

PLYMOUTH WEEK — AUGUST 7th - 14th

# The Silhouette Owner

*The journal of the  
Silhouette Owners' International Association*

NUMBER 60

JULY, 1966

PRICE 1 -

*and the  
Auxiliary...*



**BRITISH SEAGULL**

*"The best Outboard Motor for the World"*

THE BRITISH SEAGULL CO. LTD.  
11 FLEETS BRIDGE POOLE DORSET (Telephone: POOLE 165)

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

*Hon. Editor:* J. R. L. ANDERSON.

Two Ways, Charney Bassett, near Wantage, Berkshire.

*Telephone:* West Hannev 282.

Advertising rates on application to the *Hon. Advertising Manager*, HELEN ANDERSON, Two Ways, Charney Bassett, near Wantage, Berkshire. *Telephone:* West Hannev 282.

## Contents

|                                                |    |
|------------------------------------------------|----|
| SOUTH WEST NEWS .. .. .                        | 4  |
| POOLE GROUP .. .. .                            | 5  |
| CALAIS CRUISE <i>by Harry Maloney</i> .. .. .  | 5  |
| WATCH OUT GEOFF LEE! .. .. .                   | 9  |
| DREAMER AWAKE! <i>by Michael Ellis</i> .. .. . | 10 |
| NEW MEMBERS .. .. .                            | 14 |
| TENDER CARE .. .. .                            | 14 |

## Secretary's notes

SINCE I have been secretary of the Association it has been my practice to write a few columns every month for this Journal. There was one issue a year or two back in which no article of mine was published—but this was due to lateness of postal services and not as any omission on my part. It will, however, be a series of extremely lucky breaks if this article ever reaches the press. In the first instance it means that *Griffin* has safely negotiated the ice round the southern tip of Greenland and has made a successful landfall—it also means that the very sparse postal services of the Greenlanders has managed to convey the letter to England in time; and finally it proves that our acting editor has been able to decipher my near hyroglyphic writing which at best is incomprehensible and being written aboard a small sailing boat under way is not at its best.

Add to all these hazards my well known ability at mis-spelling and you will marvel with me if publication takes place.

Silhouette training has proved beneficial on board *Griffin*. Although she is forty-four feet long and looks quite enormous when first coming aboard, with a crew of six each carrying the required amount of gear for Arctic conditions, there is considerably less room per person than a Silhouette with a two-man crew.

Being out of touch for the last few weeks leaves no recent correspondence to be commented upon—but I have absolutely no doubt that all has been handled efficiently and promptly by Harry Maloney who

is holding the fort until my return, which I will make sure is well in time for Plymouth Week.

Next year we will be holding our rally abroad—so this is the last Plymouth exent until 1968—in the past three years we, who have attended, have had three wonderful holidays in Plymouth and each successive rally has been an improvement on the previous year—so everyone is confident that 1966 will be the climax before our venture abroad. It is hoped, and I see no reason whatever to doubt, that we will have a hundred entries and, given a medium of good weather there will be competition, fun and interest for everyone so please don't be put off this year make Plymouth a must on your calendar. Come with, or without your boat, come for a week or a few days—you won't regret the effort; and please don't be like one member who visited the rally last year but did not join in the fun at Cawsands as he had not officially entered.

\* \* \*

If you are in the market for waterproof clothing, from recent experience I can recommend the nylon-proofed wear marketed by Henri-Lloyd or the combination suit of similar material manufactured by Vacuum Reflex, in both instances these garments are much less cumbersome than the usual P.V.C. variety but they are by no means less efficient in keeping one dry in the most vicious seas. Vacuum Reflex make these excellent boiler-suit type waterproofs for the Royal National Lifeboat Institution—they are also famous for what are probably the most efficient life jackets in the market today. But like every well designed and manufactured article, they are not the cheapest.

What do you consider the most efficient footwear aboard a small boat, in common with popular practice? I have always used the plymsol-type shoe in reasonable conditions changing to the shortie rubber boot when it is wetter or colder—but I have now met a very experienced yachtsman who uses little else than the ordinary rubber soled suede boots that are obtainable in any shoe shop during the winter months at varying prices. He says that this type of footwear gives him warmth where it is most necessary and while not being waterproof are able to stand up to wet conditions and are easily dried anyway—while not agreeing with his arguments at least it is a thought worth remembering.

\* \* \*

The next edition of the Journal will be the August-Plymouth Week special in which all the entries will be listed—make sure *you* are on the list.

