The Silhouette Owner

The journal of the
Silhouette Owners' International Association

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Going Foreign

SILHOUETTE owners can begin their second decade as an organised body of sailing men and women in good heart. The good will, good fellowship and good humour at our London party gave a marvellous send-off to our eleventh year in the SOIA. If between four hundred and five hundred people have the enthusiasm to get to London on a dreary January day for our annual party, there's really nothing that we can't do! It was a moving as well as a most heartening occasion. What should be the general theme for our second decade? First—as always—the encouragement of safety and good seamanship among all who go down to the sea in small boats. This has always been our prime endeavour, and will continue to be so. But this is our *general* aim. More specifically, let us try to promote in our second decade the use of our ships to see a bit more of the world. Across the Channel is the whole range of the Continent and Europe, and the Silhouette is admirably fitted for exploring by canal and inland waterway as well as by coast. Foreign exchange restrictions need not worry us overmuch. Few Silhouette owners are sufficiently wealthy to spend large sums on foreign holidays; and since our boats provide living accommodation as well as sea-transport, we are, indeed, well placed to make the best of things. It was a pity that our plans for a Copenhagen Rally this year could not be finalised in time. David Barnes and his mates have made up for this by organising a Danish trip on their own, and we hope that many people will join them for a kind of pilot venture for an overseas rally. Then the Calais cruise seems to be

acquiring a fixed place in the Silhouette calendar—a splendid development. Another plan mooted is for an Adriatic Rally, to explore the beautiful Yugoslavian coast. This would be ambitious, but is definitely worth doing. And what about Holland? Dutch possibilities seem almost limitless. The problem about all these exciting possibilities is getting there. Given time, we can sail—but a North Sea crossing, which may involve being stuck for days waiting for reasonable weather, is a hazard of time that few of us can afford. What we need are co-operative arrangements to transport small fleets of our boats to Holland, Denmark, Yugoslavia — even farther afield. Individual trailing is practicable, but can be tiring, and may take up too much of a holiday. Air transport, at off-seasons of the year to have one's boat on the Continent for the next summer, is worth investigating. So is sea transport, to Genoa, perhaps, or Trieste, or even to Greece. It would be quite practicable to get a party and boats sent out during the winter, to be joined by their crews later in the season. This needs planning and thinking ahead. Let us have some ideas. Write and suggest places for new adventures in sailing, and possible means of getting there. Let us be ambitious—if we want to do something strongly enough, we can certainly do it.

Secretary's notes

THE Annual General Meeting held on Saturday, January 7, was again a most peaceful affair, apart from a gentle complaint by a member that the secretary had forgotten to record the details of the Poole Group on the programme. With the exception of Ernie Large, who has had to resign his post owing to pressure of work, all the officers were re-elected, with the addition of Harry Maloney in the new office of Rear Commodore, and of Peter Moyse and Brian Heaney as new members of the committee. We await the new sailing season with every confidence that our tenth anniversary will be a memorable year.

* * *

Herbert Firth, having decided to relinquish the office of Commodore after three strenuous years was given a warm vote of thanks. He was also presented with a silver cigarette case as a mark of the esteem in which the SOIA holds him. A presentation was also made to Harry and Margaret Maloney as a token of appreciation for their Herculean efforts with *Journal* distribution and a hundred and one jobs.

* * *

The Log Competition trophies were presented to the very deserving winners, the Suzzanne Trophy to David Hodgson, for his account of a gallant attempt to sail to Plymouth single handed, the *Silhouette Owner* Cup, to Mr. and Mrs. Moyse, for their Cross-Channel cruise, and the Open Cruising Cup to Ron Hunt, for his epic with *Spray Dancer,* a most ambitious cruise for anyone, let alone in a new boat,

and one which made Ron a very natural successor to Ernie Large, as the representative of the non-Silhouette Owners on the committee.

* * *

The Association film followed the meeting, with a series of fine shots taken by Herbert and Harry during the Whitsun cruise to Calais. Without any doubt this year's film is the best ever, giving a fairly comprehensive picture of the activities at Plymouth, and proving beyond doubt that the Whitsun weather was not as good as it might have been. Together with well-made titles and a lot of thought to the background music, all contributed to make this a grand part of the evenings' entertainment.

* * *

We were delighted to welcome among the guests Bob Bunker and Bill Howell, two single-handed Atlantic racing men, Lieut. Commander Tim Lee, R.N., who navigated *Griffin* from Scarborough to New England, via Iceland and Greenland, our old friend Alasdair Garrett, of Round Britain race fame, as well as many Commodores and officials of sailing organisations famous throughout the land. Many times in the past, the committee have tried to work out some form of entertainment for the evening, but it has been proved that most members like to just get together, munch a sandwich or two, drink a glass or two, and talk with friends old and new. This year was no exception to that rule (apart from the regrettable fact that the sandwichs ran out a little earlier than usual). Our annual raffle, which we term our Bo'sun's Draw, went well, and the star prize was the latest long-shaft, clutch model Seagull, generously presented by the makers to the association as a tenth birthday present. Messrs. Vacuum Reflex gave one of their wonderful life-jackets, for a child, and a member who had been lucky in last year's draw kindly added a ventimeter to the list of prizes that had been bought. Indeed, so generous was the prize list, that if someone had bought the whole of the tickets en bloc he would have been in pocket with the cash value of the items won! This, of course, is in line with the policy of the Association that everyone gets value for money.

