



Dufour News

The magazine of the Dufour Association



Issue 117
Summer 2020

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**A cover
photo of YOUR
yacht is needed
for the next
issue**



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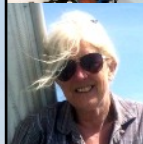
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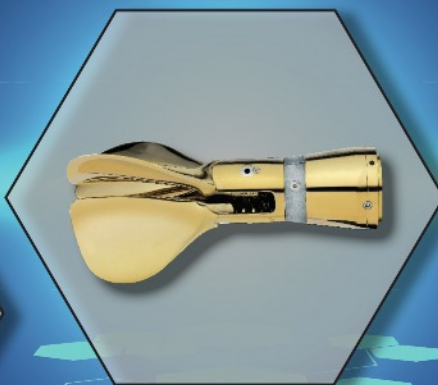
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Above: Corfu

Photo: Y. Iwanicki

Circulation Announcement

The Dufour Association was originally created for Dufour owners in the United Kingdom. Since then it has grown and gained an international presence. It is now the only independent Dufour Owner's Club.

UK members have always received a printed copy of the *Dufour News*, but overseas members never have. On a trial basis and starting with this issue, a printed copy of the magazine will be posted to all European members. We regret we cannot post outside of Europe due to the very large increase in postage costs and such members will continue to receive their copy online. All members can still view the online version from the website. If you do not want to receive the paper version please let me know.

Also, for those who do receive a printed copy, you may have noticed this edition was delivered in a compostable wrap. This is biodegradable and can be used to bag compostable waste, either for your garden compost bin or for your waste collection service.

Staying on the sustainability theme; for a number of years now, in fact since printing has been performed by Hobbs, the magazine has been printed on Forest Stewardship Council (FSC) certified paper which assures that this is from responsible sources. We are proud to include the FSC logo on this page.

As this goes to press the UK is slowly emerging from the COVID 19 pandemic and we are at last able to sail our boats and stay on board, although the ability to visit other ports is patchy and no rallies may be held. We hope that wherever you are in the world, you are able to sail this season.

Jeremy Rowley, *KOTO, D35 Classic*

newseditor@dufour.org.uk



COVER PHOTO:
The Editor's 35 Classic,
KOTO at Braye Harbour,
Alderney.

We desperately need high-resolution photos of YOUR yacht for the cover of future issues

£20 (or local equivalent) gift card for all contributions over two pages in length



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Submitting Articles

We are keen to receive all types of articles for publication. Here are some ideas:

- Upgraded, repaired or replaced some aspect of your Dufour yacht
- Taken part in a sailing event
- Cruised an interesting area
- A lesson learnt

The Editor reserves the right to shorten or modify material submitted.

Please send your article by putting everything into a zip folder and uploading it to a file sharing portal such as 'Google Drive', 'Dropbox' or 'We Transfer'. Then send a link to the editor by email.

