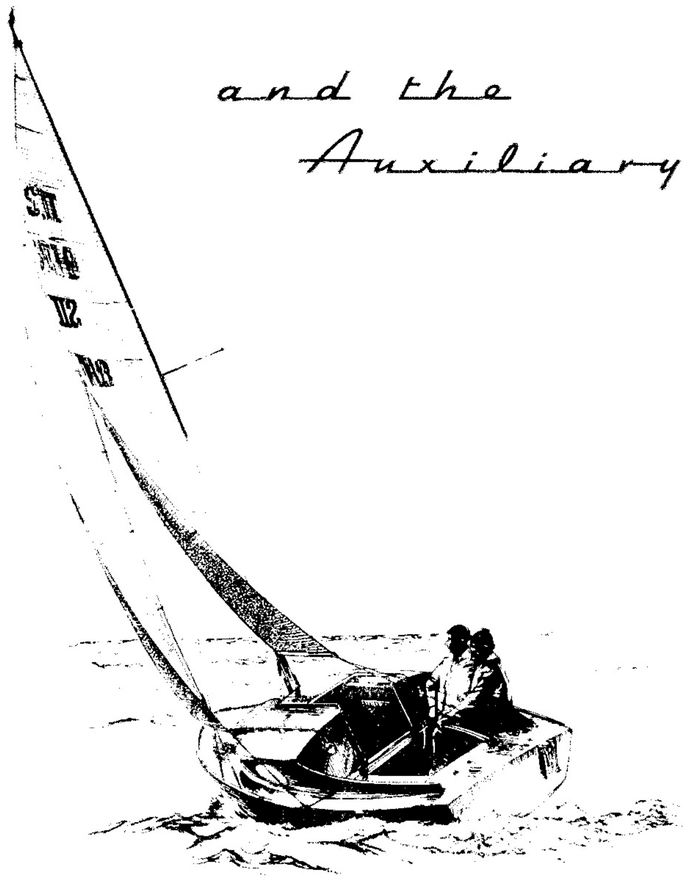
The Silhouette Owner

The journal of the
Silhouette Owners' International Association

NUMBER 58 NOVEMBER, 1965 PRICE 1 -

and the Auxiliary...





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THE SILHOUETTE OWNER. The *Journal* of the SOIA is published monthly, and is sent to all members by post.

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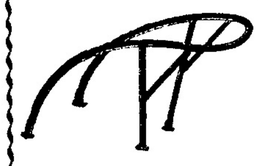
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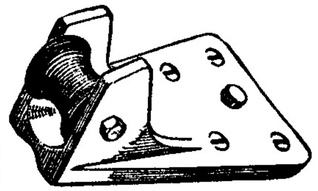
A good word for bilge keels

MOST of us from time to time have had to put up with this sort of observation, " Bilge keels ? All right for drying out, I suppose, but, of course no Silhouette will go to windward ". It is good to hear an authoritative voice denouncing this for the nonsense that it is. Senor Juan Baader, the world-famous naval architect and yacht designer, has a most interesting passage about the Silhouette in his book *The Sailing Yacht*, just published by Adlard Coles at 84s. " Twin and bilge keel yachts ", he writes, " appear to go to windward very well despite their shallow draught, and they are constantly finding fresh supporters ". He includes the Silhouette II, with drawings, in a chapter on " Ten Unusual Yachts ", and he writes about her thus. " About forty years ago the first twin keel yacht was built in England, but it is only in very recent times that this type of boat has enjoyed a considerable popularity . . . The twin keel arrangement is particularly advantageous if a boat dries out. In places where there is a large tidal range and sandy flats are uncovered, such yachts do not have to lie on their sides when the tide is out. In addition, it may be said in their favour that they do not roll so much. In England, well over 1,000 twin keel boats have been built, mostly to Robert Tucker's design Silhouette Mark II (*now around 2,000 Silhouettes—Ed.*) but also to many other designs. In France, there are hundreds of boats of this type ". Senor Baader's book is an outstanding addition to sailing literature, combining a fascinating historical account of the development of sail with

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much practical instruction on sailing and on getting the best out of one's boat. It is infinitely worth buying, and if the price of four guineas seems high, relate it to the cost of just one evening out nowadays: an evening out may be nice while it lasts, but it is soon a memory; a book will stay on one's shelves, to be read and re-read over a lifetime. Senor Baader is wonderfully unprejudiced, and it is to be hoped that his views on bilge-keel boats will put an end to the ill-informed rubbish that is talked about them by those who have never sailed in them.

Secretary's notes

ENCLOSED with this edition of *The Silhouette Owner*, is a nomination form for the nine positions on the National Committee that are automatically vacated every year and elected at the Annual General Meeting. Our Commodore is concerned at the inability of members to be present in London for the A.G.M. to voice their opinions on the running of the Association; would you, therefore, please fill in the names of the people you think would be able to carry out the various tasks, sign the form, and return it to the secretary ? Every signed form will be taken as a vote in the absence of the signatory, and please remember that even if you have no wish to change, someone has to vote for the reelection of an existing officer. No doubt someone will point out that it is customary to have nominations seconded—in this case we intend to dispense with this practice as time is short, and our membership is spread far and wide.

* * *

Does anyone know the whereabouts of Silhouette Mk. II 840? This boat, complete with trailer, was stolen from a boat yard at Kingston-on-Thames, and the owner and the insurance people would be pleased to have any information. It is a timber-built three berth version, with a Stuart Turner 1½ h.p. inboard engine No. R3M/40R422. While it

would be a simple matter to take off the number on the sails, the offer of a boat of this description with the engine numbers removed should be viewed with the utmost suspicion.

* * *

A Winchester-based member has sold his Silhouette, and would like the opportunity of crewing occasionally. He has transport, and would willingly travel anywhere between Poole and Chichester.

* * *

Of the many letters received, the following extract is published without comment (for your opinions, please): "At times I shudder when I read in the magazine about people going on sea trips with Silhouettes. So often they only just avoid trouble, and often the situation should never arise. Preparation and crew watches seem to be neglected. I know of six cases where Silhouettes have had to be towed home, two requiring the lifeboat out. Most were due to getting on a lee shore and unable to sail off—motors are of little use in a really heavy sea. Please don't encourage someone to do a *Tinkerbelle*".

* * *

Many participants have written to say how much Plymouth Week was enjoyed by all. These letters are very much appreciated, and even if not answered, any suggestions made for improvements next year are carefully noted.

* * *

The National Committee has decided to hold the Rally again at Plymouth in 1966, of which all details will be duly announced, but it should be noted now, that this time it will be a week earlier—that is the second week in August. It has been suggested many times that another venue should be found and tried, and the committee felt that this was a matter for the A.G.M., therefore anyone with ideas of a likely spot would do well to drop a line; but please, we do need more details than just the name of a place. Is there a yacht club that would act as host? Mooring facilities adequate? etc., etc., is the information required. One idea that has been put forward is for a Continental Rally, and it is known that we would be welcomed by a Danish club near Copenhagen, which is held by many to the finest sailing area in the world. It seems possible that boats could be shipped as deck cargo for as little as £10, and charter air fares are under £20 per person. There is no doubt that the holiday would prove a bit more costly than a home based rally, but as one who knows Denmark well writes: "It would be the greatest thing that has happened between the two countries, since Queen Alexandria came to us to be Queen of England". No doubt the item on the agenda "1967 Rally" will bring forth a lot of ideas at the Annual General Meeting.

