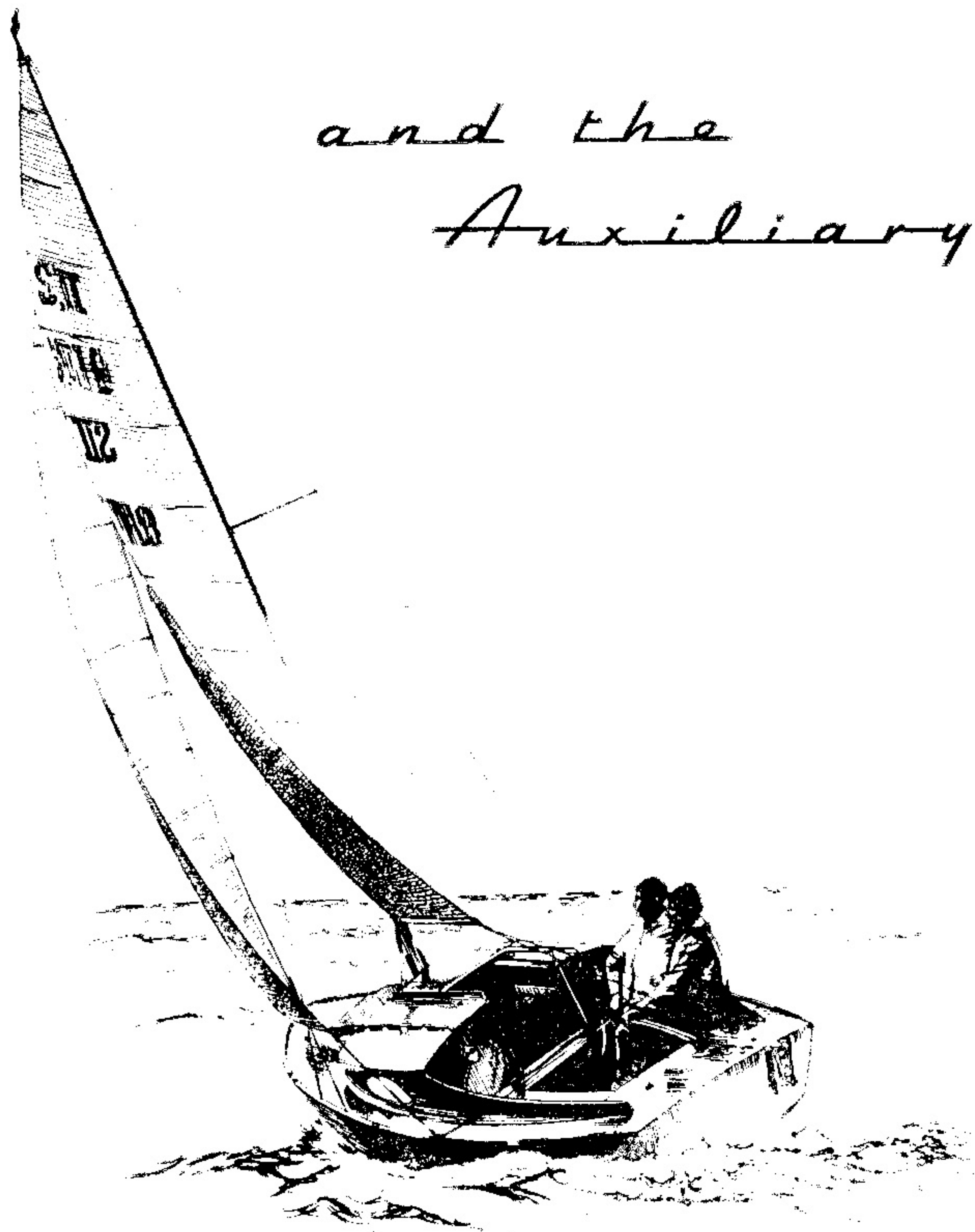


# The Silhouette Owner

*The journal of the  
Silhouette Owners' International Association*

NUMBER 79    SEPTEMBER - OCTOBER 1967    PRICE 1

*and the  
Auxiliary...*



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

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## Cruising and Racing

WE have much sympathy with the views expressed about Silhouette racing by two Bristol members in a letter on another page. As they say, the Silhouette is primarily a cruising yacht, designed for her crew to live on board. In a small boat, cabin furniture, galley stores and all the trappings for living make a considerable addition to weight, and it is a bit hard for boats thus loaded and fully equipped to race on equal terms with yachts in racing trim. Happily, most of our members understand these things, and take them all in good heart—most of our races are for fun and not for pot hunting. Nevertheless, there is a real problem here. Our Bristol members suggest that boats not fully equipped for cruising should be disqualified in races. Whether this is the best way of dealing with the problem is a moot point, and we should welcome other members' views. From time to time groups have attempted to specify minimum cruising trim, but there are many difficulties. First, there is the problem of inboard and outboard engines. Then, how much fuel should be carried? How much water? How much in the way of bosuns stores? There is further the problem of inspection—we don't want Silhouette rallies to generate the political heat that is too frequently a feature of international sport nowadays. Perhaps the best method is to leave the problem to the good sportsmanship of people individually. But here there is always the possibility of the awkward odd man out—should there be any sanctions against him? And if so, what? For ten years we have got on pretty happily

in navigating these tricky waters by guess and by God, but as the Association grows and more members come into family cruising from dinghy racing, it is clearly necessary to have some minimum of rules, and to try to enforce them. This is a matter that invites the widest discussion in the Association as a whole and it is a subject which could be well raised at the next Annual General Meeting.

## Thames group

THERE has been a wonderful response to the note in the August *Journal* suggesting the setting up of a Thames Group of the SOIA. Many members have written expressing support for such a group. We apologise for not having written to them all individually, but holidays have come in the way. Everything really depends on selecting the right centre. The present proposal is that the Thames Group, primarily intended for the non-tidal river, should be centred on Abingdon where there are good facilities for boats and one of the finest sailing stretches of the river. But there is much to be said also for somewhere nearer London—perhaps Bourne End. All those who have written are invited to express their views in letters to the Editor, and the next step will be to select a place and time for a preliminary meeting. If all goes well, we hope that there may be a most active group on the upper Thames ready for next season.

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PLYMOUTH WEEK. RESULTS WILL BE  
PUBLISHED NEXT MONTH.

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## Secretary's notes

AT the meeting of the National Committee, held at Plymouth during August, Peter Crampton agreed to take on the duties of Press Secretary, an office which had become vacant through the departure overseas of Terry Bickford. Peter is by no means a newcomer to the art of broadcasting news, so we can look forward to lots of references to the SOIA in the columns of future editions of the yachting journals. Thank you for undertaking to do this job Peter, and we all wish you the best of luck.

