

The Silhouette Owner

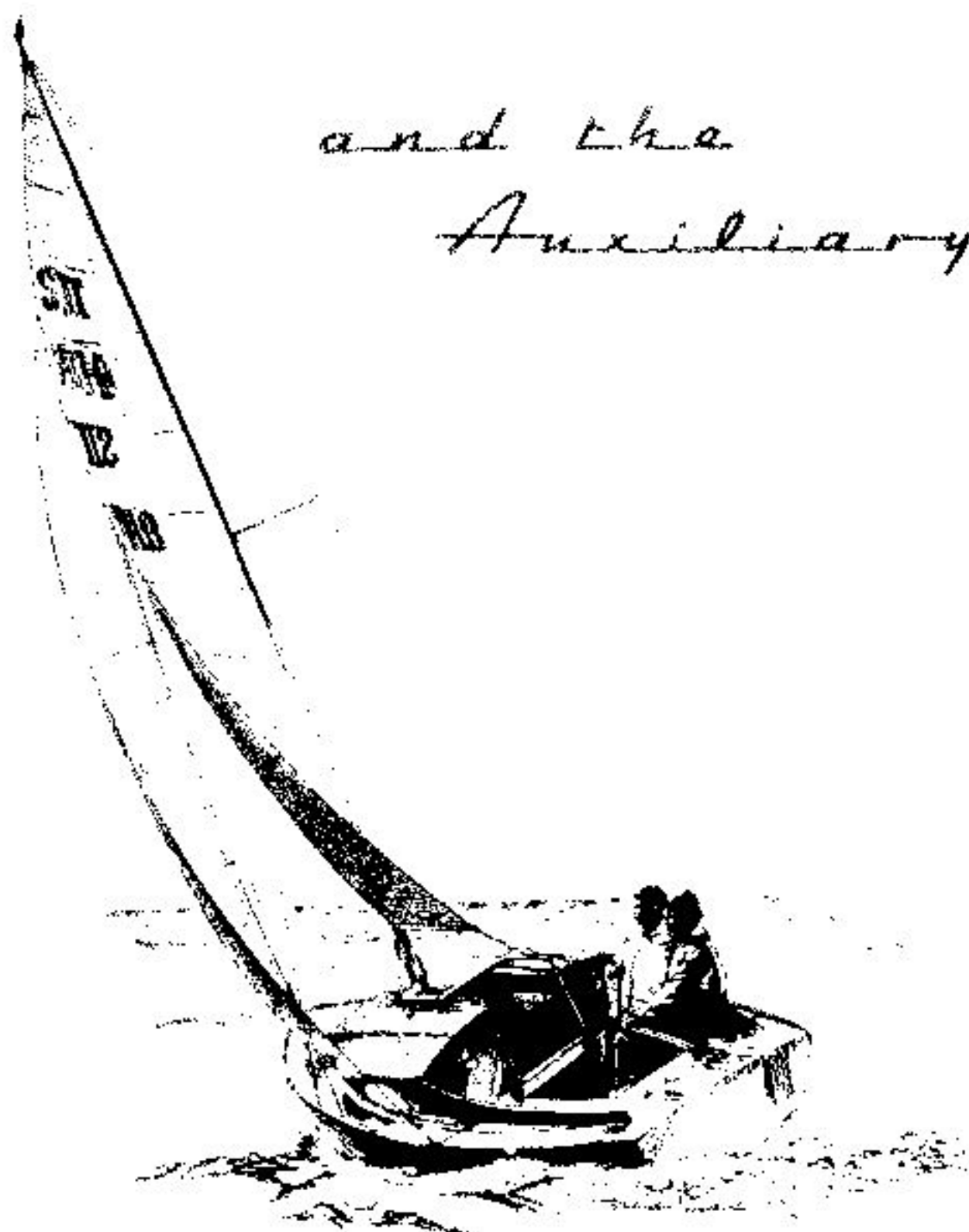
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Silhouette Owners' International Association*

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Auxiliary...*



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

Hon. Editor: J. R. L. ANDERSON.

Wick Cottage, Charney Bassett, near Wantage, Berkshire.

Telephone: West Hanney 282.

Advertising rates on application to the Hon. Advertising Manager, HILLEN ANDERSON, Wick Cottage, Charney Bassett, near Wantage, Berkshire. Telephone: West Hanney 282.

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Log Competitions

By The Editor

THIS has been an exceptionally good year for cruising logs, perhaps the more national crises we have, the more people want to get away to sea . . . I don't know. But 1968 will go down in SOIA history as a year of really remarkable voyages. To judge the competitions has been a matter of extreme difficulty. What do we look for? Apart from conditions of entry there are no hard and fast rules, but a winning log must show at least these three qualities:

1. Good seamanship in planning and carrying out a voyage.
2. Consideration at all times for ship and crew.
3. Enterprise and a sense of enjoyment.

Virtually all our logs this year have shown all these qualities. Two cruises off the West Coast of Scotland stand out—D. M. Willbourne's cruise in *Daydream* (published as "Six Degrees West") and Mike Seymour's voyage in *Defiance* (to be published in the New Year). In most years either of these logs would have been an almost certain winner. Yet both these fine seamen would, I think, agree that *The Suzanne Trophy* (presented by Robert Tucker) must go this year to the brothers Ray and Alan Smith, for their remarkable voyage from Christchurch to Gibraltar in *Reine Pedauque*. Theirs is a quite extra-

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ordinary performance, with just about everything that makes one proud to share membership of the SOIA: guts, determination, hard-learned sea wisdom, and always consideration for their boat and for each other. *The Suzanne Trophy* goes to them not only with our sincerest congratulations, but as a mark of respect for what they have done for the Association and, in their way, for England. *The Silhouette Owner Trophy* requires a cruise in which a woman takes part, as skipper, mate or crew. Again, assessment is not easy. Our old friends Douglas and June Wilkie, previous winners of the trophy, have sent us an account of a splendid cruise in *Draco* from New York to Boston

but alas, this was in August 1967, and our rules require cruises in the current year. Our Commodore's cruise with his wife in *Poncelle* was an excellent small voyage, planned and carried out admirably. Mr. and Mrs. Snell's cruise on Eastern rivers from Harith to King's Lynn was unusual for a sailing boat in these days, enterprising, and charmingly recounted -another potential prizewinner. In the end, we came to the conclusion that Dr. and Mrs. Ringrose's Swedish cruise in *Jonafy* just has the edge on their competitors, and *The Silhouette Owner Trophy* goes to them, with regret that we have not several more trophies to award. *The Open Cruising Trophy* is offered by the SOIA for a cruise in any sort of boat other than a Silhouette: it reflects our interest in sailing generally, and our esteem for sailors who stay with us on changing to bigger (sometimes smaller) boats. It seems to us peculiarly fitting that the Open Trophy this year should go to a Group Cruise, in which other boats take part with Silhouettes. But the problem of deciding between the Tees Bay Group's cruise on the North-East Coast and the Coniston Group's cruise to the Isle of Man has proved insoluble. Both were superbly organised and sailed, with coastguards notified and every proper precaution taken. So we award the trophy jointly to these two Groups. Replicas will be presented to both of them, and we suggest that each holds the trophy itself for six months. To recapitulate the awards:

Suzanne Trophy. Ray and Alan Smith.

Silhouette Owner Trophy. Dr. and Mrs. Ringrose.

Open Cruising Trophy. Tees Bay Group and Coniston Group jointly.

A new Flag Officer

THE National Committee of the SOIA at its meeting on November 30 unanimously elected Mrs. Paddy Smith, widow of the Association's splendid friend George Smith, as Rear-Commodore of the SOIA. The Committee felt that this was a well-deserved tribute to Paddy herself for all that she has done for the Association, as well as an honour to her late husband.

Secretary's notes

DISCUSSING celestial navigation with someone who knows more about the subject than most, the question came up as to why navigators do not take a chronometer reading when the sun is on the horizon: I fail to see *why* a series of tables could not be worked out for a position line when the sun bisects the horizon and a given time. Or is there a simple answer to prove that I know nothing about the subject?

