

The Silhouette Owner

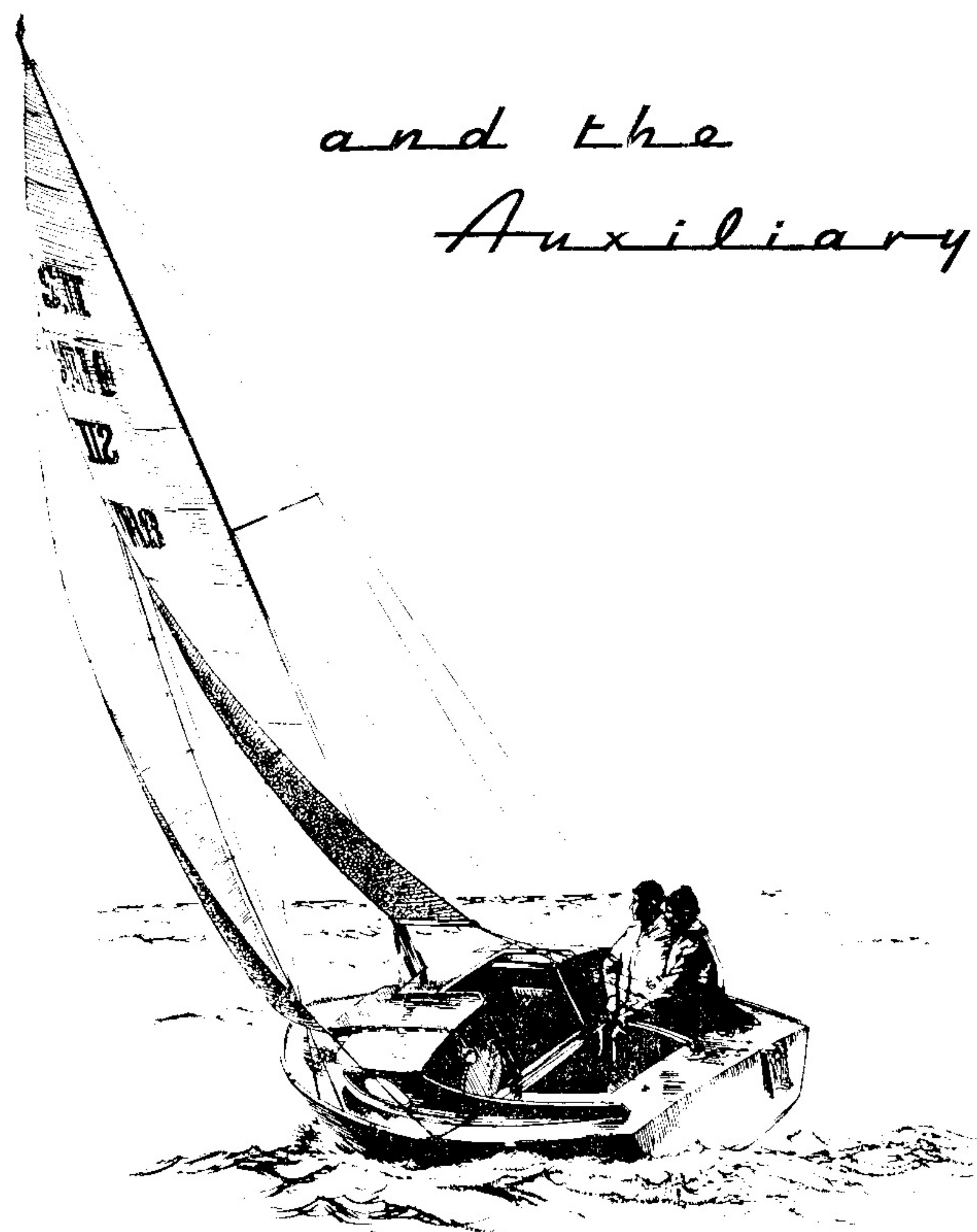
*The journal of the
Silhouette Owners' International Association*

NUMBER 80

NOVEMBER 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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Racing and the rest

THIS *Journal* exists to enable all sorts and conditions of men to express all sorts and conditions of ideas—good, bad and indifferent, sensible, perhaps even crazy (for today's crazy idea sometimes turns out to be the hovercraft of tomorrow). Provided that letters or contributions are not libellous, obscene, or in some other way undesirable (and this must, inevitably, be left to the discretion of the Editor) we have tried for nearly ten years to provide the widest possible platform for the exchange of ideas. It would be a thousand pities if last month's letter from two Bristol members of the SOIA were to degenerate into a kind of personal wrangle. And it must not. Our Bristol members made a reasonable point—one that has been made before—about the difficulty of ensuring completely fair racing among fleets of what are essentially small cruising boats. For ourselves (and this is a personal opinion of the Editor's) we take to the sea for sailing, and have no particular desire to race against anybody. Perhaps many members of the Silhouette family would share this feeling. But we accept that people differ in their approach to things, and that many small boat sailors approach racing with an intense zest, and are out to win. This is an entirely proper approach to racing, and the man who gives time and thought and energy to tuning his boat to the highest pitch of racing trim deserves to win. There is no criticism here—if that is what he wants from sailing, that is what he should be able to have. The

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problem that arises for an Association representing all shades of opinion and interest within a group of small boat sailors, is to ensure that competition when it does take place under the official sponsorship of the Association is not only fair, but is demonstrably fair. The late Lord Hewart of Bury, when he was Lord Chief Justice, expressed the profound truth that it is not enough for justice to be done, but that justice must *openly and visibly be seen to be done*. That is the position here. And that is the problem. We do not want an inspectorate to go round Silhouettes with calipers and slide rules before a Plymouth Week race can start—that would be intolerable. Equally, we do not want anyone to be able to say—or even to feel—after a race sponsored by the SOIA, “I wuz robbed.” Mr. Austin H. Pybus, whose *Jan* won the City of Plymouth Trophy this year, is concerned to point out that he always “sails with anchors, chain, 7 h.p. engine and 2½ gallons of petrol, cabin and cockpit cushions, etc., plus 120 lbs. of iron ballast stowed forward.” We are glad to print this testament of his sailing practice, but feel sure that there is no need to do so—nobody would question his attitude to sportsmanship. But this is not a personal matter. Perhaps the Association could devise a simple certificate, which all entrants for officially sponsored races would be asked to sign, certifying that their boats conform with an agreed schedule of minimum requirements. That would put an end to all suggestions of the “I wuz robbed” nature. What those requirements should be is a matter for discussion, and the only proper place for discussion is at the next AGM.