\* \* \*

The meeting was well attended by members from all Groups, and it is certain that everyone benefits from hearing the other fellow's point of view. Everyone was in favour of continuing to hold the AGM and Party, at the National Liberal Club, on the first Saturday of the Boat Show. The Whitsun Cross-Channel cruise was voted a complete success, and requests were made to make this an annual event in the calendar. Brian Heaney and Ron Fairman, gave a brief report of the wonderful welcome they had been given by the members of The Sletten Yacht Club, of Denmark, and reported that the lack of support for the pioneer Rally to that part, was unfortunate, but they did

emphasise that the lack of information and news distributed to those who had originally proposed to accompany them was in their opinion the reason for the absence of others.

\* \* \*

Our Hon. Treasurer, Ron Fairman, announced, to our regret, that he wishes to relinquish the job at the end of the year. So members are asked to keep in mind the necessity of finding someone to carry on with the arduous task of looking after the Association's finances, a job which Ron, ably assisted by Iris, has done so well for the past few years. Your Secretary also announced that he thought it would be beneficial to the Association if he were to be replaced at the next AGM by someone with a fresh approach and new ideas, but this was referred to the next meeting. Then everyone was thanked by our Chairman, Commodore Cyril, for attending the meeting, and the business of enjoying the 1967 Plymouth Rally began in earnest.

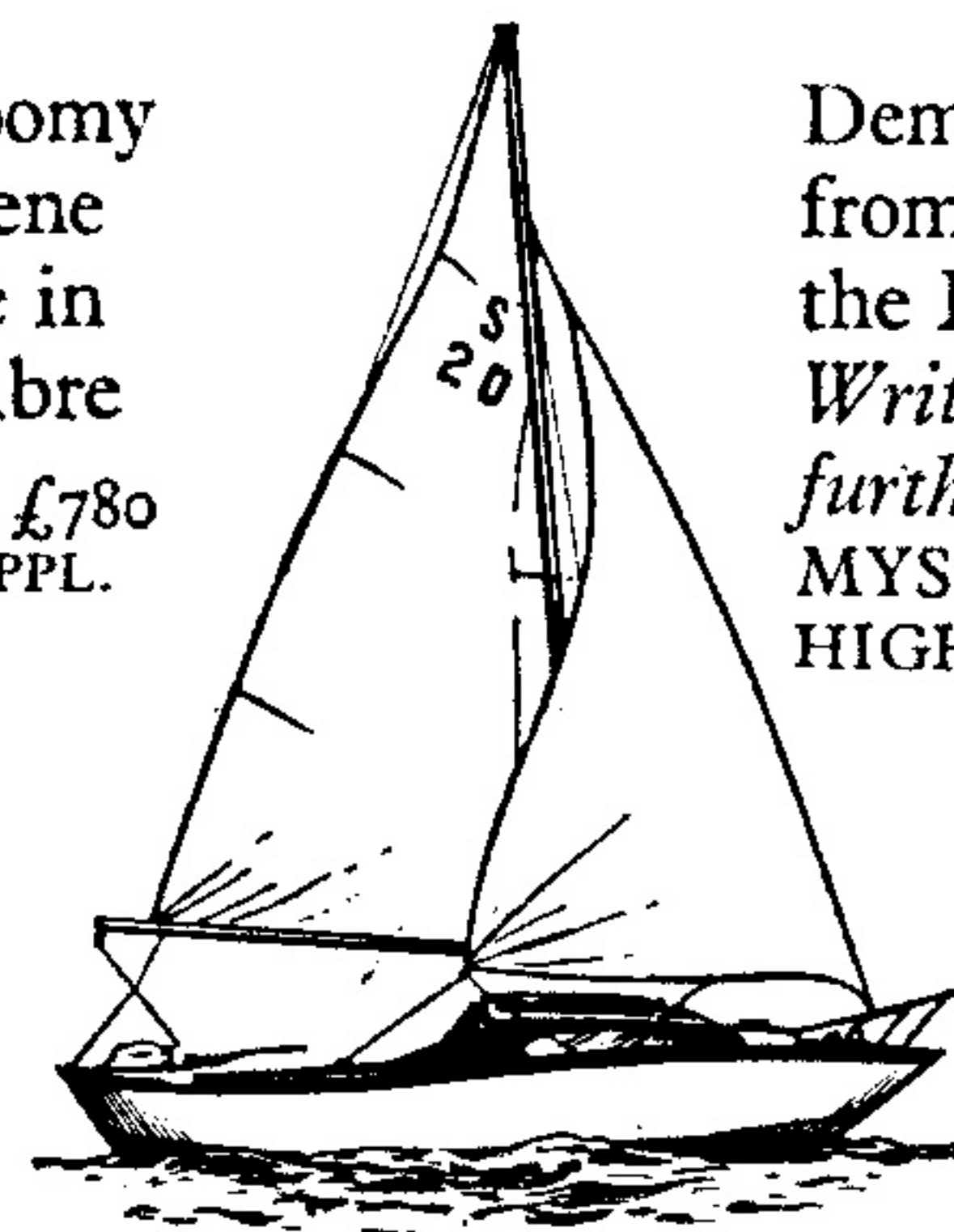
\* \* \*

The weather man was much more kind to us this year, and everyone, yes everyone, had a marvellous time. I feel that one should report at length, the tale of the "Twenty Twos" at Cawsand. George Hurley sailed over to this pretty little bay on the day of the regatta there, in his Hurley 22, followed by a member of the Association also in a Twenty Two, who is none other than the commodore of the RPCYC. Not to be outdone, Peter Harvey, who acts as sailing secretary for the RPCYC, and is the man who does a lot of the organising work for Plymouth Week, besides being vice commodore of the Plymouth Club, borrowed a spare Twenty-Two and sailed the same course. George arrived first, dropped his anchor in the customary manner, and proceeded to the nearest place to slake his thirst. Twenty Two number two arrived, made fast astern George's boat, and followed on to the bar. Peter, discovering that the borrowed boat was not equipped with an anchor, had little alternative but to moor astern of boat number two, if he was to enjoy a sojourn ashore. This he did, but left one of the younger members of his crew aboard. Now three Twenty Twos on one anchor chain is a little unfair, and it was not surprising that the anchor started to drag. Crew member on boat three knew that letting out a little more chain would remedy this trouble, but did not realise that the chain was not made fast to the boat until it had slipped through his fingers and disappeared to join the anchor somewhere in the depths below. So he had no alternative but to start the motor and cruise round in a large circle until the shore-goers returned. The message soon got into the saloon that there was trouble afloat, and a hasty retreat was beaten to the water's edge. It is here that the tale takes on an air of fantasy, which no author would dare to write into a story; but it is quite true. As George reached the water, a skin diving unit beached alongside him to refuel. George calmly and unharriedly explained the plight, the obliging aqua-lunger, returned to the depths, found the missing iron-mongery, and heaved it aboard the leading boat in the same time as

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it took the crews to row from the shore. And so the boats were made fast again, this time on a longer lead, and everyone was free to enjoy the fun and games of the afternoon. But I still feel that it is wiser to have a second anchor than to rely on an obliging diver turning up at the appropriate moment.

