# THE SEADOG

Issue 33 2010

The Seadog Owners Association Journal

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SOA JOURNAL

To submit cruising stories / technical articles for the next issue, please attach the material (WORD Docs / photos etc) to an email and send to : gordonkeir@aol.com

Please include "SOA" or "Seadog" in the email subject.

Front Cover

SOA rally - Ramsgate Marina June 2008.

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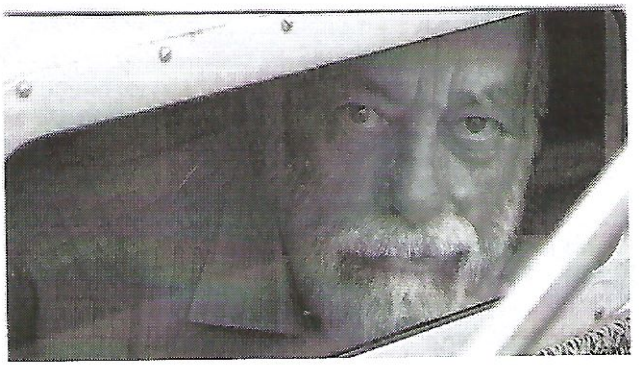
# SECRETARY'S PAGE (John Lansdell)



We should all be most grateful to Olive for all the time and effort she put into supporting Peter while his health was getting worse, yet at the same time having the energy to sustain the SOA, and organise last years Elstead Rally. Thank you, Olive. We all owe you a great deal.

Last year was not a great one for those of us who chose to stay in UK waters, though I must admit the weather for our jaunt down to the Helford River and the Fowey Rally was not a complete disaster. From what I hear it was a mixed bag for most of us though. Those who chose to go somewhat further, like the Gulf of Morbihan, and even further south, were certainly wise to do so. Perhaps next year we really will have a Seadog Rally in Vannes!

The year was also marked by the arrival of new members, and in one notable case, the return of a previous owner, who now has his second Seadog! Time takes its toll in other ways, and we have been saddened by the passing of old friends, some met only rarely, but were still part of our little family, and missed none the less for that.

This year we plan two rallies, still only lightly pencilled in, July in Cherbourg, and August in Harwich or nearby. Those of you with access to the magic web, and our Forum (thank you Graham), will be able to see the up-to-date position relatively easily. When firm dates are available you will all get the information as early as possible, those webless by snailmail or phone (see below).

I'd like the thank Dot Woodland for her talk at the Elstead Hotel about the domestic side of long term cruising, based on Glory's three month cruise last year. It was most interesting, and valuable for those of us who normally think an extended weekend is a long cruise!

In addition Eric Richardson gave an enthusiastic recommendation for the use of Scopiderm TTS patches as a means of overcoming seasickness. They apparently require a doctor's prescription, but talk to him about the gory details.

Steve Abbot, 'Arethusa', showed pictures of the hull where the bilge keels are bolted on, and was concerned about the condition of these bolts. There was a discussion regarding this, and an interesting point arose, that three different materials had been used for them, bronze, stainless steel, and mild steel. Bronze was a surprise, but the other two will rust.
From my own experience regarding this area, look along the outside of the hull in that area from either end, and, if you see small bumps then it is likely that bolts have rusted. In my case I dug out the filling to expose the bolt heads, which had Allen key sockets in them. Then, with someone outside holding the Allen key, find the suspect bolt and undo the nut, drive out the bolt. I took out an additional bolt that had not created a bump on the hull, and that was in perfect condition. Clean the hole, dry if necessary, and bed the new bolt with waterproof sealant and tighten, leaving enough space above the head for filler to make the hull surface fair.
The big problem is access inside. Bolts in the area of the galley are difficult to get at, but those below the fuel tanks are largely not accessible. That is an engine out, tank out job.

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With another hat on, I'm on the technical committee of the Cruising Association, and thought you might be interested in some of the things presently occupying us.

**AIS.** This ship identifying system is a victim of its own success. For small craft like us installing a receiver gives us the ability to see where the commercial shipping is, even in bad visibility, but the AIS "B" sets now on sale are not worth their money in my view, because big ships are unlikely to see your transmissions. If interested to know more, please contact me.

**eBorders.** This will be introduced over the next 2 or 3 years and the Borders Agency is still discussing the practicalities of how it will work. Do not believe some of the scare stories in the press. Some of you may remember the Customs Form C1331, in effect it will be an updated version of this.

**Broadband Radar.** Does not seem to have many advantages over the existing technology, and is not able to trigger Racons.

**Diesel with Bio.** There has been a lot of talk about this and the true position is difficult to understand. We are debating the matter and are still unable to get accurate information on whether it is in existing fuel, or it's potential long term effects.

**Holding Tanks.** More countries, particularly those round the Mediterranean and the Baltic have, or are likely to, introduce restrictions on craft without them. If you do plan to go foreign make sure you understand the local requirements.

If you decide to get yourself on the internet and thus get an email address, please let me know it. It makes communicating with you all so much quicker, and doesn't cost the SOA anything, unlike snailmail. If you are on the internet and have not looked at our webpage you are missing out.

Go to **www.seadog.org.uk**, and click on "Members Forum" to see what is currently being discussed.

John

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# GET-TOGETHER in BOURNEMOUTH (Olive French)

15/16/17th January, 2010

As always, the hotel was full of Seadoggers enjoying a superb weekend. The weather had previously been atrocious, thick snow and ice covered the country and I began to wonder if the event would have to be cancelled. However, just before the weekend, it started to thaw and all 61 people who had booked arrived safely.
They came from far and wide, 2 flew down from Inverness, others had come from Yorkshire, Wales, Cornwall, Kent, and so on. Nothing stops our intrepid members. Friday night is always informal, with a good dinner, and the time to catch-up on all the news. Several new members had joined us and were made very welcome.

After a good breakfast, Saturday morning and afternoon were free, so, weather permitting (as by then it was teeming with rain) we could explore the area. Bournemouth has much to offer and the shops are not far away! Saturday dinner was a little more formal, an excellent meal, then a brief chat by each owner on what they had done with their 'dogs over the past year. The wine flowed, and the noise got louder, accompanied by much laughter, so obviously a happy time was being had by all.

Breakfast on Sunday was followed by a "Dutch Auction". For those who do not know what this is I will explain. Our wonderful members arrive with a great assortment of things to auction. Many interesting boat bits & pieces, wine, spirits, lots of fancy goods, etc. These are laid out on tables, with a piece of paper alongside, then members have half-an hour to write down their bids. It gets busy round some items in the last few minutes!

The money collected from this goes into the Association's fund, and pays for printing and circulating the Journal and Owners List, plus stationery, stamps and the cost of phone calls. Any boaty bits which are not sold are taken by Martyn Waitt (ex 'Tarry') who very kindly sells them at the Beaulieu Boat Jumble and then passes on the money raised to go into our funds.

Now you know why we are able to run the Association without an annual subscription.

Following the Auction, we all gathered together for a talk by Dot Woodland ('Glory'), who passed on so much useful information about what to do to prepare for a long period of cruising comfortably, while away from home.

Peter Bragg then showed us the horrific damage suffered by 'Palafox II' when a tree fell onto her, while ashore. It certainly showed how strong a Seadog is. She now needs a new mast and pulpit, but little else.

Steve Abbott 'Arethusa' had some queries regarding the condition of her bilge keel bolts, and showed some pictures of the hull in that area. This was discussed when I was out of the room so John has added the details to his Sec. page above.

By then it was time for a really good carvery lunch, before members set off on their journeys home.

When I organised the first January get-together, in 1989, I little dreamed that they would still be popular in 2010, along the way we have moved the venue around a bit, but I don't think we will leave the hotel in Bournemouth. They give us such support, excellent food and all at a very cheap price, so who could ask for more?

Now booking for 2011!

Olive French

# PETER FRENCH - Secretary of the S.O.A. - 1987 to 2008 (Olive French)

As most of you know, Peter sadly died on 4th December 2008.
His health had been slowly deteriorating over the past years but he kept his high intelligence to the end. He was so grateful to all the Seadog members who helped him keep the Association running over the later years.

His funeral was a wonderful celebration of his life – Seadoggers came from far and wide to share the occasion and the church was filled to capacity. During his early years Peter was a Test Pilot and flew hundreds of different aircraft - his favourites being the Spitfire, Hurricane and Lancaster so the service covered his flying days, Sailing days and his working life.

His coffin brought a smile to everyone, being painted white and covered with pictures of Spitfires and Hurricanes. His son-in-law and grandson were two of the pall-bearers and he was led into the church by an R.A.F Standard Bearer.

His daughter Christine told the story of his long life, Eric Richardson (ex 'Taliesen') talked about his memories of Peter and the S.O.A and Jan Patel (a Ugandan Asian) who as a young 15 year old had been "given to Peter" to be trained as a Computer Engineer. He always called Peter "his guru" and looked upon him as a father, who had shaped his life and helped him become the very successful business man he now is.

At the end of the service a trumpeter from the R.A.F Regiment played the Last Post and Reveille. At least 85 people came back to the house for champagne and food. A truly wonderful send off for him.

In May, we held a Rally at Lymington for the scattering of his ashes. He always said that he wanted to be "kicked off the stern of 'Dogmatic'". The weather was horrendous and we thought it would have to be cancelled but at the last moment the "eye of the storm" allowed us all to sail to the bay off Hurst Castle, scatter his ashes and drink a champagne toast to him. One great surprise was the arrival of Piet Castenmiller and Hanneka (ex 'Nausikaa') who had come all the way from Holland to be with us.

The final part of this story was the sale of 'Dogmatic'. Christine had kept her in commission for the past 6 years so that Peter could keep his beloved Seadog – but life goes on and we felt that 'Dogmatic' needed to get her keels back into deep water again. She was purchased by Peter Jagodzinski (PJ) who had previously owned 'Amerus' and once again Peter French (PF) took charge.

It was the time of the Bournemouth Air Show and while we were all sitting in the cockpit discussing the sale a Spitfire, Hurricane and Lancaster flew low above our heads. We all laughed and reckoned that PF was saying "I'm watching you". After some 15 minutes of discussion PJ said – "is that a deal?" and I said "yes" and as we shook hands, the Lancaster Bomber flew directly above our heads, waggled its wings and flew away, so we reckoned we had PF's approval!!

Now the S.O.A is in the very capable hands of John Lansdell and I am sure that Peters legacy will go on. We will still run the super Elstead Hotel weekend and other Rallies are planned.

On a personal note, Christine and I would like to thank everyone for the beautiful cards and letters we received, for the comments on the website and the telephone calls and visits that we still receive from you.

It means so much.

Thank you all

Olive.

Reading selected from the Service

'High Flight' , by John Gillespie Magee

Oh! I have slipped the surly bonds of earth
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings;
Sunward I've climbed and joined the tumbling mirth
Of sun-split clouds,
And done a hundred things
You have not dreamed of –
Wheeled and soared and swung
High in the sunlit silence,
Hov'ring there, I've chased the shouting wind along
And flung my eager craft through footless halls of air.
Up, up, the long delirious burning blue
I've topped the windswept heights with easy grace,
Where never lark or even eagle flew,
And while with silent, lifting mind I've trod
The high untrespassed sanctity of space,
Put out my hand and touched the face of God.

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# EXCITING FIRST SAIL (Smokey and Frippet)

Letter received from a couple of wags - written 1981

Dear fellow Seadoggers,

Firstly, we must introduce ourselves – we are Smokey and Frippet French - two Seadogs who belong to Olive and Peter French of 'Dogmatic' – actually, we are Whippets and ever since "Dad" has owned a Seadog we have spent many happy times on the boat, but only on its mooring in the Hamble River.

Well, last weekend they decided that it was time to introduce us to the joys of sailing, so on a beautiful sunny afternoon we left our mud berth, under engine and negotiated the adjacent yachts to reach the deep water channel. We were only a short distance on our way, when there was an almighty bang under the hull followed by much more banging – something round the propeller decided "Dad" – a quick burst in reverse and lo and behold all was running smoothly again. Actually, we were not terribly interested in sailing, so we made our beds comfortable and retired! However, 'Dogmatic' made her way down the river and across to Ashlett Creek, hoping to find Fred Murley (S.O.A. Secretary).
Following instructions very carefully, we wound our way up the winding channel and arrived in Ashlett Creek, only to find that Fred and 'Tresco Maid' were missing from their mooring. A quick turn around and off down the channel again – all was going smoothly and our sleep was undisturbed, when bump! We were aground!! – again 'Dogmatic' was put into reverse but all that it did was to create a great cloud of muddy water at the stern. We were well and truly fixed on a mud-bank with the tide ebbing. All was well however, when a young man in a small sailing dinghy appeared and seeing our predicament called to us and said his father would pull us off. Sure enough, a yacht named 'Osprey' soon appeared – a line passed, a quick burst from 'Osprey's' engine and we were afloat again. Calling his thanks, "Dad" asked if 'Osprey' came from Ashlett Creek – only to find that we had been rescued by the Commodore of the Esso Yacht Club, we were told that we were the second yacht to be pulled off the mud bank that afternoon.

We then set off towards Southampton and after a while "Mum" noticed a Seadog roaring after us – it was our friend Fred and 'Tresco Maid'. He had spotted us and had been chasing us up Southampton Water – all sails set and the motor going at 3,000 revs – 'Tresco Maid' was doing 8 Knots when we met! We did a quick about turn and 'Tresco Maid' and 'Dogmatic' drifted slowly along while the latest news was shouted across the waves. All this

excitement woke us up, so we decided to come up into the cockpit and sniff the sea air.

It was now time to head back to the mooring and our mudberth, so off we went. It really was most exhilarating and before long we were approaching our mooring – drifting gently towards the wooden jetty, while "Mum" plus boathook, was preparing to pick up the mooring ropes. "Dad" gave a gentle burst of the engine in reverse, to stop 'Dogmatic' – nothing happened – so another longer burst and WHAM!!!! 'Dogmatic' surged forward – mounted the jetty – demolished it completely and came to rest at the edge of the bank.....

Naturally all this noise attracted attention and within seconds our friends Keith and Marion Kingdom from the yacht 'Romance' were on the scene. Much laughter and jokes about vandals soon lightened our despondency and then the damage was surveyed. Nothing more then two scratches on 'Dogmatic's' bow, but the jetty was in a dreadful state. By now we were asking to go ashore and were not prepared to wait much longer, so 'Dogmatic' was pulled over to an empty berth, the gangplank put across and we streaked off to the river bank. In the meantime, Keith had worked out a plan of action – "Mum" had offered to prepare dinner for everyone and "Dad" and Keith had discovered the reason for 'Dogmatic's' unpredicted behaviour.

It appeared that when the engine had been put into reverse to free the thing caught on the propeller – the hard change had sheared the cable fittings and snapped the cable. This meant that 'Dogmatic's' engine had been in forward gear all the time, which was why we couldn't get off the mudbank at Ashlett Creek and of course, instead of stopping 'Dogmatic' at her mooring, had propelled her very quickly into the jetty.

While dinner was being prepared Keith went off and returned with an old wooden barge which he positioned under the jetty, wooden trestles appeared, the walkway balanced onto the trestles and put roughly into position. By then the tide was ebbing fast and dinner was ready. Nothing rough and ready on 'Dogmatic' – all sat down to Smoked Salmon, Chicken with lots of fresh vegetables, followed by Galia Melon and Coffee....

Refreshed and replete, the work began and we were soon joined by another friend Ian from the yacht 'Pirana' – great round posts, 6" nails soon appeared and with much heaving and banging the posts were positioned, the walkway fixed to the top and everything was back where it should be.

By this time the tide was out and 'Dogmatic' was listing very sharply to port – her port-side keel being right down a deep hole in the mud. This made walking for us very difficult and when we wanted to go ashore we couldn't

understand why all four feet slipped at once – we nearly went overboard into the mud and were glad to go back to bed.

Mum & Dad and Ian went back to 'Romance' for the rest of the evening and returned to 'Dogmatic' around midnight. They had to wait for the next high-tide in order to remove the barge and restore 'Dogmatic' to her own mooring. Eventually, at 2.15am the tide was high enough, the barge moved and 'Dogmatic' was back where she belonged. It was 3.45am by the time Mum & Dad came back to bed and so ended a most eventful day and our first introduction to sailing – we didn't realize that sailing could be so exciting and are looking forward to the next time they take us out.

