The Silhouette Owner

The journal of the
Silhouette Owners' International Association

JANUARY, 1966 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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Ten Years

THIS year, 1966, brings the tenth birthday of the Silhouette II, first under sail in 1956, and the tenth year of life for our Association, which was founded in 1957. In the history of a Class ten years is quite a long time, and we can take a justifiable pride that as our little Silhouette enters her second decade she has friends all over the world. She has won friends by her own qualities—staunch, seaworthy and sea-kindly; few small boats ever designed have stood the tests of time and the sea as well as the Silhouette. With some 2,000 sail numbers on most of the world's seas, the Silhouette Class is immensely flourishing, and we hope that this year's Boat Show will recruit many new owners into the wonderful Silhouette family. Although the Silhouette Class is now ten years old, there is nothing old-fashioned about the Silhouette nor will there ever be. She is a simple, sturdy sailing cruiser, designed to meet the changeless demands of seakeeping, and designed brilliantly. Every small-boat sailor owes a debt of gratitude to Robert Tucker for his Silhouette, combining—as we think no other small boat in the world does quite so well—the economic needs of this second half of the twentieth century with the unchanging qualities that are required to sail safely at sea. We are also grateful to George Hurley and his people at Plymouth for building the Silhouette so well. By any standards she is a cheap boat, but there has never been anything "cheap" about her. We are proud of her builders. To anyone looking

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for an able small cruiser there is no better buy in the world than a Silhouette, and in the Silhouette Owners' International Association there is a wealth of collective knowledge about her, available to all new owners. The comradeship of the Association is also at once available to all new owners, and it may be that the wonderful family-feeling that exists in the SOIA has played its part in the Silhouette's success. We are particularly encouraged by the number of ex-Sillhouette owners who stay with us as Associate Members when they buy larger boats. Many people who have once experienced Silhouette ownership decide that the Silhouette can give all that they ask from a boat, and look forward to a lifelong relationship with her. Others have families that grow bigger, and feel the need for more accommodation in their boats. From the beginning, the SOIA has followed a policy of non-exclusiveness: We are the Silhouette Association, but we are sailing men and women first, and we welcome everyone who shares our love of the sea. And in this spirit we look forward confidently to our next ten years.

New Members

We extend a cordial welcome to the following new members:

L. Forsten, Aningaisgatan, 1 D, Abo, Finland, 1928 *Snark*; M. Frenchman, 8 Hemingford Road, London N.1., 1714 *Swan Song*, Poole; R. W. Hand, 16 Bryony Road, Birmingham 29, 590, Bredon; E. M. Hart, 36 Tarn Road, Thornton-le-Fylde, Blackpool; Col. T. K. Lacey, Woodlands, Sollershott West, Letchworth, Herts, 1779 *Sadie P*, W. Mersea; V. F. Lloyd, 140 Wellington Road, Hale, Cheshire, 1508,

Jane, Beaumaris; C. J. Peakin, 60 Hathaway Road, West Croydon, Surrey; M. H. Rixson, 20 Clarence Place, Gravesend, Kent, 1164 *Louise,* Medway; B. Robinson, Lindevangsvej, 17 Birkerod, Denmark; E. Sumner 9 Oak Tree Avenue, Ingol, Preston, 816 *Diana,* Lytham St. Annes; G. E. Waghorne, 15 Silverdale Road, Swanpool, Falmouth, 1406 *Janette,* Mylor; P. W. Wordsworth, 11 Long Rydon, Stoke Gabriel, Totnes, Devon, 1285, *Lassee,* Brixham.

The Suzanne Trophy

WE congratulate Mr. D. F. Lecocq de Dotteville on being awarded the *Suzanne Trophy,* presented by Robert Tucker, for the account of his night passage from St. Helier to St. Malo, published in the September issue of *The Silhouette Owner.* Mr. Bernard Hayman, Editor of *Yaching World,* kindly undertook to judge the logs this year. He writes:

Having been given a free hand to judge the Silhouette Logs "at my absolute discretion", I must admit that I enjoyed the task and make the award to Mr. D. F. Lecocq de Dotteville, for his story *Night Passage,* published in the September/October issue of *The Silhouette Owner.*

The author succeeded in satisfying most of the requirements of a good descriptive story, because he had plenty to say, but did not exaggerate, pad or glamorise. A night passage in any sized yacht needs to be planned with greater care than one undertaken in daylight. Wind and sea always appear to increase as night falls, and the author captures that feeling of slight apprehension which all yachtsmen know so well. Incidents like the loss of a compass light seem very important at the time, and I was glad to see that he had a spare bulb. The descriptions of the almost inevitable confusion concerning the identification of buoys will ring true to anyone who has made a landfall on the rocky-studded coast of St. Malo. Of the five Cowes-Dinard races I have taken part in, three finished at night in fresh to strong winds. I was navigator, and the author has my sympathies.

The boat was obviously well prepared: the forecast was good and the owner and crew did not try to bite off more than they could chew. Lecocq de Dotteville has written a good story of nine hours at sea, which will live long in the crew's minds. My only criticism would be of their lights. I hope, when the author says he switched on a "masthead" light, that he means a steaming light: even if it was mounted at the masthead. The practice of having an all-round white light at the masthead, instead of one shining through the required arcs, is confusing to other yachtsmen in close quarer situations, as well as being illegal.

The professional seaman is trained to recognise light and take the necessary action, and if yachtsmen want to remain with the freedom to use the "public highway" that we have at the moment, it is important that we behave according to the rules, irrespective of the size of our boats.—Bernard Hayman.

Secretary's notes

THE pleasure one usually gets from reporting activities of the Groups is very much marred by the news from the North West that their much-loved and respected secretary George Smith is rather seriously ill in hospital. George has attended most of the official meetings of the Association for many years now, and is well known to nearly all members for his friendly manner and his ability to talk to anyone in that slow, slightly Lancashire, accent; and I am sure that it will be expressing the wishes of all to say "Get well quickly George, we will miss you". Anyone wishing to drop him a line, always the most welcome thing next to a personal visit, when in hospital, should write to Ward 12 A, Withington Hospital, Manchester.

