

The Silhouette Owner

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Silhouette Owners' International Association*

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Auxiliary...*



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

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

Wick Cottage, Charney Bassett, near Wantage, Berkshire.

Telephone: West Hanney 282.

Advertising rates on application to the *Hon. Advertising Manager*, HELEN ANDERSON, Wick Cottage, Charney Bassett, near Wantage, Berkshire. *Telephone:* West Hanney 282.

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Souvenir hunters

WE commend to all readers Mr. Richard Levick's splendid letter about souvenir hunters, on another page of this issue. Mr. Levick writes lightly—but it is shameful that he should have to write at all. Until very recently, those who go down to the sea in small boats have kept free of the plagues of so-called "civilised" life on land. "Borrowing" boats for joy-rides used to be almost unknown, and interference with someone else's moored yacht so rare that it was a risk not worth worrying about—the only "interference" that any yachtsman would ever contemplate was to help an unattended moored craft if she was dragging, or for some reason getting into danger. Times, alas, change. Now, in any popular anchorage it is necessary to have locks and bolts on anything openable, to leave no coils or spare warp on deck, to hide such things as boathooks and boarding ladders. As for dinghies, instead of being able to leave them safely on the hard, they have to be garaged like cars. This is a sad deterioration of standards. Perhaps it reflects simply the deterioration of standards on land, but it is up to all of us to do what we can to maintain decent standards of seagoing behaviour. That *Gipsy Moth IV* at Plymouth has had to be guarded to prevent "souvenir hunters" from breaking off bits of her is an appalling reflection of the depths to which some people are apparently prepared to sink—without thinking any the worse of themselves. Words still have some meaning, and "souvenir hunting" of this sort should be described whenever it occurs as just plain theft. Making off with glasses from pubs, cutlery from restaurants, coat-hangers or towels from hotels is just as bad—it is all stealing, and articles so taken are

stolen property, things to be ashamed of, not to be taken home and exhibited as "trophies." One would hope that the would-be "souvenir hunters" at Plymouth were land-sharks, drawn there by the glamour of a great sailor's homecoming. If such beastliness must be, let us determine to confine it to the land, and to keep the clean sea free of it.

Silhouette III

Mr. Bartlett's suggestion, in another letter, that SIII owners may think that the SOIA is in some way hostile to them is distressing. It is also, of course, utterly unfounded. Earlier this year some members questioned whether this new boat should properly be called a "Silhouette"—a point of view that, like any other point of view in a free society, is entitled to expression. But this certainly implied no "hostility," nor the least shade of unfriendliness to a new design. The SOIA has always been a Class Association with a difference—we can fairly claim that the ten years of our history have never been marred by any trace of the stuffiness or narrow-mindedness which has sometimes afflicted those whose experience has been limited to racing dinghies of one particular design. We are essentially a *sailing* association, and we have always welcomed yachtsmen anywhere prepared to sail with us, let alone owners of a boat so closely related to our own seafaring family as SIII. So, please—let us kill, firmly and finally, any idea that SIII owners are unwelcome. The SOIA exists for all of us.

Tees bay group

INCLEMENT weather again delayed fitting out on the North East Coast, but by May 6 five Silhouettes were on their moorings in West Harbour, Hartlepool. The weather has continued unkind, so little sailing has been done. Nevertheless, during the weekend May 13/14, *Curvy* (Chris Lowery) and *Dandy Boy* (Maurice Archer), made the programmed trip, but, because of the north-easterly wind decided against anchoring in Runswick Bay, and went on to Whitby. The weather was not pleasant—rain at times and poor visibility, but they said they enjoyed the sail.

On Sunday, May 21 *Dandy Boy*, *Jeanette* (Seymour Roberts) and *Blue Goose* (Dick Swarbrick) were sailed for a Central Council for Physical Recreation course. In the morning, there was a smart breeze, and the pupils enjoyed some good sailing under supervision. In the afternoon however, the weather deteriorated, and the course had to be curtailed. As the wind increased, the pupils were given a taste of rough weather sailing, but ultimately the wind approached gale force and we were glad to get the boats back to their moorings, and the pupils on dry land.

For the "Spring weekend holiday," a cruise in company was arranged to Whitby, where the Tees Sailing Club's Cruises and those of the Hartlepool Yacht Club were sailing.—Dick Swarbrick.

