3 or 4, there was also a nasty short lop running, which was most uncomfortable. On reflection, I felt a little apprehensive.

Mr. Eury decided after 20 minutes or so, to take in our foresail, as we were tending to bury our bow; personally I did not agree with this decision, but I was not the Skipper. We wandered down the Little Russell, I used the term " wander " because, as yet, I had seen no sight of compass or charts or deck log. Our speed seemed to be about 3 knots, possibly 3¼, for it is difficult to judge one's speed particularly in a strange boat. As we neared the Sardrière bouy, our Skipper thought that a couple of rolls in the main would steady us up a bit. The wind freshened in the last half hour, it was becoming much colder and the sun was getting lost in mist. So, with very numb fingers, David and I eased halyards, took up the weight of the boom on the topping lift, and put two neat rolls in the main.

We returned to the cockpit feeling frozen and less chatty, at about 10.30. with St. Martin's Point lighthouse astern. I noticed Herm and Jethou disappearing into mist, and, Sark was also getting very hazy indeed, which meant that visibilty was about 6 nautical miles.

At this point David had a look at his pocket compass and made our course S.S.E. However, the navigation did not concern us. Now the cold was becoming intense, and most unpleasant, so a tot of rum was called for. By 11.00 St. Martin's Point light and Sark had been swallowed up in mist, and there we were, out of sight of land with the wind blowing about Force 4, feeling very unhappy and heartily wishing we had never set out. At this point, Mr. Eury took out his compass, and said casually, that we would steer a course of S.E.S. At 11.15 we started the motor, to attempt to speed up the journey and to comfort ourselves we had a cup of warmish coffee, which promptly made David very very sick. I myself felt somewhat unwell, the cabin was becoming stuffy, so we agreed it was time that David and I took over watch.

Not long after the take over, we encountered a really rough

patch of sea, which quite scared us. I suppose the waves were about 4 feet in height, and from *Yvette's* cockpit, they looked like Atlantic rollers. One of the waves hit us on the quarter and cascaded over the Seagull; it coughed and spluttered, then, to our relief, carried on running.

Noon came, David and I sat in the cockpit feeling terribly sick, miserable and extremely cold. Not saying a word, we just sat and looked at the compass and the circle of water around us, wondering unhappily if we would ever see Jersey again. David muttered something about arriving at St. Malo the following day.

About 12.10 we sighted a grey and white cargo boat, looming out of the mist and dead ahead, heading East. She looked like the boat that collects stone from Ronez quarries on the North coast of Jersey, as our loneliness disappeared, having seen another ship, and we knew that we were not far from Jersey. The distance we did not know, but certainly not more than 7 miles. The wind had dropped slightly, about Force 2 and the sea had calmed down, although there were still long swells running. At 12.15 we altered course and steered due East. I was sitting at the helm, sickness almost forgotten. Then I heard an aircraft, looked up, and spotted it through a break in the cloud—a Viscount, approximately 1,500 feet overhead, a quick look at the compass gave me its rough course and I knew from the time that it would be the BEA aircraft bound for Guernsey. This information I passed on to Mr. Eury who consulted the charts and set us on a new course. We knew that land was not far away, which made us feel warmer and more cheerful. At 12.40 David thought that he had sighted land; it looked like a dark patch of mist, and on second thoughts we decided that it couldn't be land. However ten minutes later we were rewarded. Yes, it was land after all. I had an idea that it was the North East corner of Jersey, David had other ideas; he said that we were off the South coast! Mr. Eury came on deck and looked through the binoculars, then David and I took a look and it was decided that it was Gronez Point or thereabouts. By 13.00 all was well. Familiar land marks were showing up, and we were now about 5 miles off shore. It was good to see land again, and as we crossed St. Oueun's Bay we shook out the two reefs in the main and bent on the jib. With the sails and the motor we made very good progress; our speed must have been in the region of 5 knots as we scudded across the bay, still at times losing sight of land when we dropped into an extra large trough. We closed on Le Corbière lighthouse quite quickly, having a fair tide to help us along.

At 13.45 we rounded La Corbière light, and David and I now took over command, as we knew the marks for the run to St. Helier harbour. Home waters; The lighthouse keeper gave us a wave, which we acknowledged, we had another tot of rum and felt fine. After rounding La Corbière we were close hauled and going great guns, in spite of being under the lee of the cliffs. On we sailed, past the Jailer rocks, across St. Brelade's Bay, and then Noirmont point hove in sight, with its black and white tower. The tide was helping us with

a 2 knot run. Across St. Aubin's bay, feeling jubilant, another quarter of an hour and we would have made it!