* * *

It is hoped that the association will be able to have a small stand at the Boat Show again this season. Our Supplies Officer, Mrs. Morgan, has offered to do all the organising necessary to have this stand manned for as long as possible, so if you have a week, day,



afternoon or evening to spare, during the show period, and would be willing to help, Eileen would be pleased to hear from you. This appeal is directed particularly to our lady members, whom it is thought might be able to attend during the daytime. From personal experience it can be stated that this is a pleasant way of spending a few hours, and one does not need to know all the technicalities of sailing. The free copies of the *Journal* we distribute at this time are much appreciated, and usually together with an application for membership form, satisfy most enquiries.

* * *

Some cruising enthusiasts, have altered the fittings to the mast support in the cabins of their Silhouettes, to enable these to be removed while living aboard at moorings. While the convenience of this is obvious, experience of someone who has used this idea for a season or more, should prove if the alteration is worthwhile, or if it has unexpected hazards.

* * *

Mention has been made in these pages of the difficulty of refuelling the Seagull while underway in a sea. I use a quart size plastic bottle, with a small enough spout to go inside the filler aperture of the tank. This can be filled in the cockpit, (being plastic one need not overfill, as it is transparent) and all that is necessary is for the filler cap to be removed and the bottle held while the contents gurgle in. This brought cries of horror from a crew member one time, as he thought that the fire risk was great, owing to the initial splashing running on to the hot engine. Perhaps a better idea is a small pump to deliver straight from a can in the cockpit to the tank by a small bore tube, or are there other ways?

* * *

Dates for Diaries:

Annual General Meeting and Cocktail party, Saturday, January 8, 1966. Plymouth Week, August 7—13, 1966.—R.A.G.

Windermere

THE annual all-comers handicap race for yachts staged by the Royal Windermere Yacht Club on Saturday, September 11, in aid of the Royal National Lifeboat Association had for the first time a large number of pocket cruisers competing with the traditional lake 17ft. racing craft and Flying Fifteens. It was an encouragement to S.O.I.A. members to see so many taking part in an organised race.

Silhouette owners did not think that they would have much chance of winning the pennant, and a number of them organised their own race within the race for a sweepstake. At the start there were more than sixty boats including Silhouettes, Alacrities, Felicities, Dragonflies, Spitfires and Folkboats. The strongest class were the delightful Windermere 17's (which cost incidentally about £2,000). Wind conditions were light, but sufficient to keep boats moving and a delightful race was had by all. Nearly all the cruisers which started at 2 p.m. kept together on the run down to Blakeholm, but once round the buoy Colin Simpson sailing a fin-keel Felicity, drew right away, and was not seen again. The racing craft soon bore down on the cruisers with a mighty roar as they tore through the fleet and with many a shout of " Starboard ". However Simpson with his fin-keel Felicity managed to stay ahead, and was first over the line to win both the sweepstake and the Lifeboat Pennant, followed closely by an ex-racing Windermere. Third was the very successful new Windermere design, Sailfish.

Most of the S.O.I.A. members gravitated afterwards to Storrs Hall Hotel, and are now anxious to develop organised class racing and are hoping to arrange to start early in 1966. There is a good starting line off the hotel, with jetty and landing facilities, and (not least) some very good draft beer at the hotel. Any members who would like to race next year are asked to drop a line to Mr. Leon Brown, 9 Rutland Court, Oak Road, Manchester 20. Mr. Brown is hoping to get the names of all Silhouette, Felicity and Alacrity owners who have boats on the Lake from the council during the winter, and he will write to them before next season. From a provisional count there appear to be over 70 of these type of boats on the Lake — quite an achievement for George Hurley to have invaded such a traditional boatbuilding area with so many boats.

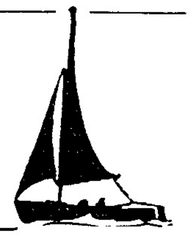
It is hoped to get the support of the Ulswater boys in the organisation for next year, so anyone who has a boat in the North, do come and race with us.—E.T.

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Fog

By John R. Tod

The log of a cruise round Anglesey and to Ireland in Spray, July 1965.

Spray is a Silhouette II, three berth (plywood) 17ft. 3ins. with Seagull 100P outboard engine. Extra sails are genoa and storm jib. Bought new in 1963, moored at Rhyl Yacht Club, North Wales, and trailed home to John R. Tod (47), Over Peover, Cheshire for the winters. (No. 1561).

HAVING been a radio operator on a mine sweeper during the war, and being, as he describes it " the son of a sea-cook ", Bruce Grant, art master, was an enthusiastic and reliable volunteer as crew for the proposed voyage to Ireland. We left Over Peover at 17.00 on Friday, July 9 and had a quick trip to Rhyl in Bruce's car, the only complication being the half-dozen eggs (they emerged ready for scrambling). As soon as *Spray* floated, I rowed off in the dinghy, mounted the Seagull (too quickly) and brought her up to the quay for easier loading. I have found that the dinghy is not worth the towing, as we can usually beach on any reasonable shore and land dry-shod with the anchor, getting aboard again from a carefully placed boulder.

20.00. Very light air from due West, motored out, beyond the perches and then shut off the fuel, the engine stopped and promptly dropped off. The safety lanyard round the stern mooring cleat saved it,

and a quick haul prevented any long immersion, but because I had carelessly inserted the mounting pin through the lower hole the engine was not secured, and our holiday might have been spoilt.

20.30 off Sandy Cove and making slow progress with main and genoa. At 21.30 put tiers on sails, drained petrol pipe and started Seagull, heading for the Great Orme at one-third throttle. Refuelled tank every 1½ hours and ourselves with coffee from flask. Passed through red and white arcs of Great Orme lighthouse, which has a perfect situation over 300ft. up the cliff face. 23.45 coastal forecast received clearly, having stopped for the purpose. Irish Sea variable, Force 3, Westerly, later backing Southerly, so we decided to go through the Menai Straits instead of round Anglesey by Point Lynas, the northern headland. This would give us a more Southerly point of departure, the better to use the expected wind. Heading for Trwyn Du lighthouse, flashing white, the ebb tide ceased to help us, and we met the flow out from the Straits. This being my first night's sailing, I found the phosphorescence in our bow-wave wonderful. The plankton must react to disturbance in a fraction of a second, as the glow started only an inch from our propeller, and continued like a bumper helping of pale green candy floss springing out from the whirling blades and dying away three or four yards astern. A bucket dropped into the black sea was immediately filled with this weird light and when emptied over the deck sparkled like ghostly glitter powder.

