TRIDENT NEWS

Keyhaven Roamers
Great little galleys
Cockpit hatches
Caught Nabbing
Zinc or swim
Prinstead

The Newsletter of the Trident Owners Association
November 2010 Vol 44 No 4

TRIDENT NEWS
Newsletter of the Trident Owners' Association

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Addresses of committee members are restricted to TOA members only.

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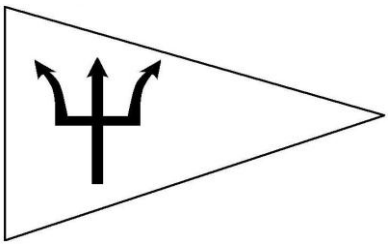
The TOA website at **www.trident24.com** promotes the association and provides a discussion board, a gallery of Trident photographs, items for sale and wanted and reference documents for Trident owners including back issues of Trident News. Contact Webmaster John Williams on John@trident24.com . The username: *……and password *……. give members access to the members-only area of the TOA website.

TOA REGALIA



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Page 3 pin-up: Alan Dow's *Miss Hannah*, No 35, looking very smart and in her element on the Firth of Forth

EDITORIAL

On page 18 there is an article any Trident owner could have written – and I hope many of you will. It's the first in a new series called *Home Ground* looking at where members moor their boats. Share with us what it was that made you choose your mooring. What are its attractions and drawbacks? For some, being close to home is the over-riding factor. For others its proximity to decent cruising waters. Brighton Marina is my local boat park. But I wouldn't swap my patch of mud at Dell Quay 30 miles away for a Brighton Marina berth if it was one sixth of the cost instead of being six times as much. My thanks to Jon Reed for kicking off the series so well and for the superb picture of *Spin* sailing in Chichester Harbour on the front cover.

A few members, like John Yates in Newton Ferrers, are fortunate enough to moor at the end of their garden and to enjoy superb sailing on their doorstep. John has contributed two useful articles to this edition on batteries and corrosion protection for which I am most grateful.

Former Trident owners, Chris and Jill Lock used to keep *Swallow* at the bottom of their garden which backs onto the River Itchen. Now they moor a Southerly 28 there. To get to and from the sea, however, they must negotiate two fixed bridges. So the mast has to be lowered for every trip. *Lottie* should be lifting out for lay-up as you read this. Which means I'll be dropping her mast again, something I find a bit nerve-wracking. Perhaps I should take comfort from the aplomb with which the Locks obviously tackle this. But I find lowering the mast annually provides just enough time in between to forget exactly how best to set about it.

Several new owners undertaking restorations of old or neglected boats have joined the TOA recently and are most welcome. It's good to see others appreciating the attractions of the Trident, one of which, of course, is an owners association with a wealth of experience. All Trident owners, new or old, do us all a favour if they ask for help or advice whenever they face a problem with their boat since it's highly likely that other members are, have or soon will be, grappling with the same issue. So don't be shy to ask your fellow members through the website or by contacting one of the officers. If we don't know the answer, there's a good chance we'll know someone who does. **BD**

SECRETARY'S SIGNALS

AS WE GET OLDER the years get shorter. I am amazed that this season is already drawing to a close.With the weather better than last year- it could hardly have been worse - I hope everyone had plenty of good sailing and some interesting cruising.

It is now time for my annual request items:-

1. **Marcon Trophy**: Send me your log of your favourite cruise this year, and have a chance of winning this magnificent object and keeping it, with bragging rights, for a year. Entries should be sent to me before the end of November. All the logs will be judged by someone outside the association who will pick the winner.

2. **AGM:** While the annual meeting may not be uppermost in your minds at the moment, can I remind you that it is Association policy to hold the meeting at different locations around the country, where there is a concentration of Tridents. In fact this has only been done a handful of times since I have been a member. If you know of a suitable pub or club please get in touch. One possible venue is already being investigated but I'd be glad to hear other suggestions.

3. **TOA Committee**: Of the TOA officers and committee members on page 2 of Trident News less than 40% now actually sail a Trident. The feeling is that the Association should be run by active members so that it keeps vigorous, up to date and forward looking. While the older office holders are happy to put something back for the enjoyment the boat has given them, they will not be upset if a younger person stands against them. Please consider standing.