Secretary's notes

FIVE successful Plymouth Weeks, five years of memorable holidays in Plymouth, five separate periods of fun, companionship, competition, and social activities, organised by keen amateur sailing people for amateur sailing folks—and, at last, the yachting press has deemed it worthy of recognition in their publications. *Yachts & Yachting* devoted a full three pages to our 1967 Plymouth Rally, with a well written article by Roy Carpenter, who himself took part in all the fun and games, with his wife's Silhouette *Pandora*. Thank you, Roy, and thank you Mr. *Yachts & Yachting*; it is gratifying to know that you *do* acknowledge the existence of other than world champion dinghy racers and Fastnet entrants. Nevertheless, if I may make one small criticism, I should have liked to see, or read, more about the social activities, and a little, less about the racing. Certainly, the racing is an important part of the "Week", but it is also, and very much so, a week of holiday for the family; and we, as an association, are rather proud of the wonderful spirit of fun that is the very essence of our events. But then it is difficult to put such things into words; the only thing to do, really, is to come to Plymouth next year, and sample the fellowship, if you want to make sure of an enjoyable holiday.

* * *

One feels a little sad to read letters such as appeared in last month's *Journal*, about the racing at Plymouth, and it is hoped that the editors suggestion of a set of racing rules, will not be too strict. Everyone has sympathy with the owner who for some reason or another, has not the opportunity to prepare his boat for out-and-out racing, but let this never detract from the enthusiasts, who will find time, take the trouble, and try harder and harder to improve their own technique. Usually they *do* win, and to my mind they *deserve* to win. But I will shout it to my last breath, that it is always the *helmsman* and not *the boat* that decides victory or otherwise. It is the man, or woman, who weighs up all the pros and cons to get the last ounce of push out of a breeze, who decides that weight in the right place, boat trim and sailing angle is important—good luck to them; these are the people that improve sailing knowledge, and they deserve their trophies. We all have the same chance, but we don't all have the same enthusiasm, and I hope that members will always come to Plymouth primarily to enjoy themselves. If they want to win the Championships, they have to be good, and be prepared to work for it. Or they may enjoy racing just as much, by doing as I do, finding someone who is sailing about the same speed, and have a private race in the midst of the remainder of the fleet. But let us always be able to say that he who takes home the Plymouth Trophy, is a darn good Silhouette helmsman.

* * *

I am pleased to be able to report that we now have at least another Mark III, in our ranks. Ernie Sweet has disposed of his old timber Mark II, *Oggie*, and bought himself a plastic round bilger.

I hope it will be *Oggie II* as we would all miss the set of signal flags spelling out the name, which he so frequently flies. It does seem that the comparative ease of maintenance of a glass fibre boat, has overwhelming appeal as the years roll on. But perhaps that is not the reason, Ernie does not make it very well known, but he does spend an awful lot of time with the Sea Scouts, and puts in some very worthwhile work on their behalf, besides being a very active secretary, of what must now be our largest Group, the South West.

* * *

I had a short late holiday in the North East recently, and was very impressed with the improvements made at Whitby for small craft. (Nice to see so many of our types in those waters, although it was a week of gales and few boat owners were about). We did see one race run by the Whitby Club, which was won by a well reefed down Hurley 22. I also had the pleasure of waving goodbye to my fisherman friend, who himself was off on a short holiday. After spending fifty weeks at sea on a small fishing boat, he was taking his wife on a complete rest, a trip to Norway and back, from Newcastle.

* * *

I get lots of interesting letters, all of which I hope I answer in reasonable time, but many of them should really be addressed to the Editor, such as the member who writes, and asks what do I think is the best position for a compass, or which I think is the best type of anti-fouling. Certainly I have my own ideas, and my own prejudices, but with a thousand odd members, we can draw on such a wealth of knowledge and experience, that I am loath to express a lone opinion.

Unfortunately this edition will have to go to press before the report of the committee meeting held at The National Liberal Club, on October 28, can be written up, but we can state that it is now quite certain, that the A.G.M. and Party will be held at the same Club, on Saturday, January 6, which is the first Saturday of the Boat Show, for 1968.—R.A.G.

Plymouth—1967

By Peter Crampton

AFTER a slow start to the entries, when the organisers began to wonder whether they'd get a quorum of boats, this year's rally developed into the biggest, and in the opinion of many, the best, of the five held so far. Altogether seventy-four boats took part, fifty-five of them Silhouettes, and another twelve members entered for the week without their boats.

The North Quay was a hive of activity on the Saturday as boats arrived and were put into the water. Most of them were craned in, but some took advantage of the slipway at Queen Anne's Battery which was being used for the first time—a nice gentle slope with plenty of room to manoeuvre.

Sunday morning the fleet was off to the Yealm—at least that was

the idea but a Force 8 wind (Beaufort Scale) didn't help matters much. But by midday the Mewstone and other navigational hazards were blanketed in thick mist, and while the van of the fleet pressed on regardless, the main body groped their way back past the breakwater to Sutton Harbour and bright sunshine. About seventeen hardy souls reached the Yealm, but no one qualified for the Duke of Cornwall Trophy so it was decided by a race to Cawsand on the Wednesday.

Bank Holiday Monday—another hot, sunny day, saw the fleet moving off again, but this time under motor, and up river to Cargreen, best known for its pub, the Spaniards. Thirsts and appetites quenched, the wind freshened enough for engines to be turned off, and there was a pleasant sail back to the Sound. An interlude on the way was a display forming part of the Navy Day programme at the Naval Dockyard. The fleet anchored well into the Cornish side of the river while the Royal Navy gunboat *Brave Borderer* whipped up and down with all the power of her gas-turbine engines.