* * *

The Plymouth Group has had a spot of bother, owing to family illness. Vic England has had to relinquish the post of secretary. This is a sad blow to us all. Vic worked so dilligently and well, mostly behind the scenes, and it is to him that we owe so much of the success of the last two Plymouth Weeks. A rare personality is one who works hard and never seeks the kudos; thank you, Vic, for all that you have done, and may your domestic worries soon be in the past. Ernie Sweet has stepped into the breech, and taken over from Vic, and I am sure that there are few people more capable. Ernie is a Naval man, which really needs nothing added, but those of us who remember how he took over and managed to project some pictures on the wall of the National Liberal Club, when every one else had given up in despair, will realise that there will be few problems that Ernie won't overcome. I understand that he has already co-opted the aid of a very pretty little girl to help him with the typing necessary. I am sure there was a music hall song about nice girls and sailors!

* * *

Sad news from the Yorkshire Group. Brian Beeden writes to say that as the committee consisting of the brothers Huggon, and L. Speight and himself, seem to be the only active members of the Group, they feel that they must announce that they can no longer be termed a Group. Happily, they are continuing their own membership of the Association, and express their willingness to extend true Yorkshire hospitality to any member visiting their waters—waters which should be much better known to Silhouette owners than they are. There is much in favour of the Yorkshire coast; nothing like the crowds experienced down South; scenery that can compare with anything anywhere in the world; and good value for money from the local traders. The newly formed Tees Bay Group reports good progrees. Dick Swarbrick has done yeoman service, gathering all the interested people from the Hartlepools district, and has welded them into a very enthusiastic body. Already they are working on a programme for the

coming season, and I shall be surprised if we don't hear a lot more of their doings in the future pages of this publication.

* * *

We have had an appeal from a Danish-based English member of the Association. He is anxious to purchase a second-hand Silhouette, but bemoans the fact that every advertisement that he answers is always much too old, and the craft sold long before he can enter into correspondence about it. If you know of a good secondhand model, that has not yet been advertised, drop a line to, Bruce Robinson, Lindevangsvej, 17, Birkerod, Denmark. He is anxious to get sailing early in the season.

* * *

Eddie Coxell, who has taken on the job of running the Association's raffle at the party after the the A.G.M., has decided to have more than one prize this year, and is concentrating on items that would be coveted by any Silhouette owner. First on the list is a folding Prout dinghy, which has been generously donated to the Association by Mr. Roland Prout—a gesture that is appreciated as much as we appreciate the value of these wonderfuly versatile little tenders.

* * *

I had the opportunity of testing out the new Hurley 22 sometime back. It was a bright but bitterly cold morning, and unfortunately, I arrived on the scene when the designer was in the throes of trying how much ballast was necessary to give a good trim. Obviously he did not want anyone hanging about while this operation was in progress, and made it quite clear that he resented my offer to help with the mooring lines. All very odd ; after all, I might have been a potential customer. Nevertheless, I did have a short brisk sail round the Sound, and was quite impressed with the general handling. Although we had nothing with which to compare it, I am sure she will be a fast craft. I predict George has backed a winner.

* * *

Bob Tucker had a wonderful write up in our local paper a week or so ago, when the reporter gave a brief history of Bob's life with boats, from the time he worked at submarine development until the present day. This history that could not be told without mentioning the Silhouette, which the author does as follows: "His first and most famous design the Silhouette, first produced in 1956, is sailed in many parts of the world. Since it was introduced, 2,000 boats have been built in fifteen different countries. The design caught on, and there is now an International Association, which organises rallies". We feel sure that Bob must have told them that, but we should be grateful for the publicity however local it may be.

* * *

Just in case you have mislaid your December copy of the *Journal,* the A.G.M. and Party is to be held at The National Liberal Club, Whitehall Place, S.W.1. at 5-30 p.m. promptly on Saturday, January 8, 1966. Tea and biscuits will be obtainable for members arriving straight from the Boat Show, followed by a buffet, and well stocked bars will



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be ready to serve. Members are allowed to bring one guest free, and other visitors will be asked to subscribe ten bob, towards funds. Members children of school age are welcomed without payment.

* * *

A request has been made for loose binders to hold the monthly copies of this this *Journal.* These have been ordered, and we hope to have them on display at the Party, The price will be in the region of 10s. each, but don't be surprised if prices rise, before then.

A Very Happy New Year to all, and let us hope that it will be a wonderful sailing season.—R.A.G.

The Exe Fleet

THE first meeting of the season was held at the Exe Sailing Club, Exmouth, on Wednesday, December 1. This proved to be an extremely interesting meeting, the main purpose of which was to arrange a programme for the rest of the season.

It was decided that Tuesday, January 18 will be the Annual General Meeting, to be held at 7-30 p.m. followed at 8-30 p.m. by our annual party. If this proves as successful as it was last year, we indeed have something to look forward to. It is hoped that we shall be able to show the film of the Plymouth Week.

In February we hope to have a Skittle Match, with members from Teignmouth and Exmouth competing. We also hope to hold a Fashion Parade to which Topsham Sailing Club are to be invited.

One thing which concerns us all is the fact that many members are growing out of their Silhouettes, and are purchasing larger boats ; consequently, attendance could well drop at our monthly meetings. It has, therefore, been decided to make every effort to contact all associate members, to try to get them to come along to our meetings. After all, these meetings are of interest not only to Silhouette owners, but to all owners of bilge keel boats. I personally supplied several members with membership forms to see if we cannot "press gang" some new members into our group.

After the business of the evening was concluded we had a convivial get-together and broke up at about 11 o'clock. — Richard Trevithick.

Cross Channel

By Michael Ellis

NAPOLEON couldn't do it, but then, I suppose that was because he wasn't British, let alone a Silhouette owner !

The decision to go somehow crept up on us. A good meal and a bottle of '57 Beaujolais had harmonised the evening, Camembert cheese and port had mellowed it to a comfortable tone. Coffee and cognac had brought it to a pitch of gastronomic magnificence. Much abreviated, the conversation went: "good wine" — "wine from France" — "over there" — "who, us or the wine ?" — "why not ?" —"capital notion" — "bring out the atlas" — "no distance at all" —"not much further than the ill-fated Wotton Creek sortee"—"not much more than a ditch".

As the cold light of dawn eased her chilly fingers down our spines, and the true significance pierced into our aching brains, it was too late. No backing out.

