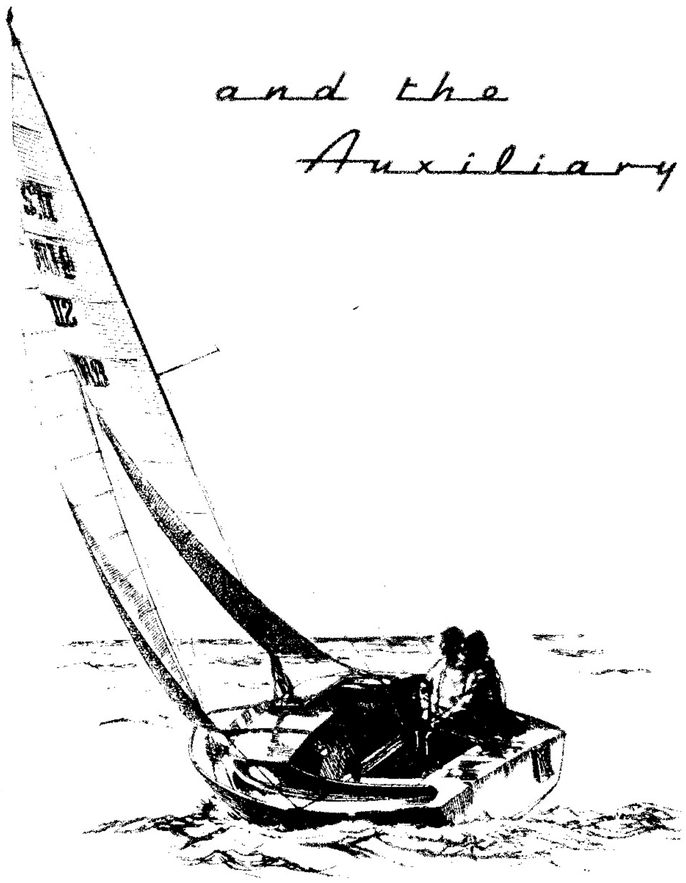
The Silhouette Owner

The journal of the
Silhouette Owners' International Association

NUMBER 54 JUNE, 1965 PRICE 1 -





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Costs and boats

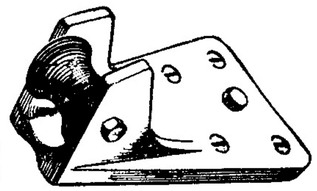
MONEY seems to dominate most people's thoughts nowadays, and we get many inquiries asking, "What does it cost to keep a Silhouette?". It is not an easy question to answer. If you are lucky, with a garden running down to a creek, mooring may cost nothing; and if you have a nice empty shed on your land, winter storage also may cost nothing. But most of us have neither of these geographical advantages, and a reasonable mooring may cost anything from £10 a year or so to £75 or more in one of the popular South Coast yacht harbours. What is a fair average? In planning family finances to provide for the upkeep of a boat, what ought to be set aside for mooring and winter home? Then there is maintenance. Properly looked after, greased, and never allowed to kink when raising or lowering the mast, steel standing rigging should last for years (but do inspect regularly: a kink or a damaged strand in shroud or stay should mean instant condemnation, for the failure of either at sea can be a serious matter). Running rigging? We ourselves confess to an old-fashioned preference for hemp for shrouds, and cotton for sheets—old friends of seafaring men, and a delight to handle. The first cost is a good deal less than for synthetics, but it does mean that shrouds and sheets need renewing at least every other year—after a hard season, every year. What do people reckon to spend on running rigging? Varnish and paint: here, of course, there is a big difference between glass and wooden boats, with the higher first cost of glass boats offset by next to no expenditure on paint (though varnish may still be necessary for brightwork). But what of wood? If you can do the work yourself, painting costs (in money—not in time) no more than the cost of paint. If you rely on a yard, what is a fair annual average? Then anti-fouling—say twice a season? Bosun's stores—good chain, nylon and Terylene warp, will last for years (unless you lose it). So with anchors, boathooks, dinghy oars and the like: all are lasting, but things do get lost, and it is wise economics to make some annual provision for replacement. How much? Sails—again, good sails last, but they need repairs from time to time. Engine? Fuel? Then there are transport costs. In the flush of enthusiasm for buying a boat, some people forget that the boat may have to live anything up to 100 miles or more from the family home, and that to get to the boat may mean quite a bit of travelling. This is not really part of the cost of maintaining a boat, but it is part of the cost of using her, and it ought to be included in the economics. Of course, there is much to offset costs. Travelling to and from moorings, for instance—if there were no boat, a family might spend money on other things at weekends, so that getting to the boat is simply making for a new destination, not necessarily spending more. And since you can live on board a Silhouette, she may pay for herself handsomely by avoiding hotel costs for weekends and holidays. Nevertheless, keeping a Silhouette maintained, insured and in commission has to be financed. It would be a great help to many people if owners would pool their experiences on costs — it would give would-be owners a realistic estimate of what they ought to allow, and it might suggest to the rest of us cheaper ways of doing things. So please let us have some balance sheets—income reckoned in the money value of what a Silhouette gives, as well as expenditure on enabling her to give it.