Yours with a couple of wags

Smokey and Frippet French

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## WHAT TO GET AFTER A SEADOG (*Peter Jagodzinski)*

DOGMATIC October 2009

We owned 'Amerus', Seadog No 19, in the mid 1980s. She was an excellent choice for my family: me, my wife Jenny and our two sons, Jan 9 and Nik 8.
From our home port of Newton Ferrers in South Devon we visited the Channel Islands, St Malo, Roscoff and Morlaix and, best of all, the Scillies, as well as the south coast ports of Devon and Cornwall.
We particularly valued her stability and sea-kindliness, and the feeling of security we had in rough sea when most other boats of her length were in port. The well protected centre cockpit was cosy and safe I can remember saying at the time that without a good spray hood, autopilot and diesel you couldn't really cruise the English Channel in comfort and safety.
How true that turned out to be. Pressure from Jenny and the boys to have other sorts of holiday, like camping in Europe, led to us selling 'Amerus' to a young man who planned to take her through the French canals for a year or so in the Med.
However, after a couple of years I was itching to have a boat again. It's difficult not to when you live in Newton Ferrers and can see everyone else going out sailing on summer weekends. With less budget than before we

acquired an elderly Contessa 26. She sailed beautifully but with cramped accommodation, no Sprayhood and no autopilot we never managed more than day sailing. I know they've sailed to New Zealand and probably beyond, but without a resident osteopath I couldn't live with it for more than a day at a time.

Next boat was a Van de Stadt Trintella 29, 'Bowden'. She also sailed beautifully and with just about 5' 9" headroom next to the companionway was viable for trips as far as Falmouth. Nevertheless, we wouldn't have been comfortable crossing the channel. We sold 'Bowden' to a much braver man, Trevor Wilson from North Wales, who bought her to cross the Atlantic. After an extensive refit in Plymouth he set out across Biscay in November bound for the Cape Verde islands. Trevor reached the coast of Northern Spain in vile weather where 'Bowden' suffered a series of knockdowns that broke his windvane steering. He was then blown all the way back to Southern Ireland when the wind veered north and started blowing him back south. At this point Trevor, wisely, gave up and was pulled off 'Bowden' by the lifeboat. 'Bowden' was last seen sailing south on her own. Trevor later succeeded in crossing the Atlantic in a Cutlass and recounts his exploits in his excellent book "Sailing alone across the Atlantic".

After 'Bowden' we tried a Rival 31, 'Lara'. She was a strong, well-made boat but somehow always seemed awkward to use. For example, the mainsheet horse was bolted across the bridge deck at the forward end of the cockpit, no doubt handy for fine-tuning the mainsail but lethal to casually draped fingers in a family boat. The mainsheet in this position also prevented the spray hood from extending far enough aft to provide any proper shelter. Just awkward. The other problem with 'Lara' definitely not her fault, was that I fell off a ladder from deck level on to concrete hard standing, breaking several ribs and aggravating an already troublesome spine. I thought that was the end of my sailing career, but then my son Nik hooked up with an angel, now his wife, Jenna, who is also a Physiotherapist. She diagnosed the cause of my back problems as insufficient mobility of the spine and prescribed some stretching exercises which worked perfectly, so we were then up for another go at finding the perfect boat.

This time it was a Maxi 95, again an excellent design, well built with good performance under sail or power, but too light for comfort in a nasty channel slop for the sailing weed.
We thought the next boat, a Sovereign 32, 'Farina', would be our last. She was very well built by Uphams of Brixham, weighing in at about 8 tons TM, with a cavernous interior and 6'6" headroom by the companion way. Having a good ballast ratio and strong rig she sailed beautifully and had the easy motion of a much larger boat. All was well as long as we had at least a couple of strong lads on board, but when it was just me and Jenny 'Farina'

proved to be unmanageable in a strong wind when berthing in a marina or traversing a lock. After a several potentially quite nasty near misses we realised that we couldn't go on. We started looking wistfully at Seadogs again. On one occasion we were struggling with locking through into Plymouth's Sutton Harbour when a Seadog, 'Spinner' came in behind us. She was evidently handled so easily by the couple on board, probably about our ages too, that our minds were made up and we started looking seriously.

With the kind help of John Lansdell we looked at about six Seadogs along the South coast that were for sale this summer. Eventually we were lucky enough to find 'Dogmatic', now owned by Peter and Olive French's daughter Christine Beasley. With her recent new engine and extensive refit she was the must-have choice, although I completely agree with Peter French's comments in Yachting Monthly that Seadogs are built to last 100 years and provide a sound basis for restoration.

After a kind send off from Olive and Christine, Jenny and I motor-sailed 'Dogmatic' home from Christchurch to Plymouth across Lyme Bay on a lovely moonlit night in 17 hours in September 2009. All our memories of the security and convenience of Seadogs for speedy, comfortable cruising were revived and we look forward to actually visiting a few places again rather than just shaking our heads at the weather. We all dream about the perfect boat, but in our experience the answer to the question is, a Seadog.

Peter Jagodzinski

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# Cruising Logs

**AGROUND AT BORKUM (Eric Richardson)**
(ex TALIESEN)

**Taliesin's Summer Cruise 1998 ( From Lowestoft Cruising Club )**

I had decided to have a two week cruise around Northern Holland and Germany. I was accompanied by my friend John Moore who is an excellent sailor and certainly gets better sailing performance from 'Taliesin' than I can. John is a very proficient dinghy sailor and treats 'Taliesin' as just another dinghy.
The holiday got off to a good start with a club barbeque on the Saturday evening, the effect lasting well into Sunday morning.

**On Sunday 16th August**
we departed on the 14.00 bridge with a good breeze and the intention of heading up around the Frieslands. The log streamed at 1415hrs and engine off at 1440hrs making good speed. All was going well with a clear sky and a lovely sunset, but the late night forecast was for our 4/5 westerly to become 6/7 N N/W by morning and 7/8 later. In view of our progress this should not give problems if we make Den Helder our destination. We tied up in Den Helder at 1400 hrs having had a good trip and in shelter before the stronger winds arrived.

**Tuesday 18th August.**
We left Den Helder for Vlieland late afternoon and had a good trip, although finding our way round the end of the island and into the Marina was a little difficult in the dark. The main problem was seeing where the mud stopped and the water started, or perhaps it was the other way round. We argued about this as it seemed to me that there was more land than water where the water was supposed to be.

**Wednesday 19th August.**
Hired bikes and had a good day exploring and taking photos. The sun shone, a sign we were not at sea, but no grumbles so far.

**Thursday 20th August.**
Decided to leave Vlieland and head into Holland, cannot remember details of UK forecast but it was OK for our passage plan with no bad news in it. Departed Vlieland about 0930 hrs wind much stronger than expected. After about 1 hour with a heavy sea building. Not good in shallow waters.

Picked up the Dutch forecast, gale 7/8 W immanent. We changed plans and decided to head down wind for Borkum. We had done this trip before and knew it to be well buoyed with long distance white light safe zones. The wind soon arrived and we had a cracking sail, but the forecast quickly became 8/9 and we were soon surfing under much reduced sail, just a scrap of jib and the wind on the stern. Still OK and in no danger.

As it went dark nothing had changed, but the fun had gone and tension increased. Around about 0200 hrs the wind became even stronger and it started to rain. Now visibility was bad with rain and the flying spray but we could still see the white channel light against the lights of Borkum and all was going to plan.

Borkum Harbour at 0330hrs when trying to enter all we could see was mud well out past the stbd buoys which had leaned over and were now aground. We tried to creep in using the aldis lamp as a spotlamp but finally backed away unsure of the way in. I decided that our best course of action would be to stand off and wait for daylight and more water.

We went back to the main channel to motor up and down and pass some time, thinking that we would be safer on the far side of the channel. When we started to cross the channel luck was on our side as we saw the dark shape of an unlit vessel pass close by obviously being towed by the barge that had just passed so we went back to the Borkum side of the channel.

Our plan now was to motor up and down between a pair of red lights just before the entrance to Borkum Harbour the main problem being that the wind was now on the stbd side and trying to take us sideways.

**Mayday Mayday Mayday**

At about 0430 wind very strong with driving rain. We suddenly found ourselves too close in to the shore having some how picked up sight of the wrong red light which had put us in a small bay. Before we could do anything we struck ground (not nice in a big sea) we tried to turn away but the wind was driving us on. John hoisted the mizzen sail to try to slew the stern whilst I used full power, but the next wave hit the middle of the mizzen and ripped it across. Nothing we did would turn us into the wind; we simply went sideways and started to bump on the bottom.

At this stage it became obvious that we were going to be driven ashore so I turned hard to port and using full power tried to surf her up the beach to minimise the risk of being rolled on the beach. This worked and we were soon aground but being flooded by the waves which were breaking over us.

I put out a Mayday which was instantly answered. When giving my position (GPS) I was told that it was wrong as that was the position of the lifeboat at its moorings. I explained that we were very close but the wrong side of the harbour wall.

Within a very few minutes the small SAR lifeboat was making its way to us coming stern first up the beach. They ascertained that we were OK, and a light line was thrown to us so that we could haul a tow line across and make secure to our Samson post. We then realised that they were also bouncing on the bottom. Once the line was secure they used the lift of the waves to get into deep water letting out more line as they went. Then when a wave hit us they used max. power as we lifted in the swell, slowly turning us back down the beach. We hopped our way back to deep water.

By this time it was daylight and they towed us into the harbour. Checking we had power and steerage they cast us free and pointed out a place to moor. We were in a bit of a state as our inflatable life jackets had blown up whilst in the cockpit as waves had passed right over us. We had taken water in both the main and aft cabins due to the waves filling the cockpit.

We were both tired; it seemed to have been a long night so after a brew we turned in for a sleep leaving things as they were. About noon the lifeboat skipper came along to see that we were OK and asked if I would go aboard the lifeboat with my charts etc. when we had sorted ourselves out.

I went on board the lifeboat mid afternoon and thanked them for their assistance and explained the sequence of events leading up to our grounding. I then asked if there would be a charge for their services not knowing how the German system worked. I was told that they charge if people do not take proper care or do not have appropriate charts and almanac.

The Cox said, that he did not see any negligence in our actions and that he had complained about the need to dredge the harbour entrance and reposition the buoys, and agreed with our action of standing off for daylight. He said that the wind speeds through the night had been around 50 knots with gusts to 55 knots. I think the very short fetch to the sea had helped us by not letting the waves build to full height, but they still looked big when breaking over us.

We spent the rest of the day cleaning up and washing the interior with fresh water to get rid of the salt. John set to and stitched the mizzen, what we had thought to be a rip turned out to be failed stitching. Although we seemed to have got away without damage I was concerned that we may have damaged

the rudder as we grounded. I asked the lifeboat skipper if he knew the best place to be lifted out.
He told us to go to a place called Ditzum and see the owner of a small boat building yard, Mr Bultjer Werth who would give good service, and to tell him we were the boat that had been rescued, he said it had been in the local paper.

**Saturday 22nd August.**
A grey morning with a strong wind, the skipper of a German boat 'EOS' who had been very helpful said he would lead us to Ditzum and see the boat yard owner who was a friend of his and we would need an interpreter. We duly left with the tide, but 'EOS' was having a rough time of it and had to turn back, so we followed. The wind against tide had made it heavy going.

**Sunday 23rd August.**
Left Borkum and motor sailed to Ditzum where we saw the yard owner who agreed to lift us out the next day. Explored Ditzum and had a good walk.

**Monday 24th August.**
Blowing a gale so the yard could not lift us out, we had a walk and got wet so spent the time reading etc.

**Tuesday 25th August.**
The yard said they would lift us after lunch, great difficulty with language. About lunch time 'EOS' arrived and came with me to sort out all details. Lift out price agreed at 100 Dmarks.
Soon after lunch a team of four men arrived and using an ancient scotch derrick, lifted us out and gave her a quick scrub off, the yard owner then set to and examined the complete hull and rudder. We both agreed that apart from the sand having stripped the anti fouling from under the keel there was no damage.

The yard owner said that he had not seen a Seadog before and was very impressed with the hull strength and keel arrangement. After lifting back in I went to his office to pay him. Expecting to pay for lift out, scrub, examination and lift back but he said no the agreed price was 100 Dmarks and that was it, about £30-00 sterling for four men and the time. I could not believe it.

We left Ditzum in the evening planning to go through the canals on the way back and moored up just before the first bridge in Groningen which was closed at that time.

**Wednesday 26th August.**
0900 start when the bridge opened and had a great day cruising through the canals to Leeuwarden where we moored for the night.

**Thursday 27th August.**
Cast off at 0900 for the first bridge and entered the Ijsselmeer about 1615 hrs arriving at Enkhuizen at 2115hrs.

**Friday 28th August.**
Left Enkhuizen at about 1145hrs and had some good sailing on the Marker Mere winds 6/7, but with little fetch the water was pretty flat. It was dark when we entered Sixhaven which was solid full as usual, after mooring we concluded that even if drunk we could not fall in as there was no water just boats.

**Saturday 29th August.**
We spent the morning in Amsterdam shopping and seeing the sights. Left Sixhaven about 1400hrs and headed for Ijmuiden to fill up with diesel, now being overdue for home as John should be at work on Monday, not a problem for me as Avril knows the situation.
Departed Ijmuiden 1830hrs BST. Weather poor with heavy rain and the wind 4/5 on the nose so motoring with lots of spray and very glad of a good hood. After about 2 hours slight wind shift to the north and just about able to get some pull and steadying effect from the genny. Visibility still poor but at least the rain had stopped.

**Sunday 30th August.**
About midnight John called me for my watch and the visibility was much better with the wind now more from the north so we set the main sail and started to get a move on. By 2am I was able to stop the engine and we were sailing well with a lovely clear night watching the flaring on the oil rigs and easily able to see other shipping and there seemed to be lots of it. We arrived in Lowestoft just before 1600 hrs having had a good crossing and pleased we had carried on, I had originally considered turning back because of the poor visibility and unpleasant head sea. We would have missed a good trip. I felt that after such a poor start we had done well to be back in under 24hrs.

**Lessons learned:**

1. The Dutch weather forecasts seem to be more accurate than ours, but to be fair we were in their area.

2. Whilst I believe I did right to stand off Borkum to wait for daylight I should have got into the main channel and done a long run. At least 30 minutes in each direction not just backwards and forwards between two buoys. Major mistake it is too easy to get it wrong on short runs. It is also vital to keep a check on the compass course as well as heading for the light so that the effect of leeway can be countered as this was a major part of our problem. Visibility was bad, but the compass should have been a priority as it tells its own story.

3. I would not have believed that wind on the beam could ever have prevented a Seadog from turning into the wind but now I know it can. With no sail the wind was pushing the port side rail under water.

4. I have thought with hind sight that I should have dropped the anchor, this may have held with full power assisting. The real problem of course is that we were both too tired to think straight.

**Note**
I cannot express sufficient thanks to the German SAR boat and crew who did an excellent job in pulling us off, and were most helpful after the event.
The boat yard in Ditzum was very good and careful and worth knowing of if anyone is in trouble in that area.

I am also grateful to Dr Wilfried Tenten skipper of 'EOS' (Emperor of Scotland) built from one of her converted lifeboats and a classic boat. Dr Tenten stayed with us acting as interpreter during the lift out and had also given good advice whilst we had been in Borkum.

Eric Richardson

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**RAMSGATE RALLY (Eric Richardson)**
(ex TALIESEN)

Brief account of my trip to and from the Seadog Owners Association Rally held at Ramsgate in June 2008.
My yacht 'Easy Go' (a Nab 35) is in reality a 35ft deep keeled Seadog made by Hallberg Rassy and fitted out by Reg Freeman in England.

If a Seadog owner goes aboard 'Easy Go' they almost think they are on their own boat as there are so many common features.
As I do most of my sailing single handed I had decided to fit a bow thruster to help when coming into and departing from Marina berths. This was done during the laying up period of 2007/9 and has been a tremendous help. It makes some of my incompetent manoeuvres look quite passable at times.
My home port is Lowestoft which made Ramsgate an easy destination being just a day sail away. Whilst discussing the trip with other club members I got a volunteer crew to join me for the trip down to Ramsgate, this pleased me as a longish trip soon gets a bit lonely on your own. I had decided to set off on Wed 4th June to make use of a good forecast so Leslie joined me on the Tuesday evening to sleep on board ready for an early start.
During the evening I ran through a safety briefing sheet prepared to match the equipment on 'Easy Go' and discuss our passage plans. Both Leslie and I had prepared passage plans before hand so that we could compare notes on our own systems and they were sufficiently similar to make the discussion easy. Way points were duly entered and a start time for the following morning agreed before turning in for the night.

