

PLYMOUTH WEEK RESULTS

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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Contents

PLYMOUTH, 1968	4
PLYMOUTH WEEK RESULTS	5
SECRETARY'S NOTES	6
LETTERS TO ENGLAND by Ray Smith.. .. .	9
A SWEDISH HOLIDAY by D. F. and D. W. Ringrose	12
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR	14

George Smith

WE record with deep regret that George Smith, Vice-Commodore of the Silhouette Owners International Association and one of the best friends our members have ever known, died on October 11. In his life, and in his attitude to life, George Smith was a fine example of the men who made Britain great, and who keep Britain going. He worked hard at his job and gave the rest of his time to others, taking on any task that wanted doing to try to make the world a better and more cheerful place. His particular delight was in boats, and it was typical of him that he should throw himself into the work of the SOIA to help other people to enjoy boats. Patient, understanding, gentle . . . from the early days of the North-West Group George was at hand with a word of encouragement here, a spot of assistance there, to help the rest of us. At Plymouth he made a friend of all who met him, and contributed greatly to the happiness of the Association's Plymouth Rallies. We shall miss him more than any words can say.

Cyril Guscott, Commodore of the SOIA, writes: This is the saddest note I have had to write for the *Journal*. George and Paddy have been to every Plymouth Rally, and the fact that George made the effort to come this year in spite of being so ill showed how much

he valued the friendships of the Association. We know what a tremendous loss his untimely death is for Paddy and Jack, and I know that all members will join with me in offering them our deepest sympathy.

Reg Garrod writes: All who knew George Smith are sad and stunned at his loss. George has served us well in so many capacities, and had he been spared I am sure that the Committee would have invited him to step into the Commodore's place on Cyril Guscott's retirement from office next year. While always being ready to state his point of view, George always conducted himself in a kindly manner, and his cheery nature made itself felt at all our meetings. He was a pillar of strength, a man on whom to rely, and a person anyone would be proud to call friend. As many members of the Association as could be present attended the funeral on October 15 to join his business and other friends in paying homage to a happy companion, a wonderful friend, and a natural gentleman.

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Log Competitions

THE closing date for this year's Log Competitions is Friday, November 1. Logs should be sent to the Editor of the *Journal* at Wick Cottage, Charney Bassett, Wantage, Berkshire. If you have not already sent in your log, please put it in the post as soon as you can.

Channel Cruise

BRIAN HEANEY reports that there will definitely be a Channel Cruise again next Spring Bank Holiday. Details are still being worked out, and will be reported in the *Journal* later. But make a note in next year's diary to support this cruise.

Plymouth 1968

THE cobbled streets around the North Quay must have been worn down a few more thousandths of an inch by successive waves of Silhouette owners and their craft. By now, the arrival and launching of boats into Sutton Harbour has become a well-ordered routine, and this year, under the able direction of Tony Kennedy, all went smoothly. More and more boats are using the convenient slipway at Queen Anne's Battery, and this eases pressure on the crane quite considerably. By Saturday evening a fair proportion of this year's fleet was mustered, and the Corinthian was crowded with rallyers as well as committee members who were holding their eve-of-the-week meeting with Commodore Cyril Guscott in the Chair. The first event in the sailing programme was Sunday morning at ten—the race to the River Yealm. In fact, ten was the official time, and five eager competitors set off smartly, unaware that the start had been delayed for fifteen minutes. The rest of the fleet set off with a comfortable South-westerly breeze to make things pleasant, and by lunchtime everyone was anchored in the Pool, and either cooking lunch or enjoying a run ashore. Then came a leisurely voyage back to Plymouth in the afternoon.

On Monday the fleet enjoyed a cruise up the Tamar to Cargreen and the Spaniards Inn. On the journey back downriver they had a grandstand view of Navy Day in full swing in Devonport Dockyard, with pitched battles being fought out in the stream. Everyone was back in good time for the first major social event of the week, the Reception and Dance given to the Silhouettes by the Lord Mayor in Plymouth's Guildhall. In fact, it was his deputy, Councillor Jack Luce who played host in the Lord Mayor's absence on holiday, and he really entered into the spirit of the week. The association was honoured and delighted to have his company on two more evenings, the Barbecue and Dinner Dance.

Monday's dance went on until almost midnight, and an innovation this year was a cabaret staged by members of the "Gaytime" Company, appearing at the Hoe Theatre. Tuesday was given over to racing—the first two races in the Points series. First home after two rounds was Dave Bickford's *Moonraker* with *Austin Pybus* second in *Jan*. Twenty eight Silhouettes started, and nineteen in the handicap class, of which Mr. C. H. Smith's *Mystic Mystene* was the winner. In the afternoon *Jan* gained first place with *Julie* sailed by B. Wade keeping a consistent standard with another second. In the Handicap boats, Major Grenfell's *Dipper* began a winning run by being first with Sheila Kennedy in her *Alacrity Paloma* second.

Wednesday is traditionally Cawsand day, and although the morning began rather grey and overcast it didn't seem to deter anyone from making the passage across the Sound to the crowded anchorage off the little beach. The holidaymakers relaxing there must have wondered at this invasion of small boats, but by the end of the after-

noon they too were entering into the spirit of things. The programme is almost as traditional as the occasion, with a few new twists this time including a race in which two runners have to share one pair of trousers! The sink-the-dinghy competition was particularly vigorous, as Herbert Firth found when he surveyed his deflated Avon, victim of a particularly telling paddle. It was all great fun, for competitors and spectators alike, and the fleet sailed back to harbour in the right mood to enjoy the barbecue at the Corinthian in the evening.