The strings of light along the coast from Colwn Bay, Llandudno, Conway and Llanfairfechan came abeam slowly. The ebb was really against us now, as the Straits narrowed, but we could see the clear twin red lights of the Lifeboat Station and a flashing white light on the Anglesey shore led us to Beaumaris Point, which we touched with our keels as we turned into drop anchor east of the pier at 03.00. After hot soup, Bruce's 15-stone seemed to fit very well into the quarter berth, and we slept until 05.00, when the wash from a passing tanker woke me. An alarm clock was the first bit of equipment which I missed. Without one it is difficult to sleep deeply, as one is afraid of not waking at the right time (in this case, for the shipping forecast at 06.45) which gave Irish Sea Southerly 4 or 5, veering SW 5 or 6. Tea at 07.00 with beautiful sunshine, Bruce's comment, " Isn't it marvellous, this morning's quite different from this morning ! "

With a light wind dead ahead we motored down towards Menai Bridge. There were five Silhouettes near Beaumaris, and many more at Gallow's Point and the Gazelle. I saw a yellow one, which I hoped was David Mortimer Jones's *Sian*. Many craft of all kinds were riding to their mooring in the sun. Tied up at the Bridge Pier, and climbed up one of the piles and over various fences to get water (on the pier) and fuel (after half an hour's wait). Breakfast at 09.00, having reclaimed the eggs from various bowls, tins, mugs, etc. Our calculations gave high water as 09.30 at Menai Bridge, but we didn't find slack water in the Swellies at 09.20. I had written out sailing direction from the excellent *North Wales Pilot* for this tricky stretch of water between the Suspension Bridge and the Tubular Railway Bridge, both over

100ft. above the water. These directions also showed times of shipping forecast, tide, moon and sunrise, buoyage, lights, fog signals and other relevant information for the Welsh and Irish coasts for the periods July 9—11 and 22—24. The typewritten sheet was slid into a flat polythene bag 10ins × 8ins., and sealed with a candle flame.

As it turned out, the flow of the stream, with just enough engine for steerage way, took us past the various hazards so quickly that it was difficult to follow the leading marks ; but the tide was high and the twisting channel between the rocks and beacons was fairly wide. Still, the water was in turmoil and at half tide this must be an awful place. Port Dinorwic on the Welsh shore we passed at 09.45 in a dull grey light, with headwind and much spray. We put on PVC gear and a second lack became apparent—no sou'westers! (Bobble hats are no good at keeping the water from running down the neck).

Bruce filled a flask with hot soup (genuine Les Halles onion) and although we intended to anchor for a spell near the Aber Menai headland before making out to sea, the wind was tricky, and we pressed on taking the inshore passage to the right of Caernavon Bar, leaving the lighthouse to starboard. A course was set South of West, as near the wind as we could. *Spray's* compass is an American magnifying type, which is very clear and well illuminated with a dry battery, but I had mounted it during the winter on a small shelf in the cabin just below the bridge-deck. It could be seen from the cockpit through a Perspex window 6ins. × 4ins. cut in the bulkhead. This position now had two disadvantages ; it meant that the compass was easily deviated by such things as the knife box, the spare Gaz cylinder, or a tin of fuel in the cockpit ; also, to see it fairly, the helmsman had to bend his head to the centre line of the boat. The only advantage was that for ordinary sailing it was out of harm's way, and yet available in case of fog.

The sea was getting up, but no white horses yet. *Spray* was sailing well, but often a large sea would slow her, and we had to ease away, thus adding to our fear of making the Irish coast too far North. The rain became heavier towards midday, and the wind stronger. By 13.00 hours Bruce was wet through with rain and spray. I foresaw heavy sailing for some hours, getting more and more miserable with the prospect of some hours sailing in the dark to follow with an untried compass and bad visibility in the rain preventing us identifying the lighthouses. At 13.15 I decided to retreat.

Sailing free on the opposite course things were much easier, but exciting, on the ten miles or so back to our point of departure. I had home-made lifelines, but it would not have taken much to tip us into the troughs as *Spray* surged along, the wind coming down in squalls which sometimes put the side decks awash. When it lifted a bit we suddenly saw a 25ft. sloop on our beam, with the helmsman giving the slow yachtsman's " All Right " wave. About 14.30 the rain and mist lifted, to show the lighthouse ahead which re-assured me as to

the compass, and that the leeward drift was not so tremendous as the dinghy-racing types would have me believe.

When about three miles from the lighthouse we turned to take the SW wind abeam and to make up the coast of Anglesey to Holyhead, so that Bruce could get a train back to his car at Rhyl and I could take the steamer to Dun Laoghaire. We kept the headlands in sight as we sailed along, the other yacht just in sight ahead, but making inshore, Bruce steering well, but wet and chilled. Off Rhosneiger Head he went below and dried his feet before taking on some hot soup which was more than I could manage, as the genuine onions had a 100% fragrance. In a break in the rain we took a bearing on the tower off Rhoscolyn Head and kept a sharp look-out as we took the channel between the island and the rocky shore. The sailing was very busy, and we had to estimate quickly that it would be about slack water and that any tide race would be slight. Beyond the island the water took on a most peculiar shape, with streams arguing with one another. The seas became worse, with waves bounding up sometimes into white columns of water, which would have lifted a small dinghy bodily into the air ; a place to keep clear of when the tide is running strongly. Off this point we saw a 6ft. porpoise lifting and plunging in the waves. Round the head the wind eased and the squalls were less frequent. South Stack found us with lack of wind, and running the Seagull in clearing weather and better light. Furled sails after the North Stack in the lea of Holyhead Mountain, and motored into the harbour along with the car ferry from Dun Laoghaire. Made the concrete slipway near the Coastguard tower at 19.00.

We beached *Spray* to telephone home to say that the weather was too vigorous for us, and that Bruce would return the next afternoon. His naval experience led him to a tot of rum, which certainly revived him at once, and he started a lecture to me, an abstainer, on the efficacy of this spirit. However, a generous newspaper of fish and chips made me feel so good that medicinal rum appeared superfluous. The fact is that the helmsman in a Silhouette gets the best of it ; the chap near the cabin bulkhead is the one who receives the spray down the neck, each dose penetrating a little farther down the spine until the toes are soaked. Anchored in 15ft of clear water out in the harbour we slept well, and at midday Bruce caught the train home. We had left *Spray* at the end of the quay with 4ft. of mast showing, and when I returned she had drifted round the corner, and I couldn't get her back to the steps whatever I did. In the end I reached the shrouds with an outstretched foot, and was able to slide down the mast quite easily. Rested in the afternoon, and then sailed about the harbour (667 acres) and round into the bay towards the Inland Sea.