[Will all Groups please note that there is the usual Committee meeting on the first Saturday of the Rally at Royal Plymouth Corinthum Yachts Club. Please do your best to see that you are represented.]

—R.A.G.

## *Griffin Arrives*

EVERYONE will be glad to hear that John Anderson and Reg Garrod and their crew have safely arrived at Vinland after their 4,000 mile voyage in *Griffin*. She nosed her way through the fog into Martha's Vineyard, Edgartown Harbour on June 27.

## *South-Western Group*

AT our last meeting it was suggested that we give Frances Chichester some kind of "send off" when he leaves in August for another trip across "the pond." Mr. Guscott ("Gus" as we call him) resigned as Group chairman and his place has been taken by Mr. Thorne. We would all like to thank Gus for the hard and sincere work which he has been doing for the group since it was founded in November 1962.

The other members of the group committee are: President, G. Hurley; Commodore, W. S. Spurrell; Hon. Sec., E. K. R. Sweet; Hon. Treas., Mrs. S. Kennedy; Sailing Sec., T. Bickford.

\* \* \*

Will any members wishing to start a "Falmouth Fleet" please get in touch with Mrs. Thrower, of 6 St. James Terrace, Penryn, Cornwall.—Ernie Sweet.

## *Plymouth Rally Transport*

ARRANGEMENTS must soon be put in hand to book transport with George Hurley for getting boats down to Plymouth for next month's rally. Boats from East Anglia are usually arranged to be picked up from Hullbridge in Essex, so if any of you wish to assemble at this point please arrange with me as soon as possible.

Some may wish to arrive at Plymouth a week before the Rally (I already have a booking of four), so please be clear as to what you wish to do in this respect. It helps very much if I can arrange groups of four boats to travel at the same time.

Our men of Kent are also showing interest in the rally this year and Sid Nicholls, of 9 Canterbury Court, St. Augustines Avenue, South Croydon, Surrey wishes those in the Medway to contact him in order to make arrangements with Hurley's for a combined lift. Can I leave it to those interested to contact him direct please.

Please make certain that your vessel is insured for all contingencies whilst travelling by Hurley's trailer and that no liability falls upon Hurley Marine Limited for damage caused—remember that the low rate of charge for this service is a concession arranged with George

Hurley by the Association, and the very nature of the arrangement makes it important that no additional expense is incurred by Hurley Marine. It's up to you.—Stan Morgan, 19 Philbrick Crescent, Rayleigh, Essex.

## *Poole Group*

THE following programme has been arranged for the Poole Group of the SOIA:—

17th JULY, SUNDAY. STUDLAND PICNIC.

Meet at Studland approx. midway between Studland and Training Bank at approx. 12.00 hours for day picnic. Cricket, football, dinghy races, etc. Proceed from Lilliput starting line 09.30 hours.

7th AUGUST, SUNDAY. LILLIPUT REGATTA.

Lilliput Sailing Club will be holding their Annual Regatta on the above date and boats of the S.O.I.A. can take part. Entrance forms can be obtained from:- M. C. Coward, Esq., Hon. Sailing Secretary, 14 Sandbanks Road, Parkstone.

20/21st AUGUST. WEEKEND AT WAREHAM.

Proceed from Lilliput starting line 12.00 hours for cruise and Saturday night stay at Wareham. Return 12.00 on Sunday.

## *Calais Cruise*

*By Harry Malony*

EIGHTEEN skippers with their crews and friends met at the Royal Cinque Ports Yacht Club, on May 27. This was after a day of great activity, with boats arriving from all parts of the country. Brien Heaney trailed his boat from Liverpool, the two Smith brothers from Birmingham, and Ken Cockburn from Leicester. These were just a few who had made long trips to join the company. Some had sailed their boats to Dover from Crouch, Thames and Ramsgate. Some, through illness and other urgent commitments, who were unable to come sent their best wishes for the trip.

The meeting was very brief with a burgee being presented to the R.C.P.Y.C. and thanks being given to Ernie Large for the work that he had done towards the arrangements at Dover. A tie was then presented to Reg Woods, a member of the Association, who is also the berthing master for British Railways at Dover. He had spent an entire day helping to launch boats, and giving every assistance he could. These are the people who help to make the Association so

worth while. Afterwards a second meeting took place (nearer the bar) when everyone got together to discuss the forthcoming trip.