The third Points race was held on Thursday morning. Thirty-three Silhouettes started and *Jan* was again the winner with *Moonraker* second. Winner in the Handicap class was Major Grenfell's modified Silhouette *Dipper*. Fortune smiled on the water gala in the club basin in the afternoon—plenty of warm sunshine to encourage people into the water. (Of course there were those who had no choice in the matter). With the return of two Pilgrim Fathers from America (Ernie and Paddy in deep disguise), the formalities of Health, Customs and Immigration became rather less than formal, and the air was thick with flying bodies which fortunately all ended up in the basin. Even an official reception committee from the Corinthian was given short shrift. In the evening, those who wanted a closer look at Dartmoor (and its pubs) set off on a coach tour, which made a pleasant change from the river trips of previous years.

On Friday there was sunshine aplenty, but a serious dearth of wind. Crossing the line became quite an achievement—the outgoing tide was no help, as everyone got carried over before the gun. After two (or was it three?) false starts, the fleet drifted off towards Asia buoy at a rate of no knots. The first leg took the best part of an hour, and at least two Silhouettes had the unnerving experience of being carried into West Hoe harbour by the tide. They managed, somehow, to go about in the entrance, and to inch their way out again. First boat home was B. Wade's *Julie* with the Silhouette Mark I *True Blue*, sailed by Mike Benwell, second. Winner in the handicap class was again *Dipper*.

Fortunately the wind freshened in time for the Plymouth Gin Race in the afternoon. The man with bottles, Ed Looney, steered a wicked course off the clubhouse, up the Cattewater, occasionally disappearing from view altogether behind harbour walls and moored yachts. The final drop, with everyone within striking distance, had a score of boats racing for the line armed with "the message," and the winner was a woman helmsman Sheila Kennedy in her *Alacrity Paloma*.

All that was left was the dinner dance and prize giving, once again at the Duke of Cornwall hotel. It's the social highspot of the week, with tickets generally at a premium, and the ballroom was filled to its capacity of 280 for the dinner which started the proceedings. The Deputy Lord Mayor expressed the feelings of everyone when he said how much he had enjoyed the week. Commodore Cyril Guscott presented Corinthian's Commodore John Dampney with a set of syphons

for the Club bar as a gift from the Association. Then the prizegiving by the Deputy Lady Mayoress, and the dancing which went on till 1 a.m. with the room still crowded when the time came to sing Auld Lang Syne.—S.F.H.

Results

CITY OF PLYMOUTH TROPHY—Championship winner			
1620	JAN	A. H. Pybus	Ullswater Y.C.
THE WILLIAM SPURRELL TROPHY—Runner up			
1767	JULIE	B. Wade	
THE RUSSELL MARINE TROPHY—Third			
727	MOONRAKER	D. B. Bickford	S.W. Group
THE EXE TROPHY—Fourth			
419	SHADOW	E. B. Bonniwell	S.W. Group
THE LUMLEY TROPHY—Fifth			
638	WELL I NEVER	F. W. Bartlett	N.W. Group
6th — 654	WEE THREE	H. W. Maloney	
7th — 1059	PINTAIL	N. F. Povey	
8th — 2	TRUE BLUE	M. D. Benwell	Poole Group
9th — 943	TOPPER	F. R. Thorne	S.W. Group
10th — 1318	CHICO	J. F. Sprunt	S.W. Group
11th — 804	JOY	F. S. Waldron	S.W. Group
12th — 1091	CHIANTI	T. A. Bailey	R.P.C.Y.C.
13th — 488	DOLPHIN	H. Fifth	N.W. Group
14th — 999	ROSETTE	R. A. Garrod	R.P.C.Y.C.
15th — 937	INSIGNIA	D. W. Laver	S.W. Group
— 500	CHITAMBO	M. J. T. Daniel	Bristol Channel Y.C.
17th — 774	PANDORA	R. M. Carpenter	Brandyhole Y.C.
18th — 665	JONINE	P. W. J. Rowberry	Poole Group
— 1180	WESTBANK	P. H. Crampton	S.W. Group
20th — 440	TUI	J. M. McCarthy	
— 1334	MERMAID	W. E. Williams	S.W. Group
22nd — 1015	NANTHE	P. Griffin	S.W. Group
23rd — 1130	TRICKY ISAAC	W. S. A. Lee	
24th — 1129	POUCETTE	C. J. Guscott	Brixham Y.C.
25th — 1174	LA VIE	W. S. Mackay	

Handicap Class

THE HAZELWOOD HOTEL, TORQUAY, TROPHY—Championship Winner			
2nd	DIPPER (Sil. II Modfd.)	Major W. P. Grenfell	S.W. Group
3rd —	MYSTENE (Mystic)	C. H. Smith	
4th —	PALOMA (Alacrity)	Mrs. S. A. Kennedy	S.W. Group
5th —	Tankard 22	L. E. Roberts	S.E. Group
6th —	SEA FEVER (Alacrity)	J. Walsh	N.W. Group
7th —	RHONNA (Debutante)	R. A. G. Britton	Up River Y.C.
8th —	OGGIE (Sil. Mk. III)	F. K. Sweet	S.W. Group
9th —	VELOCE (Hurley 22)	F. J. Dampney	R.P.C.Y.C.