The Skipper, Mike (can-crusher) Rulton is the owner of *Scorpion II* (SII 1834) the boat chosen for the trip. My own Silhouette *Dreamer* (SII 821) was to be left behind in Chichester Harbour, and my wife Valerie, and I were to sail with Mike.

Each evening on for the next month, would herald the Skipper's arrival, armed with charts, compasses, riding lights, buckets, snubbing winches, hundreds of feet of rope of every size and texture, books on yachts, sailing, knot-tying, rope splicing and even Handy French Phrases. Right up to the night before, my wife still hoped that it was all a bad dream.

Saturday, August 7, at 07.50 hours, we weighed anchor, and slipped out of Dover Harbour. I waved to a member of the harbour authorities with my battered yachting cap, but he only surveyed us through his binoculars with an air of cold indifference.

The Skipper, a mine of misinformation, assured me that he had been given to understand from another Silhouette owner, that the trip would take eight hours, and therefore we could ignore the drift of the tide, as it would counteract itself. We therefore set the compass at 120 degrees and plunged on in our pretty little boat.

The sound of my brother-in-law's mournful forebodings to my wife's family that we would never be seen again, still rang in our ears. (My brother-in-law hasn't actually been to sea in anything smaller than a cross-Channel steamer). He did, in fact, manage to upset my wife's sister, who, until then, had been happily under the delusion that you could get to France by hugging the coast.

One hour after we had left Dover, I relieved the Skipper at the helm, who then downed one of the thirty-six tins of soft drinks that he had brought with him, crushed it absolutely flat with his bare hands, and set himself the difficult task of selecting which of the eight pounds of fruit on board, he was going to start on first. I have never

known the air so clear or the water so calm. Neptune below, and the gods above were indeed smiling upon us that day. No more than an hour and a half out. "Can-Crusher" Rulton pointed dead ahead, and said, "Look, France !" On the horizon was a thin hard line. I said that it was impossible, France would not appear for hours yet, as the horizon of a man at sea level was only five miles and it must be a cloud. However, half an hour later the "cloud" was still there, and I was forced to agree that we were in fact seeing France.

We hopefully looked round to find something that looked like Calais. There was definately something that looked like something, but we broke into speculation as to what it was. The answers came back fast. "It's Blanc Nez !" "It's Calais !" "It's Gravline !" and even—"It's Dunkerque !" We decided in the end, that, whatever it was. we would make for it, and I altered course to 130 degrees. One hour later the course was altered to 160 to counteract Eastern drift.

A moored ship loomed up with the words *Dunkerque Pilote* printed in large letters along its side. I quickly rushed for my 8mm. camera and shot off a few feet. The Skipper, unfortunately was unable to follow suit, owing to the fact that in the operation of loading his camera, he'd dropped his take-in spool into Dover Harbour.

The course was once again altered to 190, degrees and five hours from England the twin piers of Calais opened her arms like a true French mistress, to receive us, and we swept through on the crest of a wave. We had done it! It was France! Calais had been made on a perfectly worked out course of 120—130—160—190 degrees! No Left-Bank French artist could have described a more perfect parabola!

(To be continued)

Cruise to Calais

FIVE years ago—way back in 1961—the SOIA planned a Cruise to Calais from Dover. Several people gathered at Dover for the start, but for the next 48 hours the Channel was wrapped in impenetrable fog, so the cruise had to be cancelled. The time of the year was wrong —it was September, and the risk of fog was a foolish risk to take.

We've learned this lesson, and this year Harry Maloney is organising another Cruise to Calais—for Whitsun weekend. It is a much better time of year, and this cruise really ought to be sailed successfully. The Royal Cinque Ports YC at Dover has kindly invited members of the SOIA taking part in the Calais cruise to use its clubhouse, and it has laid on launching facilities for boats which are trailed to Dover for the start. The cruise will start at Whitsun, but the return date is somewhat elastic: if people can take a week's holiday then, the return in company could be arranged to fit in with a few days extra in France. It is so important to know as soon as possible how many people would like to join this cruise. So will people interested please write forthwith to Harry Maloney, 42 St. Thomas's Road, Finsbury Park, London N.4.

Thames Patrol

THE SOIA was represented by the President (John Anderson) at a meeting called by the London Rowing Club at Putney on December 2 to try to devise ways and means of clearing the Thames of driftwood. Representatives of about 100 sailing and rowing clubs attended the meeting, together with the Mayors of Hammersmith and Wandsworth, numbers of Thames Watermen, and Officers of the Port of London Authority and of the river police.

This driftwood problem is a serious one, and if it gets much worse the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race may have to abandon its famous course from Putney to Mortlake and depart from London altogether. The Head of the River Race and the sailing and rowing generally on the Thames are equally threatened. The problem has grown worse in recent years because the Clean Air Act forbids bonfires of driftwood on the foreshore at low tide, and rising standards of living have made it not worth anybody's while to collect driftwood to chop it up into firewood. In the old days—good old or bad old, as you will—water from the Upper Thames in winter used to come down in sufficient volume to scour the tideway, and help to carry driftwood out to sea. Now so much water is taken out of the Upper Thames for industrial and domestic use, and the flow is so effectively controlled by the Thames Conservancy, that the great scour of flood water from the upper river no longer comes. Added to all these problems is the odd (indeed, ridiculous) fact that *nobody* is responsible for keeping the river free of driftwood and other rubbish. The PLA has powers to remove rubbish, and last year spent some £60,000 on taking about 7,000 tons of it out of the river—but it has no statutory *duty* to clean the river. You can be fined £100 for chucking rubbish into the river, but hardly anybody ever is—in three years there have been only two prosecutions.

A committee has been formed to try to persuade the Government to make somebody responsible for the river—the PLA seems the best bet—and efforts are going to be made in the Commons to move a Private Member's Bill to try to get something done. But all this will take time—years and years, perhaps. Meanwhile those who use the river will continue to be exposed to the hazards of driftwood and other wreckage. The SOIA has put forward a suggestion that clubs—rowing, sailing or cruising—whose members use the Thames should get together and set up a voluntary patrol to collect driftwood on the river, and take it down to the Lower Thames to burn it. This would require help from the PLA in the provision of tugs and barges, but with this co-operation a voluntary patrol could do a jolly good job. The SOIA's suggestion has been taken seriously, and other clubs are considering joining in. If the scheme is carried out, we as an Association, have offered to provide not fewer than four people, good at handling and manoeuvring boats, to work on a rota with the

voluntary patrol. This might be at weekends, occasionally during the week, and sometimes for special jobs—clearing the Boat Race course, for instance, before the race, and sweeping the river before other special events. Would members who would be willing to take part in such a voluntary patrol please write to Reg Garrod, 4 Crawley Road, Bush Hill Park, Enfield, Middlesex, saying on what days of the week and times of day they could be free ? We'd like to get together say sixteen volunteers, who could work in teams of four, so that the duty wouldn't come round more often than once a month or so. Please help if you possibly can.

