

ISSUE NO 28

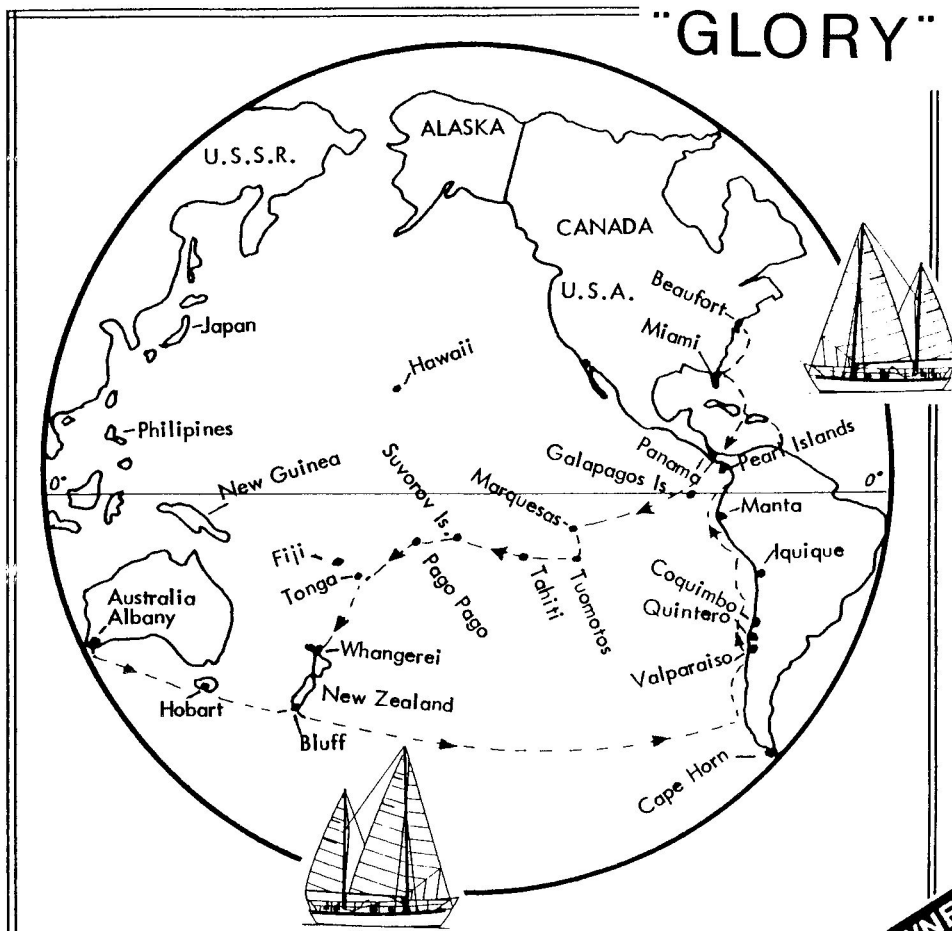


the

1996

SEADOG

"GLORY"



"LOON"

editor Peter French

THE SEADOG OWNERS
ASSOCIATION JOURNAL

FRED MURLEY

Past Secretary, Seadog Owners Association

(From 1980 to 1986)

Those amongst us who have been members of our Association for some years and who knew him, will be saddened to learn of the sudden death on the 14th of March 1996 of Fred Murley who, after the death in 1980 of its founder Dennis Emerson took over the running of our Association and in so doing kept alive and built up on the original aims of its Founder.

Fred loved Seadogs. It was in 1975 after suffering a severe heart attack at the age of 50 and being given only a short time to live that he retired from business, sold most of his chemists shops and in 1977 bought TRESCO MAID. One of our many enduring memories of Fred is the time when Olive and I, out for a leisurely day's sail aboard DOGMATIC, were pursued down Southampton Water by a Seadog belting along under full sail and full power. When she swished alongside we could see it was Fred who as usual was single-handed and radiantly happy.

In 1984, due to pressures from many other directions, and after much soul-searching Fred sold TRESCO MAID. That winter he suffered two minor strokes and though he recovered from these remarkably well, he knew he had to reduce his workload still further so asked me to take over as Secretary. I'd been a sort of apprentice to Fred since 1981 having assisted him in small ways with his work on the Owners Lists and Newsletters.

After handing the Association into my care he went on to spend more time on his many other interests. He and Clare were historians for the Hythe and Waterside Heritage and have published books on the subject. Fred was a family man known for his many kindnesses and perennial willingness to give a helping hand when needed. His hobbies were wide and varied, Genealogy, Model Railways, Masonics, Research, Photography, to name but a few.

Then two years ago he slipped on ice in his garden and shattered the bones at the top of his arm which despite the best of medical attention failed to heal. After a number of operations and bone grafts and two years of agony, three steel rods were fixed through the arm to hold the bones together which hopefully would allow them to knit. At the end of February this year the metal rods were removed. Fred's spirits were high and he was looking forward to regaining strength in his arm and taking up his hobbies again.

On the day he died he'd been out walking in Hythe just a short distance from where he lived, taking photos for the History Society. He called into the chemists shop to leave the roll of film to be developed and it was there he suffered the heart attack from which he died.

Fred's funeral was held on March 25th at Fawley Church and was attended by more than 200 people. Peter Bragg (PALAFOX II), Stephen and Christine Axon (GALWYN), and Olive and I (DOGMATIC), represented the Seadog Association.

Without Fred's unflagging enthusiasm in those early days the Association could very well have foundered and we would not now have the thriving club that we know today; for all this we thank him.

GLORY IS MY FREEDOM

by Susan Huber

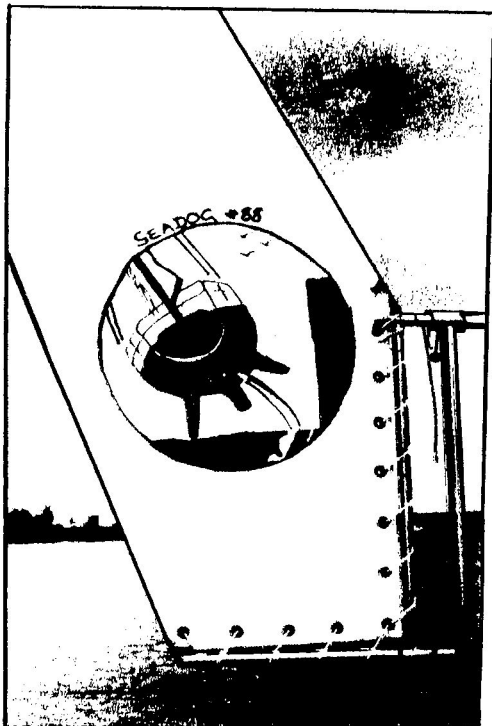
ALREADY another year has gone by and lots of things have happened since I wrote my last letter in March 1993. Under the keel lie 4,023 sea miles in the USA and in the Bahamas plus 80 harbours, bays and anchorages. But to anticipate the question, let me say that I still feel good on board.

SPRING '93 FLORIDA to BEAUFORT (North Carolina)

On 11th March after many peaceful weeks in Fort Lauderdale we were ready to cast off for the crossing to the Bahamas - the three of us on board "BANJO" were Roger, Seadog "Lucky" and I, a tried and tested crew with over 5,000 miles sailed together. We were still revelling in the luxury of the USA - the land of plenty - when a nasty Cold Weather Front nearly swept us into the Gulf Stream. While the skyline of Florida disappeared into the sunset for the last time, and we watched our favourite Quiz show 'Jeopardy' on the little goggle-box, the normally reliable weather fore-caster was caught napping and predicted only light winds. That night we had freshening headwinds and only reached the safe harbour of West End, Grand Bahama in the last hours of daylight, after a bad beating.

During the next few days, while all hell broke loose out in the Gulf Stream, we waited safely moored up and tested the legendary love wine - a cloudy and slimy extract of different local plants - perhaps the effect of the aphrodisiac was impaired by this 'Storm of the Century'? Anyway it blew at hurricane force at well over 100 knots. Some offshore yachts were never seen again and severe damage was done on land between Florida and Cape Hatteras.

Later we spent a month in the beautiful anchorage of Abaco; at last crystal clear waters again and far from the madding crowd. We left Marsh Harbour in the middle of April to sail non-stop directly to Beaufort, North Carolina where GLORY had been chocked-up ashore for over a year awaiting our return. On this 600 nautical mile stretch a strong northerly wind caught us yet again, a clear sign that the winter weather in the Atlantic is not to be trifled with. But Roger's 32' 'BANJO' beat through it bravely under storm sails, while the crew snuggled up in the cabin in their few warm clothes and blankets. After five cold and clemmy days we reached Beaufort, spoilt ourselves with an "all you can eat" breakfast at Mikes Restaurant and experienced the spectacular local music festival.



SUMMER '93 - BEAUFORT TO CONNECTICUT

The following seven weeks were a hard grind trying to get GLORY shipshape again. I won't go into too much detail, just a few points; new wiring in the engine compartment; new generator with a "smart" regulator; new batteries; and, at unbelievable expense, the removal or repair of the seacocks all of which were badly corroded. But my heart lifted when the good old Perkins motor ticked into life again despite 4,000 hours of service - it should still have a long and happy life: as for diesel and oil, water and air, I'll see to those! But despite our strenuous efforts it was obvious that GLORY wouldn't be ready, and plans for the joint trip - GLORY & BANJO sailing in company to New England - would come to nothing.

So I packed my boat up again and once more sailed off with Roger. The dreaded Cape Hatteras let us past without any trouble and punctually on the weekend of the 4th of July we reached Connecticut, Roger's home. His family and friends made us most welcome; we were presented with a cream cake with 'Welcome Suzanne, Roger and Lucky' written on it and our four-legged friend also received a beautifully wrapped bone.

With six of us on board, we motor-sailed in the fog to Block Island off the coast of Rhode Island where we found a place to anchor between thousands of yachts dressed overall, their crews all partying - but only with difficulty - how beautifully lonely it had been on the Barrier Reef off Belize

Despite the masses of people we had a lot of fun. Just once in their life everyone should experience the 4th July in the USA with its parades and ubiquitous red, white and blue.

There followed weeks of day trips along the coast and to Long Island, New York, and fantastic firework displays. Again there were lots of hugs and kisses from friends whom Roger hadn't seen for ages and of course we feasted on Maine lobsters and shrimps. Quite another attraction was the visit to Mystic Seaport, a maritime museum in a fantastic position on the Mystic River. Here the life and times in a New England harbour in the last century were depicted and not only could you marvel at the giant square-riggers from inside and out, but also watch craftsmen at work in the preserved original building, hold a conversation with the pharmacist in the ancient chemist's shop, watch a figure-head being carved, or wonder at the loving restoration of a steam engine. In addition there were thousands of exhibits, model ships, sailing boats of every age and size and much more. At the Wooden Boat Parade I admired the lovingly restored private boats while Roger played his banjo in a Dixie band on a tug-boat.

My big day came at the end of July when we drove in a borrowed car to a town called Milford, for me to sit, after weeks of preparation, the exam for the U.S. Amateur Radio Licence. There were written tests and Morse Code at 13 words a minute. I don't want to blow my own trumpet too much, but even so I had to take 3 exams in one day. The examiners had to wait hours on end just for me, until all the question papers were filled in with all the technical blumph and then checked, but finally everyone congratulated me and seemed to be as happy as I was.

But GLORY was still calling me, and so, finally, in mid-August, I drove back to Beaufort with some friends. Of course Lucky-dog came with me and survived the journey remarkably well, with only short 'comfort' stops.

AUTUMN 1993 - Back in Beaufort, North Carolina.

I must admit it was a bit sad for me to be all alone on board, but there was a lot of work still waiting for me. Thousands of little things had to be attended to - a lot of painting on the boat, and in addition, to top it all, hand carved gold-leafed mahogany name-plates for the bow and the stern. Shortly before, I had bought a professional wood-carving knife and this new hobby gave me enormous pleasure.

The long awaited day came at last, when, after nearly two years, GLORY was craned into her watery element. I motored some 8 miles to the anchorage when the engine overheated due to a faulty impeller on the seawater pump. My dismay subsided after successfully finding the fault and I replaced the spare part even though I needed to be built like an octopus to do it.

My plans at this time were pretty clear. In November to head south and say farewell to Roger after some unfortunately not so happy times together. But, as is often the case, everything turned out so differently. When he arrived in Beaufort in September with BANJO the pleasure of seeing him again was enormous - perhaps he had cast a magic spell over me. In the meantime he had overhauled his boat too, and it was gleaming with a brand-new motor and shiny varnish instead of dull teak on the deck - what a surprise!

It really was quite mad on the face of it to forget everything and start anew, but perhaps one goes a bit crazy after some time on board. The long and the short of it was that GLORY was once more put back on dry land and smiled at our love-affair. After consultations with my family during a flying visit home to misty Germany, I even toyed with the idea of selling my trusty and good-natured boat. But luckily no instant buyers were to be found and once again GLORY stood on her three keels all packed up on shore.

WINTER '93 Beaufort to Florida & back to Beaufort.

For a change we now worked together on BANJO, varnishing the hull at great expense and preparing for our big journey. With frost on the deck we set off on the 1st of December on the Intra-Coastal Waterway towards the south, but it seemed that not only the weather but also the atmosphere on board was decidedly icy. A gloomy New Year followed and instead of joyful birthday celebrations in January, only silent and lonely hours. How quickly the best laid plans can go wrong. Our journey ended eventually in Fort Lauderdale. With piles of luggage on the pontoon, tears of goodbye welled up quite melodramatically as I set off on the more than one thousand mile journey in a rented car.

On the way I had enough time to be furious, disappointed and above all sad. Lucky-dog held up brilliantly on the 30 or so hour journey and even shared a few hours of restless sleep with me beside her on the back seat without grumbling. It really was a peculiar feeling to arrive back at GLORY stressed out and tired, this time in thick frost and an ice cold whistling wind - at least that suited my mood. I woke up after the first night on board and could see my breath, but even so everything looked better already. The little Taylor diesel stove came to my rescue at this time and roared day and night. Everything was plain sailing again and after only three weeks I had dealt with everything big and small, installed my new radio, applied new antifouling and overhauled the engine. This time GLORY was really seaworthy. In between times I packed the lockers full of provisions, and in addition, hastily took the U.S. Drivers Licence test and gained my licence.

SPRING '94 Beaufort to the Bahamas.

At the beginning of March I went south along the Waterway and finally left Bock Marina behind me. After two somewhat rough offshore legs in howling winds GLORY put up with the icy sailing and ploughed on in the direction of summer. At night the stove warmed things up wonderfully and I only put my head out now and then to check the compass setting. After only a week of this I reached St Augustine in Florida where friends made me welcome on their berth and spoilt me for a week with the luxuries which are to be found on land (car, shower, washing machine), and with their help and kindness.

The crossing to the Bahamas was child's play - the U.S. Coastguard wished me bon voyage on leaving Lake Worth and the next morning I reached the Bahama Banks on the way to Abacos. Over hundreds of miles it is amazing to have only about 3 metres of water under the keel and to see every blade of grass on the bottom.

Now the 64 dollar question. Who was waiting for me in Marsh Harbour? It was Roger! We had been in daily radio contact prior to my arrival and, of course, the champagne was on ice as we exchanged the latest bits of news 'live'! Perhaps we can't always be happy together on a boat, but we shall always stay very good friends, and after our three years together we have got to know each other well perhaps a little too well?

Since then, we have sailed together with both boats singlehanded this way and that through the Bahamas, enjoying the clear waters, the sun and idyllic anchorages. Lucky-dog is quite happy with all the sandy beaches and her beloved coconuts which she loves to shred to pieces, and as well as chasing fish and dolphins she has now discovered rays. So we are happy and contented, doing all the countless little jobs there are to do on board, but still finding the time to enjoy life.

SPRING '95 - Singlehanded with Lucky-dog.

Whether feeling good or sad about it just depends on my mood which in these days seems to be changeable like the weather. My incorrigible sailing heart is happy when watching the boat ploughing through the Caribbean swells, well equipped and brave in all conditions. But sadness and also some loneliness comes quickly when I start to think (quite often) about the last four years with Roger, about our separation and also when both of us try to keep in radio contact desperately while we try to find the right words - you can see clearly that not even on the high seas one gets away from lover's grief!

But now a review of the past year.

Roger and I single-handed together, he in BANJO and I in GLORY and for a time we both enjoyed the nice cruising waters - a cesser for the boats and for us. Actually I had planned to keep on heading south, as sailing with Roger (at least on only one boat) didn't work. But I got weak and in company we sailed back to Florida in the land of plenty. As things turned out, and no wonder, this frequent switch between harmony and goodbye made us both feel edgy. I thought that a flight back home to Germany in the summer might just bring me back to earth, but the weeks in Ingolstadt simply dragged along. Even all the land luxuries, like water and electricity out of the wall, the car parked right there, and the green grass in the back garden for Lucky didn't help much. It also seemed that very much had changed - waste, hectic lifestyles and superficiality - but most likely it's only me that's changed.

During the flight back to America I felt a little less worried about Lucky being in a tight box somewhere down there in the aircraft's cargo hold as she had taken the flight to Munich without problems. She's quite a dear animal and takes even such trips patiently - for a few hours flying will pass far quicker than days in rough conditions offshore. But I don't blame her, because then I don't feel too comfortable myself anymore We were both glad to return to our floating home.

Again I worked on GLORY to bring her in shape for open waters, while Roger helped me so much - dealing with me is really not easy for him, but even while his heart is breaking he still shows understanding for my spirit of adventure.

The late-in-the-season hurricane Gordon would without question have given me lots of trouble in the Bahamas or even offshore had I left at the beginning of November as planned; Fortunately when Gordon struck it passed across Florida some 80 miles to the north of where I was tucked away safely at the sheltered anchorage at Stuart, which is south of Miami. All I got was lots of rainfall. Ten days later I got myself going with a very hard push and passed the Roosevelt lifting bridge in Stuart after a tragic farewell - to the Atlantic and headed south towards the destination of years of dreaming. I made good progress, mainly day sailing, until I reached the Exuma Islands in the Bahamas, when I discovered problems with GLORY'S charging system.

I radio'ed Roger and he ordered a new alternator and regulator for me with delivery to Georgetown. Since that day I value my amateur radio aboard even more, while in addition to that I kept a busy daily schedule with Roger and also a friend in Inglostadt.

Well, that's too bad - now I had to spend the Christmas holidays in Georgetown, which is absolutely one of the best places to be at this time of the year! I met lots of new friends and the days were flying away quickly what with talking to faraway friends on the radio, walking the beaches, some work and lots of chatting and gossip. I was lucky to get invited to a party of about 20 people to share their great Christmas dinner on the beach. What a fantastic meal where everybody brought along some goodies and all together we had more than plenty of delicious turkey and ham with all the traditional side dishes and of course - apple and pumpkin pies. Whoever said you couldn't cook on a boat just wonderfully?

A special event was the "Junkanoo" celebration of the local black people, whose roots are lying in memories centuries back in Africa - the wishes for freedom during the sad days of slavery but also Christian influences. The colourful parade started at 4 a.m. with the everlasting rhythmic and shrill whistles till you nearly got deaf, and with all the village people around. For many months everybody in town had worked with colourful paper, shears and glue to build the costumes and the big structures of fantasy which were displayed for hours and hours of dancing along the main street. It was sad that unexpected and untypical rain at dawn soaked everything, but everybody including the cruising sailors had lots of fun.

My spare parts were delivered without trouble, but cruising sailors from the Ammersee, in my home area in Bavaria (what a small world ...) talked me into taking part in the annual "Staniel Cay New Year's Day Regatta" knowing that GLORY is certainly no racing boat, only the slogan "every yacht will win a prize" finally convinced me. While signing up I already got surprised that the starting fee of twenty dollars included a tee shirt, free drinks at the skippers meeting as well as a Bahamian-style dinner following the mysterious awards give-away.

Off I went on those 60 nautical miles to Staniel Cay. On the morning of the race even I caught regatta fever, but against all those big and quick yachts GLORY really had no chance, at least not without a generous handicap allowance, and with hardly any wind at all! Nearly all the twenty or so boats managed to start too early, but nobody gave serious competition to me - and my solid last in line position. Nevertheless I fought with iron will, spinnaker pole and a secret regatta strategy. Only when twice the turning buoy was moved right ahead of me was it a little disappointing, and when the race jury announced on VHF radio "also GLORY has passed the marker" - (or the marker passed me) - there was loud cheering all round. After nearly four hours I finished the first circuit but didn't give up like a few others while the winners already were heading home - I really had lots of fun.

Just in time I finally anchored while everyone was sipping Rum Punch Cocktails and anxiously waiting for the prizes to be presented. When GLORY was announced winner of the Special Prize (Schlachter Award 1995) - I just couldn't believe it - as a reward for true racing spirit and also for my single-handing the boat - I was given an absolutely wonderful wooden half-model with a carved sail shaped in the style typical of the Bohemian Sloops; in addition I got a hand-woven shopping bag containing a bottle of best rum and finally - hard to believe - even a VHF handheld radio-telephone given by private donation. After this first regret on GLORY I felt a little tipsy caused by all these prizes and maybe also by a little too much rum ---- what a day!

One week later the weather seemed to be favourable, and early in the morning I left the Exumas and Staniel Cay feeling quite lousy - destination Panama. I still don't know exactly what happened on this day, but suddenly I was hit with a hammer by all the consequences of this decision. I was brooding for hours and hours while GLORY moved along with great speed.