THE DUKE OF CORNWALL TROPHY—Winner of River Yealm Race			
1620	JAN	A. H. Pybus	Ullswater Y.C.

PRIZE FOR FIRST LADY HELMSMAN in River Yealm Race			
	Tankard 22	Mrs. L. E. Roberts	

S.O.I.A. TROPHY—Best Performance by mixed crew			
654	WEE THREE	H. W. Maloney	

BEST PERFORMANCE BY JUNIOR HELMSMAN			
638	WELL I NEVER	F. W. Bartlett	N.W. Group

THE STUART TURNER TROPHY—highest placing by Silhouette with inboard engine			
638	WELL I NEVER	F. W. Bartlett	N.W. Group

THE PLYMOUTH GIN TREASURE HUNT			
1st —	PALOMA (Alacrity)	Mrs. S. A. Kennedy	

CONCOURSE d'ELEGANCE			
1st —	TRUE BLUE	M. D. Benwell	Poole Group

BEST PERFORMANCE by visiting helmsman			
1620	JAN	A. H. Pybus	Ullswater Y.C.

Secretary's Notes

OFFICIAL acknowledgment has now been received from the Royal Plymouth Corinthian Yacht Club, that it will be possible for us to have our Rally at Plymouth next year during August. It is fairly certain that this will be the last week of the month, but we have to wait for the blessing of the Port of Plymouth Sailing Association before it can be announced for sure. However, this will be in good time for holidays to be arranged. Every member of the committee has breathed a sigh of relief at this piece of information, as it was felt that a year, without a Silhouette Week at Plymouth, would be a sorry year indeed.

* * *

The RYA together with CCPR are again holding a London Dinghy Exhibition, at the Crystal Palace, on March 8-9 next year. This time more emphasis will be placed on small cruisers. There will be demonstrations on all sorts of aspects of sailing, including maintenance of craft and repairs to outboard motors. It seems a worthwhile event to include in your calendar if you have a few hours spare during that weekend.

* * *

The summer of 1968 will not go down in history as the best of sailing seasons, especially on the East Coast, but this is no excuse for an enforced night spent high and dry on the mud banks surrounding Bridgemarsh Island a few weekends back. This was entirely due to taking too long tacks in order to try to keep up with a larger boat. We touched bottom on a falling tide, and no amount of effort would budge her until the receding water turned and lapped round the keels again some hours later. Happily, it was a beautiful evening, and with full provisions aboard, we had time for a meal, and a few hours sleep, as well as time to appreciate the calm and tranquil beauty of the Essex tideways. But this did not prevent the skipper from blaming himself for being so careless, or the crew from pointing out that someone had taken the trouble to plant withies in the area, and that sailing inside them was asking for trouble. Against which argument there is no reply, except, perhaps, to muse on the statement, "*Someone had taken the trouble . . .*" Who are the skilful withy planters? Practically every inlet in the coast has its line of these forlorn looking boughs, bending their thin shanks to the prevailing wind, adorned with a few twitches of seaweed, looking so fragile that one expects them to float away any second, yet standing up to every storm. Seldom does one see one out of place: occasionally, perhaps, there is a new edition where rot has taken its toll, but they are never just washed away. Our benefactors must have acquired a special skill over the years, which must have been passed down from generation to generation, as I am quite sure that any effort on my part to erect one of these markers would be gone on the next tide. When is this service carried out? I have seen dredgers at work, sea-walls being built, and repaired, lightships overhauled, buoys repainted and positioned, *but never a*

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.

withy planter at work. We should all acknowledge the debt of gratitude we owe these mysterious gentlemen, and I must let it be known that it was only through ignoring their silent warnings that I spent the night on the mud, instead of at an anchorage, within easy reach of a friendly pub.

* * *

It is quite intentional that no details of Plymouth Week have appeared in these "Notes," feeling that this should be left for the official report by our man on the spot. But perhaps it will be forgiven if I make special mention of Dereck Bickford who managed third overall. Dereck sails *Moonraker*, brother Terry's boat, while Terry is doing a stint overseas, but he has not enjoyed the best of health this year, had quite a long sojourn in hospital, and was far from fit in August. To manage third in spite of this is well up to the standard

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, 1a Head Street, Gold-hungar, Maldon, Essex.</i>
Solent.	<i>Hon. Sec. J. R. Caulder, Sellafield, Orchard Lane, Hermitage, Emsworth</i>
South-West.	<i>Hon. Sec. A. Kennedy, 59 The Knoll, Marsh Mills, Plymouth.</i>
Exe Group	<i>Hon. Sec. L. Pithers, 16 Belvedere Road, Exmouth.</i>
Poole.	<i>Hon. Sec. E. R. W. May, 2 The Circle, Moor-down, Bournemouth, Hants.</i>
Bristol Channel.	<i>Hon. Sec. J. T. Daniel, Badgers, Backwell Common, Backwell, Bristol.</i>
North-West.	<i>Hon. Sec. Brian Heaney, Lower Lee School, Beaconsfield Road, Liverpool 25.</i>
Wyre and Morecambe Bay.	<i>Hon. Sec. Miss J. Wright, 22 Arlington Avenue, Blackpool.</i>
Lake District.	<i>Hon. Sec. T. K. Jones, Foxton House, Lowther Street, Penrith</i>
Coniston.	<i>Hon. Sec. David Thornton, 47 Brackenley Lane, Embsay, Skipton, Yorks.</i>
Midlands	<i>Hon. Sec. E. G. Oldham 206 Hagley Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham.</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>

expected from the Bickfords. Congratulations, Dereck, Terry can't be other than very proud.