We had to be out of Dellington Dock at 5.30 on Saturday morning when the gate was opened. We were to have tied up outside and sailed out together. This was where the Calais cruise became the Calais-Boulogne Cruise. Most of the fleet had left the dock, when British Railways decided to close the swing bridge to allow road traffic to cross over. This locked in about eight boats. When we had eventually passed through, we tied up and went for the forecast. This turned out to be force 4 N.E. going S.E. It was decided that if the wind did back we would not be able to get far enough to the east to make Calais, so we decided to make as much as we could to the east, and then bear away to Boulogne. In the meantime, the first half of the fleet had left the harbour and was on its way.

Having decided on Boulogne we was able to leave at a later time and did not have to worry about the tide turning too early off the French coast. We left at 07-00 reaching the harbour entrance at 08-10. The seas which had been building up with the N.E. were quite large, but we expected the entrance to be rough and as we only had about two hours of east-going stream left before slack water we pressed on. The first two hours from Dover I think will be remembered by all who took part. The Silhouettes really took all the seas in their stride. No boat looked to be in any difficulty and were all sailing well. The French coast was sighted soon after leaving Dover. This was when we were on top of a crest. When we closed in enough to be able to pick out the shoreline we could see Calais to our left and Cap-Gris-Nez on our starboard hand, we were then on a course of 120 deg. mag. The tide had just started to westward so we bore away to 135 deg. and made for the headland. With a fair wind and tide we were soon under the shelter of the shore and continued along the coast to Boulogne.

We passed through the entrance at 13-25, after 5 hrs. 10 mins. Needless to say the forecast was wrong. The wind stayed in the N.E. After tying up in Boulogne, Herbert Firth, Ron Fairman, Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard, and I set off by train to Calais, to meet the rest of the fleet. On arrival we saw Margaret and Lorna, who had travelled over by the ferry. The President of the Yacht Club du Nord de le France met us at the club and invited us to be at the club on the following day at 12-00 hours to receive a presentation from the civil dignitaries of Calais, also invited was the Little Ship Club who were holding their annual rally at Calais. On Sunday the whole of the Boulogne group set off for Calais.

At 12-00 hours on Sunday a long procession made their way in to the club. What was said sounded very nice, although I didn't understand a word of it. A porcelain cup was presented to the Association and was received by Herbert Firth, our Commodore. Herbert gave his reply in English. It was then the turn of the French to nod and smile, although they didn't understand a word either. Our burgee was then presented to the club by Herbert who expressed our thanks for the wonderful reception we were given.

On Monday some boats left for home. Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard and Ron Fairman in their *Felicity* sailed for Leigh-on-Sea. They missed the tide at Southend and had to wait for the next before getting in. It took them 17 hours for the trip. At Calais, Ron Hunt in his *Hurley 22*, and other Silhouettes who could only manage the weekend also left.

The remainder of the fleet at Boulogne had decided to sail round to Calais to meet up with the others. We set off with the wind still in the N.E. and having stood out from Cap-Gris-Nez for about two miles then tacked up along the coast. After two hours of this Herbert and I decided that we would have to use our engines if we were to reach Calais as the tide only had about an hour to go before it set to the west. We signalled the other boats to start their engines but we found that one boat could not start its engine. The other boats were told to go on and we returned to Boulogne with the boat with engine trouble. The boats going to Calais had a long struggle with the tide to reach the entrance.

On Tuesday we once again left Boulogne, engine trouble cured, wind once again in the N.E., although a lot stronger, about 4-5. On reaching Cap-Gris-Nez out of the shelter of the land the seas become really large and the wind rose to about strength 6. Trying to beat against it was hopeless. Once again, we returned to Boulogne. Having licked our wounds we decided that Calais was not for us and that Herbert, who had to be back in England the following day, would return by ferry and Margaret and Lorna who were all this time in Calais would return with me.

A meeting was held in Calais and the group there decided that they wished to return on the Thursday. We, in Boulogne, decided the same. Wednesday was a beautiful day. We spent it resting on the beach, with a lovely dinner in the evening.

Thursday we were about early and left Boulogne with visibility down to about two miles, the wind was still in the same quarter, about force three. After half an hour we lost sight of land and did not see it again until about two miles out from Dover. The white cliffs were a very welcome sight.

Having passed through the entrance we picked up moorings and as soon as we had dropped our sails the custom launch was alongside and the officer was aboard. This turned out to be quite short and very friendly. On reaching shore we found the remainder of the group from Calais already out of the water on their trailers ready for home.

