

The **SEADOG**

No. 24 SPRING 1990

Editor:- Peter French



"GLORY"

ACROSS THE ATLANTIC IN 27 DAYS!!

Crew:- Susanne Huber (Skipper) - friend Rolf - & dog Lucky
Departed Teneriffe - Canary Isles.....16th December 1989
Arrived at Antigua - West Indies.....12th January 1990

GLORY - This story is the sequel to an item in the 1987 Newsletter when Frans Huber wrote to say his then 25 year old daughter Susanne had just completed a single-handed voyage down the River Danube to the Black Sea in her 21 foot, Seagull powered sailing boat.

Susanne lives in Ingolstadt just north of Munich near where the rivers Altmühl and Danube join. (The river Altmühl, (old mill) is now part of the new Rhine-Main-Danube Canal, which when completed in 1992 will connect the rivers Rhine and Danube thus opening a new route between the North and Black Seas - and a new way from England to the Mediterranean).

Susanne's adventure took her more than 2,000 kilometers through Germany, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, Hungary, Rumania - across the Black Sea to Turkey via the Dardenelles to her journey's end in Venice. She enjoyed it all so much she decided to carry on singlehanded to Gibraltar. But when her father heard about this he felt that her tiny boat with minimal freeboard was quite unsuited for such a long passage over open water, so, for safety's sake - and for love of his daughter - he gave her his Seadog GLORY, paid up her membership of the Seadog Owners Association - and bought himself a Nicholson 32!

In the autumn of 1989 Susanne sailed GLORY single-handed from Kemer in Turkey to Gibraltar.

West of Sardinia she was struck by a severe Mistral and spent three days and nights lying ahull with no sails set - she couldn't check her position as the waves were too high for her to use the sextant. A week later, a shattered Susanne sailed into Ampuria Brava where her family have a holiday flat.

She spent a few days recovering then sailed, battling more storms and torrential rain on the way, to Gibraltar where her first act was to buy a NAVSTAR set - up till then she had relied on fixing her position by use of her sextant - the calculations being carried out by a special computer programme (the subject of an article in the September issue of the Practical Boat Owner).

At Gibraltar Susanne was joined by Rolf, a young Swede who sold his boat to sail with her. They are now on their way to the Canary Islands and hope to leave from there in the middle of December to sail across the Atlantic to Antigua or Guadeloup where Susanne hopes she will be met by one of her brothers. Her dream is to carry on westwards, and if all goes well, to circumnavigate the world. We all look forward to hearing more about this remarkable young lady and her trusty Seadog GLORY!

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We did - shortly after writing the above I received a copy of a letter in German which Susanne had written to her Uncle Charles; our language-teacher daughter Christine kindly translated and has done her best to be true to Susanne's style of writing:-

"Los Christianos, Teneriffe: 15th December 1989

"While you are sitting round the Christmas Coffee Table I could well be sailing on the high seas in the middle of the Atlantic.

At the moment we are in Teneriffe and dealing with last minute preparations for the crossing. Since Spain I am no longer alone on board. Rolf from Sweden and Seadog 'Lucky' are my partners. I don't want to set any singlehanded sailing records, but just to travel for fun.

After getting GLORY in good condition our priority is to load enough provisions for 4 weeks - every free place on board will be fully packed with food, tins and of course fresh vegetables and fruit. Here on the Canary Islands, we are in a wonderful position for supplies.

At the moment it's the Spring Tide - i.e. the full moon causes especially high and low tides. The water level changes about 2 metres every 6 hours - I will use this change to 'dry-dock' her. GLORY has 3 keels and so can rest on land with no support. So this afternoon at high tide we'll motor towards the land until we hit bottom - much to the astonishment of all the tourists cooking on the beach in the sun. When the tide drops, we'll be able to clean the hull, antifoul her and also carry out a small repair on the propeller. It will make an interesting picture when GLORY is lying high and dry on the land.

It has really only been 'summer' again in the last few days, for the voyage from Gibraltar to the Canaries was very stormy. During the terrible rains on the Costa del Sol - (roads swept away, town centres under water) - nothing worked any more in Spain, and we had to keep warm using the Taylor diesel heater on board. We battled westwards in short stages and put in for a day to Tangiers in Morocco. Everywhere in the harbour yachts were at anchor, ready to leave at the first sign of an improvement in the weather, but one depression followed the other from the west.

We made a dash from Morocco on an already falling barometer - not a good omen for my 1st Atlantic crossing - over 720 sea-miles in storm force south-westerly headwinds - both ship and crew were put to the test - and passed!

In a stronger than Force 9 on the Beaufort Scale we hove to, i.e. the boat drifts with lashed rudder and only a storm jib set. I tested this for the first time and GLORY found herself a peaceful and very safe position between the approaching breakers in the howling wind.

During the rest of the stretch to the Canary Islands we had our fishing line out - in rough seas, and with a lot of spray coming on deck, the first fish soon bit. The line was under a lot of strain when the big (80 cm) royal-blue golden shimmering Dorade took the hook. A rip roaring time, the boat heeling over -

- 2 reefs - spray everywhere: under these conditions it is not so easy to land an enormous fish. In the end however the Dorade had to give up - the wonderful colours soon faded too.

Up to now I have never been a great fish eater, but the tender, succulent fillets were a delight. Rolf prepared the fish wonderfully - for 2 days we had giant portions - Lucky had some too, naturally.

On our arrival in Las Palmas, Canary Islands, we heard the first news of the terrible storm. The Trans-Atlantic Regatta (ARC) was postponed. In spite of this a quarter of the yachts turned back on the 1st day. The storm resulted in broken masts and sea damage, stranded ships and severe damage to boats in the harbours.

GLORY weathered it all without any problems - not even one sail ruined, everything OK. I shouldn't think there is another 30' yacht that is so strong and sea-worthy in a situation like that.

These days when I listen to the weather reports from Germany on shortwave it makes me shudder. I am travelling towards the sun and at home there is the usual cold. Above all, I am spared the dank mists of the Danube. At the moment I am sitting in the cockpit in 30 degrees with a light breeze and blue skies. Near me are pleasure boats from every country: in the harbour, the ferry to Gomera is just leaving; on land the sparsely covered but delightful hills of the volcanic countryside.

We are off, at last - tomorrow - 2700 sea miles (about 5,000 km) towards Antigua in the Caribbean - hopefully, the steady Trade Winds won't desert us".

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Next came a letter (in English), from Susanne herself:-

16 North, 45 West
3rd January 1990

ATLANTIC OCEAN

Wind: NE F5
Temp: 28 C

"Maybe you are interested in GLORY'S tour 1989/90. Since many years we are reading the publications of the Seadog Association with great pleasure - now it's time to write a letter to you!

Since my father bought GLORY (ex KIPPS BAY) in 1975 he was sailing with her in the Mediterranean - Yugoslavia, Italy, Greece and Turkey. As his daughter, my sailing interests have grown more and more since a child, and now the time has come to start cruising for a longer period. After several years sailing a 21 foot boat singlehanded (down the River Danube and Black Sea to the Med.), my father has given me the big chance to sail "unlimited" with our Seadog GLORY!

In June '89 I gave up my job (Architect), sold my car, let my Apartment ... and prepared everything for a long travel - going to Turkey (Kemer Marina) with a crammed-full car, where GLORY'S last winter place ashore has been.

Several preparations for my single-handed planned tour had to be done - we fitted a windvane self-steering (the German "Windpilot"), mast steps for the mainmast and mizzen have been welded by the Turkish workers, and the hull got a wonderful new cover of snow-white paint.

My time in the eastern Mediterranean was wonderful - I really like those Turkish and Greek coasts and islands. Man should have time to experience the friendly, warm mentality, smell the Orient and conquer the waters of the Levante!

My way to the west brought me rough Meltemi winds in the Aegean, light winds between the Peloponnes and Italy. Then I started a non-stop voyage from Sicily to southern Spain. Maybe you know about the stormy Mistral in that area - I really had enough wind on the nose for 12 days!

During 3 days there was very hard weather and GLORY was running only with her storm jib days and nights! There have been incredible high waves - I never would have believed to find those in the Med.! A few times the cockpit was filled and one terrible breaker went all over the boat. On his way he damaged the guardrail - good luck that the sprayhood was folded! Even during all Force 10 storm, the new self-steering held the course perfectly! Both GLORY and I got to know better by this experience - but one storm like that is enough - never again!

The rest of the way to Gibraltar was quiet with mostly good easterly winds. Since many years GLORY smelled British air again and we celebrated this time by adding a lot of yacht equipment. The weather started to become unsteady and rough in November - not a good start for the Atlantic!. Every day I was glad to have this wonderful "Taylors" stove running.

After many years and thousands of miles singlehanded, I've tried to sail in company with a Swedish friend. Many works are so easy together, but also a lot of tolerance and understanding is necessary. Maybe it's really too hard for a man to accept an emancipated female skipper, not only in the pantry, but also in the technical area!.

So we started together the 720 sea miles down to the Canary Islands at the end of November. Already the way west through the Straits of Gibraltar against current and wind was only with engine-power possible. Many hours of tacking, and again, stops in Tarifa (Spain) and Tangier (Morocco) took another 2 days.

It was not planned to go to Morocco - I had no flag - what to do?. On GLORY I have several totally white flags - if necessary I quickly paint them with cloth-colours - the best and cheapest way!

Then going out to the Atlantic, most of the time we had strong winds from the SW and W and still lots of rain. Also coldness made this 10 day voyage quite rough - a long time for that distance!

During one night GLORY was heaved to and made her way very safe only with storm jib. Wind and waves came about 45 degrees from the stern and no steering or self-steering was necessary! I'm sure that especially the SEADOGS have their own strong way to manage storms.

When arriving in Las Palmas, Gran Canaria, a lot of horrible stories were told to us: the ARC Regatta started 1 day late because of the storm, one large boat was lying there with a broken mast, about a quarter of all the yachts in the race came back to the harbour, and at several places yachts were drifting ashore from their anchorages ...Once again GLORY has proved her strength in storms!...

We stopped just a few days for shopping and having a breather in Los Christianos, Tenerife, before the crossing.

There I tried for the first time to bring GLORY ashore by the full moon tide. What a strange feeling, to motor to the sandy beach until the boat feels the bottom. The local harbourmaster told us to leave the beach immediately for making all works only in the shipyard but the boat was already high and dry ashore. A fresh cover of antifouling and a new waterline made her looking wonderful.

Now every place was filled with fresh and tinned food, water and diesel as much as possible- all together dipped GLORY some centimeters deeper into the sea!

Today is the 18th day at sea - the Trades have started already on the second day after leaving Tenerife - what good luck. GLORY is sailing like never before! Between 110 and 120 sea miles in one day is normal, that means an average of between 4.5 and 5 knots day by day. I'm no racer, so that speed is really good. In front lies, after 2,900 sea miles, Antigua, my planned arrival place in the Caribbean.

Since having the Trades I'm sailing under 2 jibs with 2 booms - easy to steer for the windvane and enough sail for the F5 to F6 winds. Maybe for lunch a Dorade or lunny is biting once again to our trailing fishing line - fresh fish that tastes like veal! 80 cm of fish means a 2-days meal for us and our (sea) dog Lucky - a little Spanish mongrel that has grown up on the boat and really feels happy on our long-distance voyage!

While in Europe the winter is bringing coldness and rain, I'm glad to sit here in a temperature of 25-28 degrees C night and day. The tropic area will be a new experience for Glory and me - hopefully the contact to corals will not be too close

I wish all (Seadog) sailors a Happy New Cruising Year - best wishes - and fair winds.
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Then came more news from Frans: - "Susanne has arrived in Antigua in best condition on Friday 12th January. Boat and crew are all right. I am very astonished she did not report about problems with the dog - such a long time without a lamp post in sight

Not so good seems to be the relation to her friend Rolf; she told very short that in future she will be alone again. In a letter from Gib. to me, she reported that Rolf had some problems to accept her as captain.

I'm not worried about that - these are the problems of life - compressed - when they live on a little boat for weeks. Anyhow, Susanne's voice sounded very happy. She did not tell about her next steps. But my son Robert will be with her for some weeks, we then will be informed".

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Finally, on the 28th of February 1990, Frans wrote:-

"Susanne enjoys the Carribean Islands - like sailing in paradise. She is at present in St. Barthelemy, about 70 miles northwest of Antigua.

Her friend Rolf has bought a new boat (a used Endurance 44) and since they sail as two captains on two boats they are best friends again!".

And as a footnote:-

"GLORY", in spite of her age (No 88), is in almost original condition. No furling systems - all foresails, storm jib, genoa are what she was first equipped with. All seams renewed and mostly 3 seams. Mainsail and mizzen are new. The old mizzen with reinforced seams is used as a storm trysail.

Besides the Pinta autopilot, GLORY has windvane steering since Turkey. It is a 'Windpilot', works very good independent of the wheel!"

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HOLYHEAD RALLY AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY 1989

Olive and I took advantage of our visit to Holyhead and spent a few days wandering around mid-Wales where we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves in the fine summery weather, driving on scenic mountain roads - photographing the reservoirs in the Elan Valley which were especially interesting as the water levels were at an historic low - we even managed the occasional bird watching - and last but not least dined at the "Workhouse" at Rhyader!

I still don't know what it is about Rallies that attracts bad weather, but by the time we got to Holyhead it was blowing hard and we watched it wreak havoc with the Bank Holiday decorations on the promenade. Next morning, we ran into Reggie Lodge (SOLWAY DOG) who was scanning the harbour from the water front. In the distance we could see a Seadog, so together we made our way out by Club launch to TOPAZ TOO.

Cyril and Barbara Porter invited us below and we were warming ourselves with steaming cups of coffee, admiring a host of interesting fittings, when Philip Ellis hailed as he came alongside in NATUNA. Shortly afterwards we were amazed to see CUSHAG OF MAN and learn that Eoghan Lavelle and his crew had battled through rough seas all the way from Dublin to be with us. Their efforts were even more appreciated when we heard they had to go back next day through even tougher weather.

Altogether five Seadogs arrived:

BELHOUND	David & Isobel Jones from the Isle of Man
CUSHAG OF MAN	Eoghan Lavelle from Dublin with crew Anne-Marie Norton & Martin Quinn and Rory McGee
NATUNA	Philip Ellis & George Timbey from Northwich
SALUKI OF ARNE -	John & Julian Martin from Conwy with their guests, Dot & Bill Tomlinson
TOPAZ TOO -	Cyril & Barbara Porter from Menai Bridge

Reggie Lodge (SOLWAY DOG) had motored from the Scottish border and our newest non-Seadog members, Bill & Dot Tomlinson came with John Martin in SALUKI OF ARNE - their first sail in a Seadog - (they have since bought GABRIELLE B).

We all got together that evening in the Holyhead Yacht Club where an exceptionally good meal was provided for an incredibly low £2.00 a head. During the meal I had a chance to talk to Eoghan Lavelle who is a Paediatrician at one of the big Dublin hospitals. He told me how many of the hospitals, over the years, had evolved from the workhouses of yesteryear. Today Dublin boasts three medical schools and several modern hospitals, the largest of which, the Beaumont, is directly descended from the old 'House of Industries' set up in 1772 to provide employment for - "strong beggars and idle strolling women" - what a lovely phrase! Eoghan is a prominent figure in the Irish Scout movement, and his Seadog CUSHAG OF MAN is used to give the boys sail training - I believe they have even done a circumnavigation of Ireland!

Conversing was hard that evening because our Rally coincided with the annual visit of the Manchester Cruising Club - they have no club house of their own and can only get together once a year, so the premises were bulging at the seams at times - but it all added to the enjoyment - even though Olive was hoarse for a few days afterwards through shouting above the noise!

Next morning, having wished everyone a safe journey, we decided to see a little of Holy Island, so we set off for the South Stack Lighthouse. This is situated in the vicinity of Holy Mountain which can be climbed very easily - well worth doing as the view from the top was superb. In crystal clear air we could see faint smudges on the far horizon - to the west could have been Ireland and to the north - the Isle of Man.

Before leaving Anglesey altogether, we took the coast road, calling in at Cemmaes Bay and Moelfre - both very attractive villages, and all the while we had the dramatic Snowdonia Range facing us as we neared Beaumaris and were sorry when we had to turn away and head towards Oswestry - we did however, spot RESTLESS III standing high and dry in solitary state on the sand near Beaumaris.

Before journeying southwards to Hampshire, we spent a couple of days with friends who live near Oswestry; they suggested that we might like to visit the Ironbridge Open Air Museum - a vast project and so interesting that even though we spent a whole day there - we didn't see it all.

Next morning we diverted a little from our route to pay a brief nostalgic visit to the RAF museum at Cosford. Nostalgic for me, because it was there on the 25th of May 1940 that I flew my first Spitfire, a Mark I, number P3275. That first take-off took me a bit by surprise and was one I'll never forget and I'm sure the onlookers won't either. I was not sufficiently prepared for the severe swing, and the little Spitfire careered in a wide arc, missing the top of one of the grass-covered storage hangars by a whisker while I juggled with the unfamiliar controls trying to raise the undercarriage with a hand-operated pump!

Fortunately for me, the Spitfire is a forgiving aircraft

The museum is well worth a visit - among the many exhibits is the one and only TSR2 fighter - as big as a house!

Leaving Cosford and its memories behind, we motored on to Hemel Hempstead to collect our two whippets who'd been holidaying with Olive's sister; then it was back to sunny Hampshire and the Isle of Wight Rally.

We had a lot of pleasure during our visit to Holyhead and enjoyed meeting the members from the North West and Ireland - we were sorry that our visit had been so brief - still, there is always another time

AFARON - Hal Ironside sent photographs of a portable bench to seat a fifth person forward of the table in the saloon - it spans the gap between the port & starboard bunks. (S.A.E for details). Hal has sold AFARON - she is now owned by Bart and Monica Groves who keep her at Solva.

BLACK DOG - I met Robert Cooper and his wife aboard BLACK DOG while they were at anchor at Sauzon in Belle Ile last summer and later received this letter:-

"The storm cone is hoisted, rain is about to "sweep in from the west", so it's a good opportunity to write you the letter I promised. We got back to Lorient in time to explore the river Blavet, which is much more attractive than its rather dreary mouth might suggest, and to do some serious swimming at Lamor Plage where a very stern gendarme in an inflatable chases you away if you anchor too close to the beach. It seemed a little unnecessary when so few French bathers get themselves wet above the knees.

If you remember, we discussed anchoring. In this part of the world, and also of course in Brittany, one soon goes off hauling up 15 fathoms of chain with a 35lb CQR hanging on the end. Five years ago I switched to a 7.5 kg Bruce with the idea of trying it out as a kedge, and then getting an 11 kg as a bower if I was satisfied with it. My back was so grateful that the 7.5 is still shackled to the cable, and I have never had a moment's unease.

The only bottom that the Bruce rejects totally is kelp - but then so does a CQR. The only problem with the Bruce is breaking it out of really good holding like hard clay. On hard sand it needs a fair amount of scope to dig in, but once buried in any kind of bottom it requires far less scope than other anchors - a useful attribute given the way a Seadog charges about in wind-over-tide.

I'm sure other owners will be very shocked by the use of such a light anchor, (I still have the 25lb CQR on the foredeck as the kedge) and shall be interested to hear what others do.

As I told you in Sauzon, I do find the Newsletter absolutely invaluable, but inevitably it can make rather worrying reading as most of our boats enter their third decade.

BLACK DOG was built in '68 and has been in the water continuously during the fifteen years we have owned her. At the end of last season both I and the insurance company felt she should have a full survey, so I took her down to Mylor for a thorough going over, including a re-paint. I was surprised and delighted by the survey, and hope that other owners approaching the 20 year mark may find it encouraging.

Below the waterline was wet sandblasted, and in spite of 15 years immersion, moisture levels were, in the words of the surveyor, "reasonably low". A few small blisters, easily dealt with, were found on the inside of the bilge keels and on the rudder. There was one patch of osmotic blistering about 18 inches long and 2" wide on the port side amidships just above the waterline. The sealant between the bilge keel flanges and the hull proved to be of the hard type and unsound. It was raked out and replaced by the flexible type.

Five random bilge keel securing bolts were withdrawn from each side, but all were found to be sound and replaced. Rather worryingly the three securing bolts on the lavatory water inlet valve were found to be rotten. Worryingly, because they were sold to me as gunmetal only three or four years ago! Apart from these relatively minor defects, and a few cracks in the gelcoat of the deck moulding that were pronounced cosmetic, everything was found to be in good order. I wonder how many other classes of yacht would get such a good report after twenty years of round-the-year use.

