

The Silhouette Owner

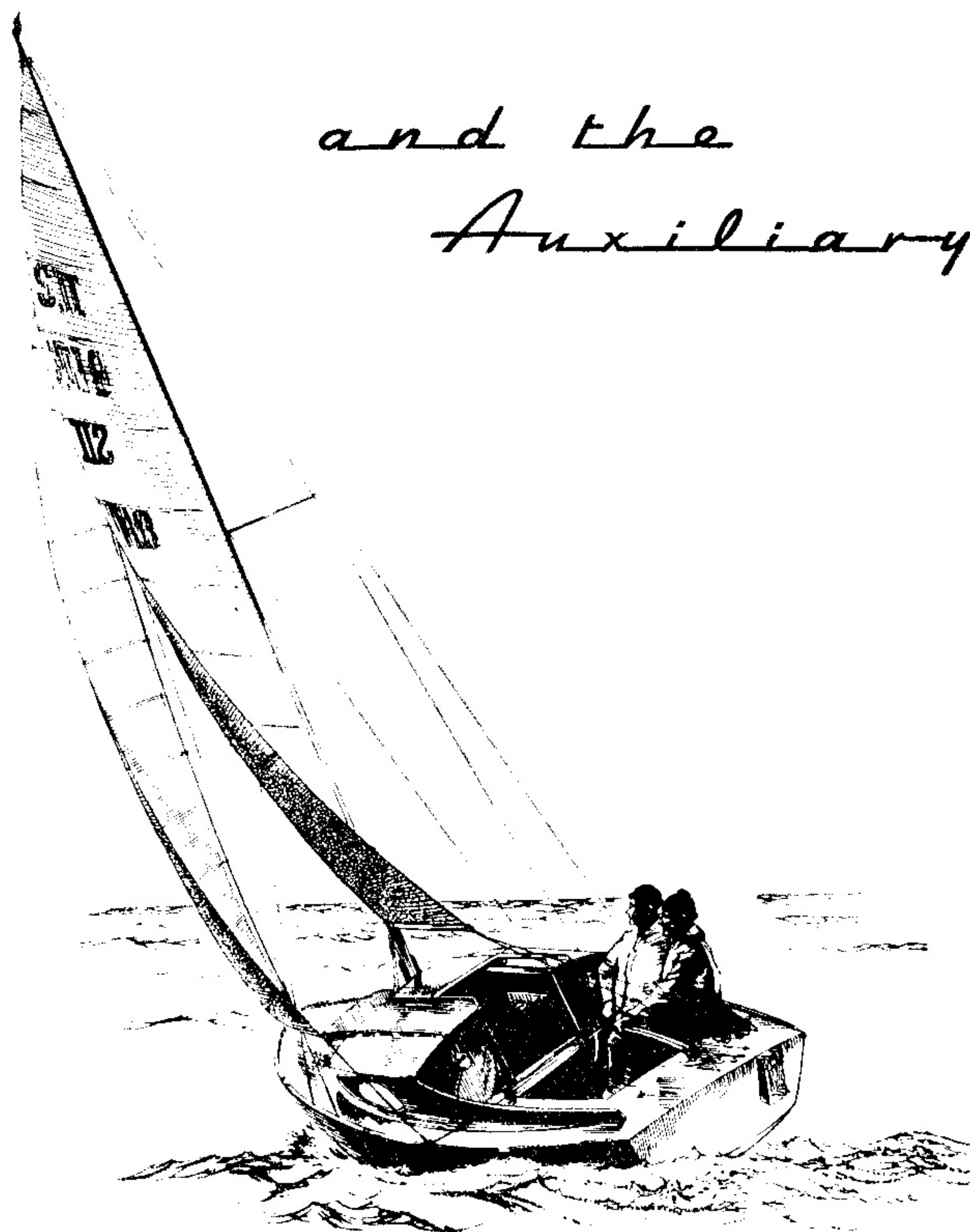
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Silhouette Owners' International Association*

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*and the
Auxiliary...*



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Compasses

YOU may think you know the coast like the back of your hand, but fog can come down like a roller blind, and without a compass you are lost. Without an accurate compass you may be worse than lost—you may be wrecked. It seems so obvious that no small boat should ever go to sea without a compass that a reminder seems scarcely necessary. In fact, a great many boats go out for day-sailing without a compass on board, and because they usually get home safely, skippers grow careless. So make (and keep) a resolution from now on—I shall never leave my moorings without a compass, and I shall check my compass regularly for deviation. Compass adjusting in the true sense is a job for professionals—best leave magnets alone unless you are confident that you really know what you are doing; this sort of adjusting is a highly expert job. But you can see that the compass is placed as far away as possible from outboard or inboard motor, cans of petrol, anchor, spare chain—any solid article of iron or steel. In a small boat it may not be possible to place a compass beyond the influence of an outboard in a locker, but you can see that when an outboard is stowed the magneto setting is positioned to cause the minimum interference. Turn the flywheel and note any effect on the compass; mark on the flywheel the point at which interference is least, and try to make sure that the flywheel is always in this position when the motor is stowed. With the outboard stowed, and petrol cans in a locker as far from the compass as possible, make a deviation card by comparing compass bearings with the known bearings of objects on shore worked out from the chart. Then ship the motor, go through the

