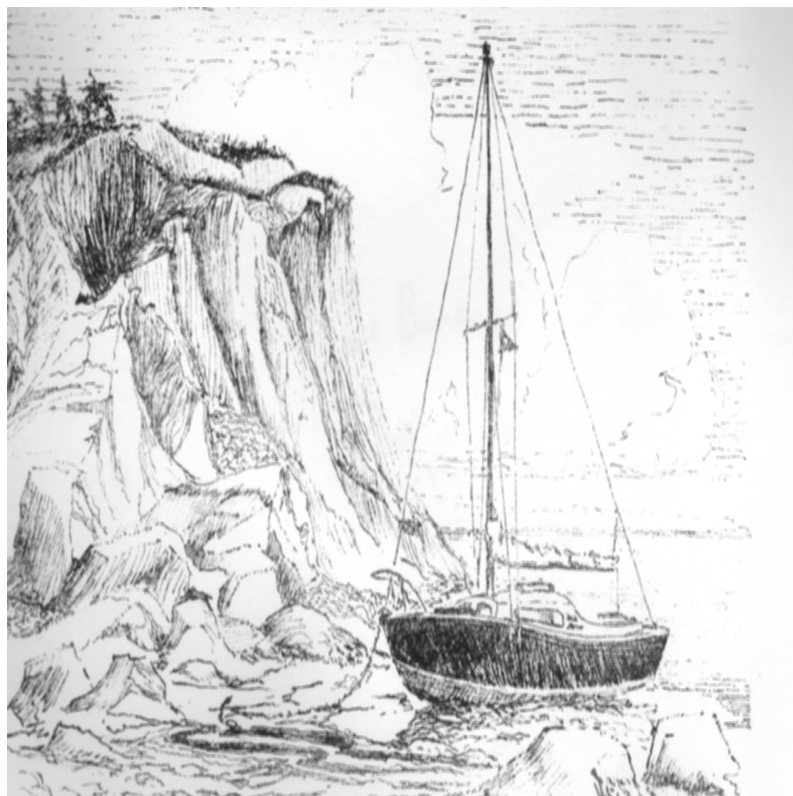


The Silhouette Owner

No. 436 January 2003



*The Journal of
The Silhouette Owners International Association
The Association for Silhouettes and Cruisers*

The Silhouette Owners International Association

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A *minute* with the secretary



RELUCTANT CREW

Many ladies blanch with fear and distaste at the thought, never mind the sight, of a heaving sea. They hate the idea of being wet and cold and many think they are not 'tough' enough to enjoy adventures afloat. Truth to tell most of our Silhouette skippers may also blanch with fear and distaste at the sight of a heaving sea. Where then do they sail? Think about it. Not many of them sail where the seas are rough.

It can still be wet, without the heaving sea. But wetness at sea, or on a lake, is not so unpleasant as it is on land. Muffle yourself in your smart dry suit or oilskins at the slightest hint of bad weather.

The memory of the time you waited until it was too late will prompt this action. Seasickness can be alleviated by modern pills and fear can be soothed away by the comforting support of a good life-jacket. It perhaps lowers one's self esteem if it is too bulky (Mae West) but personal appearances matter in a different way on board.

You are that useful impersonal thing

- the crew, quick, reliable and cheerful!

If you venture on holiday together on the boat remember housework is non-existent. The only tools required are a plastic dust-pan and brush.

Your skipper may enjoy the freedom to be untidy at home but on board ship he believes that there is a place for everything. Chores can be shared and are soon completed - even cooking. Meals can be simple and satisfying with the help of a pressure-cooker and a frying pan. Also there is always the possibility of a drink and dinner ashore, perhaps in some quay-side restaurant where you will soon be swapping tales with other likeminded folk.

If any woman feels she is not 'tough' enough think of the women who have sailed single-handed round the world. Claire Francis, Naomi James and more recently Ellen MacArthur.

Hardly Amazons any of them!

Besides there is ample proof that we are not really the weaker sex. We keep it a dark mystery- we like to be cherished!

A man with a hobby is a contented person (or so they say) and we ladies are lucky if we can enjoy it too. Whole skill is required for other pastimes like bridge and golf, to sail a woman chiefly needs a strong desire to be a good companion and a dogged sense of humour. Especially the latter! Perhaps later skill in handling a boat may develop and you may decide to attend classes to learn more. That can also be fun - and the classroom doesn't move!

Finally you may be converted to the thrill of sailing and the shared companionship is probably one of the greatest assets in an enduring marriage.

It can also be the grounds for divorce!

Our cover picture is line drawing of an S11. Does anyone know the artist and where she is anchored?

Letters to the Editor - Letters to the Editor - Letters to the Editor

Dear Ed, Seasons Greetings, I have renewed my membership using a VISA card. Please would you confirm receipt.

Thank you for sending me the newsletters. I enjoy reading about the yachting carried out in Silhouettes and of course the humour. I feel that despite your bad weather you have some interesting yachting available to you. It's 40deg C in the waterbag down here. Too hot to think about boat building. I am on the lookout for photos of SII's to give me some ideas regarding colour schemes, trailers etc. If any member could spare the time to email me some I would be very grateful. I have the the fin keel SII featured in the forum and the shots on your website.

Apart from a tentative start on the stem mould, Tuckertime's construction will start as soon as possible in the New Year.

I will be using Hoop Pine marine ply for the hull and a mixture of Western Red Cedar, Australian Oak and Jarrah for the frames, stem and hog/keel. Epoxy resins and a light glassing of the exterior will be used. The ballast will be lead, cast at home. The bilge keels will be made in the Pasmenco workshop by a mate. In the general construction I will be assisted by a group of mates, all confirmed yachties! (Once I start I won't be able to keep them out of the shed!!)

If you have a copy of the article from the Silhouette Owner about bilge keels please could I obtain a copy?

Thanks once again and again best wishes to all your members for Christmas and the New Year. **Will Brooks Australia**

Dear Ed, As is my wont, I occasionally read through my past issues of 'The Silhouette Owner' dreaming of sailing which is no longer a pastime I can pursue. Re-reading the June/July 2001 issue I noted the references to 'Admiral John Greengrass' and 'Lord Charles Bissaker of Wordsley', commonly referred to as 'Lord Charles'.

As you will be aware from the item in the journal John is a self-appointed Admiral, but it might interest you to learn how the esteemed title of 'Lord Charles Bissaker of Wordsley' came about.

He and I were travelling together by train to a Committee Meeting in London when we fell into conversation with the General Secretary of the Trades Union Congress. To Charlie, at that time a union representative, this was almost like being in the company of royalty.