The boat was given two coats of International Gel Shield and one coat of Interprotect below the waterline, and two coats of two-part polyurethane on the topsides. Fortunately I was banged into by a visiting motorboat within days of bringing the boat back here, so I have already got over the stress of the motorist driving a brand new car.

One interesting sidelight on having years of old anti-fouling cleaned off is that while boat speed in moderate or strong winds is unchanged, speed in light airs or low engine revs. is noticeably higher.

I wish I could say that I and my bank manager could now relax, but sadly the gearbox is losing oil. I was a fool not to have it fully overhauled when the replacement engine went in a couple of years ago. It was looked at then, and judged to be in good order, but I suspect the oil seals are on the way out.

Incidentally, if you braze an old half-inch drive socket onto the top of the dipstick taper plug, it makes checking the oil level in the gearbox a whole lot easier".

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BORN FREE II - The new owner, Robert Moorsom tells me the surveyor found the gel-coat a bit soft - "it was a 'Hempel's' preparation applied a few years ago - and there was a damp reading on the meter. However, it is not bad, no blisters and I am leaving it as it is this winter. Because the engine was leaking oil, and has had to come out. Having investigated the cost of (a) a complete replacement 4.108 and (b) a replacement "short engine", and the work involved in re-fitting, I have decided to have a complete overhaul carried out locally at Ridge Yacht Centre. They have a keen, new mechanic who seems to know Perkins engines well and is keen to do it:- new liners, pistons, bearings, crankshaft reground, new oil pump, fuel lift pump and starter motor overhauled. The injector pump was renewed recently by Barry Yaldren, and the valves re-ground. The head and valves are in good condition. The whole job is costing about £1,800. I'm having the prop shaft examined while the engine is out. There will also be some new wiring: and I am fitting a weed/rope cutter behind the prop. and the anchor winch is being repaired.

Regarding radios etc, I am getting a new VHF radio, and the Decca is being repaired. The boat had a "Seascan III" radar, but the scanner had broken off at the mizzen. I am removing the radar altogether and hope to sell it for spares. I am not sure what to do with the old "Sailor R/T". The transmitter is illegal; the receiver needs attention and they take up a lot of room. In European waters I think the VHF is all we need.

We moved to Poole on retirement in July. Apart from a short cruise up the Solent, we have only had time for day sailing in local waters. We have been getting to know the boat, and plan to cruise to the Channel Islands, weather permitting!

We are very pleased with BORN FREE II and sure she is the right boat for us".

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DOGBOAT - Cy Blackwell, who runs his sailing school on the river Orwell, sent an anguished letter occasioned by the change in date of the Seadog House Party at Dinton.

"Louise and I are so disappointed that it has been changed from the original date, as we had planned a Winter holiday to get back by the 15th of February - consequently we regret we shall be unable to be with you on the 3rd/4th - we shall still be in the Caribbean!. I have a chance of a working holiday sailing out of Barbados and taking Louise along with me, so who could turn down an opportunity like that? Will make a welcome change to the British weather. We had an excellent Summer Season, and look forward to a repeat for 1990".

(An unsolicited recommendation for Cy & Louise's Sailing School came from Clare Murley (ex TRESCO MAID) - a relation told her of her happy experience while attending one of the Courses - " and they paid great care and attention to detail in the Course - there was a concern for individual needs and the catering was very good!. I recommend his Navigational Course to anyone - and he did the cooking too!")

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EREMUE - Mike and Linda Fulford came to see us during the summer and later sent the following letter from New York:-

"I thought it was high time that I contributed something to the Newsletter and so, with the snow falling on Long Island and the sunny skies of the Mediterranean seeming very far off, what better time to write

A number of changes have been made during the last year or so - a 4 ft. bowsprit was fitted last winter with teak grating and Roto-Stay furling gear. The new sail, a bi-radially cut genoa, made by Stephen Ratsey Sailmakers really works very well and has made a great improvement to the performance, as has the addition of a mizzen staysail.

On a number of passages, with varying wind speeds we have been able to average over five and a half knots for up to 70 miles on occasions. The light air sailing has also shown a marked difference. The original forestay has been shortened a couple of feet, and I had a bracket made to fasten it to the mast. It is now possible to have a cutter rig also, using the original No 2 which needed no alteration. The No 1 we sold. While not in use the old forestay is used as an extra shroud and only takes a couple of minutes to replace when needed, and of course, is an excellent standby should there be any problem with the furling jib.

The original rubbing strake and toe rail have been replaced with new ones in teak. The strake had been secured with galvanized bolts with the inevitable result. Should anyone else experience the same problem with the bolts rusting away, I found that the simplest method was to cut around the bolts until the rubbing strake can be removed, then simply saw off the heads of the bolts, or what is left of them, and knock the rest inwards through the hull with a hammer. This saves the big job of removing all the panelling to get at the nuts which will almost certainly be rusted on anyway. Most of the bits can be retrieved and the others are in a dry spot anyway.

The new rubbing strake can be secured with stainless steel screws where bolts cannot be used. The fore part is easily accessible of course and can be secured with nuts and bolts.

The whole of the cabin sole, right through to the head has been laid with alternate strips of teak and pine on top of the original sole. A professional Danish carpenter made and fitted all the new woodwork. An extra roller has been added for another bow anchor, the main one coming up through the bowsprit and is secured with the stock through one of the rollers by a pin - not through the stock. Last year at the London Boat Show we purchased a TWC charging system along with an 80 amp alternator. We have two batteries, one 300 amp and the other 100 amp, and throughout the sailing season from March until October they have been maintained in excellent condition with considerably less running of the engine than previously. A new Taylor Q43 cooker was also installed.

The exhaust is being changed to one piece of strong stainless steel flexipipe with a stainless steel flange at both ends, one replacing the Perkins fitting altogether.

The double booster sail, also from Stephen Ratsey, with the 'Bell' snuffer is a tremendous downwind sail and by simply leading the windward sheet over it can be used as a reacher; we use this sail up to Force 5.

I suppose that everyone knows that there are two grease nipples on the Whitlock system - I only discovered the second one by the rudder-stock last year.

We have found the Autohelm 3000 very good both with wind vane and without. If anyone is fitting one with the control panel on the consol care should be exercised as the gas bottles can affect the system considerably.

Oh, I forgot, in a small bay called Partheni at the northern end of the island of Leros, after returning from a trip ashore, we saw, believe it or not, another Seadog at anchor ... TIMORLEY. They get everywhere these Seadogs!

Our plans for this year include a cruise up to the Sporades, the northern Greek islands, then about October down to Crete, then to Cyprus and so to Egypt for part of the winter, of which the remainder we will most likely spend in Kyrenia in the northern part of Cyprus.

This will be our 12th year in the Mediterranean and we always seem to find somewhere new as well as enjoying our favourite haunts.

At the time of writing a visa is required for Turkey for members of EEC countries & the rules for cruising yachts have changed. Those with the owner on board and no more than two other people can cruise Turkish waters for up to 21 days without a transit log - after that one is required - cost £10. The visa costs £5 and is valid for three months.

After 12 years we are enjoying EREMUE more than ever and have never yet seen a yacht of similar, or in most cases, larger size with the amount of 'living space' - she nearly always excites very favourable comments when we are in company with other yachts. A real credit to a very fine designer.

We hope that you and other Seadog owners had a very pleasant sailing season, and should anyone be contemplating a trip to the Med. we would only be too pleased to help with any queries".

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GLASS LADY - John de Candole writes "my new bowsprit is quite excellent, the boat is almost perfectly balanced and sails herself for most of the time - I haven't identified greater speed though! - although I am sure it must be there. And I have just ordered a tri-radial furling genoa!"

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HIBOUX - Joe Lyons has put pen to paper - "..... we do not live in Alicante but in the Province of that name on the outskirts of a small town called 'Javea'. It has a large English community amongst which, as you can guess, are several sailors with and without boats - but only one other Seadog - FUHARA - Mike Groves, who sad to say is very ill at the moment in England. He had two cerebral strokes last year in April on his way to Malta to pick up his boat where it had been left from the previous year.

To continue, there is a Marina in Javea but alas we are not there; we have a berth about 8 kilometers away in the Marina Club Nautico de Denia, and at the moment all is in uproar as the whole place is being rebuilt. We are coming up to our fourth season out here and are already looking forward to our summer cruise which will be almost the same as last year - The Balearics. Last year we set off from Denia first light for the 60 mile crossing to San-Antonio-Abad in Ibiza, a large harbour similar to Poole. Plenty of space for anchoring and quite safe. Motor-sailed across - the usual story - started on a close haul, genoa, main and mizzen, then finally the wind headed us and we were on engine and mizzen. Took about 11.5 hours.

From there we cruised daily around the northwest coast calling at the small harbours of San Miguel and Portinax where we rested a day and checked the boat ready for another 60 mile leg to Andraitz on Majorca. This year I had fitted a Navstar Satnav which I viewed at first with great suspicion, but on the long passages I was truly converted and think it is a wonderful aid, but you must keep your DR going on the basic information as well.

Andraitz was very pleasant, long fiord type of Cala with a harbour and marina at the end. Plenty of anchorages and good shore support. Small mishap on the way over. The rivets on the keyhole slot on the boom gave out and caused a loud bang and I thought we had lost a stay - rivets corroded. This caused us to do a complete fastening check on all rigging, but no other problems were discovered. We day-sailed until we arrived in Palma where there are excellent yacht services and chandlers which we severely lack here on the mainland. From Palma we sailed to Porto Cristo on the west coast, calling in at Porto Colom where we encountered our first other Seadog. We found three altogether at moorings, and thought we must be in for the Seadog Owners Med. Rally. No such luck - we stayed two days and never saw a soul on any of them. All kept there with their owners in England (Afaron, Amerus and one other, no name seen).

From our most northern port we set off for the Isle de Cabrera off the southeast tip of Majorca and inhabited only by the military. You can only land at one place, but the harbour, natural, is large and almost land-locked. Having our dog Tara with us of course necessitated going ashore twice per day. So I am pleased to be able to report that we made contact with the Spanish Army and had a beer in their equivalent to the NAAFI.

From Cabrera we made a long haul - 70 miles - back to Andraitz and from there another 60 to the eastern shore of Ibiza, to St. Eulalie, then on to Ibiza Town for a couple of days. We continued south to the uninhabited island of Espalmador which has good anchorages and fine sandy beaches - fine for swimming and the dog. Finally on to a last port of call, Sabina on Formentera, where we prepared for our journey back to the mainland.

In all we covered about 600 miles and visited many small harbours and calas. Only two nights in a marina over a period of five and a half to six weeks. HIBOUX continues to give good service although showing signs of age. We had done quite a lot of maintenance and this is where the Newsletter is so valuable. You either see other people with the same problems and their solution or you get a warning of what is likely to happen and the solution. This latter is probably the most valuable. The funny thing with Seadogs, they all have the same problems sooner or later.

For the record I will list what we have experienced:

About 18 months ago we had trouble with the starter motor. Symptoms similar to bad earth or poor battery state. Eventual solution: complete rewire of the whole charge circuit. New alternator (modern type - machine regulated - no more regulator boxes etc). Removal of battery master switches; replaced with Vetus master switch (1. 2. Both) plus a charging warning light.

Starter motor removed. Badly contaminated with diesel from the lift pump. Field windings sodden, brushes and armature in good condition. Thoroughly cleaned, reassembled and replaced. No trouble since. (In passing, a new starter motor here in Spain quoted at £300).

Last year after completing our 600 mile cruise when only 1 hour out from Denia on the last leg, the bronze cap nut on the heat exchanger (port side) disintegrated and the unit fell into pieces. Luckily the wind was about F6 just offshore (land/sea breeze) and we continued under sail. Unfortunately on entering harbour we had to harden up to get in. I went below to reply to the radio leaving Babs on the wheel. The wind gusts to about 7 or more and we broached. Babs being unable to let the sheets go, we blew out the jib. Regardless, we started the engine for the last couple of hundred yards and got into the berth. No harm to the engine but rather hot. All now repaired minus oil cooler and all set for this year.

The only other item is the fitting of a new seacock to the engine intake. The core of the old one (gate of the gate valve) had de-zincified and become brittle and broken. One useful tip. All pipe threads in Spain are British Standard Pipe Thread - so ordinary plumbers or irrigation fittings bought in a local ironmongers will fit. Available in brass or stainless at much lower prices than ship's chandlers.

Anyone coming this way always welcome to call. Best of luck for 1990!"

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JACARAH - Brian Herve - "we are off for our first weekend's sail on Friday - then to Calais on the 26th for a weeks holiday. Then on June 11th are off to Auxerre for six and a half weeks in our half of the plastic bathtub we own on the waterways! All being well it should be the beginning of my retirement"

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KURI MOANA - The saga of Guy and Beryl Saville's purchase of KURI MOANA went on and on, but now Beryl writes. "At last we have got our boat KURI MOANA in the water at Port Hamble, though at times we thought we'd never make it. We are now in the process of cleaning her up as the previous owner'd rather sail than scrub! Anyway she's looking a lot better for it and Peter Clarke at West Mersea has done a splendid job on the hull. We are looking forward to many happy hours sailing her around the Solent and the coast --- it's been worth all the hassle".

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KUSHKA - Argyllshire in Scotland sets the scene for our next letter - Iain Cameron writes:

"After what must have seemed a promising start when I joined the Seadog Owners Association about three years ago, I'm sorry to say I never lived up to the expectation of providing some regular, interesting material for you and your readership! However I'd like to put the situation to rights at last and let you have some news of KUSHKA and her travels - which really consist of a Spring trip north from the Clyde, up to our summer mooring at Connel by Oban, followed by some local weekend sailing before the highlight of the year - our annual 5 week potter round the north-west coast - tending, rather unambitiously, to return to the same locations year by year Aigg, Oronsay, Loch Torridon, Portree, Rona etc - which I never tire of.

Also, I am in effect single-handed as my wife, although not minding rough weather or rain - thankfully - is not really a practical sailor and in any event is taken up with keeping an eye on our two young children - I at 49 being rather a geriatric parent - compared to the norm!

We usually manage a few more weekends, together with the Royal Highland YC and Clyde Cruising Club closing musters - usually Loch Spelve on Mull - before KUSHKA commences her homeward trip back to Loch Long for the winter, usually mid-October. Our normal arrangement is to lay up on the beach outside our house, but this year, as I felt I must not postpone our blistering problem any longer, I took KUSHKA to McAlister's Yard in Dumbarton where she currently enjoys the total luxury of lying under cover, her bottom having been grit-blasted to open out the blistered areas and clear off a thick accumulation of anti-fouling. Incidentally, like some other Seadogs, the source of the trouble seems mainly confined between the two gelcoat layers - some say because of ignorance or neglect at the time of moulding.

Anyway the laminate itself seems unaffected which is the main thing!. By the way, no trace of the layer of tissue which was supposed to have been placed between the second gelcoat and the first layer of laminate proper.

Which leads me on to mention quite a few building defects which have come to light - the most obvious of which - hinted at in an earlier Newsletter - that the bronze bush supposedly fitted to the base of the rudder to bear against the bronze shoe quite simply isn't there. The pin locating - (after 22 years perhaps not surprisingly) - rather loosely into a hole bored into the fibre glass of the rudder - now there's a shortcut for you!!

Having been severely tried by habitual leaks behind the panelling, originating at the toerail, I removed same to find a rather amateurish concoction of bits of indifferent wood, jammed between the inner and outer shell with a few inadequate blobs of mastic thrown it - in fact not a very satisfactory or professional way to seal and secure a potentially troublesome area, on the basis of the design.

Other work includes removal of the engine (principally to replace a leaking oil seal between gearbox and engine). At the same time, after a great deal of effort and ingenuity on my part, removing the two forward engine mountings (again, I feel coach screws are a rather agricultural way of securing yacht fittings!)

Also withdrew the propeller shaft and replaced the cutless bearing - repacked the rudder stock (it had become very stiff) - rebolted mizzen tabernacle and a host of other jobs too numerous to mention, but thankfully all major items in basically good - if not excellent - condition for their age - e.g. her topside and deck gel-coat is unpainted and often mistaken for a boat 3-4 years old, such is the appearance of a 22 year old Seadog!

KUSHKA has been much improved with a cruising 'chute from my local sailmaker Nicholson Hughes (plus snuffer - absolutely vital), also roller headsail (with an 18' long foot), an SL Sea Tiger windlass, an Autohelm, new Gibb winches, and an Avon Liferaft - all of which have greatly increased the handiness of the vessel for a single hander. Incidentally, unlike most Seadogs, KUSHKA's 4.107 engine is raw-water cooled, which most - including the makers - say, is undesirable; but, nevertheless, the attendant simplicity has meant I've escaped the catalogue of problems connected with the heat-exchanger system!."

"We purchased KYSON KOBA early in 1989 and enjoyed more sailing that season than the previous three in our Wing 25 - 2 adults, 3 children and 1 large dog were cramped in a 25 footer!

Had our fair share of problems - some self inflicted, some not:-

1. Warp round prop. (Walton Backwaters) - no damage but got very cold, wet and dirty crawling round in the mud at low tide with a carving knife between my teeth. Luckily we were not in an exposed position.

2. Exhaust failure (River Deben) - the dry flexible part of the system - temporary repair with large hose clips and plenty of Gun Gum from local exhaust centre (Woodbridge). Permanent repair effected by brazing 2" stubs to engine exhaust manifold plate and the Parsons injector box - replacement flexible pipe just pushes onto the stubs and is fastened with worm-drive clips - quick and easy now!

3. Sea toilet failed - pump piston became detached from its shaft - unpleasant repair job in a seaway.

4. Engine mounting loose - only needed tightening.

5. Low charge output from alternator - brushes worn away & slip rings non-existent. Vital parts were replaced and now we carry a spare alternator (procured from a car-breaker).

6. Bilge pump - No suck - inlet was 12" above bilge bottom (no strum box) and the suction pipe was holed where it came into contact with the prop shaft flexible coupling. Temporary repair with surgical plaster and masking tape.

7. Fuel oil leak - replaced pipe section with new olives - (old ones had been distorted by over-tightening).

Winter Maintenance.

1. Heat Exchanger - read the horror stories in the SOA magazine - so removed the exchanger for servicing - (no corrosion). A large size wire coathanger is just the right gauge for cleaning out the tube-stack (after soaking for 24 hours in de-scaling solution).

2. Bottom rudder pin badly worn/corroded. Found the pin was held in place by a steel lock pin (was this the cause of the corrosion?).

3. Engine driven Jabsco pump was leaking - removed with some difficulty and serviced, replacing water seals, cam, cam plate, impellor etc. However the shaft was badly scored but at £30 was too expensive to replace. I cleaned the scored part, loaded the area with Araldite and machined gently till it was flush with the rest of the shaft and truly concentric. Looks O.K. but have not run the pump in earnest yet.

4. Through-bolts holding the skin fittings (toilet inlet and outlet) were replaced because their heads were badly wasted and soft - but why only the heads? They were well coated with paint!

5. Steel backing plates (to deck U bolts for main lower shrouds) were very badly corroded - next job is to remove and replace them.

6. Almost all the seacocks were siezed (gate valves) - they were removed with some difficulty and replaced with Ball Valves. The big advantage being they only need a lever turning by 90 degrees to operate - not 32 part-turns on the cockpit floor with your hand in the bilge! Cost is approximately the same."

LYTRA - Pat and Arnold Gallagher have now "bought LYTRA with the intention of carrying out some long-term cruising at some time in the future and would be interested to hear from any members who may have already done so. Also any tips on the Seadog in general would be most welcome".

O O O O

MICHETTE - Brian Jackson:- "I must write at once and congratulate you on the Newsletter No 23 and Seadog Owners List. This service alone is worth £1000 to anyone buying a Seadog. As the boats get older we are going to need one another more and more with all the information about replacements and services.

Now, about MICHETTE:-

1. Although for interference of M/F radio from engine when running and taking D/F bearings I fitted a box of assorted chokes some years ago, the problem was finally cleared this year by fitting a 3 M/F condenser for suppression to the Alternator - cost £1.40. Positive lead to alternator positive terminal.

2. Windscreen now replaced. Worst part was removing old screen; screws had corroded into the frame, worst were the 24 holding studs for the hood. Could not grip the inside of them within the screen using all sorts of grip. In the end, a friend had the idea of deforming the studs on the fixings, as new studs can be obtained at sailmakers. Once done, the special fixing which we could not replace came out with Plus Gas. Old screen was 5 mm. New pieces were 4 mm from Messrs. R.W. Osmond & Son Ltd., 90 Mountpleasant Road, Southampton. Tel 0703-220874 and 33478. Cost of Perspex £42.41 Cost of sealant and gun £8.62. The trim was from Alexander Comrie & Sons Ltd., Unit 8 Second Avenue, Business Park, Millbrook, Southampton SO1 0LP. Tel: 0703 762911. Cost £9.61. Total Cost £60.44

Perspex Polish - Obtainable from Havant Signs & Plastics Ltd., Walter House, Kingscroft Court, Havant PO19 1LS Tel: 0705-486633.

