

PLYMOUTH WEEK — AUGUST 7th - 14th

The Silhouette Owner

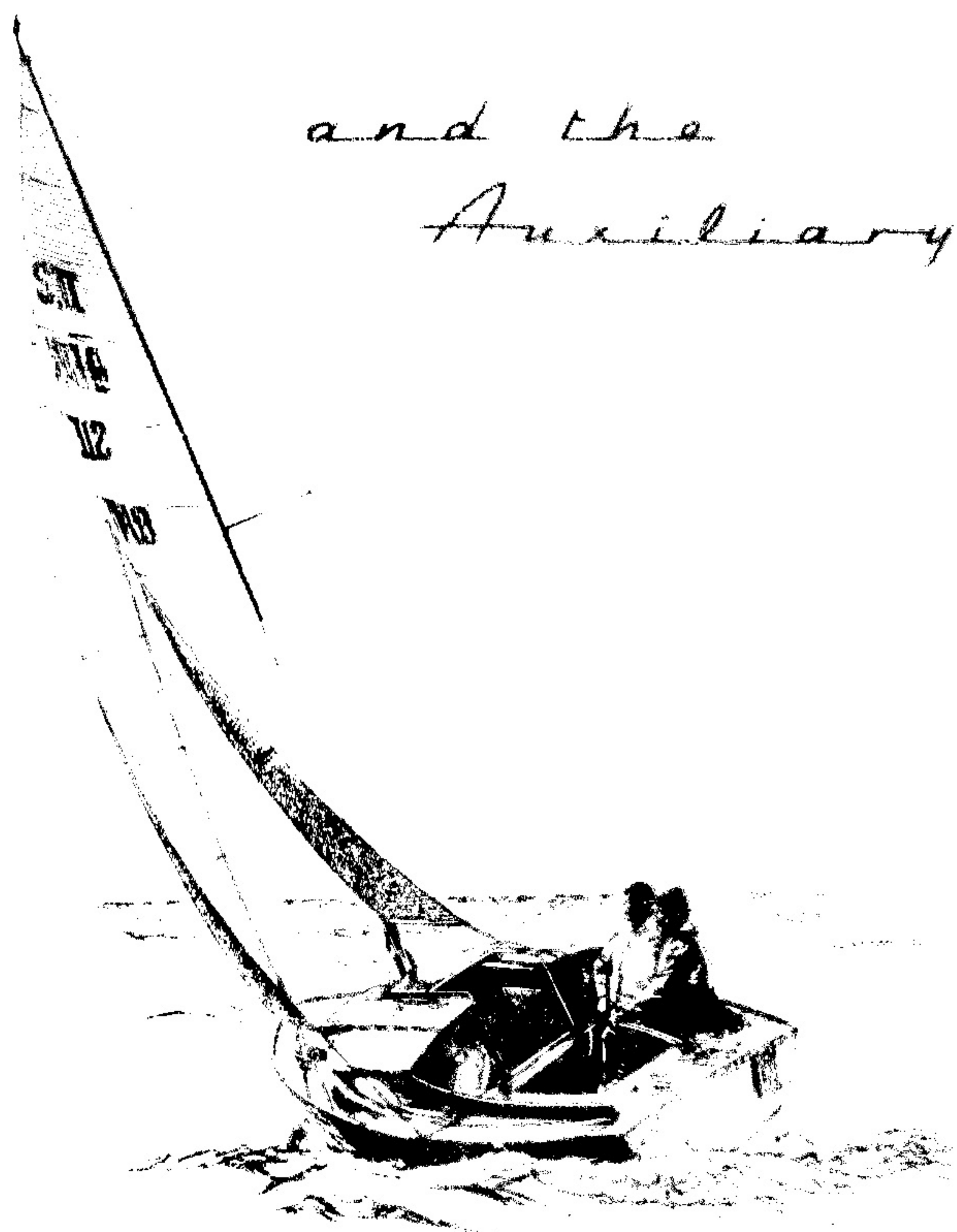
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Silhouette Owners' International Association*

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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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The Lifeboats

OUR leading article this month is a letter from the S.O.I.A.'s good friend Alasdair Garrett, Editor of the Royal Cruising Club's *Journal*. He writes:

It is rather a melancholy fact that, whereas the most significant proportion of lifeboat services are rendered to yachtsmen in distress, yachtsmen as a whole are very backward in supporting the Institution. This is, I am sure, due to ignorance rather than indifference, for there is considerable satisfaction in having a personal association with a service whose volunteer crews are willing to face any hazard when there is a call for saving human life at sea. As a keen sailing man myself, and as chairman of the Kensington Branch, I have conceived the idea of canvassing subscribing members among the yacht clubs round the country with the object of forming special sections for each club, or groups of clubs. Initially, these sections would form part of the Kensington Branch, but it is possible that if the scheme develops satisfactorily a particular section might later be transferred to headquarters, or to the appropriate local branch. The annual cost of operating the life boat service is approximately £1½ millions, and this money is raised entirely by voluntary subscription—indeed, it is to the credit of the Institution, and of our fellow citizens all over the country, that the merit of our cause receives such wide recognition. We are now embarked upon an extensive programme of new construction and

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modernisation, for we are determined that our volunteer crews should have the best of boats and equipment that can be devised. I hope, therefore, that the Silhouette Owners' International Association will take a lead in showing what an enthusiastic body of small craft owners can do by becoming covenanted subscribers to the Institution for this is the most valuable form of subscription to the Institution. A covenanted subscription of £5 a year for 7 years will yield the Institution approximately £8 15s. annually for the duration of the covenant. The cost of 1 cigarette per day, of 1 pint of beer per week, or of 3 minutes' telephone conversation per day for one year amounts to £5—is the sacrifice too much for one individual yachtsman?

* * *

Will members who feel able to give up one cigarette a day in the cause of the lifeboats, please write to Alasdair Garrett at 46 Chesil Court, Chelsea Manor Street, London, S.W. 3.

