

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

SECRETARY'S NOTES	3
THE LOG OF <i>POUCETTE</i> By Cyril Guscott	5
TEES BAY SUMMER CRUISE By Dick Swarbrick	9
A SWEDISH HOLIDAY (concluded) By D. F. and D. W. Ringrose ..	18
SIX DEGREES WEST By D. M. Willbourne	20

Ships & Chickens

MOST of us are so fogged by endless economic crises that it is hard to know whether we are now in a period of waiting for our ships to come home, or of being smothered by chickens coming home to roost. The proverbs may not matter much: the facts of the situation do. And these are ugly enough. The recent change in postal rates has added heavily to the costs of distributing this *Journal*, and the Government's latest additions to the cost of everything are going to make next year a struggle for most of us. The wind, thank God, is still free, and the possessor of a boat, even if he has to keep on getting out his needles and palm to patch his sails, can embark for freedom by the simple act of casting off his mooring. Even if freedom is but an afternoon, the refreshment of spirit that comes with letting sails draw and listening to the ripple of water from the hull as the boat gathers way is simply priceless, subject to no inflation, demanding nothing but the skill and care in seamanship that are part of the refreshment. Let us count our blessings. We may have to make do with last year's clothes, and whisky may soon be only a memory. But while a boat can float she confers on skipper and crew an enchantment that makes the whole world new again. In those dark hours when you cannot sleep for doing mental arithmetic about ends that never meet, one sometimes wonders whether money spent on a boat can possibly be justified. In a real sense, the return on investment in a boat is probably richer than from anything else in the world.

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From the Commodore

ONCE again, it seems with alarming speed, Christmas is upon us. Jean and I would like to take the opportunity to wish you all a very happy Christmas and a wonderful 1969. On all sides one hears about the shocking weather of the 1968 season but, in spite of this, we seem to have been afloat even more than ever.

I hope as many as possible have made a note of the date of the AGM and Party in January and that we shall meet there; it's a very warming experience to meet such a host of friends, and to think that we are all there because of our little ships. Every year one makes new friends through the Association, so why not let one of your Christmas toasts be 'The Association - long may it flourish.' Cyril Guscott.

Secretary's notes

MR. NORTHWAY'S letter in last month's *Journal* should act as a warning to all, and a reminder that precautions against fire should be uppermost in the minds of all who sail small boats, be they wood or glass. It would be greatly appreciated if some member who has had the necessary experience could do an article on fire extinguishers. *Rosette* has an ordinary pump type extinguisher, which I believe is manufactured by the Pyrene Company, such is sold for fitting in the cab of a lorry or similar vehicle, as well as one of the numerous aerosol types which are displayed on the counter of most yacht chandlers. Every year during laying-up I remove this tin can container and press the knob to see the results; never yet have I seen enough powder emerge to cover the proverbial sixpence, let alone put out more than an half spent match. So I am convinced that my yearly investment on these things is quite wasted. I am also convinced that there are many of us who would like to *know* and from someone who has knowledge rather than from someone who has something to sell.

* * *

The National Committee met again during November to finalise all the arrangements for the Annual General Meeting, which will be held

as usual on the first Saturday of the Boat Show at Earl's Court; that is January 4. The meeting will take place at the National Liberal Club, Whitehall Place, SW1 starting at 5.30 p.m., giving people good time to inspect all the new craft and gadgets at the Show, and to catch the Underground to Charing Cross Station—just a stone's throw from the Club—to get to the meeting.

* * *

Every office with the exception of the Flag Officers is automatically vacated at this Annual General Meeting, and it is up to one and all to make sure that suitable persons are nominated in good time for election or re-election to these posts. Your secretary would be happy to receive any number of names, from Groups or individuals, well in advance, and please remember that healthy competition will ensure the continued success of our Association, which is among the best of its kind in the world.

* * *

Our get-together party will follow the meeting, when snacks will be available for all. This party will, of course, be quite free to all members, their ladies, and children of school age, but for sheer economic reasons, we have to make a charge for adult guests.

* * *

The Smith Brothers are thrilling us all with the account of their adventures in sailing *Reine Pedauque* round to the Mediterranean. They intended to leave their boat at Gibraltar to return to England for the winter and to continue their cruise in the Spring, but this plan has now been changed. They are carrying straight on, so we won't have the pleasure of their company at The National Liberal Club this time. Terry Bickford, our member exiled to the "Rock," has been warned of their coming, and they in turn have been provided with his address, so we all hope that by now they have met and are benefitting from the help, experience, and hospitality we are sure that Terry will extend. Surely there must be few organisations in the world which can bring two adventurous young men from the Midlands, and a school teacher from the West country together at Gibraltar with so firm a common bond as a Silhouette?

* * *

The Duke of Cornwall Hotel at Plymouth presented the Association with a handsome trophy for annual competition last year, which has since been one of the awards at the Plymouth Rally. The winner of this cup, took the trouble to write to the hotel to thank them for their gift, which he had had the good fortune to win. The Managing Director replied, "How refreshing it is to receive a letter of this nature in these days when so much is taken for granted." Needless to say, the South West Group had already expressed their appreciation for the gift, but it is small courtesies of this kind that make life so much more worthwhile. Thank you, Mr. Pybus, for your consideration.

* * *

Like many other members I have been surprised, especially as an

official reporter was present, to see not one word about our Plymouth Week in any of the yachting periodicals. One gets the impression when reading any of these publications, that the editor is hard pressed for material to fill the pages, and he usually falls back on articles as to how to lay the boat up for the winter, or paint it in the spring, according to the season, articles which have been repeated in slightly different disguise since the birth of such specialised journalism. Perhaps the official answer would be that the Olympics took up too much space. But people who read yachting journals are still interested in events at home.

* * *

May I take this opportunity to wish you all on behalf of the officers of the Association a very happy Christmas—and save the greetings for the New Year until we meet at The National Liberal Club on January 4. R.A.G.

The Log of Poucette

By Cyril Guscott

THIS is the story of what, I suppose, is a typical Silhouette cruise. We experienced the full range: not enough wind, too much wind; clear visibility, fog; coastal passages, creek crawling; wise decisions, stupidity.

August 2, Friday. Crew, Cyril and Jean Guscott. A gentle run just around the corner from Brixham to Dartmouth. We dropped anchor where we often do, just off Bayard's Castle a little below Dartmouth. We buoyed the anchor as we always do where the bottom is an unknown quantity. A passing man in a boat said, "You'll lie there. The boat on that mooring is away anyway." In the middle of the night it came back. Jean told me later that they were very upset at finding us there, at least she thought they were upset from the language they used. They were all for coming aboard and having it out with us, much to Jean's alarm, but were dissuaded by the name, Poucette. These French! Jean was practising a few phrases to reinforce this idea should it become necessary. I didn't wake up until, in the calm of the early morning, at about half past two we gently bumped. Some work with the chain producing no very real results, we had a consultation and decided to start the next leg right away, especially as the tide was just right. We are always full of good intentions to "get up and catch the tide" but they don't always come off. We picked our way out of Dartmouth at about a quarter to four, found a pleasant breeze which allowed us to lay Start Point winking away in the distance, got on to the west-going tide and we were away.