Paul Smith (DARESSA) did his, on the boat, on his own, in one day - I salute him. Two of us took two days, and I am sure the job was easier at home in the garage, which I did, although others could have a problem transporting the unit when rebuilt. If owners used a yard to do the job I reckon that it would take one man two days, assuming he knew his business, say 16 hours, at £20 per hour plus VAT, would make the job cost, say, £428. MICHETTE is now quite transformed as the delamination in the old screen let her down - what with this and the rebuilt engine we hardly know ourselves.

3. Bilge pumps - One of the weak features of the Seadog is the pump in the cockpit locker, against general safety ideas. Yet where to fit one below to be operated when fully battened down? We have a Water Puppy electric pump with small capacity, but have bought the advertised Miva Products Pump Head to fit in the toilet, a Baby Blake. The Pump Head costs £10.95 and stows neatly in the forward starboard cupboard, well down. Can recommend.

4. Pinta Autopilot - Following the recent letter in Practical Boat Owner suggesting instruction books and spares for Pinta were no longer available, plus article in the November issue by Seadog owner about repairs to Pinta, I have checked with Pinta to find that Instructions Books and Spares are still available from: Marine Automatic Pilots, Ltd., Waterloo House, Waterloo Street, Hove, Sussex BN3 1AH Tel: 0273-776519 (Mr Barber).

5. The cause of the low RPM reported earlier was that the fitter used the wrong hole on the throttle quadrant after removing the Morse Cable. This took me weeks to find out after chasing all the wrong explanations.

We had a further leak from the CAV pump gasket as the French mechanic used the wrong gasket. With boats you have to cut the cards yourself.

Engine spares are getting more and more difficult, even at Golden Arrow; particularly hoses with differing internal diameters either end.

Went to 15 places for the seal inside the AC Final Fuel Filter - not the rings - the seal round the stem. Crosland 456 element.
Solution:- buy one Crosland CF 450 filter, cost £2.73. Throw away element. Remain two seals.

With TALIESIN and the corroded shaft - you recall I had corrosion trouble way back and warned one and all about the evils of graphite packing.

6. Chart corrections. One disadvantage of the "Notices to Mariners" list in Practical Boat Owner each month is that it does not indicate which charts are affected. I have a Computer Programme devised by an old friend, now recently died, and I have been asked to carry on making it available, (as it is), to members of the Cruising Association, £3.50 for the programme itself, cheque payable to RNLI. For those wanting the programme already written onto an Amsoft CF-2 3" disc I would ask for £2.50 for the disc and postage, cheque payable to me together with a separate cheque payable to the RNLI for £5. The great advantage is that once charts held are put in the programme - whether Admiralty, Stanfords, Imrays, foreign (or even AA Handbook pages for the casual) - when the PBO comes, the parameters lat. and long. of the correction are entered and the list of charts is printed. Practical Boat Owner is keen on this & we are working how to extend, so if you think of something for Seadogs, please mention - my work is free."

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MISSI - When I was aboard MISSI in St Peter Port last summer, Heinz Willman warned me of the possibility of leaks developing round the deck drain "box" (located at the waterline in an inaccessible place behind the port and starboard fuel tanks). To secure himself from like problems in the future, Heinz has sealed off all 4 deck drains, both at deck level and at the waterline with fibreglass. To clear water on deck he has cut two rectangular scuppers either side through the toe rail under the wooden capping.
On a light note, as we were leaving, Heinz showed us his CQR anchor resting in the bow-fitting. Most unusually, it had quite a chunk of metal missing from one of the flukes. This happened when he was motoring at 5 knots under autopilot and crashed into the side of a large fishing boat - he told us he'd only dozed off for just a moment!

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MOHICAN - John Tattum had every intention of coming to the Autumn Rally on the Isle of Wight, but "We drove down from London, perhaps later than was ideal, to Southampton. The shipping forecast heard en route made my mind up for me. I never go out in such weather (though I have been caught out on occasions!) I had tied up to the pontoons opposite the Folly Inn a couple of times this year and thought what a good spot for a meeting.

It has been a very enjoyable season on MOHICAN even though it has been limited to weekends and a week here and there - work commitments prevented any longer cruises. I even left MOHICAN tied up in the new Brixham Marina for a fortnight between outward and return passage. My apologies again, particularly thinking of the efforts in making the arrangements - please allocate the cost of our meal tickets to abortive costs/ SOA funds as you consider fit".

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NAUSIKAA - Piet Castenmiller and his family spent their last summer holiday cruising the Solent in NAUSIKKA and had a wonderful time.

When Piet began his sailing holiday in the Solent area, we arranged for him to use a berth at Crabbleck Marina (where I keep DOGMATIC), but when when he arrived, he found it to be too quiet - there was nothing to amuse the children. I suggested he book into Hamble Point Marina at the mouth of the Hamble River and sail in the evening to Cowes to watch the "End-of-Cowes-Week" firework display.

He did, and said afterwards that they'd had an exciting evening - so many yachts - so many happy people celebrating - and a marvellous firework display on top of all that - an occasion of a lifetime!

Next day they sailed away to Camper and Nicholson's Marina at Gosport - an ideal stop-over, and much easier to get to the Fun Fair at Southsea with the children.

At the time we had Audrey and John Lansdell staying with us, (friends who came to Middelburg for the Seadog Rally a couple of years ago), so we packed a picnic and drove over to Gosport on a beautiful sunny day. We all gathered in NAUSIKAA'S cockpit to eat, drink and be merry - a happy end to Piet's Solent trip. Piet very kindly gave Olive a large box of tulips and hyacinths - which were duly planted, and now they are just beginning to flower - so we too have a happy reminder of Piet's visit.

Later, Piet wrote: "The NAUSIKKA is lying in her own berth, after a good sailing trip from Chichester Harbour to Middelburg. We left Chichester Harbour on Friday 25th August at high water 19.00 hours with a wind F6/7 from the W/SW, and arrived Oostend at Sunday morning the 27th at 0001 Hours. So a very quick trip, with a little bit rough sea, but a good wind direction. I look forward to read the news of the Seadog Rally on the Isle of Wight in the SOA newsletter. It is always a lot of work to organise the rally, but after all you have a good feeling to have done the job.

A Sailor's Greeting to you all!"

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NICHOLA JANE - David and Dilly Ridge have just bought her and she will be moored at Pin Mill, not far from the Butt & Oyster pub. He writes:- "Thank you for your prompt reply. I hasten to attach my application form and fee. The fee, in view of what you are doing is ludicrous and I hope you will not think me profligate if I double that and ask if you could please send back to me any past issues of the Newsletter. I have read avidly the No 23 issue and the information contained therein on dealing with what seem to be inherent weaknesses of the Seadog are invaluable.

The sense of belonging to a family of devoted dog lovers is quite comforting and in that context I also attach an application for the Philipps House Rally. I shall of course understand if you cannot fit us in but live in hope as I am quite sure the experience available there and the communal spirit will be memorable.

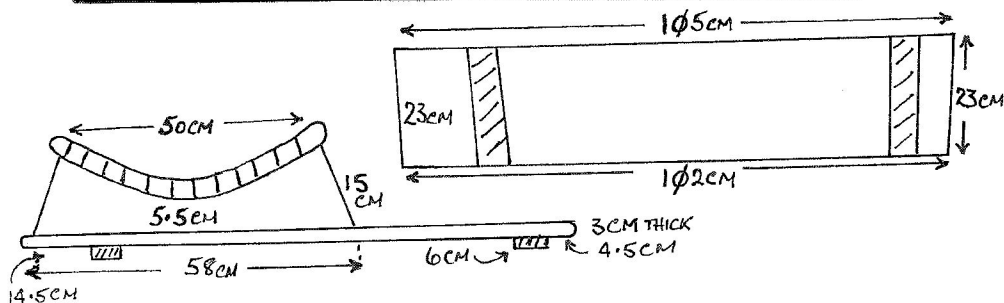
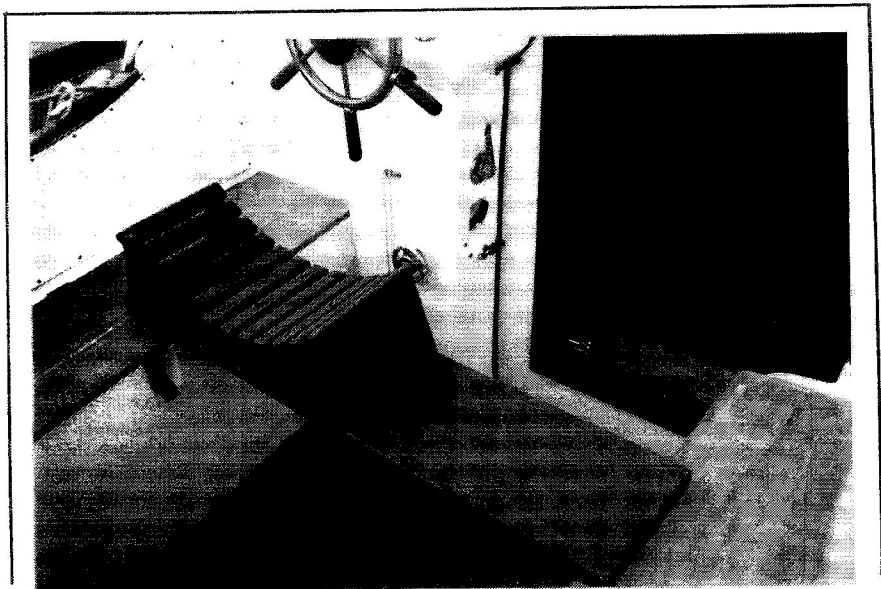
Provided that NICHOLA JANE has been refurbished by then and the Summer Rally is within reasonable sea distance we shall of course join the Association crews there too. The Pin Mill Sailing Club enjoys Goes week in Holland each year and that's great fun.

At Philipps House I hope to meet the owner of TRESCO MAID which I made an abortive attempt at buying at Moody's Sale this Autumn, however he was totally firm on price. I begin to see why as I read the Newsletter. These Dogs aren't boats - they are 'family' ".

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ORBICHE - When Ann and Georges Bessec very kindly took me under their wing when I was passing through St. Malo early last August I was taken to see ORBICHE, a black hulled Seadog, once named LUCIFER'S DAUGHTER! Georges has fitted a self-stowing anchor arrangement in the bow, similar to TRIASID, but this one is made of teak and through-bolted to the deck. He says it has worked well for many years.

When I saw the helmsman's seat I couldn't help commenting on its unusual design and excellence of workmanship. Made from 3 cm. thick teak, it is strong and comfortable, and although quite long, when not required it can be stowed on a side deck lashed to the guard rails or cabin top, tho' Georges puts it below when the boat is left.



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PIELAGO - Sid Boddy - "For many years since we had PIELAGO we sailed her from Gravesend round to Poole, via the French coast, starting around late April for early May, and then sailed her back again in the Autumn, spending all summer living abroad. However over the last few years we have left her in Poole during the winter as the double journey was getting a little too much for my wife who has arthritis in her knees.

This summer we had the great pleasure of meeting Olaf Mulder on BRANDANE in Poole Harbour, and were fortunate enough to spend an enjoyable time in his company, with his crew, and entertaining them at Redclyffe Yacht Club. Such an interesting encounter with charming people, which we hope will be repeated again some day".

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SCOTTISH LASS - Jeremy Leger recommends EPIFANES varnish for the woodwork - "When I first used the varnish, all the bare wood had been primed with Deks Olje. Further, each autumn I would wipe on another coat using a cloth - this had/has the effect of sealing in any little imperfections. In the Spring, a rub-down with white spirit and wet and dry, then a coat or two of Epifanes. Even better - a coat of Epifanes late summer means that the wood never gets wet!. The varnish has now been on for 3 seasons.

(Epifanes Varnish is obtainable from:- Marineware Ltd., Town Quay, Southampton SO1 1X Telephone:- 0703-33028. Price, about £9.00 per litre).

My remedy for cooling the butter, bacon and beer is - an electric cool-box from Curry's (MATSUI ELECTRIC HAMPER, MODEL NO:- MEH 15 - price £49.99). It fits snugly in the quarter berth. Ideal, especially with a mains converter to 'cool' it down prior to going away. Driving to the boat it can be kept cool by plugging into the car battery. On board I have it plugged into the D.C. socket in the chart space when the engine is running. This seems sufficient for our needs without requiring/losing space elsewhere in the galley. I recommend the one from Curry's as it is half the price of those from yacht chandlers."

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SCOUBIDOU - Frank and Joan Laycock purchased SCOUBIDOU from John Hansen in Ipswich last summer and Joan writes to say "We have had a very busy month. We went to Ipswich (from Liverpool) several weekends, when John Hansen and his wife Pat helped us tremendously to get to know SCOUBIDOU. They spent whole days with us which I think we all enjoyed.

Frank finally sailed her round the coast from Ipswich to Liverpool with the help of two experienced sailors recommended to us by John Hansen.

We have had no experience of sailing other than a Mirror dinghy Frank built years ago, so I think it was quite an experience for Frank, and he certainly learned a lot in the five days it took to reach Liverpool, stopping only at Falmouth for two hours for phone calls, showers, fuel etc. Frank got in touch with Reggie Lodge and we hope to go to the Rally at Holyhead when we can meet everyone. We are both looking forward to it very much".

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SEA FLEUR - Tim and June Bartlett sent the following account of their first trip in SEAFLEUR:-

"We looked hard and long during 1988 for our Seadog, viewing six in all. Having moved to Topsham on the banks of the Exe in '87 we brought our Virgo Voyager from Plymouth to within 200 yards of our home. Quite a difference from our regular 180 mile trip from the Midlands.

During that summer my wife June and I often walked along the water-front admiring all the boats at their moorings - we talked about changing up for something more comfortable and stable, and generally our thoughts lingered around the many Centaurs on the river. Some years before we had spent a long weekend on one and had enjoyed it. Then one day, just off Trout's Boat Yard, at a point about half-way along our walk, we spotted one boat which stood out from all the others.

It looked the part - it belonged on the water - it seemed to be right. June also noticed that during a stiff breeze when all the others appeared to be on the move, that one with the two masts never moved an inch!

Not knowing what she was, and having seriously made up our minds to change up, I looked through a few books to identify her, then checked at the boatyard to confirm she was a Seadog. I found and read the write-up on Seadogs in the Practical Boat Owner. I made enquiries to find out about the Owners Association, and made contact with Peter French who never stopped talking for 45 minutes on the attributes of such a fine ship. I was convinced - our change up had to be to a Seadog.

Peter had said "go and introduce yourselves to John and Barbara, they'll be only too pleased to show you over TIWANA" - and indeed John and Barbara invited us aboard for a drink and a look at their Seadog. Thank you both - June and I were very impressed and knew that nothing else would do. The hunt was on. I joined the Seadog Owners Association and Peter sent me a few possibles to look at. We put the Virgo on the market and started viewing. By the end of August 1988 we had seen 6, a couple of which were in a terrible state, such a shame. We were hoping our luck would last and that the third one we had seen would not go before we were ready to purchase.

September arrived and so did the deadline. Someone else was about to buy SEAFLEUR. So it was either find the cash - or lose her. Whoever I pipped at the post - sorry - I hope you found another as nice as SEAFLEUR.

Into 1989 with a long weekend to Torquay, Dartmouth, Totnes, Salcombe, Brixham and back to the Exe. Everything working and all went well, so our planned long trip to Holland and back seemed to be a possibility.

About a week before our start time, the wind went into the East and that's where it stayed. We started across Lyme Bay, a long haul, to the shelter of Weymouth where everyone was sweltering in brilliant sunshine, and not a ripple in a flag anywhere. June and I and our grandson were as green as pea soup and felt as though we had just crossed the Atlantic. A rest, a good meal and a night's sleep, and we were off again, for a look into Poole where we hadn't been since our long weekend on the Centaur.

Out of Poole we stayed south of Wight and had a strange experience. I had earlier fitted the auto-pilot and it was functioning OK while we watched Wight go by. On approaching an area of whirlpools, we could see that we were going to leave most of them to port. We were showing considerable interest in them when June pointed forward about 100 yards where a large sinister looking circle of flat black water about 75 feet across lay right in front of us.

In the time it took to give it some thought, and just as I had decided to take the wheel from 'Fred', 'Fred' acted on his own, and round went the wheel and off we went to starboard, did a half circumference round the flat black patch and resumed course the other side. We stood there amazed watching both 'Fred' and the black patch. It was incredible, we've never seen anything like it before.

We pressed on, and not knowing any better sailed past Brighton, thinking it would be astronomical for a berth, and went into Newhaven. What a shock! It was the most expensive place we stayed on the whole trip. £12.00 per night, and they wanted £3.95 for fish and chips in the yacht club! We live and learn: I've crossed out Newhaven on my charts.

Rye was our next stop. The Harbour Master said it was OK to go right up into the town, and gave us a plan. It's a bit tight for manoeuvring up the top end, and it pays to hitch up and take a look on foot first. You know what it's like trying to go astern, and I was still practicing.

Off to Dover next day where we locked in for two days to wait for the weather. Having read everything there was to read about crossing the busy bit we came out and tried our luck. We got it right, apart from being set down-tide a little more than I estimated.

But what an experience in Calais - we got into the outer harbour and hitched up to one of those flimsy buoys. I wondered why the three neighbouring boats crews were paying particular attention to us coming in. I thought they were admiring a Seadog so I made sure our hitch-up went without a hitch. It did - perfect - seconds later June says "We're dragging and going to hit - fend off!"

I looked back from the foredeck to see our starboard quarter fast approaching a Fisher 29 amidships. I went to assist as our gentle collision was cushioned by fenders from both crews. The skipper on the Fisher said he was expecting us, and that our next visit would be to the big Swedish boat opposite. Sure enough, within five minutes we were alongside the Swedish boat, crews all fending off. As we chatted to various crews on our 'visits' we gathered this was the norm on Calais buoys until the boat and mooring had settled down.

I'd gone below for a nap and passed out for a couple of hours when June woke me saying I ought to come up now as it was getting quite busy. Well, never have I seen so many boats tied up to so few moorings. When we arrived there were about 8 boats on 8 buoys. Now there must have been about 150-200 all hooked up by various means or just wandering around with about 15 minutes to go before lock opening.

When the green light flashed on the next few minutes were hair-raising. The late-comers got it right because they just mingled and went straight in - if 'straight in' is the term. It looked nerve wracking to me, but we joined in the merry throng and went through, 4 abreast, I think - I had my eyes shut - until Jack Phillips of PALAFOX shouted from the port hand pierhead. It was most encouraging to think I had a friend among this melee. Thanks Jack. As he explained later, it was Whit-weekend and two clubs had arrived from the Thames area!

A couple of days in Calais because of the weather and then off to Oostende on the Brian Navin trail. Quite an interesting route until we got turned out to sea for seven miles by a Belgian patrol saying the firing range was about to be used. Most annoying when the block of flats now had visible windows.

In and out of Oostende after an overnight stay then on to Flushing where we picked up our eldest daughter, husband and younger grandson before going to Middelburg where we stayed four days. Piet Castenmiller came and found us. He was very busy organising the arrival and festivities for the opening day of an old steel steam warship, and kindly invited us aboard for a look round and a drink - after the Lord Mayor's speech of course. Piet kept track of us and found us next in Veere where he invited us aboard his Seadog, NAUSIKAA.

June by now was most impressed with Holland and we still had three weeks to go. In Goes, on the advice from a Brit. passing through on his way home, we went into the town marina. Our first and last night (Disco opposite) left us shattered and disillusioned with his choice. Next morning Ad Beaufort arrived and said we must move to the other marina where he moored SARA OF WYRE. This we did, and moved into Ad and Annie's place which they had vacated to go on their weekend cruise. It's an absolute dream of a spot. It has everything including swings for the kids and I thought 'help-yourself bar' days were long gone, but that's what you do at 'Ad and Annie's place'. They even had work benches with a vice dotted about the place. Goes, the place in the trees, got an A1 plus from our crew. Thanks Ad and Annie!

Our travels round Holland continued with a blend of enthusiasm and excitement. Our eldest daughter and family had departed on the ferry and we had collected younger daughter, husband, and grand daughter. They had flown into Amsterdam and took the train down to Goes - Piet's advice. They were with us for ten days visiting somewhere different every day for seven days before returning to Middelburg for the three-day Festival. They left by train for Amsterdam having thoroughly enjoyed it all. The Bar-B-Qs on the islands in particular.