* * *

I certainly slipped up with my remarks on the number of Silhouettes in the Dee area, and Mr. Quayle Hird, had every right to take me to task on that account. The only excuse I have to make is that I was quoting from a letter received, from a member in that part of the country, who, I feel, in view of what has been written, must now remain nameless. My apologies, Mr. Quayle Hird, but what about the other fifty per cent?

* * *

My recent plea in these columns, for the return of the 1965 Plymouth film has so far been unsuccessful, and it would still save an awful lot of work, and letter writing if whoever has it at the moment would please pop it in the post as soon as possible. And while on the subject of post—have you remembered to return the back page of last

month's *Journal* to the Treasurer yet? He won't have a complete and comprehensive list of members, this year if you fail to do so.

* * *

Like most people, I made my own pilgrimage to the Boat Show last month, and found lots to interest me. Our sister ship, the Silhouette III, has lots to recommend her, but I must confess to being extremely sad at attending what I believe to be the first show without a Mark II in sight. Mr. Hurley, George, build the Mark III, if you will, but don't drop your first love, there is still something very comforting about the weight of a stub keel, when it blows!

* * *

David Barnes has made all the necessary arrangements for a party to visit Denmark this summer. It is sincerely hoped that this will not deplete our entries for Plymouth Week, but sounds such an attractive proposition, that I must confess that *Rosette* will be trailing along somewhere in the rear of the fleet. If anyone is keen on trying something different this year, full details, and costs will be published in these pages. But Plymouth will still be the highlight of the season, Saturday, August 26 to September 2 is the date, which includes Bank holiday weekend, so it should be easy to attend even if you do join the Danish contingent. And, of course, you can get in a little practice for going foreign, at Whitsun, when we hope to cross the Channel again in company. Brian Heaney will be publishing details of that trip. I know for a fact that one of our members has a two way radio in his Hurley 22, but I have yet to see such a set in a Silhouette. Do any of our radio-minded members sport such equipment? Please tell us about it if you do, it would cause many to think.—R.A.G.

Notes and queries

By Ernest Large

I HAVE always maintained that if a secretary cannot find anything to write about, it is his own fault so I suppose I must apologise for my own indolence in not writing more often in the columns of the SOIA *Journal.* I am reminded of my negligence by a letter from Mr. D. E. MacDougall who for the past season has quietly been sailing a prototype of the Tucker 23. It seems certain that this boat will have aroused considerable interest at the Boat Show and that as an Associate Member I should be in a position to give information on it. I must admit that I am not, but happily Mr. MacDougall is, and offers his advice to members. He speaks highly of the class and he will be glad to answer letters addressed to him at Coomslands, Langdales, Armathwaite, Nr. Carlisle.

During the past year one or two other members have asked for information on the classes which they sail, and in most cases I have been able to put them in touch with fellow members sailing the same class. On the whole, however, correspondence has been meagre, apart from applications for the SOIA Certificate of Ownership. A few lines

from time to time describing experiences with classes other than the Silhouette would be most welcome both to the writer and to readers of the Journal.

No doubt many boats, both Silhouettes and Associate boats, will be changing hands during the winter. We should very much like to be correct in our List of Members and their boats for 1967 but of course are dependent on the information which you, the owners give. Just a card will do.

* * *

We are all sad that Ernie Large has had to resign as Associate Members' representative of the SOIA committee. He has been succeeded by Ron Hunt, and we know that Ron will do everything he can to help.

Spring cruise to Calais

THIS event, which was so successful last year under the direction of Harry Maloney, is to be sailed again on May 27. Harry, through personal commitments, has left arrangements this year in the hands of Ernie Large, Reg Wood and Brian Heaney. They are glad to report that the organisation of the cruise is almost complete.

It is hoped to sail from Dover on the early morning of Saturday, May 27, and the Yacht Club du Nord de la France, in a charming letter, has indicated that we shall be invited to a dance that night. The Royal Cinque Ports Yacht Club at Dover has promised its valued co-operation, and it is expected that the event will be just as enjoyable as last year.

Those interested are asked to write as soon as possible to Brian Heaney, Lower Lee School, Beaconsfield Road, Liverpool 25 who will be glad to give further details.

The Teign fleet

By Ken W. Jones

ON November 26, 1966 a new SOIA fleet was formed within the SW Group. This is the Teign Fleet, started by a small group of enthusiasts who wish to attract all owners of Silhouettes and other bilge-keel cruisers based on, or operating from, the Teignmouth area of South Devon.