Tees Bay Group

A meeting of Silhouette owners, potential owners and others interested was recently held at West Hartlepool, on the North East coast, to discuss the possibilities of forming a group which would operate chiefly from the Tees Sailing Club and the Hartlepool Yacht Club. They have headquarters in Middleton, the dock area lying between West Hartlepool, and its more ancient neighbour Hartlepool. These two clubs already have several Silhouette owners on their books, who have done some sailing together ; it was on the basis of this co-operation that the meeting was called. Other Silhouette owners living in the neighbourhood were also invited to attend.

It was unanimously agreed that a group be formed, and after discussing the sport of activities which appeared desirable and attractive it was agreed that a draft programme for the 1966 season should be prepared for approval and comment. The Silhouettes in the two clubs at present interested already have commitments to their own clubs, but was thought that it should not be difficult to co-ordinate their programmes to satisfy the clubs and the Silhouette Group. Three or four cruises to neighbouring ports would be included, with a race home if conditions were satisfactory, together with a series of shorter points races during the season. An endeavour would be made to have two Silhouette Weekends, one organised by each club, at which some social activity would be included. These weekends would be open events, and Silhouette owners outside the group would be invited to attend.

While discussion was directed chiefly to Silhouettes, it was pointed out that the Association provides for associate membership, so that other classes of boat could be included and would be welcomed.

It was agreed that at the moment no officers should be elected, and that Mr. A. Norris of the Hartlepool Yacht Club and Mr. R. T. Swarbrick of the Tees Sailing Club should continue their efforts to establish the Group. For the time being the latter will deal with correspondence. His address is: 21 Raby Road, Stockton-on-Tess, Co. Durham.

The Silhouette Owners' International Association

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

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November Cruise

BEYOND a doubt, the anchor was stuck. Crew (female) looked at the heavy, grey water with distaste. "In the best literature", she said, "I think this is where the resolute skipper slips the cable, buoys the the anchor, and returns to collect it—well, sometime or other".

"Not a bit of it", I said. "This is where the loyal and gallant crew dives unhesitatingly over the side, swims down the cable, and frees the anchor from whatever is obstructing it. A chest of treasure, perhaps ?".

I put in the last bit to tempt the well known feminine curiosity. It didn't work. Crew is a splendid swimmer, as graceful as a porpoise in the water, but this was November and she was wearing three pullovers. She looked at the water and considered things again. "No", she said firmly.

There is a good deal of the bookish about sailing — alas and inevitably, for with livings to earn in this complex urban civilisation

Regional Groups

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

South-East.	*Hon. Sec. Stan Morgan, 19, Philbrick Crescent East, Rayleigh, Essex.*
Blackwater.	*Hon. Sec. R. W. Sharples, Dalegarth, Watchhouse, Road, Galleywood. Chelmsford.*
Solent.	*Hon. Sec. J. R. Caulder, Sellafield, Orchard Lane, Hermitage, Emsworth.*
South-West.	*Hon. Sec. V. P. England, 8 Belle Vue Rise, Hooe Hill, Plymstock.*
Poole.	*Hon. Sec. E. R. W. May, 2 The Circle, Moordown, Bournemouth, Hants.*
Bristol Channel.	*Hon. Sec. Cyril Watts, 5 Vassall Road, Fishponds, Bristol.*
Midlands.	*Hon. Sec. E. G. Oldham, 206 Hagley Road, Edgebaston, Birmingham.*
North-West.	*Hon. Sec. George Smith, Woodcroft, Park Road, Hale, Cheshire.*
Wyre and Morecambe Bay.	*Hon. Sec. Bertram Lloyd, The Tythe, Glebe Lane, Dowbridge, Kirkham, Lancs.*
Lake District	*Hon. Sec. T. K. Jones, Foxton House, Lowther Street, Penrith.*
Tees Bay.	*Hon. Sec. R. T. Swarbrick, 21 Raby Road, Stockton-on-Tees.*

there is sadly little time to spend at sea. But books come in handy sometimes—at least they describe situations that recur. "We'll rig a tackle", I said.

Our Silhouette has no winch, but in spite of Crew's catty remarks about the amount of junk with which I overload our lockers, we carry a good assortment of blocks of various sizes, and lengths of good warp. From the base of the tabernacle we fixed up a four-power tackle, attached it to the anchor chain, and set about hauling. Our combined weights and the tackle did the trick. The chain stayed bar-taut for a moment, and then, suddenly, the anchor broke. regret to say that this caught us both somewhat unexpectedly. I fell backwards into the cockpit, Crew fell overboard with a considerable splash.

She was not pleased ; nor, indeed, was I. We were all ready to get under way when the anchor stuck, and getting out of our anchorage is fairly tricky. It is not a bad anchorage ; reasonably protected, save from the East, and although not crowded in November there were half a dozen biggish boats on permanent moorings. With the river fairly high, and flowing fast into the estuary, and the tide just past slack water and beginning to ebb fast, we were being carried rapidly towards a large black motor ketch. And we were pretty well out of control, with the anchor dangling, Crew in the water, and me on my back in the cockpit.

Fortunately, the boat had sense. She came up into the wind and

more or less hove herself to, with Crew, still clinging to the end of the tackle, acting as a sort of involuntary sea-anchor. I scrambled to the tiller and the sheets, got a little way on the boat, and just cleared the ketch, still dragging the unhappy Crew. Then we put about, sailed up to Crew, and almost sailed her out of the water, as one might sail out an anchor. I put a foot on the tiller, leaned out and grabbed Crew as we sailed past her, and the boat's way and her own scrambles fished her back on board. She was very cold and very cross, but, poor darling, her teeth were chattering too much for her to be able to say all the angry things she wanted to say. With a good reaching wind, and at last some sea room, the boat was easily controllable. I bundled Crew into the Cabin, got out the medical stores (Demerara rum) and poured about half a tumblerful between her chattering teeth. I then helped her to strip (three wet pullovers are hell) and wrapped her in a towel. Partly the rum, perhaps, but mainly her own native courage began to restore Crew. " That was really damned funny ", she said. " What on earth am I going to wear ? ".

