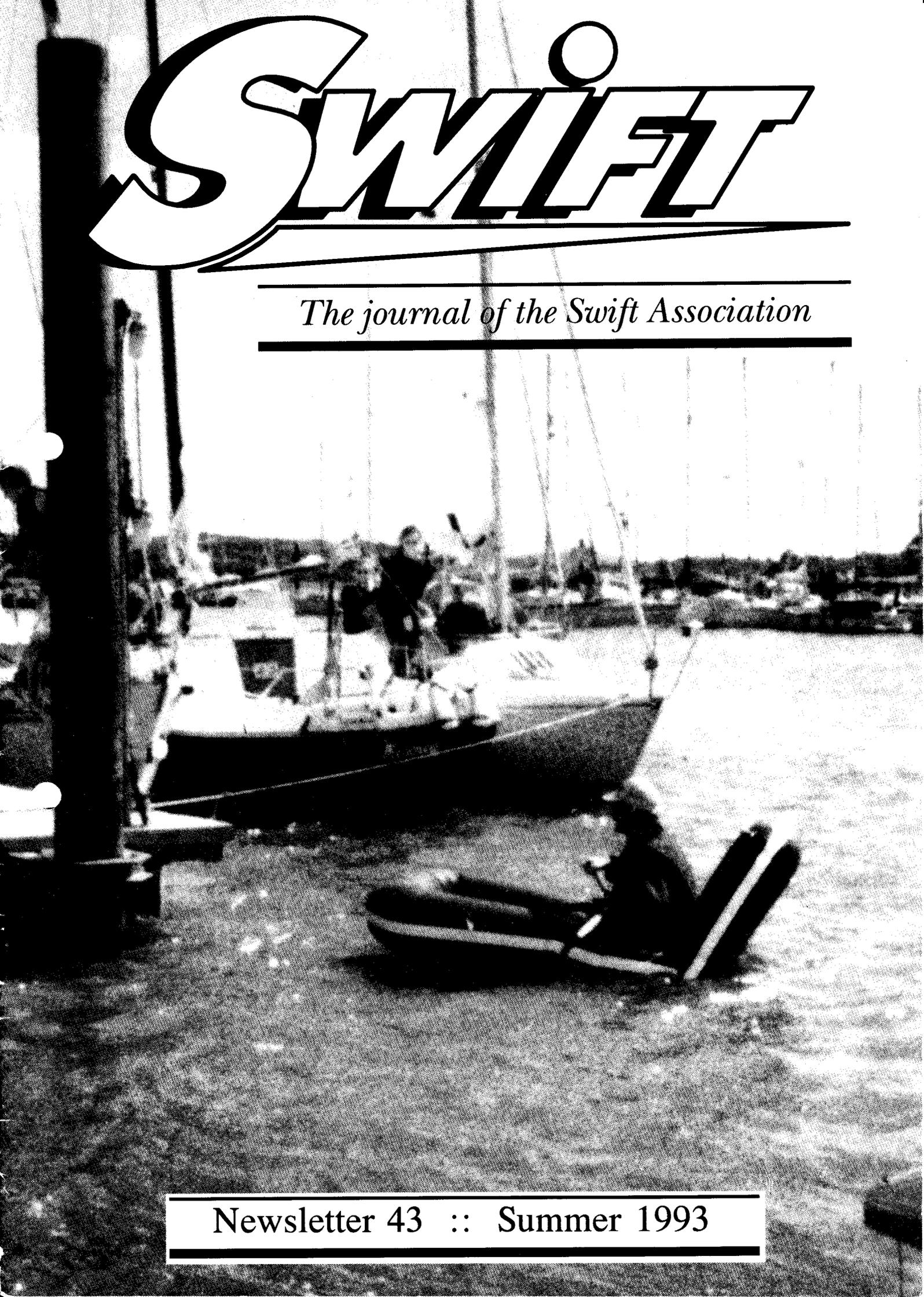


SWIFT



The journal of the Swift Association

Newsletter 43 :: Summer 1993

Secretary's Log

THIS SEASON has for me had a poor start, with May being a total washout with the exception of a successful early May rally (see Don Harvey's write-up in this issue). But the weather has picked up considerably in June and I've managed quite a few trips since.

At the time of writing we have a South Coast July rally coming up so I hope to see lots of you attending. Area reps: I know it's difficult, due to small numbers, but let's see if we can't get something organised in your local area. Funds are available!

Buckler's Hard members please note that there have been a spate of burglaries recently so make sure everything is secured and if you see anything out of the ordinary let the harbour master know.

Steve tells me that he has a reasonable amount of copy coming in at the moment, but this doesn't mean we can't use more. So come on . . . put pen to paper and let's hear from you. Stories, logs, recipes mods and in particular photographs. Please keep them coming in. Remember - the Newsletter relies on your input. Enjoy your sailing.