I have pleasure in welcoming three new members to the Association:

Richard White	Fin keel Trident No 76 *Little Talisker*
Mark Weaver	Triple keel Trident No 180 *Lo-Ki*
Arthur Tunnicliff	Fin Keel Trident No 58 *Savitri*

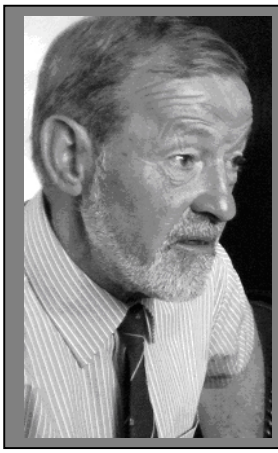
The last two are restoring their boats, as are Gordon and Shirley (see last *Trident News*). I have seen *Lo-Ki* and if the other boats are in a similar state there is a hard task ahead of them. I am sure that we all wish them well in their endeavours and will help them with information etc. if asked.

On a personal note, I have rejoined Erith YC, my original yacht club, and where I purchased Trident No 1 – now owned by our Commodore. Now that I am only day-sailing the lure of a brand new club house, boat storage ashore with launch by miniature tractor, and a large shed for repairs, was too much. The fees reflect the better facilities but it was costing me over ten pounds in petrol for each visit to the old club and I can get to Erith for nothing (that is until they take my bus pass away) so the increased cost is in fact small.

Tony Furminger
Hon Sec

CAKE CREDIT

The unsung heroine of the Trident 50th Anniversary Party at Woolston in May was Chris Tabor's niece Sally who produced the superb Trident No 50 cake (left). This gorgeous confection, which also graced the front page of the last issue of *Trident News*, was admired (and enjoyed) by all. So a big 'Thank You' Sally from all at the TOA. ✶You're a star!✶



COMMODORE'S COMMUNIQUE

I HAVE BEEN DRAGGED into the 21st century. At my wife Margaret's insistence, I now have my own email address, which everyone says will transform my life. It will certainly transform Margaret's; she no longer has to write, print and pass my emails onto me! But I am still waiting for the transformation. It's still early days. But I am reminded of previous predicted life-changing events: 'Winds of change', 'White heat of technology', but as I grow older I am convinced that all that happens is 'Events, dear boy, events'. We are all affected by events that are familiar to us: the days getting shorter, the birds flying south, and the return of *Strictly Come Dancing.*

Margaret and I joined a salsa class a couple of years ago after becoming great fans of the programme. But we eventually decided to stick to our own hobbies, sailing and riding. More fun for us and less embarrassment all round if truth be told.

There is actually a link with Tridents here. Fred is the uncle of James Jordan; he is the tall sexy one in *Strictly*, apparently. And Fred is a member of the club from which I sail. His boat is a Trident, *Karken*, sail number 108.

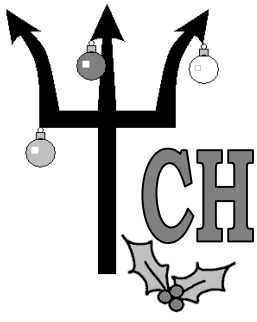
But I seem to have drifted a little from my story line, which was leading up to the fact that lift-out time is upon us, marking the end of another sailing season. *Trident* (number 1) has had a very successful season. So much so that the Race Officer has informed me of his intention to cut our handicap next year. Perhaps we shouldn't try so hard to win every race.

Another interest is caravanning; we spent five weeks in Norfolk and Suffolk again this summer. It was thoroughly delightful. We stay on 'certified locations', sites that can accommodate up to five caravans and are usually located in lovely countryside. We found one this year actually on a golf course. We stayed just behind the 6th tee.

I had never visited East Anglia until last summer and after visiting Woodbridge last year, I was hooked. When I get the racing bug out of my system I now know the destinations I want to visit at my leisure on Trident number 1, in cruising mode. I can't wait. When I do go cruising it is my ambition to write a log or logs that will be worthy of the Marcon Trophy. It would be prudent now to remind all you cruisers that it is time for the submission of your efforts for this years' Trophy competition.

Upon return from our holidays, Margaret had an operation on her left foot (painful!). This has resulted in turning me 'temporarily' into nursemaid, cook, taxi driver, and shopper (one attempt at shopping on my own and we quickly discovered on-line shopping). This circumstance has also had the effect of curtailing my social life, to the extent that I will be unable to attend the East Coast Laying up Supper this year. I am hopeful that both of us can make it next year. I do hope you all have a lovely time once again at Chelmsford Golf Club.

I wish to thank all the officers of the TOA who work tirelessly on our behalf and without whom we would not be the lively association we are. Sincere thanks to you all.