A voice in my mind seemed to scream loud and clear - "Go back! Go back!" Four years of relationship with Roger just won't float away without a trace! Without knowing why, suddenly I tacked the boat, worked her hard into the seas and laid course towards Florida. About one week later, after some nasty weather, I dropped anchor back in Stuart - Roger was welcoming me dearly and we would have to talk about so many things, not like on the radio.

For weeks and weeks we tried to find a solution for our quite shaken relationship. We didn't have success. I guess I will never totally understand it, and for a long, long time it will hurt very badly. Without doubt our friendship will always be very close, but we will have to live separated.

I collected whatever little energy was left deep inside me and tried to remember those old dreams of the South Seas ... With Roger I improved my radio aerials dramatically and for GLORY I bought 200 feet of anchor chain and the good old Perkins diesel engine got a brand new seawater pump. No jewellery for me but galvanized five sixteenths of an inch chain for the boat - that's cruising!

But even if you aren't tied up with tight personal knots inside it wasn't easy to leave the U.S. because for two weeks there were stormy Northers and easterly breezes - both are no conditions for crossing the always tough Gulf Stream. All I could do was to wait anxiously at the anchorage at West Palm beach. During a strong thunderstorm at 2 a.m. one of those disaster boats dragged right into GLORY and even got hooked into my chain. That could have ended very badly, because the crew was very inexperienced and the 38 ft. boat had no engine and not even a second anchor. But after quite some excitement all settled without damage. Little happenings like that are barely worth mentioning as they appear again and again but you surely have to pay for it with lots of worries and sleepless nights.

On my mother's birthday (she introduced so many people to sailing!) I filled water and diesel tanks up to the brim and left the so familiar coastline of Florida. During a low pressure trough I crossed the Gulf Stream which brought lots of thunderstorms and circular wind gusts offshore. It isn't fun to be single-handed like that; permanently reefing or unreefing, changing the foresails while around you there's lots of ship traffic - if nothing else it's certainly not boring. But a few days later I finally got rewarded when a ridge of high pressure moved slowly south at just about my speed.

Ten days later I reached the Windward Passage, not too bad considering light winds, some strong currents and a zig-zag course between islands and reefs. Surprisingly I discovered a north-setting current in this strait between Cuba and Haiti, causing choppy seas and again made little progress. The only excitement was an army helicopter which suddenly held its spotlight right on me, but never answered the VHF radio.

Because I was running short of time, I hardly stopped during this 1,400 nautical mile trip and it was quite disappointing to pass so close to Cuba and Jamaica and not to be able to stop for a while. And today, after exactly two weeks under way since Florida, I still have 400 nautical miles to sail for Panama. The strong winter tradewinds bare their teeth which sometimes means double reefing and storm jib (up to 30 knots broad reach).

PANAMA CANAL - APRIL 1995

I had hardly time to join the other cruising folk for a cold beer at the Panama Canal Yacht Club because we all had countless preparations and work to do. For me there was a ripped sail to repair - a memorial to the Caribbean winter trade-winds - a much too long shopping list, four x 120' long ropes to acquire and lots of fiddly paperwork for the transit of the Canal to deal with. After the special canal measurement, (cost \$86) GLORY was given the identification number 353795 - (handy to know for any Seadog owner contemplating transit of the Panama Canal). The cost of the transit itself was \$50. I hired a mixed crew as line-handlers for the two day passage, two Panamanians, crazy Bill from the U.S.A. and Brigitta from Sweden who helped me deal with all the men aboard. After only 10 days of preparations at Colon, the port on the Caribbean side of the Canal, we started the trip on Good Friday!

My crew arrived at dawn, more or less on time. I'd already had breakfast because between last night's cooking orgy and morning coffee I got only a few hours rest. Soon the Pilot was dropped off a tug-boat to join us, and with six aboard we headed towards the first lock. Unfortunately there were countless unexpected delays and it was 6 hours later that we were allowed to enter. But we kept our good humour during endless circles under power, and used the time to eat - nonstop. Finally it was GLORY'S turn and the huge gates of the lock closed. In front, a huge container ship; below us, boiling water, and behind, the final goodbye to the Caribbean.

After nearly 12 hours under way, but barely 6 miles covered, we anchored in more than 20 metres in the Gatun Lake. We spent the evening eating, drinking and talking, and all around us there was idyllic lake scenery. Somehow we worked out how five strangers plus Lucky could spend a hot sticky night cooped up aboard GLORY which was already packed to the gills with stores for the Pacific crossing and had only four available berths. But we survived. Next morning, after we'd enjoyed a morning swim in the fresh water of the lake, the new pilot showed up.

GLORY looked messy, and he didn't like Lucky, but we soon got started on our way. The only hectic moment during the whole transit happened when suddenly my brand new anchor-chain ran out uncontrolled, and I thought all of it, including the big COR anchor, would be lost forever. But one of the Panamanian crew saved the anchor at the very last second - and off we went under full power across this beautiful lake. When going down the locks there were a few critical moments as the ropes had to take enormous forces. But all went well and when the last of the gates slowly opened, I had a fantastic feeling, knowing that the whole of the Pacific Ocean lay ahead of us.

Lucky and I were thankful and glad to have the boat back to just our two selves when everybody left in Balboa - there had been far too many people aboard for our taste!. Nevertheless, we'd all had a great time, and this was a big step in my cruising life.

In Balboa, the port of Panama City, I spent several more hectic shopping days, and, packed with provisions and with a high sense of adventure, I started my first leg in the Pacific Ocean on a flat calm day.

FROM PANAMA TO THE GALAPAGOS -

So as to be able to relax briefly between the stressful canal transit and the long passage ahead I spent a few days in the Isla Perlas in the Gulf of Panama. There couldn't be any nicer spot than this, because here there was clear water, nice beaches, and last not least, Gunter - (HP1XVH) - a radio-ham who took good care of me. He found paradise in Isla Contadora, and radio hams all around the world know him as "Radio Ocelot". Sacks full of dog food were a welcome present and should save Lucky from starving on the high seas. But time was limited. Thousands of miles had to be sailed, and in company with Russian friends on their 24' boat I left the Pearl Islands and headed out into the huge Pacific Ocean on April the 23rd.

The strange weather in that part of the ocean between central America and the Galapagos Islands was nerve wrecking. The 800 nautical mile trip to the Galapagos Islands is known to have calms, headwinds, and strong currents setting north and sure enough, I got plenty of each! Either no wind at all, or nasty squalls, or wind right on the nose. For two weeks I fought for each mile, and there were days when I could barely hold my position, with either flapping sails or crashing into choppy seas.

An unexpected highlight on the fifth day of this two week passage was the rendezvous in the middle of nowhere with ILLA TIKI, a huge balsa raft. Without my wonderful amateur radio we would have missed each other - it took just a couple of hours of engine time to see their huge sail rise slowly above the horizon. The 5 person crew were at the start of a voyage from Ecuador to Hawaii. When I met the raft they had already bounced around the ocean for 4 weeks, eating fish and rice three times a day. All of a sudden I was joined aboard GLORY by three of the young men. I felt like a female Santa Claus as I filled bags of groceries for the adventurers, and when I added chocolate, beer and wine, the heroes got moist eyes. Who knows, maybe one day you'll see GLORY in National Geographic magazine, as Chris from the U.S.A. was aboard making a film for the expedition diary. Drinking beer and circling around the raft, we chatted for hours, and one confidential sentence was - " we talk a lot about girls, but even more, we dream about good food"

This rendezvous cost a full day's hard tacking, but it was a unique event for me, and at sunset I sadly watched the Balsa raft with its huge sail disappear beneath the horizon.

I got far off to the south when rounding the prison island of Melpelo, and on the 6th of May, after 13 days finally crossed the Equator on longitude 89 degrees 15' west. Low hanging clouds moved like fog through the rigging, the sea looked dramatic, either lead grey and black or bottle green in the few sunny spots. The ocean had a steady breath, with long swells from the south, and I took a chilly deck shower in the icy waters of the Humbolt current.

To mark the auspicious occasion of my 'crossing the line', I shared champagne with Neptune - Lucky got a few valuable drops on her fur, and I celebrated with good food and maximum volume taped music. Next day I spotted the barren mountains of St. Cruz Island, and some time later as we approached the shore, we were welcomed by a deputation of loudly barking sealions who swam around the boat several times - then I survived a wasp attack but with only two stings. Soon GLORY was swinging safely to her anchor in Academy Bay - the date being the 7th of May. Quite nice to arrive after sailing nearly double the distance because of adverse winds and currents and endless tacking!

THE ENCHANTED ISLANDS

Sometimes I envy normal tourists because they, unlike me, are able to go off sight-seeing straightaway on their arrival in port. I always have to take care of the boat first. Shopping, carrying diesel cans, changing engine oil and organizing fresh water from the desalination plant. Naturally Lucky was not allowed to go ashore, but each day we rowed in the anchorage to visit the sea lions. I visited the Darwin Research Station, ate too much wonderful food while visiting Henri, another radio amateur, who gave me a warm welcome, and for many weeks to come I had plenty of fun with daily radio contact with Henri and Gunter. Recently the tight regulations for visiting yachts were eased and the Port Captain in Floreana offered me nearly unlimited stay.

So I stopped at Berrington Island where many years ago the famous French yachtsman Bernard Moitessier discovered paradise. I was not allowed to go ashore on that dry, poor soil, but got permission to row my dinghy all over the protected bay. On the rocks along the shore-line were hundreds of lazing sealions while in the water the frolicking youngsters tried to bite my oars. Whenever I got too close to a giant bull we both were scared a lot, until eventually, with a big splash, the monster gave way to my tiny rubber boat.

That night even Lucky felt uneasy listening to the eerie, spine chilling sounds of howling, grunting, barking and burping which came to us out of the darkness from the sealion colony across the water.

Following tradition, next day I deposited a few letters in the historic wooden barrel at Post Office Bay, which in whaling days was the only means of communicating with home. My letters stood out bizarrely among all those tourist postcards!

Last century, before the Panama Canal existed, ships had to sail via Cape Horn - I wonder who took my letters to far away Bavaria? Earlier this century, young Germans in particular were attracted here by the challenge of trying to make a life for themselves in the harsh conditions prevailing in these remote Galapagos Islands. At the next island of Floreana I was delighted to meet two of those people, Margarete Wittmer and Gusch Angermeyer. I learnt that Frau Wittmer and her family have lived at Black Beach on Floreana for more than 60 years. She has described those years of adventure in an interesting book - "Postlagernd Floreana", while Gusch Angermeyer, after so many years, is still living an eccentric lifestyle in his cave. He showed me whale bones, turtle shells, rare sea shells and other extraordinary collections, and in his secret guest book I had a job to find a space to write. But I managed - squeezed close beside an entry dated 1957

I might have been a little too sceptical when the friendly fishermen on Floreana invited me later to a midnight lobster feast. While I struggled with my poor Spanish a dinner plate with fresh-cooked lobster was suddenly thrust towards me from the fishing boat's galley - prepared especially for me, and nicely arranged with fresh tomato slices The Ecuadorian fishermen were quite loveable - I was quite ashamed of my suspicions! But the last hours passed much too quickly and the long Pacific crossing lying ahead had me itching to get started.

During my last breakfast in port, all of a sudden I felt a strange sharp edge on one of my back teeth. Oh no! I thought - not dental problems here. The only other yacht in port was BITTERSWEET and her skipper John immediately attempted an amateur repair of the tooth. Unfortunately he failed to patch the broken crown of my tooth, and, hoping I wouldn't have to use my big pliers for do-it-yourself dental work at sea, I lifted the anchor for the last time in these islands on May the 16th.

During the first night out I was surprised to spot a huge snow-white motor yacht close to a little island - surely this was a nightmare view I could see in the binoculars! But soon more and more of those mysterious yachts showed up and finally I realised what was happening. No ships, but huge breaking surf in bright moonlight on a dangerous off-lying reef of Isla Tortuga simulated this strange vision. "Better stay wide awake, girl!" I told myself as I brewed strong coffee and kept a sharp lookout over these treacherous waters with their unpredictable currents. A few days earlier a local boat full of tourists had struck a rock and had sunk. The tourists managed to save their lives with only the clothes they stood up in - their brand-new ship a total loss. Some of those shipwrecked had told me the shocking details one evening while back when I met them at Henri the radio-ham's place on Isla Santa Cruz.

I was glad when all deep and clear water lay ahead and the ever-repeating routine of a long voyage took over. With such a long trip ahead you don't calculate the date of arrival but just keep on sailing west towards the endless horizon. Trouble melts away in the largeness of the ocean. As speed was not my major concern the sail work was little, sometimes shifting the booms or restitching the old mainsail. Most of the time I spent making radio contacts, fishing, relaxing, and lots of reading, cooking and, every few days, baking bread. I kept regular daily radio contacts with friends in Florida and reported my position daily to the Maritime Mobile Nets. It was very comforting to know that friends were interested in my daily progress. It was a little surprising to me too that not once during those 33 days did I feel lonely, and even lucky didn't seem to miss land, but enjoyed the closeness with me.

I started harvesting fresh greens from alfalfa and bean sprouts, caught plenty of fresh fish, and to be on the safe side, every now and again I even took one of those colourful vitamin tablets. Lucky had lots of fun when dolphins played in our wake.

At night flying fish quite often landed on deck, and during the first days we had a huge whale as faithful companion. For hours at a time I watched the monster blowing spray, and on the third day I got convinced that the whale had fallen in love with GLORY. Nevertheless, he behaved and kept at a respectful distance, and finally, for the following four weeks we were alone with only 360 degrees of empty sea and open horizon to look at. The days and weeks passed without major events, just a calm and peaceful time where the outside world gets less and less important.

For just one week we had perfect beam-reach conditions and GLORY ploughed along with dream speed. 139 nautical miles in one day gave an hourly average of 5.8 knots which is quite remarkable for a fully packed Seadog!

After 25 days the wind disappeared totally, and feeling a little uneasy I inflated the dinghy. A thick carpet of growth covered the hull below the waterline, and with a spatula as a weapon, I got ready to fell the forests of goose-neck barnacles. Snorkelling would have worked better, but the view towards endless water depth and the imagination of sharks and scary monsters of the sea gave me the chills. I didn't feel comfortable until I was safely back on board when soon a light breeze pushed the boat further along her route.

A very special event was a series of crash landings made by a booby bird which insisted on spending the night on board. Several times it banged into the rigging, tumbled on deck, and finally sat inside! Lucky did her best to chase our guest away but the huge bird refused to budge from its sheltered spot at the stern where it stayed all through the night.

Two days before the landfall I heard noisy whistling and found out that it was the song of the whales. A quick look outside confirmed my guess; a school of about 20 Pilot whales (false killer-whales) were surfing the seas around the boat. Each measuring up to about half the length of GLORY, they came really close and performed a special show. Lucky got a hoarse throat from all her barking, and she raced madly around the deck because the singing and dancing whales were all around us!

On Sunday June 18th 1995, after sailing for 33 days, I spotted the Marquesas Islands. I think that after 33 days at sea any landfall appears spectacular, but this arrival was more than that - it was breathtaking! In pouring rain I approached Nuku Hiva, a wonderful wild island, deep in green vegetation and framed in rainbows. This landfall in paradise was well worth celebrating - GLORY had behaved magnificently - everybody on board was in good health and in the very best mood.

FRENCH POLYNESIA - (Marquesas, Tuamotos, Tahiti)

For the first time since Panama I met other yachts and as was so often to happen in the following months, it was great to meet old and new friends. It seems that companionship among us cruising sailors has not been lost after all, and like a huge family we each of us have a lifestyle on a similar wavelength.

Everybody would have liked to spend a little more time partying in the bars and restaurants but the enormous prices kept us from doing so. A beer was at least 4 U.S. dollars. To eat out cost nearly a fortune, and even the food prices in the shops were tremendous, one dozen eggs for example being about 8 U.S. dollars (about £5.25). But the Marquesas more than made up for that with beauty of scenery and an overflowing supply of fruit fresh from the trees. Best way to get them is bartering small goods directly with the owner of the garden, a smile always for free! During those days my diet consisted mainly of fresh crispy baguette bread with delicious real butter, bananas and lots of enormous sweet grapefruits.

One hiking trip to a huge waterfall turned out to be quite exhausting as the steep path crossed a rushing stream with water up to waist level and several times I sank into the rich mud on the paths right up to my ankles. It finally made sense that I had brought my heavy hiking boots on this world cruise! But the lush vegetation, wild mountain slopes and last not least a refreshing swim in the pool of the waterfall made up for the struggle to get there. Weighed down with more fruits and a big bunch of bananas bought from the people of a tiny settlement I came home just before dark.

I couldn't stay on and explore the Marquesas any longer because my time was limited and after only ten short days I left for the Tuamotu Atolls.

With good timing I arrived at the pass of Atoll Ahe at dawn after one week of sailing. There is only one entrance, called a pass, into the lagoon of the ring-shaped coral reef and quite often strong currents make the passage quite tricky. I had to wait till noon for the current, which was then running at up to 5 knots, to ease; even then conditions were choppy with short, steep waves. Full engine power for those last few hundred yards then the protected lagoon was reached. Keeping a lookout for single coral-heads I approached the anchorage where once more friends gave me a warm welcome. The small and neat village lay dreaming under coconut palms on one of the islands of the reefs, which are called Motus in this part of the world. With special permission of the village chief, that night all the cruising sailors met at a beach barbeque where in different ways, coconuts were the main attraction.

During my stay on the island I inspected the fishermen's equipment for growing pearls but only much later did I learn about their high value when I saw the precious Polynesian black pearls in the jewellery shops. It was about the same time that my friends on BITTERSWEET lost their yacht under tragic conditions. While they were having dinner on a friend's boat their anchor-rope chafed through on a coral-head and their boat drifted onto the reef where it was smashed to pieces. Later they told us all about it and we gave them sympathy. A lesson for all of us: USE ONLY ALL-CHAIN ANCHOR-RODE IN CORAL WATERS!

The days in the Tuomoto Atolls passed quickly and with squalls and gusty weather I sailed towards Tahiti which, even with its tourism and hectic city life, is still the acknowledged centre of the South Sea Dream. Soon GLORY was tied up in Papeete harbour Tahitian style, with stern anchor out and long ropes ashore, having arrived just in time to see the last of the celebrations of Bastille Day on July 14th. What had started as a joke on the radio became reality when a few days later Roger flew in from Florida. He had decided to leave his beloved BANJO for a little while to come sailing in the Pacific with me. He brought with him lots of spare parts for GLORY, my long-missed mail, and a new toy - a supersmart lap-top computer which can be connected to a modem and my ham-radio. There was also an amplifier sent by radio-ham John (WFIC) from Connecticut for free use during my lengthy voyage. With all this new equipment I hope to keep in contact on the air.

Another radio ham friend, David (KE4AMW) in Florida had spent a great deal of time and effort in sorting out the right programmes for me to put into the computer to handle this extra equipment. It will take lots of time until I really am able to manage this tricky little magic box - now it's clear to me that modern times have taken over control - even here on board. My hobby, ham radio, is already a daily part of my life which I would never like to miss any more.

We stayed a few days in Tahiti doing shopping and essential jobs on the boat. In recent weeks Papeete saw several well justified protests against nuclear testing. Greenpeace's RAINBOW WARRIOR was moored in port so some of the festivities of Bastille Day got delayed. That delay gave us the chance to see a spectacular open-air performance of Polynesian dances of the highest quality. During the course of this competition, singing and dancing teams of up to 100 persons gave a breathtaking show for many hours. The prettiest girls and proud tattooed men whirled round in wild or romantic dances, with wonderful songs and hip-swinging beauties, always dressed in ever-changing colourful costumes of fresh flowers and leaves. The magic enchanted me, and what could be nicer than being there and sailing your own yacht over to Cook's Bay in the neighbouring island of Moorea next day?

TAHITI TO PAGO PAGO (American Samoa)

The islands between Tahiti and Bora-Bora have a fascinating natural beauty with wild mountain formations, lush vegetation, wonderful anchorages in crystal clear water and always the brightest shades of blue, turquoise and green between sandy beaches and the protecting circular coral reefs. The island of Huahine surprised us during a round trip there and back with its breathtaking scenery and in Raiatea, the historic island of the Polynesian navigators, as well as in Tahaa, we visited unspoiled villages with their friendly smiling people. Are the dreams of the South Seas all lost in the past? No. There is still the beauty and the joyful life on the islands, and with your own yacht there is also the essential freedom to keep away from mass tourism and the spoiling crowds. It might not always be fun to fight the high seas in a small boat, but with open eyes there will always be plenty of rewards.

One of the disadvantages of sailing in the Pacific Ocean is the vast distance between islands. We had to sail, for example for a whole week to reach the remote atoll of Suvarov in the northern Cook Islands, where, many years ago, a man named Tom Neale spent his life living as a hermit. Might it not be the dream of many a sailor to anchor there just once in this lagoon? There is no air-strip, no copra schooners visit the atoll and only yachtsmen can reach it. Today a family of four is living on the island for part of the year and they do their best to make us travelling gypsies feel welcome. Soon after we had negotiated the pass into the lagoon we were met by friends on other yachts and it felt to me just like coming home.

We stayed for eight days and discovered the tiny motu of Anchorage Island which was covered with huge palm trees. We went snorkelling in the warm waters notorious for reef sharks which abound locally and we basically lived from the sea. We had fresh fish, smoked fish, baked fish, fried fish and fish cooked on the open fire with an exotic sauce. Sour-pickled fish, raw fish in coconut milk, or for a change as fish-burgers on home-made bread. The possibilities with fish are endless!

