

**SEADOG Owners Association Newsletter
February 2022
Hon Sec John Lansdell**

Author Hilary Waitt.

The request for a newsletter has been received. The one you are receiving was started a long time ago, went to a printer who disappeared during the pandemic and lockdowns.

Brin Berriman has Roma
Michael Mabe has Tresco Maid (back for sale)
Dave and Annette Evans have Black Dog
Gary Macdonald has Two Tails
Chris Tierney has New Wanderer (also for sale)
Steve Field has Kyros
Martin Chessell has Canute
Fraser Newlands has Tiwana up in Shetland
John Hickin has Spinner.
Michael Morgan who owns ~Ci Mor the penultimate Seadog to be built really wants to know more about her,
Mike Morris harah Noelle II
Adrian Davies has Scoubidou

If you are a new owner and I have left you out ... let me know!

Some very very sad news, I recently sent out a list of Hull Numbers . Well after an almighty explosion it does seem the that Sirex is no longer. Happily, dear Brian does survive but I am sure it has been very sad for him and his family .I believe he has had Sirex for over forty years. So, hull number 56 should have destroyed by explosion next to it. All of us I know feel very sad about the loss of a Seadog.

Having been in the doldrums for a few years The Seadog is back in the limelight. A good boat will get a decent price. Not everyone wants an AWB (average white boat) and we know that the reliability of the Seadog will outweigh many modern comforts

Life membership remains at £15; Income is used for postage (still needed) and for rallies , presents and prizes, and to maintain the web site.

The only way we top up our income is at the winter rally or donations .

I have had a few folks send in items for the newsletter though some were pre pandemic !

There are two proposed rallies . Having to cancel the winter rally again left me very low. I will include

as much detail as I have at the end of the newsletter.

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Steve and Nia Abbot

We're Steve & Nia Abbott, and since 2005 we've owned Seadog number 46, "Arethusa" - although she was originally, and for a long time called "Eremue", which we didn't like; apparently, it's old English for "muddy creek" and reflects her earliest home on Newport Creek on the Isle of Wight.

Our boat is unusual for two reasons: firstly, she's one of the few that's had a bowsprit added (not by us), which has both pros and cons; and secondly, she's the one in Greece, where we bought her, and haven't bothered to move. Prior to our 16-year ownership, she'd been in Greek waters for around 20 years, having been brought through the French canal system to the Med by the previous owners.

She was – and still is - on the island of Leros in the Dodecanese group; if you know where the popular holiday island of Kos is, in the southern Aegean, close to the Turkish coast – we're two islands or 90 minutes on a fast ferry north of there. You may ask why Greece, but the answer is straightforward; firstly, she was about the only one for sale at the time we were looking, and was at an attractive price

(although little did we know how much we'd subsequently spend!), and secondly, we live in East Yorkshire on the bank of the Humber estuary – not a particularly attractive place to sail, and with few places to go, whereas the Aegean has constant warmth and sunshine, combined with NO tides (which run at up to eight knots on the Humber), beautiful destinations, and Greece(!). Additionally, our yard/marina fees AND the travel costs are no more than keeping her in Hull marina (although it takes about 24 hours to get to Leros as opposed to 20 minutes to Hull!).

We generally go twice a year – May/June and September/October (July and August are too hot for us) - myself for 4 or 5 weeks at a time, and Nia (because she's still working), for 2-3 weeks – which means that I get her launched, do all the jobs, prepare her for use and do the cleaning(!), so that Nia can just step aboard and we can go as soon as she arrives. 2020 as we all know was difficult, but we still managed our September trip as usual, and are assuming that this year (2021) will follow the same pattern - i.e. no May trip. Greece has done very well and there have been NO COVID-19 cases on our island, although a handful on Kos, which we travel through.

We're not very adventurous (and less so, the older we get), so have not really ventured out of the Dodecanese, having gone as far south as the

island of Tilos (two north of Rhodes), and to Samos in the north. We've also (once) been west – about 25 miles i.e. just over the horizon - to an island in the Cyclades called Levitha (population 6), and once to Turkey, as part of a yacht race – something we've enjoyably done three times, although you can imagine that a Seadog against any other boat entails arriving many hours after the rest of the fleet.