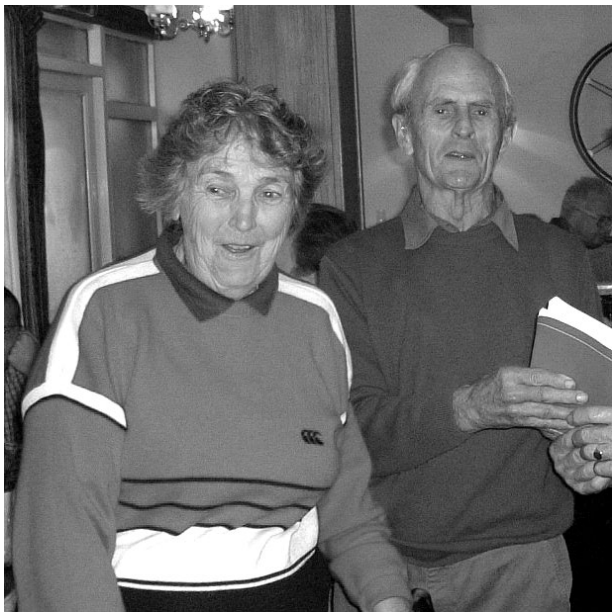
HAPPY CHRISTMAS

Because this is the last *Trident News* before the festive season, it would be in order, albeit prematurely, to wish you all a very Merry Christmas and a Happy 2011.

Regards Lou

THE ROAMERS OF KEYHAVEN

If there is one pair of Trident Owners who have earned their own chapter in the *History of the Trident*, it is "Mitch" and Audrey Mitchell. They completed No 67 *Roamer* from a bare hull in their garden in 1968 and must be one of the few original owners still sailing their Trident.



Audrey and 'Mitch' have sailed more miles in a Trident than any other owner

And sail it they certainly have. In the 42 years since they completed *Roamer* they have left a wake stretching for tens of thousands of miles. They have crossed the Channel over 100 times, been to the Mediterranean three times and ranged from Holland to Spain from Keyhaven.

Mitch, Audrey and *Roamer* were present at the first ever TOA rally on the South Coast and have rarely missed one since, unless they were away cruising. They are the longest standing members of the TOA and must have sailed many more miles in a Trident than any other; probably in excess of the 24,000 mile circumference of the Earth. Their Channel crossings alone account for more than 15,000 miles. Not surprisingly they have won the Marcon Trophy four times.

When it comes to Trident ownership, Mitch, as they say, wrote the book – literally. A few years ago he published his sailing memoirs privately for the benefit of his family in a fascinating book: *Struggle for a Boat* by A C J Mitchell.

Like Inspector Morse, not many seem to know A C J Mitchell's first name (Arthur). He is always known as Mitch. Born in the New Forest in 1926, his first memory of getting afloat was in the 15 foot clinker dinghy his father used for angling. Mitch's day job was at the Ordnance Survey in Southampton and in 1950 he bought his first boat on the River Itchen, a heavy twelve foot Bermudan-rigged dinghy that "leaked a little, sometimes a lot". In this boat Mitch taught himself to sail around Christchurch harbour. But his eye had always been on cruising, having been inspired by R T McMullen's *Down Channel*. So a "saucer-shaped"16 footer with a drop keel and a lifting cabin top soon replaced the dinghy. Mitch paid £75 for her, renaming her *Flying Saucer*. He re-rigged her and gave her a new mainsail (at a cost of £16). With an old War Department handbearing compass, two charts and the oars in case the wind failed, Mitch was ready for his first cruise in June 1951 – and the first of many logbooks.

"I decided I would always keep a logbook," he recalls. Though he wasn't after the kind sold by chandlers. "Sometimes I need to fill several pages a day when cruising with weather details, diagrams of coastline and rock, safe anchorages and photographs as well as harbour and marina mooring receipts, the less welcome details of a cruise." Not that there were any such unwelcome details on that first cruise out of Christchurch Harbour and across Poole Bay to Swanage, anchoring free for the night off Brownsea Island in Poole Harbour. The following year Mitch made his first Solent cruise. In all he was to sail the *Flying Saucer* for nine years. But not always alone. At the end of 1952 Mitch met Audrey: "And very lucky I was too," Mitch later wrote. "In addition to having the more obvious qualifications, she was an outdoor sporty type, a good swimmer and above all immune to

HISTORY OF THE TRIDENT

seasickness."