\* \* \*

Messrs Coates, the makers of the famous Plymouth Gin, always give a generous amount of their products for prizes for the ever popular Gin Treasure Hunt. John Dampney managed to be the first man over the line with the completed message, and received two bottles for his trouble. The next ten boats finishing shared another ten bottles. John, who is very keen on raising money to buy an artificial kidney machine for the Plymouth Hospital, raffled his prize at the Friday evening Dinner, and raised the magnificent sum of £11 5s., a generous gesture and one which, I should think, pleased Messrs. Coates, to know that their gift was put to so good a cause.

It seems that I have been shot down in flames over my amateurish theory that an all-metal mast should have the same effect as a radar reflector, but I don't think that our member in Dover has quite proved his point. There is no reason to doubt that the radar screen in question on the ship described did not pick up the metal mast of the yacht until it had passed, but—and this is the question—what proof have we that it would have picked up a reflector? Even in my complete ignorance of how these things work, I do know that any electronic device is not fool-proof, and that certain conditions can produce freak happenings.

But I give in wholeheartedly and I am willing to accept that a proper radar reflector is an essential part of any cruising yacht's equipment. All the enormous metal buoys that are dotted around (the East Coast at least) have been fitted with these devices, and I am quite prepared to accept the fact that Trinity House does not waste money unnecessarily.

\* \* \*

One of the cheapjacks at a local market was selling off cheaply some slightly imperfect air-tight plastic containers, of the type used for food storage in refrigerators, and to carry food out of doors. I decided that another function they could perform would be to protect certain articles from rust, so I have obtained a couple of the larger sizes, which I now keep under the floor-boards in the cockpit, with such things as spare sparking plugs, spanners for the Seagull, spare springs etc., all nicely out of the way until wanted, and entirely unaffected by the occasional swamping they get from bilge water.

\* \* \*

Eddie Coxell, our librarian, tells me that he is short of several copies of the *Journal* for the last year; our membership has grown and the number of spare prints has been less. Eddie, as you all know, lends out complete sets of the *Journal* to any interested member of the Association, and this service seems to be much appreciated by newcomers. So if you have any surplus between Nos. 34 and 54, pop them in the post to him; he will be grateful, and it will only need a threepenny stamp.

\* \* \*

Soon now we shall all have to be thinking about laying up for the winter, a sad time, but one that should be taken seriously. A well-painted timber boat can stand up quite well to the wet, but dampness and freezing temperatures together are the wreckers, so if you cannot get your boat under cover, a little, and very little is needed, warmth will save a lot of heart-aches next season.

\* \* \*

An item of equipment for any small cruiser which is the subject of perhaps the most controversy is the cooking apparatus, but I never seem to remember any letter being written in these pages on the matter. At present *Rosette* has a small two-burner stove made by or for Calor gas, with a pair of one pound gas bottles, but unfortunately there is no suitable cock manufactured that will fit on these bottles to turn the gas off from the "main," and as I never like to trust the small taps on the actual cooker it means disconnecting the bottle after every use. This, in turn, means that small amounts of very foul smelling gas are injected into the cabin at every operation. This annoyance could be overcome by going on to the larger ten pound cylinder, with its bulkier proportions, and the far from neat regulator that is necessary. I could find room for this, but it would mean that a similar size cylinder would have to be carried as a spare, as I know of no reliable way of telling when the gas is going to run out, and a hot cuppa on a chilly night in some muddy estuary, would be sadly missed.—R.A.G.

## *A cabin girl's view of Denmark*

*By Jane Heaney (aged 11 years)*

**TUESDAY, August 1.** We arrived at Parkeston Quay at about 15.45. We were then directed into a queue of traffic waiting for the ferry to Bremerhaven. We were soon joined by Ron and Iris Fairman, and Madeleine, and of course *Conqueror*. We had to wait with some caravans and buses until all the cars had been loaded on to the ferry. Finally, at 16.45 we drove down the gangway into the bows of the *Prinz Hamlet*, and were directed into a space by the side of a freight container. We had some difficulty getting *Circe* in. The mast was just that bit too high, and would only just fit under a gallery of cars. In the end, the trailer had to be manoeuvred by hand. We then went and found our cabin. It was very swish. We had two chairs, a table, dressing table, toilet, shower, porthole as well as four very nice bunks. It was also well ventilated. We then went on deck to see our final departure which was at 17.15. We gradually saw Harwich, with all its boats and cars, drop behind. Then we saw the Cork lightship. We had a meal later on, and fed ourselves till we could not eat another scrap. We spent a very jolly evening watching the dancing and talking. I then went to bed, after having a lovely shower at about 22.30.

**Wednesday, August 2.** We were woken at 07.30 with a cheerful knock on the door. We went for breakfast of buttered rolls and marmalade. We were now in the channel to Bremerhaven, and we saw quite a few vessels on their way into harbour, or going out to sea. We finally reached Bremerhaven, West Germany at 09.45. After passing through the Customs, we slowly made our way across Germany to Travemunde. We had a very hot and sticky journey, and were baked in the cars. We stopped on an autobahn, and met seven Renaults full of Frenchmen. We gathered that they were going to Norway. We finally reached the "Skandinavien Kai" at Travemunde. It was only 15.00, and the ferry did not leave until 22.30. We left the boats and our car in the queue, and went in Ron's car to the beach and found a nice place to swim. I was the only one who went in. (It was warm once you got used to it). After about half an hour, Dad called me in, and told me to get dressed. As if by magic the whole sky went jet black. The beach had been crowded, but within minutes it was empty. There was a terrific thunder storm and we were stuck in a traffic jam for over an hour and a half. Finally, we decided to try a back route. We got lost, and had to ask the way. By now it was 18.00 and we were still in a traffic jam. We hadn't had a meal yet, and we were beginning to wonder if we would have time to eat before it was time to load. We did have time, and thoroughly enjoyed a Wiener Schnitzel. We watched the ferry come in around 20.30. It was the *Svea Drott*. We passed through the Customs easily, and were first in the queue, but then we had to wait. After a long time we

were loaded on. We found our cabin and settled down. We sailed at 22.45.

*Thursday, August 3.* We were woken at 05.00, but I still slept on, and had to be woken again. We then got dressed, and had something to eat and drink. We were now coming into Copenhagen. We looked out for the mermaid, but did not see her. We now know that she is nowhere near where we were. At 06.45 we arrived. Peter and Beryl Mitchell were waiting at the quayside to welcome us to Denmark. They took us to a little harbour a few miles north of Copenhagen to launch the boats. It was called Skovshoved. Dad and I motored the boat up to Sletten, which was about 15 miles away, while Mum drove the car. The first half of the morning was wet, but it cleared up around midday. We had a marvellous reception at the yacht club when we arrived with the boats. We were given a burgee of the club. This is very gay. It is bright red with a gold sea horse on it. We also all had an emblem of the club to sew on our sweaters or jackets. We hung up all our clothes in a back room of the club and so made a bit more room in the boat. I was given an ice cream by Frede, the Commodore. It was very nice, and had what looked like a cherry in the bottom of it. I couldn't understand why the cherry was so hard, until eventually I discovered that it was chewing gum. That night we met some of the members of the Sletten Badeklub, and received a card requesting the pleasure of our company at supper on Saturday.