* * *

The Annual General Meeting will again be held at The National Liberal Club, Whitehall Place, on the first Saturday of the Boat Show, which is January 4 at 5.30 p.m., followed by our usual get-together party. Items for the agenda of the AGM will be welcomed, together with nominations for the various offices of the Association. —R.A.G.

Letters to England

REINE PEDAGUE, CAMARINAS,
September 11.

I'm afraid we are not making very fast progress. According to our wind chart, we should be having prevailing northerlies, but west and south west seem to be our lot.

We were getting bored with Corunna so in spite of the wind we decided to have a go, but with light head winds, we had to fall back on the outboard. It's taken three hops to get to Camarinas, about 45 miles west of Corunna. Finisterre is our next port of call, once we reach there our course is more or less southerly, which should give us a bit more room to work. From Finisterre we hope to make Oporto in one hop, a distance of about 110 miles, which

means another overnight voyage.

At our last port, a small village called Corme, we got friendly with some Spanish people. One had a glass fibre boat a little smaller than ours; he hopes to convert it to sail later on, so you can understand his interest in our Silhouette. We let them have a look at the layout, and took them for a sail. They took us fishing, and skin diving, and also invited us to lunch.

We shall be visiting Lisbon, and we've asked our family to send our mail c/o the British Embassy there, so if you want to drop us a line, we'll be glad to hear from you. The address is, The British Embassy, Rua S. Domingos (Lapa) 37, Lisbon, Portugal. We hope to be there in about 2-3 weeks, but, you can never tell.

PORTO DE LEIXOES,

September 17.

We left Camarinas on September 13, bound for Finisterre. The wind was light and dead against us, but we were determined to round that NW point of Spain even if it meant outboarding the whole 20 miles (which in fact it did). We stayed overnight in Finisterre, intending to make Oporto, or rather Porto de Leixoes, in one sail. We'd been advised not to go into Oporto, but to put in at Porto de Leixoes and to visit Oporto by bus.

On September 14 the 0640 shipping forecast was Force 7-8 NW, but we found the BBC forecasts for this area not too accurate, so we decided to have a go. As soon as we left the shelter of Cape Finisterre, we were hit by a very nasty squall, a strong wind and heavy rain. During the day we had three such squalls, each lasting about ten minutes. When the first hit us we had full working sails up, and with the tremendous weather helm on a Silhouette it took all the strength I had to hold her head from the wind. Between squalls it was quite calm, and we soon tired of rolling in reefs and then shaking them out again. In the end, when squalls approached we let out the sheets and spilled the wind till they passed.

It looked miserable weather, and neither Alan nor I was keen on spending a night out in it so we put in at Correbedo, about 20 miles from Finisterre.

We spent 24 hours at Correbedo. The weather then looked settled and the forecast was good, so at 1730 on September 15 we set off again. Throughout the night we saw lightning to the south, which made us apprehensive, but the sky above us was clear, and we were never really threatened. The wind veered northerly, and at last we picked up the Portuguese trade winds.

About 3 o'clock in the morning a fish jumped aboard and frightened the life out of me, we quickly repelled the boarder.

At 1615 we entered Porto de Leixoes and were escorted in by a porpoise, who gave us a beautiful display, diving and swimming under our boat. Even now, moored up in the yacht basin he swims in and out. He's about nine foot long. It's a good job he didn't jump in the cockpit in the middle of the night, or I'd have probably jumped overboard.

Almost as soon as we tied up, a Portuguese fellow showed a lot of interest in our Silhouette. We had him aboard, and let him have a look round. He wanted to know who the designer was, and if he could buy plans. I think we satisfied him.

Well, I'm not quite sure when we shall reach Lisbon, probably in about two week's time. It's difficult to make plans and stick to them on a journey like this.

MARTINHO DE PORTO,

October 2.

We were pinned down in Porto de Leixoes by bad weather for a time. Strong southerly winds, no wind at all, pea souper fogs, rain - we've had the lot, all except north winds. We finally left on September 23. The only other two non-Portuguese yachts there took a chance and left. One yacht was American, the other British.

All day there was no wind and thick fog. About 2130 a light breeze sprang up and cleared the mist. We took a chance and at 2200 we left. A few miles out the wind disappeared, and back came the fog. Visibility

was impossible for the rest of the voyage. The outboard was used all the way. Because of fog we kept well away from land, and with the dawn we picked up Aveiro radio beacon and homed on it. It had been a miserable night, and I was very tired and had been nodding off to sleep at the helm for the last two hours. Suddenly I saw huge breakers just in front of us. Visibility was so bad we still couldn't see land. To make matters worse we hadn't a good chart of the harbour. I quickly veered off. The DF said Aveiro was there somewhere, but all we could see was breakers. Shortly afterwards we saw the entrance, but waves were breaking right across it. Any entrance looked impossible. Thinking there might be a calmer channel from the south, and keeping away from the breakers, we moved farther down. We then saw a big fishing boat close in, coming up from south. Farther down we moved inshore, then northwards, towards the entrance. We have never seen an entrance like it, huge breaking waves to port and starboard, and a few right in front too. We just clipped one or two on the verge of breaking, then one broke over the stern, completely submerging the Seagull. It protested, but kept going! If it had stopped we'd have been in trouble, for there was no wind, so we should just have drifted at the mercy of the breakers. Some people who must have seen us coming in ran to the end of the harbour wall to get a better view; it must have looked spectacular! Behind us we saw another fishing boat coming in, a wave broke against its side, pushing it sideways as though it was nothing. Soon we were through, but we began to wonder how we'd get out again. For about 24 hours before we entered there hadn't been a breath of wind. There was only a moderate swell. I'd hate to see it in really rough weather.