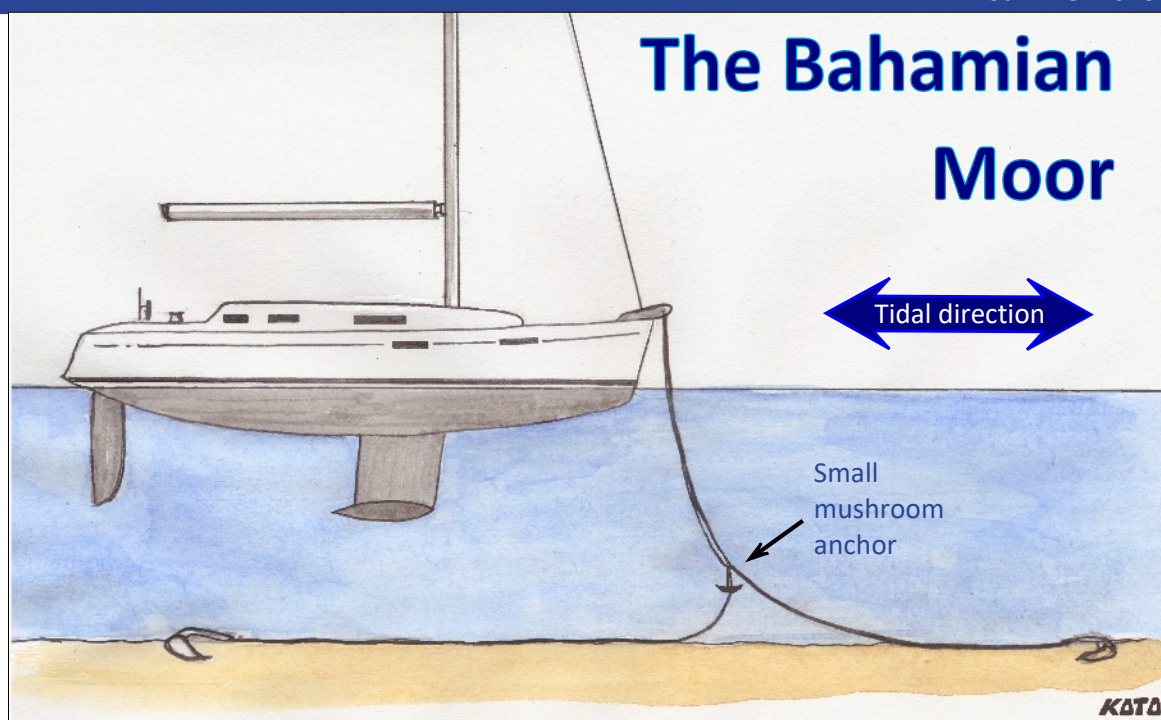
Submitting Images

****** We always need good images for the front cover (6MB minimum) ******

All images supplied for publication must be:

- High-resolution jpeg, 4MB or higher
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- Do not embed photos into articles, send them as separate files
- Filenames should include a caption and be sequentially numbered
- Do not crop or manipulate the colours in a photo editor
- Please leave plenty of space all around the subject of interest to allow the Editor to crop and rotate

General Disclaimer: The Dufour Association does not accept any responsibility for the accuracy of any information contained in any article written in this publication. It is recommended that anyone using any information contained herein **ALWAYS** personally checks it for accuracy. Any views or opinions expressed are solely those of the article's author and do not necessarily represent those of the Dufour Association.



It's said that there are two kinds of sailors cruising *The Bahamas*; those who have run aground, and those who are going to run aground.

It's easy to see why. The Bahamas is an archipelago of about 2,000 rocky outcrops and 700 islands, of which only ~30 are occupied, scattered across 180,000 sq miles. They stretch lazily from just 55 nm east of West Palm Beach, Florida in the north west to a similar distance north of Haiti in the south east. To the east, some 3,000nm across the Atlantic lies Africa, and to the west the Gulf Stream, but nestled in between many of the islands are shallow banks of sand. The ~30nm sail from the capital city of Nassau to northern Exuma, an exquisite chain of tiny islands that stretch to the south east like a string of pearls over crystal clear blue waters, will rarely see water depths of more than 20 feet en route (The Bahamas still uses imperial measurements), with easily seen coral heads to navigate around along the way.

So it is that gunkholing from anchorage to anchorage between islands can often lead to a little bump as keel nudges sand. Sometimes you stumble on before you've really noticed, other times you back off and meander around, and others still you reach for something cold and wait for the tide. In the worst case, what more glorious place could there be to wait, where time seems to run at a different pace and where the sign at the nearest beach bar probably reads "sometimes we open at 10, sometimes at 2, and sometimes not at all".

The tidal range is not large, only about 3 feet, but in the narrow gaps between many of the islands in Exuma, where often a small protected anchorage hides, the tide can race through a narrow channel between the deep water to the east and the shallow banks to the west, where yachts lie at anchor to the direction of tidal flow rather than the wind. It's not hard to picture the havoc when the tide changes every six hours and yachts that are free swinging do so in a wide arc that is made wider by the fact that the anchoring norm is to use a small amount of chain with rope, rather than all chain.

Which brings me to the Bahamian Moor, the practice of dropping two anchors off the bow in opposite directions so that as the tide changes a yacht stays on station at anchor, pivoting about its bow. One such anchorage, with a depth of 9 feet at low tide, is at the southern end of Norman's Cay (pronounced 'Key') in northern Exuma. This end of the island has an infamous past having once become the lawless private fiefdom of Carlos Lehder of the Medellin Cartel, who took up armed residence and used it to fly in cocaine from Colombia for trans-shipment to the United States. The island had a cameo in the movie '*Blow*', about the cartel, starring Johnny Depp, who also starred in *Pirates of the Caribbean* that was filmed nearby, and loves Exuma so



LEFT: Location of Norman's Cay, Exuma

RIGHT: Beach Bar

BELOW: Wrecked delivery plane at Norman's Cay.

much that he bought his own private island here some 20nm to the south east, Little Halls Pond Cay. Today, nearly 40 years after Carlos Lehder, the abandoned buildings remain along with what's left of a delivery plane that didn't make the landing strip and ditched in the shallow waters just by the anchorage. It's been a natural reef teeming with fish ever since. In the late 90's a few cottages and a beach bar opened, the latter with an outside 'natural' dunny that was exposed to the elements. If you saw a head exposed you knew it was occupied!