June and I started for home with an easy run down to Oostend for duty-free. A glorious day down to Calais, but the weather was so nice on arrival we turned north for the White Cliffs and left Calais astern. We had to have two nights in Dover again because the weather turned into the west and that's where it stayed until we got home. The stint across Lyme Bay being the worst again.

A most enjoyable experience in such a great boat. Would we do it again? Yes, but in one trip rather than hop up and down the Channel".

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SEEHOND - Ken Willey - "Although SEEHOND has been out of the water since the beginning of November, I haven't completed many of the tasks listed for this winter (35 - a reduction from the 40-odd last year!). What I have done is to buy a new mainsail from Ray Blackmore. The old main was getting rather tired and when it split badly on the way home from La Rochelle last August, we decided to break open the piggy bank. At the Southampton Boat Show I shopped around all the major sailmakers for quotes, but Blackmore was the cheapest by far - 50% of some. Having seen MISSI in St Peter Port last June, we went for a fully battened sail with one deep reef and an integral sail coat with lazyjacks. I hope to be able to rig it so that it can be stowed with minimal deck work. Unfortunately it was not ready until we lifted out, so experimentation has not yet started.

After Jess nearly burst a blood vessel heaving the 35lb CQR anchor in and out last year, we also decided to do something to ease that task. The difficulty is, as you well know, bringing the anchor through the pulpit and stowing it on its chocks. I have therefore taken off the bow-fitting and Tom Symes of Fareham has welded on 2 new rollers and 3 cheek-plates. Again I have not yet tried out the new arrangement and now, in fact, face replacing the bow fitting and the pulpit.

The echo-sounder repeater mounted on the bulkhead below the compass has been back to Seafarer for a new LCD display - what a game it was taking out the head and side linings to get at the cable!. Towards the end of the season I fitted a Kestrel Alternator Controller which has lived up to all its claims - the batteries are now accepting a much fuller charge, but I will need to watch that the higher charging voltages now possible do not damage items such as the Decca".

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SOLWAY DOG - Reggie Lodge's CQR anchor is now self-stowing - "my version has turned out to be more like TRIASID's than NAMASTE II's, in that the overhang is less than NAMASTE II's, but I have managed to keep both the original stem roller and the new large stepped roller to starboard of the forestays's stem fitting. This means that it will be possible to use what is probably the stronger small roller for the chain in a blow. Already the extra foot-room on the foredeck is appreciated. And the roller WORKS! On another subject, SOLWAY DOG'S skipper's berth has been made exceedingly comfortable by the addition of a slackly inflated Lilo underneath the settee cushion.

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TIMORLEY'S TRAVELS 1989 - Roy Croft sends the following account of a year cruising in the Med. "This year we left Cyprus in May and headed for Kastelorizon Island. One day out we developed a fuel leak in the top of the fuel filter. After an hour or so this was overcome and we continued on our way. We spent a couple of days on this fascinating island, then crossed over to Kas and entered Turkey and sailed to Bodrum where I hoped to get the correct bits and pieces to repair the fuel filter properly. Bodrum doesn't seem to be our lucky port. The year before last we spent a whole month sorting out an engine problem. This time I could not get the items I wanted. The Turkish Perkins has an entirely different filter which combines a water separator. In the end I bought one of these and replaced the whole thing.

In the process of fitting it, I caught one of the alternator leads and pulled the connection off one of the brushes. No spares on board, so got in touch with Lucas who very smartly mailed a new set - the wrong type of course. I then bodged the old one with some pretty rough soldering and asked Lucas, by post this time, and complete with a drawing - to send a set to Kusadasi, and we carried on our way, calling in at Kos and Lalimnos then on to Partheni Bay, Leros, a rather deserted place inhabited by the Army and a few fishermen. There was one other yacht there - it looked very much like a Seadog and turned out to be EREMUE with its newly acquired extension on the bow. It was very nice to meet Michael and Linda at last. They had wintered the boat in Bodrum and had a bowsprit with a catwalk fitted while there. They were very happy with it and say that with the new sail they have bought to go with it, they are sailing much faster these days.

We were going to sail in company for a day or so, but we had problems with our Pinta Autopilot, and Michael said the only person likely to be of any assistance to us lived in Port Laki back on Leros. So we high-tailed it back and found the very helpful person Michael had recommended. He got it going but didn't know how. Anyway, it was working, so we set off for Gaidharos Island, then to Samos, after which we crossed to Kusadasi. While waiting for the alternator brushes to arrive, we went sight-seeing to Ephesus.

We had to wait five days for the brushes to arrive and then we pressed on again. We were in a bit of a hurry as we were making for Istanbul and wanted to get as far north as possible before the Meltemi set in in earnest. Stopping at Cesme, we caught a bus into Ismire, but couldn't get away from that city quick enough. From there, we called in at Alibey, Mithimna on Lesbos, and the Turkish island of Bozcaada. The rushing was then over - we could afford to take our time. Entering the Dardenelles was a bit hairy when we noticed that we had only two feet of water under us. The shallows extend quite a distance out from the entrance. We stayed in close to the south side and experienced no difficulty from the current which runs at up to four and a half knots in the centre of the channel. After 'booking-in' at Canakkale, we had a break at Gelibolu (Gallipole) where we hired a guide and a taxi and went on a tour of the War Graves. What an eye-opener that was.

From the Dardenelles we entered the Sea of Marmara and made for Karabiga where we were adopted by a 12 year old boy, his sister and a friend. They showed us round the town and found us the only hotel where we could get a cold beer. A pleasant half day sail took us to Erdek, then on to Asmalikoy on Marmara Island. This is where you have to put, not just the clock, but the calender back as well. The only change over the years is the introduction of television. Everything is still brought in and taken out by sea, livestock and all.

We caught up with a Westerly Conway owned by an American couple we met in Mithimna on Lesbos and sailed in company to Istanbul and were very pleased to learn that we could hold our own with them under sail and under motor.

We spent nine days exploring the sights of Istanbul, then meandered down to the Princes Islands and across to Tuzla on the mainland. After a few days we returned via the north coast to Marmara Island again. This time we went around the north to Saraylar which is the main marble port. Once again we were adopted - this time by a charming fifteen year old girl who spoke excellent English and her father who spoke very little other than Turkish. They showed us the open air museum, drove us around the marble quarries in a Land Rover, presented us with a souvenir - a marble brick - took us to lunch, then fishing in their motor boat, finally swimming in a nearby bay. All they would accept was a cup of coffee on board - and I think that was only to see the boat.

From that charming little harbour, where even the breakwater is made of marble, we went to Port Marmara, then Ilankoy and across to Pasalimni Island, back to Erdek and on to Balikia before re-entering the Dardanelles. After a night's anchorage at Keme, we sailed to Gallipoli to collect mail, then 'booked out' at Canakkale.

After a brief stop at Bozcaada we headed once more for the Greek Islands of Fir Limnos where we were holed up for a week due to strong winds. It is a very delightful place and we met up with a couple of boats we knew very well, so it was a pleasant break.

On to Thassos, then across to the mainland - around Mount Athos (on Akti) to Sikia on the Sithonia peninsular. We cruised the area for a couple of weeks. The monasteries along the Akti peninsular are very interesting and the history of this settlement is quite fascinating.

A few days into September we made our way through the canal at the top of the Kassandra Peninsular and on to the Marina at Thessaloniki. We felt we had had enough by now and decided to leave the boat here for the winter. It is quite a large Marina, very pleasant staff and fairly sheltered. Thessaloniki is a very pleasant city, and there is a bus every fifteen minutes which passes the Marina entrance.

We spent a month having the boat lifted out, her bottom scraped and primed ready for next year, and had a most enjoyable flight home on Swissair. Next year we will probably sail her back to England....."

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TRIASID - Ludwig Brandt has turned up trumps yet once again with another saga:-

"Now I will try to list what happened to us with our "trouble-boat". Our holidays last summer could well have been entitled "Gearbox Holidays".

July 1st, we started well prepared for our summer cruise to the Balearics (we thought). The first leg we sailed south along the coastline from Ampuria Brava and because of weak winds we decided to anchor after a short sail of 20 miles.

We had a rotten evening there - an unquiet night with a thunderstorm followed by a bumpy sea coming into the unprotected anchorage. Next morning we tried to refuge from this uncomfortable place, with lots of moorings round us, and a strong wind right into the bay.

But our engine did not start. We could not have sailed out of the anchorage - there was not enough space for a Seadog's poor tacking ability. After half an hour of "research" I discovered the starter motor relay was not working. Trying to make a bridge over the relay caused lots of sparks so that I was afraid that the starter motor itself had failed, because it had a minus polarity on both sides.

Finally, a fisherman towed us out and we sailed more south to a harbour named Palamos, which is wide enough to sail in without engine. We got lots of wind, luckily from behind - at least we had two reefs in the main and only the storm jib on until 2 miles before the breakwater of Palamos.

But trying to enter there the wind decreased suddenly, and we needed two hours to enter the harbour. There was so little wind that we didn't have proper steering ability. After first anchoring, a kind person pulled us into the Marina.

48 hours later we found an electrician who was willing to come aboard - difficult in the high-season. After a short view, and with a big screwdriver, he made a bridge over the faulty relay and the engine was running. "Don't be too afraid about sparks" he said - "and the minus polarity on both sides of the starter motor is normal 'cause of the enormous power of these motors". He brought a new relay and after half an hour, all was perfect - I learned this lesson.

The 6th of July we started again, thinking to sail the 150 miles to Menorca directly. Just out of the harbour, setting course, our autopilot went on strike. It was a simple mechanical problem which I could repair on sea, the only difficulty was I had to dismount the unit in an uncalm sea - heeling permanently from one side to the other, and Jelka has to steer in the meantime, sometimes impossible courses because I needed certain position of the wheel to replace all. After this successful repair, the wind weakened more and more: at noon we decided to motor-sail - the engine was perfectly running, but not forward or backward gear worked. First I thought, it's only a problem with the gear-select mechanism. But it was not. We decided to return to Palamos. In summer in the Med., not far from a harbour, when on a long-distance trip, it's better to return on a Seadog that's without engine. In the evening we found ourselves back in a berth after a perfect manoeuvre under sail. And here the tragedy starts:

One week in the harbour, only to find that no one was willing to repair our gearbox. Another week waiting - (strong northerly winds) - for conditions to sail back to Ampuria Brava, where with the help of a friendly sailor who pulled TRIASID in, we berthed in our winter place again.

Four days to find a mechanic who would do the job in the high season. We got a big piece of iron in the cockpit over both lockers underlayered with wood, so that it was impossible to use the cockpit for the whole time of the repair; one even could not sit there.

With this arrangement and block and tackle they lifted the back of the engine, demounted the gearbox, and with the mainsheet we lifted the gearbox out. These old Borg Warner Velvet Drive Gearboxes must be the heaviest gearboxes ever installed in a sailing boat. Nearly too heavy for two men to carry it out of the boat!

In the bell housing behind the flywheel there is a clutch plate. Several of the springs who shall make the connection between engine and gearbox smooth had been broken, lying in the bottom of the bell housing. Unbelievable - such big strong springs!

The first time, it seemed very simple: a new clutch and all would be done. (Which it later on really was). He ordered a new clutch part. (Another week with the whole cockpit unusable). Then, build in the part - gearbox in - but it was not really working the prop shaft now didn't turn when the gear was in neutral position.

Second time - the whole procedure out - the gearbox sent to a specialist in Barcelona - complete overhaul (another two weeks). When the "repaired" gearbox was in (second time), the effect was absolutely the same, nothing changed - prop shaft didn't move in neutral.

Third time out. Finally this idiot found out that the flange of the new clutch part was different from the original one. Cut away the wrong length - in with all - and it worked! - but while trying the boat we discovered some forgotten nuts - from the engine mountings!

More than 5 weeks costs of over £1000 for a faulty clutch!

The boat was ready to sail on August 25th, just two days before we had to leave 'cause our holidays had finished.

I asked a lawyer for help, but he had no hope: "Here in Spain, no client has a chance against mechanics or workers". Good country for bad workers. (By the way, our mechanic was an Austrian). It seems that Spain has given the worst workers and mechanics something like asylum.

My fault was to pay the bill, but I can imagine that in case I had not paid, something will happen to the boat in times we are not on board.

In conclusion - we spent our holidays in harbours, having nice and expensive times, and cleaning oily patches all over the boat - open engine locker for weeks - cockpit unusable, really nice.

Windows on Seadogs.

My last contribution will interest all Seadog owners because it has a very important security aspect:

While waiting for workers, I decided to do some positive work on the boat. I wanted to replace the rotten rubber sealings of the windows because sometimes we have some drops of water under the windows. I took one window out, removed the glass from the frame, then put it together without using the rotten U shaped rubber, only with Sikaflex, and this worked quite well.

After this first success I took the others out in the main cabin to seal them in the same manner - then it happened. While trying to get the frame off, one window broke in thousands of small crumbs. They have used the old fashioned safety glass like in cars! A little bang and the whole window is open - could be really serious in bad conditions at sea. Everyone who has the original windows should check this!

I bought now acrylic glass and put it in (slightly coloured is much better than clear) We took 6 mm thickness, but 8 mm would be better, stronger, and easier to fit in the frames using Sikaflex only. Lots of work with the shape - the eight frames have 4 different sizes, but acrylic glass is simple to cut and sand.

This is our news until now - we will see in March, when we will be on TRIASID, what's new!".

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WAGTAIL - Nigel Packman has been doing some detective work:-

Engine mounts "I have spent many hours trying to track down the correct replacement engine mounts, which are SILENT BLOC Part No. AR.FN.44.8., but at this moment in time they are not available. Silent Bloc said they would make some more if they had a large enough order to make it worthwhile - however, I managed to find an Engine Mount which can be modified to do the job quite satisfactorily.

This particular mount is METALASTIK Part No. 17/1420/60 and is supplied by Golden Arrow at Newhaven for £26 plus VAT - you need only purchase the mount and stud, as it is necessary to reduce the hexagon on the mount to about one eighth of an inch in thickness.

Also, the adjustment nut must be reduced by the same amount. You will then have an engine mount, almost identical in proportions, to the original mount. The drawing should be self explanatory - (for a copy please send SAE plus 50p to Seadog Owners Association).

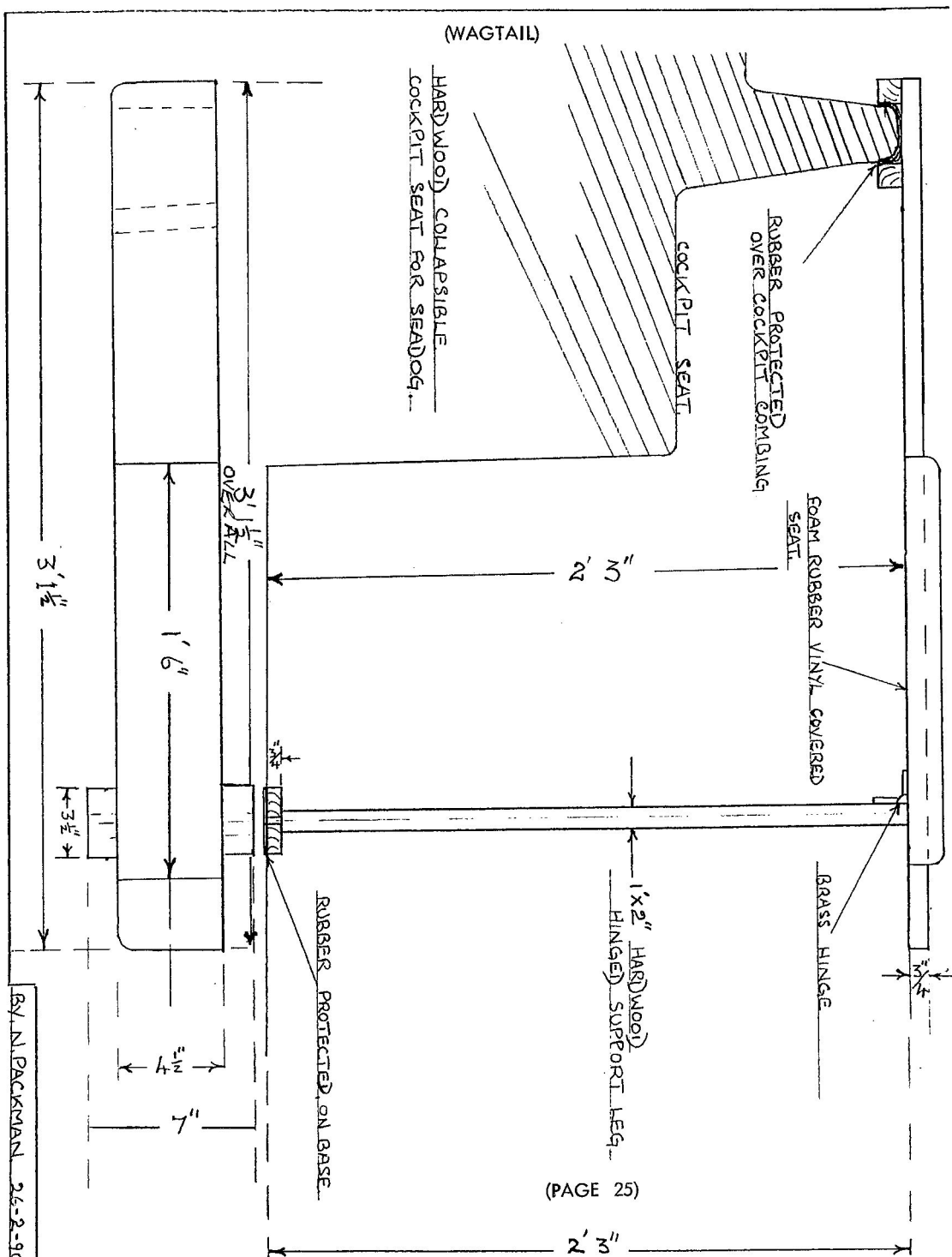
Cockpit seat for the helmsman.

I have made a hardwood collapsible cockpit seat for WAGTAIL which has worked very well over the last three seasons and have enclosed a drawing.

General News - I still seem to have an endless number of jobs to do on WAGTAIL. Last winter 1988/89 I had to renew the bulkhead in the rear cabin, the rot was very extensive, extending right down into the inside part of the hatch-well.



HELMSMANS SEAT FOR A SEADOG



One word of advice to anybody undertaking this job - make a drain-hole at the bottom of the panel into the bilge to allow any future water that may seep in to drain away - also, to fit vents top and bottom of the new panel to allow air to circulate behind the panel and help keep it sound.

During the summer, just before the start of our annual holiday, the main electrical harness from the starter switch to the engine burnt out; fortunately we managed to turn off the electrics before the whole boat was ablaze.

The fire was caused by the harness rubbing against the steering-box fixing bracket. It finally chafed right through and caused a dead short. I had to strip out the whole lot and make up a new harness. It may be worth mentioning this to other owners so that they can check theirs - it would only take five minutes, and could save them a lot of time and money.

I bought a Nasa Navtex at the London Boat Show this year, so perhaps I won't have to wake up so early to get the shipping forecast this summer.

Also I am having reefing eyes fitted to the mainsail as I am not very happy with the way the sail sets when using the roller reefing.

One last thought - how about a Seadog Rally on the East Coast in the near future?. There are a number of Seadogs on the East Coast, and it would be nice if we could meet and get to know each other".

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SEADOG RALLY AT THE FOLLY INN - ISLE OF WIGHT

The South Coast Autumn Rally was held over the weekend of the 9th & 10th of September at the Folly Inn on the banks of the Medina River, half way between Cowes and Newport. Olive and I sailed over on the morning of the Friday before, accompanied by John and Audrey Lansdell (NSD members), and Reggie Lodge (SOLWAY DOG), and we enjoyed light winds and warm summery weather.

Late that evening Barry Yaldren (ex BORN FREE II) arrived in his new boat COIGEACH MOR, a Contessa 38 and I breathed a sigh of relief as he'd promised us the use of one of his spare bunks to relieve the pressure on DOGMATIC - we carried a total of five adults plus two whippets!

Next morning strong easterly winds sweeping the south of England and gusting to force 8 soon kicked up a nasty sea - Jon Smurthwaite aboard MELISSE out in Poole Bay called us aboard DOGMATIC via the radio telephone to say they weren't going to be able to make it, and we had a message from the Folly Inn from Bob and Anne Swatton (TONGAREVA), to say that due to a family bereavement they wouldn't be coming; John Tattum (MOHICAN) also left a message at the Inn for us.

It began to look all gloom and doom for the Rally. Then, to our surprise and delight, who should come sailing in from Antwerp in Belgium but BONA, crewed by the irrepressible Willy de Crom and his wife Marie-Louise. They had been holidaying around the Solent and decided to join us hoping to meet meet some of the friends they'd made at the Middelburg Rally in 1988.