Six owners, together with crews, attended the inaugural meeting, which was held in the Teign Corinthian Y.C. clubhouse by courtesy of the Club Commodore, Commander Trevor Clayton. The chairman of the meeting was Dick Trevithick, and he introduced the guest of honour, Cyril Guscott, SOIA Press Officer, who had come down from Exeter to explain what was involved, and how best to go about it. Cyril had previously been in at the birth of the Exe Fleet (along with Dick) and there's obviously a good chance of some friendly inter-fleet sailing in future seasons.

At this first meeting, Dick Trevithick was appointed Fleet

Captain, and I was press-ganged into taking on the secretarial work. It was decided to meet at the TCYC every six weeks. After each main meeting there will be a film show, quiz or talk by a specialist on some interesting aspect of coastal yachting. Nosh will be provided, and it is hoped that the subsequent, well-lubricated conversation will range over a large number of subjects.

The aim of the Teign Fleet is to get all local owners of Silhouettes and other bilge-keel sailing cruisers to share their interest in sailing, be it cruising, racing or just plain pottering. To this end, these winter social evenings will give everyone a chance (a) to find out what's going on in the area during the next season (for example, regattas, races and other boating occasions), (b) to arrange social events like cruises-in-company races (round-the-buoys or passage) picnic trips, etc., (c) to get up-to-date on navigational data and the latest developments in boating, (d) to swop ideas and experiences with other Silhouette owners and bilge-keelers, and (e) to gain greater confidence and ability through knowledge and experience.

In short, we want to help every member of the fleet to enjoy his or her boating more, even during the close season! Then, of course, when sailing starts again to enjoy a modest amount of organised fun, as an alternative to the more usual independent activity.

Existing SOIA members will already know about the benefits they enjoy and all those reading this item and residing in the area are invited to attend our next meeting. It is hoped that members will pass on the same invitation to any other bilge-keelers whom they know.

It should be emphasised that the last thing we intend to do is to organise all the pleasure out of being an independent yachtsman. But, as the Plymouth Rally demonstrates each year, the SOIA is almost a unique association among the yachting fraternity: no pomp, no ceremony, but good fellowship and fun both on and off the water. Not everyone can attend the rally, but a little of that atmosphere can be enjoyed throughout the year in the local fleet.

For the benefit of readers who do not know the Teign, it's the next one down the coast after the Exe, about halfway between Exmouth and Torquay. Flanked by Teignmouth on the North shore and Shaldon opposite, the estuary runs approximately 4 miles inland and is half a mile across. It is navigable as far as Newton Abbot at high water, when it resembles a decent-sized inland lake. Much of the estuary dries out above Shaldon Bridge, although Silhouette and dinghy sailing is available over most of it for three hours either side of H.W.

Plenty of firm, drying moorings are available on the Shaldon side, and a few also on the North shore, although here one has to check with the Harbour Master, and also to keep well clear of the main channel. For bilge-keelers, the Teign is ideal, offering sheltered water or open-sea sailing. The channel is navigable at all states of the tide, except in an Easterly gale. A strong current flows, however—up to 7 knots at H.W. springs—so an auxiliary of about 5 h.p. is useful.

Teignmouth is a deep-water port for coasters up to about 1,000

tons, these ships mostly bringing coal or timber, and taking on china clay for the outbound trip. But the port has always been to the fore as a yachting and fishing centre. In the latter role, it rivalled Brixham not many decades ago, and there are signs of a revival in the near future. Teignmouth is also the home of one of the best-known West Country shipyards, Morgan Giles, which today turns out a wide range of smart power and sailing craft in timber and glass-fibre.

Lloyds

By George Hurley

FOR some time, manufacturers of boats have done their best to insert some mention in their advertising of the name "Lloyds" in an effort to create a better impression of their products and, in a number of cases, customers take it for granted that the boats carry an A1 Lloyds Certificate, and therefore assume that they must be good. In fact, many advertisements are most misleading, and the boats do not, actually, come up to what is required by that great organisation, or bear any real resemblance to what is required by it.

For instance, in glass fibre construction, which is now generally known as GRP, a builder may say that his boat is built to Lloyds' specification; it may be that he has got the required number of laminations but it does not mean that the boat has ever been tested or inspected. An advertisement may read "Built in a Lloyds Approved factory," which only means that an inspector has been around and stated that boats can be built in the factory provided that the builder keeps perfect temperature and humidity control. This is only the first of many things that have to be done before one can give to the customer a Lloyds Series Production Certificate. These days, this is a reasonable guarantee that the product has gone through professional trials, that the specifications have been checked, temperature and humidity records have been inspected and that the fittings have been approved for strength and suitability.

When one reads that a ship or boat has been built to Lloyds specification and carries their A1 certificate, it means that after the drawings and plans have been accepted, a marine surveyor has been appointed to stand by the ship from start to finish and, according to the size of the job, to spend as much time in the yard as is thought necessary to inspect the building of the boat in every stage, and to make absolutely sure that the builder gets away with nothing—even to the sizes of screws and nails that are used—so that when the ship is complete, the buyer has the satisfaction of knowing that the best has been done to make him confident and safe at sea.