During the refreshment break at the Committee Meeting Charlie proudly said "I travelled to the meeting with the General Secretary of the Trades Union Congress". Those within earshot turned and looked at me. Alarmed at the possible misrepresentation I quickly responded "No that's not me" and then I added "But I travelled down with Lord Charles Bissaker of Wordsley". A formal vote on the adoption of the title was not taken but the title 'Stuck' and Charlie thus became one of the highest titled persons in the West Midlands.

As for John's self appointment, surely being a much respected, affable and most genial aficionado of the wine does not warrant the self appointment to the status of Admiral. Having had the acquaintance of John for many years I am sure he will not be offended if I say "John it is a pleasure to know you but your self assumed title of Admiral is not worth Tuppence Farthings".

Captain Pete Derry (RTD)

PS. My rank is not a self appointment. It has been afforded me by John Clawson over many, many years, but only when he is asking for cash I may add.

All our Yesterdays

By John Greengrass



Where you there?

Memories of past rallies 1980/81

Recently, browsing through old logbooks, I found my first Silhouette records.

S11 Pisces 1808.

We joined the SOIA in 1980 after a day in Plymouth Sound with a bit of advice and kindness from a fellow found via the SOIA Magazine, a Mr. Tom Eaves. My first rally 1980 records show that some things don't change. Interesting there were 35 mixed boats in the Rally in 1980

15th Aug 1980 – Launched at Brothertons yard. Morning for the rally, free. (From this we had a mooring in Oreston with four different boats over the next seventeen years.)

17th Aug. 1980 – Passage race to the Yealm. WF 2/3 SW. increasing to 3/4 Twenty nine boats took part, on S1(?), SIIs, IIIs, Folkboat, Drascombe lugger, two Hurley 22s, a Pageant and a Centour. Pisces sailed in middle of fleet but lost wind to the bigger boats.

Anchored in Cellar bay with 15 other boats after trailing in with the last boats. The wind increased considerably making the exit “hairy”, the Seagull punching into sea, water over the front. Pisces and a Leisure 17 raced together back into Orston, but many boats didn't complete the race, Pisces 14th out 29 starting.

18th Aug 1980 – first point race.

My first race ever – always a lazy cruiser. WF 3-4 SSW gusty. Started too far down the line, had to tack early, gained on six boats. A German Destroyer cut up the fleet,

lost eight places. The last four boats made for Asia buoy, the second pair needed several attempts to round it, Pieces led Lady Jo to the finish line, yet interested to learn Lady Jo had never finished a race before. Two skippers pleased. “Bloodied but unbowed”

The remainder of this rally continued in a similar vein.

23rd Aug 1980 – Hauling out.

Colonel Geoff Leigh with DAPHNE JEAN II sailed with his Grandson of 17 yrs of age. Recorded this as the two of them aged 70 as 17 (a really game couple”) thought 70 was impressive because I was years younger; I'm not so impressed now that I've shot past the “golden age”. Anyway at Brothertons yard, hauling out Geoff fell into the ‘Oggin’ and was furious. Yes, his cigarettes got wet. Off to Poole, he telephoned me later to relate he'd fallen into the water launching as well!

Not bad for a first rally, and second season for Liz although she suffered from a damaged knee for months, received while dodging the boom. One of the numerous bangs and FRIGHTS she now claims she experienced over the next ten years, that is before she stopped sailing. I'm sure her memory is faulty you know, I can only recall excitement, stimulating experiences, fun and laughter. I can recall a motorway trailer puncture; dragging anchor onto the rocks off the RPCYC; laying our ARRAN 18 over at 90° in St Johns Lake, being barracked by Charlie in a WF5 trying to pick up our trot with engine failure. No, I can only recall really interesting moments when sailing with Liz.

Second Rally 1981 Passage Race to the Yelm again. 28 Boats entered out of the 40 in the rally.

16th Aug 1981 WF 3-4 SSW. Sea smooth.

Started late. (later a constant feature of mine). Many boats milling about at the start line on our arrival. In all, my best days sail in Pisces to date. Setting out at a logged 6 knts we raced across the sound with Charlie in Mistral and Helen and Charles in Draco, a fast and exhilarating sail round into the Yelm. We finished 12th in line from the 28 boats who raced. Cellar bay was filling up fast, a Hurley fin keel went aground on the bar, feet outside the leading line and was leaning well over (she eventually grounded). In later years the entrance was very visibly buoyed. But who has gone aground; it was George Hurleys' boat with Fred Hawkins at the helm. Lots of humour and ribbing. If I remember rightly this was the incident that promoted the Broken Daggerboard trophy. After lunch at anchor and a swim, we started back, successfully trolling for mackerel. Liz had not been keen on fishing while sailing even if the wind had dropped, no captain Ahab in Liz. Anyway finished with a gentle return to Brotherton's yard alongside Daphne Jean II with the Colonel's granddaughter Becky at the helm.

17th Aug 1981 First points race. WF 1 to 2 but increasing SSW, sea smooth. Short course sailed, 12 Silhouettes. Climbed from eleventh steadily in the light wind and sailed into the front bunch of four, closing the finish line in the front 2 or 3 boats we were edged into the Mountbatten Breakwater forcing Pisces to drop back – finally we came fourth. Then I recorded this as “my first experience of gamesmanship, fair perhaps but sailing “club brinkmanship” I still don't like Racing Rules much, perhaps because I don't understand them, even after twenty two years and many rallies.

18th Aug 1981 Second Point Race

WF 1-2 SSW. Slow start by all – gentle drift round

19th Aug 1981 Third Point Race.

WF 2-3 +, WNW. Average start, the fleet split into two groups early on. The rear group, four of us, caught the mid tide current around Melampus. Need I say more,

Pisces then Draco, Lady Jo and Daphne Jean made several attempts to round Melampus, the old GRP Magnet. We all got round eventually. During this period, Tom Eves in a new SVon loan to him, lapped us at Melampus but being headed by a Hurley 22 struggling with a jammed Spinnaker He looked horrified at the thought of denting his borrowed "Varne".

20th Aug 1981 Fourth Point Race.

WF6 SW. Radio Plymouth advised small boat warning. On the Brothertons mooring a handheld meter indicated force 4, gusting 5. But Committee decision to race with skippers personal decision, decided us to at least start. Starting mid line we made NW Winter buoy clearly, most did not and nobody had reefed down. Approaching the buoy with enough room, Karina tacked but couldn't control her run up to the buoy and ran into the small group, ramming Pisces with a bang. A hairy race with nobody reefing down and Liz "wanting to go home". Mostly one keel out of the water and water coming over the coaming.

