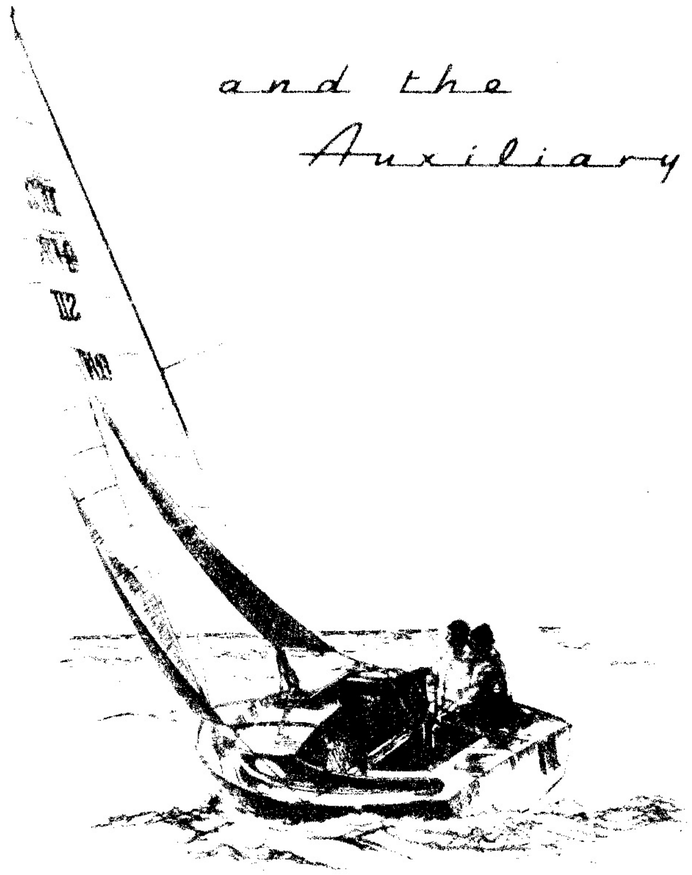
The Silhouette Owner

The journal of the Silhouette Owners' International Association

NUMBER 43 MAY, 1965 PRICE 1/-

and the Auxiliary...





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Salute to a sailor

WE are proud of some pretty remarkable voyages that have been made in Silhouettes: what is one to make of a singlehanded trans-Pacific passage, over 5,000 miles made good without touching any port, in a boat only inches bigger than one of our Silhouettes? That was the achievement of a 23-year-old Japanese youth Kenichi Horie, who sailed from Osaka Bay to San Francisco in 1962 in his 19ft. *Mermaid*. A translation—and an excellent one—of his narrative has just been published by Collins in "Kodaku" (30s.). *Mermaid*, of the Japanese Kingfisher Class, is a plywood sloop of 19ft. *overall* (not waterline) with a beam of 6ft. 7ins.—just the same as our Silhouette's. In her, Horie survives several Pacific storms, and lives, apparently quite happily, for over 90 days at sea. After his first storm, a few days out from Japan, Horie develops such confidence in his boat that he seems never to have had much serious anxiety about whether she would make the West Coast of North America. We have all felt this confidence, when a small boat rises gamely to meet the sea; it is an indefinable link between man and his boat, part of that mysterious bond that makes a man's love of a boat as real and deep an emotion as any human feeling. Kenichi Horie has proved once more that a well found small boat is capable of anything, provided that the man in her is capable of handling her, sensibly and without losing his head. It is a true partnership—boat looks after man, as long as man looks after boat. Horie's planning of his voyage, his self-discipline and

self-training for the tasks he had to face, the care and thought he gave to stores and provisioning, clothes and food, are an example to be studied with profit by all who ever go to sea—it is as important for the weekend sailor as for the ocean voyager to know what he is doing, and to have clear plans for doing it. Because one man in a boat not much bigger than a Silhouette has crossed the Pacific, of course that does not mean that anyone in a Silhouette is capable of crossing an ocean—or even the Channel. Indeed, the narrative of a voyage like Horie's is as much warning as inspiration—don't attempt *any* passage unless you are sure in your own mind that it is within your personal capacity to make it. But the inspiration is there, too. On behalf of all small boat sailors we salute Kenichi Horie as a fine seaman and a very brave man.

Secretary's notes

EVERYONE now has his or her entry form for Plymouth Week, nice and early this year, with plenty of time to make all the arrangements necessary for a week or two week holiday, to cancel any other engagements, and to make sure that no one makes any demands on your time between the two dates. Getting these forms corrected, proofed, and printed so early is no mean feat, and again we are indebted to The Royal Plymouth Corinthian Yacht Club, and its hard working Sailing Secretary, Mr. Peter Harvey for all his efforts. But there is a sting in the tail: Have you noticed? If not, take heed now, ENTRIES CLOSE ON JUNE 12, and an extra couple of pounds will be demanded if received after that date. Peter assures me that he is going to be tough about this, so don't take chances; pop yours in the post right away; after all, it is nice to know that although everything else has gone up, Plymouth Week expenses will be the same as last year. Messrs. Hurley have not increased their charge for transporting boats, although we rather suspect this is another of the many generous gestures made to the Association by George Hurley, rather than a matter of economics.