Prospective Seadog purchasers Bill and Lorraine Blackman, having heard about the Folly Rally, came over on the ferry in the hope of being able to look at some of the boats. Before leaving they said how much they had enjoyed their day and how helpful everyone had been - and then joined the Association as Non-Seadog Members!.

Our dinner at the Folly Inn that evening was enjoyable as always and the evening passed in a happy family atmosphere with everyone swapping stories and it was quite late when we made our way by water taxi back to our boats.

Next morning Fred & Joan Ellingham paid us a surprise visit on their way up river to Newport. They had planned to come for the dinner, but were storm-bound in

Lyminster after calling there to visit the open air market. Sweeping up in their new motor yacht TOSHER, they looked so like a Customs launch that Fred only needed a peaked cap and he would have fooled us all!

The weather had calmed down somewhat by Sunday afternoon when most of the boats set off for home but the sea was still choppy. Half way back across the Solent we intercepted a practice rescue exercise between a large helicopter and a yacht towing a dinghy and altered course in plenty of time to give them a wide berth. Shortly after, the yacht came to a sudden stop - making it certain we should pass too close for safety, (we had our big foresail set), so making a quick 90 degree alteration of course, we passed some 2-300 yards downwind and astern of them. Even at this distance the down-blast from the helicopter rotors struck us like a hammer blow - closer and the sail might very well have been blown out. I heard later from Ken and Jess Willey (SEEHOND) that the skipper of the yacht had radio'd the helicopter pilot to say the water was shallowing rapidly and he was in imminent danger of running aground.

Reggie Lodge, (SOLWAY DOG), used to the solitude of the Solway Firth, was staggered at the number of yachts he could see dotted round the Solent. In a few minutes he counted 115 boats within a radius of three miles (yet only a tenth of the number that would have been out on a normal calm weekend). Reggie also noted that there were more alterations of course in the six miles from Cowes to Hamble than he has to make in the 55 miles from Workington to the Isle of Man!

We had a bumpy sail back to the Hamble, and although the crew of DOGMATIC quite enjoyed it - one of our geriatric Whippets was seasick. Mentioning dogs - some members might have wondered why DOGMATIC was moored alongside the shore pontoon while all other boats were on pontoons out in the river - this wasn't Secretary's privilege but of necessity. One of our dogs, Smokey, is not too well and is on diuretic tablets, which means frequent visits ashore by day and sometimes by night; so as I didn't fancy rowing ashore in the dead of night with a bursting whippet, we arranged for a walk-ashore berth.

To sum up, from letters and cards of appreciation received, the Rally was enjoyed by all - it was a happy weekend; Christine Pearce, (DARESSA), expressed it neatly on her card - "we think the 'exciting' weather added an extra dimension to a splendidly enjoyable weekend".

BOATS & CREWS ATTENDING THE ISLE OF WIGHT RALLY

ALAKIEFIK II	Walford, Elke, Alison and Giles Taylor
BONA	Willy & Marie-Louise de Crom
COIGEACH MOR	Barry, Laura, Tony and Joe Yaldren
DARESSA	Paul Smith and Christine Pearce
DOGMATIC	Peter and Olive French John & Audrey Lansdell and - Reggie Lodge (SOLWAY DOG)
DOG ROSE	Philip and Ann Webster
GLASS LADY	John and Lisa de Candole
KYROS	Tony and Annette Spinks
MER CALEB	Barry and Anna Matthey
SEEHOND	Ken and Jess Willey
TUGRADOG	David and Nikki Woodbridge

narrator - PETER FRENCH

Last year, when Ken and Jess Willey were discussing their coming cruise to Brittany, Jess (who is a Headmistress), wasn't keen on covering the same ground there and back, so, as Ken and I are both retired, he and I arranged to day-sail their Seadog SEEHOND, in readiness for the start of the holiday, down the Atlantic coast of France to La Rochelle in the Bay of Biscay - Jess could then cross by ferry to St. Malo where Ken would meet her with a hire-car and I would return to Portsmouth by the overnight boat. That way, she could enjoy a month visiting new harbours with only one Channel crossing in SEEHOND.

On the 24th of June, during that long hot summer of 1989, our wives Jess and Olive waved goodbye as we departed Gosport outward bound for Yarmouth in the West Solent where we anchored a while to settle ourselves in and snatch a few hours sleep before crossing the Channel at the start of a voyage that was to take us to 12 islands and 22 other ports and anchorages. By daybreak we were on our way again and before long the Needles were fading fast astern as we motor-sailed in light airs towards Cherbourg. Despite a lack of wind we made such fast progress we decided to carry on to Guernsey where we arrived at St Peter Port in the early evening, just a short head in front of John de Candole in GLASS LADY. As they came alongside I was delighted to see redoubtable 85 year old Eileen Tracey on board, and it was a pleasure to join them later for a noggin and a natter.

The following morning we paid Heinz Willman a visit aboard MISSI and saw some of the many modifications he has made, one of which has serious safety implications for Seadogs. (Details on Page 15). Late in the afternoon we filled our tanks with the last cheap diesel before entering France then moved round to nearby Havellet Bay where we anchored in preparation for an early start the next morning. During the evening Heinz joined us aboard SEEHOND and over a drink we were interested to hear he has sailed MISSI singlehanded to countries as distant as Sweden and Greece - has made a solo circumnavigation of the British Isles - and transits of the Caledonian, Gota, and French Canals!

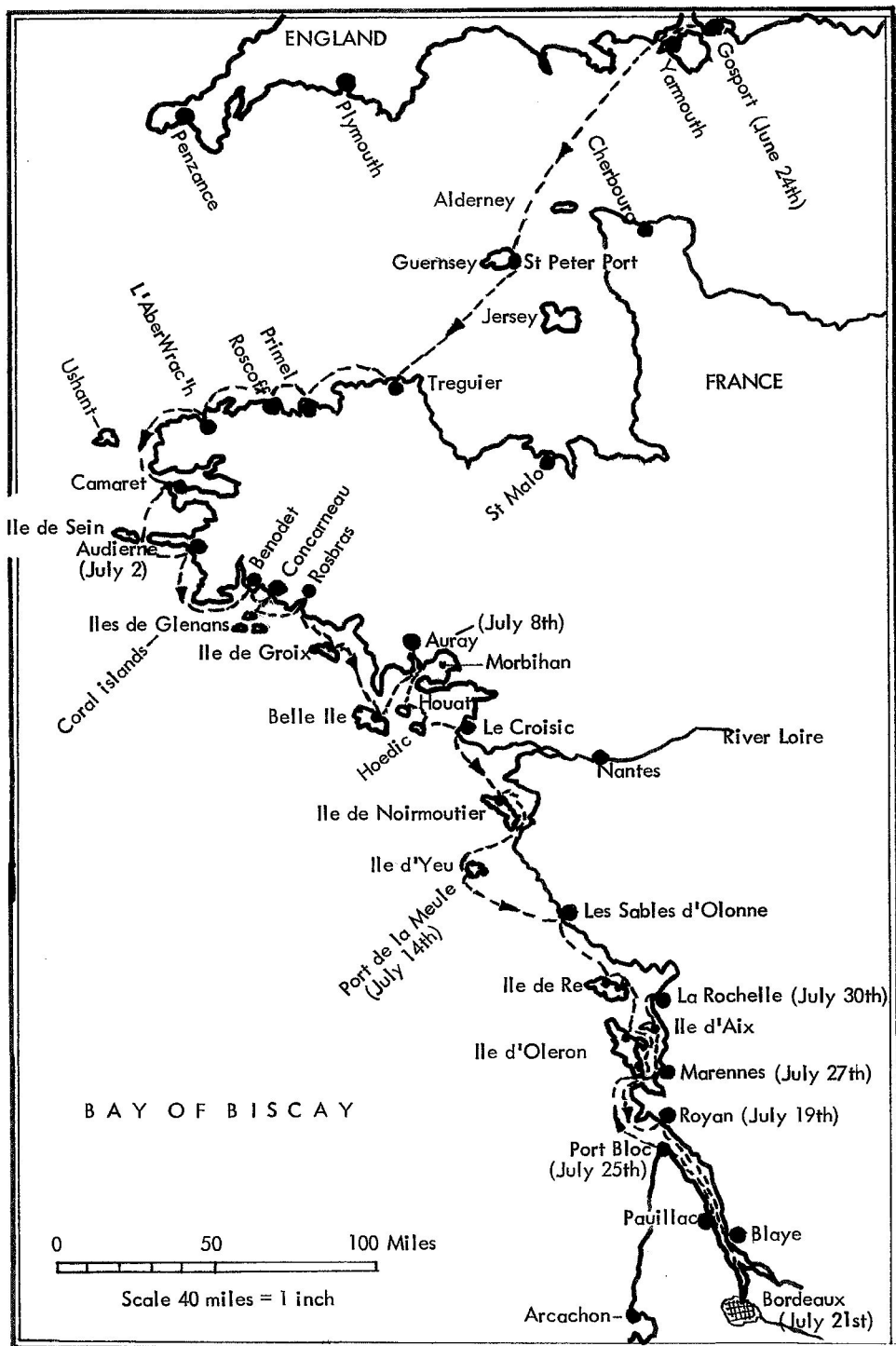
In Havellet Bay that night we suffered the tortures of the damned. The wind changed and about midnight I was rudely awakened by such a vigorous corkscrewing motion that I had to wedge myself tightly into my bunk to avoid being thrown out and Ken had to desert the stern cabin. SEEHOND sheered and rolled with merciless abandon, all the while pitching heavily then snubbing with a fearsome bang and jerk as the anchor chain growled its way back and forth across the rocky bottom, while not far away a lee shore added to our disquiet. By 6 a.m. I was on the foredeck cranking up the anchor in the pouring rain when a large ketch, ATLAS BLUE, motored into the bay and anchored a little way ahead of us. As our incoming chain drew us near to their stern, the skipper asked where we were going. When we told him "Treguier", he said they'd set off three hours earlier with the intention of going there, but had been forced to turn back when violent winds and stormy seas brought them to a standstill.

Although the weather forecast the previous evening promised little comfort - "SW4/5 veering W5/6 - open sea state - rough" - anything seemed better than staying put and we could always turn back. An hour later while we were still battling against a strong headwind and big seas, ATLAS BLUE called on the R/T to ask what conditions were like.....

But with the passage of time the weather steadily brightened - the rain stopped, visibility improved dramatically, the wind veered as forecast and the sun appeared. Beyond the Roches Douvres, far to the east, we could just make out ATLAS BLUE, whose crew told us later they had taken heart knowing we were coping, and decided to have another shot at getting to Treguier.

COTE GRANIT ROSE

In the better conditions we had a lively passage under foresail and mizzen until rapidly steepening seas in the area of Les Heaux lighthouse slowed us, and when an alteration of course for La Jument Buoy brought us head to wind, we motored slowly, up and down the endless grey swell for what seemed to be an eternity



until La Jument came abeam and we were able to alter course for La Crublent buoy and the pretty Ireguier River where we followed its gently curving course, past the fish farms to where it narrows between wooded banks as the town of Ireguier is approached. Here there is a marina out in the full flow of the current and close by the town are quays which can accommodate coastal shipping.

About Ireguier, two things come to mind - first, the extraordinary pierced spire towering 200 feet above the 15th century cathedral of St Tugdual - second - the regional food, curious to my eyes, in the windows of the grocery shop!

And for the first-time visitor two points are worth a mention. (1). The river is tidal and a strong current hacks straight through the marina - it is essential to berth against this current. (2). Mooring fees cover the period noon to noon. For example - we arrived at 18.00. Next morning the harbour master collected the mooring fee. We had planned to leave at high-water that afternoon, but an hour or so before we were ready to go, the harbour master paid a further visit. When we told him we weren't staying another night he explained the noon-to-noon rule and added - "if you go now, I won't charge you - but, look, you can't go, can you?". We looked to where he was pointing - there was still enough strength in the flood to pin us firmly bows-in to our berth - he was right - we couldn't leave. With a shrug of the shoulders and the look of a man who knows he has won his case, he held out his hand. Having paid we stayed the night, but our enthusiasm for an early start at next high water evaporated when the alarm went off at 3.30 a.m. and we woke to the sound of heavy rain drumming on deck accompanied by the rapid tattoo of halyards on masts. We eventually left at low water and spent a wet and windy afternoon at anchor downriver awaiting the following high tide.

During the previous 12 hours or so we had heard several weather forecasts - all at variance with each other three Radio 4 Shipping Forecasts - each with a different synopsis - a "High developing over Wales" never materialised; the wind predicted to veer to N/W actually backed South; "Low moving rapidly E from W of Ireland to Germany in 24 hours" in fact moved slowly N/E. Jersey Radio forecasts were different again - none agreed - and the French Weather Service was on strike, but I'm sure that didn't make a bit of difference.

Shortly before 5 pm we got under way; simultaneously the rain stopped, the sun came out, skies cleared and we had a spanking sail over sparkling seas along the rose coloured rocky coastline till the setting sun blazed low in the sky and lighted the pink granite cliffs and fluffy little white clouds in an incandescent glow - an unforgettable sight. We sailed on, past the jumble of pink rocks that is Primel Point into a quiet empty anchorage and made fast to a buoy marked "Passagers". No one came to bother us; later, while sipping a pre-dinner drink I knew there was no place on earth I'd sooner be - the tranquillity after a stormy day - the spectacular red sunset - a near calmparadise.

COTE DES ABERS

Roscoff, our next port of call was a contrast. This is a busy fishing port which dries out at low water. We threaded our way in following a tricky dog-leg approach then motored slowly round inner and outer harbours looking for somewhere to tie up; near the walls the bottom sloped outwards and there was a dearth of wall ladders. Uncertain, we picked up a buoy in the outer harbour while we gave it some thought over a bite of lunch and a beer and watched as the water slowly ebbed away. Once we were high and dry and safe from eviction for a few hours we descended the stern ladder and took a stroll across the hard sand to view the approaches to the port where I was horrified to see untold numbers of fierce looking rocks uncovered by the receding tide - we'd sailed either over or between these! Later we made our first acquaintance with RAVAN, a British yacht whose path we were to cross many times in the weeks to come.

The world was shrouded in mist and drizzle next day when at dawn we set off westwards to find our way through a drying ditch known as the Chenal de Batz where much depends on being able to see the transits and leading marks essential for a safe passage, particularly as this narrow rock strewn channel between Ile de Batz

and the mainland is notorious for its treacherous currents. With worrying frequency the navigational marks disappeared - then just as suddenly reappeared - though not always quite where we were expecting to see them and we breathed a sigh of relief when we emerged the other end and left that little nightmare behind us.

For the rest of the day low grey clouds swirling just above the top of our masts brought intermittent rain and drizzle which mingled with patches of drifting mist to obscure all but the nearest objects and we passed less than half a mile from the Ile Vierge Lighthouse (the tallest in France), seeing little more than occasional glimpses of the rocks on which it is built.

There is a short cut to L'Aber-Wrac'h via the Chenal de la Fronde which saves a few miles, easy enough in fine weather, but to have attempted it with the guiding marks made invisible by drifting banks of mist would have been asking for trouble. So we made for the Libenter Buoy, then altered course to 110 degrees into the Grand Chenal where we were able to stop the engine and sail in under foresail and mizzen, past the two 'Pot de Beurre' beacon towers, right up to the Bay of Angels, just beyond which we picked up one of the many visitors mooring buoys.

The solitary pontoon was uninviting, being crowded with boats and heaving up and down in the choppy water; there was no problem getting ashore from our position out on the buoy - a water taxi (included in the mooring fee), took us in a moment to the yacht club and chandlery where we tried, but failed, to buy some charts. In general, there didn't seem to be much going on here, and I came away with impression that the importance of L'Aber-Wrac'h, (corruption of Havre de la Hroek - harbour of the fairies), lies principally in its strategic position as a port of passage for yachtsmen.

COTE IROISE

Just before sunrise we set off for Camaret via the Chenal du Four. The first few miles were rough, but as we gained the shelter of Ushant the swell decreased and we had a fast sail to Camaret where we anchored close inshore in a beautiful and tranquil location and over lunch were entertained by scores of graceful young terns fishing for their lunch. It was all very pleasant, but when we heard a BBC Shipping Forecast at 14.55 predicting strong easterly winds for the area, we decided to make the most of the fine weather and push on to Benodet.

On the way, our course took us through a five mile fence of rocks bordering the Chenal du Toulanguet, a narrow channel between the mainland of France and a line of small islets a little way offshore. Here I succeeded in photographing one particularly distinctive rocky islet with a hole in it (like Durdle Dor in Dorset), which had been the background to a photograph (taken by a passing yachtsman) of my Seadog DOGMATIC when she was on passage to Cadiz in 1978. (DOGMATIC's picture was later published on page 708 of the March 1980 edition of 'Yachting Monthly' in an article entitled "First time through the Raz").

Our sail through the Raz de Sein, a notoriously rough tidal race, was exhilarating and gave a huge lift to our speed, but it was of short duration and we didn't make the progress we'd hoped for so, with darkness fast approaching, we diverted to Audierne on the estuary of the River Goyen and picked up a visitors buoy. When we were safely tied up, I thought back on what a superb day it had been - and for me, one of life's most unforgettable - from the spectacular sunrise over the Ile Vierge Lighthouse - the Chenal du Four - Ushant - the swooping terns at Camaret - the Chenal du Toulanguet - the rollicking romp at 10.6 knots (over the ground) in the Raz de Sein, ending in the splendid sail to Audierne!

The following morning we cast off at 04.45 and, breakfasting en route, set off towards the treacherous Pointe de Penmarc'h. Treacherous on two counts - first it is unexpectedly low lying, and not at all in keeping with its position as marking the northernmost limit of the Bay of Biscay; secondly, there are two lighthouses - and one of them stands in the sea a little way offshore. For boats approaching from east of north, this could be a trap for the unwary, as local boats fishing among the rocks can give an impression of safe passage.

As we rounded the Pointe in a sea made rough by wind over tide, we saw, coming towards us from over the horizon, the leaders of a fleet of some 50 yachts, the early morning sun lighting with vivid clarity their gaudy spinnakers which bellied to and fro in the strong gusty wind. As the flotilla came bounding across the waves we could see they were racing single-handed - those in front gave a cheery wave as they hurtled past, but some, trailing far behind, looked on helplessly as their spinnakers wrapped themselves ever more tightly round their forestays.

Benodet came in sight just after lunch and we anchored close to the beach. Ken rowed ashore and wasted no time in returning with the charts - then we were on our way to Concarneau, where we made an early evening arrival at the marina in the heart of town. Concarneau, the third largest fishing port in France is a busy place fish-wise, and has a colourful fish auction market. In the middle of the harbour, on what was once an island, is a picturesque old walled town of mediaeval appearance with a mix of houses, shops and cafes blending attractively together. Surprisingly, prices in the shops and cafes are reasonable, but the marina is expensive - showers £1.00 a time! There are practical jokers, too. In the early hours I woke with a start to find SEEHOND nudging the pontoon with her bows - the forward spring had been cast off. In the darkness other shadowy pyjama-clad figures were similarly remooring their boats, and from the bad language that came drifting across, they were not amused. Here we spent two days replenishing stocks, filling water tanks, washing, scrubbing and telephoning home, then it was time to move on some ten miles offshore to the legendary Iles de Glenans, home of the famous Glenans Sailing School and Europe's only coral beaches.

CORAL ISLANDS

The Glenans group consists of 9 islets surrounded by reefs - as we approached, the water shallowed rapidly and we had to take special care with the transits not to run aground nor strike the submerged "Iete de Mort" rock in the middle of the channel. We motored slowly into the shelter of La Chambre off St Nicholas Island until we touched bottom then dropped our anchor on the white coral sand. Bright sunshine, crystal clear water in the lagoon, coral beaches and islets ranged all round the horizon made it appear like a tropic paradise. And it all seemed part of the scene when a dark-bearded Frenchman of piratical appearance hailed us to come alongside as Ken and I were in the dinghy trying to take a photo of SEEHOND. This man lived on an island in the Morbihan and made home-made Calvados as a hobby - and he kept a good stock on board. Now in the ordinary way I don't care for the stuff, but this was far superior to the commercial product, having a rich fruity flavour and bouquet; at intervals a silver plated drinking cup was topped up and passed down to the two of us as we squatted in the dinghy; when at length we declined, he held the cup poised over the side of his boat, and said - "very well, I'll give ze fish a drink" - naturally, we didn't let him waste it like that! Late in the afternoon we set off back to the open sea and made across to the mainland and Rosbras, a secluded anchorage up the River Aven a couple of miles or so from Port Manec'h. Crossing the bar we entered this beautiful river where high rocky banks covered in pine trees shielded us from the prevailing wind and here we enjoyed a quiet night tied securely between two buoys. Rising in the early hours to answer the call of nature I sensed an unnatural stillness - peering through the darkness I could discern, very close, some half-decked boats lying on their sides, and we were motionless - it was low water ... we had just touched bottom. Our dawn departure was delayed by a struggle to disengage the stern mooring buoy which had become tightly wedged between the hull and the boarding ladder on the transom. With an effort Ken kicked us free of its embrace then we went on our way to visit pretty Ile de Groix with its rosy granite cliffs.