same process, and note any changes in the deviation. This will give you two deviation cards, one for use when the outboard is stowed, the other for the outboard shipped—and remember to use the right card for the motor shipped or stowed. With an inboard engine, always in the same place, one deviation card may be enough, though there may be a difference in the magnetic field with the engine running. Try it and see, and if the compass is affected differently, note any difference in deviation. Remember that any set of deviations holds good only for the particular magnetic field surrounding the compass at that particular moment—if you shift petrol cans, tool box, or similar masses of iron or steel you will alter the magnetic field, and so the compass. So try to have a regular place for all these things, and keep them there. Cans of beer or food may affect a compass, so try to store cans well away from it, so that as cans get used up and go over the side the compass will not notice it. Portable radios and exposure meters can have a big effect on compasses, so make sure that you don't put either near the compass. If you have been taking photographs or listening to a weather forecast from a transistor set in the cockpit, it is horribly easy to put down exposure meter or radio near the compass. You must just remember not to, and remind your crew not to. If you have two compasses—a steering compass and hand-bearing compass, for instance, check them against one another on a number of different headings, and note any differences. Remember that deviation is not likely to be constant all round the compass, so in making a deviation card, or comparing one compass with another, you want to go round the compass rose noting deviation or difference at the cardinal points (or as near as you can find convenient objects on shore to get bearings from the chart), and at as many intermediate points as possible. Your compass or compasses will then tell you the truth. And the truth may one day save your life.

Secretary's notes

DUE to one of those unfortunate lapses, that do happen in the most carefully arranged organisations, there were a few (only a very few) *Journals* sent out last month without the entry form for Plymouth week enclosed. We offer our sincere apologies for this error, but if you happen to be one of the few unfortunates who did not get an entry form (and I am quite sure that, this, of all years, you will want one), will you please drop me a post card, and the omission shall be remedied forthwith? On the other hand, if you have already got your copy, please fill it in as early as possible, and pop it in the post. It is an enormous help to the organisers if entries start rolling in early.

* * *

Peter Harvey, who has for many years been the Honorary Sailing Secretary, of the Royal Plymouth Corinthian Yacht Club, and has done the greater share of the work in organising our annual rallies, has accepted our invitation to become an Honorary Rear Commodore

of the SOIA. We are all delighted that Peter has agreed to let us add his name to our list, and we all hope that he understands that this is a small way of saying thank you for all his help in the past.

* * *

The fog around the Newfoundland Banks is known, and feared, throughout the world among seamen cruising in that area, and our brief sojourn aboard *Griffin* gave us all the experience of fog that we ever want to suffer. Regularly we hoisted our metal radar reflector, and hoped and prayed that this inert piece of metal swinging in the rigging would in fact show up on the radar screens of other, invisible, nearby vessels. I noted with interest that Brian Heaney recommended reflectors being carried by all Silhouettes taking part in the Whitsun Cruise. The average reflector offered for sale in the usual yacht chandlers consists of two square pieces of about sixteen gauge aluminium, which slot together at right angles. These pieces are about fifteen inches square, thus offering a surface area of about six and a half square feet of metal to the scanning waves or rays. It is a cumbersome piece of apparatus, and one not too easily stowed on board our small craft, and I wonder if some one more versed in the mysteries of radar could convince me that this comparatively small sheet is so much more effective than my already fitted metal mast, over twenty feet high, and with a circumference of nearly twelve inches. Is it just a case of being extra sure?

* * *

News from the Wyre and Morecambe Group, is that the officers for 1967, are as follows, Miss J. Wright, Secretary, Mrs. L. Haresnape, Assistant Secretary, with Mrs. J. Smith, Treasurer. (Who said our lady members were not keen?). I also understand that T. Swarbrick is back on the committee, so with twenty nine members to date, they should be pretty active this season. Thirty-seven members and guests enjoyed themselves at the Fitting-out Supper held on April 21, and they intend to send a contingent to Plymouth in August.

* * *

The commodore and six members of the Sletten Yacht Club (the Danish club that is acting as host to the party visiting Denmark in August) sailed a new Sparkman and Stephens thirty-odd footer over to England in May, arriving at Ramsgate on a Saturday. An official welcoming party went to that port on the Sunday to greet them on behalf of the SOIA but unfortunately our Danish friends had decided to pay a visit to the great metropolis of London, so the greetings had to take the form of a letter and (I am told) a small amount of British beverage left on board for them to drink a toast with. Judging by the correspondence we have had from Peter Mitchell in Denmark, those who do follow in the footsteps of David Barnes are in for a jolly time. An interesting programme has been arranged, and several receptions are laid on. It has been emphasised that Scotch is quite expensive in Denmark, and very much appreciated by the inhabitants, so please

don't forget that every person, man, woman and child is allowed to buy one full bottle duty free on the boat, and take it into the country. It will not be wasted.