Secretary's notes

THE entry list for Plymouth Week 1967 officially closed on June 23, but the Royal Plymouth Corinthian Yacht Club expects some members to be late! (And so the programme printing has been held up for a few days). This year, being our tenth birthday, will be a very special Plymouth Week, and among other things, the programme will be of a souvenir type, with all the names of the boats and skippers printed inside. So can I make this last appeal? If you have not already sent in your form, do so *now*, and make sure that your name and your boat are duly recorded in print. Some members did not get an entry form with their monthly *Journal*; if you are in this unhappy position, post the entry fee of £5, together with your name, address, name of boat and Group or Club, to Peter Harvey, Hon. Sailing Secretary, Royal Plymouth Corinthian Yacht Club, Maderia Road, Plymouth, and we can accept your signature on the form at a later date. Every entrant will be sent a ticket for the Lord Mayor of Plymouth's reception in the Guildhall. This ticket will admit one member and two guests, and if your party is going to exceed this number, please let Peter Harvey know at least three weeks before the event, when further tickets can be issued free. Failure to notify extra guests can cause a lot of embarrassment, as these tickets are issued by the City Council, and are not distributed indiscriminately.

* * *

I have had many letters asking both for crews and for someone to crew, so if you do happen to be in one of the above categories, drop me a line.

* * *

The SOIA sent a letter of congratulations to Sir Francis Chichester on his arrival at Plymouth, and the Queen's Harbourmaster allowed all our local members to anchor their boats in line astern from one of the leading buoys in the Sound, so that our lone voyager ran down a whole line of Silhouettes, flying the burgee of the Association, of which we are proud to acknowledge him as an Honorary Rear Commodore.

* * *

The Cruise in Company to Calais, over the Spring Bank Holiday, was a wonderful success. Some twenty-one boats finally assembled at Dover, and fifteen crossed in together, led by Herbert Firth, who had re-assumed his responsibilities as Commodore for the day, as personal commitments caused Cyril Guscott to miss the event. The Royal Cinque Ports Yacht Club made us extremely welcome, and everyone assembled at their club house, for a comprehensive briefing on Friday night. Brian Heaney had worked like a trojan to arrange all the details, and our local members, were a tower of strength, Ernie Large, giving us all a lot of valuable information of his extensive knowledge of the Channel, and Reg Wood organising the launching and slipping of boats with seamanlike efficiency. Contrary to what most of us expected, the sail across was marred by lack of wind, and the "Song of a Seagull"

was heard often. But the fleet managed to keep together, and the sight of fifteen small sailing boats leaving Dover Harbour and entering Calais, was well worth the expenditure of the number of films exposed. I hope only that some of them are shown round. The Yacht Club and the Town Council of Calais, are making great efforts to welcome visiting yachtsmen, and berthing and mooring proved no problem. We had our fair share of rain on Sunday, but this did not damp spirits, nor mar the reception given by the Yacht Club. One of the merriest parties I have ever attended developed in a small café on the quayside, and a few members lived to regret the lateness of the hour of departure from the café when it was realised that we had to leave about 0530 the following morning to catch the lock gates of Wellington Dock at Dover. Happily only eight unfortunates had to return on the Monday, the luckier being free to stay and enjoy French hospitality for a few more days. Those who did drag themselves from sleeping bags in the cold light of the morning were rewarded with a wonderful sail back to Dover, with a beam wind between Force 3 and 4. The distance between harbour entrance and harbour entrance was covered in four hours, leaving enough spare time to have a warm shower at the R.C.P.Y.C. and a meal before the lock gates opened. It was a truly memorable weekend, and one to make us all thank those who worked so hard in its organisation.

* * *

Do you use old tyres for fenders? I find that they are very efficient (and cheap) but not very neat to the eye, and I have on many occasions been impressed with efforts of various skippers who have covered them with white canvas. So much so, that I decided to make myself a set, already having sufficient canvas, and sewing kit. The local tyre dealer was approached for a couple of worn out rejects, these were gladly given, and transported home with enthusiasm. Before starting to cut the necessary holes in the centre of the tread of the first tyre, I thought how much neater the finished articles would be if the diameter was a little less. Then the thought occurred, that if the edges which contain the wires round the rims, were cut away, it would be quite easy to chop away part of the tyre, close the ends, and make a smaller circle. Two hours, one ruined chisel, four broken hacksaw blades, and two well-blunted knives later, I began to rue my decision, as all I had to show for two blistered hands, was a couple of rings of rubber cut away from the main tyre. The fender is finished now, and does look quite neat, having reduced the diameter to some twelve inches, but let me offer a word of warning to anyone wishing to fabricate this way. There is a certain make of tyre on the market that has stainless steel mesh embodied in the entire casing, so make sure that you don't do as I did, and start work on one of this type.

* * *

How do you keep your bilges dry? During a discussion on pumps and bailing methods, one bright spark remarked that he always keeps a sponge under the floorboards, and when that gets damp, he searches for a leak!—R.A.G

Midnight on the Mewstone

By George Hurley

TO be hard and fast on the inside of the Mewstone, that rugged gull-haven about a quarter mile off Wembury Point, between Plymouth and the river Yealm, at almost midnight, with about one hour from low water is no joke. It is a position that anyone with average common sense should not be in, much less the two people, one the writer, who found themselves there, much to their disgust and humiliation.

Fortunately, I can now look back and say "All's well that ends well," and if something has been learned, we will leave it at that.