QUARTERLY MEMBERS' FREE DRAW - £25.00 CHANDLERY VOUCHER
This issue's winner is A. B. Richards and D. L. Prichard. SO170 'Half Pint'

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• **Your Hon. Treasurer Chris O'Brien testing his 'inflatable armchair' during the Solent May Rally.**
- The report on Page 3 will tell those who weren't there how he got on!

Solent May Bank Holiday Rally

ABOUT THIS TIME LAST YEAR I found myself writing my first article for the Swift Newsletter titled 'Buckler's Hard May Day Rally' - an impromptu affair attended by five Swifts. Here I am yet again putting fingers to keyboard writing about another very successful May Bank Holiday Rally, but this time comprising double the previous number of boats; in fact nine Swift 18's and one Swift 23. Not quite a record, but impressive nevertheless by the fact that the crews included two babies, a toddler and two dogs!

The forecast for the weekend had not been favourable and there were times during the previous week when we, that is Brenda and I, thought we would give the Rally a miss. A phone call to Alan Probyn on the Friday night caused us to reconsider.

As it was, Saturday dawned somewhat misty with the promise of sunshine later. Due to the tides, a leisurely mid-day start had been arranged. By this time, six boats had assembled at Bucklers Hard. Beside ourselves in Papillon there were:

- Alan, Lesley and Elise Probyn in Helise,
- John, Alison and Jonathan Palmer in Windsong,
- Bill and Angela Evans with their two sons Jeremy and Mark in Solo,
- Colin and Clair in Havoc and
- Phil, Jan and Kieran Newman in Celerity,
Phil having sailed up from Poole alone on Friday.

Alan wanted to hang around to give a hand to the Kirks - Ivan and Denise with baby Rosemary (and two dogs it transpired) who were trailing down from Swindon, so the others set off for Fishbourne Quay and Wootton Creek our rendezvous point for Saturday evening.

Eventually, not knowing if or when the Kirks would arrive, Papillon and Helise set off; Alan having left a note pinned to a post by the slip giving instructions as to where we were headed and where we would be on the Sunday night. (This last instruction was to lead Steve and daughter Katie Hart in Layla off to Yarmouth, while the fleet headed elsewhere due to a change of plan!) Anyway, we had a quite leisurely sail down to Wootton, passing Solo anchored in Osborne Bay having lunch.

Once we had assembled at Wootton and decided on the venue for the evening meal, which took considerable debate considering the choice was only between the Pub or the Royal Victoria Yacht Club, Brenda and I led Alan and family to our favourite spot, the cafe which stands at the entrance to Wootton Creek, for home made cake and coffee. For those who do not know this area, sitting at the cafe tables gives a superb view across the Solent on a fine day. Unfortunately it was still somewhat misty, but the sun shone through.

After a while we saw the coloured sails of a Swift which soon became recognisable as the much travelled Tiger Lily with Alan and Heather Murphy on board. Much gesturing by Alan Probyn failed to catch their attention! But now we were seven.

Later, Chris O'Brien, who had been busy working on his boat when we left Bucklers Hard appeared sailing his Swift 23, Icarus alone. The urge to join in had been too strong to ignore. So now we were eight.

Chris was to provide our entertainment the following day!

Last to arrive at Wootton were the Kirks in Tarim who had to repair a broken Gooseneck before setting off from Beaulieu. Their arrival completed an impressive fleet of nine Swifts on the pontoons at Fishbourne Quay.

A very pleasant evening was spent in the Royal Victoria Yacht Club with my enthusiasm for foreign trailing whetted through hearing of Alan and Heather's exploits in Tiger Lily.

Sunday dawned bright and sunny. Could the forecasters have got it wrong again?

It transpired that some crews had been concerned by the noise of the wind during the early hours, but fortunately it had now moderated to a low 4. Nevertheless, most boats set off with one reef and shortened jib, heading for Folly Inn, where we intended to have lunch before moving on to Newport for the evening. The Kirks in Tarim headed back to Bucklers Hard to visit friends in the area, the Palmers in Windsong went to meet friends at East Cowes, while Colin and Clair took Havoc up to our original second overnight spot, Yarmouth (and so met up with Layla!).

The wind moderated a little once we had set off and we had a very brisk but pleasant sail up the coast to Cowes and on to Folly Inn. The high point on this leg for me was arriving near the outer distance marker of the star line of a large fleet of E22s just in time to see them set off.

Due no doubt to the weather and the fact that it was the first fine bank holiday weekend this year, the pontoons at Folly Inn were full; in fact boats were rafted out five deep in places. The harbour master had directed Helise and Tiger Lily to buoys near the Inn pontoons and the rest of the boats attached themselves to them as they arrived.

This is when the entertainment started . . .