Secretary's notes

EVERY club association and individual member has received a letter from the secretary of the Royal Yachting Association, and it is felt that this matter is of importance, so we make no apology for reprinting it here: "You will know that on more than one occasion we have stressed the importance of yachts being easily identified, but so far our appeals in this connection have not had any noticeable effect. The position has now become extremely serious, in fact, it could already be too late to put our house in order. However, in the

hope that there is still time, we beg you to ensure that all your members' yachts carry their names in a way which can easily be read at some distance. If owners continue to carry their names in the conventional manner, so that they are illegible to coastguards, harbour-masters and to rescue services, then registration made compulsory by statute will be the answer to an urgent problem, which will be forced on us by the powers that be. Registration will not be the end because, once the authorities are in possession of a reliable register of all yachts, the possibility of taxation may be too tempting for them to resist". Can we therefore look forward to seeing the name of all Silhouettes boldly emblazoned for all to see? It is not a very big task to add to the usual fitting out, and after all you are proud of your craft, and you did name her yourself—so tell the world.

* * *

The National Committee met soon after the A.G.M. and we are happy to announce that Herbert Firth has again been elected commodore for a further year of office. All Honorary Flag officers have been asked to accept their positions again, and your secretary is still also vice-commodore, one important addition being the election of an active Rear-Commodore, this office being in the capable hands of Harry Maloney. It was felt that this is a desirable step, as with our committee members spread over the country, bad weather, illness and other commitments, could leave us with an unworkable meeting.

* * *

The directive from the Annual General Meeting to organise the 1967 Rally abroad, has been acted upon, and a sub-committee, consisting of Stan Morgan, A. V. Hudson, E. Coxell, and Harry Maloney, has been formed to undertake this task, and we will all look forward to reading their reports in future pages of the *Journal*. Meantime, all is now arranged for this year's gathering at Plymouth, and entry forms will be out soon. This will be our fourth event, in the South West, every one attracting a slightly larger entry. Can we look forward to a century for 1966? George Oliver will be sailing his Valkyrie from The Solent to Plymouth, and would very much like to join forces with any other hardy soul who has similar ideas of arriving by sea. It is always fun to sail in company, so drop George a line if you have any ideas on the subject.

* * *

I have a letter from a member who sails from the Blackwater, in a Westerly 22, who would be pleased to hear from anybody who would like to crew for a week or a fortnight during the coming season. One or two members can be accommodated. Any letters received from members interested will be passed on to the person concerned.

* * *

"What is the best type of dinghy for a Silhouette?" A simple question imposed by a newcomer to our ranks, but is it so simple to answer? One can give an opinion, but talk to a few owners, and one finds that the Prout folding enthusiasts scorn anything but their own

choice, while the inflatable users are equally adamant. We have all seen conditions when the small folding type is unsuitable, but we have all also experienced vainly trying to row an inflatable against a strong wind, few pneumatic types allow one to remain dry-footed; and bellows are an awful chore after a long haul. Cost is also an important point too. We have already had a good bit about dinghies in these pages. Let us have some more. Letters, please.

* * *

Like most other officers of the association I spent an evening at the Boat Show, on Messrs. Hurley's stand representing the Association, and while I would not dare to presume to offer advice to any business organisation, with which I am not connected, I am quite sure that it is a mistake to drop the manufacture of the traditional timber Silhouette. I am not an anti-glass fibre merchant, but the slightly cheaper edition of our ever popular models is still well sought after, and many a secondhand craft is bought by a potential customer for a brand new one, on the grounds of price and inherent faith in wood as a material that is understood and can be worked upon.

* * *

Having offered to use my car, which is fitted with a conventional towing hitch, I found myself at a boat yard on the East Coast recently, helping to collect a new boat. This craft, with the necessary extras and trailer, depleted the new owner's banking account by a thousand odd pounds. We arrived on a bitterly cold morning with a wind whipping up to nearly gale force, to be met by, what is now alas, fast becoming, a typical British workman, who was just going off to have his tea, but would be back with the papers to sign after we had lashed boat to trailer and the mast to the boat. This we did to the best advantage with the line we had available, but being somewhat bigger and therefore heavier than a Silhouette, I was apprehensive about the amount of lashing we had. Any appeal for a little extra rope, or even for a spot of grease to smear over the red rusty towing plunger, was not very politely refused. My friend had bought the boat through an agency, and this particular representative of the manufacturers was not going to concede one extra farthing's worth. What a contrast with our West Country friends, where the whole staff fall over themselves to make sure that you are all set for the journey home. "George, you can truly claim, as you do, 'that your yard' is the most friendly place to visit".

* * *

The Plymouth Film of the 1966 Rally is now available on loan to members. Needless to say it cannot be guaranteed that this can be had for a set date, but anyone interested should write to the secretary, and every effort will be made to meet your requirements. First come, first served, will have to be the rule. Owing to increased membership and the higher cost of printing we have been running short of recent copies of this *Journal*. Eddie Coxell would be please to have any spare editions you may wish to dispose of, to keep his sets up to date for lending to new members.

This is the time of the year, when we ask all members to check on their membership. Have you sent your subscription to our Treasurer yet? Quite unashamedly we shout from the house-tops, that membership of the association is the best value you could get anywhere for a quid. But your *April Journal* will not arrive unless this is paid. Our treasurer sends a membership card as a form of receipt for subscriptions, so if you have not yet had one of these for 1966, drop him a line. Should you be a stalwart who filled in a Banker's Order in the days when the fee was only fifteen shillings, we are afraid that this must now be altered, either with your bank, with an extra five bob postal order, or the secretary will supply a new Banker's Order form.

May I again appeal for details for our 1966 Members List? If you haven't let Harry Maloney know your new address, where you sail your boat from, or the name of your boat and sail number, please do it now.—R.A.G.

