



'EMRA'
Chichester Harbour
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THE SEADOG

Editors Peter French / Gordon Keir

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The Seadog Owners Association Journal

THE KINSALE RALLY - 1999

DOGMATICS STORY

This rally took a great deal of organising but by June 1999 all was ready and Seadogs prepared to set sail from many different ports.

'Dogmatic' crewed by Peter, Olive and Ray Claucherty ('Seacanis') were just finishing breakfast when we were hailed by John and Audrey Lansdell (new owners of 'Twotails') - they had arrived bearing gifts - a large box of Quality Street and two bottles of wine. After joining us for a cup of tea they waved us off, it was 8.30am, the sun was shining, the sea calm and we sailed serenely down river. Passing Warsash, much to our surprise, John and Audrey were there to give us a final wave.

We did not intend to go far that day, so crossed the Solent and moored to a buoy at Newtown Creek on the Isle of Wight. Spotting 'Salia' a short distance away we gave them a call. They had sailed to Newtown Creek to be there to wish us well on our voyage - a happy start to our cruise.

At 7.52 next morning we headed for Weymouth - by 3.15 were moored to a trot on the East Bank.

The following morning we cast off - then spotted 'Tiwana' anchored off the promenade. No sign of life so we gave them a quick blast on the foghorn and up came John and Eileen still clutching their breakfasts! A few minutes chat and then we were on our way. We took the inshore passage off Portland Bill and were surprised to receive a call from the Coastguard. They explained that Brian Stephens 'Sirex' had asked them to locate us as he had expected us to arrive in Salcombe the previous evening (a matter of crossed lines as we were scheduled to arrive around 8pm this evening). At 6.30 we called 'Sirex' to alert them of our imminent arrival and minutes later 'Sirex' appeared and led us up to a peaceful rural anchorage.

The plan was that from now on 'Dogmatic' and 'Sirex' would sail in company so at 5.50am the following morning we both set sail - by 1.40pm we had picked up a visitors buoy in Fowey.

Fowey is one of the prettiest harbours to visit and well worth a longer stay. However we pressed on and the following morning cast off at 9.50

and as the winds were light we motor-sailed to Falmouth and arrived at 3.30.

The forecast was for light winds and fog and sure enough the fog was there when we cast off next morning, so we had to navigate by Decca and GPS. We never did see Black Rock on the way out. When the Manacles were abeam we saw our first basking shark, then two dolphins leapt out of the water just ahead of us and joined us for a while - such a pretty sight.

As we approached Penzance we saw an amazing mystical view - the fog blanketed the sea but there, right ahead in bright sunlight, was the top of St. Michaels Mount. It was a spooky sight. The fog cleared as we approached Penzance Hardour and by the time we were moored to a waiting buoy the sun was shining.

We spent the next day sightseeing. Martyn Waitt 'Tarry' arrived and the crew of 'Sirex' changed in readiness for the trip to Ireland. It was now the 17th June - the distance we had to sail was 150 miles, so we locked out of the harbour and went onto the waiting buoys. 'Sirex' had a problem with the gearbox, but an emergency dash by dinghy to Newlyn and back solved the problem and by 1.23pm we were on our way. We soon passed the entrance to Mousehole Harbour. Mousehole is renowned for its spectacular Xmas lights and reminded us of our stay with Martyn and Hilary 'Tarry' when we spent an hilarious Xmas with them and their family at a house on the harbour wall.

Before long we had the Tater Du Lighthouse abeam followed by the Runnel Stone and the Longslips Light. Then, as we rounded Lands End we had a fine view up the West Coast towards St Just.

The seas became rough for a while due to the convergence of tides and currents from the English, Bristol and St Georges Channels. We sailed on into the darkness and after an uneventful night were greeted by a beautiful sunrise. 'Sirex' was still with us and we passed the Kinsale Gas Platform just after mid-day. While we were having lunch we heard the unmistakable double-bang of Concorde as she whizzed overhead. 4.50pm and we had the Cork Landfall Buoy abeam and by 6.12pm we and 'Sirex' were safely tied up at Crosshaven. It was a good crossing and we were now looking forward to a happy stay in Ireland.

As a matter of interest, we found the best weather forecasts for Ireland are transmitted on R.T.E at 7.30am.

The following day was spent on engine repairs - I found part of a mounting bracket had sheared off and to make matters worse, I managed to break a bolt. Olive and Ray set off to Sabre Marine and the man who was working on a boat not only stopped what he was doing, but set up his oxy-acetylene gear, made us a new bolt and then refused to take any payment for it!!

We spent a few days exploring Cork, Cobh and Castlehaven and finally moved to Castle Park Marina not far from Kinsale Yacht Club. Having tied up the loose ends of the Rally with the Yacht Club, we set sail and went to explore some of the beautiful harbours. The weather was perfect - we visited Glandore, Sherkin Island and Baltimore, then early one morning cast off and made for Castletown-Bearhaven.

It had long been an ambition to sail around the Fastnet Rock, but the mist of the morning deepened and as we neared the Fastnet we could hear the foghorn.

Olive wrote in her diary - "at 8.30 we began to see the vast bulk of the Fastnet Rock emerging through the fog - the foghorn blaring then, as we came within a few hundred yards the fog suddenly lifted, the foghorn stopped, the sun broke through and 'Dogmatic' and 'Sirex' sailed twice round the rock taking photos then, as we sailed away, the sun disappeared, the fog returned and the foghorn started up - were the leprechauns looking after us?"

We anchored for the night at Castletown-Bearhaven and were sitting in the cockpit enjoying the evening sunshine when we saw a huge steel box being carried towards us on the tide which nearly struck 'Sirex' as it passed.

Onwards next day to Glengarriff, Bantry Bay. It is one of the most beautiful parts of Ireland and we loved every minute of our day. We were rowing back to 'Dogmatic' after a visit ashore - the sea was like a mirror - 'Sirex' hailed us and pointed to our stern and there, a little fleet of seals, "noses and big soulful eyes" were following our dinghy - such a very pretty sight.

We now had to start on our return to Kinsale in order to be there when the other Seadogs arrived, so we visited Lawrence Cove, Bear Island where we found Reg Freeman's old yacht 'Cenerea' preserved in splendid condition.

On to Crookhaven, back to Glandore and then Kinsale. As we approached the pontoon we were met by Graham and his daughter Emily 'Dougal' who had come over by ferry. 'Sirex' 'Tarry' 'Dagotia' 'Seascape' 'Dog Rose' and 'Afaron' arrived. 'Leonora' 'Gundog' 'Salvador' and 'Amerus' were next. Paul Craggs 'Amerus' had sailed singlehanded for most of the 900+ miles from Blyth in Northumberland (via the Caledonian Canal).

The morning of the Rally dawned bright and fair. Martyn and Hilary 'Tarry' organised a guided tour of the town - later 'Brandon' 'Loon' and 'Cushag of Man' joined us. Dinner at the Kinsale Yacht Club was superb, they had arranged for a pianist to entertain us but during the evening Jerry English 'Leonora' and his crew produced Penny Whistles and Guitars - they were joined by Martyn 'Tarry' and then proceeded to keep us entertained and in fits of laughter. The pianist remarked "they don't need me, they know how to enjoy themselves" - which of course we did, eventually returning to our boats around 1 o'clock in the morning.

'Leonora' and 'Salvador' had to leave early next morning but the remaining Seadoggers visited each other's boats and generally had fun. This was followed by another very happy evening at the Kinsale Yacht Club.

Monday 5th July saw a general departure of Seadogs. The Marina Master said how very sorry he was to see us all leave and how proud we must be of the members who had sailed so far to be at Kinsale. One very interesting comment he made was "you've only got 140 Seadogs in the world and so many were here - not like the 'Westerlys' who have hundreds of members and for their Rally only 3 turned up!!" Certainly says something for the Seadogs and their owners.

'Sirex' was staying in Ireland for a while so it was with 'Seascape' as company that we set off to Oysterhaven and from there to the Scillies. The seas became quite rough and Olive's diary records "it has taken me 2 hours to prepare and cook the lamb stew and do the dumplings to go with

it. The cooker has been on it's gimballs and now I've washed up and made the drinks, it will be nice to sit down!!" We had to slow down during the night to ensure that we didn't arrive in the Scillies before daylight so it was 7.32 when 'Dogmatic' and 'Seascape' tied to the buoys in New Grimsby Sound.

We thoroughly enjoyed our stay in the Scillies, visiting the various Islands and walking for miles. 'Seascape' had to move on, but we spent 2 weeks there as there was so much to see and do.

We eventually left Tresco and set sail for Newlyn. Our plan was to go up some of the beautiful rivers on the way home, so leaving Newlyn we headed for the Helford River and tied up to a buoy. It was here that we had a visit from Colin and Tisha (previous owners of 'Seafleur') - they asked if we would like to stay with them in Helston for a few days. We gladly accepted and had a really superb time.

We returned to 'Dogmatic' and set sail for Falmouth. Arriving there, we were visited by Peter Bragg 'Palafox II' who gave us details of his mooring in Pill Creek - so we left Falmouth and were soon tied up to 'Palafox II'. Peter entertained us very well and later informed us that 'Sirex' had contacted him to let us know that they were in Penryn with a gearbox problem. It was while we were in Pill Creek that Ray had to leave us as his wife was not well. We were sorry to see him go as he had been a great companion as well as an enormous help. 'Sirex' arrived later that evening - so there were now three Seadogs in Pill Creek.

A couple of days later 'Dogmatic' and 'Sirex' set off with blue skies and calm seas and had a good sail to Fowey where we moored upstream. Unknown to us however, 'Dogmatic' was on the edge of a hard sandbank so when the tide ebbed we were aground at an angle - most uncomfortable. However, we set a Kedge Anchor in readiness for the return of the tide - and eventually pulled ourselves off the bank. It was a beautiful place to be so we decided to stay another night.

Then it was on to Plymouth and up the Tamar River, and after a peaceful night had a very pleasant trip to Salcombe.

As there was no wind we motored for 11 hours so we were glad to turn off the engine and enjoy a peaceful night anchored in Frogmore River. We heard on the Radio that this had been the hottest July on record.

Next day we followed 'Sirex' to Kingsbridge and rafted alongside. 'Sirex' was now home. Brian and Jennifer were so hospitable and suggested that we might like to stay with them in their house overlooking the river. There were a few engine jobs to do and then we joined them for what was to be a wonderfully happy time.

We caught buses, walked for miles and enjoyed superb meals with Brian and Jennifer, especially their Broad Beans picked straight from the garden and eaten immediately.

We were still there on the day of the eclipse. A large party had gathered at the house and Brian suggested watching the eclipse from the sea. One friend did not want to go so Olive stayed ashore with her but the rest of us sailed out into the open sea about 10 miles SSE of Bolt Head.

What a wonderful memory of that spectacular event - so awe inspiring to see this dark and threatening shadow and the dramatic change from twilight to darkness. The horizon was a bright circle of light but above us was blackness. We were all surprised at the sudden transition from darkness to light which happened shortly afterwards.

Ashore, Olive and friend watched from the embankment, the seagulls settled down quietly as darkness fell but with the sudden return to daylight they all became very agitated and flew in screeching circles above their heads.

After more happy days with Brian and Jennifer we packed the dinghy and restocked 'Dogmatic'. We said our goodbyes and motored down to 'the Bag' where we picked up a buoy for the night.

The general plan on leaving Salcombe was to make for Brixham then visit the River Exe, Bridport and Lyme Regis but we hadn't reckoned on the weather forecast which came out of the blue predicting strong easterly winds for the foreseeable future. This put a major spanner in the works for, come mid-September Olive had an urgent appointment at a Hospital in the Midlands. We had to be certain that she got back in time so decided to buck the strong tide and head direct for Weymouth.

We sighted Portland just as the tide turned foul and we eventually entered Weymouth Harbour at 21.55pm. The town was ablaze with light which made it difficult to pick out the entrance but we eventually rafted up for the night at Town Quay.

We were now trapped by the weather which got worse, ending with very strong easterly winds and torrential rain. Eventually a forecast for less wind changing to the west gave us hope and on 25th August we left our berth and motored towards the bridge, but while jilling about waiting for it to open, we picked up a rope which snagged the rudder and windvane.

Efforts to dislodge it proved hopeless. We were still struggling when another skipper, who was on his way to join the afternoon races, pulled alongside to see if he could help but within minutes he too, was caught up on the rope. With no more ado he ordered his crew to cut the rope which was promptly done but unfortunately, the loose end then wrapped itself around 'Dogmatics' propeller!

The lads from the Marina Office did their best to help but to no avail so they sawed through the rope and towed us back to the Marina. They phoned for a diver but no one was available until the next day. On a bright sunny morning the diver arrived and cleared the rope and we eventually left the Marina at 2.00pm.

The seas were now high and on the quarter - the highest we had experienced on the whole trip. The tide was strong and despite the cork screwing motion we were soon (according to the Decca and GPS) speeding along at 9.7 knots over the ground. Once we gained the lee of Handfort Point at Studland, the seas died down and at 7.17pm we anchored inshore in Studland Bay.

A beautiful sunny morning followed the setting of a huge yellow full moon so we weighed anchor and made for Newtown Creek on the I. O. Wight. As this was the Bank Holiday Weekend it was very busy. We went up the Medina River next day, entered Island Harbour and spent two days there. Then down to the East Cowes Marina.

On the 1st September we crossed the Solent, went up to the Hamble River and tied up at our berth in Crableck Marina. We spent that night on 'Dogmatic' and reminisced over our 3 months cruise - one of the best we have ever had.

Peter and Olive

'TARRY' ROUND BRITAIN

Extracts from Martyn Waitt's Cruising Log for the Year - 2000

As many of you know it was my intention to sail round Britain this year and having talked about it I thought some of you might like to know what has happened during the year. My plan was to sail westwards round Land End and then up through the Irish Sea. I would then work my way up the west coast of Scotland as far as Cape Wrath, turn round and come back to the Caledonian Canal. Going through the canal I would then come down the East Coast eventually getting back to my starting point – Littlehampton.

I also wanted to explore new locations and see a bit of Britain on the way round. The first part of the plan was always destined to fail, as you can't visit dozens of ports, climb mountains, visit friends, relatives etc and expect to get round Britain in one season.

We have, however, managed to sail (and motor) some 2,500 miles, visit 90 ports, harbours and anchorages during the season. We set out at the beginning of June making a quick trip to Cherbourg to stock the bonded locker and eventually rounded Lands End on the 26th. After visiting Lundy Island and Milford Haven we went to Ireland (Waterford, Dunmore East, Kilmore Quay and Arklow). Then back across the Irish Sea to North Wales – weather bound for a week so we went walking and site seeing. Then off back to Ireland (Dun Loaghaire, Dublin and Howth). Back across the water to the Isle of Man and after a few days there back to Ireland (Ardglass). I left 'Tarry' in Strangford Lough when I came home for a week to attend a family function.

We then crossed the North Channel to arrive in Scotland at Portpatrick. Working our way up the coast calling at Girvan and Troon. Spent a happy ten days exploring the Firth of Clyde, Kyles of Bute before going through the Crinan Canal. There are many distractions once you leave Crinan with lots of small islands and lochs. A friend had lent me an old set of Clyde Cruising Club charts so with the West Coast Pilot books we were able to visit many of these. We went up to Fort William and also spent a week in Loch Leven anchored at Glencoe so it was easy to put my boots on and pop ashore and up some of the Glencoe mountains.

Going northwards via the Sound of Mull we visited Eigg and Rum before arriving at Mallaig. Loch Nevis and the Knoydart required a bit more time wasting and walking before heading up to the Kyles of Lochalsh and passing under the new Skye Bridge. Plockton on Loch Carron was visited before I decided to turn back south. It was now October and bad weather had set in so it was a question of picking holes in the gales and working southwards to Oban where I had arranged to winter 'Tarry'.

I eventually left 'Tarry' at the beginning of November and am now trying to catch up with all the jobs at home. Hilary was able to join me for about 5 weeks in total, in Cornwall, Milford haven, Dublin and Scotland. I was also fortunate enough to have several friends join me for their holidays. I suppose half of the distance was sailed on my own, my wind vane proved to be invaluable on the longer passages and the engine also never let me down. This had to be used quite a lot in Scotland as the mountains effect wind directions beyond belief. It is common to be going down a loch with the wind dead ahead then round a headland only to find the wind still dead ahead.

The scenery, however, is quite magnificent and the West Coast given the right weather must be one of the finest cruising grounds in the world. I was fortunate in that the locals said it was the best summer in living memory.

So that is the end of my travels for this year and I'm looking forward to going back next year and exploring a bit more. Like a good wine it needs to be savoured and drunk slowly.