On Tuesday the first two points races were sailed, with some forty Silhouettes and a dozen handicap class boats crossing the starting line. In the evening the City of Plymouth officially welcomed its guests with a reception at the Council House. In his speech, the Deputy Lord Mayor said Plymouth was well aware that its facilities for yachtsmen left much to be desired, but the Council was making plans, and hoped to have achieved something before the next Rally. After the reception there was dancing laid on at the Royal Plymouth Corinthian, and it was well past midnight before the last revellers made their way back to North Quay.

Wednesday was Cawsand day, and the journey became a passage race in place of the abortive one to the Yealm. The programme of beach events was slightly complicated by the fact that high water was about 14.00, but by the time the water events were over, there was a strip of beach wide enough for the other races and competitions. The afternoon went with a swing, and everyone, competitors, spectators and holidaymakers on the beach, all had plenty to amuse them. The day was rounded off nicely with a well organised barbecue and dance at the Corinthian.

Thursday morning there was the third points race, and after lunch something new for the Silhouette Rally—a water gala in the yacht club basin. Unfortunately, a chilly wind and grey skies rather discouraged spectators and competitors, but some brave souls took part, including the Association's Secretary for whom there was a special outsize inner tube to be negotiated. The gala ended with a visit from King Neptune and his Court, some of his subjects received the traditional initiation treatment, a fate that was later shared by the King and all his entourage.

The weather didn't improve in the evening for a trip up the River Lynher aboard the *Western Belle*. Most of those who made the journey spent their time below drinking tea or other beverages.

Friday saw the last of the Points Races in the morning, and the

Gin Treasure Hunt in the afternoon. First prize was won by the Commodore of the Corinthian, John Dampney, in his Hurley 22. He later revealed that his keenness to win two bottles of gin was so that they could be raffled in aid of his favourite charity. That was done at the Dinner Dance and Prizegiving in the evening, an event that was packed to capacity with tickets almost going on the black market. The chief guest, the Lord Mayor, again stressed that the city intended to improve things for yachtsmen. The Association's Commodore, Cyril Guscott, presented the Corinthian with a tape recorder in appreciation of the club's hospitality. In reply, John Dampney said the annual Silhouette week was something the Club looked forward to as much as any member of the Association. Speeches and prizegiving over, the dancing went on until early Saturday.

Saturday, and for many time to start the journey home. It had been a memorable week, pretty good weather, first class organisation, and friendliness and enthusiasm among those taking part, that it would be hard to equal anywhere. The most common phrase heard amongst people saying their farewells was, "*See you next year.*"

Results of Fifth National Silhouette Rally

WINNERS OF POINTS RACES

Silhouettes

1st Race:	<i>Moonraker</i>	D. B. Bickford	R.P.C.Y.C.
2nd Race:	<i>Minnow</i>	B. R. Prynne	S.W. Group
3rd Race:	<i>Jan</i>	A. H. Pybus	Ullswater Y.C.
4th Race:	<i>Jan</i>	A. H. Pybus	Ullswater Y.C.

Handicap

1st Race:	)		
2nd Race:	) <i>Dipper</i>	Maj. Grenfell	R.P.C.Y.C.
3rd Race:	)		
4th Race:	<i>Flipper</i>	J. Berry	N.W. Group

POINTS SERIES TROPHIES AND PRIZES

Silhouettes

- The City of Plymouth Trophy. (Winner of Championship). *Jan*.
A. H. Pybus, Ullswater Y.C.
The William Spurrell Trophy. (Runner Up). *Moonraker*. D. B. Bickford, R.P.C.Y.C.
The Russell Marine Trophy. (Joint Second). *Minnow*. B. R. Prynne, S.W. Group.
The Exe Trophy. (Fourth). *Spailpin Fanac*. B. C. Nicholls, Up River Y.C.
The Lumley Trophy. (Fifth). *Henrietta II*. E. A. Sweet, Solent Group.

POINTS SERIES

6	<i>Waterbaby</i>	D. Hodgson	S.E. Group
7	<i>Wee Three</i>	H. Maloney	
8	<i>Spray</i>	J. Mawer	
9	<i>Amphitrite</i>	R. R. Gallie	Windscale B.C.
10	<i>Well I Never</i>	F. W. Bartlett	Hoylake S.C.
11	<i>Joy</i>	F. S. Waldren	R.P.C.Y.C.
12	<i>Martini</i>	G. W. Smith	N.W. Group

13	<i>Pintal</i>	N. F. Povey	
14	<i>True Blue</i>	M. D. Benwell	Poole Group
15	(<i>Sandy Pat</i>	N. S. Smith	
	(<i>Tricky Isaac</i>	W. S. A'Lee	S.W. Group
17	<i>Tom Tom</i>	C. D. Thom	
18	<i>Pandora</i>	R. M. Carpenter	Brandy Hole Y.C.
19	(<i>Dolphin</i>	H. Firth	R. Anglesey Y.C.
	(<i>Rosette</i>	R. A. Garrod	R.P.C.Y.C.
21	<i>Chianti</i>	T. A. Bailey	R.P.C.Y.C.
22	<i>Mermaid</i>	W. E. Williams	S.W. Group
23	<i>Nikki</i>	S. R. Nicholls	Marina Y.C.
24	<i>Jorobo</i>	W. Sharp	Lake Dist. Group

HANDICAP

The Hazelwood Hotel, Torquay, Trophy. (Winner)

	<i>Dipper</i>	Major Grenfell	R.P.C.Y.C.
2	<i>Nik Too</i>	J. F. Edmonds	
3	<i>Little Extra</i>	L. E. Roberts	Braddew Quay Y.C.
4	<i>Flipper</i>	J. Berry	N.W. Group
5	<i>Vinnan III</i>	V. S. Evans	N.W. Group
6	<i>Veloce</i>	F. J. Dampney	R.P.C.Y.C.
7	<i>Rose</i>	A. G. Hurley	R.P.C.Y.C.
8	<i>Rhonna</i>	R. A. G. Britton	Up River Y.C.

The Stuart Turner Trophy (highest placing by Silhouette with inboard engine). *Well I Never*. F. W. Bartlett, Hoylake S.C.

The Duke of Cornwall Trophy (Winner of Cawsand Race). *Jan*. A. H. Pybus, Ullswater Y.C.

SOIA Trophy (Best performance by mixed crew). *Waterbaby*. D. Hodgson, S.E. Group.

