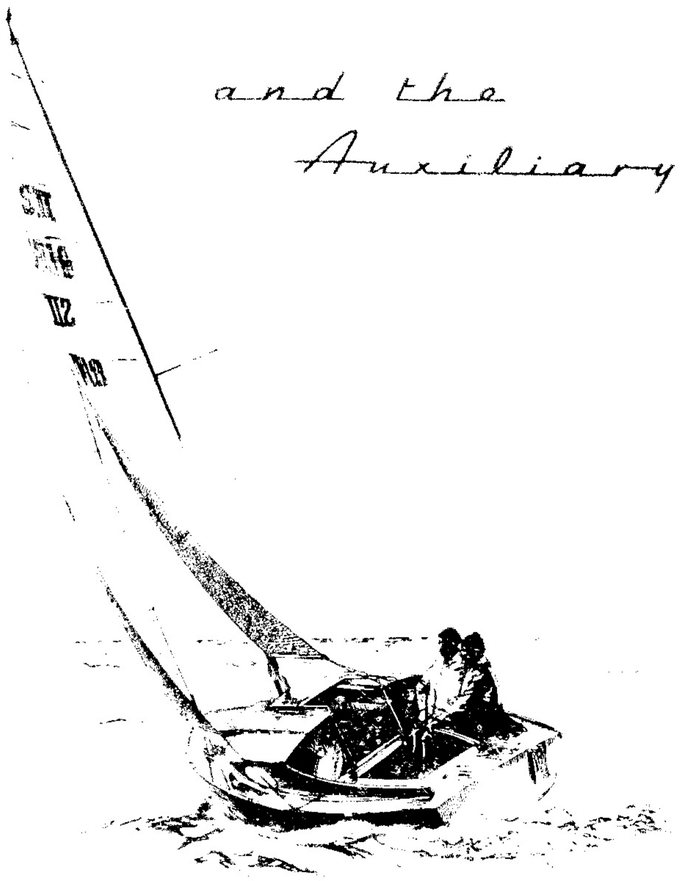
TEN YEARS — 1957 - 1967

The Silhouette Owner

The journal of the Silhouette Owners' International Association

NUMBER 71 JANUARY, 1967 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

ONE decade is not a long span in human history, but to have kept a voluntary association going—and growing—for ten years through all the complexities of modern life is a respectable achievement. Self-praise is not much to be commended, but there are times when it is justified. This surely is one of them. The SOIA collectively has done a good job, and we can fairly be proud of having built up a tiny and very modest Silhouette Association into the largest class of cruisers in the world. The Association owes everything to its members, but we owe a particular debt to the handful of gallant individuals whose faith and hard work—often at considerable self-sacrifice—have created and nurtured the SOIA through its decade of life. It is fitting to put on record here our gratitude to the founders of the Association, including Robert Tucker, G. E. Maddox, Squadron-Leader Batchelor, Bill Chambers, Gabor Dènes, and the first secretary, Mrs. M. G. Ollis. The first years were difficult, and a crisis came in 1960. It can be best summed up, perhaps, by quoting from the first leading article in Number 1 of *The Silhouette Owner*.

> The committee which founded the association three years ago came to the conclusion during the past year that members were not giving enough support to its activities, and regretfully put down a resolution for the AGM that it should be wound up. This certainly stirred up things. There was a remarkably good turnout of members for the AGM at the Little Ship Club, and it soon became apparent that there was a strong body of opinion determined on keeping the association going. In the event, the winding-up resolution was decisively defeated, and, since all but one of the old committee said that they did not wish to stand for re-election, a new committee was elected. It ought to be made clear that although this was a storm, it was not an angry one; there is plenty of room for genuine differences of opinion over what an association like the SOA (this was before we became International) can succeed in doing, and the fact that, as it turned out, a majority of members at the AGM wanted the association to branch out in a number of new ways, does not belittle what the old committee has achieved.

Mr. Maddox wrote a generous letter of good wishes to the new committee, and we hope that the original founders of the Association can take pride in the way in which their work has been built upon by those of us who came a little after them.

Perhaps the two most important decisions taken by the new committee in November 1960 were (i) that the Association could flourish only if it had active regional groups and (ii) to publish a journal to keep all members in touch with Silhouette affairs. The growth of the Association since then has demonstrated the wisdom of this reorganisation. The first groups formed were the SE Group, on the Crouch, and the NW Group, based on the Menai Straits. What has become the strong SW Group based on Plymouth existed then as a small independent local Silhouette Association. It is a credit to the statesmanship of both the Plymouth people and the officers of the National Association that the Plymouth Association merged so happily into what has become the SOIA. After these beginnings, other regional groups formed rapidly. They are, and will remain, the life of the Association. We owe an incalculable debt to the men and women in the different sailing areas of Britain who have formed and kept going our groups and Silhouette fleets.

It is proper next to record the members of the new committee which took over in 1960, and carried through the reorganisation of the Association. Bernard Collins undertook the chairmanship, George Oliver was secretary, O. W. D. Akers treasurer, and with them served Stan Morgan, J. R. L. Anderson, W. H. Chambers, and Ken Barrett. The first of a long series of notable logs published over the years in this Journal was Herbert Firth's account of his passage from Anglesey to Saundersfoot in *Dolphin*—later to become famous throughout the Association as the Commodore's flagship. Another milestone in our history was Reg Garrod's readiness to undertake the secretaryship when George Oliver had done his stint and business commitments made it difficult for him to carry on. Reg Garrod has been such a tower of strength that it is impossible to pay tribute adequately to all that he has done—and does—for the SOIA. We can but say "Thank you, Reg." We must say a particular "Thank you," too, to Jack O'Brien, for his fine work as treasurer before R. W. Fairman, our present splendid treasurer, took over, to Harry Maloney, for organ-

ising the distribution of the *Journal,* and to many others, alas, too numerous to mention. Although they were not exactly founders, the list of founding fathers would be incomplete without the names of Colonel and Mrs. H. O. W. Fowler, of the Isle of Man, who took on the job of addressing envelopes by hand every month when the task became too much for the editor and his wife, before our distribution was organised more scientifically by Harry Maloney. We ought to mention many other people, notably the gallant band of Silhouette wives, without whose work and constant help there would be no SOIA. We ask them to accept a collective "Thank you." We must also place on record our thanks to Mr. George Blaymire and Trajan Press, our printers. The *Journal* owes much to them.