With a Bahamian Moor in use a greater number of boats can fit in a small anchorage. Not only that, but the chances of swinging into a shallow area and running aground outside of the channel can be avoided, as well as having the peace of mind of being able to set an appropriately configured anchor alarm. Here's the drill. Set the first anchor in the usual way, backing down to make sure it's dug into the sand. Then keep going astern to twice the distance required and drop the second anchor. Motor forward to the half way point, making sure that the crew pick up the slack on both anchor lines as you go. Lastly, lash the two lines together at the bow and let out enough further line to ensure that the lashed point is below the depth of the keel. Actually, when short handed I nearly always set the second anchor by dinghy. It's easy enough with a lightweight Fortress anchor in sand and saves a lot of stress for one person on the bow to ensure that nothing gets fouled around the prop when motoring forward.

With enough iterations comes complacency. So it was one night at anchor with a stiff easterly blowing and a tidal change in the early hours such that the tide turned to flow with the direction of the wind. My own infallible anchor alarm elbowed me in the ribs from a sleeping position beside me to advise with a sense of urgency that something wasn't right. A quick look on deck confirmed the worst.

Wisdom has it that when things start to go wrong, they often cascade into a litany of errors, a truism that is never more accurate than in the middle of night with sleep still in the eyes. On deck, we found that we weren't lying directly to the wind/tide and with the increased windage we were dragging quickly in the direction of the nearby shore. All hands on deck (both of us); engine on; crew on bow valiantly trying to haul in the slack of the lazy anchor rode. Skipper powering forward too soon; lazy anchor rode caught round prop. No hope now,



"Sure enough, ground we did, so close to a small beach we could almost step on to it"

once out of the narrow channel we were rapidly heading for a grounding.

Sure enough, ground we did, so close to a small beach we could almost step on to it, with a good bit of tide left to ebb. As it did so, we slid slowly to port until we were lying at a decidedly uncomfortable angle by the time dawn finally broke. It was then that the warm spirits of other yachties came shining through. The skipper from a powerboat anchored close by in the channel motored across in his dinghy to offer assistance. The best to be done was to take the better part of the two of us for breakfast with he and his wife and a rest aboard his motor yacht. Meanwhile, a kindly dive boat that was also in the anchorage offered to take an anchor out to the fullest extent of its line and dive it down to set it in the sand. Back on board, the line was passed over the anchor roller and led to a winch on the coach roof.

Having sorted out all the remaining carnage, there was nothing further to do but wait for the tide, so I too took our neighbour up on his kind offer of breakfast and joined my better half aboard the motor yacht. If I was surprised by the events of the past few hours, I was more so by the sight that greeted me on stepping aboard. I'm all for travelling with pets, but not everyone has a monkey and a parrot in addition to an assortment of the more usual domestic wildlife as their cruising companions. But you take life as it comes and I sat down to a very companionable traditional American breakfast of pancakes and maple syrup and diagnosed the night's adventure.

It seemed that as the boat turned with the tide the lazy anchor rode had not gone under the keel, but caught around it, and had then led from the bow to the aft end of the keel where it was jammed up against the hull and then forward to the anchor. Increased windage together with the combined effect of wind plus tide must have caused us to drag. The rest was history.

After breakfast, as the tide developed its flood, I was back on board. Winch handle in hand, heart in mouth and tight tension on the line extending to the dug in anchor. Inch by gradual inch the tide rose and the winch was painstakingly turned. Eventually, the seemingly impossible. She broke free all at once with a sudden lurch, rather appropriately as if a champagne cork was ejecting from a celebratory bottle. We were floating.



From there, it was an easy business to motor out and anchor in the channel. But as on so many occasions when boating over the years, a lesson was learned. In many conditions it's not enough to rely on the weight of the sinking lines at the lashed point to fall below the keel as the tide changes. From that day forward I always deployed a weight to put the matter beyond doubt. I subsequently took to using a small mushroom anchor with a retrieval line, to which I added a small section of chain covered in PVC hose that I would wrap around the two anchor lines. It would sink to the bottom and no combination of wind and tide would cause the line to rise sufficiently to catch on the keel.

By great good fortune, an inspection of the hull, rudder and keel by snorkel showed not a scratch, so we were quite relaxed about the good natured ribbing we had from the proprietor of the beach bar later in the day.

My only regret? The whole incident was before the days of ubiquitous mobile phones with cameras. We didn't get a single picture!

Paul Hutton-Ashkenny, D365 Exuma Gal

Sea Water Pump Blues

Chairman Bob Garrett faces up to his engine water pump woes during lockdown

The sea water pump on a Volvo Penta engine is a regular focus of attention - just as well it is usually fairly easy to get to. Our D1 engine has now done about 2,000 hours over ten years and so far, other than replacing the impeller, the only other work needed on the pump has been replacing the seal directly behind the impeller (see "How To" on the Association web site). However, our 2020 launch was to change all that!