**Wed 4th June**
I can only leave Lowestoft by passing through the main A12 road bridge as my moorings are upstream of the harbour in Lake Lothing at Lowestoft Cruising Club.
We took the 0700 bridge and headed South after using the buoyed channel around the banks. I am not brave enough to take the inside passage where the depths change regularly.
A complete lack of wind meant that we had to motor, by 0900 the visibility had closed down to the stage where we were glad of Radar. We switched on the navigation lights just to make ourselves more visible although it is said that in daylight fog the dark shapes stand out best. On checking the lights I found the Starboard light out "BUGGER", they had been checked the previous day. At 0930 we saw a Porpoise which soon disappeared. 1000 No change in visibility. At 1110 the East Shipwash was abeam 1 cable. 1200 Visibility improving and making good progress, food and drink (Tea/Coffee) were helping to pass the time along with plenty of chat. Avril says I have the gift of the gab. 1230 Mist coming back and visibility down to 200 yards. 1350 Fog clearing again and we now have maximum tide against us so progress is slow.
1410 Wind arrived as expected Southerly 7-8Kts it had to be against us, it always seems to be.
1508 Porpoise on the port bow but it did not stay for long, by 1600 the sea had become a bit rolly so we tried a bit of sail to steady her, this did not work so we rolled it up again.
1705 a lovely sunny afternoon, but still under engine. 1715 We both clearly heard a single call of "Mayday" on channel 16. This was not repeated or

answered and other shipping was around, we turned the volume up and kept a close radio watch but nothing further was heard. By 1800 the sun was just visible through the mist which was returning, but we had not got much further to go.
At 1810 we reached the Elbow buoy and turned to enter Ramsgate mooring up on E Pontoon by 1850 after a good and easy trip down. It would have been much better if we could have sailed but so what a good trip is a good trip.
The GPS had logged 76 Km in 11hrs 50mins from the bridge to completing tying up at Ramsgate so we were quite happy with that. We went ashore and showered then walked into town and dined at an Italian Restaurant,
We should have dined on board as Irene (Leslie's wife) had sent a dish of Beef Stew and Dumplings for us but after the day at sea we felt like dining ashore. Good food, good wine and good company! What more can a man ask after a day at sea.

**Thursday 5th June**
We had a walk ashore and looked in at the local chandlers before having coffee, and then Leslie got a taxi to the station for the journey home.
In the afternoon I set about sorting out the starbrd nav light, once stripped it was found to be badly corroded so replaced with a new lamp along with a few feet of wire although I could not get any tinned wire. It should be ok though the original untinned wire had lasted 36yr. In the evening I had the stew and dumplings which were delicious and then had a walk to the Royal Temple Yacht Club for a drink before turning in.

**Friday 6th June**
I walked round the harbour and found that two Seadogs had arrived. 'Two Tails' the other being 'Mohican' which I believe to be kept at Ramsgate.
Having seen the state of the Starbrd nav light I stripped the port side and found it to be in a bad way so replaced that before it gave trouble.
In the evening we had a bit of a pre rally get together and found that a couple of boats intending to be there had turned back earlier in the week in bad weather so would not be there.

**Sat morning** another Seadog arrived, in the evening we had a get together and dined in the Hotel at the top of the hill above the Harbour. We had a great time. Several members had arrived by road so it made quite a good party, having an empty aft cabin allowed me to put two friends up for the night saving them a drive home after midnight.

**Sunday morning.**
John and Audrey on 'Two Tails' decided to open a breakfast bar and kept a constant supply of food and coffee/tea flowing, with so many on board she was down on the marks, but it was good fun. By mid morning boats were

departing, but I had decided that it would be easier to work the tides with a Monday departure so stayed on and had an easy day just wandering around the harbour and the Town. This gave me plenty of time to set out a passage plan, enter waypoints again and turn in early.

**Monday 9th June**

Departed Ramsgate Harbour 0930 Sunny morning with good visibility and no wind, I had decided to push against the tide for the first part of the trip so that it would help later in the day when it would not be so frustrating. By 1200hrs I was showing 4kts over the ground and 6kts through the water, at 1230 I had to change course to avoid fishing boats pair trawling who seemed intent to go either side of me.

Some times you feel only a grenade launcher would make them look out of what was left of their windows. By 1310 speed was up to 5kts, nothing much happened until 1620 when a slight breeze of about 8kts came and with the Genny sheeted tight I was able to get a bit of help from the wind. 1730 I was able to set the main as well and started to crack on but still motor sailing to hold my course. By 1900 I was just North of Orford Light and going like a train under sail only, reaching Southwold by 2030. Wind now dropping and having to roll up the sails. At 2100 the sun was going down over Covehithe and it looked very good, just right for a painter, but the visibility over the sea was becoming poor.

By 2140 I was tied up in the trawl dock awaiting the Midnight Bridge.

**Tuesday 10th June 0100hrs**

Settled in to my berth on our moorings after an enjoyable trip back from Ramsgate, quite satisfied with a passage time of 12hrs10mins. Another holiday over, but glad to have made it to the Rally as its a few years since the last one I attended.

**A few stats:**

- Ramsgate charge £22/night for a 35ft boat.
- Average speed seems to be about 6 to 6.5kts on trips for 'Easy Go'.
- When motoring she uses just under 1/2gallon/hour, and slightly less when motor sailing depending on conditions.
- Thanks again Leslie for the company and help. It seems we are never without a dependable offer of help in the LCC, long may it be so.

Eric Richardson

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**A LOOK AT THE DANUBE (John Lansdell)**
(TWOTAILS)

A connection between the Rhine and Danube river systems was originally proposed in 793. Over 1,000 years later a narrow canal was actually built. It operated between 1846 and the 1940s, but was by then derelict.
A larger replacement was mooted in the 1920s and the Rhine-Maine-Danube (RMD) Canal opened in 1992 for vessels of 190 x 11.45 x 4m, with 16 locks, and rising to over 400 metres above sea level.

When we bought 'Twotails', I wondered if we could take her from Le Havre to the Danube Delta and come back through the Med. To some extent I am still wondering, but it most certainly would be an interesting trip.
All that I had read left me thinking, what was the Danube really like, were there sandbanks round every bend, and any navigation marks at all? Further enquiry established from the end of the RMD, as far as Budapest, it as well marked and charted. The main problems in that area result from the Alpine spring thaw, when large additional volumes of water can cause floods and wash away riverside structures, kilometre markers and buoys, but these are promptly and efficiently replaced. Information was less easy to find for the situation after Budapest.

In March 2009 I noticed an offer of a 10 day trip from Budapest to Bucharest over Easter on a river cruiser, and, more or less on the spur of the moment, booked a cabin for Audrey and myself.
Budapest, apart from being an interesting and scenic city, is also far more of a river port then I expected, with a surprising number of cruise boats going to and fro Vienna. During the passage south through Hungary we saw a lot of riverbank, but not much else. Navigation was more or less staying in the middle of the river. Marking and buoyage was adequate.

We stopped for a coach trip and walkabout at Vukovar, a town with a tragic recent history, where hills come towards the river and the view became a little more interesting. The schedule meant we passed most of Serbia at night, though I did get up to see Novi Sad with its new bridges and Belgrade. Next morning, it was on to the Iron Gorge, Romania to the East, and Serbia to the West. The approach, where the river had cut its way through the Carpathian mountains, was most attractive, with historic sites and Golubak castle. The Gorge itself was very impressive, precipitous walls closing down to 110 metres or so apart and the river 80! Metres deep, flowing at 3+ knots.

Necessarily there is a disciplined one-way system in the area. 100 km further on there is the massive Derdap 1 dam, hydroelectric installation and locks, with a 35 metre drop. Transit took well over an hour. Even with the boat's

bridge lowered it had only about a foot of clearance below the guillotine style lock gate. There is then a 80 km stretch of river before arriving at the second, and more recent, Derdap 2 dam, hydro plant, and another lock, with a 10 metre drop.

So far, a passage down river seemed a reasonable possibility. The main problem would be where to stop overnight, since although there are occasional floating jetties for commercial craft there are few facilities of any sort for recreational craft, except in Serbia. The availability of diesel fuel and water was questionable, since a 'dog has 50 gallon tanks of fuel and water, so for us to fill up en route might well mean a trudge round Belgrade.

After the second hydro plant there are no locks on the river itself, as far as the Delta, but there is an alternative shortcut, a canal from Cernavoda to the Black Sea at Constanta, with a lock at each end. During the last but one day of our tour the majority of the passengers went on a coach trip from Svishtov into Bulgaria while the boat went on to Russe, then Giurgiu, where we would leave it the next day. I chose to stay on board, because this is reputedly the area of sandbanks and few navigational marks. As soon as we got under way I invited myself to the bridge and was introduced to the captain. He was a Serb, the second officer Ukrainian, engineer Austrian, and all conversation on the river is in German. My German dates from the 50s, but we managed to get on quite well with that, some English and gesticulation.

His primary navigation aid on this section is a chart plotter with Belgian software, regularly updated, backed up with hard copy. The other essential tool is a forward looking depth sounder similar to that now produced by Echopilot. The skipper was checking this all the time, even when following the channel on the chart plotter. He said the sandbanks move all the time but especially so after the Alpine spring melt, because the water goes over the top of the dams, and below them the lower river was as untamed as it ever has been. Adding to the interest was the noticeable amount of debris in the water, mainly tree trunks, sometimes in loose groups. Thankfully the prop on a Seadog is within an aperture, which gives it a better chance in these conditions. There were indeed few navigational markers, again due to the effects of the spring floods.

The skipper's view was that the passage was well within the capability of a robustly built yacht, which would be more likely to cope with the heightened likelihood of problems from grounding, hitting floating debris, or sharing locks with large commercial vessels. 'Twotails' weighs in at over 7 tons, definitely robust.

Overall there was rather less commercial traffic than I had expected, a fair proportion of which was Serbian, possibly as a result of the area's unfortunate recent history, and their relationships with their neighbours. The skipper said it was down about 30% this year. There is regular VHF contact between boats at all times, but especially on approaching bends, and the practice of blue flagging is agreed that way, well in advance. This is where a boat, usually going upstream, wishes to hug the inside of a bend, in contravention of the normal traffic flow. The boat puts out a "blue flag", usually a power operated rotating steel plate, on the side they wish to pass another boat. This boat will respond by putting out their own blue flag to signify agreement. There are quite a few large push tugs of up to eight barges and they get priority in difficult areas. The external condition of the majority of these vessels was very scruffy indeed and from hearsay their mechanical standard was no better.

Will we do the trip? Well, if we did, I would plan to leave the Hamble in March, to sample the wine and cheese in France, to arrive in the Danube in July, after the snow melt. However that would also mean much less water in the lower reaches of the river. In addition, we would have high continental temperatures from then on as far as Turkey, where we would expect to leave the boat overwinter. Perhaps I should invest in a real fridge after all, one with through hull cooling, roll on the Boat Show!

Our trip was a short section of regular tours, with varying lengths, run by Noble Caledonia between Amsterdam and the Black Sea. We were on 'MS Johann Strauss', with accommodation for 160 passengers. The standards of accommodation, service, food and the shore tours, were excellent. One thing which stood out for me was there was virtually no engine noise or vibration anywhere on board, most impressive when it has two 1,000HP main engines, and a generator cum services engine of over 500HP, running 24 hours a day.

John Lansdell

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**TIMELLA (Seadog 22) LOST - FIJI ISLANDS (Southland Times & IMO**

Extracts from a news report of the loss of 'Timella' and the subsequent rescue of the crew.

The full report can be downloaded from: www.news.ninemsn.com.au

Dated 16:00 AEST Tue Oct 14 2008
442 days 2 hours 46 minutes ago
By Erin Tennant, ninemsn

Three shipwrecked sailors who spent a night in shark-infested waters and heavy swells found shelter on a remote tropical island.
Trouble began for captain Cameron Slagle and crew mates Elizabeth Schoch and Alison Timms while sailing their 9m ketch 'Timella' through rough seas in the Fiji Islands late on Sunday.
The three friends left Suva in the morning and were heading south to Kandavu Island in rough winds when the yacht experienced engine problems and boiling water burst from the radiator, scalding Mr Slagle on the face and legs. "We decided we weren't going to make it to port," he told ninemsn.
He turned the boat west with the 70km/h wind and headed for a nearby cove, on the south-western coast off Viti Levu island. But this meant steering late at night through a treacherous passage between two islands.

Shortly before midnight on Sunday the yacht struck a reef and began to sink amid five-metre swells. As the deck slipped below the water line, the three friends decided they couldn't stay aboard any longer.

The yacht's inflatable dinghy was big enough for only two people, so Ms Schoch and Ms Timms climbed in as Mr Slagle clung to the side. "That's when we started talking about sharks," he said. They didn't know the Beqa Island reef where they were stranded is world famous for man-eating sharks, with diving enthusiasts drawn to what is commonly advertised as the "bad shark dive". At any rate, it wasn't long before all three were treading water in their life jackets.

"The dinghy was still tied to the boat [and] the sea was so vicious, it dragged us back towards the boat as the mast came smashing down and punctured the dinghy". The trio were now clinging to a deflating dinghy whose emergency supplies — first aid, food and fresh water — had already been flung overboard by the rough swells. The reef underneath them cut their feet as they bobbed among the huge seas and the effects of severe cold set in, with Ms Timms showing signs of hypothermia.

"Ali was on her way out — we were trying to keep her warm," Mr Slagle said. "All we had left was each other."

Mr Slagle's mayday calls were answered by a cruising catamaran captained by an American on holiday with his wife and two children.
Maurice Sonti sailed his catamaran for two hours to reach Beqa reef and pull the shipwrecked sailors aboard at around 6.30am on Monday.

"His exact words were: My name is Maurice, I'm your rescue this morning," Mr Slagle said.
"It was a teary moment. Funnily enough, as we were getting rescued there was a dolphin swimming around the catamaran — I'm not sure if she was looking after us [from sharks] or not."

Mr Sonti, an experienced rescue diver, administered first aid and sailed the stranded crew to nearby Robinson Crusoe Island — a 28-acre tropical island with traditional thatched bure accommodation that serves as a popular day cruise destination.

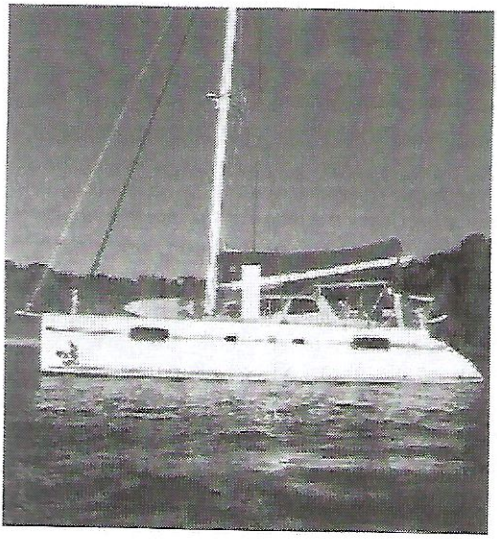
Safely on Robinson Crusoe Island: Ali Timms (left), Elizabeth Schoch and Cameron Slagle with their rescuers Maurice (front) and Sophie (right) Conti.

The Rescuer tells his story

Extracts from the rescue as reported on a second news website, describing the rescue as it occurred – through the cruising blog maintained by the rescuing skipper - Maurice Conti.

The full report can be downloaded from:
www.stuff.co.nz/southland-times/news

*The Southland Times*
Last updated 16:47 15/10/2008



The rescue yacht 'Ocealys' in calmer water.

Maurice Conti and his wife Sophie sailed for two and a half hours early on Monday morning to rescue three people, whose yacht 'Timella' sank after it hit a reef off an island in Fiji.

No one else heard the mayday call from the 'Timella'.

The Contis decided the only option was to mount the rescue themselves, fighting against strong winds and high seas.

In this e-mail sent to The Southland Times today by Captain Maurice, he recounts the drama.

**He begins:**

Hello all.

Here is our account of the events that took place during the rescue of the crew of the Australian sailing yacht 'Timella'. Please forgive any errors or omissions. We've done our best to recall things as they happened, but accurately retaining all of the details in a situation like this is challenging.
At 11.45pm, Monday, October 13, we were woken by something that every mariner fears.