However, in the case of GRP, the boats are usually mass-produced, and the procedure is somewhat different, as it would be impossible to employ a Lloyds Surveyer to watch every boat. In conjunction with the British Standards Institution, Lloyds has laid down a scheme which copes with the mass production of GRP boats, a scheme which is

known as the Lloyds Series Production Certificate scheme. Before these certificates are issued the following procedures have to be followed.

On contemplating the building of such vessels, the first step for a company to take is to apply to Lloyds for a certificate stating that their premises are suitable for GRP moulding. Having had the premises inspected and modified as seen fit by the Surveyor, the company is required to submit to Lloyds head office complete plans and specifications of the boat or boats that they intend to construct. These plans are then considered by Lloyds and after suggestions for modifications and alterations have been made, the company informs the Lloyds Surveyor that they are about to commence the lamination and building of the boat. The first boat to be built is then built in the presence of the surveyor, and when it is completed, it is subjected to some very severe tests. One is the Loading and Deflection test, and the other is the well-known drop test. The requirements of these tests are:

Loading and Deflection Test

Each boat is to be supported on slings or set up on blocks rigged and fitted as near the ends of the boat as possible and loaded with test weights and the deflections recorded. The boat is to be progressively loaded with the following test load comprising:

(a) The weight of the stated number of persons
(b) The weight of an engine and equipment
(c) A deliberate overload equal to the weight of (a)

On removal of the weights the boat is to be examined to ensure that no significant damage has occurred. No permanent set of the keel or change in breadth shall remain after a reasonable lapse of time after removing the weights.

Drop Test

The boat loaded with test loads comprising: (a) the weight of the stated number of persons, (b) the weight of engine and equipment is to be dropped from a height of seven feet measured from the underside of the keel at amidships to the surface of the water. The boat shall be in its normal static trimming attitude before being slipped. On completion, the boat is to be lifted out of the water and examined, and no significant damage is to be found.

Once the boat has passed these tests, and it has been certified that the specification and factory are to Lloyds standards, each boat is then issued with a Lloyds Series Production Certificate, which is your guarantee that the boat you are buying will give you the best possible service and maximum safety.

MRS. DOREEN STONE

WE record with deep regret the death of Mrs. Doreen Stone, wife of Maurice Stone. In spite of ill-health Mrs. Stone gallantly took part with her husband and family in our Plymouth Rallies. We extend our heartfelt sympathy to her family.

The Silhouette Owners' International Association

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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.

Plymouth to Burnham

By David Hodgson

WATERBABY was relaunched at Plymouth Richmond Walk at 18.15 on Monday evening August 15, having spent the morning at A.G. Hurley (Marine) where a new alloy mast was fitted to replace the wooden one. Launching and getting under way always takes time, and I was assisted here by Messrs. Sharp and Weymouth with their wives. The wind was SSE, Force 3, and I set working jib and main for the beat out. As it was near high water I took the opportunity to take the short cut behind Drake's Island, and then proceeded across to the Eastern passage past the breakwater, arriving there at 19.15. At this point the wind fell, so I handed the working jib for the genoa. The result of doing this was that the wind promptly stopped altogether, and I lowered the genoa to the foredeck and started the motor. I made good progress with the tidal flow assisting, and the Mewstone soon

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.*

slipped quickly by in the twilight. With the compass glowing pink from its underside illumination, *Waterby* slid through the mill-pond-like water on a course of 125° mag, the engine puttering away at its most economical rate on a calm moonless night. The stars twinkled merrily, and away behind me the Eddystone light blinked twice every ten seconds, but very few lights were visible from the shore. Eastward progress slowed and finally stopped off Bolt Head at 24.00, and I was virtually stationary until 03.00 when the worst of the westward tidal flow was spent.

I shot past Start Point at 05.15 and soon after the motor stopped, having run out of petrol. I tried sailing, but there was still no wind, and so I transferred the remaining 1½ gallons to the remote tank, and restarted the motor at 06.45. My course now was across Lyme Bay (082°), and before long I should be out of sight of land, so I took readings of the headlands with the hand-bearing compass to determine my position and estimate my speed from the change of position on the chart. Land finally disappeared in the morning haze when I was about 12 miles due East of Dartmouth, and I drifted somewhat North of my intended course line. I stopped the outboard at 11.45 in order to conserve fuel for emergencies, and to give it a rest, as it had been operating virtually non-stop for 16½ hours, and the wind had piped up to at least Force 1 from SW, so I raised the genoa.