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Secretary's notes

THIS is the last reminder that "Plymouth Week" or, to give it it's full title, The Third National Rally of Silhouettes, will be held at Plymouth on August 15 to 21 next. Entries are £3 10s. per boat, and close on June 12, which means that you have exactly twelve days from the receipt of this *Journal* to get your entry in, if you have not already done so. Late entries will be charged at £5 5s. Plenty of spare entry forms are available, but time is getting short. Our Plymouth Group is going to handle all the necessary arrangements for the various cruises, and to give us all the full benefit of its local knowledge of tides and conditions, so both expert and novice will be well catered for. Should the weather be kind, and enough hardy souls willing, it is proposed to have an unofficial race round the Eddystone Lighthouse on Sunday, August 15, finishing wherever the rest of the rallyists may decide to cruise in company. This race will be open only to boats equipped for cruising, that is, with compass, chart, good ground tackle, food, water, an engine and fuel. **Full details will be announced by Mr. England, the Group Secretary.**

* * *

I have had many letters during the past few months, asking if it should not be laid down that every entrant for the points races should carry the normal equipment used on small cruisers, as it has been pointed out that it is unfair for stripped boats to race on equal terms with equipped craft. While having every sympathy with the suggestion, it is not the wish of the Association to lay down too many rules, rather we would like to appeal to all to race for the fun of racing, and don't take unfair advantage of crews who are living aboard.

* * *

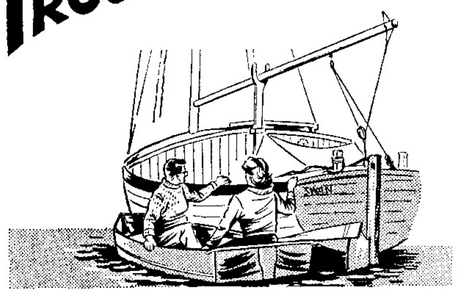
The Prize Giving Dinner and Dance, which will be just as splendid an occasion as last year's will be held at the Majestic Ballroom, Union Street. This is no reflection on the Duke of Cornwall Hotel, which did us so well in '64, but it is a larger hall, and can hold the extra numbers we will have this time. And we can promise that anyone who wants to bring along extra guests will be able to be accommodated.

* * *

A letter on the subject of shroud positions, 'Surely Bob Tucker knows where the main and upper shrouds should be positioned? When considering a mast from the structural mechanic's point of view, it is a strut under axial compression, plus a bending moment causing deflection to windward. If the main lower shroud is on the forward chain plate, it is surely in the correct position to resist the load causing the deflection. Obviously, the farther forward or aft of the centre line the less its effectiveness. With regard to the upper shrouds; consider a plan view of the forestay and upper shrouds, again, obviously the farther the shroud chain plates are aft, the more effective the shrouds

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will be to resist the load?". It all sounds horribly technical, but I am sure the writer, Mr. D. S. Perrin, scotched any further argument.

* * *

The Littlehampton Sailing and Motor Club in Sussex is holding a "Robert Tucker" weekend, and invites entries from interested owners of Tucker-designed craft to participate. Car parking, boat parking, and launching facilities are all available, and as there are some twenty craft of the category already on the Arun, six of which are Silhouettes, visitors should feel very much at home. Entry forms and full details can be had from Mr. G. Hume, 29 Harting Road, Littlehampton, Sussex, and the date of the event is July 17 — 18. Sounds like a jolly good weekend for anyone in the area, or near enough to trail.

* * *

Being the person concerned with the engraving of the various trophies that the Association owns and presents from time to time, I must also offer my apologies to Mrs. Anne Fowler and Mr. Reg Martin for the article "Unappreciated", and the reply in last month's letters to the Editor. Frankly, I had never given it a thought, always assuming that our femine members were much too practical to worry about the foibles of the mere male who likes to collect his little bits

of engraved silverware. But there is no real excuse, and we will hope to include both initials in future, although we do have a special trophy for the best crew including a lady, at Plymouth.

* * *

Scarcely a month goes by without an apology having to be included in these columns, for some delay, or small point that has been overlooked. It is hoped that the blame is not always put on the other fellow, but in this vein we do regret the lateness of the printed list of members, which is included in this copy of the *Journal*. It is dated April, but the delay is not entirely the fault of members of the Association.

* * *

Ernie Large tells me that the official Association certificate of ownership, is proving invaluable for members when crossing the Channel, so don't forget to write to him if you need such papers. These documents, which are printed in two languages, have all the information demanded by the French Customs officials. They are available to all members, for a small fee.

* * *

For real enthusiasm, it will take a lot to beat Mr. M. J. Hobson, who started to build a Silhouette from scratch in one part of the country, was moved by the firm some hundred or so miles away, moved house, and uncompleted boat, lock, stock and barrel, only to be moved again by the sheer necessity of earning a living, this time to Canada. Undismayed, the tools, parts, gear, accessories, and uncompleted craft, have been shipped out on board a freighter, and I have now a letter from his new address, where he is working all his spare time to finish and launch in one of the Great Lakes, of which as he says, "Surprising the size of the lakes; even though I was told that they would look just like the sea, it was still a shock to see big combers coming in, and to see nothing but water to the horizon".

* * *

It cannot really be thought that someone at the B.B.C. read these notes some months back deploring the lack of yachting programmes, but we have recently enjoyed two very fine films of single-handed Trans-Atlantic entrants. Let's hope someone will enter a Silhouette in the 1968 event!—R.A.G.