"*Mayday, mayday, mayday...*"

By the time I got to the radio, the second call was coming in. It was a woman's voice.

"*Mayday, mayday, mayday. Mayday, mayday, mayday.This is the sailing vessel Timella. Timella. We have struck a reef and we need assistance. Mayday, mayday, mayday.*"

I waited for some seconds to see if someone more appropriate than us would answer, like the authorities, or a passing cruise ship. No answer came.

"*Vessel calling mayday. Vessel calling mayday. Vessel calling mayday.This is the sailing yacht Ocealys. Ocealys. Ocealys. Do you copy?*"

"*Yes, we copy. This is Timella. We've struck a reef and we are hard aground. The waves are bashing us against the reef. We need help.*"

"*Timella, this is Ocealys. Roger that. What is your position? What is your position?*"

"Stand by..."

About a minute goes by

"*Ocealys, this is Timella. Our position: One-eight, three-six minutes South.*

*Eighteen degrees, thirty- six minutes South ... one-seven-seven, four-seven minutes East."*

*"Timella, I copy loud and clear: One eight degrees, thirty-six minutes South. One-seven-seven degrees, forty-seven minutes East. I will plot your position. Standby one."*

It takes a minute for our navigation electronics to turn on, and then I plot their position on the chartplotter. The position puts them right on top of a small, submerged reef about 12 miles ESE of our position inside the lagoon of Vatulele Island, about 50 nautical miles from Suva, the capital of Fiji. The reef's name is Takau Lakaleka.

*"Timella. Timella. Timella. Ocealys"*

*"Ocealys, Timella"*

*"Timella. I have your position. You are approximately 12 miles East of our location. We are two-and-a-half hours from you, best speed. Standby and I will relay your Mayday."*

About 3 minutes have gone by since their first call.

*"Mayday, mayday, mayday. Mayday, mayday, mayday. This is the sailing yacht Ocealys, Ocealys, Ocealys. We are relaying a mayday for the yacht Timella, Timella, Timella. Mayday, mayday, mayday. Does anyone copy? Over."*

We repeat the transmission two more times and to my surprise hear no reply.

*"Timella. Timella. Ocealys."*

*"Timella. Go ahead Ocealys."*

*"Timella, I have negative contact on the relay. What is your condition?"*

*"Standby Ocealys..."*

**Yeah mate, we're on a reef**

A man's voice comes on with an Australian accent.

*"Ocealys, this is Cameron. Yeah mate, we're on the reef. The waves are bashing us pretty hard, but she's a 40-year-old boat and she's built to take a hard landing. She's got 3 keels. We're not taking on any water."*

*"Yeah, roger that Timella. Have you tried putting out a kedge?"*

*"Yeah, roger. We've got the anchor out, trying to get her bow-to."*

*"Okay, roger that. What are you requesting at this time?"*

*"We're going to need to get pulled off this reef. I think she'll hold together, but no way we're getting off on our own."*

*"Roger that. Understood. I don't know if we'll be able to pull you off. We're trying to get a hold of the authorities. Standby and we'll update you when we have any info. Just hold on for now."*

*"Timella standing by."*

In the meantime, my wife Sophie has been trying to come up with a list of options for help. We have a local cell phone, and surprisingly there's a strong signal here. Sophie finds the number to the single, exclusive resort on the island and makes the call.

There is no credit left on the Sim card.

We try calling them on the Iridium phone, but there is no answer. Sophie finds that local emergency is 911, and she figures that the phone will work, even without credits. She's right, and she gets through to an operator. She explains the situation a couple of times.
The operator is clearly not used to this kind of distress call. Sophie gives them our cell number and is told that someone will call us back.

Sophie also decides it would be a good idea to call the local Australian and New Zealand High Commissions and she finds emergency numbers in our Lonely Planet guide (this will turn out to be a critically important decision). I try Australia first on the Iridium, and after lots of rings get a message saying they're closed, but if I know the extension of the party I'm trying to reach...

I hang up and try New Zealand. A more detailed message at the end of which I'm relieved to hear. If this is an emergency, please call the duty officer on watch at ... I call that number and after five or six rings a groggy voice answers and I explain that a yacht with a New Zealand citizen aboard is in trouble and we need help co-ordinating a rescue. By now the man on the phone is completely alert and says he will set things in motion and call us back.

In the meantime on the VHF radio:

*"Vessel calling a relay mayday. Vessel ... mayday. This is ... cruise ship ... "*

(their transmission is faint and broken).

*"Station calling, this is the sailing yacht Ocealys relaying a mayday for the yacht Timella. Timella."*

*"Sailing yacht, this is the cruise ship .... We are ... position ... 30 nautical miles South ... yacht ... over."*

*"Timella. Timella. Timella. Ocealys."*

Only a short pause and Cameron answers. I feel bad calling him. I imagine he has much more important things to do than talk to me.

*"Go ahead Ocealys."*

*"Timella, we want to give you an update. We've contacted emergency services in Suva. They are forwarding your request for aid to the navy. They will call us back with more information. We have contacted the New Zealand High Commisioner's office and they are also contacting the authorities in Suva. We also have VHF contact with a cruise ship 30 nautical miles South of you. The High Commission needs your names and nationalities. How are you doing?"*

**We're still getting bashed around**

*"We're still getting bashed around pretty good..."*

Cameron's voice is concerned, but calm.

*"...Hold on, I think we're going over (I can hear a roaring crash). No, we're good. We're still up ... hold on, there's another big wave ... we're going over ... (boom in the background) ... No. No, we're good. We're still up. She's holding together. We are three persons on board. Two Australian, one Kiwi. I'm Cameron Slagle, "*

*"Roger that Timella. Standby one, we're getting a call on the phone. Hold on, we'll get you an update."*

By now the cellular phone is ringing every few minutes. We cannot place calls, but can receive them.

The police in Suva keep calling for updates from us and to let us know they've alerted the Navy. We keep trying to explain that we are not the boat that is in distress, and that no, we have not arrived at the boat in distress. We cannot safely navigate the reef in the lagoon where we are in the dark, and we cannot safely render aid to Timella at their location. Okay.Okay Mr Maurice. We understand. I will call you back...
Sophie tries calling several resorts at a larger neighbouring island, Beqa, on the Iridium phone, but no one answers.
Mike Randall, at the NZ High Commission in Suva, calls back and says he is in contact with Fiji Search and Rescue and also with SAR in New Zealand.
Moments later we get a call from Neville at the Something Something Search and Rescue Co-ordination Centre in New Zealand (it's hard to hear details on these calls, and frequently the VHF is going at the same time and we're trying to follow both closely).
At about 2am Cameron comes on the VHF and sounds stressed for the first time,

"*Ocealys. Ocealys. Timella.*"

"*Go ahead Timella.*"

"*Yeah, Ocealys. We're starting to take on water here. We're starting the pumps. We'll see if we can keep up with it.*"

"*Roger that Timella. SAR in Suva are mobilising. We do not have an ETA for you at this time.*"

"*Roger that.*"

About 2.15am:

"*Ocealys. Ocealys. Timella*"

"*Go ahead Timella*"

**We're not keeping up with the water**

"*Ah mate, we're not keeping up with the water. The hole's under the engine, and it's not accessible. There is no way she's going to be able to hold on. We are definitely sinking mate. We're going to keep pumping as best we can but the batteries are going to be underwater soon.*"

*"I copy that. What are you requesting Cameron? We are two and a-half hours away at least and I'm not sure what I can do when we get there."*

*"No mate, we are requesting an airlift. That's the only way we're getting out of here. Don't put yourself at risk. We're clear on to the reef at this point. They're not going to be able to get to us by boat. We need an airlift."*

*"Okay. Roger that. We copy you, request an airlift. Standby and we'll get back to you as soon as possible."*

About 2.45am:

*"Ocealys, Timella"*

*"Go ahead"*

*"We are sinking. The batteries will be under water in a few minutes. We're going to lose contact. We're getting the dinghy out and putting the life raft canister in the dinghy. We've got extra fuel, water and we're getting some food ready."*

*"Okay, roger that Timella. Do you have any flares?"*

*"Yeah, they're floating around here somewhere."*

*"Do you have a handheld VHF?"*

*"Ah, negative on that. Negative."*

*"Roger that. We understand that SAR in Suva is mobilizing, but we still have no ETA (estimated time of arrival). You're going to have to hold on a while longer."*

Lot's of back and forth on the radio and on the phone, mainly with Mike Randall in Suva and Neville and Dave in New Zealand for the next 15 to 20 minutes. The guys in New Zealand advise us on specific actions that the crew of Timella need to take, including donning life jackets, keeping the EPIRB on, etc and we relay that information to Timella.
About 3am we have our final exchange by radio.

*"Ocealys, Timella."*

*"Go ahead, Timella."*

**We've gone down, mate**

*"We've gone down, mate. I've got water half-way to the cabin-top. The batteries are under a meter and a-half of water. I don't know how we're still transmitting."*

Cameron is still calm and rational on the radio.

Sophie and I look at each other and start talking about the real options.
Based on her conversations, it's clear that Suva SAR is not launching anything until daylight and they're having trouble finding fuel and crew. They are 50 miles from Timella's position. The wind is blowing 25 to 30 knots (in their favor, against us), and the seas are rough and confused. I estimate it will take them five hours to reach Timella if and when they depart.
New Zealand SAR is on the phone and they're telling us they have no response on the mayday they've sent via HF/SSB radio, they no longer have a fix on the EPIRB. The cruise ship from before has gotten back to us and we now understand their position is in fact 130 nautical miles to the south, putting them well out of range.
We decide we have to go to Timella. We believe we are their only viable option.

*"...We're getting into the dinghy and will stay with the boat as long as we can. I don't expect the batteries to hold out much longer"*

*"Roger that Timella. We still have no ETA from SAR in Suva. We are coming to you. We will weigh anchor now. I estimate ETA to your position two and a-half hours. We will stand off the reef and wait for daylight. We may not be able to help, but at least we will be there. Just hold on to the boat."*

*"Roger that Ocealys. What's your name man?"*

*"It's Maurice. Maurice."*

*"Yeah, it's Cameron here. Good to meet you. We love you man. I definitely owe you a beer or two when this is all over."*

*"Roger that Cameron."*

A few minutes later we call to check in again as we get ready weigh anchor.

*"Timella, Ocealys"*

No response.

*"Timella. Timella. Timella. This is Ocealys, do you copy?"*

No response.

*"Nothing heard. This is Ocealys standing by on channel one-six."*

At 3am we got under way. Sophie made one last call to Mike Randall at the NZ High Commission and told him that we had made the decision to go out to Timella. That way someone would know we were out there too in case we got into trouble.
Mike went silent for a moment and then repeated we should be careful and not take any risks. Sophie told him we had two small children on board and did not intend to take any risk that would substantially put their lives at risk. Sophie thanked him for all of his support.
Luckily the anchor came up without snagging on one of the coral heads under the boat and we started making our way out of the reef. The pass into the lagoon was windy and poorly defined with shallows and coral heads scattered about. In the dark, the only way to get out was to follow the track we had made on the way in on the GPS. You figure if you didn't hit anything then, you won't hit anything now.
It took almost half an hour to get out since we were going slow and it was more difficult to keep the boat right on track than I thought it would be. Sophie was on the bow, keeping a look out and trying not to get launched as we started to pitch aggressively. She could only see a few feet in front of the boat, but might have been able to warn me in time to stop the boat and back up before damaging a prop or rudder.
On the phone, Sophie and New Zealand SAR agree that they will call us every 20 minutes for updates. New Zealand SAR also confirms that at this point, we are Timella's only chance. It was a two-hour motor into the wind and waves to Timella's position. We fired two parachute flares on the way to let Timella know we were coming.

We arrived at Takau Lakaleka reef just as the sun was coming up ahead of us at 5.30am. Sophie spotted the reef first, and it was less than 300 metres away. The sea was rough and the breakers on the reef hidden behind the ocean swells.

**We saw nothing**

We did a full, slow turn around the half-mile circular reef but saw nothing. No wreck of Timella, no dinghy, no liferaft, no flotsam, no oil slick. Suddenly both Sophie and I came to the grim realisation that this might not end in the straightforward fashion we had both been imagining: Get to the reef, see Timella's crew, they take their dinghy out to us, and we bring them aboard.

At the end of the first lap, Sophie spots a plastic jerry can floating in the water.

Dave at New Zealand SAR calls and we give him a progress update. I tell him we're going to draw up a vector on this piece of flotsam and follow it down wind, but maybe I'll take another lap first. Just in case. That's a good idea, says Dave.
The reef is small and we're only 50 to 100 meters from the edge of the big breakers. I'm certain I would be able to see a person floating in the middle of the reef, let alone a liferaft or shipwreck. I've underestimated the size of the breakers sweeping over and reflecting around the reef.
On the second, and final, lap I glimpsed something right in the centre of the reef. Sophie's got the binoculars and focuses on the spot but sees nothing.
I take the binoculars and nothing.
I'm certain I saw them though. Three little black dots poking out of the water. It takes 30 seconds of staring right at the spot before they pop up over two waves, then they're gone again. But they were definitely there.
I shake my head and look at Sophie. They're in the water. I don't see a liferaft or the dingy. They were just bobbing there waving their arms, meaning they'd seen us.

The only option was to go into the reef with the dinghy, pick up the crew, and bring them back out to Ocealys. Sophie is worried about the risk, but I'm comfortable I can get in and out safely with the dinghy and I know that this is their only chance.

I get ready to go and I'm thinking that I need to be self sufficient. If something goes wrong, I can't become a liability. I don a drysuit and harness, duct tape, a strobe light and VHF radio to it, stuff a couple of rocket flares in a pocket and throw a bunch more in a dry bag in the dinghy with fins and a mask. There is less fuel in the dinghy's tank than I'd like, but it's too rough to refuel.

It's very difficult to get the dinghy in the water when it's rough. Sophie and I have to work together to drop it in freefall from it's davits and get it clear of the boat's stern. Once in the dinghy I have to set it loose immediately before I try to start the Honda outboard. It starts on the first pull. By then I'm already 100 meters away from the boat.

I radio Sophie and let her know that the dinghy is good. The seas are no problem at all. I feel very good and I'm going in. I take the dinghy on to the reef through a spot that doesn't have any big breakers. It looks shallow, maybe 4 feet, and the wave action is very confused, but the outboard's prop never touches.

Only once I'm well inside the reef do I spot the crew of Timella again, about 50 meters away. All three are in the water with life jackets, clinging to a deflated and partially sunken dinghy. I can see the wreck of Timella as a dark shadow just behind them.

As I arrive, the three of them are alert and responsive. Cameron grabs a hold of the dinghy and pulls Ali to me and I pull her right into the dinghy. Liz is next, but we've drifted a few feet away from the sunken dinghy she's holding on to so Cameron swims to her and brings her to me and we get her aboard.

**He pops right into the dinghy like a sea lion**

At his turn. Cameron looks at me and says, "I'm just warning you, I'm a pretty big guy". He is a very big guy, but he pops right into the dinghy like a sea lion. From the time I arrived on scene, to when the three of them are lying on the floor of the dinghy, no more than 90 seconds have gone by. A line from some movie I saw once popped into my head and so to ease the tension a bit I say, "Good morning ladies and gentleman. My name is Maurice and I'll be rescuing you today."

In the meantime Sophie has been holding the boat in a stationary pattern as close to the reef as is safe. It's very difficult to do because there is a strong current swirling around the reef (it's even noted on the charts) and with so much wind, the boat wants to do 5 knots, even with no sails up. I come up to her and over the radio (it's too windy to yell, even only 10 feet apart) we co-ordinate the approach of the dinghy. It's a particularly dangerous stage because a wave could slam us against Ocealys and throw someone in the water, or worse, crush them between the two boats.

Sophie found a perfect heading that resulted in a nice calm area between Ocealys' sterns and we were able to unload with little incident, although Cameron almost got a leg caught between the two boats, pulling it up just in time to avoid a serious injury.

Once everyone was on board and the dinghy was secured, we headed for the coast of Viti Levu.

Ali was suffering from moderate hypothermia. She was coherent, but exhausted and was no longer shivering (a bad sign). Sophie stripped Ali and Liz of their wet clothes and put them under a hot shower. She got Ali into dry clothes and into a sleeping bag as quickly as possible. Ali requested some coffee but was given decaffeinated tea instead. She had apparently been seriously seasick for the previous 24 hours.

Cameron had suffered second-degree burns to his face and arms after trying to repair his engine during the day before striking the reef. The three of them had also suffered cuts and bruises on their feet and legs from coming into contact with the reef.