At Aveiro there is a large tidal lake. We moved well in from the entrance, intending to take the ground and scrub the hull. In doing this we noticed that we had a broken rudder. The metal strap on the skeg which supports the bottom of the rudder bar, had corroded through, leaving no support for the rudder. The rudder bar had understandably bent.

Before setting off on the voyage we built a completely new rudder assembly, helm, rudder bar, and the rudder itself, including the metal strap on the skeg. That the strap should corrode through in the four months the yacht's been in the water is surprising. Both the rudder bar and the strap are of galvanized mild steel and there were no alien metals in contact with them, unless electrolytic action was set off by our copper antifouling.

We made a new strap out of a strip of brass we had with us. Although it is far from perfect, it should get us to Lisbon. Because of this we are now thinking of leaving the yacht in Lisbon for the winter, and taking the rudder assembly home with us, and making a new one.

Having finished our repairs, which took two days, we moved back by the entrance, intending to watch the entrance for a few days and get it weighed up. After our coming in we were a bit apprehensive about our exit. It was quite funny, a few times at slack water, high and low tide, we outboarded to the entrance to have a look, and people fishing in small open boats inside the harbour, would come speeding up, making frantic gestures, telling us not to go out. When approaching the entrance from a distance, there were no people on the harbour wall, but by the time we were at the entrance a small crowd had gathered. It was a shame to disappoint them. Some Portuguese, who spoke English, told us, "Only large boats come in here, when we saw you coming in that morning we thought you were a little mad."

We decided that the best time to leave was at low tide. With the water lower on the bar outside the entrance, there was a better chance that it would bring down the waves before they reached the channel.

There was a fiesta on the evening we left, so our audience wasn't so big. Even so we received warnings from three fishing boats, but though it was a little lumpy we passed through with no trouble at all.

We never seem to have much luck with winds and we outboarded nearly all the way here. It's a beautiful spot and we'll probably stay a few days. Only 60 miles from Lisbon now!--Ray Smith.

A Swedish Holiday

By D. F. & D. W. Ringrose

IN 1967 we spent a happy summer holiday in a chalet in Western Sweden, on a small island in the Bohusland archipelago. We took our catop rowing/sailing dinghy, and we found the area such a delightful one for sailing that we determined to return in 1968 with our Silhouette *Jonafy*.

In February, therefore, we wrote to the fisherman whose chalet we had rented, and arranged to use his jetty as our mooring; and we booked a provisional passage for ourselves, car, boat, and trailer on the England-Sweden Line car ferry *Svea* from Hull to Gothenberg in mid-August.

We also obtained, and spent many enjoyable hours studying, the charts of the area, and the appropriate "Pilot," although we did not plan to do any very long-distance sailing.

Jonafy is a standard early (1964) GRP Silhouette. We replaced our little used but noisy Seagull Century Plus by an Evinrude 6, with a 2½-gallon petrol tank, the extra weight of which at the stern we planned to balance with jerricans of water in the forepeak. The petrol tank itself could only be stowed in the stern locker with great difficulty, and so was fitted, insulated beneath with plastic foam, in brackets on the stern deck. We would like, this winter, to build a stern well for the petrol tank, but don't know if this is practicable -any comments from the experts?

We intended to live mainly in the chalet rather than aboard this year for the first time, as our children have reached a size where sleeping aboard, for four, is a tight squeeze, but we took our usual cooking and sleeping gear in the hope of spending at least some nights afloat.

At the end of May our plans suffered a setback when David developed acute appendicitis, and it seemed uncertain whether he would be fit enough for a sailing holiday ten weeks later. Fortunately he made a good recovery, but we agreed that this should not be a strenuous holiday.

We were rather concerned about retrieving the boat and trailer from a soft sandy slope (concrete slips are unknown in this part of Sweden) and tried to get a suitable block and tackle to make things simpler, but ran into difficulties, and so went without the extra gear. We regretted this later.

I stocked up with tinned meat, as food is expensive in Western Sweden (apart from fish) and many foods cost nearly twice as much in England. Luckily the family have simple tastes, and are not difficult to cater for.

I was informed by the local Customs office that no Carnet was necessary for the boat and trailer in Scandinavia, but we did not find out until we reached Gothenberg that the trailer must be separately insured, and so had to pay 3 Kr. (about 5/-) per day for its stay in Sweden.

We left home in the early afternoon of August 14, with the dinghy on the car roof, and had a fast run to Hull, which is only forty miles from home, and on a good road. There is an excellent by-pass which leads straight to the Docks, so we arrived early and enjoyed watching some of the bigger vehicles, including an impressive offshore Power Boat being reversed into *Svea's* cargo hold. We were relieved to know that *Jonafy's* height meant that she would fit on the car deck on *Svea* (though not on her sister ship, *Spero*).