Boats taking part:—

Ted Ball, *Taya* (29).

Ken Cockburn, *Sapphina* (1886).

Ernest Dunthorne, *Nina* (697).

Brien Heaney, *Circle* (1968).

C. Hubbard, *Nyota* (F.35).

Ron Hunt, *Spray Dancer* (Hurley 22).

## The Silhouette Owners' International Association

### President:

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

### Honorary Flag Officers:

BERNARD COLLINS, FRANCIS CHICHESTER, J. R. L. ANDERSON,  
W. SPURRELL, STAN MORGAN, JACK O'BRIEN, GEORGE OLIVER.

### Flag Officers and Committee:

**Commodore:** HERBERT FIRTH, 5 Moss Grove Road, Timperley, Ches.

**Vice-Commodore:** R. A. GARROD.

**Rear Commodore:** HARRY MALONEY.

**Hon. Secretary:** R. A. GARROD, 4 Crawley Road, Bush Hill Park, Enfield, Middlesex.

**Hon. Treasurer:** R. W. FAIRMAN, 141 Hornchurch Road, Hornchurch, Essex.

**Sail Number Registrar:** W. H. CHAMBERS, 79a Adelaide Grove, London, W.12.

**Supplies Officer:** Mrs. EILEEN MORGAN, Swatchways, 19 Philbrick Crescent East, Rayleigh, Essex.

**Circulation Manager:** HARRY MALONEY, 42 St. Thomas's Road, Finsbury Park, London N.4.

**Associate Representative:** E. LARGE, 19 Victoria Park, Dover, Kent.

**Press Secretary:** C. J. GUSCOTT, 64 Cowick Hill, Exeter, Devon.

**Librarian:** E. COXELL, 40 Louis Drive East, Rayleigh, Essex.

**Advertisement Agent:** C. S. KENYON, 54 Lawling Road, Latchingdon, Chelmsford.

**Hon. Technical Advisor:** ROBERT TUCKER, 58 Southbury Road, Enfield, Middlesex.

*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.*

Dick Levick, *Vita* (1930).

Harry Maloney, *Wee Three* (654).

Stan Morgan, *Midnight* (17).

Peter Moyse *Yolanda* (11) (72).

Ted Newell, *Panope* (523).

Fred Powell, *Sea King*.

Mike Rulton, *Scorpion II* (1834).

N. B. Saward *Diane* (565).

E. Shiells (Jock), *Nevis* (1403).

G. Sharp, *Aquarius* (1172).

A. & R. Smith, *Reine Pedauque* (1152).

There were also some other boats at Dover who did not make the crossing. Theo Stanley's *Mistress Maestria*, J. S. Flashman's *Corina*. Noel Symmonds sailed in late on Saturday and was not able to take the time to cross *Telachys*.

## 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. A. V. Hudson, 70 Greenway, Southgate, London, N.14.*

### Solent.

*Hon. Sec. J. R. Caulder, Sellafeld, Orchard Lane, Hermitage, Emsworth*

### South-West.

*E. K. R. Sweet, 12 Battery Street, Stonehouse, Plymouth.*

### Poole.

*Hon. Sec. E. R. W. May, 2 The Circle, Moor-down, Bournemouth, Hants.*

### Bristol Channel.

*Hon. Sec. Cyril Watts, 5 Vassall Road, Fishponds, Bristol.*

### Midlands.

*Hon. Sec. E. G. Oldham, 206 Hagley Road, Edgbaston, 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.*

## Watch out Geoff Lee!

My Dearest, Why can't you be more

Like Silhouette One O Six Four?

He wipes the plates

He cleans the grates

He chops the wood

He's really good,

If we should meet and anchors drop

I'll ask his wife if she will swop.

My dove, before you swop, just think

If I was at the kitchen sink

There wouldn't be a job for you,

And you'd become an idle shrew.

And are you sure

One O Six Four

Is not like me

When he's at sea?

—Rhona Pinkney.