We may enjoy celebrating our tenth anniversary, but we must never allow ourselves to become complacent. Our aims, to promote the interests of Silhouette owners throughout the world, to encourage cruising, to inculcate good seamanship, remain unchanged. But we must be ready to find new ways of going about things, to match the needs of new years and a new generation of members. To be alert to these needs requires the active help of everyone in the SOIA, both those who sail Silhouettes, and those many friends who now have other boats but generously retain their interest in the SOIA. The years ahead will not be easy, but we are confident that we can meet their challenge.

Secretary's notes

WISHING everyone a very happy new year, and the fond hope that it will prove to be a good sailing season, it would be appropriate to remind our readers that this is the tenth anniversary of the founding of the Association. It is ten years in which we have grown from the modest beginning of a small meeting at Beaver Hall, to the largest liveliest, and happiest small cruiser association in the world, with a membership of a thousand enthusiasts. Our thanks should go out to our founder members, and all the people who have followed in their footsteps, working in the background, to keep the wheels of organisation revolving.

* * *

The inside back cover of this *Journal* is a form to be filled in and returned to the address shown. This is a necessary step to enable our printers to keep as up-to-date as possible for our 1967 List of Members. *Please* don't think that because Old Harry knows you well that it is not necessary to complete the details, for ONLY THE DETAILS GIVEN ON THESE FORMS WILL BE PRINTED. It has proved a considerable task in the past to rumage through all the forms, letters of alterations of address and sale of boats etc., and often mistakes have been made in previous lists. So please help, jot down the information (in block capitals) and pop it in the post. It won't take above a few seconds, and will prove invaluable to us, and at the same time jog your memory that, unless you have already filled in a banker's order, your pound cheque or postal order is also due.

Don't forget Saturday, January 7, the first Saturday of the Boat Show, 5.30 p.m., for the Annual General Meeting at The National Liberal Club, Whitehall Place, S.W.1, followed by the Party—our tenth birthday party. Admission is free to all members, with one adult guest, and all members' children of school age free. Extra guests, ten shillings. You'll miss a wonderful evening if you miss the Party, and an opportunity to air your views if you miss the A.G.M.

* * *

The Central Council of Physical Recreation, has published a small booklet called "The Water Sports Code" in which it stresses the need for all users of waterways, be they canal, river or lake, to use consideration for others who may be using the same water for a different purpose, and to accept the fact that the angler does not like to have his lines tangled any more than a rowing boat wants to be swamped by the wash of a fast speed-boat. It is a commonsense publication, really trying to say "Don't be selfish." It is sincerely hoped that these occasional appeals will not fall on deaf ears, as it but needs the thoughtlessness of so few to bring legislation to the many. Complaints lodged by official bodies, boating, sailing, rowing or angling, will only bring down officialdom with all *that* means, and we will find our sport, with all the restrictions that are imposed on mechanically propelled vehicles, and our waterways as defaced as the roads are with warning and direction signs.

* * *

So much has appeared in the popular press about Francis Chichester, that one finds it difficult to comment, but for a single handed sailor, to voyage from here to Australia, without touching land is a feat beyond the realms of credulity, and must rank as high as any in the field of personal achievement, either in this century or the last. What a man among men, we have for an honorary vice-commodore!

* * *

Most of us read in the yachting news that Margaret Hurley, announced her engagement recently. Congratulations Margaret, and all members of the Association wish you every happiness, but at the same time, we hope that this does not mean that we will lose the entry of one of our trophy winners at Plymouth this year. Margaret has sailed in every championship at Plymouth so far, with a record that is to be envied by many, and especially by me.

* * *

Herbert Firth, who has served the Association in many roles, and for the last three years has been our very able and efficient commodore, has decided that it is time to vacate that post, and will be officiating at the A.G.M. for the last time in that capacity, leaving the newly elected committee to select someone to take his place. This gives us all the opportunity of saying "Thank you, Herbert, for all that you have done. We could't have had a better man for the job, and your efforts are much appreciated."

The Silhouette Family is growing, with the " S20 ", and the " S3 ", both products of Tucker's drawing board, and both modifications of our beloved " S11 " the former as the insigna implies, a twenty footer, built in the traditional way, with marine ply, and the latter, exactly the same as a Mark II, built in glassfibre but with round bilges. Both should make an impact on the market, and both will cause a headache or two among the organisers at Plymouth this year. While the committee has not yet discussed these two models, it seems that the " Twenty " will have to race in a separate class from the SII, but it may be possible to work out a handicap for the round bilger—that is unless some other ideas are forthcoming at the A.G.M.

* * *

Will Group Secretaries please note that ample supplies of Association headed note paper will be available at the meeting, if required. Please contact the secretary or arrange for someone to contact him for you if you are unable to be present. A last reminder to come to the meeting, air your views, elect your new committee, and enjoy the party, but above all don't forget to complete address slip and post it off, quickly.—R.A.G.