In short, for Mitch, the perfect wife though they were not to marry until 1957. In the meantime, cruises together were primly shaped so Audrey could catch the bus home to Parkestone each night. At the marriage Mitch's father predicted that from now on there would be no time for boating. Little did he know.

When they did eventually set up home together, the boat came too. "We were fortunate to be able to buy a plot of land in Barton-on-Sea for £450 which in those days was a lot of money. Audrey knew a builder who could build us a bungalow for £1600 to our design, which meant it would be lengthwise on the plot , leaving room to get boats to the rear." With the two sailing sons that were to follow, Mitch reckons he has worked on 26 different boats behind that house.

Mitch's Lament

Carried swiftly by the breeze
Sailing over deep blue seas
A sense of freedom as the waves ride high
And ocean stretches to meet the sky
But a harbour master will spoil the views
When hurriedly he comes to collect his dues

For an ordinary working man at that time, owning a boat really was a struggle. What we now call disposable income – money to spare for non-essentials – had hardly been invented in those post-war years. So it is a mark of Mitch's determination that he was able to sail at all. To earn extra cash Mitch, an accomplished musician, played in a dance band: "…first on drums, then on piano accordion and then later electric guitar though piano was my best instrument… I did a lot of gigs at Burley village hall when rock and roll was the rage. It was tiring hot work and the thought of our boat swinging on its mooring on a beautiful evening eventually led me to give it up when we wanted more time to cruise further afield."

Until 1960, Mitch and Audrey had no car and cycled the six miles to Christchurch and later to their mooring at Keyhaven at the western end of the Solent. Sometimes they had a 20 foot mast or an outboard engine strapped to the bike.

That same year Mitch launched *Freedom,* an 18 foot open wooden boat on which he had spent 800 hours fitting a cabin. In that first year they made their first circumnavigation of the Isle of Wight. And the following year they embarked on their first trip abroad to Cherbourg; a cold overnight crossing of about 21 hours requiring the Seagull engine to be refuelled seven times.

"It was as cold as one could stand," Mitch later recalled. "Audrey steered her one-hour watches with commendable faultlessness. At first I was uneasy when I left her and would surreptitiously poke my head out and check her course. But I soon developed faith in her."

That winter (1961-62) Mitch completely rebuilt and re-rigged *Freedom.* At the start of the following season, they sailed until mid June. There followed a short break during which Audrey gave birth to their first son Malcolm. Mother and baby left hospital on 15 August. Two days later they were sailing again. And the following May they made their second Channel crossing with a teething Malcolm and a primitive RDF aboard. The RDF didn't work with the outboard running. But Malcolm was fine.

The two-berth *Freedom* gave way to a three-berth Alacrity called *Venture* in 1964. A 400 mile cruise to Boulogne and Calais followed. But by 1967 another addition to the crew was expected. Unable to afford the £1,655 Eric White was asking for a complete engineless home build Trident kit, Mitch purchased just the bare hull.

When the it arrived from Marcon, Mitch was in Lymington hospital with a kidney stone problem. But he was soon home and fitting out the hull under a driftwood and black plastic tent. Working from plans supplied by Eric the boat took shape in mahogany and oak with marine ply decks. Meanwhile Audrey gave birth to their second son Raymond.

"We bought all standard fittings for the boat from Eric White but we had no money for the spars, rigging, sails, anchor or chain. In discussing my income, I believe he felt sorry for me and agreed to provide them on an interest-free arrangement. Not many business people would do that; it is the kindest thing anyone could have done for us."

Roamer was launched a year later on 14 June 1968. "We lit the cooker and it all went up in flames and looked frightening until I put the extinguisher into play," Mitch recalls. "What a thing to happen on launching day." The toilet was a bucket and the stern was tube sealed off as

Probably the most travelled Trident of all, No 67 *Roamer*

there was, as yet, no inboard. But a month later they were heading for Cherbourg, Omonville ("a pleasant place…there are no harbour dues") and Alderney, returning via Weymouth.

The following year, 1969, they crossed again to Cherbourg before coasting east to Barfleur and Honfleur and partway up the Seine returning from Trouville in winds up to Force 6. "It was a hard passage but I had a good crew. Malcolm and Ray had already spent so much time on the boat they were quite used to it." Malcolm must have been 7 and Raymond 2.

"Audrey was used to the life and steered a very accurate compass course and her total immunity to seasickness was amazing." The new boat also proved very satisfactory. "The Trident is a good seaboat with wide side decks and predictable movements."