Brian Giles and Becky in Daphne Jean, the only boat starting with a reef shook it out, but picked up some rubbish they couldn't lose on their keels. With Liz's limited experience she was very worried but I wouldn't let her get out and walk, however she stuck it well. There was no room for error or change, all we did was "spill wind" from the sail whenever the lee rail went under. Draco lost a foresail and suffered some damage, another boat lost a halliard, a third split a Mainsail. In the afternoon, with a similar wind pattern the Breakwater race was sailed. Fourteen boats started, only two finished the course.

We did not sail, Liz was seriously considering a new skipper. Things don't change much, some races in poor winds, others in severe winds, I recall one where in a handicap race only two boats finished, Mike Bolton, and myself, the rest suffered damaged masks, split sails, another, an existing club friend, was pulled off the rocks after an engine failure. However for every incident there are memories of safe, interesting, happy rallies and please remember it is always "Skippers Decision" that matters. Also so many people from 1980 are still sailing rallies in 2002.

Good Sailing. John Greengrass

Copy dates

As you can see we are now up to date with our journals. We will print at the end of the month preceding the issue date. i.e. February issue will be printed at the end of January and mailed in the first week of February. Copy date is therefore the 13th of the month preceding. Please send me your logs or Silhouette photographs. I have been sent some pictures of members other boats and whilst they are great photographs I think our policy should be to use only Silhouette pictures. Also please send me any other anecdotes or newsworthy items. (Otherwise you are going to have to read mine each issue – boring!)) Anyone who has given me their email will receive a copy in the post and in a zipped email and after a few months, if acceptable, the snail mail copy will be dropped to those people only and they will get their copy by email. Please also note that the journal is on the website as a PDF file in the members area. All copies are there since they have been produced from Newark) If you want to receive your copy by email, please let me know. JC

A Total Loss

by Peggy Nomad

The words sound like a death sentence - They are a death sentence. The total loss of S11 Borri in Windermere last year reported on the website forum pages was the end of a boat which had once be a source of pride and joy. It got me thinking how many Silhouettes had become shipwrecked and how did it happen. I have been sailing Silhouettes for more than 13 years now and have sailed on lakes and coastal waters and I know what sea kindly boats they are. So why do they sink?. I know of two others apart from Borri that have been a total loss. One was another capsized on Windermere a few years ago, with tragic results, and the other was a shipwreck off the north coast of France (in a harbour) Shipwrecks with loss of life are indeed tragic but shipwrecks in which only the boat is lost can also be a source of great suffering – what skipper does not feel that his boat has a personality and what skipper would not feel a great pain at the loss of his vessel. My curiosity is not a morbid interest as I feel we can all learn something from these disasters. I am, as I know everyone else is, very relieved that there was no injury when Borri went down. There was no serious injury either when S11 Mary Williams went down off the coast of France as her skipper relates in this journal entry of September 1962 . The skipper was a nun, the Rev Clementina Gordon and she was awarded the Suzanne trophy in 1961 by the Association for her log of a remarkable cruise from the east coast of England to Zeebrugge in Belgium. In the summer of 1962 she set sail across the channel to sail alone on a cruise along the Normandy and Brittany coasts. She ran into trouble as she relates herself:

I was trying to cruise on the difficult north coast between Boulogne and Cherbourg exercising great care, as the anchorages are dangerous with vile bars and ripping tides, also drying out 20ft and more. On Monday 6th August, I left Le Canche river about 0345, negotiating the bar with a terrible ebb, and then the SW tide for St Valery sur Sommne. At 0645 the forecast was a westerly gale coming from the Plymouth area, so as I hadn't a hope making Dieppe, I ran back over a foul tide to Boulogne. (The Somme estuary is murder in onshore winds.) I came into Boulogne in pouring rain and brought up just by the inner pier head, clear of traffic, and of course behind the big west breakwater. There I rested clear of the miseries of that inner basin and all ready to slip in when I had sorted myself out. I must have dozed off, thinking myself perfectly secure. When I came to, the wind had flown round, from offshore, to put me on the lee of the inner pier, about force 7. I thought it a risk to get under way, and placidly waited for a lull or a pluck in from a passing tug. My signals, even red rockets bursting 100ft, were unnoticed, so I had to hang on with very heavy ground tackle, two anchors and vast new warps and chain. By midnight, the wind settled in the SW and increased, I guess to force 8 but another report said much more. I now had the far side of the harbour in my lee, down Cape Griz Nez direction, all rocks and old blockhouses, with heavy surf. She held till just before HW 3am, when the west breakwater ceased to function, and a heavy swell came in almost unimpeded. I sent off the remainder of the big rockets (after, I learnt that the inner pier head, 80 yards away, was manned all night and the lifeboat station was 150yards away!)

I then took the situation seriously and inflated my good rubber dinghy, as it was obvious that if the bitts were not torn out of her something would have to go. The surf and the rocks were so nasty that I had a drink of Madeira to steady my poor nerves, and stop my being sick all the time and therefore inefficient. Just after that

there was a bigger heave than usual, and with a roar I found myself trapped under the cockpit with the boat on top of me. (Afterwards, examining the wreckage, I found that the new 21/2 inch bow warp had parted about 15ft from the bitts, so I presume she was caught underneath by a steep wave and turned bow over stem.) Luckily, I held my breath, extracted my leg wedged under the boom, and got out, with the dinghy, which my safety belt was attached to. Then a gulp of air, before a monster of a wave crashed me down and down. Eventually I came up, and was rushed ahead for 230 yards or so, nearly torn away from the rubber dinghy. A pause, then crashed down again and pushed violently forward. This was repeated while I weakened physically.

Luckily, I missed the rocks sticking out, and after ¼ or 1/2 mile had slacker water, but a sheer cement wall with an overhang and railings right on top. It was just light, and a Frenchman fishing with a rod was there, so I yelled like an otter hunter, and he slithered down a drainpipe to help. I was too weak to keep hold of the rocks as the dinghy acted like a sea anchor and pulled me back by the safety line. He could not approach to pull me out, as he had a new pair of suede shoes, and leaped back for fear of wetting them. Even then I could see how funny it was! Eventually, I had the wits to pull the release of the belt, and was able to hang on to a rock.

I was hauled out. A baker's delivery man had now appeared to join in the fun, and they manhandled me into a pub where Madame had hysteria and tipped filthy French whisky down me, such as the fishermen use. As I would insist on subsiding on to the floor in a pool of my own private sea, they sent for the ambulance and tucked me up in a nuns' hospital. There I stayed for a couple of days, as I had only a nightshirt lent by a nun, which stopped short 11/2 ft above my knees; so I was a prisoner of modesty.