A cup of coffee was produced and Jean volunteered to sail while I had a nap. I could never resist an offer like that and, apart from an occasional look out to see the dawn come up, the next thing I knew was that we were around Start Point and going great guns. We

exchanged roles and the morning wore on. As the sun grew stronger the breeze died away and past Bolt Tail we had slowed down to sun-bathing speed. From Bolt Tail to the Mew Stone off the Yealm always seems to take hours, and today we lazed along enjoying the sun. It became clear that we were not going to reach Cawsand until after closing time, and so it proved. We went ashore to the Boatel and were hospitably welcomed by Mrs. Caley. Dick had gone off sailing around the Eddystone, she said, to see how his new boat would do against the others, who were racing. In the evening we went ashore again to sample the hospitality offered by these friends of the Association.

August 4, Sunday. Forecast 06.40: N to NE 3 or 4. Rain at times. Moderate to good.

The west-going tide starts at 06.30. We start at 08.30. Still we got a good bit of it. By 09.45 we were off Rame Head and setting up 280 deg. on the compass. No sign of Gribbin Head. We kept going for a little while, then the small amount of wind there had died and the motor was started. The coast abeam was visible, enough anyway to pick out prominent features. I do like to know where I am to get fixes whenever possible, and it's marvellous when you can use such names as Downderry, Portwrinkle, Polperro and Looe Island. The wind now sprang up a little from the south (so much for the north easterlies!) and the motor was stopped. Gribbin Head with its red and white banded daymark appeared ahead, and we found ourselves at about 1330 by the Udder Rock buoy. Another hour put us off the entrance to Fowey where we dropped anchor just above Polruan opposite Fowey.

August 5, Monday. Forecast 06.40: NE 3 increasing to 4 later increasing to 5. Some showers, perhaps with thunder. Moderate, some fog patches.

This we received with mixed feelings. However, off again, this time bound for Helford. By 08.40 we were by the Cannis Rock buoy, motoring, with the faintest of breezes from the NE, course 224 deg. The wind refused to come up to strength forecast for it, and we motored on, plotting our fixes through the mist. By 10.00 Dodman Point was visible ahead, and we were sliding through a hot haze. A couple of rounds of coffee having been drunk, it occurred to us what a splendid opportunity it was to have a jolly good scrub down: sunshine, calm sea, nobody for miles. Nothing was in sight as far as the eye could reach. As is the way with these things, in the middle of this operation, fishing boats approached us from all points of the compass, and even a speed boat tore up. We tried to take evasive action but it was determined to come as close to us as possible. Having passed the Dodman, we altered course to 254 deg. and, since the slight movement of air - it would be an overstatement to call it a breeze - was now from the east, we continued to bang away with the motor. By 11.30 we were level with Gull Rock and very soon afterwards St. Anthony Head came into view. This is the corner around which Falmouth lies, and a change of course to 248 deg. was made to bring the entrance to Helford River on the bow. Slight breezes sprang up and we tried to sail, but

eventually we had to motor into the river. Going into Helford River is for us one of those magical things. Its mouth isn't cluttered up with concrete promenades and amusement arcades. It's like making a discovery of a brand new river. Today, however, it looked like Piccadilly Circus. There were craft of all sorts everywhere, and Jean got quite fed up with my carrying on about how quiet and peaceful it ought to be. By 14.00 we were at anchor in Helford Creek, high water being at about 15.30, and rowing ashore. We discovered that it was Helford Regatta Day. Also that the shops had been cleaned out, and we could get no bread or anything else much, and what's more, nobody seemed to mind! We asked if there were any shops at Port Navas across the river. They didn't know, they said, but there might be. They hadn't heard of one. There might be one at Helford Passage (also across the river, so obviously somebody had been over), they thought. We went away and motored up Port Navas Creek to where the petrol pumps stand beside the water. The young man there, having satisfied our needs for petrol, told us there was a shop a little way up the road. We left *Poucelte* tied up to his quay and walked up to find it. The shop was obviously new, and the lady inside also fairly new to the job and charming. Port Navas hadn't had a shop for twenty five years, she told us, and she had been open for ten weeks. We were able to get all the things we wanted, except a rubber which I had forgotten to bring to clean off the chart. When we got back to the boat we told the young man how nice it was to have such a warm welcome. He told us the lady was his mother. This must have paid off because he said we could tie up astern of his launch out in the river to save all the bother of anchoring. We spent Tuesday and Wednesday in Helford River, but it would need a long time to exhaust the possibilities of such a place. We went right up to Gweek, that is as far as it is possible to go. I bought a picture postcard to send to a friend, but the man at the post office was quite curt when I asked if I might borrow a pen to write on it. There is obviously some local law against it, and he made it sound almost immoral. I forgot to ask him for a rubber. We explored Frenchman's Creek on the way back down the river, picking our way through the maze of stakes marking the limits of the oyster beds. We went ashore again at Helford and wandered around the lovely little village which the twentieth century has nearly passed by.

August 8, Thursday. Forecast 06.40: NE 3 or 4, increasing to 5 or 6. Mainly fair. Moderate with fog patches.

To go to St. Mawes or not? We went out of the river to have a look. It was one of those days with crystal clear air and it looked as if we could reach out and touch St. Anthony Head with the boat hook. It was blowing quite well and right on the nose, but we decided to go on. Very soon it became clear that we were going to take a lot longer than we thought. The sea got up and the wind increased a little, so we thought that, since we had got so far, we would motor-sail. What we should have done was to put back into Helford and wait for things to quieten down. But there was our goal, so near. We never learn! During

the performance of bouncing about and getting very wet and cold a bad tempered wave curled around the stern of *Ponette*, tilted motor still going like an egg whisk, pushed the Campari dinghy which we were stupidly towing under it, and allowed the motor to come down and straight through it. Disentangling a semi-inflated dinghy from an outboard motor, getting the water out of it, getting it aboard and deflating the rest in such conditions, needs no description. A sort of madness settled on us and we pressed grimly on. Eventually we came into calmer water and less wind and, as we came into St. Mawes anyone about might have been forgiven for wondering what all the fuss was about. It was quiet, calm, dry, sunny, and warm. It had taken us four hours to do the six or seven miles. The man at the waterfront garage was kindness itself and said he would do what he could to patch up the dinghy but that he wasn't very hopeful. He patched it with large pieces of inner tube but, even after I had put it under pressure all night by sleeping on it, the first time we tried to blow it up the patches lifted. Lying close at hand was another Silhouette and we naturally made contact. It turned out to be Greg Booth, who lives only a few miles from us, but whom we had not met before. He very kindly ferried us ashore and back in his dinghy, and later departed on his way to Helford. Russell Lee in his Vivacity was also in St. Mawes and he told us that the wind on his ventimeter had been Force 6 when we came across! One of the nice things about the Association is that one meets friends everywhere. Friday was regatta day in St. Mawes and we lazed about watching.

August 10, Saturday: Forecast 06.40: NE 3. Scattered thundery showers. Moderate, but fog patches in the south.