The islands in our cruising area are generally fairly small (a couple of our favourites have permanent populations of two) and very beautiful (to our eyes). With the exception of our one trip to Levitha, they're all visible from each other, and rarely more than 8-10nm apart. We're not fans of anchoring (and didn't have a working windlass until 2019), so like destinations where there are buoys laid by a taverna – for which there's no charge although the etiquette is to have a meal at least once during your stay (which we certainly do, as we need to use their “facilities”!), or alternatively a harbour with a small quay. These were always free, although there is now a tendency to charge, which since our papers don't reflect our bowsprit and show a length of 8.23 metres is always cheap – generally 2-3 euros a night. This is where our bowsprit becomes an advantage, as mooring on a quay (and in the marina) is generally stern-to; since we can't manoeuvre in reverse (if any of you have mastered it, I'd love to know how), we go in bows first, with the length of the bowsprit keeping us well off the

quay (or pontoon), whilst providing a convenient means of getting on and off (if your legs are long enough) and keeping the stern cabin at the private end. Departure is achieved by hauling out by hand on the kedge anchor, which doesn't take much effort. Incidentally, the main disadvantage of the bowsprit is that our yard (and the previous one) has used a tape measure rather than our papers to determine the chargeable length.

Having noted that we're not very adventurous, I should point out that we don't actually sail a great deal. The prevailing wind is a northerly, and the island chain runs north/south, so we tend to motor north, and only sail downwind – generally just mizzen and genoa – our new mainsail has only seen the wind a couple of times. Also, it can be quite windy at times, and there's frequently a fair swell (neither of which Nia likes), so we tend to stay at one of our favourite places for a number of days, taking it easy, swimming from the boat, and eating in a taverna.

Over the years we've replaced virtually everything except for the masts and booms – although we've kept original features that still work, which includes some blocks, a couple of halyards, and the main sheet – not bad for 53 years old! We changed the rusty and unreliable Perkins for a 3-cylinder 29hp Yanmar, which always works and gives us a cruising speed of 5-5.5 knots if conditions are calm, although I would have liked more power if we could

have afforded it. Wherever possible I try and buy things in the UK and take them out, which can

make air travel interesting. Amongst other things we've carried covers and awnings, a dinghy (twice), an anchor (again twice), full suit of sails (Sanders of Lymington if you're interested – very good), windscreen, toilet, fridge components (which looked like a bomb on the X-ray, and I was very lucky to eventually have it allowed), and a cooker – although we decided that since we'd never bothered to use the oven (it's Greece, and always hot – salads suffice), so I built a cupboard in the space, and put a two-burner hob with grill on top.

I hope that all of the above is of interest, and if you're interested enough to want to know more, I'd be happy to hear from you by email at **a13sda@yahoo.co.uk**.

David Nixon “Gina of Parkstone”

Rev Counter

My rev counter failed with a broken cable. For cost reasons, I looked at tractor rev counters for a replacement. Cable-driven instruments were very cheap but for a little more money, there were some attractive alternator-pulse driven rev counters with a suitable range and an engine hour meter.

My first mistake was buying a pre-calibrated rev counter - more of which later.

My second mistake was not checking for an alternator output terminal (yes, I know you can delve into the innards and wire up a pulse terminal). I toyed with the idea of sticking a pulse generator on the flywheel or a pulley. Having decided against breaking-out my soldering iron, I fitted a new alternator with a 'W' (tachometer feed) terminal.. The pulse-driven tachometer was duly fitted and connected to the alternator. Oops, the rev counter looked like it was reading twice what it should. At that point, I finally broke-out the soldering iron and built a timer circuit. The idea was to divide the alternator-pulse output by two. I fitted the timer between the alternator and rev counter. As often happens with my electronic projects, the result was not what I expected. The timer circuit was multiplying the output by two and the output was already twice what was required. Time for a tactical retreat.

As it happens, not long afterwards, the same device was advertised with fully adjustable calibration. So I bought one. It was indeed the same device. The only difference was the addition of calibration instructions. So that was the purpose of the mysterious button at the back! To be fair, I had worked out the purpose of the button but was getting nowhere with trial and error.

So I took a photograph of the relevant instruction paragraph for my own use and took the new

tachometer, instructions included, to a boat jumble run by the Seadog Owner's Association. That was 12 months ago (written in 2017). I'm delighted with my rev counter and my fellow boat owner is also delighted with the bounty from my mistakes.