Prize for First Lady in Cawsand Race. *Little Extra*. L. E. Roberts, Bradnew Quay Y.C.

CONCOURS D'ELEGANCE

1	<i>Defiance</i>	A. M. Seymour	Ullswater Y.C.
2	<i>True Blue</i>	M. D. Benwell	Poole Group
3	<i>Oggie</i>	E. K. R. Sweet	R.P.C.Y.C.

Best performance by a visiting helmsman. *Jan*. A. H. Pybus.

Longest Journey by Sea. *Waterbaby*. D. Hodgson, S.E. Group. (Single-handed from Burnham-on-Crouch).

Longest Journey by Road. *Defiance*. A. M. Seymour, Ullswater Y.C.

Saturday Handicap Race

1	<i>Dipper</i>	Major Grenfell	R.P.C.Y.C.
2	<i>Moonraker</i>	D. Bickford	R.P.C.Y.C.
3	<i>Veloce</i>	F. J. Dampney	R.P.C.Y.C.

Gin Treasure Hunt

1	<i>Veloce</i>	F. J. Dampney	R.P.C.Y.C.
2	<i>Moonraker</i>	D. Bickford	R.P.C.Y.C.
3	<i>Nephthys</i>	R. J. Strong	Up River Y.C.
4	<i>Well I Never</i>	F. W. Bartlett	Hoylake S.C.
5	<i>Limelight</i>	W. B. Knowlman	
6	<i>Westbank</i>	P. H. Crampton	R.P.C.Y.C.
7	<i>Karena</i>	D. H. McKnight	N.W. Vent. Y.C.
8	<i>Martini</i>	G. W. Smith	N.W. Group
9	<i>Jonine</i>	P. W. J. Rowubry	Poole Group
10	<i>Joy</i>	F. S. Waldren	R.P.C.Y.C.
11	<i>Spailpin Fanac</i>	B. C. Nicholls	Up River Y.C.
12	<i>Chico</i>	J. F. Sprunt	M.S.C.

The South West

A GOOD knowledge of First Aid is as essential to small boat sailors as efficient navigational equipment. On October 3 the SW Group arranged a most interesting lecture about this by a sailor doctor. Because of the extremely foul weather on that evening many members were attending to their boats (and I gather that First Aid in another sense may unhappily be required on some of them). But all those who managed to attend the lecture found it most instructive and extremely valuable.

The Group has booked a 41-seater coach for a trip to London for the Boat Show and for the SOIA's AGM and annual London party. The coach will leave Plymouth on the Friday night and the cost of £3 10s. will include bed and breakfast for Saturday-Sunday night after the AGM. The coach will return on Sunday, January 7. Tickets from Jim Sprunt, the Social Secretary, on the basis of "first come, first served."

The Group's Laying-Up Party took place at the Royal Plymouth Corinthian Yacht Club on October 25, and was followed by a barbecue at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hawkins. Our Fitting Out Dinner-dance for the 1968 season will be held at the Duke of Cornwall Hotel, Plymouth, on Friday, March 22. Tickets, £1 7s. 6d. each, from Jim Sprunt.

Members will be interested to note that Jim Sprunt has taken over Terry Bickford's old job as Sailing Secretary—Jim now doubles the job of Sailing and Social Secretary for us. After seeing all the fittings and all the useful gadgets on the boats during Plymouth Week, I am sure that many members will be considering them during the fitting out season. Why not use the *Journal* for your "Sale and Wanted" advertisements? I have heard of some wonderful business that I have missed! Happy painting.—Ernie Sweet.

Tees Bay

WE started the season with a dozen names on the books, but we mustered only five Silhouettes actively sailing from West Harbour, Hartlepool. Because of bad weather, racing in the early part of the season was poorly supported. Within the framework of the Tees Sailing Club's racing programme, however, there was some improvement as the season progressed, and ultimately, we had five or six boats turning out. On August 5 five Silhouettes went to the start, and an enjoyable race was easily won by Chris Lowry in *Curvy*, followed by Dick Swarbrick in *Blue Goose*. On Sunday, September 17, the Tees Sailing Club held a race for a RNLI pennant, when six Silhouettes took part. First home in this SII fleet was *Jingle* (Ron Holmes), followed by *Blue Goose* (Dick Swarbrick) and *Random* (Don Walton). In a similar race for a King George V Sailors' fund pennant, the first Silhouette home was *Jeanette* (Semour Roberts).

The Silhouette Owners' International Association

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

The Silhouette Owners' International Association exists to promote the interests of Silhouette Owners throughout the world. The annual subscription is 20s. (USA 5\$). Bankers: Westminster Bank Limited, Hornchurch, Essex.

On the cruising side, a few of the boats have made week-end trips to neighbouring ports. The programmed trip to Runswick Bay was sailed by *Curvy* and *Dandy Boy* (Maurice Archer) but, as the weather was wet and misty, they pushed on to Whitby and sailed home the following day. The spring holiday cruise to Whitby was also abandoned because of the weather—SE winds, rough seas and cool. This was disappointing, as we had hoped to meet some of the Scarborough Fleet in Whitby. Better luck next time! Three of the fleet, plus a T.S.C. *Felicity* spent a very pleasant Bank Holiday week-end on a trip to Whitby and back. The sun shone, the sea was flat, and we had a pleasant trip. Unfortunately, there was little wind on the outward trip, and the coffee grinders had ultimately to be pressed into operation! In Whitby, we had a call from an SOIA member Mr. Snell, who recently had acquired *Smarty*, lately a member of the Lees Bay Fleet. On the return journey, the motors were used the whole way, as unusually, there was a flat calm. The noise from the engines was a

Regional Groups

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

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

little wearing, but the tedium was relieved by fishing for mackerel, with considerable success.

There is a growing interest in Silhouette sailing at the Tees Sailing Club, and it is expected that the fleet will be increased next season. The Bank Holiday trip was so much enjoyed that there is a proposal to have a "port hopping" week next season, possibly to Whitby, Scarborough and Bridlington. This, and other matters are to be discussed at the forthcoming meeting to formulate next season's programmes.—R. T. Swarbrick.