I inquired at the Yacht Club but could not raise a companion for the trip to Ireland. I bought a proper Howard Safety Harness and tested the compass by alignment with the Skerries and Holyhead lighthouses. In my bunk at 22.00 after a hot meal. Breakfast cleared up in time for the 06.45 forecast, variable Force 3, good visibility, becoming poor in rain. Ronaldsway NW by N, 2, 22 miles. Decided

that as I wanted a sail, I might as well go out to sea until the midday forecast: if that was good I would go on, and if not, turn back. Filled the Seagull, which left 5 gallons of fuel in the forepeak, with 2 gallons of water and the 5/16ins. chain (90ft.) which would balance myself and the outboard. I filled the washing up bowl with two flasks of soup, pad and pencil, sailing directions, transistor, torch, starting cord, spare plugs, spanners, chocolate, apples, etc. I wore jeans with overall on top, PVC trousers over gum boots, storm jacket over personal buoyancy, and the Howard on the top, hitched to a double mooring line from mast to stern cleat. The sun shone, the clouds moved slowly from SW and the sea was calm. Hoisted genoa and main and cleared the harbour at 07.30 on Monday.

When well clear of the North Stack changed course to W. 09.30, the Welsh mountains still plain beyond Holyhead, so I thought the Sugar Loaf on the Irish coast would make a good landfall. Reckon I am doing just over 4 knots which I believe is 20ft. in three seconds or thereabouts. Sun hot with all my PVC on. 11.35 sea calm, sky dull now, with rather thicker cloud ahead. 12.15 Holyhead just visible in haze, but well up, breeze from SW a great help. 12.55 Welsh forecast gave SW winds so altered course to 140 deg. M in case I can use this wind later. 13.58 gave SE, Force 3, veering to S, Force 4 or 5, becoming moderate. Decided to press on for Dun Laoghaire as sea, calm, air warm, rain stopped. and feeling well.

16.40, better visibility for last two hours, with no rain. Nothing in sight for some time now. Tied Irish Sea Admiralty chart to table for use in cockpit. 17.50, mist for the last hour or so, engine stopped with seaweed, and while clearing it with boathook heard 3 booms of fog horn faintly, also occasional explosion of the Kish light vessel. Chart gives " fog dia. 3 bell Dun Laoghaire ", but I can't hear any bell, probably too far away. 18.00, just going to start engine again when hear diesel engines ; most alarming, as I may be in the steamer lane, although I have tried to keep well to Southward of them. Cannot hear either fog horns or diesels with engine going, and no wind now. Forecast 17.58 SE wind with moderate visibility ; here no wind, and can see only a few hundred yards, difficult to judge in this undulating sea. Ran with engine for 20 minutes when propeller choked with weed again. Three booms bearing 240 deg. M. and diesels no nearer. The three booms must be Dun Laoghaire so decided to pack up course, and home on the noise. 18.50, steering on 240 deg. M. and just going to stop engine to listen for fog horns, when see waves breaking on black headland to starboard. Really taken aback, but realise that it is a ship only half a mile away, and these waves are those running along her sides. Could see only the waterline, no superstructure. Think she is making into harbour and will follow but on checking her course she is going due S. My neck getting chafed with constantly looking all round the boat for dangers.

07.30, Tuesday. Well, all that was terrible. I am feeling better now, but shaken. That ship was a cargo boat, and not a ferry steamer at all, and soon disappeared, together with her diesels. This noise is

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President:
J. R. L. ANDERSON,
Two Ways, Charney Bassett, near Wantage, Berkshire.
Telephone: West Hanney 282.

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frightening in the fog, as it is elusive yet penetrating, and I had no idea how close it was to me. Without a radar reflector one feels most unsafe. After she had gone I was more unsure of my position, as I had been homing on these three booms for 1¼ hours, yet the sound was not much louder. I couldn't hear any other fog signals, and I thought that perhaps explosions do not carry as well as the diaphones. I checked the chart again, and the only thing to do was to continue homing on those three blasts, as by now the tide might have carried me well along the coast. The sea was heaving, as though it was made of dirty black polythene, with men underneath pushing it up with mop handles as the mood took them.

I kept on until 21.00 like this, running and stopping to hear the blasts becoming louder, more like a bull roaring, then I caught up with it—awful dismay—it was a lightship. I steered so as to see the name painted large on her side, *The Codling*. The relief of being able to tell where I was changed at once to disappointment. I felt bad, with dark coming on, and the mist swirling. I thought of the

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frightening in the fog, as it is elusive yet penetrating, and I had no idea how close it was to me. Without a radar reflector one feels most unsafe. After she had gone I was more unsure of my position, as I had been homing on these three booms for 1¼ hours, yet the sound was not much louder. I couldn't hear any other fog signals, and I thought that perhaps explosions do not carry as well as the diaphones. I checked the chart again, and the only thing to do was to continue homing on those three blasts, as by now the tide might have carried me well along the coast. The sea was heaving, as though it was made of dirty black polythene, with men underneath pushing it up with mop handles as the mood took them.

I kept on until 21.00 like this, running and stopping to hear the blasts becoming louder, more like a bull roaring, then I caught up with it—awful dismay—it was a lightship. I steered so as to see the name painted large on her side, *The Codling*. The relief of being able to tell where I was changed at once to disappointment. I felt bad, with dark coming on, and the mist swirling. I thought of the

Regional Groups

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South-East.	*Hon. Sec. Stan Morgan, 19, Philbrick Crescent East, Rayleigh, Essex.*
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lightship crew sipping hot cocoa, and playing cards in the lamplight. I stopped the engine and examined both charts, the Admiralty 1468, and the Imrie Irish Sea blueback No. 58. The latter was not clear to me; it seemed to read for Dun Laoghaire "dia, on 2/bell". I tried to reason sensibly. I had a first-class boat, in which I had every confidence in any sort of condition. I could soon be out of the shipping lane. I had a good engine, and if the wind came, as promised, I had a reefing mainsail and storm jib. I was physically fit and not tired, apart from being cast down at the wasted time. I had some courage left. The sea was kind, with only a swell. The mist gave visibility of about half a mile, so I could see the whole of the lightship in the fading light. A course of 300 deg. M would clear the various sandbanks, and bring me towards the coast distant about 18 miles or so.

I started the engine, and the lightship was left to disappear once more into the gloom. The compass was well illuminated, and for a time I was much more confident, but by midnight, when I had been steering for sixteen hours and reckoned to be about 11 or 12 miles from *The Codling* I found the fog thicker as I neared the coast. Stopping to refuel, I was suddenly overcome with seasickness, probably due to tension and fear. I think a lot of seasickness must spring from apprehension. I lost all that soup, and felt cold. I could no longer hear *The Codling*, either the fog had choked it, or the

very light wind was carrying the sound up Northwards. No chance of seeing any shore lights. I retreated to the cabin, where the last bit of candle was soon burning out in the lantern, and wrapped my wet PVC in a sleeping bag, sitting with the washboard out, so that I could listen for any diesels or waves breaking. Sitting huddled there was very miserable. I began to think that there was the return trip to face ; should I make the land all right ? Could I manage on my own ? Should I have to see *Spray* hoisted up on to some steamer's deck ? Or leave her behind at the end or our holiday ? All very depressing. My wife, Joyce and younger daughter, Jane, were due by air at Dun Loaghaire that afternoon (Tuesday) and would expect me to meet them. I began to have the shakes with uncontrollable trembling of knees and wrists. However, my mind was all right, and I had great confidence in my boat. I prayed, and then dozed, stirring every so often to peer into the mist, faintly lit by moonlight, I suppose.