Deciding that a nice sail to the Yealm (locally referred to as the "Yam," why, nobody knows), the writer plus three others who, perhaps to save embarrassment, had better be referred to by their christian names, Peter, Jimmy and Stanley, set off from Richmond Walk on a lovely evening in a Hurley 22, and the new Mark III Silhouette. The 22 was equipped with a motor, and so with Peter and Jimmy in the Silhouette III and no motor, Stanley at the helm of the 22 we towed them down the creek to Devil's Point and let them go as soon as we passed the strong current running down the Hamoaze.

The lovely breeze soon got us going, and both boats had a pleasant sail out past the Western end of the breakwater, around the tinker buoy and a nice run into the Yealm. Throwing a line to Peter, we towed them up the river off the Yealm Hotel, where, as usual, ever helpful, Len Carter the local ferry-cum-boat-owner, tied us up, took us ashore and joined us for a nice Cornish pasty (made in Devon) and a couple of pints of the best. A few sixpences in the "one-armed-bandit" (without luck), a couple of sailing yarns with the locals, and Len put us aboard our boats about eleven o'clock. A line to Peter, and we were towing them down stream to the open sea once more.

Once out of the mouth of the river, the tow-line was let go, and we were sailing nicely towards Plymouth. A lovely night and breeze, Stanley at the helm and writer, feet up on the locker, back against the cabin, looking back towards our starting point. Having sailed to the Yealm scores of times, even in a Silhouette it would never occur to me to attempt going inside the Mewstone with the tide only about one hour from low water, let alone in a boat drawing 3ft. 6ins. However, whether it was Stanley reminiscing his war-time Navy exploits, or telling me how much money I was making or losing (he is the firm's accountant) or whether it was Chichester's Whitbread Tankard from the Yealm Hotel, I shall never know, but with a real bang we hit bottom, and were hard and fast on the rocks. Starting the engine, and full throttle in reverse, made no difference, throwing the anchor as far as possible and hauling in, also trying to push off with a spinnaker pole made no impression. We were well and truly aground.

Shouting to Peter, now in hailing distance, to keep off, he soon thought the best thing to do was to sail into Plymouth and inform

the lifeboat, and before long he had disappeared into the night with this intention in mind. Stan and I resigned ourselves to the fact that we were there for at least two to three hours. However Peter would tell the women what was happening when he got in at about 12.30 a.m., and at least they would know we were O.K. (except, of course, for the continued bumping on the rock, and hoping that the bottom would stand up to it!). At about 2 o'clock, with the tide turning, little by little our rock bound craft seemed to get more lively, so with the wind on our beam I hoisted the jib and was able to keep her from getting further in trouble, until eventually we were off. Starting the motor we made for home, arriving at the pontoon at about 2.45 a.m.

To our utter dismay we found that Peter and Jimmy had not arrived and we were almost panic stricken! Had they hit the other side of the Mewstone? Were they in trouble? Had they got hold of the lifeboat and gone to look for us? This was worse than our previous plight. Stanley telephoned his wife; she had heard nothing, and so we stood at three o'clock in the morning on the quay-side in Stonehouse Creek, just wondering what to do! We had just about decided to ring the lifeboat, when we heard Jimmy's voice from way down the creek. They could see us in the arc-light which was illuminating the pontoon. Eventually, they drifted in with the tide, only to tell us they were becalmed off Picklecombe Fort where they had sailed in an effort to get back in, thus no lifeboat had been alerted, no alarm raised, and apart from two very worried wives, everything ended well.

I dread to think of the reaction in Plymouth had the lifeboat been called out to a boat fast on the Mewstone and one becalmed off Picklecombe Fort, with crews that should have known better than to go to sea in a boat with no motor or the merest safety and warning equipment.

For me, at any rate, it was a lesson learned, which fortunately cost us very little, but one which once more proves that a boat not adequately equipped is better on its mooring, especially at night.

Cruise to Calais

By Marion Heaney

THIS year's Calais cruise came at that peculiar holiday called "Spring Bank Holiday," which many of us still call Whitsun. I do, in spite of being frequently corrected by Brian. For us, it started on Thursday, May 25, as it is a long haul from Liverpool to Dover. Most people started the haul on Friday morning.