Copenhagen By Madeleine Fairman

AFTER disappointments and cancellations we were finally off on our holiday in Denmark. We left on August 1 on the *Prins Hamlet* at Harwich at 17.00 and arrived at Bremerhaven at 09.15, August 2. Brian Heaney and his wife and daughter were travelling with us. We left Bremerhaven and continued across North Germany 135 miles to Travemünde to embark at 22.00 for Copenhagen, arriving there at 06.30 on August 3. And who did we see coming towards us, Peter Mitchell and his wife Beryl and son Graham! What gallants to get up so early to meet the two boats and families from England! They guided us to Skovshoved where, within a very short period, our boats were

launched, and we motored down to Sletten harbour, no wind available. What a wonderful reception we received from the Commodore and his friends and the Yacht Club. Of course explanations had to be made as to why only two boats had arrived, and not ten as expected. But within half an hour all was forgiven, and from then on our holiday really began to swing. After being given a welcoming pot of tea and Danish pastries, we decided that after lunch we would go for a short sail with Peter Mitchell and his family.

In the evening we were invited to the club to meet more club members. Again they made us very welcome, and soon the fact that only two boats arrived was forgotten. We stayed quite late in the club house, while various members made arrangements for our evening's entertainments. This was something we never expected. Arrangements were made for all our evenings except one. These included a welcome party, suppers at various houses, The Tivoli, and a trip on *Pendula*.

After a peaceful night's sleep on the boats in Sletten harbour we decided that in the morning (Friday) we would sail over to the Swedish island of Hven. We were lucky, for the one reason there is not the usual problem of tides, and also there was not the worry of English sandbanks. We had a pleasant crossing to Hven, which is about four miles out from Sletten. All round the Danish and Swedish coast are numerous little harbours, which are very pleasant. We sailed into Norrebro for lunch, and afterwards went for a walk. Our supposed fishing afternoon was wrecked, because the weather changed, and just drifting as we were it was not very comfortable. Peter caught one fish, but after he had gutted it nobody wanted it, so we disposed of it in Sletten harbour when we returned. Then, after a meal on board, we spent the evening in the clubhouse.

Saturday, August 5 was the day we shall never forget. We cruised in company, *Circe*, *Kiu II* and our boat *Conqueror*, to Helsingor. We nearly got run down by a Russian boat because neither she nor the Silhouettes would give way. We turned in the end, and all the Russians came out and started taking our photographs! We had lunch in Helsingor harbour, but sailing back the wind was very fluky, and sometimes we had too much wind, and then none at all. But all the time the sea was calm. *Circe* was well in front of Peter and our boat, so Peter and we decided to race back. We came to a calm stretch with no wind at all. We were immobile, but Peter's boat seemed to creep forward, and he was soon level with us. There was Lars Peter lying on the cabin top, balancing the boat while Graham steered. Then we saw what was happening, Peter, the devil, was paddling with a paddle over the side . . . while in the other hand he had his radio turned up loud, trying to drown the noise!

That evening was our official welcome, and what a welcome. There was a long table laid out filled with Smorrebrods and two big bowls of fish in schnapps and sherry. This was a welcome Danish style, everybody was happy, and I don't think it was the drink, either. Everybody was so friendly and the six of us were given a Yacht Club brooch and

badge each, with a Yacht Club pennant for our boats. We in return gave them an SOIA Burgee, and Brian gave them one of his Yacht Club Bugees. It seemed that every few minutes we stood up and shouted "Skol" (cheers in Danish) and drinking schnapps in one gulp. Then the big table was cleared and put to one side, and Morse, one of our Danish friends, brought his tape recorder, and put on some good old English music, and our swinging night really began. There must have been about fifty people in the Yacht Club. As soon as the music began there was no hesitation to dance, and as everyone was having such a good time, the time was soon forgotten. Brian, Peter and Ron donated two crates of beer to the Club, and also the five bottles of whisky we bought on the ferry coming over. Everybody was so happy, and when we began a Danish dance, well I think nobody cared if they were out of step. But all too soon two-o'clock came, and the party ended. Nobody wanted to go because a good time was had by all.

Sunday morning came, and I don't think anybody suffered from a hangover. The weather had changed slightly, and the wind was stronger. We decided to go out for a short sail with three reefs in the main, and the storm jib. It wasn't too bad, and cleared up in the afternoon, when the sun came out, but it was still windy. That evening we were invited to supper in the garden of Anne and Frank Hornsby, some English people we had met. We had a very delicious Danish meal in their garden by candlelight, and we stayed and chatted till quite late. How hospitable everybody is in Denmark, and how thoughtful.

Peter and his family couldn't be with us on the Monday and Tuesday, so he suggested that we and the Heaneys should sail to Sweden on Monday, and return on the Tuesday. We left Sletten and sailed to Hven. The weather was kind to us, and we had lunch in the second harbour on Hven Backviken, and then in the afternoon sailed over to the mainland Sweden. We did not have a very comfortable crossing, as we had a beam sea, then a following sea, but luckily the wind was not strong. The sea was caused by currents. When we had had a meal with a good old cup of English tea, we discussed with the Heaneys what it would be best to do. We thought it would be sensible to go back to Backviken, and sleep the night instead of staying in the harbour where, because of the direction of the wind, it was most uncomfortable. In fact the sea had calmed down tremendously, and when we got into Backviken harbour we tied up, had a walk right round the Island, and returned to the boats and had a good night's sleep.

Then, early on Tuesday morning, all six of us went for a swim. It was really nice, and the water was so clean. The weather was really hot, and we had to motor around the back of Hven, because of the lack of wind, but as soon as we were in the open the wind increased to about Force 3 and we were able to put our sails up, and sail into Sletten. That evening we were invited to supper again, this time to a Professor and his wife's house in Rungsted. This turned into a party, and once more we had a wonderful evening.

Wednesday was decided to be the Ladies' Day, and while the Heaneys went to Helsingor Castle, we had a day in Copenhagen, looking around the shops and buying gifts. It was a wonderful shopping area, and there was a shopping street one and a half miles long, with no traffic allowed — a woman's paradise. It had been decided on Saturday night that Wednesday was Tivoli Night. Tivoli being the Tivoli Gardens in Copenhagen. What a time of our lives we had there. About ten of our Danish friends came with us, and we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves, and we didn't leave until midnight.