We carry spare clothes, of course, but replacing a complete wardrobe is not all that easy. Crew put on a string vest of mine, trousers of her own, one of my shirts, her own shore-going cardigan, with a pullover of mine over it. She felt better. " I'm going to make some coffee ", she said.

While all this was going on I had been doing a sort of jack-in-the-box act between cabin hatch and tiller, and it was time to determine some sort of course. We had intended to make a passage of about 25 miles, but with the cabin full of soaking clothes and no means of drying them, it seemed sensible to make for shore fairly soon. Neither of us wanted to go back home. We decided to reach across the estuary about 8 miles to a small cove with a pub.

Why cruise at all in November ? Well, that is a long story, but Crew and I had had a trying summer, with next to no chance of seeing our boat, and since under Messrs. Lumley's admirable scheme we appear to be insured for November as well as any other month, we decided to have a go. Our cruise had not started well. But wind and conditions were kind, the boat was sailing beautifully, and when Crew brought up coffee (well-laced with medical stores) we felt that life might be a great deal worse. Crew, dry now, apart from her hair, came and sat beside me, her hands cupped round the hot coffee cup. I thought that she looked extremely beautiful. The late November afternoon was losing light, and the sky was mostly covered with a thin wrack, save for a slight silvery glow where the sun was setting. The estuary is wide here, and land was all-but out of sight. A gull wheeled over us, and the wind came clean over the marshes, cold, but with that smell of salt and what I always call sea-lavender that takes the stench of towns from your nostrils. Our boat was riding easily, the bow wave chuckling with content. The rigging was not exactly singing—there was not enough wind for that—but whispering a bit, also contentedly. " All right ? " said Crew.

" All right now ", I said, and took one of her hands from the coffee cup.

We made our cove as the last light went from the sky, and anchored in about two fathoms. Rather to my surprise (I just hadn't thought about it) our faithful Prout was riding to her painter, with not a drop of water inside, in spite of our adventures. We were ashore in a couple of minutes, hauled Prout up the gravelly beach, and carried our huge bundle of wet clothes up to the pub. It is a friendly pub, and the landlady at once began fussing over Crew. Her clothes were taken off to the kitchen to be hung on one of those nursery roof-racks in front of a roaring fire, and Crew herself was taken off to have a bath. The pub is not the sort of place to " do dinners ", but after Crew's bath we sat down in the bar to a huge dish of bacon and eggs, with splendid home-baked bread.

We left Crew's clothes for the night to dry, and went back to the beach. We launched the Prout by torchlight, and rowed out to our boat. With the hurricane lamp lighted in the cabin, and the curtains, drawn, it was cosy and peaceful. We turned into our sleeping bags with the gentle lap of water round the hull. " I'd rather be here than anywhere else in the world ", said Crew just before she went to sleep.

Tammy Norie's Summer

By D. L. Smith

HOW many Silhouette owners live aboard during fitting out ? Towards the end of May, I drove up to Ardrishaig, at the East end of the Crinan Canal, and found *Tammy Norie* snug and dry in the boatyard. I hurled out everything moveable except one bunk and started scraping the exterior varnish. Luckily it wasn't necessary to do the " interior decorations " this year. Inside a week we had the old varnish replaced with three new coats, the hull gleaming anew, and a new pair of swinging cross-trees as part of the revised rigging plan. By this time cousin John had arrived and had taken over the cooking duties, saving me a lot of time. Between us we got the boat towed along the canal road to Crinan and launched it off the beach.

On Wednesday, June 2, we were ready for a trial spin—it was overcast, dry and flat calm. We wound up the Seagull and followed the coast south to Carsaig Bay. Just as we arrived a breeze ruffled the surface and we got the sails up for John's benefit ; as I hauled away he took the helm, protesting that he knew nothing about all this. He very soon got the idea, however, and we tacked into various little creeks and inlets checking upon the anchorages in the Clyde Cruising Club book.

After lunch at anchor, we put in to a tiny slip with just enough water to float us. We took a walk ashore and refilled the water carriers. The wind died away again and it was " motoring only " as we

went back, this time inside Carsaig Island, keeping a good look-out for rocks. Catching the flood we were back in Crinan in no time so we tied up at the jetty, handy to the Crinan Hotel and had a pint to celebrate; after all, nothing had come unscrewed! It had been interesting to study the behaviour of the mast whilst sailing—leaving John to steer, I'd laid on my back and squinted up the mast. Glory be ! It was straight at last! The new rig seems to be a success: no more dangling spreaders, no more baggy mainsails!

Thursday morning was jolly cold ; we motored S.W. across the Sound of Jura (still no wind) and found a tiny bay about a mile North of Ardlussa Bay ; it was lunchtime and the sun had finally decided to appear, so we slung the fisherman over the stern and drove gently on to the beach (it was calm, low water). We took off about four pullovers as the sun got to work and had a paddle ashore for photographs. Four miles across the Sound, a large yacht motored north towards Crinan ; it was so calm the engine sounded quite clearly. Motoring back ourselves we got some of last year's fuel by mistake, and spent much of the time hanging over the stern with a hand over the air intake—this seems more effective than a bit of choke. The tide helped us along and we passed the Ruadh Sqeir Ledge north about, experiencing a good deal of turbulence over the shallows.

On Friday John left for home ; I went into Lochgilphead with him and brought back a box of groceries, hauled off to a vacant mooring and got an early night. Saturday morning and still no wind! Filled up with clean new fuel and Seagulled away at 11 a.m. with a bit of tide to help. Closed with the coast of Jura just south of our little bay of Thursday's visit and followed down towards Craighouse. Stopped the engine to listen to the forecast, meanwhile continuing to drift at about one knot. Had lunch as well, no hurry ; nice to have a bit of peace and quiet. Tried a radio fix on SKP just for fun, don't think it'll get misty. South of Lowlandman Bay, turned inside the Small Isles and found a lot more room than the chart seems to indicate. Tied up at Thomas Telford's old jetty at 3-45 and went to the shop for food and water. They asked if I wanted hot or cold—never thought of that! Took back the water carrier and a bucket of hot for a wash and brush-up. Hordes of bairns came aboard to inspect the ship before tea. Had a walk afterwards, moved out a little and dropped the anchor and had a quiet night.