Cruising unlimited

by J. and D. Wilkie

IN a family cruiser, granted only ordinary family holidays (and the extraordinarily bad weather that always seems to go with them) it is scarcely possible to cruise more than 150 miles from base and back again. Starting from our mooring on the Blackwater this admittedly covers an area bounded by the Humber, the Hook of Holland, the Solent and Cherbourg; but think what it leaves out! With a boat that can be trailed easily your radius of action is multiplied tenfold and the accessible area a hundredfold. You need never spend another winter free of the worry and calculation that a new cruising ground entails; and your bookshelves will groan under a growing load of pilot books and charts that will be out of date before you have a chance to use them again.

But the boat must not be merely trailable. It must be livable-in, sailable, and most important, seaworthy: for in unfamiliar waters there are inevitably more difficulties than in one's own estuary. What is really needed is an instant 5-tonner—on arrival you just add it to water and stir. Lacking that, the next best choice is probably a Silhouette. Fully laden, she weighs a ton and a quarter; quite enough for trailing on dangerous roads, and handling on steep slipways.

After all this propaganda, you may well wonder why it is that out of our seven seasons with *Draco*, we have trailed her on only three occasions—twice to the Mediterranean and once to Cornwall. Part of the reason is that there is so much sheer hard work involved in switching between land and sea four times over in the course of the

holiday. In retrospect it seems a small price to pay for the bliss of perfect weather and clear, warm Mediterranean water, enjoyed miles from the suffocating beaches; or for a front seat in the stalls at the theatrical evening parade along St. Tropez quay; or for the thrill of a landfall in Corsica at dawn on a shimmering morning, with the mountains generating some wind at last as a change from endless calm.

But conscience must be satisfied: hence three seasons were spent in working to rule. Most sailing people have rules, e.g. that they won't have an engine, or won't use it until the tide has already turned. In such an irrational pursuit as sailing you need some irrational rules to guide you. Our rule is that we do not put our boat on a car ferry until we have crossed the same sea under sail on our own. It took two seasons to conquer the Channel in preparation for our Mediterranean trip.

This summer we sailed from the Blackwater direct to Zieriksee in Holland and we feel that this more or less clears us for the ferry to The Hook—and then the Baltic. On the other hand we have a pressing invitation from some Jugoslav friends who have just bought a small island in the Adriatic. Another busy winter ahead . . .

New members

WE extend a cordial welcome to the following new members: A. Turner, 82 Clanson Avenue, Northolt Park, Middlesex, 1271 *Pegasus,* Solent; L. Pusey, 91 Fox Hollies Road, Walmley, Sutton Coldfield, Warwickshire, 1039 *Mary Poppins,* Clymedog; F. J. Martin, 37 Waterside Park, Kingsbridge, Devon, 570 *Elsa Too,* Kingsbridge; A. B. Chisholm, 135 Warrender Park Road, Edinburgh 9, 1998 *Constance,* Firth of Forth; R. A. Wakeling, Crossways Motor Works, Leeming Bar, Northallerton, Yorks., 1052 *Suzy Wong,* Hartlepool; E. Harrison, 3 Burnley Road, Padiham, Burnley, Lancs., 884 *Gryzelda,* Ribble; M. A. Painter, 11 Hatherley Gardens, East Ham, London E.6, 1953 *Saga,* Blackwater; J. H. Trimming, 19 Champion Road, Upminster, Essex, 1079 *Sea Goon,* Blackwater; J. F. Fox, 17 Bassett Close, Bassett, Southampton, Hants., 1139 *Candida,* Hamble; R. A. Punter, 60 Hubbards Chase, Hornchurch, Essex, 1832 *Mayflower,* Leigh; K. M. MacKay, Dunston, Glenlee, New Galloway, Castle Douglas, Kirkcudbrightshire, 378 *Glen Caladh,* Loch Ken; K. Jones, 9 Franeth Close, Kingsteighton, Newton Abbott, Devon; E. B. Bonnewall, c/o M.P.B.W. 1-3 Albert Road, Devonport, Plymouth, 419 *Shadow,* Plymouth; B. Johnston, Dial House, Clifford Chambers, Stratford-on-Avon.

The Solent group

THIS year's programme was not very well supported, but certain activities were an exception. The East Head Barbecue was the best yet, and there were over 40 members and supporters round the bonfire. While the " bangers " were beautifully cooked, there is no

doubt that Michael Ellis and his friend with their guitars were the main attraction.

Two innovations, while not attracting such large numbers, were well supported and successful. Six boats, 1 Macwester, 1 Princess, 1 Westerly and 3 Silhouettes, including Joan and Michael Bailey from Melton Mowbray, sailed on our Solent Cruise, although Joan and Michael and Henry and Gwen Grigg in their Westerly had to return at the end of the "first" week. The rest of us sailed as far as Christchurch before turning back. One member will be writing about this cruise.

To round off the season 23 of us had a laying-up dinner at the Chichester Motel. All members considered it well worth while, and we were pleased to meet the future Mrs. John Bownas. Next season's programme was discussed. We should like to hold next year's Solent AGM in the Haslemere area, and to have "Distress Signals" as an item on the agenda. As Plymouth week is at the end of August, the 1967 Solent Cruise will be from July 29 to August 12, sailing to Poole in the first week. On June 3 Associate members are asked to anchor at East Head to be "at home" to Silhouette owners who would like to see their boats. (George Oliver says his Valkyrie is a stately home, and he wants to charge half a crown).—John Caulder.