* * *

Two members of the Association have notified us that they intend to emigrate to the Southern hemisphere. John Griffith, of Poole, is shortly to be married and to set sail for New Zealand, and David Seale, of Stanford-in-the-Vale, is taking his wife and young family to Australia. One does not have to think hard to find reasons that would motivate such moves, but these pages are not the right place to air them. So let it be sufficient to wish them *Bon Voyage*, and every success in their new homelands.

* * *

An inflatable rubber dinghy had been badly holed in one of the forward panels. The owner was informed by telephone that the factory no longer carried out repairs, but that it had appointed agents in all parts of the country to carry out any form of service. To one of these appointed agents the dinghy was sent, with the request either to repair or renew the torn panel. The agents exceeded their instructions, and fitted three extra patches in other compartments, two in the flooring, renewed the lifeline holders, and put on two new name labels as well as new nylon braid. For all this they charge some £8: not an exorbitant figure for these days, but when it was increased by an extra £4 4s. for a survey fee, it is quite another story. Surely no one can justify four guineas to inspect an eight foot rubber boat—or can they. It proves that it will pay to ask for an estimate before placing an order with appointed agents.

* * *

It has now been officially confirmed that the Plymouth Rally for 1969, will be the week beginning August 16. This is the same as last year, and probably the week that suits most people. Please make a note of the date and book your holiday early, to make sure that you don't miss this highlight of the year. R.A.G.

From the Commodore

A VERY Happy New Year and prosperous voyaging in 1969 to all members. It's not always easy in the depths of winter to become enthusiastic about the high seas: they are often a trifle too high! But it's amazing how the Boat Show brings on the annual attack of nautical fever. We hope that this year will again see the reunion of many old friends there, and at the AGM and Party. This is the time of year when ambitious plans are made (which reminds me—I must get those charts corrected. I'm sure everybody else has done theirs!). On all sides one hears of people giving up their evenings to navigation classes, which is a marvellous thing, and helps to keep the proud record for safety which the Silhouette has. This is an Association which is indeed lucky in the quality of its membership. Best wishes to you all for 1969. Cyril Guscott.

Coniston group

EXCLUDING the normal weekly activities of the Coniston Sailing Club in which the group members are active participants, the two main events of the season were the Isle of Man Cruise (which was reported in the Sept./Oct. *Journal*) and a "SOIA Weekend" in August, which we intend holding annually.

The programme for the weekend began at 12.00 hours on Saturday, August 24 with a light hearted tender race for two-man crews, around a short course near the clubhouse. The weather was fine with a fresh N.E. wind blowing down the lake, and this was fortunately to last most of the weekend. Everyone seemed to enjoy the fun (those on shore possibly more so) and, luckily, the lake water was quite warm after the excellent summer we had at Coniston this year. This latter point was much appreciated by all, but especially by Ian and Peter (*Midnight*) who sank gracefully to the bottom as they approached the shore paddling to the last.

The first cruiser race began at 15.35, and the conditions were ideal for racing. The race involved sailing one leg on each lap under main alone, in order to make the sailing more interesting for the crews. The result was a win for *Shiralee* (a Mistress), *Wavebreaker* (Hurley 20) second, and third *Tarka II* (S.H). Incidentally, any readers wanting the perfect Friday afternoon punch line on leaving the office, should take note of Ken Staley's (owner of *Shiralee*) reply on being asked what he was doing that weekend—"I'm going up to Coniston again to my Mistress!"

Following the race, eight boats sailed down the lake to anchor at the beautiful bay at the very south of Coniston. The evening was spent at the Farmers' Arms nearby.

The Sunday race was held at 14.35 (keen eyed readers will note the careful timing of the races), with the wind losing strength, and now full of holes, producing situations where boats were completely be-

calmed with other boats sailing past only 10 yards away. This situation is typical of racing at Coniston, and often gives boats at the rear of the fleet the opportunity to slip past. The results of the race were in doubt right to the gun, but finally the first three were *Shiralee*, *Hallas* and *Bonnie* (Signet).

The Coniston Group Silhouette Trophy was awarded to the leading helmsman who was a member of the SOIA. The popular winner was Bill Locke in his new boat (a Signet), which was only launched on the Saturday morning of the first race.

For 1969 we have already reached agreement on the broad outlines of the Isle of Man Cruise, and I am delighted to report that eight boats (possibly 10) are definitely making the trip. We would, of course, be pleased to welcome any member of the SOIA who wished to join us. Briefly the programme (conditions permitting) is that all except two of the boats, which are going earlier, will be launching at Ravenglass on Saturday, May 24, and Sunday, May 25, will be spent sailing locally. The intended departure is Monday at 07.00 hours, destination Ramsey. Some boats are staying for two weeks, but the rest of the fleet will return in company on Friday, May 30, or Saturday, May 31. Incidentally, boats are not restricted to Silhouettes. Other boats going include a Halcyon, Signet, Hurley 22, Ballerina and two or three Lysanders.

Tees Bay Group

AT the beginning of this season, there were 11 Silhouettes sailing from the port of Hartlepool: nine from the Tees Sailing Club and two from the Hartlepool Yacht Club, the latter being principally interested, on the cruiser side, in the much larger classes. Eight points races were held during the season, and these resulted in a procession of wins for Chris Lowery in *Curry*, a home-built boat. When she was launched, a bright racing future for her was predicted and this has been amply fulfilled. Second in the series was G. R. Stephens in *Calypso*, the third boat being *Blue Goose*, R. T. Swarbrick, *Beccafico*, Arthur Kirkman, looks a very likely ship, and should be well up in the results next year.

Much ad lib sailing in company has taken place during the season, but the highlight was undoubtedly the summer bank holiday week's cruise to Whitby and Scarborough. This was much enjoyed, both from a sailing and social point of view. Our thanks are particularly due to the Whitby and Scarborough Yacht Clubs for their hospitality. Some of us attempted to make the trip to Whitby during the Spring Holiday weekend, but were beaten by the weather. Some of the larger boats from Hartlepool did manage to make the trip, but it was arduous and very wet.

A meeting has already been held to discuss next year's programme when the Whitby/Scarborough trip was enthusiastically voted a "Must." The Royal Northumberland Yacht Club are to revive a long-

standing event next season—Holy Island week. This appears to have been a week of hard sailing and junketting since before the 1914/18 war, but it fell into abeyance in 1939 and has not been revived until now. It would be possible for Silhouettes and others to be towed there by road and launched into a safe anchorage. This is to be considered by the Group. The possibilities of cruising on the west coast of Scotland is to be considered, and also a trip to the Plymouth Rally. On the racing side, there will be ten points races on the programme, including races for RNL and KGV pennants.—Dick Swarbrick.

Scarborough Group

FOUR Silhouettes, *Pterodactyl*, *Perfect Lady*, *Bobtail* and *Carousel* and a Midshipman *Aphrodite* have sailed regularly from Scarborough this year. There has been an unusual amount of wind from the East this year, and on the few occasions when the wind did go round to the West it was squally and thundery. On one of these occasions when a strong wind squall was accompanied by torrential rain the Silhouette *Tarka*, under full sail, was reported to be planing like a racing dinghy.

Three Silhouettes entered for the SYC Wills Trophy Long Distance Race (55 miles, Scarborough-Whitby-Filey-Scarborough) on June 15. The race started with a strong N wind and choppy sea and *Pterodactyl*, singlehanded, retired soon after the start. As *Perfect Lady* and *Bobtail* progressed North, the wind strength gradually fell, and by the time they were approaching the Whitby Buoy it had become so light that they could make no headway against the flood tide, so they also retired.

Bobtail has been a regular visitor to Whitby and Bridlington this year. Walter Woodhead in *Bobtail* and Jean and Brian Smith in *Perfect Lady* sailed together to Bridlington on August Bank Holiday Saturday. *Perfect Lady* returned to Scarborough next day, and, helped by a strong SE wind and ebb tide, made the journey of over 20 miles in just over four hours with three people on board. *Bobtail* returned the following day when the wind was even stronger with only the jib set.

The Tees Group Silhouettes sailed down to Scarborough the same weekend, but unfortunately did not arrive until after most of the Scarborough Owners had gone home. However they stayed a few days, including one sleepless night when the fog came down and the foghorn on the lighthouse, only 20 yards from their berths, kept up its usual "1 blast ev. min.!"