At 1400 hours sharp, Reg Wood had obtained the use of a crane, and our boats were hoisted aloft and safely into the Wellington Dock. I counted seven boats launched—*Pelican*, *Nik-Too*, *Dolphin*, *Mette Lone*, *Coringa*, *Twicher* and our own *Circe*. There were already a few boats in the dock, their owners having brought them down the previous weekend. However, I never quite worked out where all the *eighteen* boats came from, because that was, I think, the final number that

The Silhouette Owners' International Association

President:

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

Flag Officers and Committee:

Commodore: C. J. GUSCOTT, 64 Cowick Hill, Exeter, Devon.
Vice-Commodore: GEORGE SMITH, Woodcroft, Park Road, Hale, Cheshire.
Rear Commodore: HARRY MALONEY.
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Hon. Treasurer: R. W. FAIRMAN, 141 Hornchurch Road, Hornchurch, Essex.
Sail Number Registrar: W. H. CHAMBERS, 79a Adelaide Grove, London, W.12.
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Circulation Manager: HARRY MALONEY, 13 Branksome Road, Moredon, Swindon, Wilts.
Associate Representative: R. B. HUNT, Holmlea, Ringwood Road, Ebblake, Verwood, Dorset.
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Librarian: E. COXELL, 40 Louis Drive East, Rayleigh, Essex.
Committee Members: BRIAN HEANEY, Lower Lee School, Beaconsfield Road, Liverpool 25. PETER MOYSE, 14 Cumberland Mansions, Bryanston Square, W.1.
Hon. Technical Advisor: ROBERT TUCKER, 58 Southbury Road, Enfield, Middlesex.

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

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arrived in Calais. This may sound vague, but we started on the Saturday morning from Dover with *fourteen* boats and arrived in Calais with *sixteen*—*Nyota* and *1066* having joined us en route. Then, as the hours passed, we were joined by *Den*, and *Midnight*.

We had to come out of the Wellington Dock at 0100 hours and tie alongside a wall in the outer basin. This was rather hair-raising, as there were a lot of small boats all coming out of the dock together, closely followed by two cargo vessels. Soon after 0600 hours some of the boats had to move as they were drying out. By that time we were all up, stowing tackle and setting sail. We had a final check on the weather forecast, which was Force 3 to 5, north-easterly winds, and a visual report on the look of the Channel from Ernie Large, who kindly got up at the crack of dawn and, together with his wife, went on to the cliffs to see what it all looked like.

At 0800 hours, fourteen boats motored from the inner basin to

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, Sellafeld, 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>

the outer harbour, and at 0830 hours we were off. It must have been quite an impressive sight to see us leave, and was a marvellous achievement of our Commodore, Herbert Firth. We somehow managed to get close together, and went out of the harbour entrance in a closely knit bunch. I think even the harbour authorities were impressed. We had intended heaving-to under the lee of the eastern arm to gather stragglers, but we were so well together that we set sail straight away.

Those of us who did the trip last year were prepared for a certain amount of buffeting about when we first got out of the harbour, and the newcomers had been warned of this too, so no one was caught unawares. In actual fact, conditions were not bad at all. It was a bit choppy to start with, but the Force 3 to 5 winds never materialised. The wind was unfortunately in the wrong direction to dispense with motors, so we motor-sailed all the way, or rather most people did. (We, again, had the indignity of crossing, part of the way, on the end of a tow rope! Peter Moyse took us in tow on the back of *Tamarisk* for the last two hours of the trip). One or two motors spluttered from time to time, but after refreshment in the form of petrol-mixture or the change of a plug, chugged on again.

The coast of France was in sight within the first hour, and we only lost sight of England in the last hour. As we approached the French coast we began getting warmer and warmer. The sun came out, and a really hot wind blew on us. Outside Calais harbour we all

stooged around until everyone was near enough together, and then made a triumphal entry in formation at 1500 hours. There were some nice new moorings laid down outside the yacht club, all waiting for us. We took all the best ones, and only later discovered that the Little Ship Club was expected, too, and had hoped for the moorings! Owing to the tide, the lock gates to the yacht basin would not be opening until after midnight, so we all stayed outside that night.

Next day, Sunday, we heard there was to be a reception for us, together with the Little Ship Club. All the men delved down in the bilges and any other odd corner and found something resembling a tie. Some even found a suit! The women tried to be decent in skirts and dresses while rowing in a dinghy. All in all, I think we made quite a presentable array at the Yacht Club du Nord de la France. The welcome we receive from this club is really marvellous. We have "open house" at their premises, and can come and go in them as we please, and we always find the club members most helpful if their advice is sought. On this occasion a welcoming speech was made, and Herbert excelled himself by replying in French. I'm not sure what it all meant, but it sounded good, and everyone beamed! A pretty glass ash tray with the Silhouette emblem was presented on our behalf to the club. After the speeches, wine and biscuits were served. It's amazing how the "entente cordiale" improved most noticeably. The Moyses almost sold their Silhouette to a Frenchman, and their son Chris took on a ruddy hue and thought Calais a "damned fine place!" By general agreement, it was decided to go from the club to a local bistro some of the lads found called the "Welcome." There certainly was a welcome there, and a good steak too. The English "sang froid" became very much less "froid" here! Ernie Dunthorne was seen cavorting with one of the local lasses, and his wife Peg dancing with a Frenchman. The lock gates to the yacht basin opened and closed while we were there, and most of us left our boats where they were. I heard later the tale of someone returning to his boat which had been level with the quayside. He had evidently forgotten about tides. He stepped into his boat which was now some feet below him. Fortunately there was no injury beyond a bruised knee.