I came to finally about 04.00 on Tuesday with a start, and saw that the fog had lifted to a ceiling of about 30ft. above the water. Then a black shore line and, to my great relief, four lights about 5 miles away. Easy to recognise too, the single one would be Wicklow Head and the group of three Wicklow Harbour, almost due West. I was very thankful, but after some thought decided that I must not put in directly, as I must reach Dun Laoghaire by 3 p.m. to meet the others, and I should appear presentable at the hotel with *Spray* properly arranged for. I had plenty of fuel left, and if the fog didn't come down again I could follow the coast round Dalkey Head and arrive in time, so making up, to some extent, for my foolishness in getting lost. A strong cup of tea, with plenty of brown sugar, and a sweetly humming Seagull took me on a NW course. The mist coming down again I could just make out the railway embankment, but nothing inland. When half a mile from the shore I kept that distance, coming in closer as the fog thickened. No wind at all. At Greystones, a broken down harbour, the fog was dense, and I turned in to drop anchor 25 yards from the beach where the motion was slight. It was 08.00, and for a few minutes I just watched a postman going from door to door along the row of houses near the harbour. It was marvellous. I had a shave and stripped off my weather gear. My underclothes were damp with sweat ; there hadn't been enough rain to penetrate, and I reckon I must have been sweating with fear. Had a bowl of rice pudding, some more tea, and an hour's lie down, then, at 09.00 ran *Spray* up the beach and jumped ashore to speak to a fisherman who had appeared. He was bemused that *Spray* had come out of the fog from England, and was very insistent about the dangers of Brae Head and Cable Rock a few miles up the coast, which I checked on the charts. A most helpful man. Any human being would have been welcome. I felt like Scrooge after his night with the spirits. The Irish fisherman's opinion of the fog even was encouraging, *" Oi tink it'll lift "*.

Set off with the engine again, on the last 12 miles with the flood

tide helping us along. Taking a bearing on Dalkey Head I passed a large yacht, with mainsail set but engine going, in Killiney Bay. Visibility improving, and even a suggestion of sun, my spirits rapidly rising. It was easy to see that there was a safe channel between Dalkey Island and the head and so I didn't go out and round the Muglin Rocks. Took a bearing on Dun Laoghaire harbour lighthouse, and lucky I did, as half a mile from the entrance the fog came down thicker than ever. I waited for the large yacht to come up to port, and asked the skipper whether this was his home port. " Yes ", so I would like to follow him in. As he passed the lighthouse, the car ferry came out astern, going at what seemed to me a fair speed. I kept close astern of my pilot, and could see nothing in the harbour. After some groping, we made out some large yachts on moorings, and soon the skipper had moored up, and asked me alongside. I had my fend-offs ready, and was soon in his saloon. This was a magnificent vessel, the skipper, Dr. Moorhouse, was finishing a cruise to Ushant, and had experienced fog and rain all the way back from Land's End. His wife did the navigation, and his crew of three lively young chaps jumped to it, getting a meal ready and stowing the sails. The doctor asked me what I was drinking, and remembering Bruce's advice I asked for a tot of rum. Brandy was the nearest thing he had, and on being reassured that I would be able to stand up afterwards, I downed a good halfcupful, which had an effect rather like chlorodyne cough mixture. But it did settle my sore stomache and I sat there, asking about their cruise, and looking round at all the equipment, ship-to-shore 'phone, echo sounders, retractable log, radio direction finders. Mrs. Moorhouse poured in hot tomato soup. They made me very comfortable ; but I realised that I must make a move if I was to clear Customs and reach the hotel in a fit state to welcome the family.

George Smith of the NW Silhouette Association, had kindly given me an introduction to Mr. Kennedy of the National Yacht Club, and I was made very welcome there. I ran *Spray* round, and made fast to a concrete wall. All the yachts are on moorings, and all further movement is by runabout and boatmen. In fact, in Ireland they still have the conception of service. I had to climb the wall to reach the Customs office. I had hoisted my Q flag, which provoked a smile from the Customs men. They recorded my arrival in their day book, but apart from that my SOIA card seemed sufficient proof of my dependability. There was $\frac{1}{2}$ gallon of fuel left.

The Dun Laoghair's fog horn was going, nothing like the strength of *The Codling* and it was *not* blowing Force 3. It is essential to have a current nautical almanac, as well as charts, and to use more than one source of information to fix one's position, in case some of the information is wrong. Had I not been confused, I could have tied up in Dun Laoghaire at 17.00 last night. As it was, I didn't step ashore until noon, having had no lie down for 30 hours except for an hour at Greystones. Changed into my suit, and carried the

baggage up to the hotel where Joyce and Jane arrived at 16.00, having been delayed on the flight by fog! Although we were invited to a mooring in Dun Laoghaire for a week, I was glad to sail *Spray* round to Bulloch Harbour along the bay, as the great Regatta was due to start, and the harbour would be busy with racing, and I seem to lack the competitive spirit.

Paddy Smith, 84, and with 20 years on the Holyhead steamers, made us welcome at Bulloch, an ancient but handy harbour, much used by evening fishermen from Dublin. *Spray* took us each day along the coast or off to Dalkey Island to look at the goats (and boats) but we slept at the Shangri-la Hotel. We liked the Irish—so forthcoming—and we had a wonderful and interesting week exploring. At Coliemore Harbour, said to be the smallest in Europe, they told us: " one more boat, and there'll be no room for the water ! "

After a bad forecast for Tuesday we decided that I should attempt the crossing early on Wednesday, again single-handed, as I couldn't think of anyone to go with me. The start was overshadowed by an ignominious incident the evening before. We had walked down to the harbour each evening after dinner to see that *Spray* was all right, and at that time there were many strollers about the quays. The word had got round from Paddy that this little boat was leaving for " England ", and I felt very self-conscious at we strode along carrying a large suitcase, a camera bag, a parcel and a chart under my arm. Jane and Joyce walked ahead, laden with another suitcase, a large picnic basket and so on ; reminded me of Three Men in a Boat, and their dignified return to the Pride of the Thames. The tide was low, about 3ft. of water, and *Spray's* deck was about 10ft. below the quay, over which hung, at sharp angles, several thick mooring lines. I had always descended by these ropes, and I did so again, feeling that all eyes were upon me. Foolishly, I didn't let go of the chart, and half way down, the rope slid along the quay, throwing the chart into the water and me after it. Mud and fish heads and a complete soaking, but not a laugh! The Irish were only concerned that I was not hurt, " Give us a hand. Take this rope. I'll get a boat round ". I said that I must finish stowing the gear, and then climbed up the rope again to make as seemly an exit as I could. Jane held the inner swing door open, Joyce the outer one, and I scurried across the hotel foyer before anyone noticed I was wet through.