The final boat on the scene was Chris in Icarus, who appeared running down wind with his main sail only half down, or was it half way up? (his main halyard having jammed). Chris grabbed hold of Celerity, the outside boat on our raft, pirouetted all four boats around Helise, which had taken the buoy, then disappeared back up stream with Alan Probyn on board! Returning with his main sail roped to the mast he made fast to Celerity.



● *Quite a sight! Nine Swifts rafted together at the Folly Inn.*



• *The fleet settled for the evening in Wootton Creek.*

Chris wasn't finished. A little while later he caused a sensation when his dinghy which he had inflated to go ashore started to quickly deflate half way across to the pontoon. Chris showed us just how fast he can paddle when the dinghy had transformed itself into an armchair and started to ship water. I have to say that no one went to his assistance. I think this must have been the last straw, for Chris called it a day and headed back to Bucklers Hard. I hope Chris won't mind me relating this but from our standpoint it was really funny.

Low tide having passed, we readied ourselves for the trip to Newport. At this point, Bob and Maggie Payne appeared in *Passing Wind*. They were encouraged to go ahead as pathfinder to find the deep water.

By the time the leading boats approached Newport quay, we had to have the keels and rudders fully retracted. This is where things went wrong for yours truly. Arriving close behind *Passing Wind* which Bob was in the process of attaching to *Helise* which had the only gap on the pontoon, I had to slip by into even shallower water, being unable to turn with no keel and slow engine speed, as the prop was making unhealthy noises on the rubble. All I could do in order to avoid ramming one of the expensive motor boats which had taken residence on the previous high tide, was to sling out the anchor, covering the foredeck in Newport mud. A few minutes later, *Tiger Lily* did the same but broke a sheer pin in doing so. However within a short time we were eventually tied up alongside the quay. Another pleasant evening was spent in a hostelry, most having eaten on board.

And so Monday morning came; yet again fine and sunny. Alan and Heather were first away to catch the tide high at Calshot. The rest followed shortly after. The wind was so light that all had to motor back to Beaulieu and we were rejoined by *Windsong* on the way across. All the boats were safely retrieved by half past three except for *Celerity*, which Phil was to sail back to Poole.

I think I can speak for everyone who attended in saying that this was a most enjoyable weekend and one of the better rallies. Thanks go to Alan Probyn who did what organising was necessary, even to sailing to Fishbourne Quay mid-week to ensure the fleet could be accommodated.

DON HARVEY 'Papillon' S141

Once more into the mud ...

JUST WHEN I THOUGHT it was safe to go back on the water - or at least - just when I thought Bill had got sailing Solo in unsociable conditions out of his system I was firmly reminded that he had not! It all began like this . . .

27th March was our 'recommissioning' day and we had a wonderful sail across to Yarmouth. We had booked into The George Hotel where we spent a wonderful warm, comfortable night. We did arrive rather cold, or at least my 5 year old, Jeremy, did, in spite of my constant warnings to him at Bucklers Hard about not getting his feet wet on the beach and wearing his waterproof trousers whilst on board the boat. All my advice was of course ignored and in consequence at 6 p.m. he stood on deck visibly shivering but still insisted he was not cold. Nevertheless, a successful weekend - so . . . let's do it again!

The following weekend we set out on a dreary day with a reasonable wind - destination Newtown Creek. Half way across it began to rain. No problems. Six layers of thermals etc. plus full waterproofs, a new splash hood (though not in use whilst sailing) and all was fine. We picked up a buoy some way down the entrance to the Creek and had a cup of tea. By about 4 p.m. the rain was still coming down in sheets, the wind had picked up to about a force 6 blowing against the tide which was filling up the river fast.

The fun then started. We had to get ashore to arrive at our pre-booked bed and breakfast place opposite the pub at Shalfleet. The dinghy was inflated and the lovely little new outboard attached but would a 2-stroke engine be sufficient to carry us to dry land in all this inclement weather? We were immediately a-wash. Jeremy and I, together with my sail bag containing dry clothes for me and the children were very quickly sitting in 6 inches of water (depth of water here in dispute!) in the dinghy. The waves were such that Jeremy received a mouthful and I got the rest of it down my neck. Feeling slightly unhappy about this situation I insisted Bill let us down at the soonest available opportunity - the mud flats. Jeremy, the bag (now considerably heavier!) and I squelched to a slightly higher level and left Bill to get Mark on 'Solo'. I expelled a lot of energy continually retrieving boots from, and keeping Jeremy and bag out of the mud. After a time I gave up and made my way back to the place where Bill had dropped us in it!

Three young men, some 150 yards away were leaving their catamaran to whom I frantically waved. They offered a friendly wave back. Very soon I saw Bill with Mark who was bailing out super-quick. Bill's 'doctor-like' expression of 'don't worry - it will be all right' was beginning to wear a bit thin but across the mud flats I could see the three men making their way slowly and painstakingly towards me. As they arrived one picked up my bag, the other picked up Jeremy and . . . no - it was considered that I could walk, and with confidence they strode back to drier land.

