

The Silhouette Owner

*The journal of the
Silhouette Owners' International Association*

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*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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Secretary's notes

DID you notice on the front page that this is the eighty-first issue of "The Silhouette Owner"? This, with three combined two-monthly editions, makes seven years—a long time for anyone to work at a purely voluntary job, and a long time for our President and his wife to have kept up such a wonderful standard that our Association is known throughout the realm of sailing for its monthly journal. But unfortunately all things come to an end, and John and Helen Anderson announced at the last committee meeting that owing to the ever growing commitments of life, they have to relinquish this job, and so we need a person who will take over the editorship. Nominations, volunteers, suggestions or recommendations urgently required. No easy task I know, but one we must all get down to, with the consolation that John will give whatever help is possible in the early days of the take-over.

* * *

This news overshadowed all else at the committee meeting held during the last days of October, although many things were discussed and thrashed out. It was decided that the A.G.M. and Party, which is to be held at the National Liberal Club, Whitehall Place, London, S.W.1 on Saturday, January 6th, starting at 5.30 p.m., will be free to all members, members' ladies, and members' children of school age. All other guests fifteen shillings each. This is a very modest sum for a cocktail party in the West End of London on a Saturday night, so if you do bring guests, please be prepared to pay—we never have, nor ever will barricade the door, and embarrass people by demanding

money, but costs are rising and we must levy this charge. The question of members who have sold their Silhouettes to buy larger craft was also raised at the meeting, and it was pointed out and agreed, that any person joining the Association with a Silhouette, joined as a full voting member, and retained that right even if circumstances arose that he or she no longer owned that type of craft. On delving through the past minutes of meetings of the Association, it was found that the rules allowed for this, on the assumption that a person who has owned a Silhouette, will always be able to think and act in the interest of owners, and could therefore, still act in an official capacity for the Association, and retain full membership. The date of the next committee meeting was fixed for February 3rd, 1968, 5.30 p.m.

* * *

I feel we should all congratulate our two young lady members who have written such wonderful articles on the trip to Copenhagen, it is most heartening to see young people putting their thoughts into print, and I only hope it has the desired effect on other members in encouraging them to tell of their joys and sorrows in sailing.

* * *

The letter to the editor, from Alisdair Garrett, thanking the Association for help towards funds for the R.N.L.I., rather brings home how lax we all are in this direction, and I feel that it would take little effort on our part to improve considerably on the figure raised. One easy way would be to include an extra few shillings to the cheque when sending in your 1968 subscription; our Treasurer would see that it was directed to the R.N.L.I., and what could possibly be a more worthy cause?

* * *

Through the good offices of our President, we have obtained the loan of the film of "Griffin's voyage to Vinland" which we intend to show at the A.G.M. on Saturday, January 6th, but we are experiencing a spot of trouble getting the right projecting equipment. This film, which is sixteen millimetre, has a separate sound track, also on sixteen millimetre, and we are told needs a "Twin-head" projector: any person who is conversant with this type of apparatus, and could obtain the use of one would be very useful, and as time is getting short, your secretary would appreciate a phone call on the matter as soon as possible.

* * *

May I again make the timely reminder that a tie, burgee, car badge, or scarf, of the Association makes a very welcome present for the festive season. And if you are thinking of something more expensive, "Gipsy Moth Circles the World" or "Vinland Voyage" are two books any sailing man would want to read. Wishing everyone a very happy Christmas and a happy year for 1968.

* * *

Please don't forget the A.G.M. and remember that all offices below flag officer become vacant, so nominations would be welcomed.
—R.A.G.

Tees Bay

by R. Swarbrick

THE Tees Bay Group finished the season on October 29th with a glorious race round the buoys on the tail-end of a north-easterly gale. There was a good breeze and a big swell coming in from the N.E. which caused some excitement at the seaward mark when the fleet was caught up by the Tees Sailing Club's dinghy fleet, which was also out in force for their final race of the season. Chris Lowery, in *Curvy* was the first Silhouette home. After the race, and with good team work, seven Silhouettes were successfully and expeditiously taken out of the water for the winter.