I took the opportunity to leave the tiller (for I don't possess self-

steering gear, or strange self-steering rigs) and go below to cook up a four course meal. The afternoon wore slowly on, and I cursed the fact that the radio was defunct (due to arcing and subsequent carbonisation at the backplate plug and socket) for this would have been an ideal place to use radio position plotting. I continued on course until 17.00, when the temptation to find out what had happened to the land I last saw seven hours ago became too great, and I changed to 30°. Within the hour, land became apparent, and it looked as if I was heading for Abbotsbury, so I changed course to 120°, and the wind came up to Force 2 gusting 3. Passing a mile South of the red-white vertical striped buoy to the West of Portland Race, I started the outboard in case I got caught in untoward currents, and passed three miles South of Portland Bill beacon, changing at that time to an easterly course. Fairly soon afterwards, the surface of the sea started to change with patches that were oily smooth, and others where the surface seemed alive with little droplets jumping up from it, and I concluded that I was passing through the tail of the race. The boat was accelerated and slowed through alternate patches, and the uncomfortable feature of this was that the sails alternately filled and backed, and the genoa flapped about, not knowing what to do. As the wind had fallen with the sunset, I lowered the genoa, and, being now about four miles SE of the Bill, changed course to 30° and headed for the Shambles Lightship, but found the same confused water all the way to it, but quieter water after passing it close to port. For the second time on the voyage I switched on the navigation lights and the compass light and resumed motor sailing. Maintaining the course I was on I estimated that I would reach the coast at a point just west of Lulworth Cove, and checked this assumption frequently by taking back bearings on the Shambles Lightship. Lulworth Cove is unlit, and landfall there could be a result only of careful navigation: no visual help could be expected, the Almanac informing me that there was a new moon that night. Sure enough I reached the cliff shore and turned east along it, using a powerful hand torch (actually a miner's splashproof rechargeable lantern), and kept looking for an entrance in the cliffs. I had a nasty shock when I found that I was heading straight for an isolated rock, and thereafter kept further offshore, when suddenly two lights at sea level appeared and I shot through the entrance to the cove to join the two yachts riding to anchor there, and narrowly missed a further one which was not displaying a riding light. The main anchor was dropped in the NE corner of the cove as recommended by Adlard Coles, and at 21.00 *Waterbaby* was riding gently to anchor with a riding light hoisted on the main halliard, and I was down below having a meal before turning in, having covered 88 miles in 28¾ hours.

I got up at 07.30, breakfasted, inflated the Campari, and went ashore at 08.40 to buy petrol, having found that there was only half a gallon left after all the motoring of the previous two days. The garage did not open until 09.00, and I talked to a group of soldiers from the gunnery range, who told me that there was no firing practice

on the range until September 5 and they hoped that I was not going to take that long to cross the range! I purchased 4 gallons of petrol and two cartridges of Camping Gaz for the cooking stove. While stowing this in the inflatable on the shore, the Customs Officer came up and took particulars and it transpired that his previous post was at Bradwell. As the day was sunny and bright, and the sea calm, it was possible to see the anchor resting on the bottom of the cove about 20ft. down. I could not resist the temptation, went for a swim, and came to the conclusion that Lulworth Cove is a very pleasant spot indeed. I finally raised sail at 10.30 although there was no wind, and motored out towards St. Albans Head. Off the headland the wind arrived from the W at Force 2 and the genoa was therefore raised, but once round the head (at 12.00) even though close inshore, there was a strong tide trying to take me back. After a time it became obvious that I was not making progress against this stream even with the motor flat out, and the sails goose-winged, and was being carried back into St. Albans Race. Adlard Coles states that there is a passage inside the race about ½ mile wide, but on this day the race stretched right up to the cliffs. I turned the boat and headed straight into the race in company with a SCOD who was bound west. Having passed through most of the race I then used it to take me out to sea, in the belief that I would find less tidal stream away from the land. I repassed the head at 14.00 and until 16.30 I continued to drift backwards, no matter what I did for the wind on the sails and motor were not sufficient to counteract the tidal drift. Pointing SSE resulted in the least drift, but kept on adding miles S. and I was already in water too deep to anchor in.

However after 16.30 I started to win back the lost mileage and by 18.00 I was once more due S of St. Albans, and thereafter speed increased most satisfactorily, so the motor was given a rest—its first since starting that morning. Sunset arrived at 20.30 in the middle of Poole Bay, the wind dropped to W Force 1 and the motor was started again. I headed for the Needles light, passed between Bridge and SW Shingles buoy, and carried on up the Needles channel, navigation being done solely by the lights visible, of which there were a fair quantity. The tide was carrying me along at a fast rate, and I suddenly met a couple of large waves by Hurst Castle, which took me by surprise, after which the surface became oily smooth and I then transferred to the southern shore. Hamstead Ledge, and Saltmead flash went by, then Egypt Point Light became visible, and I made the calm of Cowes at 00.30. I continued up the River Medina giving the night watchman on the chain ferry a shock by not knowing on which side to pass it, for it is moored in the middle of the river at night. Finally I tied up at the stakes of the RLYC with a warp fore and aft at 01.30. A notice on the posts requests visiting yachtsmen to phone a Cowes number, but as I could see no phone nearby, I declined, and besides, I don't suppose anybody would want to know at that time in the morning. During the last 15 hours I had covered 44 miles.