*Friday, August 4.* We woke up and went for the bread. Mum tried to speak Danish. We also got our milk there. We cooked our breakfast of bacon and eggs in the club house. While we were there, a weird fellow, complete with guitar and cowboy hat, came into the club house, and sang for his breakfast. He got the remains of our bread. We decided to sail over to the island of Ven which belongs to Sweden, and is about five miles from Denmark. We had a Danish passenger, who we at that time only knew as "Sniff", which was the name of his boat. We later found out his proper name, which was nice and simple. It was Ib. We had a good sail across to the island, and tied up in the small harbour of Norrebro. After lunch we went for a little walk along a shore path, where there were many tiny frogs. After our walk, we returned to the boats and motored off shore to fish. We hoped to catch cod. Ib had lots of special hooks and rods, but he was unlucky. He got a bite, but lost it. Peter, however, was a little luckier and caught a small codling. We sailed back and met ships of many nationalities. A Russian trawler passed very close, and all the crew waved to us. We also saw boats from Finland, Germany, Denmark and Sweden. We were all very hungry when we got back. Peter offered me his fish, but I didn't fancy it and as no one else wanted it I threw it into the harbour. We had dinner on board . . . a "Yachtsman's Special" . . . stewed steak, peas and potatoes. After our meal we all went to Peter's flat for a shower, and then returned to Sletten and to bed.

*Saturday, August 5.* Today we sailed to Helsingor. We had a good

sail with three Silhouettes, our *Circe*, Ron's *Conqueror*, and Peter's *Kiu II*. On our way we again saw a lot of foreign vessels. A Russian trawler came very close to us, and most of the crew came on deck and waved. Some took photographs, and others brought out binoculars. The hovercraft was very busy ferrying from Helsingor to Helsingborg. It came a bit close to us at one time, and we got just a bit worried. There were many ferries passing from Helsingor to Helsingborg, and we had to be careful, as they did not give way to sail. We then passed by Kronborg castle, which is one of the oldest in Denmark, and the one used as a setting for Shakespeare's "Hamlet." Then we passed round a Danish lightship, the Lappegrund, in the middle of the sound. There was a family on board, who all came on deck and waved to us. We then stopped in Helsingor harbour, had lunch and looked round. We then set off back to Sletten. We started off with motors on as there was no wind. Gradually, as we got farther out into the sound, we found some wind, but after a while it again died on us. So Dad went below and made a cup of tea. Mum was at the helm and called to Dad to come and drink his tea outside. As soon as he was out the wind suddenly swept the whole boat over, and everything went haywire. Dad lost his tea, and the stove and tea pot fell over inside the cabin. From then on I was scared stiff. If the boat heeled over just a bit, I got all tensed up. We finally reached Sletten and got the sails down. The Fairmans and Dad went and had a shower at Peter's, while Mum and I cleared up the boat. It was a mess. Everyone was washed and changed by 20.00. We then went over to the yacht club and met everyone. About thirty people sat down to supper. We had a Danish smorgasbord, which consisted mostly of fish dishes, which were served on slices of ryebread. I did not like it very much, but Mum and Dad did. The adults had "schnapps" to drink. This is a strong drink, which one apparently only drinks with smorgasbord.\* It seems one catches the eye of one of the guests and lifts the glass, says "skol" and gulps it down in one go. We gave the club an SOIA pennant and four bottles of whisky. Everyone was very happy at this. Later we started dancing and it was great fun. The party did not end until 3 a.m. I left at 2 a.m. after having a very enjoyable time.

*Sunday, August 6.* No one woke up very early, and we did not feel like sailing. *Conqueror* and *Kiu II* decided to have a race half way through the morning to the next harbour. Mum and I did not feel like going out, as it was a bit choppy, so Dad went out with *Kiu II*. While they went out we went with Beryl to Humlebaek, the next village, and had a look round the shops. In the afternoon we met up with some Rotarians and had a look over their boats, which would have held about six Silhouettes. It was the biggest in the harbour. That night we all went to dinner with Ann and Frank Hornsby and family, who are a local English family, and also members of the yacht club. We had a very good evening, and returned to the boat around 22.00. We dropped off to sleep almost immediately.

*Monday, August 7.* Today we were to start our mini-cruise, lasting today and tomorrow. We set off at about 10.00 and sailed towards

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Ven. There wasn't much wind, so the journey was rather slow. On the way we saw the Hydrofoil which runs between Copenhagen and Helsingborg. We were going into Backviken harbour (one of three little harbours on the island) when we saw a gunboat coming towards us. When it got nearer we saw that it was a Swedish vessel. It was calling at Backviken for stores. We had our lunch, and with great effort we moved on to the Swedish mainland, and the harbour of Borstahusen. In the middle of the channel we met with a large Russian liner. We heard it hooting at us, and Dad decided it must give way to sail. Mum and I weren't too sure, and yelled at Dad to change course, which he eventually did after the ship had hooted again. When the ship passed us, we found that it had a youth party on board, having lifeboat drill. We arrived at Borstahusen in a rather heavy sea. We had a look around, and visited a supermarket. We bought some food for tea, and cooked it on the boat. All the food was paid for in Danish money, and our change was in Swedish. We did not like

## Regional Groups

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

|                                |                                                                                             |
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| <b>Solent.</b>                 | <i>Hon. Sec. J. R. Caulder, Sellafeld, Orchard Lane, Hermitage, Emsworth</i>                |
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| <b>Poole.</b>                  | <i>Hon. Sec. E. R. W. May, 2 The Circle, Moor-down, Bournemouth, Hants.</i>                 |
| <b>Bristol Channel.</b>        | <i>Hon. Sec. Cyril Watts, 5 Vassall Road, Fishponds, Bristol.</i>                           |
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| <b>North-West.</b>             | <i>Hon. Sec. Brian Heaney, Lower Lee School, Beaconsfield Road, Liverpool 25.</i>           |
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| <b>Lake District.</b>          | <i>Hon. Sec. T. K. Jones, Foxton House, Lowther Street, Penrith</i>                         |
| <b>Tees Bay.</b>               | <i>Hon. Sec. R. T. Swarbrick, 21 Raby Road, Stockton-on-Tees.</i>                           |
| <b>Scarborough.</b>            | <i>Hon. Sec. Stephen Lushington, 3 Hetton Road, Leeds 8, Yorkshire.</i>                     |

it very much at this harbour, because there was no shelter from a cold on-shore wind. It was pretty rough when we came across, so we decided that if it was at all possible we would try to get back to Backviken that night. Around 18.00 the wind calmed down a little, and we had a very enjoyable sail back to the island. We went for a walk across the island, over fields of ripening cereals, and saw two hares and a hedgehog, which I badly wanted to bring home. We found an old observatory built around 1570 which was very interesting. When we got back to the boats we all fell into our bunks and slept very soundly.