The jollities that day seem to have gone on for some people well into the evening. I still wonder how everyone got safely back to boats, especially those who had to row out in the harbour. Only one person fell in, and he was hauled out by the hair and spent a comfortable night in his sleeping bag on the quayside!

Next morning around 0700 hours eight of the party set sail for Dover. There must have been a few thick heads amongst crew members. Certainly they left a number of rather fragile souls behind. I would have waved our returning party off, but couldn't muster the energy. They had a lovely day for a sail back. We heard of their safe arrival in Dover from a newcomer to Calais.

While at the "Welcome," a French Salvation Armyist arrived selling "*En Avant*"—the French equivalent of "*War Cry*." He also

brought forth an English "*War Cry*." After his efforts, I could not refuse.

Most of us pottered around on the Monday. The weather was gorgeous, and we soaked up the sun. I got thrown out by Brian so that he could fiddle in peace with our engine! This appears to have been a successful arrangement, because the engine behaved itself for the rest of the trip. Margaret Partington and I did some souvenir shopping. On our way back, we met the crews from *Twicher* and *Nik-Too*. They were enjoying a beer at a pavement cafe. We women added a little decorum to the proceedings, and drank our black coffee. The level of conversation improved notably, especially when Jim Edmonds stood on a chair and declaimed to all and sundry, brandishing my "*War Cry*" in his hand. At this moment, Herbert arrived with his ciné camera, and this epic is now recorded for all to see!

Nyota and *Tamarisk* were ready to set off at 1500 hours. At 1515 hours they were tying up again! Peter became too attached to Calais, and couldn't leave his mooring buoy behind! It wound itself round his propellor, and he had to beach *Tamarisk* when the tide went down and cut it off.

Most of us declared our existence to the French immigration authorities and got our green "passport du navire étranger." I don't know what happened to other people, but according to the French authorities I own the boat, not Brian, but I was born on Brian's date of birth and in his place of birth! It's a good job these documents and their details are not vital to ones return to U.K. We'd still be sailing the Channel unable to enter either country!

Next day (Tuesday) the remaining group had planned to sail to Boulogne. When we woke, it was thundering and lightning. Most of us turned over and dozed off again. However, it cleared a bit, and the forecast was reasonable, so we set off at 0800 hours. We had a lovely run down the coast. Even I viewed it a little more favourably, although still remembering our twelve hour drag last year up from Boulogne to Calais. Herbert was keen to see if there was a harbour at Wimereux, and insisted on finding out. The only trouble was, he chose a place called Ambleteuse. Wimereux was farther down the coast. Ambleteuse looked a delightful little place, with a most inviting stretch of beach. It was rather lacking in water, though, and we had to settle for a view from the boat.

We arrived at Boulogne at 1430 hours and regretted it immediately. The harbour was most unpleasant, and there was nowhere comfortable to moor. We finished up with a few desolate French yachts on a pontoon in the middle of the main harbour. From here we had to row to the quayside, and climb up filthy iron ladders. To add to our discomfort, a large dredger was at work nearby. When evening came and it went down river a great peace fell over everyone. It was not for long. The wretched thing returned, presumably after dumping its load, and kept going all through the night.

The town of Boulogne we found pleasant. It has a robustness

Calais lacks. After roaming round the town for a while, we adjourned to Alf's Café (Restaurant Alfred), where thirteen of us descended for dinner. Here we had a scrumptious meal. I would love to see Herbert eating mussels in a professional French manner in an English restaurant! A few French heads turned at the hilarity that night.

On the Wednesday, we had hoped we might sail up to Ambleteuse and land for a picnic meal. The wind was onshore, and with the rocks along the coast it was rather too dangerous to chance. Instead, we idled our time away, with our old friend the dredger as company! After our evening meal we returned to the pontoon to find "they" had towed some of the French yachts away, and intended moving the rest of us in the morning. We never found out why, but didn't worry unduly as we were off the following morning.

At 0430 hours we were roused by a horribly cheerful voice—Jim Edmonds. We were off sharp at 0530 hours—a ghastly hour, but there were a surprising number of people about on the quayside. It was misty and we had to sail on a compass bearing of 320°M. Wind was again not helpful, and it was motor all the way. At about 0900 hours we sighted the Varne lightship, and, as if in protest, two of the motors stopped. Their crews got them going again, and we passed close by the Varne lightship rather to the surprise of two of its crew. Dover appeared darkly in the distance at around 1030 hours. I could discern the castle, but not the harbour. Suddenly both lights on the western entrance started to flash, and we were able to change direction for the eastern arm. At 1130 hours we entered Dover harbour. We thought the fellow in the little signal box most obliging, as the signals changed to "go" just at the right time. Then we heard a hooting behind us and had to get out of the way quickly for a tug towing a barge.