Log competitions
by The Editor

ONE of our main reasons in founding *The Silhouette Owner* was to encourage cruising in the breed of able small sailing boats of which the Silhouette has proved such an outstanding example. To this end, we introduced through the *Journal* a series of annual log competitions, to enable the Association to give some recognition to the qualities of seamanship, imagination and sheer good planning that make for a successful cruise. Robert Tucker generously presented *The Suzanne Trophy* (named after his own Silhouette) as our highest award. Helen and I, trying to express the happiness that our Silhouette has given to our own family, instituted *The Silhouette Owner Cup* for cruises by Silhouette crews including a woman. To mark our appreciation of the owners of boats other than Silhouettes who have supported us by joining the SOIA, the Association itself instituted the *Open Cruising Trophy,* specially for cruises by our friends who sail in boats which are not Silhouettes. In the North West, Arthur Goodwin presented *The Irene Goodwin Trophy* for cruises by any yachts associated with us in the North West.

In the past, we have invited outside judges—and a very distinguished band they are—to judge our Log Competitions. This year, the tenth anniversary of the SOIA, it seemed fitting that we should keep things in the family, as it were, and Helen and I have judged the logs that have appeared in *The Silhouette Owner* by ourselves. It has been a task at once rewarding and a little exasperating. Rewarding, because it has

enabled us to read with fresh eyes the splendid accounts of cruises which we read from month to month journalistically, for the practical purpose of translating them into type for the *Journal.* Exasperating, because we cannot help knowing of cruises which would certainly be eligible for trophies *if only those who make them could take the trouble to write up their logs.* And write them up in good time. An annual cruising competition must relate to cruises made in the year of the competition—it is heartbreaking to have to disqualify excellent logs because they relate to cruises made a year or two ago. May I, therefore, appeal again to *all* our members, to send accounts of their cruises to the *Journal* within twelve months of making them? Not only is this fairer to themselves from the point of view of qualifying for the Log Competitions, but also it enables the *Journal* to maintain a fresh and current approach to the activities of Silhouette owners everywhere.

Nevertheless, to entries that do qualify for the 1966 competitions are of a high standard. After much re-reading and argument between ourselves, we have awarded *The Suzanne Trophy* to David Hodgson, for his account of his passage to Plymouth from Burham-on-Crouch, in *Waterbaby* (SII 1439), the first instalment of which appears in this issue. *The Silhouette Owner Trophy,* very much our own trophy, has been more difficult. Here we have made trouble for ourselves by the terms of the award. It cannot be a runner up to *The Suzanne Trophy* because specifically the crew must include a woman. And for some reason the number of logs of cruises in which wife or sister or girl friend sails too have been sadly thin. Why? We know of many such cruises in which women have played notable parts, but *they are not written.* We have awarded *The Silhouette Owner Cup* to Marjorie Moyse and her husband for her account of their Channel crossing in *Yolanda* (SII 72) during the Association's Whitsun cruise this year. Mrs. Moyse is a deserving winner, but we should have liked more competition in this section. We cannot stress too strongly that entries are judged on their intrinsic interest, and for the seamanship and planning that goes into them *in relation to the constitutions in which the cruise is made.* A modest week-end cruise for beginners is just as eligible as the most Corinthian exploit is crossing an ocean. So please, let us have more records of family cruises next year; and please, will women who sail in Silhouettes, write and tell us about their voyage?

The Open Cruising Trophy we have awarded to R. Hunt, for his excellent account of his season in his Hurley 22 *Spray Dancer.*

All these cruises, so varied, and yet, in their careful, sensible approach to the sea so similar, help to illustrate what the SOIA stands for—the encouragement of sailing as the best of all recreations in this world, and, particularly the encouragement of *responsible* sailing. We wish that we had had another trophy award. If so, it would have gone to Squadron Leader D. J. Nicholson, for his beautifully executed cruise from the Yealm to the Channel Islands in *Yam Seng* (SII 1657). It was hard indeed to judge between this and Mr. Hodgson's passage to Plymouth in *Waterbaby.* In the end, Mr. Hodgson just

seemed to merit the award for his dogged determination in the face of difficulties that at times must have seemed well nigh insufferable. But we should like to include Squadron Leader Nicholson's name in this list of awards as a most distinguished " mentioned in despatches."

Irene Goodwin Trophy

THE Irene Goodwin Trophy, presented to the North-West Group by Arthur Goodwin, goes to J. R. Tod, for his enterprising cruise in *Spray,* with an outstanding grandfather crew. Francis Chichester has shown the world what 65-year-olds (particularly if they are Honorary Flag Officers of the S.O.I.A.!) can do! It is a delight to see other 65-year-olds (and some who would regard the sixty-fives as youngsters) giving such a lead in the splendid sport of sailing.

A cruise in Spray
by J. R. Tod

THE idea was that Joyce and I, with Jane, our younger daughter, should have a few days sailing in the Menai Straits at the Whitsun half-term. Our moorings in Rhyl are some 27 miles from Beaumaris, and as this stretch is without shelter, and rather boring when you have done it a few times, I said I would sail *Spray* down the previous week-end. So 6.40 on Saturday, May 21 found GP and myself listening to the shipping forecast which was Force 3, freshening later, fair and sunny. Three weeks before GP had dropped his wrist watch overboard in his haste to cast off when we had to make out down Rhyl harbour to look for a poor chap who had slipped in while climbing about the quay. The man couldn't swim, and he wasn't found for three days. This sad business impressed on us all that most of the dangers are in fast running tideways near moorings, and *that* is the time when lifejackets are really needed, even though the sun is shining and the coffee cups are full. We had naturally searched for the watch at low water without any luck, but now we heard that one of the lifeboatmen in Rhyl had seen the watchstrap sticking up under *Spray's* keels as she lay on the sandbank, and the local watch reparer, having applied suitable first-aid, reported that there was every chance of a good recovery. We had to wait for a couple of hours to settle this watch business, and so it was noon before we put out to sea. The barometer at Rhyl was rising slightly and all seemed fair.