We did surprise our hosts though as we all emptied our boots and wrung out our knickers (metaphorically speaking) on arrival. Of course - it all seemed ludicrous that evening in the cosy pub with good food in front of us. I am constantly assured that it is 'very good experience.'

ANGELA EVANS: 'Solo' SO199

Cornix in Scotland - June 1992

AFTER SEVERAL YEARS of promising ourselves that we would launch at Creran Moorings, we finally got around to it! Although we were no strangers to the West coast, this is one of the many places we had yet to visit.

We were both fully committed to our work during the week preceding our holidays, for Dot this meant five days in the West Midlands, at her 'other' job, and for me, a week 'on course' as trainer which would give me little or no time to prepare Cornix for departure. With this in mind, we planned our attack, which involved doing the bulk of the preparation and loading a week before departure. All went well, and we departed with Swift in tow at around 19.00 hours on the Friday evening. Our route from Masham (North Yorkshire) was via the East coast, then skirting the Scottish capital, across West towards Oban. We slept on board on the trailer somewhere in Northumberland on Friday night. Saturday held no more promise of decent weather than the previous mist-bound day. However, once West of Edinburgh things began to improve in leaps and bounds. By the time we passed through Callender, the weather was superb, and the Highlands looked as no other place on Earth can ever look, their indescribable rugged beauty stretching for miles under a clear blue sky.

We arrived at Creran Moorings just after lunch, and were able to set up Cornix on her trailer alongside Doug Brodie's boat. Doug informed us that the previous week had also been superb, and there was promise of more good weather to come. We could hardly believe our luck! With the excellent assistance of Jock and Jonquil, Cornix was launched without a hitch on the rising evening tide. After a bar snack, we spent our first night on board at one of the moorings. In a flight of fancy, I imagined Cornix feeling pleased to, once again feel the cool sea around her keel, and spending her first night afloat this year in the company of her sister Swift, Piton II on the next mooring!



● *Cornix running for the Isles.*

Sunday was, like the preceding day - superb. We set off around 11.30 using the very beginnings of the new ebb to assist us as we headed South into Loch Linnie. After clearing the mouth of Loch Creran, we hoisted sail, two reefs in the main, and most of the genoa. The breeze was a four, with occasional gusts towards the top end. We closed the East coast of Lismore, and keeping about four or five cables off, enjoyed some super reaching. We eventually altered course to the North West, to take us between Lismore light, and Lady's Rock. There was quite a cross set here, with the ebb now running strongly. Taking care to give the shipping a very wide berth, we headed towards Craignure on Mull, eventually picking up a HIBD visitors mooring at the North end of the bay. As evening approached, the wind speed dropped, and eventually the Sound of Mull was calm and peaceful. We enjoyed a bar meal at the pub, and returned to Cornix, more than satisfied with our first day.

Monday saw us heading North West once more, under clear blue skies, the wind was light and variable, mainly consisting of confused sea breezes from Morvern and Mull. We arrived mid afternoon at Tobermory, and booked our table for dinner. We eventually ended up sharing our mooring with a thirty-odd foot cruiser 'Grand Cru', she was a charter boat, and we tied up to her stern, after she had taken up the mooring. The skipper insisted we accept payment for our assistance in the shape of a bottle of wine. How could we refuse?

Keeping a careful eye on the weather, we set out for Arinagour on Coll, with the option of diverting to Kilchoan on Ardnamurchan. The weather was fine, yet more sunshine, and a decent North Easterly breeze, I guess a three to four. We enjoyed a super sailing for mile after mile until the Point of Ardnamurchan was well astern, conscious that Arinagour would be exposed to the swell that was running and my inbuilt cowardice, we decided to turn around and make for Kilchoan. As things turned out, during the evening the breeze died, and we would have been able to enjoy a quiet night on Coll. We picked up a HIBD mooring, and later on, a motor cruiser joined us in the otherwise deserted anchorage. We took a walk up to the local Hotel, and managed to get bathed, and fed in fine style, and at minimal cost.



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• *Cornix heads off into the Scotch mist.*

Indecision was the order of Wednesday. We started the day headed for Loch Sunart. This inlet is one that we know well, and was the contributing factor in our decision to head instead back to Mull. After some interesting tacks we eventually arrived in Tobermory once again. This time we were asked by another boat if we could share our mooring with them. We gladly agreed, and were pleased to discover that the three crew were all native Midlanders like ourselves. We enjoyed an interesting chat, and said we'd see them in the Mishnish as there was live music that evening. We enjoyed listening to the band returned to Cornix around 23.00. Sleep came easily.