Before sunset each day the adventurers would meet for a volley-ball game under the palm trees and during pot-luck dinner at the beach we got to know each other better while at the same time enjoying our unusual life-style. The culinary climax of these evenings was frequently a giant coconut crab about two feet in length. The blue monster turned an appetizing red colour after being cooked and there was delicious meat in the powerful claws.

But the time passed much too quickly. The next cyclone season would soon be upon us and we had to move on. The sail to Pago Pago in American Samoa turned out to be quite rough and with over 30 knots of wind GLORY was under storm jib only. I never imagined I would ever have to use this tiny pocket-handkerchief of a sail in the tropics

From now on I will be alone with Lucky-dog again - Roger has to fly back to BANJO, but new dream destinations are waiting for me beyond the horizon. Sailing for the rest of my life is an idea that appeals. The freedom is too great a treasure to give up easily. If you don't like a place, you can pick up your anchor and keep going, you have your home with you.

I've just looked through my Log Book and found out that during the 6 months which have elapsed since my leaving Florida there lie 8070 miles in GLORY'S wake and I spent a total of about 14 weeks actually sailing the high seas. Therefore more time was spent on the ocean than in port!

ATON III - Jan-Piet Kloos (85 years old) writes from Haarlem, near Amsterdam in Holland:

"Ad and Anne Beaufort invited me to the 3rd International Seadog Rally at Goes but I regret that a lot of circumstances made it impossible for me to join the reunion. I still enjoy sailing ATON III although my wife Rie is, physically, not able to assist any more. So my trips are limited to Sundays or weekends on the IJsselmeer from my home port Enkhuizen in whatever time I have available, for my professional work is still going on. So my contribution is not worthwhile, and should perhaps be limited to - "I enjoy my Seadog, the water and the wind".

It is interesting to know that a Seadog has sailed from Europe to Australia with a not-so-young skipper, although I suppose not really old."

ooo000ooo

by Terry James

CI-MÔR, as you may remember reading in the previous news magazine, sank in tragic circumstances in December 1992 and subsequently underwent a thorough refit before launching in the spring of 1993 - viz:-

Engine and gearbox completely rebuilt; Vessel rewired from masthead down; All electrical instruments replaced; Standing rigging partly replaced; All interior fittings, linings, furnishings replaced; Mild steel fuel tanks replaced with stainless steel. Given the wear and tear of nearly 20 years of use she was in A1 condition for the 1993 season.

It was a great year. On 21st May we left our moorings and set sail for Brittany, calling at Lundy, Padstow and Hayle on the way. We continued across the Channel to the Rade de Brest, then up the Aulne River to Port Launay, just above the first sea-lock. We left CI-MÔR at this delightful spot for five weeks, during which time our friends used her as a floating home.

We returned to Port Launay and CI-MÔR on the 26th of June, via the Plymouth-Roscoff ferry. Then, on the 27th locked out into the Aulne River and ran down the Rade de Brest to Camaret. Next day we enjoyed a most memorable sail to Belle Ile - arriving at Sauzon just before midnight. My memories of that exhilarating passage are summed up by the log entry written next morning:

"the first two hours a little slow as we ran towards the Raz-de-Sein, and visibility none too good; once the wind came on our quarter as we passed through the Raz, we flew along, the log rarely reading below 6 knots. The passage down to the low lying Penmarc'h Peninsular is always long, but with the sun now shining we were ahead over an hour earlier than expected. The weather forecast gave the wind as being northeast, strength Force 5/7 and we were now beginning to feel overpressed, for we had all sails set. By early evening the mizzen was lowered; this was followed soon after by several rolls being taken in on the mainsail. We were flying along, the log constantly reading over 7 knots (it once got up to 8.9 knots!) The wind now Force 6/7 but being offshore the sea was relatively calm and there was no swell. As dusk approached, and feeling rather cold and tired, we decided to make for Sauzon (rather than Le Palais), and run her aground in the inner harbour there. The final hours were very cold and wet and nearing the island we shipped a few seas. We approached the Sauzon in the dark and, as planned, grounded successfully just inside the harbour mouth. I moved CI-MÔR three hours later on the rising tide. What a superb passage - average speed six knots plus, miles logged 97 ... in 16 hours" - and all done under sail alone.

So - we were already at Belle Ile - and this was only the second day of our holiday! After a couple of days relaxation we pressed on south to l'Herbaudiere on the Ile de Noirmoutier. The contrast in building styles and materials between Brittany and the Vendee is striking. In one day's sail we had moved from grey slate and granite to white walls and terracotta roofs. We liked the Ile de Noirmoutier with its bustling street market and castle and the extensive salt-pans, such a feature in this part of the world. Two days later we headed for the Ile d'Yeu and almost sailed straight into some rocky shallows. Our Decca Navigator had locked onto the now non-existent French chains and was giving incorrect bearings. Once I realised this I reprogrammed it to British chains, and we returned to normality, albeit not with the accuracy we are accustomed to.

The main town of Ile de Yeu is Port Joinville, a pleasant bustling place

with a massive fishing fleet of very new vessels. The marina here is over-pressed at this time of year, and fearing we would find ourselves on the inside of a great raft of boats, we set off the next afternoon across the 3 hour passage to the Fromentine Channel between Ile de Noirmoutier and the mainland. A sobering passage indeed. Never trust the French "Special P" charts which are widely sold in newspapers. The one in question had been purchased in Belle Ile four days before and was wildly out of date as far as the buoyed Fromentine Channel was concerned. We grounded on the bar in something like a Force 5 wind and a beam sea, took a few big waves into the cockpit, but fortunately managed to get off again and into the channel proper without damage. We were quite shaken and don't intent using this as a passage anchorage again!

Time was marching on and we had now given up the idea of working further south, so set off at high water next morning in a stiff wind, arriving at Le Croisic early evening. We spent the night on a mooring and next day tied up on the quay wall. This is a delightful town, involved in the extensive, (but contracting) Guerende salt industry. We walked through the areas of the salt workings, a fascinating process with an interesting birdlife, including the long legged Stilt and her young. We intend returning here another year.

We then moved on to Port Louis, (opposite l'Orient), in misty, wet conditions, relying on the Decca to navigate through the many rocks near the Passage de Teignouse. We spent Bastille Day there at the small marina, visiting the Musee de la Compagnie des Indes and the naval museum, all in the Citadelle. In the evening a memorable fireworks display. Next day, after the mists finally lifted, we motored to the Iles de Glenan, anchoring for the night off Ile de Loc'h. Next day the long passage to Douarnenez. The Port Rhu river has been dammed by a tidal lock since our last visit, the whole now filled with historic vessels of the Port Musee. The lock gates make a convenient bridge for getting from the marina at Treboul across the river to Douarnenez where we spent a whole day at the museum alone. Two days on and we moved up to Paluden, where we left CI-MOR for a few days to go to stay with French friends.

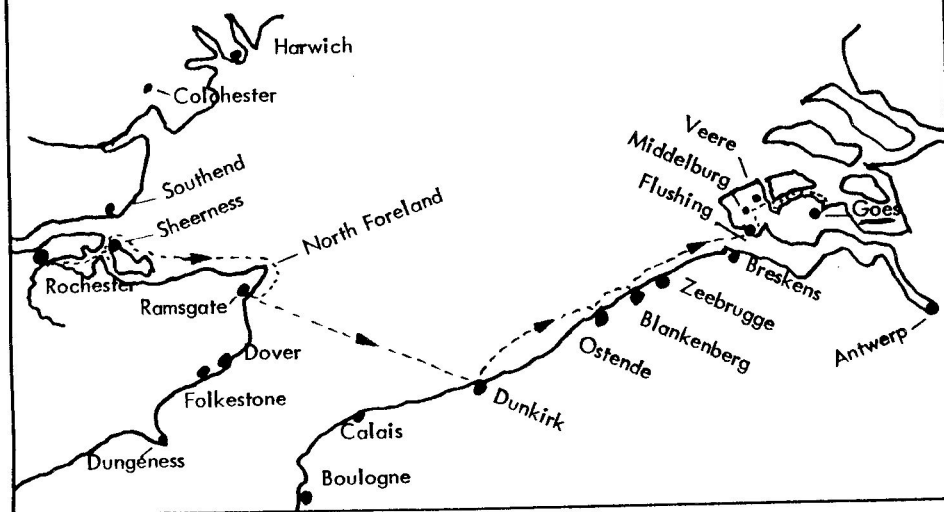
Four days later we left for home, crossing the Channel and making our way to Padstow in one hop, where after refuelling, we took the same tide to anchor off Lundy Island for the night. We left there next day, crossing Carmarthen Bar on the evening tide. CI-MOR had travelled just under 1,000 miles since leaving her home port.

During the winter we fitted a Spurs rope cutter to the propeller shaft. This involved having a bronze collar made for the bearing housing, and a spacer for the flexible coupling to make room for the cutter's blade. I also fitted a new bow-roller of 4" diameter aluminium bronze. This was a great improvement.

The other modification was to the loo. I fitted quite a small (it was 12 litre) holding tank. This necessitated fitting a diverter valve on the outlet side of the Lavac, one branch going to the outlet seacock, the other to the holding tank which sits at the aft side of the toilet bowl. Part of the new pipework uses domestic waste pipe normally fitted to kitchen sinks and wash-hand basins. The tank is useful in those situations where one is in port (or dried out) and the loo is needed. Once out at sea the contents are emptied into the loo (by disconnecting the tank) and pumped out in the normal way.

We also bought a GARMIN GPS 75 navigator which I've mounted in the cockpit and is easily removed. To get all the benefits of this wonderful piece of equipment it really must be in the cockpit. We also took out a three-year contract-hire on a liferaft. All this new gear has of course been in use this year, and will be reported on in the the next issue, together with the story of our cruise to Brittany and the Scillies.

3RD INTERNATIONAL SEADOG RALLY



BOATS & CREWS PRESENT AT GOES

← <u>TALIESIN</u>	← <u>NAUSIKAA</u>	← <u>SULISKER</u>	
← <u>SEAFLEUR</u>	← <u>BRANDANE</u>	← <u>PALAFX</u>	← <u>MOHICAN</u>
← <u>SARA OF WYRE</u>	← <u>WAGTAIL</u>	← <u>SEEHOND</u>	← <u>MISSI</u>

PONTOON

- | | | |
|------------------------|--|-----------------------|
| 1. <u>BRANDANE</u> | - Olaf Mulder: R. Nederveen
Henry Barendrecht | - from AMSTERDAM |
| 2. <u>MISSI</u> | - Heinz Willman | - from WILHELMSHAFEN |
| 3. <u>MOHICAN</u> | - John & Tina Tattum
Mary & John Hummerston | - from SOUTHAMPTON |
| 4. <u>NAUSIKAA</u> | - Wessel, Netty, Pieter,
Marjenke en Geert Liezenga | - from MIDDELBURG |
| 5. <u>PALAFX</u> | - Jack & Bobby Phillips | - from SOUTH BENFLEET |
| 6. <u>SARA OF WYRE</u> | - Ad, Francoise en Corinne Beaufort | - from GCES |
| 7. <u>SEAFLEUR</u> | - Colin & Tisha Browne
Peter & Olive French | - from ROCHESTER |
| 8. <u>SEEHOND</u> | - Ken & Jess Willey | - from GOSPORT |
| 9. <u>SULISKER</u> | - Peter, Sonja en Diana Binkhorst | - from YMUIDEN |
| 10. <u>TALIESIN</u> | - Eric Richardson, Norman Hindley
John Moore | - from LOWESTOFT |
| 11. <u>WAGTAIL</u> | - Nigel, Gill, Hannah and
James Peckman | - from CHATHAM |

oooCCooo

THE THIRD INTERNATIONAL SEADOG RALLY

G O E S - 5/6/7TH AUGUST 1994

by Peter & Olive French

SEADOG International Rallies are held at intervals of three years, the first, Middelburg, Holland in 1988, followed by Shotley Point, Harwich in 1991. The venue for our 1994 Rally was Goes, an agreeable mediaeval market town in Holland, the Dutch organizer, Ad Besufoort (SARA OF WYRE).

It was a hot and sultry day in July when Olive and I joined Colin Browne aboard SEAFLEUR to sail from Rochester on the River Medway in Kent across the North Sea. We spent a couple of happy days prior to sailing exploring Rochester (Charles Dickens territory) and being generally spoiled by our hosts Colin and Tisha, both Cordon Bleu cooks. Shortly before the off Colin was in mid-river rowing back to us waiting aboard SEAFLEUR when a summer storm struck; in moments he was fighting hurricane force winds and torrential rain. Colin rowed like a fiend but as we watched on our snapped and he was abruptly swept from our sight. A little later we were much relieved to see him come into view, pulling himself slowly towards us along the lines of moored yachts, still wearing a smile.

In the quiet of evening we slipped away on the tail end of the ebb downstream towards Sheerness. At length the bright lights of the power station on the Isle of Grain appeared through the darkness and glowed a welcome as we sought shelter for the night in nearby Stangate Creek. We sailed at dawn fully intending to proceed directly to Dunkirk, but steep seas off North Foreland caused the dinghy, (hung in davits athwart the stern) to collide with the Navstar aerial and break it. The first we knew of this was when the Decca packed up. But Colin appeared not the least perturbed. He said he'd long intended to replace the old Navstar with a G.P.S. set anyway! So we altered course for Ramsgate and the shops. During Colin's absence ashore one of his friends, a specialist in electronic repairs, sailed into the harbour and observing SEAFLEUR came alongside. Hearing the story he took the damaged aerial to pieces, swiftly repaired its innards and by the time Colin returned swinging a carrier bag containing his new G.P.S. the old Navstar was working again. We had a first rate sail to Dunkirk next day and arrived early evening, the new G.P.S. set having passed its first test with flying colours.

Next port of call was Blankenberg where we found the marina so packed with yachts we had to raft up among many others. Later, when I set off to look for the showers I forgot to note precisely where SEAFLEUR was berthed. Finding the showers closed I wandered off for a while to look at the shops. Returning in darkness I walked endlessly up and down pontoon after pontoon in my search for SEAFLEUR. Once, momentarily blinded by high level security lights I tripped and almost pitched headlong off the pontoon, but saved myself from falling in by grabbing some mooring lines, suffering nothing worse than a wet foot. Late by then, I was ruminating what to do, when a group of English-speaking Dutch folk emerged from a nearby yacht and saved the day. It was lucky for me they recalled having seen SEAFLEUR arrive some hours earlier!

In high spirits the next morning we set off in bright sunshine bound for Middelburg but as we neared the Scheldt Estuary visibility became poor. By the time we had weaved our way warily across the busy shipping lanes full of fast moving ships navigating under radar, and had dodged the speedy Breskens ferries dashing hither and thither we were quite ready to exchange that brand of excitement for the quieter life of a canal.

We reached Middelburg without incident then walked into town to find Piet Castenmiller, the man who, in 1988 first had the idea of staging an International Seadog Rally. But Piet had sailed to England to visit us! We were fortunate though in meeting Kathy Barratt again - a good friend of Seadoggers who acted as our guide and interpreter when she took us all on an historic walk round the town after our Civic Reception. We spent a pleasant afternoon in her company and caught up with all the news. The good times for us continued into the evening when we joined Colin for dinner at the "Camel" restaurant next door to Middelburg's Arne Yacht Club; a superb meal and a fitting end to a lovely day which had been a delight from start to finish.

It was hot and windless next morning when we started for the Veersemeer. An hour or two later when the extreme heat became unbearable, Colin proposed we go in for a swim to cool off, so we anchored close by the shore in the Veersemeer. Colin changed into swimming trunks and dived to the bottom to check the anchor was well dug in then swam to shallow water where soon I joined him. We swam around together for a while then Colin returned to the boat, but I stayed on revelling in the cool water. Some time after I'd started to swim back I began to grow uneasy for SEAFLEUR appeared to be no closer than when I started. I was puzzled. A quick glance back at the shore showed it to be further off than SEAFLEUR. Thinking I must be imagining things or my eyes were playing tricks I struck out more strongly towards SEAFLEUR. But no matter how hard or for how long I swam she remained obstinately beyond reach. By now at the limit of my endurance I perceived in a moment of instant horror the peril I was in. Breathless, I called for help. Olive heard but did not at first realise that I was on the point of drowning. Only when I shouted for a second time urging haste did everything explode into action.

Colin shot up from below, dived over the side, and gripping a lifebuoy which Olive had thrown him between his teeth, sped towards me like a man possessed. He stopped a short distance from me and tossed the lifebuoy into my arms. He would come no nearer, he said, because in an earlier rescue, a drowning 13 year old had panicked and locked his arms so tightly round Colin's neck they'd both been dragged under and were nearly drowned. Safely supported by the lifebuoy I was ready at last to believe the unbelievable - that SEAFLEUR really was drifting away - my eyes had not been playing tricks. Olive, who had remained on board throughout, completed the rescue. Colin called for her to start the engine and bring the boat over to us which she did with great aplomb.

The cause of SEAFLEUR drifting away is a mystery - the anchor had been checked and there was plenty of chain down. Our theory is that the windage of the large inflatable dinghy suspended in davits across the stern plus a sleeping bag draped over the mizzen boom must have been great enough, in a sudden fresh breeze which had sprung up from nowhere, to swing the stern downwind and in so doing, drag the anchor backwards out of the ground.

For her part Olive says she now realizes it is vitally important to get to know how to handle the boat and will make sure she has practice starting the engine from cold. It's just as well for me that she'd absorbed a little knowledge by simply watching. Colin cheered her by saying that she did everything perfectly by not rushing and by keeping calm. It had been a useful lesson to learn and good man-overboard practice.

After the excitement we continued to Goes where Ad Beaufort waited patiently on the canal bank to direct us into De Werf marina, one of the prettiest places you'll ever find to keep a boat. De Werf is so tiny, hidden among trees it has a board-walk all round, a friendly yacht club, good showers and, standing on a little promontory, a quaint little stone-built lighthouse. A lighthouse with a difference, for this one is a loo!

After our evening meal we took a short walk into town, saw SEEHOND in the main harbour then went back to boat and bed, only to be awakened soon after by a brief but vigorous storm. Dazzling displays of lightning lit the marina brighter than day and fusillades of thunder rocked the heavens. Towards the end came a blinding flash and a bang that would have awakened the dead. So close we feared WAGTAIL near us had been hit. But instead the lightning struck the lifting bridge by the entrance to the marina, welded both halves together, and set warning bells ringing non-stop all through that night and for most of next day.

But back to the Rally - early Friday morning SARA OF WYRE, WAGTAIL and SEAFLEUR moved out from De Werf to the town marina, then in ones and twos eight more Seadogs arrived. At the extremes, Heinz Willman came in MISSI single-handed from Wilhelmshaven in Germany, while Wessel Liezenga came in NAUSIKAA with his wife Netty, 3 children, Pieter, Marjanke and Geert and 2 dogs from Middelburg; Tisha from SEAFLEUR and Tina from MOHICAN arrived by 'plane and taxi. That night we forgot ourselves at De Werf marina clubhouse and enjoyed a pleasant couple of hours in each others company before returning to our bunks. It is a truism that no matter where in this world you live, if you have a Seadog you have friends!

On Saturday morning Ad Beaufort walked us round Goes which is first mentioned as being a town in 1402 - a castle being built in 1417. About that time the town got its charter and the right to build fortified walls. Creeks that remained after the big flood of 1134 were used as canals and defensive moats around the town walls. The following centuries were not without disaster; again a flood in 1530, Spanish occupation around 1534, and in the same year a disastrous fire after which the use of thatching for roofs was forbidden. Goes was very prosperous in the late 16th & the 17th centuries, the so-called Golden Age of the Low Countries. Today it is an attractive, thriving market town, its port still busy, but with yachts, not berges. Our tour ended at the headquarters of the Dutch Waterboard where, over refreshments, we were shown a film of the building of a huge new barrage across the Oosterschelde.

Dinner that night was at "De Landbouw" restaurant in the Square where we all enjoyed a tasty traditional Dutch meal, the evening being rounded off with entertainment by a talented quartet. Olaf Mulder (BRANDANE) - baritone, Françoise and Corinne Beaufort (SARA OF WYRE), and Hannah Packman (WAGTAIL). They, having put in secret practice with flute and accordion, sang three songs, one for British, one for German, and one for Dutch crews. At the end of the final rollicking chorus of "The drunken sailor", pretty Françoise Beaufort who was dressed as the drunken sailor in baggy trousers and cap was carried off stage over Olaf's shoulder. The memory of that lovely evening lingers still.

Sunday's treat was a trip through the countryside aboard a vintage train drawn by a glittering hissing steam locomotive of such character and distinction it would not have appeared out of place in Disneyland. When the train stopped for half an hour at Hoedekenskerke for the engine to take on water, we had time to climb to the top of the dyke and look out over the wide panorama of the Oosterschelde, busy waterway to Antwerp whose tall buildings could be seen silhouetted on the skyline. We dined that evening with Jack and Bobby Phillips (PALAFOX) who invited us to join them at the Indonesian Restaurant in the Square, reviving happy memories of a meal we had all once eaten at the Indonesian restaurant in Middelburg in 1988. Monday was the day of general departure. TALIESIN, bound for Great Yarmouth, took the shortest route to the North Sea and quit the Oosterschelde via the Roompot lock, while the rest of us headed towards Middelburg. Sailing in close company with so many Seadogs was a pleasant experience and a great photo opportunity. We continued to Flushing which on brief acquaintance appeared worthy of further investigation, but alas we had no time, for Colin had to be back in the U.K. by the weekend.