An enthusiastic meeting was held on November 11th to discuss next season's programme. It is hoped that some ten Silhouettes will be sailing out of West Harbour, Hartlepool, together with several Associate members' boats. It was decided to hold 12 points races and a race for a R.N.L.I. pennant. Cruises to Whitby are proposed for the Spring and August Bank Holidays weekends, with the possibility that, weather and other factors permitting, the fleet will continue to Scarborough and Bridlington to make a week's cruise. It is hoped that on these trips, we shall meet up with the Scarborough Silhouette fleet. A weekend trip to Sunderland is also on the cards. It is hoped that some ad hoc cruises will be arranged in addition.

Dover/Calais

June 1, 1968

FOR those wanting a mini-holiday together with the adventure of "going foreign," this annual SOIA event is a "must." Launching will be on Friday afternoon, May 31, into Wellington Dock, with the aim of sailing for France the next day. One party will return on the Bank Holiday, June 3, with the second group staying until later in the week, but numbers will be limited to a maximum of twenty boats.

Details will be available early in the New Year from Brian Heaney, Lower Lee, Beaconsfield Road, Liverpool 25 (Gateacre 4071).

Denmark cruise 1968

ARRANGEMENTS are being made to repeat the holiday which was so successful this year, when the Hon. Treasurer and the Hon. Sec. of the North-West Group together with their families spent a fortnight at Sletten, fifteen miles north of Copenhagen. The harbour is small, with convenient parking for cars, and easy launching and recovery of boats is laid on. Of the hospitality of our hosts, Sletten Badeklub, a legend exists already!

It is expected that travel will be by the same route as before—Harwich to Bremerhaven, trailing overland to Travemünde, and thence to Copenhagen. Both ferries are large and comfortable boats, and this route combines the maximum of comfort with the minimum of inconvenience. Final arrival in Copenhagen is early morning, with the whole day ahead for launching, rigging and settling down. Cost this year (for four nights at sea, including good cabin accommodation and freight of medium-size car with Silhouette on trailer) was about £75 for a family of two adults and child. Bookings and fares will be handled by a recognised Travel Agency.

Interested members should get in touch with Brian Heaney, Lower Lee, Beaconsfield Road, Liverpool 25 (Gateacre 4071) who, jointly with Ron Fairman, has undertaken the organisation.

A Christmas message from the Commodore

A VERY merry Christmas and a happy and prosperous New Year to all Silhouettes lurking under your winter covers wherever you may be, in the back garden, up the creeks or shut up in sheds. To those, too, who are basking in warmer climates and, of course, to all who sail in you! Already, you see, the winter is half over, even if the nastier half is yet to come, and thoughts are turning to fitting out and epic cruises.

I hope we shall see the meeting of many old friends at the Boat Show and A.G.M. in January, and some new ones, too. Of course the real answer to the problem of the seasonal 'spirit' would be for all who attend to sail up the river and moor at Charing Cross. But then, we should probably find that they've issued the River Police with breathalisers too! Happy sailing, everyone.

All in at the finish

By D. L. Smith

THE last race of the season at Scarborough rejoices in the name of the "All In Nine Gallon Race" and though the winner is expected to share his nine gallons there is always a good turn out. *Tammy Norie* was not going to be short of crew this year—Chris wanted his revenge for last year when the wind packed up and we "overtook" about twenty boats by kedging, but found the breeze too late to finish in time. This year he had a wife to bring along and his sister Rosalind had already joined me for the last of our holiday.

The race was rather late due to tides—scheduled to start at 5 p.m., which doesn't leave much daylight at the end of September. In fact it was put back to 5.30 as some of the keel boats didn't float in time.

The Silhouette Owners' International Association

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Hon. Technical Advisor: ROBERT TUCKER, 58 Southbury Road, Enfield, Middlesex.

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.