Log Competitions

THE S.O.I.A.'s trophies for cruising logs are again offered for competition this year. There are three international trophies: *The Suzanne Trophy* (presented by Robert Tucker) for the best log of a Silhouette voyage anywhere in the world; *The Silhouette Owner Cup,* for the best log of a Silhouette voyage by a crew including a woman (she may be master, mate, navigator, deckhand or cook); and *The Open Cruising Trophy,* for the best log of a voyage by an Associate Member in any boat other than a Silhouette. In addition, the North West Group has the *Irene Goodwin Trophy,* for the best log of a voyage by any member or associate of the NW Group. The international trophies are open to members throughout the world, for cruises in any waters. The logs are judged on presentation, the interest and enterprise of the cruise, and seafaring qualities in relation to the prevailing conditions. A good weekend cruise by a novice is just as eligible as an ocean passage by an experienced sailor. Entries must reach the Editor of *The Silhouette Owner* by Friday, November 26, 1965, and must relate to a cruise carried out during 1965. But please don't wait until the closing date for sending in entries—let us have your logs as soon as possible (and remember that a good log is nearly always better for being written up while the events are fresh in your mind).

At Robinson Crusoe's Island

DR. DAVID LEWIS, his wife Fiona and their two young daughters, Susan ($3\frac{1}{2}$) and Vicky (2) arrived safely in their catamaran *Rehu Moana* at Cumberland Bay, Juan Fernandez, on May 21, a week out from Valparaiso, Chile. Dr. Lewis, who is an Honorary Member of the SOIA, had already sailed with his family from Newport, Rhode Island, to Valparaiso, via the Straits of Magellan. On behalf of his many friends in the Association, we offer him cordial congratulations on a magnificent passage. Reports of *Rehu Moana's* voyage, sent by David Lewis by radiotelephone from the ship, are appearing daily in *The Guardian*. After visiting the Juan Fernandez group of islands, where Alexander Selkirk, the original of Defoe's Robinson Crusoe was marooned in 1704, the Lewis family plan to sail on to Easter Island.



The Exe fleet

THE last of our winter meetings was held at the Exe Sailing Club on Wednesday, April 14. This was originally arranged for Wednesday, March 10, but had to be postponed because of extensive alterations that were being carried out at the clubhouse. The final programme was one of interest to all Silhouette owners and, indeed of interest to all who go to sea.

Mr. Raymond Francis came up from Plymouth and gave us an excellent lecture on mouth to mouth resuscitation. He explained to us that this was by no means new, but one of the oldest forms of artificial respiration. After the talk, we were all invited to practise, and much amusement followed. However, we all appreciated the seriousness of the subject, and many were the questions asked. It is a long time since I have listened to such a polished speaker.

After this, Dr. Dennis Waterhouse gave us a talk on what he considered essential first aid equipment for a small cruiser. As this is of interest to us all, I will list the various items:

Tablets Codeine—For severe pain, such as a broken bone, etc.

Tablets Asprin—For use in getting a temperature down and for headache, neuralgia, etc.

Tube of Anthisan—For anaphylactic and allergic conditions, such as stings, etc.

Liquid Paraffin—For use as a laxative, and also for using as eyedrops in the case of foreign bodies in the eye.

Phenergan cream—For first and second degree burns and scalds to prevent infection.

Tablets Dexedrine—For use as a stimulant for the central nervous system. Not, repeat NOT for prolonged use, but useful in the occasional instance where one is sailing through the night, and it is imperative to keep fully awake.

Johnson's Pack No. 2—This is a complete pack containing the necessary bandages, lint, gauze, etc., that is always wise to carry.

Paraffin Gauze—This is packed in a small flat sterile tin, and contains gauze squares impregnated with sterile paraffin wax for use on abrasons and cuts.

Elastoplast.

Elastic Bandage 3 × 3—For use in sprains.

Dark Glasses—For use in headaches caused by too much light, and following treatment of a foreign body in the eye.

Scissors—(Invaluable for many things).

The meeting closed at about 22.00, and I should like to thank Harry the barman, who so ably helps us every month, and also to thank all the members who so regularly turn up, and make such a success of all our meetings. Finally, may I wish us all a happy season sailing, and hope that we shall all see each other at Plymouth Week in August.—Richard Trevithick (Hon. Sec.).

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News from the South-East

THE S.E. Group is still increasing, and more members who moor away from Hullbridge are keeping in contact with us. Eddie Coxall was elected Silhouette class captain of the Up River Y.C. for this season, and has done a lot of work in compiling the programme for this year. Our main events are the Visit and Challenge for the International Points Trophy by the N.W. Group on May 21, the cruise to Walton-on-the-Naze for Whitsun, and of course, the Silhouette Week at Plymouth.

The event of the weekend May 21 looms close as I write, and it would appear that we shall be welcoming the Commodore Herbert Firth, George Smith, Roy Beaumont and Dickie Roper. We have a full weekend arranged for them, and hope that they may have as good a time as when Harry and Margaret Maloney, Jack, Marge and Jackie O'Brien, and Eileen, Jackie and myself visited them last September at Glyn Garth.

We intend to lend the N.W. Group boats to race us for the International Points Trophy on Sunday, May 23, finishing at the U.R.Y.C. Line with a course set out in the estuary—more about that after the event.