We had replaced the impeller and cover just before launch, and when launched but still at the crane, the engine seemed fine, but ten minutes later when we were ready to set off to a berth we had no water coming out of the exhaust so the marina dory took us round. At the berth I took the impeller cover off and all seemed okay so I re-assembled it and started the engine again only to find it all working. I assumed it must have been an airlock and moved on to the next job. A couple of weeks later we were due to move marinas and after testing the engine again all seemed well. We sailed from the Hamble to Portsmouth where starting the engine to motor into the entrance we again found no water from the exhaust. Fortunately there was plenty of wind to stop the engine and get into the harbour under sail. Once inside we tried the engine again - only for it to work properly again. We berthed quickly before it changed its mind!

So, we clearly had an intermittent problem but what? We have no sea-water filter so that could not be blocked, and we had never had an impeller disintegrate so common blockages were unlikely. Also its intermittent nature was strange. Thinking it through my prime candidate was an air-leak causing water to drain from the pipes followed by insufficient suction to reliably get water flowing again. Such an air leak might be in the pipes or maybe the pump. I decided to attend to both.

I decided to remove the pump so I could take it home and look at it. Removing the pump was fairly easy except one of the screws on the front of the impeller housing had its head detach as I unscrewed it.

Back at home I seriously considered buying a new pump (about £400) but the COVID-19 lockdown happened so there was no urgency and I decided to see if it could be repaired.

There was insufficient thread sticking out of the broken-off screw to be able to remove it so I carefully drilled a hole in it and tried removing it with a bolt extractor but this failed. So, with nothing to lose I drilled a slightly bigger deeper hole into the shaft and then used a tap wrench to clean up the hole and thread. Having done this I tried it with a screw and

it seemed both smooth and solid. Had it not been then it would have meant a new pump or tapping a bigger hole for a bigger screw. I cleaned up the pump body and gave it a new coat of primer and paint.

I then decided to do a full pump service. It was probably only necessary to change the seals but I had the full service kit which had been in the boat spares box for a number of years.

First task was to loosen the nut on the gear wheel and then use a gear puller to get it off the shaft. This required another tool I did not have but they are not expensive and like the bolt extractor and tap wrench came quickly after an on-line order. I could then remove a circlip

FROM THE TOP:

1. Removing the circlip
2. Tap wrench
3. Using a hub puller
4. The old seal



FROM THE TOP:

1. Withdrawing the shaft
2. Old and new shafts compared
3. Tapping on the new bearings
4. Fitting the front seals with a box spanner

Photos: R Garrett

and gently tap the shaft out of the back of the pump. The shaft was clearly scored at the front water seal – the seal that had been replaced twice previously.

I then assembled the new bearings, circlip and spacer on the shaft with a little grease before tapping it back into the pump. Next came the rear circlip, the gear wheel and the front seals and spacer pushed in using a suitably-sized box-spanner.

I now had a serviced pump ready to go at the cost of the service kit (~£90) which was not completely necessary, though the seals would have been, plus ~£20 on new tools.

Some time passed in the COVID-19 lockdown before I was able to return to the boat and fit the pump, which went in easily, along with new hoses I had decided upon. Starting the engine showed a good flow out of the exhaust. Success – we thought!

A short while later we set out to return to our swinging mooring and when we set off the engine was fine. However, on our arrival the engine was again not expelling any water from the exhaust. We stopped the engine, sailed closer and then started it again only to find it working again. Desperation was setting in! There were few things left to check but I then took apart the heat exchanger to check for blockages – all looked fine. I then thought about the exhaust but the pipe itself looked okay – and the engine showed no sign of a blocked exhaust elbow. I was running short of ideas.

The only remaining part – and one that I now know I should have suspected earlier – was the impeller cover. Over time these do get worn by the rotation of the impeller along with any particles in the sea water. However, mine did not look particularly bad but what other options did I have? Furthermore there was the quick and cheap option of turning it over to see if this solved the problem. So I took the cover off, turned it over and re-fixed it. I started the engine and there was sea water coming out of the engine. But I had been here before, would it continue to work or fail again at some inconvenient time?

Since then we have been out for a couple of sails and started the engine seven times. On each occasion the cooling system has worked so I am becoming more confident that the problem is solved. In retrospect the impeller cover should have been one of the first items to consider, especially since turning it over to test is so easy. However, I would still have had to resolve the broken screw, so the pump would have had to come off. On the positive side I have learnt more about servicing pumps and have some nice new tools; and it gave me something to do while confined to home!