* * *

In a book describing a passage round the Horn in a windjammer early this century, I was interested to read how after battling through the bad weather in the Southern hemisphere all hands were put to work at once to paint the ship throughout ready for arrival in England. All the varnishing, however, was left until they were in the tropics, and even then the varnish was dolled out to the hands, in tins imersed in boiling water so that the liquid could be applied hot. Was this the usual practice? Or just the fad of a particular skipper? Would it improve modern varnish to use this technique? Or is the stuff we buy now so different from what they used? It would make an interesting experiment to try it out.

* * *

I often get letters from people who want to crew, usually from someone who is keen but for some reason finds it impractical to have his own boat. So if you should be singlehanded for a time, and care to drop me a line, perhaps, I may be able to fix you up.

* * *

Let me say again, *DON'T FORGET PLYMOUTH WEEK.*—
R.A.G.

New members

WE extend a warm welcome to the following new members: J. Richardson, 150a Egerton Street, Farnworth, Bolton, Lancs. 1792 *Miss B*, Knot End; M. J. Austin, 14 Castlefields, Stead Rise, Northfleet, Kent. K.1 Auxs. Sloop, *Kommadore*, Medway; R. C. Curtis, 45 Harlands Road, Haywards Heath, Sussex. 1597 *Suki*, Shoreham; M. A. H. Fish, Willowhayne, Oakley Lane, Chinnor, Oxford. 1539 *Pandora*, Emsworth; W. M. Urquhart, Garemount, Shandon, Helensburgh, Dunbarton. 545 *Christina*, Gareloch; Mr. and Mrs. D. Lester-Mogford, 93 Oxford Road, Moseley, Birmingham 13. 1536 *Sea Urchin*; Miss J. Wright, 22 Arlington Avenue, Blackpool, Lancs. M. R. Thedy, Oakland, Park Lane, Knebworth, Herts. 819; J. C. D. Bowick, 140 Wingfield Villas, Plymouth, Devon. Gunnar Lindrall, Riets Poppus, A. B. Stockholm, Sweden. 1900 *Silhou I*, Yxlan; J. C. Yorks, 40 Coast Road, Redcar, Yorks. *Tryphena*, South Gare; W. F. Waller, 92 West Park Drive, Blackpool, Lancs. Major M. Cowan, RCT, HQ RCT Training Centre, Queen Elizabeth Barracks, Cookham, Hants. 1327 *Curlew III*; Chichester; W. J. Reynolds, 182 Corbets Tey Road, Upminster, Essex, 759 *Jenny Wren*, Crouch; R. S. Kyte, 33 Bryant Road, Parkstone, Poole. 230 *Impala*, Poole; K. W. Bailey, Orchard Lodge, 7 New Road, Meopham, Nr. Gravesend, Kent. 1763 *Merry Struggler*; G. J. Harris, 49 Churchway, Haddenham, Aylesbury, Bucks. *Peregrine III*, Thames; A. M. Hill, 5 Bren Awelen, Barry, Glam. *Elfin*, Barry.

The goal

THE great day dawned, the prospects were favourable. After a year's work *Daydream* was ready for the water, sitting tidily on the slip in Amlwch Port.

Interest had been such that an "Occasion" had been decreed (any excuse for a party) presided over by an "Official," whose wife would perform the actual ceremony. As this was accompanied by the offer to provide the champagne, the offer was accepted most eagerly, and calculations commenced as to how to provide a safe but satisfactory launching. The slip itself was not long enough. A 24ft. tide just touched the end of the concrete, we required 18 inches, and the tide on that day reached 25.4ft. Further observations showed that the tide was not reaching its full height. The gang was hastily summoned, and a slipway extension planned, from available materials, giving an extra 10 feet which we hoped would be sufficient. The bottom of the port was too rocky to permit passage of the launching trolley. After a morning's work, *Daydream*, with her bows pointing at an unnatural angle, stood on her trolley, secured by two ropes, which would have held a leviathan. We returned for lunch, keeping our fingers crossed. So far the weather had been kind, but during lunch a bank of fog rolled in from the sea obliterating everything. Still, the lunch was good, so we ate and hoped.