Finally I would like to thank all the people who have been so kind to me on my voyage, some have been fellow Seadoggers and others have been complete strangers who have been so helpful. It restores one's faith in the human race.

Martyn

MISHAP

Note from Eric Richardson (TALIESEN) - 2000

I recount below a brief account of a mishap, which occurred early this summer. Avril and I decided to take our granddaughters Anna and Jenny sailing on the East coast Rivers over the spring bank holiday, so I moved the boat down to Suffolk Yacht harbour during May.

We started our holiday on Sun. 28th May, spending the first night in the Marina. Monday we left our berth and headed out for a short sail, this went well sailing within the shelter of the bay because the wind was quite strong, around about force 5/6 and forecast to become stronger. We then returned, sailing up the river as far as we were able.

Lunch was taken swinging to a buoy below the Orwell Bridge, but as the wind was rising we decided to head for Fox's Marina and find a berth for the night. I decided not to call the Marina on VHF but to tie up to the fuel pontoon and see the Harbourmaster about a berth so that we could decide our approach in the strong wind. I was able to moor up in a gap about 45 feet long between a very large fishing boat and a 40 foot Oyster, the wind holding me tight to the pontoon meaning that I would have to spring her out when we were to move.

We were shown to a berth and as the wind would be blowing us off I left Avril on the pontoon so that she could catch our warps and quickly secure us. I returned to 'Taliesin' and was about to place a fender to spring off when the wind dropped so we quickly started up and left astern knowing she would prop walk to starboard.

Things were going well and we had some way on when a sudden strong gust of wind blew the bows round to port and close to the fishing boat. I thought we would clear OK but then realised that it's anchor was stuck out about 2.5 feet and about 5 foot higher than my guard wires. Before I could get the way off it had caught in my aft lower shroud which parted instantly - it then hooked in my cap shroud which held and stopped the boat for a split second before firing us clear with a catapult effect. The cap shroud being made from 8mm dyeform is very strong.

Although I had seen the top of the mast bend at least 1 foot to port all looked OK and we motored round to our berth.

On a first look round it seemed that we had got away with just a broken lower shroud, then I noticed that the starboard spreader was bent back a good way as a result of the tension in the cap shrouds. I went up the mast hoping to remove the spreader and sort things out. Further examination showed that the spreader had pressed a dent into the mast wall to a greater depth than the wall thickness thus destroying its strength as a column and making it prone to buckling stresses.

At this stage I asked Fox's to lift it out and spoke to my insurers who arranged for a surveyor to attend and assess the damage, the net effect was that I was told to seek tenders for a new mast, Fox's were to do this for me.

Not wanting to completely ruin the holiday I rigged a temporary forestay for the mizzenmast and we became a motor boat with mizzen and staysail. We had however lost a couple of days but the holiday was still enjoyed by all. I returned 'Taliesin' to Fox's who lifted her out on to the hard whilst waiting for things to be sorted out.

After I had seen the tenders I rang the insurance company and asked if I could have a mast with internal reefing fitted if I paid the betterment costs. They agreed to this and a Zedspars system was ordered along with a new sail. The new sail went against the grain as I had only had about two days sailing out of a brand new mainsail, but I was assured that my sail could not be altered so I had no alternative.

In order to make progress I did a number of the jobs myself. This included changing a damaged chain plate, removing the tabernacle and fitting a new mast base plate also fitting new deck plugs for the mast lights. The chain plate was badly twisted and bent inboard. Examination of the cap shrouds showed that the Norseman fittings had pulled in by about 1/8" at each end. Before fitting, the cap shrouds had been pre-tensioned to about 2.5 tons as a test so I believe they probably saw a load of between 3 & 4 tons each. I was delighted to find no damage to the deck - the stainless steel backing under the deck was indented with the hexagon of the nuts so a new backing plate was fitted.

The order had been placed with Zedspars who were full of enthusiasm and promised an early delivery, things changed after they had the order and the customer became just a bloody nuisance when asking about missed delivery dates.

I must state however that Fox's could not have been more helpful and the standard of work and care were first class.

The job was completed in August and my first trip out was our club rally at the Walton Yacht Club.

When I left there I sailed back to Lowestoft and was absolutely delighted with the new system, reefing from the cockpit is easy and only takes a very short time. This will make my single handling much easier, and I shall make better use of the sails.

Well to close I must say that I felt a fool to be caught out like that but am very pleased with my new setup and looking forward to easier sailing and using all three sails much more of the time. I often sailed under the geriatric rig i.e. genny and mizzen because when alone the main can be a pain in a strong wind which always changes just after hoisting or dropping. I am now able to use the mainsail whenever I think fit and do not have to go topside.

Eric Richardson

BUYING AN OLD SEADOG - Kees van Baalen (RITA)

Copy of a Note from Kees to Peter - 2001

Lying on my old painful back, scraping and breathing the poisonous anti-fouling of the hull of my beautiful small wooden vessel I thought : "this cannot go on. I am too old for this". This was a much beloved boat, but I could not sit upright in the cabin, and it was lacking a toilet and a good stove. So, in the end, with tears in my eyes, I saw her being sailed away with a glad young fellow aboard.

Of course I could not stop sailing and a long dreary search for another boat began. Rows and rows of modern boats passed my eyes, most with backsides drooping the wrong way, bows going down instead of going upwards. With the search on the verge of becoming hopeless I ran into a "Sea-dog".

As I have always been addicted to classic Dutch boats such as Botters and Spekbaks, she immediately appealed to me. The beautiful lines, the shallow draught (so extremely important in Dutch waters), the ketch rig and all the teak timber inside and outside.

I am a happy seadog again myself, having learnt that seadog ("zeehound" in Dutch) does not mean a seal (the return-translation of "zeehound"), but an old salt.

Since 'Rita' is one of the oldest seadogs (in fact No. 8) we have given her new rigging, a bowsprit, a bow-thruster (expecting to sail to a very old age) and a new more modest engine (Volvo 2030).

In the second year I sailed her to Cornwall and this year, with my wife also in retirement, we rounded Brittany and found a lot of other seadogs (and so immediately new friends). So when you see 'Rita' somewhere, please come aboard and we'll show you our latest smaller enhancements and we would like to see yours.

Kees van Baalen.

PS - Kees is also happy to answer any queries you may have concerning the bow-thruster, Volvo engine etc... but please note the following correction to the Owners List :

The Tel No - should read 0031 20 490 4467

ATLANTIC CROSSINGS & OTHER CRUISING STORIES

Extracts from the Newsletter distributed by Susanne Huber (Ex GLORY) and her husband Tony - January 2001.

Part 1 - Author Tony.

We have moved twice in the last two years, Susanne from 'Glory' to 'Galenaia' 'Galenaia' to 'So-Long', and myself from 'Storm Petrel' to 'Galenaia' to 'So-Long'. We also made three Atlantic crossings between us since our last letter.

We were on 'Galenaia' when we last reported, our 43 year old 27ft plywood cutter, revived from her 25 year rest in a field! She was serving us well, going from Maderia to the Canary's to the Cape Verde Islands and across the Atlantic to the Caribbean Islands.

We decided to search in the Caribbean for that "ideal" yacht and it wasn't long before we lost our hearts to a lovely Rhodes 41 called 'So-Long'. She is a 1964 GRP yacht in the post war style from the board of Philip Rhodes. She has a long full keel with lead ballast and long overhangs. The waterline is 28 ft. despite the overall length of 41 ft. and the beam is 10'3" giving her an interior volume of a boat about 25 ft L.O.A.

We knew she had osmosis and a soft after-deck where the balsa core had become wet through the opening where the mizzenmast had been. There were no fancy electronics, no updates like roller furling or holding tanks, just as we wanted it.

We had to find somewhere to put 'So-Long' ashore for the osmosis work, so we decided that I would sail 'Galenaia' back to England and Susanne would sail 'So-Long' to somewhere in southern Europe and find a suitable place there for repairs.

We sailed on the 15th May 2000, single-handers again on an ocean voyage.

On the third day I was becalmed in the Caribbean for days at a time. I motored for a while and got something fouled on the propeller. I dived to find an old sail attached to a fishing buoy. While I was down there I noticed the hull was covered in baby barnacles.

I spent an hour scraping the hull in calm seas with an incredible blue void beneath me. The only life was a school of five curious Dorado, brilliant electric blue and yellow, but they also disappeared when a huge dark shape appeared in the void. I didn't wait to check it out but abandoned the baby barnacles and climbed aboard.

The weather stayed irritatingly calm for about 16 days and my course crept slowly north.

From day 18 I had mainly southwesterlies and over a period of 8 days in 12 I had winds of gale force 8 or more, mostly in the right direction.

'Galenaia' did just over 4000 miles at an average of 3.31 knots or nearly 80 miles per day, but it again proved her seaworthiness and strength. Plucked from her quarter of a century sleep in a field to do nearly 10,000 miles in a year, we couldn't ask more of her. Now she is under wraps again while we decide her future.

Part 2 - Author Susanne.

'Galenaiia' did well after the 10 months of preparation in England, she was easy to sail and had despite some pessimistic views no trouble with stability at all! But the engine performance was quite poor and I was complaining about the heavy rolling on passage. Maybe I was spoiled from the smooth sailing motions of my Seadog 'Glory' which had brought me without any problems around the world and which I was totally confident handling under any conditions.

But finally arriving in the warmth and gleaming colours of the Caribbean Islands brought our spirits back. We were in a bit of a vacuum those days, not knowing whether to carry on towards Panama with its horrendous new canal fees, or finish the trip as originally planned in the Americas. Finding 'So-Long' in Bequia suddenly filled this vacuum and threw new sizzling activity on us together with the surprising fact of being single-handers once again.

After spending five busy weeks in Trinidad with just the hop from Bequia as sea trials I had to get used to the idea of 4000 miles of North Atlantic alone.

Never before had I had so many "butterflies in the tummy" when leaving for an ocean passage and a few incidents happening just before didn't help.

We nearly sank the boat after emptying the bilge with the electric pump and noticing just in time that the water was gushing back after switching the pump off by siphon effect. Or the time when the well greased paddle on the "Aries" came unlocked at sea and I was hanging over the stern, head under water in the swell, trying to bring it back in its position.

Was it really a good idea to start an ocean passage with a just bought boat which had hardly seen its sails up in the last 5 years? One of the biggest worries was the simple fact to keep the boat afloat, since I had to pump the bilge twice a day. The use of the nicely ticking Yanmar would be very limited since after each use the stuffing box had to be tightened ever more, caused by a badly worn cutlass bearing.... Maybe we should have hauled out 'So Long' in Trinidad after all.

On the passage itself the weather was much as Tony has described it, and over the following weeks gave me time to explore the boat. I tightened the stuffing box yet again, had the hand bilge pump blocked several times and slowly got into a relaxed sailing spirit.

Eventually the weather settled into S to SW and our daily mileage increased. For hours at a time 'So-Long' ploughed along at 7.5 knots and the daily maximum of 163 miles was quite a thrill to me.

After 17 days I had logged 2230 miles but then once again the winds got light and variable. The last 430 miles took one week with endless sail changes, at times drifting without sails during calms and only a few hours under engine. Fog at times, jumping whales close to the boat and a hard beat during the last night towards the Island of Terceira finished the trip after 24 days. Limping into port with one of the steering ropes of the Aries chafed through, the mainsail winch jammed, the main halyard chafed badly, the staysail in need of repair, two interior lights needing rewiring and when finally dropping the anchor in Angro de Heroismo I found that the anchor windlass had jammed - but my spirits at landfall were high and 'So-Long' did great!

Eventually I got going again, destination the Algarve in Portugal. By the time Tony finally arrived in Falmouth 'So-Long' was already safe ashore and the sight of her fine lines were a pleasure to look at.

Reprint of the Newsletter distributed by Susanne and Tony – February 2004

Tony and I left the cold South of the Beagle Channel, Patagonia, just about one year ago. It was a strenuous 4,600 miles sailing to Cape Town, South Africa in the legendary 'Southern Ocean'.

In the beginning we tried to head northeast quickly to get into warmer waters and to avoid an area of 30 percent gale possibilities, according to the pilotcharts. But we encountered surprisingly frequent northerlies. For the first 13 days until crossing latitude 40S we were often hard on the wind. With the water temperature well below 10C it was generally exhilarating but chilly sailing. On my birthday we passed the Falkland Islands well out of sight with a fresh breeze on a beam reach. 'So-Long' was flying along beautifully, under minimum sail area, choppy seas and with even a touch of blue sky – but that was the rare exception. On average a cold front was passing every 3 days or so, bringing frequent wind shifts and changing wind force for most of the trip, so we kept busy reefing/unreefing the main sail or changing jibs (a total of 249 sail changes in the 41 days sailing).

The big bad day happened soon after crossing from the 'roaring forties' into the falsely expected calmer latitude of the 'thirties'. On day 17 an enormous breaking wave hit 'So-Long' from just aft of the beam and threw her extremely hard onto the lee side. We were touch and go of a complete roll-over, the mast 30 degrees under. Luckily we were all inside at the time, but Tony got a terrible bleeding head injury. Only thanks to 'So-Long's' high stability she came up quickly which must have saved our lives – because carelessly the companionway was not totally closed and we even lost one washboard! Water rushed into the cabin and drenched everything. This is called a 'KNOCK-DOWN'...

Bad shock, but no panic on board, even Honey kept quiet (for a change staying in her basket). After 15 minutes the bilge was pumped out, no hull damage, the mast still in place and Tony not in serious trouble! For a few hours the self-steering kept us heading down wind under bare poles, averaging 6 knots, until things got really windy. For the following never-ending 41 hours we were streaming a drogue. We had never before tried this series drogue and to our relief 'So-Long' behaved beautifully and very safe even in wild breaking seas.

We got away with little damage and all in all were pretty lucky.... For the rest of the trip we tried to dry out the boat between the passing cold fronts in very little sunshine. On day 28 we managed to anchor for 3 hours at the remote Island of Tristan du Cunha, being the most distant piece of land on earth, half-way between South America and Africa at 37S/12W. But another northerly gale was approaching, so no chance to stay or to get ashore and we happily left for the safety of open waters around this magic little spot of earth.

After 6 weeks at sea, calms and headwinds welcomed us into Hout Bay, South Africa. We tied up at midnight and celebrated the landfall with a bottle of champagne, which was leftover from Christmas and stored safely.

The following weeks were very busy repairing the damage on board and we enjoyed the perfect summer in this beautiful place. Unfortunately Tony had to fly home to England from Cape Town in April 2003.

Not wanting to spend the winter in South Africa, Honey and I left for Europe by May 1st. Once again some butterflies in the tummy on the start of this nearly 6,000-mile trip north.

I stopped in St Helena anchorage for only two days to do some little repair on the Aries self-steering. Honey was not allowed ashore anyway (quarantine rules) and I felt full of nostalgic memories of our happy days in St Helena five years earlier, then with 'Glory' and 'Storm Petrel'. The friendly Port captain visited me at the anchorage and with his help I managed to mail two letters, which reached Europe even quicker than me, since St Helena still has no airport.

Once again it was good sailing in the SE tradewinds, then a nerve wracking crossing of the variable winds near the equator followed by hard beating for 16 days against fresh NE trade winds. Tony and I kept in contact via the Amateur Radio, and me being still 800 miles south of the Azores, he booked a flight to Terceira for one week later. Well - Tony with a "red rose" for me, and a bone for Honey, had to wait 3 days with his wife badly becalmed during the last week! After 8 weeks at sea we had a wonderful reunion.

During the sail together towards Portugal new plans and ideas for the future started taking shape. We found a good place here in Mazagon, Spain, to put 'So-Long' on the hard and to be shore-based for a while.

We both visited our homes in England and Germany for some time in that hot summer of 2003. After celebrating the romantic wedding of Susanne's parents we were back on board for plenty of boat chores.

At the moment Susanne and Honey keep watch and work on 'So-Long' while Tony gets 'Galenaia' ready in England for new adventures. Looks like we will be sailing with two boats in tandem once again.

These days I spend quite some time in the local cyber cafes, so you might reach us quicker than snail mail at: susanne_tony@web.de

An update from Brigitte and Franz Huber - January 2005.

Susan is in Antigua, English Harbour.

She crossed the Atlantic with a woman guest. Tony arrived 2 days later.

They will stay in the Caribbean till March - April. What their next plans are, they are not decided.

CRUISING - IRELAND CIRCUMNAVIGATION

Log extracts from Terry and Heather James (CI-MOR) - 2001

We had a wonderful circumnavigation around Ireland in the summer of 2001, sailing in 'loose company' with our friend George Lipscombe in his Kingfisher 30 - 'Penultimate'.