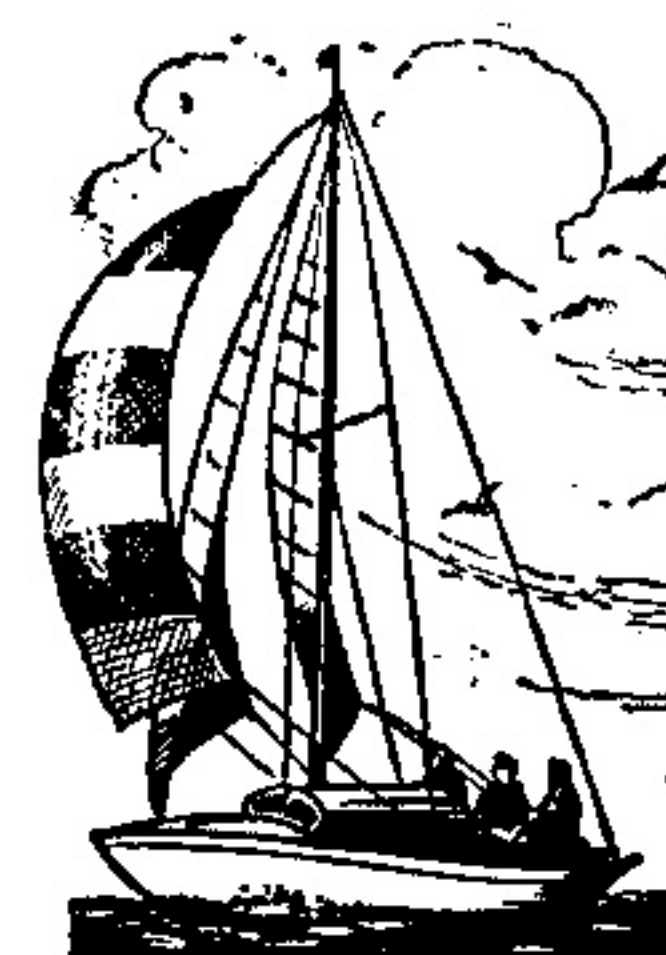
Whitsun Cruise to Calais

SOME twenty-five boat owners have now indicated that they wish to take part in the Cruise to Calais at Whitsun. This is a lot more than we expected, when the cruise was first suggested and is very encouraging. All that is wanted to make it a success is fine weather, but this has been taken care of. Reg Garrod has predicted that this summer will be the hottest on record! Thank you Reg!

The whole of the cruise is being organised with safety as the key word. It is because of this that a list of minimum Channel cruising equipment has been drawn up. Here it is:

1. Personal buoyancy for each member of crew.
2. Safety harness.
3. First aid kit.
4. Distress signals and fog signals.
5. Fire extinguisher.
6. Water, petrol and stores in excess of known requirements.
7. Compass, with known error.
8. Charts to cover cruising area. These should be corrected and up to date.
9. Two anchors, one main and one kedge, with adequate chain or warps.
10. Bilge pump.
11. Rope step, fitted on stern.
12. Two long warps, at least ten fathoms, two short warps.
13. Boat fenders.
14. Bucket (No explanation will be given for this item).
15. Storm jib.

It is intended to leave Dover in company on Saturday morning, May 28 and to return in two parties. One, to return on Whit Monday, the second to return some time during the week for those who are able to spend a few more days in France.—Harry Maloney.



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Denmark Rally

ARISING from the vote at the Annual General Meeting, the Committee has asked Stan Morgan, Harry Maloney, Robert Tucker and Allen Hudson to look into the practicability of holding the 1967 Rally in Denmark; to investigate possible venues, and to find out the best way to get boats and crew there. Naturally, the last aspect has been given top priority, since members cannot be expected to commit themselves, until they can be given a firm indication of the basic cost. The shopping around is still going on but the sub-committee hopes to have something definite to report in April.

The Exe Fleet

THE Annual General Meeting of the Exe Fleet was held at the Exe Sailing Club on Tuesday, January 8 followed by our usual party at 7-30.

Both Frank Troulan and I have been in office a year as Fleet Captain and Secretary respectively, so time has run out on both of us. I proposed Bill Sleeman as Fleet Captain and this was seconded by Brian Hardiman and carried unanimously. Les Pithers was proposed as Secretary, and this again was carried unanimously.

The Group then discussed ways and means of encouraging other twin keel vessels to join as associate members. Many and varied were the ways proposed to do this. It was suggested that the name "Exe Twin Keelers" should be substituted for the "Silhouette Owners International Association", but this caused a lot of heated argument, as many were not in agreement with the idea of dropping our original name. We appeared to be getting nowhere on this matter, so Brigadier Birch suggested that the matter be left in abeyance until the next meeting, when new ideas could be brought forward. It was generally felt that the name S.O.I.A. should be incorporated. One of the reasons expressed as to why the name should be changed was that many owners of twin keel vessels did not know they could become Associate Members of the S.O.I.A. and it was felt that if we could possibly add the words "twin keel" or "Twin Keelers" up to 24ft., we might

increase our membership, which has been slowly falling off. At any rate, we must wait and see what the next meeting brings. The date is set for Tuesday, February 15, at 8 p.m.

The party started at 8-30 and I showed two films, one of Plymouth Week, which was very well received, and another of the Channel crossing made to Cherbourg last July (not in a Silhouette after all). This was followed by a very excellent buffet, supplied by our lady members. The meeting broke up at about 11 p.m. after a very enjoyable evening.

I would like to take this opportunity of wishing my successor Les Pithers as enjoyable a year as I have had doing the job. — R. Trevithick.

Associate Members

LOOKING over the lists of Associate Members, I find that a total of 71 boats other than Silhouettes are now recorded. Quite a few members wrote me last year informing me of the changes they had made, but casual conversation at the A.G.M. showed that perhaps an equally large number had overlooked this simple duty. So that the 1966 lists can be as nearly as possible correct, please let me know if you have sold your Silhouette and become an "Associate" since the 1965 lists were published last May. Just a card will do with,

Owner's name. Address. Class. Sail No. Boat's name.