The east-going tide started at about 04.00 and we got away soon after 07.30, bound for Plymouth. After rounding St. Anthony Head we set course for the Dodman, once again invisible in the distance. The forecast north-easterly again failed to appear and we had a gentle blow from the south east. After passing the Dodman, we set a new course for Rame Head and for a while we plodded along out of sight of everything. Then over the port quarter we suddenly caught sight of Gribbin Head and realised that we had been set in a couple of miles from our planned course. For a while the visibility improved and we were able to get the fixes we wanted. Rame Head loomed up, but one loses the sense of scale somehow and, although it seemed as if we were almost there, it took hours to get up to it. Just off Penlee Point we came upon a man in a Mirror dinghy rowing towards Plymouth. Whenever we come into Plymouth we always seem to find somebody who wants a tow, so we fastened him on behind to the great detriment of our speed. He said he was going up the Tamar: we didn't dare ask him how far, and we cast him off by Drake's Island. We motored on into Phoenix Wharf and arranged a mooring off Queen Anne's Battery which we picked up almost exactly ten hours after leaving St. Mawes. We had a taste of everything and a very happy cruise, covering about

180 miles. We motored a good deal more than we would have wished, but we visited and revisited some delightful spots - which is what cruising is about, after all.

Tees Bay Summer Cruise, 1968

By Dick Swarbrick

FOR some years, members of the Tees Bay Group have made enjoyable but short cruises to ports to the north and south of Hartlepool, their headquarters. Last year, after a successful Summer cruise to Whitby, the idea crystallised of having a full week's cruising away from the home port. There was much enthusiasm for the scheme, and Summer Bank Holiday was chosen as being generally acceptable. The broad plan was to go south to Whitby, Scarborough, and Bridlington, and to have a picnic at Runswick Bay, if conditions were suitable.

On Friday evening, August 30, the crews of several boats assembled in the Tees Sailing Club's headquarters at Hartlepool to enable them to discuss the prospects, and to sleep aboard, so that an early start could be made the following morning; this would give the best of the flood tide southwards. The shipping forecast at 06.40 hours gave Tyne 5-7 south west, Humber ditto 3-4. This would be a land breeze, and would give a lee from the high land on the Yorkshire coast. As we should be sailing from the Tyne to the Humber region, we considered this forecast reasonably satisfactory.

The following boats left Hartlepool at 08.05 hours: *Hill Billy* (Felicity) Bernard and Mavis Martin plus two children; *Curvy* (SH) Chris and Shirley Lowery and young Arthur; *Blue Goose* (SH) Dick Swarbrick and Sam Lucas; *Lady Joan* (SH) Len Chaplin and son Geoffrey and Eric Reed; *Beccafico* (SH) Arthur Kirkman and son Bruce; *Dandy Boy* (SH) Maurice Archer sailing solo. Before leaving, this information was 'phoned to the Coastguard.

Because of the wind strength and the Tyne forecast, *Blue Goose* had 1½ rolls in the main, with the idea of seeing how the trip developed. The fleet sailed out to the Longscar Buoy, and then set course for Whitby, 130 deg., distance 23 miles. After the first hour, the Tees Fairway had been safely crossed, and at 09.34, the wind falling light, the reef was shaken out. By 10.25 Saltscar buoy was abeam, and, with a freshening wind, *Blue Goose* was sailing well. Having passed Redcliff, also known as Boulby Cliff, which is impressive with its red face rising some 670 ft., we soon had the picturesque village of Staithes open of Cowbar Nab. Staithes is one of the delightful villages which nestle in great clefts in the cliffs of the North Yorkshire coast, and is visible only from the sea in certain directions. It is much loved by artists, with its red roofed cottages higgledy piggledy on the cliff side, and its stream which flows into the little harbour enclosed by two piers. It is a place to be visited by sea only in very settled weather, and with, if possible, some local knowledge.

Hereabouts, the wind increased considerably, and the sea became quite choppy. Four rolls were put in the main at 12.20, and we were again sailing comfortably, and apparently just as fast as with the full main. An hour later, the wind had eased somewhat, and two rolls were shaken out. By this time, we had Runswick Bay village on our beam. This is another quaint village which sprawls steeply down a precipitous cliff to a beautiful sandy bay, much loved by holiday makers. The Runswick Bay Yacht Club have their headquarters at the south end of the bay, and make visitors welcome. In southerly, round to north westerly winds it is possible to anchor safely in the bay, and sometimes to land easily on the beach from dinghies.

Kettle Ness was duly passed, and we had the conspicuous and magnificent ruins of Whitby Abbey in sight and the little neat village of Sandsend abeam. The wind had now fallen light, and again we were using the full mainsail. We approached the entrance to Whitby Harbour at 14.20 when there was a violent squall, so we turned into the wind to avoid it, and took the opportunity to pop the engine into the cockpit well, and to lower the main. We then motored into the harbour at 14.45 where the six boats tied up alongside a fishing boat moored at the quay. We then had a nice compact fleet of boats lying three and three.

Blue Goose's elapsed time for the trip, measured at 24.6 miles, was 6½ hours, giving an overall speed of 3.8 knots. It may be of interest to note the speeds and the effects of wind and tide, as estimated roughly from log times and transits.

Time between transits		Distance (miles)	Speed (knots)
Hrs.	Mins.		
0	50	3.3	3.95
0	30	2.3	4.6
1	00	3.2	3.2 a)
0	45	3.6	4.8 b)
1	00	3.4	3.4
0	35	2.4	4.1
1	00	3.7	3.7 c)
0	55	1.6	1.75

a) wind falling light here.

b) wind freshened, and tide helpful.

c) wind falling, and beneficial tide about done.

Having paid our respects (and harbour dues) to the Harbour Master, and "made our number" to the coastguard, we settled down to enjoy Whitby, where there is much of interest, both around the harbour and in the town. The Whitby Yacht Club members proved good hosts, and their hospitality was much appreciated. In the evening, they held an auction of things nautical-boat gear, charts, and old photographs of nautical interest: some of our members had the fun of bidding for (and sometimes managing) to get bargains which were offered.

On Sunday, September 1, *Beccafico* returned to Hartlepool. She had the misfortune to break her mast while preparing to leave Hartlepool on the Friday evening, and had borrowed a mast and boom, both of which turned out to be a bit too long. Her sail to Whitby had been a simple reach on the starboard tack, but, with the Sunday's south-easterly wind, the trip back promised to be a dead run and could be tricky, with the possibility of having to change tacks from time to time. So, by using the main without a boom (the latter would have fouled the twin backstays) Arthur had a good and safe sail back to Hartlepool, although he tells me he had an anxious moment or two while sailing past Saltsear Rocks off Redcar.

The remainder of the fleet had intended to have a picnic at Runswick Bay, but it was judged that landing would be difficult as the sea seemed to be getting up; so this proposal was abandoned. However, while we were having a "jar" in the Whitby Yacht Club at lunchtime, we were invited to join them in a fishing competition. They were offering a tankard for the biggest fish caught that afternoon within a prescribed time and area. Four of us set out to fish from *Lady Joan* (Skipper Len Chaplin), and Maurice and Dick had good bags of codling. They were pipped at the post for the prize by Mrs. Robinson, wife of a W.Y.C. committee member. During this competition, the wind came away freshly from the south-east, and it was very choppy. Still, we all managed to keep our lunches in the right places!

Before we went fishing, Maurice had taken his ship up the river to Whitewell Shipyard as he had to return to work on the Monday, so this left a fleet of four.