In 1970 they crossed to Cherbourg in fog so dense that, even when inside the outer harbour, they could not locate the yacht basin. Cruising west they visited Alderney, St Peter Port and Herm before crossing to Dartmouth and returning to Keyhaven via Lyme Regis and Weymouth. In 1971 they visited St Vaast and Carentan at Whitsun.

In 1972 Roamer was treated to her first inboard: a one-year-old Vire bought secondhand from a Sabre standing in Marcon's yard on the Itchen. Mitch knew little of inboards but Eric White helped him remove it.

With their powerful little motor they set off for France again that summer but were forced to turn back for Swanage and Portland in bad weather, eventually crossing to Alderney, Jersey and Guernsey before returning via Cherbourg. *Roamer* spent nights aground alongside the stone pier in Braye Harbour and in St Sampson's commercial harbour: both strictly forbidden to visitors.

In 1973 they crossed to Cherbourg and Alderney for the Whitsun school holidays and cruised to the West Country in the summer, sailing up the Fal to Truro.

In 1976 they made a 400 mile cruise to Brittany, visiting St Malo, Dinan and the Iles de Brehat and in 1977 they reached the Scillies, returning via Guernsey and Alderney, again illicitly mooring in the residents-only Crabby Harbour.

By 1978 Malcolm was 16 and Ray 11("both pretty good hands"). On a month-long cruise to Holland they covered 527 nautical miles which "hardened our resolve to do much longer cruises when time permitted".

Meanwhile, cruises on both sides of the Channel continued. They spent the 1979 Fastnet gale lashed by five warps to a buoy in Braye Harbour Alderney. Conditions were far too bad to even contemplate rowing ashore.

In 1983, aged 57, Mitch took early retirement from the Ordnance Survey after almost 40 years service. He still needed to do some work and took on various casual jobs – mostly decorating. The dance band was also revived, with Ray as a talented drummer. And when the electric bass player died Audrey took up the instrument. Better paying was Mitch's solo piano playing at the Old Bank House restaurant, Lymington.

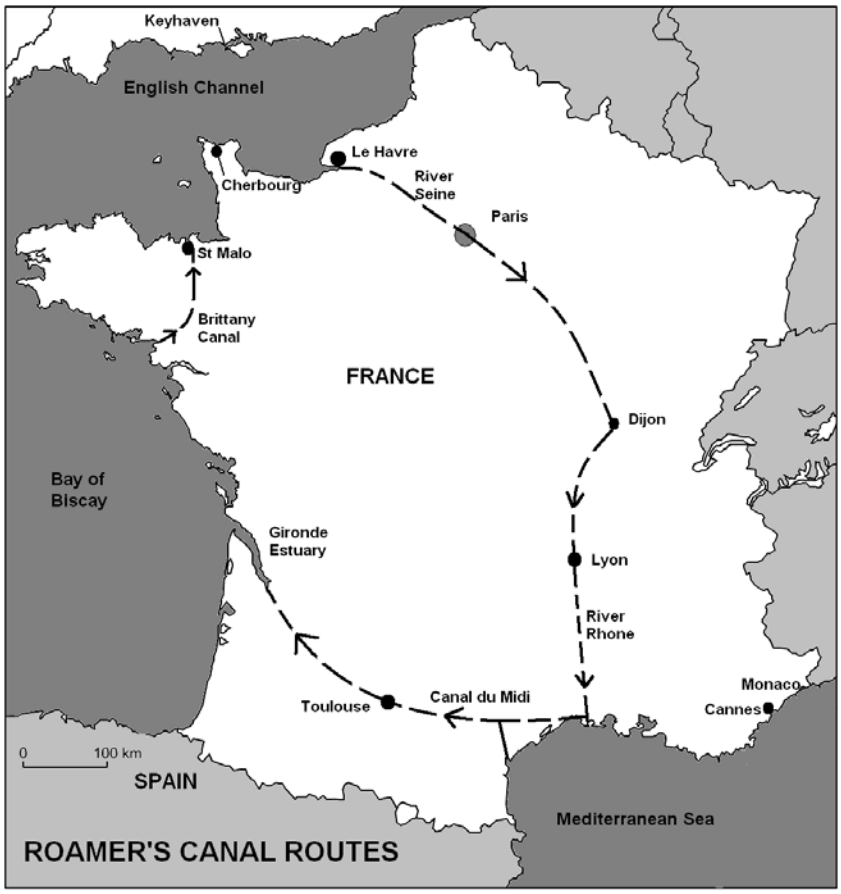
The Vire was also retired and replaced with a more economical 7hp Petter diesel : 20 miles to the gallon compared to the Vire's 12.