We were woken by rain on Thursday morning, and it didn't ease until lunch time. The Heaneys had a personal engagement, and we decided to visit Helsingor Castle. The Castle was very interesting, and we went back to our boat and had lunch. In the evening Peter decided the position of his mast should be altered, so the men spent most of the evening doing this.

On Friday, August 11 we sailed in company with the Heaneys, with Annette and Peter in *Kiu II*. Skovshoved was our destination for our cruise, and what a sail we had down there. It took us four hours, and we sailed with the wind. We had lunch in Skovshoved harbour, and then set out for Sletten. We found this more difficult, as we had to tack out, for there was not enough wind inshore, where the sea was calmer. We did get back to Sletten, and the Heaneys and us were invited to the Mitchell's flat for a meal. We arrived and we were given the most delicious meal ever. We had a wonderful evening.

Saturday, August 12 was our last sailing day, and we wanted to make the most of it, so we had an exciting sail over to Hven, where we had lunch. Our return journey was really exciting, as we were sailing with the wind. On Saturday evening we were invited by Fred, the Commodore to go on a trip in *Pendula* to Sweden. This was a small ferry, and we went to Kyrkbacken on Hven, but this was no ordinary trip, as we were soon to find out. Once at Kyrkbacken we went ashore, passed through the Customs, turned round and walked straight back, through another door, passed the same Customs man, went back on board and the ferry headed back to Sletten. In fact we were in Sweden under five minutes. Fred then invited us back to the Club, where we thought we would just have a drink. But no, two lady club members went home and brought back plates and plates of Smorrbrods and made tea and coffee. We were given another party. There were crates of beer, pop, bottles of schnapps and whisky. There was no music this time, but once somebody started singing well—who needed music anyway? None of us wanted to go home now, we were all so happy, and all felt that the end of our holiday had come too soon. Midnight came—still everybody sang, danced and drank on. One-o'clock came, but nobody was interested in the time, only interested in enjoying themselves. At two o'clock our party ended. No one wanted it to, and after everything had been cleared away everybody stayed and talked. We thanked everybody for their wonderful hospitality, and said goodbye to the people we would not see on Sunday.

It must have been 3 o'clock before we were back on board and asleep.

Sunday was the day that nobody wanted to come. It was raining cats and dogs. Just the same as the day we arrived in Copenhagen ten days before. The two Silhouettes were to be escorted by our Danish friends in their boats and another Englishman and his Silhouette as far as Rungsted. So while the two Silhouettes and their escorts set off, the two cars were driven to Skovshoved where in a few hours the two Silhouettes should arrive. They did arrive, but later, as one had engine trouble. Now we had to get them on the trailers. *Circe* came out with ease, but *Conqueror* was a bit more difficult. Once on the trailers, the boats were de-masted and covered up. The Mitchells said they would now leave us and go home, but we persuaded them to come with us to the ferry, and then we uncoupled one trailer and went into Copenhagen in two cars and had a meal. During our meal we discussed our stay in Denmark. After our meal we drove back to the ferry, and then we uncoupled one trailer and went asked us to come back next year. They were such wonderful hosts. It was soon time for us to join the queue for the ferry, then all of a sudden two cars came by the side of us, and who should jump out but the Commodore, his wife and son, Kib, Morse and his wife, Torban and his wife, and many of our Danish friends had come to say goodbye to us, and asked us if we would come back next year. Then the traffic for the ferry started to move, and we had to say goodbye to our hospitable friends and drive on board. Once aboard we ran up on the deck and waved and shouted our thanks. Our friends waved, and shouted too. What a send off! The ferry moved off into the darkness, and the brilliant Carlsberg sign got smaller and smaller. We had left Denmark and our Danish friends to arrive in Travemunde in the morning. We travelled all day to Bremerhaven to pick up the ferry for home—Harwich. We arrived in England on Tuesday morning, not to warm weather as in Denmark, but to rain, rain, rain. What a welcome. Oh to be back in Denmark. Still there's always next year.

New members

WE extend a cordial welcome to the following new members: Paul J. Gregg, 33 Cleveland Ave., Darlington. *Outlaw*, 1052, Tees; Raymond A. Broome, 15 Harbour View Court, Ashley Road, Poole, Dorset. *Tarrock*, 925, Poole; Bernard J. Dolton, 3a Prince Maurice Road, Lipson, Plymouth; Alexander S. C. Aitken, 19 Hackwood Road, Basingstoke, Hants. *Bolero*, 598, Hythe; R. Sheldon, 334 Godstone Road, Kenley, Surrey; Edward Dillow, Poole End Farm, Macclesfield, Cheshire; Graham K. Rogers, 150 Johnstone Road, Thorpe Bay, Essex. *Sundowner*, 1755, Thorpe Bay; Eric Taylor, 47a Woodfield Hill, Crook, Co. Durham. *Calypso*, 294, Tees Bay; John H. Gale, 4 Grenville Rd., St. Jude's, Plymouth, Devon. *Odgik*, 530, Plymouth; William H. Picken, 27 New Hay Road, Woodchurch, Birkenhead. *Dee Gypsy*, 867, Heswall; C. W. Eggleton, Quarrydown, 21a Rqdens Road, Walton-on-Thames, Surrey. 1842, Falmouth; Bertram R. Hannah, 10 Caer. Gellach Llandegfan, Isle of Anglesey. *Be Glad*, 1519, Menai. William E. J. Northcott, 69 Lower Compton Rd., Plymouth, Devon. *Beila*, 1155, Plymouth; Ernest N. Glossop, Highland Farm, Whitchurch, Tavistock, Devon. *Diana*, 1268, Plymouth; John S. Gleaver, "Braystones," 17 Preston Grove, Faversham, Kent. *Jonaline IV*, 1926, Whitstable.

A slight case of doing good

By George Hurley

WHEN one tries to get publicity at the expense of charity it is certainly poor taste and if it boomerangs it is no more than those using this method of advertising deserves!

Some years ago such an incident cost our firm approximately £400, and to this day I say we got our deserts, and accept this.