During the early hours of Monday mornig, there was much excitement! Up harbour from us, a trawler got adrift from the bows, and swung down towards our boats, which were now lying two by two. There was much dashing about in natty pyjamas, and (dare I mention it?) very fetching nighties, but we managed to keep the trawlers clear, and she got a tow to a berth further down the quay. We hadn't been settled down long, when another trawler below us swung out to sea, and we again turned out. The trawler did in fact touch *Lady Joan's* outboard which was still in position on her transom. Fortunately, no great damage was done, other than a broken nylon retaining clip.

We then decided that we had had enough of trawlers for one trip, and fortunately we were able to move further up the harbour alongside a private motor boat, which was unlikely to be moved in the near future. This turned out to be much more comfortable.

On Sunday evening at 23.45, the weather man said southerly winds squally, moderate to fresh for eastern coasts. Again, at 06.40 on Monday morning, the shipping forecast said for the Tyne south to south-east 4-6, and Humber 5-6, with thunder showers—could be Force 7 at first. *Blue Goose's* barometer also showed a fall of 0.15 inches during the night, so it seemed that with strong headwinds predicted, we should have a long and uncomfortable beat to Scarborough.

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 \$8). Bankers: Westminster Bank Limited, Hornchurch, Essex.

We therefore decided to stay in Whitby (where the sun was shining anyway). We heard later that much of the Scarborough Yacht Club's regatta had been cancelled, so our decision was right.

The children enjoyed a visit to the fun fair (as did some of the adults) ships were tidied up, and what with fishing for fiddlers in the harbour, sleeping and feeding, the day passed pleasantly enough.

Monday's evening coastal forecast said south to south-east winds fresh to strong, moderating later, and this suggested a possible start on the morrow. The shipping forecast at 06.40 on Tuesday morning predicted south-east winds for the Tyne, Force 4-5, decreasing to Force 3, and for the Humber, south winds falling to Force 3. All this pointed to a beat to Scarborough, but as we should get the help of the tide if we set out at the proper time, and with the promise of falling winds, we decided to leave at 10.30, and to have a long day's sail in what we hoped would be reasonable conditions. *Blue Goose* borrowed Eric as crew, Len still having his son with him as far as Scarborough.

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-hanger, 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. F. 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>

With sails hoisted, we all started down the harbour at 10.40 and, being lazy *Blue Goose* accepted a tow from *Lady Joan*. We were cast off rather early and in consequence found ourselves becalmed between the piers at the harbour entrance, so we stampeded to rig the engine for a short time and so got clear to sea. In the excitement, we forgot to remove a fender, and were later rather mischievously reminded of this, with a suggestion that the incident had been filmed for posterity. (We are still waiting to see if this is a cruel leg-pull).

We found the wind southerly as predicted, and the best we could do initially was a slow sail seawards on 60 deg. M, while the proposed course was 140 deg. M, changing to 170 deg. M, off Robin Hood's Bay village.

After a while, the engine was started, and we motored for 40 minutes on 130 deg. M. The wind then improved, and we finally started sailing again. We found we were able to do short legs at 90 deg. M, and long ones at 200 deg. M. Whitby High Light was abeam at 12.20 hours, and we were sailing towards North Cheek at the North side of Robin Hood's Bay, a conspicuous radio mast to the south being roughly in line with it. By 12.55, the village at Robin

Hood's Bay was abeam, and we did one of our 90 deg. M legs. This is another delightful and quaint village which hides in a cleft in the high cliffs. It has been made famous as "Bramblewick" in Leo Walmsley's books, and in an old film, "The turn of the tide." Because of the southerly wind there was a bit of a popple, on the sea, and we were told later, that (in the words of her skipper) *Lady Joan* had been *Swanning about in the breakers* in the Bay, but had managed to get out without any trouble. About this time, the sun came out in all its glory which cheered us up; all the boats were in sight, as was Scarborough Castle through a haze to the south. We kept tacking towards Scarborough Rock, but by this time the best of the tide was gone, so it was 17.20 when we made a board out of North Bay, with the bathing pool dead astern.

Here we saw a most curious seabird swimming ahead of us. It had a black head and wings and, believe it or not, a startling emerald green ruff! We could hardly believe our eyes. When we reported this to our fellow cruisers, they were unkind enough to suggest that we were suffering from the hallucinations common to lone sailors or that we were drunk, or trying to pull their legs. As we sailed nearer, it looked as though it was a bow of ribbon! However, we ultimately decided that the most likely explanation was that the unfortunate bird had popped its head through a coloured cellophane bag. That's our theory anyway.

We couldn't see *Lady Joan* or *Hill Billy*, so we put about on the motor and returned on a 300 deg. M course until we sighted them sailing happily and enjoying themselves. Nevertheless, we suggested that as the tide was falling, and the remaining hours of daylight were few, it would be a good idea to motor-sail the remaining distance. By this time *Curry* had disappeared behind Scarborough Rock and was no doubt safely docked. We all arrived at about 19.30 and had just sufficient water to get through the Eastern entrance. By being conned in by a very efficient harbour master, we avoided the awkward sand-bank which spreads like a mushroom just inside the entrance. We had in fact been warned of this by Steve Lushington, the Hon. Sec. of Scarborough Group of the SOIA.

We all had had a very enjoyable sail, in spite of the long beat it had entailed. *Blue Goose's* elapsed time was 9 hrs. 20 mins. The direct course is 17 miles, but it is estimated that we had sailed about 25, from *Blue Goose's* logged courses, plotted afterwards on the chart.

Len's son was met by his wife and family at Scarborough, and he departed, to leave Len and Eric to sail *Lady Joan* for the rest of the week, while Dick would be single-handed for the whole of the return trip. Here again we enjoyed the hospitality and the splendid facilities of the Scarborough Yacht Club. It was unfortunate that we had to delay our departure from Whitby, as we had arranged to meet Steve Lushington and, perhaps some of the Scarborough Group on the previous day. We have tried several times to meet, but the weather has always been against us.

Having lost a day at Whitby, we decided against pressing on to

Bridlington, so we spent two enjoyable days in Scarborough, with plenty of sunshine after dull starts to the days. The shops were inspected, Peasholme Park visited, and on the Wednesday evening we had a very enjoyable dinner party in the Scarborough Yacht Club.

The peace of Thursday was rudely disturbed by the foghorn starting up at 02.50. This was immediately above our heads on the lighthouse, and our boats really rocked because of the crews being startled out of their bunks. Just imagine the next five or six hours; Reed's Almanac, that Yachtsman's bible says "Diaphone 1 blast every minute." Indeed this blasting went on until well into the morning but there was comic relief when, at 09.00 one of the party tuned in the Hague on the radio, and got, loud and clear, Deanna Durbin singing the whole of no less a ballad than "Home sweet home." Just imagine us on the mud -it was low tide--and the foghorn playing its obligato to this very telling song. Talking of mud, it was about this time that young Arthur (he's only five) spotted a sea urchin in the mud, and in his attempting to observe it closer, there were soon two urchins in the mud! He was quickly rescued by mother and no harm was done. More important, Chris recovered a spectacle case plus spectacles lost overboard by a previous occupant of our berth! These were duly handed over to the harbour master, who no doubt has restored them to a rejoicing owner.