HOME PORT

The Felicity still seems to be the most popular choice of owners of boats other than Silhouettes. We have seventeen. The Alacrity follows, with seven recorded. Twenty-nine other "classes" of small cruisers appear on my lists, and the odds are that should a Silhouette owner be contemplating a change he will be almost sure to find a fellow member who has already ventured into the class of his choice.

Situated as I am at a Channel Port it was thought fit that I should undertake the issue of the S.O.I.A. Certificate of Ownership. These documents, giving details of the owner and his craft in English and French, were designed to facilitate the issue of the French "Passeport du Navire Etranger" on arrival at the first French port. The Certificate of Ownership is on card about the size of the *Journal*, and can be issued to paid up owners of either Silhouettes or "Associate" yachts at a charge of 2s. 6d. Last year nearly all applicants for this document delayed their application until, the week of departure for foreign shores, but I am happy to say that this year some of those intending to take part in the Whitsun cruise to Calais have already written for their Ownership Certificate. This makes life much easier.

The Rear Commodore, Harry Maloney, tells me that to date twenty-six members have asked to take part in the Whitsun Calais Rally. The boats include an Eclipse, Eventide, Hurley 22, and a Kestrel, so the "Associate" members will be well represented.—Ernest C. Large.

Voyage to Salcombe

By Ray Smith

(Concluded)

I LIVE in a one-way street above the harbour, but to get home necessitates manoeuvring a difficult hairpin bend in the busiest part of town. To avoid an "incident" I drove out of town, coming in again on a different route, which would give me direct access up our narrow one-way street. To my dismay a car was parked in the only space I could get off the narrow road near my front door, so, harrassed by an impatient hooting behind, I had no alternative but to drive on. The next available "draw-in" was private car parking space of our neighbouring Church, and none of it being in use on Saturday I believed I might be forgiven for a temporary parking while we loaded up.

When I arrived at our front door I was confronted by a veritable mountain of "absolute necessities", vital to our comfort, consisting of pillows, sheets, blankets, canvas bags, numerous food hampers, saucepans, frying pan, dog bowl and unexpired portion of his rations, doll's pram and sundry occupants, not to mention swimming gear, vacuum flasks, changes of clothing and so on. I weakly protested, but my wife was adamant that everything was an "absolute necessity" and must accompany us.

Negotiating the first load to the boat, parked a good hundred yards from the house, I was confronted by an irate vicar, arms and cassock flying in the breeze — "Get this moved at once, or I call the police". Visualising the enormous load that had still to come, I begged permission for just ten minutes grace — but the vicar was immovable, and away he flew to carry out his threat.

Now began a frantic life, carrying more than I could see over, bed linen trailing under my feet, frying pan falling to the ground with a clatter, but in seconds everything was thrown into the cockpit, and a very irritable skipper and crew sped down the road in complete silence.

The ride to Salcombe was smooth and uneventful, and allowed us all to regain our usual composure and tuck into our packed lunch as we went along. No one seemed at all surprised to see us arrive in Salcombe, and we proceeded to the car park by the water's edge and slipway, ready for launching. It was 15.00 hours, and low water—one could see nothing but mud in all directions. Oh well! The whole purpose of this exercise was to determine whether I could accomplish the whole operation singlehanded.

I proceeded to reverse car and boat down the narrow, long and steep slipway under the silent directions of my wife's anxious expressions. Is there ever a more tantalising exercise? I am ashamed to admit that for a whole hour I failed miserably to achieve any success whatever. Either the front offside wheel of the car, or alternatively the

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

The Silhouette Owners' International Association exists to promote the interests of Silhouette Owners throughout the world. The annual subscription is 20s. (USA 5\$). Bankers: Westminster Bank Limited, Hornchurch, Essex.

offside trailer wheel, were about to disappear over the edge to a twenty foot drop, so with a disjointed neck and a deflated ego and some bad language we parked up in the car park to await developments, and sort out our "absolute necessities" that, after stowing would do nothing but completely fill the cabin.

High tide was around 21.00 hours when we thought we would "float her off" what was now a very short slipway. But the rising tide was accompanied by a cold gusty wind full of rain, and the evening now took on a cheerless aspect in the fading light. So we had a brew-up and a frying pan supper and got bedded down in the boat with the "absolute necessities"—in the car park.

We slept fine, and awoke early to a blustery overcast day. Ablutions were simplified by the use of the washbasins in the public convenience before the arrival of the car park attendant, and we were fit to face the day. When I arrived back at the boat, there was a most appetising smell of bacon cooking, but as I was clambering over the

Regional Groups

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

South-East.	<i>Hon. Sec. Stan Morgan, 19 Philbrick Crescent East, Rayleigh, Essex.</i>
Blackwater.	<i>Hon. Sec. A. V. Hudson, 70 Greenway, Southgate, London, N.14.</i>
Solent.	<i>Hon. Sec. J. R. Caulder, Sellafield, Orchard Lane, Hermitage, Emsworth</i>
South-West.	<i>E. K. R. Sweet, 12 Battery Street, Stonehouse, Plymouth.</i>
Poole.	<i>Hon. Sec. E. R. W. May, 2 The Circle, Moor-down, Bournemouth, Hants.</i>
Bristol Channel.	<i>Hon. Sec. Cyril Watts, 5 Vassall Road, Fishponds, Bristol.</i>
Midlands.	<i>Hon. Sec. E. G. Oldham, 206 Hagley Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham.</i>
North-West.	<i>Hon. Sec. George Smith, Woodcroft, Park Road, Hale, Cheshire.</i>
Wyre and Morecambe Bay.	<i>Hon. Sec. Bertram Lloyd, The Tythe, Glebe Lane, Dowbridge, Kirkham, Lancs.</i>
Lake District.	<i>Hon. Sec. T. K. Jones, Foxton House, Lowther Street, Penrith</i>
Tees Bay.	<i>Hon. Sec. R. T. Swarbrick, 21 Raby Road, Stockton-on-Tees.</i>

stern, my wife greeted me with: "The Calor gas has given out".