In 1987 Mitch and Audrey sailed *Roamer* to the Med for the first time, leaving in April and arriving in Paris on May 17 via the River Seine.

After a week in the Arsenal Marina they proceeded via Dijon and Lyon and the Rhone to arrive on 15 June at Port Louis on the Mediterranean, 1,000 miles from Keyhaven.

They cruised eastwards towards St Tropez and westwards into Spain before starting their return journey via the Canal du Midi to the Gironde Estuary and the Bay of Biscay. After coasting north, the Brittany Canal via Rennes and Dinan brought them to St Malo, Alderney.

They reached Poole rather quicker than expected and wished they had spent longer in the Med (not least because they had let their house until mid September). Picking up their mooring in Keyhaven on 16 September after 2,358 miles, they felt proud of *Roamer*, though "She looked a little scarred and a lot of varnish was missing after negotiating about 435 locks."



The following year Mitch and Audrey sailed 800 miles in an anticlockwise circumnavigation of Brittany, first cruising westwards along the north coast before returning to St Malo, again via the Brittany Canal. They left towards the end of May and got back at the end of July.

The tune of the tiller

The tiller is a wonderful thing. I have tried steering a boat with a wheel and found it a dead thing with no two-way conversation. With a tiller I can feel the change of the tide immediately. Having played the piano from the age of six might have something to do with this….

Mitch

The following year they sailed to Barcelona via Paris and the Rhone. And in 1992 they returned to the Riviera intent on sailing eastwards towards the Italian border. They reached the Med at Port St Louis 20 days after leaving Keyhaven and visited Cannes and Nice. In Monte Carlo they were turned away from the marina on the grounds there was no room and anyway *Roamer* was too small. Returning to Keyhaven, this time via Paris, they had clocked up another 2,392 miles and *Roamer* had earmed another new engine: a Yanmar GM10.

1993 saw them cruising Brittany in company with friends and in 1994 more inland canal work in an 800 mile cruise to Bruges and Lille. And in the years that followed they continued to cross the Channel, visiting the Somme and the Baie du Seine, often in company with friends and fellow members of the Hurst Castle Sailing Club.

While all this may sound rather single-minded, Mitch and Audrey have also latterly developed another passion – skiing. After first trying their hand (or should that be feet, ankles and knees) on the dry slopes at Calshot in 1988 (when Mitch was 62) they have been on over 20 skiing trips abroad.

At 84 Mitch still roams the seas with Audrey. Every winter they haul *Roamer* home to their garden to make good the ravages of wear and weather.

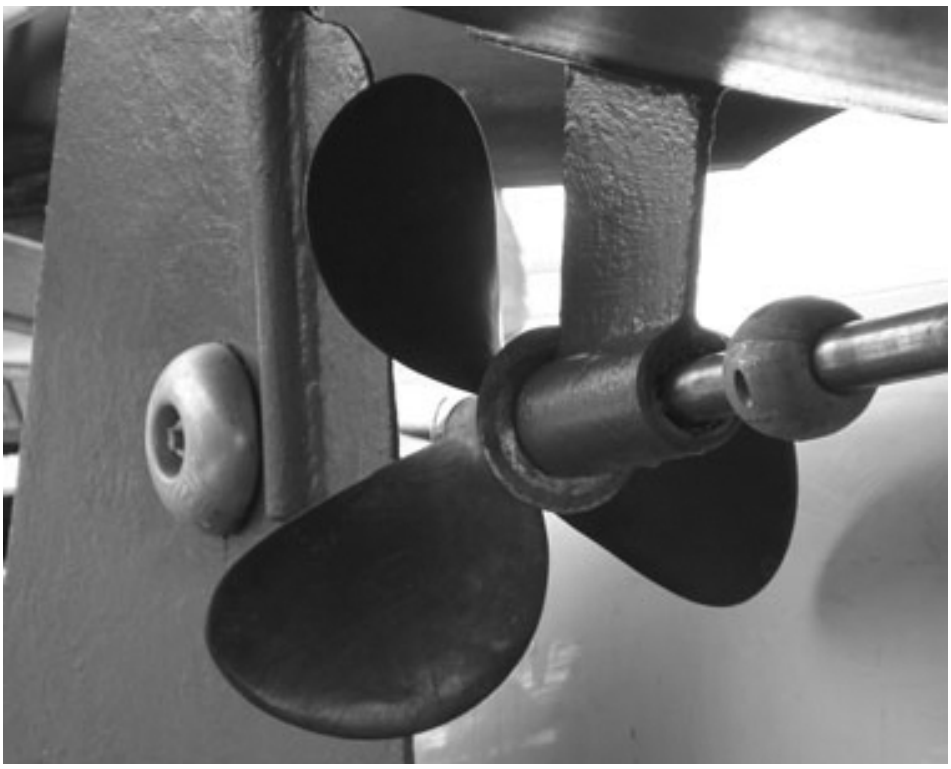
Audrey and Mitch have fittingly been made honorary members of the TOA in recognition of an incomparable record of cruising in a Trident: an inspiration to young and old alike and an achievement that it is hard to imagine ever being equalled. ❑