We had just tied up along the wall of the inner basin when a cheery voice called from above. It was Reg Wood again, already organising our craning out. What we would do without cheerful hard work, I do not know. Thank you, Reg.

The first thing Brian and I did after being passed by H.M. Customs was to wallow in huge baths in the Royal Cinque Ports Yacht Club. I'm sure they have the best baths in the country.

Craning out started at 1800 hours. We were the last out at 2000 hours. It was sad saying "goodbye" to everyone. In retrospect I shall remember so many things. Jimmy Edmonds's cook ("She's lovely, you know") and the china tea pot ceremoniously handed into the galley in mid-Channel; Margaret Partington's horror at the filth in Boulogne harbour; Herbert's consistent ability as Commodore; and Alun Pritchard's precise navigation, bringing us back to Dover in spite of visibility of less than one mile. On a more personal note, I am grateful to Lewis Jones for saving me from falling in Boulogne harbour when I hung precariously between two boats. And I shall not forget the crew of *Twicher* crashing aboard after collecting the petrol for the journey from Calais.

Altogether this trip was a happy and memorable one. I hope that Silhouettes will continue to cross the Channel to enjoy the experience of remarkable comradeship which we have enjoyed on both cruises to France.

In the South-west

SOUTH-WEST Group members have got together with the Royal Plymouth Corinthian Y.C. and arranged what we hope will be a first-class Tenth Anniversary Rally. We have tried to arrange something for young and old, and I am sure you will all enjoy a "star attraction"—the "water gala" in the RPCYC basin.

Moorings will be in Sutton Harbour, as usual, where we live like one big happy family, to the delight of the local natives. A point here—please don't forget your fenders, and independent mooring warps. Scooter tyres make good fenders, two or more each side, and one for the stern. If you are not living on board, leave your boat well-secured in a seamanlike manner, at the far end of the line of boats.

I have been lumbered with the job of being Liaison Bod. between the SOIA, RPCYC and the Sutton Harbour Master, so if you have any problems to be sorted out that you feel you cannot do yourself, let me know, and we shall do our best to help.

As an end-piece: I have been asked to inform all ladies that the River Yealm Cruise will also be a race for male and female helmsmen. Will lady helmsmen please ensure that they fly some suitable emblem so that they may be recognised at the finish?

If you haven't sent your entry form off, please do so now. Looking forward to meeting you all.—Ernie Sweet.

New members

WE have pleasure in welcoming the following new members. J. A. Hazell, Foxhow, Chelmsford Road, Purleigh, Essex. 1823 *Wishbone*, Hazell, Foxhow, Chelmsford Road, Purleigh, Essex. 1823 *Wishbone*, Blackwater; D. C. Cory, The Oyster House, Port Navas, Nr. Falmouth, Cornwall. 185 *Elise*, Port Navas; C. Horseman, 42 Hayes Street, Hayes, Bromley, Kent. 746, *Selina*, Medway; T. Holt, Tyddyn Ddeici, Llanfair P.G., Anglesey. 7 *Shy Tot*; S. R. Hall, Glenholt Holiday Park, Plymouth, Devon. Hurley 20; C. Jones, Surrey Schools' Sailing and Canoeing Association, George Abbot Cty. Sec. Boys' School, Burpham, Guildford, Surrey. 812; L. Lester, 27 Cunningham House, St. Margarets Street, Rochester, Kent. 1426 *Pegasus*, Medway; A. P. Johnson, Lidstones, Cullum Green Road, Stoke Poges, Bucks; C. Beven, Wavecrest, Youngs Park, Paignton, Devon. 666 *Jenny Ann*, *Dart*; D. C. Irvine, 9 West Argyle Street, Helensburgh, Dumbartonshire. 36 *Spray*, Gareloch; A. W. Dignan, Hove To, 6 Chaucer Road, Tavistock, Devon. 818 *Pamela Jane II*, Plymouth; C. Cotton, 86 Woodford Ave., Plympton, Devon. 608, *Tardis*, Plymouth.

Letters to the Editor

SILHOUETTE III.—I walked round the Silhouettes moored at Hoylake. At low tide they take the sand. There were seven SIIs and one SIII. I have been after some of the SIIs before, and a number are members of SOIA. The SIII was brand new so I hoped to sign up the owner. He has been reading the *Journal* (a borrowed copy) and had come to the conclusion we did not like SIIs. I tried to point out that our sole dislike might be trying to race, on even terms, and time, against them. I think that we, as an Association, should make it quite clear that we welcome SIII owners, but we are not really prepared to race against them on level times.—F. W. Bartlett, Lota Lodge, Forest Road, Meols, Wirral.