Sunday morning was dry after a showery night, and a light Southerly breeze had sprung up. Cleaned away breakfast by 11-45 and set off under genoa and main. Managed to clear the beacon at the harbour entrance on one tack and carried on to the light on Na Cuiltean. The wind died away and I put the motor on for a while. Put about at about 1 p.m. and motor-sailed S.W. towards Islay. While refilling the tank opposite MacArthur's Head Light I spotted a boat away to the South heading for the Sound of Islay. Luckily the visibility is good—the shipping lane is not a good place to stop! Pressed on for an hour and decided against going inside all the island sand rocks off the East of Islay ; lovely and sunny now.

Suddenly I spotted steam from the engine water outlet. Ouch! Overheating! I suspected weed over the intake, but this was clear. The screws holding together the pump casing had loosened with vibration and water was leaking out past the gasket, instead of cooling the works. Screwed everything tight, got fed up of fitful sailing and took in the jib and motored on. Outlet water is now only lukewarm. Steered 215 degrees magnetic to clear the Iomalach Rock, then turned inside Texa. Not easy to spot the rocks today, with no swell ; however it's low water, so no risk of getting stuck. Caught many glimpses of weed patches below as the water shoaled. Threaded round the islets off Port Ellen and turned in to the harbour. Anchored clear off the Loch Eil and a coaster unloading, which put us in very shallow water, 4 ft. at low water. Good job its calm !

Monday, June 7th. Don't fancy tackling the Mull of Oa until slack water: the N.W. stream begins at Oban H.W. + 5-30, which comes out at 7 p.m. Decided on lunch ashore, tied alongside the coaster which was loading great barrels of whisky—a most impressive sight. It turned out a very calm sunny day, for once I don't mind the lack of wind, going round the Oa I'll need to hug the cliffs to keep inside the races, and it would be very gusty in there. Left at 5-30 p.m. under motor and kept in close all the way, to dodge the rough water, not that I expect much at neaps. The cliffs are about 600 feet high and look very forbidding even in the sunlight. The tank ran dry opposite the monument, and I found the silence very eerie after the reassuring buzz of the motor. The swell against the cliffs was faint and creepy and to add to everything a foghorn sounded away to the South. I could see an oil tanker about 5 miles out, and hoped the fog would stay beyond that. I couldn't see Portnahaven across Loch Indaal, which was 7 miles away. Turning the corner I set a course of 15 degrees magnetic (allowing for about 5 degrees deviation which has crept in with the cargo). This should bring us up to Laggan Point in about 8 miles: it's sunny overhead but I can't see much ahead. Following the cliffs to Creagach Point, we suddenly launch forth across Laggan Bay. Goodness knows its only 5 miles to go and the Loch is only just over a mile wide there so we can hardly get lost, but it's so odd being unable to see much when it's so sunny above. Presently spotted a couple of boats ahead, fishing off Laggan Point. Cloud was piling over the hills to the West but the way ahead to Bowmore was clear. We tied up at 9-30 p.m. and had supper ashore with friends. Coming back to the boat later I found thick fog everywhere.

We spent two days in Bowmore visiting friends and took a couple of trips across the Loch to Bruichladdich to inspect our pier from the customer's point of view. The fendering may be all very fine for coasters but it's a bit rough on Silhouettes—consulting engineers take note!

Thursday, June 10. Return round the Mull of Oa. The S.W. stream begins at H.W. Oban —40 min. which works out at 3-45 p.m. There's a bit of breeze today from the South but I shall just motor

straight into it if we can't make progress. Set off at about 12-45 with main and genoa, just able to clear Laggan Point on the S.W. tack. As we rounded the point the wind obligingly shifted to S.E. enabling us to head almost straight for the Mull. Near Craigach Point the wind got up —probably gusting off the cliffs—enough to change to the normal jib, and shortly after, to take in a reef. This means wind against tide round the Oa—if it gets nasty we'll have to motor inshore.

A mile short of turning the corner it seemed that the tide had begun to run—here and there white horses kicked up. If I stood on to the South it would mean tacking back through the race ; as far as I could see the waves were only about 3ft. high so decided to chance it in order to get a push from the tide. The wind continued to swing E. and by the time we went about the next tack was N.E. which pointed us straight for the Monument on the Oa. The tide, however, was pushing us East at a great rate and it seemed we would finish in a bay of calm water about a mile past the point, handy for going about again. Suddenly we were well and truly in the race, my 3ft. waves grown to 6-footers, a mad confusion of cross seas and breakers. Although we got a tossing, nothing came aboard, and we crashed through at great speed thanks to the breeze. I was glad I'd tied myself on, though. Presently as we neared the cliffs we got through into calm water and took a few deep breaths. Progress became sedate—too sedate. Seeking the 4-knot boost, we went about. Our progress round the point became a matter of tacking through the rough water, being shoved mightily to windward, find smooth water to go about in, and back for another tossing. As we cleared the headland, the tide dwindled, and so did the wind, so the Northward leg of the journey back to Port Ellen was done under motor, arriving a little after 7.

Next morning was dull and drizzly, and the wind was back in the S.E., not very strong, though a fair sea was running. I planned to go north about to Port Askaig and stowed everything away for a bit of a tossing. The tide would turn against us in the Sound of Islay at 3-30 and its very strong, so we'd have to arrive by then. Clear of the island, I set normal sail and headed E. for Texa. As we weren't moving very fast against the chop I started the motor—we'd no time to hang about. Clear of Texa, the swell was bigger and the rocks all gave themselves away with boiling patches of white. It needed the motor to pinch her clear of the Iomallach Rock, after which we bore away N.E. and picked up speed. The seas were abeam and more regular and didn't slow us a bit—I let the tank run dry and put the motor on its bracket. We had a storming sail to the light on Creabach Island, and turned N. into the Sound of Islay. It was almost a straight run now, and the tide was pulling us away from the wind—the sails flapped but our speed over the ground was as good as ever. Another six miles brought us under MacArthur's Head and the wind really died away as the drizzle came back. The water was calm here, so I took in the jib and filled the tank and away we motored.