Port Iudy was practically empty when we arrived, but scarcely an hour later a seemingly never-ending stream of yachts poured in through the entrance until we were hemmed into the middle of them, the whole surface of the water disappeared and our vision was impeded in every direction. Just when it seemed impossible to squeeze in one more boat, a large passenger ferry from the mainland filled the entrance.

I watched its slow advance with disbelief - but I shouldn't have worried - the towering mass drifted almost imperceptibly into its berth without a hitch.

Next day was the island's annual Carnival and Ball, but as the tide was right for a mid-morning run down to Belle Ile, largest of the Breton islands, we decided to give that a miss. On arrival at Port Sauzon we anchored just inside the harbour entrance then spent the next few minutes fending off a high-sided lightweight motorboat that sheered about in the strong wind and threatened to stove a hole in our topsides; in the end Ken took the kedge anchor out in the dinghy and dropped it off our port quarter and we warped SEEHOND out of harm's way. We didn't know it at the time, but there was another Seadog not far away - a Seadog with a distinctive black and shiny hull which caught Ken's eye as we strolled that evening along the river - this was BLACK DOG from Fowey and when I later rowed over to take a photo, Robert Cooper and his wife welcomed me aboard one of the finest looking Seadogs I've seen anywhere; I won't go into detail as Robert has written an interesting letter which is printed on Page 7.

In the early hours, in the misty cold of a pre-dawn twilight we got in our two anchors then set off in murky visibility towards the low lying tip of the Quiberon peninsula on our way to the Morbihan, an inland sea dotted with near to a thousand islands and which has some of the most unusual scenery in Brittany.

The mist which had plagued us earlier slowly burned away as the sun rose in the sky, and when, at high water, we sailed past Port de Navalo into the entrance of the Morbihan it was hot and sunny. We made our way out of the current into the lee of the Ile de la Jument where we anchored in a sheltered pine-fringed bay to await the flood to help us upriver to Auray town some 8 miles off. As the ebb got under way heavy overfalls developed in the main channels between the islands and persisted until near low water. These run at up to 8 knots in places, and while not so noisy as the Swinge off Alderney, are very much a hazard.

Slowly the rush of water quietened down. Then, in the late afternoon, with the young flood beneath us, we set off up the Auray River, past the many oyster 'farms' and under the new motorway bridge to some yacht moorings in the middle of the river where we tied up fore and aft. I rowed ashore and phoned friends Daniel and Evelyn who live nearby; incredulous at hearing we'd arrived in Auray by boat they immediately drove to the quay and in what seemed minutes, I was whisked away to their home where my clothes were washed and ironed while I soaked in a welcome hot bath. Ken stayed aboard that evening because he felt uneasy about leaving SEEHOND unattended on a private mooring.

Daniel and Evelyn returned next day bringing with them an open letter addressed to the unknown owner of the mooring. Written in French by Daniel, it was couched in soothing diplomatic phrases and apologised for the use of the mooring without permission and gave Daniel's phone number and address. We left the letter in a conspicuous position in the cockpit then drove back to their country home where we had aperitifs in the garden before adjourning for an extended lunch at mid-day - we didn't rise again till 4 p.m.! I particularly enjoyed a local dry white wine called 'Gros Plant', which, I learned with regret, is not exported.

After lunch we had the pleasure of visiting the threequarter mile stretch of megaliths at Carnac, Quiberon's splendid golden sands, and finally La Trinite-sur-Mer with its huge marina peopled with giant racing trimarans.

A very pleasant day, even if, when we got back to the car, we did find a parking ticket tucked under the blade of the windscreen wiper - an automatic 75FF penalty for exceeding the time limit in a "Zone Bleu" - Daniel restrained himself with only the quietest of "Sacre Bleu!"s

COTE SAUVAGE

A day later we said goodbye to old Auray (there is also a 'new' town), and made our way downriver to the entrance of the Morbihan where a lively breeze and a fair tide speeded us rapidly across the ten miles of sea separating the Morbihan and Port St Gildas on the island of Houat. Here we found a multitude of yachts at anchor in the shallow waters close to the sandy shore where beach barbeques were the order of the day, for this island is popular with families who come here to enjoy camping in the primitive style - "au sauvage".

On our way to Le Croisic next morning we visited the neighbouring island of Hoedic. It is less than 4 miles away, but the tides run hard and the whole distance is dotted with a confusion of beacon towers marking numerous rocky hazards. Hoedic is much like Houat in many respects, though smaller, and seems to be the poor relation. But there are signs that this may not always be so. Money is now being spent restoring the old fort and providing other facilities in the hope of attracting more visitors.

Le Croisic, with its grey slate roofs and rocky coastline looked as though it would be far more at home in Scotland than here on the Biscay coast. We didn't take SEEHOND into the quaint harbour with the three stone islands and several basins, nor to the marina where we were put off by acres of grey concrete, but instead found a vacant buoy just off a sandy beach in a quiet sheltered position on the opposite side of the Grand Traict lagoon, in the lee of Pointe de Penbron. At high water this lagoon is about 5 kilometers in diameter, but when the tide ebbs, what had previously been a vast lake becomes miles and miles of golden sand, methodically raked over by cocklers and winklers. Around the perimeter of the 'lake' are salt pans and in the centre is a small conical refuge - just in case someone gets caught out in the middle - because when the incoming tide does return, it doesn't waste any time.

The quays in this picturesque 15th century port are flanked with 17th century houses ornamented with iron balconies, reminiscent of the French Quarter of New Orleans, and there are plenty of seafood restaurants where prices are reasonable - Le Croisic is certainly popular with French holiday makers. The town also benefits from being connected to Paris by a high speed rail link - 300 k.p.h. trains do the journey in 3 hours - could be a convenient place for a crew change.

Sailing to the island of Noirmoutier next day we passed close by the neighbouring 'smart' resort of La Baule on the Cote d'Amour with its kilometers of curving golden sands, then crossed the wide estuary of the River Loire which supposedly marks a climatic watershed - south of it the weather is reputed to be warmer and sunnier. And the Loire marks something of a Decca Navigator "shed" too - but not for the better. We found that for every mile south, the uncertainty factor of the instrument increased until it became unusable.

The island of Noirmoutier for which we were bound, is connected to the mainland by a high, 4km long elegantly curved toll-bridge, and apart from having, it is said, 23 windmills, it is also something of a painters paradise for the scenery in some of the bays is idyllic - so much so that many French film directors have made their homes here, and it is easy to see why. When we arrived at the little town of L'Herbaudiere we found the whole island was in the midst of preparations for the celebration next day of the 200th Anniversary of the French Revolution, but we didn't stay to enjoy it.

In the morning we set off in a favourable F4 wind across to Ile d'Yeu. By late afternoon, with not another boat in sight, we were sailing along an inhospitable rocky shoreline in search of an anchorage. Time was getting on, and with nothing in prospect we began to think we should be eating late that evening, when, far away and close under the cliffs we glimpsed the flash of a white sail - moments later it vanished. Some time afterwards a fishing boat came into view, then just as suddenly it too disappeared from sight. Quickly following, all was made clear when we turned a headland and were able to see round the corner.

We found the fishing boat already tied up to a buoy only a few yards from the foot of the granite cliffs and when we motored up, much to our relief and pleasure, its skipper pointed to his spare mooring buoy and by gestures invited us to make use of it. Then we noticed the entrance to a small drying harbour hidden from the sea by a stone wall so cunningly blended with the living rock that from a distance it appeared part of it.

Our situation, tenable of course only in settled weather, was delightful, and with the granite cliffs close behind us glowing brilliant red in the setting sun we raised our glasses to the friendly fisherman who had guided us to this tiny secret place - Port de la Meule. A Sailor's Greeting to him, and all like him!

Next morning we walked over to Port Joinville on the other side of the island to buy fresh provisions and there, to our surprise, was RAVAN.

COTE LUMIERE

By midday we were on our way, this time to Les Sables d'Olonne - "Pearl of the Cote Lumiere". Glassy smooth sea, sunny skies and a light north-easterly wind - it was an uneventful trip, mainly motor sailing. We tied up in the busy marina at Port Olonna close to the town, bought our dinner in the local hypermarket and spent a pleasant evening dining on turkey kebabs, superb camembert and nectarines.

The following lunch time we took the inshore passage to the Ile de Re. I well remember this island, firstly because of the interesting and disturbingly shallow approach to the little harbour of Ars-en-Re, where, if you stray far from the navigable channel you will encounter very shallow water, even a mile or more from the shore; the approach to Ars-en-Re is markedly shallow, even by local standards - at low water most of the channel marker buoys lie high and dry on their sides, for here, when the tide ebbs, the water disappears out of sight.

Secondly, I remember the evil smell of the manure boats - the pungent stench of steaming heaps of manure (of questionable origin) piled high on the decks of small flat-bottomed craft assaults the nose with an intensity almost too great to bear - fortunately we never came in close contact with one in harbour.

It was a windless scorching day when we approached the quay at Ars-en-Re, and a friendly harbour master took our lines while music drifted over from a circus tent pitched nearby. Ars-en-Re is dominated by its 15th century church, the tall black and white spire being a principal leading mark, and from the top are fine views across the town and island. Next day, passing RAVAN at anchor in the pool at Fier d'Ars, we moved round the coast to the island's best known resort, St Martin. When we emerged from the entrance lock we found ourselves in a small hot harbour surrounded by quayside cafes and restaurants which were packed with tourists. I found the showers ashore in a poor state with only one (half) working - the granite quays radiated heat far into the night and waterfront activity continued into the early hours. We locked out as early as we could the following afternoon and headed for Ile d'Oleron, not sorry to escape the confines of St Martin.

Oleron, France's second largest island and the country's so-called oyster capital, is connected to the mainland by an impressive two mile long toll bridge - (charge - £11 for a car). It was at Oleron during the last century that an international conference was held which finally agreed and caused to be put into operation the first "International Rules for Navigation at Sea".

We arrived late in the evening at the tiny port of Le Chateau which lies beneath the shadow of a huge 17th century Citadel, and managed to squeeze into a tiny space between the quay and a French yacht which was leaving early next morning. The small harbour of Le Chateau dries out, has no facilities, and there is an insufficiency of ladders and things to tie up to - but interesting just the same. The inner harbour, for fishing boats only, was packed from wall to wall with flat-bottomed oyster boats.

Travelling onwards, our next stop was Royan, a large modern holiday town at the mouth of the River Gironde, and which has a marina conveniently located in a prominent position on the water front and close to the shops. Locally regarded as the Blackpool of the Bay of Biscay, Royan is a likeable place - shopping is good and there are several well stocked chandleries - I was even able to buy up-to-date charts of the River Gironde. The superb covered food market was the best we had come across so far (and they had all been pretty good). The charcuteries had a wonderfully varied selection of cold meats and a full range of delicatessen type snack meals to take away. Apart from this, the town's top tourist feature, a 1950's cathedral, a triumph of re-inforced concrete is well worth a visit, and there are kilometers of fine sandy beaches which make Royan a popular place with British campers and caravanners.

Next morning, en route for Blaye, Ken pointed out large blue ketch at anchor a short way offshore - this was SILVER DUET - a familiar sight on the Hamble River, and normally berthed at Crabbleck Marina not far from DOGMATIC.

The husband and wife team who spent 11 years of their life building this 60 foot twin-engined ferrocement ketch had a big surprise when they emerged on deck and saw us! We exchanged shouted greetings, then headed out to sea to avoid the Mauvais Banc, dangerous shoals which extend 5 miles beyond Pointe de la Coubre.

RIVER GIRONDE

A glance at the chart shows the estuary of the Gironde to be an area of shallows, sandbanks and fierce currents - even skippers of commercial shipping treat this place with caution, especially when the wind has any west in it.

Our sail up the fifty miles of river to Bordeaux was fast and furious - my notes: Gironde - very wide - water almost the colour of cafe au lait, boiling in places - fierce tide, nearly springs - (we rocketed along at 10-11 knots over the ground) - vineyard country all round - islands in some parts - surface of the water, for many miles agitated by the speed of the tide, resembled Hurst Narrows on a Spring Tide - (tides on the Gironde can run up to 6 knots).

BLAYE

The further up-river we went, the hotter it became, and scorching blasts of air came hurtling down upon us from inland. As we drew near Blaye, an important wine town on the east bank of the Gironde, we found the entrance to the miniscule harbour difficult to identify on first acquaintance; about an hour before high water we made a cautious approach, but in spite of this, touched bottom as we turned to moor-up facing the entrance. The heat was searing - shade temperature 99F - I burnt my hand holding on to an iron mooring ring, and could have cooked steak and eggs on the sizzling granite quay.

The high temperature of the river quickly made the fresh water in the bilge keels unpleasantly warm, and flushing the loo brought in a turbid liquid that left a coating of mud on the porcelain.

Like Chateau d'Oleron, this tiny harbour is not a place for a family boat. At low water the bottom resembles the cratered surface of the moon, and in the centre of the channel is a substantial plateau of mud as I discovered when I slithered out of my bunk in the early hours as SEEHOND listed 20 degrees to starboard when she took the ground at the edge of a steep gully. Earlier that evening several local people, including the chief of police were concerned enough to warn us about the very uneven bottom. We did explain that SEEHOND had three keels, but some of our well wishers remained doubtful. Now I know why.

At the waters-edge and dominating the town is the enormous Chateau de Blaye, a sprawling Citadel, one of many designed and built around 1695 by the celebrated fortress builder Vaubin to keep out the English - there are walks round the ramparts, views over the river, and camping "au sauvage". Next day there was a Pop Festival and the appearance of Hippies soon brought out the Gendarmerie in force - all three of them! Shortly after high water we motored out of the harbour into the river where we tied up to a ship's mooring buoy to while away the time until we could take the early evening flood up to Bordeaux - even this far out, bursts of amplified pop music came over loud and clear.

BORDEAUX

Just as soon as the tide changed in our favour we cast off and headed up river to the end of the River Gironde at the junction of the Rivers Dordogne and Garonne, then branched right into the Garonne where, after passing successively an oil refinery and an area of modern dockland we sighted the lofty Aquitaine road bridge just beyond which, at 8 pm, with about four miles to go to Bordeaux, we saw Halte Marina on the west bank opposite Lormont. As we approached the main pontoon fronting the river we were signalled to come alongside. All looked straightforward as we made the final approach but no sooner had our bow-line been taken by an amiable Frenchman than our stern was suddenly and most unexpectedly swept sideways by a powerful lateral current which gushed with great energy from between the floats of the pontoon; later, when everything had quietened down and SEEHOND was safely moored in the four knot current, I cooled off by showering French-fashion on the pontoon, using the marina's heavy duty hosepipe

While at Halte Marina we spoke to a number of crews of British yachts fleeing exhorbitant Marina charges in the U.K. But the steady stream of boats which headed south towards the Canal du Midi found it closed for lack of water and many spent much of their summer at Toulouse awaiting the autumn rains and the re-opening of the Canal.

On our first morning we started off to walk to downtown Bordeaux, but by the time we reached the old submarine base it was too hot to continue on foot so we completed the journey by bus. At the tourist office the staff were friendly and helpful - I bought a map and guidebook, then found the historic Opera House, (guided tours on Saturday afternoons), the Maison de Vin opposite, (wine tastings), visited flower gardens and parks, and generally got to know the town by walking the streets. The local people couldn't have been more pleasant or helpful - in some cases they walked out of their way to make sure I reached my destination safely.

I discovered too, that Bordeaux boasts the largest town square in Europe. Named "Esplanade des Quinconces", its 30 tree-lined acres provide a perfect setting for the national pastime - boules - which is taken very seriously by its adherents as I came to realise when for a time I watched one group of men and was enthralled by the tactics of a team of father and son who played a crafty game and won hands down. Moving on to the Monument to the Girondins, I sat for a while under a shady tree where a cooling breeze from the fountains kept the leaves in a constant state of rustle. That this was the best place to be in Bordeaux on a hot afternoon I knew, when a conversation sprang up between me and a Spaniard of about my own age. He told that as a teenager he had fought on the losing side in the Spanish Civil War, made a lucky escape to Bordeaux, and had since worked as a dockside crane operator. We communicated in a mixture of pidgin Spanish/French, English and German. The story of his life in Bordeaux, the wartime years and his attitude towards life I found so interesting I was sorry when the time came for me to go.

On Sunday I boarded a coach for a tour of the 'Entre Deux Mers' wine growing district and was fortunate to be seated next to an American wine buyer - a mine of information. During the course of the next few hours we learned something about wine production, and although the dry white wines of the area are sold as 'Entre deux Mers', the reds are marketed as 'Bordeaux Red'. Highlight of the tour was a visit to a 13th century Chateau, superbly situated on the banks of the river Garonne where our guide was at pains to point out that the original fortified tower was built by its first owner, a wine-making Englishman.

We had planned to spend more time in Bordeaux, but because the city was hot and airless, our mooring exposed to heavy wash from frequent passing shipping, and the constant worry of the fierce current, (if you were to fall in here, you would most likely drown before anyone could catch up with you), we decided to return to the relative cool of the coast. An hour before high water we motored upstream to take a last look at the town and I sat on the foredeck in front of the mainmast and very much enjoyed watching the panorama unfold as we slowly passed by:

PAUILLAC

Then at high water we turned downriver, back under the Aquitaine Bridge and on to Pauillac in the heart of the Medoc wine growing area where we arrived at low tide and anchored near the entrance of the Marina to wait for the water level to rise; but time was forgotten as we watched impatient crews trying to get their boats into the harbour before there was a sufficient depth of water. The biggest, both in terms of size of yacht and effort made was one 60 foot Irish yacht of vast draught which tried to force its way in under motor, and ploughed powerfully to a stop in thick mud just a few yards from the harbour wall. The crew took it all in good part - no shouting - no recriminations.

When we did enter the marina - earlier than some, because of our shallow draft - we quickly found a vacant space at the head of a pontoon: this was fortunate because, although like Treguier, there is a strong current passing through the marina, here there are eddies and the current can change direction by as much as 180 degrees within a few yards.

In the cool of the evening I took a stroll ashore in the quiet and pleasant little town of Pauillac towards some 'fishing boxes' - small wooden huts set on stilts over the water on the river bank. We had seen many like them since leaving Royan and I was anxious to see one in action. A man in his thirties operating a winch from which was suspended a square shaped fishing net observed my interest and invited me to come and watch. Gingerly I crossed a rickety old raised wooden walkway to the centre of operations where he explained that 'fishing boxes' are rented from local authorities on an annual basis, much as our beach huts. Because of its poor position and near derelict state, his was very cheap to rent - only 9FF per year. Few fish were caught, I was told, but that wasn't the idea. His fishing hut was a bolt-hole of peace and quiet to which he could escape from work and family back in Bordeaux twenty-five miles away and worth more to him than a palace.

The following day I paid a brief visit to a veritable Rolls Royce of vineyards - the legendary Chateau Mouton Rothschild, where there is a Museum of Wine that shouldn't be missed. Wandering along, I thought about a comment made by the American Buyer - to the effect that strict laws in France control the amount of wine which may be marketed as 'Premier Cru', depending on the vintage. Any excess must be sold under a different label - in this case it is "Mouton Cadet", which is shipped to England and sold at a lower price. This might be the basis for what appears to be a firmly held belief with some French people that good French wines may be bought more cheaply in England than in France.

Just before we left Pauillac I called at the Capitanerie to collect a copy of their "Code of Conduct for Visiting Yachtsmen" and was agreeably surprised to be presented with a back copy of the "LIVRE DE BORD" - a sort of French Reeds. In it there are, in addition to the usual subjects, nearly 200 pages of detailed harbour chartlets ranging from Holland to the Spanish border, including the south coast of England, the Scillies and Channel Islands. For anyone contemplating cruising the French coasts, this book is an excellent supplement to other information - there is also a Mediterranean edition. Recently visiting our local nautical bookshop I saw this publication on sale at £12.00 plus (against the price marked on the spine, which is 66FF, about £7.00).