As for Plymouth Week, the anticipation for this has reached a high pitch. Many of our friends in the Club who haven't owned Silhouettes have joined the Association because they think it is a good



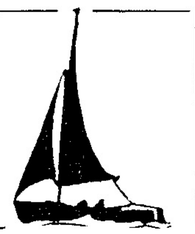
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thing, and I hear that Tom and Janet Chalcroft will be coming to Plymouth with their Mistress, and Evelyn and Norman Delahey (a deep keel cruiser owner) will be hiring a Silhouette from Fred Hawkins to join in the fun. Apart from those, I am having difficulty at this stage to get the final Silhouette count from the Group, but this is likely to be about 8 boats. The "bucket" boys will be there in force again.

Before I close I must tell a story about the Avon dinghy which was won at our New Year Raffle. Many of us were somewhat chagrined when the dinghy went to a member's friend who didn't get the slightest thrill out of winning it, and seemed disinterested—what an anti-climax for Eddie Coxall who organised the raffle! However, everyone went home after an excellent evening, and forgot the whole thing, apart from the fact that Eddie said that next year he will split the prizes and say have three good ones valued about £15 each instead of one very high valued prize.

It was about three months later that the member/friend of the winner came to see me at home and the conversation got round to this Avon dinghy. I imagined this winner having sold the dinghy and made himself a quick £40—but how wrong can you get? He had given it away to an orphanage for boys for use on their swimming pool in the hope that it will encourage a desire to get waterborne, and produce a few more yachtsmen and perhaps Silhouette owners.—Stan Morgan.

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St Malo Cruise
(Continued)

AT 08.25 we began our run through the Channel de la Bigne, and with the wind aft we were running and making 4 knots with the tide against us. The sea was a bit lumpy, just right for a good exciting sail, heading East along the coast to our next port of call, Rothéneuf.

At 09.00 we had a bit of excitement. It has always been my custom to stow the sliding cabin door on the coach roof, and normally it is secured with a piece of cod line to the grab rails. But for some unexplainable reason, this time it was not secured, and a gust of wind blew it into the sea. One would think that its recovery would have been an easy matter, but after going about and beating up and down for 25 minutes or so we failed to find any sign of the lost door in the confused waters, so we had to abandon the search and resume our passage minus one door.

We were soon passing La Varde Point, a headland West of Rothéueuf. This Point has a rifle range upon it, and we had been warned at St. Malo that if a red flag was displayed not to be surprised if we were showered with spent bullets! However, we saw no red flag, so there was no need for alarm.

The approach into Rothéneuf is rather tricky. The entrance channel is about a cable wide, and with tides between 2 and 4 knots across the entrance it can be difficult to make an entry. However, with the aid of our *Channel Harbours* book, we approached with confidence. There was the Durand rock, and there the Les Quimereux, ah! and there the iron beacon pole to starboard. But no tower; on our chart it was marked as a mill, but no sign of a mill either. We looked at each other and with apprehension waited for the "crunch", but it never came, and in a few minutes we had made it into the calm waters of the Havre De Rothéneuf. Down jib and main, measure out 4 fathoms of chain, and we dropped anchor on the West side of the Havre, among the fishing boats. It had taken 3 hours to cover 5 nautical miles. By 11.00 the sun came out and we saw the Havre De Rothéneuf at its best, the sandy beaches, the pine and chestnut woods, the children at play on the beach, all so peaceful that it made me feel contented and satisfied with life. By noon we were high and dry and able to walk ashore for a look around. Later we retuned to *Yvette* for lunch.

During the afternoon a small boy came to have a look at *Yvette*. At first he circled the Silhouette and gradually came closer. I asked him if he would like to come aboard and have a cup of coffee with us and his face lit up as he accepted the invitation. He knew quite a bit about Silhouettes; in fact he had a wooden model with him which he told me represented a Silhouette. It was quite a fair replica. I think we made his day.

The R.T.F. weather forecast in the evening was good for the following day, wind in the West about Force 2, dull at first, but sunny

The Silhouette Owners' International Association

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Regional Groups

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

South-East.	*Hon. Sec. Stan Morgan, 19, Philbrick Crescent East, Rayleigh, Essex.*
Blackwater.	*Hon. Sec. R. W. Sharples, Dalegarth, Watchhouse, Road, Galleywood. Chelmsford.*
Solent.	*Hon. Sec. J. R. Caulder, Sellafield, Orchard Lane, Hermitage, Emsworth.*
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Bristol Channel.	*Hon. Sec. Cyril Watts, 5 Vassall Road, Fishponds, Bristol.*
Midlands.	*Hon. Sec. E. G. Oldham, 206 Hagley Road, Edgebaston, Birmingham.*
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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.*

later. After the Met. report we went ashore and had our evening meal at an hotel. We decided to press on to Granville the next day and stay there a few days, so back to *Yvette* for a peaceful night's sleep with the alarm set for 05.30.