*Tuesday, August 8.* We woke to a gorgeous morning. The sun was shining, and very hot. We had our breakfast, and decided to go for a swim before returning to Sletten. We swam in lovely clear water, which wasn't too cold once we got in. Then we sailed back to Sletten, past the third harbour, the one the ferryboat *Pendula* calls at after she has left Sletten. We had to motor to the open sea, and then we had enough wind to sail. We arrived at Sletten, had a meal, and then got ready to go to dinner with another English family, who are also members of the yacht club, Bill and Heather Hobson. We had a lovely meal, a great change from "yachtsman's special," and got home very late.

*Wednesday, August 9.* Today was a land-based day. Ron, Iris and Madeleine went to Copenhagen. Dad had a Rotary meeting at

Helsingor, so we went there. We did some shopping in the town, and while Dad was at his meeting, Mum and I visited Kronborg Castle, which was quite interesting. I wouldn't have wanted to spend much time in the dungeons. Even though it was a very hot day, it was very cold and damp in them. We then met Dad and went and had a swim at Hornbeak a little farther North, where there was a lovely beach. That night we all went with a group from the club to Tivoli Gardens in Copenhagen. Our family didn't enjoy it very much as it was mostly noisy funfair. There were some pretty gardens lit up, a pantomime which was hard to understand, and not a bit funny, and an orchestra. The bit I liked best was the firework display, which was not until 23.15. and lasted about ten minutes. We were very tired when we got back to the boat that night.

*Thursday, August 10.* Today we had a nice lie-in, because for the first time since we arrived it was raining. Halfway through the morning the rain eased off a little, and we met Ib, who showed us his eels. These are very expensive, and a great delicacy in Denmark. Ib had caught them in a net slung between two stakes. He looks at his nets about every two days. The eels he catches are put live into a big wooden chest, which is padlocked and has holes in the bottom of it. This is let down into the harbour by the side of Ib's boat. When he wanted some eels all he had to do was to lift up the chest and take some out. This he did and put them in a bucket. I did not fancy them at all, as they were squirming all over the place. Ib was taking some of the eels to a smoke house in Helsingor, so we decided to go along with him. At the smoke house, which was not very big, we saw lots of eels being prepared for smoking. We also saw rows of smoked mackerel and herrings. We then went and did some more shopping. Mum nearly bought up a supermarket. That night Mum and Dad went to a party to meet some members of Rotary and Inner Wheel. I did not want to go, so I spent the night at Beryl's in a real bed.

*Friday, August 11.* We sailed down to Skovshoved, the harbour we were launched in. It took us four hours to sail there. Annette, one of the yacht club junior members, came with us. She is 15, and speaks a little English. We had lunch at Skovshoved and then decided to come back. It took us over five hours to get back, and an hour of that was on motor. We were carried almost to Ven by wind and current, and had quite a job getting back to Sletten. We could not be late getting back, because we were expected at Peter's for dinner. Again we had a most enjoyable meal and got back to the boat around midnight.

*Saturday, August 12.* We decided that we wouldn't have a very early start today. All of us were feeling very tired, as we had had so much fresh air and late nights. *Circe* sailed out of the harbour at about 10.30. We had planned to make a last visit to Ven, which we all liked so much. *Conqueror* stayed back, to wait for *Kiu II*. Outside the harbour we met the other local Silhouette, *Carefree*, and her captain Bruce Robinson. So the two of us set off for Ven, and the harbour of Backviken, followed after a little while by the other two Silhouettes. We moored four abreast in Backviken harbour, and caused quite a

stir of interest. A number of people asked Dad if he had sailed over from England. On the way back I sailed in *Kiu II*. Being our last night at Sletten, we had to have a trip on *Pendula* before we left. Cigarettes and drinks were cheaper on this ferry, as there was no duty on them, but you had to consume them on the boat. It was a very jolly trip, and lasted about half an hour each way. When we got to Ven we all had to get off the boat, walk to the end of the quay, and then get on again. We all thought this very silly. After arriving back at Sletten we went straight into the yacht club, where a party started. Three of the Danish ladies went home and brought back lots of food, and we had lots to eat. We even tried some of Ib's smoked eels. They were jolly nice. Then Frede the Commodore gave us all a badge with S on it, standing for Sletten. Mum gave him her SOIA badge. We had some dancing and some singing. Dad replied to a speech, and doesn't remember anything about it. It was a good speech, too. We didn't go to bed until about 02.00. The men were very jolly by now, and we were afraid that they would fall in the water while getting from the quay to the boat. Luckily they didn't.



*Sunday, August 13.* We packed all our things together, and at about 1 o'clock we left for Skovshoved. It was pouring with rain, and there was no wind so we had to motor. Mum drove our car down while Dad and I sailed *Circe*. Graham, Peter's son, drove Peter's car and Madeleine went with him. Peter drove Ron's car, so that Ron could sail *Conqueror* down with Iris. Three boats from Sletten sailed part of the way with us to say Goodbye. They stayed with us for half of the trip, then they returned to Sletten. Just after they had left *Circe's* water pump packed in. So Ron had to give us a tow. Mum had expected us to be only about three hours, but when we finally got there we found that we had been five hours. We had some soup on the way as it was rather chilly. We got the boats out of the water easily, although Peter got wet doing it. Then, as we were all hungry, we decided to go for a meal. On the way we passed the mermaid, and took a photo of her. We then had a very enjoyable meal in a tiny restaurant. We made our way back to Tuborg harbour, where Peter, Beryl, and Graham said "Goodbye." At 22.00 Frede, his wife, and little boy, Kim, Mogens and his wife, Torben and his wife, all arrived to see us off. It was very sad. We all wished we could stay in Denmark, but we finally departed. As the boat moved off our Danish friends were still waving. We went to bed straight away, as it was after 23.00 and we had to be off the ferry at 06.00. This time we were on the *Kronprinz Karl Gustav*.

*Monday, August 14 and Tuesday, August 15.* The rest of our journey through Germany was uneventful. Our trip from Bremerhaven to Harwich was again on the *Prins Hamlet*, and we had the same cabins. We arrived at Harwich to a cold wet typical English summer's

day. We all enjoyed our holiday very much indeed. It was one of the best we had ever had. I am already saving up to go again next year.

\* \* \*

\*Editor's Note. Miss Heaney is slightly in error about Schnapps (at her age, perhaps desirably so). It is an excellent drink at any hour of the twenty four.

\* \* \*

*Another account of the Copenhagen Rally by Madeleine Fairman, will appear next month.*

## *The Essex Coast*

### *By John Beales*

THE Thames Estuary is much more than just the mouth of "London River," its limits extend Southwards to the North Foreland, and to the North it embraces the whole of the Essex seaboard, to the mouth of Harwich harbour. And within this triangle, between these two distant places there lies such a maze of smaller rivers and their estuaries, of shoals and sandbanks, spitways and swatchways, of buoys, lights, light-ships and all the complexities of a sand-infested sea, that to learn them all, to know intimately every one of the thirty-nine islands forming the coastline of Essex, to foretell every set of the tides in the channels between the ever-changing sands is more than a man can do in a single lifetime.