GIRONDE ESTUARY

Our next port of call was Port Bloc. Small, mainly commercial, and situated on the south bank at the mouth of the River Gironde, Port Bloc is a busy place with frequent ferries to Royan - at half tide it is entertaining to watch these boats crabbing across in the powerful current.

At night one becomes aware that this is not the usual run of small ports. Three large ferry boats berth here, amid much huffing and puffing - then there is the all-night activity of Customs boats, boats of the Gendarmerie, Pilot boats and Fishing boats, not to mention the all-night trains that shriek their whistles when approaching two level crossings nearby.

Before departing we took a brisk walk to the village of Verdon about 2 miles away - but what it had to offer in the way of shops was not worth the effort, although, on the way back, I did see a bungalow I would have given my back teeth to own!

Then it was time to cross the Gironde estuary again, and once more we stood well out to clear the dangers of the Mauvais Banc.

Shortly after we had rounded the seaward end of the Banc I noticed, not far to starboard, an elderly fishing boat turn suddenly and head fast for the shore, all the while trailing astern of her a strange smoky haze. My first reaction was - that's a funny colour for exhaust smoke, surely it can't be on fire - or could it possibly be orange smoke? Unlikely, I thought - the boat was moving along so fast ... then Ken took a look. It was orange smoke all right. On went the engine - round went the wheel and we pounded in pursuit of the CHRISTINE SYLVIA - an antiquated wooden fishing boat garishly painted in bright mauve, orange and white - pristine in her new paint, she looked as though she had not long been afloat since a refit.

At Marennnes we stocked up with sufficient food and drink to last for three days, then set off for Ile d'Aix, our twelfth and last island (if you count the Isle of Wight and Guernsey!). Tiny Ile d'Aix, located a few miles off the coast near La Rochelle is well known in France as where the Emperor Napoleon spent his last few hours on French soil. On arrival we picked up a vacant buoy some quarter of a mile from the hard and presently the departing tide left SEEHOND standing upright on the mud - once again we blessed those bilge keels - without them many places such as this would have been barred to us. Close by was a French yacht with a young crew of two who, on returning from the island in their rubber dinghy had misjudged the tide and found themselves grounded some 100 yards or so from their boat. With a show of reluctance the young man eased himself over the side, grasped the painter and prepared to haul wife and dinghy across the wide expanse of mud which separated them from their boat. His legs, with every step, sank up to the knees, but he certainly was a sticker - and foot by slimy foot they drew nearer to their boat. By the time he got his immaculate and mud-free wife as far as the boarding ladder he was all in, but perked up no end when she gratefully passed down a long cooling drink. He then had a long wait for the water level to rise so he could clean the mud, by now baked hard, from legs and dinghy. At Ile d'Aix we enjoyed two very relaxed days - there was absolutely nothing to do, but it didn't seem to matter, and almost before we knew it the day of Jess's arrival at St. Malo was imminent and La Rochelle beckoned.

LA ROCHELLE

As we motored in between the two fortified towers of St Nicolas and de la Chaine, we were greeted for the last time by the crew of RAVAN. Soon the genial harbour master indicated where we were to tie up, then - "Excuse me", I said, "But where are the showers?". He gave me a sideways look - "Showers - showers?", he replied - "Les Britanniques do not come to La Rochelle for showers!" I never did discover whether he was joking or not ... La Rochelle is a pleasant place for a holiday, lots of things to see and do here, and in the cool of the evening plenty of entertainment and activity on the water front; while we were there groups of strolling South American Indians played native pipe music which mingled curiously with the traditional French 'Musette' music played on violin and piano accordeon by other groups close by - the huge good natured crowd of holiday makers lapped it up and there was a supremely relaxed and happy atmosphere about the place, something that has been missing from the English scene for decades.

Later, while sitting on deck and remembering all our adventures, I gave grateful thanks to this wonderful boat that had brought us safely through the traumas of wind and weather in the Channel, sunshine and showers, calm seas and tranquil days, and had given us both such happy memories - a feeling I am sure familiar to many Seadog owners at the end of an epic voyage.

Next day Ken worked hard cleaning the boat, changing the engine oil and generally getting SEEHOND back into to her normal spic and span condition; the following morning we locked up, checked the mooring lines and left her in the care of the Harbour Master while we drove by hire car to St Malo where we arrived at midday, having taken just three and a half hours to cover a distance we'd taken three and a half weeks to sail!

ST MALO

Jess had a good crossing on the ferry, and before she and Ken departed for La Rochelle they kindly ferried me to the home of Georges and Ann Bessac (ORBICHE) where I had been invited to spend some time. Georges and Ann have owned ORBICHE for many years, and over lunch (and what an excellent bottle of wine), I learned a lot about their favourite sailing areas, and much about the history of St Malo - Georges' family has been in business there for generations.

After lunch we visited ORBICHE and Georges took me on a walking tour of the old town of St Malo, describing what life was like there during the war.

He much regrets, to put it mildly, that an historic town like St Malo was destroyed by Allied bombing and incendiary attacks when it was widely known by the responsible authorities to contain only a token holding force - mainly old men and boys at that.

As we drew alongside we could see two men - one busily cranking an old fashioned stand-up-and-beg bilge pump, while in the wheelhouse the grizzled elderly skipper gripped the wheel and gazed as though transfixed towards the shore; in response to my shout he leaned sideways out of the door of the wheelhouse and with his forefinger jabbed downwards two or three times in the direction of the water, now not all that far below the level of his bulwarks. Next we tried calling on the radio-telephone, but the man on the pump never paused in his vigorous pumping, while the gaunt figure at the wheel stared ahead without response, and all the while the old boat chugged shorewards at a steady 6 knots. Minutes later, perhaps alerted by our activity on the radio telephone, a large, sturdy-looking French yacht hove along the other side of the fishing boat whose skipper at first appeared to decline assistance, but shortly afterwards changed his mind when his engine coughed for the last time then stopped dead. The yacht soon had the heavy boat in tow and together they wallowed slowly towards the sandy shore, now less than two miles away. For a time we stood by, but realising there was no further role for us, turned back on course. I watched their slow progress through binoculars till they faded to little pinpoints then finally disappeared....

From then on we had a fast sail all the way to the Pertuis (Strait) de Maumusson - a would-be nasty stretch of water which separates the southern tip of the Island of Oleron from the mainland of France. Pilot books give this narrow channel a bad name - and with good reason, for here, strong ingoing and ebbing tidal streams meet head on, and in certain conditions of wind and tide, create highly confused and dangerous seas. Most French yachtsmen prudently take the outside passage to the west of the island, for although the sea was relatively calm when we approached, there was a line of breakers close at hand on either side of the channel. A mile or so further on we anchored just off a golden sandy beach in pine-fringed Gatteau Bay where we found RAVAN already in pride of place. Next morning I woke early as SEEHOND bumped for a while as she took the ground at low water - the wind had changed during the night - again

THE MYSTERIOUS STONE OF SALOMAN

Our next destination, the town of Marennes, (famed for green oysters - the finest in France), lies at the end of a narrow canal which opens out into a small marina near the town centre. Here there is an interesting church with a taller than average tower once used as a look-out - from the top are spectacular views over the flat countryside, and admission is free! But what interested me most inside

the Church of Saint-Pierre de Marennes was a notice describing "UNE BIEN CURIEUSE PIERRE". This was an oval shaped white stone, convex on top, about 30 inches long, 20 inches wide, and 4 inches thick at the centre, tapering to about one and a half inches at the edges. I made a rough sketch which a kind friend used as the basis for this drawing.

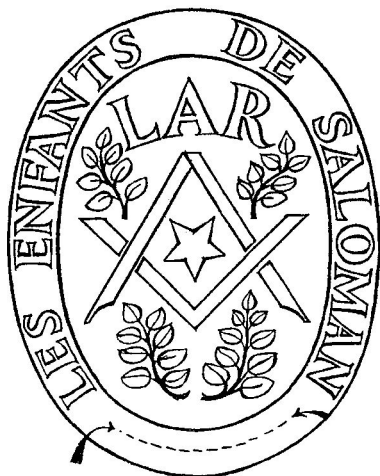
The notice appealed for information as to the origin and meaning of this curious stone which had recently been unearthed during repair work on the crypt.

It was also suggested that the designs for the foundations of the church in which it was found were based on those of King Solomon's Temple at Jerusalem, and that this stone was initially placed at the summit of a vault.

The name of DENIS DE COGNAC - "dans sa partie secret", plus the words BATISSEURS and COMPAGNONNAGE also appear in the text.

Perhaps someone may have the answer

There are traces of further lettering in this damaged area.



Since that time many millions of Francs have been spent rebuilding - the ruins were combed for material, the stone blocks that survived the explosions and the fires were marked and numbered, and pre-war photographs of the town were consulted to ensure accuracy. Now St Malo is proudly restored as near as possible to its original magnificence.

This visit to St Malo and the generous hospitality of Georges and Ann was a delightful end to an epic 6 week holiday.

The ferry crossing that night was smooth and trouble free, and on arrival at Portsmouth it was only a short trip to the station to pick up the local train and I was soon home and into a good English cooked breakfast.

Thinking back, my only regret is I didn't have the foresight to take two cameras - one for slides and one for prints. If I'd taken some slides I could have given a talk at one of our future Rallies. A lesson to be remembered.

THE END

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WHERE TO GET IT

PROPELLERS: POWER PROPS, 72 Quayside Road, Bitterne, Southampton.
Telephone 0703-639366

Early boats had 17.5" X 12" (left hand rotation)
Later boats had 17" X 12" (left hand rotation)

COCKPIT HOODS: K & H FABRICS (Barry King), Unit 1, Eastland Boatyard,
Coalpark Lane, Swanwick, Southampton.
Telephone: 0489-583115 (day) 0202-822370 (evenings).

PACKING FOR THE STERN GLAND:- Hamble Point Marina, (Engineering Department) Southampton.
Telephone: 0703-452464 - Contact Graham Mott and ask for:-
Walkers 5/16" square section packing - and make sure it is
NOT GRAPHITED - and NEVER use graphite grease.

STARTER MOTORS:- Golden Arrow Marine, Newhaven. Telephone 0273-513987

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PROPOSED EAST COAST RALLY

It has been suggested that we run an East Coast Rally at some time in the future - I think this is an excellent idea as several new members have taken their boats to the East Coast and together with the boats already there - we should certainly be able to get a good number of supporters.

It does, however, need an East Coast member - or members - to volunteer to organise it, i.e., suggest a suitable venue and fix a reasonably priced meeting place for a meal on the Saturday night.

I would be happy to help with the correspondence but would find it difficult to organize from the South Coast - so I shall now sit back and wait for a flood of volunteers

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ARDESMORE - Pam and Doug Hamlin are emigrating with their Seadog to the Isle of Man and are looking forward to receiving visitors"The Island is an ideal starting place from which to explore Scotland; the Ribble was a rather challenging river to sail around and out of but we shall always have happy memories of the Lancashire coast, especially Lytham. Last year we sailed to the Isle of Man and the Menai Straits and continued to learn about our new boat. The more we sail her the greater our confidence becomes in these sound little ships. We have tremendous respect for the Seadog's very clever designer. There is nothing that I have seen on the current lists of new boats that compares in any way. The only improvements that we would make on the design would be to add 3 or 4 feet and increase the heads to allow room for a good shower and a little more room in the cockpit, and perhaps slightly increase the width and amount of freeboard. I am being highly critical though, and as these things cannot be changed we have added a Wallas 2400 heater to increase the crew's creature comfort. It works extremely well but was a devil to install. Fitting the unit itself was relatively easy; the ductwork to the aft cabin was dreadful. However, we now have a warm, dry boat which doesn't have a heater which a small child could be burnt on.

Further to the last Newsletter when the paper oil filter elements were reported extinct, we have found a source of the genuine Power Part replacements (No. 26540154). These are obtainable from B.S. Commercial on 0772-703933. The gentleman running the business is extremely helpful in obtaining any parts for Perkins engines."

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GABRIELLE B - New owners Bill & Dot Tomlinson have taken her out of the water for rudder repairs and to investigate a leak behind one of the diesel tanks, suspected as originating in one of the deck drain "Boxes" attached to the side of the hull. Should blockages cause the box to fill with rainwater, severe frosts could freeze the water into ice, and the associated expansion might force the box away from the side of the hull, causing a leak of seawater into the hull. As reported on an earlier page, Heinz Willman has sealed off the boxes on MISSI and has cut scuppers through the toerail to free water on deck. An alternative solution is to seal off the drain boxes - fit through-hull "Y" fittings in a more accessible position just above the waterline and connect the downpipes to these.

Jon Smurthwaite (MELISSE) has applied several layers of glass fibre over his drain boxes and says he will send photos of the two transparent hatches he has made to gain access to the difficult-to-get-at portside box.

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SEACANIS - Ray Mullin has replaced his fuel tanks with new ones in heavy gauge mild steel (£87 each plus VAT). He writes that it was apparent that the deterioration of the original tanks was due mainly to condensation - the areas which had been covered with "Rockwool" were unaffected by rust. The enclosed starboard tank was almost unaffected, but the portside tank - unprotected by "Rockwool" was rusty and had lost about one fifth of its thickness when scraped back. The Parsons mixer box and the pipe connecting it to the rubber exhaust pipe were severely corroded and broke away in the hand. Golden Arrow Marine at Newhaven (0273-513987) provided a replacement mixer box, and M & Y Flexibles at Hilsea, Portsmouth (0705-693324/5) supplied the inch and a half barrel and lock section and exhaust flange for the connection between the exhaust pipe and the Parsons box.

A spark-plug box spanner on a long extension bar was used to undo the nuts on the engine mountings which, in this case were very stiff.

Before the engine was lifted out, Ray constructed a lifting frame from standard 4' stacking scaffolding as sold to do-it-yourselfers. The feet of the framing were stood on lengths of scaffold planks laid on the cockpit locker tops. It was possible to use the full 4' width of framing athwart the cockpit, but necessary to have the fore and aft sections cut down and rewelded to fit. The

whole assembly was cross-braced with angle-iron and old 2" galvanized water pipe laid across the top did duty as the winch suspension point.

A Halfords Ratchet Wire Winch (£26.00) did the actual lifting. Two parallel wire strops made from Rigging Wire were connected loosely through the winch-hook and fastened by shackles to the lifting eyes on the engine. The strops should be long enough to hang at an angle of 45 degrees to the top of the engine when they are attached to the winch hook. This length will allow automatic compensation for the centre of gravity to take place during the lifting process.

The scaffold assembly requires to be about 6 feet high above the locker tops to allow for height lost due to the combined length of the winch and strops. Then it will be possible to raise the engine high enough to swing it round and lower it athwartships across the cockpit onto the locker tops.

Ray says he found the centre of gravity of the engine further aft than he had imagined - could be the reason why there have been reports of the engine stoving in the aft bulkhead!

If you have any queries please get in touch with Ray Mullin - he would be glad to give advice.

Lubricating oil filter element: Ray writes that Golden Arrow Marine at Newhaven can once again supply the "old" type of filter element which fits the original pattern of horizontally mounted filter casing on the port side of the engine - Part No. P26540154 - (£4.25 each plus VAT.)

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SUEBRE - From Cornwall Mike Moriarty says goodbye - "This is my first, and very probably my last, letter to the Seadog Association although I have been a member for 9 years.

I moved to Cornwall from London last April and thought I had the best of both worlds - a cottage in the Cornish countryside and a Seadog moored not far away on the River Lynher. Unfortunately I had a couple of heart attacks ten days after moving in but, even though I am quite well now, find that I can no longer manage SUEBRE in a fashion which would not strike terror into the hearts of all other yachtsmen.

Very sadly, then, I have sold her and will have my last sail when I help the new owner, Clive Stovell, take her round to Sandwich on the east coast where she will live from now on.

It will seem very strange being without the boat, particularly as I lived on board more or less continuously for over seven years, but I have had some marvellous cruises in her (she knows her own way to Brittany and down the Chenal du Four and to the Scillies, she's been there so often) so I can't grumble.

I had always intended doing as the other members and writing to you about the various improvements and repairs I have carried out over the years, but the time for all that has now passed; perhaps the new owner will do it for me!"

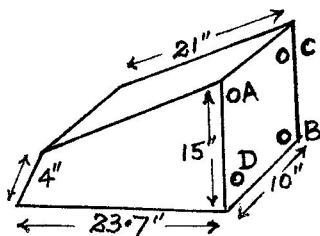
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TALIESIN - Bill Richards from Sheffield reports:-

"Aft Cabin Bulkhead - the dreaded rotten bulkhead was found, the cause being traced to the drain-tube venting water from the hatch slide. The hole through the glassfibre was bigger than the tube, thus leading water directly into the end-grain of the ply. The rotten section was cut out along with the loose packer behind it and replaced with thicker ply bonded to the bulkhead with S.P. Systems Epoxy. When finished the complete area from the hatch to the port side was covered over by bonding a sheet of quarter-inch teak finish ply to give a pleasing appearance and avoid the use of a moisture retaining plastic cover. All this work being most professionally completed by my good friend Norman.

I also renewed the mizzen tabernacle bolts with some I had made by a local company in 316 stainless steel. The original bolts were almost corroded through.

Hot Water Calorifier I have made a small Stainless Steel Calorifier which is similar in profile to the Starboard Diesel Tank and fits nicely between the aft end of the tank and the bulkhead. Holding about 7 gallons of water, of which some 4.5 gallons can effectively be used before mixing occurs. I should have avoided the mixing effect by pointing the inlet pipe down, thus producing a less forcible inrush of cold water. The system is operated by a second Whale footpump in the galley. This is a great success.



There are four tappings to the calorifier - A and B going to the heat-exchanger coil - although 'square' would be a better description - it being made from Yorkshire elbows and 22mm copper pipe. Hot water in at A and return to engine at B.

C and D are simple connections into the tank - cold in at D and hot out to the galley tap from C.

D should go into a diffuser which could be a simple length of pipe across the front with a slot in the bottom to prevent the turbulence which causes mixing of temperatures rather than the desired layering.

FINISHED TANK LAGGED BY WRAPPING IT IN A CYLINDER JACKET

We had a late start to the season, being lifted in at Hull Marina at the end of June 1989 and taking two days to sail down to Lowestoft, stopping off at Wells-next-the-Sea for the night a lovely spot in the right weather, but more of that later. The season was spent doing the East Coast Rivers and getting down as far as Brightlingsea and some good weather for a change.

At the end of October we decided to bring her back up to Hull. I was fortunate in having a strong crew with Norman and John, a friend from work. Although the forecast was none too good, we set off to sail straight through with a Force 6, said by the Coastguard to be gusting 7. Unfortunately by the time we were off the north Norfolk coast, gale 8's were into Humber and rapidly coming our way as north-easterlies. Being reasonably lost into the bargain, Decca on the blink not helping, I decided to pay up and request a Pilot into Wells.

The Pilots were most helpful and explained that I would not find the Fairway Buoy where I thought it was, as they had moved it the week before, but they turned out and escorted us in. I felt quite sorry for them as their boat was rolling badly and shipping a lot of water - then suddenly we broached and filled the cockpit up to the hatch door, but very little water got into the cabin. It did, however take a long time to drain away - a job for the future - larger cockpit drains!

After a good night in Wells tied up to a coaster we left at dawn and had a marvellous sail all the way up to Hull Marina, the wind coming slowly round and keeping us on a reach all the way; we were however also motoring due to lack of time. It is amazing how fast you can go up the Humber with a full spring tide flooding, all sail set on a reach, and 2,000 r.p.m. on the motor - we actually passed a cyclist on the river bank.

Preparations for this year: No major task undertaken, but the port side diesel tank valve seized, this being replaced by a new stainless steel ball-valve. I had always dreaded having to drain the water separator with a hot engine in a seaway, so I have taken the opportunity to replace the drain plug with a one eighth of an inch B.S.P nipple and piped the drain to a small cock in the cupboard under the galley sink: this being lower than the tanks, I can empty any water without a struggle. I shall have to see how it goes in practice.

I am hoping to tow her down to Lowestoft this year and get her craned in there, as the Cruising Club have organised a large crane for the day, which will reduce my costs somewhat".

THE SEADOG COUNTRY-HOUSE PARTY - 3/4TH FEBRUARY 1990

When the date of this get-together had unexpectedly to be changed we had fears that the numbers would fall - in the event, only two members, Brian & Babs Herve (JACARAH) and Cy & Louise Blackwell (DOGBOAT) couldn't come due to previous engagements. So many people applied to come that Gordon and Anne Pinkard (ANAHITA II) kindly offered to sleep in their motor caravan to release their bedroom for another family.