Bob Garrett, Chairman, D365 Intrepid

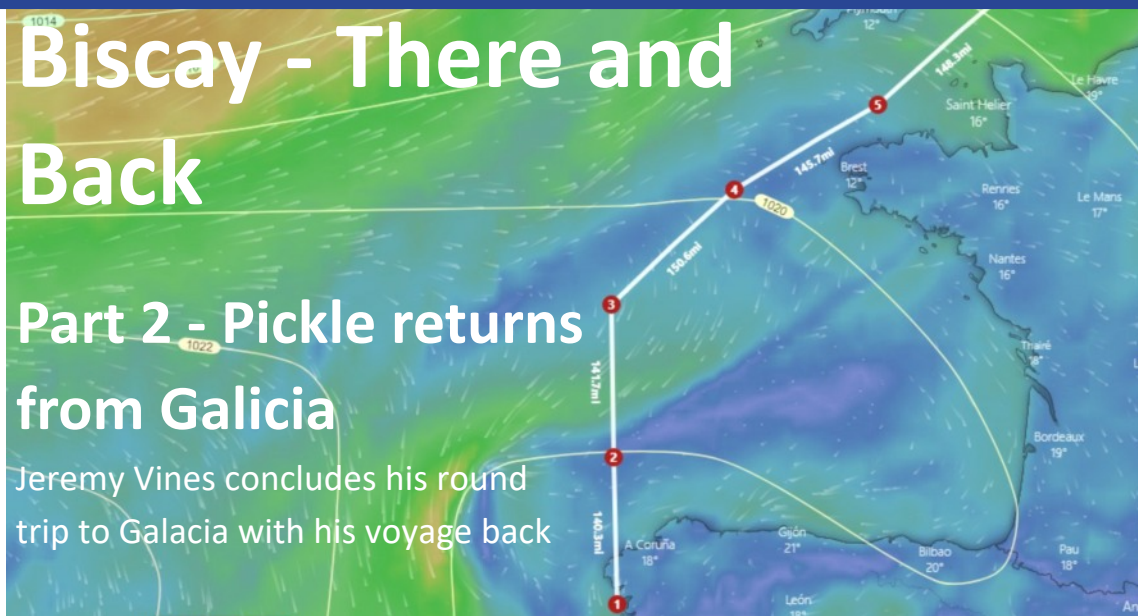


"I was running short of ideas"

Biscay - There and Back

Part 2 - Pickle returns from Galicia

Jeremy Vines concludes his round trip to Galicia with his voyage back



ABOVE: Our routing on Windy

Three of us, that is son, David, his friend Mark and I, flew out to Santiago on Wednesday 29th August and reached the little marina at Puerto Nuovo around teatime. The weather was lovely and we looked forward to a pleasant evening settling in. We were very pleased to find daughter Genie still on board. With husband Ed and their son Sam, she had cruised the Rias for ten days and decided at the last moment that work commitments would allow her to stay and help us home. The proviso was that we must not for long be out of range of a phone signal, so she could to be in contact with her office colleagues.

Supper was pizzas. They were yummy but enormous, and lasted several days, and the last few pieces went to feed the fishes out in the Atlantic. Meanwhile Ed, having just arrived back in Lymington, was doing some weather routing for our passage. Using 'Windy' as the predictor and 'WhatsApp' as the communicator, he produced day by day charts for us, assuming a five day non-stop passage.

Windy showed a North Easterly that would blow quite fresh for 24 hours, followed by a period of calm, and then a front would move in which could bring strong North or North Westerly winds. The plan was therefore to go North close-hauled on Starboard, motor NNE in the calm weather and hope to carry the new wind around Ushant on Port tack. i.e. to keep out of the Bay altogether.

The local forecast showed a light Northerly overnight, building to strong and rough around Cape Finisterre next day. We had to avoid this, so at 2100 in the twilight, we set out for Muxia, a cosy harbour 60 miles to the North, and beyond Finisterre. We went straight into sliding watch mode as before. Arriving in Muxia at daybreak, we showered, cleaned teeth and topped up with fuel before setting off again.

The North Easterly soon set in at 15/20 knots, the sun shone and we were almost able to steer due North. A little bit bumpy but all good and great sailing. Around dawn the next day when we were almost off the Western edge of Imray chart C18, the wind began to fade, so we started the engine and altered course to NNE. Progressively it calmed until it was absolutely flat calm, the sun shone and it was the most beautiful day – sunny and warm. We never thought the Atlantic could ever be quite like this! We stopped for a while for Genie to have a swim in water that was amazingly clear - while us blokes 'kept watch for sharks'. She said it wasn't cold.

The sun went down in the most gorgeous way, and the wind began to fill in from the North West, but it wasn't until dawn the next day that the front struck with some fury. Genie happened to be on watch and had to cope with the wind and rain while us three blokes cowered down below. The wind blew fresh all day and veered towards the North, it got quite rough, and we became concerned we would not make it around Ushant. At dusk we were

"while us blokes 'kept watch for sharks'"



close-hauled approaching the traffic lanes, and realised that we could not luff to miss the Southbound lane, and bearing away to the East of the Northbound lane would put us the wrong side of Ushant. We opted to run parallel to the lanes within the separation zone. There was little shipping around and this worked out OK.

By dawn on Sunday we had passed Ushant and we arrived in L'Aberwrac'h mid-morning. Job done.... and now it was time to celebrate with a long liquid lunch – thank you Mark. The crossing had taken almost exactly 72 hours. Lots of dolphins came to play, and two Pilot whales, and we think we saw a turtle and a basking shark, but we were a long way from the continental shelf where most of the action is.