During the winter we had changed *Spray's* rig to the cutter arrangement on the kind instructions supplied by John Huggon who wrote of his design in the *Journal* last year. For this trip we thought it safer to use the old set of working jib with the tack shackled to the bows, and to dispense with the staysail. The wind being westerly was largely against us, but we made good progress for the first three hours or so, when the wind strengthened. Rounding the Little Orme, with its high cliffs, we met the full force suddenly upon us, with the beginning

of the flood against us too. We tacked back and to, trying to get round the headland, the lee decks awash. There is no shelter here as the bottom is " foul ground " and all we could hope for was to make into Llandudno Bay, the far end of which would be out of the wind. GP had been suffering with seasickness for the last hour, and I had put off making changes as it meant leaving the helm, and so increasing the tossing motion of the boat. Now something had to be done, and clipping my safety belt to the eye on the bridgedeck I gave the helm to GP and clambered to the mast to ease things. As *Spray* swung up into the wind GP pulled the helm towards him too strongly, and this, combined with a larger than usual sea, brought *Spray* beam on to the wind, and she very naturally lay down. From sitting up with our feet on the opposite locker I was reduced to climbing over the weather side ,shouting the while to my companion, for I thought that he would be swept away if he had been thrown out of the cockpit. His voice calmly assured me that he was all right, and was going to stick to the boat. What a relief, and what a performance, for GP stands for " Grandpa ", and it is some time since his 65th birthday. With the mast floating on the water, and the sails lifting in the waves, it was an awful moment, but my weight having reached the bilge keel the mast rose up, and *Spray* settled firmly, and somehow comfortably, into her proper place. The calm way in which she righted herself gave me time to scramble into the cockpit as she came up, and the whole righting was as though done on purpose; only half a minute had elapsed since she was overpowered. We were wet to the waists but that was all, no water apparent inboard at all.

Of course the righting was on purpose, by the design of Mr. Tucker! It was his experience and forethought that caused his Silhouette to turn her bow to the weather when she had been blown down by our mistake; it was his 300 lbs. of cast iron in the keel that helped pull the sails up out of the water and out of the wind which was then ahead, and it was his tight side decks and cockpit coaming which floated Spray even when capsized. What a fine boat! How thankful we were! But the headland was not far from us, and we had to set-to again with better trimmed sails to get to safer waters. Two or three tacks and we were able to make into calmer water to windward of the high cliffs. The sea was less confused, and the wind being dead ahead I dropped the sails when half a mile from the cliffs and started the Seagull. We drove straight into the wind up to the western end of the bay where there was a sandy bottom and some protection afforded by the row of hotels.

We dropped the anchor, and while the kettle was boiling we rubbed each other down and found the spare pair of trousers always kept on board. Of course they were full of mildew, having been in the stern locker for weeks, and there was only one pair, but we were glad to be alive. I describe this business at some length because I want to make it clear how our confidence in *Spray* increases every season. Whether it is a comfortable dry sunny sail without any

The Silhouette Owners' International Association

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

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worries at all, or something turns up which puts the boat to the test, she always proves herself reliable. But what if she had been glassfibre? And what if her wooden mast had not floated? I am glad she is as she is.

We found that we had broken a mug and lost a bucket overboard; apart from this the cabin seemed quite normal. We lifted out the cockpit floorboards and found the bilges full, also the water was up to the floor in the cockpit locker. In the cabin the water hadn't reached the cabin sole and altogether a few minutes work with the pump dried her completely. As we finished our tea a maroon went off over the bay. We were looking at the chart and there was L.B. marked near Llandudno pier but we couldn't see any boathouse, and had presumed that the station had been closed down. A few minutes later we heard a sustained rumbling from the direction of the hotels, and I looked through the hatch to see a lifeboat appearing from the shopping area and heading for the promenade. The tractor and trailer

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, Sellafield, 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, Moordown, Bournemouth, Hants.*
Bristol Channel.	*Hon. Sec. Cyril Watts, 5 Vassall Road, Fishponds, Bristol.*
Midlands.	*Hon. Sec. P. F. C. Whiteman, 308 Chester Road, Streetly, Sutton Coldfield, Warwicks.*
North-West.	*Hon. Sec. George Smith, Woodcroft, Park Road, Hale, Cheshire.*
Wyre and Morecame 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.*
Scarborough.	*Hon. Sec. Stephen Lushington, 3 Hetton Road, Leeds 8, Yorkshire.*

were on caterpillar tracklayers of wooden slats and this accounted for the noise. The boat was pushed down a concrete ramp and so across the sand towards us. As she slid into the water two more maroons were fired from the promenade. I commandeered the only pair of trousers and rowed ashore to find out what was going on. The alarm was that an upturned dinghy had been sighted in Rhos Bay about four miles away and the second pair of maroons were to make sure that the holiday visitors gathered round to witness the launch and respond to the three or four collecting boxes being vigorously shaken by the RNLI supporters. You can be sure that *Spray* contributed, especially when we were told that we had been watched the whole time we were battling round the Little Orme and that the lifeboat would have been alerted at once had we not righted so quickly, the coastguard on the Great Orme having seen us go over. The lifeboat is kept in a building in the town.

There are no yacht moorings in Llandudno Bay and by this time the wind was really strong. We ran out the anchor and 60ft. of 5/16in. chain, having chosen what we thought was the best shelter from the wind which was coming directly off the shore. After a good meal GP was soon fast asleep in a strange assortment of clothes, topped off with a thick donkey jacket—we had not intended to spend the night on board. The hotels didn't seem to check the wind much, and we were thrown about quite a bit. I listened to the shipping forecasts at

23.45 and 6.40 with surprise, as they spoke of Force 5 to 6. (It seemed much stronger to me). On Sunday morning we both went ashore in the dinghy and were much helped by Mr. Smith, vice-commodore of the Llandudno Sailing Club, who suggested that we leave *Spray* on a commercial mooring near the pier, and that he would arrange with the owner. We had already been to the police station and they had given us the coastguard's number. We telephoned to him to explain that we were leaving the boat for a week, but a rather young voice suggested that it would be advisable to sail round to Conway at once as the latest forecast was Force 7. Well, we did try to make it, with the Seagull humming lustily, but having reached the lighthouse we met the full force of the wind, and made very little progress. Had we persisted round the Orme into Conway Bay we should have been on a lee shore, with huge boulders waiting for us if the propeller fouled with seaweed; and although GP was game for continuing, I turned back, saying that it was better to spend a week worrying about the boat than risk our necks against the weather.