The unfortunate boat broke up a quarter of a mile off shore. The local yacht club picked up the bits at low water and most of my gear was salvaged. Obviously the whole silly accident was quite unnecessary - I could easily have gone right inside before supper. But it is a sobering lesson on what a dangerous place a harbour is in a gale, and how useful an inflatable dinghy can be (no other dinghy would have had the buoyancy to bring me through that stuff), also on the improbability of one's distress signals being seen. Perhaps one ought to carry a minimum of a dozen rockets and a dozen flares, instead of three of each and some whites as I had.

Important reminder

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**A Happy and
Peaceful
New Year
to all
SOIA
Members
Everywhere**

(This is the third of a series of articles by Denis Heald.)

S III – REBUILD

Any sketches, measurements, materials, sizes and much of the text refers to Mk III Silhouettes, but a great deal of the information will also be useful for work on Mk II Silhouettes, especially G.R.P. ones.

S III – REBUILD - PART 3 - DECK LOCKERS

Most Silhouettes have deck lockers. The 'Standard' version has two and the 'Suzanne' version has just the one.

The locker tops were made from marine ply and were neatly edged with grips of mahogany. There were two reinforcing strips, each one a few inches from the end of the underneath of the lid. Each of these strips had a brass eye screwed in and the lids were held down by two bungees fastened to eyes at each end of the locker floor framework.

Over the years people have done all sorts of modifications to this arrangement but, despite the fairly deep drain channels around the locker aperture, I have yet to find an arrangement that doesn't leak.

If the boat, either on the water or ashore is not perfectly level, lengthwise and widthwise the drain channels are easily blocked by any foreign matter and it will leak, a lot! Even if the boat is level and the drain channels free - it still leaks, a little.

I decided that I wanted my boat to be leak-proof and the only way to achieve that was to seal the locker tops. If you make this decision, but you still want to use the locker space you have to gain access to this space from the saloon. The job is laborious but not too difficult.

Start by drawing an outline on the existing locker front. Cut out as near as you can with a jig saw, padsaw and drilling holes in a line - you may have to use all three tools. Clean the edges with a good sized rasp, file and sand where necessary.

Then do the same thing to the locker back having first removed the locker floor plywood base and (see note) the framework (7/8th square wood) on which the floor rests. You now have access to the locker space and you can seal the locker tops. I usually bed marine ply, sometimes using the original locker lids, on resin filler (car body filler is fine) and then glass over with chopped strand mat followed by glass tissue and the job is done. There are other ways of sealing the locker tops and you can choose any way you wish. If you do not fancy working in sticky resin and glassfibre another successful method is to fasten the wooden cockpit lids down, sealed with door seal strip stuck to the raised part of the locker aperture and then smeared generously with silicone sealer.

To fasten them down use 5mm brass countersunk nuts and bolts, bolted about every 3" through the inner glassfibre flange of the locker aperture, countersunk into the wood and then filled with a good two-part filler. The bolts need to be 11/4" to 11/2" long, obviously depending on your wood thickness. If you use this method it is essential that the wooden locker tops are good flat pieces of marine ply. Also with this method, the bilge pump may have had to be removed, you will need it less now anyway. It is a good idea to leave the large round hole in the rear bulkhead to aid ventilation. You have now made another major step towards a DRY boat

NOTE - if you are going to use the locker space as storage only you may leave the existing plywood locker floor and framework in place. If, however, you wish to use the space as a quarter berth then you need to remove and lower the existing locker floor and framework. Just in case you are wondering whether these bulkhead removals will affect the integrity of the hull. I can assure you that the hull remains more than adequately strong. These S III's really were overengineered.

Part four next month.

This Month's log....

Colin Robinson (SV Allegro) and myself have been lucky enough to have sailed over the past 8 years or so for a week or two each year in the northern and southern Ionian and off the coast of Croatia in various boats with Sailing Holidays. Colin always kept a log and this is written with the help of his log and is the story of the first time we sailed in the northern Ionian Sea

(Day 1)

David Milner picked us up and we drove to Manchester at great speed. This is how David always drives and on this occasion it was a good job he did as we arrived with only five minutes to spare before check-in. Colin had this idea that if we only brought hand luggage we would be off the plane first and there would be no waiting once we got to Corfu so I had stuffed everything I was bringing into this little bag that I slung across my shoulder. There was one change of clothes and my wash gear – for a week- and as Colin recorded in the log “baggage check-in but no problem because we only had hand luggage. Went straight through customs control. Had coffee and toast in café” After the meal on the flight, because Colin is a pilot, he had to make sure the pilot was doing everything according to plan so we went up on to the flight deck with the two pilots (only crew). I was horrified to see that no one was flying the plane, the Captain was in the right hand seat with feet on the panel - very laid back We landed in Corfu and were met by Jennine, the Sailing Holidays

representative, She commented on how quick we were off the plane and asked me had I lost my luggage. We then had quite a long wait for the others in our party whilst they retrieved their luggage! So much for time saving hand luggage!

Our boat was a Jenneau Sunlight 30 - very smart and roomy - especially for only 2 on board.

We had drinks and sat in the warm October sunshine in the cockpit before joining the others for dinner in nearby taverna. After the meal we all went to an English owned bar and sang lustily with Karaoke singers drinking several very large brandies. We returned to *Menexratis* (our boat) at about 12:30am. We both slept very well.

(Day 2)

Gouvia to Mourtos

Our briefing for the day was for a sail to Mourtos on the mainland about 20 miles from Corfu town. We were given a chart and various instructions regarding navigation and emergency procedure. Before going back to the boat we bought food for lunch, cheese, bread, tomatoes, olive oil and vinegar etc. in the local supermarket. We then had instructions about mooring bows to which at first seemed to be fraught with problems but after a couple of attempts we got the hang of it, like everything else in sailing the secret was to go slowly. We sailed out of the marina and set course for Mourtos

heading 135⁰ magnetic. We hoisted sail but very light winds meant we had to motor sail, which was disappointing, but the weather was great with warm sun and blue skies and beautiful scenery especially on our port side. This included the mountains of Albania with its coastline only a few miles away to the north east. We had a pleasant lunch of tomatoes in olive oil and vinegar with crusty french bread and local cheese washed down with cool beer from our fridge, followed by juicy oranges for pudding.

Several of the other yachts were ahead of us so they acted as markers for us entering Mourtos harbour. We stopped the engine at 16:15 and were able to sail for an hour before arriving off Mourtos at 17:15 where we lowered the sails and followed the others into the harbour to moor bow to quay right in the little town. We managed this different way of mooring quite well for the first time. Dropping the kedge anchor about three lengths from the quay and using a port and starboard line for the bow. This was all safely accomplished by 17:50 and we rewarded ourselves with another beer before getting ready for a walk round the town and meal in a quayside taverna.