Cameron was alert, calm and in relatively good spirits. Liz was in a similar condition. The three of them drank, ate and rested while we navigated for four hours in 25 to 30 knot winds to Likuri Harbor.

We offloaded them a short time later at Robinson Crusoe Island Resort, where owner Captain Paul, after being contacted by Mike Randall (ahead of

our arrival), had graciously offered to clothe, feed and house them until they could get their bearings and make their ways home.
After sorting Ocealys out, we went ashore and gave Cameron an opportunity to buy us that beer he had promised and we toasted to life.

**Notes:**

We were the only vessel that heard Timella's mayday on VHF channel 16. We usually turn off our VHF at night due to the unfortunate social hailing made by other cruising boats on channel 16. There were no other boats at Vatulele Island. The radio was silent and thus I forgot to turn it off.

The actions of the New Zealand High Comission in Suva, Mike Randall in particular, and the New Zealand Search and Rescue Co-ordination Centre in Wellington were instrumental in the success of this rescue. Their professionalism, effectiveness, ability to co-ordinate communications, and situational awareness were impressive. Having regular contact with them over SAT and cell phone permitted us to make a series of rational, well thought-out decisions based on good information which minimised risk and maximised the probability of a successful rescue.

The local authorities in Suva, both the police and the navy, clearly made the best possible effort they could. They were also critically hampered by lack of training and especially lack of resources. The SAR team was literally scrambling to find fuel and crew for their boats.

Perhaps the governments of the countries whose nationals make up the crews of the hundreds of boats cruising these waters each year should consider providing training and resources to Search and Rescue teams in Fiji.

# International Maritime Organisation(UN)
## Award for Exceptional Bravery at Sea

Downloaded from www.imo.org/newsroom

A 2009 IMO Award for Exceptional Bravery at Sea was yesterday presented to two US amateur sailors Maurice and Sophie Conti who in their Catana 471 cruising catamaran 'Ocealys' rescued three people from the sunken yacht 'Timella' in very heavy weather off a remote South Pacific coral reef.

Late in the night of 12th October Maurice and Sophie Conti were anchored in a lagoon within a coral reef in the South Pacific with their young family when they picked up a Mayday on VHF 16 from the 30-ft Seadog class ketch 'Timella' with a crew of three which had struck an isolated reef two and a half hours sailing time away.

The Contis made contact with authorities in New Zealand and Fiji but, in the absence of marine or aviation rescue assets being immediately available, they planned and executed, by themselves, the rescue of the 'Timella' crew members, exposing themselves to considerable risk.

The Award was presented to the winners by IMO Secretary-General Mr. Efthimios E. Mitropoulos, at a special ceremony at IMO Headquarters on 23 November 2009, during the 26th session of the Organization's Assembly attended by ambassadors and other representatives from over 160 member states of the IMO and also many organizations in consultative status including the delegation of ISAF.

The Contis, United States citizens, were nominated for the Award by the Government of New Zealand.

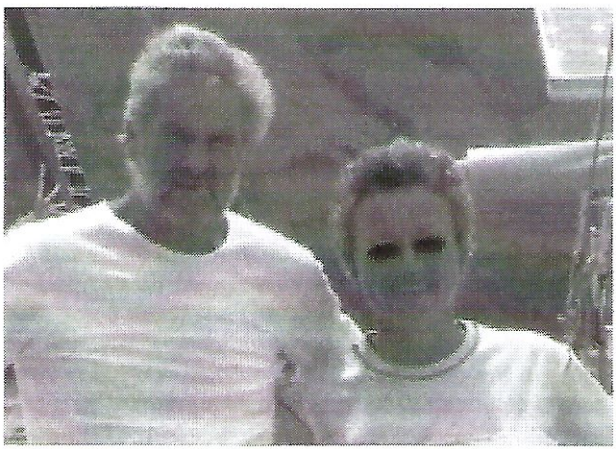
**Footnote from John Lansdell**

With the help of a fellow member of the Cruising Association I got myself invited to the IMO on the day of the presentation. After the formalities I was able to meet the Conti's and give them a Seadog burgee and tie, with our heartfelt gratitude for their bravery. A point not mentioned elsewhere is that while Sophie was keeping 'Ocealys' close to the reef in high seas, their two children wanted to come on deck to see what was going on. She said "keeping them down below was more a worry then conning the catamaran"!

**WIFE'S OCEAN RESCUE (Cruising Club of America)**

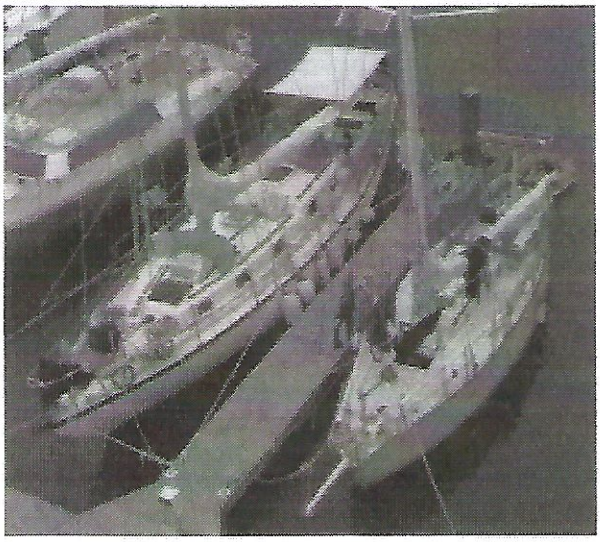
Article from "The Cruising Club of America" website.

Reporting on the rescue and the Cruising Club Trophy awarded to Susanne Huber-Curphey (ex GLORY) and her husband Tony Curphey



2008 Rod Stephens Trophy for Outstanding Seamanship to Susanne Huber-Curphey and Tony Curphey

The Cruising Club of America has selected Susanne Huber-Curphey and Tony Curphey, a married couple and solo sailors who live together while in port, but sail their own boats cruising around the world to receive its prestigious 2008 Rod Stephens Trophy for Outstanding Seamanship.
Susanne Huber-Curphey sails a 1964 Rhodes 41 fibreglass sloop, 'So Long', and her husband Tony's boat, 'Galenaia', is a 1958 plywood 27-foot heavy displacement cutter.
Susanne, 47, is from Germany, and is an architect, while Tony, 63, who is English, is retired. Their dog, Honey, sails with Susanne, and because of severe pet laws in some countries, can change their cruising plans.
The trophy was presented at the club's annual Awards Dinner in New York on January 13, 2009 by CCA Commodore Ross Sherbrooke, of Boston, Mass.



The couple had planned a passage from Bunbury in West Australia with their destination Lautoka, in Fiji. This non-stop voyage was to take them via the Great Australian Bight, south of Tasmania, and through the Tasman Sea west of New Zealand.

On the 29th day out of Bunbury, in gale force winds from the northeast, Tony noticed that 'Galenaia' was taking water from aft. Upon inspection in heavy seas, he saw that the transom-hung rudder was cracked above the waterline, and that the skeg was broken. At their noon radio schedule Tony discussed the situation with Susanne and asked her to stand by on the radio every hour. He then rigged three lines over the transom, hoping to stop any movement of the skeg.

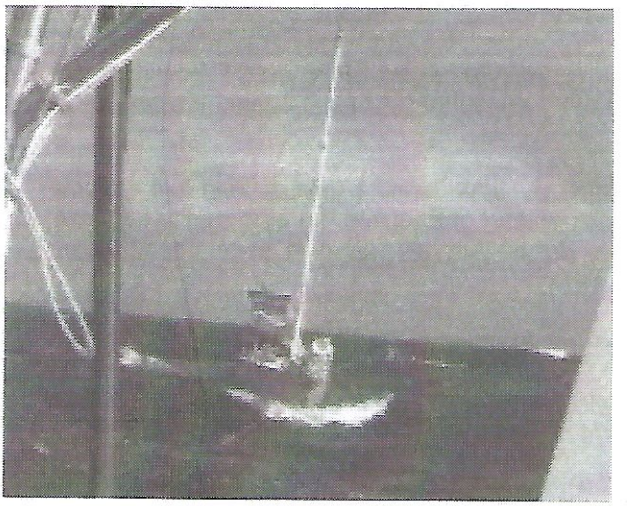
Susanne and 'So Long' had been becalmed for four days and was now 150 miles ahead of Tony's 'Galenaia'. In the afternoon, Tony told her, "If I have to be rescued, I would rather it was by my wife, not authorities responding to an EPIRB deployment." He later said, "We decided that she would make her way back to me, and in fact my brave, lovely wife had already changed course and was heading back towards me."

The next morning the gale had gone, but rough and sloppy seas remained. Tony launched the Avon inflatable dinghy, and with wet suit, mask, and snorkel, he went in the water to inspect the damage. He discovered that the whole fore and aft length of the skeg, about a meter and a half, was broken away from the hull and leaning to port and that the rudder had snapped just above the waterline. The water influx required pumping once an hour.

The wind vane steering was still working, and the trim-tab attached to the lower half of the rudder worked, so 'Galenaia' got under way. On the 28th of March, two days after she turned around and 31 days out of Bunbury, Susanne and 'So Long', with the aid of GPS and regular single sideband radio contact, made a visual sighting of Tony and 'Galenaia'.

Susanne suggested towing, thinking that if the worst happened and 'Galenaia' began breaking up, Tony at least would be on the end of a line. That would make it easier for him to get aboard 'So Long' if he had to.

In late afternoon with a big swell running, and with masts coming perilously close together, the third attempt was successful and Tony got a heaving line across to 'So Long'. Between them, they had about 80 meters of 16mm nylon towline. According to Tony, "the whole episode was quite nerve wracking."



They decided to head for Port Nelson, at the northern end of the South Island of New Zealand, about 650 nautical miles distant. Their main intention was to get north as quickly as possible to get out of the paths of the frequent cold fronts and gales which cross the Tasman Sea at that time of year. The weather during the tow ranged from calms when Susanne would motor, and up to force 7 or 8. Most of the time both boats had sails up, and both were using their wind vane steering. At one time 'Galenaia' in very light weather managed to get the tow line around her keel. It was cleared with no further damage done.

Under the threat of another gale which might have proved too much for the damaged 'Galenaia', King Neptune smiled, and 'So Long' towed Tony and his boat into Nelson harbour eight days and 650 miles after taking the tow in the Tasman Sea. They arrived on a Saturday afternoon, with Customs and harbour authorities forewarned, and after clearing 'Galenaia' was lifted out of the water. According to Tony, "I was finally able to embrace my heroine after 39 days at sea, the last eight of which we were only 80 meters apart."

Susanne Huber-Curphey accepting the award from CCA Commodore Ross Sherbrooke. Tony Curphey could not attend the ceremony.

Rescue as reported in ***The Guardian***, Thursday 17 April 2008
Under the headline :-

**HELLO DEAR, I'VE GIT A LEAK, CAN YOU GIVE ME A TOW? (The Gaurdian)**

When British sailor Tony Curphey got into trouble 700 miles off New Zealand, he decided against calling on the coastguard for help - turning instead to his wife and dog.

Curphey's yacht, 'Galenaia', sprang a leak during a gale, forcing him to pump water from the boat hourly. But instead of troubling the emergency services, he radioed his wife, Susanne Huber-Curphey, also an experienced sailor, who was 150 miles away.

After two days, he was picked up by Huber-Curphey and their dog, Honey, after five attempts to attach a tow line between the two boats. The 67-year-old, from Emsworth, Hampshire, said he had contacted his wife rather than the coastguard because he feared becoming "another Tony Bullimore".

Bullimore was rescued by the Australian navy after his yacht, the 'Exide Challenger', capsized in the Southern Ocean during the Vendee Globe solo round-the-world yacht race in 1997.

Questions were later raised about the cost of the rescue and the safety of sailing alone in the Southern Ocean.

The couple, who sail around the world together but in separate boats, made it safely to port in Nelson, New Zealand, 10 days after Curphey's ordeal began on March 27.

Huber-Curphey, 47, said: "His words on the radio were 'I'd rather be rescued by Susanne than by the authorities'. Australians still complain how much it cost to rescue Tony Bullimore and my Tony didn't want to follow in his footsteps."

At the time, Bullimore said: "I've thought about it very deeply and very traumatically and I don't know whether we've got the right to lean on society, communities or countries to say, 'Well here we are, come and rescue us'."

In braving the potential embarrassment of being bailed out by his wife, Curphey may well have had such sentiments in mind.

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**NEW ZEALAND to ALASKA in ONE SEASON (Susanne Huber-Curphey)**

Reprint of cruising log by Susanne Huber-Curphey – February to July 2009.

Translated from the website ***www.bluewater.de*** under the headings /revierberichte/australien/nz-alaska

Thanks to Eoghan Lavelle ('Cushag of Mann') for performing the translation.

This is an account of our voyage of more than 9,000 n.m. with no description of landfall for yachties , because the marvelous sailing in New Zealand, the paradise that is the Marquesas and the remoteness of Kiribati have all been well documented.

To sail from New Zealand to Alaska in only about 5 months, one must juggle the seasons of the southern and northern hemispheres in the Pacific.
We wanted to start in midsummer from 40° S, and to arrive at the beginning of the short summer at nearly 60° N in Kodiak, Alaska.

On the direct route via Fiji, the cyclone season extends to the end of April, and there is no time for stops in the Pacific islands and you have to beat against the SE and NE trade winds.
An alternative is to sail via Japan to Alaska. However, timewise this is not possible in 6 months, at least for smaller slower yachts.

**'So Long' and 'Galenaia'**

It is well-known that Tony and I both sail single-handed but, nevertheless (or maybe, so?) we are happily married.

Tony sails on 'Galenaia', a robust plywood sloop, cutter rigged, 27 ft hull length with bowsprit, built 1958, 16 HP Yanmar diesel, (until recently with only a 5 HP outboard).
I sail on 'So Long, a classic long keeler, GRP, likewise cutter rigged, 41 ft overall, 28 ' water line, built 1964, 27 HP Yanmar diesel.

Many sea passages have shown that I can average about 120 n.m. per day.
I am happy to sail slowly or wait for the wind, and rarely motor. In the Southern Ocean the average decreases to about 100 n.m.

Because 'Galenaia' is a substantially smaller boat, Tony can expect an average of at best somewhere between 80 n.m to 100 n.m.

In the South Pacific, from December to the end of April there is the threat of cyclones from the Marquesas to Australia. Therefore, our plan was to sail to the east in the west wind zone of the Southern Ocean to the longitude of the Gambians / Tuamotu Group (3,200 n.m.), south of the cyclone danger area. Then northwards to the Marquesas (850 n.m.) and afterwards to the seldom visited Line Islands (Kiribati) which lie near the equator to the south of Hawaii (1,400 n.m.). Hurricanes are a threat in Hawaii in the northern summer.

Afterwards straight to Alaska (3,600 n.m.) without stopping in the island group of Hawaii. There were three reasons for this: 1. it is a hard slog into the wind, 2. there was only a short time available, and 3. my boat dog "Honey" would not be welcome in Hawaii with its strict quarantine regulations.

So altogether, about 9,000 n.m. in four stages and in the shape of a gigantic S.

**NELSON - COOK STRAIT**
**(4-5. Feb. 2009, 100 n.m.)**

We were lying in Nelson, on the south island of New Zealand. From there it is not easy to assess the very changeable weather in the Cook Strait, because the wind changes direction very quickly, but always only blows from the north or the south. Once we checked out with Customs in Nelson, no further stops were permitted and so timing for our arrival in the Cook Strait was important. We started out on the 4th February, 2009 when the friendly customs officer officially dismissed us from the Marina - return to land was from now on forbidden!

The short-cut through the very narrow "French Pass" passed without incident in the rain, and even with the early ebb tide the current pushed us along at 3 knots (max. 7kn). With the last southerly winds before a change in the weather we came out of the Marlborough Sound into the Cook Strait. Strong currents, very changeable weather, rough crossings and heavy shipping between the north and south islands give the Cook Strait its bad name; not for nothing did "Windy Wellington" at the south end of the North Island get its nickname.

After a short lull the expected northerly wind came quickly, and soon blew strongly through the wind funnel of the Cook Strait. At night on 'So Long' I had cut the dangerous corner around Wellington and was able to run off to the east, while Tony did not quite make it and had to heave-to. Despite radio

contact on the VHF with a coastal ship he was very nearly run down in daylight and good visibility, albeit with 40kn winds and in high seas.

