

Issue No 27

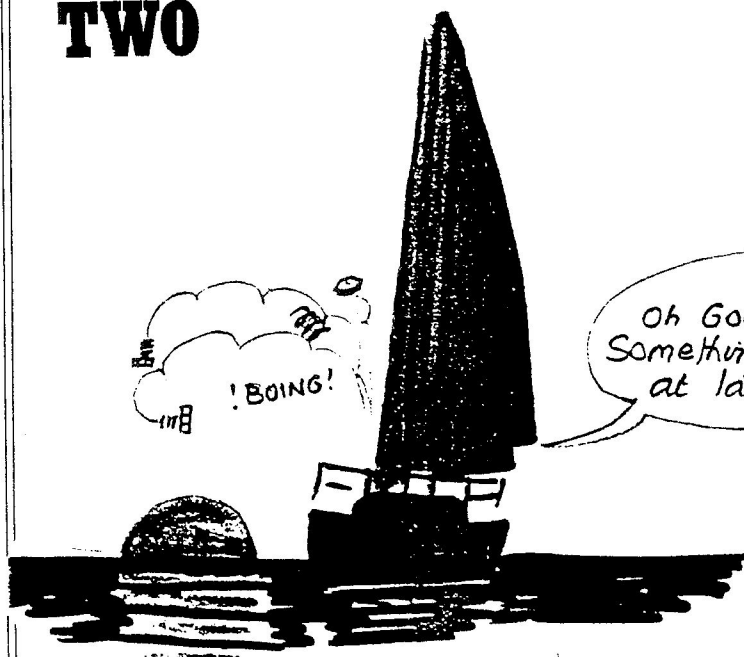


1993

the

# SEADOG

**BOOK  
TWO**



PARADISE

editor Peter French

THE SEADOG OWNERS  
ASSOCIATION JOURNAL

B O O K   T W O

FRONT COVER

SOLWAY DOG

"REGGIE IN PARADISE"

Another of the cartoons sent  
by sailing friends from New  
Zealand to Reggie Lodge after  
their cruise together aboard  
SOLWAY DOG in the Irish Sea.

## "DOGEARED" (AND HER MASTER'S) DISASTERS

by TIM BURKE

I saw FURAHA in Malta in November 1990. She had been laid up ashore since the end of 1987, and sunshine and rain had taken their toll of her brightwork. Below the waterline she was a mass of blotches where Mike Groves had ground out the osmosis blisters from which she was suffering. Everything was covered in fine red dust. She had been broken into and the hatch of the main companionway was crudely secured by a padlock and hasp. The windscreen was almost opaque, and the clear-vision panel in the spray hood had disintegrated. The coachroof had sagged under the load of the mainmast and tabernacle so that the door to the forepeak wouldn't close. She looked thoroughly dogeared, and so she became to me when I bought her, though her Registered (Kennel Club?) name is still FURAHA.

No sooner had I made up my mind to buy DOGEARED than disaster struck. I woke one morning with a pain down my right leg which got steadily worse, despite the attention of Doctors, Osteopaths and Physiotherapists, until I was unable to walk, even to the pub which is only next door. They were unable to decide what was causing it, and eventually I decided the only thing to do was to rest it, so I retired to bed. This eventually allowed it to get better, but it was early June before I was able to go out to Malta.

I decided the first thing to do was to raise the coachroof. I cut a hole in the head-lining and made an 'Acrow Prop' from a piece of 3" x 2" timber and a steel plate with a nut brazed to it which I had brought with me. I made it many years ago to pull the flywheel off a Suffolk Punch mower. All went well taken slowly, and when it was high enough I transferred the weight to the chainplates via two diagonal struts under the mast-winch and cleat, and left it in the hope that the coachroof would remember its original profile.

Meanwhile mindful of dire warnings in the Newsletter I cut a hole in the engine-room bulkhead to give access to the seawater cooling pump - an awkward job that left me with swollen fingers and a stiff neck. The hole ended up bigger than it needed to be, as I didn't have Peter French's drawing to help me. I also lowered the mizzen mast to fit a VHF aerial. Mike had not worried with one and DOGEARED still carried the original Sailor double-sideband medium frequency set.

I then developed a very nasty toothache so went into Valetta by bus in search of a dentist. Buses in Malta are frequent and cheap - 8 cents - about 15 pence. So, I discovered, was dental treatment - when I eventually sat in the chair. Removal of an old filling and replacement with a temporary one, complete with injection £M5.00 cash - just under £10.

I then started filling the patches which had been ground out to cure the osmosis in accordance with Peter French's instructions in the Newsletter, using two-part epoxy filler - more about this later.

A Dutchman - Franz Dobekier then asked me if I would crew for him and his lady-friend on their Dufour 31 for a three week trip to the Ionian Islands. As I knew I was going to have to wait some time for my Rotostay to arrive from England I jumped at the opportunity to get some experience of Mediterranean sailing and berthing. Franz told me that in the Med one is lucky when passage-making to sail even as much as half of any voyage,

and so it proved. First, on our way across to Syracuse, and then on the way to Cephalonia - for just about half the time we were under engine.

We left Syracuse at 10.40 on Saturday and arrived off Cephalonia at dusk on Monday. On the way over while under spinnaker in a F2 we came to a halt in a fishing net - fortunately when the skipper was on watch. There was no real excuse - the fishing boat was carrying lights and so was the buoy at the other end of the net, but as they were about one and a half miles apart (at a guess) the connection between the two was not obvious. The skipper went over the side and was able to push the net down under the keel and transom mounted rudder without it fouling the prop and we drifted clear with no harm done.

We arrived off Cephalonia at dusk, heading for Argostoli which is one of the designated entry ports for Greece. The Loran which had been working perfectly went on the blink, and though we were pretty sure of our position the visibility was poor and we were unable to see a powerful (15 n.mile visible range) light which should have been within 3 miles. A fishing boat eventually showed us the way in, but even then it was confusing - one light which should have been flashing (2) according to our Pilot Book was only single-flashing, and the next one was so dim as to be completely invisible against the background of bright lights ashore. To be on the safe side we lay off till dawn (05.00) when all became clear, and we went into Argostoli. Having logged in with Customs, Police and Harbour Authorities we were free to go where we liked in Greece without having to pay anything further.

The Ionian Islands are lovely. We soon discovered that the wind did not get up until midday, so we were able to adopt a leisurely lifestyle with clear consciences. We soon found that ice was very difficult to get, which, as we had no fridge on board, was serious, so we had our mid-day sustenance ashore before setting sail. Locally brewed Amstel Lager is very acceptable at 80p to £1 a pint. Distances between ports are short, so we could make our next watering-hole before evening.

Ten days after our return to Malta, disaster struck again. I was returning to DOGEARED with a loaf of bread for breakfast when I hit a slippery patch on the bend leading to the bridge onto Manoel Island and my bike went from under me and I landed on my left hip and temple. An onlooker helped me up, and after sitting on the parapet for a few minutes wondering whether I had broken my hip I decided I hadn't as it seemed to work, so I remounted my bike and returned to DOGEARED.

I was able to struggle up the ladder and retire to my bunk. A fellow Yottie who was a retired Doctor came and had a look at me and agreed that nothing appeared to be broken (not even the skin) but that I would be very stiff and sore for 3 days after which it should begin to recover. So it proved, and I was able to struggle to the toilet block with the aid of a stick.

Then in the night disaster struck again. I had a nightmare after taking a sleeping pill, and when I woke up I was in worse pain than at any time. I managed to make it to the cockpit and call out to my Doctor friend. He told me he could no longer take responsibility for me and would get a local one to look at me. After a short time a young girl poked her head over the rail, took one look at me and said "Hospital". I protested that there was no way I could climb out of the cockpit and over the rail, and she disappeared. A short time later I was boarded by a gang of cut-throats all jabbering away in Maltese. A wooden chair was plonked on the cockpit floor and two of them made a grab for me while others removed the



awning. I avoided being grabbed and eased myself onto the chair whereupon I was whisked over the rail and placed on a pallet on the forks of a fork-lift truck which had appeared alongside, and thence into an ambulance.

The hospital - St Lukes - which is the main one in Malta was a bit like one of the old Service hospitals in U.K. The medical care appeared to be excellent - my Consultant was an FRCS. The food was a bit drab - the staple diet being watery vegetable soup and warm overcooked roast beef, sometimes twice a day - but was quite adequate. The highlight of the week was tinned tuna on a Friday. The most noticeable thing was that no Red Cross or WRVS lady came round with a trolley for one to purchase sweets or anything, or a mobile library. For the Maltese there was no need - every day during visiting hours they were surrounded by hoards of relatives - frequently 3 generations at once. The average number of visitors per patient was 5-6. The record of 11 at one time was held by a chap who was only in for one night with a broken arm - obviously it was an opportunity which might never occur again and no-one was going to miss out on it. A fellow Yotties wife came to see me and brought me books about twice a week, and that suited me fine.

I returned to DOGEARED at the end of June 1992 and carried on from where I was interrupted. First jobs were to go up the masts in a bosuns chair, courtesy of neighbouring Yotties who winched me up the masts, and fit the Loran aerial and the new roller forestay. The hip complained a bit at the treatment it was receiving, but was told to shut up. Also applied Gelshield to the osmosis patches. With 2 coats of antifouling she looked like new below the waterline. Then came the big day and we were lifted up by the Travelhoist and deposited in the dock. Nothing seemed to leak so we warped out and I discharged all my helpers and got to grips with the engine.

She had been lifted out at the end of 1987, four and a half years earlier, without any treatment for long-term storage. The tanks had been left full of what was now rather dark brown diesel as I discovered on draining off the minute quantity of water which was present. I had nice new batteries, had ensured that the seawater pump impeller was free to turn so said "here goes" and tried the starter key. To my delight she turned - slowly at first, but gradually picked up speed. She didn't fire, but I had surmounted the first hurdle.

I went into a huddle with the engine manual and eventually worked out which were the bleed points, and how to get at them and what spanner to use (the first small socket vanished smartly into the bilge, never to emerge). I went through the procedure religiously in slow time and started cranking again. As I was doing up the first union on an injector she fired. Did up the second union and then she was on all four. The age of miracles is not yet past. However the state of euphoria was quickly shattered by the realisation that the engine compartment was filling with exhaust fumes and water. Hurriedly shut down. The trouble was traced to the exhaust stub for the Parsons water injector which had disintegrated. With great difficulty this was unbolted, and a local marine workshop brazed a new stainless steel stub into the old flange for the very reasonable sum of £M5 - a little under £10. On fitting this disaster struck again - the after stud sheared. This actually turned out to be a blessing in disguise as on removal of the Parsons bend it was found to have cracked right down the after face, as well as having disintegrated inside.

No help was forthcoming from the local Perkins agent so I turned to that mine of information, the Seadog Newsletter. There in the issue of 1987

was a report of CONMARA having this trouble and being helped out by David Woodbridge (TUGRADOG) and Brian Jackson (MICHELLE). David was away sailing but I ran Brian to earth and he told me Golden Arrow at Newhaven had them on the shelf and to make sure I got the large one as supplied to him a couple of years ago. A phone call to my long-suffering sister outlined the requirement, which involved checking if one was available, driving down to Newhaven to collect it, getting in touch with a fellow (lady) skipper in Burnley who was returning to Malta in a weeks time, and then driving over to meet her at Gatwick so she could bring it out in her luggage. Could have been worse - my sister lives in West Sussex.

The Parsons Bend duly arrived by hand, but though similar, it differed from the original in having large lugs on either side (undrilled), and bolts instead of studs to secure the pipe flanges. I decided it would save a lot of trouble to fit new mountings to take the flanges, and as it proved impossible to insert the bolts to hold the inlet pipe flange (working upside down and purely by feel) I fitted studs from a piece of threaded brass I found in the scrap box.

At last we were ready for trials. All went well until I tried full throttle when the ammeter hit the stops and there was a strong smell of overheated insulation. However I found 1400 rpm gave me all the power I needed and the charging rate dropped to about 25 amps and the smell disappeared. So I set off for a trip round Malta. All went well for three days - there was a distinct lack of wind so the engine got a thorough testing and passed with flying colours (apart from the rev. limitation) until the fourth morning in about the most isolated bay on the island. I turned the starter key and nothing happened - nothing at all.

Mindful of Newsletter stories of starter motor problems, instant panic set in. I went straight to the heart of things and took a lead from the battery direct to the starter and to my enormous relief she turned over at once. I then spent ages hunting down loose connections and kept finding them, each time thinking I'd solved the problem only to have it recur about 4 starts later. However I found I could operate the solenoid by hand, and eventually it sorted itself out.

And that basically is it. When DOGEARED was lifted out there was no sign of any recurrence of the osmosis. I think I will take Peter French's advice and change the alternator system next Spring, and then I should be all ready to go.

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TAWNY OWL - from new owners Paul & Barbara Priest:

"We have sailed for many years and sold our last boat SEA MOLE (a Jaguar 25) five years ago. Upon a chance visit to Fowey to retrieve my son from the WINSTON CHURCHILL, having time on our hands, we mooned around the yachtbrokers. We spotted a picture of a beautiful ketch called TAWNY OWL. It was love at first sight.

If it had not been for Barbara twisting my arm, saying "yes! - we can afford it" we would have continued our normal, reasonably pleasant way of life. Her owners, Chris & Bob Owen were a little reluctant to let her go, but were looking for a larger vessel.

We did not realise that being 'owned' by a Seadog would be so exciting. We are both in our early 50's, and decided to enjoy life and add a little spice to it whilst we are still fit. We had purchased a mooring at Starcross on the River Exe and made a three day holiday of sailing her round: Fowey - Plymouth; Plymouth - Dartmouth; Dartmouth to the Exe. Having never sailed a ketch before we meekly left Fowey under genoa and mizzen in a Force 5 with a following sea. She handled most beautifully, giving us all the confidence in the world. On Saturday, full of bravado, Mainsail as well, had a glorious run to the Dart, beginning to realise she was something very special, almost as if she was looking after us".

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## NEWS OF SEADOGS & THEIR OWNERS

### CANUTE - John Watson -

"Crusader Sails have just made a new Mizzen for me but it is about 1ft too long in the luff and 6 inches too long in the foot and they are trying to persuade me that I have the "short" rig, although they have already made me a "tall" rig Mainsail last year which was the right size".

(Note: Some Seadogs with the "tall" rig were fitted with "short" rig mizzen masts due to a shortage at the time of the taller mizzen masts. Before ordering mizzen sails it pays to check which size of mizzen mast you have. P.F.)

"The good news is that they also made a Mizzen Staysail which I tried for the first time last weekend and it is the Bees Knees! I had it made in Spinnaker cloth and on a reach in F3 I really felt it made a significant improvement. It is also very easy to hoist and hand. The only thing I hadn't planned for was, because of the Triatic stay, one needs either two halyards or a split tail to the halyard". (A halyard with a snap-shackle at either end will also work. P.F.)

"I have now got a mooring on the Hamble at Bursledon which I plan to use for part of the year as a change to Poole".

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EX CANUTE - George Blunt, original owner of CANUTE kindly sent copies of his original Seadog Order Form 1973 (with the '72 prices written in) plus the Seadog Specification January 1972, together with copies of Seadog Owners Lists dating back to the first one published in 1975.