We also had three maybe four jugs of wine and a few whiskeys with the meal. The owner, cook and waiter (same man) brought us some grappa after the meal which we had to gulp down in one go - very warming. The

meal was finished with pretty awful coffee but as the whole lot cost us just over a fiver each we were well satisfied. We both slept well.

(Day 3)

Mourtos to Gaios

We shopped in Mourtos for lunch. We left the mooring at 11:25 and headed down between the Sivota Islands. As we crossed the bar the wind got under our chart and lifted it over the side. Although we did a rapid turn it sank before we could retrieve it. We were now chartless. We hoisted sails 11:55 and sailed S.E. along the mainland coast in light winds. We started the engine again just before 13:00 and motored until we found a lovely oval shaped bay below the village of Pardika. We dropped anchor and before lunch had a swim in clear blue water.

After a splendid lunch we set course for Gaios steering 200⁰ mag with a distance of just over 15 miles. We sailed in light winds until 17:30 when we started up the engine and dropped the sails. As we came into harbour the company engineer came out in the rib dinghy and asked us to take him out to a vessel in distress to tow them in because they could not start their engine. We assisted in their recovery and return to moor up at 18:55 just in time to join a punch party on the quay. After several punch's and lots of dips we went into town to a bar and had several drinks. We met some Germans off a 42' boat and became very merry. The Germans invited us onto their boat at

about 01:30 where we had another few drinks. Colin had slowed down his intake and was insisting we leave and explained to me later that he had saved us both from a boatload of murdering German homosexuals. It started to chuck it down with rain and we got soaked. As the wind had also got up we found that our kedge anchor had dragged and our boat was in danger of hitting the lead boat. While we were trying to sort this out with me falling all over the place laughing loudly the lead skipper came out with the dinghy and an extra line which he secured to the shore and he took out the anchor and made that secure so we eventually got to bed at 02:05. Quite a day!!

Thursday 24 October 1996 **Gaios to Laaka**

As we had gone to bed late we overslept and Colin woke up at 09:29 one minute before briefing time. He could see the others with their note book and charts on the quayside so he got up quickly and shouted to me to get up. However when I tried to open my cabin door it wouldn't open. Colin tried from the outside but couldn't budge it so he went back to the front hatch and called the leader, who had started the briefing and informed him that "John can't get out of his room". This caused great amusement with the other members of the flotilla. The engineer came on board with his tools but was not able to release the door. However, after a lot of rattling

I managed to get out. We joined the briefing and were given a new chart to replace the lost one. Our next destination was Laaka at the northern end of the island. After the briefing we had breakfast and then left for a stroll round the town of Gaios which has a well-sheltered harbour. The island of Paxos is covered in Olive trees and there is an Olive oil plant which is sold at very high prices in places like Harrods. By the time that we had done our shopping and returned to our boat the rest of our flotilla had left. We left the quay at 13:00 and motored gently down past the town quay and left by the narrow southern end of the harbour, passing the small isle on the left which has just one restaurant. We hoisted the sails at 13:15 but with very light and variable winds progress was very slow. We would have liked to sail round the western side of the island because it has several interesting coves and sea caves including the Seven Seas Caves and the Grotto of Ypapanti (Poseidon's Cave) but as we had been told to get to Laaka by about 16:00 to make sure of getting a good berth, we decided to go up the eastern side of Paxos.

As the wind became virtually non-existent we motor sailed until about half past two when we stopped the engine and with sails flapping gently had lunch in the cockpit. We tried to sail again but had to have the motor ticking over to make any headway. At

about 15:35 a breeze sprung up from the north west and we had a good sail for an hour actually hitting 5½ knots. Unfortunately we had to start the engine at 16:35 to enter the harbour entrance at Laaka which has a small circular bay well sheltered all the way round except for the N.E. entrance but this has a small breakwater coming in from the eastern corner. A very gentle approach. That evening we all congregated at the cocktail bar at the other end of the quay for the happy hour 7-8pm. We sat with a couple called Bryn and Pam. It was packed with a lot of the Jaguar fleet who were also in Laaka for the evening. The men seemed very "hunky" and the women were mostly blond and tanned and of course the music was deafening. Subdued lighting with erotic photographs adorned the walls. We both had Mexican coffee which contained various potents but ended up looking like Gaelic coffee and tasting really good. Bryn came to sit with us, but seemed to be very distracted as Pam, who was sitting at the bar was having an animated conversation with the skipper of the Jaguar flotilla who looked as if he was a model for the "Women's Own" love story illustrations. Our Mexican coffees went down very well but we decided to move on since at £2 a go they seemed a bit expensive.

We ended up at a taverna on the main quay where they did a very special lamb dish. As it was very

busy we only just managed to get a table and they only had one of their special "lamb's" left so we had half each and half of another dish on the menu. With only one bottle of wine (we were taking it easy after the night before) we had a relatively quiet night but we still slept well.

Friday 25 October 1996 **Laaka to Mourtos**

Whilst we were waiting at our outside table for breakfast one of the locals speared an octopus with a special fork on a long pole. He danced along the quayside showing his catch to all his friends; Still it didn't put us off our breakfast. However one of the Jaguar fleet sailors joined our table for breakfast and his breakfast consisted solely of several large brandies After our recent imbibing this almost put us off our breakfast!

We had our briefing for the day. Our destination was to be Mourtos again, back on the mainland. As we had already been there on Tuesday night we knew what to expect. We had a lazy morning chatting!

We left Laaka quay at 12.15 and motored slowly out of the harbour and into the small bay hoisting our sails before clearing the bay and heading for the mainland. Lovely sunny day again but really no wind and what there was of it was nearly on the nose so we motor sailed at about 3 knots. As all the Jaguar fleet was also going to Mourtos we decided to have lunch on the move and arrive

fairly early. The approach to Mourtos from the south is between an island and the mainland and gets fairly shallow at one point. We had been advised that it goes down to 2 metres but it always looked deeper. With the clear waters it is better to stand in the bow and look at the bottom rather than rely on the echo sounder. We soon passed the point where we had lost our chart on Wednesday but even in the clear water it was not visible.

We entered Mourtos at just after 15:45 and moored at 15.55. We dropped our kedge anchor too soon and ran out of chain and warp. So we had to haul up and have another go, which was accomplished in our usual immaculate fashion!! We were moored between two Jaguar' s and it is interesting to see that they seemed quite small compared to our Sunlight 30' . As we had arrived early it was pleasant sitting in the cockpit enjoying the warm evening sunshine especially as the stern was facing the westerly setting sun. As we had run the engine for some hours we had managed to make some ice in the fridge so it was large gin and tonics, the ultimate "Yachtie" poseurs drink, but with the lemon and tinkling ice they really do taste extra special when tied up to a quay and you can look down on your neighbours on either side. Years of being on a Silhouette looking up does make one appreciate our new "Status"!! After a stroll we joined several of our

flotilla and a lot of the Jaguar sailors at a restaurant on the quay. As the Jaguars were returning to Corfu on Saturday. George, their leader, made a little speech and presented the prizes for the happenings of the week. There seemed to be more reward for doing things wrong than being competent. Yet another enjoyable evening with plenty of laughter - we retired for a nightcap and then to bed.