The final SYC race of the season, *The Nine Gallon Pursuit Race*, was sailed in very variable conditions. As the smaller boats neared the Cayton Bay buoy a large black cloud which had appeared from the NW opened up, and for half an hour visibility was reduced to half a mile by very heavy rain and a strong wind. This was followed by very light winds and sunshine as the fleet tried to beat back against the foul tide, before the rain and wind returned again. *Perfect Lady* was the only Silhouette to complete the course.

Icebergs in the Channel

By H. R. Lee

WE made our departure from Fort d'Quest (Cherbourg) at 10.15 on July 25, bound for Dartmouth. On board *Vega*, my Vivacity, were myself and a friend. We had crossed the Channel some days previously for a short holiday in France, and were now homeward bound.

The wind was NE Force 2-3, decreasing, the sea was calm and the sun shone brightly. As we cleared the port we sighted the cross Channel steamer *Duchesse de Normandie* heading for Cherbourg on a day trip from Torquay. By 12.15 we were becalmed and we were to see no more of the wind until that night. After a leisurely lunch the inboard engine was started, throttled back to economical cruising speed, and we resumed the voyage. Steadily we ploughed across a flat calm sea, with never a breath of wind. The forecast at 14.00 gave the wind at NE 3/4 for the Portland/Plymouth area but we saw nothing of it. By now visibility had deteriorated, which meant keeping a very sharp look out as we crossed the shipping lane north of the Casquets. From the time taken by the big ships to appear and disappear we estimated visibility to be approximately 2 miles. The oversize radar reflector hoisted fifteen feet up the twin backstays was a comfort, though only one large tanker came close enough to cause us any anxiety. Since he was approaching from our starboard he obviously expected us to give way, which we did, making a large and unmistakeable alteration in course once the hand bearing compass confirmed that we were on a collision course.

By 20.15 we had covered 42 miles and the log records. "*Duchesse de Normandie* in sight heading for Torquay." The day trippers had come from Torquay, had their five hours ashore and were now on the way home while we were still chugging slowly along almost the same course. What a difference 20 knots cruising speed makes!

An hour later I was stretched out on the quarter berth idly reading a paperback when my crew stuck his head in the hatchway. "Here," he said. "What do you make of this then?" I climbed into the cockpit and looked ahead. About a mile away and slightly to port was an iceberg. I closed my eyes and opened them again, it was still there, low down on the water, definitely an iceberg. I reached for the binoculars: magnified, it was even more definitely an iceberg. We had bought a few bottles of wine in the super-market at Cherbourg which had been consumed during the day, but even so . . . "It looks like an iceberg" I said slowly. "That's what I think, too, and we can't both be seeing things." Intrigued, we altered course to close this strange object, and it was not until we were within a hundred yards or so that it became apparent just what it was - an erection of 50 gallon oil drums and timber, covered with a gigantic sheet of white polythene. The whole thing was quite 20 yards long and about 10 across, and it really looked for all the world like ice gently heaving in the oily swell. I read the log and worked out our D/R position and as an extra check took an RDF fix. They agreed within tolerable limits so I marked the position

on the chart. An object like this could prove a considerable hazard even to a large ship. I should hate to think of that polythene wound round the screws of even quite a fair sized vessel.

Satisfied as to our eyesight and sanity we slipped the engine into gear and resumed our course for Dartmouth. Shortly after this the wind came, first a few catpaws, which gradually built up into a nice steady Force 4 from the East which blew us home nicely to the Dart. By 02.15 we could see the lighthouse at Berry Head and the triple flash of the Start light and a fix confirmed that we were on course. By 06.20 we were tied up to the Customs Buoy in Dartmouth awaiting clearance. At 07.00 the Customs Officer came aboard and when the formalities were over I mentioned our "iceberg." The Customs Officer wanted to know just where we had seen it, once he was convinced we were serious. We showed him the position, "Ah" he said, "now I come to think of it we did have a report of some filming going on in the Channel." The great iceberg mystery was solved.

Cygnets Takes a Beating

By M. Macdonald Spencer

SOME years ago I described one of *Cygnets*'s modest passages up and down the Channel Coast. *Cygnets* is a cutter-rigged Silhouette II, based during the summer months in the Tovey River at Golant. On that occasion my wife and I enjoyed a cruise which could hardly be called dramatic, though it had its share of slapstick comedy!

The following year included a single-handed passage of quite another colour and from the winter fireside you might like to follow me over a course which produced some surprises for me. And, without undue modesty, may I add that after a good many years at sea in all kinds of vessels, I don't surprise easily. If you have chart No. 442, Lizard Point to Start Point, lay it out and stand by with your chart-table tools; then you can see whether your reckoning agrees with mine, as I kept it at the time. You may have kept your copy of the Nautical Almanac, or Reed's Almanac, for 1966, in which case you can check a couple of sights I shall give you later. This passage eventually went so much offshore that my sextant came in handy, although not absolutely essential.

Let me cut the beginning of the passage and start the plot at 0540 on the morning of July 31, Start Point bearing 010 deg. by hand-bearing compass, distant 1 mile. All bearings and courses are from the rough log, so are magnetic. And as that is the only log I attempt to keep in *Cygnets*, you mustn't expect details of sea temperatures or such-like frivolities: even for wind direction and strength we'll have to rely on my memory!

From this point I took my departure for Falmouth, set course 226 deg. to make an offing and streamed the log. I needed an offing to avoid the tidal streams in this part of the world, which are not very

strong, except round headlands, but strong enough to matter to a tiny boat like a Silhouette. Then again, I wanted to put aside the temptation to nip into Fowey if I got fed up with the passage. You will gather that I was determined to make Falmouth, blow high, blow low, and just how high it blew and how low I got you will presently learn.

So far as I recall, the wind was NE by E, about Force 2 or 3 and with the genoa set we bowled along well. I picked up the 06.45 Shipping Forecast but I remember nothing in it to put me off. All must have been pretty peaceful, because at 07.45 I woke up to realise that I had held my course rather longer than was necessary to make the offing I mentioned. At that time Start Point bore 040 deg, Prawle Point 008 deg., with the log reading 4.8 miles. I was disappointed at the slow progress but mildly surprised that at such a snail's pace the log seemed to agree with my fix. However, that didn't delude me into trusting the log any more than as a guide for distance run in small vessels.

A hole in the wind left us making very slow way, but gave me a moment to amuse myself with the Traverse Tables, which told me that the course for Falmouth, to give a good clear of St. Anthony's Head and allow a degree or two to offset coastal indraught, should be 276 deg., distance to run about 50 miles. When the wind came back in a few minutes, we set off hopefully, *Cygnets* and I.

The wind now shifted to E by N and steadied Force 3, so I was able to boom out the genoa and run wing-and-wing. This is one of the points of sailing on which I can sometimes persuade *Cygnets* to steer herself, using sheets led to the tiller, various bits of shock cord and the like. Today we were lucky, and for the next couple of hours *Cygnets* looked after herself while I tidied up on deck and had a catnap below, keeping a wary eye on the tell-tale compass in the cabin, however.

At 10.25 I shoved my head out of the hatch for a look round and, behold, fine on the starboard bow was the Eddystone Light just over the horizon, bearing 293 deg. A bearing of Bolt Tail at 036 deg. gave a position which almost agreed with the log, now reading 14.2, but suggested that my estimate of an indraught into Bigbury Bay had been a little pessimistic. However, I held on to a course of 276 deg. and the morning passed pleasantly enough. But, as I listened to the 13.55 Shipping Forecast, the wind began to veer and fall light, until by 14.30 it was SE, about Force 2, still steady. This required some sail trimming and put a stop to self-steering, of course. At that time the Eddystone bore 016 deg., log reading 26.0 miles, and by transferring a bearing of 308 which I had taken on it at 12.30, log then reading 20.0 miles, I got a running fix. Of course a running fix depends on an accurate estimate of the course and distance run between bearings, but this one seemed good enough because a vertical sextant angle on the light, which is 133 feet high, read 0 deg. 22 min. And the evidence seemed to show that the log was doing its stuff, despite the snail's pace and the likelihood of its under-registering.