Our slumber was disturbed by the noise of small outboard engines, much laughter, and then . . . SPLASH! - someone was enjoying an unplanned evening dip! Ten minutes passed, and in between dozing it became clear that someone was still in the water and struggling. I leapt out of bed, and clad in my underpants quickly grabbed a head torch, before going to assist. There were still two of the crew from our friends' boat 'Maid of Meon' in the water. It took a lot of struggling, but eventually, we got everyone safely aboard. Lots of excitement, but very sobering, as at least one of the swimmers was, to put it mildly, very cold and tired. We returned to Cornix, but this time sleep as a long time in coming. We were very happy to be able to assist, but the experience was a sobering one and we were glad that we took a little more care in our transfers between dinghy and boat. In the light of morning, it transpired that the inflatable had capsized as one crew member climbed aboard the yacht. Copious quantities of ale had of course not helped. Our Midland friends were clearly embarrassed but glad to be none the worse for wear. We sat and enjoyed the cool of morning under a clear blue sky, whilst our neighbours busily stripped down their dinghy's outboard, as this had also had the pleasure of a salty dip during the previous night's escapades.

We slipped our mooring mid-morning, and headed out into the Sound of Mull. We clawed our way South, trying to sail where possible, but light winds and a slight but noticeable foul

stream didn't help. I'd been in contact with one or two other yachtsmen using VHF amateur radio, and around 12.00 ish we finally met up with one of them, on their Nicholson 33 'Sanday of Sween'. We chatted as we drifted alongside one another, the remains of the flood pushing us very gently Northwards back towards Tobermory!

We eventually departed, and headed into Loch Aline, anchoring at the North East end for lunch. The day was, by now very hot, and escape from the sun seemed impossible, we recovered our hook, and headed once more for the Sound of Mull, our intention was to once again pick up a visitors mooring at Craignure. We enjoyed another bar snack on Mull, and spent our Friday morning ashore as we looked around Torosay castle and gardens.

On our return to Cornix, we found the 'Sanday of Sween' had joined us on the moorings, and intended to join us in voyage to Puldobhrain, where we intended to spend the night. By now the sun was at its zenith, and we were more than glad to be moving off. We headed South, steering on a rough compass heading, as the Southern side of the Firth of Lorne was obscured by heat haze. Once in open water, we found that this combination of wind speed, direction and wave height was very uncomfortable, and our progress was very slow indeed. Eventually assistance from the 'iron mizzen' was sought, our eventual crossing taking around two hours. The entrance to Puldobhrain (tr. 'Pool of the Otter') is not very obvious, the only mark being a rusty barrel at the North end of one of the islands. As we closed the coast we could, however see several masts in amongst the islands. Careful use of the pilot book saw us safely inside and we joined the half dozen or so boats already there. This anchorage, although popular is superb, a beautiful, unspoilt and peaceful spot.

Within the next hour two or three more boats arrived. We began a sortie ashore with Willie and Rosemary from 'Sanday of Sween'. The 'Bridge over the Atlantic' is within a mile or so of Puldobhrain, this span which joins the mainland to the island of Seil is a few yards from the Tigh 'na Truich inn, where we enjoyed a drink. Finally to end a super day we were entertained to a 'dram' on board our friends' Nicholson 33.

Saturday morning's marinecall forecast foretold a change in the weather. We left our peaceful anchorage, heading North East with a strengthening South Westerly behind us under, for the first time grey skies. There was quite a swell building, and we were glad to gain the comparative shelter of the Sound of Kerrera.

After picking up a visitors mooring at the Southern end of Oban bay, we nipped ashore for lunch. This is a noisy spot, in sharp contrast to the previous night's surroundings, we were glad to be moving on. Our new course took us North, once again into the Firth of Lorne. The sea state seemed calmer, but the visibility was very poor, and a compass heading was required to take us into the channel South of Lismore. With the assistance of the last two hours of the flood, we once again entered Loch Creran and eventually picked up a buoy at Creran Moorings. The rain seemed now to set in, and the forecast held little promise of improvement. We showered, and set out in search of an evening meal.

The rain and drizzle seemed to have set in and Sunday morning was little better. Conscious that some of the finest weather we could have hoped for had already been our way, we decided that slogging our way through a soggy end in oilskins would spoil a week which had allowed us to accomplish everything we had planned.

Cornix was recovered on the afternoon tide, and we spent the night at Creran on the trailer before heading South to Glasgow, and with the help of Loganair took a trip to Islay for a couple of days to conclude a super holiday.

BILL & DOT OAKES: 'Cornix' S074

Technical Topics: Lee Helm

SOME LEE HELM HAS ALWAYS BEEN APPARENT ON MY BOAT and over the last couple of years I've experimented with several things to try to remedy this.