## SILHOUETTE • FELICITY

GLASS FIBRE AND MARINE PLY

The largest selection of sloops from 17ft. to 24ft. on show in the North West at the complete chandlers

THE NORTH WALES BOAT SHOP  
Llandudno Junction 81073



## *Dreamer Awake*

*By Michael Ellis*

THE story is three years old and yet I can recall each moment as if it were yesterday. The feeling of pride, no, more the sensation of fulfilment of all my childhood dreams. I stood on the gently rocking deck of my very own Silhouette, casually holding the mast as I watched my guests clamber laughingly aboard. With yachting cap set jauntily on the back of my head, and a knife at my belt, I considered myself a match for any sea. After all if one springs from a sea-faring family then experience counts as little, compared with instinct doesn't it? Well doesn't it? Mind you, a little experience I do admit can come in handy now and again. For instance, it would have been useful if I had been acquainted with the old Solent gambit "Never cross Chichester Bar on an ebb tide with a sou' westerly wind," or "When going out to sea, make sure you are dry behind the ears or you will finish up getting *all* wet." Still it's hard sometimes to cool the buccaneering blood.

It was August, 1963, and Valerie, my wife, and I had just bought *Dreamer* (Sail No. 821) from Alf Wimporey and we lost no time at all in inviting two friends down for the day. Bob, a mad keen dinghy type and his fiancée Jill, a mad keen Bob type.

At 9-30 a.m. Saturday morning we four set sail for the unknown. It was a funny sort of a day, neither sunny nor fully overcast, and the scattered lumpy clouds drifted around the sky rather aimlessly, not knowing quite which way to go with the feeble Force 2 wind. Jill settled herself comfortably and smiling, said to Valerie that this was just the sort of day she loved. Nice and peaceful sitting in a big safe boat. Not a bit like hanging desperately over the side of Bob's Albacore tearing through the tempestuous seas of Hastings. So lulled in her feeling of false security, she even confided to my wife that she didn't even like dinghy's, but loved Silhouettes. (Bob at the time was well out of ear-shot of course—I seem to re-call him bounding around the unaccustomed large deck area, making the halliards and anchor all ship-shape and Bristol fashion.)

Well after what seemed like hours of rather dull sailing from Dell Quay we spied East Head, and a great cheer went up. For

some five or six years previous to this when I owned an 11ft. 6in. Pancraft runabout I would always at this point voice the same cry "How about going across to the Isle of Wight?" Somehow through circumstances quite beyond my control I had, up to that time, never actually managed the trip. So it was with Bob backing me all the way that we were able to out-vote the girls by two votes to two. We tacked across to the sailing club on Hayling Island and as the seas started to pick up I remarked to the others "Alf says this part is always rough but we will be OK as soon as we get out a bit." The girls seemed none too sure about this as they ducked down behind the coach-roof to avoid the flying spray. Bob's face was dripping water but his eyes glowed with enthusiasm. This was becoming far more like dinghy sailing than he had expected and he was loving every minute of it.

I did note with some surprise that we were the only boat out that day! As the wind picked up to Force 4-5 and the seas rose to meet them Valerie asked me if I was quite sure that everything was all right. I said "Of course. Alf says that nothing can be too rough for these little boats. It's impossible to turn them over you know." I had to shout the last bit or she might not have heard me over the crashing seas.

Even in spite of what Alf had said however, I was comforted to see a 19ft. Pacemaker come bounding over the waves armed with two snarling 35-horse Evenrudes and nudged Bob with a grin as the cowardly "powered craft" suddenly turned round and scurried back with its tail between its legs.

At that point I saw a huge curved wave, well over on the port side. I pointed it out to Bob and we watched it run. Tall, narrow and hooked like an eagle's talons it raced across the water for 150 yards neither slowing down nor breaking up. It brought to my mind something I had read about Hawaii and every seventh wave being a killer. I had no further time for reflection. A huge wave had reached us unseen and smashed itself over our coach-roof. In an instant we were soaked. We gasped and laughed at each other with the unexpected shock. As I looked forward grasped the helm harder and just had time to give a warning cry, "Hold tight, this is a big one!"

It was like a green glass cliff, huge and overhanging. The excited white spume at its crest seemed to be almost level with my mast head. As the angry monster came at us I pointed my bows smack into it. The nose met it and lifted. Up and up it shot. Then with a cry from the girls a deafening roar thundered in our ears, as we hit the full force. We seemed to loop the loop and the next moment we were all in the water with *Dreamer* lying on her side like a fat dead whale.

This was real trouble. As I broke surface I saw the girl clinging to the stricken craft. I also noted our hatch, a locker top, and my cap floating away. Without further thought or delay I struck out and grabbed them. My first inclination was to save

the boat and that meant sliding the hatch back in position before another wave could hit us and sink her. Everybody seemed to be shouting at once. Valerie (not a strong swimmer) wanted to leave the boat and swim back to Hayling Island. Jill, crying that she could not see Bob, was hanging onto the stern. Valerie was straddling the mast which lay flat on the water and I was beside her cursing as I tried to slam the hatch home.