The Fates were kind and by 2 o'clock the fog had cleared and the sun shone in all its splendour. High tide was at 3 o'clock, by a strange coincidence, the closing time of the locals, where the party had gathered. With just a few minutes in hand, we all reached the bottom of the slip. The dedication was made, the libation to Neptune splashed over the bows and the latest Silhouette slid into the water.—*D.M.W.*

North-West group

THE season officially began with a buffet dance at the Rowton Hall Hotel, near Chester, which proved to be a thoroughly enjoyable affair. Among the guests attending were Past National Commodore Herbert Firth, National Vice Commodore George Smith, Group Secretary Brian Heaney, Group Treasurer Brian Wiggins, Captain of the Gazelle Fleet Alun Pritchard, their charming ladies, and many more old friends of the Association too numerous to mention individually. Particular thanks are due to Jeff Walsh, Captain of the Abersoch Fleet, for his yeoman efforts to ensure the success of the evening.—*B.H.*

South-West group

THIRTY-TWO members attended a meeting of the South-West Group at the Royal Corinthian YC, Plymouth, on May 2, with Mr. Thorne in the chair. Peter Harvey, Hon. Sailing Secretary of the Royal Corinthian, was congratulated on being elected an Honorary

Rear Commodore of the SOIA, and suitably responded. The Group's thanks were expressed to Mrs. Thrower for all the hard work she has put into the formation of the Falmouth Fleet.

The Queen's Harbourmaster for Plymouth kindly came along to give details of the arrangements for the return of Sir Francis Chichester. After this he invited "any questions on any subject," and gave much useful and interesting information in reply to questions. The chairman thanked the Queen's Harbourmaster on behalf of the Group.

There was a discussion on the Group's Fitting Out Dinner and Dance, and it was voted as having been a great success. Members are asked to suggest places for holding a Fitting Out Dinner-Dance in 1968.

The multi-suited man

By Michael Ellis

I SUPPOSE the idea of sailing conjures up different pictures in each person. My wife enjoys it most when the anchor is firmly embedded in the mud, and we are eating Poulette Cacciottore, and drinking red wine, in the cabin. I like being sprawled along the cockpit seats with one arm draped lazily across the tiller, dressed only in swimming trunks, a yachting cap, and a St. Christopher medallion, while I let the sun evenly tan my skin as we proceed at a steady four knots.

Now I have a friend called Mike Roulton (sometimes affectionately referred to as Can-Crusher Roulton, or The Great Horse) to whom neither of these things appeals. To me, sailing is no problem. I am like the man who has only one suit of clothes. He gets up, and he puts them on. One jib and one main; no problem. Mike, unfortunately, has caught a quite common infectious complaint. He has become a "Multi-suited Man." With main, storm jib, jib, genoa, ghoster and spinnaker, it is possible to evolve such intricate permutations that the mind boggles.

Valerie and I once crewed for Mike in his Silhouette *Scorpion II* (No. 1834) and were subjected to a full day's suit changing act. No sooner was a sail hoisted than the skipper would decide that another slightly smaller, or slightly larger, or slightly fatter would achieve better results. All six feet three inches of him would then disappear through the cockpit hatch, reappear swathed in an entangled mass of Terylene, and go lumbering forward.

Now Mike's progress along deck is a series of un-co-ordinated movements of mind and limbs, and wants seeing to be believed. It puts me in mind of a circus act I once saw where a clown pretends to be drunk while on a slack wire. I think Mike's act is funnier. The net result is, of course, that the boat spends half its sailing time battling on in a semi-denuded state, and going only half the speed that she could have made if the sails were left alone.

I once proved this to him by beating him in my own Silhouette *Dreamer* (No. 821), in a sail from Wootton Creek to Cowes and back

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.

again, flying only a main (smaller than his) and a 45 sq. foot jib, and towing our wooden dinghy *Sprite* to boot. I must confess that mine was the duller ride.

In no time Valerie and I had our sails up and were tearing out of Wooton Creek entrance with a south-easterly blowing on our beam. The Great Horse (who was entertaining two un-nautical friends, a chap and his wife), raised his eyes to his Silhouette Owners' Burgee and decided that it was "spinnaker weather."

As we sped away we looked back to what appeared to be a great orange and white thing pulsating on the bows of *Scorpion II*. Suddenly it shot up to the mast head and Mike appeared from under it. The wind caught the spinnaker and tore the sheets from his grasp. It was lowered, the sheets retrieved, and raised again. Then, in one beautiful swirl of colour, it wrapped itself round and round the forestay. Down again, and then up, and they were away. Mike's friend was at the helm. Mike was forward of the mast with a spinnaker sheet in each hand,

Regional Groups

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

South-East.	<i>Hon. Sec. Stan Morgan, 19 Philbrick Crescent East, Rayleigh, Essex.</i>
Blackwater.	<i>Hon. Sec. A. V. Hudson, 70 Greenway, Southgate, London, N.14.</i>
Solent.	<i>Hon. Sec. J. R. Caulder, Sellafield, Orchard Lane, Hermitage, Emsworth</i>
South-West.	<i>Hon. Sec. E. K. R. Sweet, 12 Battery Street, Stonehouse, Plymouth.</i>
Poole.	<i>Hon. Sec. E. R. W. May, 2 The Circle, Moor-down, Bournemouth, Hants.</i>
Bristol Channel.	<i>Hon. Sec. Cyril Watts, 5 Vassall Road, Fishponds, Bristol.</i>
Midlands.	<i>Hon. Sec. P. F. C. Whiteman, 308 Chester Road, Streetly, Sutton Coldfield, Warwicks.</i>
North-West.	<i>Hon. Sec. Brian Heaney, Lower Lee School, Beaconsfield Road, Liverpool 25.</i>
Wyre and Morecambe Bay.	<i>Hon. Sec. Bertram Lloyd, The Tythe, Glebe Lane, Dowbridge, Kirkham, Lancs.</i>
Lake District.	<i>Hon. Sec. T. K. Jones, Foxton House, Lowther Street, Penrith</i>
Tees Bay.	<i>Hon. Sec. R. T. Swarbrick, 21 Raby Road, Stockton-on-Tees.</i>
Scarborough.	<i>Hon. Sec. Stephen Lushington, 3 Hetton Road, Leeds 8, Yorkshire.</i>