* * *

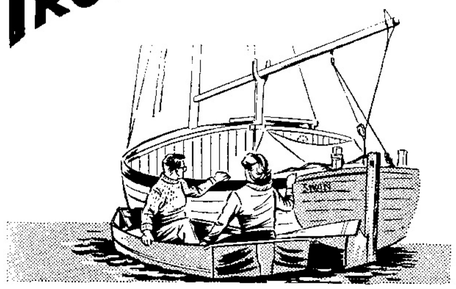
The early spell of fine and bright weather just before Easter, enabled the annual refit, although I suppose re-paint would be the more accurate word, to be carried out in comparative comfort, and without undue rush. Most people managed to get launched in time for the first Bank Holiday of the year. No doubt we shall be hearing from the various Groups about their Easter activities in due time, but news is sparse at the moment. It is quite remarkable how the postbag gets lighter as the weather gets warmer. Rightly so, no one wants to miss any of the all-too-short sailing season.

* * *

A very colourful folder from the Royal Danish Yacht Club, informs all yachting associations, that a Centenary Regatta will be held at Copenhagen next year, 1966, and invites further enquiries from any

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interested helmsman. A preliminary programme has been worked out to include Ocean Racers to Flying Junior dinghies. Both entrants and spectators are assured of a wonderful holiday if they are able to afford the time and money for the trip to Denmark. This brochure, in colour, with five photographs, has been produced by "Kongelig Dansk Yachtklub" and is printed in English. I hope only that our own Yacht Clubs pay the same compliment, and have their Regatta programmes printed in the language of the country where sent.

* * *

It is our endeavour to answer every letter that is sent, but can I please make a request? If it is about finance, subscriptions or the like, *please send direct to our Hon. Treasurer.* He keeps all the records, and time will be saved. And just as a reminder, we do not send receipts for annual subscriptions; the yearly membership card is proof of payment, so if you have paid up, and do not have a 1965 membership card, Ron Fairman is the person to answer the query. Likewise, Mrs. Eileen Morgan knows all the answers about badges and burgees, etc., and Harry Maloney can tell you why the monthly *Journal* has not arrived.

* * *

An announcement in these columns some time ago, asked for a

berth for a non-owner, and it is obvious from the replies that there is a need for crews. It would well benefit anybody who hasn't a boat and would like to crew regularly, to have the fact published in this Journal.

* * *

A letter was received recently from our newly elected Rear-Commodore, George Oliver, still a Silhouette man at heart, although he now sails a Valkyrie. (We don't really know whether this is due to a growing family, or increased photographic equipment, for George is a very keen photographer). Unfortunately, he will not be at Plymouth this year, as he is going foreign. We shall miss you George. I hope only that the Solent Group has given its blessing for their Chairman to be away that time.

* * *

The official documents, which we hope will enable foreign going members to obtain a *Passeport de Navire Etranger* are now printed in and in the hands of E. Large of 19 Victoria Park, Dover, Kent. So if you are thinking of crossing the Channel to get some duty-free beer and baccy, it would be worth dropping him a line.

* * *

Life can be full of minor disappointments, but the member who carefully worked out his Spring holiday to co-incide with fitting out, prepared his Silhouette, with loving care ready for an Easter cruise, only to learn that his youngster had chicken-pox and was confined to bed for the holiday, does deserve sympathy.

* * *

The Poole Group is now in existence. At the inaugural meeting seventeen members attended, and a programme has been arranged for the season. Anyone interested in sailing in that area, should get in touch with E. F. W. May, 2 The Circle, Moordown, Bournemouth.

Have you tried the new dehydrated milk that is now on the market? It is the best preparation yet for use on small craft like ours.

* * *

A final reminder. Don't forget to fill in your Plymouth entry form now!—R.A.G.

North-West Group

By George Smith

THE North West Group held its AGM on March 21 at the Westminster Hotel, Chester. We should like to thank those members and Club representatives who attended and made this a most successful meeting.

Regretfully our Commodore, Ron Bradbury, wished to retire, having bought a larger craft. Herbert Firth proposed a vote of thanks for the excellent services Ron had given, and we all wish him much good sailing.

Ken Lingard was proposed for Commodore by Brian Wiggins, seconded by Reg Pegg, and took the chair. A committee was formed with G. W. Smith as Secretary, B. Dakin representing Tranmere Sailing Club, M. Boydell representing the North West Venturers Yacht Club, J. Keogh representing new members. A vacancy was left for Conway Yacht Club. Fleet fees are to remain at 5s.

It was decided that the Pegg Cup should be raced for in the Menai Straits, and the Monty Fisher Cup at Tranmere. The dates are to be fixed at the next committee meeting.

Members now have the opportunity of an introduction to Tranmere Sailing Club, Conway Yacht Club, the North West Venturers Yacht Club, and we hope that in the near future the Royal Anglesey Yacht Club.

The next AGM will be in October, and the annual dinner towards the end of the year.

We were all pleased to welcome Reg and Nance Pegg back from their trip overseas. We hope that Reg will be sailing with us again this year, and competing for, as well as presenting, the Pegg Cup at Menai.

The first visit of 1965 is to the Up River Yacht Club on May 22. Members will not take their boats on this occasion but will be paired off with members of the URYC to race or cruise. Will all members who would like to go, please tell George Smith immediately?