We were ready, which was all that mattered, surely? We had to bear a mild ribbing from the rest of the Silhouette fraternity regarding the number of crew:- "some chance for the rest of us today, then?" and so on. The fact is that for reasons best known to herself *Tammy* has been doing fairly well among the Silhouettes and we have never been allowed to forget the day we removed sleeping bags before racing; Walter "Bobtail" claims this was to remove the last surplus ounce—I still say it was a rough day and the forehatch dribbles. Walter would take some catching as he has a three-minute start on the rest of us thanks to an inboard motor with fixed propellor, *Perfect Lady*, who claims not to point as high as *Tammy*, had proved uncatchable to windward once during the regatta when the crew was forward brewing up, so she now knew how to trim. And Stephen in *Pherodactyl* could manage very well on his own, especially today with the wind rather light.

Regional Groups

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

South-East.

Hon. Sec. Stan Morgan, 19 Philbrick Crescent East, Rayleigh, Essex.

Blackwater.

Hon. Sec. A. V. Hudson, 70 Greenway, Southgate, London, N.14.

Solent.

Hon. Sec. J. R. Caulder, Sellafield, Orchard Lane, Hermitage, Emsworth

South-West.

Hon. Sec. E. K. R. Sweet, 12 Battery Street, Stonehouse, Plymouth.

Poole.

Hon. Sec. E. R. W. May, 2 The Circle, Moor-down, Bournemouth, Hants.

Bristol Channel.

Hon. Sec. Cyril Watts, 5 Vassall Road, Fishponds, Bristol.

Midlands.

Hon. Sec. P. F. C. Whiteman, 308 Chester Road, Streetly, Sutton Coldfield, Warwicks.

North-West.

Hon. Sec. Brian Heaney, Lower Lee School, Beaconsfield Road, Liverpool 25.

Wyre and Morecambe Bay.

Hon. Sec. Bertram Lloyd, The Tythe, Glebe Lane, Dowbridge, Kirkham, Lancs.

Lake District.

Hon. Sec. T. K. Jones, Foxton House, Lowther Street, Penrith

Tees Bay.

Hon. Sec. R. T. Swarbrick, 21 Raby Road, Stockton-on-Tees.

Scarborough.

Hon. Sec. Stephen Lushington, 3 Hetton Road, Leeds 8, Yorkshire.

I had no great hopes of moving her very quickly with four up, but we set the genny and would at least have enough hands for the spinnaker run home. Chris sat forward with his head out of the forehatch, Ros sat on the bridge deck but soon moved down on to her bunk—fine for trim, as long as she wasn't bored—and Sally and I sat well forward in the cockpit. The race was north-about, and the wind south-east about Force 2. It was an easy fetch to the first mark; Walter got off to a good start and Stephen was close behind us as we crossed the line. His bow wave sounded much too loud for comfort—*Pherodactyl* was creeping up on our windward quarter, Stephen beaming contentedly. "Would you like to borrow some well trained crew?" I called. "No thankyou." "I insist!" "Doing all right, thanks." I wasn't going to lighten the ship that easily! However just about this time *Tammy* got one of her "press on" moods, or maybe a little more breeze, as she slowly pulled away again. By the windward mark we had about halved Walter's start but *Magic* and *Serene* and other class 'C' redoubtables were catching us and two or three of the Silhouette fleet were still within striking distance. Round the buoy, we could not quite lay the second mark but stood well on at first as the buoy would be difficult to see against the cliffs and I planned not to tack till it was seaward of us and visible. We passed Walter well to leeward who was pointing higher if footing more slowly; he pressed on right under

the cliffs and we lost sight of him in the dusk as we went about on the other tack.

The big stuff was passing us now and hot on our tails came a Folkboat. One of the Scarborough Folkboats has a rather bad name as far as the rule of the road is concerned and if this was the one we would have to watch out for a collision. With plenty of crew, I was in no mood to argue—"if this chap looks like ramming us, the girls take over and Chris and I will board and take him as a prize" . . . however it wasn't the "menace" and everything slid past without incident. At the second mark Walter appeared from the gloom and rounded ahead of us—had I lost concentration or had he worked the tide bells? The run home would show whether our spinnaker would compensate for our extra weight. In previous races it hasn't usually proved much of an advantage as a small chop can roll all the wind out of the sails and Stephen has occasionally caught up on a run, with only standard sail plan. However tonight was calm and the spinnaker filled and kept steady and very gradually we pulled ahead. With the load we carried, it didn't seem like cheating. Chris at the forehatch kept us informed as to the set of the spinnaker; we left the genny up though it didn't fill, with the wind aft, but for the last mile or so we could bear away just a little and got everything pulling nicely. It was pitch dark by now and we sailed into a blaze of illuminations, with the leaders in silhouette. The first few boats home had time to finish the nine gallons before we reached the club house, but we had had a fine sail to end the season; we'd managed to get home ahead of the other Silhouettes, and Ros had said "yes" only two days before, so I had little cause for complaint.