Next morning the alarm woke us and after a quick breakfast we made ready for sea, weighing anchor at 06.05 As we motored out of the Havre De Rothéneuf the jib and main sail were set. The wind was fresh and from the SS West, and the sea was fairly calm, except for long swells, as we headed out for about 3 miles. At 06.40 set course ENE, with *Yvette* cracking along at a good 4½ knots. This was great! David sleepily remarked, " It's too good to last " and he was right, for half an hour later the wind began to drop and we decided to use the motor, otherwise we should miss a favourable tide. At 07.25 our faithful Seagull stopped suddenly. I changed the plug, pulled the starter cord to no avail; the motor refused to fire. I discovered after a while that the trouble was a blocked jet. This was soon put right, and so on again. I took a set of bearings on the Pointe du Meinga and the Pierre

de Herpin lighthouse. We had drifted quite some distance off course, so a new course of NE by E was set.

At 08.30 I took another set of bearings when abeam the Herpin Lighthouse. We were O.K. and so on towards Granville. I left David at the helm and cooked our breakfast. It was wonderful to sit out in the early morning sunshine and to eat breakfast in the open air. We could just see Mont Saint Michel shrouded in mist.

By 09.10 we were abeam the Videcoq buoy and about a mile and a half away. The tide was now setting North at about 2 knots, and we therefore set a new course of E by N. Soon the Pointe du Roc was identified and the Pointe Gautier; next we spotted the Le Loupe Tower, and we were passed by two vedettes taking tourists to Ile de Chausey. The passengers waved to us with great enthusiasm as we passed through Granville pier heads at 10.35, feeling very pleased with ourselves. It had been a very pleasant run indeed, but now came a surprise; the lock gate was closed. We had missed it by half an hour. This meant drying out in the Avant port, and we decided to moor by the slip near the Yacht Club (this is the old one, not the new one). We put out a kedge and a bow line to the Quay, and waited for the tide to drop for us to settle on the hard. The bottom here is of shells and quite firm.

We had our lunch aboard and soon afterwards a man came down the slipway and had a look at us. I bade him " Good Day " and he came closer to inspect *Yvette*. After exchanging a few words I discovered that he was the local " Seagull " agent. I asked him to come

aboard and have a glass of wine, and this he did. We spent a very pleasant half hour. During the conversation our new friend told us that where we were lying might be in the way of the fishermen. We thanked him for his advice and after another glass of wine he went on his way. After tidying up *Yvette* and ourselves, we went ashore for a good look at the town.

Granville is a pleasant place, half industrial, half tourist, the old walled town on the hill above the harbour, with a fine church and quaint houses. The new part of the town is also pleasant, a good shopping centre with a cinema, public baths and some very reasonable restaurants. I prefer Granville to Saint Malo, because it is not so noisy and also not as expensive and tourist concious. Every evening during our stay we had our meals at a quayside restaurant which has an enormouse anchor supporting the roof of the pavement terrace. The name of the place I do not remember, but the meals were excellent.

Monday. We rose early, as David and I wanted to visit Mont Saint Michel. At 08.30 we caught the motor bus which runs every day from Granville during the summer. This run is rather long, about 40 miles, with a 20 minutes break at Avaranche. We spent a pleasant day at the Mont and arrived back in Granville at 19.00, had a drink at our favourite bar, then walked slowly back to *Yvette*. All seemed well until we reached the top of the slipway; there, to my horror, I saw my beloved boat high and dry, and broadside onto the slip, and heeled over at one hell of an angle.

We ran down the slip to find out the cause of the trouble. It was not long before we discovered that a fishing boat's propellor had cut our kedge, thus letting the Silhouette swing all over the place. After a bit of thought, David suggested that we should run a warp from halfway up the mast to a ring on the quay. This would stop *Yvette* from heeling over any more, and make it safe for us to board her. We also made her fast with bow and stern lines. Now to retrieve the anchor; but alas, some fisherman had got there first, and that was the end of our anchor! We had to wait for the tide to rise and refloat *Yvette* and we decided that as soon as the boat floated which was around 01.00, we would move through the lock into the inner basin.

We had our evening meal and later turned in. I set the alarm clock for 00.30, we slept lightly until the ringing of the little bell woke us. We cast off the moorings, started the Seagull, and off we went through the lock and into the inner basin. Where could we moor ? This was the main question; against the quay was doubtful, as it was too high and we had no ladder. After due thought, we moored up to a yacht which was kedged out from the quay on the Northern side of the basin, and decided to stay there for the remainder of the night.

Tuesday. We awoke at 08.15, roused ourselves, and had a look round the basin. There was an English motor yacht moored alongside the Quai Carnot with a ladder; this was ideal, we could scramble aboard this boat, and then use their ladder to climb up onto the

quay, a most satisfactory arrangement, so we moved over to our new " nursemaid ". After breakfast David wandered off on his own. He was going to walk up to the Pointe du Roc lighthouse. I had to go ashore to buy an anchor from the ship chandler, after which I returned to *Yvette* and spliced the cable to the new anchor. Sitting in the cockpit in the sunshine was most enjoyable, watching the Granville Yacht Club Junior members learning to sail in the safety of the Inner Basin.

The owner of the English boat alongside which we had moored came on deck and bid me " Bonjour " — he had mistaken *Yvette* for a French boat. I think this was because there are red and green ribbons on the back stays, the sculling oar is lashed to the starboard mainstay, and an 8 ft. boat hook is made fast to port; or maybe it was the little Jersey flag tied to the back stay. Whatever the reason, it has provided me with much amusement on sunny afternoons sitting in the cockpit.