Suddenly there was a shriek from Valerie as *Dreamer* began to roll upright. She was plucked out of the water and deposited in a heap into the open cockpit. As I grasped the gunwhale I found myself looking across the cockpit at Bob's grinning face the other side. In true dinghy fashion he had swum round the boat, stood on the port fin keel and righted the Silhouette on his own!

Soon we were back on board and surveyed the havoc with dismay. Everything was saturated and the cabin had eighteen inches of water in it that swirled round dangerously as the boat rolled in the cruel seas. *Dreamer* lay wallowing heavily in the water and all her movements were sluggish. Quickly I got everyone onto bailing for dear life and warned them that it was possible that we may be tossed again.

The girls wanted to go back and Bob looked silently to me for orders. For the first time in my life I was struck with indecision. I was the Captain. It was to me that my crew looked to save them and the boat. The rollers were breaking all round us but more violently opposite the mouth of Chichester Harbour. In order to return to East Head we would have to go into the large breakers again. I was not sure if *Dreamer* could take another bashing in her pregnant state.

Good old Alf saved the day. I suddenly recalled a passing remark of his. His voice seemed to drift across the ether to me. "If ever it gets too rough to get into Chichester Harbour you can always get back by going through Langston." That was it! No more indecision. "We go on to Langston!" I said. Now I did not actually know where Langston was but by shrewd calculation I reasoned it to be on the other side of Hayling Island. And so zig-zagging in and out of the smaller rollers we waddled in the slowly disappearing tide, along the coast of Hayling Island. Soon it became painfully obvious that we were in very shallow waters. We looked at the beach full of happy sunbathers, not one of them realising the drama that was being acted out in front of their very eyes.

We were now quite close to the beach and it was not until it was too late that we realised that we were surrounded by a sand bar covered by frothing seas. Langston did not seem to be anywhere in sight. At this point I gave the order to drop anchor and furl the sails. I stripped to my swimming trunks and after telling my crew to wait for me, plunged into the water and swam to the shore.

An old colonial type was strolling along the beach having his

constitutional as I emerged from the sea. I said, "Which way for Langston Harbour?" He said, "Are you from Australia?" Now I considered this to be a particularly stupid remark under the circumstances that I neither speak with an Australian accent nor could I have possibly just swam twelve thousand miles. I ignored his questions and asked again. He said, "It's just there" and pointed just along the beach. Not knowing what to look for it had been completely hidden to my eyes. I thanked him, assured him once again that I was not from Australia and plunged back into the water. As I reached *Dreamer* the tide was now rushing out fast and soon we were bumping the ground. We all got out and tried to find deeper water but it was too late. We had come within fifty feet of Langston deep water outlet but we were beaten by the tide. It was then that I think I made the finest decision of the day. On being asked what to do I turned round and said "We drop anchor and go ashore for a cup of tea of course!" This move was met with great enthusiasm and did much to restore me back to my former image. Four wet and bedraggled people emerged from the sea fully clothed as if we had returned from a visit to Neptune's Kingdom.

We returned from the Café as the tide came in and with the trusty old Seagull banging away and everyone in the water pushing, we negotiated the last fifty feet, and amid splashings and laughter we four scrambled on board as *Dreamer* spread her wings happy to be in deep water once more. The morning's lumpy clouds after a last consultation finally decided what to do with themselves. They all joined hands, leadened the skies and belted us with rain.

In order to negotiate the two Hayling Island bridges, one has to drop the mast. I offer the next little gem to all new or would be Silhouette owners, entirely free of charge. When dropping the mast, first extract the boom or you will finish up forcing the two together and snapping your goose neck off like a carrot. Bob was quite a resourceful character and managed to do a very fine repair job with the aid of my shoe laces. The only trouble was that I had to slop around for the rest of the day in my bumper boots with the tongues lolling out like two cows dying of thirst.

It is surprising when you are fully absorbed in enjoying yourselves, that you don't realise how quickly the time rushes by. So we were quite startled to find ourselves viewing East Head again through the failing light of evening.

The girls retired below and Bob and I braced ourselves for the cold wet sog back to Dell Quay. At 11-05 p.m. exactly, I rammed *Dreamer* into one of Roger Fauchan's mud berths and we slowly clambered out and locked up. Bob and Jill thanked us for a lovely day and Jill said that we must do it again sometime but she didn't say when. Valerie and I made our way to my father's empty caravan at Bracklesham Bay and by 11-30 we were snug in bed listening to the rain pounding on the metal roof. I lay back revelling in the fact that I was a Silhouette owner at last.