Sam `Llewellyn “ Dahlia”

The propeller fell off in Badachro, off Loch Gairloch, in latitude 57 north, as my Deep Seadog *Dahlia* and I were anchoring. The first indication of its departure was a *clunk* from the direction of the r

rudder. The second, more conclusive, was the fact that while the engine was going hard astern, the rocks ahead carried right on approaching. Having sprinted up to the foredeck, let go the anchor, stopped the boat, and reduced the heartbeat to about 120, I started thinking.

The first step was to ring the kindly Rob Adam, Badachro's nautical Mr Fixit, who showed up in a RIB with a TV camera taped to the end of a roofing batten. The screen showed a shaft, but no propeller. The waters of Badachro are the colour of strong tea thanks to the peaty river that pours into it, so diving was useless. Anyway, even if a propeller could be found there was no chance of refitting it in this beautiful but remote spot. The boat

needed to go south, to her home in Tighnabruaich on the West Kyle of Bute.

There was very little wind, but the forecast was for northwesterlies to arrive. If I could make the first, no-wind part down to Kyle Rhea, the strait which separates Skye from the mainland, the Lord might or might not provide. Then there would be Ardnamurchan, the Sound of Mull, the Crinan Canal, Loch Fyne, the West Kyle of Bute and home: 150 miles, give or take. *Dahlia* is a sailing boat, after all, I told myself, pushing aside the sensation that I was whistling in the dark.

Furthermore, she was currently the mothership of three Cornish Shrimpers, companions on our annual flotilla cruise, and the sea was like a mirror. Pausing only to lash one Shrimper on either side,

we pulled up the anchor. The Shrimpers engaged forward gear, and on to the broad grey bosom of the sea we motored.

The convention of our flotilla cruises, which we have been making for twenty-odd years, is that we sail solo every day and meet up for a party every night. Today the party continued from dawn to dusk as we trundled south at four knots in our de facto trimaran. The island of Rona passed, a series of blackish humps in the murk to starboard. A helicopter clattered up from the listening post of the submarine range between Rona and the mainland, ignored by a white-tailed sea eagle engaged in a scuff with some seagulls. The red beaches of Torridon inched by. The tide swooshed us under the Skye Bridge, past the *Simon Princess*, a ship

devoted to delousing farmed salmon by pumping them through pipes full of warm water, and into the narrows of Kyle Rhea, where the GPS read nine knots. At the bottom of the narrows we turned to port out of the current, waited for the sounder to register four metres, groped for a gear lever to engage astern, remembered there was no astern or ahead either, and dropped the anchor off a placid beach in water of reassuring glassiness. The Shrimpers then withdrew.

The next leg of the voyage would be different. Ardnamurchan is the westernmost extremity of the British mainland, and a protuberance that should be approached by the mariner with maximum ingenuity, assuming he has any. The forecast was for northwest four and five

and a bit of six. I rose at 5 a.m., hauled up full sail, cranked the anchor off the seabed and ghosted away from the sleeping Shrimpers towards the salmon-river whorls of tide issuing from the southern end of Kyle Rhea. As we left the shelter of the anchorage a shadow came into being under the Skye shore, grew little white teeth and emitted a bracing roar. *Dahlia's* deck tilted sharply to port, and the chainplates tore white plumes out of the sea, and the merry crash of crockery from the galley demonstrated that it is wind as well as tide that funnels down Kyle Rhea. I dropped the mainsail and returned to the wheel, sweating in mind and body. *Dahlia* broad-reached down the Sound of Sleat under jib and mizzen with seven knots on the GPS. Ardnamurchan? No problem.

It could not last. The tide faded under us and the waves took on an unpleasantly glassy look. Up went the mainsail again, and slatted and banged. Point of Sleat came abeam. Far beyond the bow the long grey finger of Ardnamurchan lay over the horizon. My thoughts turned to the inflatable on the afterdeck, and the ancient and untried 5hp Yamaha outboard that had been sitting on the side deck for a while. Even if it started, an alongside tow with the pair of them would be a strictly flat-water business. Here the water was by no means flat, and off Ardnamurchan, where the seabed is said to resemble the Montana Badlands, it would be worse.

Resignation is a great advantage to the propless seafarer. I therefore made another cup of tea, using leaves, not bags, and ignored the slat

and bang of the sails. As I finished the second cup I observed that the ripples on the water had taken on a frosted quality. The frosting became a jaggedness, and the mainsail filled with a soft *whap*, and all of a sudden we were close-reaching across the blue, and the sun was out, and Ardnamurchan was off the port bow, turning from distance-blue to mountain-green. A seal jumped three times clear of the waves down to port, and I knew exactly how it felt. Off Ardnamurchan light I cracked sheets, doused the mizzen, and at eight that evening went head to wind and glided on to a mooring buoy in Tobermory Harbour.