David returned just before lunch, very hot and exhausted after his ramble. The owner of the Englsih boat again came on deck and asked if we would have a drink with him aboard his boat. We agreed, and spent a pleasant time with him and arranged to return again in the evening. He and his family intended to visit Jersey, and wanted to know the leading marks and any other information we give for entry into St. Helier harbour.

We returned aboard their boat before our evening meal, and whilst in the middle of drinking my fourth whisky there was a terrible commotion outside. The lockgates were opened, and in came the fishing fleet. They tore through the lock and raced for the quay. The idea seemed to be a race for the best berths to unload the catch as quickly as possible. One of the fisherman decided that he was going to berth just ahead of us, in making his turn he misjudged it, and if it had not been for the alertness of our host's young daughter who hauled on our stern line, pulling *Yvette* away quickly, our little Silhouette would have been matchwood. After the excitement had died down, we had a couple more drinks to restore our spirits, and at 19.30 David and I staggered off up the quay for our last evening meal ashore. We were due to leave Granville at 08.00 next morning.

(To be concluded)

A capsize

By Daan Cevat

THOUGH it is extremely unlikely that you would capsize your Silhouette, it is not impossible to do so, as I found last September. What was worrying, however, was the fact that she then sank in minutes.

How she capsized is still a mystery to me as well as to a number of experts with whom I have discussed the facts. What happened was

this. I was goose-winging before a Force 6 wind in a narrow stretch of the Kitley (Yealm) river, high hills on both sides, with gusts which were estimated to be Force 9. My main sail was well reefed to port, the storm-jib to starboard, the tiller showed no signs of strain and the jib stood steady. Suddenly I swung to starboard, and capsized into the wind, the starboard side in the water. I did not gibe, it would seem, though dinghy sailors know how quickly one can capsize, and how difficult it is to remember exactly what happened. The wooden cockpit seat covers came off immediately, opening the starboard wide to inflowing water, filling her up stern first, the bilges and cabin after; she heeled over backwards, and in a few minutes only the pulpit was visible above the water.

It is possible that I exceeded the maximum speed for this size of boat, thereby building up a wave under her stern, which would lift her forward and make her unbalanced. Then, there were those severe gusts between high hills, coming from different directions, and the freak conditions existing to cause an accident.

That is what happened, and the next question is what I should have done once we were in. Let me tell you first that I was somewhat handicapped by a friend passenger, a middle-aged man suffering from angina who, being a doctor, knew that the shock and the cold water were very bad for him; he was, quite naturally, very worried indeed. So, after hailing a nearby boat with an outboard, and seeing the chap acknowledging my call, I just comforted my passenger. With an experienced passenger, we might have righted her by standing on the port bilge-keel.

It may be of interest to tell you how she was salvaged. Before she sank, I managed to tie a fender to a long rope, which was attached to the boat. After seeing my friend safely off to my cottage, I reported to the Harbour Master, who suggested the local boat yard for the work needed. I arranged with them to organise divers who had to come from Plymouth, and fixed the time we could start, as their yard launch was high and dry until much higher water, owing to repairs.

When we finally set off, and reached the spot where my boat sank it was a good three hours later and dusk was approaching. We could not find my fender, so we motored up the river, with the tide still running in. We were five on board, and we all searched the surface carefully and were a good mile farther up river before we spotted that fender. The divers went down immediately with torches, and came up to say that they had never seen such a wonderful, though spooky sight. My boat stood there, upright, both sails beautifully filled and, above all, she was not damaged. They also informed us that she was standing in a pool, and was 40 feet down. They proceeded by taking down the sails, the mast, took off the outboard-engine, took out heavy equipment and my guest's jacket with his appointment book, etc., in a pocket. They then locked and bolted the cabin door, and I would like to add that they did not cut a single rope, nor did they lose a shackle. Wonderful chaps, these Plymouth divers.

My friend Mike Parsons, of Hurley's, had, with his wife, already joined us in another boat, to see if he could help. Knowing those waters as he does, and with his expert knowledge of boats in general and the Silhouette in particular, he was of tremendous help, and also gave the divers directions on how things were fixed, and advised that the tabernacle presented the best and strongest hold for a rope for pulling.

This we had to know, as it was decided to pull the boat under water by thick ropes to the side of the river where she would dry out after the tide had turned. The strong launch managed this quite well, and it was pitch black when we left her in a sheltered place.

At one o'clock in the morning, Mike, his wife, and I, armed with buckets, drove down to the beach, where in the moonlight she stood, more beautiful than ever. Having emptied her, we moored her properly, and went home to pick up a boat to tow her back to her moorings.

Had I capsized some miles out at sea. I'm afraid that neither my friend nor I, nor a good many other people, could have swum that far, and a pram dinghy obviously is no life boat, especially not in rough weather. I would, therefore, suggest that all owners: (1) get buoyancy fitted under the bunks; I had mine done at Hurley's who used Poron, and I also got two 75lb. buoyancy bags for under the cockpit; (2) have their cockpit seat covers secured; Hurley's fitted cleats to engage under the edges of the fibre-glass surround with a penny fastener at the aft end (as on a lazarette door) as well as making them a little more water-tight with seating rubber; (3) fit seating rubber round the forward hatch, and always keep this hatch bolted when at sea. In my dipping, the air-lock in the cabin and bow gave temporary buoyancy to keep her bow up for perhaps an extra minute.