As Elizabeth Castle breakwater drew abeam, we prepared to turn into the small roads leading to St. Helier pier heads. Just before our turn to port, we took in our sails and as we motored the last quarter of a mile, a watery sun came out to greet us. At exactly 14.30 we passed through the pier heads—home, and over the line. The watch man hailed us, asking our name and where we had come from. We were then, as with all strange yachts directed to No. 5 berth to clear Customs.

It was a proud moment for me as I brought *Yvette* through my home pier heads. I was cold, a little sick, but very very happy.

We moored at No. 5 berth to await the Jersey Customs officer. He arrived quickly, asking if we had any cigarettes, wines or spirits (I should explain that in our Sister Isle, these items are a little cheaper than in Jersey, and so we must clear Customs). The officer took particulars of *Yvette* as she was being imported into Jersey, and after this formality we were allowed to proceed to the old harbour, where David and I had prepared a permanent mooring. We quickly had stern and bow lines secured, and the three of us were heading for the shore in the dinghy with all speed. The hot bath and warm clothes could not come quickly enough!

And so ended a somewhat miserable voyage, which must truly have been March Folly. The same evening, David, Mr. Eury, my wife and I went along to our favourite pub for a few pints and a chat. One point on which we were unanimous: never again would we make a trip in March, or anytime during the winter for that matter. However, having had a year or so to thing about it, and being, I hope, more experienced about small boats, maybe I would go again, if the chance came along.

Next day I saw Mr. Eury off on the early morning plane to Guernsey. I could not help thinking as he walked out to the aircraft: I bet he was glad to be returning home by air, and not by sea! —

"Marin."



Notes on Pilotage — Dover

By Ernest C. Large

IT would be impracticable in a few short notes to give complete sailing instructions for the port of Dover, and intending visitors should consult the appropriate chart, paying particular attention to tidal information, since the current runs at up to 3 knots off the entrance. The ebb stream (East going) starts one hour before High Water, Dover, and there is no slack worth considering. The flood stream (West going) starts from 5 to 6 hours after High Water. On the ebb (East going) tide there is a West going eddy along the coast from St. Margaret's Bay right up to the Eastern Arm of the harbour, and into the entrance. Local yachts beating up to the entrance use this eddy, working close inshore within a cable of the rocks. There are no obstructions on any course, except that close inshore off Fan Bay a metal post is exposed about six feet at low water. Watch should be kept for lobster pot floats.

All vessels must enter by the Eastern Entrance and the Harbour Board states firmly that use of the Western entrance is forbidden at all times. This is annoying, but wise since the currents here are strong and the sea very steep in fresh winds. (A ten-tonner foundered at this point in a moderate wind some two years ago). In addition, a small boat is entirely screened from the view of ferries which leave the entrance at between 12 and 15 knots and have no time to alter course. There are *no* circumstances in which this entrance should be attempted.

The Detached Mole, Admiralty Pier and Eastern Arm are all very much higher than they appear from offshore, and it must be remembered in making the port that they completely take the wind if approached too closely. Yachts approaching from the West against an Easterly wind and foul tide can find a comparatively sheltered anchorage in Shakespeare Bay to the west of the Harbour. The beach is steep-to, and anchorage is safe close inshore over short periods, but the yacht should not be left unattended.

Signals at the Eastern Entrance are made from the gantry of the signal station at the seaward extremity of the Eastern Arm and are as follows :—

By Day.

Red Balls, 3 in triangle with apex uppermost (OUT). *No vessel is to approach the Entrance from seaward while this signal is displayed.*

2 balls vertically (IN). *No vessel is to leave the Harbour.*

3 balls vertically (NOT). *Denotes that the entrance is closed and vessels cannot enter or leave.*

At Night.

3 red lights disposed vertically. *Indicates that the entrance is closed and that vessels cannot enter or leave.*

Two Green lights at the end of the Eastern Arm. *When exhibited seawards denotes that vessels may enter subject to permission. When exhibited Towards the Harbour, denotes that vessels may leave.*

During the hours of darkness vessels must not approach the entrance unless these lights are visible.

These signals must be obeyed, and in addition the following extract from Harbour Board Regulations should be noted : *"Notwithstanding the signal is in favour permission to enter or leave must, in each case, be obtained from the Signal Station."*

Most shipping obtains this permission by radio telephone or Morse signal, but yachts find this difficult, and local boats make it the practice to heave-to just clear of the entrance, but within sight and loud-hailer hearing of the signal station to await orders of the officer on duty. These are not always very prompt, and one must be prepared to hang about for a bit. Keep way on the boat, however since it is all too easy to become becalmed in the lee of the harbour walls.