Up at 06.30 next morning and cooked breakfast—Weetabix,

sausages and coffee—and then opened up to survey the scene. The stakes to which I had tied up to in the early hours were then about 4 ft. tall, and they were now 15 ft., and my warps were still tied to the top as I had left them. I had to shin up both stakes to rescue the ropes, as they were out of reach even with the boathook. I left the mooring at 07.30 in flat calm conditions and motored off. The wind made an appearance by the time that I was between the Horse Sand Fort and No Man's Land Fort, being from the SE and Force 1, so I raised the genoa and tacked until I reached a point about 1 mile N of the Nab Tower at 11.30. I had to stop a little later when the outboard stopped with weed round the propeller, and anchored in 7 fathoms while I sorted it out. Pressed on, heading for Selsey Bill or rather the Looe Channel. As progress was becoming very slow by 15.00 I anchored again, this time in the Looe channel with the Pullar buoy abreast (the wind had by now veered S and increased to Force 2). The tide in the channel was running so fast that the boat was humming while moored, and the Pullar buoy (a can shaped buoy) was leaning over at 45° at times. It was pointless trying to force a passage against such a tide, as I had found out yesterday off St. Albans Head.

Anchoring in such a tide when single-handed can be awkward for in the time that it takes to go forward and drop the anchor, the boat untended at the tiller is quite likely to swing around, and, instead of being virtually stationary over the ground, will have gathered momentum with the tide. The consequence of this is that as the anchor warp is paid out and the anchor grips in the holding ground, the anchor warp suddenly becomes tight and the whole strain of stopping the boat with its momentum appears on the warp. So it was in this case, except that I had not made the end of the warp fast before the strain arrived, for the water was relatively shallow, and I found myself with one hand jammed under one side of the samson post, and the other against the forestay roller. In the jerk occurring as the warp tightened the samson post rod caught under my watch strap and extended it to about three times normal length. The watch fell off my wrist and landed on the deck while *Waterbaby* did a graceful swooping nose-dive as she swung round to face the tide.

As I was obviously desined to spend some time at anchor waiting for the tidal stream to abate, I spent the time preparing a meal and then consulting the tidal stream charts. Stanford's chart implies that a $1\frac{2}{3}$ hours after H.W. Dover, the tidal rate westwards is 2 kt; Reed's Almanac implies 3 kt; Adlard Coles says that the tide in the Looe channel is 2.6 kt but faster between Malt Owers and the Boulder Bank, where I was. My own view is that it was at least 4 kt, but I was equally amazed when the flow had almost ceased after $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours and I was able to weigh anchor again and make way over the ground without resort to motor assistance. Having left the Mixon beacon a respectful distance away to port, I stood in towards Bognor Regis and later became aware of another sailing vessel closing with me apparently having come from Selsey itself. This proved to be a Mystic class

boat, the skipper declaring that they had had to anchor at 12.00 when the tide had become too strong for them. They had also had trouble with their inboard engine, which was not sounding very happy as they passed me. Fairly soon after this at about 18.00 the wind died away, so the motor was pressed into service and I passed them, now on course for Littlehampton.

Off Littlehampton at 20.30, I saw a Debutante moored, but with sails set, and went to investigate, but found that they were waiting for the Mystic, and was able to pass on the message that she was on her way. Eschewing Littlehampton, I pressed on eastwards to Worthing, reaching there at 23.00, and then making use of the light NNE wind which had sprung up, arrived off Shoreham at 24.00. I decided not to try entering Shoreham Harbour as at the time there were two coasters about to enter, and according to the *Pilot* the yacht anchorage in the western arm dries out at L.W., and I wished to leave at near to L.W. So for the third time that day the anchor was dropped, the place selected being about a mile SW of the harbour entrance. Riding Light and Radar Reflector were hoisted, and I retired to my bunk, reasonably satisfied with the mileage of 43 covered in $16\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

Arose at 06.00 and had a look out to see where I was and discovered that Shoreham was still in the same position, but on the other side of the boat. As this was satisfactory, I had breakfast, and later at 06.50 weighed anchor with the wind coming from the N and veering NE at about Force 3, the first genuine sailing wind that I had had for three days. Using the genoa, a pleasant broad reach becoming a close reach produced a position off Brighton Pier at 07.50, Seaford at 09.50, and Beachy Head Lighthouse at 10.50. Now, at last I had seen the scenery on the far side of Beachy Head, and I felt that having passed the headland, I was now in home waters (perhaps not home, but familiar waters) and that everything would now proceed smoothly and become plain sailing. Such is the effect of recognizing landmarks while being blown along by a reasonable wind, but beware the sailor indulging in such thoughts, for I soon found myself bobbing up and down somewhere near the Horse of Willingdon shoal, wondering what had happened to the wind. With a sigh, I swung the outboard over the stern, started it, and headed for Pevensey, for did not Stanford's chart show that the eastbound tidal stream there continued until H.W. Dover (at 14.00) and even an hour afterwards the tide was slack! I seemed to be making slow progress, and therefore I started watching two yellow can buoys marking the end of outfalls, which were leaning over slightly, and then realised that I was drifting backwards over the ground, and from the direction that they were leaning there was a considerable *west* going stream. I promptly headed out from the shore, and resolved to regard tidal stream charts from now on with the degree of scepticism usually reserved for weather forecasts. I continued chugging eastwards some way off shore, still plugging the foul stream. At Glyne Gap the wind made a brief appearance from the N at Force 2, pushing me along to Hastings, where it left me and