Heather and I set off from Fishguard in early May, immediately after an early season meeting of the West Wales cruising Association. We made Howth (where we had to spray 'Ci-mor' because of Foot & Mouth restrictions) and spent a few days in Dublin using the excellent DART train service. Next stop was Carlingford Lough and then Strangford Lough where we met up with George in 'Penultimate'. We had a memorable few days tied up against an ex-Irish Lights light vessel, which is now home to the Down Cruising Club.

Next leg was around into Belfast Lough and Bangor Marina. After a few days in Belfast itself, we made for Rathlin Island, using Red Bay as a passage anchorage. Here we got our first glimpse of the mighty Glens of Antrim. We had 2 nights in Rathlin's tiny harbour with glorious sunny weather, but on the day we departed for Coleraine (with a hoped-for view of the Giant's Causeway *en passage*) the weather turned nasty, and we were relieved to get up river to see George - who had sailed ahead of us - tied up in the River Bann at Ireland's oldest marina.

Our next destination was planned to be Lough Swilly, but we had a few problems on the way to Malin Head, so after an overnight passage anchorage (where I replaced the lift pump) we retraced our steps and ascended the River Foyle to Derry. Yachts are not often seen up there, but despite some misgivings we had a wonderful reception alongside the former ship quay right in the heart of the city. The downside was that both 'Ci-mor' and 'Penultimate' suffered damage to their starboard quarters, when a swell unexpectedly entered the river and both boats came foul of the vertical casings of the quay. Our damage was just a broken rubbing strake and a few scratches but George's boat suffered to the extent that the GRP was also 'sawn' through (he effected a temporary repair, which was to be properly done during the winter lay-up).

We eventually set off and descended the Foyle to Greencastle to visit the excellent maritime museum, and after a night on moorings set off around Malin Head.

This was a passage best forgotten. We were in the overfalls around the Head for about two-and-a-half hours, motoring into a F6 against a tide of about 2 knots. Our arrival at Lough Swilly was a great relief, but with fresh NW winds we decided to ascend the tidal creek up to Ramelton, much to the bemusement of the locals. We went up one day and back the next on a rising tide, with nothing under our keels at times. (We are sure there are yet plenty of furrows still in the mud to be seen at low water).

The next leg took us to Tory Island (supposed to be the most remote inhabited island in Ireland). The modern harbour allowed us to get in at low water and we stayed afloat throughout. Tory is a small, treeless island that now makes its living from tourism. Its 'fishing fleet' consisted of just two small 'half-deckers'. We were now on the wild side, open to the Atlantic swells. Our passage past the Bloody Foreland took us to a number of remote uninhabited islands, via Bunbeg, Arranmore, Glencolmcille, and then into Donegal Bay. Much of the time was spent dodging gales, but we had a great time nonetheless. We went up to Sligo (where the 2001 Macmillon led us to expect secure alongside berths with water and electricity). Nothing of the sort, only rat-infested old quays where a local fisherman advised us not to leave our vessels unattended. We decided to drop down to the estuary after shopping, but not before the Harbour Master charged George 15 Punts.

We spent a night tied up to a local trawler, whose skipper had called us up on VHF on the way up to Sligo offering advice. We backtracked to land on Inish Murray (the sea had been too rough on the previous day). This turned out to be one of the highlights of the holiday. The sun shone brightly and we marvelled at the early Christian monastery and the houses abandoned in the 1950's. We were sad to leave, but an ice halo was already forming around the sun, so we made for the southern shores of Donegal Bay on a beautiful reach, in advance of the forecast SE8.

Our chosen anchorage was fine for the night, but we decided to set off for Broadhaven for better shelter with an offshore F6 blowing and the gale not yet upon us. George, who had set off 30 minutes before us had a most frightful passage. As we cleared the first headland he was to be seen stern to the wind, foul of a salmon net. There was little we could do to help because of the amount of net around him, but two fishing boats attempted without success to break the nets by force. George went over the side in his wetsuit, but could not come at the problem net around his prop and rudder.

Fortunately he managed to clear sufficient to sail with the aid of his Hydrovane (ex 'Ci-mor') to carry on. The weather was very dirty with very strong gusts bringing rain and very poor visibility. We sailed on in front of George for about 2 hours, when suddenly out of the mist another net appeared. We tried our best to avoid it, but it was too late, so we sailed over it - thankfully without any problem. However, despite our entreaty to George via VHF to sail out to sea, he was unable to bring 'Penultimate' around with just the Hydrovane for steerage. He was soon into his second net. This took a long time to cut the net, the fishing boat having first to retrieve the seaward side and then the landward side of its 1500m length. They were surprisingly matter-of-fact about the whole incident when they finally managed to talk to us on the radio. It seems that they only work Channel 12 in the Bay, hence why we could not get an answer from them on 16. George set his parachute drogue whilst attempting to clear the net. The wind strength I think was F7, if not more, by then, because we were drifting 3 knots on bare poles! Finally, after some very exhausting work, George courageously managed to set off again, with no engine or main rudder. We sailed about a mile ahead of him, and through talking to other salmon boats we were able to steer around one other net. George managed to sail well into Broadhaven and we then took him in tow and onto a visitors' mooring within sight of Ballyglass lifeboat.

The next day he sailed 'Penultimate' onto a sandy beach and took 20 minutes to cut away the two nets. His main consolation was what he had done for salmon conservation on the fateful day. For anyone else cruising in Donegal Bay it is useful to note that the fishermen know the precise latitude of the seaward end of their net, so by calling in advance on Channel 12 we had a precise Northing to go around. We of course basked in the fact that a Seadog's profile allows it to sail straight over a salmon net (we did it many times in the 1980s), whereas George's Kingfisher's bilge keels and skeg provided a cavity for a highly tensioned salmon net to fill.

At Ballyglass we rode out a full gale which lasted for 18 hours. We were so thankful for the excellent visitors' moorings, which are a feature of the north and west coast of Ireland. They are normally free of charge, but some local authorities do sometimes charge.

Our next leg took us down to the uninhabited Inishkea islands. We spend a most delightful mid-summer's day in the north island and next day passed Achill Head (mercifully in light airs) into Clew Bay and then threaded our way to Westport, a very pleasant, if touristy, town. From there we went to tiny Caher Island. The landing was only made possible by the discovery of a single visitor's mooring barely sheltered from the stiff wind. This remote island has been uninhabited, we believe, since the late 18th century (although it is still used to depasture sheep) and has the most amazing Early Christian sites.

From here we sailed to the southern end of Clew Bay to rendezvous with George and with Peter Poole in his Nicholson 32. Peter had sailed single handed and non-stop from the Solent in 'Holly' in four days. So it was three vessels that set off next day for the delights of Inish Boffin.

From here we sailed along the northern coast of Galway Bay after yet another overnight gale whilst anchored off Roundstone. We took in a passage anchorage before crossing to Inish Man (the middle of the three Aran Isles), anchoring quite safely on the north east side (despite the strictures of the pilot books) whilst we walked around the island. We set off next morning (after overnighting in the main harbour of Inish More) for the Shannon, where we ascended to the marina at Kilrush. The last time we were there in 'Ci-mor' was 1987 when we failed to get up the then tidal and marina-less river. There are no marinas between Coleraire and Kilrush (a good third of the Irish coast), so we were looking forward to 'lording it' for a few days (again another gale was weathered here). We set off three days later in bright sunshine, sailing in sparkling seas on a lovely reach, with bottlenose dolphins leading the way. We three vessels regrouped again, making the passage from the mouth of the Shannon to Dingle Bay, anchoring in Ventry overnight to shelter from the strong northwesterlies. We set off on our own the next day to renew our acquaintance with Beginish in Valentia Harbour, then had another wonderful sail from there to the Kenmare River meeting up with George in a tiny secluded anchorage protected from all quarters. After a good long walk ashore we set off for Castletownbere via Dursey Sound with yet another wonderful evening sail in bright sunshine. This was what cruising is all about! We dropped our hook for the night off Dunboy Castle, reprovisioned in the town the next morning and then went to the delightful little marina on Bear Island. We were moored close to Bart grove's Seadog and also met our friends Barrie and Mare Cremin in their ex-Cork Harbour pilot boat St Nessian.

Yet another gale passed through overnight.

It was during our few days here that the marina owner John Harrington, was tragically drowned whilst crossing the sound in a rib. It was a numbing event and a salutary reminder of the dangers of boating, made doubly so by the deaths two days before, of two men from a ketch who we believe died whilst returning from the shore to their boat at Glengariff.

Time was now marching on. We had a deadline to get to Glandore for a 'Classic regatta', where we were to meet up with numerous friends we had met during the year 2000 Celtic Voyage ('Ci-mor' was one of only three yachts to complete the whole Celtic Voyage). So from Bear Island we went to Schull and for the first time in months were amongst large numbers of yachts. We spent a day landing and walking on a number of islands in the Roaring Water Bay, and then on a rising tide did the inland passage to Baltimore. Here we spent a day walking on Sherkin Island (last visited in Ci-mor in 1984), and then made for Castletownshend where 'Holly' was moored. Against good advice of many we decided to go around to Glandore the next day (mustering day for the regatta) despite a forecast of SE8. There were already quite a number of yachts at anchor, including the super-yacht 'Blue Leopard'. The Harbour Master took us to an anchorage and I very glad we decided to set two anchors, for it was one of the most uncomfortable nights we had had for many years. Between 2 and 4.30am I sat in the cockpit, eventually running the engine on tickover 'just in case'. I saw a few boats drag and in the morning the sorry tale was 5 boats (three from moorings) washed ashore. Fortunately there was very little damage and no injuries. Our friends Hans and Gudrun in the German yacht 'Hug Maru' had come in before the gale at 10.30 the previous night, and Hans told me the next morning that it was the worst night on anchor he had had in 40 years of sailing. The regatta suffered greatly from the poor weather. All racing was in F6 winds and lumpy seas. We did not race 'Ci-mor', but crewed for George in 'Penultimate' and otherwise fraternised with friends. We took part in the final 'sail past' and were awarded 'Best Dressed Cruising Yacht' for our troubles.

The next day we set off for a non-stop passage back to Wales, completing our circumnavigation of Ireland in 12 weeks. Despite some pretty atrocious weather we really enjoyed the cruise, made pleasurable by the loose company of George, where we could help each other when in need.

Since we were planning a long winter trip to South America and New Zealand we felt we should spend some time at home in Wales with my mother before setting off for the International Festival of the Sea at Portsmouth. Three weeks after arriving at our home moorings on the River Towy we set off and did a non-stop passage of 150 miles to Helford. Then we made Plymouth and spent a few days exploring the Tamar before meeting up with George at his home club at Cargreen (birthplace of the 'Seadog' class). We sailed alone taking in Salcombe and one passage anchorage before fetching up off Newtown (I of Wight) hoping to see the J-Class yachts racing in the America's Cup Celebrations. Alas there was no wind. So we made our way into the Naval Dockyard as one of the many yachts taking part in the festival. Unfortunately we were moored apart from the other participating Seadog ('Dougal') and the round of visiting so many friends in other yachts meant we did not have an opportunity to meet up properly with the 'Dougals'.

Our passage home was fraught with a recurrence of the earlier diesel problem when we were half way across Lyme Bay (air was again getting into the line somewhere between the tanks and the lift pump). We had to beat hard to get to Brixham, arriving in the dark to anchor off the harbour. We set off next morning for Plymouth, but with very short seas we decided to run back to Salcombe where the Harbour Master kindly pushed us up into the town reach. To our delight we soon had Brian Stephens alongside in 'Sirex' and he took us up to the solitude and delights of Frogmore Creek - the two Seadogs tied together. Over the next few days I carefully stripped and reassembled the relevant diesel pipework, having found that vibration from failing engine mountings had caused the copper pipework to 'pinhole'.

The problem fixed, we motored up to Kingsbridge for the night to be treated to a very welcome bath and superb dinner at Brian and Jenny Stephens's. We set off the next day as far as Fowey, then to Penzance where NW F6s held us up for a few days, along with a number of north-going boats. But Penzance is a nice place to be stuck in. We eventually got away and did a non-stop trip back to Towy to round off some 2,500 sea miles on the two trips.

Terry James

WORKS PROGRESS AND CRUISING

Letter from Tom Helm (NEWANDERER) – Progress over 1997 / 2002

Sue and I are now into our 5th season as owners of 'Newanderer' (christened NW by our girls).

We concluded the purchase of NW during the winter of 1997 from Bill Richards, he was due to re-marry and settle down in the Falklands, and was also not in the best of health. Being co-club members of Gravesend Sailing Club he was keen to keep NW 'in the family'. With minimum fuss, Bill passed on the boat to the Helm family 'lock stock and barrel' and subsequently spent many hours familiarising us with the history and workings of his beloved craft. Our thanks to him for all his help – particularly for the advice regarding dropping and raising masts.

The initial survey of NW did not reveal any major surprises and confirmed that she was in sound condition for a craft of her age – however the insurers insisted on the provision of all new standing rigging and that "minor pimples" below the waterline be monitored. To this day they have not increased in size or quantity!

We continue to keep NW moored at the Gravesend basin, so our first season (1998) was spent in local waters day sailing and with long weekends getting to know the handling characteristics of a Seadog ketch (we are still learning). Our longest 'cruise' that year to the Solent took place in June. We visited Dover, Eastbourne, Shoreham, Cowes, Lymington, Southampton, The Hamble, Brighton and Ramsgate. This trip gave us the confidence as a sailing couple that we required in 'Newanderer'. After leaving the Hamble, (motoring due to lack of wind!) we ended up entering Brighton in a Force 8 - never trust the weather forecast!

At this time, the engine compartment was still a complete mystery - it was quite untidy due mainly to the amount of redundant cabling, relays and switches caused by many years of modification. The first job of the 98-99 lay-up period was a total rewire of the engine bay. We ended up with several bags of oily spaghetti and mysterious bits and bobs but now know what's what (and the glow plug now works).

The sail and cockpit covers were also very tired, so they were replaced.

We went to a small local upholstery company who used the old items as templates. We chose a dark blue 'orange peel' effect PVC. They are very easy to wipe clean – most essential due to the high quantity of 'guano' produced by the local Gravesend seagull community.

During the previous season the old log finally expired and we were also having difficulties with the depth sounder. So with cheque book in pocket, we went to the Chatham Boat Jumble. We eventually got a very good deal on NASA Target units. Also, in a weak moment at the Earls Court Boat Show, we purchased a Garmin 128 GPS.

Now came the problem of where to position all of the new 'toys'. After much head scratching it was decided to create an integrated 'control panel' which would be located on the rear facing saloon bulkhead over the chart table. This makes it very easy to be seen from the cockpit when at the wheel. The decision was also taken to remove the old fuse panel and mount a new switch board in the 'control panel'. The final arrangement required quite a lot of internal rewiring – very few internal lining panels remained in place – we certainly got to know the ins and outs of NW! The finished article looks quite good and in keeping with the rest of the interior. A purely unbiased opinion of course. New fluorescent lighting was added to the heads compartment and above the cooker – we can now see what's in the deep locker next to the fridge compartment.

New curtains, scatter cushions and carpets were fitted – all part of making NW our second home. A second hand cruising chute was purchased from a club member – more on that later.

During the 1999 season we continued to sail predominantly in local waters – but the urge to 'go foreign' was never far away. With our two daughters, Laura (20) and Amanda (17) we set sail in August for a two week spell of French coastal hopping. After a night stop-over in Ramsgate we crossed to Calais and then on to Boulogne where we were stormbound for three days. We eventually made our way to Dieppe and then to Fecamp. After a short stay we retraced our track to Dieppe, St Valery en Caux and then directly to Dover and Gravesend. The return leg to Dover was somewhat spoilt due to the 'skippers' insistence of continuing to sail in glorious sunshine at a meagre 3 knots.

The weather slowly 'closed in' and the wind turned on the nose and the sea state gradually worsened – none of which was forecast.

Anyway we missed the tidal gate to help us up the channel. The crew were not amused and the 'skipper' was demoted to cabin boy for the final leg to Gravesend.

We continued the tradition of entering NW in the Gravesend Thames up-river race, held annually in September. The race is run over a course from Gravesend to the heart of London, finishing quite close to Tower Bridge. We had fortuitously declared the use of our new cruising chute on the entry form – some three weeks prior to the race being run. Race morning dawned with a healthy SE Force 4-5 blowing. NW romped up the river reaching speeds in excess of 6 knots! We finished 7th overall but took line honours for class 'B; cruisers. Needless to say, that evening, a very good night was had by the NW crew in the bar of the Cruising Association headquarters in Limehouse Basin.

Over winter, NW was lifted into the Gravesend compound to enable all the usual off season jobs to be undertaken. We removed the old rubbing strake and replaced it with a more substantial one of Iroko (much needed due to the habit of bouncing from buoy to buoy during windless down-river drifts that were supposed to be races – I shall say no more).