First of all I had a slight bend in my mast at the weld, which is at the top last few feet. Once the mast had been straightened this equalised the lee helm on both tacks!

I then tried raking the mast back as far as possible by adding toggles to lengthen the forestay. Not much success there either.

I checked the mast location by reference to a Colin Sylvester drawing of the boat and eventually concluded that the mast was in the correct position.

After doing some reading on the matter I came to the conclusion that since all appeared to be correct above the water line the source of my lee helm must lie elsewhere.

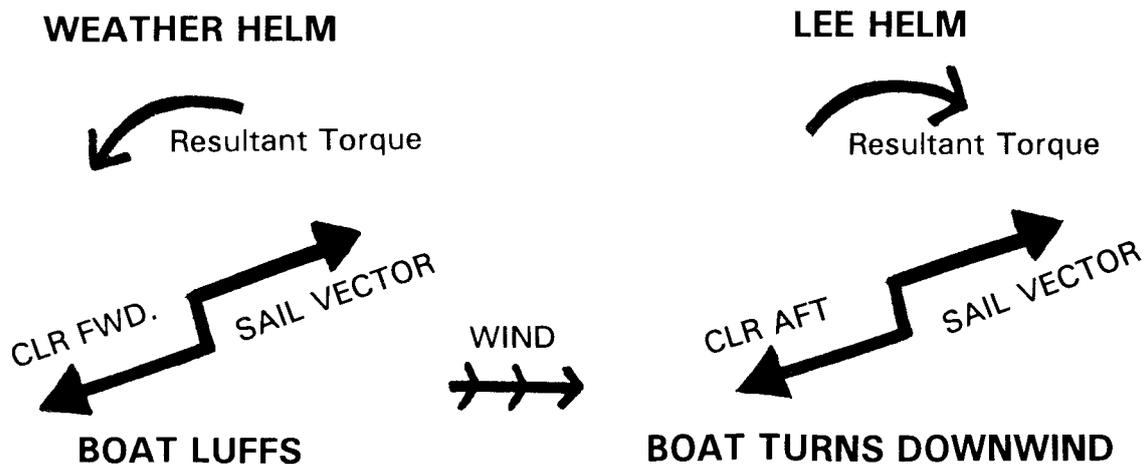
I then concluded that the Centre of Lateral Resistance of the Hull could not lie forward enough.

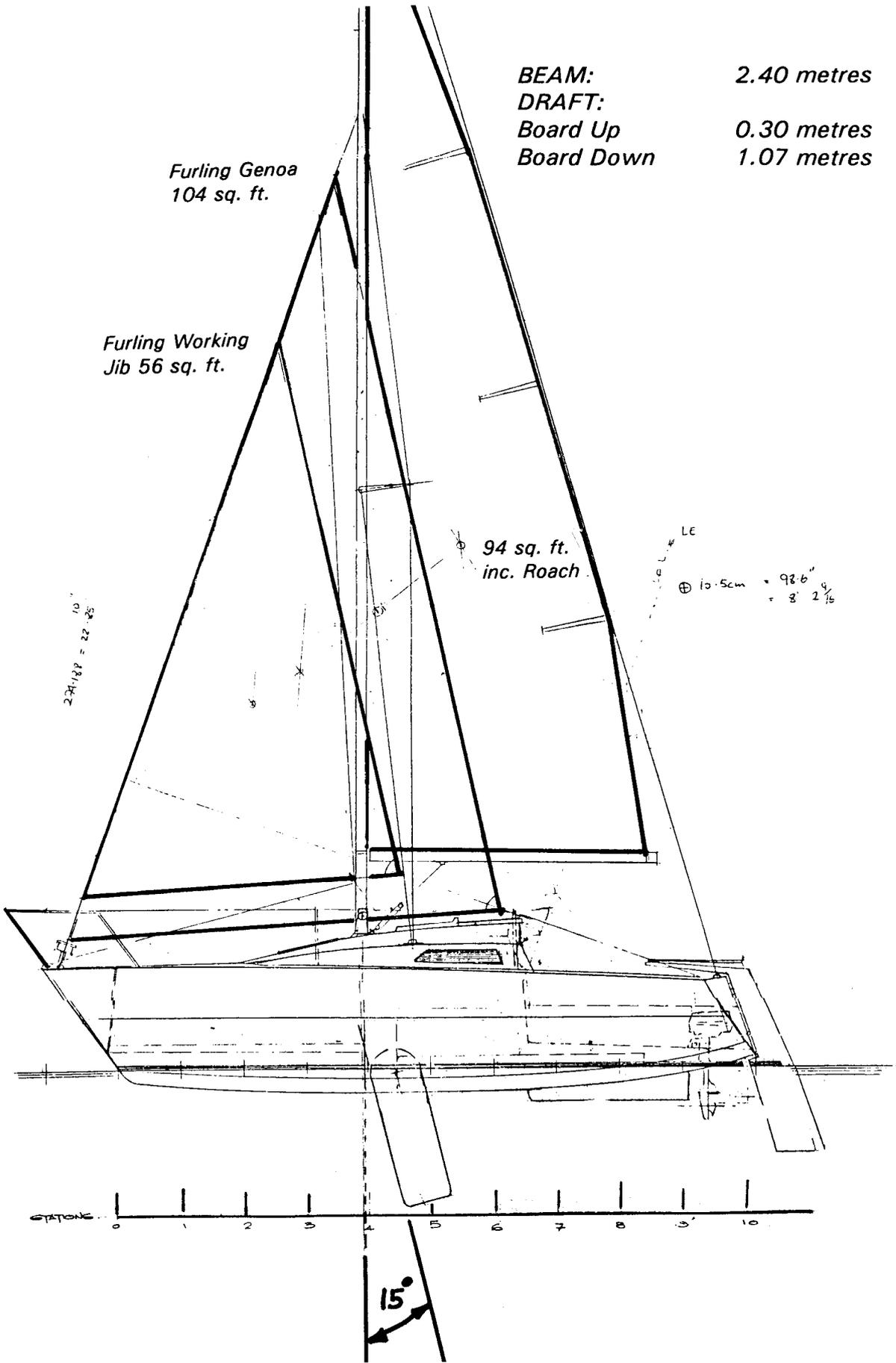
I therefore decided that during the winter I would have the boat taken to a yard, have it put on trestles and see what position the keel lay in when wound fully down.