I seemed to spend most of the late afternoon looking at the pier and fishmarket, and the frequent comings and goings of a Townsend Car ferries S-R N 6 Hovercraft operating pleasure "flights." With the dropping of the wind I attempted to restart the motor but it would not tick, and I anchored and found an oiled plug, the first time that this had happened to me. With the amount of use that the outboard was getting, I could hardly expect it to be trouble-free; I had also noted that it was getting increasingly difficult to start and seemed to be lacking in power, and concluded that it was in need of a "decoke," but it was hardly practical to do this while at sea. After five hours off Hastings, during the latter part of which I had tried to motor-sail against a NE wind (Force 1), the tide eventually turned at 19.30, my position then being at Fairlight Cove. Reasonably soon afterwards (Fairlight Ledge) came a reasonable wind (N, Force 2) and I arrived off Rye harbour at 22.30, bumped three times on the sand and was flashed vigorously from the shore, whereupon I decided to retire until the bar was open (in a manner of speaking). Went out into Rye Bay and chased a fishing boat, but it ran away from me, so I returned to the harbour $\frac{3}{4}$ hour after my previous attempt and just scraped over the bar, which succeeded in stopping the outboard, but not the boat. Thereafter I drifted up the channel on the flooding tide, mainly stern first, trying to start the motor, but was unsuccessful until I had anchored and could tackle the problem more leisurely, when I discovered a further oiled plug. Even then the outboard was not sufficiently powerful to stem the tide, so I carried upstream to Strand Quay and tied up at 00.30. The last $16\frac{1}{2}$ hours had brought me 45 miles.

As Rye dries out and I wished to leave at a reasonably early time, I left Strand Quay at 03.30 and motored down the River Rother and anchored out in Rye Bay, approximately 1 mile SSE of the entrance, the trip taking an hour to complete, and the first time on the journey from Plymouth that I had not raised sail. Slept until 06.30, had breakfast, and prepared for the day's sailing getting under way at 07.20. In similar fashion to yesterday, the wind was veering, and although NNW Force 1 to start, by Dungeness it was Force 2 from E, and I had pressed the motor into service at 09.30 to help me counteract the westerly tidal stream. Just west of the Ness, a Folkboat was anchored, probably waiting for the tide to change, and I wondered if I should do the same, but decided to press on motor-tacking, and after fighting to gain inches (or so it seemed) in an hour's time I was past the Ness, and it became possible to bear away slightly for the Newcombe buoy. I watched with interest the transfer of pilots by the Trinity House vessels, and then set too to cook lunch. A water-skier-towing-type of craft came out to look at me at this time, and its occupants asked me if I were having breakfast. As it was 11.00 and I was tucking in to pork roll, green beans and potatoes at the time, it seemed a silly query (but then you never know what water skiers have for breakfast, or when!). Maintaining the same course took me into the coast at Sandgate, and then I tacked on towards Folkestone

where some catamarans were racing, making very good speed in the now Force 3 gusting 4 wind. Off Folkestone I changed the genoa for the working jib, using it for the first time since leaving Plymouth. Was past Dover at 17.00 and hoped that once past the South Foreland I should be able to change to a close reach from beating, but unfortunately the wind backed and dropped, so the genoa got hoisted again, and the working jib was returned below. Yet again the motor had to be used to assist progress, for the chart said that the tide would turn foul at 20.00. At 19.30 *Waterbaby* was off Deal pier pointing N against a virtually non-existent N wind, and making practically nothing over the ground, so I anchored, becoming reconciled to the fact that I should have to spend a night either anchored in the Downs or Small Downs. I decided, however, to try to do something with the outboard; Mr. C. W. Hubbard having previously recommended the removal of inlet silencer to improve the power output, I therefore did this but there was no appreciable change. I remembered, however that the handbook made a great point of the water-cooled exhaust manifold system giving maximum output. There being nothing better to do, I removed the exhaust manifold, and tried again, and lo, instant power appeared along with an absolutely disgusting racket and showers of sparks (burning carbon) from the exhaust port. Silence fairly soon descended on the scene again as some of the loose carbon lodged in the spark plug. After half a dozen spark plug cleaning sessions, I weighed anchor and once more headed N, now not daring to run the outboard at more than $\frac{1}{4}$ throttle, for the boat seemed to be about to surf; not only that but an increase in the din would have been unbearable. Halfway to Ramsgate I noticed from the light available from the navigation lights that it looked as if I was passing through shoal water, so I probed over the side with the whisker pole and found that there was about 3 ft. under the keels. Consequently I slowed the boat, and kept probing at intervals, finding the same depth on five more separate occasions before entering Ramsgate Harbour at 23.10. Tied up alongside an ocean racer five out from the quay, paid out a further 5/8d. and cooked another meal (breakfast?). Another 42 miles less to go, achieved in $15\frac{3}{4}$ hours.