The 2000 season saw NW continuing to meander through local waters. The highlight of the year was another trip to foreign parts, this time Holland with two other GSC boats. Passing through the Veeresmere, Oosterschelde and Grevelingenmere. We called at all the usual places made so familiar through reading earlier copies of the Seadog Newsletter. Middleburg, Veere, Goes and Bruinisse together with several delightful islands were all visited.

Sue and I and our crew that year, Mrs Helm 'senior' (over 21) our nephew Master Helm (7) thoroughly enjoyed the experience, the Dutch people were so friendly and helpful. However we dared not stay too long as our waistlines could not have stood the strain – such good food and so well presented!

Have you noticed how the Dutch national pastime of 'Lock Watching' provides such good fun for those watching but such severe strain for those taking part? The pressure of getting it right first time when competing with a small armada of craft entering or leaving the locks is not for the faint hearted. More than once we saw boats rafted up with the odd one pointing in the wrong direction!

Fortunately we managed to keep our noses clean – well done crew.

During the long non-stop return trip from Vlissingen to Gravesend (just over 22 hrs), the Pinta autohelm decided to go 'walkabout'. It would operate for periods of about an hour, then begin to lose interest and meander all over the place. Turning the unit off for twenty minutes or so seemed to enable the unit to reset itself.

Very little work other than routine maintenance was undertaken over the winter of 2000 / 1, and unfortunately, due to our younger daughter being diagnosed with MS we did not sail at all during the 2001 season. In fact we neglected NW quite badly and ultimately paid the price. Returning to NW after an absence of about 8-9 weeks, we found that the stern gland had begun to let water. We were confronted with oily water about 50mm above the cabin sole. It took a full day to clean and dry NW out – a good case for an automatic bilge pump arrangement. New carpets were required.

The 2002 season soon came around. Our daughter entered a period of slight remission in her illness. As a family, we adopted a positive attitude and decided on a shakedown cruise to the river Medway. We soon discovered that getting Amanda on and off NW presented some problems (she is predominantly wheelchair bound at present. She coped admirably but could not manage to use our dinghy so we contented ourselves with laying to anchor and visiting marinas every other night. We kept her wheelchair in the aft cabin during the day and in the cockpit overnight, (with progressively worse results on my back) – a more permanent solution of the wheelchair storage was required.

Two other problems came to light that coincided with items that were on our ever-growing wish list. Firstly, Amanda could not manage to operate the old fresh water pumps. A pressurised water system has now been installed with all the requisite kit sited below the galley basin. Secondly, Amanda's medication has to be kept at a temperature below 8 C. We pressed an old 12v coldbox into service but it has a 4 amp load and this has serious ramifications on NW's auxiliary battery system.

NW's old auxiliary system was comprised of two 6v batteries wired in series, they were of an indeterminate age and only stored about 50 amp/hrs. They have now been replaced with two new 110 amp/hr batteries wired in parallel.

The existing alternator seems to cope quite well, but we are considering replacing the old splitter diode with something more appropriate.

We have also installed a 230/12volt inverter unit so that the fridge can be transferred to shore power when moored in a marina, we can now conserve the auxiliary batteries. This required some 'temporary' 230v wiring modifications that definitely need to be made permanent during this year's lay-up period.

After a couple of years of searching we managed to find a source for replacement ventilator cowls, (those that have a flange and are held in place with an aluminium ring). Vetus, in Southampton keep a stock of 'replacement cowls for Jerry ventilators' priced at £14 each. We also have new cabin locks that actually lock.

Early July saw NW meandering up the Thames to St. Katherine's for one of those 'unforgettable weekends'. Joined by two brothers and the earlier mentioned nephew we departed for a 'boys only' cruise in brilliant sunshine and temperatures of high 70's. (England also won a test match!)

A northerly Force 3 ensured a tack free passage both ways – unbelievable the way the wind seems to turn with the river! The new fridge system coped well with keeping the beers nice and cold and the pre-purchased ice was great for the later evening G+Ts as we sat in the cockpit and watched the sun set over the London skyline – absolute heaven! Our arrival back at Gravesend on the Sunday coincided with the club's open day, we were charged with the responsibility of giving 'trips around the bay' to all and sundry, the majority of whom had never stepped on a yacht before. Without exception they were all impressed with NW. It makes one quite proud to own such a wonderful vessel.

The question of the summer cruise could not be deferred any longer. We thought we knew when we were going but not where! Our minds were made up when over a few beers in the clubhouse, it was decided that in company with three other club boats we would head off for Holland once again.

Everything fell into place – even our elder daughter would be 'between jobs' and could join us for the two-week trip. Our mini flotilla would number four boats and 10 – 14 crew (allowing for various changes along the way).

We departed Gravesend on 4th August calling at Ramsgate then directly to Middleburg, Thereafter we more or less followed the route taken two years earlier but calling additionally in Kamperland and De Omloop. Rather than fully retracing our outward passage it was decided to return via the Zuidbeveland canal and call additionally at Breskens and Ostende.

Highlights of the trip included:

- Many meals at various restaurants and on board the club boats – all held in good company
- Meeting the owner of Seadog ‘Sara of Wyre’ in Goes. He was accompanied by his daughter but his wife was unwell when we met, we send our best wishes and hope that all is now OK. We exchanged tours of our boats and discussed the various modifications each had made
- The GSC boat that left it’s mark on the wall opposite the entrance to Goes marina (no names mentioned, but it was not a Seadog!)
- The skippers Birthday – August 12th – and a BBQ full English breakfast complete with Bucks Fizz for 12 people on a beach at Paardenplaat Island
- A wonderful sail along the Oesterschelde from Bruinisse to Wemeldinge with the chute flying
- Meeting Willie Eggers the owner of Seadog ‘Brandane’ at the RYC Ostende and the chance to have a good close up look at a bowsprit fitted to a Seadog. Thanks also go to him for his help in sorting out suitable adaptors for shore power.

It was either our imagination or our increased handling abilities aboard NW, but the locks seemed much quieter and less stressful this year.

The problem of wheelchair storage was finally resolved. We had a cover made in the same material as our canopy and sail covers, we now lash the chair to the sloping bulkhead behind the aft cabin where it remains out of the way.

This together with all the other paraphernalia we keep stored on the deck over the aft cabin, gives the boat the appearance of an itinerant traveller, but saves the trouble of unloading the aft cabin each evening of dinghy and fenders etc.

We arrived back at Gravesend having logged a total of 430 nmiles for the trip. It was largely trouble free apart from the recurring problem with the Pinta. All in all it was a very successful trip.

Over the period we have owned NW our log reveals that the average fuel consumption is about 1.67 lts/hr. We tend to run our Perkins 4.108 at about 1400rpm which generally pushes us along at just below 6kts. Although she is beginning to smoke a little – we have experienced no loss of performance.

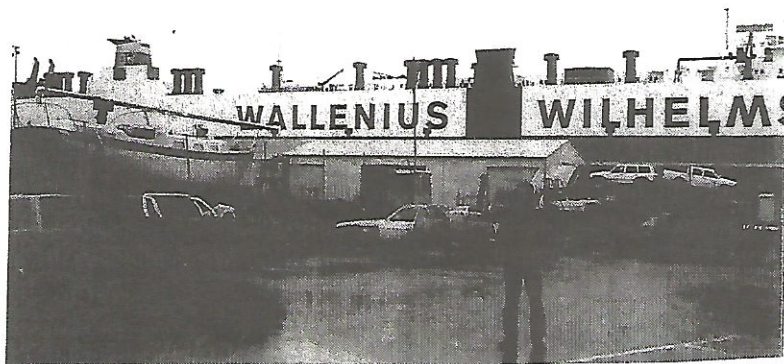
We have had much enjoyment from 'Newanderer' and look forward to many more years of the same. Not for one moment have we regretted owning NW. The only problem is the ever growing wish list.... Hot water...holding tank...mizzen staysail...new windscreen...painted topsides...timber toe rail...self tailing winches...powered windlass

Tom Helm

PS – Amanda's condition has remained about the same - (May 2005)

TRANSPORTING 'MISS MATE' TO QUEENSLAND

Extracts / Photos from a Letter from Maina Svensson - 2002



I will start when I visited Roland aboard M/V Maersk Tide in early September 2001. We had by then arranged for 'Miss Mate's' transport and also set the date for my departure and arrival. 'Miss Mate' was shipped by Wallenius Wilhelmsen's ship M/V OTELLO (Wallenius is a Swedish Company). I think 'Miss Mate' was loaded 6-9-2001.

Anyway, Roland and I sent an email from Maersti Tide to Otello to ask the Captain to update us with his ETA in Brisbane.
Guess what? It turned out that the Captain was batch mate from Navigational School in Sweden (16 years ago!).

Roland and I arrived in Brisbane 16 October. We had cleared all debts to have our Bill of Lading to be able to claim 'Miss Mate'. M/V Otello came to Brisbane around 2 o'clock on the morning of the 17th and we were there on the wharf waiting.

We said hello to my Class Mate / Captain and had a look and kissed our "baby" welcome. Next some sleep at a motel before seeing our "Customs & Forwarding Services" agent. It seemed to be a big problem that 'Miss Mate' had personal belongings onboard. I think that Customs may think that you have loaded your yacht full of new expensive equipment in a try to escape import tax!!! Well, it was good that we both, especially Roland as an active Captain, knew what they were after and also knew a lot of "the rules of the game".

Our Bill of Lading was "lost" and had to be transferred electronically... there must be a B/L otherwise your goods will not be discharged from the ship. When we returned to the ship around 11 o'clock in the morning 'Miss Mate' was already ashore. We had lunch with Otello's Captain before he left for the next port.

'Miss Mate' ashore in Brisbane, but we were not allowed to touch anything. Next step was to have an evaluation by a Marine Surveyor. (I would not have been independent). The surveyor came 2 days later, the 1 Oct. It didn't take him long to evaluate 'Miss Mate' and of course we wanted the value to be as low as possible as it would influence the import tax which was to be the next expense.

We could still not touch anything onboard, and it was a long wait over the next weekend until the next step which was Quarantine! By experience we know that Customs and Quarantine really can make life hard if they want to. We were lucky as Customs approved of the

evaluation and the Quarantine Agent was happy with what he found, or should I say NOT found.

The 23 October and 'Miss Mate' was all cleared and we could start working to get her ready for the water. She was sitting in the Patrick Stevedores premises and we had to move her ASAP or pay "rent" for the space. Roland again benefited from his Captain's experience and title, and went off to the Manager for a "friendly chat".

No problems, we got all the help we could wish for. We paid in cash and there was a case of cold beer in the back of our car that needed to be moved by the Stevedores... all part of the game, but a good game for us and of course it never really happened.

We worked hard and late and early and by lunchtime on the 24 Oct it was time to get 'Miss Mate' into the water. The crane was huge and 'Miss Mate' was lifted like a small toothpick and it took less than 10 mins to get her to where she belongs. We decided to stay onboard as Brisbane River is not the safest place. Tide, swell and thieves! The Stevedores helped us lift the masts on 25/10. It was so quick and stressful that I didn't get a chance to take one single photo. I would have loved to though, because at one instant we realised that one of the stevedores had hold on the big mast all by himself by leaning his shoulder and body into it. We were desperately trying to get the right wire in the right position in less than no time at all ... if possible.

Roland took 'Miss Mate' down stream on the Brisbane River then to the Scarborough Marina just north of Brisbane. I had to drive the car. 12 o'clock we met again - 'Miss Mate' safe in her berth and Roland happy and proud. Scarborough Marina is a top marina and we thoroughly enjoyed being there. I don't think the guests were supposed to do all the cleaning and work we did alongside and especially not hang all the washing out to dry. The manager was very understanding when we explained our situation and I did take the washing down. It all took time as we had to equip 'Miss Mate' to Australian standards and there were a lot of things to check and repair.

The 9th November and we were ready to leave early in the morning. The sky didn't look good but we needed to be on our way for two reasons: Roland's time off was running out and the cyclone season starts in November, so the weather starts to be "uncertain" already by late October.

Well of course we got strong Northerly wind and rain and a thunderstorm. We were heading north along the coast ... maybe 3 knots. Our Perkins was working hard and we needed to try to go as straight as possible so as not to lose more time.

Late in the evening, everything soaking wet, we decided to go to Moloolaba. We were happy we did as the weather got worse and I think we also needed to feel that this was actually our holiday, our previous time together we were only working and now we were fighting the elements. We enjoyed Moloolaba and made Saturday 10/11 our Christmas Eve.

We set off again on the Sunday lunchtime as there seemed to be a break in the showers and thunderstorms. However by early evening everything went dark and ugly and we got the worst weather we have ever experienced with 'Miss Mate'. Thunderstorm after thunderstorm and lighting, squalls and stormy gusty winds that seemed to bring the rain horizontally - no visibility and freezing cold. We couldn't believe it and even doubted our decision of bringing 'Miss Mate' to Australia.

We kept going all night until we came as close as we dared to the southern end of Fraser Island. It's the worlds largest sand island with a lot of the sandbanks moving and shallow water. We waited for daylight before we could find our way in a channel not very well marked to the inner side of Fraser Island.

We found an anchorage and were just about to get some sleep when a man in a dinghy knocked on 'Miss Mate' enquiring about the weather "outside". He had spent the night at anchor and had experienced a hailstorm with hail as big as golf balls. We knocked off for a few hours then it was time to leave again - this time on the lee side (inner) of the island. At last we could dress in a tee shirt, even a swimsuit and sunhat. The waters were tricky and strange with lots of sandbanks and the landscape very spectacular and different. It required a constant watch on the echo-sounder and careful navigation.

In the afternoon we noticed, for the first time, that the revolutions increased without either of us doing it. This happened several times, but we managed to reduce it back to the normal setting until the time of day when you don't want things to go wrong - when its dark and ugly.

We were at the northern end of Fraser Island, between some smaller islands of rock! ... when the engine played up again and this time we could not reduce the revolutions. Roland tried and tried and suddenly the engine just stopped and we were in a narrow passage and drifting towards the rocks. Anchor on standby, Roland headfirst down in the

“engine room”, we don’t know how but we managed to get the engine started again but on fixed revolution of full ahead. I’m glad we could navigate together. Somehow we managed to find Harvey Bay Marina. The entrance to the port hidden and very hard to find in the dark. The current extremely strong and ‘Miss Mate’ behaving like a crab, going sideways - and still full ahead.

We got inside the entrance and Roland managed to go full astern from full ahead! I was trying to “pilot” us to the first available berth without smashing into it. I jumped at least 2m from ‘Miss Mate’ to the pontoon and was “stronger than a horse”.

We were worried but slept like logs. Next day we had a mechanic have a look at our old Perkins. He was delighted. He loved our engine but couldn’t really find anything wrong - maybe an air leakage. We stayed another night and set off early the next morning.

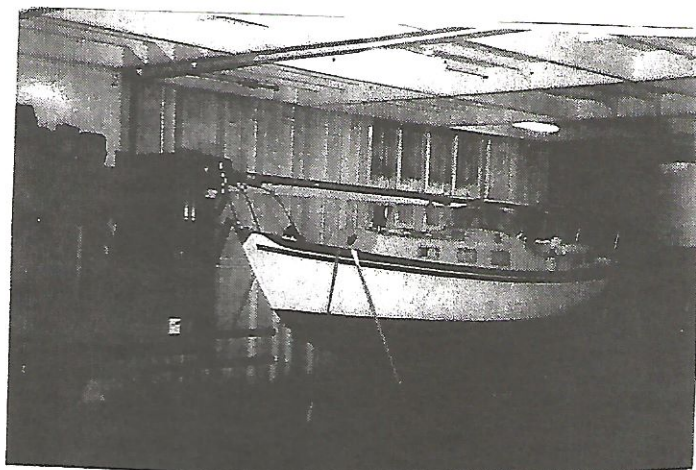
This time the wind was right for sailing, we tried different sail combinations and ‘Miss Mate’ was sailing like a queen. 7 knots as best, with an average of more than 5. But this ocean and the weather at this time of year are not to be trusted. Again we got strong winds, rain and thunderstorms and the waves became huge, but we kept sailing in both rain and sunshine until we reached Roslyn Bay / Coppel Bay Marina around 1500 on the 16th November. We discussed what to do and found this Marina to be our best option.

Again our Perkins stalled on high revolutions but this time it was daylight and easier. We were happy to be safe alongside and also pleased with our decision not to push it further. We would have at least 2-4 days to Mackay / Whitsundays. We took the Greyhound bus to Mackay (approx 4.5hours drive) and drove back in our own car.

We emptied ‘Miss Mate’ and she was lifted out of the water the 19/11. We had a surveyor there for the insurance but everything is so different here and we have problems to insure her because of her age. Never mind if she is in good condition. We will have to have a full survey again when she is in the water if we want to insure her! ... Very strange insurance rules.