He writes:- "Regarding the Price List, I recall that Eric Moody made close inspection of CANUTE when Freemans delivered her new to my berth at Moody's Swanwick Marina on the Hamble River in October 1972. He was full of praise for the high standard of workmanship that had gone into her. Praise from such a source was praise indeed!

He said it was "apparent that the skilled men who had carried out the work had been allowed by Freeman's management to indulge their individual expertise and skills by adding in all sorts of refinements" and in consequence the hull price of £8,820 was "at least £1,000 too low". In fact Freemans put the prices up in 1973, but it was all too late and they ran out of money. At that time they had firm orders and deposits for nearly two year's production.

This sad position had been brought about because, whereas the workforce were highly skilled tradesmen, the management team were strangers to the boat-building industry and consequently unaware of the dangers in their unfamiliar environment. It was tragic. They were all enthusiastic but insufficiently cost-conscious, and too inexperienced to recognize they were heading for disaster.

I had no difficulty understanding Eric Moody's critical views about Freemans uncharged-for costs, because while CANUTE was being built (under Lloyds supervision) I made frequent visits to the yard and saw all the important work carried out - from arrival of the hull and deck to final trials and adjustments. These visits, and later on discussions with the Lloyd's surveyor, were extremely instructive and rewarding".

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DAGOTIA - from South Wales Stan Levis writes - "It is true that DAGOTIA is now based at Kinsale Marina where I have a cottage nearby. It was there we met Bart & Monica Groves (AFARON) last year. We left Dale, Pembrokeshire for Kinsale some three hours before the start of the Tall Ships Race and the following dawn some of the larger ships made a wonderful sight as they overtook us under full sail - we were sailing a similar course. We spent the next two weeks visiting some of our favourite harbours on the southwest coast of Ireland, including Courtmacsherry, Glandore, Schull, Baltimore, Castletownsend, etc. and hopefully this year in August and September we shall go further west.

On another subject, although I am in possession of almost all the Newsletters from issue No 1, I cannot remember any owner discussing Ventilator Cows. Mine are in poor condition and I would welcome suggestions as to what type to replace them with".

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EX-FUHARA - Odile sends news of Mike Groves - (Mike and Odile Groves lived for many years aboard their Seadog in the Mediterranean).

"Since his stroke, Mike has been in very severe pain in his whole right side and the doctors have given up hope of finding the magic remedy. He is severely crippled by these pains (so called "thalamic") but keeps dreaming of being able to sail again one day. He is bed and chair-bound at the moment and feels unable to go anywhere, but although his sight is severely impaired - half field of vision only - he enjoys my reading him the Seadog News as we have met several of the owners mentioned; TRIASID, GLORY, MISSI, etc .... and to tell you the truth I have always felt that ever since we bought FURAH A I came second in Mike's love!

I am still hoping for a miracle cure for my darling Mike and if this happens we shall get straight on to you to find us another Seadog".

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GLYFADA - Dick Cathcart - "Having bought GLYFADA late in the '91 season we only pottered around in the upper reaches of the Humber, doing our best to avoid the ever-changing sandbanks and getting familiar with handling a ketch. She was lifted ashore at South Ferriby in early October and completely covered with a couple of heavy tarpaulins to dry out, water tanks drained and engine winterized.

GLYFADA was very well equipped when we bought her, with a comprehensive range of electronics, good running rigging and almost new sails which had been made when the bowsprit was fitted in '88, so there wasn't anything that we needed to do in that area. However, we decided we wanted to make the living quarters more cosy, with a sympathetic colour scheme and listed below are the jobs completed:-

1. Covered all the '50's style Formica in the galley area with beige Waverite which blends better with the natural timber (a fiddly job as each sheet had to be cut almost to shape in my workshop and finally trimmed aboard before glueing in place).
2. Removed aluminium capping on steps, stowage areas and table bulk-head and replaced with solid mahogany.
3. Fitted brass treads on steps and de-chromed all hinges and door fittings then polished and laquered them.
4. Fitted new mushroom coloured Flavel Vanessa cooker.
5. Revarnished faded mahogany.
6. Removed white plastic deck-head covering in after cabin, galley and forepeak and replaced with AMTI Co. "plank effect" vinyl in washed Teak.

7. Replaced carpet and curtains.
8. Reduced thickness of backrests so that one can sit further back on seats.
9. Fitted framed antique prints on saloon bulkheads.
10. Replaced toilet seat.

The only upper-deck work we did undertake was the replacement of the windscreen with LEXAN polycarbonate at a total cost of £80 (we can now actually see where we are going!). GLYFADA went back into the water in June '92 and, after a few false starts because of severe gales, we took her down-river to her new home in the Marina at Grimsby. There is deep water right on the doorstep and we basically spent the season day-sailing in the estuary and thoroughly enjoying the boat. This winter we have stayed afloat and intend carrying out a few more jobs to get her more to our liking."

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HIBOUX - from Javea in Southern Spain, Joe Lyons writes:

"Many thanks for your airmail letter dated 25th of May - it arrived yesterday 16th of June - 21 days - not bad for Spain these days!

HIBOUX has just been launched after a winter on the hard and, apart from one or two things, is all ready for our summer cruise. She remains in pretty good condition. We are interested in buying a FJORD 33 motor sailer - 5 years old but only used for 3. It has a Peugeot Vetus engine with all the modern creature comforts such as built-in fridge, pressure water, shower, air conditioning (Wallas), power windlass, Autohelm 500 etc. But we have had to sort out one or two things and out here that takes time. A decision will be made by the end of June one way or the other - will keep you informed".

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KOHURAU - Rowland and Anita Morgan from South Glamorgan, who are planning to take their Seadog permanently to the Canary Islands (where they own a flat), sent details of their latest additions and alterations to the boat:

Bow Thruster (by Vetus): Radar R10X with Radome fitted to mizzen mast and additional bracing as suggested by Proctor Spars; Autohelm 400; 2 Solar Panels (fixed to after-end of rear cabin) with blocking diode and smart switch.

New Gas water heater over sink and Gas Sniffer.

Taylor's Diesel Cabin Heater.

Plastimo Roller Reefing with outer foresail.

"De-Bug" Fuel Processor (as used in commercial vessels)

Kicking strap to mizzen boom.

Chain Snubber (on top of Sampson Post)

Stainless-Steel Wear-Strips at Fairleads & Cleats.

New Cleats amidships.

Scuppers forward and amidships.

Stern Ladder extended.

Changed main CQR anchor for 7.5 Kg Bruce (which I find holds perfectly here in the Bristol Channel and has so far never let me down).

New Curtains & Cushion Covers in the main saloon.

For the trip to the Canary Islands, I hope to:-

Change the sheet winches to self-tailing type.

Install a G.P.S. System.

Fit railings at foot of mainmast".

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KYSON KOBA - Peter McDonald - "Winter 1990 - KYSON KOBA was craned out at Titchmarsh Marina, Walton on the Naze, for winter layup. (Friendly & efficient service here with reasonable Rates).

All the aluminium framed windows (lights?) were removed; unscrewing the external screws allows the frames to be gently tapped out (from inside with a block of wood) & taken home for treatment in the warm and dry. The gaskets had dried and cracked allowing water through.

Most of the old gaskets were removed (it helps to leave some in position to hold the glass central in the U sections) and marine sealant forced in with a gun. This formed a nice watertight seal and the frames were resealed to the coachroof using the same goo.

Many deck fittings were allowing water to leak through, but to get at the under-deck nuts involved removing the headlinings. Once done, rebedding the fittings was simple except for the rigging U bolts whose steel reinforcing plates were extremely corroded - these were replaced with new, bright steel plates, well painted with epoxy before reassembly with new hardwood backing pads.

Descaled the gearbox oil cooler and renewed the flexible oil pipes - more of this later.

I noticed hair-line cracks in the antifouling where the bilge keels join the hull. The keel bolts, whilst not exactly loose, were not as tight as I would have expected and about one half of a turn on each nut was sufficient to bring them up.

An old wood chisel was ground to a V shaped raker and used to remove the old filler (now gone brittle) from the bilge keel/hulljoints. Marine sealant / adhesive was gunned into the joint followed by 4 coats of epoxy, 1 of filler and 2 more of epoxy. It looks good but time will tell.

Play in the steering box was easily adjusted, but the refill oil quickly leaked out (from the input shaft seal?). (i) is there an oil seal on the input shaft?. (ii) Where can I obtain a replacement?. (iii) What is the correct oil level? - any information would be gratefully received.

KYSON KOBA was craned back into the water during May '91 and our first outing of the season showed the gearbox (Borg Warner Velvet Drive) was overheating. I removed the (new) flexible pipes from the gearbox oil inlet and outlet and tried pumping air through the cooling system with a small hand pump - no oil in the cooler and no air flow. Dismantled the gearbox cooling system bit by bit, pressure testing each section until I reached the cooler itself, which was blocked.

The culprit was a small plastic cap, well wedged inside the oil inlet spigot of the cooler, forming a perfect seal. Drew it out with a long woodscrew and oil flows nicely now.

Gearbox temperature seems O.K., but have not yet done a long run under power to prove the system. I can only assume the offending plastic cap was inside one of the new flexible pipes when purchased.

Next time I will check every new item before fitting - it's so much easier and would save a great deal of stress and bad language!"

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LOON - Pat Lawless, currently living aboard at Loch Derg near Limerick sends news that he will shortly be off again on another attempt at a circumnavigation. He's got the go-ahead from his main sponsor and has received promises of food from a large wholesaler - "I find that the only way to get a boat prepared and shipshape is to live aboard. Like a woman, they require all your attention and money (sorry Olive!). Am now on week 12 on a departure count-down. A little over a year ago I was with you at Philipps House at Dinton - thank you all for a lovely break".

(Pat is still in need of a "RADAR ALARM" - any suggestions? P.F.)

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NAUSIKAA - Wessel Liezenga from Holland:- "Last summer we made our holiday trip to the north of the Netherlands. We had the intention to go to the German islands on the Waddensee but the weather was too bad to go offshore with little children. So we spent our days in Friesland and on the Ysselmeer where we met BRANDANE (with bowsprit) and saw that t'PAARD from Enkhuizen was for sale lying in Lelystad harbour. Now I have the intention to fit a bowsprit to NAUSIKAA in the hope that she will sail better".

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PALAFIX II - owned by Peter Bragg who lives near Falmouth - "Palafix is laid up 100 yards away from the house at the head of Pill Creek. I plan to lift the head on the 4.108 to regrind valves as the engine now has 19 seasons untouched. Careful inspection of heat exchangers and circulating pumps are on the programme too. Raytheon 590 Radar was fitted last year - as a nav-aid it is excellent. Cruising was limited in 1992 to Devon and Cornwall. Plans to sail PALAFIX II to Brest did not mature although I did go overland and by ferry to the meet and on to Douarnenez with the crew and supporters of the Truro Rowing Club. Managed to climb the mast on a full-rigged ship including the overhangs under the platform. It is not until you get right there you appreciate the size of the mast-joint ironwork, the splices and all the complications of it all".

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PEA GREEN - from Galmpton Creek, near Brixham, liveaboard Brian King - "most of the work this winter has been in the after cabin - you guessed it - the woodwork behind the Tabernacle. Sopping wet and rotten. So it's all been torn out and replaced. I have beefed up between the bolts with one eighth inch brass plate. With two more bolts in the middle of the tabernacle which stops the GRP part of the bulkhead from bending and also holds the new wood in place. All that's left now is to cover it all back up again with teak panels.

The Hydrovane self steering is now working properly and there are now two extra winches in the cockpit - one for hoisting out the dinghy and the other for the roller reefing jib. All that remains is painting, varnishing and anti-fouling before relaunch on the 8th April. Then it's back to Brixham for the year".

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RESTLESS III - Roy Francis - "My Seadog was delivered in March of 1973 but was not launched until July 1976. She was then sailed relatively locally until the end of 1978 when she was laid up for 11 years. She was then launched for very short periods in 1989 and 1990. She was not launched in 1991 and unlikely to be launched in '92.

When I was much younger and spent all available spare time on one boat or other, I used to be very critical of those who had beautiful

boats, but rarely used them. Now I must be one of the worst offenders and in fact, feel quite guilty. The main reason for the original lay-up was that my father died and I had to spend so much time looking after the family retail business. I have now disposed of the retailing side but have retained the properties. These at present still demand quite a bit of my time but should lead to my being able to retire some time in the near future. The above excuse is not the whole story as I do some gliding and power flying.

Elizabeth expressed a desire to give up deep sea sailing when rounding Bardsey Island last. So I built her a 30 foot canal boat which she subsequently replaced with a 36 foot one.

Although I often think I ought to sell RESTLESS, where else would I be able to find a boat with so little wear and tear when I am finally free to sail again - and a Seadog too!"

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SALVADOR - John Owen, now retired and living at Llandudno, writes-  
"My boat has been given what might be called the usual 'Seadog Treatment'

Electrics: After many problems with the charging circuit threw the blocking-diode overboard and replaced with Vetus change-over switch together with battery condition meter replacing original ammeter. Total rewiring of the engine compartment is next.

Fuel tanks: Following numerous blockages, invariably at sea, the engine came out and two stainless steel tanks were fitted. Made by T. Norris Ltd., Tel: 0815-603453 - £140 the pair.

Sea toilet: The original was an eyesore - the bowl looked as if it was aluminium coated with plastic, so it was replaced with a Blakes Lavac Zenith which required a new plinth to ensure the seat opening was not restricted.

Engine: Perkins 4.108. While this was out took the opportunity to get injectors and pump serviced - the heat-exchanger wanted new seals, etc. The engine oil-cooler was removed and discarded and the recommended "hatch" was cut in the engine bulkhead to enable servicing the seawater pump via the Galley. Stern gland: Trying to reduce water seepage I broke a stud in the process of tightening up - this caused a short panic and a lot of work. Initially drilled and tapped for a temporary quarter-inch stainless stub to see out the season, and last winter took the whole stern fittings to bits. What a job removing the half-coupling flange off the prop-shaft!! New silicon-bronze studs from Combwich Marine Tel: 0278-652584.

Aft bulkhead: The dreaded rot had occurred down both sides of hatch slides - cut it all out and replaced with new teak panels together with silicon coachbolts, nuts etc. for the tabernacle. A job I wouldn't wish on anybody. Coach-bolts etc. Combwich Marine.

Main cabin heating: Fitted a Taylor Diesel Heater - (with advice from Peter French) - It's in the main cabin, at the bottom on the port side of bulkhead with flexible flue through bulkhead and out via the toilet compartment - it's excellent.

Autopilot: SALVADOR was never fitted with a Pinta. She had a very expensive Neco Pilot which operated Push-Pull on the steering drag-link. Sometimes the steering box objected to being "back driven". I've replaced it with an Autohelm 4000 - now very satisfied.



Anybody want a Neco Pilot going cheap? It is suitable for a chain-drive to the wheel.

I'm very satisfied with SALVADOR - certainly now I can rely on clean fuel to the engine and an automatic pilot which really is "auto".

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The Seadog named "SEADOG" has now changed hands and is, new owner John Nightingale from Truro informs us:

"in very sound condition following her recent survey. To date she has not been painted and only required a professional polishing. She sports a new Perkins 4.108 engine fitted for the 1990 season, so I hope she still has a few years life left in her. I will be keeping her on the River Fal as my bungalow overlooks the mooring, and I have a beach at the bottom of the garden with a quay of my own.