After a siesta we were off again by 1900. The Northerly still had some legs, it was a beautiful starry night and we made good progress Eastwards with the flood tide. Guernsey was in sight soon after dawn. Then the breeze died, the tide turned, the motor went on, and David got out the fishing line. We slowed to 4 knots in the hope of a catch or two or three... but no luck. So we wound up the line and reached St Peter Port in time for lunch. Supper that evening was a *Pickle* favourite - corned beef hash topped by baked beans – expertly cooked by the Skipper.

ABOVE: Mid-Biscay dip

Moving on again by 1930, the wind was a rising Westerly and we elected to go through the Alderney Race where we saw our SOG rise to 12 knots. As time went by and the wind increased, we progressively reduced sail until approaching the IOW. We were under reefed jib alone and still doing 8 knots. Arriving at the Needles well ahead of our passage plan, we encountered ferocious waves over the 'Bridge' and fought the tide to Hurst. Once past this milestone all was tranquillity, and voyage end and breakfast were beckoning.

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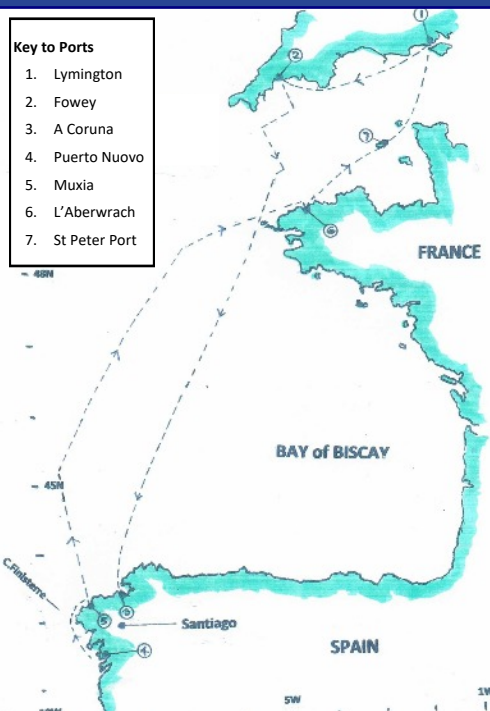
ABOVE: The Skipper's expertly cooked corned beef hash

RIGHT: Our route there and back

BELOW: The family welcome

We had sailed, motor-sailed and motored from Ria Pontevedra (45 miles South of Cape Finisterre) and it was a very memorable voyage. Day-light stops were in Muxia (just North of C Finisterre) for showers, in L'Aberwrach for a splendid slap-up Sunday lunch and in St Peter Port for a rather more modest Monday lunch. We had travelled largely by night!

After six nights and five days at sea, *Pickle* was closing in on the Royal Lymington Yacht Club and her welcome home. It was 0730 on Tuesday 3rd September and it



happened to be low water springs. We came to a gentle halt just ten feet from the pontoon. We were aground! Maybe it is time to dredge here again?

We backed off and tried a different angle and soon we were tied up. Max had brought a bottle of bubbly and the rest of the Lymington family showed up. General celebrations all round and then Genie cooked breakfast for 14 of us.

Thank you shipmates, and thank you *Pickle* for two fine passages.

Jeremy Vines, D34P *Pickle*

Photos: J. Vines

Passage Statistics

- Our rhumb line was 637 miles and the distance travelled was approximately 680 miles.
- Allowing for time spent ashore, we were 112 hours at sea and our average speed at just over 6 knots was very reasonable. However, we did have favourable tide around Ushant, en-route to Guernsey and through the Alderney Race. In fact on the last leg of 89 miles we averaged 7.5 knots.



Windlass Remote Control on a budget

Jason Ellmers



Most of us have older boats, and a fair number go sailing single handed, or short handed. Given the vintage of boats, most also only have foot buttons for the windlass (if there is one fitted at all) with these generally mounted in or near the anchor locker right at the front.

For the most part this is fine. Positioning your vessel, leaving the helm and walking to the front to deploy the hook is a simple task. As is getting ready to go, getting the hook up to the bow and walking back to leave the area. BUT, sometimes it would be great to be able to steer and/or throttle one way or another at the same time as bringing in the chain, so being a bit of a solution finder I put myself to work out how to do this without spending the £250-£300 it would have cost to buy the Lofrans parts.

On *Eliona* (2002 36 Classic) I have a Lofrans Cayman 88 up at the bow, with 50m of 10mm chain, so I do like to rely on the unit to save the heart rate.

The foot buttons work, but I also like to manually flake the chain forward into the locker as its coming in, to stop it bunching, so it's a bit awkward to do both at the same time. Don't get me wrong its workable, but could be easier.

Looking around I found the following unit that seemed perfect for an experiment, got it ordered and waited the few days for it to arrive. Yep it's a remote for a 4x4 bumper winch!