We made a fastish trip next day past the giant breakwaters at Zeebrugge to Ostende, spent a noisy and rather rolly night at the Royal Ostende Yacht Club, and were not sorry to leave early next morning for the peace of Dunkirk. Urged ever faster by a strong ebbtide we passed by miles of sandbanks and shallows where close on either side of us waves broke in long lines of roaring foam. No place to be in an onshore gale. We arrived at Dunkirk in fine style and in glorious sunshine just after lunch, but strong headwinds held us weatherbound here for the next three days during which we visited Molo Les Pains and explored miles of the World War 2 Invasion Beaches. We were lucky with our weather as we heard south-east England had had three inches of rain. Eventually WAGTAIL joined us - they too were waiting for a favourable weather slot. Weather forecasts from all sources were chewed over until one morning, just after 3 a.m. we set off for England. There was still a lot of heavy swell which made getting breakfast difficult, but the weather improved later and became sunny and hot once more.

Apart from being intercepted by a Customs cutter a few miles from the Kent coast our voyage was uneventful, except for a welcome diversion when three dolphins swooped towards us but regrettably never came close enough for a photo. We reached Sheerness in darkness, found a sheltered spot to anchor in the quiet backwater of Sharfleet Creek and had a meal - it was then past midnight - a long but interesting day. Next morning we awoke to find ourselves practically surrounded by high walls of black mud. It was near low water and we saw that in the dark we'd managed to anchor in the most sheltered spot in the whole creek! While waiting for the tide we tidied the boat and packed, arriving that afternoon at Upnor Yacht Club where we unloaded our gear ashore. We'd had a simply wonderful trip, been fortunate with the weather the whole time we were away, visited many interesting places, and best of all, met lots of our Seadog friends - who could ask for more?

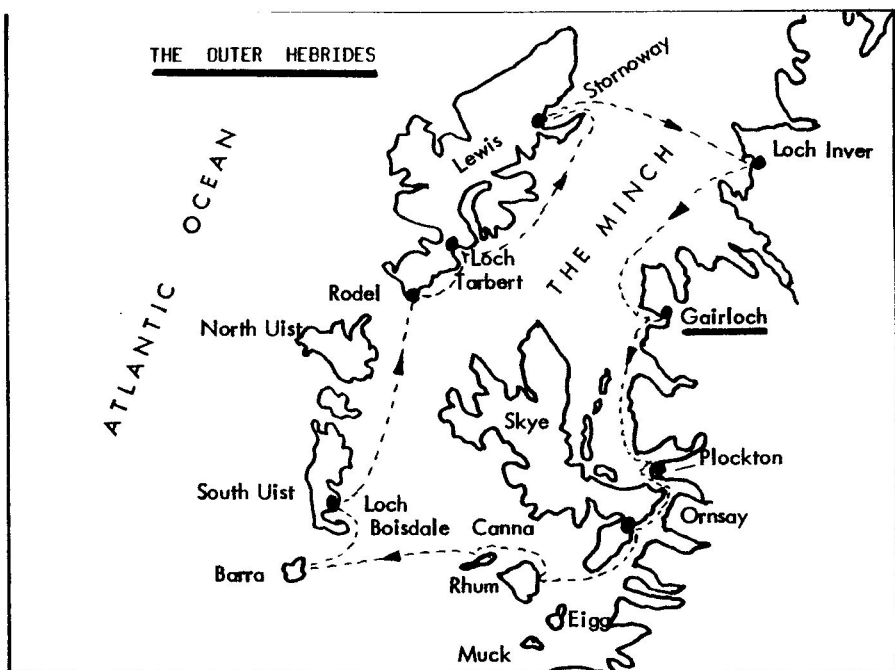
A HEBRIDEAN CRUISE - 1967

By Captain Mervyn Wingfield R.N.

Boswell and Johnson made their tour of the Hebrides in late autumn and not surprisingly had appalling weather. We chose mid-July when it would certainly be lighter and probably warmer, if warm is the word to use in connection with Hebridean weather. In the event we had eight fine days, six rainy and two moderate gales. The wind never varied by so much as a point from south-west and was generally Force 3-4. We needed two sweaters most days and gloves were an advantage on the wheel.

It's quite a way from Haslemere in Surrey where we all live, to Gairloch (not to be confused with the more famous Gareloch in the Clyde). Fortunately three of the four who comprised our crew were able to take advantage of British Rail's Form 24889 - (the Senior Citizens Rail Card) - the fourth only missing it by a dog-watch, so the journey to Inverness was economical as well as fast. The owner met us at Achnesheen and an hour later, after a spectacular drive through the Highlands, we reached the tiny village of Badachro where the yacht was moored in a totally sheltered sea loch.

"CONVARA" is a yacht of the well-known SEADOG Class. (The name is supposed to mean "seadog" but it looks more like "dog-sea"). A centre-cockpit ketch with comfortable accommodation for four, she is ideally suited to cruising in the Western Isles, particularly as she has an excellent engine.



Our plan was to cruise up the Hebrides from Barra in the south to Stornoway in the north. It was a fairly ambitious programme but we managed it with a day to spare which we spent resting in Stornoway. The rough chart shews where we called. No night sailing was involved and our longest day at sea was only 40 miles.

After a night at Plockton (an unusual name for this part of the world) - which produced the worst meal of the cruise, and a night sheltering from a slight gale in Ornsay, Skye, we reached the Island of Rhum where we celebrated appropriately with a bottle of Red Rum. (Later we were to sight the mountains of Arkle and Foinavon which made a nice treble. They were at extreme range as was the dreaded Cape Wrath which shewed up clearly at 40 miles).

An astonishing feature of Rhum is Kinloch Castle. Built at the turn of the century by a newly-rich industrialist, in a style strongly reminiscent of St Pancras Station, it was never put to full use. Despite its ample size and the 200 ton steam yacht which provided transport from Mallaig, few people were prepared to accept his over-sumptuous hospitality, such was the vulgarity of the owner. Now the castle is part hostel and part office for the conservation authority which owns the island.

On the short but stormy crossing to Canna, which is the fourth of the Cocktail Islands (Rhum, Muck and Eigg being the others), we had a burgee foul-up which necessitated someone going up the mast in a bosuns chair. Fortunately there wasn't one on board as none of the old gentlemen on board fancied the idea. Imagine our pleasure when, soon after anchoring a young man rowed over from a neighbouring yacht with a bosuns chair under his arm and asked if he could help. In a few minutes he had put all to rights.

As we were having a beer we asked him what he did for a living and it turned out that he was an electrical engineer with the Post Office.

In no time at all we had the engine covers off and were explaining to him the complicated defect which caused either complete silence from the starter or a shower of sparks. "No problem" he said. "May I have a screwdriver?". There was of course a loose connection which none of our technical geniuses had noticed. Back in the saloon our young friend quickly repaired a bunk light (by screwing in the bulb), and departed, modestly disclaiming any special skill. A happy incident.

The 30 mile passage to Barra was a hard slog on the engine against Force 6 right on the nose, but Perkins 25 horses trotted happily along with never a stumble. We were quite pleased to reach the pleasant little port of Castlebay whose principal feature is a 14th century castle sitting on an island in the bay. A stronghold of the Clan McNeill from the dawn of history, it formed a convenient base for the piracy which used to provide the bulk of the Clan's fortune. Surprisingly it is still in the ownership of the Chief of the Clan, who though an American citizen still lives there for a part of the year.

It was on the run up to Loch Boisdale that The Incident of the Steering Wheel occurred. Hooky Walker had noticed that the wheel was a little wobbly but was somewhat taken aback when it came off in his hands. The boat, running fast in a fresh breeze, of course went mad. The wheel fitted on to a keyed spindle which was rapidly rotating in different directions as the rudder slammed from side to side. By a miracle of dexterity Roger Pearson finally got the key in the slot and screwed up the nut which was the cause of the trouble.

It had been some years since I had had steering wheel trouble but then it was no accident. Returning from the Far East in my T-Boat in 1944 we lay alongside TRENCHANT commanded by Beldy Hezlet, at the Submarine Base in Malta. We were due to sail at 08.00 and the Flotilla staff had kindly assembled to see us off. After the goodbyes I gave the order to let go. "Sir" said the Coxswain. "I've no steering wheel". To the irritation of our hosts, who were longing to get to their breakfast, we had to postpone our sailing while a search was made. The first place to look of course was in H.M.S. TRENCHANT, where adorning the wardroom table was the missing wheel. No one had the slightest idea how it got there, least of all the captain, now better known as Vice Admiral Sir Arthur Hezlet.

Loch Boisdale sported an excellent hotel where we had our first taste of salmon, a pleasant change from the haddock which was the basic dish elsewhere. Salmon fetches an enormous price nowadays as we discovered when we met a poacher. He had spent the night on Lord Vestey's loch with his brother and two bottles of malt whisky, and was still pretty mellow at lunch time. He freely admitted that he had netted three salmon of around nine pounds each for which he would get the best part of £100. He said he was a sort of Robin Hood and was doing a public service which Lord Vestey could well afford. Later we met a legitimate fisherman who told us he had had excellent fishing and had landed 28 fish of which the largest was 19 lbs.

Rodel, where we spent Day 7, has a tiny land-locked harbour with a bar which dries 4 feet. As everywhere else in the Western Isles, everyone spoke Gaelic as their first language and we had a warm welcome to the little dockside bar. The "specialite de la maison" was Royal Household whisky which commemorates the visit of the Queen in BRITANNIA. She was looking for a quiet place for a picnic but unfortunately the Press hired a helicopter which somewhat detracted from her pleasure in one of her favourite relaxations.

It was while trying to anchor at East Loch Tarbert that the Incident of the Coathanger occurred. The cable ran out for three fathoms and then jammed. In a fresh breeze naturally we dragged, but luckily finished up alongside a lobster boat. We found that a coathanger had fallen into the

cable locker and consummated a real snakes wedding with the chain. We were not to enjoy our nice alongside berth for long as the fisherman, as always happens, wanted to sail in two hours.

We enjoyed Stornoway which had a pleasant air of prosperity. Here we saw actual trees growing - a relief for eyes grown accustomed to rock and heather. There were some 60 deep-sea trawlers all gleaming with fresh paint, which told its own story. Another conspicuous feature was the number of drunks rolling about the streets at 11 a.m. This may have had something to do with the Scottish fishermen's custom of starting the day with four fingers of rum in his coffee cup.

Dominating Stornoway is Lewis Castle, once the home of Lord Leverhulme. He tried to introduce modern industrial methods into the Islands and got himself much disliked by the Highlanders who had no desire to become wage-slaves. We returned to Gairloch via Loch Inver where there was a many starred fishing hotel enjoying great prosperity. The weather in the North Minch lived up to its reputation - Force 2 up to Force 7 in ten minutes.

Supplies for the larder were never a problem although some of the brand names were unfamiliar. Whisky, particularly malt, was abundant but gin was a different matter. The locals don't seem to like it much and when we ran to earth some obscure concoction we had to buy lime juice to take the taste away.

It was a very pleasant cruise of some 320 miles, 140 under power. The scenery was gorgeous; we had no accidents and only minor emergencies; no one fell in the sea coming off from the pub which made a nice change. The sailing was just arduous enough to make it a relief when, at the end of the day, we entered our chosen haven for the night.

ooo000ooo

ROUSELLE - A SEADOG TRANSFORMED

Brian Jones writes from North Devon:

"Thought I'd let you know that ROUSELLE has just had her shakedown cruise after the fitting of a bowsprit.

Her sailing performance has been transformed.

The cutter rig has increased her windward speed by about one knot and it allows her to sail about 40 degrees to the wind. She will sail herself to windward with neutral helm making an easy 7 knots in a Force 4 wind. I wouldn't have believed that a bowsprit and a cutter rig could have made so much difference.

I feel that a cutter-headed rig is a must for a Seadog. There aren't many yachts that could out sail her now; and on a broad reach, where, before, the genoa was masked by the main - she absolutely flies.

The genoa is 290 square feet and the other sail is 90 square feet. The staysail is very useful when going about. Instead of sailing her through the eye of the wind, you just leave the staysail on the original tack and re-sheet the genoa on the new tack. The wind on the back of the staysail will push her round. When on the new course, you then release the staysail and sheet it on the same side as the genoa. It makes going about quick and clean.

I think you could say that ROUSELLE now performs better than I could ever have expected her to".

ooo000ooo

"IT WILL NEVER HAPPEN TO ME"

(but one day it might!)

By Olive French

A word of warning to Seadog wives how many of you, like me, enjoy the sailing, arriving at foreign ports, meeting new friends and all that cruising brings?. I've sailed with Peter since the Fifties and I'm happy cooking, mooring etc., but have never been the slightest bit interested in boat handling. Oh, I can steer if I have to, but it has never been a great love of mine.

Many times while sitting in the cockpit I've watched Peter, moving this lever and that when under engine, and I suppose that subconsciously I'd picked up a bit of knowledge, but whenever we went anywhere Peter started the engine and did all the necessary things - and I let him.

Well, in 1994 we sailed over to Holland with Colin Browne, aboard his Seadog, SEAFLEUR, a super trip, arriving in the Veersemeer on the hottest day ever recorded in Holland's history. So hot, that from all the boats in sight, people were leaping into the water to cool off. We anchored and Colin (a strong swimmer) dived over the side and checked the anchor - it was fine.

He and Peter then had a swim around the boat and as the shore was not too far off, headed towards it. I grabbed my camera and called to Peter as he swam away - "I'll take this last photo on the reel", adding "it might be the last one I take of you - you look just like that fellow on TV who starts his series by stripping off all his clothes on the beach and heads out to sea and out of sight"! Fortunately as things turned out, I decided to stay aboard as I like swimming only where I can stand up.

After about half an hour Colin swam back to SEAFLEUR and was busy doing a few jobs around the boat, and I was sitting in a shady spot reading when I heard a faint call. Looking up I saw Peter about halfway between land and boat - I waved back, then heard an urgent shout which made me realise he was in trouble. I quickly found Colin who immediately dived over the side, picked up the lifebuoy I'd thrown him, and sped like a torpedo towards Pete. He arrived just in time. Soon they realised SEAFLEUR was drifting away faster than they could swim. Then - "The boat is drifting away - can you bring it over towards us?". Dear God, I thought, I've never started a Seadog engine in all my life - nor had complete charge of a boat - there had always been someone there to tell me what to do. I could see that the distance between boat and men was increasing rapidly, so knew I had to try. A quick thought - shall I try to heave the anchor in, so heavy with all that chain out, maybe better to start the engine and drag the anchor slowly across the bottom as it obviously was not dug in.

I turned the key and the engine started - so which lever do I push? I tried to remember what I'd seen Peter do - a tentative push on one then the other and joy oh joy, SEAFLEUR started to move forward. I turned her towards the shore which by now was a long way off and in so doing had to thread my way across a stream of yachts making their way along the Veersemeer and collected quite a few dirty looks from their owners in the process. When eventually I was within easy reach of their floating heads, I turned the boat to port so they could reach the boarding ladder on the starboard side, then put the engine into neutral.

Colin soon climbed aboard and took over, followed shortly by a very relieved Peter who said that by the time Colin reached him with the lifebuoy he felt he would only have been able to keep going for about another 30 seconds - how prophetic was my throw-away remark about it being the last photograph!

Peter has described this scary event at a couple of Seadog Rallies to try to get the message over, and afterwards several Seadog wives have taken me aside to say they, like me, have been happy to let the men do it all. Now they want to know at least how to start the engine and handle the boat in an emergency.

What could have been a tragedy might in the end save others from a similar fate. So Ladies, take heed, you never know when it might be you, and only you, who has to take over. You may think it will never happen, but as I found out - it does!

"There is no better reward that God can give you than to save a life".
(Koran)

WITH KOHURAU TO THE CANARY ISLANDS

by Rowland Morgan

In the last Newsletter I catalogued additions and alterations to KOHURAU to prepare her for a long voyage: this is the final list:-

G.P.S. Interface with handheld Garmin G.P.S as back-up.
Battery charger for my "Nokia" telephone.
Two new safety-harness "U" bolts.
Four new Harken-Barbarosso self-tailing winches.
Earthing plate for transmitter.
Hatch for access to seawater pump.
New propeller shaft and stern bearing.
Drinking water filter.
Fish-Finder.
New heat-exchanger body.
A 'remote' gas switch (which became corroded and useless after 20 days).
'Gaslow' gauge.
Third bilge pump (installed beneath starboard bunk).
Turnbuckles on bunk locker-lids.
Four 25 x litre diesel fuel containers plus one siphon.
A Pimini Top (essential in the Canary Islands).
A steering wheel cover.
New Plastimo Cooker with fail-safe jets.

THE VOYAGE

PENARTH TO THE SCILLY ISLANDS

We left Penarth, South Wales, on the 10th of May 1993 at 09.25 heading for St Mary's in the Scilly Islands and arrived at 15.30 that afternoon. We refuelled and set off again an hour and a half later for Vigo in Spain.

SCILLIES TO VIGO (SPAIN)

We soon picked up two new passengers - little birdies. Conditions calm much of the time, the sea like a mill pond, and a thick mist set in, with visibility down to about 50 feet - cheers to the radar. A cog-wheel in the Autohelm autopilot broke on the 14th; had to hand-steer while hopefully the glue sets. Very busy night with 5/6 ships in view most of the time. Found another bird lying dead in saloon next morning; died of shock looking at the mess it left - buried at sea! And three different adhesives failed to stick the cog-wheel together. It's a hard life!

At 18.30 on the 15th we decided to alter course for La Coruna instead of Vigo due to wind piping up from wrong direction. We picked up a mooring in La Coruna Harbour just after midnight on the 16th - my birthday. Engine hours 55.5: Fuel used 30 gallons; Mileage from Cardiff 586 nautical miles: Time taken - 5 days and 16 hours.

Around 6 a.m. next morning I jumped out of bed at the noise of a crash to find a 20 ft. power boat skewered on our bowsprit, its windows caved in, having broken away from her mooring. Tied up alongside to prevent further damage until the wind (Force 10) died away. Not insured, poor chap. Lost one-and-a-half days waiting for the Autohelm bit - same naff plastic bit arrived though I was still charged for an aluminium one. Glad to get away.

LA CORUNA (SPAIN) TO PENICHE (PORTUGAL)

On the 20th of May we filled up with diesel and water and cast off at 14.00. Cape Finisterre abeam at 02.45 hours. Now finally able to head due south towards the warm stuff, fingers crossed. Lovely starry night but with a fair chill in the air. Next day saw a change in the weather. Sails lashed down, motoring slowly into a confused sea with some quite high waves. Just after midnight the engine began to lose revs. and finally cut out. I filled tanks with extra fuel and tried to restart engine but to no avail. Suspected gasket leak on fuel injector. Sailing under geriatric rig (jib & mizzen). Then the wind died, so decided to sail into Porto de Nazare rather than dodge the rocks off Peniche. Full sail! 17.30 - tied up in marina in Porto de Nazare after an anxious entry and tour of the harbour using the dinghy lashed alongside and its little Mercury 2.2 h.p. outboard as our engine. Total from La Coruna 277 nautical miles - 3 days 3 1/2 hours: Total from Cardiff - 863 nautical miles.

PORTO DE NAZARE (PORTUGAL) TO FUNCHAL (MADEIRA) 24th May 1993

Next morning found problem with engine was caused by copper washer on a fuel injector being kaput; local mechanic had it repaired by 10.00 a.m. - great news. Nice town, lovely beaches, did some shopping and eating (custard tarts!) We cast off at 14.30 - set full sail - and it stopped raining. Fun was had by all getting through the shipping lanes in the dark off Lisbon - Roger scoring "nearest to the bull". We left the last of the major shipping lanes behind us with the glow of Lisbon slowly fading in the east. Then the wind came round onto the nose and for hours we motored with the main and mizzen flapping. Yet all the books say southerly winds are very unusual from May to September along this coast! Eventually we turned the engine off for a time to have a bit of peace and to give the engine a rest. Then a squall came up - I put two reefs in the main and the genoa got wrapped around the forestay, which we untwisted by sailing downwind, but two of the reefing pennants on the second reef got torn out. The squalls eventually died to give a pleasant evening with some impressive clouds and rainbows, but in the distance lightning flickered. Then the wind got up to gale force. Woke up to find quite a lot of water swishing around the galley floor. The source was traced to where the through-hull bolts for the brass earthing plate had corroded and snapped quite cleanly off. Could have been a dangerous situation had nobody been on board. Blocked holes with similar size bolts.

Late on the 26th I talked on the VHF to the skipper of a big wooden American ketch on its way to Gibraltar from Bermuda. He complained at having to run for so long! He gave us a synopsis of a weather fax which explained the persistent southwesterly winds - a big low stuck over Portugal not allowing the High to move in. We were hit by further squalls during the night when, successively, the mainsheet pulled away from the mizzen boom (I made a temporary repair), the canopy started to fall to pieces, and the starboard navigation light went out.

Finally out of the nasty weather now with the barometer rising gently all the time and the wind veering round to its more normal direction of north-northwest. Nearly shorts weather? - he says, chewing wood, as touching it doesn't seem to have been working.