The Shipbuilder

By George Hurley

IT is easy to look at other people's businesses and to see all the good points, imagining the fantastic sums of money that they are making. The boat-building industry attracts a great deal of attention in this respect. Thousands imagine themselves in the boat-building business, with exciting pictures of demonstrations in eternally fine weather, each boat being met from the production line by a satisfied customer with plenty of money for immediate payment—sunshine all the year round. Of course, this is far from true, and one could write a book on the drawbacks and hazards that are to be met: one has only to remember all the firms that have fallen by the wayside during the past few years to see what happens to those who say "I would love to be in boats". Perhaps some of them had no idea of how to run a business, but others, with skill and potential, had to dissolve because of lack of finance. Unless one is lucky enough to obtain a design that "clicks" from the start, the dangers begin; customers say, "If only it was this" or "If only it was that" — every customer imagines himself as a designer—and soon, before realising it has happened, the price of the prototype has rocketed out of all proportion to the original estimate. Having produced a boat, and given her trials, the next problem

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is to find out how many boats one can sell to cover the initial cost, and to stay in business.

When a new boat leaves the yard, to the best of the builder's knowledge it is in perfect condition, but even with the most conscientious inspector certain small defects do occasionally pass undetected. And, perhaps because a man forgot to tighten a bolt, or glue a joint, or the girl machining a sail had a headache and did a few bad stitches, the customer justly writes a letter of complaint. Then one finds that it is necessary to pay for a boatyard over a hundred miles away to put things right. These charges are usually fantastic; we were once charged £9 for fitting a piece of one inch moulding to a transom that had been slightly damaged in transit! Alternatively, it is necessary to return the boat to Plymouth, and if this is the case the profit on the boat is reduced to nothing.

However, so much for the poorer side of the business. If you are lucky in boats, you will certainly reap some rewards. During the past five years, our business has afforded us the opportunities of travelling thousands of miles at home and abroad, my daughter Margret and I have made friends in many countries where we have been to Boat Shows. Between us, we have visited Denmark, Germany, Holland, France, Spain, Switzerland, Italy, Belgium and the United States of America; this has, of course, been very enjoyable. Margret's tour of our Continental agents in October 1964, by car, took her through seven different countries, including a few day's stay in Friedrichshafen, where a Boat Show was being held at that time. It provided her with some wonderful experiences, and gave her a round of entertainment

that would be impossible in most other business. Among my own experiences I can include being entertained in Embassies, Consulates, a destroyer in the Mediterranean and on Broadway, New York.

As with building, selling has many pitfalls, and this we found in the case of the 1964 Barcelona Boat Show. We received literature from Barcelona advertising the exhibition, and we accepted, leaving Plymouth towing a Felicity, my friend towing a Silhouette behind his car. Three days later, after a good trip, we arrived at the Boat Show and set up our stand. Everyone was most helpful for, in my humble opinion, people are the same the world over, although every country has its bad few. Having worked hard at the Show for a fortnight, we sold the exhibition boats and five others, subject to obtaining import licences. These were not forthcoming by the time we left, so we put the boats in the Customs compound, as we were under the impression that the granting of licences was only a formality. However, on our return to England ,we learnt that our applications had been refused, so we had to return the boats to Plymouth. The Barcelona Boat Show cost us nearly £1,000 and I should point out that the sordid affair was not the fault of the Boat Show organisers, but was the result of some internal mis-undertanding. However, we made many contacts and friends during our stay there, and who knows when they will stand us in good stead ?

Earlier on, I made mention of the luck involved in choosing the right boat for production. With the Silhouette no choosing was necessary. We were asked to build it, and were fortunate that such wonderful people as John Anderson, Reg Garrod, Herbert Firth and Stan Morgan and others became our customers. They have built up a wonderful Owners' Association that has been strengthened by the regular monthly issue of the *Journal,* and we shall always be indebted to them. When in the Guildhall of my home town last year, so many happy Silhouette owners were gathered in the presence of the Lord Mayor of Plymouth, I was indeed proud and happy that I was in the Boat building business !

Associate Members' Ships

IT had been hoped this year to publish a complete list of ships, other than Silhouettes, which are owned by Associate Members. On consulting the records, however, it was soon found that information on changes of ownership was far from complete. It was, therefore, thought best to leave the 1965 List of Members intact in alaphabetical order as in previous years, and to publish a separate list of Associate Member's ships in the *Journal.*

Herewith the list. It lets you know how much (and how little) we know. Additional information would be welcomed by your Associate Member's Representative, E. C. Large, 19 Victoria Park, Dover.

	No.	*Name*	*Home Port*
ALACRITY			
J. N. Carpenter	11	*Hamal*	Crouch
P. B. Dineen	320		Plymouth
Dr. R. G. Farrant	47		Poole
D. Heald	321	*Peggoty*	Solent
B. Lloyd		*Patone*	
E. D. Taylor	245	*Starlight*	Cramond
D. E. Warren	246		
BALLERINA			
C. H. Callaghan	1	*Alicia*	Crouch
W. S. Farnell	8	*Perelandra*	Avon
J. H. G. Pearce		*Insignia II*	Falmouth
CAPRICE			
P. Brearley		*Bluinite*	Wyre
P. Comber	88	*Sterope*	
J. F. Edmonds		*Nikki*	Broads
I. W. Warren	239	*Selina*	
CRYSTAL			
J. R. Mylroie			Thames
DEBUTANTE			
P. & B. Barry		*Looby Loo*	Menai
W. H. Preston			
Col. J. F. D. Savage	238	*Wings*	E.S.E.
ECLIPSE			
E. C. Large	18	*Yaffle*	Dover
EVENTIDE			
M. A. Hemens	725	*Emma*	Poole
P. E. Hopper			Margate
FELICITY			
R. J. Bennet	243	*Cigale*	Langstone Harbour
D. M. Burney	18	*Outlaw*	Pin Mill
F. G. Charsley	51	*Caroline*	Blackwater
Miss I. Cooper	57	*Leikny*	Maldon
G. H. Cunningham		*Kismet*	Warkworth
C. Crowe	67	*Svenyla II*	Poole
J. S. Gresham	71	*Strive*	Thorpe Bay
C. W. A. Hubbard	35	*Nyota*	Chalkwell
R. & B. Inskip	261		Solent
J. McCaffrey	361	*Wayzegoose*	Solent
Gp. Cpt. J. Potter	233	*Seabird*	Bosham
C. M. Simpson	100	*Janella*	Lakes
Dr. R. G. Thomson	359	*Paddy II*	Cramond
G. R. Townsend		*Mandamus*	Solent
Dr. A. R. G. Whitehead	128	*Tamarisk*	Chichester
FOLKBOAT			
B. Ellingham		*Aythya*	Lakes
GALLANT			
R. Gauntlett	19		Southwick