Items required

- Volt Wireless Remote Control Kit For Jeep Atv Winch 12V Auto Car Truck Cordless by luwu-store
https://www.amazon.co.uk/dp/B01ER5BK52/ref=cm_sw_em_r_mt_dp_U_Nkk8eb5kmamyr
- 6.3mm Red Piggy Back Lucar spade crimp auto electrical terminal connectors (10 pack) Free UK Delivery by Falcon Workshop Supplies Ltd. Learn more:
https://www.amazon.co.uk/dp/B00AO74AQE/ref=cm_sw_em_r_mt_dp_U_yGk8EbQBTfCHV



Having looked at the top of the Lofrans solenoid I knew that the foot buttons were connected to the unit via 6.3mm spade connectors so to make things as simple as possible I also ordered a pack of 'piggy back' spades.

I have a Prime account so delivery was free and I had everything within a couple of days.

There is a little prep that can be done at home or on the boat. As you can see from the photo of the unit all leads have a ring connector, so the black, white and yellow leads were cut off and replaced with three of the 'piggy back' connectors, crimping and soldering the new spades into place. I left the red lead with the ring as I knew the power terminal bolt would fit through it.

Then onto the boat to uncover the gubbins that runs the power to the windlass. On my 36 Classic this is located behind a wood panel in the forepeak, above the front shelf just to port.

Six screws and the whole panel comes off to reveal the back of the chain locker. I figured out at this point that cutting three inches off the bottom of that panel would also give me a lot more usable space on the nice deep shelf and keep out of sight the mouldings, unless you are laying in bed.

In the picture (above right) you will see the unit already in place sat to the right of the solenoid, which was the best place I could find allowing screwdriver access to screw it in place.

The install is a really simple process now. PLEASE ensure that the batteries are isolated (NOT JUST SWITCHED OFF AT THE PANEL!).

Remove the nut holding on the positive feed. You may have two positive terminals on your solenoid, I just used the one closest as it was easier to access, and connected the new red wire to the terminal. You can just make out the thin red lead connecting under the main feed.

Then slide off the three spade connectors in the middle of the solenoid and connect the black lead from the middle post to the 'piggy back' of the new black wire. This can then all go back onto the middle post, using the new connector.

Next are the buttons. Marry up the IN and the OUT leads and re-attach to the solenoid. For me, there was a lot of planning, reading and re-planning, which resulted in the IN doing the OUT so there is no harm in just doing this via trial and error....

AUTHORS NOTE:

The windlass is still a very powerful unit, so be careful about ensuring you are aware of what is happening at the front of the boat when operating the windlass with the remote. You still need to be aware of the possibility of picking up cables, or other anchor lines. This is an aid to assist in windlass operation and anchoring, its not a substitute for good seamanship.

With both directional connectors re-attached, its time to test. Turn on your isolators, and flick the panel switch to your windlass.

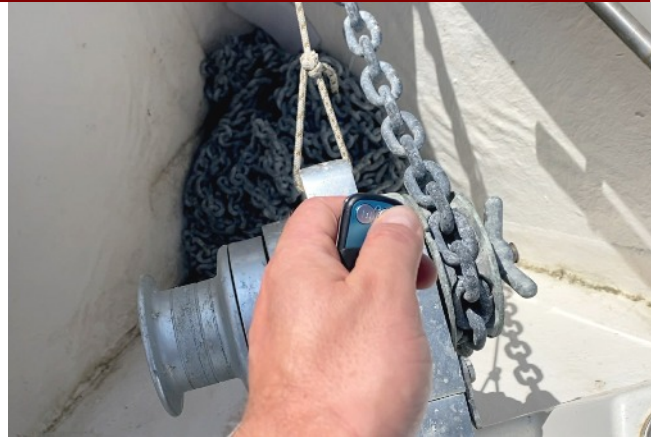
Taking the remotes with you, venture up to the front of the boat, and try the foot buttons first (or the original wired remote), just to make sure the original leads have been put back to the correct sides of the solenoid. Now its time for the magic. Pick a remote and give it a go. The larger of the units has a power switch. Don't forget to turn it off. This could later be mounted on the underside of the anchor locker, but I keep mine downstairs by the chart table. If one works then so should the other. If the IN and OUT are reversed on the

All photos: J. Ellmers remote, then its just a case of ISOLATING THE BATTERIES, and swapping over the leads at the solenoid. Don't forget to swap the original switch leads back if they were working fine. Always check the batteries are isolated.

That's it. Now its just a case of putting the panel cover back up and putting the tools away.

Less than £12 and what should be less than an hour of DIY instead of £250!

As I said, I like using the smaller of the remotes, pictured, as its very easy in the hand and means I can bring in the chain while kneeling by the locker, manually flaking the chain. It also allows you to do other things as well - like holding on.