Back largely to motoring, the sails flopping quietly as the wind, what there is of it, now round on the nose again. Dark clear starry night. Roger seems to be coming alive again, even managed to make himself a cup of tea during his watch. Is it the improvement in the weather, or the fact that he started on the sea-sickness tablets last night? 28th May: visited by a large school of dolphins and seabirds around noon today.

Had to bleed the fuel system again. Seems the diesel tanks empty at different rates so if one dries out the engine sucks air and stalls even though there are still 8 gallons in the other. Checked fuel consumption - 47 gallons used for 76 hours motoring. Put kettle on to make tea. Burner stopped after a couple of moments. Gas cylinder empty after nearly three weeks of use? No. Checked new electric cut-out switch; nicely corroded with salt water. Fuse blown. Fitted another and another. Removed "electric gas cut-off switch" from system. All is well. Two hours for a cup of tea! Three weeks the gadget lasted.

Next day (29th) the weather worsened. Motoring with a southwest wind again on the nose and seas building uncomfortably. Barometer dropping. Talked to an oil tanker this afternoon to try to get a weather forecast. He asked our destination - Madeira - but he didn't know it. All he could say was - "Ur - North, weather worse - South, weather better".

As the hours passed the seas abated, the wind lightened and we were able to sail peacefully southwards under a blue sky, with the boat well balanced on its own without autopilot. Bliss. At midnight I put the engine on. It stopped, started, ran for 5 minutes then cut out again. Back to bed muttering words to do with illegitimacy. About 2 a.m. with the wind having gone around to the northwest, I took out the reefs in the mainsail to try to gain an extra knot and soon we were under sail alone for the first time in two weeks. Lovely bright night with moon, half-full and slowly falling in the west. During the day we soaked up the sunshine and watched three hump-backed whales wallowing by. Tried fishing. No joy. So I bled the fuel system and off she went, putt-putt-putting along at 4 knots on a mirror sea. Good sunburning day. Ouch! We carried on motoring along into the night at a fair pace and such a calm sea. Beautiful night with bright moon shining on a glass-like sea. This is more like the real thing. We have really seen the two extremes in a matter of a few days.

Early next morning I turned the engine off to fill up with reserve fuel (10 gallons). Obviously I didn't turn off early enough, as the system had to be bled again. Mid-afternoon we sighted the island of Porto Santo dead on the nose. Thank you, G.P.S. Beautiful day. We had to stop off in Santo as we were running very low on fuel. Shame, as it means a lot of unnecessary paper work. We arrived in the harbour and were tied up by 21.30. Next morning, 1st of June, we filled up with fuel and set off again immediately, motoring with main and mizzen, gentle swell, cloudless sky apart from a big one over Madeira. We tied up in Funchal Harbour at 18.00 and straight away topped up with fuel and water.

FUNCHAL, MADEIRA - TO LOS GIGANTES, TENERIFE, CANARY ISLANDS.

We cast off again at mid-day, 2nd of June, Roger staying ashore, having decided to fly home from Madeira. The night was again bright, just short of a full moon, and we had the benefit of at least a knot under us from the favourable Canary current. Slight following wind. Noon to noon run 133 nautical miles - that is much more like it! A second night followed with the moon bright enough to be able to read on deck (big print). Same slight following wind, so main & mizzen sails fully out on preventers. Midnight to midnight run 134 nautical miles. At 05.30 we saw many lights, then with the coming of dawn, the outline of Tenerife. The digital barometer now says, can you believe, "cloud and rain for today". We tied up at Puerto Deportivo De Los Gigantes just before mid-day.

THE STORY OF "MAGGIE MAY"

by ERIC ARNOT

I bought MAGGIE MAY in South Africa six years ago.

A few months before that I was in Port Elizabeth on business when a friend, David Stobie, invited me to meet him at the Algoa Bay Yacht Club and come for a sail. He was full of affection for his old boat. She looked different from all the other boats, and when we went out in quite rough weather, she seemed to enjoy it. Later, when I talked to some of the club members in the bar there were general expressions of respect. "Not" they told me "just one of those Tupperware boats". That was my introduction to MAGGIE MAY.

So I told my friend that if he ever thought of selling her to let me know, which was surprising even to me, considering I live 400 miles from the sea, and I've never sailed before, except a small dinghy when I was a schoolboy, about 50 years ago.

However, I had at that time bought a holiday, maybe even retirement, house in Simon's Town, which is in False Bay, about 25 miles south of Cape Town, on the other side of the peninsula. Called 'False Bay' because in bygone days sailors might be deluded, in darkness or in mist, into thinking they had rounded Cape Point, when in fact they had passed only Hangklip and were heading for disaster.

I joined False Bay Yacht Club because the people seemed friendly, there is a nice view from the bar, and on Friday nights there is a happy-hour when all drinks are half-price. A few months later, my friend Stobie in Port Elizabeth phoned to say he wanted to go racing and had been offered a share in a bigger boat, and was I still interested in MAGGIE MAY? I had her surveyed and received a good report. No sign of stress cracks, nor of blistering, osmosis, or of work ever having been done previously to treat osmosis.

The report said "She has been built with a thoroughness and integrity seldom seen today. The underwater hull is in first class condition and will provide many more years of service." So I bought her.

I confess that I did not sail her the 500 miles from Port Elizabeth to Simon's Town myself, but Graham Emberson who runs the Algoa Bay School of Seamanship did that for me and was able to put together a willing crew of students who were looking for ocean mileage. Which was as well, because they had a rough passage with engine problems, and at the time I was totally without experience of sailing or living in those conditions.

So I had contrived the situation that I lived in Johannesburg and MAGGIE MAY lived about 1,000 miles away in Simon's Town, and, that on the occasions when I did get down to Simon's Town, I didn't know how to sail her, or even what to call all the intricate parts of her elegant body and superstructure. I started off by doing a three-day yacht hands course at a sailing school near Cape Town. Then my friend Lance who is an experienced yachtsman and retired from work, agreed to come sailing when I was down there, and let me play at being skipper. Also he has time to look after MAGGIE MAY when I'm not there.

When I bought MAGGIE MAY I planned to retire or semi-retire sooner than has in fact happened. So my sailing, mostly with Lance, has been confined to two or three weeks every three or four months. During such spells over the last few years I've had some great fun, and have become

comfortable in conditions that initially frightened me to death until I realised MAGGIE MAY just took them in her stride. She isn't a race-winner at the Club, but she is often admired and never goes unnoticed. About a year ago I did a "Local Waters Skipper's" course which qualifies me to take her some distance out of False Bay. I will need a Coastal Skippers Certificate before I can go further afield, or a Yachtmaster's Certificate before I can head for South America in one direction or Australia in the other, neither of which I'm planning to do.

How I wish I could move around in MAGGIE MAY in the circumstances you enjoy in Europe, with numerous harbours and estuaries, and places to tie up and go ashore and explore, or head for the pub. Or cross the Channel and do France, its coast or canals. If I move out of False Bay and turn left, there is hardly anywhere to stop between there and Port Elizabeth nearly 500 miles away. If I turn right, I can go round Cape Point and head for Hout Bay, a day's sail, or I can carry on to Saldanha Bay in a further day. After that there's nothing to do except turn round, or head for Tristan da Cunha or St Helena and other distant shores. But what I do have in False Bay is a continuous view of the magnificent Cape Mountains, even Table Mountain in the distance, plus generally sunny weather and brisk winds.

MAGGIE MAY came well equipped. Roller furling genoa, and Doyle stacks on both main and mizzen sails. Navico instruments, Raytheon Radar, Sealord VHF radio, Autohelm 2,000 autopilot, solar panel for battery charging, 4 x man liferaft. In fact she was too well equipped. The previous owner was a gadget man, and I thought MAGGIE MAY was cluttered up with stuff I didn't want. I removed a 220 volt A.C. generator mounted on the Perkins engine, the microwave oven it was wired to; two single sideband radios; a Decca Navigator and a solar-powered fan. I also sold the Radar which was too valuable to have and not to use, and this made the purchase price more acceptable. If I ever venture out of False Bay and far from the Cape Coast I will reconsider VHF and Radar.

The Perkins engine was low on compression and was a bad starter. I had it removed by the then-Perkins Agent for a complete overhaul. They took their time and did a poor job. I demanded they take it out and start again, and put it on a dynamometer before I would accept it. It took the best part of a year before I had a good engine - I'm glad to say these people are no longer agents for Perkins marine engines in Cape Town. In the process I fitted new engine mountings and a new flexible coupling.

During that period I checked all the other engineering components aboard. I renewed all the seacocks and did some surgery in the portside locker between the washbasin and the lavatory pan so I could get at the seacock. I stripped and cleaned the winches and windlass, and ferreted out and checked all wiring and scrapped the surplus from the equipment I had removed. Finally, I replaced the cabin lights with fluorescents. Very enjoyable. I should have got into this scene 35 years ago!

The following is the history of MAGGIE MAY as I was told it:-

A) She was No 31 out of the mould in 1968.

B) She was originally named MAGGIE MAY II. I don't know about MAGGIE MAY I, but she has now become just MAGGIE MAY. The original Maggie May was, I believe, a Liverpool prostitute who, about the turn of the century, seduced a youth.

C) MAGGIE MAY was first owned by Simon Holmes a'Court, uncle of the Australian (tho' South African born) newspaper tycoon of the same name who died prematurely five or six years ago. I understand Simon completed a circumnavigation of the globe.*

D) I am also given to understand MAGGIE MAY was on her way round the world for a second time - (in which case she must surely be the most-travelled Seadog) - when, for some reason the voyage came to an end in the island of Mauritius which is off the eastern coast of Africa, and east of Madagascar.

E) At about this time (1981) she was bought by a South African Airways pilot Philippe Heregods who trucked her 400 miles inland from Durban to the huge Vaal Dam where, after a refit, he used to sail her. Philippe eventually sold her to David Stobie in 1987. Stobie, in his turn, had her trucked back again to the sea at Richards Bay from where he sailed her to Port Elizabeth - which is where, three years later, I entered the story

Since then I have read with huge interest the many back-numbers of the Seadog Journals. I'm going to work my way through them again and make a file of copies of the most interesting tips and technical suggestions. Two things stand out. Firstly what a friendly and competent lot Seadog owners are. Secondly the loyalty they pay to their Association. I'm very pleased to have joined this fraternity, and I wish I were not so far removed. Needless to say if any members have occasion to come to South Africa we would be very pleased to meet them in Johannesburg, and of course Cape Town if we happen to be there. Our telephone numbers are:- Johannesburg 00-27-11-884-3984 and Simon's Town 00-27-21-786-3278".

(* According to a note in an old Owners List "Simon Holmes A Court arrived in the Hamble River from the Seychelles in 1972. He left later for Durban bound round the world. A film was made of the cruise." P.F.)

BOATS & CREWS ATTENDING THE ISLE OF WIGHT RALLY

AHMEEK
ARDESMORE
CANUTE
DARESSA

DOGMATIC
JACANA OF PYRFORD
MOHICAN
SALIA
SEACANIS
SEASCAPE
SEEHOND
TARRY
TIWANA
TUGRADOG

Jamie & Clive, Adam & Ben Lewis
William & Alexandra Fisher
John & Hilary Watson: Denis Barrett
John Ross: Ralph McClure
John & Audrey Lensdell
Peter & Olive French
Stewart McLennan: Lynn Mason: John Stock
John & Iine Tattum
Peter Bruguier
Ray Claucherty
Harry & Caroline Manners
Ken & Jess Willey
Martyn & Hilary Waitt: David & Val Wells
John & Eileen Poxon
David & Nikki Woodbridge

REPRESENTED BY THEIR OWNERS

FAYE OF AUBIN
GINA OF PARKSTONE
KYROS
SIREX
WAGTAIL

Alastair Buchan
David Ockelford: Malcolm & Elaine Ives
Tony & Annette Spinks
Brian & Jennifer Stephens
Nigel, Gill, Hannah & James Peckman

N.S.D. MEMBERS

Graham & Gaye Matthews
Paul Appleford

SEADOG END-OF-SEASON RALLY AT YARMOUTH - ISLE OF WIGHT

7TH & 8TH OCTOBER 1995

by Peter and Olive French

The wonderfully warm summer of last year brought about a lively response to our announcement about the Yarmouth Rally and 23 Seadogs booked to come. Then close to the event, the weather served a reminder that Seadogs are built for sailing in rough seas and gales - they are not floating caravans which have to be motored gently from port to port in light airs.

The promised gales arrived Thursday, the very day of DOGMATIC'S rendezvous with SEEHOND at Lymington. Ken and Jess had invited us for dinner aboard; determined to keep the date, we set off early from the Hamble River and three hours later moored to a buoy in the harbour just minutes ahead of SEEHOND. The sun blazed out, the wind abated and we had quite a lovely day. But the gales returned with a vengeance overnight, blowing Force 8 to 9, later gusting 10. But now we had to cross the Solent to Yarmouth to conclude arrangements for the dinner, so shortly after breakfast we cast off and ploughed headlong through steep choppy seas in a smother of stinging spray to Yarmouth.

This was an exhilarating experience; the tops of the waves blew off, the rain pelted down, cascaded over the rear of the hood and down our backs until we both looked as though we'd been submerged. DOGMATIC revelled in it, but crossing that three mile stretch of water took us all of an hour and a half. Once we gained the shelter of the harbour we could see two Seadogs tied to a pontoon. Great, we thought, help is at hand; not on your life - the crews of TARRY and TIWANA were battered down below enjoying coffee and a natter, oblivious of the din raging outside. We got a couple of lines ashore but the strength of the wind blowing us off and the fierce crosstide meant we should have to winch ourselves alongside, a slow business. "Why aren't there some beefy men about?" complained Olive. There was a sudden explosion of bodies from TARRY; during a brief lull in the gale they had heard our voices - looked out and within moments help was at hand. Aboard TIWANA the kettle was steaming and the coffee ready and when SEEHOND appeared not long after we all agreed that even if only we four boats arrived we would enjoy ourselves.

Prayers for fine weather were answered for overnight the gales ceased and a bright and sunny weekend lay ahead. One by one a procession of Seadogs entered the harbour; an early arrival was Ray Claucherty who had sailed SEACANIS single-handed from Gosport - his crew having jumped ship at the last moment! We never fail to be amazed at the determination of our members who make every effort to repay our hard work by battling through despite all adversity. We felt quite proud of the many Seadog wives who came despite the rough seas - some take to it and enjoy it but others readily admit they are quite scared. Sincere congratulations to you all - your husbands should be very proud of you.

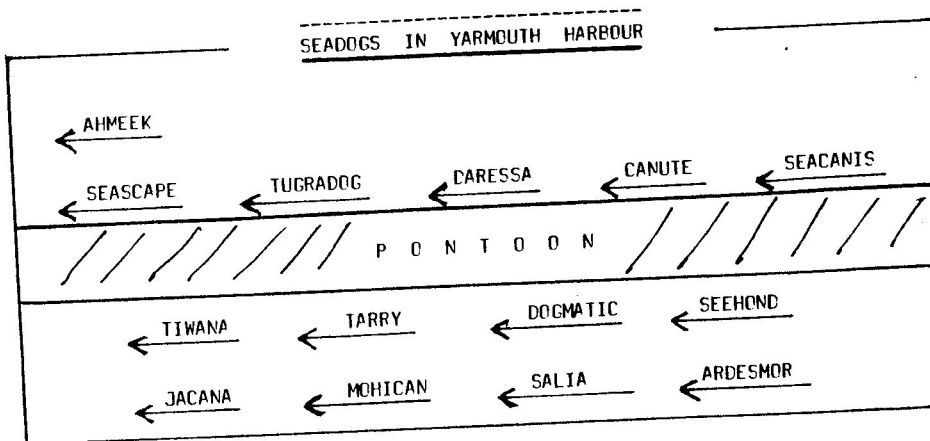
The final tally of Seadogs was 14 - some owners had phoned the Yacht Club and cancelled; others from whom we'd not heard we assumed had decided not to come. Imagine if you can, the surprised looks on our faces when we walked into the bar of the Yacht Club that evening and found the assembled crews from all the "missing" Dogs enjoying a drink - they'd come across on the ferry. Forty-nine of us sat down to dinner that night in the smart recently refurbished dining room of the Royal Solent. The large picture windows overlooking the waters of the western Solent made a perfect backdrop and the meal that followed delighted us all. For many the evening was made perfect by the company they kept. Especially the little group sitting at the end of our table, Adam and Ben (AHMEEK) and young Hannah (WAGTAIL). Hannah is now a very attractive young lady and Adam and Ben couldn't believe their good luck!

As a surprise Hilery Waite (TARRY) ran a raffle with a light-hearted theme in which the prizes were chosen to reflect the occasion, and we are grateful to her for the £35 which it raised for Club funds. Sunday was lovely - bright sunshine, crowds of Seadogs nipping on and off each others boats, comparing notes, taking photographs, sharing experiences. As the last of the Seadogs drifted homewards that afternoon, we made up our minds to stay out and enjoy the good weather while it lasted, a matter of four or five days at most we imagined. But it was to be another five weeks before we were finally to return to our Hamble River berth.

We made good use of the time. Martyn Waite had described to us a number of noteworthy walks and loaned us a map of the Island. The most memorable of these walks was one which started at Alum Bay and led uphill to the Battery where there is a splendid close-up view of the Needles. It then continued over Tennyson Down with the Solent to be seen on one hand and the English Channel on the other, down to Freshwater where we lunched at the Red Lion which has a well deserved reputation for good food. Replete, we wandered along the old railway track back to Yarmouth where, near the harbour, we found "Salty's", a highly commendable fish restaurant where pre-booking is essential during most of the season. At length we took our leave of the western Solent and sailed back up the Solent to the Medina River, past SALIA and TARRY on moorings at the Folly Inn to Island Harbour, a quiet out-of-the-way marina. One evening came a tap on the hull and there stood John Tettum. He'd spotted DOGMATIC while out walking. Singlehanded next day he brought MOHICAN to Island Harbour, moored alongside, and in the evening prepared a delectable meal which started with melon, followed by fresh skate marinated in Dry Vermouth and baked with fennel - absolutely yummy, we still talk about it

One day we visited Barry and Anna (MER CALEP) who own a vineyard on the Island and were busy making wine from this year's vintage harvest. Before leaving they presented us with a couple of bottles to try. They were ambrosial. Why cross the Channel when there's such choice wine to be found by just crossing the Solent? We also spent a couple of evenings with Barry and Laura Yeldren (ex BORN FREE II) who had earlier joined us at the Yarmouth Rally to see their old Seadog friends.

We did much during those five weeks of sunny weather, and walked miles along the coastline at Ryde, at Bembridge, Sandown, Shanklin and Ventnor. This was the first real break we'd had after a hectic six months of work on the house and on DOGMATIC and we thoroughly enjoyed it!



"DOGEARED" AT HOME IN THE IONIAN ISLANDS

by TIM BURKE

When I wrote "DOGEARED (AND HER MASTER'S) DISASTERS" I was still based in Malta, but in '93 I transferred to Greece, which was my original goal. As I was single-handed I arranged to make the passage in my Seadog FURAHA - no longer so dog-eared - in company with another yacht - "SLIEMA", a Sadler 30, which belongs to Joe and Judith Buttigieg. They are a lovely couple - he very small and still very Maltese despite having lived 40 years in England, and she tall and stately and very English - you couldn't find a more apparently ill-matched couple. They had been to Greece before, which is a great advantage and having a faster boat than me would (should!) be in each port-of-call on the way and be there to take my stern-lines when I backed on to the quay.

The system worked like a charm at Syracuse in Sicily. They knew not to go into the main harbour but to the Yacht Club which is on the seaward side. Here we were made welcome and were able to clear Customs and Immigration on the spot. They allow you to stay only 2 nights (free) as there is very little room - about 5 visiting boats all told. It has another great advantage that the premises have a 6 ft. chain-link fence all round.

Our next port-of-call was planned to be Salines - (on the Italian mainland) - which has a large commercial harbour and no commercial traffic. It's a long haul - 55 miles from memory - to the toe of Italy, so we planned an early start - 6 o'clock, though I told them I would go earlier if I woke up, which I did - 3 a.m!

It started off as a flat calm but gradually the wind came up about 20 degrees off the nose, so I sailed as best I could in a Force 5/6. Lovely sail - pity it wasn't quite in the right direction, but when my LORAN told me I was some 12 miles dead downwind of Salines the wind dropped completely, so I motored the rest of the way. Just as I got in, the wind got up again and blew hard that night. No sign of SLIEMA and unable to raise them on the radio. Next day the forecast was wind Force 6/7 right on the nose so there was no question of making further progress to Rocella our next port of call. Following day still no sign of friend's boat by mid afternoon so began to suspect they might have gone the first day as one could have just about laid it. So I motored through the night having earlier spoken with H.M.S. ARK ROYAL who was on her way home after 6 months on the Armilla patrol.

Rocella is, or was then, an unfinished yacht harbour - only 2 boats in it, neither of them SLIEMA, nor had they seen her. So there was nothing for it but to press on to Crotona in the Gulf of Taranto. The second night's sail running so I was getting a bit tired. As a result I didn't realise that the Loran had gone on the blink and nearly missed the turning to Crotona! I later discovered that the Loran transmitting aerial in Turkey had just blown down in a storm! As a result we were working on a transmitter in Spain and way out of the official coverage area and were lucky to get a position at all.