I was woken up at 02.00 by another ocean racer coming in and tying up alongside his companion, and moving me to the outside berth. Apparently there had been an offshore race on the Saturday round the Goodwin Sands, and the race had gone askew with the light variable wind, and this boat was one who had not retired but plugged on to the bitter end. I got up at 07.45 and had breakfast, rigged the boat, and attempted to start the outboard (in order to get outside the harbour). The outboard was still unsilenced from yesterday and insisted on oiling plugs faster than I could replace and clean them. Eventually a Dutch-type yacht-barge took pity on me and, probably to the great relief of the rest of the harbour, offered me a tow outside, which I accepted and left at 09.00 behind *Alcyone* of Rochester. As there was no wind outside he kindly towed me N to the Longnose

buoy, which was reached at 11.00 (the tidal stream had been setting against us, so this progress says something of the power of his inboard engine), where the wind was ENE Force 2. I raised the genoa and main, and held a course of 0° indicated on a fairly close reach. Behind me, to the S I could hear a Diaphone sounding every 30 seconds (East Goodwin Light Vessel?) and as the visibility was not too good, about 2 miles, with haze about, I decided to plot my position every quarter hour, so that if the weather clamped down I would have a reasonable trust in my dead reckoning. The Thames Estuary is not a good place to get lost in, in fog. So it became apparent that although I was holding a course of 0°, the flowing tide was causing a track over the ground of 335°. Having passed close W of the Tongue Sand Tower I hardened up to an indicated 20°, but found that I was still making the same track over the ground, or, expressed differently, that I was "crabbing" some 65°. Proceeding in this sideways fashion I travelled up the N Edinburgh channel, across the Long Sand, nipped round the stern of a dredger anchored in the Black Deep. (What was a dredger doing moored in the Black Deep with anchor out forrard, and two hawsers out at the stern, and no sign of activity?). I carried on close N of the SW Sunk beacon, crossed the Barrow Deep, still with the same course drift and visibility, and skirted the East Barrow Sand to the N, traversed the Middle Deep and into East Swin. At this time, a point about a mile due W of the NE Middle buoy, the tide changed from flowing to ebbing and I bore away on to a dead run, goose-winging the genoa, and did the by now familiar trip down the Whitaker channel, mentally ticking off the buoys as so many less to pass now. The trip seemed tedious against the foul tide, especially as previously my voyages up and down the channel had been in company of other yachts, and now the only other sailing craft making its way back to Burnham-on-Crouch was *Andorran,* a Class IIIB RORC yacht which joined me at the South Buxey, having come up East Swin, and we kept station as far as the Sunken Buxey, where she got tired of being dogged by a Silhouette, lowered her working jib and raised a spinnaker, and disappeared into the hazy gloom. At the Outer Crouch, I too got tired of my own company, and resolved to make it shorter by using the outboard. This having been started the wind dropped, and as I rasped the last few miles home I lowered the sails for the last time and stowed them. Reaching the mooring I wasn't surprised to find it occupied by another boat, for had it not been twenty-seven days since I had slipped it? Cruised around the moorings searching for a vacant one, and eventually found one, but in trying to grab it, I lost the boathook overboard which promptly sank and has not been seen since. Finally I tied up at 21.00, heaved a sigh of relief, and felt a sense of exhilaration as a result of the achievement. Somehow it didn't feel quite right to be leaving the boat and to go off to work in the morning. Mixed in there was also a feeling of sadness as I inflated the dinghy and paddled ashore. The last 39 miles had taken me 12 hours.

SOLENT GROUP. AGM at the Royal Huts Hotel, Hindhead, Surrey 18.00 hrs. Saturday, February 25.

SOUTH WEST. Fitting Out Dinner Dance at the Elfordleigh Hotel, Plympton, Friday, March 10, 19.00 hrs. Tickets 25/- rom J. Sprunt. Social Sec., 2 Grantley Gardens, Mannamead, Plymouth.

SMALL ADVERTISEMENTS

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

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FOR SALE. *Silhouette* No. 1346 with Stuart Turner P5M engine, with pulpit, roller reefing, berth cushions and echo sounder. All in good condition. Kept at West Mersea, Essex. £450. Simpson, 1 Albion Park, Loughton, Essex. Tel.: Loughton 4128.

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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.

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