Zinc or swim

Lottie faces a midlife crisis – below the waterline…

WHEN WE BOUGHT *Eleanor*, our first Trident in 1979, she had none of those nice shiny zinc anodes you see on the metal parts of boats. Yet the only corrosion below the waterline I found in my pre-purchase inspection was a bit of rust on the rudder stock at the waterline, just below the point it went up into the hull, and some pitting on the prop blades.

My second Trident *Lottie*, bought in 2003, on the other hand showed signs of some fairly deep corrosion on the bilge keels and now sports 7 zinc anodes which fizz away merrily. What is going on? Why should two bilge-keeled Tridents be reacting so differently to their saline environment?



***Lottie* sports six of the 1kg zincs on her rudder and bilge keels and a shaft anode**

I'm beginning to think it is because, while *Eleanor* was only 10 years old in 1979, *Lottie* was 30 by 2003. And it has set me off thinking about what may be now be going on down there with regards to her middle-aged metallurgy..

There are of course various bits of metal below the Trident waterline that are susceptible to corrosion.. They include the:

- Cast iron ballast keel
- Galvanised mild steel bilge plates, drop keels and rudders
- Propellor shaft (usually stainless steel)
- Bronze propellor and P-bracket
- Those parts of the engine that are in direct contact with seawater (even if only through the cooling water intake).

These are all subject to the electrochemical attack we generally call corrosion. And they are particularly at risk when submerged in sea water which is a potent electrolyte.

Red rust and white

We all know what rust is. It's the red stuff you get when a ferrous metal (one containing iron, such as steel or cast iron) corrodes or *oxidises*. What happens then is that the iron in the metal reacts with oxygen in air and water and turns into red iron oxide.

Bare aluminium also is susceptible to oxidation in marine environments and is soon discoloured by the white powdery oxide that results. To discourage this, aluminium for marine use is usually treated by an electrical process (called anodising). This deposits a hard, smooth, even coating of aluminium oxide on the outside to protect the underlying metal from further corrosion. The oxide can also be stained or coloured to give various anodised finishes.

The same oxide-coating approach cannot be taken to protecting iron and steel, however, as these metals "exfoliate" – that is the layer of oxide expands and is shed exposing fresh layers of metal to further corrosion. That exfoliation can be powerful enough to burst open steel reinforced concrete structures if air and water penetration causes them to rust.

Protecting steel

So protecting iron and steel requires a layer of something that will cover up the metal and won't

flake off. This may be something very sticky like epoxy or paint. This attempts to provide a hermetic seal against the water and oxygen needed to promote rust. And as long as this covering remains undamaged and impervious, the steel or iron beneath should not rust. But the slightest damage may allow the rust to gain a foothold and to spread by exfoliation.

Clearly for steel keels and rudders that may bump and scrape along the bottom, this is not a suitable form of protection. Instead, beneath the Trident all the mild steel parts are covered with another metal, zinc, using the process called hot dip galvanising (the steel parts are dipped into molten zinc).