**NEW ZEALAND – FRENCH POLYNESIA**
**(5 Feb–5th March, 2009, 3,150 n.m.)**

The first week in the Southern Ocean went by very well to 42°S with mostly favourable winds, while the second week (mid- February) brought lows and storms. Twice in one week I had to set my Jordan-Series-Drogue/sea-anchor. The barometer fell/rose by up to 4 mb/h and it blew accordingly. I sailed safely, if a little bit uncomfortably before the Drogue which in my opinion is the only way of preventing a yacht from capsizing in extreme weather.

During the first storm the self steering gear on 'Galenaia' was smashed and thus began a dismal time for Tony. For two weeks he steered either by hand or followed a zig zag course with the tiller lashed, until he was finally able to rebuild the system with on-board materials at sea! We had good radio contact and it was clear to me that Tony, with an average of 58 n.m. a day would be very slow. After 24 days at sea, 1,000 sea miles lay between him and me!

The two last weeks' sail went rather well for me and I reached the Gambians after 29 days at sea. I had reached the longitude of Mangareva, still on lat.30°S. However, the last four days were hard into the wind, ENE around 25 kn.

The westerly winds had already shifted to the south, and at 39°S Tony had an easterly wind, and at 35°S north-easterly. So he was unable to go into to the Gambians, and in hard beats sailed 250n.m in the lee of the island. By this time I had already been waiting two weeks in remote Mangareva, which is worth a visit.

**GAMBIER – MARQUESAS**
**(19-25th March, 2009, 850 n.m.)**

Tony decided to go non-stop directly to the Marquesas and straight through the Tuamotu Group. As expected this was perfect trade wind sailing for me with fresh easterly winds on a northerly course. One week later I met my seasalt of a husband in Tahuata on the day of his landfall, after 50 days at sea. Great joy at seeing each other again in the South Pacific.

We stopped for four weeks in the Marquesas, mostly in remote anchorages, took in some sun and had time for small repairs. My ship's dog "Honey" was able finally to set foot on land. We had provisioned extensively in NZ, because French Polynesia is expensive. We still had enough fresh fruit and vegetables; our onions and potatoes from NZ would last until Alaska.

**MARQUESAS – ISLAND LINE**
**Christmas Island and Fanning atoll**
**(25th April–6th June 2009, 1,270 170 n.m.)**

**Nuku Hiva**
At the end of April we left Nuku Hiva and in a weak SE trade wind, we slowly made our way northwest and over the equator. After 11 days I reached Christmas Island and Tony arrived safely five days later. Light weather sailing before the wind was helpful. With the water temperature at more than 28°C it slowly became unbearably hot. Check-in cost us Aus.$100 per boat, but, otherwise, there is little opportunity to spend money on Christmas Island. Supplies are very basic and the best way to collect drinking water is to do it yourself on board during a rainshower.

**Fanning atoll**
Then we visited Fanning atoll and had a rough passage with violent thunderstorms and squalls in the ITCZ (Doldrums). The atoll is very natural and life is simple there, but it was until recently still the destination of cruise ships which offered "the untouched South Pacific". The locals could sell small souvenirs and there was a "reward" for the village of 1 US $ per tourist.
Now everyone is unhappy that this source of income has dried up and already Fanning is sinking back again into its South Pacific slumber:
no electricity, no airfield, no telephone, no hospital or hotel and the supply vessel comes every 3 months, one hopes. Anchoring in the lagoon is no problem and we anchored on the west side, off the village. Unfortunately, the water in the lagoon has a natural cloudiness, so that the coral reef can barely be seen, but the anchorage is crystal clear.
Snorkelling in the peaceful waters there was fascinating (current up to 6kn). The turquoise-colour of the lagoon is unique.

**ATOLL FANNING – KODIAK, ALASKA**
**(30th April–29th June, 2009, 3.604 n.m.)**

This is the most thrilling stage of the long stretch. From the heart of the tropics to the chilly high latitudes. More than 54 degrees of latitude on an almost direct northerly course, and the water temperature dropping from 28°C to 7°C!

In the first week both our boats sailed on top form, on 'So Long' more than 1,000 n.m. in fresh NE trade winds, about 6-7 Beaufort. It would have been impossible to head for Hawaii or Kauai from Fanning. I passed the island chain of Hawaii on 163 °, to the West of French Frigate Shoal.

At 23°N we lost the trade winds and in the second week at sea we had prevailing weak southerly winds. Tony started from Fanning two days before me, and I passed him after 9 days at sea at a distance of 147 n.m. At the beginning of the third week at 33 ° N, came changeable weather, the fore runner of the low-pressure systems in the north, with fog and rain. For days we alternated between lulls, huge swells and constant sail changes in violent squalls.

By the fourth week I lay more than 400 n.m. to the north of Tony, but had to pay for my progress with a passage through the low-pressure systems between 45° and 50° N. But these "summer low-pressure areas" are relatively harmless, pass through fast and were about Force 8 for about 6 hours. Unfortunately, a northerly wind which threw up a fast steep sea often came after them. Then a day later, again a lull and swell from all directions, so we made headway only slowly.

However, two of these low-pressure systems developed into storms with 50kn wind pushing in the direction of Vancouver and Sitka. By rights they should not occur at the end of June. The pilot charts were right nevertheless, there was a lot of fog and the water/air temperatures at 50° N was 7°C and icy water from the Bering Sea greeted us.

The last low-pressure system brought me 3 days of fresh NW winds and in spite of a countercurrent I made giant strides towards Kodiak, from 51° to 57°. At 5 o'clock somebody turned off the wind cock and 2 hours later I lay becalmed in the lee of the snowcapped mountains of Kodiak! I had to motor the last 50 sea miles but was still able to enter the fishing port of Kodiak in daylight after 30 days at sea. More than 500 fishing boats and only 5 sailing boats in the harbour! The news spread quickly via telephone and fax to Anchorage. As one of the rare foreign yachts, I was warmly greeted, and in

the harbour office Honey always got a dog biscuit! For ten days there was blue sky and warm weather which was extremely unusual for Kodiak.

Unfortunately, Tony was not so well off, because the wind dropped for two weeks and he was becalmed for days. In the end, I motored to him - 40 sea miles. We were only able to find each other at sea in the thick fog through radio contact. Like a ghost ship Galenaia emerged from the wall of fog and I passed him a 25ltr can of diesel by line and soon my husband disappeared again into the fog. Had I dreamed it?

Finally, on the 13th July Tony reached Kodiak, still calm and with blue skies, again a thrilling landfall!

Since leaving New Zealand, five months, and 9,290 sea miles lay in our wake. 79 days at sea (average of 4.9 knots) and 67 days at anchor in Gambian, Marquesas and the Line Islands.
For Tony, 116 days at sea (average of 3.3 knots) with only 45 days stop in the islands.

We want to spend the rest of the summer here in fascinating Alaska and then spend the winter in Canada or in southern Alaska. But with two aged boats and the corresponding work on board, it will probably not be a dull time for us.

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**OVERWINTER at SITKA ALASKA (Tony Curphy)**

Extracts from newsletter issued by Susanne and Tony in January 2010 via ***susanne-toney@web.de***

We are writing to you from Sitka, Alaska where 'Galenaia' and 'So Long' are tucked up in secure berths in the fishing harbour for the winter surrounded by a superb panorama of the snow-capped mountains and hills of Baranof Island, and where the boats are taking a well earned rest.

Most people would presume that in the depths of winter it is cold, icy and snowy at Lat 57 N, but here in South East Alaska and particularly in Sitka the climate is quite benign. It is true that further north and inland somewhere like Fairbanks may be experiencing minus 40 C and several feet of snow, but in Sitka rain is more of a problem. We have had two minor falls of snow and

some temperatures below freezing and we are sure there will be more frosty days and more snow before spring arrives, but the solstice has passed already and days are slowly increasing in length. There is a joke that there is hardly one month in the year without at least one dry day and when tourists ask: Does it always rain in Sitka?
The correct answer is: No, sometimes it snows.

On our arrival, Sitka was calm for nearly a month with bright sunshine and the locals were sunning themselves in shorts. That was just a bit too much for us with our tropically acclimatized bodies. In fact, on 'So Long' the diesel heater was on in the evenings despite the very short nights in those high latitudes near midsummer.

Susanne knew the town pretty well by then and was able to show me the ropes. Honey was pleased to be in this doggy friendly country where the harbour-master's office and many shops had doggy treats ready. Our Customs and Immigration clearance was conducted by telephone and fax to Anchorage in a most friendly way, as Kodiak is not a port of entry. It is one of the busiest fishing ports in USA and we loved the place. People are extremely friendly and helpful, especially the fishermen. We are used to getting the cold shoulder from them, but here in Alaska they seem a lot brighter than the average fisherman worldwide, well educated and knowledgeable.

We prised ourselves away from Kodiak in late July as we wanted to see more of Alaska in the short summer available and before we settled down for the winter. The good weather had broken now, there were a few small blows, and our most important items of clothing were rubber boots and wet weather gear. We stopped at some superb anchorages, usually on our own, where we were able to watch the Brown Bears (Grizzlies) at close quarters from the boat and from ashore. In several places we were aware of the close proximity of bears by the droppings and by the footprints and even by the smell sometimes. We picked wild berries which are also a favourite food of bears. Honey had a great time but she was occasionally cowed when she got a scent of a bear.

The salmon season was in full swing and they were trying to return to every creek and stream in Alaska to spawn and then to die. The bears were having such an easy time catching salmon that they were just gorging on the roe and throwing the rest away. Nature seems so wasteful at times but it all finds its own equilibrium.

We anchored near a salmon hatchery where nature gets a helping hand from man. This place of Afognak Island was very remote and could only be approached by boat or float plane, the Alaskans use the latter like taxies. We

were shown around the hatchery where roe and sperm is taken and the eggs are incubated in tanks.
When emerging young salmon are the right age they are taken to the lake to be 'mapped'. After so long in the lake water they are 'imprinted' with the specific area so that they will return unfailing to the stream which leads to that lake after several years of circulating in the North Pacific. Then the fishermen reap their harvest by the millions of pounds.
Alaskans are proud of not having fish farms but we wonder if hatcheries are entirely in accord with the delicate balance of nature. Nevertheless we thoroughly enjoyed the Coho salmon (also called Silver salmon), generously given to us by the manager of the hatchery.

We made our way north to the Kenai Peninsula, seeing a lot of wild life, spectacular glaciers and snow-capped mountains. The Gulf of Alaska is not a good sailing area in the summer as there is virtually no wind. We motored nearly everywhere and used more diesel in two months than we would normally use in a year.

In September we settled in Sitka for the winter after a choppy crossing of the Gulf with the first autumn gales. It's been quite an active year for us.

- We sailed about 10,000 nautical miles in the seven months between leaving New Zealand in February and arriving in Sitka.
- Of the 146 days between NZ and Kodiak for Susanne on 'So Long', 54% were at sea and 46% in port.
- Of the 161 days between NZ and Kodiak for me in 'Galenaia, 72% were at sea and 28% in port.

Interesting statistics from Susanne.

Also in September the last cruise liners to visit the town sailed away and then Sitka seemed to take on a new atmosphere. There were many events not least of which was the re-enactment of the handover of Alaska to America by Russia. The event, now called Alaska Day is especially proclaimed in Sitka where the changeover occurred in 1867. Sitka was the Russian capital of Alaska, previously called New Archangel. It is enthusiastically celebrated by Sitkans over the course of a week. Pipe bands come from Seattle and Juneau and parade through the pubs after shows at various theatres around town, and there are parades through the streets.

There is an enormous amount of talent, surprising from a city of only 8,000 inhabitants, displayed in their culture and amateur dramatic events. Alaskans are very casual, particularly in dress code. Any function is well attended and people turn up just as they are, many looking as if they have just stepped off their fishing boats, which they probably have.

The mainstay here is fishing and we have tried every type of salmon there is, fresh or pickled or smoked, shrimps, Dungeness crab, King crab and various other fish, not to mention venison, mostly courtesy of our good friend JoAnne whom we met some years ago in Patagonia, and from other generous fisherman.

There is no road outlet from Sitka because it is an island, like many cities in South East Alaska. Even the capital of Juneau, which is on the mainland, has no connection by rail or road. There is a great state run ferry system called 'The Alaska Marine Highway' with good service to all outlying villages all the way to the Aleutian islands and south to British Columbia, Canada.

There are only about twenty miles of road in Sitka along the coast and you would think there would not be many vehicles but there are, and mostly big juicy V8 pick-ups. But if it made sense anywhere to have four wheel drive vehicles, it does in Alaska. The car parks around the fishing harbours have hundreds of parked trucks, some of which never seem to move for months. Plenty of new ones but also many old pick-ups with bumpers falling off and rusted out wings, reminiscent of the early 'Waltons' television series.

Susanne and I are very happy getting around on our bicycles, even in the snow. We bought a mountain bike for Susanne for $15 from the Police auction and they threw in a (new) trailer which has been converted to carry shopping, firewood and Honey! They even delivered it to the fishing harbour for us.

The firewood is for Galenaia's solid fuel heater, which I only use during the day but So Longs diesel heater has been running non-stop since October, using only one US Gallon per day and with diesel prices only half of what it is in Europe, not a bad deal. Susanne has spent many weeks putting more closed cell foam insulation against the hull and the bronze windows of So Long which helps in heating the boat and reducing condensation.

We were given a very reasonable long-term mooring free and have a safe and scenic place next to each other at the transient pier on the outer breakwater with a wide jetty acting as our private veranda. The only handicap is not having shore power, but with a change of our interior lights to power saving LED's, we use very little electricity and praise every ray of sunlight charging the solar panels, even if the sun is below 10 degrees at noon at the moment.

Our plans are to leave Sitka in the spring and head South along the coast in the inside passage and to visit remote anchorages and villages on our route to Canada and eventually Seattle (USA). A journey of about 800 miles in

daytrips through mostly untouched wilderness often compared to the Channels of Patagonia in Chile (where we had been cruising all of 2002).

We wish you all a good year and fulfilment of your wishes and resolutions.

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# Technical Articles (Various)

## FITTING A BOW THRUSTER Eric Richardson (ex TALIESEN)

I am in the final stages of fitting a bow thruster to 'Easy Go' (my NAB 35), it's a bit easier than it would be on the Seadog as I do not have the glassfibre moulding for the anchor chain. I also have a bit more room.

[Eric has supplied the following write-up which he wrote for "Underway" (the Lowestoft Cruising Club magazine) – Ed]

During a holiday in Holland last year I had a problem leaving our berth in the Marina at Enkhuizen. This arose due to the wind blowing past the end of the box and trying to come out astern with a strong wind blowing the stern hard to port with a 35 ft boat in a channel 40ft wide all we did was go side ways. This set me thinking about what I could do; it also made me watch the Dutch most of whom had bow thrusters so I decided along the lines of if you can't beat em then join em.

**Decision made**

Once 'Easy Go' was out of the water I went on line and got details of the various makes and models of Bow Thrusters, then did the necessary calc's both power and finance at this stage some compromise became obvious. The ideal power to windage area requirement came out at 75 Kg. However this would need a 185mm diameter tube creating significant drag when sailing. If I was to reduce the thrust to 55 Kg I could use a tube of 150mm diameter and reduce the drag by around 30%, this should prove adequate in winds up to about force 5 and help above that. The overall cost reduction would help but was not to significant.

At the boat show I did some serious negotiating and eventually ordered all the bits from Vetus, partly because in the past I have always found Vetus spares to be readily available.

A week after I had placed the order I was looking on EBay and low and behold there was a Sliepner base unit brand new but no tube or motor £35. Probably the best make available which I could have easily converted to hydraulic drive and saved a small fortune, but that's life as they say.

The day came to be brave and cut the hole so a scriber was made to pass through a 3/8" diameter hole drilled in each side of the hull thus clearly marking the area's to be cut and work began, with assistance from my friend Vic Churchill to cut them out.

As would be expected the marking looked peculiar and not at all like a circle due to the compound curve produced on the hull by the scriber.

A large industrial fan was hired along with 5 metres of ducting so that when the hull was ground away to produce a good base for the glass fibre all the dust was sucked away saving a major clean up inside the boat, that was well worth while.
The hull proved to be just over 1 inch thick at this point.