So GP was put ashore with the gear, *Spray* was taken out to the buoy, and I had a stiff and bumpy row ashore in the dinghy, which we hauled up and tied to a cast iron railing on the prom as the holiday strollers looked twice at our grotty attire. (No shirts or socks, no shaves, musty trousers on one, and wrung out jeans on the other). We carried a pair of oars with their rowlocks, a canvas kitbag, a couple of lifejackets, a basket, a rolled up chart and we had no comb. It was 10 a.m. on Sunday morning with the local Welsh making their way to chapel. We felt very out of it. We fixed up about a bus, and then approached a chromed and gilt self-service place which happened to be open and giving off for once a most attractive odour. You need to stand up straight to walk down between the rails of a self-service counter with all the gear we had—especially the oars—but we did it, and were able to lean the stuff against the stairs while we restored our tissues.

The sun shone, the Llandudno U.D.C. lorry went by laden with a tree in full leaf blown down the middle of the road, and people passed by clutching their hats and shouting at each other above the noise of the wind. The trip on the top deck of the bus along the coast road back to Rhyl was quite something. The oars did just fit under the roof and we nursed the kitbag as the seats filled up with people glad to get out of the blast. The tops of the waves were being blown along the sea, not just from one to the next but for a distance of 50 yards or more which we reckoned was Force 8. Yet out of the wind the sun was warm. We reached home at 16.30, with *Spray* only halfway to the start of our holiday and as the wind increased to Force 9 with storm warnings in most areas, we wondered whether we should ever see her again. However, as it turned out, she was to have an easy and enjoyable time in Whitweek after all. We should have paid more attention to the porpoises we saw off the Orme on Sunday morning for " when the seahog jumps, look out for your pumps! "

Passage to Plymouth

by David Hodgson

WATERBABY is Silhouette II 1439, bought secondhand in December 1965, and launched in April 1966. At the time of purchase my sailing experience consisted of an afternoon as crew on a Hornet, during which I managed to tread on my own hand while going about and promptly fell overboard, and of one day in Burnham Week 1965 when I was co-opted as crew on a 32ft. ocean racer. We went aground on the Buxey Sand, and it was a struggle to get her off, the draft being 5¾ ft.

By mid-July, however, my experience consisted of 500 miles logged on 19 trips, mainly in the Thames Estuary and I determined to attempt to sail the boat round to Plymouth for the National Rally. I decided to sail singlehanded, because then, when things go wrong, you have no one to blame but yourself; and in any case it probably would have been difficult to find someone also wishing to do the same voyage.

Preparation (mental) was confined to reading Mr. Hother-Lushington's and Mr. Tod's articles in the Journal. Preparation (practical) started with Mr. Maloney's list in the March 1966 issue, to which were added a radar reflector, direction finding radio (a professional communications type), a second compass, navigation lights. Power to run the electrical equipment was derived from a Nife battery (ex-trolleybus) which in turn was charged from the outboard motor (a Crescent 4 h.p. long shaft). The radio required a mains voltage supply, so an inverter was installed for this, which when not being used for the radio, could be used to operate a fluorescent lamp in the cabin, or a razor socket.

To reach Plymouth from Burnham-on-Crouch, a distance of about 300 miles, in 12 days was rather a tall order, but not impossible. Given reasonable weather, it could be done; so on Tuesday, July 26 the attempt began.

The day was warm and bright, the wind Force 3 SW, and I shut up the house, paddled the Campari out to the mooring, and rigged *Waterbaby*. Working jib and main were raised, the Campari deflated and stowed, and the mooring slipped at 09.00. It was a broad reach up the Whittaker Channel, and as the red flags were flying on Foulness Island indicating gunnery practice in progress (I could hear the explosions as well), no short cuts across the danger area could be taken. The S Whittaker buoy was rounded after two hours, and the course then became a beat down the Middle Deep, changing to a close reach through the channel between E and W Barrow Sands to

pass close to the Mid-Barrow Lightship. Maintaining this course took me across the Black Deep, where I hove-to, to allow a tug towing *Deptford Creek* to pass ahead of me; and then into the S Edinburgh Channel. Through the afternoon the SE Shingles, E Tongue and N Spit buoys passed quickly as the wind freshened, and by the time that the Longnose buoy was abreast the wind was Force 5. I eventually tacked when the N Foreland Light was bearing due W, and as *Waterbaby* was sailing on her ear, I hove-to just N of Broadstairs, and put 3½ rolls in the main. The boat now pointed higher but I was making no southerly progress, the wing having backed to S. The obvious next move being to start the outboard, this was done at 18.000 off Broadstairs.

I was rewarded in doing this by the Broadstairs RNLI fast inshore craft coming out to look at me, but she returned without making contact. Two hours later found me off Ramsgate swimming pool, but the last ¾-mile took me a further hour against the foul tide to reach the harbour entrance. The last few yards to the entrance seemed to take ages, and a crowd was gathering on the pierhead—no doubt hoping to see a disaster—but they melted away as I eventually made the entrance, and shot through, to tie up to a vacant mooring in the Outer Harbour. The boat on the next mooring was a 20ft. bilge-keeler from Leigh-on-Sea, which, having got to N Foreland, decided to make for Margate, but got a tow into Ramsgate. They too had tried to use their outboard, but it did not have a long shaft, and kept flailing out of the water. The evening meal was then cooked (chicken casserole) and the log written up (38 miles in 11½ hours for ¾-gallon petrol used) and I turned in.