I missed an alarm clock again as I tried to rest between 22.00 and 02.00 and finally got up at 02.30 and crept out of the hotel. There wasn't much moonlight, and I had some difficulty opening up the camping cover. Then the lantern was lit (six spare candles in stock now!) and some soup heated for the flask. It took an hour to get ready, with everything to hand in the cockpit including new Sou'wester. All metal cleared from round compass, steamer crossing times added to sailing directions. Out of the harbour at 04.00 on Wednesday, with very light air from NW, to see our hotel room light burning, and a figure at the window. Gave three flashes on green to show all right, but felt very bad about Joyce up there on

her own, and in for a rotten few hours. (Resolved that this sort of thing was just not on).

I wanted to see the new Kish concrete light, so set course of 70 deg. M. This structure was not working yet, and I passed between it and the old Kish light vessel, with genoa and main and Seagull running economically. 05.00 turned off compass light, sky thick and rather cold. 06.15 Kish out of sight astern, sun trying to break through, and sails well filled. Making good progress, and feeling well. 06.45 forecast NW Force 2 to 4 increasing gradually to Force 3—5, showers, moderate visibility. This last was worrying, as I had had some of this Irish moderate visibility, but all seemed fair so I sailed on due East. On both passages I was ignoring the tides which run N-S, as I reckoned a normal crossing would be about 12 hours thus cancelling out the up and down movement of the tides and landing Spray at the point she was aiming for. Sighted two large cargo vessels on courses which crossed mine. 09.50 heard strong sound of diesels to N, but could not see anything, although visibility at least a mile which was reassuring. Sailed for a spell without engine, but only making about 2 knots in light NW air. Had soup and biscuits. Could see a long way, but hazy horizon. 13.00 refuelled, but engine wouldn't start. After four pulls changed plug, and she went straight away. I carried three new plugs as well as spare points, HT lead, etc. I hoped to be able to see land from about 14.00, but nothing in sight. Kept a little South of East to keep clear of steamers, and to ensure a land fall South of Holyhead Bay, where there is high ground. I knew that the passenger steamer was due to arrive at Holyhead about 15.00, and that she made 18 miles an hour, so should be able to verify my position from her.

13.45. I noticed some fresh looking drinking cups afloat (in a Silhouette it is so easy to pick up samples from the sea which is close to hand!) and I thought that these must have been thrown overboard from the morning steamer, and had been blowing South for some hours in the light breeze. Changed course 10 deg. Southerly, to compensate for what must be a too Southerly position. 14.00, sighted cargo steamer going NE, visibility about 3 miles now. 14.15, sighted passenger steamer astern about 1 mile on port quarter. Immediately changed course to 60 deg. Mag. as Joyce and Jane might be aboard, and looking out for me (they were). 14.25, changed back to Easterly course, as passenger ferry now out of sight, and don't want to be in the lane for the outcoming steamer from Holyhead. Reckoned I was about 8 miles from the coast. 15.00. Tide taking me fairly briskly Northwards, but mist ahead and could not see any land. Heard North Stack foghorn, rather like a bell in tone, but clear. Outgoing steamer passed half a mile to South, visibility about $\frac{3}{4}$ mile. 15.11, could not see more than $\frac{1}{4}$ mile. Stopped engine to listen to horn, very clear to SSE so steered 150 deg. M. 15.30, all steamers gone so can move about more freely, steered 180 deg. M. as horn bearing 210 deg. and keeping eye open for harbour wall, can only see a few hundred yards. 15.35, can see the North Stack station,

turned more Easterly and in five minutes made out harbour wall, although cannot see the lighthouse on the end. 15.45, can see the lighthouse with klaxon-type of horn going, no wind, sea calm. I have been most fortunate indeed to make the 60 miles passage in twelve hours with so little wind and a foggy landfall using three gallons of fuel. The Stack out of sight for some time, as I round the lighthouse into the harbour. Made up the centre towards the coastguard tower and ran *Spray* up the beach just where she was nine days ago. Replaced the Rhyl burgee with the Q flag and jumped ashore.

Up in the Coastguard's lookout I was hailed with, "Are you with *Spray* from Dublin?" He had already telephoned the Customs about my arrival; they don't miss much these chaps, thank goodness. When I got down to the group again there was Jane runnng up to meet me. Joyce had already found digs, and the Customs officer soon cleared me, although he was very thorough. "Have you been sick while out of the country?" "Yes". "Are you carrying any squirrels?" "No". I was issued with my first "Pratique", and hauled in the yellow flag.

Next day, Thursday, we three boarded *Spray* and sailed out of Holyhead at 11.30, making for the Skerries lighthouse with the sun shining and a light wind. The wind died round the headland, and we had to motor along past the nuclear power station. Anchored in a quiet rocky cove in Freshwater Bay for dinner, and then on a course direct for Puffin Island, where we hoped to anchor for the night. However, that Irish oil was sooting the plug again, and halfway we turned and made into Red Wharf Bay. It was 20.30 before we reached the mouth of the channel, and we could see there was not enough water, so we had supper and went to bed. *Spray* dried out shortly afterwards, to float again about 02.00 and toss about for three hours, while to my surprise and pleasure the crew slept. As soon as it was really light I crawled out ran her up the channel to the complete shelter of Red Wharf, which is a natural harbour, and we slept until 09.00. We dried there from 09.00 to 17.00, and had a restful day in the sun. We were made most welcome by Mr. Bob Turner of the local yacht Club, who took us in his car for petrol, and was a fund of help and advice. His Debutante *Tai Hoa* was moored alongside two other Silhouettes in the harbour.

At 07.00 on Saturday, just after high water, we sailed off with genoa and main straight out to sea. Our keels touched the sand leaving Red Wharf Bay, then we made good time to Trwyn Du lighthouse. The ebb was coming out of the Straits, and we anchored in shelter on the Anglesey shore for breakfast, coming up to tie to Beaumaris Pier at noon, thus completing the circuit of Anglesey. Jane and Joyce visited the large castle, while I watched a huge catamarran, the *Tsulamaran* which, I was told, had just been built by Prout and was the largest in Europe, costing some £75,000. She had everything, even a motor scooter lashed to the rails for errands ashore..

After tea we motored to Gallows Point, and were delighted to

find that the yellow Silhouette was *Sian* and, what was more, David and Ann soon were rowing out to her, to spend the night aboard. George Smith also appeared, and came aboard to bring his good wishes. The NW Venturers made us very welcome at their excellent clubhouse, and with at least a dozen Silhouettes there for the Pegg Trophy, we felt again that we had the right boat. A wonderful backdrop of the beautiful Welsh mountains makes this a marvellous mooring for the lucky people who can get there for weekends. On Sunday we left after seeing the start of the race, sailing to Puffin Island, where we waited for three hours for the tide to help us along the coast. Spent half an hour ashore at Llandudno Pier, and across Abergele Bay in bright sun with a light wind aft, which did no more than cause an unpleasant motion. The crew again didn't notice it, and I can feel only that they have more confidence in *Spray* now. Made up the channel to Rhyl harbour at high water to throw the vast amount of baggage ashore to Grandpa, who was kindly waiting for us with the car.