looking for all the world like someone trying to reign a mad, threshing stallion. *Scorpion* pulled away, cannoned off two moored boats and headed after us.

The trouble was the wind was not directly behind them, but on the beam. The spinnaker was right round sideways, with the skipper hanging on for dear life on a deck heeling way past 45 degrees.

The skipper's pal then brought the boat round, and sent it smack into a mud-bank. His wife felt that this was the right moment to retire below to begin reading one of the dozen or so magazines she had brought with her. (She stayed there for the rest of the day, only coming up for meals). We could just make out the skipper's shape in the distance, up to his waste in muddy water, heaving his boat off the bar with super-human strength while his crew looked on.

Then our view was cut off as we rounded past the towers.

Some time later he rocketed into view, flying full main and genoa. The wind was really too strong for all that canvas, and he had to keep coming into wind for fear of turning the boat over.

This was subsequently changed for a 60 sq. foot jib and we did begin to think that now he could catch us up, and we would be able to sail to Cowes together; but no. It seemed that we had only turned our heads away for a moment, and then, when we looked again, *Scorpion's* jib had been stripped off, and that great orange and white thing had re-appeared. After the usual pantomime it was hoisted, and

Scorpion's bows lifted as she surged along before the wind, but in the wrong direction.

The wind had veered to due south, thus blowing him across the Solent towards Southampton Water. Even though he was going the wrong way, he seemed loath to come off that tack, as it was the first time that he managed to get the spinnaker working properly. He sailed on and on, and nearly disappeared over the horizon. We feared that he would never be seen again. About an hour later he came hurtling back into view. He was close hauling with his genoa, and hanging over the side as if he were in a dinghy.

We waved to him cheerily. It was nice to see an old friend now and again. After gybing *Scorpion* round, the spinnaker made its third appearance. This time he was doing a sort of crazy goose-wing with spinnaker out to one side and genoa to the other, and the main flying which-what-a-way. He was like a tabloid depicting a "Horror in Canvas."

Twenty minutes after we had arrived at Cowes and tied up, *Scorpion* came into view. The Great Horse explained afterwards the reason why he had lost the race was simply that his boat had not been anti-fouled, and her bottom needed careening.

Falmouth Fleet

AT last a modest but enthusiastic start has been made to form a Falmouth Fleet for Cornish members. On April 15, twelve of us, representing six boats, met at the Royal Hotel, Falmouth, some members coming from as far afield as Fowey and Penzance. A working committee was set up, consisting of R. G. Pargiter, chairman, G. E. Waghorne, commodore, and Mrs. A. R. Thrower, Secretary. Apologies were sent by Commander E. A. Stocker, L. C. R. Taylor, and R. Langen, all of whom we hope to see in future.

As our first venture, a cruise in company from Falmouth to the Helford river was arranged for Monday, May 29.

An amusing but true story was related by two of the company, with which I have taken some journalistic licence. After making arrangements for the launching of their Silhouette, the captain and his lady departed for lunch. On their return, there she was, happily afloat. She was boarded and sails hoisted. No headway. The outboard was brought into action and they moved forward dead slow. What was the matter? Were they still attached to the mooring? No. Was the anchor out? No. Was the propeller tangled with weed? No. They proceeded at this awful pace for some while, wondering what on earth (or should I say sea?) was the matter, when a small boy passed them in a rowing boat, and called out, "You want to get your motor seen too, Mister." Then he added, "Crikey, the boat's got wheels on it." Yes, the trailer was still attached.

Note to Mudlarks. If Ernie Sweet managed to sail *Oggie* in such a fashion, perhaps he'd find it easier getting off mudbanks.—Margaret Thrower.

An open boat cruise

By J. Hampson

(concluded)

THE luminous haze persisted, though in the early afternoon it thinned a little, and we were able to see farther. About 3 o'clock we were thrilled to sight a slim pencil like object on the horizon ahead of us, and with our glasses identified it as the lighthouse on St. John's Point, to the South of Ardglas. The swell, by this time, had gone down a lot, and the sea was pretty calm. The breeze, too, had lightened, and we weren't progressing very fast, but were quite content that we had been allowed to come this far without trouble. Gradually we made out the Irish coast and identified the headland to the North of Ardglas, and then, quite suddenly, the last of the haze rolled away, and the afternoon became gloriously warm and sunny. To our left we could see Dundrum Bay sparkling in the sunshine, while behind it towered the huge mass of the Mourne Mountains. It really was a lovely sight, and we felt that it was well worth the mental anxiety of getting there. Soon after 6 o'clock in the evening, we arrived at the quaint old fishing port of Ardglas, and tied up alongside a fishing boat.