The weather forecast at 06.40 gave Force 4-6 NW, backing and decreasing to 3 W. Breakfast of Force, bacon and coffee. Inflated Campari, paddled ashore and paid the harbourmaster his due (5/8d), and contributed to RNLI funds (the collector suggested that my note would go in better if folded). After all, I might have been in need of their assistance yesterday, and you never know what might happen today or tomorrow. Left mooring at 08.35 under working jib, main and outboard (to charge the battery) the wind being actually Force 3 NNE. Stopped the outboard after half an hour when the B3 buoy was abreast, and continued goose-winged S, changing to a broad reach at S Foreland, and passing Dover Harbour at midday. There was an intense rainstorm behind me, but it seemed to be confined to the area up to a mile from the cliffs, so I stood out from the shore and avoided it, discovered rather more wind, and arrived off Folkestone an hour later. Here I set a course of 230° mag. for Dungeness, which in due time came into sight, and the transit of the line of the light-houses in line happened at 15.00. (Consider that the CEGB should be congratulated for putting up leading marks in the shape of nuclear power stations in such places). Once past the Ness, the sea was much less confused and the wind down to Force 2, so I decided to stand in

to Rye Bay, while a 25ft sloop which had followed me round the Ness made straight across towards Beachy Head and probably to Newhaven. Arrived at Rye Harbour mouth, started the motor and dropped the sails. Passed through Rye harbour and continued up the River Rother to tie up at Rye (Strand Quay) at 18.00, and went ashore for a meal at "The Forecastle." 42 miles covered in 8½ hours (to Rye Harbour) for ½ gallon petrol used. I was well up on average for distance travelled, but how long would this continue?

Weather forecast at 06.40 gave Force 1-3 variable, later 4-6 SW. Waited until 10.00, as I wanted to visit the bank, and in consequence did not emerge from Rye Harbour until an hour later and found the wind to be Force 4 WSW. Set tack at 200° mag and held this course for 2½ hours, when I then tacked onto 290° thinking that I might make Beachy Head, which was approximately abeam before I tacked, but I was disappointed to find myself 3½ hours later about a mile S of Hastings Pier. Tacked again on to 200° but found that I was not making any westing, probably because the wind was freshening and I was not getting any more help from the tidal flow, it being about to turn and flow eastwards. It seemed prudent, therefore, to abandon tacking, and to go in search of shelter, and so I paid a visit behind Hastings breakwater. But it was not comfortable, there being a couple of breaches in the breakwater. and no moorings, as the local fishermen pull their boats up on to the shingle beach. Decided to return to Rye, and leave Hastings breakwater at 17.30, arriving back at Rye Harbour, having had a dead run back with the sails goose-winged, after a further hour and twenty minutes (the outward trip had taken 6 hours!). Tried sailing up the Rother and got as far as H. J. Phillips yard before going aground in the narrow channel. I completed the trip to Strand Quay under motor.

Friday's weather forecast gave Force 5-7 SW veering W, Force 4. Sailed all the way down to Rye harbour and reached the sea at 09.45 where the wind was WNW Force 4. After two small tacks I made Fairlight, where the wind backed SW and increased to Force 5. With yesterday's experience behind me, I started the outboard, and attempted to motor-sail, but to no avail, as the wind had retaliated by increasing to Force 6. In these conditions the Silhouette seems incapable of making to windward, her bluff bow shape smacking into each oncoming wavecrest, and taking all the way off the boat; by the time she has gathered momentum again, she is stopped by the next wave. I decided to abandon the attempt when off Bexhill, having fought with the boat for 5¼ hours. Approached Rye Harbour at 18.15 and got stuck on the bar (luckily behind the western training wall) for twenty minutes. The deep water channel can only have been feet away, and it was galling to see the shore rod fishermen calmly operating less than 100 ft. away. Dropped the sails and worked myself off with the motor, there being a few nasty noises as the bar is shingle. Then up to Strand Quay, where the wind had now changed to NE Force 4,

work when it occurs in calm water, and I considered myself lucky when after five minutes with the boathook leaning over the side the warp came free. Having stowed the kedge, I found that pulling up on the jib sheets had no effect, and the storm jib was flogging away free of any restraining influence. The carbine hook securing the jib sheets to the clew cringle had somehow become detached, and in the resulting flogging, the cringle had been torn out of the sail. Luckily, the the strengthening rope stitched round the clew was still there, although becoming detached, and I quickly hanked the jib sheets on to it, and resumed running before anything more could happen. I reached Rye at 09.45, and hardened up to attempt to sail in, but misjudged my sideways drift across the entrance, and was carried over to the Camber shore. Tacked only to find that I was no longer making to windward, for the wind had dropped to Force 6. I made a second attempt, but this was no better, so I tacked again to go out, and resolved to raise more sail. While I was coming out to do this, I saw a strange craft coming towards Rye, appearing to be a fishing boat without a wheelhouse, but with a large number of yellow-smocked men hanging on outside. As it came close, I hailed it, only to find that I had hailed the Hastings lifeboat. Consequently, I was towed into Rye harbour behind the lifeboat, to the great interest of the local population and to my great embarrassment. Having tied up in Rye harbour, I gave my details to the RNLI men, and found that they were called out by Fairlight coastguard, who thought that I was in difficulty off Pett. The coxswain suggested adjourning to the " William the Conqueror," but I declined, having been awake and active for the past 30 hours, and my last meal having been at Eastbourne the previous night. Not only that, but I felt wet and soggy. Returned to the boat, tried the outboard, which started first pull (!), and motored up to Strand Quay. Had a meal, retired to bed to sleep. but woke up after three hours and started to dry the boat out. Inspected for damage, and found the forestay bottle screw locknut loose, two battens torn out of the mainsail, and the clew outhaul frayed down to one out of three strands.