Next morning, heart in mouth, I dropped the dinghy over the side, lashed it on, persuaded the antique Yamaha to start, dropped the mooring and

towed *Dahlia* very slowly on to the hammerhead.

The forecast was for winds of F2, and *Dahlia* is not at her best in anything under F3. This meant extra petrol, and extra cans from Brown's, which by pure coincidence sells as well as ironmongery the greatest range of whiskies in the Western world. I returned to the boat with four gallons of petrol and a couple of bottles of the incomparable Te Bheag, made on Skye and hard to find elsewhere. Then I filled up with water, backed the genoa to get the bow off the pontoon, let go the stern line, sheeted in, and proceeded towards the mouth of the harbour, where there was a clear patch in which to hoist the main.

The first objective was Lochaline, but when we were off the entrance it seemed a pity to waste

the wind still funnelling powerfully down the Sound of Mull; so on we went. Off Castle Duart the wind failed, but a couple of knots of tide took us on in the general direction of Crinan. There were now ferries, large and purposeful and much too close, and as the evening developed the wind failed completely. So on to the starboard side went the dinghy and the engine, and emitting a noise like a tubercular wasp *Dahlia* pointed her nose at Puilladobhrain.

We anchored in the usual throng. The sun set behind a hill, rose again as it rolled out the other side, then set again. At five next morning the Yamaha was hounding us over a mirror calm down the Firth of Lorn and into the powerful tide that rushes down the Sound of Luing, through the Dorus

Mor, and into the sea lock at the northern end of the Crinan Canal.

Here we were an object of curiosity. This intensified as the outboard sulked for a while. I enlisted help to warp the boat through the first couple of locks, trudded up to the Crinan Boatyard for a new spark plug, and set off on the nine-mile ordeal by dereliction known as the Canal. The engine coughed, but held out. Kindly staff helped us through the locks. At lunchtime the following day we were sinking down the Ardrishaig sea lock, heading for half-ebb in Loch Fyne.

The Loch Fyne tide was running at about half a knot, and five miles south of the lock the breeze failed completely. I hauled the dinghy alongside, pulled the start cord, and put it in gear. It

stopped. I repeated the operation. No result. The sun hammered down. Slimy things did crawl with legs upon the slimy sea. We were stuck, and the tide was turning.

A mile to the south of us a white yacht was motoring south. I blew the ship's hooter, raved on Channel 16, waved arms and brandished a towline. And joy of joys, the white boat turned towards us, and said they would tow us in for six hundred quid, and I said what about a bottle of whisky, and they said okay. And an hour later we hammered on to the pontoon in the marina at Portavadie, pride of the Cowal Peninsula, if you like your marinas with infinity pools and all the trimmings, which I do not.

The weather changed in the night. A kind man with a rib and a hangover towed us out of the

marina and into the wind, gusting force 6, on the nose. I unrolled some genoa to clear a salmon farm, tore down into a patch of clear water, rolled up the genoa and hauled up the roaring and flogging mizzen. Out came two-thirds of the jib, held aback till the mizzen drew on the port tack. And we were away, slanting up the wind tack on tack through the wind-over-tide seas. Spray was coming aboard in lumps now. Tack, and tack again, and again, 110° between them, but not bad without a mainsail, seven tons of us hammering the seas. Clear the point. Mainsail up. Storm along the land just outside the fifteen-metre line, wind failing now, and the red can on Ardlamont Point is there. Mizzen down, plenty of port helm, and we are running north for Tighnabruaich with a hard

soldier's wind. In the moorings point up, sails flapping, gliding through the other boats. The hand no longer gropes automatically for the gear lever, for this is a sailing boat. I stroll forward and pick up the mooring buoy. Home.

A few remarks on no-prop lessons learned, most of them obvious.

A tidal atlas is even more important than usual.

Practise parking, otherwise known as heaving-to.

If you are addicted to an engine to hold you head to wind while you make sail, a ketch or yawl will let you put up the mizzen, which will weathercock you and from which all the rest will

follow. In a boat with a single mast, try letting the wind blow you stern-first, and steer as if going astern until you are head to wind, at which point up goes the mainsail, fast.