We put up at the St. Albans Arms Hotel, kept by the harbour master, Mr. Young. When they learned where we had come from, we were by way of being quite popular. After some food, we went for a stroll in the lovely summer evening to nearby Killough, and then returned to the hotel, where we sat yarning until pretty late—about 2 a.m. There was a Mr. Steven staying in the hotel. He was H.M. Inspector of Fisheries, and the next day he was going up to Bangor in a fishing boat, and offered to tow us up there in time to see the regatta. But Bangor wasn't on our programme, and as we had agreed to do the trip without any outside assistance if possible we had to decline his offer.

We were not up too early the following morning, and it was about 10 o'clock when we left Ardglas, bound for Portavogie, about 16 miles up the coast, to the North. On this stretch, our chief danger was crossing the mouth of Strangford Lough. The tide pours out of lough at a fantastic rate, and if the breeze is anywhere near the opposite direction to the outpouring tide, a wicked sea is created over a considerable area around the mouth of the lough. That Saturday morning, the weather was hard and bright, with a brisk breeze from about N.E. The ebb was on, running to the North, and the water would also be pouring out of Strangford. True, it wasn't dead against the breeze, but we didn't want to take any chances, and so steered away out to sea, to take us well clear of any trouble at the mouth of Strangford. After about an hour, the day changed for the worse. A mist came down, and shut out the coast, and we started to run into choppy, breaking seas. Conditions weren't at all bad, but our canvas deck saved us from getting a certain amount of water aboard.

After about another hour, we judged we were far enough out to

sea, and could safely stand into the land on the other tack. We picked up the land out of the haze, and were disappointed to find we were only just at the North side of Strangford Lough entrance. The ebb had been running North in our favour, but evidently the mighty outrush of water from the lough had overcome our helping ebb and we weren't anywhere near as far on our way up the coast as we had hoped. The tide was due to turn against us shortly, and as it usually runs less strongly close in shore, we made tacks Northward, close along the land.

Presently, however, we got towards an area where our chart showed rocks and reefs lying off the coast, and we decided to go right out to sea to the South Rock ship, before standing in on the other tack for Portavogie. By this time, the day had deteriorated considerably. It was dull and grey, and there was a fairly heavy, sullen, sea, which broke occasionally. We were cold and rather fed up, and had a long beat out to the South Rock lightship, for the flood tide was now running against us. We got out to the lightship at about 4 o'clock, and there wasn't a sign of life aboard of her. We then stood in towards the coast, but found the flood tide was sweeping us down on to a ledge of rocks, and we spent the next couple of hours or so, rather anxiously, dodging rocks and working our way up to Portavogie, where we eventually arrived about 7 o'clock.

We tied up the boat and went to look for somewhere to sleep that night. Portavogie, we found, was a tiny straggling little place, and all the cottages were filled with summer visitors. There wasn't a pub where we could stay, and not even a police station that could put us up. We learned that the nearest pub was at the village of Ballyhalbert, some distance up the coast, but we were tired after our long and rather anxious day in the boat, and didn't feel like walking there. So we decided to sleep in the boat. I had brought along an old mainsail for such a contingency, and with it we made a sort of a tent, under which we crawled, and lay down on the wet floorboards, wrapped up in all the clothes we could muster, and our oilies. We hadn't a very good night, and next morning ran up and down on the quay for a time to get warm. It wasn't a nice sort of a day. It was dull and cold, and there was a sharp Northwesterly wind blowing. The sea didn't look too good, but we were a bit fed up with Portavogie, and decided to have a stab at getting over to the Point of Ayr, and then, if conditions looked all right, go up from there to Whithorn or Kirkcudbright, and then back to the Isle of Man.

We left Portavogie around about 9 o'clock. The North bound ebb was running smack against our hard Northwesterly wind, and soon after getting out of the harbour, we ran into quite a heavy breaking sea, something like we get in our "Cally Tide" here in the Isle of Man when the ebb is against a Westerly wind. I was steering, and it became increasingly difficult. After about an hour, it got too hard and heavy altogether, and we rounded up into the wind and proceeded to reef her down, and think things over. Now I'm one of those people who dislike the unexpected very much, I like to try to

organise things so that I'm not taken too much by surprise, and that morning, before we left Portavogie, I got myself all nicely organised for a bit of bad weather. I was nicely lashed up in oilskins and sea boots, and I carefully parked my knife with its marlinespike, in one of the pockets of my oilskin coat, where I could get at it easily. In the pockets of that coat were also a number of small toilet articles which wouldn't have come to any good living in the waterlogged lockers of *Laura*. By the time we had decided that the boat had had enough, and we had rounded her to face the wind and seas, I was pretty cold. My hands were absolutely numb, and I could hardly feel the reef points. After we got the mainsail well and truly reefed down, Peter went forrard and took the jib off her, and proceeded to set the storm jib. I was aft, at the tiller, doing my best to keep her head on to those nasty steep breaking seas. Peter shouted out to me that he wanted my marline spike, so, without taking my eyes off those seas for an instant, I dived my hand into my pocket and held out to him what I thought was my knife. After a second or so I was conscious of Peter goggling at me, and when I looked to see what he was looking at, found that instead of handing him my knife, I was holding out to him a nice firm tube of toothpaste. We had a good laugh at this, and then got on with the job of shortening down.