Our family have boasted all our lives and I have admired Seadogs for some time now and never thought for one moment that I would ever own one. I have a classic four and a half Ton Cutter which I hope to sell very soon - a very pretty boat but with little accommodation. Before that I had a Hillyard but found the deep draught a problem in these waters.

I was a little disappointed to find the boat named "SEADOG" after her class, and have thought of changing it to something more graceful and in keeping with her lines, unlucky as that may be. (She has recently been renamed "MAREMMA" - P.F.)

There are a few things that will have to be done this winter, one being the loo. The old Lavac will have to come out - it doesn't work properly - it looks dreadful and the aluminium is breaking through".

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SEAFLEUR - news from Tim and June Bartlett on the River Exe -

"Yet another season's end fast approaches and sailing wise not a good one either. We managed a trip to Guernsey early on. Ann & Gordon Pinkard (ANAHITA II) came with us, but June had to lie down mostly. We gave some serious thought to moving to the Mediterranean, so went out with Ann and Gordon in ANAHITA II for three weeks to try it out there to see if the sea was kinder. Not so, I'm afraid, it still goes up and down, and it's just as rough as our Channel. The Med's not all it's cracked up to be, especially in a 30 footer. It was also the worst time on record for bad weather out there.

So we've decided to call it a day regarding sea-time sailing - we are taking up "flat water sailing" again in the form of a narrow boat on the canals. I think June will be able to cope with that; at least the water is always flat, the boat stays flat and it is always level with the bank to step on and off.

It's been great owning a Seadog, with such a great little ship, so many friends and the best Association one could hope to be in - excellent. Before I conclude I'd like to tell you about a problem we had with the clutch. I've just had to have the reverse clutch done on SEAFLEUR. Gordon noticed it first, saying she didn't stop properly. So we put a meter on the prop and tried it. We had drive up to 700 rpm, but more rpm and the drive dropped off. So engine out and new clutch plates and try again.

Magic, but I noticed when coupling-up the gear cable to the gearbox that it did not give full travel in the reverse position. I thought I'd put the engine back wrong. Anyway no amount of adjustment would give me full movement of the little lever on the side of the gearbox. I did have

drive though in reverse and the boat stopped dead. But I didn't think it was right, so phoned the engineer who had repaired it. He said the little lever should drop into the spring-loaded ball-bearing holes in all 3 positions, i.e. forward, neutral and reverse. If it had not been doing that, then that's why it had worn out quicker than normal.

The only way I could get enough movement was to move the limit stops on the hand lever control mounted on the steering console. (2 "L" shaped metal bits screwed to a block of wood inside the console). They had never been moved before, so can only assume it was put together like it, so it has never been going into reverse fully. It does now and the boat stops like others do.

I remember bringing DOGBOAT alongside at Woolverstone and Cy said "no, take her round again" and we drove her in fairly fast, spun the wheel, into reverse, and gave it some throttle. She stopped dead. Well I've never been able to do that. Then on ANAHITA II I found she stopped dead too.

So I advise everybody to check that full travel is being applied by the hand lever to the little lever on the side of the Borg Warner AS3 70C Velvet Drive Gearbox".

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Some weeks later, Tim wrote to us again:-

"SEAFLEUR has now sadly left the 'Exe' and gone back east, a little further than Hamble though, to Rochester on the Medway. June and I thought we would be going everywhere forever in her when we bought her but that wasn't to be. June broke her coccyx on a sailing course which eventually led to arthritic hips, so the last two seasons 91/2 were really painful for her. Mind you sea sailing was not all pleasure for me either, I never did shake off the sea-sickness feeling. It didn't bother me too much but it's damned annoying at any time.

We certainly enjoyed the good times on her, Holland especially, a wonderful cruising area and grand people too. If you haven't been yet, go. The Seadoggers there will make you more than welcome. Our thanks generally must go to the Seadog Owners Association and all members. We've met some very nice people and have always been made welcome. In fact, own a Seadog and you become a friend of the world. Pull into any creek or harbour and you soon have someone engaged in conversation admiring the boat.

By the time you read this we should have covered a few miles on the inland waterways this year, '93. We have gone back to flat water and bought a 45' narrow boat. It's like a floating home of course, ornaments and things actually stay on the shelves and my scotch in the glass, (unless I use elbow power). I can actually have a glass in one hand and sandwich in the other and still stand upright. June can step off when she likes and have a walk. It really is so peaceful after always going the wrong way across Lyme Bay.

Nevertheless, I shall always miss the old 'Dog'. I felt as safe on her as I do on this steel narrow boat, for all that Lyme Bay could chuck at us.

With all our best wishes to Seadoggers everywhere. Please keep them all afloat"

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SHIELWATER - Peter Barralet writes:

"We did manage to get away to the Channel Islands in July. We had good breaks apart from some fairly stressful moments. Water pump failure in the Alderney Race, and being hit by a fishing boat in Gorey Harbour which took off a piece of my most beloved and beautifully varnished toe rail.

We did see Stephen and Christine Axon on GALWYN at St Peter Port which ended up as a very good evening, When we got back, a friend on the River Dart told me that on his trip he'd seen DOGMATIC at St Helier!"

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SOYAKAZE - Dave Mould -

"Had the old girl (the boat that is) stripped off below the waterline a year ago and epoxy coated by Dell Quay Yard. She has always been afloat and was a bit soggy. The work has improved her performance by about threequarters of a knot in reasonable winds. I can recommend Dell Quay. They did a very good job at a reasonable price. Now I'm thinking of fitting a bowsprit to her to improve her performance in light airs?"

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TALIESIN - Eric Richardson from Sheffield - "when we drove to Devon and Cornwall last spring we visited many harbours, one of the most delightful being Watermouth where we saw ROUSSELLE in lovely condition dried out on the hard sand. In Fowey we saw TARRY was up for sale and TAWNY OWL standing on the hard. Then at Mylor, Falmouth, we spotted SIRIUS OF ARNE. Next we found our way to Pill Creek where we visited Peter Bragg and went aboard PALAFOX II. After that it was on to Dartmouth where it did nothing but rain, so we drove home. Certainly a different holiday - more of a cruise round boats than a boating cruise".

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TARRY - new owners Martyn & Hilary Waitt are members of the Arun Yacht Club at Littlehampton (Hilary is Vice Commodore) - "For the last few years we have had a Snapdragon but for Martyn, being able to purchase TARRY is a dream come true. We had been aboard a few Seadogs, OFFENBACH last year when we were in Cherbourg - DOG ROSE in Yarmouth - and GLASS LADY at Lymington. We just missed being able to buy SEAFLEUR and would like to thank Tim & June Bartlett for all their help. We are looking forward this Spring to launching TARRY and bringing her up from Fowey to the Solent area. We hope that perhaps in the future when we have met other owners we can persuade some of you to visit Littlehampton where there are good facilities and clubhouse."

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TIMELLA - From Belfast Roy Barton has sent a drawing of a modification which must be made to engine bearers supplied by Perkins (£40 each) to make them suitable for mounting Perkins 4.107/8 engines. (Copies available from me. P.F.)

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TRESCO MAID - a note from Enid Craik - "... she behaved herself very well this year, apart from running a water-pump bearing while we were on holiday in July. But we were lucky to get an exchange pump and a new pulley in two days with the help of French Marine Ltd of Brightlingsea whose storeman went out of his way to locate a pump and pulley and have it delivered for us. (Note: shaft in new pump-bearing is smaller than in old type bearing, so old pulley will not fit).

Also, during the summer the Sumlog cable broke in the drive unit, making it impossible to replace without drying out. TRESCO MAID is now on the hard at Burnham on Crouch, and work on her is well on the way".

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TRIASID - more interesting news from Ludwig Brandt in Germany -

"Your nice letter reminded me to contribute something to the SOA Newsletter. Congratulations on your 45th Wedding Anniversary! I remember the 2nd of January 1948 very well because it was the day of my first violin lesson. Therefore I will try to give you an impression of our Family's life at this time in Berlin.

We lived in an apartment of four and one half rooms - together 3 families. Ours, (my parents with 3 children) in 2 rooms, one couple with a baby in one and a half rooms, and a young lady with her son and mother in one room. Kitchen and bathroom had to be used for 10 persons (plus baby's washings). It was the time of the Berlin Blockade. Electricity and gas worked not more than 2 hours a day, varying; sometimes only by night, or in the early morning, so that these three families had to hurry to cook a meal in this short time, if there was some food. Central heating of course didn't work, warm water as well. Everybody had a small primitive stove in his room with the stove-pipe out of the window, charged with wet wood or what else, and terrible smoke everywhere. Guests to an invitation brought a piece of pressed coal as an extraordinary present, like today a bottle of top wine or champagne.

I developed a method to spread our wooden ladder over the stove, and sitting on top of the ladder, I learned my English or Latin vocabulary, because this was the warmest place of the apartment. That's the mystery of my half-education. In this atmosphere in the early evening of 2nd of January 1948 I got my first violin lesson by candlelight, what was at this time less romantic than today. A friend of my father, who was also a music teacher, visited us once a week to teach me and one of my sisters, for a warm soup later, because he had still less to eat than our family. Jelka and I are much in sorrow about the drift to the right in some parts of the youth in Germany. Our generation had thought that this will be finished forever. Our Orchestra gave two Benefit Concerts against Xenophobia and Racism. Even if these tendencies are also to be seen in other countries, Germany has an historic obligation to fight against them. We are afraid of the general readiness to violence in our societies.

But back to nicer aspects of life, e.g. sailing: you asked for "adventures and disasters" last year with TRIASID. Fortunately none of them. We sailed - (in principle motor-sailed the whole summer, for when we had been out of the harbours there was no wind) - our usual Balearic trip. We had intended this year to sail to Sardinia/Corsica but when we arrived off the north coast of Majorca, Jelka did not feel so well and was a little afraid of the long distance to Sardinia (at least two and one half days sailing). We changed our minds and went south again to the Ibiza - Espalmador area; had some nice weeks in fine weather in this crowded anchorage; sailed (see above!) back via Menorca to our home port Ampuria Brava. In Menorca I suffered a terrible inflammation of both ears - very long-going and painful which made me go to a doctor several times.

Now some details of last year on TRIASID.

Engine: Fitted the Willy de Crom screw-on engine oil filter adaptor. But because our 4.107 engine still has the oil-cooler - (which I prefer here in the warm water of the Mediterranean) - I had to have the unit modified just little bit. Now it's much easier to change the oil filter and not nearly so dirty.

Fuel system: TRIASID had, since we owned her, (now the 7th year), the pipe conveying excess diesel from the injectors returned to the top of the water separator unit - (not the way shown the diagram you sent me). Up till now the system had worked without problems. But our local mechanic John, was nagging the whole time since he started to work on the engine, to change the fuel system to the "right way" - otherwise, he said "you will forever have air in it" - (which we never had). Finally I gave in and he changed the pipes to the "right way" - i.e. the return pipe to the starboard tank.

When we motor-sailed to Majorca this had a surprising effect. Because I go to sea with fuel coming from only one tank (to stop fuel flowing to the leeward tank while heeling) we ran out of fuel. I had to bleed the engine in the early hours of the morning in a bumpy sea, after 24 hours with no sleep, and was not happy. What had happened? Half of the port tank fuel, (on which we had run) had been pumped via the return pipe to the starboard tank which now was full again, (which it should not have been according to my calculations.) Before changing the system, John's answer to my question - "how much excess fuel is pumped back to the tank via the return pipe" - was - "only a few drops". But in reality it's a hell of a lot more than "a few drops".

My method of control, how much fuel we still have, and in which tank, before was very simple; consumption rate of fuel per hour (at about 1800 rpm) is max about two and threequarter litres. I wrote down only how many hours on this or that tank we had run the engine. This simply never failed. We will go back to the old "wrong" system again, to have control of fuel stock in both tanks. I don't like to install a meter.

Voltage Regulator: Luckily we have an ammeter to check the charging rate. Underway we remarked that on low engine revs. there was something wrong. It was the Lucas Regulator. A new one was quick installed, but after a few weeks, also the new one worked not correct at low revs. This problem seems to need intensive research.

Bilge Pumps: Our boat carries one electrical and one manual. The electrical one has such a good capacity that the manual one is simply never in use. Just before we sailed back the 180 nautical miles to our home berth at Ampuria Brava in Spain the electrical pump gave up the ghost, sucking 15 amps out of the batteries without working. No cleaning has helped - she simply died of age. Trying the mechanical pump, she too was on strike with no reason; clean and proper, she didn't like to work. To sail back without pumps seemed to me impossible. I thought, as things are in Spanish territories, a week of delay was certain. But surprisingly, in that little harbour, Cala Addeya, I found just the same electrical pump as we had before, quick installed and lovely working. Just after that installation our mechanical pump gave up her protest and worked also again. I still don't know why. John Burrell (the mechanic) said - "because the pump is Irish!" - but I don't believe that.

Whitlock steering: The gearbox behind the steering wheel is laid in an oil bath. The special sealing for the 3 outgoing moving rods leaks a little bit. Where can we get new ones?

Now, regarding John Lansdell's Wish-List in the 1992 Seadog Newsletter:

A. An engine driven bilge pump would interest me. Anyone with experience of one and where to fit on a 4.107 engine?

B. Radio Direction Finder: In the times of GPS this gear seems to be very old fashioned, but for my sense it's absolutely necessary to have aboard. It will be the ultimate aid if all other electronic equipment fails, provided you use an independent hand held unit. After experience

with several products, I bought years ago a DDF 300. This is the most practical RDF instrument you can find. On deck, away from variation caused by magnetic equipment, you take your bearing and lock the compass needle. Anything more exact is not possible with RDF. I am sure today these instruments will be available cheap on the secondhand market because RDF is old fashioned. Question: - What is worse than an RDF system? Answer - Not to have one! This was once told me by a retired Admiral of the German Marine who cruised long distances (really far) with one friend in a 22' sloop!"

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WEATHERDOG - Vic Holloway from Totnes in Devon - "I am still investigating re-rigging and for the moment am doing a few engine jobs including, for the second time, refacing the seal-ring recess in the heat exchanger unit housing using an improvised hand boring rig. I do it with a tool clamped to a bar supported by two discs which fit in place of the tube-stack".

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ZEEPAD - update from Arend Hermans who lives in Holland:

"I bought my Seadog in 1981 after having seen an advertisement in Yachting Monthly. This was what I had been looking for! A seaworthy comfortable motor sailer, able to dry out. I found a Dutch owner willing to show me his Seadog and I was lost. He sold me his ship. I live near the Waddensee and like very much to dry out near the islands. ZEEPAD likes to lie down on the sands. Because of growing regulations, drying out is no longer allowed everywhere, as it was when I started to sail the Waddensee in 1972. Beware of the regulations when you are going to visit this marvellous area which you can reach from Den Helder, but also from Flushing or Ymuiden, going through the Dutch waters and canals with your masts still up.

Waddensee, Ysselmeer & Frisian lakes: Because of her shallow draft, I managed to find ZEEPAD (you can read the name as "path over the sea" or as "Seatoad") a mooring alongside at a farm on the Frisian Lakes near Ysselmeer. I can strongly recommend a holiday with a bilge-keeler in this area with attractive sailing grounds and lovely harbours. I will be glad to give information on the possibilities and impossibilities of the region to any SDA member who might like it. Maybe they don't need it, because I saw several English Seadogs sailing in the region.