We embarked at 5 p.m. just managing to clear the metal railings at the top of the embarkation ramp with the Silhouette's beam. We left *Jonafy* on the car deck and went off to find our cabin and to spend the next 36 hours in a choppy crossing of the North Sea.

At 6 a.m. on August 16 we were in Scandiahallen terminal in Gothenberg on a fresh sunny morning. Disembarkation started promptly at 6.30 and went smoothly, apart from the short delay in Customs over the trailer insurance.

We had some difficulty in finding our way on to the E6 route in Gothenberg, but after a couple of rather hair-raising false starts we crossed the outskirts of the city and set off northwards along the main road which links Oslo with Gothenberg. We ate a picnic breakfast as we journeyed, and reached the tiny hamlet where we planned to launch *Jonafy* about three hours later after a delightful run.

We stopped to buy bread and milk at the stores, which being the only shop for a considerable distance sells almost every imaginable commodity. Then *Jonafy* was launched on the sandy beach beside the fishermen's sheds and the fishing boat jetty, and we motored quietly away to raise the mast and sails at our own little island.

This part of Western Sweden is a splendid area for sailing and after mid-August is very quiet indeed. There is a sense of peace and contentment and freedom here which we find very refreshing after crowded England. Hundreds of islands form the archipelago and provide numerous channels to explore, though some are too shallow for anything but a dinghy, or the local boats, pine-planked craft of about 17 ft. known as "ekas." The Swedes claim that one can have a different island completely to oneself every day, and this is certainly true at this time of year. The outer islands are usually fairly bare smooth granite rock, but those nearer the mainland, including the one where we have the chalet, have green grassy tracks among the woods and rocky outcrops. Larch, spruce and silver birch are the main trees, and bilberries and cranberries grow in profusion in the woods.

When the weather is settled (and luckily it was) the prevailing wind in the locality often seemed to be easterly in the early part of the day, veering to westerly a few hours after mid-day and dropping to almost complete calm by early evening, but the wind direction is altered by the funnelling effect of the rocky walls in the narrow channels. There is little tidal effect, though we found we could not always disregard the tide, especially when the wind dropped in the evenings. (To be concluded).

Letters to the Editor

PLYMOUTH WEEK.—Cecil and I are unable to put into adequate words our thanks, appreciation and congratulations to the Committee for the most wonderful holiday we spent at Plymouth. Everything was superb, and wonderfully organised. After missing out for two years, it was lovely to meet up with old friends again. I don't think we have ever come across such a wonderful spirit among a crowd of people living almost on top of each other. They are a grand lot. Please tell the Committee how much we are looking forward to joining you next year, and will you also please extend our thanks to the SW Group particularly to Ernie—for all the hard work they must have put in for our enjoyment. —Nora and Cecil Smith, White House, 26 Hardingstone Lane, Northampton.

PLYMOUTH WEEK.—I must take this opportunity to congratulate you and all your fellow officers on a most successful week. Perhaps I enjoyed more variety than most with an impromptu swim, an explosion, and, on the last morning a fire on board. It was all good clean fun, and no serious permanent damage. Last year we nearly sank when the pipe came adrift from the galley sink skin fitting, broke our spreaders in the recovery operation, and finally had to rescue a crewman overboard at the start of the gin race! One day we will come through Plymouth unscathed. Thanks again.—Syd Flashman, 31 Spur Road, Thames Ditton, Surrey.

ENGINES. As a singlehander I find the long-shaft outboard motors awkward to handle and stow, and am considering installing an inboard engine. Can you or your readers offer any suggestions as to the engine and installation, or refer me to any published information? I found a two-bladed prop. worked well in a larger boat, and being held vertical when sailing, reduced drag. I would appreciate hearing the results of experience on this matter.—R. A. Broome, 15 Harbour View Court, Ashley Road, Poole, Dorset.

FIRE.—Having my sister staying with us on holiday we were delighted to have a spell of glorious weather so that we were able to take her sailing in our Silhouette, which we had purchased since she last stayed with us. Now we are normally very cautious, especially as regards fire risks, and it is our practice when sailing never to have gas burning or matches struck when the inboard motor is running, or the petrol supply is uncovered. So much for usual practice, but when one departs from routine things happen quickly.

The wind was dropping pretty rapidly, so the best policy seemed to be to put into Brixham for lunch. Once inside the breakwater we had to motor, and then found we could not make the harbour as it was just about dried out on the spring tide, so we picked up a mooring, and while Skipper was tying up and stowing away the sails, Matey here turned off the petrol and water, and then made the ghastly mistake of turning on the Calor at the container, so that our guest should not be disturbed when we eventually decided to make a drink. Lunch of prepared cold salad, followed by fresh fruit was greatly enjoyed by all, and on making inquiries I was told that a cup of coffee would be just the job. My sister had passed a remark about a peculiar smell hanging around, which Skipper said was probably caused by generations of rotten fish coming to light in the spring tide. Unfortunately, I have no sense of smell on most days, and this was one of those days. I obediently descended to the cabin to make coffee, struck a match, turned on the tap to the jet we usually use, and was most surprised to get an immediate flame, as the match usually almost burns out before the gas ignites. Soon the pretty good flame became quite uncontrollable, and I quickly turned off the tap, only to have the whole cooker burst into flames, scorching my face and hair. I fell back on the bunk, and to my dismay found great jets of flame issuing from every join and finger hole in the cabin floor. I was completely surrounded by leaping flames about 3 feet high, and the hatch was just a sea of fire. My legs were burning horribly, and I knew I had to make a dive through all the flame in

the hatchway to get out as I was afraid of an explosion. I remember seeing my husband's horrified face through the flames, and then his hands appeared in the cabin. I must have grabbed them for I remember nothing except that my legs were burning, until I hit the deck with a thud.