It is hard to believe that so early on a Sunday morning one can be so fortunate to find a smiling garage attendant simply surrounded by full Calor gas cylinders, but such was the case, and in no time at all we were all thoroughly enjoying the best breakfast of the year.

After a thorough tidy up, bedding stowed into the car, the boat was made ready for launching. Glancing across to the slipway I was appalled to see a large yacht on an enormous trailer poised ready for launching, and completely blocking all access, with no one in attendance. After an hour or so the owner arrived with a few helpers, but it was quite obvious that if we were to get our keels wet, all available hands were required to help launch the monster, and by the time she floated off the trailer, the tide was well on the turn. If we launched our Silhouette now she could only be afloat for a couple of hours, and if my Torquay harbour experience was to be re-enacted I would need all of that to get her back on the trailer! Or this performance could have taken place late evening, but it would have resulted in a late homecoming, so the dog took us all for a very enjoyable walk instead.

My wife's only complaint was that she had taken quite unnecessarily two lots of seasick pills, and when our admiring friends and business colleagues inquired how we spent the weekend, with a few carefully chosen words, our proud boast was that "we'd slipped round to Salcombe in the boat for the weekend".

The Return

By D. L. Smith

THE last weekend in August, I motored North to fetch *Tammy Norie* from the beach at Colonsay to the boatyard in Ardrishaig. Parking the car and taking the steamer, I was there by Friday teatime. As luck would have it, this coincided with extra high Spring tides and *Tammy Norie* was afloat for the first time since I'd beached her. Old Sandy had on his waders and gave me a shove once I'd paddled aboard. The same evening she was tied up in the harbour, well ahead of schedule, as I'd reckoned on having to scrounge the tractor to get her down.

The next few days were rather rough, and with Spring tides as well, I didn't fancy the dreaded Gulf of Corryureckan. It's the shortest way to Crinan and I felt I owed it to the boat to go that way. Tides were going to be suitable at the most inconvenient times too, necessitating either a 3 a.m. start or arriving at Crinan in the dark. Both were out as far as I was concerned. However the Clyde Cruising Club book mentions an anchorage just at the Western entrance to the Gulf and I began to ask local worthies. Sandy has only been through in calm weather; Donald Gibbie reckons the Bay of Pigs is safe enough and that you could always get through the Gulf, given plenty of power, if you hugged the South side. The C.C.C. book warns strangers against it; the Admiralty Pilot says not to attempt the passage while the tide is setting, but that means vessels big enough to have to go slap through the middle. Who to believe?

If I get to the Bay just before the tide begins to come West, I can get in and wait overnight and nip through in the morning at slack water — only need half an hour, and then on to the Dorus Mor — another bit of tide, but not so dangerous. This was the scheme, then, for September 2nd. High water Oban 09.36, the W.-going stream starts H.W. plus 4-10, i.e. 2-46 p.m. Allow 4 hours for 16 miles in favourable conditions, meaning a 10-30 start, say. That's better than rising at 3 a.m. to do it in one go! Set off with main and genny in bright sunlight, but with no great hope of doing without the Seagull. The trouble was the course closed only gradually with the N.W. coast of Jura and it wasn't easy to judge progress. At length I started the motor but kept the sails drawing a little. We got to the mouth of the Gulf just a little behind schedule but the water was still calm. I had to pass inside Eilan Mor, clear a couple of rocks to starboard and then turn South into Bagh nam Muc. Just abreast the second rock a few swirls appeared. Suddenly about 30 yards ahead, a series of 2ft. waves appeared, presenting us to all intents and purposes with a step to climb. Despite the sunshine it all looked very spooky. *Tammy Norie* dropped into low gear and pressed on, rocking a little. Just as suddenly we were into the calm waters of the Bay. I wanted to climb the hill and watch the race develop, so I put her aground on a pleasant sandy beach, hauled the anchor a little way ashore, and practically every warp we had away

up the beach as it wasn't very steep. It was, in theory, low water, and I reckoned this way I could pull her ashore on my return, to avoid a swim. One of these days we'll have a dinghy!

Gathering up the camera and sandshoes I pressed on up the hill. It was jolly steep and hot work but a small coaster was coming through and I wanted to watch it, so ran where I could. Huffing and puffing, I got to a spur where the whole Sound was visible. It was only an hour past slack water, and neaps at that, so it wasn't very dramatic. The coaster never so much as faltered, barely a ripple. I could see *Tammy Norie* behind and below and tide had dropped further—that gave me more time. I walked right to the top—the map only says 619ft. but it's easily double that—phew! Got the glasses on the way East through the islands—no problem there. Returning to the Gulf, I waited for things to develop. The water looked as if there was a skin over it, straining under the pressure beneath. Then enormous swirls came up from below—patches became slickly smooth and turbulent by turns. On the North side, where the whirlpool is supposed to be, a circle of foam developed. Not very violent today, it flung occasional bursts of spray into the air, rather as if whales were playfully flipping tails just beneath the surface.

As supper was on the go, *Tammy Norie* refloated and a little calculation showed that low water occurs here about 3 hours after slack water in the Gulf. Presently we hauled off to be sure of staying afloat, and had another good look at the tide tables before bed. Next morning was fine again, and very quiet. I was due to start at 9-20 and at 8-30 the Gulf was still showing white water. Having breakfasted, I had a jolly good look at the Seagull and topped up the tank. Waiting for slack water was rather unnerving and I busied myself coiling warps and stowing things below. Zero hour arrived and we motored out into the shiny calm waters of the Gulf. I suppose under the circumstances one should be grateful for the anti-climax—certainly we were through in half an hour with no difficulty in maintaining our course through the swirls, but we didn't even get a friendly push from the tide! On towards the Dorus Mor, the gap in the islands just South of Craignish Point. This can be another tricky spot with strong tides; today found flat calm, not even a help along the way. So the faithful Seagull plugged away every last yard of the way to Crinan, getting us there at about 11-30.