## Tender Care

**W**HEN we bought *La Mouette* four years ago we wanted a dinghy which was as light as possible, yet one which really looked like a boat. Having already owned a 10ft. 6in. Prout we decided that the smaller 7ft. 6in. Prout would suit us best. We got one with blue sides to match the blue and white of our Silhouette, and the one which carries a lug sail and centre board.

We use *La Mouette* for holidays, which are mostly spent on estuary water. The dinghy is always towed, so that getting ashore for walking, bathing and shopping is no trouble. The Prout tows easily, looks well and is easy to get up the foreshore and on to the top of the car. It is seaworthy and carries three adults easily. Getting in and out great care and correct balance are needed, but once seated it is most stable.

We have made the following modifications to our Prout:

1. The floor boards are permanently fixed to the transom battens with a few brass screws. Otherwise the floor boards tend to work loose. We never collapse the dinghy as it travels upside down on the roof rack of the car.
2. A stout one-inch diameter rope has been stitched with nylon thread around the outer edge of the boat. This acts as a perfect fender.
3. A small wheel with axle has been fixed to a stout piece of wood, which by two pintles hooks on to the stern of the dinghy. The dinghy can then be pulled instead of carried up the beach. This is a great labour saving device and, when unhooked, the wheel lives on the floor of the dinghy.

We have only used the sail very occasionally as in such a small boat conditions have to be ideal for sailing, but it can be great fun for a teenage child.—A. M. LESTER (S II. 1030).

## New Members

**W**E extend a cordial welcome to the following new members:  
J. A. Hinds, 29 Park Hill Road, Chingford, E.4; A. J. Shore, 127 Harrow Road, Wollaton Park, Nottingham; R. Jones, "Casita," 49 Redhill Gorse, Trinity Fields, Stafford; S. S. D. Jones, 6 Clockhouse Road, Farnborough, Hants.; R. M. Warren, 47 Kneele Gardens, Hartleyvale, Plymouth, Devon; W. J. Denny, "Old Harry," 2 Waverley Road, New Milton, Hants.; L. O. Jones, 29 Orme Road, Bangor, N. Wales.

## PLYMOUTH WEEK 1966

*Don't forget: August 7th - 14th*

## Letter to the Editor

**FILLING THE SEAGULL GEARBOX.**—Many members, as they anointed themselves and the cockpit with gear-oil, trying to get at least some of it into the gearbox, must have wondered why oil manufacturers do not market the stuff in giant tooth paste tubes. Fortunately, the captive-cap plastic bottle, in which "Squeezy," "Fairy Snow," and other detergents are sold, and can easily be filled from a quart can. The topping-up of the gearbox now becomes a simple and precise matter.—A. V. Hudson, Hon. Sec. Blackwater Group.

## SMALL ADVERTISEMENTS

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

**YOUNG MAN** wishes to crew. No previous experience, any reasonable distance. J. P. Smith, Everest Farm, Weald, Sevenoaks, Kent.

**FOR SALE:** Silhouette II No. 886. Well found and in first class condition. Medina 7½ h.p. twin cylinder outboard, trailer, dinghy, car towing bracket, many extras including compass and permanent mooring in best sailing area in Southwest. £500 for quick sale. Telephone Helston 2470.

**CHANNEL ISLANDS.** Silhouette owner visiting Jersey, July 29th to August 11th wishes to hire Silhouette or motor cruiser for two or three days (mid-week). Harding, 57 Deramore Park, Belfast.