On Thursday evening, during our last few minutes in the Scarborough Yacht Club, Eric and Dick had a 1/- each syndicate on the "one-armed-bandit" and, on the second pull, won the jackpot, a nice finalé to our stay in Scarborough.

The weather reports during Thursday were carefully noted, and we were pleased to hear on the 23.45 coastal forecast that from Berwick-on-Tweed to Dover, the winds would be southerly, light to moderate, later, fresh to strong. *Blue Goose's* alarm was set for 05.00 on Friday morning, so that an early start was ensured, (a) to get out of the harbour before we grounded, and (b) to get the full benefit of the tide ebbing up the coast. It was dark and cheerless at 05.00 and there was a deep depression among the crews and reluctance to turn out. There is no doubt that the atmosphere in the small cabin of a *Silhouette* at this time of day is dismal when the prospect of turning out is ahead. But, after tea all round, some activity was achieved, and preparations for sailing commenced. The 06.40 weather forecast said Tyne 4-5 southerly falling to 2 and variable; Humber south 2-4 increasing 5 later. This was considered jolly good, and it cheered us up no end. By the time breakfast was over, and sail was made, everyone was in good spirits, at 07.35, having reported our intentions to the Coastguard (which we did at every leg of the trip) we motored out of Scarborough, towards Whitby. In view of the fleet getting scattered when coming to Scarborough, it was agreed before we left, that if anyone was getting too far behind, he would motor, to catch up again.

Lady Joan had a little engine trouble so *Blue Goose* gave her a line and plucked her clear of the entrance, and she was soon away.

Hill Billy soon forged ahead, as usual, and seemed to be having a good sail. *Blue Goose's* engine was cut at 07.55 and she was on a broad reach, port tack, towards Whitby. At this time the sun appeared, and we sailed on happily and well, ticking off the various prominent headlands and cliffs passed on our course. At 09.15 an ominous black cloud appeared over the land. On this part of the coast particularly, these often herald a violent squall, so being single-handed in *Blue Goose*, a turn was taken in her main in good time. Half an hour later, without anything developing, the reef was shaken out off Ravenscar, the wind veering westerly and falling light. Off Hawsker *Blue Goose* was sailed inshore, and the working jib replaced by the jenny. This is on a Whykeham-Martin furling gear, and is set flying from the old inboard fixture of the forestay, while the working sail, set on a stemhead forestay, was put in stops. A pleasant board was then made seawards, sailing well with the changed rig, and soon Whitby East pier was open of Saltwick Nab, a rocky prominence south of Whitby. By 11.05 the wind had gone completely, so the outboard was fitted and 12.00 saw the four of us safely moored at the seaward end of the harbour, alongside a fine old prawnier. This had recently lost its mast, and the two young men on her were busy splicing it, and fitting new rigging. This grand ship looked very attractive with tarred topsides, long bowsprit and tanned sails, she must have been pretty old.

This leg of the cruise had been very pleasant indeed, and it was good to have sunshine and a nice reaching breeze for it. *Blue Goose's* time for the 17 miles was 4 hrs. 25 mins. giving an average speed of 3.9 knots. The trip would have been very much faster, if the wind had not fallen light off Whitby.

Soon we were able to go alongside the motor cruiser where we had lain earlier in the week, and had been very snug. Having arrived so soon we took the opportunity to clean ship, have a good cooking session and to take another look around this very delightful spot. We had a little excitement when young Christopher slipped down a few rungs of the ladder on the quayside, and landed in the water. He was quickly pulled out by a young man, who modestly and quietly slipped away into the crowds. Chris, was a bit shocked at first, but later gave the impression that it had been a bit of a lark after all.

In the evening we had an hour with our friends in the W.Y.C. who were very pressing that we return in the future. The final item on Friday night was to get the coastal forecast at 23.45 hours. This said light and variable winds on all coasts from Berwick-on-Tweed to the Humber: this would at least let us get home. The shipping forecast on the Saturday morning said Tyne variable 1-3 becoming south-east 3-4. This was fine but then came the depressing comment that there would be early morning fog: this indeed we already had, and quite thick too. *Blue Goose's* barometer read 30.55 min. and was steady.

Checking on the tide we found that 08.30 hrs., was the best time to leave to get the best of the ebb up the coast. At this time the tide was ebbing fast out of the harbour, but there was still the question of

the fog. True to prediction it was certainly there, and showed no sign of lifting. After discussion, it was decided to move out of harbour and to anchor inshore towards Sandsend and wait for a clearance. If this did not come in a reasonable time we could always return to harbour, when the tide served. The fleet therefore set sail, and motored out at 08.50 hrs. If we had waited much longer we should have been on the putty until the next tide. Because of the fog, *Blue Goose* hoisted a radar reflector on her foresail halliard, and this was a comfort to the rest of the fleet. Outside the harbour we turned west and looked for a suitable place to anchor. One of the boats let go 15 fathoms of chain and didn't have much luck in finding a hold. Meanwhile *Hill Billy* got her echo sounder to work, while we steered a south-westerly course. Soon she found 3 fathoms and, with a lead line, *Curvy* confirmed 3 fathoms exactly! We then anchored in a cluster and waited for the fog to lift. It was very lying in our own little circle of light with a wall of luminous fog around us. We felt reasonably safe from big ships, but kept a smart lookout, and cocked our ears for the possible approach of smaller fishing boats that might be about. Happily, we had no visitors. Still, we kept banging our extempore fogbells from time to time. In the meanwhile, Eric, never missing an opportunity, had got his fishing rod to work, but this time without success. By 10.50, the fog appeared to be lifting: we could dimly see fishing cables to seaward at about 800 yards, and also the bathing huts on the beach. Len had taken a bearing on the foghorn at Whitby High Light, at 120 deg. M. When plotted on the 3 fathom line, this put us about 800 yards from the shore, and indeed, when the fog lifted further, we could see the groins on the beach, just where they should be with such a plot. We decide to leave at 11.00 hrs., and motoring out (the wind was very light), we made an offing and then set a course of 320 deg. M. for Hartlepool. The coastline was just visible through the fog, and it seemed that the tide was setting us inshore. *Blue Goose* therefore motored on 340 deg. M. for a few minutes, and then settled down to 310 deg. M.

Motor/sailing on, we passed through a dense patch of fog, and then dimly discerned Kettle Ness abeam through a thinning fog. It was then noticed that there was a trickle of oil from one of the cylinder holding-down bolts on the outboard. A little work with a spanner, in between tiller adjustments, soon corrected this, and by this time the sun was shining and it was getting warm. A strip-tease act soon started on the various boats: oilskins, jerseys and finally shirts were discarded, while on *Curvy*, Shirley appeared on the foredeck in a bikini, making a very attractive figurehead!