But I had more to worry about than a log's misbehaving. I cannot for the life of me remember the details of the Shipping Forecast for

July 31, 1966, but there must have been something odd about it. I have a hazy recollection of a predicted windshift to S.W., rising to Force 5 or 6, then veering to W. Mention of a gale I just cannot remember, but I clearly recall thinking that what I had heard suggested that we might be in for one of those small depressions that sometimes whizz up the Channel in summer, and are so small as to be missed by the forecasters. If I was right, life could become difficult in a few hours, and even if the wind didn't reach gale force, we could be let in for a long beat to reach Falmouth. We might even be compelled to lie-to for a few hours.

I decided that I had not more than two hours in which to make up my mind whether to press on, or to make for Plymouth or Fowey. If you read my previous yarn, you will know why Looe didn't come into the reckoning. So I held on until 16.30, when the log read 30.8 miles, but suspecting the wind would shift to S and increase, I laid off a course 267 deg. I did this so that I should eventually make Falmouth entrance, or even the Helford River, well to windward, and not find myself too close or even to leeward of St. Anthony's Head in the dark. Obviously, I should make harbour late at night, and I wanted to play safe, indeed any seaman would have done the same in the circumstances.

By 18.00 the wind had indeed shifted to S, and although in my vicinity it had fallen to Force 1 or 2, there was a most extraordinary sight to the north. The sky over the Cornish coast was obscured by solid cumulus, and I had the impression that nearer inshore it was blowing a great deal harder than it was with me. How right I was, only to discover later--and how tragic were the results.

When I should have been listening to the 17.57 Shipping Forecast I had been getting ready for the night--rousing up the jib to replace the genoa, seeing the steamer-scarer light was handy, and so forth. And this omission was nearly my undoing. Moreover, it was inexcusable, for there was plenty of daylight time left to do all that without missing that all-important broadcast.

As the evening wore on the cloud cover came over me, and by 20.00 the wind had veered to S by W and was blowing Force 4 pretty steadily. I had long ago handed the genoa and sent up the jib in its place; that was quite an exercise, because by now there was a fair swell running up from the SW. Fortunately, this brought us onto another point of sailing on which *Cygnets* can sail herself sometimes. So the evening passed well enough, and I had time to wonder what on earth was going on inshore from the meteorological point of view, because I still had the odd feeling that there was something peculiar in the weather. We bowled along at a smart pace, and I had every hope of reaching Falmouth an hour or two after midnight. In fact I had estimated that with the expected veer of wind to SW, which I was certain there would be, we might make the remainder of the passage on a broad reach and, as this is *Cygnets*' best point of sailing, at quite a respectable gallop. Just as well, I thought, because it would mean that we should get under the lee of the Lizard by the time the wind

The Silhouette Owners' International Association

President: J. R. L. ANDERSON,
Wick Cottage, Charney Bassett, near Wantage, Berkshire.
Telephone: West Hanney 282.

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Commodore: C. J. GUSCOTT, 64 Cowick Hill, Exeter, Devon.
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All recognised groups appoint an ex-officio representative to the Committee.

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really piped up and I was certain that before it blew less it was going to blow a great deal more.

Around 20.00 a splatter of rain had come down and by 20.25, when I thought I recognised the Dodman, bearing about 330 deg, the coast was largely a rain-obscured blur. However, the bearing agreed well enough with my reckoning, and with my last sight of the Eddystone at 1830, when it had borne 073 deg. Soon after, the wind piped up to about Force 5, still S by W, so I furled the jib in its Wykeham-Martin furling gear, and thinking of the night to come, I hauled down a reef in the mainsail—in *Cygnat*, we reef in the old-fashioned way with reef-points in the main and staysail. Even so, *Cygnat* ran on beautifully in what had become quite a sizable sea for a Silhouette. But an hour later my forebodings about wind shifts leapt into the realm of reality much sooner than I had expected.

At about 21.00 the wind strengthened and veered, until by 21.30 it was SW, a full Force 6. It was now obvious that my only miscalcula-

Regional Groups

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

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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>
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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>

tion had been to underestimate the speed at which the depression was travelling up Channel. By now I'd taken the second and final reef in the mainsail, and the single reef I have in the staysail (which, incidentally, works on a boom, and is self-tending on tacking). Against the wind now blowing and breaking sea we were making little real progress, and I was sure we were in for a wild night, with not the slightest chance of making Falmouth until the weather moderated.

I decided that if I made anything towards the land; if, as I expected, I had to heave-to; and if the wind kept up for many hours, I might find myself embayed on the wrong side of St. Anthony's Head. To be on a lee shore at night in a Silhouette when one is likely to be pretty exhausted did not appeal in the least, so after two attempts I cast *Cygnat* onto the starboard tack, heading about 190 deg.

By now it was raining steadily, and quite dark, but the seas were long, although they were breaking joyously. Just keeping the sails full, *Cygnat* swooped across them cheerfully and I luffed a little from time to time to keep water out of the boat. I recalled vividly an incident when I was a very junior watchkeeper at the height of an Arctic gale, in what I thought at the time was a very small ship indeed to be in

those waters. As I relieved a very gnarled old officer RNR who had spent his lifetime in distant-water trawlers, he said to me, "Don't worry, son, she's dodgin' along nicely on this course." Then as he went down the ladder he added as an afterthought, "You'll be alright, it's eased to Force 10 sin' I came on watch. Goodneet, lad."

Luff as I might, clouds of spray flung over me, and in the more vicious moments heavy water thumped against the ply dodgers rigged against the guardrails abreast the cockpit. But nothing worth more than a few strokes of the pump came aboard until about 22.15, when I heard rather than saw a really bad sea close at hand. This hit *Cygnét* as though she'd rammed the wall; indeed, for a moment I thought we *had* hit something solid. Over my right shoulder a positive wall of water climbed right into the bunt of the mainsail. I felt *Cygnét* roll on to her port side and, as she went, I instinctively threw off the sheets. After what seemed minutes I felt her come upright, gallons of water fell out of the sail onto my head, and as she climbed the next sea the sails flogged like gunshots.

I could feel the cockpit full to the locker tops or more, and I had a horrid moment until I recalled I'd shipped the wash boards and clipped down the hatches some time after I'd gone about. Quickly I hard-sheeted the stay sail, cleated the tiller-line with a little weather helm, and left the mainsail to look after itself. In *Cygnét* I've found that this will keep her steady, just off the wind while I follow the old ritual of, "*When in danger or in doubt, get yer fags and matches out.*" But my, how the mainsail did flog that night!

Of course, there was no question of fags and matches—"Out buckets and bail!" was the pipe. And bail I did—like a madman! It seemed hours before I had the water below the floorboards, but it can only have been twenty or thirty minutes at the most. Looking back, I'm amazed that while I roused out the bucket, from the flooded stern locker, and while I bailed with increasing weariness, we took no more water on board. Freeboard aft must have been practically nil all that time.

Standing once more on dry land, as it were, I hastened to get down the mainsail and lash it, boom and all, to the high horse on which the mainsheet runs between the after guardrails. Then I pumped out the bilges and paused for breath. All this time, *Cygnét* kept calmly luffing up on the crests and sailing off in the troughs, although by now the wind was a good Force 7, W. by S. The tiny reefed staysail rarely flogged because, I suppose, its boom prevented it from collapsing, and its sheet, which acts as a horse, would not let the clew rise.

For a moment the rain eased, and I did then take the opportunity to light a cigarette, with my head inside the hatch which I'd slid back for the purpose. That made me think of the cabin bilges. Taking out the top wash board—mine are divided—I shone the torch down into the cabin. I was surprised and relieved to see it dry. I reached down and lifted a cabin floorboard—miraculous, a completely dry bilge.

As I extricated my head from the hatch, I thought I saw something else miraculous happen—a spark from my cigarette fly up to windward. Then I saw for an instant a small red light on the starboard bow, but like a spark from a cigarette, it was gone in a second. There it was again—still on the same bearing. A sailing vessel, like mine, dipping her lights in the troughs? And again it appeared, once more on the same bearing, but now much brighter, closer and having right of way, whatever it was! At the rush I unlash the tiller and bore away. Then I grabbed the big torch, flashed it in the "other ship's" direction, finally directed it up my white staysail. No response: but, to my relief, the bearing of the red light, when next I saw it, had drawn rapidly abeam. Was it another ship? You chaps with chart No. 442 on the table should be able to give the probable answer—but to a good seaman it could only have been probable, not certain!