We all had a wonderful holiday, the first complete fortnight for 20 years, and I had learnt much. This was my first attempt at sailing out of sight of land, and *Spray* had come through it, giving renewed confidence in her. Dr. Anderson, of Rhyl Yacht Club, said that the trip reminded him of his charlady's comment on Prof. Picard's ascent many years ago in a balloon: "Sheer bravitude, that's what it is, sheer bravitude!" but I know that our exploit smacked more of foolhardiness, blessed with much good fortune. At least we had made a start on the course to Hiscock's "cruising without fuss", knowing, at the same time, that there was much water ahead.

STATISTICS

Friday, July 9	16 miles	4 hours
Saturday, July 10	62 miles	13½ hours
Sunday, July 11	3½ miles	1 hour
Monday, July 12	70 miles	16 hours
Tuesday, July 13	22 miles	4½ hours
Wednesday, July 21	60 miles	12 hours
Thursday, July 22	34 miles	8½ hours
Saturday, July 24	13 miles	4 hours
Sunday, July 25	29 miles	6½ hours
	309½ miles	70 hours

Kelongs and Sumatras

By Flight Lieutenant N. S. Smith

THIS has nothing to do with Silhouettes, only with sailing generally; but if you weren't interested in sailing, you wouldn't be reading this, so it is not out of place.

At the end of last year we were sent to Singapore, so, not wanting anyone else to have our Silhouette, we left her on her trailer in a dry shed in Scotland, and came out to investigate sailing nearer the equator. The season, we found, starts as usual at the beginning of May, and

finishes about the end of April. There are half a dozen sailing clubs on the island, mostly Services dominated, and large numbers of outboard runabouts. The temperature is normally within 5 degrees of 90 F, although the occasional 75 F cold spell raises newspaper articles! The sun shines most days ; often high clouds modify its heat, but not its ability to burn. In the middle months of the year the sun lies north at midday, and shadows move anticlockwise.

Storms occur more frequently at the ends of the year, and are heavy, wet, noisy, and last about one to two hours, with occasional squalls; winds generally are 10 to 15 knots, either NE or NW depending on the season, strongly modified by the diurnal sea breeze effect. Tides can run over 2 knots in places, especially round the coral reefs, where the shallows are. Water colour is a good indication of reefs, as well as of slight change in the sea state. Tide range is about 7 feet, and sea temperature is just between cool and warm bath temperature. Fish and jellyfish abound, but we haven't seen any sea snakes or sharks yet.

We shopped around a bit, and eventually had a boat built, a local version of a British design (by now forgotten). The result was 20ft. by 7ft, round bilge, carvel built, frames and bottom greenheart, topsides a softer hardwood, copper fastened. Half-cabin, huge cockpit, bilge keels, out-hung rudder, and a horrible Bermudan-type rig. Sails were from Hong Kong and were not too bad, but for £220 complete, who's going to complain ?

We took the boat as it stood, intending to find out more before we did any alterations ; joined a club, and sailed and motored round the island to a mooring (the island is about 20 by 15 miles, joined by an impenetrable causeway to Malaya). We cruised a bit, raced a bit and thought a lot. Incidentally, during this stage our No. 2 son (two years old) walked overboard. We make it a rule that both boys wear life-jackets and life-lines in the boat, but in this case the life-line rule slipped a bit, and Steve found himself in the water in his inflated RFD jacket. He's never been so angry before ; but the jacket worked wonderfully.

Then there was the insurance. Edward Lumley helped us out, and two days later the boat was struck by lightning. The timing was a bit tight, and the results impressive. We did not see the strike, but witnesses said the whole boat was bathed in fire. The hollow mast exploded at truck and hounds, and split the tabernacle ; the nylon halyards were scorched and stiffened, and the 5/32ins. diameter S.S. forestay was blackened. A heavy flash burnt the forestay fitting and stem bands, planking round the chain plates was splintered, and the caulking in this area blown out.

Back we motored to the builder: much amazement " what happen ?, what happen ? "—" Ah so "—" Not see for 20 years ! " —" Is very lucky ! ". Well, we hope he's right. After some delay the boat was again fit, with a masthead rig and back stay, provision for a cutter rig, a genoa on order, and a small skeg to reduce the heavy

weather helm. This was the first stage of our alterations. Unfortunately the rig is still not quite right ; shrouds leave about 6ins. of unstayed truck, and any strain on forestay and backstay produce violent bends in the tip. A top diamond-stay is in production. It will be seen that we are taking " the art of coarse sailing " rather liberally; racing is interesting, but the Yardstick applications out here are rather approximate, and somehow we can't approach racing with quite the same fervour as some people. Anyway, who wants to race, with palm-shrouded coral islands on the doorstep ?

We went to watch the local annual water sports, being mainly interested in the boat events, not the greasy pole and similar antics. Unfortunately, the present Indonesian situation stopped many entries from the islands to the South, but nevertheless there was quite a good turn out. Apart from the G.P.s, Snipes, Albacores and Dragons, which raced in restricted classes to normal rules, the rules were merely the basis for discussion, and not really rules. The start line was a slack hawser, all starts being from rest—well, that's what the rules said. Some boats seemed to think that if they could see the hawser, that was sufficiently accurate. Some confused the two minute gun with the start gun (but never to the boat's disadvantage). The boats are long slender things ; about 7 : 1 ratio, with negligible freeboard, no deck, no ballast and no keel. The rig is staysail and enormous sprit main. Steering is by paddle.

Sumatras and kelongs ? A sumatra is a storm from the Malacca straits that hits us about dawn with winds of up to 60 knots for a couple of minutes, then dies off into an ordinary storm. Kelongs are fish trap lines of stakes up to $\frac{1}{4}$ mile long in up to 30ft. of water within 10 miles of the coast, normally with a hut and family at the end. They form quite an obstacle, as they normally lie athwart the tide. We know that Kelongs and Sumatras do not really belong to the article, but it did seem an interesting title.