Still no sign of SLIEMA. After enquiring to no avail at the gatehouse I went to a large and imposing building next to the harbour which obviously had maritime connections as there was a large fishermen's anchor mounted on a plinth, just inside the gates. This was about 12.00 hours. I found a very nice young man wearing a white uniform shirt and blue trousers, but I never did discover what Service I was dealing with. In response to my request that he sought news of SLIEMA'S whereabouts he told me to come back at 4 o'clock.

To my relief and amazement he told me she had been reported by the Carabinieri in Rocella! I thanked them very much and asked if the Carabinieri would be so good as to tell them where I was, and that I would wait for them here - I learnt when they did eventually arrive - (and I took their lines) - that the Carabinieri did! I also learnt how the Tortoise had beaten the Hare - when I was having a lovely sail to Salinas they had found it too uncomfortable in their Sadler and had put into Catania in Sicily.

We managed to keep in touch from then on - first entry port in Greece was Gaius on Paxos. Then on to Missolonghi "Probably the prettiest bay in the Ionian" according to a sign on the beach Taverna there. Said goodbye to my friends on SLIEMA - they wanted to get on as they were wintering aboard in Turkey while I potted on to Levkas where I refuelled. 170 litres, which wasn't too bad considering all the motoring I had had to do - rather over half the trip had been under engine.

Having achieved my objective of getting to the Ionian, I took life easily, pottering around from one port or bay to another in the afternoons because there is seldom any wind in the mornings. This has its advantages as one can go ashore and do the shopping for the day and stay there for a bit with a clean conscience drinking Amstel beers at 80p or £1 a pint at the worst.

Attractive places to visit are the island of Meganisi which has a nice harbour, Vathi - (means "deep" so there are several of them) and three lovely much-indented bays, one of which has a beach Taverna (Abilike) and the other two, Konisi and Port Athene which are totally devoid of facilities, so take your own food and drink, or be prepared to walk to Vathi in Kalamieri - about a half hour walk up over the hill. There are so many other nice places to visit: Kalamo, Kioni, Kastos, Vathi (Ithaca), believed by some to have been the home of Ulysses. Here particularly, and in many other places, the Pilot book warns of strong katabatic winds in the evening, and they happen. If you are bow or stern on to the quay it can be distinctly embarrassing. Being single-handed I normally found it safer to anchor and use the dinghy.

I laid up that winter in a very nice yard in Vleioh on Levkas Island on the recommendation of a fellow yotti to whom I was introduced by an ex-Seadog man, Peter Ashley, who once owned "SEADOG". There was a very friendly Brit. community in the yard which made life pleasant. I left coming home as late as I could - the local airport shuts for commercial flights at the end of October, after which one has to go via Athens - and got a seat through Sunsail for £99.

I had no set plans for 1994 - I was happy to cruise around the Ionian Islands wherever seemed a good idea at the time. Thus I joined 3 other Brit. boats, a Colvic 30, a Hillyard 30 and an Oyster 39 going to Missolonghi in the Gulf of Petros. The wind was very fickle, as it would prove to be all season and most of the trip was done under engine. Our first night's stop was in Petala Bay - no sooner had we anchored after a very slow trip under ghosting conditions than the wind blew up strongly and stayed that way half the night. By next morning it was flat calm again all the way to Missolonghi.

Missolonghi (shades of Byron) has virtually no foreign tourists. A huge harbour in which our four boats were about half the total population. The town is about a mile away, but there is a beach-side Taverna. The day after arrival we took a bus out to a fish restaurant at the harbour mouth. Fish is expensive everywhere in Greece and the portion of grilled eel I had was no exception, even though it was almost certainly caught in the surrounding muddy lagoons. They price fish on the menu by the kilo and you go into the kitchen and chose your fish and they weigh it in front of you. You have to take it on trust that that is the one they then cook and serve you!

Next day we collected a couple of bucketsful of mussels from a distant and deserted part of the huge harbour and spent most of the afternoon cleaning them thoroughly, and dined on Moules Marinieres on board MIDAS the Oyster 39.

The following night I was violently ill, as, so I discovered, was one of the others, so I put it down to a dodgy mussel. Same thing the following day and night, so resorted to Wassermen pills which seemed to calm things down. The following day we all went by bus to Nevpskos. It's minute - 80 metres across according to the pilot book which was why we didn't take the boats there. An interesting fortified harbour where the Turkish fleet is reputed to have spent the night before going on to be defeated by Don John of Austria in command of a mixed fleet at the Battle of Lepanto. I have doubts that the number of galleys reputed to have taken part in the battle could possibly have got into the harbour.

Saturday night alongside the quay at Missolonghi is something to be avoided at all cost. The locals idea of amusement is to go roaring up and down the quay on motor cycles and in noisy cars until 4.30 in the morning. If you ever do have the misfortune to be there, go and anchor off - as far away as possible.

In August the Italians descend on the Ionians and it gets impossibly crowded - also they prefer on principle to anchor up as close as possible to any boat which is already there when they arrive - presumably on the principle that whoever is there must have a reason for it, so obviously a good place to go. Soon our little flotilla of 5 boats set out for the Gulf of Amvrskikos, a large inland sea. Our first night was spent in a well sheltered bay where we went ashore for a barbecue and became the main course for the local mosquitos who descended on us in clouds. All that night we were treated to a magnificent display of lightning and were rudely awakened by a violent line-squall at about 8 o'clock next morning. Frantic activity ensued on all boats to remove awnings and let out more chain. None of us dragged, but two other boats did and ended up with their anchors apparently wound round each other to judge from their subsequent behaviour. We later heard that at Preveza all hell was let loose - all the boats on the quay dragged their stern anchors as it was to them a cross wind, and 8 boats laid up in a yard there were lifted out of their cradles - the wind was reported as 70 knots for half an hour with one very short gust touching 100 knots.

The weather settled down again and for the first time in the season the wind became reliable - coming up at about 2.30 p.m., peaking around 5 o'clock at a force 5/6 westerly, and dying at nightfall. Here we found reasonably priced fish - fresh sardines. We got them everywhere we went in the Gulf and they were delicious - we also found where they served the largest portions, for they varied quite a bit. There are really only four places plus a beach bar where one can go - there is another, the largest, but it is at the end of a long inlet and the pilot book warns that conditions there can get very unpleasant with nowhere to shelter. However there are hardly any other yachts - our five constituted a crowd - and we didn't see a single Italian or motor cruiser the whole time we were there.

We all returned to base in Vleio in early September to collect mail and do odd jobs. After a few days 3 boats - DOGEARED, the Oyster and an Elizabethan 30 set off for another little cruise locally. First stop Kalamos, a small artificial harbour with room for about a dozen boats on the quay, but a good anchorage off under a tall cliff which gives excellent shelter from the prevailing gusts. From there we went to Fiskardo on Cephalonia - a very popular bay with many Tavernes and good shelter except from the north-east.

Next stop after a couple of nights was Sivota - a completely sheltered bay on the southern end of Levkas Island - very attractive and therefore popular, but not crowded at this time of year. Just as well, as I dragged anchor during the night (the pilot book does warn you it's tricky) and had it up and down at least 4 times before I got the thing to hold. Even then it dragged again when the wind changed in the night, but I was asleep by then.

So I got something of a shock when I woke in the morning and found myself lying almost alongside a sheer cliff. I tried anchoring twice more, but after dragging two anchors - my 22 lb Bruce on the chain and the 25 lb CQR on a warp - I gave up and went into the quay where the Danforth over the stern seemed to hold well, though I took the CQR out as well. I think this bit of the bottom must be so ploughed up by hundreds of anchors that all the weed has been stripped off.

From there we went down to Vathi once more, which again lived up to its reputation of being gusty in the evening. In fact it was nine p.m. before we felt happy to leave the boats and go ashore for a meal, even though the holding is good. Vathi is one of the few places where the taverns are patronized mainly by locals, and serve something other than grills and chips - goat stew for example, which turns out to be indistinguishable from lamb or mutton.

Then it was time to return to base at Vleiho on Levkas Island and start looking for a flight home and make final arrangements for hauling FURAHA out for the winter - another year's cruising over.

oooOoOooo

IMPROVE YOUR OUTLOOK - RENEW YOUR WINDSCREEN

If your Seadog is based anywhere along the coastal arc between Harwich on the east coast and Chichester on the south coast, then you are in luck. Jean-Paul Declémy will replace your old, crazed windscreen and hatches with clear or tinted acrylic, either ready-to-fit with seals, or he will come and fit them for you. Phone Jean-Paul on 01732-851309.

oOo

PLASTIC HINGES FOR COCKPIT HATCHES

Contact: Mr Chris Kelly, ACC PLASTICS, Unit A, Peacock View, Fenton Industrial Estate, Stoke on Trent. ST4 2XJ. Tel: 01782-201601: Fax 201782.

oOo

SEEHOND - Ken Willey - "Our trip to the Goes Rally was mainly motoring - the highlights were Amsterdam (Sixhaven marina excellent) and Marken.

More interesting were trips in other boats, especially trans-Atlantic in a 36 ft. Excelibur. This included a nine day leg from St Maarten to Bermuda with only 2 of us on board. As the self-steering packed in we had to do watches of 3 hours on, 3 hours off, which became very tiring. Luckily we picked up another crew member in Bermuda which gave us a luxurious watch system of 3 hours on, 6 hours off except, of course, when sail changing and other work was needed. Another more recent sail was from the Solent to Northern Ireland in quite difficult conditions. This was in a lightweight boat with no sprayhood and I often thought longingly of the solidity and comfort of SEEHOND.

Future trips: Jess retires next year and I have all sorts of wild notions of where I'd like to take the boat. Certainly south Brittany will see us again before long".

oooOoOooo

SINGLE-HANDING ROUND THE WORLD

by Pat Lawless

On Sunday 18th of July 1993 Pat Lawless left Limerick in the Republic of Ireland aboard LOON, bound for Capetown on the first leg of a single-handed east-west circumnavigation of the world's oceans. His initial sponsor was the owner of the local Toyota motor car dealership in Limerick, so LOON became "TOYOTA O'MARA - LIMERICK".

12th August 1993: - picture postcard from Madeira:

"So far so good. Got here last Saturday (7th August) in 20 days. First three days there was plenty of wind. After that pleasant, with 3-4 days in between with no wind. Had to sail into Funchal as a hose came off the heat-exchanger so couldn't use the engine. Went into cabin. Water up to floor level told all. Never needed engine en route".

20th December 1993: - card from Gordon's Bay, South Africa:

"Happy to say got in here O.K. last Tuesday evening (14th December) after an uneventful 114 days from Madeira. Bar a cracked rib the Friday before when thrown on a cockpit winch. Had a slow but safe trip. Had some sail damage, and am getting a lift to Capetown today for repairs, as tomorrow is midsummers day - and I am sure they are busy. LOON proved herself once again. Was down to 39 degrees south from Tristan Da Cunha to here - 1,700 miles".

29th January 1994: - card from Gordon's Bay, South Africa:

"Was due to depart here today for Albany in Western Australia, but very strong south-easterly wind. Hope to leave early tomorrow. Am well prepared for this leg and then hopefully Hobart".

27th April 1994: - card from Albany, Western Australia:

"Got here last Thursday, (21st April 1994) 82 days out from Capetown. Happy to say LOON stood up very well to the Southern Ocean and Roaring Forties. SetNav again failed, even after an overhaul in Durban in South Africa. Otherwise, apart from forestay lifting weld on port side of stem fitting, - (which meant I had to refix forestay to sampson post) - the trip was uneventful, if at times windy. Albany, the first settlement in W.Australia, (1826), is a very beautiful harbour and town, with friendly people, many of Irish descent, with plenty of places of interest, it being an old whaling port. The approach of winter here will delay departure on the next leg to Hobart, but I need a rest anyway, and hope to enjoy this very large and interesting continent in the interim".

15th May 1994: - letter from Albany, Western Australia:

"Starter-motor failure was my own fault*, and I could have kicked myself, as I still had fifteen gallons of fuel in the tanks that I was reserving for harbour entry. In the excitement of landfall I failed to turn the starter-key back and the motor burnt out. I thought the smoke was steam from exhaust lagging, as cockpit floor always leaked in strong winds. Imagine my disappointment after months of maintenance. That's life!".

Forestay repair was simple enough and I was fortunate with the weather when I discovered the weld failure in the stem fitting. When I spotted it I could see the top plate had lifted 3/4" of an inch. Luckily the welding at the extreme end was strong.

* (Being unable to start the engine, Pat arranged for LOON to be towed into port by the local lifeboat and later appeared on Australian T.V. to talk about his experiences sailing round the world).

I had removed the furling jib in South Africa for the "Forties", and they do roer. So I had, as most sailors usually have, an assorted lot of fittings, one of which just fitted the bar running through the sampson post, which, with a jubilee clip taken from the washbasin in the forepeak, held it in place. After that a few shackles did the job. If I had not removed the furling genoa I would have been up that creek.

I passed to the north of Amsterdam and St Pauls Islands. As I was navigating by sextant I gave them a wide berth of about 60 nautical miles, as with large, often confused, swells and sometimes little sun for me to take the noon sights, I was taking no chances. Saw kelp from them on two consecutive days. Did not see a ship en route to confirm my position until I came up to make landfall, about 40 nautical miles from Albany.

My route from Capetown was down to 38 degrees south to clear the dreaded Agulhas Bank and from there up and down, the lowest being 40 degrees S and the highest being the curve to the north to clear the Amsterdam and St Pauls Islands.

As you know, the Seadog is not a greyhound of the seas, but she sure gets you there. Met some strong winds in the Forties, and my confidence in her and in myself has increased no end. As bad as it sometimes can be down in the Forties, it is always satisfying, when the sun comes out again, to have weathered "the waters and the wild".

This is a very beautiful part of Australia. Albany was settled in 1826 by the brig AMITY which brought from England 18 convict tradesmen, the military, cattle, pigs, etc., and is the oldest town in Western Australia. The yacht clubhouse is two miles across the harbour from Albany, and 6 miles around by road. A Cork man here loaned me a bike and the Aussies too are so kind and helpful. The peace and wildlife after the Southern and Indian Oceans is great. Pelicans, white herons, kangaroos, and the laughing kookaburra birds. Also an amazing number and variety of beautiful trees, which, after being at sea so long are very lovely. Was taken to Denmark near here to view the "Valley of the Giants" - a forest of the second largest trees in the world. Also visited Perth and Fremantle for a few days and enjoyed a few pints of Guinness with friends who had migrated from Limerick.

P.S. Seadog was very much admired in South Africa and I even had an offer, through the Commodore, from a would-be buyer. Big bucks there.

P.P.S. Forgot to mention I have two forestays shackled to cheek plates. These are for twin jibs, either working, or genoa, which I favour when running. They are not tensioned by rigging screws. I fix them when mast hoisting and they are then tensioned by the shrouds rigging".

17th June 1994: - card from Albany in Western Australia:

"Our shortest day is next Tuesday, the reverse of yours, so I will be here until at least August. Though local sailors and fishermen tell me September can be tough down here. Anyway though I am already itching to be away again, I will await the proper time. So long as I can round the "Big One" in January I don't mind. Albany, at 35 degrees south has a mild winter, but very unpredictable. Yesterday the harbour was like glass, and today vicious wind and rain squalls. A ferro-cement yacht was lost 20 nautical miles off Fremantle lately, and a South African boat was lucky to return here yesterday, after a week in the Great Australian Bight (en-route to Melbourne) minus rudder and other damage".

27th June 1994: - letter from Princess Royal Sailing Club, Albany.

"Where does time go? Been here now two months and the shortest day has come and gone. Roll on the Spring. I am getting itchy feet again to be off - my wife Nance calls me an ocean hippie! Still have plenty of work to do on TOYOTA O'MARA LIMERICK. Have had an auto-electrician now for over a week, with his giant apprentice over 7' tall. They come and go

when other more pressing work dictates. They have rewound the starter motor and refitted it, fitted new main switches, are rewiring the engine and fitting a new engine "stop" cable. So I go away when they arrive. He is doing an A.I. job and that is what I want. After nearly 25 years it is very much overdue.

I have got quotations from Perth which I am enclosing, and you will see that G.P.S. sets here are twice the price and that's before adding V.A.T. plus Duty on imported items which is high here. A South African who sailed from Capetown, and who is migrating to here, had to pay 49 per cent of his yacht's value after having two surveyors value it. The South African, by the way, limped into Freemantle after losing his rudder after hitting the bottom as they landed on St Pauls Island. They got a new blade welded to the existing spindle there, and made it here O.K. But five days out from here, the rudder again broke and they had the State Rescue Service mounting a search with seven 'planes etc before they limped in with a jury rudder. She is a racing boat, and I would imagine unsuitable for the Bight at this time of the year. They are lifting out today for road journey to Adelaide.

Being in the right place in the right season is my priority and I hope to depart here September at the latest. I hope to round Cape Horn in January which I gather is the best possible month to do so. To be able to do that after calling in at Hobart, Tasmania, and maybe Otago or Dunedin in New Zealand, I absolutely must leave here in September. Winter here still brings fickle weather. You can get three seasons in one day, and when it blows you have the Roaring Forties whine in the rigging. It is nice at night when you are in the bunk and know you don't have to get into oilies and go on deck".

18th July 1994: Letter - Princess Royal Sailing Club, Albany W.A.:

"My list of jobs on LOON has got smaller. The main one left now is a haul-out. Luckily the club has a trolley which can haul me out. It runs on iron channels set into a slipway and is powered by an electric winch. I had thought of making the drains in the bottom of the cockpit larger, but have decided against it and have fitted an extra bilge-pump down below instead. This club does not charge visiting sailors, which is a boon, taking into account my enforced winter sojourn. My only shock in Australia was the bill for rewiring and repairing the burnt-out starter motor and rewiring the engine - 2,000 dollars Australian (about £1,000!). The guy who welded my stem-fitting very cheaply put me on to the electrician and I did not ask for a price. Anyway he did a first class job, and after twenty five years the engine badly needed a bypass. So another problem solved.

P.S. We have had our first 'High' of the winter season for the past two days, which gives lovely sunny days and foggy nights. Fog only now burning off as I write at 11.00 a.m. The weekend before last we saw the worst winter weather yet, with winds gusting 70 knots with hail and rain. Really miserable. First whales of the season sighted in the harbour and the Sound this week!"

29th August 1994 - card from Albany, Western Australia:

"Time flying here now as all major preparations complete. Barring food and fuel I am prepared for departure end of next month, which is the first day of Spring here, which has arrived early this year. Many of the 2,000 varieties of Western Australian wild flowers already in bloom. The winter, by all accounts, was mild and I found it very comfortable living aboard. Everywhere is green after the winter rain. Sometimes I find it hard to believe I am in Australia - reminds me of Ireland. Club members most helpful and kind".

28th September 1994: - card from Albany, Western Australia:

"Getting down slowly to writing to my family and good friends before I leave here hopefully on Saturday 1st October (card written 28.9.94) My route includes a possible stop at Hobart, Tasmania and Dunedin in New Zealand, then round the Horn and up the other side to Punta del Este near Montevideo in Uruguay. Now got my G.P.S. set from Pumpkin Marine in Southampton - it is as you say, so easy to use and will make my life and navigation a lot easier. Stowed the last of the food this morning and now only have to get vegetables and bread etc. Winter passed mildly as Albany enjoys a Mediterranean climate. The past few days wild for a change and today it's damp. The Southern Ocean can make the weather so unpredictable".

16th November 1994: - card from Dover, Tasmania:

"Well my friend I am here in a very beautiful and sheltered harbour, 30 miles down the channel from Hobart, after the toughest leg of the trip so far. Little wind, but all against me until half way across the Bight, then very strong winds with a storm the day before I got in. Knocked us down and ripped the windscreen off. Bust a porthole and the anchor broke its lashing and went overboard. Luckily I had the chain bowed down hard. The G.P.S worked like a dream. I am repairing and preparing body and boat before I carry on up to Hobart for more repairs and equipment".

30th November 1994: - letter from Dover - Port Esperance, Tasmania:

"Where does time and money go? I am expecting sails which I sent up to Hobart by the local fish processor when I sail in there this Friday to get repairs, tucker etc. Dover, where I am at the moment, the most southerly village or town in Tasmania, is very rural, but most beautiful as well as being sheltered, as the weather and temperature vary daily. Today they are forecasting snow on high ground, 55 degrees now at 10.00 a.m. with heavy rain. No shortage of mountains and scenery here is magnificent. One day it is like Hawaii and the next the Alps. People here, like all those in Oz that I have met are nice and friendly and most helpful. I came in here just as it was getting dark, after anchoring on November 8th for two days in Great Taylors Bay. Needless to say was tired and weary after 18 hours since 02.00 a.m. when I hoisted the working jib to make entry before dark, after the Low, (953 mb. the worst to hit Tasmania and the mainland since 1957) that knocked me down or whatever the previous night at 01.00 had eased somewhat. I then anchored here for another two days still tidying, drying out and repairing. Eventually a fisherman towed me into the jetty on 12th November as the engine was not working. It packed up half way across the Bight. I failed to bleed the engine successfully - I may be a sailor, but not a mechanic, unfortunately. It took me 32 days to arrive after leaving Albany on Friday October the 7th. I think with hindsight I would have been a lot better off to have gone south after leaving Albany, so as to pick up the westerly winds, as I did when I left Capetown, which I intended to do anyway. But I had been strongly advised by the locals at Albany to head directly for Tasmania. Who knows what might have happened had I followed my own instincts?".