That afternoon I hitched into Ardrishaig, collected the car and trailer and got back in time to hear the weather forecast—Northerly Force 8! Back on *Tammy Norie* I looked among the assembly of yachts for a vacant mooring, but the last one had been taken by three valiant souls in a white open boat of about 14 feet, yawl-rigged of all things, and very smartly turned out. They'd brought her in stages from Milford Haven and fully deserved their secure mooring as they snuggled down under an enormous tent cover.

For peace of mind in the night I rode to two anchors — my C.Q.R. is an imitation, not the genuine article, I find, and has dragged

on occasion. The 22lb. fisherman grips first time, every time—touch wood! After a few checks on position I was finally convinced and went to sleep—actually it never blew above Force 6 but a Northerly is the worst wind for Crinan. Next morning friend Jim arrived to help with the trailer in return for a day's sailing. After a splendid trip into Loch Craighish in winds between Force 3 and 5 we had another 2-anchor night—even Jim, bless him, a stranger to the boat, slept soundly after being told what each of the twenty or so different sounds was! Odd how one gets used to halliards (despite one's efforts to secure them) and standing rigging playing tunes, plops and splashes, creaks and thumps, as long as they are properly accounted for.

Next day, despite neap tides upset by the wind we just managed to heave *Tammy Norie* on to her trailer and tow her out with the aid of 30 fathoms of warp and a handy telegraph pole at the turn in the road. By 3 p.m. we had her ashore and by 5 p.m., under cover in the yard in Ardrishaig. Goodness knows where next year will find us—working in Hull, it looks like being the North Sea but there's no island, it's so shallow and it's not even the right colour . . . !

Homeward bound

By Michael Ellis

FRIDAY night before the Saturday return trip to England from Calais, the atmosphere was electrifying. Serious thought was brought to bear on the task of plotting the course back.

The skipper looked very knowledgeable as he poured over Admiralty Chart No. 1895 Dover Strait, and jotted down lots of figures on the back of a cornflakes packet. After informing me with a smile, that he used to do this sort of thing all the time in the Air Force, I took his word that the compass direction of the streams should be read as *from* and not *to*.

I quickly checked his sums, and soon we had a course plotted.

Saturday, 6 a.m. We were awake and up at once. At 6-40 a.m. the Shipping Forecast came in loud and clear—Wind South West, Force 3—4, some sea mist.

At 7-30 we weighed anchor and slipped quietly out of Calais Harbour on a course of 274 degrees. According to our calculation, the east going stream would take us eleven miles off course in the five hours that we planned to take. We could not afford to take longer, as the Dover entrance is very rough indeed unless negotiated at high tide, and also the current alters course to the opposite direction two hours before high water.

The seas proved to be a lot more frisky than the weather report had led us to expect, and my wife was beginning to wonder how I had successfully talked her out of a perfectly good scheme of going back by steamer. She began to doubt my words that it was all down hill coming back.

The sea mist quickly closed in behind us, and the French coast was blotted from view.

About three hours out, the sea flattened itself out like a billiard table. We floated in an ominous, deathly, calm, surrounded by haze. Out of the gloom we could hear the ships' foghorns as they passed by unseen.

Suddenly a Swedish tanker appeared from nowhere. Her course was set to collide with us. We gave her a blast with our siren and with relief saw her bows alter direction.

The skipper raised and lowered his Red Ensign three times up and down the three-foot flag pole as a way of saying "Thank you". I waved my battered yachting cap, and they returned our greetings by waving back.

The oily calm soon vanished as quickly as it had arrived, and we passed through a patch of spiky turbulence. It looked as if thousands of little fish were tearing about just below the surface. This also soon passed, and we were back in normal seas.

Four and a half hours later I was at the helm, when the words I had read at the bottom of the Dover Harbour Chart came to my mind and brought me up with a jolt. I handed over the helm to Mike and re-read it. "Two hours before high water the tide turns *east*". We had calculated the crossing allowing for an easterly stream all the way, but in fact the tide was running *west*. This meant that we were twenty-two miles adrift.

Not too politely, I showed the chart to the skipper by placing it one inch away from his nose. He pondered on the fact for some time and then, although he did not actually admit to being wrong, he did suggest that there was a possibility that he had not been altogether right. On a very quick calculation I put our position at about 50 deg., 54 minutes North by 1 deg., 15 minutes East, and suggested that we alter course to due North. Half an hour later I said that to make sure that we would land in a safe place and not drift onto the Goodwin Sands, we should alter course to North West.

15.45 hours was a time to remember. Land was sighted! The skipper was in high spirits, and pointed out the White Cliffs of Dover with an air of pride as if he had built them all himself. I was doubtful, and said that even in spite of the mist they looked too dingy.

As the mist lifted, the Dymchurch Wall came into view. We had been looking at the Hills of Sandgate.

With the sun out at last, it was shirts off and spinnakers on as we ran along the coast past Folkestone. At 15.00 hours we raced through the turbulent waters of Dover as if we were shooting the rapids, and swept into the harbour in exultant spirits.

As we came into Dover we passed an identical white fibre-glass Silhouette moored. A beaming face appeared from the hatch, looked at us and said "Snap!" We wished we had thought of that.

That night we slept on board and were up early Sunday morning in order to make ready to drag *Scorpion* up a steep concrete incline on her trailer. We made many trips to our cars, armed with luggage in order to lighten the little ship. Each time we crossed the prom, an old

local rustic would pass a jovial time of day with us, as if he personally had had a hand in bringing out the sun that morning. We left him happily directing a car full of holiday makers who had stopped to ask the way.