The fire began to die, and Skip quickly turned off the Calor from the container, jumped down below, and dealt with the small fire which had started among the provisions, mattresses, and mainsail (we always wondered what was inside the extinguisher). I was burnt on both legs and arms, also the tip of my nose. I shall never, never under any circumstances turn on the Calor one moment before we are ready to use it, which has always been our practice, and I shall always check the taps first. We feel sure this accident happened due to the frying pan, which was stowed in front of the cooker, rolling in the swell and turning on a tap which we rarely use. We fully realise how extremely lucky we have been and we shall make sure that any similar incident does not occur aboard *Tora* in future. —(Mrs.) Muriel Northway, 53 Carlton Road, Torquay.

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. Avon dinghy with outboard bracket. **FOR SALE.** Marine ply pram dinghy with oars and rowlocks made by Burnham Boats Ltd. First class condition, little used. £25. Dr. Colledge, Axbridge 279.

FOR SALE. Silhouette II coach roof, hatches and forward bulkhead. All new, unvarnished. Offers. Rice, Gordon's Close, Taunton. Tel. 5424.

FOR SALE. Silhouette II No. 1457, wood, 2-berth, Swedish 1½ h.p. inboard with forward, reverse gears. Complete with 6ft. dinghy, anchor, chain, cooker, 10 gpm bilge pump, cockpit tent, etc., on road trailer, ready to launch. Boat unused 2 years, fitted out ready for next season. £400. Apply and view at Sharnbrook Garage, Sharnbrook, Bedford. Sharnbrook 305.

FOR SALE. Silhouette II, 1786, 2-berth, good condition. Seagull with clutch, trailer. Moored Hartlepool. £425. Holmes, 8 Barnard Avenue, Stockton-on-Tees. Tel. 66511.

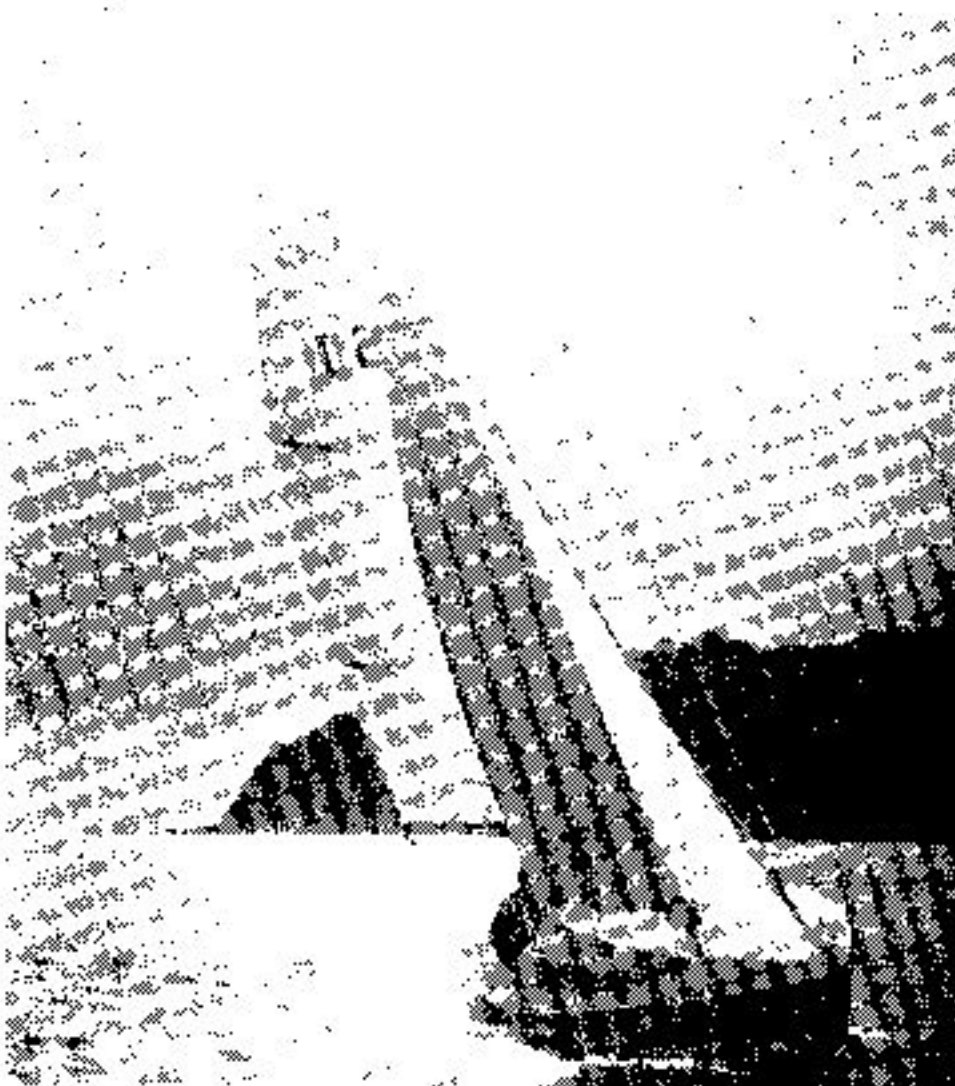
FOR SALE. Silhouette III, new this season. 3-berth with galley layout, 2-burner cooker, pulpit, genoa, spinnaker and gear. Berth cushions, cockpit and tent covers, etc. Cost over £890. Owner must sell and will consider any offers. Browne, 10 Holland Way, Broadstone, Dorset. Tel. Poole 4290 (business hours).