A few weeks before the London Boat Show in 1962 we learned we were to be allocated space in the pool. At that time there were only a very few boats allowed in the water, and to have a Silhouette displayed in the centre of that great attraction certainly excited us no end, and so we immediately began to think how best to present it. There were quite a number of suggestions put forward, but eventually someone came up with the bright idea of giving the boat to the RNLI to raffle at the show. What a tremendous advertisement we imagined—write ups in all the yachting magazines, every stand in the show would be selling tickets, and there would be the Silhouette in the Pool, dressed over all, with notices all over her sails saying “Win this boat given by Hurleys and support the RNLI!”

We wrote to the RNLI and letters of thanks came both from the headquarters and local office of the institution. I must say I saw very little wrong with the whole thing, and everyone was happy.

As Show time came around, the boat duly arrived at Earl's Court and on the Monday before the show opened it was placed in the water, looking spick and span. Then the trouble started. “Poppy,” affectionately known to many Silhouette owners, hoisted the lovely new suit of sails with the words “Win this boat given by Hurleys to the RNLI” written all over it. Within minutes he was ordered to take them down, but as one who is not easily put aside, he refused, telling the authorities he was acting under instructions, we had given the boat for a raffle, and had paid £100 to go in the pool. However, argue as much as he liked, he could make no impression on the stewards, and so gave up, saying that we would deal with the problem when I arrived next morning. Telephoning me that evening in Plymouth, we both agreed we were right, the Show organisers were just wrong, and we felt sure that when it was explained to them they would understand. As soon as I arrived the next morning I went to the manager's office, and it was not surprising that he was expecting me. Before I had chance to bring up the subject, he, in a very nice sort of way, told me, first, that no boats in the Pool were to have sails hoisted, as it was a feature of boats lying at anchor; secondly, that the only advertising was a standard card displaying the name of the boat and the exhibitor's stand number on it. He also told me politely that anything we might do for the RNLI was entirely up to us, and in fairness to all other exhibitors, they could have nothing to do with it. Of course he was perfectly right, and I could not but admire his straightforwardness. In just one minute,

in a very nice sort of way, he had put me in my place, and I knew at once that we were definitely on the wrong tack! I thanked him for the explanation and went my way.

The Silhouette was raffled by a young lady standing beside a lifeboat and asking people to guess the number of beans in a jar, and a small announcement appeared in one paper giving the name of the winner. The only thing that came out of the venture was that great and worthy organisation got some £500 instead of the £2,000 we had hoped to raise, and we got what we deserved—a sharp lesson in ethics.

The race *By Michael Ellis*

WHAT is it that gives the heart a staccato beat,
That warms the face, the hands, the feet?

The ceaseless pounding that is never dull,
The hiss of foam beneath the hull.

The crack like thunder of the sail,
The endless telling of the tale
Of white canvas against azure skies,
The beauty of which disturbs the eyes.

The salt sea spray beats upon my face
For this is it, we are in the race.
The hum of sheets like reigns of steeds,
The constant lusting for greater speeds.

Cat walk, awash, we are on close haul
I hear the song the past hero's call.
Nelson, Drake, Raleigh and all the rest,
Like them this day I shall do my best.

It's helm down hard and “Jibe-O ” the main
The wizzing snubbing winches we hear quite plain,
With running seas our hearts all sing,
To see the poetry of the goose wing.

Our bows split the swirling seas
And steady the helm for that clump of trees!
On through the swell and we're in the lead,
To nought but the goal now we must take heed.

On past the line, hear the cannon roar,
And reverberate round the distant shore,
Then off to the Tavern, Oh landlord we call,
Flaggons of foaming ale for us all!

As tankards crash together we tell our tales
Of top gallants, royals and the set of the sails,
Of wind jammers and schooners and gallions now gone,
The noble ships that rounded the Horn.

Letters to the Editor

PLYMOUTH WEEK.—We, like everyone else, thoroughly enjoyed our third Plymouth, and I would like to say thank you to the committee for a very excellent rally. I would like to toss out an idea for future—that there should be a cup or special award or special event for the helmsman under 25 years of age. As an association, we depend on getting in new members and if we can keep the interest of the younger set we will, in my opinion, flourish. This year there were at least three boats that were always helmed by someone under 25, in the main races. Possibly if I had pursued my inquiries further I might have found more. I admit to having a vested interest in so much that I encourage my children to take charge, and I believe in the first two years at Plymouth they might have been the top boat for under 25s. This year another under 25 was ahead of us, so I feel I can make what I consider is a reasonable suggestion. I do feel that we have a number of young people who are interested in Silhouettes and if it could be organised that within the rally period there was an event for them everyone might benefit. I wonder whether owners would lend their boats if it was just one race so that all the under 25s (or whatever age was fixed) could try their skills? The owners could of course crew the boat.—Frank W. Bartlett, Lata Lodge, Forest Road, Meols, Wirral.

FROM SWEDEN.—*Ruscan* is still giving me great pleasure. It is especially the mobility of a Silhouette that has fascinated my wife and myself. One year we went by motor from Göteborg on the river and through the locks to the big lake Vänern, from which we continued via primitive canals and wonderful lakes with clear water and dark forests in the background to the Norwegian border, where a lorry was waiting for us with a crane that lifted up *Ruscan* on the platform, and after 1500 yards launched her in a small Norwegian lake. From this lake we proceeded through rivers, lakes and locks down to Halden, near the Skagerack. Shortage of time caused us to leave her there, and we fetched her with the trailer. Three times we have taken her down to Yugoslavia through Europe. One year we were surprised by a storm, so heavy that it lifted all the roofs in a village in the vicinity. However, by the aid of the roller genoa we (my wife and I) could go with the wind until we reached a harbour. This past summer we left *Ruscan* in Sweden and brought our small motorboat *Rusco* to Yugoslavia, and left her there. We are building a small summer house on the island Dugi Otok in the archipelago of Zadar, in the large southern bay Telascica. That bay is the best natural harbour in the whole Adriatic and sooner or later all sailors in those waters find their way to that bay. We have had guests from Sweden and Italy and are waiting for our first SOIA guest. With my kindest regards.—E. Scott Grinndal, Gibraltargatan 60, Göteborg S.