The opening chapter of Maurice Griffiths's *The Magic of the Swatchways* describes the coast of Essex with much more eloquence than I could hope to do. If you study the chart of the Thames estuary (Northern part) in Imrays "Y" series, you will see the extent of the Essex cruising ground. It contains everything that you could hope to find in a lifetime of sailing small boats, offshore passages that can be completed in a day's sail, with a quiet anchorage in peaceful rivers and swatchways, or you can test your seamanship and stamina with a day's sail down through the Raysand Channel against a fresh southerly, which kicks up a horrid short sea and will keep you more than fully occupied.

You will see that if one sails during daylight that the navigation is of the most elementary sort (helped of course by chart and compass), and almost entirely visual. The set of the tides through the channels and the rough passages over the sand bars must, of course, be found the hard way.

The main tidal stream ebbs to the North from the Crouch, divides at the Southern tip of the Buxey Sand, one stream flowing up the Raysand Channel, the other out past the Sunken Buxey and the Ridge. The Raysand Channel ebb joins the ebb out of the Blackwater at the Bench Head, and goes North. The flood comes down from the North, divides at the Bench Head, one stream flowing up the Blackwater,

the other down the Raysand Channel and into the Crouch, joining the flow in from the Sunken Buxey.

Among all the unpredictable things of life there is one thing of which you can be sure—the tide. Always make passages up and down the coast with the stream; it does not pay to be too optimistic about one's performance in a shallow draft beamy cruiser to windward in a choppy sea, if your predicted reaching wind turns out to be a beat. With the tide, at least you will have something in your favour! But do not imagine that they are always easy, especially if it is fresh from the South over the tide, it will kick up a sea as rough as you will find anywhere. Perhaps it is not as magnificent in size as the Irish Sea or the Channel, but it is just as impressive to anyone in a small cruiser. The mouth of the Blackwater, with wind against tide over the Bench, will give you such a roll that you will wish you had screwed all the loose gear in the cabin to the floorboards. Beating into the Crouch between the Sunken Buxey and the Crouch Buoy, with a hard blow coming out over the tide, will throw up walls of water with great holes between them, into which you will fall. But these are the sticky bits, and if you sail the area long enough you are bound to meet them at some time; but with sound gear and reasonable precautions you will come to no harm. It helps, though, to know that they exist, and to plan to avoid them there under certain conditions. Of course in light or moderate weather, conditions are as easy as anywhere else.

The safety of the Essex coast lies in the fact that should conditions threaten, you can in a few hours be moored in safety in harbour or quiet backwater. In the middle of the area are Brightlingsea, The Colne, Mersea or Pyefleet Creek. To the North, the Walton Backwaters and Twizzle Creek, or lovely Pin Mill, with its "butt and oyster" pub. A few miles farther North there is the enchanting Deben river, with its villages of Ramsholt and Waldringfield. To the South there is the Crouch, with its ten miles of estuary, and the roach leading to the pretty village of Paglesham by Paglesham Creek. This is a coast of wide skies and uncluttered distances, where the sea marks stand clear and unobstructed. There are quiet, peaceful creeks, many of which dry out at low water, where it is good to know when you can slip over the tail of a bank without running on to it, or how long you can delay leaving one of the small creeks to start your day's passage before the water gets too low over the small mud bar at the entrance for you to get out. After all, that's what cruising in small boats is all about. You keep finding out and never know it all. But as time goes on, you may begin to discover "The magic of the Swatchways."

## *New members*

WE extend a cordial welcome to the following new members: R. G. Roberts, Whitehaven, Ashleigh Road, Yatton, Nr. Bristol. *Limbo* (1061); Basil. H. J. Davis, 120 Addington Road, West Wickham, Kent.

*Besna* (Felicity 245), Swale; Mrs. Joy Looker, Breezy Top, Lower Rd., Hullbridge, Essex. *Therese* (1366), Crouch; Peter Allen, 1 Raven Drive, Benfleet, Essex. *Kingfisher II* (1470), Thames Estuary; Maurice Randell-Clark, 35 Greenway Road, Collumpton, Nr. Brixham, Devon. *Success* (1053), Dart; Ronald Wardrop, Holly Tree Cottage, Deans Grove, Lytchett Hatrayers, Poole, Dorset. *Triquitraque* (470), Wareham; John Dampney, Royal Plymouth Corinthian Yacht Club, Maderia Road, Plymouth, Hurley 22, Plymouth; H. Clarke, 119 Brodie Avenue, Liverpool 18; Maj. H. J. K. Sams, REME, The Retreat, Great Holland, Nr. Frinton-on-Sea, Essex, Walton; Ernest W. Parish, 50 Churchill Way, Perverell, Plymouth, Devon. Y.M. Eventide (505), Plymouth; Roger A. Chapman, 52 Powisland Drive, Duriford, Plymouth. *Master Robert* (Felicity 506), Turnchapel; Miles Davies, 17 Newlands Avenue, Radlette, Herts. *Iolanthe* (1076), Salcombe; Thomas B. Musgrove, 157 Waterloo Road, Birkdale, Southport, Lancs. *Madeline Jane* (SIH 29), Lakes; Peter R. Olliver, Karibu, Furschatt Rise, Plymstock, S. Devon. *Hodi* (640), Plymouth; Jack Crosley, Ferry House, Anthony Passage, Saltash, Cornwall; T. B. Heath, 130 Highfield Way, Chorley Wood, Herts. *Sundew* (928); Donald Walton, 7 Ravensdale Road, Darlington, *Randon* (873), Tees Bay; Arthur H. Jones, Bryn Lodge, St. Lythans, Wenvoe, Glam. *Dotty J.* Cardiff; David Taylor, 6 Slough Lane, Upton, Poole, Dorset. *Capella* (1541), Poole; Neil Lewis, 182 King's Head Hill, Chingford, London, E.4. *Wave Dancer*, Hurley 22 (191), Crouch; John I. Simpson, School House, Dunsford, Exeter, *Helindy* (267), Brixham; Ronald G. Fincher, 96 Billy Lew's Lane, Potters Bar, Herts, Chichester. T. Murdoch, Netherwood, No. 3 R.D., Amberley, New Zealand; Anthony J. Filmer, Jentona, Coombe Lane, Cargreen, Saltash, Cornwall. *Jentona* (455), Saltash; Ronald H. Howard, 5 Gregory Close, Hockley, Essex. (1365), Crouch; Ernest H. Watson, 145 Colworth Rd., Leytonstone, E.11. *Vind Songaa*, Spitfire (65), Crouch; John Peatfield, 40 Stone Road, Stafford. *Jambe* (749), Dinorwic; George F. Head, 3 The Ridge, Stantaway Hill, Teignmouth Road, Torquay, *Gemini* (585), Torquay; Paul B. Gardiner, St. Lawrence, 60 Imperial Avenue, Maylandsea, Chelmsford, Essex. *Unicorn* (1122), Blackwater; Sydney R. B. Brewer, Dinas, Donderry, Torpoint, Cornwall. *Centaur* (1521), Plymouth.