Black Rock buoy was only 2 miles ahead, but I couldn't see it in the murk. Clear water lay to port, but added to our distance and

time was running out. The course was about 250 degrees magnetic for the buoy so off we shot keeping an eye open for traffic. The steamer wouldn't be along 'till 5, but the Sound can be quite busy. Soon I spotted the buoy and carried on the same course for the Carraig Mhor Light, about ½ mile short of Port Askaig. The wind seemed to get up a little—probably just the tide slackening—so I let the main draw but didn't bother to hoist the jib. Presently I topped up the tank, as it wouldn't do to run dry in the Narrows. Carraig Mhor came into sight and just as we hugged the Islay shore for the last stretch the tide quite suddenly turned against us. The main really seemed to make all the difference now and the cliffs rang to the song of a Seagull at full chat. Evil-looking swirls boiled out of the inky depths as we crept past the last of the rocks and turned into the tiny bay. The main tide rushes past and leaves a calm zone less than a hundred yards square. I couldn't use the quay, as the steamer was due ; there was a motor boat at the slip and another anchored just clear. I hauled alongside the latter, thankful for all his tyres, and got the sails stowed and generally sorted out. The little cove at the slip is only about 20 yards square, somewhat cluttered with mooring lines, and dries out.

I had planned to drop the hook as I went in, in order to haul out a bit later, meantime mooring alongside the motor boat at the slip. I fixed up the fisherman and coiled the warp to pay out freely and went slowly in, scanning the bottom. There was a clear patch of sand just where I wanted it, so over went the anchor bang in the middle. Once alongside the second motorboat it was a simple matter to turn end for end, ready for departure. As the tide dropped later, I shortened up the anchor warp and payed out astern until my connection with the shore became a flying leap. Fuel had got a bit low and I walked over the hill to Caol Ila for another couple of gallons. What with steamer passengers and hotel visitors, I found the anchorage public, and was glad of the cockpit tent for a bit of privacy.Checking the tide tables, I found the N.-going stream didn't begin 'till about 10-15 a.m. Saturday, after which it would build up to over 5 knots ; I don't like starting early when I have to get my own breakfast!

Saturday morning was dull, but obviously brightening. The wind was fairly fresh from the East. After breakfast, I hoisted the jib in stops, left the main stowed and led the anchor warp over the fairlead back into the cockpit. I wanted to motor out at a tick-over and break out the anchor without leaving the tiller. However the fisherman had a real grip and I had to dash forward and give a heave. There wasn't much room to mess about and I was glad to hang on to the anchored ferry boat for a minute to get anchor and warp stowed properly. Then I motored a little distance into the Sound and got sail hoisted clear from obstructions. We roared up the Sound with the wind on the Starboard quarter, needing no help from the motor.

The wind came in gusts off the Jura Hills and in the Narrows opposite Bunahaven it got too much altogether and I dropped the main. Now she sat upright and carried on as fast as ever to the mouth of the Sound at Ruaval Light. Then just to be awkward, the wind died to

nothing. There was no hurry any more, as Colonsay was in sight, 10 miles ahead, and presented no problems regarding tide. However, the outpourings from the Sound at this point had us tossing madly with the sails just flapping. This was too uncomfortable to sit and wait for the wind, so full speed ahead with the Seagull. Inside a couple of miles we got clear of all nonsense, the wind made its mind up and we had a fine trip under jib and main reefed, just to make steering more comfortable. At about 12.30 we passed the *Loch Ard* returning from the cargo run to Colonsay, and by 1-30 we were off Scalasaig. Our new pier looked very fine, now completed, but there was enough water to go inside the little harbour and tie alongside Sandy's motor boat.

Pretty soon lunch was on the go and after all the clearing up I walked over to Glassard to my former " digs " and finished up taking tea with the MacAlister's. I planned to stay a week doing nothing in particular. There is no finer place than Colonsay for simply idling the time away.

On Sunday morning I found one valuable item missing from all my heaps of gear—no shoe polish! I was to lunch at Glassard after church and my shoes were decidedly green! I shot over to Glassard, passing Sandy en route for kirk, and into the house. " Che ha ee-ut a nish ? " from upstairs, " Only me, Hessie, can I borrow the shoe brushes ? " She'd thought it was " himself " back for his collection or something. Service and lunch behind us, we could get down to the business of planning the week ahead. Sandy's boat was fine to berth alongside, but apparently was leaking, so we'd have to beach her, tomorrow's tide. He expected to be taking visitors out for fishing trips, or down to Oronsay and would require a crew. The next few days saw us fix the leak in *Veui,* solder up his shattered water strainer, sort big Peter's motor cycle—all *Tammy Norie* got was another coat of anti-fouling. On the Wednesday I enticed old Sandy out for a sail ; he used to win all the regattas here, no matter what his handicap. He didn't need coaxing, and by the time I'd set sail and cast off he was firmly ensconced at the tiller. He liked the way she went on so little wind and tacked away northward to Eilan Olmsa, which we circled before returning. Sandy has steered everything from smacks to P. and O. vessels in his time and very quickly found the right touch with a Silhouette. I wish there had been time for more trips as he knows to an inch where the rocks are, and in the next week or so was putting visitors ashore in the most unlikely places and manoeuvring his big converted lifeboat into havens were I'd hardly expect to take a rowing boat.

After stripping Sandy's 3-speed and getting it to work and sundry other odd jobs (no-one else seemed to have such a comprehensive tool-kit. I'm always prepared for disaster!) it occurred to me that it was time I finished the patent log I'd been concocting. I didn't fancy paying up to £20 for something big enough to stop the boat when a cycle mileometer only costs 7s. 6d. so had gathered a " surplus " gear-box, very tiny, and sundry bits of copper and brass. I got the primus going and had a soldering session. The rotator looked a bit rough but



that could be beautified once we'd checked the twist. Colonsay has, of all things, a measured mile between two handy headlands so I was able to check this at once. I hadn't allowed enough for slip, but bent the blades a bit and got it as near as I can check in only 1 mile. I'll check it against the borrowed one on a longer trip.