German Waddensee and islands:: Last year I sailed to these wonderful sailing grounds! 3 to 6 hours between the islands for a day trip. Another possibility is to sail the River Ems into Germany from where you can reach, through the inland canals with masts lowered, to the River Elbe and Brunsbittel. I spent a holiday without masts visiting Emden, Papenburg, Leer, Meppen, Aurich, Wilhelmshafen, Bremerhafen & Oldenburg. It was a very nice trip - (although I did miss my sails) - along the rivers and canals and the short passage over the "Wad".

Some events on ZEEPAD: Of course I had some misfortunes, partly the same things as other owners. (I always read the SEADOG JOURNAL carefully).

BURNT OUT STARTER-MOTOR - After anchoring in strong wind on the Waddensee, I managed to go along without engine, anchoring again for the night. Next morning, weighed anchor and got under sail, finally entering harbour without use of the engine. Because of the strong tidal stream this was a useful experience, remembering the time skippers sailed everywhere without an engine. The starter was taken apart in five minutes by a mechanic who knew Perkins engines from farm tractors. He used a nut-driver with a long

handle, very useful to have on board. After rewinding the motor he replaced it again in 5 minutes. Later, the bolt that keeps the Bendix in place locked spontaneously, giving only a whirring noise when you used the starter switch. Without special tools it was quite a job to fasten this bolt so that it would not lock up again. The split pin had vanished and I had to put a new one in. I think for safety's sake you should check your starter motor, let us say once in five years. The same goes for the oil pipes.

BURST OIL PIPES: Following the advice of the above mentioned mechanic, the original rubber metal coated oilpipes should be renewed every two years. Mine hadn't been, and they burst without warning, making an oily mess in the bilges. We were lucky that at the time we were sailing on a small lake. After cleaning with washing up liquid, I had special high pressure pipes installed which should last 5 - 10 years. They come from the hydraulic system of Bulldozers!

OIL PRESSURE RELIEF VALVE: (on the intake of the oil filter bracket). This was jammed by sludge in the closed position after cleaning the engine with a special sludge dispersant oil. You'd better never do this because you'll be asking for trouble. Better to remove the old oil and put in clean oil, nothing in between, as the wise mechanic told me. The engine had to be taken out because there was no oil pressure reading on the gauge. Moreover parts could be damaged, even after a short period of 3 minutes running at low revs during which time I expected the oil pressure to rise to normal.

LEAKAGE OF ENGINE COOLING WATER out of a broken-down copper pipe with tap on the starboard side of the engine. This happened on the Ysselmeer, trying to sail into a narrow channel. By running the motor for short periods we managed to negotiate the locks and return to harbour. Is there such a pipe on your engine? Remove it! It will loosen or break down. I think that originally there was a tap or nut in this place. Water leaking from it over the starter motor may have caused the above mentioned burn-out which came later.

By luck I never had leakage of the heat exchanger like some report in our SOA-magazine, but I do have serious objections to the fact that one can practically not reach the seawater pump to renew the impeller without demounting the heat-exchanger. I am curious to know how others do this job. It should be done once in one or two years. Drilling a hole into the galley-bulkhead seems not to be an attractive solution. (I can supply SOA Data Sheet showing how to make this access hatch. P.F.)

WORN OUT RUDDER BEARING ON KEEL - awful noise when turning the wheel in rough water. As reported in one of the foregoing Sea Dog News Magazines, the bronze shoe on the keel had to be taken off by grinding off the heads and driving out the three rivetted bolts that fix the shoe to the keel. Then I had a new pin made and rebushed the socket in the rudder blade.

NEW ENGINE - although the old Perkins was not yet worn out after 19 years and 3,000 running hours, I decided to buy a new engine to be sure not to have more trouble. I had to choose: Perkins 50 h.p., relatively cheap, but a bit complicated and voluminous, or the very simple, no nonsense, three cylinder 36 h.p. Bukh, with mechanical gearbox and new shaft and propeller. I am very content with this engine that starts very easy, runs very smooth and consumes no more than one and a half litres of diesel oil in one hour. Disadvantage is that it needs a little more time before the wanted rotation speed is reached, so manoeuvring takes some more patience. Ship speed is the same at 400 revs. more than the old Perkins. For the old engine with Hydraulic gearbox I got £1,500 in return.

#### Other accessories:

ELECTRIC ANCHOR WINCH (with a switch on the steering console), saves me, when sailing alone, a lot of trouble. Together with a new 16 Kilogram Bruce anchor on a self-stowing bowroller with tumbling device, I feel pretty safe, and to weigh anchor standing at the wheel in a tidal stream or strong wind is no longer a complicated manoeuvre. Since I removed the two wooden lids to the chain locker, there is no more blocking of the chain in the storage, forcing one periodically to go down to clear it.

DOUBLE FORESTAY WITH FURLING REEF (PROFURL) attached to the bow by a triangular plate and toggle. This construction is not successful; firstly, because the tension in the forestays is spread over the 2 stays, the rotating foil bends in strong winds, making it difficult to roll the sail under these conditions. Second: there is a torsion force on the toggle attachment to the bow fitting causing constant movement in these parts. Once the safety ring on the toggle pin broke in a F7 wind on the Ysselmeer: the toggle came loose, and my double forestay with triangle plate went up into the air with a fully unrolled genoa attached to it.

There was nothing to be done other than sailing to the coast with the wind aft, the genoa flying in the air, like a kite guiding us to the coast. I managed to beach ZEEPAD safely and further disaster was prevented. However, there was a lot of damage. Roller reefing a total loss, sail torn to pieces and so on. I am now thinking of another construction: either by separate attachment of the 2 stays to the bow fitting, using two folded strips of stainless steel, kept apart by a cross plate, or to attach them individually to two separate anchor points on the bow fitting.

I mounted an Autohelm 4000 on the steering wheel because the old Pinta autopilot lets me down at unexpected moments and I find no solution for this bad conduct. Putting the switch on and off a few times sometimes helps, but only for a short time. Bad electrical connection somewhere? Does anyone have the same problem and know what to do about it? The Autohelm is functioning reasonably well, but in strong winds not always reliable.

The Seadog's rudder blade sometimes seems too small, or is it my lack of knowledge on trimming the sails?

FULLY BATTENED MAIN & MIZZEN SAILS WITH LAZY JACKS - a real help for the single-handed sailor. Hoisting the sails must be done exactly head into wind (as Ludwig Brandt from TRIASID and Stephen Axon from GALWYN reported in the 1992 Seadog Newsmag.) You can remain in the cockpit. Main halyard is led to a sheet block with a Clam-cleat on the deck near the cockpit and is hauled home by the sheet-winch. I am making experiments on single-handed "reefing-from-the-cockpit" systems, but did not yet find the ideal solution. In-Mast and in-boom furling systems are expensive and do have their weak points.

RENEWING STANDING RIGGING IS ALSO A PROBLEM FOR ME. YOU GET NO CLEAR ANSWER FROM EXPERTS. I am a bit of a postponing type as Vic Holloway of WEATHERDOG says he is in the latest Seadog News Magazine. I am 63 and think of resigning myself to a motor cruiser, but still wanting to sail. Though I've already renewed the fore and backstays, maybe this year I will renew the topmast shrouds".

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KYROS'S 20TH BIRTHDAY TREAT  
by Tony Spinks

We have now had KYROS for twenty years so we thought we would give her a bit of a birthday treat this year, especially as the Survey Report indicated we might have some blistering of the underwater areas of the hull. I contacted several firms specializing in the treatment of osmosis and after inspection they confirmed there was higher than normal water content in the hull below the waterline and there were some small blisters. We decided to leave KYROS out of the water to dry out while we sorted out what to do.

In June we had the hull grit-blasted to open up the blisters; by the time that was done it looked like a bad case of measles with patches of small pock marks.

None went through to the fibre layers and I was surprised to see just how thick the outer layer of Gel-coat was. The glass-fibre experts said that all that needed to be done was to fill the holes and reseal the surface. Kyros was moved under cover as we could not guarantee the hot fine weather would continue.

The surface was cleaned, the holes filled, and all below the waterline was given two coats of epoxy resin and allowed to cure. The bottom was then primed and a coat of antifouling applied. The bilge-keels were included in the treatment although they were much less badly affected than the main hull. The bottom is now smoother and cleaner than I have seen it since I bought the hull in 1972.

Meanwhile I gave the internals a good going over. New bolts were fitted to the toilet outlet seacock, and seacocks of the new ball-type were fitted both to the toilet inlet and the sink outlet. Part of the existing gate-valve had broken though the valve still appeared to be working. The engine compartment was not forgotten. The water inlet seacock stripped, greased and refitted and the strainer cleaned out. All Jubilee Clips checked for tightness and the engine oil and oil filter changed. After running the engine to check the electrics I removed the batteries and took them home for the winter. As the masts had been removed to put the boat inside for the hull to be done I was able to check all the rigging and renew some of the ropework. Topping Lifts were turned end for end to even out the wear. The stainless steel rigging seemed to be in very good condition - does it give warning of impending failure like galvanised used to do?

Once the other work was finished the topsides were cleaned, the coachroof polished and the woodwork oiled. I use a mixture of turps and boiled linseed oil for the wood and have used it now for twenty years, so the wood has a nice patina and seems to be in good shape.

The only snag that has arisen is that when the Yard replaced the masts, the bolt for the mainmast tabernacle got slightly bent, and the weight of the mast is now on the threads instead of on the shoulder of the bolt. I may have to get a new bolt made, to be fitted when we launch KYROS next year. I originally intended to have KYROS back in the water for the September Seadog Rally at Newport on the Isle of Wight, but things took longer than I thought so we decided not to put KYROS back into the water until 1993. See you then!

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By Peter French  
(DOGMATIC)

Planning our 1992 summer cruise, working on the Annual Newsletter, fitting our new fully battened sails, plus 101 other jobs took up a lot of our time during winter '91 and Spring '92 and it was touch and go whether DOGMATIC would be ready in time. Just when we were about to anti-foul, Olive's right shoulder gave out and she could hardly use her arm. This was a disaster. Luckily for us, Ken Willey (SEEHOND) who was to accompany us on the cruise, volunteered to apply his formidable strength and energy into helping us, and for 2 days worked like a Trojan on one of the muckiest of scrub downs and antifoulings ever, lying at times on his back beneath the hull on the muddy stony beach at Landsend near the Jolly Sailor (of 'Howards Way' fame).

Thanks to Ken we did get away on time. At the top of the tide, 8 o'clock on the 27th of June we cast off. Arriving in the Solent we found ourselves in a scrum of upwards of a 1,000 yachts taking part in the annual Round the Island Race. Somehow we got through them and kept our rendezvous with a friend, Bob Wingfield aboard PIRANA (anchored in Thorness Bay), who took a video film of us and our new fully battened sails as we sailed past.

#### STUDLAND BAY

Near Yarmouth we rejoined the melee of yachts heading west and shortly spotted FAYE OF AUBIN heading eastwards; at the helm was Eddie Fell who called on the R/T to let us know SUEBRE was at anchor in Studland Bay awaiting our arrival. That afternoon after we had anchored not far from SUEBRE, we had a surprise visit from Gordon Spirit (ARDESMOR) who rowed over to join us. A jolly good start to our holiday - three Seadogs already, and only a few hours on our way.

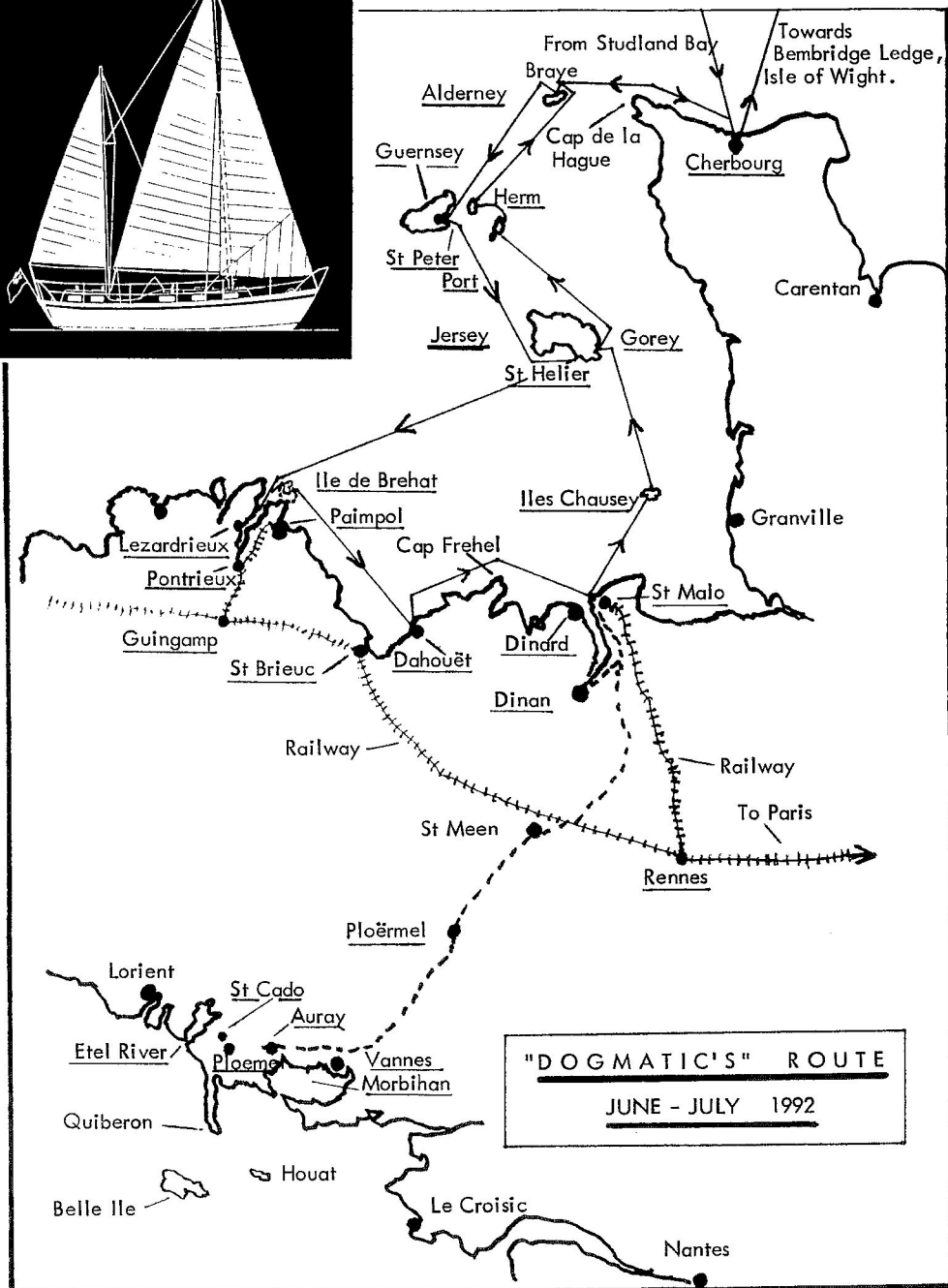
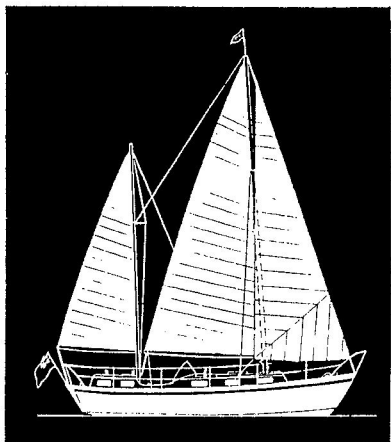
#### THE CHANNEL CROSSING

It was dark when the alarm roused me from slumber and when I emerged on deck to get in the anchor, I was considerably cheered to find a perfect morning. The moon, low in the sky in the west, lit the scene eerily, and the first glimmerings of dawn soon woke up the larks whose song could clearly be heard in the stillness. Presently we were gliding past the ghostly shapes of the Old Harry Rocks towards the open sea on our way to Cherbourg.