Colin Sylvester's drawing shows the keel lying at 15 degrees to the vertical.

My keel when fully down lay at an angle of 33 degrees to the vertical confirming my suspicions at 43 turns.

I therefore removed the L shaped stop fitted in the keel box which prevents the weight of the keel from being taken by the screw jack when wound fully down. Winding the keel down as far as it would go - 50 turns - gave an angle of 20 degrees to the vertical. In this position the keel had been moved forward by 10 inches compares to the previous position. A significant forward movement of the CLR.





BEAM: 2.40 metres
DRAFT:
 Board Up 0.30 metres
 Board Down 1.07 metres

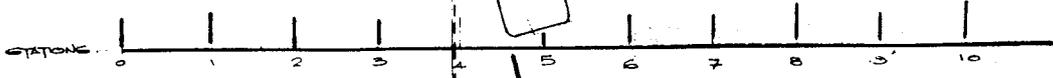
Furling Genoa
 104 sq. ft.

Furling Working
 Jib 56 sq. ft.

94 sq. ft.
 inc. Roach

271/287 = 22.10"

LE
 ⊕ 10.5cm = 986"
 = 8' 2 1/16"



15°

I then wound the keel up half a turn and replaced the stop in its new position, this requires you to re-drill some new holes in the saddle. Now when the keel is wound down it makes an angle of 21 degrees to the vertical. With the geometry of the screw mechanism this is the most forward possible position that the keel can be set. It is not possible to attain the 15 degrees shown on the plan.

Well the proof of the pudding is in the eating, and several sails this season have shown a marked improvement in the handling of the boat.

In lots of wind with full mainsail and working jib the helm is light and well balanced, a small amount of weather helm is present. Now if I trim the sails as best I can and let go the tiller the boat will turn very nicely into wind whereas she would have turned downwind. In 5 knots of wind with genoa there is just enough weather helm to give a gentle luff if the tiller is released, and by careful seating of the crew it is possible to balance the boat to sail hands off in a straight line.

I would be interested to hear from any other owners who may have experienced a similar problem, also from anyone who is in the habit of slipping his boat ashore and may be aware of the angle his keel is set at.

I would also like to know if Colin Sylvester intended his design to be set at 15 degrees since from my own experience it may well be that the handling of the boat would be further improved were it possible to set the keel in that position. My boat certainly cannot be set with the keel further forward than 21 degrees.

CAMPBELL COWAN: 'Windansea' SO:402



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Technical Topics with Alan Murphy

FAVOURITE MODS. Do you have any favourite Swift modifications? If so we would very much like to hear from you. Here are a few of my favourites:

Water Pump

We were tired with having to pump water manually before being able to enjoy a cup of coffee. Luckily Tiger Lily has a 12 volt battery charged from the engine and so it was a simple matter to fit a caravan type water pump (a Whale Supersub 88 Electric Pump). This is easily fixed to the end of the water pipe and then dunked into the water container under the sink. A couple of lengths of wire and a switch completed the system. The motor takes 10 amps, however it only takes a few seconds to fill the kettle and so does not deplete the battery very much. Life on board is so much easier now - perhaps we should do the same for the beer!

Warning - the one thing to remember is that if you have a gas leak on board, **DO NOT SWITCH THE PUMP ON** - 10 amps can produce a nice fat spark!!