**FOR SALE:** Silhouette genoa in blue Tereylene. Good condition. £9 10. 0. Hassall, 13 Cleveland Road, Paignton, Devon.

**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.

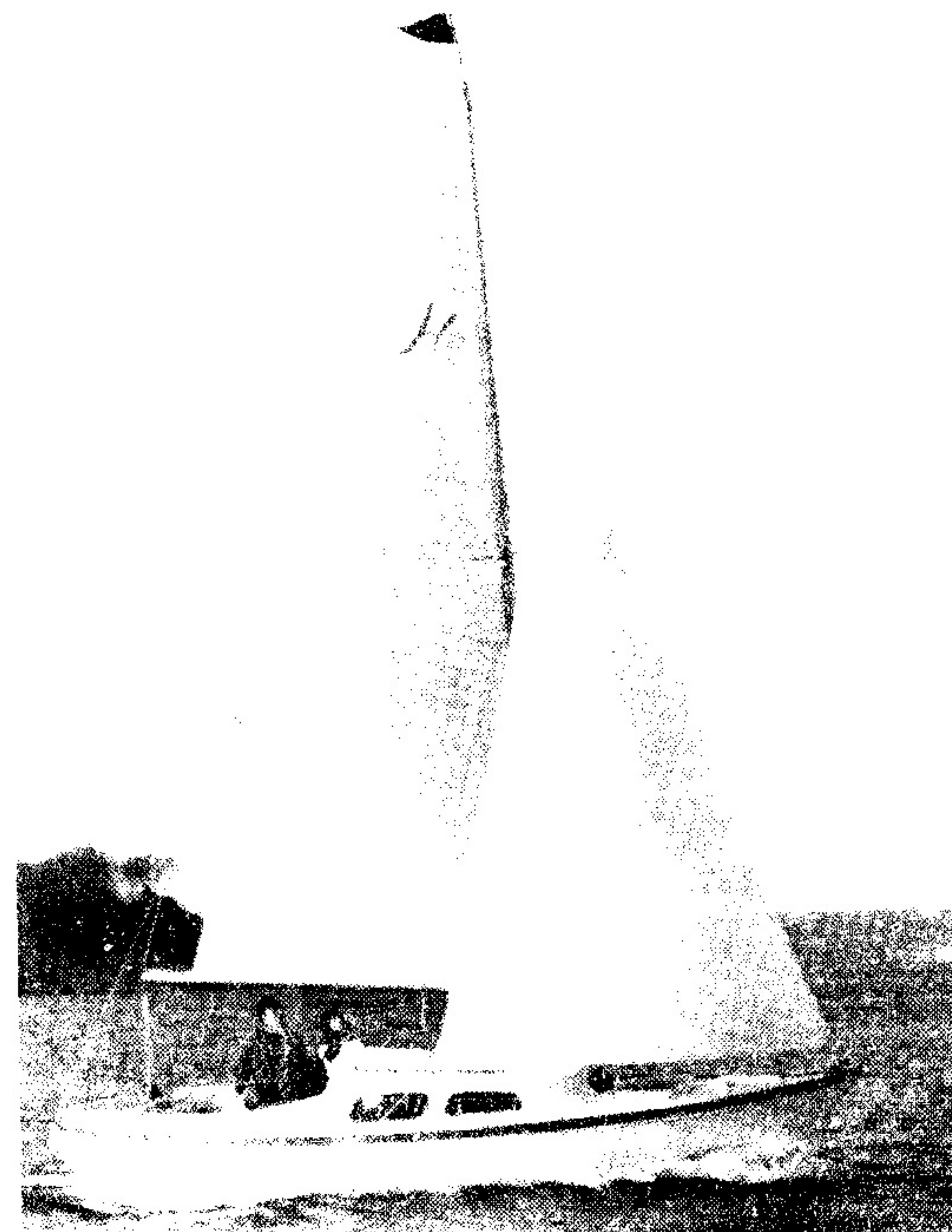
# HURLEY MARINE NEWS

On March 26th, 1966, we were proud to open our new 40,000 sq. ft. factory at PLYMPTON, nr. PLYMOUTH. The ceremony was conducted by Sir Donald Stokes, managing director of the Leyland Motor Company.

We are very conscious of the fact that the SILHOUETTE was the beginning of our success in this industry, and that the home of this fine craft has now developed into the largest plant of its type in the United Kingdom.

We therefore invite all SILHOUETTE OWNERS and friends to visit our factory without the least obligation, and inspect the modern construction methods in our Lloyd's approved factory, which has a large sail loft, a temperature controlled moulding shop, and a tank for testing all craft which leave the premises.

Please visit us at your convenience; we will be very glad to see you.



*Glass Fibre Sailing Cabin Cruisers*

SILHOUETTE MK II

HURLEY 22

ALACRITY

FELICITY

HURLEY 18

SIGNET

*For details of this craft, write or phone.*

## **HURLEY MARINE LTD.**

VALLEY ROAD, PLYMPTON, S. DEVON

Telephone: Plymouth 36601/2.

*Published by the SILHOUETTE OWNERS' ASSOCIATION and printed by the  
TRAVERS PRESS, 432 Ashton Old Road, Openshaw, Manchester 11.*