With fine weather all day, a slight sea, the wind easterly F3 - F4, and the autopilot doing most of the work, time went by quickly. Experimenting with the new sails, entering the log each hour, reading novels, eating snacks, drinking coffee and soup it seemed no time at all before the French coast appeared. When we arrived we found Cherbourg in the last throes of a huge expansion programme, noisy and dusty with lorries emitting non-stop beeping sounds as they reversed to dump their loads, heavy machinery clanking away at all hours. Though it wasn't all bad. Marina charges had been reduced to compensate. However, we did find Sunday and Monday not to be good days to arrive in France because most shops are closed. The place was pretty dead.

#### ALDERNEY

Next day started rainy with poor visibility. On the bright side the tides were just right for Alderney. By 10.30 we were on our way. We caught occasional glimpses of the French mainland as we were carried along westwards by the strong tide and soon noticed that the visibility was deteriorating. To add to our problems, as we drew near the Alderney Race



our speed increased noticeably. According to our sometime friend, the Decca box, we were heading at high speed (11.4 knots over the ground) towards the dangerous rocks and cliffs of Alderney lying hidden in fog somewhere ahead. The first thing we saw of Alderney was white water and breakers to port. Shortly after, the entrance to Braye Harbour appeared dead ahead.

In pouring rain we found ourselves a vacant buoy near the hard; in next to no time we had moored up and disappeared below to dry ourselves off. In spite of the non-stop rain, after lunch we launched the dinghy and took ourselves off on a warm and the wettest of walks up the hill to St Annes. On the way we passed by a waterlogged tented encampment of children from Guernsey. Later we met a long crocodile of these little mites, soaked to the skin, but still laughing. Their mothers would have been horrified had they been able to see them. But the best laugh of the day came after we returned to DOGMATIC. I hauled the dinghy aboard and stowed it bottom up athwartships across the after cabin. Soon we had guests. Seagulls. Lots of them - peering in through the open hatch to see what we were eating. I went into the cockpit and held out morsels of food which some boldly took. Others more timid, flew round and round and in flight hovered close to my hand and gently took food from between my fingers. Olive and Ken took spectacular photos of these birds antics.

#### GUERNSEY

Next day it was all change with the weather. A brisk wind from the right direction gave us an exhilarating sail - we sped through the Swinge at half ebb, past Herm down the Little Russell Channel and arrived at St Peter Port 4 hours later. While moored alongside the waiting pontoon outside the marina we heard that quite a big Thresher shark was trapped behind the sill inside the marina. Quickly we rowed ashore and joined several hundred spectators peering down at the huge fish slowly swimming back and forth (locally it was estimated to be about 16 feet long). Later back at DOGMATIC we joined the mad scramble to get into the Marina and found our allocated berth could not have been better positioned - right opposite Marks & Spencers!

We enjoyed our stay in Guernsey and found St Peter Port a good stop-over; interesting architecture, masses of flowers and the nightly illumination of Castle Cornet added significantly to the general ambiance. Next morning we took an Island Coach tour, to Pleinmont Point and Vazon Bay where there is a long white sandy beach and huge formations of pink granite rocks. In the afternoon we went by bus to visit Beaucette Marina - formerly a quarry where a huge section of cliff has been blasted away to give access to the sea. Beaucette is delightful and in a quite spectacular location, but expensive, as well as being a bit out in the sticks. Next day it was back to work for me repairing the engine starter motor which had been playing up.

#### JERSEY

The following day a heaven-sent Westerly wind, F4/5 gave us a cracking sail all the way to St Helier - just on 5 hours for the 27 miles. On arrival we found the marina packed nearly solid - boats crammed in like sardines and rafted up 3 abreast. Next morning we went off on a whole-day coach tour of the Island, and the driver, a sort of super-Wogan from Limerick kept us endlessly entertained with hilarious tales. He greatly resembled in appearance and speech our Pat Lawless (LOON) also from Limerick. Our driver had never met Pat but had read of his trans-Atlantic crossing in LOON in the newspapers. As a resort, we found St Helier not particularly attractive, although at the Marina the facilities were reasonable and included washing machines and tumble driers.

### THE TRIEUX RIVER

Monday morning when we left St Helier for Lezardrieux we were again blessed with a good wind. Blowing strongly from N/NE at F5/6 it gave us a brisk sail and we logged 9 hours for the 47 miles. About half way there we heard a MayDay call from a yacht in distress off Cap de la Hague, the crew all seessick. After the Jersey Coastguards had tried repeatedly to make contact with their counterparts in France but failed to get a response, they radioed a vessel nearer the incident requesting them to try to raise a reply from the French. Thirty minutes later we heard that a French lifeboat had arrived on the scene, but couldn't take the stricken vessel in tow because of the shocking weather conditions in the area. The skipper of the distressed yacht was asked to continue sailing to the southwest for another half hour in the hope that things would improve! So it was pleasant for us, after all the excitement and racing along, to see the Ile de Brehat and the mouth of the Trieux River come into view. Once into the river the sails were dropped (easy now they are fully battened with lazy jacks) and we motored the last mile or two to an anchorage just short of Lezardrieux. Here we found the river to be surprisingly deep and had to veer practically all of our chain.

### PONTRIEUX

At half-tide next morning we weighed anchor and just before mid-day set off to carry the flood the 6 miles upstream to the lock at Pontrieux. The river from Lezardrieux to Pontrieux is considered one of the most beautiful in Brittany and is worth taking time over. It really is a must for anyone sailing this area - if only to experience when you arrive the warmest of welcomes from the Harbour Master at Pontrieux, that lovable character, Jacques Briand. Pontrieux is a lovely quiet spot in which to spend a few days. 100 yards from the moorings is a small railway station with five trains daily in either direction to Paimpol or to Guingamp with its mainline connections to Rennes, St Malo, Roscoff and Paris. (The first train to leave Pontrieux to connect with the Paris express is the 06.30) We caught the 07.17 train next morning and set off for breakfast in Paimpol, ten minutes away by rail. On the way we found the line runs close beside the Trieux River, but as the tide was out, all we saw of it was miles and miles of the river's muddy bottom. At Paimpol we spent a few most enjoyable hours exploring before catching the train back to Pontrieux, arriving comfortably in time for the lock opening at 1 p.m.

### LA CORDERIE & LA CHAMBRE - (Ile de Brehat).

We motored unhurriedly downstream from the lock, passing first beneath the impressive Chateau de la Roche Jagu perched high upon the cliffs on our port side, then under the bridge approaching Lezardrieux, on to the mouth of the river and the Ile de Brehat. La Corderie is an inlet which all but cleaves the Island of Brehat in two. With our eyes firmly glued to the Echo Sounder we slowly motored in, left far behind several other yachts at anchor, approached close to the shore and dropped anchor. As the level of the water fell we grounded firmly on what appeared hard sand. Closer investigation revealed the top few inches muddy, very slippery, and most unpleasant to walk upon. I tried and found it difficult to keep balance especially as at every step the suction of the muddy sand did its best to pull the wellingtons off my feet. But the scenery in this attractive little bay is delightful, and would make a grand subject for a painting. With the onset of evening the water returned: upon its mirror surface trees rocks and clouds were reflected creating a picture of intense beauty. Of course we were lucky with the weather.

Next morning we motored the short distance round to La Chambre - another unusual and beautiful anchorage where the sandy bottom is clean and hard. In the evening, when the day trippers have gone, there being no roads as we know them, just wide footpaths everywhere, Brehat is quiet and peaceful. The local 'bus' is a cart with seats pulled behind a tractor.

Apart from the tractors there were no other vehicles - just pedestrians and cyclists. Many of the houses, made of pink granite, were beautiful, and most had delightful views all round of the little harbour and the craggy pink granite rocks which dominate the scenery. In the principal village of La Bourg there is an excellent food store where we were made most welcome - certainly it would be nice one day to spend a little more time on this attractive island.

#### ON TO DAHOUEÛT.

Another pleasant day spent mostly sailing with a comfortable wind from the WSW F3/4 on the quarter - and we weren't in a hurry. For the newcomer, the entrance to the little harbour of Dahouët, even when you are quite close, is not at all obvious. As we closed the shore we slowly became aware of a gradually widening slot opening up in the cliff face revealing the way in.

This reminded me vividly of another similarly confusing entrance, that of the port of Bonifacio in southern Corsica, where the entrance is masked until almost the last moment by tall chalk cliffs which stand guard over the approach. A further similarity is that in both cases, once inside, the channel makes a near ninety degree turn, and both terminate in a dead end. The harbour master made us most welcome and allowed us to stay there the night for free. After dinner Olive and I set off to walk to nearby Val Andre to buy a postcard for the grandchildren - (who were doing a project on our holiday). Walking there took much longer than we had anticipated and by the time we arrived the shops were already shut. On appealing to a young Frenchman running a mobile bar, he rummaged for a moment or two among his coffee urns then handed me a fist-full of assorted postcards - "Take these" he said "They're a gift".

#### ST MALO

It was up with the lark next morning to leave Dahouët while there was still water over the entrance sill. We sailed in a leisurely fashion along the coast towards the unmistakable profile of Cap Frehel enjoying the day and remarking upon the excellence of French buoyage and channel markers. On the way we ran into many huge banks of thick green weed floating upon the surface of the sea, and which soon wrapped itself round the spinner of the trailing log and stopped it working. As the day wore on, so the wind strengthened and by the time we were safely moored to a waiting buoy outside the lock at St Malo it was blowing a hooly.

While at St Malo we made arrangements to drive down to visit our French friends, Evelyn and Daniel who live 100 miles away near Auray in the Morbihan. Evelyn was our daughter's "exchange" when they were both 13 years old and our two families have kept in touch ever since. Must now be more than 30 years. The best car-hire deal was offered by "Eurocars" who supplied a brand-new Renault 19 with only 700 km. on the clock at a most reasonable charge.

We picked up the car next morning and headed towards Auray, stopping briefly for lunch at Ploërmel. From there we went on to Vannes where Ken took us on a splendid conducted walk round this ancient and beautiful historic city - and thence on to see the entrance of the Canal which leads to that island-studded inland sea known the world over as the Morbihan.

From Vannes we set off to find the little village of Ploemel where our friends live - (no connection with Ploërmel where we stopped for lunch). During our short stay with them they took us to many interesting places, including the tiny village of St Cado where 'The Church of the Fishermen' stands. This particular church is dedicated to St Cado, a Welsh aristocrat who, centuries ago came to Brittany to devote his life to others, for which sacrifice he was made a Saint.

We were next taken miles to see both sides of the mouth of the notorious River Etel with its dangerous shifting Bar. When weather is bad, and the swell breaks on the bar, a local lady operates a tall semaphore located near the entrance to indicate to approaching vessels the correct direction to follow for a safe entry or exit. So when Daniel mentioned in passing that among all the visiting yachts braving the entrance, he'd never seen an English one, it put us on our mettle. We scanned the river and drew a blank. Then, walking towards the marina we spotted, much to our surprise I must admit, a black ketch sporting the Red Ensign. Hurrying on we found - unbelievably - it was a Seadog - BLACK DOG from Fowey. Richard Cooper was aboard but not feeling well, so we didn't linger.

Next morning we shopped early in Auray's open air market and bought a supply of fresh vegetables, wine and fruit because the following day was Bastille Day and all the shops would be closed when we got back to St Malo. Next came a short visit to the house of Evelyn's Mother and Father whom we had last seen when they stayed with us 4 years ago. After champagne and biscuits we returned home with Evelyn who cooked for our lunch a special treat - Calamari - mouth wateringly delicious - and not a scrap of garlic in the whole dish! After lunch we were taken to visit the quaint waterside village of Le Bono, picturesquely located in a gorge like situation at the bottom of high cliffs on the banks of a tributary of the Auray River. On our way back to St Malo next day we diverted a little from our route to visit the Rance Barrage and picturesque Dinan where we stopped to explore the old part of the town and the Old Port.

Next day dawned fine and warm - everyone on holiday determined to enjoy themselves and the narrow streets of St Malo were filled to overflowing with happy crowds. St Malo is such an interesting place. Rebuilt since the war as near as possible to its original state after Allied bombers flattened the place, it is a walled city - and the walks around the tops of those walls are superb. We found the streets that day full of musicians, restaurants and thousands of happy people - a really lovely atmosphere about the place.

After lunch we took the little ferry to Dinard but found the town lacking the attractions of Dinan. In compensation there is a wonderful walk, for miles, along the seafront and round the bay to Pointe de la Vicomte where there are good views to be had up-river to the Rance Barrage. A little incident brought a touch of drama into our return to St Malo. A large car and even larger boat trailer had been left parked on a launching ramp not far above water level. By the time we arrived the incoming tide covered the rear wheels and waves were breaking up the back of the car and over the roof. Upon seeing this, some members of the crew of our ferry went into action and tried, without success, to force open the car's doors, which were locked. After some minutes of animated discussion they vanished in search of tools and rope. By the time they returned, it was clear to all that soon the car would be afloat.

Too late now for the velvet-glove approach, one of the crewmen quickly wrapped a giant spanner in a cloth and attacked the window on the front nearside. The spanner merely bounced doing no harm. A second time he tried. Once again the spanner bounced. Determined not to be thwarted for a third time, he put all his weight into the blow; the window shattered into smithereens and he was able to lean inside the car and take off the handbrake. Then crew and bystanders alike heaved mightily on a long hawser which had been attached to the car and inch by inch they managed to pull it up the steep and slippery slope out of danger. But only just in time, for inside the car the water was already up beyond the front seats. The owner must have had a mighty shock when he returned.

That evening we found all the eating places were packed to the doors, but we were fortunate to find a table at an excellent restaurant specializing in fish dishes. Then, around 11 p.m. everyone gathered just outside the walls to watch the fireworks and what a spectacular display that was. An incredible combination of sound, light and non-stop fireworks far exceeding anything we'd ever experienced.

The battlements were illuminated by lights which changed colour and intensity in sympathy with the music which in turn was geared to the atmosphere created by the fireworks. Quiet music for a display of colour and design in the sky that was quite breathtaking followed by loud martial music to accompany cascade after cascade of explosive fireworks which shattered the heavens with their noise and filled the sky with a sizzling dazzling display of ever-changing light and colour.

Searchlights and laser beams streamed through the drifting smoke creating the atmosphere of a battlefield. Non-stop, for over twenty minutes, beautiful fireworks of every kind filled the sky with stars of unimaginable brilliance and colour. It was by far and away the most spectacular display of fireworks we've ever seen. An unforgettable evening.

#### THE VANISHING ISLES - the French Channel Islands, the Iles de Chausey.

Next day, in light winds, with the French mainland plainly visible to the east, we motor-sailed towards the French Channel Islands of Chausey. What little remained of them above water came into view in the middle of the afternoon, and which, as we drew near resembled more the appearance of a cluster of rocks than a group of islands. We found all the mooring buoys taken, so went alongside a British yacht, SATHUTA which was securely moored fore and aft between two large buoys. Not till later did we appreciate the need for this. Fancying a walk after lunch, we rowed ashore and dragged the dinghy well up the beach leaving it high and dry atop some rocks.