We discussed staying hove to, where we were, for a time, to see if the weather would improve, but decided against it, and thought the best thing would be to try to get back to Portavogie. We had a very trying beat back, and I think this was probably the most dangerous part of the whole trip. However, we did get back, with lots of water aboard the boat, and all our spare clothes pretty well wet through. That afternoon we went a walk up the coast to Ballyhalbert, and on returning to Portavogie, had some tea at a little boarding house we discovered.

That evening, we were on our way down to the boat, to sleep aboard her when we met one of the local fishermen, with whom we had a yarn. When he learned we had no place to sleep, he was quite concerned, and said that any of the local fishermen would let us sleep in their boats. He took us to a Mr. Adair, skipper of the *North Star*, who took us down to the *North Star*, opened up the cabin for us, and told us to make ourselves at home for as long as they should be weatherbound in port. The weather remained bad for the next couple of days, and the fishing boats stayed in harbour. We had an enjoyable time living aboard the *North Star*, and made friends with a lot of the local fishermen and local inhabitants.

Wednesday, July 13 was a quiet, foggy day, but in the late morning, a light air from the North East sprang up, and we decided to make a passage to Peel. Owing to being held up for those three days by the weather, we had to abandon our plan of trying to get to Scotland and back, and concentrate on getting back to the Isle of Man, for my holiday was coming to an end, and I had to be in Manchester by the following Monday. We left Portavogie about noon, and ten minutes out lost the land completely in the mist. We set a course to

clear some rocks off the port, and when we judged we were clear of them, set another course to try to pick up the South Rock lightship, from where we proposed to take our departure for Peel. The fog continued thick, and we heard the South Rock vessel's fog gun at three minute intervals, first ahead, on our starboard bow, then abeam, then on our quarter and finally astern. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon, the fog lifted, and the sun came out, but an hour later, the fog settled down again, and the breeze also started to fail, so we decided to help the boat along with an oar, each man to steer for an hour, and row for an hour, the rowing to be done in ten minute spells with short rests in between. We maintained that routine for the next several hours.

During this time we sighted a number of steam drifters, and, later on, the Manx fishing fleet out of Peel. About 10 o'clock, we heard the dull thunder of the gun on the Chickens, and soon after that, headed up to a nickey, lying to her nets, to ask where she thought she was. She said she was about $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles off the coast, abreast of Glen Maye, and soon after she gave us that information, the fog thinned a bit and we got the loom of the land. The fog came down thick again, and as by this time, the breeze had practically petered out both of us got to an oar, and pulled on a compass course calculated to take us into Peel bay.

We picked up Peel light about half past eleven, and, got into Peel harbour, and tied up alongside a yacht, about an hour later. It was much too late to think of looking for lodgings in the town, so we bundled ourselves up in all our clothes, and pulling a sail over us, went to sleep. Next morning, we waded across the almost dry bottom of the harbour, to the town, where we had breakfast, and then as soon as the boat floated, got out of harbour, and on our way down to Port Erin, on the flood tide. There was practically no wind, and we had another spell at the oars, but arrived in Port Erin, and tied up alongside the Raglan pier, at about 2 a.m., five hours out of Peel. A day or so later, we sailed the boat round to Port St. Mary, and so ended our little cruise.

Letters to the Editor

FROM THE UNITED STATES.—While browsing around a marina in Holland, Michigan last summer I came across a little Silhouette sloop tucked away in a corner of the storage barn. She was covered with dust, bumped and scratched and looking thoroughly dejected. Needless to say, I fell in love with her right then and there. She was bought for a song, as they say, with the unassembled trailer thrown in to seal the bargain. Her sail number is 421, and believe it or not she had never been in the water. To make a long story short may I say that with a lot of spit, polish and paint she now looks as in the enclosed photo. (And very beautiful too—Editor). Since last summer I have discovered two other local Silhouette owners, Dave Riemer and Fred Mazzari, both of whom are new members of SOIA. Fred loaned me some back issues of the magazine and these convinced me that I, too, should join to make it unanimous. Fred and I have become good friends and last Sunday, May 7, I crewed for him and we had a glorious sail on Lake Michigan. In the List of Members (April, 1966) there is a sail number 421 already listed. Can there

be a duplicate number? The serial number of my boat is H60020, and the number 421 is on the serial number tag in the cabin and on the sail. The boat came with a Vincent 5 h.p. air-cooled engine installed, but I can't seem to get it running smoothly. The plugs foul up very quickly and the vibration is terrible. Perhaps I could communicate with some member who has such a motor and learn something about how to operate it. My main interest is cruising, and I am looking forward to two weeks this summer cruising in the waters of Green Bay. Meanwhile I will spend many hours bobbing around local Lake Michigan waters with Fred and Dave. Enclosed is my subscription to the association. I'll be looking forward to future issues of the magazine, since I enjoy very much reading about experiences of other members.—James J. O'Brien, 17200 W. Jills Drive, New Berlin, Wisconsin 53151, U.S.A.