THE RNLI.—Your members will be interested to know the result of my appeal for their support, which for the year ending September 30, 1967 has produced the following:—

Covenanted subscriptions and subscriptions by bankers' order	£36 17 6
Tax recoveries on covenants	£21 2 2
Donations	£11 13 0
Total	£69 12 8

The Institution is deeply grateful for this generous support which represents subscriptions and donations from 29 of your members, and includes in addition the collection taken at your last AGM. At the end of the RNLI's last financial year, the accounts showed an excess of expenditure income of £124,000 and the deficit for the current year is likely to be considerably larger. This is due not only to the extensive programme of renewal of the

RNLI fleet and its re-equipment with the most modern aids, but also to increased operating expenses due to the increased calls upon our service. We are, therefore, faced with the problem of increasing the voluntary financial support from our well-wishers. It may be that there are some members of your association who would like to become regular subscribers—or what is even more valuable, covenanted subscribers for in this category every £1 subscribed enables the Institution to reclaim tax, thus making every £1 of covenanted subscription worth £1 14s. Forms of covenant and bankers' order may be obtained from The Secretary, The Royal National Lifeboat Institution, 42 Grosvenor Gardens, London, S.W.1., and when completed and returned should be marked "SOIA Appeal." As this is primarily an appeal to seafarers by seafarers, I am sure that those members of the SOIA who are not already subscribers will respond generously.—Alasdair Garrett, Chairman, Kensington Branch, Royal National Lifeboat Institution.

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. 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.

FOR SALE. Silhouette trailer, Avon dinghy, Terylene genoa. Kingston 4637.

WANTED. Trailer for Silhouette II. Shea, Oaktrees, Burnt Common, Near Wolsing, Surrey. Phone Ripley 2177.

FOR SALE. Trailer, Silhouette Mk II, overhauled, repainted, sell £25. Spencer, 2 Cleveland, Abingdon, Berks. Tel.: 496.

WANTED. Second-hand trailer for Silhouette II. Hughes, 86 Edinburgh Road, Dumfries.

WANTED. Mk. II Silhouette with O/B, dinghy and trailer. Will pay up to £350 for good boat. Stephens, 38 Hall Road, Leamington Spa.

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.

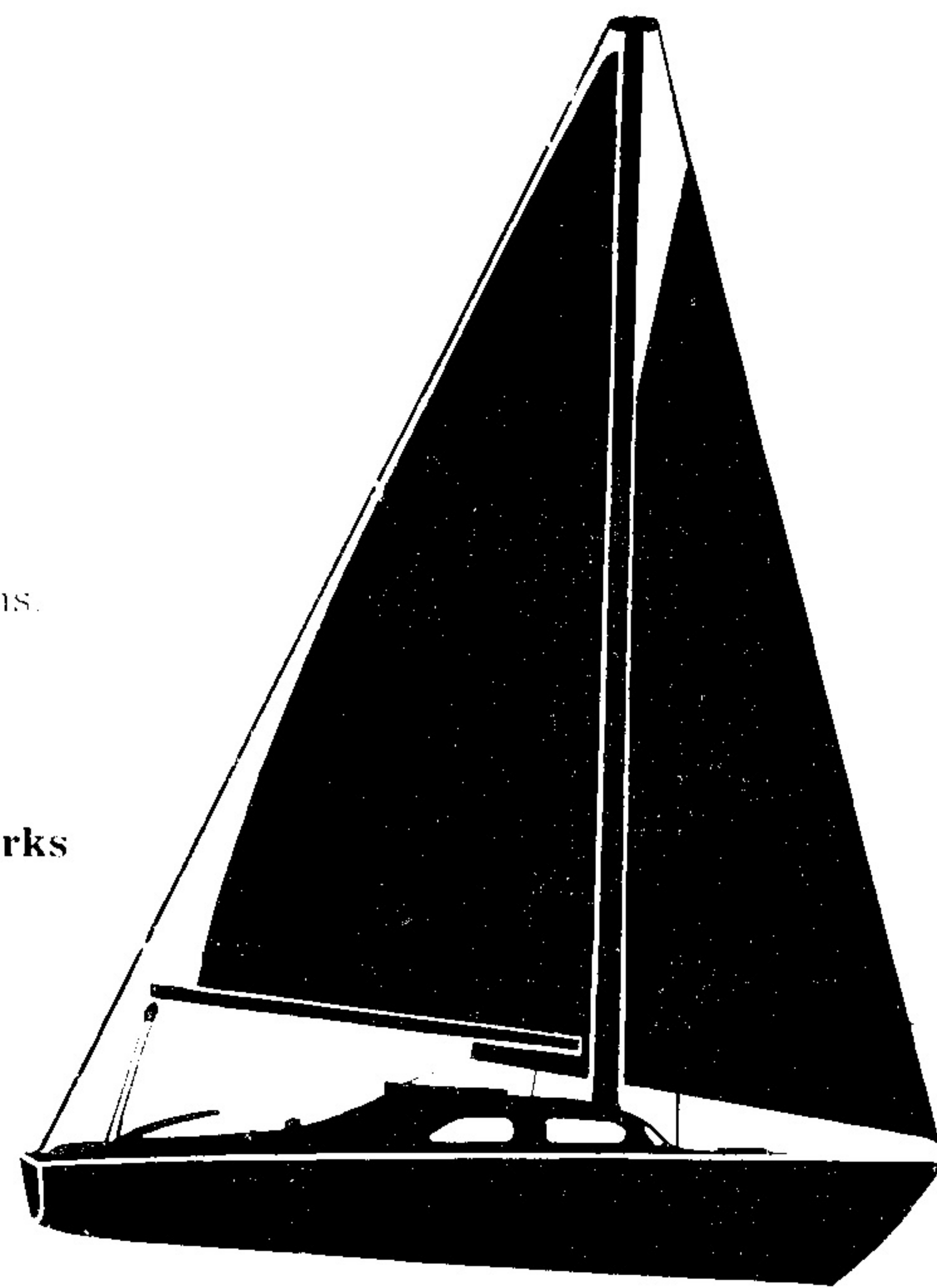
INSURANCE. Edward Lumley (Yacht Insurance) Limited, Lumley House, 43/51 St. Mary Axe, London, E.C.3, offer special facilities to members of the SOIA for all forms of marine insurance. Details from Hon. Treasurer.

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