SOUVENIR HUNTERS.—As *Gipsy Moth IV* will doubtless be in danger from souvenir hunters for the next three years at least, it might be worthwhile reminding ourselves of some of the better known examples of the species. Admittedly the Lesser-spotted Shackle Swiper is almost too well known a bird to mention, but I feel sure that you would like to know that the Tufted Tender Taker, often assisted by the Great Hooded Fender Finder, is extremely active. There is also the Light-footed Hatch Cracker, but this invariably works on its own. Fortunately, the Hooked-billed Halliard Hypers, Red-breasted Rudder Robbers, Rainbow-plumed Signal Snatchers, Green-eyed Jib-sheet Shifters and Short Shank'd Creaking Anchor Hawks, are at this time decreasing in numbers, though not in skill. I am sorry to say, however, that the Fan-tailed Pilfer Pigeon (which develops in its second year into the Long-legged Locker Lifter) threatens to increase. You may be interested to know that the Big-eyed Bin Bird still flies in 8 x 30 formation, but owing to padlock improvements is almost extinct. It seems we cannot escape the necessity of being on guard against the Razor-billed Mooring Cutter, which, unfortunately, is followed wherever it goes by the Tug-Footed Duck. Care should of course be taken when stalking these birds of prey, but it is suggested that if caught they should be wrung—by the neck. Particular look out should be kept for the Crow-footed Compass Keeper, recently sighted around the South East Coast.—Richard Levick, Flat No. 1, 57 Hornsey Lane, Highgate, London, N.6.

SILHOUETTE II.—We notice in your "Secretary's Notes" your regret at the passing of the wooden version of the Silhouette Mark II. We have great faith in the use of wood in boatbuilding, especially in view of the modern techniques now available which have removed many of the difficulties previously experienced; we also believe in the logical development of the Silhouette, and for this very reason suggested to Robert Tucker that he should design a 20ft. version which would have all the advantages of previous Silhouettes, but offering more room and more speed. That the S20 is a worthy addition to the Silhouette family has since been proved beyond all doubt in her trials, which have confirmed her exceptional handling and performance, even in a Force 9 gale off the Thames Estuary which had several larger boats scurrying for shelter. The S20 however, was never intended to replace the Silhouette Mark II, which fills an important need, and with this in mind we will be pleased to build the Mark II, on quotation, in wood, to our usual high standard of craftsmanship, for anyone who requires one of these excellent craft. Although personally in favour of wooden boats, we freely admit that a large section of the public prefer that glass fibre be used, and with this in mind we shall be offering the S20 in glass fibre in the near future, in addition to the wooden version. We look forward to joining you at Plymouth, and giving you the opportunity of examining first hand the qualities of the S20 which, while bearing proudly the tradition of her ancestors, carries the good name of the Silhouette into the future.—Brian D. Tankard, General Manager, Myson Marine Ltd., Light Industrial Estate, Ongar, Essex.

SMALL ADVERTISEMENTS

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

FOR SALE. Silhouette II, Sail No. 1930. Glass fibre, 3 berth, Seagull Century Plus with clutch. Stainless steel pulpit. Prout folding dinghy. Roller reefing jib and main. Fully equipped. Seen South Woodham Ferrers. £475. Phone 01-348-0370.

FOR SALE. Silhouette II, Sail No. 1365. Seagull Century Plus with clutch. CQR anchor with chain. Dinghy. Fitted out with new sails. Seen South Woodham Ferrers. £350. Phone 01-348-0370.

WANTED. Trailer for glassfibre Silhouette II. Details and price please to Hughes, "The Gardens," St. Margaret's Bay, Dover, Kent.

POWERCRAFT (SALCOMBE) LTD. Salcombe, Devon. Phone 2572. We have several excellent Silhouettes for sale from about £380 including road trailer to £450 glassfibre with Watermota engine. Send for details.

FOR SALE. Silhouette II, No. 450, very good condition, Crouch mooring, dinghy, trailer, £285. 29 Hollands Lane, South Ockendon, Essex.

FOR SALE. Felicity F496. All gear including trailer, genoa, spinnaker, new 9½ h.p. Johnson outboard. Excellent condition, now moored at Ullswater Yacht Club. £700 or offer. Built in wood June 1965. West, Knaresborough, tel.: 2623.

FOR SALE. Silhouette II, 2 berth, cushions, cooker, anchors. Seagull century plus, red terylene sails, cockpit and overall covers, dinghy, road trailer, lying Tees, mooring available. £375. 40 Coast Road, Redcar. Tel.: 4004.

FOR SALE. Blue Terylene storm jib, SII. Never used. £7 10s. 0d. Two nylon Lillywhite Dinghy jackets, one gents, one ladies, £1 each. Two Marksway lifejackets. £1 each, as new. Hassall, 13 Cleveland Road, Paignton, S. Devon.

WANTED. Silhouette II glassfibre, preferably 3 berth, inboard engine plus all equipment, all boats viewed. Hand, 75 High Road, Hockley, Essex.