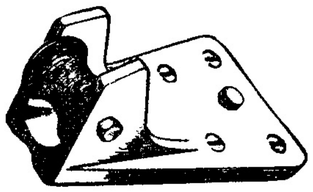
		G.P. 14	
A. E. Brothers	5810	*Haifisch*	Bosham
		KING CRUISER	
J. H. G. Pearce		*Elizabeth*	Ramsgate
		LEEWARD	
A. Storm Bate		*Eileen*	Menai
		LYMPSTONE LUGGER	
L. W. Holden	62	*Oldorena*	Exmouth
		MYSTIC	
D. Hiscock		*Miss Louie*	South Shields
		PIMPERNEL	
A. Black			Rye
		PROUT CRUISING CATAMARAN	
H. R. Penton	18	*Puma*	Crouch
		SEAMEW	
J. Mullins	21	*Jindivik*	
		SIGNET	
R. Cheesman	8	*Lodestar III*	
J. Hancock	25		Parkstone
		SYLPH	
G. Bush	41	*Tambo*	Crouch
G. B. Palmer	41	*Tambo*	Crouch
C. S. Kenyon	32		Crouch
D. J. Nielson	44	*Pippa*	Hamble
		VALKYRIE	
G. Oliver	1		Solent
		WAVECREST	
T. E. Chalcraft			Hullbridge
A. Pomfret			
		WESTCOASTER	
B. S. Freeman	64	*Westerin*	
		WESTERLEY	
J. Moule	44	*Carabela*	Blackwater
		WYR 24	
D. G. W. Sutherland	10	*Sidtoo*	N.W.
		YM SENIOR	
J. S. Goplin	378	*My Fair Lady*	
B. E. Sounes			Crouch

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Do-it-yourself
By Reg Wood

IN response to your appeal for an article on building a Silhouette, here are a few notes:

Buy a copy of *Building Chine Boats* by Michael Verney (12/6d., *Yachting Monthly*).

The lines should be lofted, that is drawn out full size, thus producing a fair set of lines free from bulges and hollows. Discrepancies of as much as half are thus discovered, and the table of offsets amended. These lines are drawn with a Biro on the rough side of two and a quarter pieces of hardboard placed end to end.

The building moulds are then constructed from 6 ins. x 1 ins. boards, the pieces being cut and laid out on the full size drawing, while being fixed together with steel screws. A jig is then made of the keel profile full length, upon which to bend the steamed pieces of 4 ins. x $\frac{3}{4}$ ins. mahogany forming the backbone. These planks when dry are glued with Aerolite 306 and clamped back on the jig, making sure that everything is true and square.

Don't worry if the keel member straightens a bit when released from the jig; it will bend back to correct shape when clamped over the moulds and bulkheads which are erected on two stout longitiudinals.

Transom framing is complicated, and the method of construction defies description. It is made on a jig to obtain the correct curvature in plan view and elevation.

Gunwales and chines are steamed before bending round moulds and frames. Do not attempt to cut the joints for gunwales and chines before bending a spiling batten round to determine the correct bevels.

The framework is now faired off like a dinghy. For this operation a Surform file is invaluable: it is screwed to a wooden batten long

The Silhouette Owners' International Association

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

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enough to span the distance between gunwale and chine and chine and keel, thus ensuring that the two surfaces are in exactly the same plane.

The oak floors are cut roughly to shape, and fixed upside down under the keel, and faired off with the rest of the framework, thus ensuring a perfect fit with the skin.

Cutting the plywood skin is easy if one has an electric drill with a jig saw attachment. The panels are fitted by offering them up repeatedly until a satisfactory fit is obtained. (Make hardboard templates first). The two pieces forming the forefoot of the boat are the most difficult, as they take the most curve, but can be fitted without the need for boiling water and rags, provided that enough "G" clamps are available. (I have two 8 ins. and six 3 ins.).

All screw holes are drilled and steel screws driven before the final fixing with Aerolite and brass screws (1 ins., No. 8). A spiral ratchet screwdriver is a great boon here, and if help is available, so much the better, as speed is essential before the glue starts to set. (If

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, Hooe 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.*

I build another boat, I shall use bronze "Gripfast" nails).

The oak fairing piece between the hull and ballast keel is rather difficult to make and fit. I made mine in two halves. The two pieces are cut roughly to shape, and finished by coating the hull with dye, and rubbing the keel piece on it, thus revealing high spots which are removed until a near perfect fit is obtained. The two pieces are then bolted and glued together.