Ye Gods! The Dogs are solid boats to stand these conditions. The day of my knock down the wind swung from north-west to south-west, then south-east and finally back to south-west again. I lay a-hull for 36 hours before the knock down, but in the event very little serious damage was done. Apart from a broken porthole and losing the windscreen and a dodger - (I had dodger well lashed down) - the anchor went overboard. But I had the chain well bowed down to the sampson post so it couldn't run out too far, just far enough for the anchor to end up hanging just below the keel; but the chain damaged the toe-rail. When LOON was struck down, she was swung through 360 degrees, which put the broken port-

hole to windward. I got a belt on the forehead from a flying fire extinguisher, and blood was flowing until I put on a headband. The table flap opened and pulled out the hinges, etc. Thank God, masts, self-steering etc. came through O.K. So once again the Seadog has proved herself a truly seeworthy and robust lady.

When sailing in later I hoisted close-reefed mainsail, but even so was over-canvassed in the big black squalls that shrieked through the rigging and had to let the mainsail fully out - even then I thought the mast would be shaken from her. I was afraid that if I lowered the mainsail I might not get it up again, due to my condition and the height of the seas, and I needed it to make a daylight entry between the squalls - as we say in Ireland "It is a hard life, thank God". Wind now rising again - how nice to be snug and comfy after battling 'the waters and the wild'. Thank heavens too, for the G.P.S. and Pumpkin Marine in Southampton, England who sent me this magic little box of tricks when I was at Albany. Without it I would have had to pass by Tasmania. An amazing instrument and so tiny. Invaluable. As it turned out, it was so accurate, I could have made it in here at night, spot on, right up the Channel Mouth. Fantastic!"

21st December 1994: - Derwent Sailing Squadron, Sandy Bay, Tasmania:

"Both yacht clubs here are next to each other, and to a visitor coming in through white smoking squalls coming down from Mount Wellington, identification is not easy. Anyway, they say I am in "the working mens club" - many of whose members can buy and sell most of the Laz. Club guys. I must say both clubs, and their members are equally helpful, very nice people indeed. Exceptionally well mannered. You can't help noticing it. After visiting a boat recently the owner said, before I had a chance to thank him, "Thank you for visiting my boat". Funnily enough this place was Van Diemen's Land, which was settled mainly by Pom and Paddy convicts. So they can't have been that bad.

I am in good hands, in the most beautiful country I have yet visited. Preparations for departure on the weekend of 14.1.95 going well with major works either complete or in hand. Many Tasmanian yachts are now in Sydney for the 50th Sydney to Hobart Race. Most interesting and so lucky for me to be on the spot where the action is taking place. The favourite is the yacht "TASMANIA", formerly "NEW ZEALAND", winner of the last Whitbread Race. (The owner is a Hobartian who made his bucks running ferries after a cargo ship had hit the Tasman Bridge here in the '70's, plunging 7 cars in the Derwent River before sinking itself. It's an ill wind). Last week up to six boats a day were taking off from here to compete in the race. And talk of safety standards, pyrotechnics etc. Last year half the fleet retired, with some boats sunk and one man who went overboard being saved after being 12 hours in the water. He must have had the luck of the Irish.

P.S. I did not replace the windscreen but reversed forward part of canopy, which fitted well with windows where windscreen was. 12 buttons with swivel toggles hold it forward, so I can now fold it flat & lash it down".

26th December 1994: - postcard from Hobart, Tasmania.

"A record for Christmas day. Was in my bunk by 9.30 p.m. As a result I was up since pre-dawn looking at my Cards. Wined and dined with some very nice Tasmanians on Christmas Eve aboard their luxurious cruiser. Yesterday was up a mountain visiting a lovely home; indescribably beautiful coastal vistas and wonderful Christmas food with two ex-Poms who made good out here. But both very down to earth and friendly. Am invited out again today by another nice couple to watch the start of the Sydney to Hobart yacht race on T.V. Solo sailing has its perks.

'Come away O human child, to the waters and the wild, with a fairy hand in hand, for the world is more full of sadness than you can understand'. (W.B. Yeats).

Blast-off for Uruguay, via New Zealand and Cape Horn is now 15 days hence. So as all major work is now completed, with time to spare, I can relax and plan minor work etc."

1st February 1995: - card from Pluff, South Island, New Zealand:

"Had the easiest trip yet - 17 days with only one gale which was strong, but of only 12 hours duration and steady in direction. It is the wind-shifts that kick up the seas and make life tricky. Had intended calling into Dunedin, but with fine weather took the Foveaux Strait which was shorter to here. Had no chart for Bluff and ran aground with a falling tide and damaged bilge keels. But nothing major. So I am hauled out for repairs & anti-fouling and expect to depart for Uruguay approximately 10-14 days hence.

By God the Seadog is a sturdy wench, and constantly goes up in my estimation of her design and construction".

4th July 1995: - letter from Valparaiso in Chile:

"Arrived Valparaiso last Wednesday 30th June, and this is the first time I got to a Post Office, and the yacht club is half an hour by bus from any facilities. Sorry I did not make Cape Horn and Uruguay as planned. Departed Bluff, South Island, New Zealand on 25th of February and in early April the starboard spreader (crosstree) parted at the mast. Rigged a jury spreader at mast-base with a spinnaker pole to steady mast, but could not carry any sail on the starboard tack, so had to head round north for better weather and Valparaiso.

Other than the spreader problem, the voyage, though lengthy was uneventful bar severe weather. I was down to 45 degrees south before I had to head north. So as it is winter here, it looks like it will have to be the Panama Canal now, as the hurricane season in the Caribbean is from June to November. There is no rush. That is the general idea at present. I am two years voyaging now and away from Nancy and family, so until I settle down I am not sure what I will do. In answer to your question the problem with the engine is a blocked stop-cock valve in the starboard tank; I had to pump fuel from it to the port tank en route, so I could charge batteries and enter port".

29th July 1995: - card from Vina Del Mar, Chile:

"This is the place to be seen in Chile. A rugged coastline with the road skirting it, many high rise Appartamentos, many owned by wealthy club members from Santiago and Argentina. Most boats here are hauled out with few members about, except at weekends. Have a solo Spaniard next to me who came via Panama yesterday. May do a deal with another sailor for charts as it now looks like I'll be sailing home via Panama. Very expensive here - 21 U.S. dollars per day, so am moving 30 miles north to a Quintero Club which is much cheaper and where I shall be on a mooring".

3rd November 1995: - letter from Quintero, Chile:

"My son Dan and a friend came out for three weeks; among their trips they crossed the Andes mountains in a snow storm and spent some days in Argentina. That pleased my Chilean friend who is a Lieutenant Colonel in the army. We also had a mild earthquake, and another one since. I'm afloat again on a mooring, after drying out and antifouling. So I leave in a week and expect to call into one or two of the six harbours between here and Arica, Chile's northernmost port, approximately 1,000 miles away. After Arica I will play it by ear, but I intend to anchor at the Tobago Islands in the Gulf of Panama where mooring is cheap and take the ferry from there to Panama so I can arrange transit of the Canal. Otherwise I would have to cough up 20 U.S. dollars a day to the Club in Panama.

Will advise you from Panama re my further voyage plans, but it looks like I will take maybe the U.S. Intracoastal Waterway up to North Carolina, as it will be winter, and make the North Atlantic Crossing in June/July. I must say that so far I have much enjoyed Chile and its friendly and happy Spanish speaking people. The beaches are empty now as it is Spring, but the Senoritas are something to behold, tawny skinned, with black eyes and long batting eyelashes. Charles Darwin, in his book "Voyage of the Beagle" spent a page and a half describing them.

P.S. In answer to your questions, my problem with fuel stop-cock valve was dirty fuel, which I have since remedied. And the starboard spreader-sleeve parted where it was welded to the plate which is pop-riveted to the mast a chain is as strong as its weakest link

4th November 1995: - letter from "Herradura" Yacht Club, Coquimbo, Chile:

"'Herradura' is Spanish for horseshoe, which is a good description for this lovely bay, which is only ten minutes from Coquimbo and its bustling port, and costs 180 pesos by collective taxi which Chile swarms with.

From here I go to Iquique which is approximately 600 nautical miles to the north of here. Arica, Chile's northern port is 180 nautical miles further on, but I don't think I will call there, but continue non-stop to Panama, with a possible stop at Lima. So those are my plans. I expect to leave here within 7/10 days".

14th January 1996: - letter - Iquique, Chile:

"Arrived here on the 6th and leave this Tuesday, 16th January, for Manta in Ecuador. Met a French couple who had pulled in there en route to here, where they are doing charter work.

Coming up from Coquimbo I had light fair winds with 2-3 days of calms. I covered 600 nautical miles in 9 days, an average of 66 nautical miles per day. A big change from what I was used to. But it is hot. 85 degrees by day and 62 degrees at night, so if I go to shop it is early or late in the day. Anyway everything shuts down from 14.00 to 17.00 hours for Siesta. Manta is on the equator, so it will be hotter there - I hope I will be more used to it by then.

Iquique is a city of 200,000 inhabitants built around its harbour in the desert. Mountains rise immediately behind the city to a height of 4,000 feet. The harbour reminds me of what I have seen of Hong Kong in the movies. Only instead of sampans, the place is festooned with small and large fishing boats, naval ships and their ever attendant pinnaces and rubber dinghies, and of course the many merchant vessels either at anchor or at the piers. So there is never a dull moment, and to someone like me who loves the sea and ships, it is always fascinating".

26th February 1996: - letter - in the North Pacific:

"Crossed the equator yesterday. I trust you got my letter posted in Manta" - (I did not. P.F.). "The yacht club at Manta boasts one sailing boat, no dinghies, no jetties. You anchor off and are charged 5 dollars U.S. per day. No fax, and for the first time it cost me 90,000 Sucres for my clearance papers from the Puerto Capitane (Navy). There are approximately 4,500 Sucres to the £ sterling. I got 450,000 Sucres at the bank when I asked for the equivalent of 150 dollars U.S. A big huge wad of dough that went a long way, as it is a very cheap country. Shellfish and fish first class in Club restaurant, as was the swimming pool and its tawny goddesses. Mostly it's a social club with Big Game fishing boats moored off. The Senoritas say "No No No", and the Hombres say "Si Si Si!"

Met a nice Swiss with his English lady friend in Manta who are also going through the Panama Canal. We left Manta together but I lost them in the Deluge. But we rendezvous in the San Jose Islands in the Gulf of Panama and assist each other when in transit through the Canal. Must say I enjoyed Manta, though my Swiss friend was not so lucky. A generator was taken off his boat (valued at 1,000 dollars U.S.) when they went to visit Quito the capital of Ecuador, where her backpack was slashed and a camera taken.

Left Manta on the 24th February at 7.00 a.m., half an hour after dawn.

Am now in the Humbolt or Peru Current since 4 p.m. yesterday and LOON and I are now on a course north by east heading for the Isla de San Jose in Los Perlos Archipelago - (Pearl Islands) - 525 nautical miles north of Manta, and approximately 70 nautical miles short of Panama. I took a north-westerly course for 33 hours and 100 nautical miles to exit the south-flowing Holy Child Current.

As I now write it is 1 a.m. for I was able to sleep in two shifts of two hours each as we have a nice westerly since entering the current - doing four and a half knots under mainsail and genoa. Got little sleep the first night, with many fishing boats off the coast. Counted the lights of 19 of them round my 3-4 mile radius at one stage. Put an oily top on yesterday for the first time since Valparaiso, over shorts, as I got twenty four hours of incessant rain where the currents converge. A big change from the blue skies and open hatches, but the temperature of 82 degrees was nice, and I had not to worry about sunburn. So as your invaluable "Ocean Passages" information says - "the rain, it pours as out of a sieve".

8th March 1996:- Isla de San Jose - Pearl Islands

Arrived here at 4 a.m. today. I anchored off here at 10 p.m. on the 6th of March under a waning, 2 day full moon, my first tropical island and it is indescribably beautiful. Hot and sunny since anchoring, so have my tent-awning (shade cloth) over the boom. No Post Office or facilities. Have not been ashore yet, but fishermen told me everything comes from Panama by local boat. Nice to see lush vegetation again after the endless desert areas of Chile, although Manta had some green. Will post this in Panama. No sign of my Swiss Amigo. Expected him to be here as he has a faster and bigger yacht (36' long). Maybe I was luckier with the current and the doldrums.

P.S. He arrived on the 9th!

14th March 1996:- Isla Contadora - Pearl Islands

Made it to this island, one of the most northerly of the Pearl Islands yesterday, after being forced to shelter in the lee of Isla Vivietida en route from Isla Pedro Gonzalez because of strong northerly winds.

Great facilities at last. Hotel, duty-free etc. as there is a shuttle of 20 seater planes every five to ten minutes from Panama bringing Americans, Canadians, Argentinians etc. on package tours. Today I came back to LOON after Bed and Breakfast, hot baths and lovely buffet meals in hotel. So I am about 50 nautical miles from Panama and can think of no better place to celebrate my three score years and ten which is on Paddy's Day, the 17th of March! This 220 acre island is indeed a pearl of the Pacific, with its many beaches, and in fact makes up for not rounding Cape Horn. To hell with hassle. Fourteen yachts anchored off, including LOON - Americans, Swiss (2) including my friends in LIANNE. So nice to have company and my own lingo again, and rum etc. cheap....."

ONE OF THE BETTER ONES

by David Ridge

We couldn't believe our luck. "Goes Week" (in Holland) and a settled weather pattern? Unbelievable! From unpleasant past experience Dilly prefers to have a second man on board NICHOLA JANE for North Sea crossings. Frank, an intrepid and experienced sailor and possessed of a wicked and bizarre humour had already offered. Our fourth was, quite simply, a Passenger. Newly separated from her husband and with a whim to become a sailor, the thought of sharing the main cabin with Frank for a week shone like the Holy Grail.

We foregathered on the Hard at Pin Mill. Frank had a pint at the Butt and Oyster whilst Dilly and I contemplated the enormous array of assorted baggage that surrounded our novice crew. A carefully manicured finger waved towards the pile. "I thought I would cut down" she explained, unhappily abandoning her white shoes for a pair of Dilly's old wellies which then protruded grotesquely from below her pink and yellow two-piece suit. "Peach Melba" - Frank had grunted on first sight. So she stayed "P.M." from then on.

In the late afternoon we caught the last of the ebb out of the River Orwell and shaped away to skirt the south of the Cork Sands and the north of Longsands Head, and in the gathering misty darkness laid our first course for Oostende. Of course there was no reason to go there except that we love it, and to pick up Duty-Free stores, delivered on board this time by a corker of a customs lady who, in answer to my enquiry, fluttered her dark eye-lashes at me and declined to seal me up. Pity!

The trip was uneventful. Old Perkins punked us along through an oil-like sea, the fitful moon reflecting on the phosphorescence curling from the bows. Just after midnight we reached the Traffic Separation Zone and, as usual, fairly heavy traffic. One of our reasons for carrying radar was to avoid the dry-mouthed fear of threading our way through staggered lines of unending shipping, which despite one's most careful judgement frequently ended in my having to take violent last-minute action to avoid being run-down by one of the monsters. This time, with Raytheon's help, I planned to steer so as to just clear their sterns. Standing on blissfully, I became uncomfortably aware that the green starboard lights of approaching ships were swinging through to red as they took violent evasive action to avoid this maverick yachtie. I felt terribly irresponsible, as it dawned on me that whilst I knew my intentions, they did not, and I must have appeared to them to be suicidal. Oostende came up dead on the nose in dense fog. Again I blessed the radar as the normal nightmare of ferries arriving and departing was now under control. The two pier-heads came up on the screen as if by magic as the Harbour Control gave us access, the Port Entry Control Lights being invisible.

A day's rest to tap the duty-free, tidy up, and for "PM" and Dilly to savour the Squares and Brass Bands in the town.

Next morning we were off again. Being a bit bored with the Middelburg - Veersemeer route to the OosterScheldte, we decided to travel the WesterScheldte and take the South Beveland Canal. To achieve this it was essential for us to be at Breskens at 14.00 to take the fierce floodtide up to the lock at Hensweert. In blazing sun and enough wind (with Perkins help) to stem the tide, we ghosted up the Belgian coast. Gin time over, we fairly sluiced up the River Scheldte past Terneuzen, picking our way through the confusing buoyage.

"PM" was by now firmly convinced that yachting was a doddle and all the rest was her talk. By teatime the wind had swung to become a cold north-easterly, strength Force 4, throwing up a nasty wind-over-tide chop and we were glad to shelter under the protection of the hood. The channel became very narrow and steep-to. Quite terrifyingly we were sharing it with large freighters churning along on their way to and from Antwerp, and leaving us precious little room. Sod's Law decreed that just at the moment we wished to make the mad dash across a sharp bend in the channel to the Hansweert Lock, two monsters in each direction were contemplating a corner passing manoeuvre. Not funny! No room for Seadogs to swan about.

However, with nothing that a quick change of trousers couldn't cure, we located the canal, were accepted into the Hansweert Lock, and programmed into the system. Soon a railway bridge loomed, barring our passage. Shortly after having made a couple of 360 degree turns to waste time, an express train hurtled past, the bridge lifted to allow us through and dropped back into place behind us - we were on our way. It was pleasing to discover that the north end of the canal is now open to the OosterScheldte and it's no longer necessary to lock through. Thankfully and wearily we crept eastwards round the corner into a charming marina at Yerseke, the acknowledged "home of mussels" in Europe. On reflection, far too long a day. 50 miles and 12 hours in critical waters.

Our stay in Holland is another pleasant tale. Our Dutch friends again did us well at Goes, and the weather blip that hit us on the Wester-Scheldte lasted only a day, the heat and the sunshine returning as we lazed and explored Zeirikzee before leaving for home.

We made our departure through the Roompotsluis in blazing sun, sails furled and Old Perkins throbbing happily. The North Sea was like a mill pond, murky with mist, out of which an uncharted rig appeared with its entourage of support vessels and anchor buoys, all quite frightening, and invisible apart from the massive derricks shewing above the mist.

We motored steadily on, and were all supping our early evening beers, when we came to the northern end of the northeast/southwest traffic separation lanes just where they diverge to the Hook of Holland, the River Scheldt or Scandinavia. The activity was such that I was grateful for the late evening sun to clarify the situation, as at night it would have been worrying. Dusk fell and we cleared the lanes in total darkness still on course for Harwich, the north-bound shipping thumping steadily three miles behind us. "Looks like we are in for a good night" I said as an opening to arranging watches, when Perkins coughed, coughed again, speeded up for a second despondingly and then died. For a moment nobody spoke. I broke the silence. "Well it can't be fuel," I said - "21 gallons in that tank when we left Zierikzee 12 hours ago". Examination showed that indeed it was dry - dry as a bone. Frank unrolled the genoa, and perched on the coaming, harnessed enough of the faint breeze to maintain a knot in the right direction. "What shall I do?" squeaked "P.M.". "Go to bed" I growled. She did.

Dilly got the instruction book and a torch and I, sweating profusely, got into the engine-well beside the extremely hot engine. Everything had to be bled, three filters, two places on the pumps, all glands on the injection system. The handbook was studied, memorised, and the rest done by feel. Each step had to be pumped clear manually as battery power had to be conserved. It was with great relief, two hours later, when, now soaked to the skin with perspiration, I turned the starter-switch and the engine fired - failed - fired again then roared away. It was a thoughtful and relieved Dilly and I who curled up in our corners under the hood, a celebratory Scotch in our hands, as Perkins, as if to make amends, purred happily away in the bright moonlight.

I was sore puzzled at the emptiness of that tank; true, I knew that because the port-side tank was full when I switched it on, I had not, as is recommended in the hand-book, diverted the injection-pump surplus back into that self-same tank as I thought there could not possibly be that much surplus fuel, or - a thought struck me - or could there? I shifted Dilly off her seat and checked the starboard-side tank. It was full! In 12 hours, 17 gallons of diesel oil had been transferred from the port to the starboard tank!

Well, the lesson of this trip learnt the hard way, we motored into the dawn. "P.M." slept. Frank, who had been on the binge in Zierikzee and had not marked too carefully his boat position and in consequence had spent a sleepless and uncomfortable night, slept like the dead. Again dense fog greeted us between the sandbanks at the Sunk and a sudden apparent deviation from my dead reckoning course should have alerted me to the fact that the Decca Navigator was on the blink. Fatigue misled me to believe the Decca reading rather than my dead reckoning, and a ferry roaring straight towards us out of the fog confirmed a 3 mile northerly discrepancy, placing us right in the approach channel to Harwich. Others too reported a similar discrepancy. Never disbelieve your dead-reckoning! That lesson learnt we ambled into Harwich Harbour and up the River Orwell, enjoying a hot breakfast on the way, and made fast at Woolverstone Marina 24 hours after leaving Zierikzee.

This was one of our better trips. Frank survived the hazards of the main cabin, and "PM" still believes sailing is a doddle!

THE SEADOG AND LLOYD'S CLASSIFICATION "100 A.1"

by Peter French

The classification "Lloyd's 100 A.1" indicates that a modern cruise liner, a giant supertanker, or a yacht has been built to the exacting requirements of the Society's rules.

Owners of yachts desiring classification should, when ordering a new yacht, specify that the yacht be built to Lloyd's Register of Shipping class.

The builder then submits the necessary plans for the Society's approval, and will request a special survey during construction in accordance with the Society's requirements.

All Seadogs made by Reg Freeman yachts were constructed to Lloyd's specification and many owners paid the extra for the Lloyd's special survey and Moulding Certificate even if they did not thereafter keep their yachts in class.