(Day 5)

Mourtos to Sayiadha

We got up at 08:45 to another lovely sunny day. Off we went to the bakery for croissants and crispy bread and also some other shopping for lunch today and tomorrow. Back to "Mene" for a late breakfast on our small table which fits onto the cockpit floor. After breakfast we fed the fish near the quay. By throwing in chunks of bread the water becomes a bubbling tumult as the fish devour the bread - they look like piranhas!! It was this morning that Colin realised that he had lost his return air ticket. It was replaced later by the company rep no problem at all. We were very impressed. After a short briefing we were advised that our destination for the night would be Sayiadha which is a village with a small port further up the coast north of Mourtos just about opposite Corfu town and on the Albanian/Greek border.

We left the Mourtos mooring at 12

noon in sunny warm weather but once again no wind so we motored north along the coast past the bays that lead to Igouhenitsa which is quite a large town and one of the main ports in this region for the ferries that ply between the mainland and the local islands. Just beyond this area there is a small bay called Iggy Creek which we decided to enter for our lunch.

As we cleared the southern point we saw another of our flotilla yachts which, as we approached, we identified as *Dionysos*. We called them on the VHF and they invited us to tie up alongside them which saved us the bother of dropping our anchor. As it was a very sheltered spot we had a refreshing swim and later a fresh water shower on the "platform" on the transom. Beers and lunch followed and as time slipped by we decided to get going again at 16:40. Whilst we were at Iggy Creek we read in the pilot book that there had been a naval battle in the creek in 640 BC between the Corinthians and Ionians, it did not say who won.

A few miles out we passed Bryn and Pam in *Rhea* who were sailing very slowly, about 1½ knots. They past some sarcastic remarks about us motoring so we tried sailing for a bit, but slowed to two knots. We started up again and motor sailed as it was getting late and we wanted to arrive before dark.

Sayiadha was easily spotted against the background of towering hills which were in Albania. We could not spot the harbour entrance until we were only about ½ a mile away and although the entrance was only a few yards wide it presented no problems and we were soon tied up. We stopped our engine at 18:40 - our end of day drink followed and as it was getting dark we joined the others at the restaurant on the other side of the harbour where we had our briefing for the next and last day. There was a race in Corfu for which we entered and it was due to start at 12:30. We therefore decided to leave at 08:00 but, as the clocks were going back tonight, this should have been no real hardship. The restaurant that we were in was famous for its giant prawns so we ordered the standard dish of 2 kilos of prawns between us. These were cooked in a very tasty sauce and accompanied with a large bowl of golden chips.

However, before the meal started and although we had only consumed one bottle of white wine I managed to crash to the floor taking and breaking glasses, dishes and the tablecloth with me. I had not fallen off my chair as everybody thought, what had actually happened was that the left back leg of my chair had collapsed - no harm done so after we consumed our first kilo of prawns we had another plate-full - and three more bottles of wine!! Around this time

Colin decided he wanted to go to the lavatory and Pam also wanted to go. We were told it was outside round the back, which apparently they found quite easily – Colin says he let Pam go in first and waited outside for quite a long time before she emerged and went back to the restaurant. Whilst they were away Bryn said to me "I wonder what those two are up to", he really did have a problem. At about 23:30 Colin had had enough excitement for another night so he decided to return to "Mene". I carried on in the bar. When I returned to the boat at about 2.00 in the morning my camera fell out of his pocket into the water as I clambered aboard, but at the same time I heard a faint cry and splashing a couple of boats away. One of the other crew, a young lady named Anna had slipped when she was getting onto her boat and fell into the dock. I don't know how long she had been there but they had left the bar a long time before me. Now, Anna was not a small girl and I was not entirely sober, so try as I could I could not get her out by pulling her leg. Luckily the noise I made woke her husband and he and I both managed to get her out of the water and although she was cold (a cold north wind had got up and actually blew all night) and wet she had not hurt herself. Her teeth were chattering though. Its a great pity however that I lost my camera, but what was worse I had finished the film so all 36 photos were lost too.

(Day 6) **Sayiadha to Corfu**

The wind was blowing quite strongly and best of all it was coming from just south of east which meant it was really in our favour for a run westerly to Corfu. The lead boat had already left and all the others were making ready to leave early. We started the engine before 08:00, left the quay and hauled up our kedge anchor, and headed out through the narrow entrance with no problem. The wind was really whistling through the rigging as we motored out to make some distance to turn round into wind to hoist the sails as soon as possible. This done we set course to Corfu steering 275° magnetic and for the first time this week we really had a cracking sail, hitting 6 to 7 knots. I went below and cooked fried tomatoes on toast for breakfast. We were really going well because we caught up several of our flotilla who had set off before us. With the course we had set the only thing to be careful of was not to stay too much to the north, which would have taken us into Albanian waters, and we had had strict instructions not to infringe their territorial rights as they do not take kindly to this. After 10:00 we had covered over ten miles and had the islands off Corfu town in sight, but once again the wind had started to decrease and our speed was dropping to just below 4 knots. With about 6 miles to go we

sailed on but as the wind decreased and our speed dropped to below 3 knots we started up the engine and motor sailed to keep up a 5 knot speed to enable us to get to Execution Island for our "rendezvous" to obtain our sail number for the afternoon race.

As we approached the island we could see several local yachts coming out from Corfu to join the race, which was scheduled to start at 12:30pm. Arriving off Execution Island at 11:20 we stopped all engines. The wind had now dropped to a whisper as we gently sailed off the west coast of the small island amongst the increasing number of yachts waiting for the start of the race. The race officer came alongside and gave us our sail number, which was 45.

At 12 noon we were told to go channel 9 on the V.H.F for race control information. The start line was to be between a pole on the S.E. corner of the island and a committee boat towards Corfu Island. We would then sail around Punk Rock and return to a line made up of the committee boat and a buoy. There would be a normal 10 and 5 minute gun plus an extra one 1 minute before the start. Also we would be advised over the V.H.F. of each "gun". We both said this was good idea and thought we might suggest it for the S.O.I.A. Rally.