Willy & Marie-Louise de Crom from Belgium (BDNA) had arranged to arrive at Philipps House on the Friday before, so Olive and I decided to meet them there for dinner. Over the meal we heard of their horrendous experience crossing the Channel - their ferry was caught in a Force 11 storm and wallowed for 3 hours in awful seas just outside Dover Harbour before it was allowed to dock. They kept their minds occupied by playing cards all night - good job they are seasoned sailors!

Saturday dawned gloomy. During breakfast, hail merged into solid driven snow - in no time trees were laden and fields and roads disappeared under the onslaught on the blizzard. Phones were out of order because of earlier high winds - we were cut off from the outside world. It looked like being the end of our Rally as we couldn't imagine anyone travelling in conditions like that, but our spirits rose when a message got through to Philipps House that the snow was a localized band and the AA predicted a quick improvement in the state of the roads. Sure enough, three hours later it stopped snowing, the temperature rose 9 degrees and a rapid thaw set in.

Our first visitors arrived after lunch and it wasn't long before the rooms hummed with conversation. We were pleased to welcome Eileen Tracey (GLASS LADY), who made front page news in Dutch newspapers when she sailed to the Middelburg Rally in 1988 - a wonderful lady who belies her 85 years. She was later joined by Barry Yaldren's father Joe - also in his 80's and who often sails with Barry (Ex BORN FREE II), and over afternoon tea and biscuits in front of the log fire in the Drawing Room they found plenty to talk about.

Then came the time to change for dinner and to start the evening with an aperitif. Generous members left liquid refreshment for all in the main hall on a large table near the foot of the marble staircase - Barry Yaldren provided a case of lager and Tim Bartlett (SEAFLEUR) gave 6 litres of home-made wine. The latter was regarded with suspicion by some members (who no doubt had memories of their own attempts at wine-making) but once tried, word soon spread on how good it was, and before long Tim had to fetch another 3 litres from his car boot to keep up with the demand. Sweet toothed members appreciated the large tin of Quality Street Chocolates donated by Marie Louise.

About seven o'clock Marie Louise struck the gong to summon us to the dining room which was attractively set out with colourful napkins and flowers - and Olive was pleased to see that as the men went in to dinner, the majority of them were wearing their new Club ties (she had been selling them during the afternoon). Fred Murley, our past Secretary said Grace then we sat down to Salmon Mousse, Sorbet, Roast Beef and Yorkshire Puddings (as big as saucers) - Profiteroles (all made by Ray Mullin of SEACANIS, and absolutely mouthwatering) - Cheese & Biscuits - Fresh Fruit - Coffee & Mints. After a couple of short speeches at the end of the meal we retired to the Stone Hall for a Slide Show and talk given by Fred Murley entitled "Ships and Harbours of the Solent" - a nostalgic look back at scenes of the old passenger liners that used to pass up and down Southampton Water. Barry Yaldren (Ex BORN FREE II) then did the honours with an absorbing account of his recent voyage home from Gibraltar via the Azores in his newly acquired Contessa 38.

The following morning some members disappeared for energetic walks but for most it was a time to relax and many made for the Drawing Room and the log fire, while others grouped in the various rooms for 'information gathering' - what better opportunity to find out where to buy this or that, how to repair, rebuild, change or renew various pieces of equipment. When so many owners of identical boats get together there is a vast amount of knowledge just waiting to be tapped.

That is just one of the benefits of coming to Dinton to enjoy one of our friendly stress-free weekends. The men swap ideas while the ladies can sit and relax and enjoy the company without having to talk boats all the time. After mid-morning coffee and biscuits some members set off to visit friends and relations in the area, though most stayed on for a buffet lunch, but by late afternoon the majority of our members had departed, leaving only Willy and Marie-Louise de Crom (BONA) and David and Dilly Ridge (NICHOLA JANE) who had arranged to stay one more night.

Olive settled the finances with our hosts Ray and Jannine and thanked them on behalf of all our members for the work they and their small staff had put in to ensure we all had a pleasant stay. Olive remarked that several people had commented to her on the extraordinarily happy atmosphere about the place. Jannine had replied - "Oh - it's the house - it always has that effect on people". Olive mildly disagreed - "I don't think it's just the house, it's the cheery good will of the Staff that run it too; without them it just wouldn't be the same" - and to show we all felt the same way - she produced £46.00 which Members had given to her to pass on to the Staff - proof, if such were needed, of how much we had appreciated their efforts. We have made a provisional booking for another House Party next Year (weekend of 2/3 February 1991) - this will be confirmed after June this year, so if you would like to come - please contact us July onwards. Please remember - we can only accommodate 50 people and it has to be first come - first served.

Our memories of the weekend include seeing behind the house a high wooded bank carpeted with snowdrops - flooded fields and woods along the sides of the roads and in the New Forest - the magical fairyland created by the snow storm - a glorious sight. We wondered as we drove away, about the conversations that must be going on in all the cars journeying back to their respective destinations and hoped they were about how much they had enjoyed their weekend - we certainly did - and although it is a busy and hard working time for us - seeing all those happy and smiling faces made it all worthwhile. Thank you all for coming - without you, we would have had a pretty quiet time!

SEADOGS REPRESENTED AT THE PHILIPPS HOUSE PARTY

AFARON -	Bart & Monica Groves	NICHOLA JANE -	David & Dilly Ridge
ANAHITA II -	Gordon & Anne Pinkard	PALAFIX -	Jack & Bobby Phillips
BONA -	Willy & Marie-Louise de Crom	SEACANIS -	Ray & Jannine Mullin
DARESSA -	Paul Smith & Christine Pearce	SEAFLEUR -	Tim & June Bartlett
DOGMATIC -	Peter & Olive French John & Audrey Lansdell	SEASCAPE -	Harry and Caroline Manners
GALWYN -	Stephen & Christine Axon	SHIELWATER -	Peter & Judy Barralet
GLASS LADY -	John & Lisa de Candole Eileen Tracey	SOLWAY DOG -	Reggie Lodge
		STARDOG -	Bill & Dee Chamberlain
KYROS -	Tony & Annette Spinks	TIMORLEY -	Roy & June Croft
LEONORA -	Sidney & Margaret Ellison	TUGRADOG -	David & Nikki Woodbridge
MELISSE -	Jon & Gill Smurthwaite	Ex TRESCO MAID -	Fred & Clare Murley
MER CALEB -	Barry & Anna Matthey	Ex BORN FREE II -	Barry & Laura Yaldren Joe Yaldren

On the subject of osmosis there has been something like hysteria generated by some sections of the yachting industry; it is more than time this problem was viewed dispassionately. The principal folk who make a bogey of it are the very people who stand to make the most money out of it - some surveyors, paint manufacturers and the like - over the years it has been a money spinner for them.

Glass Fibre does not have to be in the water to develop the symptoms leading to osmosis. A dinghy I bought 30 years ago developed blisters on the transom - above the waterline - nowhere else - and the little boat spent its life hanging up in the roof of the garage, miles away from the water!

Our Seadogs have tremendously thick strong hulls with two layers of gel coat and most of these hulls were moulded to Lloyds standards with a release certificate; hulls moulded to Lloyds standards do not appear to suffer as readily from osmosis as uncertified hulls. If you find osmosis on your boat, don't worry about it - the normal extra-thick hull and resin rich lay-up of a Seadog means that not much is likely to happen, even if you do nothing for years. I can do no better than to paraphrase an article written some years ago by Peter Stolper (SEA WOLF):-

"OSMOSIS" - Causes and Remedies -

"Osmosis is an affliction suffered by GRP as much as any other material and depends largely on the temperature in the moulding shop and how much catalyst was put into the mix to speed up the curing. Hulls laid up in the cold of winter where the operatives are on piece-work or bonus are likely to have more catalyst put in the resin to speed up the curing and are thus more likely to develop osmotic blistering. Also where too many laminations of glass-mat are applied too quickly, and again, too much catalyst is used to speed the curing process, excess heat is generated which produces a gas which may cause "pin-holing" in the gel coat and/or blistering where the gel coat is forced away from the GRP. (Moral - buy a boat that was laid-up in a heat wave).

In most cases the blister cannot dissipate and, provided the gel-coat does not crack, will remain as a dry gas blister. Dry blisters are best left alone - Seadogs have 2 gel-coats to protect their lay-up. But if in doubt prick one of the blisters and check to see if any water emerges. If none, then fill the pricked blister and leave well alone.

Various companies have devised modern methods of using as many of their products as possible, and at vast cost, to rectify this common problem. In fact the problem is easily kept at bay.

TREATMENT OF OSMOSIS

This is a bit fiddly, but it's not difficult to do and certainly not expensive. If the blistering is below the waterline, before treatment strip off the antifouling around the affected area. If the blisters are dotted round the hull generally, and don't form groups or patches, then the process is simple:

- 1) Grind off the surface of each blister until the hollow beneath is exposed.
- 2) Wash out thoroughly with ACETONE - obtainable from any GRP factor (do not use nail varnish remover, as this contains special oils).
- 3) Dry gas blisters can be filled immediately with fresh gel-coat, proud of the surrounding hull surface.
- 4) Cover the gel with a wide strip of clear sellotape and with a hard roller, force the gel into the depression and try to leave as flat a surface as possible.
- 5) When cured remove the sellotape then rub down using 400 then 600 'wet or dry' paper. The sellotape assists in uniform curing and also provides a reasonably flat finish ready for the rubbing down.
- 6) In the event of groups of blisters, the process is the same only more arduous!
- 7) Should the blister exude water, leave for several weeks to drain the surrounding GRP - for most Seadogs this should not be a problem as the lay-up is resin rich and practically impervious to water. After treatment, and before applying anti-fouling, coat the hull below the waterline with epoxy-tar".

OPEN DAY AT THE COLLEGE OF MARITIME STUDIES - WARSASH

This was held on Saturday the 30th of September and the first for many years - we invited Ken and Jess Willey (SEEHOND) and John and Audrey Lansdell (N.S.D members) to accompany us. I cannot do better than to quote from Ken Willey's letter:-

"The visit was most rewarding. The fire-fighting demonstration alone made the journey worthwhile - for instance, I never knew how to use a fire blanket correctly - but the opportunity to spend time aboard a lifeboat and one of the Watercraft rescue vessels - plus the display and demonstration on the use of pyrotechnics was also valuable. Perhaps the most interesting part was visiting the Navigation and Seamanship Departments and having an opportunity to talk to the obviously highly experienced and expert instructors.

As we discussed, it rather beats me why the facilities are not publicised more widely; or have I been asleep and not noticed articles in Yachting Monthly or Practical Boat Owner?. According to their brochure, part of the College of Maritime Studies is now called the Yacht Centre, which seems to indicate they may seek popular support from yachtsmen. If so, why do they not advertise more widely?. The Open Day would have been a golden opportunity. I felt a little greedy having the undivided attention of the staff at all times - more publicity would have cured that!".

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SEADOGS WITH BOWSPRITS

BRANDANE

EREMUE

GLASS LADY

Olaf Mulder

Mike Fulford

John de Candole

KOHURAU

ONKIE

PROSERPINE

Rowland Morgan

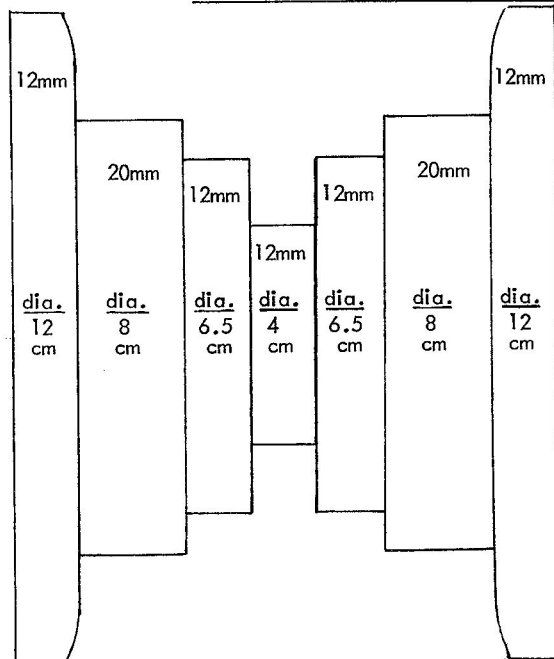
Hans Weutscheck

Des McSherry

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NYLON BOW ROLLER

For the John Carre Self-Tending CQR Anchor Stowage



This nylon bow-roller is the secret of the success of the John Carre self-tending CQR anchor stowage.

The device was designed and fitted to Seadog NAMASTE II more than 10 years ago by John Carre prior to his taking NAMASTE II across the Atlantic for an extended cruise to the Caribbean Islands and up to New York.

Since that time the equipment has had a great deal of use as the owner prefers to anchor than to go into a marina.

John says that for over 10 years it has worked perfectly every time, and has never given trouble.

If you would like a copy of the drawings of the stowage trough plus specifications, please send a cheque for £1 made payable to the SOA.

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CONTRIBUTIONS AND DONATIONS

My grateful thanks to the following members who made contributions and donations towards our Funds

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <u>Hal Ironside</u> | - EX AFARON - who generously sent £110 in total as a thank you to the Association for the introduction which enabled him to sell his boat without having to employ Yacht Brokers. |
| <u>Doug & Pam Hamlin</u> | - ARDESMORE - £6.50 towards costs. |
| <u>Willy de Crom</u> | - BONA - Donation of £3.00 towards Club running costs. |
| <u>Barry Yaldren</u> | - EX BORN FREE II - donation of £65 for the introduction to John Moorsom who bought his boat. |
| <u>George Blunt</u> | - EX CANUTE - £15 towards the cost of producing Newsletters. |
| <u>David Newman</u> | - EARL OF ESSEX - £3 towards general funds. |
| <u>Bill & Dot Tomlinson</u> | - GABRIELLE B - £25 in appreciation of the help given to them by the Association during their search for a Seadog. |
| <u>Frans Huber</u> | - GLORY - £2.50 excess over sub. for daughter Susanne. |
| <u>John Page</u> | - EX GUNDOG - £30 thanks for trying to sell GUNDOG - John did sell, but not through the Association |
| <u>Joe Lyons</u> | - HIBOUX - sent £5 for postage incurred over the years sending copies of the Newsletter to Spain. |
| <u>John & Beryl Saville</u> | - KURI MOANA - £25 for the introduction to Tony Charles which enabled them to buy KURI MOANA. |
| <u>John Tattum</u> | - MOHICAN - donated £19 he'd paid for the dinner at the Folly Inn Rally after he was unable to attend: also a contribution of £6.28 via Shamrock Quay Chandlery on account of his purchases of anti-fouling. |
| <u>David & Dilly Ridge</u> | - NICHOLA JANE - £1 excess payment for brooches to go towards funds. |
| <u>Ralph Grundy</u> | - EX NICHOLA JANE - £10 donation to Club funds. |
| <u>Sid Boddy</u> | - PIELAGO - £5 donation towards the cost of printing. |
| <u>John Hansen</u> | - EX SCOUBIDOU - £50 for the introduction to Frank and Joan Laycock who bought his Seadog SCOUBIDOU. |
| <u>Roger Allmey</u> | - SPINNER - £25 towards general funds. |
| <u>Cyril & Barbara Porter</u> | - TOPAZ II - £10 towards Club funds. |
| <u>Peter O'Brien</u> | - EX WATCHDOG - £10 on the sale of his Seadog. |
| <u>Norman & Olive Pennington</u> | - WESTMERIAN - £2 contribution to the funds in grateful thanks for help received. |

Another busy year for us - with 3 Rallies - no end of letters and phone calls and very welcome visits from Seadoggers who were in the area and gave us a call - how nice it was to meet you all. The Association is like an extended family with this great feeling of comradeship and your visits certainly add zest to our "retirement".

Last June I received a letter from Roger Allmey (SPINNER) in which he wrote "how about a Club Tie?". At the time I approached several firms for quotations but these far exceeded what the Association could afford; but thanks to the donations that came in, towards the end of 1989 I was able to place an order with McDade's of Glasgow (they supply the ties for the RYA & Cruising Association etc.) These ties are of high quality with the Seadog motif woven in gold on navy blue material. On sale at £8.50 each including post and packing (this includes £1.15 per tie to pay for the Jacquard Card needed to weave the motif into the material) - they proved popular at our Philipps House Party - so if you would like one (and help your Club recoup the cash) please complete and return the enclosed slip with your cheque. (LADIES:- they would make an ideal Birthday or Christmas present for the man in your life).

Your Club has been well supported this year and thanks to all those who generously gave donations, I am now able to produce this extra-large Newsletter as well as an Association Tie. It is only with help like this that your Club can stay active - maybe if we do well in the forthcoming months, we will be able to produce scarves for the Ladies (I've already obtained some quotes).

The cost of producing this newsletter, including envelopes and postage is £450 - which works out at £2.50 each. After paying this and buying the Seadog Association Ties the balance in our account is £190. As you can see, it costs a lot of money to produce a good Newsletter but I know how important it is to pass on all the tips, hints and solutions to our various problems - so keep those donations coming in and I will be able to keep up the standard of the Newsletters. In the interest of keeping down costs, an SAE is always welcome if you need a reply.

To indicate the usefulness of your Association here is a list of some of the queries I received last week:

- 1) What is the current value of a Seadog for insurance purposes?
- 2) How do I remove the shoe at the base of the rudder?
- 3) Urgent call from Holland for sizes of sails - needed before newly purchased boat was sailed back to Eire.
- 4) I'm thinking of selling - do you know anyone who is looking for a Seadog?
- 5) How do you get the engine out?
- 6) Where can I get a new propeller?

Several Seadogs have changed hands this year, so on behalf of you all - I welcome the new Members to the Club. We also welcome our new Non-Seadog members who are looking for their dreamboat - we hope you'll soon be successful in your search.

I am now the proud possessor of 3 Seadogs, one on her berth, one on the desk, and one on the wall. The one on the desk is a Seadog in a bottle - kindly presented to us by Rowland Morgan (KOHURAU), and the Seadog on the wall is a delightful watercolour painted and framed by Bill Chamberlain (STARDOG). It depicts DOGMATIC in a peaceful sunlit anchorage and now graces our lounge. Thank you both for your generous thoughts - Olive and I really do appreciate your kindness.

My thanks to Fred Murley for providing the address labels once again and to all of you who have supported the Association in so many ways, and lastly to Olive for all her help in organising the Rallies, helping with the Newsletter, etc., - what would we do without our lady Seadoggers?

I wish you an enjoyable and trouble-free sailing season - keep those letters coming in - come and see us when you can - we are only 15 minutes walk from Moody's Marina on the Hamble River - and your visits give us so much pleasure.

Happy Sailing, and as Piet Castemiller would say - "a Sailors Greeting to you all"

Pete.

THE WEEKEND OF THE 7/8TH OF JULY 1990

It had been our hope to arrange an International Rally at Ostende for 1990, but the only available date this year was 7/8 of July. Confirmation arrived much too late for general circularisation, so we are not calling it a Rally.

Nevertheless, Willy and Marie-Louise de Crom (BONA) will be there to welcome any members who may make the journey - I know that several from the U.K. have shown an interest, especially those on the East Coast - so why not plan a weekend there - knowing Willy and Marie-Louise as I do - you will certainly have a most enjoyable time.

If you are thinking of going - please let me know so that I can keep Willy informed. The Ostende Harbour Master has asked that all boats fly the Seadog Burgee - (plenty in stock if you haven't got one!) - you will then be directed to the berths which have already been allocated to us.

The charge for an overnight stay is, I understand, £10, and the evening meal likely to cost a similar amount.

*(Willy has given me a supply of A4 size plans of Ostende Harbour - if you would like one, please send me a stamped and addressed envelope).

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★ THIS YEAR'S RALLY AT THE FOLLY INN - RIVER MEDINA - ISLE OF WIGHT ★

TO BE HELD OVER THE WEEKEND OF THE 29TH & 30TH OF SEPTEMBER 1990

A date for your diary - the end-of-season Folly Jolly has once again been booked at the Folly Inn. I hope that many of you will try to get to this, our last Seadog meeting in 1990, and that the weather will hold fair for us.

If you think you will be able to attend please let me know and I will send you details of the meal and mooring arrangements.

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A N D F I N A L L Y - - - -

We started this Newsletter with the story of a possible circumnavigation of the world by Susanne Huber in GLORY. Now we are able to finish on the same note.

Our newest Seadog Member, Pat Lawless from Limerick, is currently preparing for a similar voyage and has chosen a Seadog in which to do it. He recently purchased LOON (ex EASTRA II) from Sam Llewellyn and is currently busy sailing her from Holland westwards to Cork where she will be fitted out for the trip.

Pat expects to be ready to set off on this sponsored round-the-world voyage some time this summer - and he will, I am sure, keep us informed of his progress.

Good Luck Pat - we look forward to hearing about your adventures

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