The cast iron ballast keel is best obtained before this stage, and a template made indicating the position of the bolt holes. The holes can now be drilled through the keel fairing piece, which is now placed in position on the hull and the holes drilled through it and the oak floors. When the boat is turned over, there should be no difficulty in lowering on to the ballast keel.

The skeg needs no special comment, except to say that it is better to make and fit it temporarily, otherwise it may be damaged while turning the boat over. This applies to the bilge keels as well.

I found galvanised bolts for the bilge keels very difficult to get, so start looking early !

At this stage, I made the mistake of not sheathing the hull with glass fibre.

When the boat is turned over, there are really no more difficulties, except boring for the stern tube if an inboard engine is fitted. For this an extended auger and afterwards a boring bar are needed.

If it is not possible to sheath with glass fibre, two-can Polyurethane paint is the next best thing.

Making the mast and boom is fairly straightforward. The electric drill with a portable circular saw is used to plough out a pilot groove for the sail bolt rope. This groove is finished with grooving plane and sandpaper round a dowel.

Plenty of homemade clamps, made with two pieces of wood and two bolts and nuts, are needed, and slid along the length of the mast at 12 ins. intervals—a two-man job if possible!

The inside of the boat is now doused with clear Cuprinol which can be painted over later.

All this takes 2½ years of spare time work, although actual man hours are not known.

The cost was just over £200 in 1962/3, which figure includes the cost of a second hand Stewart Turner 1½ h.p. motor with new installation gear (£54) and Terylene sails.

The boat has been sailed during two season off Dover and Ramsgate and has not so far fallen to pieces!

I do recommend building from scratch; it is lots of fun, and not so difficult as one would imagine. My previous experience in woodwork was of the kitchen cupboard variety.

It is difficult to give an account of all the stages and processes involved, but if any reader has a query on building I shall be pleased to help.

Mr. Wood's address is 26 Orchard Avenue, Deal, Kent.

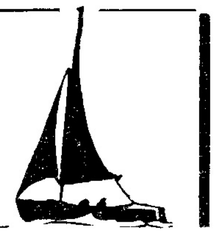
The Emergence of Tui
By John McCarthy

THERE is no doubt at all that *Tui* has a difficult row to hoe.

She's in much the same boat as the mousey girl who married that de Wynter fellow and found herself up against the standards set by the first Mrs. de Wynter. *Tui's* Rebecca is *Demeter,* a lovely miniature offshore racer of 3½ tons with performance to match her looks. I was *Demeter's* third whereas *Tui* is my ninth, if you can see the difference. But *Demeter* had to go. With a newly married daughter living in Holland, the canals and lakes must be our holiday cruising ground. *Demeter's* draught would keep her out of the network of 1-metre service canals, and to lower and raise her mast is half a day's work for three strong men—not to mention her clay feet. These are exhibited when in confined waters. *Demeter* is as near perfection as one could wish when under sail, but her power unit, a quarter-bracket-mounted Seagull Century, though adequate for beating a foul tide, would be of little comfort in a busy lock. Here we would need ample power and a reverse gear to check the momentum of her keel ballast—but to clutter her up with an inboard installation would be a barbarous act. So go she must.

The decision made—now to choose a successor. With no hope of approaching *Demeter's* sailing qualities the newcomer must

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shine in other ways. Shallow draught, easily handled mast, three real berths (not one on the sole), a really versatile power installation, and low weight, enabling her to be towed home for refitting. I very nearly bought a Dragonfly, a boat I still like very much, but it had to be faced that my A.35 just wasn't man enough to tow it, and a larger car would be inconvenient in other ways—so look smaller. Silhouettes being about the smallest and lightest boats that could properly be called cruiser, I looked at some of them really closely for the first time, and realised that there was truth in the tale that they were bigger inside that outside. Various layouts were seen, but none were quite what was wanted so I decided either to complete a bare hull, or to convert a secondhand boat if a suitable one could be found quickly.

In November, 1963 it happened. Quite by accident, I discovered a few miles from home a Silhouette standing pathetically on her trailer in a field, behaving like a cow. After a little dickering, I towed her home and installed her under cover, where she could dry out and re-discover her boathood while *Demeter* was being fitted out for delivery to her new owners. There was little opportunity to do much to the Silhouette during the winter, but she was cleared of all fittings, scrubbed out with hot detergent, rinsed with a strong fungicidal solution, then given a thorough drying with a fan-heater. The 1½ h.p. Stuart clutch model offset installation was removed, and though almost unused, it was decided that a centreline mounted reverse geared conversion would be too heavy, so a Watermota Sea Urchin was ordered.

With all this business of fields and rainwater then scrubbing and leaving untended for months, the Silhouette's morale was very low, and something had to be done to give her a boost. What better than a present of British Registry, an official name and number all complete with tonnage figures? The name was a little difficult. When I first asked about this I was told, "*Penelope*, I think." You see, I brought her from her second owner, who had never used a name, and the original had been sanded down and painted over. If you have ever tried to register a boat you can imagine the look you would get if you put "*Penelope*, I think" as your first choice—and such a lot of carving. So a long list was prepared with *Penny* at the top, and after a number of dippers, puffins and the like came *Tui*, last but one—and this was the name accepted by Authority.