In little over an hour we were back, but by then the tide had risen so fast the dinghy was afloat, and to retrieve it I had to wade out over the rocks waist deep in water. Then followed a horridly long and wickedly hard row against wind and tide to get back to DOGMATIC. 15 minutes later and we could never have made it against the raging current that dragged so fiercely at our mooring buoys. We found here there is a tidal oddity in that the current runs in one direction for 9 hours, reversing only when the falling tide uncovers a sandbank at the head of the channel, effectively blocking the flow of water. These islands reminded me a little of the Iles de Glenans in Biscay which at high water closely resemble coral islands, with little land to be seen. At low water it is a very different picture.

#### GOREY HARBOUR - JERSEY

We left the attractive Iles de Chausey early next morning and navigated a rock strewn passage through the centre of the islands. Another motor-sailing day but pleasant for all that, despite poorish visibility and worries about avoiding the Minquiers and the rocky Chaussees des Boeufs. Some miles before we reached the rock strewn south east coast of Jersey we altered course for Gorey. Arriving at this drying harbour a little before noon, we moored to a visitors buoy, had our lunch then, replete, waited for the ebb to leave us standing high and dry on the sandy (and very) hard bottom. We found the sand clean and we were able to walk ashore. It was while I was filling in a Customs Form on the quayside that a Dutchman asked me some questions about it. In conversation we discovered he kept his large ketch BEATRIX at Paarl in Belgium and that his berth was next to Willy de Crom's Seadog BONA. Gorey's Mount Orgueil Castle is well worth a visit; apart from being extremely



photogenic, the views from the battlements over the town and coastline are splendid. Despite that beauty however, do think carefully before you set off to pay a visit to Gorey Harbour. Never forget it is a place to be avoided like the plague if there is (or even if there might be) the slightest suspicion of swell or wind from an easterly direction.

#### SARK

In poor weather, the following day we set off for Sark. Despite high winds, low cloud and swirling banks of sea mist which cut visibility to less than half a mile, it was interesting. At one moment Derrible Bay, our destination, showed up in the distance in the most brilliant sunshine, the next it vanished into the mist. As we approached, the mist momentarily cleared just long enough to allow us to enter the beautiful little bay where we anchored not far from the foot of tall rocky cliffs.

Ken stayed aboard while Olive and I rowed a short distance ashore to a tiny strip of beach, where, mindful of our experience at Chausey, we perched the dinghy on top of the highest rocks. Then scrambling over the boulder strewn beach we arrived at the foot of a set of steep concrete steps with a green painted handrail and worked our way slowly upwards to the winding zig-zag path leading to the top of the cliffs. From there we walked to the village of La Forge and on to La Coupe, which is a razor edged land bridge joining Sark to Little Sark. The present path, which was constructed by German prisoners of war, has sheer drops either side right down to the sea far below.

Upon our return to DOGMATIC a couple of hours later, we found the wind and swell had begun to funnel dangerously into the bay. With a rocky shore a hundred yards astern of us, this was not a safe spot to stay overnight, so we (actually it was Ken who did it) upped the anchor and we motored round to the shelter of La Greve de la Ville where we spent a peaceful if somewhat rolly night. Next day we went ashore and walked to see the tiny and quaint harbours of Havre Maseline and Creux. On the way there we had the good fortune to stumble upon a quiet and shady footpath leading down the hill to the harbour - far more pleasant than walking down the dusty road that hot, windless day.

#### HERM.

We could happily have spent much more time on Sark, but we had to move on, so set off at lunch time for the Island of Herm where we anchored at Belvoir Bay. Approaching the shore in the dinghy we could see swell breaking upon the beach - enough to give us a good drenching had we landed there. To avoid a ducking we made for some rocks a quarter of a mile away. But once ashore there appeared no way to the top of the cliff. Happily the day was saved by some bait diggers who kindly pointed out to us the route of a path, once believed to have been used by smugglers, but now hidden among the bracken, which zig-zagged upwards to the top of the cliffs. We enjoyed our walk that fine warm afternoon, and reached the village on the other side of the Island after about 20 minutes. Unfortunately it was to be the briefest of visits for by early evening we had to be on our way to Alderney.

This proved to be another very pleasant sail, and we were blessed with brilliant sunshine most of the way. We reached Braye Harbour as darkness was gathering to find that all the buoys were taken, so we anchored for the night in some surprisingly deep water on the eastern side of the harbour. Another memorable day's sailing during which we had visited 3 islands - every one different and each one interesting.

Next day we set off for Cherbourg and, after yet another splendid sail

arrived soon after midday. This time we were directed to the new visitors pontoons opened a few days earlier. Here the water taps are of considerably greater bore than normal - so you may be unable to use your hose unless you borrow one of the special fittings available on loan from the Capitainerie. Highlight of the day came in the evening when we saw, towering above the Harbour Buildings the familiar superstructure and funnel of the liner the QE2. As she sounded her usual departure signal of 3 deep blasts on her whistle, there was much clapping and cheering by the crews of British yachts. (There is a story related locally here in Southampton to the effect that the three great blasts the QE2 blows on her whistle as she approaches port, (and which can be heard for miles inland), are a warning to the wives ashore to get back to their own beds.)

#### THE CHANNEL CROSSING - A NIGHT TO REMEMBER

Next day, our last in France, we shopped early for cheeses and wine and soon after lunch made our departure, motorsailing northwards in a light easterly wind. After an hour or two the skies darkened ominously as storm clouds gathered and we could see strikes of lightning begin to fork into the sea. As a precaution we doused all sail except the main. As the storm drew nearer, the intervals between lightning strikes and the thunder became shorter and shorter and it grew black as night. Quite scary. I remember being careful to hold the steering wheel only by the wooden part and Ken stopped holding onto the mizzen shrouds. Next the heavens opened and there came such a deluge of rain the waves were completely flattened. Minutes later we were struck by a tremendous blast of wind from the west that slammed us upon our beam ends. The main-sheet was uncleated in moments, but we continued onwards at breakneck speed, the end of the mainboom ploughing a foaming pathway through the water.

Olive, down below on her bunk with the lights on, reading, said later when she felt the boat go over she could see nothing but green water through the starboard saloon windows. The tremendous noise of the torrential rain and at times ear-splitting thunder plus the continuous spectacle of forked lightning striking closeby into the sea made this quite the most dramatic storm any of us had ever experienced. It went on for hours. The Decca Navigator didn't like it either and went quite mad, indicating we were doing first, 35 knots, then 80 knots before giving up the ghost at 99.99 knots. All the Waypoints were wiped out. God must have been with us that night. For in almost zero visibility we crossed two shipping lanes blind, and found our way to the east coast of the Isle of Wight by a mixture of Dead Reckoning and seat of the pants navigation plus a very good Sestrel Moore compass which fortunately came through unscathed.

Just after midnight we were relieved at last to see St Catherine's Light show faintly on the port bow; we never did see the light from the Nab Tower. As the time passed, visibility slowly improved, and presently the lights of Shanklin appeared in the distance off our port bow twinkling a welcome to us - such a contrast to the gloom and murk that had plagued us for the last few hours. The rest of the voyage was uneventful. By early morning light we motored up the Hamble River and at 6.30 a.m. tied up to our berth at Crableck Marina.

Later, on the radio news, we heard we had sailed through the worst thunderstorms to have hit southern England for 30 years, that the east coast of the Isle of Wight had suffered particularly badly, and that parts of the nearby M27 Motorway had for a time been under seven inches of water.

This eventful voyage home made an unforgettable and spectacular ending to a holiday full of interest from beginning to end and once again DOGMATIC had brought us safely back without any troubles. We thank her.

(By Chris Wherry - Michciko II)

It was at the end of the 1990 season when we were yet again having problems with the 4.107. The head had been off twice to discover why cooling water was being blown out of the heat exchanger pressure cap, and having done all the checks on how square both the block and the head were, we decided it could only be a split wet liner; not a job I could do without taking the engine out. If the engine had to come out (virtually impossible on our mooring at home) should we recondition or go totally mad and buy a new one? .... and if so which make should we go for? .... and any way, could we afford it? .... and if we did have a new one what other things would we have to replace?

The Southampton Boatshow seemed the best place to start and so we visited every manufacturer who made any kind of engine around the 35 H.P. mark - there are quite a few. In the end it came down to three, all based on Japanese derivatives and all reasonably low revving and all well built. I rather liked the Nanni-diesel - some nice engineering touches; like screw adjustment for the alternator belt, easy maintenance with everything near the top and accessible, very smooth and quiet running, and best of all the fuel supplies and exhaust connections all on the right sides. We were very impressed with the Yanmar, possibly the most robust build of all, pretty quiet and with an excellent world-wide dealer service should we need any parts; on the down side the connections were not ideal and this engine would have been about £600 more than the others. Finally and very definitely in the running was the Perkins Perama 35. The usual, most helpful advice came from Golden Arrow Marine at Newhaven with all the information we needed about how to connect to the standard flexi-couplings that I had recently replaced on the Seadog. The connections were all on the right sides and what swung the argument firmly in Perkins favour was the thought that Seadogs traditionally have Perkins engines, and to have the latest design could only be good.

The fit:

The engine was delivered in December, at a cost of £3,054, to our usual lay-up yard A.S. Blagdon in Plymouth, who were most helpful, as ever, with unloading, storing and craning out and in, all in spite of us not buying from them (they are Yanmar agents). The first job was to remove the old 4.107, very straightforward, the last owner had told us. Well, most bolts were rusted up and especially the front rather inaccessible ones. In the end I cut the heads off and hoped I could sort out the mess when there was more space. Before the engine was actually craned out I took great care to transfer the position of the crankshaft set screw on the front end of the engine onto the bulkhead immediately in front of it. As the crankshaft on the 4.107 is in-line with its output shaft, I intended to use this mark with a suitable string down the centre of the propeller tube as a reference for the positioning of the new engine mounts.

The engine was then lifted out, and this huge filthy cavern appeared in the middle of the boat. The next two weeks were spent removing all the old wiring, much of the plumbing and two rather rusty fuel tanks, once they had been emptied. How had we managed to get to this stage to find we had over 30 gallons of fuel to store? The following two weeks were spent cleaning and completely repainting the inside of this area from deck level downwards; I felt really good about the engine compartment then, it was the cleanest, tidiest part of the whole boat! I also mounted slotted cable trays all round inside the top of the compartment for the wiring and also to fix the fuel pipes to. This has made it all much tidier, and

along with the cable trunking, already fitted from the back of the nav. area below, right up to the heads, means that cables can easily be removed or new ones fitted.

New fuel tanks were made from 16 gauge 316 stainless steel: I thought that £300 for the pair was a pretty good price. I made some small modifications to the tank design; proper half-inch air vents leading to Vetus chrome fitting on the cockpit locker sides. My old tanks relied on slots across the top of the filler pipes as air vents - not very satisfactory to let air in, and far from adequate for letting air out during filling. I know other Seadog members have had trouble here. I did glass-in an extra support onto the hull, in between the existing two for the tanks to sit on. I felt that the slightly more flexible stainless steel would be better if the weight were more evenly distributed. The basic flow and return pipes were kept, having stripped, cleaned and resealed the change-over valves, with the pipes well secured to my new cable trays. I have never been very happy with the way long lengths of copper fuel pipe go unsupported. This can easily lead to work-hardening and eventual fracture of the pipe. The original jam jar filter was fixed to a vertical support running down the front of the starboard tank, as are the final flow and return pipes which are mated to flexible hoses where they cross to the engine itself.

#### Bearers:

Now for the bearers. Some effort was required to remove the old mounts, but eventually they came away. In fact the front ones were like nails with rusty powder where the thread must have been. (mild steel TUT-TUT) - I wouldn't worry if you still have the originals, they were really difficult to remove in spite of the rust.

Unfortunately the bearers are totally different for all the engines I looked at, so a total rebuild was required here. Firstly using my centre axis line I transferred marks to the old bearers to show where the new bearers and mounts would have to be. The dimensions being taken from the engineering drawings of the new M35 engine. On that the width between the mounts is almost identical with that of the 4.107 so only the height is wrong. The bearers of the 4.107 are stepped with the gearbox mounts being approximately 6" above (relative to the crankshaft axis) the front mounts. The M35 mounts are both in line, requiring the front end of the old bearers to be built up some 3", and for 3" to be removed from the after end. Deciding on the front-to-back position of the engine was really guess-work. The M35 is nearly 18" shorter, and some 200 lbs lighter, so I positioned it about 9" from the forward bulkhead intending to resite the batteries at the after end, between the bearers.

#### Preparation:

Removing the old rear bearers was done first; some was carefully done with a 7" circular saw and finished off with a chisel where it got rather near the sides of the hull. The front end was built up with two pieces of mahogany to which I had already epoxied-in the 4 new stainless bolts for the new front mounts. The wood was roughened up as was the top and sides of the old bearers and bonded into place with more epoxy, bolting it down with eight stainless coach screws per side. The bearers were then glassed over for the whole length of the engine compartment with two layers of CSM and finished off with woven rovings, using epoxy resins throughout. When all was hard, the additions were all painted white to match the rest of the compartment. I now had nice new straight bearers with the front bolts projecting up for the new mounts, the rear mounts being fixed down with stainless coach-screws directly into the timber.

Obviously I had checked and rechecked the measurements at various stages, using my string as the reference, as all the engineering drawing

dimensions are given with reference to the centre-line of the engine output-shaft. Now came the moment of truth, would the engine fit? The fifty ton crane came rumbling up the yard with my tiny engine dangling below the jib and with amazing control lowered right onto the mounts; I hardly had to touch it, and yes, all was exactly in line; so close was it that when I later lined up the coupling, the adjustment available on the mounts was almost in the centre of the threads. A can of ale was broken out and lunch was eaten whilst we admired the view; a clean white engine compartment and a gleaming new engine in the middle of it.

#### Propshaft and couplings:

The coupling came next as did the new prop. I didn't mention that, as most of these new engines have mechanical gearboxes, and the old 4.107 had a hydraulic one with the output shaft in line with the crank, the direction of rotation is opposite, hence the need for a new propeller. In fact I was rather pleased, not with the £133 I had to spend, but with the fact that I have always thought Seadogs are overpropped. The diameter is fine but I feel that to achieve maximum torque the prop must rotate faster than it is possible with the 13" pitch as standard. Remember also that while you may save some fuel at low revs it is bad for diesel engines to constantly under-work. Using Ian Nicholson's excellent reference book of tables I calculated that I needed only 11" of pitch, so a 16" x 11" right-handed prop is what I fitted.

The intermediate shaft had to be replaced as well (£50) as the coupling plate was now 9" further away from the end of the prop-shaft. The one advantage of this extra length is that I can now remove the prop-shaft, (after removing the propeller), by taking out this intermediate shaft, and sliding the prop-shaft forward, making it unnecessary to lift the engine. To ensure that the prop-shaft was in line, I used feeler gauges. Having pulled the couplings gently together, I rotated the shaft and put feeler gauges between the faces beside each bolt. In fact I only had to adjust the engine mounts very slightly to get the same gap all around both couplings and ensure that the gap did not change as the shaft rotated. All was evenly tightened and made ready for the water.