A week or so later (I seem to have stopped counting days) I stirred myself to circumnavigate Colonsay. With genny and main we slipped away Southward at 10 a.m. Unfortunately it was a bit hazy, with mist tending to blow down from the hilltops, so filming the trip wasn't to prove exciting. The wind was S.W. and I managed to pick the tracks so as to take us into each bay and out round the headlands so as to miss nothing. We were in Cable Bay at 11 and the mist cleared. By 11-30 we were nosing in towards the Strand, which separates Colonsay from Oronsay. You can drive across at low tide, or sail through at high water—provided your mast clears the telephone wire! Tacking down the Caolas Mor we began to meet the swell, and the seals—hundreds of them! I got as near as I dare with the camera, hoping they wouldn't be too playful. By 2 p.m. we rounded the Southern tip of Oronsay and bore away across the long easy swell towards Ardskinish.

The West side of Colonsay is very rocky, and it was just as well to have enough sea to pick them out. From the land it looks impossible, but afloat one finds plenty of room. By 3 p.m. we were opposite Kilchattan, running downhill at 5 knots.

Now the cliffs grew rather forbidding but I went close in to get some shots of the birds. There were crowds of Guillemots and Razorbills but I only saw two Puffins the whole time. I badly need a good shot of a Tammy-norie to preface the film! All too quickly we passed unlikely sounding places like Pig's Paradise and Cailleach Urugaig—where most of the Guillemots live. Round a couple of sinister white foam patches and into the sandy sweep of Kiloran Bay. More

than half way now, 4 p.m., so down anchor and have tea. The wind gusted a little off the hill and at 4-30 we shot out of the Bay pursued by a mighty stern wave. We turned the Northern tip of the island at 5-15 and hardened in for the beat South. The wind died away and it took till 7 to cover the 4 miles to Olmsa.

About this point the mist rolled down, quite thick this time, but luckily the last 1½ miles is very straightforward. Keeping the tracks short, we were never out of sight of land for long. To my surprise another small yacht appeared from behind Olmsa—must have been anchored for tea. He motored South and I continued under sail for a mile. By this it had become a drifting match, almost, so I picked a landmark ashore and set course for the pierhead under motor. We got in at 8 p.m. just in time to meet Sandy coming to look for us. The distance made good, not counting tacks, was only 23 miles, but there had been no hurry, and they weren't to know that the mist wasn't all round the island. Not long after this I had to join friends in Amsterdam who were collecting a " Dutchy ", so we beached *Tammy Norie,* hauled her up with the aid of Finlay's tractor and some rollers, and left her well snugged down for a while.

Letters to the Editor

MAST SUPPORT.—We have used a removable mast tube successfully for a season. Ours was fitted by Hurley's, and improved by us. It consists of a peg on the keel bearer on which the tube sits, and is held under the tabernacle by an opened sided socket on a plate. A small brass sliding bolt across the mouth keeps it in. It is an excellent scheme and the only snag is remembering to put the tube back—we have found that no damage resulted from going without in a stiff breeze.

To mount the compass I have built a shallow locker on the after side of the bridge deck, the full width between the lockers, 9ins. deep, and 5ins. front to back set about 4ins. below the top of the bridge deck. The compass will recess into the top of the locker out of the way, and can be seen from anywhere in the cockpit, and the locker will also be useful for compass batteries, sail tyers, shackle keys, charts or any other non-magnetic odds and ends. The loss of cockpit space is negligible.

On towing vehicles: we have towed a fully equipped Silhouette and heavyweight trailer about 1,500 miles this season behind a 1939/46 Morris 8 Series E, including delivery from Hurley's to Lincoln, 390 miles. We successfully climbed 1¼ miles of 1 in 8, but the next 1 in 7 stopped us. A passing Land Rover helped us out at this point. The total weight of the outfit is about 30 to 31 cwt., and power 29.5 b.h.p. (including wife pushing). On more normal journeys, Lincoln to Broads (130 miles) or Lincoln to Thames Estuary (160 miles) we cruise at 40 m.p.h. and average about 30 m.p.h Seriously, I wouldn't recommend it ; but it may give others a bit more confidence.—K. W. M. Cockburn, 81 Ridgeway, Nettleham, Lincoln.

SMALL ADVERTISEMENTS

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

FOR SALE. Suit of Silhouette Terylene sails, mainsail lettered SII only. Foresail three-quarter rig genoa of about 60sq. ft. (luff 14 ft. leach 13 ft. foot 9¼ ft.). Both quite serviceable, though the last foot of the plastic tape on luff of mainsail requires slight attention. Price £10 10s. R. T. Swarbrick, 21 Raby Road, Stockton-on-Tees, Co. Durham.

FOR SALE. SII 827 *Tutu* 2/3 berth, fitted with 4 h.p. Watermota engine with feathering propeller. Electric navigation, masthead and interior lights. Calor cooker. 4 in berth cushions, extra lockers, pulpit, Terylene mainsail, jib, storm jib, spare cotton mainsail. Cutter rig available. New mainsail, 2 jib sheets, dinghy and many other odds and ends. R. B. Hunt, 29 Colvin Gardens, Wanstead, London E.11.

FOR SALE. Hurley built Silhouette II, immaculate condition. Terylenes, fitted galley, electric navigation, cabin lights, pulpit, chart table, boom tent, Seagull 102 with clutch, Hurley trailer with brakes. Complete £390. Brownbill, 40 Beechwood Avenue, New Milton, Hants.

ROSUN'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.

FOR SALE. SII 1077. Clutch Seagull, storm jib, anchor, bunk cushions. £365. Mantle, 56 Broomfield Road, Beckenham, Kent. Beckenham 2468.

FOR SALE. Silhouette II 1438. Terylenes. Excellent condition. Ready for next season. Sailed almost exclusively in fresh water. Very full inventory including trailer and outboard. £435. Fox, 71 Long Lane, Aughton, Ormskirk, Lancs.

A PLEA. The Hon. Sec. has received an empty envelope postmarked Wareham, Dorset, stamped by the Post Office, "Unsealed, no contents". Would sender please write again?

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

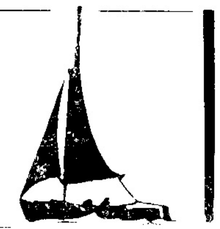
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