Tui, pleasingly brief for carving, is the Maori name of a songbird, and when in New Zealand before the war I met several children—boys and girls—called *Tui*, some as a nickname, and some so christened. I think *Tui* likes her new name, for though there have been renderings of it from "Twee" to "Chewey", she doesn't seem to mind. There was an occasion in Holland when her name was discussed and I thought she turned pinkish—but that's another story. Well—that's how *Tui* came about. After much frenzied effort she went to Holland in August and had a brief spell on the Exe estuary before coming home for the next stage in her evolution. She will not be completed in 1965 but in the light of another season's experience, it is hoped to make her the proudest Silhouette afloat in 1966 with everything just where it should be. I hear that *Demeter* is happy too, having logged 1800 miles in 1964.

Weather helm

FOLLOWING on recent correspondence, these notes have been handed in at a committee meeting of the South West Group by a member.

"Stand a few paces in front of the hull—the bow entry looks good. Further aft, the near vertical flat sides rise from the waterline to deck level. As the boat heels in the water, this flat area acts as a rudder, pushing the bow up to windward, and the area submerged increases with the angle of heel. Not even full helm will prevent the boat coming up into wind, losing speed and heel, so coming under control again. A number of things can be done to minimise weather helm.

1. Move the mast forward and use stem head forestay with a larger jib.
2. Fit a downhaul to the tack of the jib (cost 5/-) to help keep a tight luff and prevent a flapping leach.
3. Prevent the mast centre from bending *aft* in fresh winds when beating. This bending allows the tip of the mast to go over, slackens the forestay and jib luff, also increases the belly of mainsail so that drive is mainly towards the leach, and this increases weather helm. Also the lee crosstree tube can pull out unless secured by a split pin.
4. Do not haul main boom in too tight. A main sheet track is a great advantage.
5. In gusts, ease the mainsheet and bring crew aft to get more bow out of the water, although this may increase transom drag.
6. Keep the boat upright by really sitting the crew out.

If the above are carried out, especially No. 6, the Silhouette will carry little or no weather helm up to Force 4 to 5. In Force 5 plus, begin to roll down the main, even to the lowest batten, then reduce the jib".

The South-West Group
By V. England

A MOST enjoyable evening was spent at the Chateau Belle Vue Totnes, on March 26, when the South-West Group held a Fitting Out dinner and dance. This, our first Group social event, was very well supported.

After a short session in the bar, fifty-eight sat down to an excellent meal. The accent was on informality, and after a short speech by our Group Commodore, William Spurrell, we left our tables to the accompaniment of flash bulbs fired by the Press Secretary, Cyril Guscott. In the intimate atmosphere of the bar and dance floor, the time passed all too quickly. Periods of fun and games were ably organised by Terry Bickford, who appeared with some intriguing props. Pat Pithers very generously donated a handsome cushion bearing a Silhouette burgee as a prize in the raffle.

The occasion privided a fine opportunity for our scattered members to get together, and our thanks are due to the committee whose work made the evening possible. It is hoped that this will become an annual event.—V. P. England.

Night passage to Colonsay
By D. L. Smith

EVERY evening that week, I'd tried to take *Tammy Norie* Northwards out of Loch Lathaich, round to the Sound of Iona, either to Fionnphort, or right round South to Uisken, where my caravan was. This would leave us with only 10 miles of water to cross to Colonsay.

However, on the nights when work didn't interfere, a strong Northerly sprang up just as I had the sails hoisted, and sent me fuming homeward. By Thursday night I'd had enough of frustration and set forth under motor into the teeth of it. In a mile and a half to the light we left the sheltered bay for the open sea, and the combination of wind and wave just about equalled a Century Plus — somewhere between Force 5 and 6. So back we went, rather wildly, needing to swing the outboard to keep steering within bounds. After all this, it was rather a surprise to find Friday calm and sunny. Bill was still game to try for Colonsay, so I sneaked away soon after 4 p.m. and motored to the slipway at Fionnphort, cutting inside all the islands in the Sound of Iona to save time. Bill drove down at 6 p.m. and heaved his goods aboard. The sky was now overcast and looked like rain; the wind had gone from North to South West, and was very faint. After wriggling into extra woollies and oilskins, we set off under power, sails ready for hoisting, and had tea under way. Again we cut inside all the obstructions and left the Sound by the channel the steamer used to

take (until the day they met a becalmed yacht !). Pink granite skerries enclosed deep water about 50 yards wide. There was no doubt about where the rocks lay hidden—a heavy swell marked them all plainly with rings of white.

Taking the inshore passage through the Torran Rocks we chugged roughly South-East until clear of all obstructions to the South. The wind was now about Force 3 from the South-East, and I proceeded to sketch in zig-zags on the chart, as daylight was fading. We made one tack on about 200 degrees magnetic for an hour, before going about for an hour on 90 degrees. This seemed to be the best we could do; the wind kept varying a little, and the sea was rather confused. We could occasionally see Dubh Artach light away to the South-West, but no signs of Colonsay ahead.

Just as it was time to tack South again, the wind obliged with a shift to the South-West, which I estimated would allow us to make the Northern tip of the island without further tacking. Bill seemed happy at the tiller, and found our course of around 150 degrees quite comfortable, with the seas abeam, so I went below for a couple of hours sleep. After two minutes I grabbed the bucket and made a mental note never again to make the coffee entirely of milk, even if there are a couple of spare pints. However, my tummy subsided, and sleep descended. When I came up, the moon had come out, and clouds were galloping across the sky.