New Members

We extend a most cordial welcome to these new members:

J. Ballantyne, 64 Broomfield, Adel, Leeds 162; Major H. E. Bourne, 15 Cookshot Road, Malvern, Worcs. 1190 ; J. B. Bryon, Craig-yr-Haul, Castleton, Cardiff. 1837 *Pegasus*, Anglesey ; D. A. Chandler, 84 Thames Side, Staines, Mdx. *Tranquillity*, Thames ; J. S. Hill, 51 Wandle Road, Tooting, S.W.17. 1837 *Surfari* ; D. J. Holder, Flat 1, 326 Pacific Highway, Lane Cove, Sydney, N.S.W., Australia ; S. Hother-Lushington, 3 Hetton Road, Leeds 8 Yorks. 1931 *Pterodactyl*, Scarborough ; W./Cdr. R. Iliffe, 8 Wolsey Mansions, Main Avenue, Moor Park, Northwood, Mdx. 500 *Chitambo* ; L. C. Jones, 54 Ganges Road, Stoke, Plymouth. Felicity 310, Plymouth ; J. Kinsman, 7 Furzchatt Avenue, Plymstock, Devon. 1960 *Winifred*, Plymouth ; D. E. Miller, 36 Wakefield Gardens, London S.E.19. 1812 *Patricia*, Poole ; H. Patton, 9 Maple Grove, Bath. 35 *Malin*, Poole ; G. A. Pettingell, Musgrove Manor, Taunton, Som. 679, Brixham ; R. E. Proffit, Well House, Elton, Nr. Chester ; C. Quayle-Hird, Tullamore, Hooton Road, Willaston in Wirral, Ches. 520, Dee ; H. K. Qilter, 11 Calder Avenue, Brookmans Park, Hatfield, Herts. 819 *Xtra*, Fambridge ; D. W. Riemer, 6319 West Allerton Avenue, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, 53220, U.S.A. ; A. C. Roberts, 17 Overdale Avenue, Barnston, Heswall, Wirral, Ches. ; D. A. Titley 37 May-

lings Farm Road, Fareham, Hants. 1007 *Jeadra*, Fareham ; G. J. Tytheridge, 4 Beeches Court, Avondale Road, Bromley, Kent. 1074 *Melita*, Chichester.

P. Badderley, Rocklands, Queens Drive, Windermere, Westmoreland. 1881 *Tina*, Windermere ; R. A. Britton, 26 Longthornton Road, Streatham, S.W. 16. 67 *Mistral VII*, Solent ; L. J. M. Lawrence, 27 Claverton Road West, Saltford, Bristol. 1362 *Kotick*, Poole ; J. G. Watts 148 Locks Road, Locks Heath, Southhampton. 687 *Me Too II*, Warash.

Letters to the Editor

PLYMOUTH PICTURES. The cameras were clicking away during Plymouth Week, and many others (like me) must have arrived home with a collection of pictures of other people's boats in action. Since in most cases the negatives will not be used again after the album print has been taken, would it not be a good idea to send the negatives to the owners of the boats (whose addresses appear in the membership lists)? I have already done this. Any 440 pictures, please ? — John McCarthy, Skilgate, Taunton, Somerset.

MAKING SAIL. Once again the Silhouette *Journal* has been read from cover to cover, especially Reg Garrod's " Plymouth Week, 1965 ". I should have loved to take part in this, but, unfortunately, during the season pressure is full on. I did, however, manage to put in the Monday as spectator only, and greatly enjoyed seeing the craft both sailing and moored at Sutton Harbour. One small thing I did notice was the hard work made of preparation to sail. When I first purchased my craft, the first thing I did was to fix Inglefield Clips wherever possible on all my gear. No more fiddling around with shackles, and the work is done in a tenth of the time. The tip might be worth passing on.—E. Oliver, 21 Fernhill Road, Newquay, Cornwall.



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WANTED Silhouette trailer with brakes. Nicholls, 9 Canterbury Court, St. Augustines Avenue, Croydon.

BOSUN'S STORES. Terylene ties, burgees, car badge transfers, brooches, from Mrs. Eileen Morgan, 19 Philbrick Crescent East, Rayleigh, Essex. Back numbers of the *Journal* (on loan) from Eddie Coxell, 40 Louis Drive East, Rayleigh, Essex.

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

FOR SALE. Silhouette 773 2-berth Hurley 1961. Red sails ; standard and genoa, white spinnaker, sparlight mast and boom, extras and modifications. £375. J. D. O'Brien, 12 Malpas Drive, Pinner, Middlesex.

WANTED. Glassfibre Silhouette in good condition, preferably with trailer, pram dinghy and outboard. Details and price to Sweet, Windy Brow, Wargrave, Berks.

SMALL ADVERTISEMENTS

RATES: SOIA members announcements, 3d. a word (minimum 2s. 6d.) Trade notices 1s. a word (minimum 10s.). Please send payment with advertisement.

STOLEN From Kingston-on-Thames on September 10. Silhouette II sail number 840, name *Honey III*. Inboard Stuart Turner serial number R3M/403422. Any information please to Parker Marine Services, Station Approach, Shepperton-on-Thames. Tel.: Walton-on-Thames 20700. Or CID offices, Kingston Police Station, Kingston-on-Thames 1113.

FOR SALE Glassfibre Silhouette II No. 1450. Inboard Solo engine, electric start. Pulpit, roller reefing, storm jib. 8ft. dingh. £500 or near offer. Owner going abroad. D. W. Everard, Bereth Lodge, Court Road, Newton Ferrers, near Plymouth, Devon.

WANTED Silhouette trailer. D. Welsford, 159 Lodge Road, Writtle, Essex. Tel.: Writtle 686.

WANTED Road trailer for Silhouette. Condition not important. Shiells, 157 The Flats, Albert Street, Windsor.

FOR SALE Silhouette II *Sallyanne* 1961, 2½ berth, in good end of season condition. Complete with all cruising gear and many extras including Seagull Plus outboard, fits in well, dinghy, and road trailer, little used, ready to tow away. £300 or near offer. Salter 16 Imadene Crescent, Lindford, Bordon, Hants. Tel.: Bordon 595.

FOR SALE *Tumbletoy* must go! Owner going overseas in December. What offers for S II 624 ? Well maintained 2-3 berth, Century, trailer, overall cover-tent awning, Terylenes, etc. Squadron Leader John Sands, Officers' Mess, RAF, Swanton Morley, Dereham, Norfolk. Or 77 Greenwoods, Walters Ash, High Wycombe, Bucks.

FOR SALE Sillhouette II 1841 Hurley 1965. Various extras with Solo inboard. £450. Now at boatyard in Woodbridge, Suffolk. Henderson, 19 Wellington Square, London SW 3.

WANTED Silhouette trailer, condition immaterial. Must be cheap. G. Sheerlines, 17 Southfield Drive, Hadleigh, Essex.

WANTED Silhouette II, plywood. Inboard engine, trailer. Must be sound. J. Ballantyne, 64 Broomfield, Leeds 16. Tel.: 678222.

FOR SALE SII Blue Nylon Spinnaker, complete with Ulstron sheets, Terylene halyard and block, spinnaker boom and mast fitting. £12 10s. Dunlopillo cockpit cushions for wooden Silhouette, covered cream Vynide £5 pair. New unused storm jib in white Terylene £5. Campari one-man inflatable dinghy or liferaft £5. G. M. Hopkinson, 16 Meadow Road, Malvern Link, Worcestershire.

FOR SALE 1964 (wood) Felicity, littled used, metal mast, cooker, cockpit cover, cushions, trailer, Century outboard, etc. Price £560. MacDougall, Coombsland, Langdales, Armathwaite, Nr. Carlisle.

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