After a week's ordeal of braving the French "Foot-prints" and the ship's "bucket", the skipper asked the old rustic if he knew of the nearest toilet. With agitated pleasure at being able to perform this small service, he seized Mike with one claw-like hand and dragging him to the centre of the road, indicated further down the prom with the other. "Straight down their sir", he said. "You've got your Ladies, you've got your Gents and you've got your wash-room, and if you go now the man's still there". Then he added with unconcealed patriotic pride. "It's the best lavatory in Dover!"

Hauling *Scorpion* up the incline on the end of a rope went in swinging style. The time was about 11 a.m. and the beach was full of interested spectators. As we two sweated on the end of the rope, two more enthusiasts appeared, and then we were four. It was still proving too difficult, when one of our new-found friends called out in a most accusing manner: "We need one more!" and another good British citizen sprang to the task.

Then we were away! *Scorpion* exploded from the sea, and we were running up the incline amid the gleeful cries of a little girl of about three: "Go on daddy, you did it daddy!"

Soon we were loaded up and ready to roll. We grinned at each other. We had done it. Another little Silhouette had "jumped the ditch" and we were better and bigger men for it. The blood of my sea-faring grandfather was living again in me, and I could almost feel the salt pulsating through my veins.

"Glad to know you Bill"

TOWARDS the end of August after all the Silhouettes had gone home, and the 1965 Rally was just a pleasant memory, it was as always, very relaxing after a day's work to leave Richmond Walk for an evening's sail.

Staying with us for a week were Joe and Trixie from Southampton. Telling Marion (my wife) that we would end up in Cawsand for a drink, Joe and I set sail about 5 p.m. in *Alphons* (356). A lovely offshore breeze gave us a good run to the Eastern end of the Breakwater, to the Nap buoy, on to Tinker, and a very nice beat into Cawsand Bay.

On my numerous visits to Cawsand, after a few minutes to get the sail down, etc., I would see Bill Hancock launching his boat off the beach to row me ashore. Bill, a retired Shipwrights Chargeman, was my boss in the Dockyard boat house when I was a joiner during the early part of the war. At that time, for a joiner to be admitted to H.M. Service as a shipwright was just not on, but after a very short while, as long as one admitted that a joiner could never build a

boat, I was accepted; and from my point of view, my five years' boat building has since proved an invaluable experience. However, it has always been a standing joke with old Bill, that I was all right, but could never build a boat. Looking over Cawsand Bay from the door of his little cottage, when about sixty Silhouettes sailed in during Plymouth Week, he could not resist saying "A wonderful sight George, but you never could build a boat". My years in the business have taught me never to argue with a boatbuilder; now, at 75 years old Bill, one of the finest craftsmen I have ever met, still turns out a couple of clinker prams a year, and proudly claims that anything George Hurley knows about boats was what he taught me. For my part I will always say, "Glad to know you Bill".

However, as the boat did not appear to be coming down the beach, we decided to run right in and jump ashore. As the tide was about four hours flood, we left *Alphons* with a couple of lads to keep her nose to the beach, and pull her in as the tide rose. We then strolled up to the "Smugglers" only to find Bill behind a pint in the bar, unaware that we were anywhere near the place. Having called for two of the best, Marion and Trixie joined us, to spend a very pleasant couple of hours in the good company of the locals.

After drinking a little more than usual we strolled down to the beach with the girls and company, a little more merry than when we arrived. *Alphons* was still being brought in with the tide, so that when the wash went back one could almost jump on the bow. Whether about three pints of the best affected my reasoning or not I shall never know, but I decided to take off my left shoe and sock, take one big stride into the water, and spring onto the foredeck. To everyone's great amusement the wrong foot went in first, and I finished up with the water just pouring out of my shoe.

The wind had died right down, and with the sea looking like a mill pond, the 1½ h.p. inboard pushed us across Picklecombe Fort and up to Richmond Walk after an enjoyable evening. — George Hurley.

New Members

WE extend a cordial welcome to the following:

H. Maycock, 55 Osborne Road, Manchester 19; J. D. Robertson, 4 Glebe Terrace, Cramond, Edinburgh 4. 485 *Pintail*, Firth of Forth; W. J. Brambley, 158 Melford Road, Sudbury, Suffolk. 1298 *Normandy*, Woolverstone; H. A. Turner, West Winds, Lake Road, Portishead, Bristol. Felicity 378, *Santa Clara*, Portishead; A. P. Hudson, 7 Mandeville Close, Hertford, 1520, *Mystral*, Blackwater; L. H. Driscoll, 66 Crouch Avenue, Thames View, Barking. 966 *Ianthe*, Blackwater; I. W. C. Baker, 54 Fairgreen, Hadley Wood, Barnet; B. Seaman, 129 Dorset Road, Merton Park, S.W. 19; Dr. W. P. Handley, Biddlon Hilltop, Newchurch, Sandown, I.O.W. 1524 *Wishen*; Canon

J. M. W. Adam, The Vicarage, 13 Ribblesdale Place, Preston, Lancs. 474 *Puffin*, Lytham St. Annes; G. A. Holmes, 7 Thrush Lane, Cuffley, Herts, *Sallyanne*, Leigh on Sea; W. H. Marshall, 34 Esplanade, Whitley Bay, Northumberland. 1833 *Sigurd*, Blyth; P. F. C. Whiteman, 308 Chester Road, Streetly, Staffs. 728; H. Lea, 4 Finch Avenue, Rainford, Lancs.; N. W. Hopkins, Rhedynog, Ffriddoedd Road, Bangor, Caerns. 829 *Jogalong*, Dinorwic, D. B. Bickford, 2 Laira Place, Prince Rock, Plymouth. 727 *Moonraker*, Plymouth; K. West, 10 Castleings Close, Knaresborough. Felicity 494, *Jane*, Lakes; B. Heaney, Lower Lee School, Beaconsfield Road, Liverpool 25. 1968; A. Provan, North Devon Yacht Club, Inston, Devon. 1946 *Simba*, Inston; Major E. N. Sweet, Windy Brow, Wargrave, Reading. 1971 *Henrietta III*, Chichester.