It has been very interesting to read since of people stripping out their boats for racing; all the regular Silhouette crowd at Scarborough live aboard and I suppose our excess ballast just about evens out. Anyway we reckon its a lot more fun our way. Besides, if we miss our tide and have to wait outside the harbour till it makes, we can always have a cuppa and a little snooze. Otherwise what's the cabin for?

Better that way

By Michael Ellis

IF I had been at a meeting and the speaker had asked us what, in our opinion was the height of luxury, I should immediately have sprung forward with my hand raised and cried "Sir, an outboard motor for my dinghy!" Well I have quite recently attained this dizzy peak.

A wise old man once told me that for every aspect of greatness, somewhere lies its counterpart of sorrow. I remember that I was young at the time, and I brushed his profundity away with a gay laugh. He just smiled benignly, content in his wisdom.

It was quite late on a Friday evening when my wife Valerie and I made our way down to the water's edge at Itchenor. I recall being in a

very jocular mood at the time, and was quite unperturbed by the steady drizzle that was beginning to dampen the lining of my blue blazer, and to soak my cravat. Somewhere in the gloom, two hundred yards away, up the creek lay *Morning Gift*, my new boat, a Silhouette Senior No. SS10, a veritable jewel of the seas. I called lightly to Valerie, "No need for you to get wet, darling, stay in the car while I make the first trip with all the gear." I turned my attentions then to *Sprite*, my dinghy, which was groaning under a load of about 4 cwt. Every last ounce, packed by my wife as essential baggage for a weekend on the water. It reminded me vaguely of one of those sweating pack mules that can be seen anytime one is around the Himalayas or the highlands of Tibet (but I digress).

There was a fast ebb tide at the time, and I was having great difficulty in holding the dinghy in one position while I fitted a twenty year old Evinrude 2½ to its stern. Although it was an ancient machine, the previous owner had assured me that it had been well looked after, and had in fact, spent most of its life under a bed. I stood in the swirling water with my trouser legs rolled up, not quite high enough to avoid getting them wet, as the current dragged the dinghy into slightly deeper water. But I dug my bare feet into the sharp stones and hung on.

It was not until this moment that it occurred to me that I had never gotten around to seeing exactly how to start the outboard. On the petrol tank, scribed in letters of gold, were the words "Starting instructions," but time and tides had taken their toll and they now were almost washed away, and their knowledge gone forever. It was too late to begin decoding now, as it was really too dark to see the writing, even if it had been clearly written, and even the golden words "Starting Instructions" were beginning to tarnish and grow faint in the failing light. Undaunted, however, I at last managed to fit the engine in position, and wound the starting cord round the dog at the top of the flywheel. I switched on the petrol, and pulled the rope. It started first time, and roared away with an amazing loudness. What surprised me more, though, was its power. This was also somewhat disturbing as I was not in the boat at the time.

It was rather fortunate that I have always been athletic, and so was able to rein up the two and a half horses before they charged away into the night. I must admit that it was touch and go for a time. I had both hands clamped round the stern, and with legs well braced I hauled back against the collective forces of two and a half threshing steeds, against a five knot current. In retrospect, I do not really know what would have been the outcome of the situation if the prop, at that moment, had not conveniently become entangled with a trailing mooring line.

The engine stopped abruptly. Valerie's voice came across to me through the following silence, "Is everything alright?" The tone had a subtle quality in it, as if to say, "Womanly intuition and wise old man knoweth all."

"Yes perfectly" I called back, the undertone here being "Don't ask such daft questions when you know it isn't."