Did I hear an irreverent voice at the back, shout, "What about *your* navigation lights?" When I directed my steamer-scarer light on the "other vessel," it had its green shade on! I believe this is by far the best way to go about the business, and it is according to the book. This kind of light has a far greater range than the usual fixed navigation lights one can fit in small vessels, its appearance seems far more likely to attract attention than a dim, fixed light, and it has a good many other uses.

Having run off to avoid a possible collision, we were on a course of about 140 deg., sailing at a fair old pace! To say that steering was difficult would be the understatement of the year, and my estimate of the course was of the wildest. So was the weather, and at about 22.45 I could see that we were running far too fast for safety. To broach-to in those conditions might see us rolled right over. So down came the reefed staysail, leaving *Cygnét* in the nude, as it were. Sounds simple, doesn't it? "*So down came the staysail*"? In fact, it took me all of twenty minutes—and very damp ones they were! First I brought *Cygnét* into the wind, now blowing due W, a good Force 8. I eased the staysail sheet and this time lashed the helm *down*. As she fell away from the wind I scrambled up forward, remembering to unclip the safety harness and re-clip it to a shroud as I passed over the coach-roof. I draw a veil over what happened on the foredeck but I was greatly helped by the shock-cord stretched across it, under which flogging sails can be muzzled. Eventually the sail was gasketed to its sheet—there could be no question of opening the forehatch to pass sails below in that weather.

Back in the cockpit I felt a good deal happier but very, very moist, and I sat for a while watching how *Cygnét* behaved. As I had expected, she lay about nine or ten points off the wind, bobbing up and down cheerfully, until a breaking sea hit her. Then she seemed to move bodily a few feet to leeward. But I also noticed that from time to time she fell off to leeward in the gusts and sailed off for minutes at a time on the old course of 140 deg., with the log spinning quite respectably fast. At first I saw no harm in this but around midnight I heard, rather

than saw, a breaking sea over the starboard quarter and the next moment we were on our beam-ends once more.

This time, however, little water came into the cockpit, and I had it cleared in a few minutes. I came to the conclusion that the only way to stop these hydro-aerobatics was to prevent *Cygnets* sailing, and so causing overtaking crests to break so heavily. This phenomenon is familiar enough in bigger vessels, but I never thought to see it happen with such a small one. The answer seemed to lie in streaming some kind of a sea-anchor or drogue but I had no such article on board. In fact I never considered shipping one (nor would I now).

When I had taken in the staysail I had also fetched down the jib, which, you may recall, had been neatly furled in its furling gear. This I had done to reduce windage aloft and I had brought the sausage-like furled jib into the cockpit, pushing it into a locker to keep it from under my feet. I now roused it out, lashed its tack to one end of the boat-hook and its clew to the other. Its head I weighted with my small kedge anchor, carefully shackled on. I then got out of the locker an 8-fathom length of 1½" nylon line, securing one end of it to each end of the boat-hook stave, as a bridle. I carefully middled the bridle and at that point made fast one end of my 20-fathom 1" Terylene kedge-warp. I hove in the log-line, stowed it, and streamed my improvised drogue from the starboard quarter, securing its end to the horse-stanchion, which is the strongest-fastened thing down after. The warp payed out a surprising speed, for at the moment *Cygnets* was in one of her sprinting moods! (to be continued).

From Paddy Smith

ON behalf of myself and my son, may I be allowed through the *Journal* to thank friends in the SOIA from all parts of the country for their kindness and consideration during the latter part of my husband's illness. The constant correspondence from those too far away to visit, along with the untiring visiting of friends who were able, made his last few weeks as happy as possible, and strengthened me for a task that was overwhelmingly sad. The members of the Association were his friends and their enjoyment and well being were his first concern. To him all men were equal; he wanted them to feel as though they *belonged* because to *belong* was a good thing. To quote Thomas Hardy, "He was a good man and did good things."

Thank you. - Paddy Smith.

The 10th of each month

WILL Group Secretaries, contributors and advertisers please remember that copy for publication in the next month's *Journal* must be in the hands of the Editor by the 10th of each month! The *Journal* is the best means of making sure that all members are kept informed of forthcoming events and Group activities, but it has to be prepared, printed and posted. So please allow time for this by keeping to the 10th of the month.

Letters to England

By Ray Smith

REINE PEDAUQUE, LISBON

October 10.

WE sailed out of S. Martinho do Porto at 10.15 on October 5. Again no wind; we seem to have motored most of the way ever since leaving Corunna. To cut the cost we decided to run the Seagull on a paraffin-oil mixture. It works quite well, but you have to start up on petrol. So, with our fuel containers full of paraffin we set off. The Seagull made no complaint about the change in her diet. The amazing thing is that on two stroke fuel in calm conditions we were getting about 11 miles to the gallon: in similar conditions, using paraffin we get about 18 m.p.g. But before you rush out and buy some paraffin I must warn you that it is against the law in Britain. What the law is in Portugal I don't know, and we preferred to remain ignorant.

We motored gently along in beautiful sunshine with trolling lines from the stern. Two mackerel were caught, which we had for our tea. We soon passed in between Berlenga Isle and Cabo Caruveiro and after five hours we were outside Peniche harbour. Before we entered the paraffin was pumped out of the Seagull tank and replaced with petrol. Whenever reliability and slow running is needed, we use the proper fuel.

Peniche is a busy fishing port: we've never seen so many boats in one harbour. It was here that we met a Portuguese fellow by the name of Carlos. He came alongside in his big open boat that he used for fishing. He worked at the German Embassy in Lisbon, and could speak German, French and just a little English. After we had showed him inside our *Reine Pedauque* we went on to his boat. He pointed to his engine and said, "Gas-oil." We pointed to the Seagull and said, "Petroleo" (paraffin). He looked at us in disbelief, then roared with laughter, "Petroleo crazy." We quickly assured him that, "Petroleo not crazy. Petroleo plenty damn good economics!"

Our next hop to Lisbon was too far to be done in daylight, so we had to make an all-night run. On October 7 the wind was strong from the south all day, but around tea-time it moderated and veered west. At 19.40 we hauled in our anchor and motored out of Peniche. It was a beautiful night, a full moon and perfect visibility. The light wind soon disappeared altogether, and once again our outboard was to do all the work. All through the night it ran with no trouble. Our one-gallon paraffin container was emptied. Then the villain of the piece, a two-gallon container was lifted from the locker. This container was an old plastic jerry can that we had once used for water, and the inside had become coated with a dark green deposit. Before setting out on the voyage I had tried several methods of cleaning it, but without avail. Realising that we were becoming more and more reliant on our outboard, we decided to increase our range, but a fuel container was something we just could not obtain anywhere. So we used the red water container. Though the green deposit was floating around in the fuel, with petrol it gave no trouble. Paraffin was a different story.

At 05.30 the Seagull stopped. The plug was cleaned, the carburettor taken apart, and at 05.00 it started again. At 07.30, abreast of Cabo Roca it once more spluttered to a halt. After a lot of cursing and tinkering, at last we took out the paraffin and replenished with petrol. It gave us no more trouble.

With 42 miles on the log and Cascais off the port beam, the wind returned. Sails were hoisted and helped by a flood tide we sailed right to the yacht basin in Lisbon. It has taken us nine weeks to reach Lisbon, a total of 936 miles.

We thought of leaving the *Reine Pedauque* here for the winter, but they were asking £24 for four months. Our £50 allowance wouldn't stand it, so we decided to go on to Gibraltar. We thought our rudder would hold out. If the

worst happened, we could still steer with the outboard under power.