#### Controls:

This was probably one of the worst jobs of all. The new engine had all the correct cable fittings for throttle and gears - (of course they were all the wrong lengths) - and a new engine-stop control was fitted. The difficult bit was that the switches, lights and rev-counter were all pre-mounted in a really nice panel that would fit absolutely nowhere in the Seadog cockpit. Further, what would I do with the old controls and dials? In the end a complete rebuild of the steering console was decided upon. All the old dials were removed, the holes were cut back at an angle, the inside of the console was thoroughly roughened up. Having taped a piece of well-greased Formica across the outside, I completely refilled the holes using resin and chopped strand glass until I reached a flat surface on the inside. When this had all set I removed the Formica and filled the small imperfections on the outside. I now had a console with no holes, so taking the supplied panel apart - (it seemed such a shame, but it was quite the wrong shape to fit round the wheel boss) - I cut the new holes required and, having painted the whole console with Blakes paint, mounted the new controls and meters into the "new" console. It was certainly worth the effort as the installation looks professional and not DIY.

#### Exhaust:

Finally the exhaust. I had replaced the old system with a Vetus one some years ago. I had problems with damage to the exhaust manifold due to insufficient flexibility in the exhaust pipe. This made the job of

fitting the new engine very simple. A new flexible pipe was fitted to join the engine to the water-trap and the inlet water was connected via the anti-syphon inlet as the whole installation is below the waterline. I have also removed the inlet seawater filter and replaced it with a Vetus one mounted in the port cockpit locker. This makes the state of the filter visible in the locker, and cleaning it very easy and accessible; as the job is so easy, it gets done more often.

### WILL IT START?

Having checked the oil, refilled the tanks with diesel, filled the cooling system, refitted the batteries (in a nice new box between the back of the engine bearers), tested all the wiring, checked everything for the 10th time, I opened the fuel valves and pumped to fill the filters until bubble-less fuel overflowed from the system. Now expecting to have to turn over the engine until bubble-free fuel came from the high pressure pipes, I checked that the engine would turn over freely with the starter switch, and it started immediately. In fact I had to stop it quickly as I had not yet connected a hose to the seawater input. Having connected the hose I started the engine again and could not believe how quiet and smooth it was.

There were lots of little jobs left to finish off and tidy up, but I must admit these were done with much less attention to detail as I couldn't wait to get back in the water to see how it ran for real.

The day came, and as usual I was very apprehensive as six tons of Michiko II swung from the end of the crane and trundled up the yard. As usual, I needn't have worried - no-one could ask for a more careful and skilled launch than that provided by Blagdons, and soon we were floating again. The engine started immediately, as it has done ever since, and having checked cooling water etc. we set off at only 1,000 revs and over 4 knots for the 9 mile trip home. The most noticeable change was the peace. This engine is really very smooth and the trip home made all the cost and effort well worth-while. There was a slight hiccup as we arrived in our little dock off the River Tamar. The mooring is a mud berth surrounded by a timber-edged concrete wall that we fit into, with 3 to 4 feet all round. The berth is at right angles to the flow of the river and as the ebb had commenced we had to enter the dock at a couple of knots and stop at the last minute. Well I couldn't get the engine out of gear. I was used to a very forgiving hydraulic gearbox, and discovered, almost too late, that I couldn't go to neutral and then astern until the engine revs were down to 800 or less. Fortunately the timber absorbed the impact and only a small mark was made on the painted topsides.

### CONCLUSIONS:

The two seasons since this refit have been bliss. The engine has been quite faultless and will achieve waterline speed at about 1800 revs. At this speed the boat only uses about half of one gallon per hour, even less motorsailing, and even pushing into a headwind at 2000 revs it betters 3/4 gallon per hour. Everyone comments on how smooth and quiet the boat is and the feeling of security after a couple of years of problems cannot be overstated. The total cost was about £3,750 and I think it was worth every penny. With all the help I received from my boatyard and Golden Arrow Marine (Newhaven), I think the job should be well within the capability of anyone who normally does their own maintenance work.

By David Ridge

After a couple of days when the boat swarmed with expensive but effective men stepping the masts, I found:- (a) I'd done a cable-stitch with the shrouds and roller forestay through the spreaders; (b) a broken core in the Walker aerial which had mysteriously disappeared itself up inside the mizzen-mast; (c) and a badly frayed forestay which became apparent when hung - (the only bit of rigging I had considered fit to leave). These fixed, NICHOLA JANE was ready for her maiden voyage after two and a half years of total and complete refit.

With a kindly next door neighbour invited for a "sail" I started the reconditioned Perkins and crept out into Ipswich Harbour. I had, over the last three years, imagined this moment, sweeping out, regal acknowledgements of compliments shouted by awe-struck boatowners as I passed. In truth, apart from a yard man who pointed out a trailing warp, silence as I, for the first time incarcerated in that enormous spray hood, bobbed up down and sideways to try to get a glimpse of where in hell I might be going. Eventually I adopted one of two positions; either a pas-de-deux, like an overweight Margot Fonteyn, or crouching like Frankenstein with a rupture peering through the screen. That ridiculous little wheel too, after a tiller - I had just no idea where the rudder was. Still haven't.

Out at last I opened her up. The Perkins roared encouragingly; the inviting arches of the Orwell Bridge loomed ahead. Oh the lure of the open sea - the thrill of the open throttle. "What's that smell and where is all that smoke coming from under your seat" enquired Dilly, not entirely hiding a modicum of anxiety. Pungent smoke there was in considerable quantity and a piercing scream from the water temperature alarm was disquieting. Tail between our legs we crept back into our berth with an horrific display of boat mishandling to the amusement of the inevitable group of yard men as I discovered that steerage way must be maintained if disaster is to be averted.

Down into the black hole with sinking heart. No problem. The smoke proved to be mainly from diesel-soaked lagging on the exhaust and the melting of the plastic port-hand cockpit drain - which had been resited for improved accessibility - plus two melted plastic funnels and a fire extinguisher lead into the engine compartment. The engine overheating? A reluctant thermostat which, when it did open, dropped engine water level to danger level.

We next ventured out on a gusting Force 6 and screamed down to Harwich under all three sails. Beautiful, exhilarating stuff - so fast that a motor barge asked us to slow down so that he could cross us to the Stour. I was in love with NICHOLA JANE head over heels. Dilly too, with her space and comfort.

A few days later we set off for Oostende - wind fine and motor-sailed to produce a comfortable faster passage than usual. Surprised at the economy of the purring 4.108.

Into Holland where I practiced slow speed handling in confined spaces. Not good. My fault I know, but not good yet.

On the way back our only fault occurred in the one area I had not checked.

In the Schutsluis coming out of the Goes Canal the Morse control on the gear-change jammed solid (a perished plastic bush on the lever which broke up and bound up solid). The gates were open, the other boats gone with that Gadarene rush that the Continentals indulge in when leaving a lock; there were we, cast off, gently winding across the basin, I struggling to engage forward gear. I suddenly succeeded, and fingering that wretched wheel like a dervish, to Dilly's horror at fair revs ran straight into the lock wall. Bits of shattered boat-hook flew as Dilly fended, and then splintering toe rail at the bow. Out of the lock we shot, now jammed in forward gear. Nevertheless we caught a passing staging and an hours sweat cured the trouble. This must be a fault waiting to happen on all 20 year plus Morse levers.

As always it seems, the weather broke as we hit Flushing on the return. We attempted a dash to Oostende. Being only myself and Dilly on board we shunned the straight run back to Harwich. Despite a passable weather forecast, the wind piped up, gusting to 35 knots on our nose, wind over tide. It was horrific as we motored, bare poles, pitching and crashing as if to smash her to pieces. We eventually slunk, some three hours later, with great relief into Zeebrugge, where, in company with some thirty others driven in, were wind-bound for two days. It passed happily enough, a good and interesting international event.

We hopped into Oostende and as the wind was declining I decided to dash for home, forecast Force 6 SW falling to F4. It did it on us again. I was bowling along, all three sails up when it became apparent I was becoming well oversailed. Deciding to drop the mainsail I told Dilly to luff up and went forward. It was then that we learnt with Mizzen set she won't do that. I got it down at the expense of smashed battens, into some sort of order. Communication, with the noise now going on impossible. Then with shortened jib and mizzen and Perkins at about 1300 revs we pressed on, Dilly, never a lover of rough seas becoming more unhappy, and me progressively pleased with NICHOLA'S seaworthiness.

The 13.00 hours forecast promised F7's veering westerly. Old NICHOLA pressed on. Seas coming over green, occasionally knocked off course but easily drawn back. The cooker flew out of its gimbals and hung at a crazy angle. But we were, for the first time in our sailing careers under such conditions, dry and relatively comfortable tucked under the hood.

Approaching the Sunk, the inshore forecast gave a Strong Winds warning and our last three hours was again bare poles belting into a F7 dead on our nose until the peace of the Orwell came as welcome relief.

A fair bloodletting, but at least we now know our boat. She is strong and very seaworthy and thankfully all those areas that I had worked upon as an amateur held up well. A subsequent mini-cruise up the Essex rivers proved also her liveable comfort. And left us in no doubt that our investment of two and one half years time and money was justified.

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In case it might be of interest to anyone, the following is to the best of my recollection, the jobs I have done on her over the refit. All necessitated me making mistakes and learning hard-earned and expensive wrinkles.



HULL

Stripped out & renewed all bolts on Rubbing Strake. Rotten job.  
Removed port-hand fibreglass fuel tank and checked.  
Replace nuts on some bilge keel bolts.  
Removed 4.107 engine & replaced with reconditioned 4.108.  
Rebuilt engine mountings (one found broken).  
Cut out and replaced rotting forward bulkhead in after cabin.  
Ditto rear cabin ceiling panel.  
Cleaned out, painted and insulated engine compartment.  
Re-sited inaccessible port-side cockpit drain valve.  
Renewed all drain valves. Badly corroded.  
Ditto plastic connecting pipes.  
Boat re-wired while stripped out.  
Backed up all guard-rail stanchion mounts with wood/fibreglass pads.  
Removed & renovated anchor windlass & rebolted with stainless bolts.  
Removed propeller shaft which was OK. Repacked forward gland.  
Replaced Cutless bearing. Terrible job.  
Removed and rebushed badly worn pintle hole in base of rudder.  
Replaced all studs on rudder unit above and below water. Totally rotten.  
Repacked top rudder bearing.  
Increased size of rudder. Messy job.  
Replaced cracked Parsons exhaust syphon. Mistake. Always replace with modern plastic stomach if possible.  
Had Fox's of Ipswich anti-osmosis job done. No osmosis but high degree of moisture entrapment. 5 x year guarantee.  
Rubbed down and repainted topsides and coach roofs with International 709.  
Rotten job.

ABOVE DECK AND COACH WORKS

Rebuilt splitting mizzen tabernacle.  
Rebuilt vandalised hatches.  
Rebuilt rear cabin hatchway to prevent water ingress into the bulkhead.  
Cleaned off and revarnished all panelling. Recarpeted.  
Non-skid surface put on galley floor and companionway.  
Replaced badly crazed windscreen. Twice. It broke the first time.  
Beefed up screen surrounds - essential.  
Renewed hood fastenings.  
Renewed all bottlescrews on the standing rigging. Old ones siezed - 9 in all. Cheaper than anticipated if you find the right supplier.  
Replaced Lifebelts with modern type.  
Replaced caps to all guard rail stanchions.  
NOTE: these, if old are LETHAL. Purely by chance I found that the pressure of a little finger will snap them at the hole like carrots.

Instruments OK after checking except the Harrier Log. I have a Walker, so not bothered.

One luxury. An Eberspacher Diesel Heater. Heaven!

One intended luxury, but now the most important piece of navigation equipment - a Raytheon RX 10 Radar.

If anyone has queries on any of this refit, then I am happy to help.

(If you have a query, please contact David Ridge direct on 0473-780603).

LOWERING THE SEADOG MIZZEN MAST WITHOUT USING A CRANE

by COMMANDER HARRY MANNERS R.N. - (SEASCAPE) -

1. TAKE OFF SAIL, MIZZEN BOOM, SHEET ETC.
2. DISCONNECT AERIALS, LIGHTS, ELECTRONICS
3. SHACKLE ONE END OF MIZZEN TOPPING LIFT TO PUSHBIT  
SECURE OTHER END TO MAST CLEAT
4. SECURE A SAFETY LINE FROM THE FORWARD SIDE OF THE MAST  
TO BASE OF MAINMAST \*\* See warning below
5. RELEASE TRIATIC STAY
6. SLACK OFF MAINMAST BACKSTAYS AND DISCONNECT FROM BOTTLE SCREWS
7. TAKE MAINMAST BACKSTAYS BACK TO MAINMAST AND TEMPORARILY  
SECURE THEM TO IT WITH A LENGTH OF BUNGEE
8. TAKE ROPE STROP 3' - 4' LONG AND PLACE IT ROUND THE MIZZEN MAST  
ABOVE THE ANCHORAGE OF THE PARROT PERCH WIRE
9. TAKE MAINSAIL HALYARD OUTSIDE MIZZEN SHROUDS AND AFT OF THE CROSS  
TREES AND ATTACH IT TO THE TWO SEPARATE ENDS OF THE STROP. ON  
NO ACCOUNT PASS ONE END OF THE STROP THROUGH THE OTHER, OR IT WILL  
BIND AND NOT SLIDE UP THE MAST.
10. SLACK OFF AND DISCONNECT THE FORWARD AND AFTER MIZZEN SHROUDS
11. SECURE THEM TO THE MIZZEN MAST WITH BUNGEE
12. ENSURE BUNGEE HAS NOT TRAPPED EITHER THE MAINSAIL HALYARD  
NOR THE MIZZEN TOPPING LIFT.
13. PAD TOP OF WINDSCREEN
14. RAISE STROP WITH AID OF LONG BOATHOOK AND HAUL AWAY ON THE MAIN  
HALYARD UNTIL THE STROP IS HARD UNDER THE MIZZEN CROSSTREES
15. FROM AFT, PUSH THE MIZZEN MAST GENTLY FORWARD
16. CONTROL RATE OF DESCENT WITH TOPPING LIFT
17. LOWER AWAY UNTIL THE TOP OF THE MIZZEN MAST OVERHANGS AND COME TO  
MAKE A SOFT LANDING ON THE MAINMAST CROSSTREES (ON EITHER SIDE)
18. USING THE MAINMAST WINCH, HAUL MAIN HALYARD TIGHT, THEN JUST TAKE  
THE WEIGHT OF THE MIZZEN MAST AND REMOVE MIZZEN HEEL BOLT
19. WITH ONE MAN LIFTING AND HAULING BACK THE BASE OF THE MAST, SLOWLY  
LOWER AWAY ON THE MAIN HALYARD UNTIL THE FOOT OF THE MAST OVERHANGS  
THE PUSHBIT BY ABOUT 6 FEET AND THE MAST COMES TO REST WITH THE  
RADAR REFLECTOR FACING DOWNWARDS INTO THE COCKPIT SPACE
20. THE MAST SHOULD NOW BE RESTING ON THE PUSHBIT AND UPON THE PADDED  
TOP EDGE OF THE WINDSCREEN
21. REMOVE CROSS TREES AND RADAR REFLECTOR
22. REMOVE MAIN HALYARD AND THE STROP
23. REMOVE TOPPING LIFT WHICH IS STILL SHACKLED TO THE PUSHBIT
24. REMOVE SECURITY LINE FROM FRONT OF MAST TO BASE OF MAINMAST
25. TIDY UP THE CAP SHROUDS AND THE REST OF THE RIGGING
26. SECURE RIGGING AT 3' - 4' INTERVALS WITH LENGTHS OF TARRED STRING  
(Obtainable from Jimmy Green)
27. THE MAST AND ITS ATTACHMENTS ARE NOW READY TO BE REMOVED FOR STORAGE
28. REMOVE ALL BOTTLESCREWS WHICH HAVE BEEN LEFT ON DECK AND STORE
29. REPLACE STAINLESS STEEL BOLT IN MIZZEN TABERNACLE

**\*\* WARNING:** The only thing which prevents the mast from collapsing backwards when it is climbed (without the Triatic in place) is the tabernacle. Should this have been previously damaged and not properly repaired there some danger of it splitting apart under load. One method of repairing a damaged mizzen mast tabernacle is to take a piece of one eighth-of-an-inch thick stainless steel sheet (about 8" or 9" wide and as long as the combined dimensions of the front and both sides of the tabernacle) and bend it to form a "U" to fit, then bolt this carefully to the tabernacle.