Tammy Norie was wasting no time, though Bill had not yet sighted the island. Just then, however, we saw car headlights come over the hill towards Kiloran, which confirmed our position well enough. The wind was going to be too strong once we turned South, so when we were opposite Baluahard I went forward and changed to the storm jib, and then took in a couple of rolls on the mainsail.

Around the point we were out of the main swell, but the wind kicked up waves which slowed our progress as we battled South. We dare not hug the shore too closely as the moon would disappear at the most awkward moments, and distances were difficult to judge. One tack took us shorewards, and the other towards Ruaval light on Islay, which turned from red to white a couple of miles offshore. This was farther than we wanted to go, as the seas were bigger there, though we could not yet see the light at Scalasaig. We had only 3 miles to make good when we turned the point at midnight, but now it seemed that we were making no headway at all. The tide runs North nearly the whole time, and one only dodges it close inshore.

Until I saw where Eilean Olmsa was, I wasn't keen to go in close. Once past that, and we could go within spitting distance of the rocks. Tack after tack we made—Bill and I not caring to discuss the rate of progress—but at last I spotted Olmsa and went right inshore. As we were quite fed up by this time, we also put the motor on, and pinched her a little. Even then, it took a long time to be sure that the scenery ashore actually *was* changing slightly.

Lights coming up astern gave the idea of begging a tow, but on showing our lights when about a mile off, we saw whatever-it-was



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sheer smartly away and disappear down the Sound of Islay.

Our choice lay between a mile of tussle into wind and weather, or about turn for Oban, which would be the only shelter I'd be able to find in the dark. So on we thrashed, cold and wet, preferring, if anything, the dark to the glimpses of madly fluttering sails when the moon came out.

Suddenly it was all over—Scalasaig light showed ahead, the land curved in, and the seas became quieter. Lights showed in the houses where folk were coming home from the dance. Red lamps marked the end of our new pier, and we felt our way in carefully past the slipway into the little harbour, where we tied alongside the ferryboat at 3 a.m. Stone walls kept most of the wind off us, and nothing threatened to disturb our sleep. I wriggled into the quarter berth and was fascinated to watch a unique bed-making display by Bill.

His method was to lie down on a blanket and to build the rest of his cocoon from the inside—oddly enough it seemed to work, and he remained neatly tucked in all night.

At 6-30 a.m. we were gently moved to another berth while the ferryboat moved out to meet the steamer, after which we suffered no further intrusions until 10 a.m., when the pier gang had their tea break, which we shared. We followed this up with breakfast aboard, and prepared to receive visitors.

Old Sandy, my former landlord, made a few appreciative remarks about the boat before departing with " I'll tell herself you'll be over for your dinner. In the afternoon we collected Sandy Wilson, resident engineer on the pier contract, and had a sail down the island.

The afternoon was sunny and the seas just enough to make it interesting. The wind started in the South West but soon after turning back we got it from the North West — I began to think that *Tammy Norie* had a built-in headwind.

Tea with the MacAllisters followed, and Hessie wouldn't hear of our sleeping aboard, so I was denied the spectacle of William and his bunk.

Sunday was bright again, but the wind was due North so we decided to leave in good time. After an early lunch we said our farewells, and got under way. Remembering Friday night, we set the storm jib but left the main unreefed until clear of the shelter of the island. However, we soon found that daylight is a great comforter,

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and we spent an agreeable afternoon bounding this way and that under full sail over boisterous seas as we made our way steadily Northwards towards Mull.

Away to the West, the Torran Rocks sent up fountains of spray, but we hadn't time to get through them in daylight, and were making for Uisken. Uisken is a natural haven, guarded by very jagged looking skerries, and is only really accessible to shallow draught vessels by daylight. We got there by 7 p.m., which was full tide and plenty light enough to see by. We threaded our way in very gingerly, keeping a wary eye on the bottom, as there is a fair bit of weed just where it is narrowest. Presently we had her moored and drying out in a sandy cove, sheltered all round by rocks and cliffs where she remained until we hauled her up a few weeks later. So that was the last trip of the year, and a jolly fine one too. Needless to say, we have already made several plans for 1965 !

Letters to the Editor

THE UNAPPRECIATED.—Mrs. Fowler's remarks in " The Unappreciated ", and those in the Editor's postscript, are views frequently heard in clubs of recent origin. They may be regarded as symptoms of the growing-pains to which we amateurs are prone. Traditionally, trophies are won by the yacht and its owner(s). Rule 20/1 of the R.Y.A. recognises and lends emphasis to this. The modern trend that gives the name of the star player undue prominence, and relegates the rest of the team to obscurity, is to be deplored, and I trust that the S.O.I.A. will not succumb to it, no matter how short of engraving space they may be. And so, to Mrs. Fowler, may I say, that the remedy is in your own hands. Arrange a part or joint ownership. We gather that you crew for your husband in " his " Silhouette. The femininity of your views regarding sailing and marriage, induces the memory of that masculine avowal, " with all my wordly goods I thee endow ". In a traditional club the name of the owner, exactly as stated on the accepted entry form, would be the name used on a trophy, if used at all. My wife and I own and sail a Silhouette, with my wife as regular crew. We enter our names on regatta entry forms as " R. and B. Martin ", and, as such, we are recognised in traditional clubs' regattas. I regret to say, however, that clubs of more recent origin, and to whom we are known personally, tend to overlook the registration, and award all the credit and the trophy to only the helmsman, " R. Martin ". It is all very modern and casual.—Reg Martin, 1 Menai View Terrace, Holyhead Road, Bangor, N. Wales.