Obviously the main problem was going to be the lack of wind because by this time it was virtually nonexistent. We kept our motor

ticking over to get into position until the 5-minute gun. As the start gun was fired we were in a good position just behind the line and it was obvious that several boats were over the line and they were advised of this on the V.H.F. from the committee boat.

With no wind everybody was just bobbing about and hardly making headway. This was a great shame in view of the wind that we had earlier in the morning especially as at least 60 yachts had started the race. As usual in these conditions some boats seem to move slowly forward and others appear to go actually backwards. Try as we did we could barely get a forward speed of one knot. At least it was sunny and warm and the remarks on the radio were quite funny. After an hour of really trying we had progressed about ¼ of a mile so we decided to have lunch. Sometime around 15:00 the skipper we had seen in Iggy Creek hailed us to see if we had any spare beer cans as he was gasping. We said if he could come alongside we would oblige. After several minutes of non-movement he could stand it no longer and stripped to his underpants and dived in and swam over to receive his prize. On his return swim a slight puff of wind sent his boat moving, with a worried looking wife at the tiller, so it was a good job that he was a strong swimmer and he managed to catch it up and climb aboard. At around 15:30pm the race committee announced that a

shortened course would come into operation. At the time we thought that we would hardly make even this short course, but by 16:23 we crept over the line. Almost immediately a breeze started to freshen from the N.W. and for over an hour we enjoyed a pleasant sail. If it had been known we could have probably completed the whole course. At ten past five we started up the engine for the last time and dropped the sails to motor towards Gouvia and the setting sun. At the last port buoy we called our leader and he told us where to moor and we eventually tied up at 18:05 just a few places from where we had started the holiday on Monday. As the clocks had gone back it was nearly dark so we did not have much time to get ready to go to the barb-b-q and prize giving.

With so many crews from the Sailing Holidays boats and others at the barb-b-q we had to queue for our food but it was worth it since, unlike a lot of food cooked BBQ style it was well cooked and there was plenty of it plus excellent salad and coleslaw.

An extremely packed and noisy prize giving followed with our leader, Mick, coming 2nd and another one of our boats coming third in its class. Sadly Colin and I only came 49th out of 60 starter boats but then our boat was a windy boat - well that our excuse and we are sticking to it!!

(We did get a second place two years later) The rest of the evening was spent in drinking at two more bars, one which Anna and Joy informed us

was a "gay" bar so we soon moved on! Being old(ish) Colin and I stuck it out until about midnight before returning to "Mene" and turning in.

(Day 7)

Next morning we had been asked to clear the boat by 09:00 if possible because it was one of the first to be pulled out. We managed it by piling our kit on the quayside and sadly seeing "our" boat sailed away - we felt quite homeless. As we were not due to leave for the airport until 12:30 we went up to the local taverna for a full breakfast.

We spent the rest of the morning chatting and saying goodbye to our new friends who were going earlier on the Gatwick plane. Eventually our coach arrived and we were soon at the airport and joining the very long queue for the check-in. It was obvious that the plane would be full for the return journey.

There were no problems with just having hand luggage at the check-in and we were able to get a bottle of whisky for David Milner for giving us a lift at the duty free shop. Take off was on time and the trip passed pleasantly with the hot in-flight meal with wine and a large gin & tonic followed by the in-flight film "Twister". Although the landing at Manchester seemed to be a bit hairy we were dead on time and it paid dividends this time only having hand luggage as we quickly passed through customs and immigration and out to meet David who said he had just arrived.

We were soon on our way back home through the rush hour traffic.

Footnote

We both agreed it had been a really great holiday and, not having been on a flotilla holiday before we were very impressed with the organization provided by Sailing Holidays Ltd. They were very efficient but went about it in a very informal way. We were surprised how free and easy the sailing was, being allowed to do own thing but knowing that our lead boat was always on hand with Mick (Skipper), Chris (Engineer) and Julia (Hostie) to help out if necessary. Nothing seemed too much trouble for them and Mick never showed any impatience with some of the silly things some of us did during the week. Not having to make the decision of where to go or worry about any problems with the boat, not that we had any, made the week all the more enjoyable. Our yacht was really excellent and with only two on board

we were really comfortable. Even with the boat being 30' she was very easy to handle and although we are used to our 17' Silhouettes the extra length caused us no problems. We particularly liked the mooring bow to the quay using a kedge anchor. This seems much better than lying quayside and rafting up, especially for getting away without disturbing others. Talking to other members of our flotilla some who were even less experienced than us, they all seemed to be of a similar opinion to us.

A really splendid holiday with warm sunny weather every day the only criticism would be that the winds were too light, but Sailing Holidays Ltd can hardly be responsible for that.

John Clawson and Colin Robinson

Note pad

Editor's notes....

I hope you all had a great Christmas and you got all those prezzies you had been dreaming of, - GPS ? VHF? Log? Echo Sounder? or was it socks and a tie again. Never mind you can't win them all as I keep telling Sue. The last time I took her out fishing for mackerel when we got back her mum who lives with us said to her "So, what' s the matter? I thought you just got back from a nice relaxing fishing trip with John." "Oh, everything went wrong " she said " First he said I talked so loud I scared the fish. Then he said I was using the wrong bait; and then that I was reeling in too soon. All that might have been all right; but then, to make matters worse, I ended up catching the most fish". She did cook some of them on board in Fowey and we had a great meal.

Keep smiling shipmates,

John Clawson

For Sale and Wanted

(Please remember to inform us if you have sold the item advertised)

Rates: Members small advertisements: 10p a word (minimum £1) Non Members 15p a word (minimum £2) Please send payment to the Hon Editor and please notify when items are sold. Cheques to be made payable to the SOIA. Adverts are inserted for three months.

For Sale New rubber window beading to re glaze a Silhouette plus a set of S111 windows – used but in good condition - £50 S11 Mainsail and jib - years old but hardly used £120 Mainsail Stacking System with lazy jacks, Pack away sail stowage and mast boot in UV stabilised acrylic. As new, at less than half price £100 tel 01590 673606 (3rd Entry)

For Sale 01763 241464 Large 40-43" Splashdown ' Fremantle' heavy duty foul weather jacket in Teal/White (cost £144) Splashdown Hi-Fit trousers 32" leg, (cost £60) The jacket has extra fitted safety harness and inflatable liner. Both items are virtually unworn. £100 Suzuki 2.2 HP Outboard, used for approximately 15 - 20 hours (cost £300), £175 8' GRP Tender, c/w launching trolley, buoyancy, oars and patent rowlocks, £120 Navico Pilot TP100 in as-new condition, (cost £220) £150 Crewsaver adult (150N) automatic lifejacket c/w spare refill cartridge £35 Unused Large 40-43" Wetsuit and size 11 neoprene boots, will separate £20 & £10 (3rd Entry)