Past Seadog owners have included among their number Admirals and Captains R.N. - Colonels and Generals - even an Air Marshal; Doctors galore: Scientists, Actors, Judges. A Fish and Chip shop proprietor and a Coal Merchant once owned Seadogs. There have been Company Directors, Publicans, Chicken Farmers, Embassy Officials, Lawyers, Architects and Pharmacists. Also Professors, Engineers, Vicars, Master Mariners and Airline Pilots. A prominent member of the French car company Renault, once owned DOUGAL. KURI MOANA was owned for many years by that well known writer of Pilot Books, Mark Brackenbury, and our Seadog DOGMATIC was previously owned by a Croupier and a Bunny Girl.

WHY BUY A SEADOG?

Perhaps because the yacht is:- STRONG - SAFE - SEAKINDLY: RUDDER & PROPELLER WELL PROTECTED BY FULL LENGTH KEEL AND DEADWOOD: ENCAPSULATED BALLAST - THE KEEL CAN'T FALL OFF: BILGE KEELS SO ATTACHED TO HULL THEY CANNOT BE BROKEN AWAY FROM IT: 2 SEPARATE CABINS: COMFORTABLE INTERIOR WITH EXCELLENT GALLEY: WELL VENTILATED: GOOD LOOKING: The Seadog looks like a "Proper Yacht" when viewed amongst others and always excite interest wherever they are seen.

Seadogs have proved themselves for over a quarter of a century to be one of the strongest, safest and most sea-kindly yachts ever to be built and have a life-expectancy of upwards of 100 years. Relatively few were made and they are now becoming collectors items, so treasure yours.

SEADOGS AND OSMOSIS

The hulls of most Seadogs were constructed under supervision of Lloyd's of London and it is rare indeed to find one showing any osmosis.

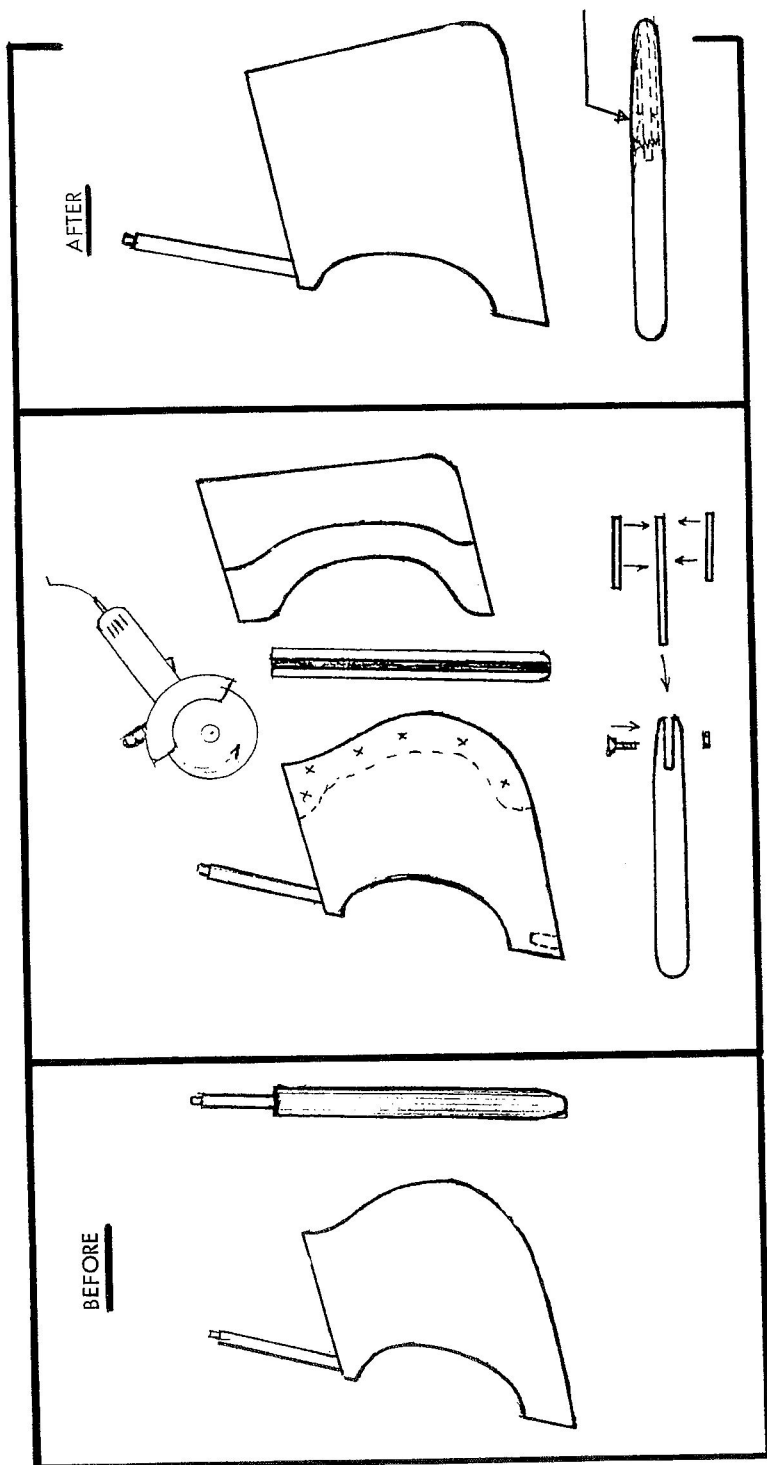
In the unlikely event you've found your boat with signs of osmosis - don't panic and over-react. Get the whole thing into perspective. There is a regrettably alarmist approach to this subject by people who stand to make money out of it and who have reaped a golden harvest by frightening owners. Osmosis can be likened to Chicken Pox, and if someone has Chicken Pox, it doesn't kill them.

Osmosis is generally cosmetic and not structural, being only gel-coat deep. Secondary blistering affecting the lay-up is rare. In this climate, deterioration of the hull because of osmosis is imperceptible. It takes years and years to do any real damage; even then, in most cases this will not happen.

The lay-up of a Seadog is very thick and contains a tremendous amount of resin compared with the lay-up of some other yachts. If I were to be asked to state the difference between the construction of a Seadog and some other yachts I would say the Seadog is basically a Resin and Glassfibre boat, whereas many others are of Glassfibre with Resin added. You have only to examine a core cut out of a Seadog's hull to see what I mean. For its size it is very heavy and there are no voids. Not like many other yachts I've seen up and down the country - some of them have been so badly constructed they are not safe.

To illustrate the point, several years ago while DOGMATIC was out of the water at COUGAR MARINE, Hamble Point, I met some of the original employees of Reg Freeman Yachts, builders of the Seadog. I was told by one that if he were to go the Stores today and requisition the same amount of Resin and Glassfibre used to build a Seadog, today, they would build two boats out of it, not one.

METHOD OF ENLARGEMENT OF SARA OF WYRE'S RUDDER



INGENIOUS NEW METHOD OF ENLARGING THE RUDDER ON A SEADOG

Ad Beaufort (SARA OF WYRE) writes:

"This winter we renewed the kitchen in our new house; this was the last big job before tackling the tricky business of making SARA'S rudder a bit bigger.

While in the Hamble River last year in SARA, at Crabbleck Yard we saw a Seadog blocked up ashore - (ANTANA). We measured the rudder - (which was considerably larger than ours) - and took some photos of it.

When we arrived home in Holland we checked that the size corresponded with that published in earlier Seadog Newsletters. It did. So we went ahead with the project.

The drawings explain how it was done. The rudder extension piece was fabricated totally from sheets of glass-fibre obtained from a local factory which manufactures large glass-Fibre Products.

We filled part of the hollow rudder with Plastic Padding.

A deep slot was cut in the trailing edge of the rudder (using an angle-grinder).

The three sheets of glass-fibre were cut to shape, then fixed together and attached to the rudder using Plastic Padding (or similar) and stainless steel bolts as shown.

Finally, the whole rudder was glassed over".

(AD BEAUFORT, BINNENHOF 5, 4401 BV KLOETINGE, HOLLAND. Tel: 01100-21619)

(In the event of being unable to obtain suitable sheets of glass-fibre of the right thickness, marine plywood might be a suitable substitute. P.F.)

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DIFFERENCES IN SHAPE & SIZE OF RUDDERS ON SEADOGS

Basically, Seadogs number 0 to number 50 were made with the smaller rudder. Seadogs from number 51 onwards have a larger rudder of different shape.

Bill Williams, the original Seadog Production Manager, told me that in the early days he received so many complaints from owners about Seadog rudders being too small, he arranged for a larger size to be made. The fitting of the first larger rudder coincided with the change-over from the Mark 1 to the Mark 2 deck - i.e. from serial number No 51 onwards.

For the difference in shape see diagram on Page 40.

Footnote:

Peter McDonald (KYSON KOBA) says he has increased the area of the rudder by 40 per cent and can now overpower the mizzen.

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CORROSION OF ENGINE FRESH-WATER HEAT EXCHANGERS

Basically this is caused by electrolysis between two dissimilar metals.

Seawater entering the cockpit frequently finds its way, via the access hatch to the header tank filler cap, and drips down over the top of the heat exchanger and runs down the side to drip off the bottom. In so doing it bridges the aluminium body and the bronze end-caps causing an electric current to flow and the aluminium body to corrode and to become spongy.

To prevent this from happening dismantle the heat exchanger, clean thoroughly with fresh water and allow to dry. Once dry, lightly rub down the surfaces where the "O" rings fit - then clean and spray on 2 or 3 thin coats of cellulose, allowing each coat to dry before applying the next. Also spray the mating surfaces on the bronze end-caps. When they are thoroughly dry, lightly coat the surfaces with grease before re-assembling. After assembly, smear the thinnest of coats of grease under the exchanger where the joints are. And don't overtighten - 25 ft.lb is the correct torque.

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THE SEADOG'S STEERING BOX: This is identical with that fitted to the JAGUAR MK 10 motor car. Similar I believe, are the ball-joints on the ends of the Whitlock Steering Rods. Spares and information available through the motor trade, so if you have a friend in it, he may be able to help.

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REPACKING THE PROPELLER-SHAFT STERN GLAND

Useful for rooking out the old packing is an old cheese knife, the sort with a hooked end.

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SUN AWNING FOR A SEADOG

Has anyone ideas for a fairly easily erected sun canopy - (something like a "BIMINI TOP" with a valance) for a Seadog which would provide protection for crew in the cockpit? We could have done with something like this on our way up the Seine to Paris this year.

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PLASTIC HINGES (AS USED ON SOME CABIN DOORS AND CABIN SKYLIGHTS)

Replacements available from ACC PLASTICS, 321 BEMERSLEY ROAD, RIDGEWAY, NORTON, STOKE-ON-TRENT. Tel: 0782-543750. Contact Mr Terry Fox.

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SCREW-TYPE CANISTER OIL FILTERS

The type to fit Willy de Crom's Oil Filter Adaptor is obtainable from Halfords, and is the CHAMPION C105 FILTER FOR DIESEL ENGINES.

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V.A.T. EXEMPTION CERTIFICATES

At the beginning of the year I applied to the Customs Yacht Team at Dover supplying proof of purchase, the Registration Document and a letter from my local marina to vouch that DOGMATIC was located there on 31.12.92. Shortly I received the document. In Le Havre this year customs went over foreign yachts with a fine tooth comb and wrote details of each yacht in a forbiddingly large volume with a black cover. If you intend visiting France in '94 I suggest you immediately set about obtaining a VAT Exemption Certificate - could save you an awful lot of hassle.

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SUPPLIERS OF MOST BITS FOR THE PERKINS 4.107 & 4.108 ENGINES:

GOLDEN ARROW MARINE - NEWHAVEN - Tel: 0273-513987.

by Peter French

As a background note, before the war, practically all aircraft had their wings held on by wires. When the aeroplane was thrown about, the loads on these wires were enormous. Yet I never knew one to break under stress. When tested to destruction, the rigging wire by itself is rarely the first thing to break. What usually happens is that the eye gradually elongates and becomes like a chain link.

There is no demonstrable reason why stainless rigging which is correctly tensioned and maintained, unless shock-loaded, should not enjoy an indefinitely long life.

You can tell if a rigging wire has been shock-loaded by running your fingers along it. If suffering from shock-loading it will feel 'bumpy'. The 'bumps' are caused by strands that have taken a greater share of the load than others and have not returned to the original lay. In time these strands will break. Therefore it is prudent periodically to check your rigging for these tell-tale signs and should you find any 'bumps' or broken strands, replace the wire.

#### MAIN TYPES OF STAINLESS STEEL RIGGING WIRE

These are: 7 x 19 strands : 7 x 7 strands: 1 x 19 strands.

7 x 19 - largely used for running rigging on racing yachts, it is extremely flexible.

7 x 7 - also flexible, is that most used on Seadogs.

1 x 19 - this wire is a whole lot stiffer (and slightly cheaper); the thicker each individual wire, the less it likes to be bent. Carrying this to the extreme, wire consisting of one single thick strand will eventually crystalize and break if you persist in bending it. The thinner each individual strand, the less prone it is to breaking.

The flexibility of 7 x 7 permits it to be hand-spliced, take Talurit Fittings, and be bent round small metal eyes. 1 x 19 wire has its uses where for example there may be physical abrasion or friction - i.e. as a forestay when used in conjunction with Colnebrook Roller Reefing Gear which has an aluminium extrusion which revolves round it.

In some minds, it may be that the characteristics of stainless steel wire are confused with those of stainless steel castings which have earned something of a reputation for being prone to sudden failure.

Whatever the facts, unfortunately for yacht owners, a scam, similar to that involving osmosis is taking place where the poor boat owner (and the yachting industry as a whole) is sometimes taken for a ride by a few unscrupulous individuals who make money exploiting the ignorance of others by requiring perfectly sound standing rigging to be needlessly replaced.

#### THE SEADOG

The standing rigging on a Seadog with its short masts and modest sail area is relatively lightly loaded - there is never a need to set up the rigging bar taut, for the Seadog is not and never will be a racing yacht. One only need look at a Seadog to see that she is tremendously strongly rigged - it would be possible to lift her out of the water by the rigging.

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