L. T. Gardner, 7 Manor Brook, Blackheath, London S.E.3 1374, *Corkwing*, Medway; P. Y. Moyse, 14 Cumberland Mansions, George Street, Bryanston Square, London W.1. 72 *Yolanda*, Chichester; D. Thornton, 180 Westfield Lane, Idle, Bradford. Lakes; C. J. L. Barnes, 56 Windsor Road, Formby, Liverpool. 1023 *Titipu*, Anglesey; R. H. Bingley, 73 White Lund Road, Morecambe; 1306 *Louise*; W. Campbell, 12 Bay Road, Dovercourt, Harwich, 1411, *Maggie C*; D. Hudson, 14 The Belvedere, Burnham-on-Crouch, Essex, 1439, Crouch; J. H. Braid, 6 Craigmount Avenue, North, Edinburgh 12. 888 *Flipper*, Craigmound; A. Smith, 19 Oak Street, Quarry Bank, Brierley Hill, Staffs; M. B. Saward, 378 Northdown Road, Cliftonville, Margate. 565 *Diane*, Ramsgate; A. R. Neale, 3 The Crescent, Richmond, Yorks. YMS 579, *Piccolo*, W. Hartlepool; R. S. Boatham, 8 Sefton Road, Archer Park, Middleton Manchester; G. F. Haselock, Far End, 14 Parklands, Finchfield, Wolverhampton. 960 *Sarah*, Aberayon; A. Pomfret, 22 Lawrence Avenue, St. Annes, Lytham St. Annes. *Susannah*, Lytham; E. Gill, 32 Milford Lane, Whiteleigh, Plymouth; D. Hall, 17 Tregunter Road, London S.W. 10. Bosham; A. W. Jones, Crossways, Sarisbury Court, Southampton. 979 *Hairstreak*, Hamble; R. J. Morgan, 14 Bromley Road, Catford, London S.E.6. 1247 *Emma*, Medway; P. K. Geoghegan, 5 Park Drive, London, N.W. 11. 827 *Tutu*, W. Mersea.

Letters to the Editor

MAST SUPPORTS.—In your November issue you mention that some Silhouette owners have made their mast supports removable. When I built *Suilven* (1673) I made my mast support removable and after three seasons' use I can say that the alteration was worthwhile and has no unexpected hazards. I wanted to be able to sleep three (myself, wife and 10-year-old daughter) without recourse to a quarter-berth. The Kee-clamp at the bottom end of the mast support pipe is screwed to a hardwood pad, which is hinged to the floor. A hardwood "box", open at the after end, is bolted to the coachroof king-plank and has a tapered pad, which is thicker, at the forward end. A matching hardwood pad is screwed to the kee-clamp at the top end of the pipe, this pad being thinner at the forward end. A 6ins. bronze bolt with wing nut passed through the sides of the "box" at the after end prevents the pipe from working loose, and the whole is a driving fit, requiring a tap with a mallet to remove it. At night the pipe is knocked out to lie flat on the

floor. The bunk edges are made to hinge down, the cabin ladder and all unwanted gear is stowed between the side bunks, and a piece of plywood fits neatly over the space between the bunks, thus making the cabin into one full width bunk. —H. K. Murray, Pigeon Bay, Banks Peninsula, New Zealand.

COMPASS MOUNTING.—Mounting on the bridge deck or, better still, just below, on the bulkhead, is about as handy as any, but is subject to excessive deviation if the outboard is stored mag.-end forward in the cockpit locker. We always (rather untidily) keep the outboard mounted astern if using the compass, to avoid this trouble. Keep radios, exposure metres, etc., well forward for the same reason.—H. D. L. Smith.

THE SCARF. May I hasten to rectify the omission mentioned by our Secretary at the Annual General Meeting—I, for one, was delighted with my Association scarf.—Margaret Nicholls, (SH 1420), 9 Canterbury Court, St. Augustines Avenue, South Croydon.

TOWING. I have towed a Silhouette on a standard Hurley trailer with a 1929 Austin Seven tourer. As the car is only 8½ cwt. empty, all loose weighty items (outboard, anchor and chain, Campari, etc.) are transferred from boat to car. The engine, which develops 10½ b.h.p., can climb a 1-in-10 hill pulling this load (estimated 25 cwt. total) but a restart on such a gradient would not be possible. The lack of absorbers on the trailer becomes evident at speeds above 30 m.p.h. on uneven roads, when the boat tries to steer the car after hitting a bump. Like Mr. K. W. M. Cockburn, I wouldn't recommend it; but it does show what can be done.—D. Hodgson, 14 The Belvedere, Burnham-on-Crouch, Essex.

SMALL ADVERTISEMENTS

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

WANTED Silhouette II, wood, preferably with trailer and outboard. D. Thornton, 180 Westfield Avenue, Idle, Bradford.

WANTED Silhouette 1965 model, glass fibre, 3 berth, motor, trailer, pulpit, boom, cover, etc. Must be complete and in perfect condition throughout. Please give sail number and full details and price. Green, 56 Shorefield Mount, Dunscar, Near Bolton.

FOR SALE Prout folding dinghy £8. S. Hawton, 112 Ladysmith Road, Tottenham, N.17. Tel: Tott 6019 after 6 p.m.

WANTED Silhouette trailer. Chandler, 84 Thames Side, Staines, Middlesex. Staines 54134.

FOR SALE Silhouette 606, cutter rigged (with bowsprit) inboard Stuart Turner 1½ h.p. engine, roller reefing, 10 and 15lbs. C.Q.R.s, main, jib, yankee and genoa Terylenes, cockpit and overall covers. In dock Littlehampton. Price £280 o.n.o. Dickinson, 24 Bushby Avenue, Rustington, Sussex.

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.

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