Anglo-Portuguese relations in the yacht basin seem I fear, rather strained. There were several workmen who lounged aboard the local gin palaces polishing the chrome fittings all day, who were not friendly to visiting yachtsmen. A British yacht came in and dropped anchor in the middle of the basin and tied a warp to a mooring chain of a resident yacht, from his stern. A worker on the resident yacht got excited about this, and indicated that he should move it. But where could he tie up to? No one would tell him. They weren't anxious to help, quite the reverse. The yachtsman dug his heels in and refused to move. The workman then untied his warps and threw them off.

Another British yacht came in the day after. We warned him of the situation but he was determined not to be pushed around. When harrassed by the workers, he shouted in a loud threatening voice. British yachtsmen and workers bombarded one another with hostile stares, but the workers didn't interfere with his mooring warps, and the situation quietened down.

The only other non-Portuguese yachts we met there were two Germans, who got on with the workers all right. I don't know if the hostile treatment is reserved for the British. There's more to it than meets the eye, and it certainly needs looking into.

LISBON TO PORTIMAO

Our stay in Lisbon lasted only five days. Although there was much to see, we prefer the small villages to the big city.

While in Lisbon we became very friendly with Reinhard and Brigitte Bendin in the German yacht we were tied alongside. On our first night in Lisbon, I was whisked up river by the Harbour Police to go through all the formalities. After about 2½ hours I was returned to the yacht basin.

I expected Alan to have everything organised on board, with a nice stew bubbling away happily on the stove. Not a bit of it; he'd been aboard the German yacht, helping Reinhard to get rid of some brandy and schnapps. I couldn't do a thing with him; he kept muttering something about Reinhard having some paint stripper in his wine locker. I didn't believe a word of it.

On our last night in Lisbon Reinhard invited us aboard for a meal and a few drinks. He has a marvellous sense of humour, and we had some hilarious moments. He gave us a large coiled sea-shell which a Portuguese fisherman had given him, the idea being to blow in one end and produce a noise like a fog horn. To the delight of Reinhard, Alan could get a very loud noise out of it. Every blow was followed by roars of laughter.

Next morning we said goodbye to our German friends and as we left the harbour Alan gave a few toots of farewell on the sea-shell. Reinhard nearly fell overboard laughing.

We outboarded down the river Tagus and turned south towards Cabo Espichel. We hadn't gone far when a great wall of fog, rolled in from the west. We hoped we could round Cabo Espichel before the fog caught us; but no such luck; visibility was very bad and Alan went below to get Cabo Espichel radio beacon on our D.F.

In the fog we had to find our way into Sesimbra, some two miles east of Cabo Espichel. I suspected Alan was enjoying this battle of wits. We manoeuvred round till Cabo Espichel was due north, intending to continue due east, till the appropriate mileage was run and then to turn due north, into Sesimbra bay until we picked up the five fathoms line on our depth finder. Turning west following that depth would bring us right into the harbour.

After passing south of Cabo Espichel the fog suddenly cleared—Alan was disappointed. But the fog seemed to be hitting Cabo Espichel itself, and being pushed south. To the west, south and as far east as we could see, was a great wall of fog, while we were sailing along in beautiful sunshine.

and even picked up a reasonable wind. Afterwards, we both agreed that we ought to have followed our fog tactics through regardless, but we didn't. Although we did keep a look out for the five fathom line as we approached the harbour, we were inside before we picked it up.

For three days we were fog-bound in Sesimbra. At times it was so bad we couldn't even see land. After three days we set out for Sines. Visibility was still poor, but not poor enough to put us in danger of being run down by fishing boats. The run was uneventful, the outboard was used all the way. At Sines Vasco de Gama's birth place can be seen, and we intended to pay it a visit. But there was no harbour. It was very exposed, so without going ashore, we pressed on for Milfontes. This is up a small river with a bar across. Twice we moved in, only to have to veer off away from breakers. At a third attempt we passed through and up river.

On entering Milfontes the first thing that caught our attention was a small castle. The day after our arrival a young Portuguese lad was showing us round the castle, when we met the owner. He was a man called Don Luisa, and a descendant of the Portuguese Royal Family, we were told later. He was very interested in our voyage. Later he and some English guests staying at the castle, came down to have a look at *Reine Pedauque*. When they left Don Luisa said, "We'll expect you for dinner tonight." And so at 20.00 sharp, we walked across the drawbridge and rang the bell. A maid showed us in, and we dined off silver plates.

The following day we were to leave, so in the morning, we went to say goodbye. We signed our names and address, and the name of our yacht in the visitors' book, along with those of such celebrities as Sir Laurence and Lady Olivier, Sir Brian Horrocks and Cliff Richard (how's that for name dropping!).

At 14.00 hours we outboarded down river, over the bar and out to sea. The journey to Sagres was over 50 miles, so we had to sail overnight. Once again there was no wind, so our precious fuel cans, were again being emptied. Even a paraffin-oil mix is costing us about 5/- a gallon.

The day passed uneventfully. As darkness fell we approached St. Vincent. The shipping became very dense, so a watchful eye was needed. Twice during the night we were visited by dolphins. What a fantastic sight they are, in the dark, heaving great trails of phosphorescence behind them! They zig-zagged under our yacht, but only on a few occasions when they surfaced very close could we actually see the dolphins. But we could see every turn, every change of direction, by their rocket-like wake. A school of about six or seven came shooting up from behind us, like an RAF jet fighter acrobatic team with smoke trails. As they drew abreast of our port beam they sprayed out in all directions, some crossing under us, some veering away, others charging ahead snorting as they surfaced. Our eyes, filled with wonder, must have glowed as bright as the phosphorescence.

What a wonderful creature the dolphin is. I could never resist anything with a sense of humour, and, this the dolphin certainly has. In Porto de Leixoes one lonely dolphin has made the harbour and yacht basin his playground. One day we saw him surface a few times in the same spot. So Alan went over in our dinghy and started to hit the water with an oar. The dolphin knew someone wanted to play, and acted accordingly, releasing great bubbles of air, under the dinghy.

With frequent use of the handbearing compass on St. Vincent and Sagres light, we rounded St. Vincent. At 06.00 I went below to rest. I was woken at 07.45 by Alan. We were entering Sagres bay.

Sagres is where Prince Henry the Navigator used to plan all those early Portuguese voyages of discovery. The port is still there, and we hoped to take a look at it before moving on. The bay is well protected, except from an easterly direction. Had we known what was in store for us, we would have carried on to Portimao, but not being blessed with clairvoyance we innocently dropped anchor.

It was Sunday. We could do no shopping, so we didn't bother to go ashore. During the day an easterly breeze sprang up. Though there was an uncomfortable swell, we didn't worry too much about it. By the following morning the wind had increased. There was now an alarming swell piling up in the bay. As a result of the violent motion, I was feeling a little sea-sick.

Some fishermen rowed out to their trawler anchored in the bay, and climbed aboard. This in itself was a tricky operation, both vessels bouncing up and down. The rowing boat was in danger of being caught under the trawler.

The fishermen indicated to us that they were going round to Portimao to shelter till the wind eased. They then took off smashing their way out of the bay, amidst showers of spray.

We were very apprehensive. Portimao was about 17 miles to the east and for us to get there against such seas was impossible. We hadn't got the big powerful diesel engines of the fishing boats. We very much doubted if we could even get out of the bay. Even if we could, it would be no good running back round St. Vincent. There wasn't a good harbour for 100 miles. We'd have to run for the open sea, and ride it out, but we weren't enthusiastic about attempting to get out of the bay.

We went ashore and filled our fuel cans. On shore we tried to weigh up the situation. Would the weather get better or worse? The barometer was steady; the sky was clear and blue, and looked settled. But, the fishermen seeking refuge in Portimao was a bad point. It was a case of which was the more dangerous: to attempt to get out of the bay, or stay put?

Back on board we measured the wind speed with our ventimeter. Surprisingly it was only Force 4, but the white crested waves, being funnelled into the bay and distorted, were akin to something much stronger. Our anchor is a 15lb. plough in which we have every confidence and on the anchor is 20ft. of chain, and 100ft. of Terylene warp. All this should hold, we thought, although Samson posts have been known to break.

Our main concern was for the outboard. It was getting a severe shaking on the stern, and the section of the outboard bracket, with which you can adjust the angle of the outboard had been broken off. These nylon brackets are not adequate for these conditions. We were undecided as to a course of action. Then came an incident which made up our minds.