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BOSUN'S STORES. Terylene ties (17/6), bow ties (10/6), burgees (12/6), car badge transfers, brooches (7/6), silk head scarves (30/-), from Mrs. Eileen Morgan, 19 Philbrick Crescent East, Rayleigh, Essex. Back numbers of the *Journal* (on loan) from Eddie Coxell, 40 Louis Drive East, Rayleigh, Essex.

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

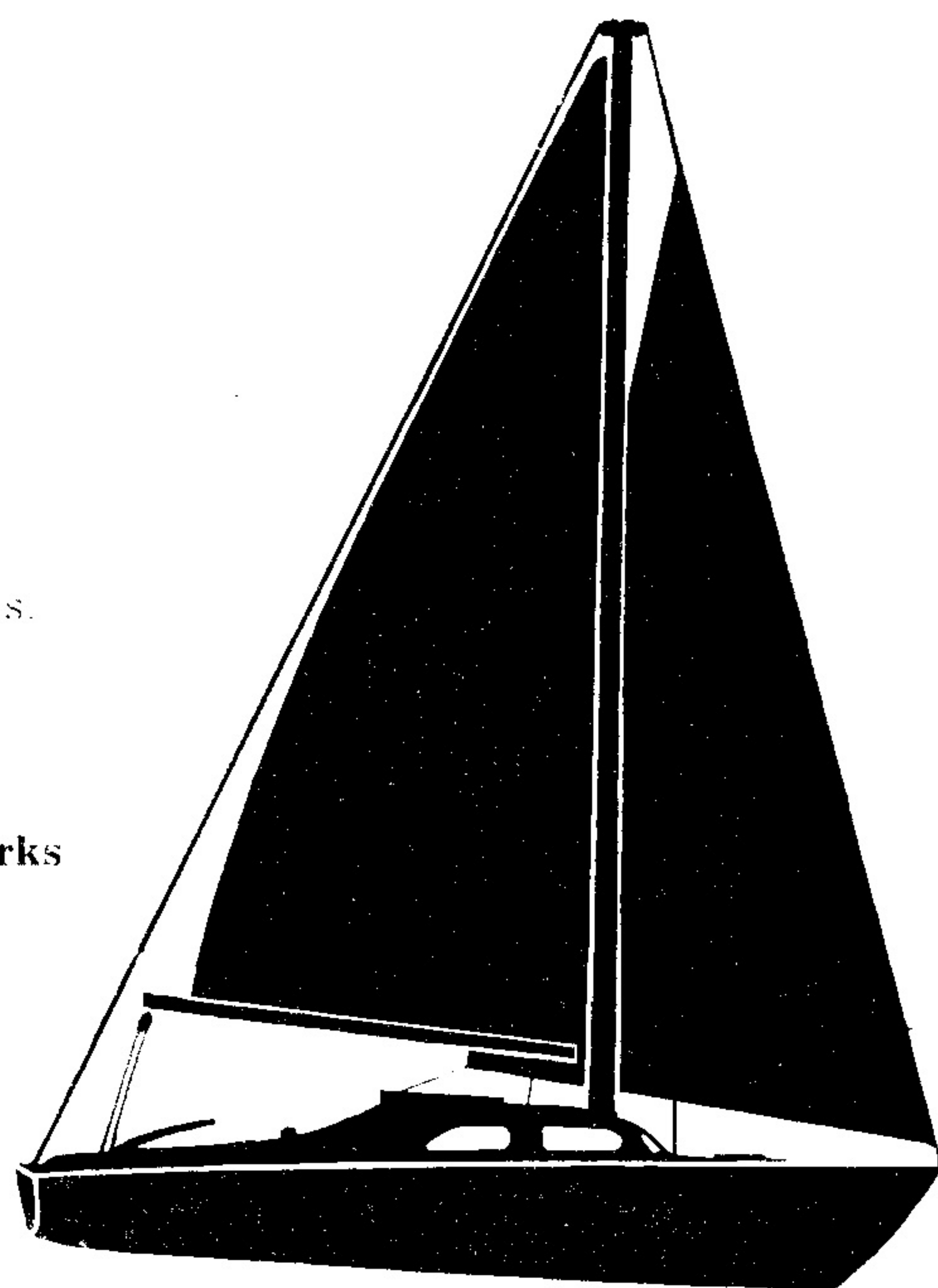
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