I disentangled the rope and clambered into *Sprite* which sank a further two inches deeper into the water, and busied myself with another pull of the cord. This time, however, it did not seem so responsive. I tried again. It coughed—I thought a little more eagerly that time. I tried again—well you can't be lucky every time. I pulled hard for the fourth time. There was a violent jolt, and I was flung backwards into the boat.

My startled eyes took in the situation at once. After climbing into the dinghy I had become so engrossed in the engine that I was completely unaware that I had drifted off, and was now caught in the swift ebb tide. What actually brought the whole thing to my notice was the unexpected ramming of a heavy clinker built boat that had been moored farther out in mid stream. I quickly turned this small disaster into an advantage by grabbing the gunwhale and securing my painter round its rear sampson post.

Turning to the engine, I made another attempt. It roared into life. I sped away amid foam and din for five feet; then there was a hard jerk, a slewing round of the dinghy, followed by a splash. A red towel and a large cut loaf of bread began their long trip out towards Nab Tower.

Quickly I unhitched my painter, and careered away in a most dangerous series of twists and turns before the motor stopped again, and I drifted back down stream, farther than I had been before. There seemed to be no controlling the machine, which had no apparent throttle that I could see. It either went flat out, or it didn't go at all.

If I hitched up to a moored boat, in order not to loose way, it would start first time, and charge round like a mad dog on a short lead, only to stop as soon as it was unleashed. If I just let the boat drift, the engine would not go at all, and I would have drifted farther away in the opposite direction to the one I wanted to go.

The rain was beginning to irritate me now; having gone through blazer, shirt and singlet it made a halt at my skin. I drifted away into the night, a frantic blurred figure, swathed in wet, mis-shapen garments, and uttering a string of most colourful nautical language, spat out from between clenched teeth. Quite unexpectedly, the motor started, and kept going. The little dinghy was not really intended for such speeds, but I must admit that the spray coming over the bows and smacking me in the face had a cooling-down effect on my somewhat overheated nerves. I made the trip in fine time, and clambered aboard *Morning Gift* with a feeling that one gets when one has just come home after a long period of absence, or a great ordeal. The feeling had a cleansing quality to my soul, and I did not let the fact that I had forgotten the key to my cabin, and thus could not get inside, spoil it for me. The key, of course, was still on the ring with my ignition key, safely back in the car.

This would prevent me from starting *Morning Gift's* inboard engine, and sailing her back to where I had left Valerie, which was

the whole point of the operation that had taken me an hour and forty-five minutes to achieve.

I rowed my dinghy back quietly, at peace with the world. Back to my wife, who was standing by the water's edge. She seemed to know as she stepped into *Sprite* that I was going to row all the way back, and leave the outboard motor trailing uselessly on the stern. There was no need for comment, for she knew that somehow it was better that way.

Letters to the Editor

CANAL CRUISING.—I wonder if any Silhouette owners are interested in canals? We have each year for the past five years put our boat *Lulu* on the canals for a month. We have been up the Llangollen Canal, which is very beautiful, two or three times. This year we went on in May and cruised from Chester down to the Severn and on to the Avon. The trip took three weeks and was most enjoyable. We missed the buoyancy of the Mersey, where we normally sail, and conditions were a bit cramped, but it was most interesting and we shall certainly do it again some day. If any members are interested and would care to write to us, we should be delighted to give further information.—Kay Shaw, 25 Grange Cross Lane, West Kirby, Wirral, Cheshire.

SMALL ADVERTISEMENTS

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

FOR SALE. Silhouette II, 1440, glassfibre, green/white hull, s/s pulpit, red sails, genoa, storm. Solo inboard engine, electric starting, removable outboard bracket, transducer fitted, electric cabin and navigation lights, Calor gas and cooker fitted, cabin cockpit cushions, trailer, tent, etc. All immaculate condition. £550. Bray, Courtfield, Totnes.

FOR SALE. Silhouette II "wood" *Martini*, sail No. 983. Cutter rig, pulpit, guard rails, Calor gas cooker and lights, electric lights, cockpit cover and tent. Terylene sails, full cruising inventory, Hurley trailer with brakes. £350 o.n.o. George W. Smith, Woodcroft, Park Road, Hale, Cheshire. Altrincham 0732.