For a Seadog to be classified "100 A.1" the following was required:

1. Lloyd's supervision of moulding fee.
2. Lloyd's 100 A.1 classification fee.

Extra equipment over and above the Standard Seadog Specification:

3. Two Marlow 15 fathom x one & threequarter inch warps.
4. One 25 lb. C.Q.R. anchor with 1 fathom 5/16" chain fitted on teak chocks.
5. 30 fathoms of one and a half inch nylon warp, eye spliced & whipped.
6. 30 fathoms of Lloyd's tested anchor chain.

So if you have a Seadog with two C.Q.R. anchors on pads in the bows, there is a strong likelihood there is or should be a Lloyd's Moulding Certificate somewhere among your papers.

ooo000ooo

G U E S T L I S T

(* = First visit to a Seadog Winter Weekend)

<u>SEADOG</u>	<u>NAME</u>	<u>ROOM</u>	<u>HOME PORT</u>
AFARON AHMEEK APRIL DAWN	BART & MONICA GROVES	18	SOLVA - PEMROKE
	* JAMIE LEWIS (Sunday lunch) PETER & RITA HEPSWORTH	16	LYMINGTON PORTCHESTER
DARESSA DOGMATIC FAYE OF AUBIN	JOHN & JEAN ROSS	2	PORT SOLENT
	PETER & OLIVE FRENCH ALASTAIR BUCHAN	21 38	HAMBLE RIVER POOLE
FURAHA GABRIELLE B GALWYN	TIM BURKE (Saturday dinner)		GREECE
	BILL & DOT TOMLINSON STEPHEN & CHRISTINE AXON	31 39	CONWY POOLE
GAY MADRIGAL GINA OF PARKSTONE GLYFADA	* ALAN & DIANA SHERIDAN	9	ANGLESEY
	* DAVID OCKELFORD AND JACQUI STRICKLAND * KEITH & ZLATKA STUBBS	11 10	POOLE SHELL ISLAND
GUNDOG GUNDOG (crew) JACARAH	AUBREY & BERYL ALLSO	27	ABERSOCH
	* JOHN & MARGARET CROMPTON ARTHUR & LINDA GLAZEBROOK	28 15	ABERSOCH THORPE BAY
EX JACARAH LEONORA MELISSE	BRYAN & BABS HERVE	25	THORPE BAY
	* JEREMY & PHILIPPA ENGLISH JON & GILL SMURTHWAITE	19 26	MILFORDHAVEN PARKSTONE
NATUNA NICHOLA JANE PALAFOX	* NIGEL & JACQUI PRICE	3	FALMOUTH
	DAVID & DILLY RIDGE JACK & BOBBY PHILLIPS	8 29	PIN MILL S.BENFLEET
PALAFOX II PULAU TIOMAN SALVADOR	PETER & ROSEMARY BRAGG	17	FALMOUTH
	BILL & LORRAINE BLACKMAN * MIKE & RENATE HUFTON	4 5	POOLE MENAI STRAITS
SCOTTISH LASS SEACANIS SHIELWATER	* RICHARD & CHARLOTTE DUNNILL	40	POOLE
	RAY CLAUCHERTY PETER & JUDY BARRALET	24 20	GOSPORT DARTMOUTH
SIREX STARDOG TALIESIN	BRIAN & JENNIFER STEPHENS	1	KINGSBRIDGE
	PILL & DEE CHAMBERLAIN ERIC & AVRIL RICHARDSON	30 23	BENFLEET LOWESTOFT
TARRY TIWANA TONGAREVA	MARTYN & HILARY WAITT	7	LITTLEHAMPTON
	JOHN & EILEEN POXON * MICHAEL & CAROL MOSS	41 14	POOLE MANNINGTREE
NSD NSD NSD	NORMAN & WIN HINDLEY	18	BESSACAR, YORKS
	JOHN & AUDREY LANSDELL * RALPH & MARGARET McCLURE	12 6	PORTISHEAD CHICHESTER

ooooo

DEVIL'S PUNCHBOWL HOTEL
HINDHEAD - 27/28TH JANUARY 1996

by Peter and Olive French

For those who have not visited, the Devil's Punchbowl Hotel stands alongside one thousand acres of National Trust walking land almost 900 feet above sea level in the most beautiful part of Surrey. Halfway between London and Portsmouth, the hotel is situated on the A3 only a few miles from the M25, and has a spacious car park.

Such was the venue for our 8th consecutive winter get-together and it was our second visit to this friendly hotel. All 67 beds had been booked up in record time and there was a waiting list. As people arrived the old hands went out of their way to seek out those making their first visit to welcome and introduce them to others so that no one felt isolated. By teatime the place was buzzing, time flew past - then it was time to change. The scrumptious candle-lit dinner was followed by introductions, news of our round-the-world sailors Susan Huber and Pat Lawless, and of absent and sick friends. Finally, Bryan Herve (ex JACARAH), concluded the evening's activities with an interesting presentation on "Exploring the Canals of the Midi aboard BUTSKOP" - Bryan and Bob's Dutch barge.

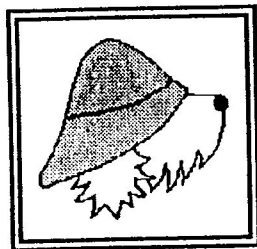
Following breakfast next morning there was plenty going on - Monica Groves (AFARON) displayed a range of her paintings of Seadogs and coastal scenes while Dee Chamberlain (STARDOG) and Linda Glazebrook (JACARAH) worked hard setting up a "Dutch Auction" - something we'd never seen before. This was Dee's idea; she had asked members if they would bring along something to sell - all proceeds to club funds. The diverse array of goods that appeared was amazing - and filled three tables. The aim was that you then wrote onto a piece of paper attached to each item the amount you were prepared to give for it, which figure could be topped by a higher offer from anyone else and at the end of 30 minutes those who had bid the most got the item. When the money was finally totalled we could not believe the amount, and when Olive, with her Treasurers hat on, tried to thank everyone and say what a weight had been lifted from our shoulders by their generosity, she was overwhelmed. The auction raised over £300 which meant that we now had sufficient funds to produce this Newsletter and replenish our stocks of Seadog burgees and brooches. For a couple of years funds had been at a low ebb, so to all of you who have helped we offer our grateful thanks.

Jon Smurthwaite then kept us amused with a lighthearted talk on his refurbishment of MELISSE and a little envious of the many ingenious modifications and extras he had fitted.

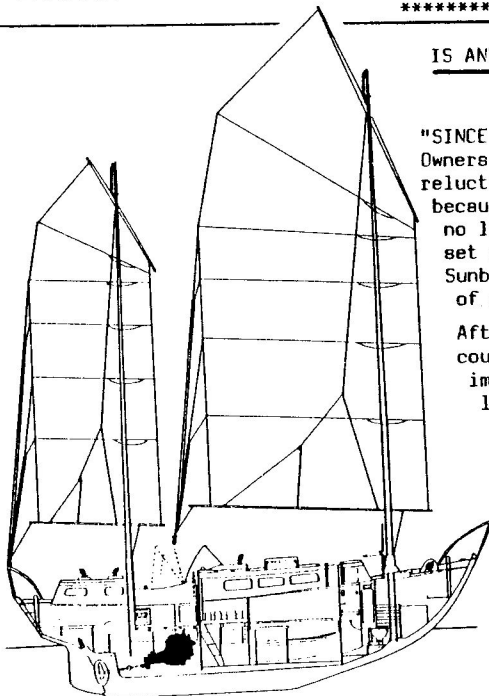
After coffee it was the turn of Hilary Waitt (TARRY). With a Baby Belling cooker, useable only on one ring plus the oven - (more and the fuse blew) - she produced two 3-course dinners in 30 minutes - and all from stock items usually to be found aboard a Seadog. Everything was tasty and attractive to look at and it was hard to believe that so many appetizing dishes could be created in so short a time. No-one need worry about unexpected visitors dropping in to dinner. For next year Hilary has promised to demonstrate some super chocolate recipes - so choco-holics - you'd better book early!

"Seadog Smocks" of Kingsbridge in Devon sent a range of products for us to exhibit - various styles of smock made of canvas or lovely soft moleskin, and two types of canvas carrying bags. They also make, but did not send, polar fleece hats. The smocks, individually made to measure, are good value for money and excellent quality.

Their logo, we thought, would look good on the smocks, so we asked if the head of the little "Seadog" could be embroidered (in addition to the boat's name) on any Smocks ordered by Seadog owners. This they agreed to do for a small extra charge. In the past we have frequently been asked if we could produce lee shirts and Smocks for the Seadog Association, so this arrangement would appear to be the answer as we would not need to purchase stocks out of Club funds. Needless to say Olive has already got hers!



After a mouthwatering Carvery Lunch during which Jon and Gill Smurthwaite were presented with the prize for winning the Quiz, it was time for goodbyes. Many people travelled great distances and had made huge efforts to get there despite the snow. Now we were sorry to see everyone leave. But from the many letters we have since received, we know how much the weekend was enjoyed and we look forward to meeting again next year when we will do our best to give you another weekend to remember.



IS ANYONE YET READY TO TAKE THE PLUNGE?

by Peter French

"SINCE I've been secretary, a number of Owners have written to say they are, reluctantly, having to sell their Seadogs because, with advancing years, they can no longer cope with the sails. This set me thinking; I asked Robin Blain of Sunbird Yachts to assess the feasibility of converting a Seadog to Junk Rig.

After examining DOGMATIC he said it could be done and created this artists impression of what a Seadog might look like after conversion.

BEFORE you throw up your hands in horror consider the alternatives:

Sell your boat because you can no longer handle the sails - or convert to Junk Rig and continue sailing?.

This article may set you thinking, and perhaps one day, someone will take the plunge".

The above is the gist of what I wrote in the Seadog Newsmag of 1988 (No 22).

Since those days great advances have been made in the design and efficiency of junk sails, making the rig ideal for short-handed cruising and for long distance lightly crewed yachts. It's safe, all lines being led to a central position. It is quiet. No flogging sails and no more dangerous gybes. The rig is also much easier on maintenance and repair work. For more information phone Robin Blain on 01329-42613.

oooOoOooo

PERMANGANATE OF POTASH & FLYING FISH

by John & Lisa de Candole

John and Lisa de Candole (ex GLASS LADY) sailed the Atlantic in 1994.

Lisa:- "..... we spent two weeks in Las Palmas, Canary Islands, doing final preparations and attending some excellent lectures which covered all kinds of topics from medical and safety to the psychological problems of long distance sailing. There were moments on the crossing when such advice was quite useful! The final two days were hectic getting in the last provisions. Nearby was a very good market where we bought the fruit and vegetables, the only difficulty was in calculating quantities. Eventually, when all was delivered to the pontoon the hard work began. Everything had to be washed in permanganate of potash (pink crystals) to kill creepy crawlies and be left to dry on the pontoon. With 150 boats doing the same thing at the same time you could hardly get along the pontoons for vegetables. I don't think many others used pink crystals as lots of people stopped and looked in amazement; but it worked, as most of the produce survived the trip. We bought a large bunch of green bananas, not a whole stalk as some boats did. Thank goodness we didn't as, perhaps not surprisingly, they all ripened at once and I didn't fancy making banana bread at sea! In fact I didn't make any bread at all as they have some amazing white sliced bread here called BIMBO which lasted the whole crossing. Goodness knows what they put in it but it was quite edible.

As to the crossing, the weather was very kind and we only had about half a dozen bad squalls with gusts of up to 30 knots, often with rain. We could usually see them coming so had time to take in some sail. For much of the crossing we had twin foresails poled out and mostly reduced the size at night as they were difficult to get down in a hurry. To begin, we did three hour night watches but then reduced to two hours. I spent mine listening to a talking book so time passed quickly. We were unsuccessful in catching fish - John once hooked one but it got off. We were told on arrival our lure was incorrect; we now have a shocking-pink squid lure so may catch a 7 foot marlin like one of the other boats. Goodness knows how you land the beast! Early one morning I watched a whale dive several times - a fantastic sight, very black tail against a yellow dawn sky. Lots of flying fish - one landed in the cockpit at my feet in the middle of the night during a sail-change and almost gave me heart failure! But the only birds we saw were one tropic bird, one booby, a few petrels and storm petrels.

We arrived off St Lucia at dawn on the 13th of December 1994 and it looked very dramatic with all the volcanic peaks. About seven o'clock in the morning we docked to find, amazingly, at least ten people to welcome us including a local man with a basket of fruit, bottle of rum and a rum punch. This is the form, no matter what hour you come in".

12th April 1995 - John:- ".... well here we are in Trinidad having visited all the Windward Islands and on our way to Venezuela to avoid the hurricane months. We have done a lot of sailing since we left England and are now trying to settle down to the livesboard lifestyle. Lisa is already talking about the Pacific! And I feel we might just visit the Mediterranean via the Pacific - Australia and the Red Sea. The Caribbean is only quite nice, the weather and sailing are both excellent, but we are not always given a friendly welcome and prices are very high for very low quality goods and services".

by Peter French

You've waited a long time for this journal - I hope you have found it worth the wait. I decided, while the principal stories were still fresh, to make this mainly a Cruising edition, which has meant that all our regular features along with articles sent in by many members have had to be held over. Sincere apologies to all concerned but your contributions will be published in a future edition, along with an updated Owners List.

For our next issue I would welcome hints and tips on how you single-hand your Seadog, together with points to watch out for and notes on pre-planning. Similarly, if you use a mizzen staysail would you kindly drop me a line describing exactly how and when you use this sail together with a mention of problems. Thank you.

During the recession the Association went through a difficult couple of years money-wise. However we managed to keep going through the kindness of those members who sent donations and those who sent items to the Beaulieu Boat Jumble via Martyn Waitt (TARRY). There Martyn sold the articles on behalf of owners who then generously donated a percentage, and sometimes the whole of the amount raised, to the Seadog Association funds. Martyn is willing to offer this service annually and would be happy to dispose of your unwanted/surplus equipment. Our grateful thanks to all who have helped in so many ways to keep your Association funds in the black - your efforts are very much appreciated.

Seadogs have recently started changing owners - we are sorry to see our faithful friends leaving but have much pleasure in welcoming our new members. Change is the lifeblood of a successful organization and new members eventually become the old and experienced gurus who in time pass on to others a wealth of knowledge and experience. So to all our new members we say Welcome to the Club, don't be shy to ask for help or advice whenever you need it. I have a considerable store of information about Seadogs and what I don't know I can usually find out about. This is what your club is for, so please use it - come to Rallies and meet other members who are only too happy to share their knowledge with you or just talk Seadogs.

On the subject of Rallies, you will find details of forthcoming events on a separate sheet. We are looking forward to seeing a large gathering of Seadogs at the next International Seadog Rally which will be held at Dover over the long weekend of the 5th, 6th & 7th of August 1987 - so please start planning your next years' cruise now. Take in the Rally while making that promised trip across the Channel or North Sea. There is an interesting mingling of nationalities at these meetings - long-lasting friendships are formed and everyone has a lot of fun.

Well, DOGMATIC is sitting on her mooring waiting for some tender loving care, so once this Journal is in the post we will clean, polish and restock her, then, with a bit of luck, be away somewhere.

Olive and I wish you all Happy Sailing, enough wind to fill your sails, and a safe return to harbour.

Peter F.

P.S. Do please fill in that Reply Slip and let me have it back as soon as possible. Thanks!

THE GLOBETROTTERS

* SEADOGS TO HAVE CRUISED TO THE MED. OR CANARIES *

B17	ANAHITA II	GREECE	B05	JOHVIA	BALEARICS
B19	AMERUS	GREECE	B02	KOHURAU	CANARIES
B74	AR-HAZ-MOR	MED.	B42	MISSI	GREECE & N.AFRICA
???	DIADEM	GREECE	B81	ONAR	GREECE
B45	DOGMATIC	BALEARICS	B16	PALAFIX	FRANCE & SPAIN
B46	EREMUE	GREECE	B51	SARAH NOELLE	MED.
B48	FURAH	GREECE	D119	THELPHINI	MED.
B77	GINA	MED.	B137	SEASCAPE	GIBALTAR
B88	GLORY	MED.	B57	TIMORLEY	GREECE
B52	HIBOUX	SPAIN	B90	TRIASID	BALEARICS

** SEADOGS TO HAVE SAILED ACROSS THE ATLANTIC OCEAN **

B61	CANICULA	W.INDIES (now in GERMANY)
B88	GLORY	U.S.A. (Susan Huber: 27 days CANARIES to ANTIGUA)
B54	GRACE O MALLY	VIRGIN ISLANDS
B85	LOON	BRAZIL (Pat Lawless: singlehanded)
B31	MAGGIE MAY	W.INDIES - (now in CAPETOWN)
D118	NAMASTE II	W.INDIES/U.S.A. (now in HOLLAND)
B53	TORTUGA	W.INDIES (now in VIRGIN ISLANDS)

*** SEADOGS CURRENTLY ON SINGLE-HANDED CIRCUMNAVIGATIONS ***

B88 GLORY - Susan Huber - AT PRESENT IN NEW ZEALAND (WESTBOUND)
 B85 LOON - Pat Lawless - AT PRESENT IN PANAMA (HOMEWARD BOUND)

EXCERPTS FROM OWNERS LETTERS:

"SEASCAPE" - "You may be interested to know that I recently completed a family cruise from the Solent to Gibraltar and the boat behaved superbly. She hove to in the middle of Biscay with virtually dry decks in a Force 8 gale and the only repairs required at the end of the voyage were a couple of locker hinges".

"EREMUE" - "After a really wonderful cruise from the U.K. to South of France and then to Greece I must say the Seadog is a very impressive seaboat ... she handled beautifully through two Leventers unlike many other boats we saw rolling heavily".

"GLORY" - 28 year old Susan Huber (who sailed GLORY singlehanded from TURKEY to GIBALTAR) wrote ".... even during all the Force 10 storm the new self-steering (Windpilot "ATLANTIC") held the course perfectly".

"LOON"

CAPETOWN - 70 year old Pat Lawless: ".... happy to say arrived here safely 117 days out of Madeira. Was down to 39 degrees South from Tristan De Cunha; rough at times but "LOON" proved herself once again".

ALBANY (Australia): "Got here 82 days out from Capetown - happy to say "LOON" stood up very well to the Southern Ocean and Roaring Forties. As you know the Seadog is not a greyhound of the seas but she sure gets you there. My confidence in her and myself has increased no end".

HOBART (Tasmania): - after a severe storm in the Great Australian Bight Pat wrote: "Ye Gods! The Dogs are solid boats to stand these conditions. Once again the Seadog proved herself a truly seaworthy and robust Lady".

BLUFF (New Zealand): - Having no local chart Pat ran aground on a falling tide, damaging the bilge keels: "By God! The Seadog is a sturdy wench and constantly goes up in my estimation of her design and construction".

I N D E X

<u>PAGE</u>	
2	FRED MURLEY - PAST SECRETARY - SEADOG OWNERS ASSOCIATION
3	"GLORY IS MY FREEDOM" - Susan Huber
15	ATON III - Jan-Piet Kloos
16	"CINDER'S ADVENTURES" - Terry James
18	INTERNATIONAL SEADOG RALLY - GOES - HOLLAND - (P. & O. French)
22	"A CRUISE TO THE HEBRIDES"- Capt. M. Wingfield, R.N.
25	"ROUSELLE - A SEADOG TRANSFORMED" - Brian Jones
26	"IT WILL NEVER HAPPEN TO ME" - Olive French
27	"WITH KOHURAU TO THE CANARIES" - Rowland Morgen
30	"THE STORY OF MAGGIE MAY" - Eric Arnot
32	END-OF-SEASON RALLY - YARMOUTH - ISLE OF WIGHT - (P.& O.French)
35	"DOGEARED AT HOME IN THE IONIAN ISLANDS" - Tim Purke
38	IMPROVE YOUR OUTLOOK - RENEW YOUR WINDSCREEN
39	"SINGLE-HANDING ROUND THE WORLD" - Pat Lawless
47	"ONE OF THE BETTER ONES" - David Ridge
49	THE SEADOG - AND LLOYD'S CLASSIFICATION 100 A.1 - Peter French
50	DEVIL'S PUNCHBOWL HOTEL WINTER WEEKEND BREAK - (P. & O. French)
52	"IS ANYONE YET READY TO TAKE THE PLUNGE?" - Peter French
53	"PERMANGANATE OF POTASH AND FLYING FISH" - John & Lisa de Candole
54	SECRETARY'S PAGE
55	"THE GLOBE-TROTTERS"
56	INDEX & ITEMS FOR SALE

F O R S A L E

CLUB TIES (Gold ketch motif on navy) ... £10.00 each (inc.U.K. p.&p.).
CLUB BURGEEES (Gold ketch motif on navy) ... £11.00 each (inc.U.K. p.&p.).
CLUB BROOCHES (Miniature of the above) ... £5.00 each (inc.U.K. p.&p.).

SEADOG SAIL PLANS

FOLDED

ROLLED IN TUBE

399 sq.ft.	£5.00 (inc. p.& p.)	£5.50 inc. (p.& p.)
454 sq.ft.	£6.00 (inc. p.& p.)	£6.50 (inc. p.& p.)

Honorary Secretary: SEADOG OWNERS ASSOCIATION Tel: 01489-573436
 Peter French, 'Cresta', 27 Chapel Road, Sarisbury Green
 Near Southampton, Hampshire. SO31 7FB.