It is easier to enter the harbour at the Detached Mole side since the eddy from St. Margaret's Bay runs across the entrance and Westward inside the harbour along the Detached Mole at all states of the tide. Having got in, it is best not to hang about in the fairway between the Eastern Entrance and the Prince of Wales Pier since there is constant Channel traffic day and night, many of the ferries using the fairway to swing ship and go astern to their berths. Depths are insufficient for them to be able to leave the fairways and yachts have no right of way here.

Anchorage is possible anywhere within the harbour except in the fairways, and except in the area close inshore, and to the East of the Castle Jetty, where rocks uncover at low water. The preferred anchorage for small yachts is at the Western end of the harbour inshore of a line between the "solid wall" of the Prince of Wales Pier and the Boundary Groyne. Harbour Board moorings are laid roughly along this line, and as the trots are secured to a heavy ground chain, visitors must take great care to ensure that they do not foul a mooring. The beach is steep-to except at the extreme Western end, and there is about one fathom LWS on the inner line of moorings.

Keep well clear of the Castle Jetty. It extends seawards below the surface at high water for a distance about equal to its visible length.

In Easterly winds anchorage at the Western end of the harbour is uncomfortable owing to a heavy swell, and if a prolonged stay is contemplated it is best to take the yacht through into the tidal basin and the Wellington Dock. Anchorage at the Eastern end of the Outer Harbour is impracticable, and although it is not forbidden to enter the Camber (Eastern Dock) this practice is not

encouraged, and is at present undesirable owing to harbour works taking place in extending the docks.

The Granville and Wellington Docks (Western end) are reached via the end of the Prince of Wales Pier, through the fairway to the Train Ferry Dock, and into the fairway between the North and South Piers. In rounding the Prince of Wales Pierhead it is inevitable that one must stand out into the fairway. Remember, again, that small yachts are invisible behind the walls, and must exercise the utmost caution to keep out of the way of Channel ferries, which simply cannot stop or dodge. Temporary anchorage can be found just off this fairway and in the lee of the solid wall of the Prince of Wales Pier, but it is best to make the anchorage as far to the North as possible since train ferries use the fairway at all states of tide and are apt to pop out of their locked basin without much warning. Out of the fairway, and just seaward of the end of the North Pier, rocks uncover at low water, but provided that anchorage is made opposite the solid section of the Prince of Wales Pier all is well.

Signals to enter between the North and South Piers are made only when the lock gates at the Wellington and Granville Docks are open, roughly an hour before until High Water. A red flag by day and a red light by night indicate that vessels may enter. When no signal is made the channel is not clear.

In this channel there is about 2 ft. water at LWS and small yachts of very light draft can usually enter on a rising tide at anything other than LWS. More often than not it is necessary to motor, since, even with a strong wind outside, the narrow passage is in the lee of buildings on the quay which generate wind eddies from all directions. Locals sail in "just for the hell of it", but even at low water the channel is used by Pilot Service tenders and fishing craft, which show little sympathy for yachtsmen in irons across the fairway.

Customs Officers from an office on the South Pier usually hail all craft entering to know where they are from. Visitors from abroad flying the 'Q' are usually boarded by the officers as soon as they are made fast in the tidal basin. Ships crews are not permitted to land (other than to make fast) until given clearance by H.M. Customs.

The Granville Dock, straight ahead from the passage between the North and South Piers, is not available to yachts, but entering at low water visitors will find greatest depths on a direct line to the Granville Dock gates and can edge alongside the Cross Wall to the East of the gates by keeping within about ten feet of the knuckle. A gut along the Cross Wall has about 2 ft. water at LWS for about half the distance to the Wellington Dock gates. In places, however, a sill protrudes about three feet from the wall, and it is unwise to take the ground there on a falling tide without

previous inspection. In practice one can usually lie alongside a workboat or another yacht. In the former case lines must be taken ashore, since workboats leave at odd times in a great hurry, and without much consideration for "those bloody yachtsmen". These lines should be long and stout, since as soon as the sluices are opened at the Wellington Dock, or when the gates are opened, a strong West-going current is set up alongside the Cross Wall.