FOR SALE 1998 VW Campervan.2 Berth, fixed roof, beautifully fitted out with large boat hatch in roof for ventilation and light, based on 102B.H.P. 2.5 TDI Caravelle/window van. 3-way fridge, cooker & sink with piped water, blown air heating, second battery with spilt charging, porta-potti, full electrics, fully insulated, lined curtains etc. Superb for trailer sailing with quickly mounted special roof rack for your dinghy, towbar on rear for trailing and detachable central front towball for manoeuvring, launching & retrieving. 33,000 miles only. Immaculate vehicle. - £15,000. Tel: 0-1590 673606. (3rd Entry)

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I've seen your advert. So don't be glum I'd love to be your sailing chum.
I'd give full satisfaction to be sure Upholstered amply, or even more.
When I fall for you it is the case That I can never fall on my face.
At sea I've lots of experience, Ask Ark Royal's crew, all fifty pence.
As for my morals, there is no doubt it could be said I've been about!
If being short it makes you sadder I'll wear my stockings with the ladder.
And when I smile, a gap shows through So I've an annoying whistle too.
My eye sights good, and I'm no hag So I'd be obliged if you'd wear a bag.
If you should decide that I fit the bill, Just give me a shout; I'm **Levington Lill**.

Oscars 2002

THE SW GROUP OSCAR AWARDS 2002:

At a glittering ceremony held at the RPYPC on Thursday 7th November the annual SW Group Oscar Awards took place with three nominations this year:

Bill Lutley

Dave Warn proposed Bill who had dropped anchor in Barn Pool and rushed to the Pub. As the tide turned Bill' s Coromandel *Ekaterini* started drifting towards Drakes Island. Dave was obliged to pull up anchor, switch on his motor and follow the boat. Fortunately the Coast Guard came to the rescue and retrieved the empty yacht. Dave explained that he knew the owner and the Coast Guard asked him to return to his mooring .

They then brought *Ekaterini* alongside Dave' s boat. When Bill and his two sons returned from the Pub, Bill promptly blamed his son James.

John Gordon. Nigel nominated John and recounted three incidents.

- A) The first incident was of course the sinking of his Silhouette on Lake Windemere.
- B) The second incident took place on Friday 23rd August, lunchtime, following the final race. He was entering the Marina in the dinghy following the photo shoot. Just as he was passing, Java tied up to the pontoon when one of his crew shouted out "We have a problem. We think the rudder has come off, the tiller is jammed, Can you see the rudder floating around?" As Nigel came up to Java he could see the problem. On berthing with the engine running astern the tiller had been pushed right over, almost turning the rudder 90 degrees to the keel. In doing this the propeller had cut the rudder in half and imbedded itself into the remaining half, locking not only the rudder but also the engine. The chopped off section was never found, so maybe John' s handicap should be altered.
- C) A few weeks later John moved Java from it's mooring in Hooe Lake to Yacht Haven Marina. On attempting to berth between boats John was getting into difficulties when trying to go astern. First he had forgotten he only had half a rudder and secondly he had left a huge solid rubber fender suspended under the forward part of the keel, which was hanging on a rope from each side of the boat. This lump of rubber is 11/2metres long and weighs about 1/2 cwt. It is used for the boat to rest on at low water.

It is strange that on all these occasions Ken was with him, and so I nominate John should be awarded the Pram trophy and share it with Ken.

Nigel Baring

John Gordon nominated Nigel who had sailed in and out of Hooe lake for a number of years but unfortunately this year had managed to hit a six foot square swans nest. He had relatives on board and was showing them his house which overlooks the lake and did not see the swans nest. He then tried to blame his wife Pam for his error.

These three nominations were put to the vote .

The results Bill – 6 votes Nigel - 7 votes John and Ken –18 votes The Pram trophy was duly awarded to John and Ken.

Model Boat Race

During the winter months whilst your Silhouette is taking a well earned rest in the shed at the bottom of the garden keep your hand in by competing in the annual model boat race which is organised by SW Group. Everyone welcome. This year it will take place on February 16th . All details from John Gordon SW Group Commodore.

SOIA Publications.

The Silhouette Handbook 3rd edition – 48 pages A5.

Covers all types, plywood and fiberglass construction. Mk's I to V, S20 and S21.

Contents: *Acquiring a Silhouette, buyers and maintenance guide. Hull trim and rigging, safety, trailers, launching and retrieving, sailing technique, sailing care. Engines (inboard and outboard), make and mend – a selection of projects.*

Price £3.50

The Best of the Builders - 20 pages A4

A compilation of articles by members over the past thirty years describing a number of approaches to building/ rebuilding and refurbishing silhouettes.

Prices £3.00

SII Mini Plans Sets of drawings for the SII reduced to A4 size (9 sheets).

Price £2.00

All prices include p+p. Available from the Hon. Secretary. Please make cheques payable to the SOIA.

Come and join us!

If you are not a member of the SOLA and would like to join, then please write, telephone or email for an application form to the Hon. Secretary, Mrs. Barbara Heald, 18 Bitterne Way, Lymington. Hampshire. SO41 3PB. Telephone number; 01590 673606 or join on our website: www.soia.org.uk

A warm welcome to the following new members who have signed articles recently;

Simon Beck, "Caerog", Bontgoch, Talybont, Ceredigion, Wales

Geoffrey M Tyson, P O Box 158 Zeehan Tasmania Australia

Tom Griffiths, Bryn Darian, Lon Isallt Trearddur Bay, Anglesey

Bosuns Stores

The following items may be obtained from: Mrs. Mary Jones, SOIA Bosun's Stores, 95 Wickham Avenue, Cheam, Surrey. SM3 8EB. Tel: 0181 641 2063. or by shopping at our store on our website

SOIA Terylene ties – navy or black £8.00

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Sweatshirts: Warm navy blue Sweatshirts with motif (vee necks only):

Adults – small & medium £11.75. Large £12.50. Extra large £13.50

Navy blue Sweatshirts embroidered with the SOIA logo (state whether round or vee neck required): M (38-40") £16.50. L (41-43") £17.50. XL (44-46") £18.00. XXL (48-50") £18.50

Tee shirts (Black with white motif) Adults M £7.00, L£7.50, XL£8.00.

All prices include p+p. Please make all cheques payable to the SOIA.

IF YOU WISH TO PAY BY CREDIT CARD PLEASE SHOP ON OUR WEBSITE www.soia.org.uk

Picture Parade



The fleet's in (Plymouth 1997?)



Plymouth 1980 Wednesday Sports Day (photo. John Greengrass)

(Send us your favourite photo memory for this monthly feature)