Roland left for work early on the 24th November.

Maina Svensson



'Miss Mate' loaded into M/V OTELLO

ISTA SMALL SHIPS RACE

Copy of Note from Eoghan Lavelle (CUSHAG of MANN) - 2002

You will be interested to hear how things turned out for us in the Small Ships Race.

The International Sail Training Association accepted my measurements and allocated us a Time Correction Factor of 0.6551, assuming that we would race without a spinnaker. We were required to have a sail number, and so I applied to the Irish Sailing Association and allocated IRL 1089.

The crew for the event was all from the Dunlaoghaire Sea Scout Group - myself as skipper, my son-in-law Seamus as mate, a female leader and 3 scouts, all girls. The fleet was due to assemble in Weymouth on Sat 1 June, when there would be various games, sports and a party for the crews, and a safety inspection of the vessels. The race was scheduled for 1600 hrs on Sunday 2 June. We planned to leave Dunlaoghaire on Sunday 26 May but a gale warning forced postponement until Monday.

With another gale warning on Tuesday and continuing strong southerly headwinds we did not get clear of the Irish coast until Friday 31st. Then with the wind abating to F4, but still southerly, we motorsailed and eventually got around Lands End to Penzance on Saturday evening.

It was impossible to get to Weymouth before the race start the following afternoon, so we telephoned the Race Organiser to apologise and to

explain our position and asked if we could abandon the race but join the fleet on the way. He was very pleased that we wished to continue and was happy to offer our crew participation in the events in St.Malo if we could get there.

We rested in Penzance on Sunday 2 June and sailed at 2000 hrs, with a favourable wind for the first time in a week! We had a very nice sail across the Channel, most of the time on a broad reach with wind SW F4. We arrived off St.Malo about 1130 on Tuesday 4 June and entered the lock into the basin at 1210, after a 34 hour passage. In St. Malo we were made very welcome by the ISTA officials.

In spite of not making it in time for the start of the race, we were presented with the race pennant, and the crew received Small Ships Race T-shirts - everyone was happy! We joined in the festivities and the crew's party, and we were given a special prize in recognition of the effort that we made to get there.

We stayed in St.Malo until the weekend and took the opportunity to go by bus to visit the magnificent Mont St Michel - this was even more interesting to us because earlier we had sailed past St Michael's Mount near Penzance, last year had sailed past Scellig Michael off the Kerry coast and St Michael's is the parish church in our home port of Dunlaoghaire!

We visited St Helier, St Peter Port and Falmouth on our return journey. We arrived back in Dunlaoghaire on Sunday 16 June, exactly 21 days after setting out. It is interesting to note that Rosslare to Dunlaoghaire took 11 hours in comparison with 4 days on the outward journey.

We are hoping that the Small Ships Race will become a regular event and that we may be able to participate in it again in the future.

Eoghan Lavelle

AMSTERDAM & BACK

Reprint of the Log from Eric Richardson (TALIESEN) – Summer Cruise 2002

30th May 02 Friday late evening. Lowestoft Cruising Club Moorings

My friend Roger and I arrived at the club moorings with one week clear and the intention to take Taliesin out for a sail. Our plan was Amsterdam and Saturday was a good day with a forecast of a nice breeze from the south or southeast which would be ideal.

We spent most of the day getting ready and finally cast off at 1700 hours for the bridge, by now our breeze was fine, except that it was from the east but that is normal otherwise the direction finding arrow at the mast head would not point to Amsterdam one has to understand these things.

As we went through the bridge we waved to a good number of club boats returning from the sea. Once out of the harbour we found that our best course pointed straight for Oostende so we set full sail with a little assistance from the engine and were soon cracking along and enjoying sitting in the cockpit dining on soup and sandwiches with endless cups of tea and buttered scones. After due consideration we decided that our original destination was still OK but it would be a long passage. The breeze had piped up so we were glad of the spray hood as the temperature was dropping and occasionally large dollops of water rattled over the hood but we stayed dry under its shelter.

The watch system was to be two hours each starting at 2200hours. I took first watch and it passed uneventfully so I called Roger at Midnight, we had been logging our position at hourly intervals and I duly showed Roger where we were and we agreed the course. I also said that we seemed to have been approaching a lightship as I had seen the horizon swept by a powerful light but had now lost it which did not make sense.

At about 0100hours Roger called me to look at a large vessel which had changed course several times and had flashed a light at us several times. It appeared to be a tug as it showed a red over white over red, but then turned and it looked like a green over white over green which could have been a trawler, what ever it was it was too close for comfort but still clear of our course so we stood on and I returned to my bunk.

Roger allowed me an extra half hour to make up for the disturbance and before he turned in we changed course heading northeast with as much east as possible.

Suddenly there was a loud flapping of sails and the main had come unattached from the boom due to a splice in the outhaul failing so we quickly rolled it away and said we would deal with that later and Roger turned in. At about 0330hours the sweep of a light could be seen astern

and eventually the same boat that had been pestering us returned and circled occasionally flashing a torch at us, so I got my torch and flashed five at the bridge, they promptly turned off all their lights and left, there being sufficient daylight for me to watch them go. We never did know what was going on but wondered if they were looking for a yacht with a pre arranged meeting planned.

I came on watch at 0600 hours and Roger put his head down, at about 0700hours I heard a loud splash alongside but could not see anything at first, after a few minutes a sudden movement caught my eye and I saw a dolphin diving under the boat and surfacing at the other side. I called Roger from his bunk and after a few minutes we were greeted by the sight of three dolphins leaping out of the water and performing for us. They stayed for about 15minutes then left as suddenly as they had arrived. This seemed to be a good sign as the day improved from then on.

During the morning we changed course to head southeast for IJmuiden and shortly after the autohelm stripped its gears with the usual grinding noise, "George" had died. No problem, I carry a spare but I had not allowed for "sod" I knew that the plug would need changing but the wires were different colours so I decided that I would change the socket instead, then found that the new socket and plug both had male pins so we had to carry on hand steering and sort it out later, with Roger doing most of the helming, I being convinced that he is better on the helm than me, at least that's my excuse.

The sun came out and the wind died so we continued under engine passing the yellow marker buoy at the outer breakwater at 1635hour on Sunday 2nd June tying up in Sea Port Marina IJmuiden at 1830hours Dutch time.

I said to Roger that's two problems they always come in threes what's next. The GPS showed that we had logged 134 miles in 24hours giving a quite satisfactory time and showing about 39 miles more than the direct route with a speed of approx 5.8Knts.

The cost of one night in SPM was 19 Euro about £12-60 expensive by Dutch standards. After sorting the boat out we went for a shower then had an early supper of Chilli with a bottle of good red wine and turned in satisfied that we had made a good start to our holiday.

3rd June 02 Monday.

Took the new autohelm to the electronics shop at the marina where they found a blown fuse and sorted out the polarity of the supply to the motor.

We purchased a pack of three fuses and a chart and they said no charge for sorting out our problem. Back on board we fitted the plug from the old unit so now we enter the reign of George the 2nd in the helming department.

Filled up with diesel 93 litre at a cost of 77.8 Euro that is approx 1.2 Euro/litre or 79p/litre not cheap now duty is paid.

We left the marina and locked into the North Sea Canal at 1500hours and motored steadily towards Amsterdam as usual impressed by the size and speed of the shipping arriving at Six Haven, time not logged, waved to moor alongside another yacht by the haven master. Once secure I went to the office and booked two nights along with two shower tallies 15 euro, making the moorings 6.5 Euro/night; marvellous value.

After a good meal (Shepherds pie) with more red wine then a shower shave etc we obviously had to go and see the sights and have a drink before turning in, it's a good job the ferry runs all night, Amsterdam is so full of life.

4th June 02 Tuesday.

Spent the morning odd jobbing and lazing about on the boat, then caught the ferry across to Central Station and had lunch before a trip around the city on one of the glass topped boats. It was time to do a little gift shopping and find a supermarket for food etc. then back to Six Haven to cool down and shower. At about 2000hours we caught the ferry back to town for a meal, finally sitting down at an Argentinean bar for steaks and a beer. Now it was time for window shopping in the red light district. The shapes and sizes almost defy description so I had better change the subject. We just got back to the boat in time as a thunderstorm started along with almost continuous lightning and heavy rain which soon turned to hail. I don't know how long it lasted as sleep arrived swiftly.

5th June 02 Wednesday.

We had planned to go through the Meers and round the top to Den Helder today then leave for home on Thursday, but the weather forecast indicated deteriorating weather by Thursday/Friday with the wind going round to the west. Again somebody had leaked our plans, after a rethink we decided to head back down the North Sea Canal to IJmuiden and home.

We left Sixhaven at 1000hours with full water tanks and had a good trip tying up at Ijmuiden for a sandwich lunch early in the afternoon before locking out and going round to Sea Port Marina and filling up with diesel. We left the Marina at 1600hours BST with a strong easterly wind.

After about 2hours we settled down to motor sail finding the rolling action was shaking the wind out of the sail we slightly reduced the sail area and put a preventer on the boom to stop accidental gybes. About 1900 hours Roger served up a lovely hot chilli which went down very well although without the wine as we needed a clear head at sea.

We decided to use the same watch system on the return trip as we had used coming over, Roger took the first watch at 2200hour with all going well through the early part of the night and although lots of shipping was seen and tracked on radar (the new toy works well) there was no need to take any avoiding action. At 0400hours I came back on watch and Roger said that we had passed a Dan buoy and a line of floats about 15minutes earlier but all seemed clear now. A loud thump sounded through the hull and the engine lost about 500revs.along with a vibration developing, we instantly put her into neutral and the noise and vibration stopped with the boat slowing to a crawl indicating some drag.

We tried looking over but could see nothing and the usual forward and reverse did not clear the prop so we set full sail and came on to a course of 237° which gave us a speed of 4.8knots good enough to know we had no major problem. We said problems come in threes and this was number 3.

After about 2 hours speed picked up to about 6.5knots and I could hear the prop rumbling occasionally which meant that it was spinning. On lifting the floor in the aft cabin I could see that it did keep having a short spin so I tried winding it both ways and suddenly it started to spin quite fast indicating that what ever had been holding it had got clear now. Not wanting to push our luck we decided to sail home taking long legs north and south.

When we got close in we started the engine and called the bridge for permission to go into the Hamilton and wait for the next bridge, as we came along side a trawler to tie up I engaged reverse gear, instantly the revs dropped and the vibration came back although not as bad as before. What ever we had caught must have come free from the prop but have still been hanging from the rudder and been drawn back on to the prop in reverse. I tried motoring around and we could easily make about 3knots without too much noise or vibration so we were ok to get back to our

moorings the time was now 1500hours and we came through on the next bridge with some other club boats, they could see we had a problem so gave us assistance with mooring up.

The passage back from IJmuiden had taken about 23hours and we had logged 122Kmiles about 5.3kts so again roughly in line with our normal passage planning of 5kts. Total distance logged 294Kmiles.

Once on the mooring we soon got sorted out and showered, again Roger put his culinary skills to good use serving up a first class spaghetti washed down with a bottle of red and a sweet of fruit pie and custard, we turned in feeling that although we had encountered a few problems on the crossing the outcome had been ok.

7th June Friday.

We pulled Taliesin out on the slip and found a ball of fishing net wound round two blades of the prop and the shaft, this was soon pulled clear and she was dropped back into the water where trials showed that we had not suffered any damage.

Eric Richardson

PS – Eric fitted a Rope-cutter after this trip.

NEWPORT ISLE OF WIGHT RALLY 2004

At the beginning of July, 'Faye of Aubin', (Alastair and Betty Buchan), having spent five nights sheltering from high winds in Brighton Marina, during which the old dance hall on the West Pier fell into the sea, gave up trying to get to Eastbourne and headed back into the Solent. Conditions were still very lumpy. It took us 11 hours to reach Cowes. We had been aiming for Bembridge but did not get there in time to catch the tide.

Arriving at Cowes everywhere was full to overflowing as it was the day of the Round the Island Race. We carried on up to the Folly Inn only to find that full as well. Wondering what to do, we spotted 'Salia', (Peter and Valery Bruguier), sitting on her pontoon just in front of the Inn. On

previous meetings with Peter he had said that if we were that way any time feel free to use his berth so we took him at his word. Having manoeuvred alongside we were still getting the ropes on when the Harbour Master appeared, at the rush, saying we could not stay there as it was a private pontoon. He accepted our explanation reluctantly but, still came back for his money later. We let Peter know that we were there and arranged to meet the next day.

The outcome of this meeting was that having agreed that it would be a pity if no Seadog Rally took place for the second year running, we decided to have a go at holding one at Newport in September. Peter, being local would check out dates with the Harbour Master, who likes having Seadogs visiting him, and also finding a suitable venue for a meal on the Saturday night. I would do the paperwork and contact as many owners as possible that we thought would be interested at short notice. We were going to be quite happy if six boats/crews attended. We were amazed to receive positive replies from 18 of which 2 would be travelling by road/ferry. Ten indicated that they would hope to arrive on the Friday (17th) with the remainder on the Saturday (18th September). As it turned out the weather was not kind that weekend and four additional crews came without their boats.

The boats which arrived by sea on the Friday were 'Daressa', 'Dougal', 'Salia', 'Seacanis' and 'Soyakaze'. On Saturday 'Anahita II', 'Dogmatic', 'Highlander', 'Roma', and 'Seascape' arrived. Those who came by road/ferry were 'Faye of Aubin', 'Sirex', 'Tiwana', 'Tresco Maid', and our very own Secretary, Peter French and Olive. 'Dogmatic' was crewed by their daughter Christine Beasley who had recently taken over the running of the boat, and her son Robert. This was only their second trip in command and they had brought her up from Christchurch where she is now kept.

Having arrived without 'Faye' we were very grateful to Peter for offering us the use of 'Salia' to be on hand to meet boats/crews as they arrived. As he only lives ten minutes from the quay he was able to go home for the night. Of those Seadogs who had planned to attend two, Mer Caleb and Milton Lass did not make it. We were also to be joined by 'Styria' (Martin and Hilary Waitt's Nab) crewed by Brian Stephens ('Sirex'). Unfortunately Martin was stormbound in France but Hilary came back on the ferry in time to attend.

As a change from previous gatherings things were kept informal for the Saturday evening dinner. A new Brewers Fare Restaurant has been built

downstream of the quay which we felt would be a convenient venue. They were also prepared to reserve space for us. They have a multiple choice menu so everyone was able to choose what they wanted on a pay as you go basis.

The majority of those attending appear to have liked this system although those who were slow to order had a bit of a wait as the restaurant filled. Hilary did a fine job taking photos of the happy gathering.

Sunday morning saw preparations for a birthday party on 'Dogmatic'. Everyone was invited to join Olive and her family to celebrate her 78th. 'Dogmatic' and 'Salia', to which she was moored, disappeared under the welter of bodies. Drinks flowed and cake was passed around with everyone wanting to wish Olive a very Happy Birthday. More photos taken to remind Olive of her special day.

Time and tide wait for no man as the saying goes. The party over, boats started to move out. Some more eager than others cast off only to sit ignominiously in the mud until there was more water. In a short time there was only one boat left and even he decided to get away as the forecast did not sound too good.

Most boats had rough trips back to their home bases. Those going west suffered most. 'Roma' making for Wareham via Poole diverted into Yarmouth. 'Anahita II' making for Topsham via Weymouth had her engine give out off Bournemouth. Fortunately a passing R.N.L.I. lifeboat on her way to Poole was able to take her in tow. As major repairs were required she was taken back to Topsham by road. 'Dogmatic's' new crew rescued a yacht with an engine problem off Christchurch and towed that home. No mean feat in the conditions.

Alastair Buchan

Cruising the Caribbean Seas in January 2004

Reprint of a cruising story supplied by Pam and Chris Boddy (PIELAGO)

I was offered the chance to crew a yacht in the warmth of a Caribbean January whilst I was doing my day skipper theory with Sail U.K. in November so.....

On Wednesday 7th January our adventure began with a flight from Gatwick to Antigua. We transferred by minibus to Jolly Harbour where we were to meet the boat.

We found "Great Escape" a 53 foot Jeanneau moored bow on to the pontoon at B3! After climbing on board we started to make ourselves familiar with the vessel. Four double cabins each with its own shower and heads made it an ideal boat to cruise with a crew of eight. The main cabin was vast, with a good navigation position enhanced with all the latest electronic gear, and large galley including ice-box and fridge, plenty of storage for stores. The cockpit had a bimini providing essential shade from the heat of the sun and was equipped with a double wheel steering position so that there was easy entry to the stern. The cockpit table was ideal for al fresco eating!