At anything other than low water there is plenty of room to anchor between the Granville Dock entrance and the Wellington Dock entrance, and this is often less trouble than mooring. The bottom is soft mud on chalk, and it is safe enough to leave the vessel to take the ground. It should not, however, be left unattended on a rising tide, since commercial craft wishing to gain access to the Tidal Basin quays might find her presence undesirable. Be prepared to shift if a gravel boat or collier wants to berth. Any time after half tide.

The Wellington Dock gates usually open about one hour before High Water, but on a good tide may open up to an hour and a half before. Theoretically, they close at High Water, but sometimes the time is extended beyond this at Springs, although this is not to be relied upon.

The signal that the gates are in operation is the hoisting of a blue and white flag at the dockhead of the Granville Dock. A black ball hoisted shows that the gates are not open, or are not to be used.

Wellington Dock gates are operated manually, and the clanking of the winches gives ample warning that something is about to happen. The signal to swing the bridge is the sounding of a whistle. This is a signal between dockmen, but on hearing it the yachtsman can reckon on starting his motor.

Don't dally once the bridge is swung. It stays open only long enough for yachts to leave and enter, those leaving generally being given preference. Local yachtsmen usually cast off at the first signal for bridge opening and circle in the fairway until they are hailed into the dock. Don't forget that there is a strong current running out and "give her the gun".

Although the dockmen are inclined to bawl at everyone, they are in fact a most willing crowd, and will always help a motorless yacht by plucking her through at the end of a heaving line, provided that they have been warned of the situation. They won't say No if offered a drink, but otherwise there is no charge, either for swinging the bridge or offering other assistance.

Once inside, moor as instructed by the dock officials. They know where they can put you most accessibly, and will want to board you for details of your yacht and proposed length of stay. Usually, they will keep you to the dirty and less desirable Western end. Do as you are told, however, and if you feel compelled to move, do so later on, and well after High Water, when they have

gone home. In any case, it is better to take a walk round the dock before changing berth. There may not be a better 'ole.

Occasionally, there will be a long delay in opening the gates. Keep calm. It usually means that a gravel boat or timber ship is leaving the quayside within the Wellington Dock, and, of course, nothing else shifts until she is clear. Channel ferries performing the same manoeuvre have about eighteen inches to spare when they are within the lock gates, and it takes time to winkle them out. Well worth watching, but keep clear.

Apart from the coal dust menace (which is only serious in Westerly winds) the Wellington Dock really is a pleasant and snug berth. It is reasonably quiet, unless a gravel boat is unloading or the Harbour Board is engaged in pnuematic revetting. Happily, these are only occasional occupations, and it is invariably quiet after working hours, or at week-ends.

Access to shops is easy, and the town provides all the facilities and entertainments one is accustomed to expect. Even the locals go to look at their own Town Hall and Dover Castle, and for visitors they are a "must". Inland, a visit to Kearsney Abbey Park (no abbey) is worthwhile, and a walk along the cliff tops to St. Margaret's Bay provides fine views over the harbour, car ferry docks and the Channel. A walk to the Western Heights to inspect the Napoleonic fortifications is also full of interest.

Plymouth 1965 - a second week

LAST year after the Rally a number of members decided to stay on for a further week's holiday. They cruised together and what a wonderful holiday they all had. Each night was spent at a different anchorage where we usually dined together before going on to the local hostelry. After visiting Calstock on the River Tamar, the first night was spent at anchor off the Spaniard Inn at Cargreen. The second day, with glorious sunshine and a fair wind, we sailed to Newton Ferrers on the River Yealm, where we dined at the well known hotel the "Beacon Hill." Another night was spent at St. Germans, where we made fast to the old quay and were entertained by the natives.

Finally we spent a day in the River Lynner at anchor off Ince Castle. After going ashore we bathed in the Castle open air swimming pool, and had a most excellent picinic lunch provided by David Barnes.

Neville Povey in *Pintail* who was one of the party has suggested that a similar week might be arranged again this year to follow the Rally. He also suggests that we might cruise farther afield, either towards Newyln or eastwards to, say, Brixham. It would not be necessary to double back on our tracks, as we could arrange to collect the trailers and take our boats where ever we wished.

If any members or associate members are interested to join in this year perhaps they will let me know?—Herbert Firth.

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LOCH LOMOND. Jimmy Edmonds, of 12 Willowfield Avenue, Nettleham, Lincoln, hopes to go up to Loch Lomond in June. He sails on his own, and would be most grateful for any infomation that can be given him.

FOR SALE. Silhouette II, Terylenes, Seagull 100, cockpit cover, anchor warps, pulpit, mattresses, etc. £320. Perks, Beach's Drive, Chelmsford, Essex. Tel. Chel 56168.

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

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