Staithes coastguard station was abeam at 12.35, when it was discovered that *Hill Billy's* engine was not getting sufficient water through. The sea being smooth, *Lady Joan* and *Hill Billy* were tied together bow and stern, and they motor/sailed quite a long way very happily and sociably, until the fault was remedied. *Blue Goose's* engine was now given a rest, the radar reflector taken down, and the jenny hoisted. Motor sailing, she set off to catch up with the rest of the fleet. Off

Skinningrove Iron Works, there was more south-easterly wind, so the engine was cut, and, goose winged (no pun intended), she sailed on. By this time, the good tide had gone and sailing was slow, but never unpleasant. Note was taken of Saltburn Church and St. Germain's Marske abeam, and, as the Tees fairway was approached, the engine was started again so that a quick crossing of the deepwater channel could be made. Once across, the engine was cut and unshipped, and sailing on a broad reach, we were pleased to be met by Ken Marks in his new T24, looking very smart and sailing well. Ken's *Atalanta* as usually been "mother ship" to us smaller cruisers on trips such as the present one, and we had missed him. The Longscar Buoy was abeam at 17.45 and by 18.10 we were all safely back on our moorings in Middleton Harbour, Hartlepool, the trip having taken 7 hrs. 10 mins. from where we had anchored, giving an overall speed of about 2.4 knots.

Thus ended a very pleasant week's cruise, much enjoyed by all who took part, and thoughts are already turning to next year, when we might venture father afield. In the meanwhile, there was indeed luxury in that long soak in a hot bath when we got home!

A Swedish Holiday

By D. F. & D. W. Ringrose (concluded)

WE decided to confine ourselves to day sailing, so our voyages did not carry us far afield, but with so many islands close at hand we rarely covered the same track twice.

On one splendid day with a brisk N.E. wind in the early morning, we made for the Koster islands some six miles away. With a soldier's wind we sailed through the sound and across the bight between the bigger islands out into the open sea of the Kosterfjord. Visibility was perfect, and we easily identified the many beacons and lights which dominate the maze of rocks and islands, and found our way into Kilesund pier on the island of South Koster. We tied up bow on but laid out the small CQR at the stern to keep *Jonafy* well out of the way of the little blue and white steamers which call here on their way to the fishing port of Stromstad. The Koster islands are more verdant than most of the inshore islands and have a milder climate, which is attributed to the Gulf Stream. They also have some rare botanical and geological features. About 2 p.m. we decided to leave, so as to use the wind before it fell away altogether, for the sea seemed mirror-calm as we looked down into the Kosterfjord from the rocks above Kilesand. We had to motor a short way out from the anchorage before getting under sail again, but the wind had veered to NNW and freshened in the open sea, so we were able to run briskly goose-winged, to the Flatskar beacon where we changed course and sailed on a broad reach into the bight and among the inner islands again. We dropped anchor at a favourite little beach and were soon swimming and sunbathing while the children rowed and sailed the dinghy in the last of the day's

wind. The dinghy is very popular, especially with Christopher who often preferred to "abandon ship" and row home if our progress was too slow.

During the holiday we spent most of our days in similar visits to the islands; usually we had some brisk sailing in the mornings, then swam, picnicked and explored, ghosting home in the calm evenings. With several extra gallons of water in the forepeak *Jonafy* handled very well and was not affected by the heavier engine.

Two trips were made to Stromstad, the only town of any size in the area, a fishing port and departure point of an impressive car ferry to Norway. Stromstad is a holiday resort, but by mid-August there is not very much evidence of tourism, apart from the numerous small vessels making excursions to nearby islands. There are several restaurants, but the best, beautifully situated between the two main harbours, had astronomical prices, and most of the smaller ones served one main course only, which is the Swedish custom, and prices here were high. We found an excellent self-service restaurant attached to a restaurant overlooking the fishing boat harbour, where there was a good choice of both Swedish and English food, and enjoyed some good meals there, sitting outside in hot sunshine and watching the constant traffic of large and small craft among the islands. Outside Stromstad itself there were virtually no eating places except in the towns: two were shown on a map of the locality but seemed to be small tea-rooms, and pubs, of course are unknown because Swedish liquor laws are very strict.

On the trips to Stromstad we used the Evinrude for most of the way, as the inshore route leads through narrow and very shallow channels in several places, but is so beautiful that we preferred to use it.

Wherever we went, the Silhouette aroused great interest. We were approached one morning by a gentleman who chattered at length in Swedish of which we could only understand one word—"Hurley"! What a tribute to the firm! We found it difficult to explain the idea of bilge keels, as our Swedish is limited, and mainly concerned with food.

There was quite a bit of local interest when the day came to retrieve *Jonafy*, as this was a manoeuvre seldom seen in these waters. We were a little apprehensive about the procedure ourselves, and although we unshipped all the heavy gear, including the mast, our fears were justified, as first the jockey wheel and then the port side trailer wheel, gradually bedded into the soft sand, while we struggled to pull the boat and trailer up the uneven slope. After two broken ropes we found that the jockey wheel was fouling the brake lever, which accounted for some of the difficulty, but by the time the brake was freed the trailer wheel was up to the hubcap in sand. At this point as we were beginning to think seriously about the crane on Stromstad Harbour, a local boat owner appeared as by magic with a steel hawser, and when this was not sufficient, hitched his car to ours, and the two together moved slowly forwards. *Jonafy* and trailer rose from the Skagerrak as his car plunged into the nearby hedge, and our audience were as delighted as we were. We thanked our helper warmly, and he

replied that having spent some happy times in England, he was only too pleased to be able to help. However we have decided to try to arrange to use the crane at Stromstad if we return again next year.

The journey home was interrupted by car-brakes-failure when we were almost in sight of the Docks in Gothenberg, but here again help was immediately forthcoming from a friendly passing motorist, and we were able to limp to the terminal and to take *Jonafy* safely on board *Svea* again.

We watched sadly as Gothenberg receded in the evening light, but as we watched the lovely and fascinating coast with its vast numbers of winking lights, we felt determined that this should not be our last visit to Western Sweden.

Six Degrees West

By D. M. Willbourn

THE longitude of what is probably the finest cruising ground in the British Isles is 6 deg. W. It was this area that was chosen for the first cruise of *Daydream* (Silhouette No. 2061) launched in April last year. The trailing of the boat from Anglesey to Crinan on the West Coast of Scotland, a distance of 435 miles, although laborious, was accomplished without incident, and really is no part of the cruise, but the sunrise over Loch Lomond at 04.00 deserves mention. The journey ended, *Daydream* was handed over to the local boatyard for launching, after which she was taken to the moorings in the basin of Crinan village while a visit was made to Loch Gilphead and Tarbert to acquire a sufficiency of provisions. Having spent half the previous day and most of the night travelling, it was comfortable to potter around, and make ready for the start of our cruise on the following day. Crinan, at the end of the Crinan canal, is well known to yachtsmen from the Clyde, and many fine yachts may be seen in the Canal basin, or passing through the sea lock. There is a small store where a limited variety of goods are available. The view from the end of the Canal looking Westward is indescribably beautiful, looking through Dorus Mor to the Gulf of Corryvreckan, scene of the famous, or should I say infamous whirlpool, with Jura and Scarba as a backcloth, and numerous small islets and rocks in the middle distance. I had visited this area a few times on land and had formed an ambition to sail round the shores. The building of *Daydream* made this dream come true.