Our skipper and crew were arriving during the day so we took in our surroundings. Azure waters, palm clad hills surrounding the harbour, villas clinging to the water's edge sporting brilliant red roofs. Egrets flew overhead, yellow and black Banana quits called from the harbour side shrubs.

Thursday 8th January

After a very warm night, anti-midge cream essential in this harbour!, we awoke to the beautiful views of volcanic peaks around the harbour and were soon engaged in the day's task of preparing the boat to sail. We needed the ship's papers- to be collected from the airport, basic provisions for our first leg of the journey, familiarisation with the details of the vessel and safety points.

12.30 - Details completed, crew ready, we slipped the mooring with the help of the Jolly Harbour boatman who removed ropes set around off shore piles. We motored out of the harbour, noting the reverse buoyage, the waters were clear and turquoise blue. A frigate bird flew overhead like some prehistoric shadow. Once clear of Five Islands we set full main and genoa and headed on a course of 330 degrees for St. Maarten. Two brown Booby birds crossed our course.

Watches were set, as the time passed it was obvious that the passage would take more than twelve hours. We logged our progress hourly, watching skies building and showers passing. The sailing was magical, rolling gently over Atlantic swells. Once the sun had set we were sailing by moonlight and star constellations. I saw the Southern Cross for the first time in my life! The moon was a full globe lighting the dark velvet waters. Only passing cruise ships and vessels paralleling our course broke the atmospheric majesty of the sail. Flying fish landed on deck and a passing dolphin snorted and then foamed away leaving a phosphorescent trail. At 02.30 we arrived at Phillipsburg, St. Maarten and circled the anchorage looking for a safe place to drop our anchor. We found a spot with swinging room, dropped the hook and fell exhausted into our bunks to sleep well!

Friday 9th January

07.00 - Awoke to the gently rocking of the swell in the harbour. Other vessels were anchored around us, and cruise ships were made fast at the dock. The water was crystal clear and brilliantly blue. Pelicans were fishing around us, and frigate birds gliding overhead. A welcome constant breeze cooled the air, once again more volcanic hills surrounded the harbour. The island is Dutch, the shoreline white sands with buildings clinging to the edge.

We took the boat into Bobby's Marina, dropped the anchor then reversed back to the pontoon to make two lines fast to the waiting cleats, cleared customs and then the crew went ashore to shop! St. Maarten is an excellent port to buy supplies. We needed stores to last three weeks, so lists were made and then stores were purchased. Joining the vessel in the Caribbean it had not occurred to us that the stores would have to be prepared before being allowed on board. All the tinned food had labels removed then the tins were marked with an indelible pen. This removed any chance of eggs being transported under the label and meant that the tins could be stored even in damp conditions on a boat without fear of paper rotting in the bilge pump!! All food in packets had outside boxes removed and the contents put in plastic boxes or stowed on high shelves in inner plastic bags. This removed excess rubbish. Fresh fruit and vegetables were washed to remove any bugs, dried and hung in a net hammock in the cabin to keep air around them. We made the mistake of buying lettuce... it does not keep well in hot climes! Cabbage- red or white- makes a much better salad and lasted much longer when kept cool. Cucumber was a disaster too. We bought several and tried to keep them in the hammock. Two days later I noticed a puddle on the table. When I investigated this I realised it was coming from the cucumber.

As I touched the fruit it exploded into a stinking mess onto the tabletop! I had thought that cucumber was water- well if that is so it smells foul when it goes off in hot weather. Needless to say we didn't try to buy, or keep any more. Milk was bought in cartons of "Long life" and stowed under bunks. We bought various squashes to enhance the flavour of the water. The boat had its own water maker which meant we never had to rely on topping up from shore lines, nor did we worry about the amount that we used to drink, shower, or cook with. We did have to run the generator to top up batteries and to run the water maker but not constantly so this was not an inconvenience.

Whilst in the marina we were amazed by the variety of wildlife around. Royal Terns fishing in the sea, a banded kingfisher and green heron were fishing in the stream that ran into the harbour. The palm trees along the shore were filled with banana quits, feral pigeons and even a parakeet.

Saturday 10th January

After rain in the night we woke to another warm day. The entrancing sights of Phillipsburg were admired and then we faced the task of leaving an awkward dock where the bow was held by the anchor, and the stern, by two lines to the pontoon. Just as we decided to leave the wind began to blow, the helmsman put a burst of bow thrusters on at the wrong moment and the stern closed a local fishing boat. Once committed to the manoeuvre we had to continue but needed to return to sort out the matter with the fisherman. Returning to the dock was very difficult as a squall hit at that moment...
**** law! The matter was discussed and sorted then we set sail for the British Virgin Islands.

The sun set, stars shone and the moon rose brilliantly, as we cleared St. Maarten the swell built to 5-6foot with a steady force 5 S.S.E. wind. After sailing for several hours the wind dropped and we decided to start the engine. No problem! BUT when we went to engage the gear it was evident that there was a problem- NO drive!

When the skipper investigated he found that the connection between the engine and the drive shaft was no longer there!

It took an hour in the hot engine space with the gallant skipper and a volunteer, working hard, to eventually reconnect the shaft. (The "volunteer" had already had experience of sorting engine problems in the North Sea in a Force 8 gale stripping down a diesel when water got into the manifold and on the edge of the separation lane in the English Channel when an alternator broke its belt so felt qualified to help with this problem!!)

Velvet seas carried us northwards, the night was magical but we had to helm as the auto-helm was stressed by the swell and stern wind.

Moonlight bathed the boat and the sea looked silver as we progressed towards the islands. Drama reared its head again when the steering jammed just as we were about to change watches. After a worrying minute it all cleared. Could it have been a large fish? We shall never know but the skipper dived underneath to check the gear at the next port of call.

Sunday 11th January

As the sun rose, the British Virgin Islands became visible. Our passage took us through Salt passage into Francis Drake's passage past Treasure Island and other outlying outcrops. Frigate birds swooped seawards to chase blue/green flying fish. Once through we made our way towards Tortola, passed Frenchman's Cay and on to Soper's Hole where we could clear customs. With panache the boat was reversed into a finger berth and whilst the skipper went off to clear all the paperwork the crew relaxed and made a welcome warm meal.

Soper's Hole was beautiful, surrounded by steep hills the sheltered cove gradually became lit up with twinkling lights of houses clinging to the hillsides.

Monday 12th January

Another heavenly morning in paradise! Today we set out at midday to explore the waters around Tobago and Little Tobago. Sailing gently we were able to appreciate the wonders of nature. Frigate birds were nesting on the uninhabited island, displaying their bright red throats. Red-billed tropic birds flew overhead.

At one point I was alarmed to notice a rock awash, then was informed, calmly by the skipper, that it was on the chart! We cleared this obstruction and sailed on into Little Harbour on Jos Van Dyke. We swam in the crystal clear warm waters whilst watching pelicans diving on the point. Our evening meal was enjoyed in the cockpit as we hung on a mooring.

Tuesday 13th January

Today began with dolphins! Two swam into the bay and cavorted around the boats for half an hour. Today it was my turn to skipper the yacht so I worked out courses and navigation. Leaving Little harbour we set sail for Thatch Island Cut 184 degrees M. Between Great Thatch and West End I set a waypoint to clear our way to Frenchman's Cay then on until we cleared the headland to 093degrees M following the coast of Tortola until we could turn into Road Harbour a distance of about 10 miles. Here we anchored so that money and fresh food stores could be found.

I decided that the answer to everyone's wish for white sands, palm fringed beaches and a swim lay off Cooper's Island at Manchioneel Bay.

One of the crew decided to try fishing! After a short while the line was pulled in as it appeared to have caught weed. The "weed" turned out to be a snapping barracuda. With team work the fish was landed and placed in the deck cool box to be prepared for supper!

We picked up a mooring in the bay whose fringes sport the Manchioneel apple- a poisonous fruit that "burns inside and out"- according to the pilot book.

The fish was gutted and cleaned then wrapped in foil to be oven baked with herbs. One crew member decided not to partake of the delicacy and was extremely glad of her decision in the morning. The crew were "upset" by the fish. Those who had eaten more suffered greatly whilst those who had eaten less had delicate stomachs!!

We learnt from local people that barracuda can be bad and to test it you touch your finger in its blood, put it on your tongue, if it tingles you don't eat it!

Too late for us! We decided that tinned food would be safer. We did try fishing again but had no luck.

Wednesday 14th January.

The crew woke to the sounds of discomfort in paradise.

We set to work cleaning out anything that had been in contact with the fish as no-one wanted to repeat the experience. This done, minds were swiftly distracted by the sight of starfish below the boat and striped fish darting in the shadows.

After a light lunch we slipped the buoy and motored out into the Caribbean Sea leaving the British Virgin Islands nestling below puffy clouds surrounded by deep blue seas.

Our journey was to take us back to Antigua via the eastern side of St. Nevis and St. Kitts before heading westwards between St. Kitts and Monserrat to leave one crew member on shore in Antigua before heading on to the south and Grenada

Saturday 17th January – Monday 19th January

We headed steadily south keeping our watch system throughout the day and night.

The boat creamed along touching 9 knots at times, then slowing slightly as we passed each of the chain of Caribbean islands. We sailed the 300 miles in just under 48 hours. The sailing was brilliant, days warm and sunny. The crew were made aware of the necessity to drink plenty and to cover up in the sun.

By 16.00 we approached St. George's harbour and Blue Lagoon Grenada. We found a suitable spot to drop anchor, fish were leaping from the water, cruise ship tenders were ferrying their passengers in and out to the ships anchored off shore. The lagoon was edged with a busy road but this did not stop us sleeping very well.

Tuesday 20th January

A day to explore the island! Some of us set off by taxi to see the markets full of local vegetables and spices. On to the Spice factory, where nutmegs and cocoa are processed for export. The waterfall with local lads throwing themselves into the plunge pool was next. The crater-lake in the centre of the extinct volcano would have been beautiful but the rain falling obscured the view! We drove around the island, past farmhouses where farmers used the rich, fertile soil to help them produce crops for home use and export. Homes built upstairs first adding the lower floor at a later date.

On the Atlantic shore the fishermen had single story homes clinging to the beach edge, just feet from the lagoon that protected them from Atlantic storms. All the people we met seemed so cheerful and happy!

Meanwhile back at the boat the skipper, aided by the volunteer, tidied the forepeak, changed a leaking "heads" pump, and allowed the luxury of chips with egg and bacon for lunch, as a reward for the hard work!

One crew member became seriously ill with a combination of food intolerance and de-hydration. An overnight stay in Grenada hospital, saline drips and cool air-conditioning meant that she could return to the boat next morning to continue the adventure but she was advised to drink much more and had a delightful saline and glucose cocktail to finish! This event became a warning to us all to take care in the heat, plenty to drink, cover up, and we stayed on tinned food!

Wednesday 21st January & Thursday 22nd January

A quiet morning in Blue Lagoon, waiting for the return of our hospitalised member of the crew.

At 12.00hours we motored out from St. George's exiting through the narrow entrance blown by the British in the early 1800's to create the harbour by flooding the collapsed crater. Once clear we set the sails and made a course north for St. Lucia. The day passed uneventfully, the night sky was scattered with shooting star showers. As day broke we found ourselves needing to motor passed the lee shores of St. Vincent.

12.00 On the watch change we began to clear the island and experience the roughest sailing yet! St. Lucia's Pitons were visible on the horizon but the currents and wind between the islands created rough water and exciting sailing.

Just before sunset a pod of whales began to blow spouts skywards just off our port beam. Flukes were spotted as the whales dived. A long tailed tropic bird flew over as the shadows of the Pitons created story-book characters on the St. Lucian hills.

When the night fell it was very dark, no moon to light our way. About 5 miles off the entrance to Soufrierre harbour we were accosted by a voice and the sound of an outboard motor.

"My name is Francis, where are you going?"

After a short conversation we decided to try to make the entrance without help. The pilot book shows a deep wide entrance and advises that there are buoys to pick up.

The harbour was very dark and although we found buoys they were occupied. The skipper agreed to let Francis take us to a buoy. We could hear waves breaking on the shore, and saw a line of white buoys, but they were rather close to lie safely through the night. We could not get a line ashore as other yachts had in daylight. There were no local boatmen to help and Francis did not want to run his boat onto the rocky beach. We picked up the bow buoy and then another that we pulled to our stern quarter. Knowing we could stay safely moored like this we were able to settle to a meal and bed.

Friday 23rd January

When we woke, it was to see the Petit Piton above us, a rocky shore about 60 feet away, other yachts moored bow to the buoy and a stern line around the coconut palms ashore. We were safely moored to the two buoys. Francis appeared. He turned out to be a concerned local businessman who did not want us to pass by the island without visiting its splendours! He was actually very helpful, taking the skipper to customs, arranging a tour for those who wanted to go, acting as ferry and generally giving advice about the local waters.

The sight seeing tour was amazing. We drove on the dust roads up and into the collapsed volcanic crater with its steaming sulphurous gases, boiling mud, deposits of sulphur, copper, iron, calcium and black volcanic streams passing the beautiful flame tree in the rain forest covered with humming birds. The waterfall heated by the volcanic heat gave a wonderful massage to aching shoulders.

Back to the boat, a swift lunch and off by 14.00 heading now for Guadalupe.

Saturday 24th January

Sailing through the night with stars to guide us, the new moon showed itself all too briefly. Wind varying in strength at times we needed a reefed mainsail and jib, at others full sail, then motoring through calm patches.

The sunrise was beautiful, delightful shades of pink and purple mingling with blue sky and white cumulus clouds

10.00 - Dolphins spotted! Absolutely, magical creatures, playing around the bow in the wave, dipping, diving and cavorting away into the ocean. Followed by a pod of whales swimming alongside, then away behind us!

The day passed sailing towards our destination, behind Dominica. At sunset we arrived off Guadalupe. The pilot book advises against entering the marina in the dark, as there is a pile of fallen boulders un-lit off the port side of the entrance. We took the advice and anchored, but had to motor within 30 feet of the shore to find water shallow enough to anchor! Later in the evening the skipper heard a motorboat travel in towards the marina and hit the boulders with a resounding crunch.

Sunday 25th January

In the morning we were tired after feeling the effects of cruise ships passing the bay leaving steep washes that rolled us from side to side. The boulders were all too obvious at the marina entrance and we were glad that we had decided not to enter. Unfortunately for us, Guadalupe was closed for customs on Sundays so we could not venture ashore.

A decision had to be made whether to stay until Monday or sail on. Sail on!! The wind turned to head us and rose in strength over the next day and night. We had the toughest sail of the three weeks on this return trip to Antigua. For much of the trip we took it in turns to helm and kept the boat sailing as fast as we could. We ended up just to the west of Monserrat when we tacked across into the passage between Guadalupe and Antigua. The strobing airport lights of Antigua lit the sky from many miles away as a reminder of our final destination.

Monday 26th January

Still dark, we lowered sails and motored back into Jolly Harbour entrance to drop the anchor and wait for daylight and the customs office to open! What a brilliant experience this was.

After three weeks and 1250 miles we had created a good working crew, had such a great time sailing, seen wonderful sights that I had only dreamed and read about, and added to the experience of each person aboard.

For myself, I had sailed more on this holiday than I have been doing in just one season! This year I shall look forward to the launch of our own 30 foot ketch at Easter so that we can continue the experiences all-be-it in European waters!

Pam Boddy

TONY KEARNEY'S ARTIC JOURNEY - (MOHICAN) - 2004

The following is a copy of the first press cutting detailing Tony's journey.

"Thanet Times, Tuesday September 7, 2004"

LONE ARTIC SAILOR IS HELD BY RUSSIANS

**RUSSIAN agents scuppered
a daredevil pensioner's bid
to sail to the north Pole after
accusing him of SPYING.**

Adventurer Tony Kearney (65)
Aimed to be the first man to
single-handedly circumnavigate
the Arctic Circle.



The former Ramsgate teacher braved biting winds, icebergs, aggressive polar bears, endless daylight and extreme loneliness during his attempted 12,000-mile trip.

But the long journey home started in June on the 84th day of Tony's James Bond-like jaunt as he battled huge waves and powerful winds.

Speaking on a mobile phone off the Denmark coast, Tony told the Thanet Times:

"I was in the Barents Sea when I radioed for help because I needed medical attention and had some persistent engine trouble.

"I saw a Russian fishing fleet and a while later a large coastguard ship pulled alongside and someone told me they needed to talk to me about me being in Russian territory.

"I was towed for hundreds of miles and was told I would be interrogated."

Tony feared he might be slung into the gulag, especially as he was thousands of miles from home. Crew on the coastguard ship whispered the word SPY to Tony and other officers soon arrived to take hundreds of photos of his boat and its contents.