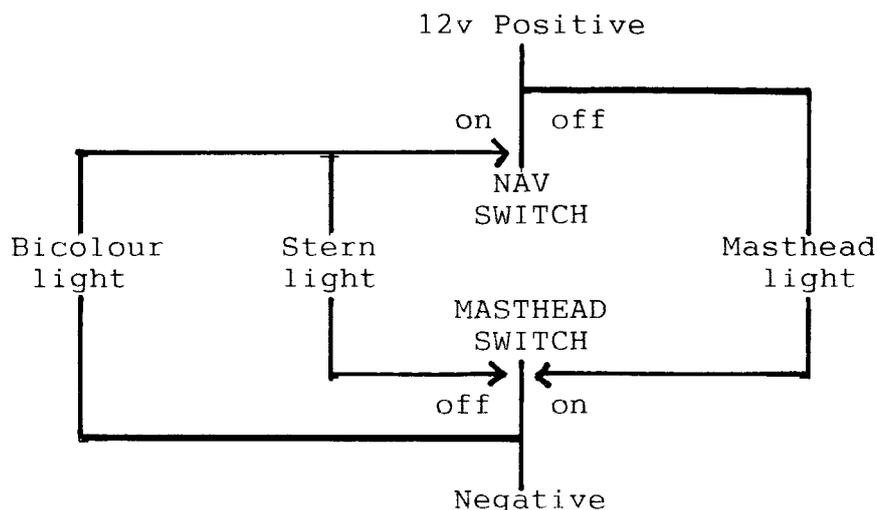
Navigation Lights

Boats under 7 metres with a maximum speed of 7 knots are only required to carry an all round white light visible for 2 miles, but are recommended if practical to carry sidelights as well. I considered that a 25 watt tri-white light was too big and bulky to fit at the masthead and would make mast erection more difficult. After much thought I settled for a 10 watt all-round white at the masthead, a bicolour light on the pulpit and a stern white on the pushpit. There are just 4 legal combinations of illuminating these three lights:

<u>SITUATION</u>	<u>Masthead</u>	<u>Bicolour</u>	<u>Stern</u>
Daylight	OFF	OFF	OFF
Anchored	ON	OFF	OFF
Sailing	OFF	ON	ON
Motoring	ON	ON	OFF

All other combinations, such as bicolour alone, stern alone or Masthead and Stern together are illegal. It is possible to achieve the four legal combinations and to disallow the illegal combinations by using just two toggle switches. The switches are labelled MASTHEAD and NAV. For anchoring only the MASTHEAD switch is on. For sailing, only the NAV switch is on and for motoring both switches are on.

The masthead Switch is a changeover switch - I found one in Halfords which exactly matched the external appearance of the other single pole switch. The great advantage of this arrangement is that only two switches are used to control 3 lights and it is impossible to display an illegal combination of lights.



Two Mast Erecting Tips

1. Lightly bind the shroud turnbuckles with amalgamating tape to stop them flexing too much. This will stop them twisting over and jamming when putting the mast up. Every season I hear of someone who has managed to bend a shroud turnbuckle bolt. Remember not to bind them too tightly as they do need to flex a little.

2. For those of you with sliding goosenecks, remove the boom with the gooseneck attached by taking out the top bolt on the slide. This will allow the mast to be lowered all the way on to the pushpit (assuming you have a pushpit) and the gooseneck will not get in the way of the cabin roof.

Trailer Tips

I get a number of enquiries relating to trailer maintenance. Unfortunately over the years Swifts have been supplied with a variety of different types of trailer making it difficult to provide detailed maintenance instructions. Some general advice was given in Newsletter No. 34 (March 91) but the best information can be found in the Indespension 'Guide to Trailers and Towing'. This invaluable tome can be obtained from your local Indespension or Hallmark Trailer dealer or ring 0204 309797 (price about £4). The guide contains EVERYTHING you need to know about trailers and comes complete with a parts and price list. Many other trailer manufacturers use Indespension parts. New Forest Autos who advertise in the newsletter are an Indespension dealer and parts stockist.

*Do not forget to send in your Favourite Mods or Technical Tips
- we need your input to keep this column going!*

For Sale/Wanted

SWIFT 18 FOR SALE. Fully equipped for cruising. Many extras. £4500 ovno. - Telephone: 0748 833157.

SBS PIGGY-BACK COMBINATION ROAD TRAILER. Set up for Swift 18. Very good condition. No corrosion. For sale due to lack of use. Must be seen. £1250 o.n.o. North Wales. - Telephone: 0352 741038.

SWIFT 18 STORM JIB. Heavy cloth with wire luff, made by TAB sails. £15. - Contact: Mrs A. M. Carr, 22 Mercury Gardens, Hamble, Hants. Tel. 0703 453726.