FOR SALE. Seagull 40+, Ex. cond. £25 o.n.o. **WANTED.** Mk II Terylene jib and genoa. Stevens, 4 Woodfield Hill, Crook, Co. Durham. Tel. 2497.

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.

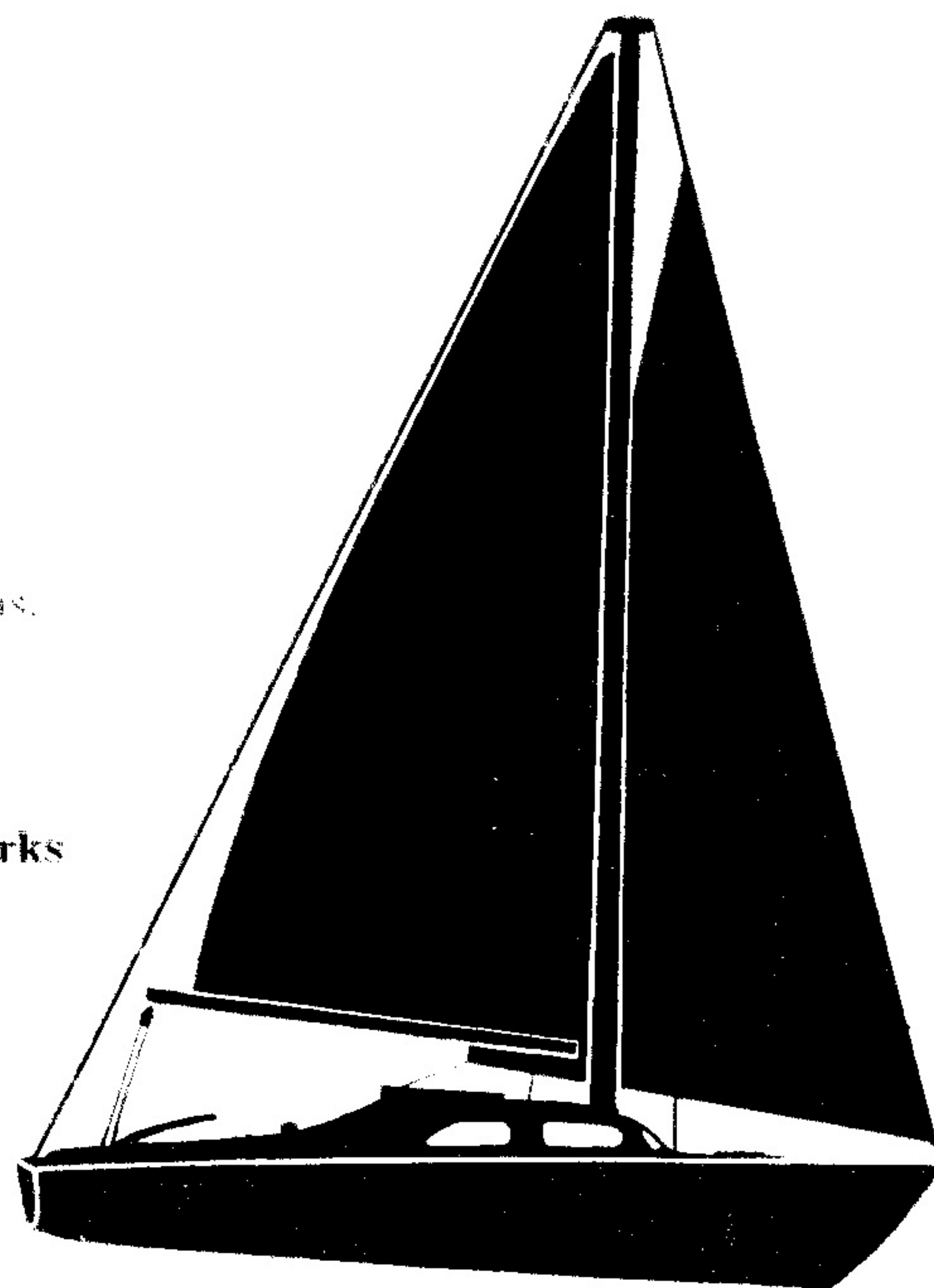
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