St Malo Cruise

MY crew, David and I, decided to have a ten day holiday, cruising in the Bay of Saint Malo. We wanted to visit the Ile de Chausey, Saint Malo Rotheneuf and, finally, Granville.

The week before our departure I was very busy with check lists, making sure that nothing was forgotten. My wife made certain that we had plenty of provisions—in fact, if it were not for her efficiency, I should probably leave with only a tin of ships biscuits and a bottle of rum! Charts were put aboard, torches, spare batteries, and four gallons of water. Six gallons of petrol were stowed into the stern and starboard cockpit lockers.

By Monday evening everything was aboard and safely stowed, and at 20.00 we dropped down from our permanent moorings to the deep water berth.

Tuesday. The local Met. office gave " Sea mist, winds light, Force 1—2 South West, freshening later in the day, and rain showers ". The French radio report more or less confirmed this. I have found that the R.T.F. forecasts are very accurate for cruising in this area. An hour before our departure time, which was to be 10.00, we handed in our notice of sailing to the local Customs office. We cast off at 10.15 in rather dull and overcast conditions, and at 10.20 motored through the pier heads. As we headed for the open sea, David and I were busy setting the main and jib. With motor and sails the little Silhouette was scudding along at a great rate. This was to be my first attempt at navigation, and I did not feel too happy about the visibility, which was about three miles. However, I had laid out my chart, tidal atlas, and the rest of the gear on the port bunk, which became my navigation table. David looked at his Skipper with an odd expression, which seemed to say " I hope like hell you know what you're doing ! "

We had the Hinguette buoy abeam at 10.37 and set our course S.E. x $\frac{1}{2}$S for the Caux buoy, which is a run of 12 miles. We were soon unable to see land, and I began to feel a little uneasy; however, on we went. By 12.00 the wind had dropped, and we found ourselves in a flat calm and lovely sunshine, but unable to see land. I left David at the helm, and took in the main and the jib. The tide seemed to be running more strongly than I had estimated and it was therefore necessary to alter course to S.E. x $\frac{3}{4}$E. The Caux buoy drew abeam at 13.30; we had found the buoy, and were passing it within half a mile—wonderful navigation! Fifteen minutes later David sighted another buoy about 3 miles distant, great delight! This should be the Ardent, we steered towards it for half an hour and it never seemed to get any closer. After a while a rain cloud loomed up from the South West—it is most odd to see a rain cloud a mile or so ahead, and to watch it spill its contents and not get wet oneself. When the rain shower had passed, there was no buoy to be seen, and I realised that what I had thought was a buoy, had in fact been another boat! The Caux buoy had in reality been the Ardent buoy. I soon realised what had happened; I had not allowed sufficiently for tide drift and through this

error we had been set 4 miles farther East, and in consequence had missed the Caux buoy completely. David by this time was not very impressed with my navigation. (I felt uncertain myself, although I tried not to show it.). A new course of S.S.W. was decided upon, visibility was down to 3 miles, with another rain squall ahead. This one would pass over us, so we put on our oilskins. With the rain came a little wind, but not enough to make it worth our while to re-set sail. By 14.25 the squall had passed, and there on our port bow was the Chausey reef, still 4 miles to go.

Looking at the chart, the Northern entry to Chausey looked impossible, and the Southern entrance looked the least difficult. However, from our present position, the Northern entrance was the most direct; the weather had cleared, the sea was calm and there were no more rain clouds about. The Northern entrance was decided upon, and so with David at the hlem and me armed with *Channel Harbours and Anchorages* we began our approach. Soon the lighthouse was in sight. I was relieved, for at least this was one certain leading mark; now to pick out the others. At 15.00 we had the L'Ensigne tower in sight, and this, in line with the lighthouse, is the leading mark for making the entry to the North Channel.

At 15.20 the first outer pole mark was sighted, now to sort out port from starboard markers. Yes, there was a port hand marker, and there a starboard one. This was great. I am sure that without Adlard Coles's book it would not have been so simple. About half a mile up the Channel from the outer beacon we turned to port and made our way up the Sound and into the anchorage. David and I were not sure where to moor, however, and after circling around for a few minutes we decided to make for the slip. On landing a kindly fisherman suggested that we could lie on the inside of the slip among the dorys. The bottom was shingle and through the clear water, about 8 feet deep, it looked ideal. (When we dried out we saw that this was the spot where the fishermen gutted their catch, and we were amid much decaying offal). We finally dropped anchor and ran a line ashore at 16.00 David and I were very pleased that we had reached the first stopping point of our journey after completing 25 nautical miles in 5 hours, 40 minutes, mostly under motor alone.

Of the many rocks and islets of the Chausey group, the Grand Ile is the only populated island. The scenery around the Iles de Chausey changes hour by hour, and as the tide rises and falls one sees large expanses of sand and vraic (seaweed) covered rocks. An hour or two later all this is covered by sea. The reader may find it hard to understand, but with a tidal range of 40 feet, rocks are to be seen one hour and gone the next.

There is a château on Grand Ile. It belongs to the Renault car family. There is a farm where milk and vegetables can be bought, a small church, and also a hotel, owned by the congenial Madame Blandeau, who also owns the little shop. There are a number of fishermen's cottages, and that more or less completes Chausey.

(To be concluded)

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