Finally it pays to be insured, because this accident cost Messrs. Lumley's a tidy sum, and would have cost them even more if I had insured my passenger as well. It is worth your while to take out this extra cover for passengers who are not members of your own family.

We asked Mr. Robert Tucker, the designer of the Silhouette, for his observations on Mr. Cevat's experience. Mr. Tucker writes:

Kitley is notoriously dangerous, even for those who, like Mr. Cevat, sail the Yealm as a base. The fact that he capsized into the wind suggests some form of narrow "twister"—a sort of miniature tornado, but there also can be unsuspected currents to upset calculations. In any event, in this hilly terrain the wind is often coming down steeply, so that its pressure on the sails increases with heel rather than decreasing in the normal way.

A ply Silhouette has enough buoyancy to stay afloat, and—as we know—will right itself as soon as the capsizing force is removed. A glass boat has no natural buoyancy, and will sink just as fast as the water can get in. There has, of course, never been any doubt that loose cockpit seats or hatches are dangerous and ought to be secured. If the water can't get into the boat, it will float.

But once it starts to fill, beware of having all that buoyancy in

the bilges: given half a chance it will complete the capsize, leaving you well and truly afloat, but bottom up. Do try to get buoyancy above the waterline. One neat trick is to line the cabin sides and deck heads with these domestic styrene-foam tiles; apart from adding useful buoyancy upstairs, they reduce condensation and temperature differentials making the boat so much more habitable. Glass boats are notoriously more prone to condensation than wooden ones. although both will benefit from this treatment.

Weather Helm with Deck Awash

By J. S. Flashman

THE story of why and how we built at home *Coringa* (SII 1871) reaches its climax in the title. Through ten years in foreign parts, the family had become accustomed to holidays in wide open spaces and, recalled to London Head Office, we looked for something comparable within easy travel. Breasting a peak in the Lake District we found all other peaks in sight occupied. Caravanning proved far too neighbourly, and a sailing canoe, capsized at dusk on an ebb tide in the Hamble River, nearly gave us a night in our life jackets in the Solent.

The obvious next experiment had to be a cabin cruiser. Completely devoid of the right kind of sailing experience to guide us, our only specification was something trailable, so that we could vary our waters and minimise mooring costs; large enough for two or three to live aboard, yet small enough for man and boy to launch and recover without boatyard assistance. Also, it had to be built at home without any experience in the art. From yachting journal advertisements we sent away for a variety of outline plans, and selected the Silhouette for reasons so insignificant at the time that we do not remember them.

Finding the working drawings intelligible to a chairborne engineer with practice confined to D.I.Y., we decided that, rather than use a kit set, we would make this as much an exercise in craftsmanship as merely getting a boat. Through the evenings of our last shoreside holiday in the caravan up by the River Lune, my 16 year old son, Garry, and I worked out a timber list. Then, while we cleared enough of the jobs around the house to ensure a period of quiet from the Empress who rules there, we called quotations for the timber. This led us to a boat and timber yard at Richmond near home, where we found the double advantage of competitive prices and most helpful advice from the patron and his assistant, Peter, who was just starting on a Silhouette for himself in his spare time.

In November we laid down the stocks and got started. By Christmas we realised that D.I.Y. carpentry methods were not quite good

enough for the frames and longitudinals, in spite of a close study of Michael Verney's "*Complete Amateur Boat Building*". Our friends at Richmond kindly advised on boat-building practice and we virtually started again in the New Year. As we could not buy the longitudinals full length, we had to scarf-joint them, and bending them intact around the frames was troublesome. More experienced builders will probably scorn us, but we finally had to make up a steam box and pulled the softened timbers into the curves with numerous Spanish windlasses, using most of a hank of codline. Planking with ply proved easier than was foreseen. A narrow strip of ply clamped on the frames at right angles to one end of the required panel provided axes from which points on the other three sides were measured and plotted on an 8 x 4. Laid on a couple of planks between two saw horses the panels were cut a bit full with minimum labour and discomfort, using a jig saw in a power drill. Offered up, trimmed a bit and proved, the panels were curved to the frames with "G" clamps and numerous others were made up from 8ins. coach bolts and scrap wood, while the drilling was marked out for silicon bronze serrated nails.

Having in mind that glued joints cannot be opened after the two shot resin glue has set, these nails were used throughout for all ply panels after glueing. Drilling for the rudder tube might have been troublesome with our inadequate tools, but luck was with us.

Turning her over proved light work for Garry and his numerous friends around. Then the deadwoods, Hurley keels, and rudder were fitted. The decking, cabin, etc., took time, but were not difficult, using the ply strip method to mark out the curves. Finally we varnished and painted her with two shot polyurethane (with ornamental and strategically located patches of sand-in-paint on the decks). Mobility was the next requirement, and getting the hull onto the trailer was perhaps the hardest labour of the whole exercise. Already encouraged to think in terms of a larger future boat, we had acquired a trailer to suit. Tilting her to and fro on rising piles of wood blocks, we raised her until the keel fore end would enter the soaped channel of the tilted trailer, and then we hauled laboriously on the trailer winch.