FOR SALE. Silhouette boom tent, very good condition, £6. Farrar, 26 Ash Way, Aller, Newton Abbot, Devon.

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 Hon. Sec., 4 Crawley Road, Bush Hill Park, Enfield, Middx, or Mrs. E. Morgan, Swatchways, 19 Philbrick Crescent East, Rayleigh, Essex. Back numbers of the Journal (on loan) from Eddie Coxell, 40 Louis Drive East, Rayleigh, Essex.

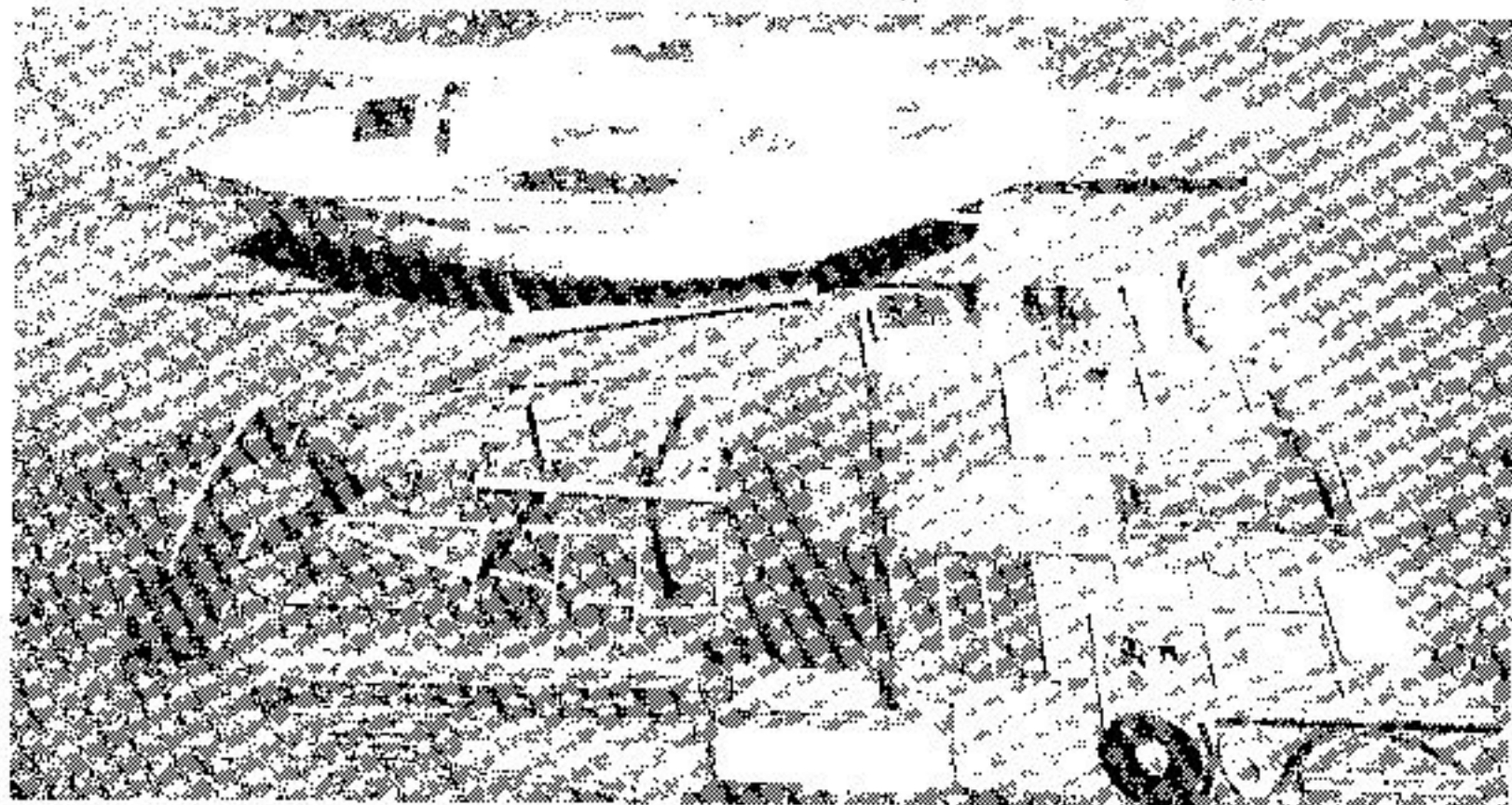
INSURANCE. Edward Lumley (Yacht Insurance) Limited, Lumley House, 43/51 St. Mary Axe, London, E.C.3, offer special facilities to members of the SOIA for all forms of marine insurance. Details from Hon. Treasurer.

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