Sunday, June 9. The weather was fine and warm, with a slight breeze from the SW as at 11.15 we dropped our mooring and set off across the mouth of Loch Craignish to Dorus Mor. We had waited to catch the beginning of the flood, which would help us on our way. Dorus Mor is not to be treated lightly, as the tide can be difficult. At first our course was 315 deg. M for one mile, to miss the overfalls off En nan Coinean, then changed to 330 deg. M to the entrance to Dorus Mor. We hugged Craignish Point on the N. Shore of the Strait,

and could see the tide rip and whirlpools forming in the middle. However by following the directions contained in the *Sailing Instructions* of the Clyde Cruising Club, all difficulties were overcome, and we cleared Craignish Point and altered our course to 015 deg. M for 2 miles, to enter Loch Shuna, passing between the mainland and Reisa Mhic Phaidean. The breeze was light, and we sailed "goose-winged." After midday the wind dropped altogether, and we had lunch knowing that the tide would help us on our way. After lunch we altered course to 020 deg. M to pass between the Island of Shuna and the mainland up Loch Shuna. We started up the little Stuart Turner, but the breeze freshened, and we were able to continue in unhurried peace. After sailing 5 miles, under a clear sky of intense blue, so intense that it hurt the eyes, we altered back to 015 deg. M for 1 mile off Eilean Arsa and then to 060 deg. M, to enter Loch Melfort which we intended to explore before anchoring for the night. The wind freshened, and we enjoyed some excellent sailing before dropping anchor in N. Asknish Bay in 3 fathoms at 16.00 hours. On entering Loch Melfort, Shuna house on the isle of that name, and Arduaine House, on the mainland, are conspicuous, the former at this time of the year presenting a blaze of colour from the beds of rhododendrons which clothe the hills of these Western Isles. We had travelled from anchorage to anchorage a measured distance of 12 sea miles and had used the engine for 2 miles. After our evening meal, the weather clouded over and a slight drizzle fell, but this cleared by 22.00 hours and the night was calm and fine. While at anchor a shoal of jelly fish passed. At any time we could see an estimated 200 all moving in the same direction, as though directed by a master mind; they were swimming by us for nearly 2 hours.

Monday, June 10. Up anchored at 11.00 hours, after a hearty breakfast. Life at sea gives one a healthy appetite, course 285 deg. M for 2½ miles and altered to 020 deg. to enter Seil Sound. We sailed for 1½ miles to clear Torsa Island, and then started up the engine to navigate Cuan Sound. There is a tide race through here, and several rocks both hidden and visible, and there is little room to manoeuvre, bearing 325 deg. for 1 mile. We altered to 310 deg. to clear Easdale Pt. Then to 000 deg. for 1¼ miles, and clearing Insh Island, we entered the Firth of Lorne. We steered 020 deg. for 4 miles, and then 010 deg. for 4 miles to avoid the overfalls off Loch Don, and when Lady's Rock was abeam we altered to 315 deg. to clear Duart point, and entered the Sound of Mull. We crossed Duart Bay and anchored in Craignure Bay. We had progressed another 18 measured miles. The weather was clouding at first, but soon cleared, and bright sunshine was the rule. The breezes were light, and it was a "boom out" day. I wished that I had a genoa. Duart Castle, which is conspicuous at the entrance to the Sound of Mull, is the ancestral home of the Chief of Clan Maclean. There was a heavy swell in the anchorage, but this died about 21.00 hours. Craignure is a calling place for the Oban steamers. The evening was calm and we found that we could read outside at 23.30 hours.

everywhere being bathed in a golden glow. I do not think it got dark that night.

Tuesday, June 11. Left Craignure at 10.15 in bright sunshine and with light breezes. After clearing Grey Island set course 300 deg. M up the Sound of Mull, leaving Green Island to port. With Salen Bay abeam changed course to 325 deg. to clear Calve Island, and give entrance to Tobermory Harbour, our most northerly anchorage, where we arrived at 14.30, measured distance 16 miles. A quick uneventful day, but making good headway in light breezes. Bright sunshine throughout the day. We arrived early to take on further supplies of food and water. Tobermory is a delightful place, with its own decided character. A calling place for the Oban steamers, it is busier than most places, but the residents are not too busy to welcome a stranger, and within 5 minutes we were offered moorings and the use of a dinghy. Many stopped and admired *Daydream*, the usual introduction being "We saw you coming round the point," and the whole atmosphere was extremely friendly. The evening was calm and overcast, but the 22.00 hour weather forecast for the following day was favourable.

Wednesday, June 12. Paid a further visit to the shops and left at 11.45 hours. The sea was rather choppy. Headed out into the Sound of Mull and set course 285 deg. M for Ardmore Pt., our northern limit. Rounding the Point we altered course to 270 deg. for Caliach Pt., the Western extremity of Mull. The sea was still choppy, and the sun overcast, and we had to tack many times. This is an area which requires considerable care, and in heavy weather could be dangerous with overfalls. I was quite relieved when it was rounded, and we changed course to 210 deg. to clear Tresnish Point. Glengorm Castle is conspicuous on this coast. After rounding Tresnish we sailed due South for the northern tip of the isle of Gometra, where we anchored in Ardur Said Mhor, small, almost landlocked pool, at 19.00 hours. Here was peace and calm. There are no houses, and the place was deserted. Over our evening meal we switched on the radio and found some music which suited our mood. Suddenly we were startled by a peculiar noise from outside, but there was no sign of anything. It was repeated and this time we were quick enough to spot the originator, a grey seal, who seemed to resent us occupying its private bathing pool, or did it like the music. It hung around for quite a time before making out to sea. The total measured distance was 22 miles.

Thursday, June 13. We left Ardur at 10.30 hours. It was hazy, but brightened later. Set course 200 deg. for the island of Staffa. It was too hazy to see this, and we were soon out of sight of land and for the first time had to rely on a compass course. We passed outside the island of Moisegear, and first sighted Little Colonsay, although Staffa was nearer but obscured by a thick bank of sea mist. We finally penetrated this and arrived off the East coast. There was too great a swell to be able to land, and I understand that a fall of rock in last winter's gales has destroyed the landing place. We sailed right round the island, approaching as close as possible to Fingal's Cave and the Giant's

Causeway, the two marvels of nature that make the island famous. There is an outlying reef which extends $\frac{1}{2}$ mile south. We set course 210 deg. for Iona, about 8 miles away, and again had to rely on the compass, but the presence of one of the Highland steamers confirmed that we were on course. The steamer passed us about 2 miles SW of Staffa and we soon arrived at the tip of Iona. We entered the Sound of Iona and arrived at the Bay of Martyrs at 15.30 hours. The steamer, having landed many visitors, was now waiting for their return, and the first were being ferried out. We anchored until the slipway was cleared, and then landed for a look round this historic island. The distance sailed this day was 15 miles. We replenished our stores and water.