**Holy Moses.**

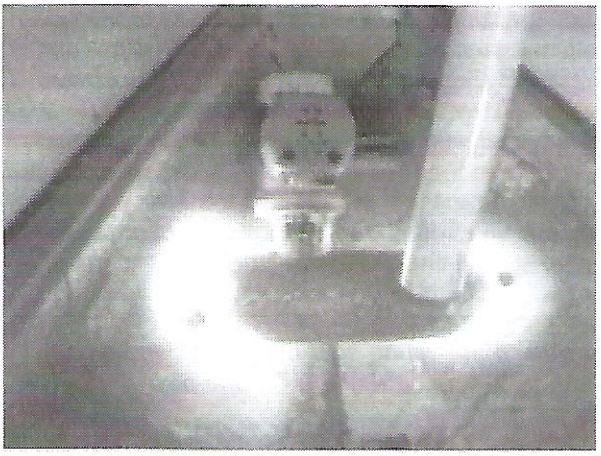
Well not quite Moses but praying hard that it will all fit together again, also for lots of warm sun to help the resins set.
Well I got my first prayer answered, but on the second request I got snow and ice.

**What comes next**

All the equipment had been delivered to my home, one of my problems being that I live 165 miles away from my boat. The next task was to mark out and cut the holes in the tube, a template being provided for this job, in order to make it easy to guarantee the all 4 holes lined up I mounted the tube on the table of my milling machine and used it in drill mode with a hole saw for the large hole in the centre. I then cut half a dozen small hard wooden wedges.
Back down to 'Easy Go' and position the tube in the hull with the thruster motor assembly lightly bolted in place on the tube. It became obvious that the motor would have to lean forward at an angle of about 45 Deg so a suitable wooden support was made and glassed into the inside of the hull to take the weight of the motor. The tube was then centralised in the holes in the hull by adjusting the wooden wedges.
After marking the tube about 3/8 inch shorter than the hull width at each side it was cut to length and refitted in the hull held in place by the wedges.

**Glassing in.**

I then started to fasten it in place by mixing the West Epoxy I had bought for the job but no matter how hard I tried I could not get it to go off in that low temperature, even after trying electric heaters it was not setting.
I then stripped it all out again and scraped off the resin and filler finishing with a bit more grinding to get back to a fresh start.
Back to old fashioned resin and catalyst, mixing with an extra drop of hardener to make the filler go off and lock it all in position. This worked. By wrapping the outside of the hull and using a fan heater I was able to get the inside warm enough to glass it all in.



Showing assembly locked in place by wedges
Note, wooden motor support glassed in place

Because the anchor chain self stows immediately behind the tube I glassed in a ply bulkhead each side of the tube to stop the chain hitting or wrapping round the tube filling the cavity with expanding foam to keep it dry and deaden sound.
I then had the problem of how to finish off outside and felt completely defeated by the weather, more snow. I had to go home. Fortunately one of our new club members came to the rescue, Mark Wiltshire offered to have a go for me and rang me on Good Friday to say that he had ground it out a bit more and got the filler in. On Easter Monday he managed (I don't know how) to get a layer of glass matt on and finish off with flocoat. I arrived back at 'Easy Go' on the Monday afternoon and was delighted with his efforts. A great job Mark all my thanks. (One thing about LCC is that we seem to have all the right skills within our membership and anything can be done)
I then gave it a couple of coats of West Epoxy Resin painted on to the outside before applying three coats of Coppercoat. Again having to bag it up and apply heat to get the Coppercoat to go off.

**Wiring**
Wanting to ensure that I did not suffer from voltage drop and also avoid having to run heavy cable the length of the boat I decided to install dedicated batteries up forward, not having room for one big battery I have gone for two smaller batteries, each having a capacity of 86 amp hour and a high cold cranking power.
Cable of 50sq mm being used with all soldered connections. A 250amp fuse being fitted in the line to a main isolator switch. These batteries will be charged from the boats main power supply through a Voltron voltage switched relay ensuring that the boat batteries are charged first and with a relay fitted in the charging line to switch off charge when ever the bow thruster is operated. I believe this to be quite important having had to modify

a couple of narrow boats in this manner. What happens is that when the bow thruster motor switches on the voltage drops sharply due to the very high load and the alternator tries to help by supplying max power. Many marine installations have high power output alternators usually driven by just the same drive belt system as road going vehicles which soon start to slip and wear the belt under these circumstances. A simple relay avoids this problem completely.
The bow thruster control switch is fitted next to the helm and the switch panel is fitted with a time delay which stops you from going from one direction to the other with out allowing the motor to stop. I shall not get it finished for lift in but at least I can finish off the wiring when she is in the water and it's a lot better living on a boat on the water than on the hard.
Once back in the water and no leaks the wiring was completed and works well, the 55kg thrust seems to be quite adequate and gives the bow a strong push in the selected direction.
I have set the controls so that red-port means that is the way the bow moves and green for starboard. You have to forget which way the water moves or it becomes confusing.

**Note** - This job would be a little more difficult on the Seadog because the anchor chain is stored further forward than it is on the Nab. Also the locker is a Glass fibre moulding on the seadog where mine was marine *ply,* which I was able to remove complete whilst fitting and glassing the tube in place. It would be necessary to cut the top out and make a new removable lid on the Seadog.
Eric Richardson

[Martin Waterman fitted a bow thruster to KITTIJAY in 2009 and passed on the following observations when we met at the Elstead Hotel Bournemouth, January 2010 – Ed]

**Martin :**
I selected the smallest Sleipner Side-Power thruster – SE30/125, and asked the shipwright at my boatyard in Kent to cut the hole in the hull and mount the unit. I then performed the wiring myself.
The shipwright found that installing the thruster at the back of the chain locker positioned the tube at a depth which was greater the minimum shown in the fitting instructions (125mm / 4.92"). The chain locker rear bulkhead was removed for the installation and then glassed back in place.
Personally I would now recommend pinching a little extra depth by moving the unit back a couple of inches and rebuilding the bulkhead in a new position closer to the toilet. The space for the toilet seawater inlet may become a bit tight and need modifying.

I used 70 sq mm welding cable (which is more flexible and a more reasonable cost), to connect the engine battery to the thruster - on the strong advice from Western Marine Power who are Sleipner agents.
The thruster earned its keep during the its first season, as KITTIJAY lives in a tight marina berth which dries out if you are not spot on with your timings. Even with some long bursts it has worked fine. I can now get out (with the wind coming from any direction) without resorting to warping.

Martin Waterman.

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## REPLACING THE COCKPIT COAMINGS (Eric Richardson)

Technical Article by Eric Richardson (ex TALIESEN) 21st Oct 08

The cockpit coamings on 'Taliesin' started to delaminate and the edges began to break up where the loose plies started to split. The originals were obviously made up as individual sheets glued together whilst bent to fit a former that matched the glassfibre mouldings.

My first attempt which was only partially successful was to clean up all the individual sheets. Coating them with a cascamite adhesive and clamping them in place, this worked but I was never happy with what was obviously a patch up job, so I decided to renew them.
After discussions with a friend of mine who used to fit out Nicholson's he said make them out of IROKO which will steam bend without too much trouble, be strong and look good.

### Actions
The first job was to remove the cleats and sheet winches. I drilled a 1/8" hole in the centre of each wooden plug until the drill touched the screw head. (Do not drill the screw) this allows a self tapping screw to screw down and pull the plugs out so that the retaining screws can be removed. The coamings are bedded on a mastic so they need to be lifted clear. A hacksaw blade threaded under them helps to break the grip of the mastic.

### Timber
I then obtained a couple of pieces of good straight grained knot free Iroko both being a few inches longer than the required length allowing for the bend.

It is worth being particular about the selection of the timber and it must be knot free.
These were planed to a finished thickness of about 5/8" and just a bit wider than the finished width. Using the old timber as a pattern I laid it on top of the new timber and drew round it to get the shape - make sure you have a bit of extra length at each end, because the old piece is bent you will need to start at one end with it slightly raised and sort of roll it along the length scribing along both sides with a pencil.
Using either a band saw or jig saw cut out the marked section taking care to cut about 1/16" outside your pencil line to allow you to finish to size when it is fitted with a sander.

**Profile.**
The next job is to sort out the bending profile, I did this by getting a piece of scrap ply which I held to the inside of the coaming and drew a pencil line following the top edge of the glassfibre. Cutting this out with a jig saw and a bit of trial and error I had a cut profile which sat exactly along the top of the glassfibre.

The next job was to make a strong bending frame which matched the profile. This was done by using a piece of oak about 6"wide by 2" thick screwing hard wood packers down to the oak about 3" apart and getting thicker towards the ends, such that my plywood profile sat on the packers.
This showed that when the Iroko was clamped to down on the bending frame it would match the profile of the glassfibre.

**Steaming.**
The next job was to make a steaming box, I made this about 6" longer than my timbers and with a bit of clearance all round so that the timbers could be easily slid in and out. I put a few pieces of wood inside to allow the steam to get all round the Iroko and made removable end caps with a small slot to allow the steam to flow through and escape at the opposite end to where it came in.

The steam was generated by a B&Q wallpaper stripper and the water level needs constant attention when in use, it pays to keep a kettle of water boiling to top up with so as not to lose heat.
The steaming process took several hours, much longer than I had been led to believe.

When the wood has softened it has to be very quickly placed on the bending frame and clamped down, it sets quickly. Care needs to be taken at this stage and I had to have at least two goes with each piece so as not to bend it too far and cause splitting.

It also helps to put small pieces of wood between the clamp and the Iroko or the clamp sinks in to the softened timber and leaves dents. I spoilt my first piece before realising how soft the wood becomes. They need to be left clamped over night to get some permanent set.

**Fitting**

When I came to fit them I found that they were not quite bent enough as they straightened a bit when removed from the frame. This was not a problem in practice as I started by having a dry run at fixing (that is to say I fitted them without the mastic first). Getting the exact length is not easy but worth care at this stage it's a bit trial and error without the error. Measure twice, cut once is the saying.

When fitting I started from the winch point and worked outwards in both directions finding that the screws were able to pull the timbers down. If they had not been able to do this I would have gone back to the steamer and increased the bend profile to allow for the spring in the timber.

I finally bedded them on one of the Sikaflex mastics, don't remember which, then sanded them to the final finish and gave them two coats of Sikens HLS followed by two coats of their Filter 7. It weathers much better than varnish and stands up to the wear and is easily over coated when needed. I then refitted the winches and cleats.

I was delighted with the finished job; it was well worth the effort and only needed ordinary DIY skills.

One point worth noting is that the two sides were not quite identical so take care with this, although I was able to use the same bending frame with just minor alterations to the packers.

It would of course be possible to do it using a number of thin sheets of Iroko and bonding them together clamped in place using West Epoxy System, I did consider this as it is obviously much easier. I do feel the solid piece of Iroko is a better job though.

Eric Richardson

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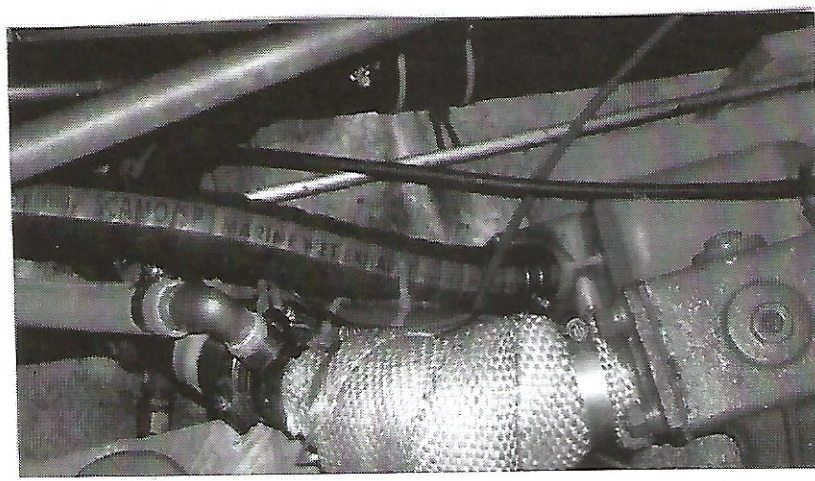
## SEADOG MODIFICATIONS (Martin Waterman)

Notes and photos of the mods carried out by Martin Waterman (KITTIJAY)

1. Wet Exhaust.

I have converted 'Kittijay' from dry to wet exhaust. The rubber exhaust hose comes out of the Vetus Water Lock (RHand side of picture under the manifold) and bends round next to the port fuel tank up to the replacement Parsons Box described below.

The rod you can see passing under the exhaust is an extension to the engine sea water inlet cock. It goes through the bulkhead into the galley cupboard so you can turn the cooling water on and off without lifting the engine hatches – but it is a good idea to check the engine etc.... before starting – so maybe the extension is a false labour saver!



The wet exhaust also includes a S/S Parsons Box – made by Steve Woodland of 'Glory'. The box is installed in the original position (rear of the port locker) and acts as a high anti-siphon cum silencer. It is too nice not to use!

The picture also shows the pipes at the back of the locker:

a) sea water from the engine heat exchanger to the anti-siphon loop

b) sea water return back down to the exhaust water injection point

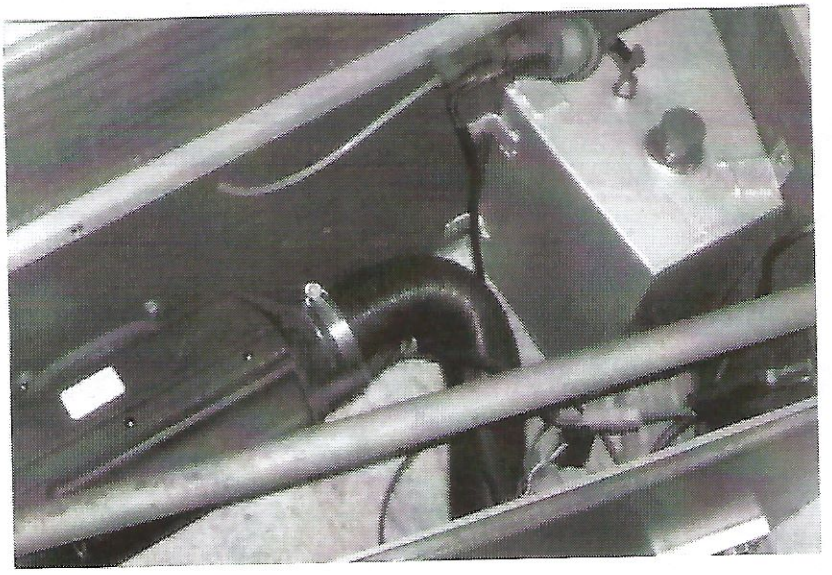
c) anti-siphon and tell tale

The small pipe exiting to the right of the photo is from the anti-siphon loop which comes out just below the rubbing strake, and also acts as a 'tell tale' so that you can see if cooling water is being pumped through.

The pipe running over the top of the box feeds sea water to the stern tube (as fitted originally to my boat).

2. Eberspacher Heater

The picture shows the second hand Eberspacher (originally fitted to BT vans and suchlike) and the shaped diesel fuel tank, which I made, just fitted in the aft locker under the steering arm. This is the D1 model with a single outlet – although a D2 would probably be better,



The air intake bend looks a bit tight so will need to be improved.

The exhaust pipe runs under the port bunk, up to a swan neck and then exists half way up the transom.

The hot air supply goes under the bunk / through the engine compartment to supply the galley and main saloon from under the port bunk.

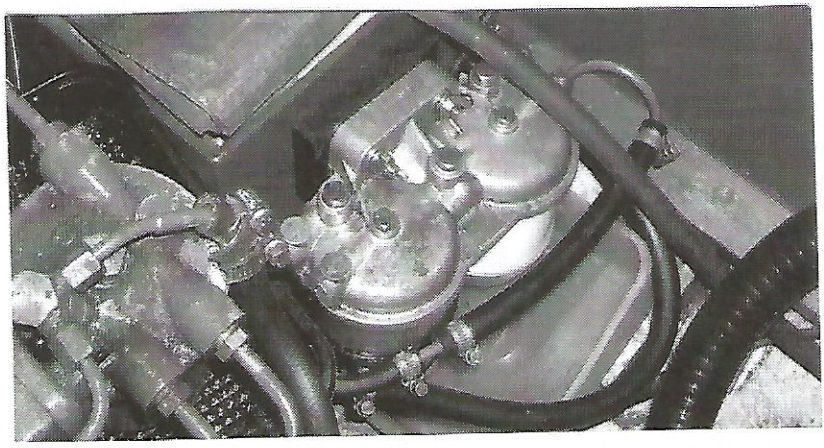
3. Seawater Pump Access Hatch

The access hatch cover as drawn in the Seadog Journals to get at the seawater pump / impeller.
To make the hole in the bulkhead big enough to get my hand through, I had to cut through the wooden bar that supports the vertical steering shaft – lower bearing.
Because of this I have fitted the S/S support strap that you can see to to the right of the picture – bolted through and fastened to the bulkhead. Belt and braces.