Jason Ellmers, D36 Classic *Eliona*

WATCH ON YOUTUBE

- If you would like to watch this 'How-To' take a look at <https://youtu.be/lmOBVGRC0Sw>.
- If you are keen to save money on running cost then consider Subscribing to my new DIY Yacht Maintenance channel for other 'How-Tos'. https://www.youtube.com/playlist?list=PLaGiH_EUbp3xxiGsaXRSScw-RZII6PQV.
- More than happy to take suggestions for future videos.

Jason Ellmers



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Nocturnal Emotions

Yarek has an epiphany on an ocean passage...

TOP: *Pico del Teide, Tenerife.* It is Spain's highest peak at a height 3,718m and an active volcano

In Autumn 2012 I sailed from Baione on mainland Spain to Las Galletas in Tenerife in a half-regatta yacht. The crew consisted of four members and we sailed non-stop and covered almost 1000nm in five days and nights.

During one of the night watches, when I was alone in the cockpit and the other crew members were sleeping, I noticed a most unusual phenomenon. The yacht sailed very fast, at a speed of 10-11 knots pushed by a constant strong wind from the port rear quarter. The bow was cutting the ocean, creating foam along the sides and behind it. The sky was cloudless. There was no moon yet, so the stars were shining brightly. The Milky Way, my guiding path, was right above me. I drove our interstellar vehicle firmly holding the helm. Orion in the east was drawing its bow. At one point, when I looked back again, I saw hundreds of millions of bright spots in the widespread wake. They all flickered in fluorescent green. I was sailing practically in the same direction in which four metre waves followed me and pushed me forward.

It looked as if a black mountain formed with a thousand of lights shimmering behind me. When the wave was just about to cover me with its body and fall down on my head, the yacht, starting from its aft, began to climb up the slope of this mountain of light and the whole wave was going underneath the boat. I shifted my eyes to the sides and to my surprise I saw that the same lights flickered on both sides. The strength of the wind reached 25 knots, so the waves formed spontaneously small crested breakers, revealing their microscopic inhabitants.

These lights were a species of fluorescent plankton. In addition, against the acoustic background of humming waves, there were the sounds of whales, which quite often visited us during this journey. Although I didn't see them, I heard this familiar sound of water being thrown up in to the air many times and I was sure of their presence.

New Members

Mark Schubert	<i>Levantia</i>	34 P	Joem Bonde	<i>Shanty II</i>	Classic 30
Liam Gardner	<i>Minstrel of Mourne</i>	Arpege	Roddy Bowerman	<i>Freycinet of Cowes</i>	455 GL
Ilene Salcman	<i>Sirene</i>	390 GL	Axel Schmidt	<i>Discovery One</i>	425 GL
Jeremy Snyder	<i>Samiam</i>	430 GL	Mark Raymond	<i>Echo Beach</i>	405 GL
Jelte van der Hoek	<i>Skylk</i>	32 Classic	Mark and Melanie Reed	<i>Stargazer Two</i>	36 Classic
Arthur Zinn	<i>Maggie</i>	27	John and Sue Head	<i>Whistler</i>	36 Classic
Kendall Wells	<i>Papillon</i>	Arpege	Clara Ezer	<i>Shadow</i>	Gibsea 37
Matthias Sieke	<i>Syke</i>	41 Classic	Denis Gatt	<i>Sophies Choice</i>	40 P
Uros Zgonec	<i>Ursula</i>	36 Classic	Darren O'Keefe	<i>Aloisia</i>	2800
Ghjuvan Grimaud	<i>Aldebaran</i>	Safari	Terry Kelly	<i>White Spirit</i>	30 Classic
Mark Scafaro	<i>Slainte</i>	2800	David Lechner	<i>Lady Lea</i>	Gibsea 40



Photos: A. Bryzek

When I looked a little farther sideways and forward, the bright glowing dots appeared everywhere. This was definitely not my vision. And when I tried to find the horizon with my eyes, I realized that the glowing spots still farther away were stars. I quickly found the constellation of Orion in the east; it was very low and looked as if it was immersed in the Ocean. Next to it there were other familiar stars and constellations. Everything glowed with brightness and colours, some a bit more, others a bit less, just like every day and every night actually.

I was crossing the ocean at high speed, but for a distant observer I could be standing still in one place, in the middle of a luminous bubble surrounded by glowing dots. There was no horizon. Black waters of the ocean blended imperceptibly into the black sky. Glowing plankton from the ocean turned into stars and vice versa. Millions of galaxies were the size of tiny creatures. Distances were gone, time had stopped.

The microcosm merged with the macrocosm. The bubble in which I found myself was teeming with life. I stood in the middle with stars under my feet and above my head. Tears ran down my cheeks, I couldn't utter a sound. I was part of this system - this World. At the same time, I was the World myself.

I often recall this image and thoughts related to it.

Yarek Iwanicki, D36CC Anny 'A'

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