Have the anchor ready at all times - though in Scottish waters depths are generally too enormous to make it useful, except if you are being driven ashore, which God forbid.

Give yourself plenty of sea room, even if it means bearing away into an empty bit of ocean up which you will have to tack once you have got yourself sorted out.

Towing. In a side-by-side tow, worth trying only in flat water, the main load is taken by springs with a fair lead from the bow of the towboat(s) to the stern

of the towee, bow lines and stern lines being adjusted only to make sure that all boats are pointing in the same direction. In the trimaran formation, the towing boats' rudders were fixed fore and aft, and the towee took care of the steering. Use a lot of fenders, and watch them closely in case they ride up.

In a line-ahead tow, which must replace side by side in anything resembling a sea, conventional wisdom is to tow from a bridle on the towboat to a bridle on the towee. In fact, we discovered that as long as the towee steers, the towline is long and stretchy and the sea slight to smooth, a stern-cleat-to-Samson-post setup works pretty well, with figure-of-eights without locking turns on the Samson post to make casting off the tow easy.

Towing with an inflatable driven by a small outboard is different. Attach the dinghy so it tows from its quarter nearest the towee, and control the bow angle with a bow line. It may be useful to prevent the dinghy from looping the loop by weighing down its bow with (for instance) a drinking water container. Experiment will reveal the ideal steering angle of the outboard - which will almost certainly not be pointing straight ahead - on the dinghy's transom. Starting from a dead stop, the course will be wildly unpredictable until you achieve steerage way; so give yourself plenty of sea room, and hold your nerve. Finally, read the instructions. The antique Yamaha was a two-stroke, and I was filling it with a 50:1 mixture. As I removed its corpse from the tender at the end of the voyage I noticed a

sticker on it saying that the approved mixture was 100:1.

Warping is an excellent method of getting from berth to berth, propeller or no propeller. Carry a long, throwable line to get you past docks and canals and crowded places. And if you think your boat is too heavy, I would point out that a couple of weeks ago Ginger Latham was explaining how he used to move a hundred tons of Thames barge around London docks using 3/4" line on an ungeared windlass. It is also worth pointing out that the method of stopping barges, and *Dahlia* in the absence of a reverse or indeed any other gear, is to get at least one complete turn of line round a cleat or bollard on dry land and surge it gently until the boat comes to a halt.

Finally, I should point out that sailing with a fixed propeller on your boat is like towing a small umbrella around, unless you are lucky enough to have a Featherstream. So when the prop falls off your boat will be sailing better than it ever has before, and you might as well enjoy it. I know I did.

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I'M Wolfhard Moser from Wilhelmshaven, Germany, and the continued owner of **Missi**. There has been no change on my side. The Missi is located in the "Nassauhafen", and we're member of the WSC (Wilhelmshavener Segelclub). We take part in a weekly regatta each and every Wednesday - not being the fastest boat but gaining lots of points over the year.

All the best from Wilhelmshaven,

Michciko II is Seadog No 23, and has been in my ownership for almost 20 years. After buying her, I first kept her in Faversham and sailed along the seaward part of the Thames and around the Kentish coast. Then I brought her with me to

Finland when I moved here about fifteen years ago. Her "home port" is the island of Reposaari at the mouth of the Kokemäki river, that drains into the Gulf of Bothnia, and is part of the city of Pori. As both the river and the sea up here freeze over for several months every winter, nearly all conscientious owners bring their boats ashore for approximately six to seven months every year, leaving a boating season that lasts only about five months. But in compensation for that shortness of season, the summer weather and seas are usually splendid, the summer daylight long and bright, the nature relatively unspoilt, and the coastal opportunities for pottering around amongst a myriad of islands and small harbours seemingly endless.

With kind regards,

John de Neumann

Rallies.

The Dun laoghaire Motor yacht Club would be very happy to host a Seadog Rally. The best time would be in August . I will email separately all those west coast boats ,those on the IOM and those in Wales but I will be looking for someone to co-ordinate.

Christchurch SC Rally will be on 15th to 17th July .
Please let me know if you would like to attend . Phil
Ricketts will co-ordinate , it would be great to see a
good number of boats there. Again, I will search the
data base for those that are in easy reach, but any
of you sailing the south coast at that time would be
so very welcome. It's a lovely venue.
Please contact Phil on his email
phil.nr@tiscali.co.uk
Let's get back on the water, get to meet again .

Hilary