## South West group

THIS year's Laying Up Party of the SW Group will be held at the Royal Plymouth Corinthian YC, Plymouth, on Friday, October 27. This will be a "bring and eat" event. The Group has done this before, and found it a very effective way of running a party.

Another "bring and eat" event will be the Group's "End of the Year Barbecue" at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hawkins, Polmiere, 125 Wingfield Road, Stoke, Plymouth, on Saturday, November 4, at 8 p.m.

The SW Group would like to say how greatly it enjoyed the company of members during the Rally.—Ernie Sweet.

## Letters to the Editor

**RACING.**—Having been to Plymouth Week three years running, enjoyed them enormously and made many friends, I should like to say a personal "Thank you" to all members of the Association concerned, and particularly to the South Western Group and Royal Plymouth Corinthian Yacht Club for all the splendid work done this year, and previous years, that made Plymouth Week the undoubted success it always is. This year as in previous years I turned out for the races; often I missed the start gun (my own fault entirely), but I had a go, and as expected came in well down the batting order, not the least dismayed, having thoroughly enjoyed myself. At previous Rallies, and more noticeably this year, I have heard adverse comments with regard to the racing, and am not alone in feeling that these comments should be aired, and possibly discussed at the AGM. To begin with, the Silhouette is a cruiser, and as the majority of competitors arrive with boats loaded for living aboard (the Plymouth Week being only one, of a two or three week stay they may be spending in the area), they arrive with engine, anchor and chain, water, petrol, food, bedding, etc., in fact, ready to cruise in a safe and seamanlike manner. When it comes to racing they turn out, not greatly worried whether they win or lose, but expecting, not unreasonably, to race on equal terms with their fellow members, as indeed they do in most cases. Unfortunately, there are a few exceptions who seem to think that they are in a privileged position—the Lord Mayor in his speech at the Prizegiving referred in a jocular manner to "crafty people who strip their boats down." This practice must stop. Since there are, unfortunately, those among us who resort to such unfair practices, I suggest that the first five past the finishing line should be checked to see that they carry full cruising gear, and, if not, then they should be disqualified, or given such a handicap that they would need an engine to avoid being a "tail-end Charlie." In any case, if a competitor has won a major prize the preceding year, surely some sort of handicap could be imposed; it would certainly encourage the rest of the field. My *Journal* has a heading, "The Silhouette *OWNER*", and I think that in the races yachts, including the handicap class, should, except in exceptional circumstances, be skippered by the owner, or a member of his family.

One final point, to do with trapezing, which I noticed in the handicap class. I quote from *Yachting World*, July 1967, page 322. "If done with determination it pays. The IYRU (under whose rules we race) has already discussed banning the practice, but decided that decisions should rest with clubs. The French have already banned it for the One Ton Cup and, on June 15 'to become effective at once' the RORC has a supplementary Special Regulation: 'No member of the crew may be stationed outside the lifelines'." So what about it?

Having said all this (and you will notice that I am not alone in signing this letter) we look forward to meeting next year under slightly more equal conditions.—J. A. Bull, 68 Clifford Gardens, Shirehampton, Bristol; A. L. Burton, 5 Charnhill Ridge, Mangotsfield, Bristol.

**AT PLYMOUTH.**—We had a wonderful time, but it was selfish of at least three owners to berth in Sutton Harbour without adequate fenders, or none at all, relying on their neighbours to prevent damage. And it would be difficult to find a more perplexing problem than the crew of the refuse cart in the proximity of the Harbour: they had us carry the bins to the cart, and then turned us away, on the grounds that we were on "private property." Being tidy is difficult!—Brian Heaney, Lower Lee, Beaconsfield Road, Liverpool 25.

**FLARES.**—In your August issue, the second paragraph on page four caught my eye, and I think you have misled your readers. The story about the

pink tinge to a white flare started with me after a discussion with the Coast guards during our flares demonstration at Torquay (*Yachting World*, July issue). I firmly believe that a white flare is an essential part of coastal cruising because it is the only logical and fully effective method of drawing attention to the presence of a small yacht. Some confusion has been caused by using white flares as private signals and it was this that the RYA wanted to discourage. However, the last sentence of your paragraph is not true—see International Rule 12. I think a white flare in an emergency (not distress) is far more to be recommended than the indiscriminate flickering of torches.—Bernard Hayman, Editor, *Yachting World*.

**A FUEL TANK.**—Where is the best place to fit a fuel tank on a glass fibre SII? I have recently had fitted a 1½ h.p. Stuart Turner, the tank being fitted within the starboard side cockpit locker. After considerable engine trouble (difficult starting and fading out) we have traced the trouble to insufficient fall from tank to carburettor. As a temporary measure I am fitting the tank to the outside of the cockpit bulkhead, over the ventilator. I do not, however, care for this position. Has any owner had it fixed either directly over the engine or in the roof and with what results?—A. E. Barrass, 24 Surman Crescent, Hutton, Essex.

**A WATER PUMP.**—Right at the end of the Denmark Cruise, *Circe's* water pump failed, and my first task on arriving home was to repair it. The engine is a Swedish Solo 2½ h.p. inboard; it is very simple, and it was no trouble to remove and dismantle the pump. I found that the two meshing gears were damaged by the emergence of the locking pin on one of them, and a new pair of steel gears was ordered from the sole British concessionaires. The firm replied that they must order from Sweden, and the gears arrived by post yesterday. The gears are an identical pair, approximately one inch diameter, and the shaft of one is 1½ inches longer than the other. The short shaft gear is priced £2 18s. 2d., and the one with an inch and a half more shaft is £4 5s. 3d. These prices are fantastic, but the concessionaires repeat that they are correct.—Brian Heaney, Liverpool 25.

**BILGE PUMPS.**—I should be interested to hear other members' views on the subject of bilge pumps and what is the most suitable type and make, the best position for installation, etc. And what sort of arrangement is advisable with a watertight cockpit which is not self-draining? Are two pumps needed? My Silhouette is now nearing completion after three years' work, and I must say that I have had some excellent advice from Eddie Coxell, and from articles and readers' notes in the *Journal*.—John H. Stables, 20 Harley Shute Road, St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex.

**A NEW SAILING CLUB.**—I have been asked to bring to your notice that a new sailing club, the Claewedog Sailing Club, Llanidloes, Wales, has been founded on a newly formed lake, six miles long, surrounded by magnificent scenery in Central Wales, with a cruising section of Silhouettes. I feel that this venue or club might interest many SOIA members in the Midlands, who may like the opportunity of sailing on a large expanse of water. This club has the backing of the Ministry of Sport and of other authorities in Central England and Wales, and the plans for amenities such as club house with catering facilities, showers, etc., and provisions for week-end accommodation are well advanced. Any member wishing for more information should contact me for particulars.—Eric G. Oldham (Commodore Midland Group SOIA), Thackeray House, 206 Hagley Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham 16.