Factual summary and further thoughts. The Meteorological Office issued the following Gale Warning to shipping for sea areas Portland: Plymouth: Wight: at 1725 GMT (1825 BST) on July 31. " Southwesterly gale, Force 8 imminent." This was followed at 2005 GMT by: Dover: Thames: " Southwesterly gales Force 8 soon," and later at 2140 GMT by: Dover: Thames: " Southwesterly gale Force 8 now imminent." The 02.02 forecast on August 1 (had I heard it) would have said for Dover: Wight: Thames: Humber: " Wind SW, veering W to NW, Force 6 to gale Force 8. Rain at times. Visibility moderate to poor becoming good from the west." The 06.40 forecast stated, Dover: Wight: Portland: Plymouth: " Wind W Force 6 to gale Force 8, slowly moderating to Force 5 or 6. Squally showers. Visibility good."

The distance from Eastbourne to Rye is about 21 miles, and I

covered it in three hours (disregarding the time off Pett), representing a speed of 7kt. The average rate for the tide which was against me, is 1 kt. I should like to claim this speed as an International Silhouette Record for storm jib and five rolls in the main! Local opinion (Rye harbourmaster) said that in order to enter the harbour under the conditions I met I should have set full sail, or alternatively to use power. I feel that with just a little assistance from the motor I would have made the entrance safely, but obviously you cannot rely on iron horses in situations like this. Two days later under SW gale conditions, Hastings lifeboat was called out to a 5-tonner, which had attempted the entrance under jib only and inboard engine, and like me had been carried over to the leeward shore. They, however, had started to run for the shelter of Dungeness, and were towed back having got halfway there.

Tuesday's forecast was not encouraging, and Wednesday's was worse with Force 8 SW predicted. Thursday's forecast was Force 4 W - NW, so as soon as the boat lifted off the mud at Strand Quay I set off on the midday tide, emerged from the harbour, found the wind Force 6 SW, and promplty returned.

(To be continued).

Letters to the Editor

THE DEE.—The Secretary says in his notes, " I now learn that there are nine of our boats sailing on the Dee, and not one of them members." Looking through the list of members, apart from my own No. 520, I see Nos. 638 and 416 at Hoylake, No. 10133, West Kirby, 1105 Mersey Dee, and No. 41 Heswall. There are also a number of local boats registered just as N.W. However, discounting these, contrary to the impression given, the Dee with six members out of nine appears in fact to compare favourably with the overall average of 50 per cent.—C. Quayle Hird, Commodore H.F.S.C., Willaston-in-Wirral, Cheshire.

PAINTING.—A Silhouette is featured in a film being made by the WPM Paint Division Film Unit. This film called " How to Paint your Boat " is now complete and will be available for bookings from the middle of December. It runs just under half an hour, is in colour for showing on 16 mm. optical sound projectors and is on free loan to any sailing club who would like to borrow a copy. Briefly it tells the story of two boats, a Graduate dinghy and a Silhouette, that are being painted with conventional materials giving useful tips as it goes along—the correct way to hold a brush and so on. In the case of the Silhouette, special attention is given to fire-retardant paints for the cabin; non-slip deck paints and anti-fouling paint. Parts of the film were shot on Coniston water in the Lake District with the Graduate sailing around the Silhouette which is moored with its crew relaxing in the sunshine to prove that the painting was worthwhile!

Regarding the query in last month's journal about anti-fouling fibreglass, my technical colleagues suggest the following treatment.

(1) Degrease the surface with RD.1257 thinners.
(2) Apply 1 coat RD.1524A Rockfast Light Grey Synthetic Primer/Filler.
(3) Apply 2 coats Ferox Anti-fouling Paint (in Red or Bronze Green).

These materials which obviously are not " off-the-shelf " products should be ordered through Walpamur Distributors Ltd., who have branches throughout the country. I hope this information is helpful.—Ian Stancliffe, Paint Division, Walpamur, Darwen, Lancashire.

SMALL ADVERTISEMENTS

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

BOSUN'S STORES. Terylene ties (17/6), burgees (12/6), car badge transfers, brooches (7/6), from Mrs. Eileen Morgan, 19 Philbrick Crescent East, Rayleigh, Essex. Back numbers of the *Journal* (on loan) from Eddie Coxell, 40 Louis Drive East, Rayleigh, Essex.

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

FOR HIRE. Vivacity 20 foot 4 berth yacht for hire near Palma, Majorca. Beach side luxury apartment available nearby. £25 each weekly. 32 Flemming Avenue, Leigh-on-Sea, Essex.

DARTMOUTH BOATEL, SOUTH DEVON, enjoys mildest climate in England. Open all year. Good base sea-river sailing. Informal atmosphere. Flatlets overlooking river from 3½ gns. (inc. H.W. & E.L.). Club-licensed Lounges/Dining/Snacks. Brochure: (S) Boatel Holidays Ltd., Dartmouth (Tel.: 2510).

WANTED. S/S Pulpit for MkII Glass Fibre Silhouette. Also second-hand Barograph—must be in good condition.—Smith, 178 Bedford Road, Rushden, Northants. Phone—Rushden 2461.

A.G.M. and PARTY

Date: January 7, 1967. **Time:** 5.30 p.m.

Place: National Liberal Club, Whitehall Place, London, SW1

Be sure to come if you can