FOR SALE. Silhouette II, 1076. 3 berth, anchor, pulpit, toilet box, cooker, cockpit cover, blue Terylenes, Seagull Century with clutch. Excellent condition and newly painted. £385. Neil, Higher Batson, Salcombe 2589.

CORNISH HOLIDAY. Silhouette *Melody* Sail No. 455, well found boat with all gear, dinghy and new Evinrude 3 h.p. moored Fowey. 12 gns. per week to SOIA members. B. K. Dixon-Smith, Seacall, 8 Vicarage Meadow, Fowey, Cornwall. Telephone Fowey 2415.

OUTBOARD MOTORS. Evinrude, Mercury, Johnson, Seagull, etc. outboard motors can be supplied on our famous no-interest terms—one year to pay and no charge whatsoever for credit facilities. Write, 'phone or call. Lewis Marine, 59/61 High Street, Wanstead, London, E.11. WAM 2265/6.

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.

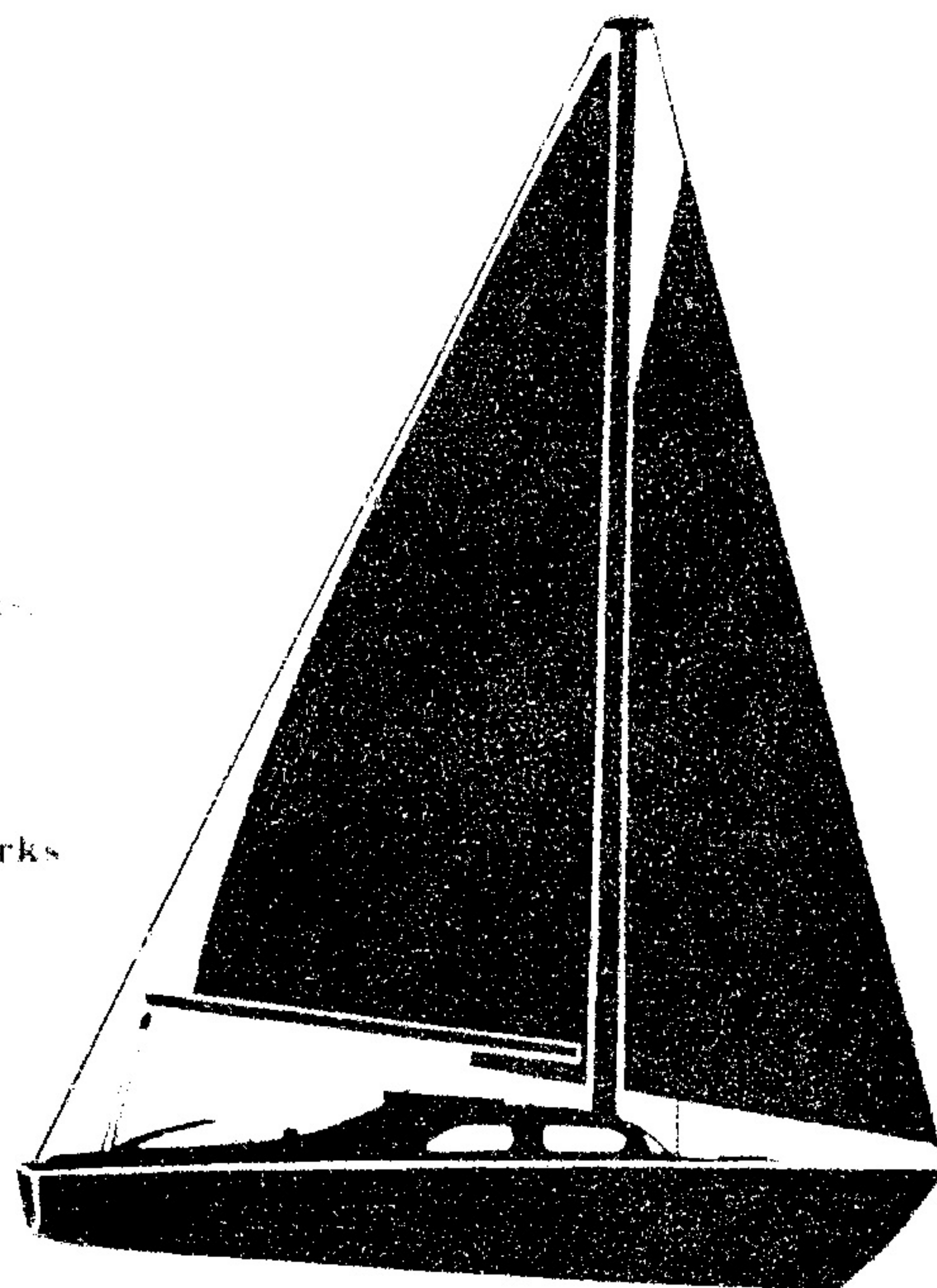
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