Each wave that came would throw us high in the air, and then would come a sickening drop. On one such wave, while being thrown in the air, our dinghy, which was tied to the stern rail, was jolted forward. We descended with our outboard caught in the dinghy giving a tremendous upward thrust. There was a loud splintering of wood. We both rushed to free the dinghy. Alan had one leg over the stern rail trying to push the dinghy down from under the outboard. The motion from another wave pitched him over the stern. He hung on to the rail with his legs in the water, then quickly scrambled back. At last we freed the dinghy, and surveyed the damage.

Two pieces were gauged out of the toe rail, and the stern deck was pushed in and split by the flywheel. Not serious, but that decided us. We had to get out. The dinghy was deflated, pushed into the cockpit locker, and we prepared to leave.

Alan tended the outboard while I started to haul in the anchor. There was a terrific pull on the warp. I'd taken in a few yards, only to have it ripped out of my hands again. The anchor itself had dug well in and I had great difficulty in pulling it out. At last I had it on deck, and dumped anchor, chain and warp onto the cockpit floor and left it there.

We started to move but every wave stopped us dead in our tracks. Steering was a problem. The outboard bracket being broken allowed the outboard to push farther forward, so when steering to port it interfered with the rudder. Also the outboard steering pivot had been jolted free, and had to be held in position. So both of us had to steer, Alan at the helm and I with the outboard.

A big white-crested wave was taken on the bow, but as it passed we fell down into the trough. Our stern went so deep in the water that the carburettor air intake went under, and the Seagull stopped. Luckily it started again quickly and again we faced the waves.

We made a little ground, then, coming down off another wave, the Seagull was again stifled. Once more it started quickly. We were making some impression on the distance, but because of the difficulty in steering we hadn't stayed in the centre of the bay as we had intended, to give us more time if anything went wrong. Instead, we went close to shore on the south side of the bay. So, when a third time the Seagull stopped, although we had made a lot of ground, steep cliffs were very close on our leeward side. This time the Seagull was stubborn. We came up to the wind and started to drift. At last the outboard started, and we drew away from the cliffs. When for the fourth time the Seagull stopped, we'd made all the sea room we needed. The working jib was quickly hanked on, and hoisted. Then, thankfully, we sailed clear and out to sea.

Once out of the bay and away from land the waves were not so steep. We hoisted the main and pointed as close to the wind as possible. It was now 14.00. We kept on a port tack till 16.30 then tacked back towards land. The wind gradually eased, and by 19.00 our progress to windward was so slow that we again turned to our outboard. An old canvas fender was tied to the outboard to hold it away from the rudder. We then set course direct upwind for Portimao. At 03.00 next morning we were close to Portimao. Not wishing to enter in the dark we lay ahull. The wind was now N.E. As dawn approached we continued, entering Portimao at 08.15.

FARO, October 30

We have decided not to lay up for the winter after all. I don't think we can really afford the fare home. We'll arrive at Gibraltar much later than expected, so we don't think coming home is worth the expense. (Speaking for myself I never really wanted to come home. It's much nicer down here!).

We had a very close thing at Sagres. As we had broken our outboard bracket in the melee of getting out of Sagres, at Portimao we bought a strip of metal and made a repair. An inspection of our rudder showed that it is holding out well. So everything is still operational. The next stage of our journey will be direct to Cadiz, some 80 miles, so we are determined to wait for a fair wind. After Cadiz we go to Tangiers and so on to Gibraltar.—Ray Smith.

Six Degrees West

By D. M. Willbourne

(concluded)

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 4½ 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 way between the rocks. The coastal scenery is beautiful in the extreme, but stern and wild. We decided to put into Carsaig Bay for the night as we were running short of bread, and, according to the CCC handbook, there was a stores; also the distance was suitable for a day's run. Carsaig Bay is very foul, and I picked my way in between rocks sometimes with only 6 inches of water under the keel, only to find that

there was no stores. We put to sea again to head for Easdale on a bearing of 085 deg. Fortunately a stiffish breeze sprang up, as I had doubts about the sufficiency of fuel, and we enjoyed the finest sailing of the whole cruise. We soon lost sight of land in the haze, but with the sails full, and the sea slapping and hissing along the side, we tore along like a racehorse for a distance of about 8 miles, until looming out of the haze we saw the white cottages of Easdale, and soon (with the advice of the ferryman to help us) were dropping anchor in the harbour. It was while washing up, after our evening meal, that Dougal the ferryman hailed us and invited us to partake of the local hospitality, an invitation we were not slow to accept. Over the subsequent proceedings a convenient veil can be drawn, but later with Dougal and Larry, we saw the day depart, while the whisky bottle passed from hand to hand. The twilight had a rosy glow, but whether this was factual or not, I cannot say. This was our longest day and we covered 38 miles.

Saturday, June 15. We landed somewhat late in the morning, shopped and re-provisioned, finally leaving on the last leg of our cruise at 13.00 hours (in spite of repeated invitations to stay!). There was no breeze, so with the help of the ebb we motored down the sound of Luing, leaving Fladda light to Starboard. Soon the island of Lunga was abeam and a fitful breeze sprang up, and we switched off. No navigation was necessary, as the Sound is clear. We altered course to 160 deg. to bring Craighish Pt. to bear, and passed between Scarba and Luing. Arriving back at Dorus Mor, we forgot about our previous precautions and neglecting to check the time of the flood and because it looked so calm, we ventured across from N to S. The sea soon showed its disapproval of our neglect, and almost immediately a whirlpool formed, seized us in its vortex and away we shot, round and round, completely out of control. But it was only playing with us, or perhaps Neptune was administering a gentle reprimand as we were literally spewed out on the far side and away from its clutches. We were soon back at our old moorings off Crinan, much wiser than when we started, satiated with beauty, awed by the might of the sea and its creatures, and somewhat chastened in spirit—a perfect ending to a perfect cruise, 130 miles of pure pleasure.

Letters to the Editor

FROM THE WEST INDIES.—My wife and I decided to ship our *Felicity Boofer* (No. 244) to the West Indies, to sail among the islands for as long as our meagre capital will allow. We made a very poor start by leaving our yacht in a layby about 100 miles from Liverpool. The wheel-bearing on the trailer collapsed and damaged the hub. Although I allowed time to change the bearing, we had to send to Watford for a hub, and by the time the trailer was fixed, our boat had sailed. We had the yacht shipped on the next boat, which was two weeks later—the extra cost of this little mishap was well over £100! We now have our yacht in Dominica, and when I have finished fitting out I hope to sail her to St. Lucia. I hope to write again when I have had a bit more sailing experience out here.—William Charles Julier, c/o Barclays Bank DCO, Roseau, Dominica, British West Indies.

A.G.M. and Party

AS in past years, the Association is combining its A.G.M. with a London party on the first Saturday of the Boat Show. This is on January 4, and the place, again as in past years, is at The National Liberal Club, Whitehall Place, London S.W.1. This is very easy to get to—just across the road from Charing Cross *Underground* Station (towards Westminster).

The A.G.M. will start at 5.30 p.m. prompt. Nominations for all the Association's elected officers are invited, and can be accepted at the meeting, although, of course, they can also be submitted to the Hon. Secretary in advance. Will members proposing candidates for office please make sure that the candidate is ready and willing to stand? We have had one or two slightly embarrassing situations in the past when people have been proposed for office without, in fact, knowing anything about the proposal beforehand! This can happen with the best will in the world, but it is not quite fair on the person proposed.

The 1968 Committee retires automatically at the A.G.M. The members are eligible for re-election, and those who are willing to stand will be announced at the meeting.

SMALL ADVERTISEMENTS

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

FOR SALE. Silhouette II 62. Superior model built by Beta Marine. New aluminium mast, Terylene sails and S/S rigging. Heavy duty road trailer. Seagull Century, overall and cockpit cover, £360. A. R. Broadway, Fairfield Farm, The Causeway, Petersfield, Hants. Tel. Petersfield 3407.