Friday, June 14. Left Bay of Martyrs at 10.30 hours, and set course 195 deg. to the entrance to a passage between En Dubh and En nam Muc. We took this course to avoid the Torran Rocks, a foul area about $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles by 2 miles. We had to rely on the engine, as there was insufficient breeze. There was a considerable amount of haze all day. We followed the coast of the Ross of Mull closely, picking our

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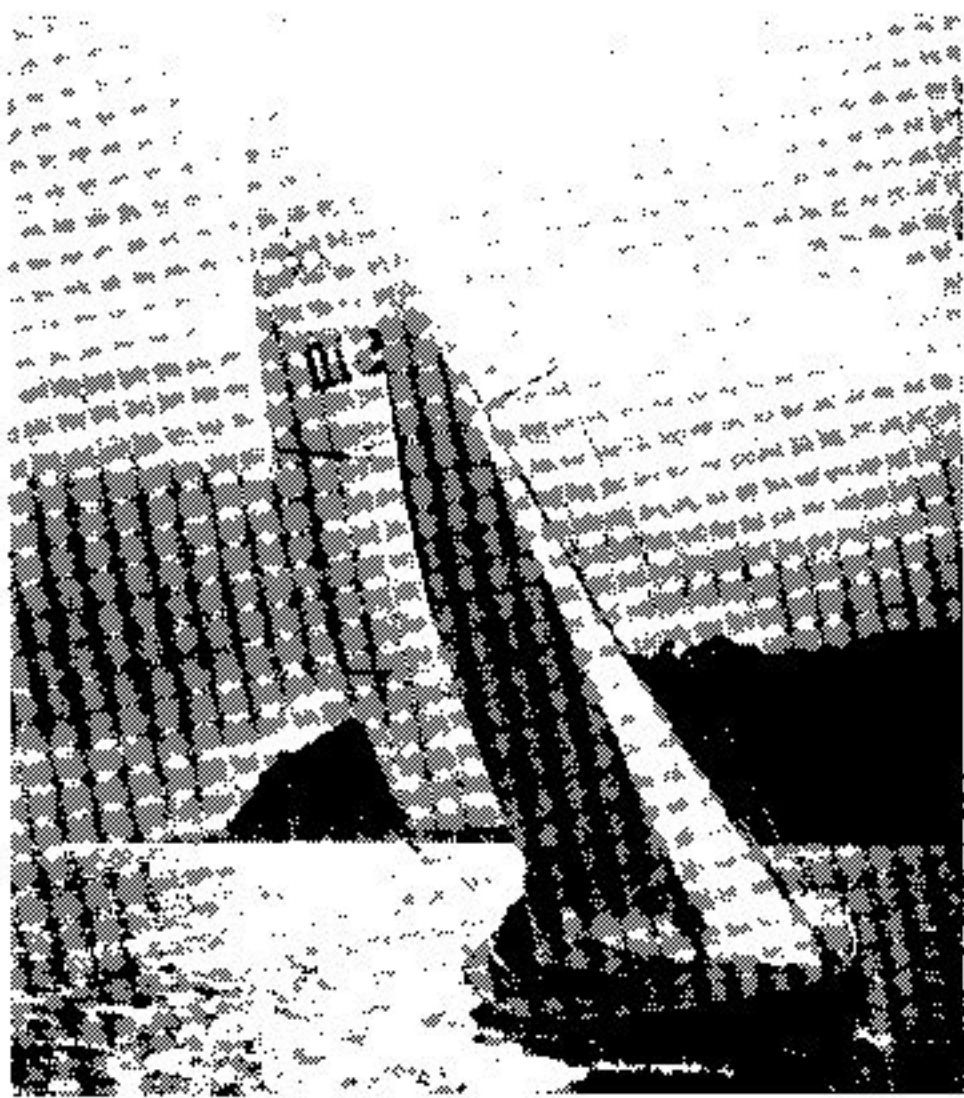
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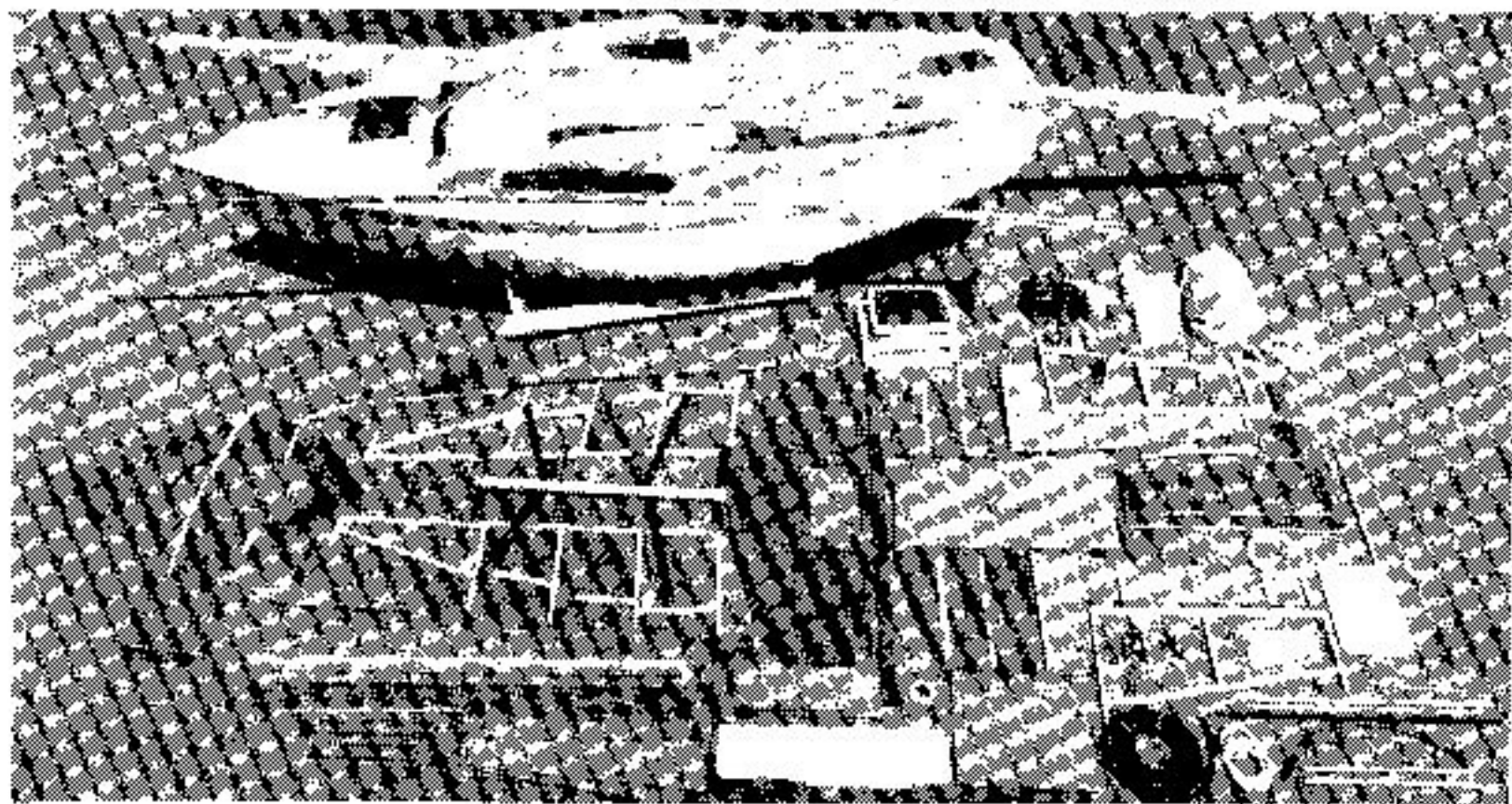
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