Eric Richardson told me how to make the tool to pull out the impeller. A pair of mole grips with two lengths of ¼" round rod – one welded to each jaw like extended pincers to grip the impeller boss.

4. Fuel Filters

When I bought the boat – the first filter (water separator) was low on the bulkhead at the front of the engine and almost impossible to reach.
I moved them to the rear of the battery box – with wing nuts and flexible pipes so that I can service them more easily.



5. Cooker Gimball

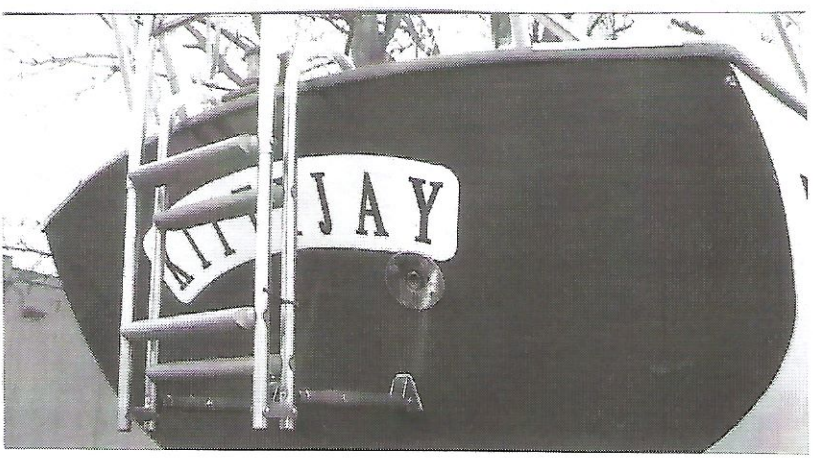
To fit modern cookers using the original gimbles, you need S/S straps to make the necessary brackets.

6. Autohelm Compass / Control

By constructing a backing plate from S/S and mounting it on the windscreen centre support, the autohelm compass / control unit is away from any magnetic influence, and can be seen and easily reached from the wheel position.

7. Aft Boarding Ladder

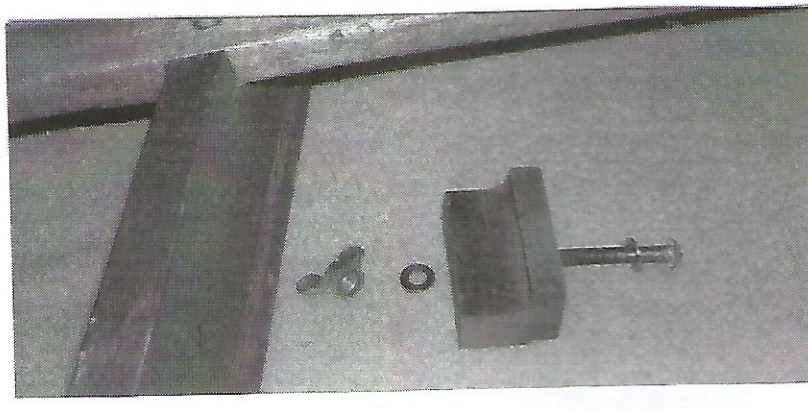
A rather long ladder, but after falling in (as I have) in a marina I should now be able to get out again!
Also note the Eberspacher exhaust.



8. Detachable Carrier

An original accessory for a Seadog was a detachable for the aft cabin top. It is a very clever design. The fore and aft supports sit on the cabin top and against the OUTSIDE of the handrails.

The stepped clamps fit snugly under each handrail and the bolts pass through the clamp and the fore / aft supports, and then tighten with the wing nut.



Hoping you find all of this interesting.

Martin

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REMOVING A SEADOG PROPELLER

Reprint of article from SOA Newsletter No 9 - 1979

The Freemans kindly supplied the following :

1. Take the pin out of propeller nut and slacken 2 turns

2. Remove the shaft flexible coupling and slide tail shaft inboard until the propeller rests against the stern bearing.

3. Heat the propeller boss with a blow lamp and give sharp inward blow to propeller nut using a copper hammer or steel hammer with a piece of plywood to protect the nut.
(If at first you don't succeed cool the shaft and try again).

4. To replace propeller, place propeller over the end of the shaft, push shaft outwards until key-way is exposed, replace key, slide propeller into position and push on hand-hard. Replace flexible coupling, replace shaft nut and tighten nut whilst holding propeller still.
Adjust propeller nut to line up with hole and replace shaft pin.

N.B. Prior to removing the propeller, check shaft outer bearing for wear.
Movement of more than 1/16$^{th}$ inch indicates that the bearing is due for replacement.
If the bearing is to be replaced, slacken the clamp nut on the bearing housing (or take out the grub-screw where applicable), rotate cutlass bearing with a large pair of stillsons. This will loosen the cutlass bearing. This should be done before the shaft is drawn back.

# SEADOG SALES BROCHURE

'Seadog' is a completely new conception of the motor sailer type, capable of extended cruising under sail only but with the performance of a good displacement motor boat under power. This is not an over-canvassed motor boat nor a sailing yacht with a powerful engine but a design that has been developed from the outset to give the best of both worlds.

Designed by Mr. R. F. Freeman, A.R.I.N.A., SEADOG has been developed from a long line of yachts and motor cruisers with a reputation for seaworthiness and rugged construction.

SEADOG has a round bilge hull with twin aerofoil bilge keels. These increase the draft as the boat heels and are very efficient. Furthermore they enable SEADOG to take the ground without the use of legs, making available many small harbours unsuitable for keel boats, and greatly increasing the availability of moorings.

With approximately 6½ tons of ballast on the keel, firm sections and a snug inboard ketch rig, SEADOG is very stiff, always sailing reasonably upright. Due to the bilge keels, these boats are very steady when running with little tendency to yaw or roll.

SEADOG can go anywhere. No cradle is required for ~~shipment as deck cargo or~~ road or rail transport. Just a couple of wedges under the bilge keels and a lashing to keep the boat in place. For inland waterways the masts are easily lowered and stowed in crutches.

In designing SEADOG we have endeavoured to keep maintenance to an absolute minimum. For this reason the hull and superstructure are moulded in reinforced glass fibre to a high specification, and SEADOG has been approved for Lloyd's 100 A.1 classification. With reasonable care the topsides will not require painting for many years. The hull is impervious to attack from marine borers and free from rot. Scrubbing can be carried out on a hard without recourse to the expense of a slip. In the unlikely event of your SEADOG being damaged all parts are accessible for repair.

Safety has been kept well in mind. SEADOG has a reliable diesel engine to cut down fire risk. Wide side decks with a bulwark and lifelines make for safety at sea. The cockpit is self-draining, and there is a watertight bulkhead between the cockpit and the saloon. All ventilators are mounted in baffled water boxes so that they may be kept open even in bad weather.

SEADOG is the ideal family boat, easily handled, capable of long ocean passages but equally at home in shallow estuaries and inland waterways. There is comfortable and spacious accommodation for five adults with ample storage space. Sails are stowed in the forepeak, the proper place for them, where they can be easily handled on and off the foredeck through the large fore hatch. There is also ample room to stow the rest of the boat's gear, an outboard motor, and all the other items that accumulate aboard a cruising yacht. A large hanging wardrobe and a cupboard with shelves are also provided. The toilet space has full headroom and the special deep wash basin can be used when the boat is heeled.

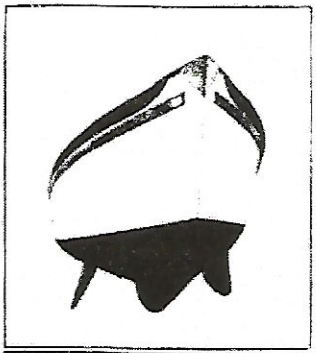
The large Saloon has seating for at least eight people with a folding table that can accommodate six, the wide floors giving ample leg room. There is stowage behind and beneath each berth. A very attractive feature of SEADOG is the 'L' shaped Galley with generous working and stowage space. A two burner cooker with grill and a large oven provide excellent cooking facilities, and owing to the disposition of the Galley to Port, with an offset companionway, the cook can carry on operations without impeding access to the rest of the Saloon.

Opposite the Galley is a 6ft. 6in. long quarter berth, over which there is a folding chart table large enough to take Admiralty charts, single fold, with a large chart drawer underneath for stowing, and room on the half bulkhead for navigational instruments and radio.

Access to both the main cabin and the aft cabin is through unique counterbalanced sliding hatches. The aft cabin has two large berths, with stowage underneath, and also four more lockers.

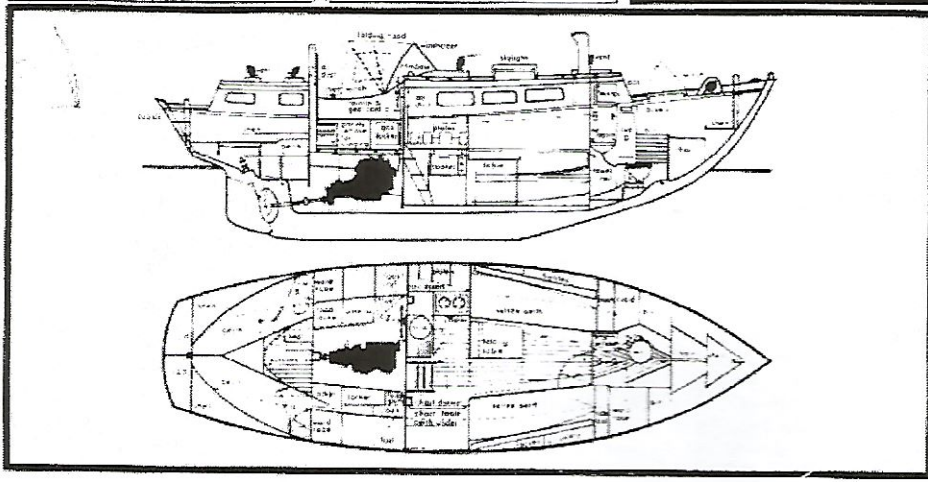
The self-draining cockpit has large lockers on each side, one of which is partitioned off for the Calor gas cylinders, which drain overboard. Access to the engine is through the cockpit floor, held down with special fasteners. The Perkins 4/107 diesel engine, fitted with a Borg Warner hydraulic gearbox, is rubber mounted on exceptionally heavy engine beds. Drive to the propeller is through two flexible couplings and an intermediate shaft. The engine compartment is sound insulated so that noise and vibration levels are very low.

Construction of SEADOG is to a very high standard throughout of best quality materials by craftsmen that still have a pride in their work.



DIMENSIONS:

| | |
|---|---|
| L.O.A. | 30 ft., 9·14 m. |
| W.L. | 24 ft., 7·31 m. |
| Beam | 9 ft., 2·74 m. |
| Draft | 3·5 ft., 1·06 m. |
| T.M. | 10 tons |
| Displacement | 5·7 tons, 5790 kg. |
| Ballast Keel | 1·85 tons, 1880 kg. |
| Fuel | 52 galls., 236 l. |
| Fresh Water | 46 galls., 209 l. |
| Air Draft Mast Lowered | 6·5 ft., 1·98 m. |
| Speed under Power | 7 kn. |
| Mainsail | 160 sq. ft., 14·87 sq. m. |
| Mizzen | 61 sq. ft., 7·5 sq. m. |
| Genoa | 202 sq. ft., 18·7 sq. m. |
| Jib | 136 sq. ft., 12·6 sq. m. |
| Mizzen Staysail | 155 sq. ft., 14·35 sq. m. |
| Working area | 398 sq. ft., 37·2 sq. m. |



## SEADOG SPECIFICATION

**Hull, Deck, Superstructure and Bilge Keels** are all moulded of glass reinforced plastic in Lloyds approved premises. If required, moulding can be supervised by Lloyds and 100 A1 classification is optional. A non-slip pattern is moulded into the decks and cabin tops. Hand rails, bulwark capping, cockpit floor and seats are all teak.

**Cockpit.** Self-draining, with access to the engine through the floor. Ample stowage space under the seats and side decks. A windscreen at the forward end of the cockpit gives good protection and can be fitted with an optional folding canopy.

**Engine.** Perkins 4/107 36 h.p. diesel engine, fitted with Borg Warner hydraulic gearbox and 2 to 1 reduction gear. Morse controls, ammeter, water temperature, tachometer with engine hour meter and oil pressure warning light.

**Ballast.** Approximately 1·85 tons moulded into the keel (1880 kg.).

**Ventilation.** Six water traps are moulded into the superstructure and fitted with flexible funnels. Two large trunks ventilate the engine compartment.

**Steering.** Whitlock Bishop cam gear, with wheel and rod operation. An emergency tiller is provided.

**Bilge Pump.** A Henderson pump is fitted in the starboard cockpit seat.

**Fresh Water.** 23 gallons (104·5 l.) is carried in each of the bilge keels. Pumps are fitted at the sink and washbasin.

**Electrics.** A heavy duty battery of 105 amp. hour capacity is charged off the main engine. Navigation lights, stern light, steaming light, spreader lights and compass lights, also lights in toilet, saloon, galley and aft cabin and a reading light for each bunk and two waterproof socket outlets.

**Headroom.** Over 6 ft. (1·830 m.) in main part of accommodation. 5 ft. 10 in. in the toilet.

**Accommodation.** All five berths are fitted with 5 in. foam mattresses, covered with expanded Vynide. Bulkheads and linings are covered with washable plastic, and interior trim is of polished Sapele. The coachroof sides and roofs of both cabins are fully lined. Ample stowage space is provided. Folding table with fiddles and plastic top is included in the Saloon.

**Galley.** The spacious galley is fitted with a cooker with grill and oven, stainless steel sink and drainer, cupboards, drawers and stowage for crockery.

**Chart Table.** A large folding chart table is fitted over the quarter berth. A chart drawer underneath takes single folded Admiralty charts and a chart light is provided.

**Fo'c'sle.** In addition to the marine toilet there is a deep wash basin, two large lockers and provision for stowing sails, warps and other gear.

**Spars.** Masts and booms of gold anodised aluminium alloy with stainless steel fittings. Roller reefing gear on the main boom and reef eyelets on the mizzen. Both masts are in tabernacles.

**Sails.** Terylene No. 1 jib, mainsail and mizzen are included. Genoa, mizzen staysail and No. 2 jib available as extras. Sails are made by Ratsey & Lapthorn Limited.

**Rigging.** All standing rigging is stainless steel with open bodied rigging screws. Halyards pre-stretched terylene with winch for jib.

**Warps.** Two 9 fathom warps are supplied and four plastic fendoffs.

**Winches.** Two Gibb bottom handle sheet winches are fitted to the cockpit coamings.

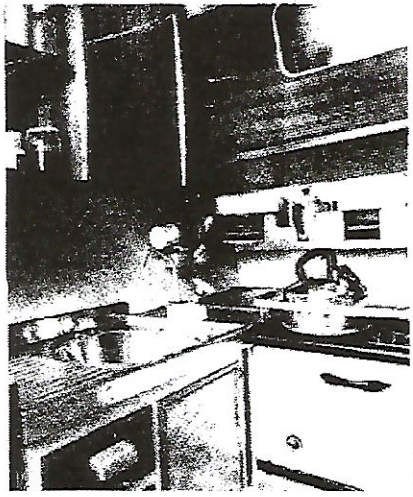
**Ground Tackle.** A windlass is fitted to the foredeck with 30 fathoms of ¼ in. chain and a 35 lb. C.Q.R. anchor.

**Deck Fittings.** A 6 ft. boathook and ensign staff are provided. There are sampson posts fore and aft and ample fairleads and cleats are provided.

**Compass.** A Sestrel Minor wet type compass is fitted.

**Finish.** Standard colour: white with summer blue deck and superstructure. Bottom painted with undercoat and one coat of hard anti-fouling. Four coats of varnish on all exterior woodwork.

*We reserve the right to alter the specification without notice.*



Designed by
R. F. FREEMAN, Esq., A.R.I.N.A.

Hulls Moulded by
KEMP & PITT LTD.