**MODIFICATIONS.**—Members may be interested in these modifications which I have carried out on my Silhouette. I have fixed a third short shroud as far forward of the long middle one as the other short one lies aft. All six shrouds are covered in plastic tubing. I made up a simple jig for slitting,

## SMALL ADVERTISEMENTS

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

**WANTED.** Silhouette Mk. III with or without engine and trailer. If required, 4 ton Auxiliary Bermudian Sloop available for exchange deal. Sams, Retreat, Great Holland, Essex.

**FOR SALE.** Silhouette II. Hurley built, 18 months old. Terylenes, alloy mast and boom, anchor/chain, Prout dinghy, just repainted blue, £350, with new Evinrude £395. GRA 8730.

**WANTED.** Glass fibre Silhouette. Clarke, 119 Brodie Avenue, Liverpool 18. Telephone: Allerton 3123.

**FOR SALE.** Silhouette II, Sail No. 690. Craftsman built, inboard 1½ h.p. Stuart Turner, Terylenes, pulpit, 3-berth Dunlopilios, trailer, tender, many extras. Enthusiastically maintained, £400. Afloat mid-Wales. Haselock, 14 The Parklans, Wolverhampton. Tel.: 52984.

**WANTED.** Trailer for glass fibre Mark II. Must be in good condition and ready for the road. Barrass, 24 Surman Crescent, Hutton, Essex. BRENTWOOD 4483.

**FOR SALE.** Silhouette No. 686, wood, 3/4 berth (2 side berths, of which one extends into double, and one quarter-berth); Terylene sails; Stuart Turner 1½ h.p.; two anchors and chain; PVC and lifejackets; compass; lifebuoy; sound but minor repairs and painting necessary, on Hurley trailer, ready to tow away for £250. Wilson, Dairy Cottage, Hitcham House, Hitcham Lane, nr. Burnham, Bucks. Phone Burnham (Bucks) 471.

**FOR SALE.** 2 berth Silhouette II, wood, Hurley built, 522. Terylenes, roller reefing, stainless steel rigging, storm jib, mast head rig, 2 anchors and chain, compass, Seagull Century, pulpit, Dunlopillo mattresses, dinghy, special cockpit tent. Trailer. Cockpit cover. £320 o.n.o. G. Eade, 14 Rowneywood, Sawbridgeworth, Herts. Phone: 2532.

**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 Eat, 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.

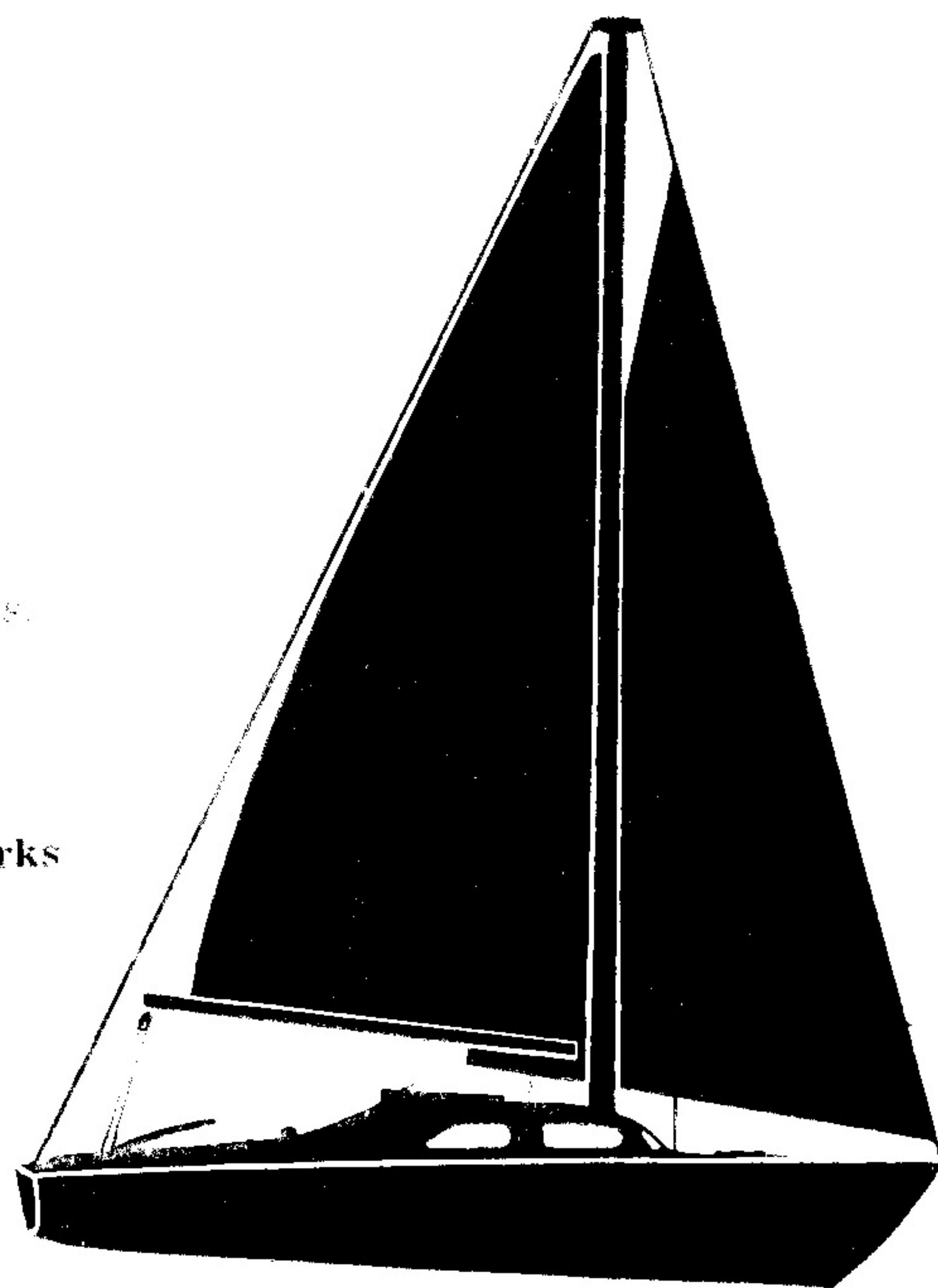
then used white plastic tape. The foresail sheets go outside the first, then inside the other two shrouds. My Seagull Century Plus longshaft will lie snugly in the port cockpit locker, propeller facing aft. I made a special wooden rest, and covered this with felt. I had to cut away some of the rear locker, then strengthen this with a piece of flat iron, suitably bent at the right places. I cook in the cockpit, using a Sievert twin ring gas stove. I have never felt it worthwhile to have a special galley in the cabin.—John H. N. Griffiths, 18 Caledon Road, Parkstone, Poole.

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