FOR SALE. Pair of transceivers, 2-channel for transmitting and receiving, scrambling device to eliminate noise. Each has extending aerial, meter level indicator, microphone. Housed in leather cases. Useful rescue boat to bridge, boat to boat, etc. These have been used for one week only August 1968. Uses 8 VII batteries, or can be run off 12 volt car battery supply. As new. Cost 85 gns. pair. £55 o.n.o. W. Shelter, 102 Chace Avenue, Potters Bar, Herts.

FOR SALE. 6 h.p. Mercury long shaft, special course pitch prop, yard maintained. £80. Crawley 24250.

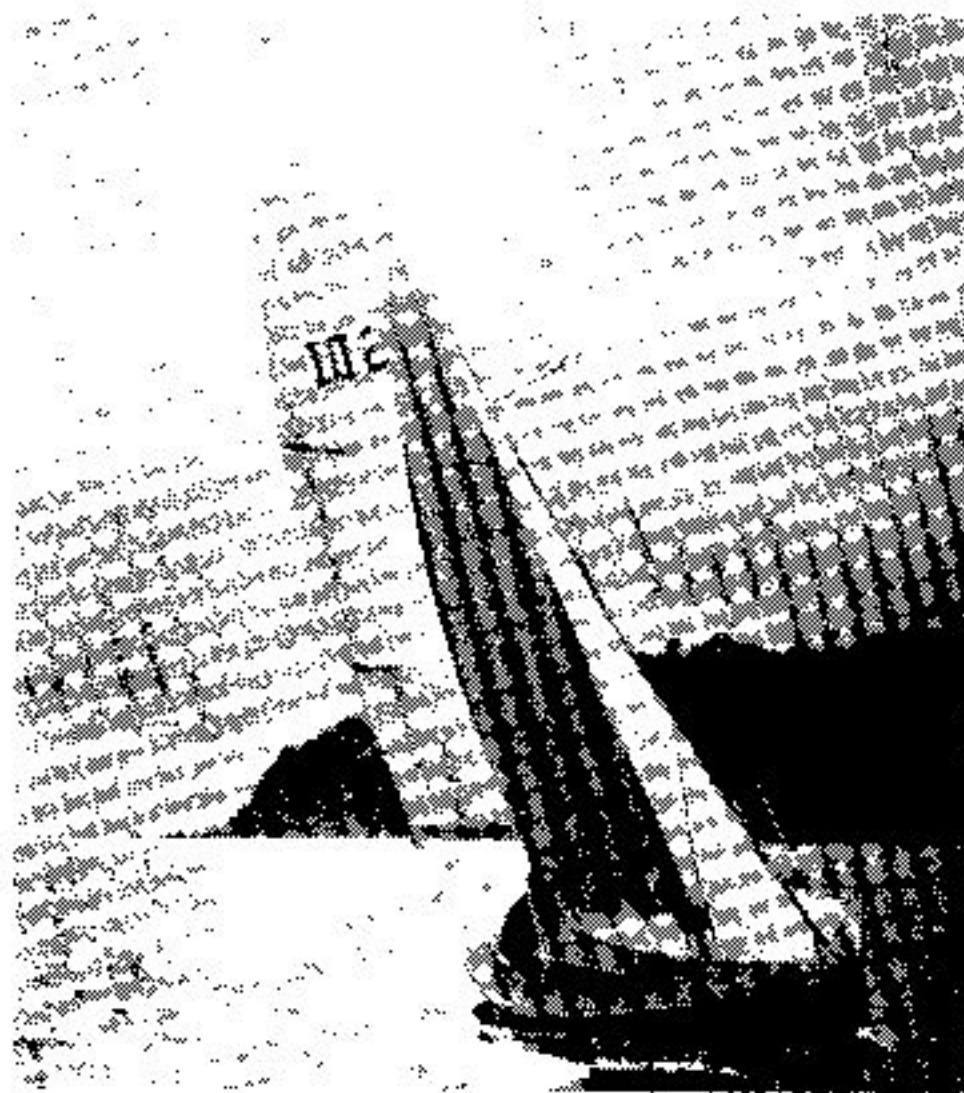
WANTED. Fibre-glass Silhouette. Particulars: Parker, 48 Hampshire Court, Bourne Avenue, Bournemouth.

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.

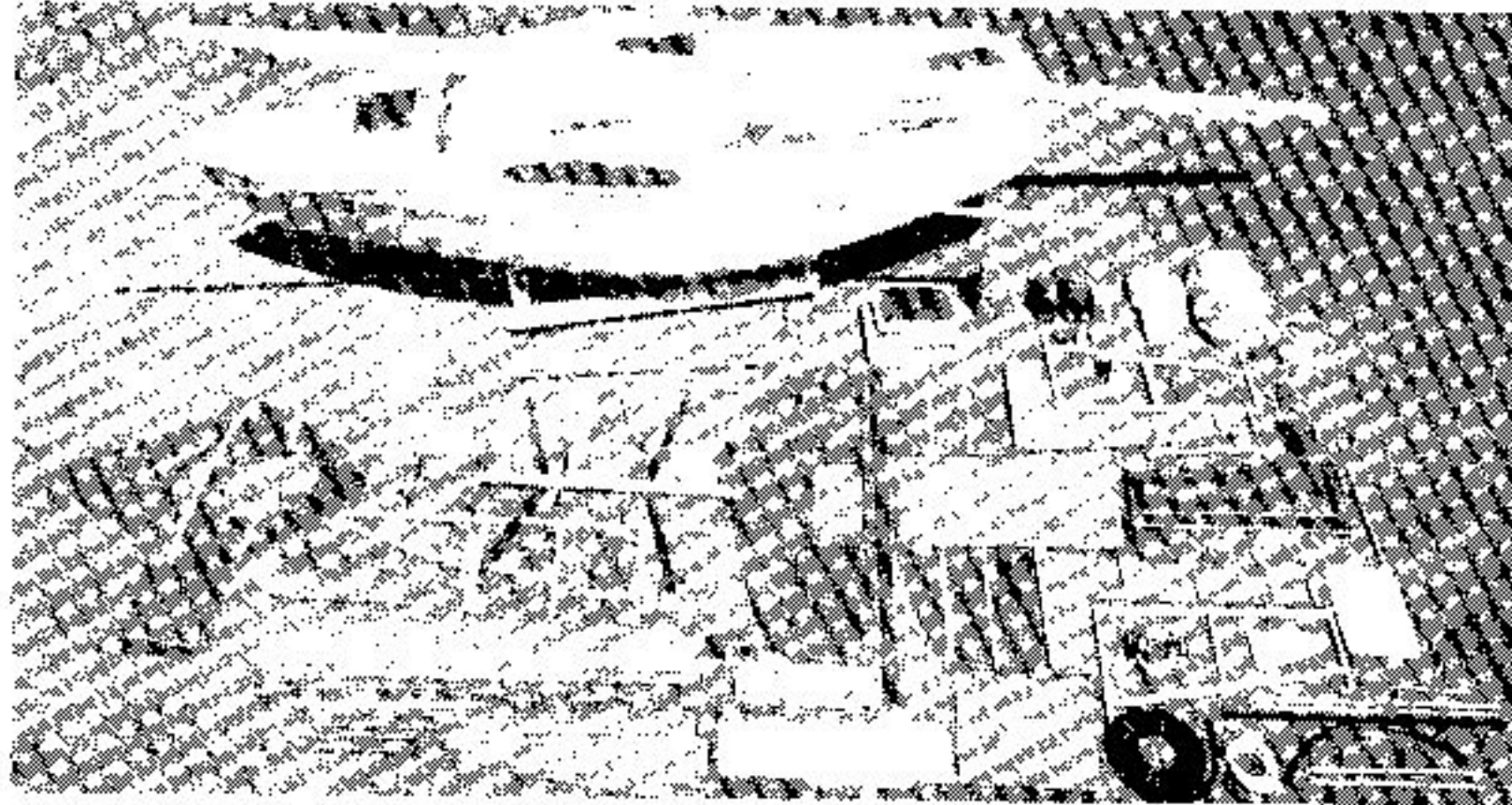
INSURANCE. Edward Lumley (Yacht Insurance) Limited, Lumley House, 43/51 St. Mary Axe, London, E.C.3, offer special facilities to members of the SOIA for all forms of marine insurance. Details from Hon. Treasurer.

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