With so many problems already overcome as they arose, and encouraged by advice from our Richmond friends, we decided to have a go at the mast and boom. A specialist yard supplied the selected spruce halved, which we reversed, grooved with a plough plane, and glued up, held at about 6ins. spacing by wedge clamps cut from scrap ply. With the timber finally shaped to drawing, we cut and formed from brass sheet the mastead and clew fittings, and had the brazing done outside. Proprietary roller reefing gear was fitted. With the mast erected with codline rigging, we measured up for the stainless steel wire rigging which was made up outside.

At this point of progress—after eight months of effective weekend work, plus one holiday week on the mast and boom—our craft was complete externally, but with only as much done inside as was

part of the structure. There were then ten days left of the school summer holidays, and we decided, more or less on the spur of the moment, to launch her and go for a ten day cruise up the Thames. Ignorant of even the state of the tide, let alone the low water condition, of the ramp at Petersham, it was only with the help of numerous bystanders prepared to get wet that we got the trailer into water deep enough to float her off. Then we realised that, with the confidence of inexperience, we had piled the cabin floor high with equipment, clothes, and stores for ten days, without a thought that she might leak. This she did through one keel bolt hole, and the bilge pump was not piped through to the cabin. Bailing every two hours throughout that night while Garry slept, persuaded me to recover her in the morning for attention. Sealing compound cured that leak and, pottering under engine up above Windsor and back, she soon made no more water than was desirable to keep the beer cool and we gave up pumping. Deck leaks were also negligible.

We brought her back home for the winter but an overseas journey prevented further work until the New Year, when we laid out a programme to complete her for the sea at Easter. As a further exercise in craftsmanship we rejected less venturesome advice in favour of that given by Bowker and Budd in their most helpful book *Make Your Own Sails*, and set off on that course. Messrs. Bowker and Budd supplied the Terylene and all other materials comprehensively. Our lounge and dining room together, with the furniture moved back to the walls, provided just enough room for a sail loft. Between formal meals and similar social interruptions we laid down spare 8 x 4's and other large off-cuts of ply, sufficient to mark out the sail plans in chalk on them. Provided that we did not walk on them, they did not creep out of line on the carpet, Allowing fullness as our mentors prescribed, we cut the sail cloth with a sharpened electric soldering iron, and sewed it up on a domestic sewing machine. Brass eyelets were opened out with any tapered tools that fitted somewhere near, and finished with a ball pane hammer. Roping was hand-sewn according to the book. Run up on the boat in the garden they looked fine if out of place but, of course, we could not fill them with wind. Our berth and cockpit cushion interiors were supplied to our templates by the research department of an obliging manufacturer working up a new line in foam plastic, and our Empress covered them with PVC fabric using the same sewing machine.

Assisted by daughter Hilary, down from Oxford, all the other odd jobs including lining the galley space with aluminium sheet, fitting Formica, plumbing a stainless sink, and painting internally with fire retarding paint, were completed just in time. On the Thursday evening we towed her down to the Hamble, and launched her on the rising tide on Good Friday morning. Under the Seagull 102 we took her into Southampton Water and hauled up the sails in something like a Force 4 from the N.W. She ran easily and pleasantly down to Black Jack buoy off Calshot, while Hilary prepared lunch

which we ate in the Solent. Conscious that the boat was amateur built throughout and had never before been in the sea, and that our sailing experience was negligible, the home port looked rather far away at Black Jack, and we beat back to see if both we and the boat could. The wind pulled out all the fullness in the sails that Bowker and Budd had prescribed, and she sailed truly and confidently.

Next day, and for the rest of the Easter holiday, a Force 8 deterred us from sailing (and most others of our size except Flying Dutchmen). Each day we motored down to look at the open water, but left the sails off—except that one time when, trying not to be defeated, we ran them up reefed to try a broad reach up the river channel. We felt our work proved when we experienced the thrill of holding weather helm with the lee deck awash — or were we foolhardy ?

Reading Francis Chichester's *Lonely Sea and The Sky* at about the critical time in our construction, we were relieved to find that *Gipsy Moth* finished 13ins. too long in 39ft. Our craft is out by 2ins. maximum somewhere, but she is a recognisable Silhouette. Our error seems to be slight under curvature in the stem and hog as they opened out off their moulds. Robert Tucker's drawings seem to allow for some variation in the final measurements of the hull, as they are not fully dimensioned for items that are built in after the hull is formed. Lofting the lines seemed unnecessary in a hard chine boat, as well proved as the Silhouette, and no difficulties arose from omitting that operation. We considered sheathing the hull with glass fibre, but decided that we could re-paint it several times with best polyurethane cheaper than sheathing it. As the boat is at home between trips, the labour of re-painting is insignificant.

Using Thames marine ply and other good materials throughout our craft cost £300 in 1964, including £20 for sails but excluding engine and trailer. This compares favourably with current ex-yard and kit set prices, even without the added satisfaction of D.I.Y. We have learned a lot on this boat and would do some things differently another time. Several good ideas have been gleaned from Reg Wood's article in *The Silhouette Owner* for May, 1965.

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* * *

We much regret that Jimmy Edmonds, of 12 Willowfield Avenue, Nettleham, Lincoln, was listed as being the owner of a Caprice. His boat *Nikki* SII 1214 is a distinguished Silhouette, and Mr. Edmonds is an Owner-Member of the SOIA.

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