He was taken onboard a bigger ship and had to tell officers exactly where he had come from.

Tony said: "They were extremely suspicious, especially as all my charts and contacts were Russian.

"I told them as best I could that I wasn't a spy was just trying to chart a course around the Arctic Circle".

A TV news crew from the city of Archangelsk also turned up and Tony was told to keep his mouth shut while they filmed him.

He eventually had to pay a fine and was towed out of Russian waters.

But burly Russian bootboys were not the only danger Tony had to deal with.

Weeks after the entanglement, a Polar Bear gave him the fright of his life. He was trapped in thick ice for several days when the white menace struck.

Tony said:

"He was walking along the ice and came towards the boat and put his paws on it.

"I shot off a flare and it ran off, but minutes later it came back. I let off a banger to get rid of it".

Tony said the whole journey was 'hairy'.

He got stuck in thick ice for days on end and feared the boat would capsize during incredibly strong gales. Despite the long sunlit days alone, Tony wouldn't have swapped the experience for anything.

He said: "I would do it again, but in a bigger boat next time. I don't think any boat has done the trip without help.

Russian embassy press officers promised to find out exactly what happened to Tony but failed to get back to the Thanet Times as the paper went to press.

Tony expects to arrive in Ramsgate harbour in mid September. He has promised to let off three bangers when he gets back.

Extracts from the second press cuttings after Tony's return.

“Thanet Times, Tuesday September 21, 2004”

RUSSIAN AGENTS, POLAR BEARS AND BIKINI BEAUTIES

Brave Tony returned to Thanet this month after nearly 150 days at sea in his ship Mohican.

He was bidding to become the first man to single-handedly navigate the arctic Circle but things turned sour when he strayed into Russian waters on day 84 of his trip.

He was towed hundreds of miles and even locked away for a few hours on one of the ships.

Russian news agencies picked up on Tony's plight made the television news.

Tony had the last laugh as he was waved off by a horde of bikini-clad babes when he left the city of Archangelsk, where the Russians had taken him.

Tony claims burly Ruskies tampered with his equipment.

His autopilot was not working properly after the Russians let him go.

“They had done something to my compasses. Whichever way the ship was turning they always said South-west,” he recalled. “The rest of the journey was hell”.

One of the best things about the trip was all the people he met.

Tony said. “Everybody was nice. Even the Russians were nice when they incarcerated me on their ship.”

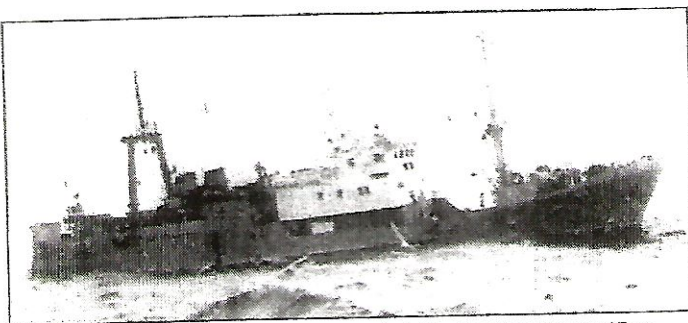
Tony has not given up his dream and hopes to get funding to continue his trip - but he thinks companies won't cough up because he is too old.

PS - Additional notes from Tony (March 2005):

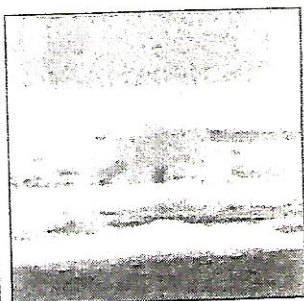
He weathered 4 serious storms, the last one over a period of 48 hours to the North West of Norway, blown 60 miles to the west.

“Mohican” is an amazing tough vessel, and suffered no damage from being trapped in the ice. However she was damaged from contact with the Russian ships.

On his return, Tony had planned to sell the Seadog and move to a steel boat, but he is currently making the necessary repairs and may repeat the attempt in "Mohican".



THE COD WAR: This fishing vessel was among a fleet of Russian ships which snared Tony



POLAR SCARE: This polar bear cornered Tony while he was stuck in thick ice

SEADOG WINTER RALLY 2005

Held at the Elstead Hotel Bournemouth

January is so often an anti-climax after the excitement of Christmas & New Year - but not for the Seadoggers who come to our Winter Weekend.

This is held at a superb Hotel in Bournemouth and it really is a weekend to remember. Lots of members travel from all corners of England and come on the Friday when we have an informal dinner with plenty of time to chat.

Others arrive on the Saturday, which is usually spent walking the cliffs, visiting the town or more often - just chatting with friends. We gather for tea & biscuits at 4:30 & drinks at 6:30. New members and those on first visits are always amazed at the warm welcome they receive from the "old hands" - many of whom have attended every winter weekend since they started in 1989.

Dinner is always first class and at the end we hear from all the owners who make us laugh with tales of their various exploits.

Sunday morning, after another excellent breakfast, we gather for a "Dutch Auction" - this raises money for the association and therefore we have no need for an annual subscription.

Then follows a Talk & Film Show lately admirably undertaken by Martyn Waitt (ex TARRY) and Hilary his wife, ably assisted by our Webmaster - Graham Matthews (DOUGAL). Martyn has been and still is, a great supporter of the Association - even though he now owns a "Nab" which he reckons is "just a bigger Seadog". We are always so grateful to him for the support he has given over the years. Then it's time for lunch and goodbyes, although some prolong the holiday by staying over the Sunday night as well.

When we got home, the cards and letters began to arrive - all saying what a wonderful time they'd had and how lovely it was to meet all the other members.

A comment, common to so many who write to us, is "it's just like being in a big happy family" - what a great recommendation for the Seadog Owners Association.

Peter & Olive

CRUISING STORIES

Note from Arend Hermans (ZEEPAD) - 2005

I only make little trips on the nearby lakes now, as sailing alone, my 75 years are catching up with me (but twice have still managed to get a rope around the propeller). In cold weather and cold water - I used to dive under the boat with a knife between my teeth and clear the propeller.

Now I dare not try that method, so I have a saw on a stick (for cutting fruit trees) and tried to cut the rope lying in the Avon dinghy. No success. Happily there passed a younger sailor who offered to do the job and succeeded after some dives (of course we had some hot coffee and a drink together: how to get friends).

The other time no one came along. I managed to reach someone in the neighbourhood on my mobile phone (after the same unsuccessful dinghy and saw procedure) who towed me to a yacht harbour where they lifted

the poop out of the water. A 15 meters long thick rope was cut away in pieces and a repair on the outside bearing of the propshaft was necessary (never try to get rid of a rope round your propeller by switching your engine astern as I did).

In the 25 years I have sailed 'Zeepad', I have also had plastic around the prop twice and my own rope twice. I now use floating ropes for towing the dinghy and mooring, but a moments lack of attention when going astern and you are in trouble.

I can recommend a visit to Friesland, the Ysselmeer and to Wadden Isles and will be glad to answer any questions on the Subject.

Thanks to Graham Matthews who took all the trouble to produce such a wonderful Owners List.

Arend Hermans

PS – Please note the following correction to the Owners List :

Arend Hermans

Hometown - STIENS

Tel No - 0031 58 257 2146

ON THE MOVE AGAIN

Copy of a Note received from Jeremy English (Ex LEONORA) - 2003

I have been offered the job of Chief Flying Instructor of Becker Helicopters on the Sunshine Coast of Queensland, Australia and all our sponsorship approvals and visas have at last come through.

I have been working with the Beckers for 2 years - they are a great team and Maroochydhore is a wonderful place to live and work.

Our new address will be :
PO Box 5777 Maroochydhore BC
Queensland 4558
Australia

Jeremy and Carol English

UPDATE for FRIENDS

Extracts from a Note from John and Hilary Watson (ex CANUTE) – 2001

We thought we would drop you a line to bring you up to date with all our news.

Hilary and I are setting sail at the beginning of May on 'Canute'. The plan is to head across the channel and then cruise along the Brittany coast, maybe getting as far as Northern Spain.

In preparation for this trip I have fitted a fridge which now replaces the companionway steps. This was built using an Isotemp top opening Built-in coldbox fitted with a Waeco evaporator and remote compressor. I decided that the coldbox itself, although reasonably well insulated needed more, so constructed a box with a further 2 ins of insulation salvaged from a scrap freezer. This box now serves as the 2nd companionway step and takes up no more room than the original steps. The compressor fits in a new compartment formed by cutting a hole beneath the bottom galley drawer, opening up what, hitherto, was wasted space.

I have also installed a pressurised hot water system, with a calorifier which, with all the ancillaries, has fitted very neatly under the after end of the port saloon berth. This serves the galley and heads, with a shower over the sink in the heads for hair washing. This shower has a long enough flexipipe to reach through the forehatch if you feel like a shower on the foredeck.

I do not want to be forever running the engine for charging so have fitted a second 100amp-hr service battery (mostly because of the fridge) and a 20-watt solar panel. In addition to all this I have had the boat professionally rewired with a new individually fused switch panel with a battery state indicator (this renders safe all those added-on electrics with in-line fuses and bodged connectors that I have always meant "to do something about"!)

All in all we will be travelling in far more comfort than we have done in the past.

John Watson

SURVIVAL IN COLD WATER

**By Professor Mike Tipton - of the University of Portsmouth
& Institute of Naval Medicine.**

He describes the dangers facing a crew member who falls overboard.

The threat posed by accidental immersion in cold water is often thought of solely in terms of hypothermia. However, there is now a significant body of experiment, anecdotal and statistical evidence to suggest that other threats await those immersed in cold water. In 1981, Dr Frank Golden, then of the royal Navy, and professor Hervey (Leeds University) identified four stages of immersion associated with particular hazards, these are:

Initial immersion (0-2 minutes)

The initial responses to immersion in cold water are evoked by sudden cooling of the skin.

They include an increase in the heart rate, blood pressure and the work required of the heart, and can produce cardiac and vascular problems in susceptible individuals.

The respiratory responses include an uncontrollable 'gasp' and hyperventilation. These can prevent breath holding and lead to inhaling of the small volume of water necessary to drown (about 1.5 litre for the average male).

***Advice:** The response can be reduced by entering the water slowly, or by keeping as much of the body surface as dry and warm as possible - a good immersion 'dry' suit helps in this respect.*

A good quality lifejacket will help to keep the airways clear of the water when breathing is out of control during the first couple of minutes of immersion. To minimise the chance of inhaling water, it is best not to try and swim until breathing is back under control.

Fitter people have a smaller cold shock response, as do those that become acclimatised by repeated immersions - as few as five, two minute immersions in cold water can reduce the response by about 45 percent for at least seven months.

The initial responses to cold immersion, particularly the loss of control of breathing, are now thought to be the most hazardous responses

associated with immersion. Partly as a consequence of this, drowning is more prominent than hypothermia. Anyone who is suspected of having inhaled water should be taken to hospital.

Short-term immersion (2-30 minutes)

Cooling results in a rapid loss of neuromuscular function. This can reduce significantly, muscular strength, dexterity, and co-ordination. These alterations impair swimming performance and actions essential to survival.

Advice: Undertake essential survival actions as soon as possible after immersion. Purchase equipment designed in such a way that it can still be used when you and it are wet and cold.

Long-term immersion (30 minutes plus)

Progressive hypothermia can cause:

35 deg C:	confusion, disorientation, introversion
34 deg C:	amnesia
33 deg C:	cardiac arrhythmias
33-30 deg C:	clouding of consciousness
30 deg C:	loss of consciousness
28 deg C:	ventricular fibrillation
25 deg C:	death

(The deep body temperatures given here are only approximations; great variation exists between individuals.)

Advice: Protection against hypothermia is provided primarily by immersion suits and liferafts. It is advisable to wear as much under a suit as possible. Because consciousness can be lost some time before death, a good lifejacket with a well designed splashguard can prevent death by drowning at an early stage. People cool four or five times faster in water compared to air at the same temperature, you should therefore get out of the water whenever possible.

Post-immersion

Approximately 17 percent of immersion deaths occur during, or immediately following, rescue.

Anecdotal accounts and scientific studies suggest that many of these deaths are caused by the collapse of blood pressure when hypothermic casualties are removed from the water and re-exposed to the full effect of gravity.

Advice: Removing hypothermic casualties from the water in a horizontal rather than a vertical posture helps to maintain blood flow to the heart and brain and reduces the chance of post-immersion collapse. However, if the victim's airways are under threat, they should be removed from the water as soon as possible.

Out-of-hospital semi-conscious or unconscious individuals should be well insulated and allowed to warm up spontaneously (slowly).

Remember, the underlying problem is more likely to be near drowning than hypothermia.

Reproduced by permission of the RYA and Professor Mike Tipton

Summary

- Plan emergency moves in advance
- Keep fit
- Purchase appropriate survival equipment, know how it works and stow it where it will be accessible in an emergency
- Even in the tropics, before abandoning ship, put on many layers of clothing. Wear an immersion suit if available
- Wear a lifejacket with a splashguard
- Board a liferaft dry if you can - avoid water entry
- If immersion is necessary, try to enter slowly
- Remain still for a couple of minutes before swimming a short distance to a safer refuge or fellow survivor
- If you can, float in the water with your head and neck out of the water, your legs together and arms across your torso. If you must exercise use your legs rather than your arms. You will not be able to swim anything like as far in cold water as you can in warm.
- Keep thinking and keep positive.

Recommended Reading: *Essentials of Sea Survival* by Frank Golden & Mike Tipton.

Published by Human Kinetics, June 2002.

BELLIGERENT SKIN FITTINGS - (SEACANIS)

I have changed five skin fittings - when I tried to put a new seacock on the cockpit drain on the starboard side the threads on the old one stripped off, therefore it was decided that I could not trust the rest and they would have to be changed.

To remove the old skin fittings - they would not unscrew so I had to grind away the part of the fitting that was on the outside of the hull, but when I tried to punch them out they would not move.

To get them out I had to cut away the part that was on the inside of the boat, then, using a hacksaw blade from the outside, saw three cuts in the metal, and only then could I punch out the fitting. They were certainly fixed in very securely.

The new fittings were all made of gunmetal, and I fixed them in with Sikaflex, and as advised, all fittings were bonded to the anode. Especially as the boat is kept in Portsmouth Harbour.

On checking the water filter for the engine, the butterfly nut broke off from the bolt. It was rotten so they were both changed.

I have a Blakes skin fitting in the engine compartment, so I took all the bolts out with a view to changing them. The fitting would not move so I hit it with a hammer two or three times and it still would not move. Leave well alone, it was solid and the bolts tightened up OK.

I also took a bolt out from toilet outlet skin fitting to check it and it seemed OK, but it broke when it was replaced and tightened up a little. So now all the bolts will have to be changed if and when I can. I am sure that Blakes fittings will not fall out.

All this I encountered on SEACANIS and it may / may not be similar on other boats in the fleet.

Ray Claucherty

SEADOG BUILD (NEERON now BRANDANE)

Note from the first owner of 'Neeron' - collecting a new Seadog in 1969

At the risk of telling you what you already know I must comment on the manner in which 'Neeron' (and no doubt all the others) was built and handed over and the impression to a new owner, and as a Civil Engineer my praise of the organisation at that time.

At Reg Freeman's premises at Whites Shipyard they had a fairly large shed where the boats were built. Inside the shed, in a U shape form, was a raised floor. Outside one could see a couple of bare hulls as they had been received from the moulders which were on trolleys that made them mobile. Inside the shed around the U form were, if I remember correctly, six stations with one hull at each. The level of the raised floor being at boat deck level for easy direct access.

At station 1, the team, working from the raised level, performed the first tasks on the boat. At station 2, the boat was brought on to the next stage on to station 6 when the boat was finished. After that station the boat on trolley was moved outside for launching. As one boat was removed outside all the others were moved forward one station and a new one brought in. At each station were employed a specialist team who carried out a specific aspect of the work, so they all made a good job.

When we arrived on the Saturday morning to take delivery 'Neeron' was in the water with what appeared to be swarms of men putting the finishing touches and she looked rather grubby and not too attractive.

Suddenly they all finished what they were doing and came ashore. The boat was then thoroughly washed down and all the teak cockpit seats and floorboards were removed and out of the workshop came brand new ones that were then fitted in place, together with all the upholstery. It was transformed into a really beautiful craft and we were the first feet to tread on the new teak and first bums to sit on the upholstery.

It was really most impressive and satisfying to a new owner.

PS - Original Owner : J.W.H Cockhill, Burnham on Crouch.

SERIOUS MAST PROBLEM (DARESSA)

Reprint of a Note from John Lansdell - August 2002

You should be aware that John Ross (DARESSA) - Seadog 6, recently had a serious problem with his rigging.

It appears that the mast on the early boats were different from the later ones by having a stainless steel strap across the top of the mast, from fwd to aft, to which the forestay in particular, and other rigging was attached.

Later boats, certainly from 21 onwards had an aluminium, inverted "U" section welded into the top of the mast, within which were halyard pulleys and from which the rigging was attached. When the early boats were built aluminium welding was not felt to be of a high enough standard, whereas stainless steel welding was....!

The stainless steel strap had tangs welded to it both fore and aft, and in John's case one of the three welds carrying the forestay, had fatigued and failed. One other in the area had a long crack in it and the third had surface cracking. He was very lucky indeed not to lose his mast. It has now been repaired using thicker material and by a specialist stainless steel welder, but this did mean having the mast down and removing the fitting from the top.

There is no record of who has which sort of mast, but initially it is suggested that owners of boats up to No 20 should check as to which type of masthead they have**, and, if it is the stainless steel type, they should make an early inspection of the condition of the welds at the masthead !

It is a feature of stainless steel welding that it carries within it stresses and metallurgical changes which make it susceptible to stress cracking in a marine environment. If you think about it the stresses in that area are not only the steady pull from the forestay, but when using a genoa or spinnaker, a significant and continuously varying side load.

John's fitting had cracked from both sides and the only bright metal (i.e. all that was taking the full load) was a section of about 6mm in material 25mm wide, the rest was dull black and shows that the fault had started some time ago.

**The easiest way to check is to use a pair of binoculars.

REPACKING THE STERN-GLAND

Firstly you will require :

Some 5/16" square section 'Walkers's' "TALLOW" GLAND-PACKING
plus some LITHIUM BASED GREASE

Before you start re-packing the gland, it will be necessary for you to cut 5 or 6 pieces of the tallow packing to fit around the propeller shaft.

Assuming your propeller shaft has a diameter of 1 1/4", you will need to buy around 6 x 4" of packing which equals approx 24 inches.

By the way, please DO NOT USE any packing which contains GRAPHITE !

1. Carefully rake out all the old packing and clean the interior of the gland. It goes without saying, that before you start, the propeller shaft must be in place.

For the job of rooking out the old packing, you may find that a useful tool is an old English cheese knife which has a turned-up end with a cleft in it. It is possible also to buy 'gland-packing removal tools' which resemble glorified corkscrews.

2. Once the gland is clean and clear of old packing, smear the inside liberally with the LITHIUM GREASE.

3. Wind one piece of the GLAND-PACKING around the propeller shaft so that it overlaps. Use a sharp steel blade or other VERY SHARP knife to cut across the junction at an angle of about 45 degrees.

Repeat this process 5 or 6 times until you have all the pieces ready to insert into the gland.

4. Smear each piece liberally with the LITHIUM GREASE, then, one at a time, wrap them around the propeller shaft and poke them evenly with the blunt end of a pencil into the gland and push the packing carefully to the bottom of the gland, making sure that the two ends, which are cut on the bevel, are touching each other.

Repeat this process, each time moving the joint in the packing around by 120 degrees from the previous joint, until the gland is full.

5. Slide the capping backwards on to the gland and its packing, insert the two bolts, tighten them VERY GENTLY with a minimum of pressure. Leave for a few moments - then unscrew the bolts and slide forward the capping.

Check to see whether the packing has compressed enough for you to be able to fit another piece of packing. If so, fit it - but you will never be able to get in more than 6 pieces, and sometimes not more than 5 pieces.

6. When you are satisfied that no more packing can be fitted, smear on more LITHIUM GREASE, refit the capping, and gently tighten the bolts until they are little more than finger tight. Wipe away all surplus grease.

At the end of each of your first few trips using the engine, check the stern gland, and pinch it up gently, but only just enough to stop the water dripping in.

From time to time after that it will become necessary to tighten up gently on the bolts, but, provided that the gland has been correctly repacked and treated (and the propeller shaft is in good condition), the bearing should have a life of at least 5 years (and maybe a lot longer) before you find it necessary to replace the packing again.

But whatever you do, please NEVER crank down hard on the bolts. If you have to resort to this, then something is very wrong.

Peter.

WORK IN PROGRESS

Letter from John Boswell (DOGOTIA) - 2004

The purchase of 'Dogotia' has landed me with a large amount of work. I am certain to be needing the advice of expert members of the 'Seadog Owners Association'.

The rig is in a dangerous condition, the chainplate backing pads are almost rusted away; the stem-head fitting is insecure, two bolts failed, two without nuts and two bent. The bolts fitted are ordinary steel. I am expecting the same from the main mast tabernacle fitting.

On mast removal, both were found to be resting on threaded rod in the pivot, both masts were not chocked. This has caused some damage and corrosion. The main-mast cap shrouds were attached to the chainplates with mild steel bolts which were on the point of failure.

Prior to buying the boat I knew that the engine was in poor condition with a blown head gasket and some water damage.

On closer examination I found the engine castings corroded and soft, the propeller de-zincified and the prop-shaft suffering crevice corrosion. The anode was not connected to anything which may be the cause. The engine bearers need attention as they seem to be soft, particularly towards the rear. I may have to cut them open, replace the timber and re-glass them.

The bilge keel bolts and nuts are all corroded, I have the new ones ready to fit and will do this soon.

The hull and deck mouldings seem to be joined by a perimeter frame of soft wood, the assembly being held together by the rubbing strake bolts which pass through rubbing strake, hull, frame and deck moulding then nutted.

The rubbing strake was replaced some time in the past. New holes were drilled to attach it leaving a large number of redundant holes which seem to allow moisture in. The pitch of the new bolts seem too wide when compared with the old ones. One area of the frame is also suffering from rot. I have quite a large workload in this area.

The steering has totally failed. The rod from the lower steering arm to the rudder has rusted in two. It must have been very weak when last at sea. The interior of the boat is very mouldy and I expect to replace most of the trim panels. We have already sterilised the seating foam and covers and stored them.

There is more, but I think that you will understand the work to be done. Almost every job on the boat which has been carried out in the past by previous owners and professional repairers has been bodged and it is the accumulation of these that is the main problem.

Restoration of the boat would be UNECONOMIC in the hands of a boatyard. My background is aircraft maintenance although I have recently retired (at 60). It will no doubt take all my skill to repair but it will be done.

Regards
John Boswell

DOGMATIC'S REFIT - 2004

When our daughter asked if she could take over 'DOGMATIC' we were delighted, but of course, could not hand her over until she was in as near perfect condition as we could make her.

We therefore embarked on the following refit: -

- 1) New engine - a BETA 37.5 hp
- 2) New fibreglass fuel tanks
- 3) All skin fittings were replaced
- 4) Complete set of new rigging
- 5) Replacement of faulty keel bolts
- 6) Electric anchor winch and anchor chain
- 7) Windows resealed
- 8) Treadmaster on cockpit sole
- 9) Renewal of gas system
- 10) Seacocks serviced and replaced as necessary
- 11) Electric's checked and new lamps fitted throughout
- 12) Antifouled

As this had to be done by the local boatyard, it all took time and caused a great deal of stress.

Olive learned more about the “workings of a Seadog” in that period than in all our previous years of sailing. For someone who always said they were the “Galley Slave and not a boat handler” she had to learn fast and became quite confident at sorting out problems and handling the “experts at the yard”.

Now DOGMATIC is in the very capable hands of Christine and Robert - we know she will be well looked after and loved and that makes our parting with her much easier.

Peter & Olive

TWOTAILS REFIT - 2005

Reprint of John Landell's "Job List" :-

Jobs on Twotails

Aft Cabin

- Stern Tube Greaser
- Stern Cabin Bilge Pump
- 220v Socket Outlet - Port
- 12v Socket Outlet – Stbd
- Run Sternlight cable into pushpit
- Run cable to pull GPS cable into pushpit
- Reseal all woodwork around entry hatch
- Fit new Sampson post
- Soundproof floor
- Make and fit new second floor with soundproofing

Engine Room

- Reprofile bilge
- Put strum box on manual bilge pump inlet
- Install flexible holding tank below engine
- Install drip tray

- Rerun fuel pipes and changeover cocks
- Extend fuel tank drain cocks into saloon
- Install 3 battery switches (2 start, 1 service)
- Install 4 battery boxes and associated wiring
- Sound insulate all bulkheads
- Reprofile engine bearers (originals rotted) round 5 of 8 engine holding down bolts and make steel replacement
- Install new skin fittings and seacocks
- Upgrade fuel tank attachments, originally each tank was held in by only 2 No 10 brass woodscrews
- Change unsatisfactory bilge keel attachment bolts
- Paint bilge
- Install new primary fuel filter
- Fill hole in floor of starboard locker (where the fuel changeover cocks were)
- Reposition manual bilge pump
- Replace gas locker drain pipe
- Reseal gas locker bulkhead
- Install new gas system
- Put noise abatement sleeve on steering link
- Install locking system for cockpit lockers
- Reposition fuel fillers to top of cockpit lockers
- Install autopilot plug
- Install Adverc box and wiring
- Install 220v junction box
- Reprofile cockpit floor support lip to be flat all round to stop noise, new rubber seal
- Soundproof underside of cockpit sole
- Have original B-W gearbox overhauled
- Replace Perkins 4-107 (it had 1.5 litres of water in it), by Beta BV1505, mated to original Borg Warner "Velvet Drive" gearbox
- Move Beta oil filter from front port low to aft of engine over gearbox
- Fit Vetus watertrap / silencer, anti siphon and gooseneck

Cockpit

- Install new compass
- Install new wheel
- Reface binnacle with teak
- Install new engine combined control, throttle and gearbox
- Install engine raw water high temperature alarm

Saloon

Remove all windows and have them resealed

Fuel tank drains

Reposition galley sink drain, connecting it to the cockpit deck drain, one less hole in the hull, and more useful space in the cupboard

Install new stove with gimbal

Install 2 new galley lights

Install fan above stove

Install hardpoint in navtable edge for vices

Install new fuse/switchboard

Install new galley cupboard floor

Install 12v socket above navtable

Install 4 outlet 220v socket below saloon table

Install 220v socket in port book box

Install entertainment radio in port book box deckhead, and loudspeakers in the deckhead above the book box and drinks cabinet

Insulate deckhead and sides with bubble polythene

Run log cable

Run tricolour and VHF cables

Fit anti slip vinyl in galley area

Install cabin heater with hob for a kettle

Fit bedding boards at forward end of bunks on starboard to stop bedding getting into the way of the door, and to shield the port bunk bedding from the heater

Make and fit two curtain tracks for each window, to stop them hanging away from the window

Replace water supply pipes

Fit double curtain rails (top and bottom) to each window

F'sle

Install Lavac

Install changeover cocks to drain shower and loo + discharge to holding tank or o'board

Make and fit shower grid and cover

Install 12v socket

Fit anti slip vinyl

Install 12v lights in f'sle and hanging cupboard

Fit wedge under tabernacle, on top of post alongside door to f'sle, below curved beam

Fit new forehatch

Fit new Sampson post

Fit new j'box for mast circuits

Deck

Make and fit new capping strip

Fit new stanchions for gates

Fit new fairleads

Fit new navlights higher, on pulpit and pushpit

Fit new bow fitting with provision for an upward folding bowsprit

Make profiled block for mast cables

Masts

Clean and wax

Fit tri light and VHF base, run wires to suit

Fit new steaming and deck lights

Run mouse lead in mizzen

Check condition of fittings

Hull

Fit new rubbing strake

Scrape hull back to epoxy, 3 new coats of epoxy and antifouling primer.

Fill and rub down topsides, preparatory to "Awlgrip" paint

Many things that have been done are to suit personal preferences and in some cases to update the original fittings

PS - As at 16 Feb 05

The things I have done are only those to suit me, and I would not in any way say it is exhaustive or indeed criticise the original Reg Freeman design. One of his problems was the paucity of marine equipment available at that time. However, if there is one major thing I would like to change it is the rudder. So far I have chickened out.

On the first 50 "dogs" it is small, and, after comments from owners, it was enlarged from No 51. Twotails is No 21! This may be the subject of a later article.

On a more practical level there were some lessons learnt, most very basic, which might help anyone wishing, or needing to do, some relatively major work for themselves.

Unless you have the option of doing the work in a shed, you will need a cover so that you can work in all weathers. In our case we constructed a tent over the deck using plastic water pipe and semi-transparent scaffolding sheeting.

At each end there were two pipes lashed / taped together as hoops, standing on the deck, lashed to the staunchions, over the rest of the deck three pipe hoops were taped/lashed together, and again lashed to the staunchions. These gave standing height over most of the deck.

The pipes were held vertical fore and aft by three small ropes from stern to stern, attached to pulpit and pushpit and to each group of pipes.

The covering material is about 2 metres wide. We laid out 3 lengths on the ground and "stitched" them together using the reinforced holes in the material by again running cords full length. The centre strip of material overlapped the two outer panels to allow rain to run off. It was not totally waterproof, but near enough.

The material was lashed to the pulpit and pushpit by the cords holding the panels together.

One very important point – you MUST leave a hole at both ends, at the bow to get in by and at the stern another hole of about the same size to stop the entire cover blowing off.

I got this advice from a scaffolder friend and, while we used the cover we never had a problem with it, even during very high winds. Finally, the skirt of the cover was "stitched" to a number of short lengths of wood along its length, and the pieces of wood were linked, side to side, under the keel by light rope.

Even on frosty days the temperature under the cover always seemed noticeably higher than outside.

In retrospect I wish I had taken the trouble to use scaffolding to build a work platform at deck height alongside the bow with enough space on it to have a "Workmate", or similar on. I spent a great deal of time climbing up and down the ladder when wanting to make, repair, or adapt items. If you try to do such work on board it is most inconvenient and the mess gets everywhere.

Finally, take everything off the boat, even locker lids, except where you want to sit or sleep. If you don't, you find yourself endlessly moving things around, and it all takes a lot of time.

As you may very well already have discovered every job on a boat takes a minimum of 3 times that projected for it. In my case, after polishing my trousers for 35 years, multiply that figure by a minimum of 3 again for my lack of skills and all the mistakes made along the way!

John Lansdell

SECRETARY'S PAGE

You've waited a long time for this news magazine - unfortunately, life took a bad turn for me when in 2001 I was in Hospital in Wales whilst we were on holiday and since then my health has slowly declined.

However Gordon Keir 'Tarry' kindly offered to produce this magazine for us and I am sure you would all like to thank him for his effort.

Our very grateful thanks are also due to Graham Matthews 'Dougal' who kindly took over the production of the latest Owners List as well as attending to the Web Site and all our e-mails.

We must also thank Jon Zorichak 'Saluki' who earlier last year made a start on the Owners List and was well on the way to completion when through personnel problems he had to abandon it.

Because of my health problems we hadn't done much sailing and sadly I decided we would have to part with 'Dogmatic'. However our daughter Christine and grandson Robert, who are both keen sailors asked if they could keep it in the family. Happily, she is now berthed in the river just down from the Christchurch Sailing Club and we are still able to see her and go aboard once in a while.

Our last wonderful cruise in 'Dogmatic' was to run the Rally in Southern Ireland and what a superb rally it was. Our Irish friends in Kinsale welcomed us with open arms and could not do enough for us. We visited so many beautiful parts of S. Ireland, spent 2 weeks in the Scillies and then went up all the rivers in S W England on the way home. We were away for 3 months and if it had to end there - well it couldn't have been a happier ending.

On our return, we decided to “do the house up” and this entailed 18 months of chaos with new Windows, Conservatory, Kitchen, Bathroom, Drive etc... then, just as we were about to embark on another long distance cruise I spent two weeks in Hospital in Southampton and sadly, that proved to be the end of my sailing life.

However, Olive is doing her best to keep the Club running. She receives so much help from many of the Seadog Owners and she says - “I cannot help with the technical problems but I always know a man who can !!!”.

The annual Seadog get-together over a long weekend in January continues to be a very popular event. The last one (which took place at the superb Elstead Hotel in Bournemouth) was well supported and a great time was had by all. If you’ve not been to one of these and would like to join your Seadog friends for the next one - the dates are 13/14/15 January 2006.

This will be the 18th one we’ve run - so we must have got it right!
Drop Olive a line and she will send you details.

Lastly we would both like to thank you most sincerely for all the help, phone calls, letters and e-mails that have brightened our days and lifted our spirits.

It has proved to us that this Association really is like having a wonderful family and we consider ourselves to be so very fortunate.

Thanks to all.

Peter and Olive

SUB EDITORS PAGE - Gordon Keir (TARRY)

Becoming a “Seadogger”

Pre Sailing

1944 - Born Melbourne Australia

1964 - Started working on ‘Aussie’ computers - counting sheep etc...

1974 - Began travelling to England to gain more experience

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