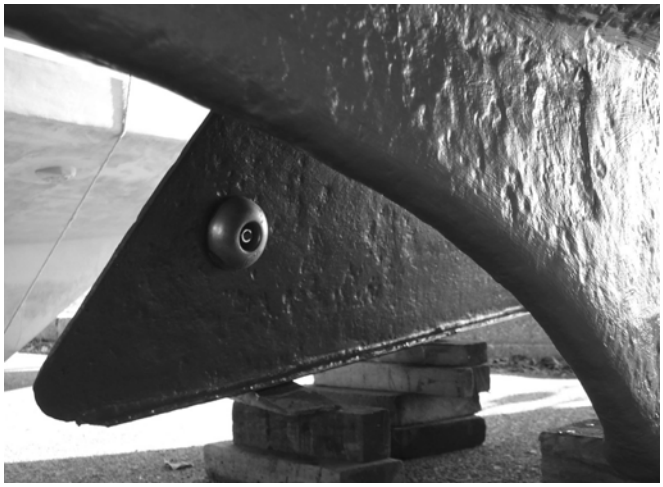
This provides a coating that covers up the steel and prevents the iron in it rusting. But the clever thing about galvanizing is that even when this protective layer is breached, the zinc continues to protect the steel where it is exposed. It does this through a process known as *cathodic protection*: preferential or sacrificial corrosion by the zinc to protect the iron.

Two metals (in this case iron and zinc) jointly in contact with an electrolyte (sea water) create the equivalent of a battery; a circuit in which electrical particles or "ions" flow *from* one metal into the electrolyte and *to* the other metal from the electrolyte.

In the case of galvanized steel, even though the cover of zinc may not be perfect, it continues provide what amounts to electrical protection to the exposed steel which resists corrosion even when exposed. The metal giving up ions, in this case the zinc, is called the anode and the one receiving them is called the cathode, hence the term cathodic protection.

I suspect that the younger *Eleanor* in 1979 managed quite well without having her galvanised parts supplemented by any additional zinc anodes due to the thickness of her 10 year old galvanising at the time. But many years later *Lottie* has little galvanising left and so needs it to be supplemented with some hefty chunks of zinc bolted on – in good contact with the underlying metal, and not insulated from it by a rubber disc as we found when we first took her over.

Both bilge keels and the rudder now have a 2kg disc anode on each side (so total of 6). So far I have not provided any protection for the cast-iron ballast keel – mostly because I'm daunted by the prospect of drilling a hole in it for a bolt. I'd be glad to hear from anyone who has done it.



***Lottie*'s worn out bilge plate shoes have been replaced**

I get little wasting from the rudder anodes but quite a lot of activity on the bilge plates. I estimate they will each last 2-3 years.

Dezincification on the Prop

The sacrificial zinc anodes in *Lottie*'s Beta diesel similarly protect the brass and copper of her heat exchanger from salt water corrosion (I hope). But this dissimilar metal or *galvanic* corrosion as it is known also has some downsides – especially where both metals are equally necessary – such as in copper and zinc alloys like brass. And even back in 1979 I was in little doubt – from the slightly pinky look of *Eleanor*'s propellor - that the pitting I'd noticed was due to the leaching out of zinc from the bronze. The solution was simple – a zinc anode clamped on the prop shaft.

Lottie has one of these also. I find they last more than a year but less than two so each Spring I put a new one on in addition to the old one. Every Autumn I find the old one has disappeared.

The clamp-on shaft anode should protect the prop and shaft but is unlikely to be in electrical contact with the bronze P-bracket thanks to the non-conducting cutless bearing. I didn't do anything about this on *Eleanor* (with no ill effect)and *Lottie* has a stainless steel one. Unless you see corrosion on it (pitting and or pinkness instead of bronzy yellow) I would personally be inclined to leave well alone. Otherwise the options are drilling it to attach a strip or doughnut of zinc or using one of the fixing bolts inside the boat to wire it to an anode outside fixed through the hull.

Bob Doe

Anode *horribilis* or anode *mirabilis*?

John Yates indentifies some of the shortcomings of chandler's off-the-shelf products and suggests ways to make them work more effectively

Ensuring good electrical contact or bonding between an anode and the metallic part being protected below the waterline is the trickiest and most critical part of installing cathodic protection. It may also be the part most overlooked by many boatowners. It is crucial to ensure the metal surface on which the anode is to be mounted is bright and clean (that is, with no paint or rust). This needs to be done on both sides of each bilge keel and the rudder since these require 2 anodes.

I lightly grease both surfaces at this point and the threads of the bolts. After the anodes have been firmly bolted on, I endeavour to seal round the edges of the anode (I use bitumen paint on all the mild steel below the waterline) before antifouling up to it. I think that preventing water getting between the anode and the metal it is trying to protect ensures better electrical contact throughout the anode's life. The integrity of this bonding is critical to the effectiveness of cathodic protection.

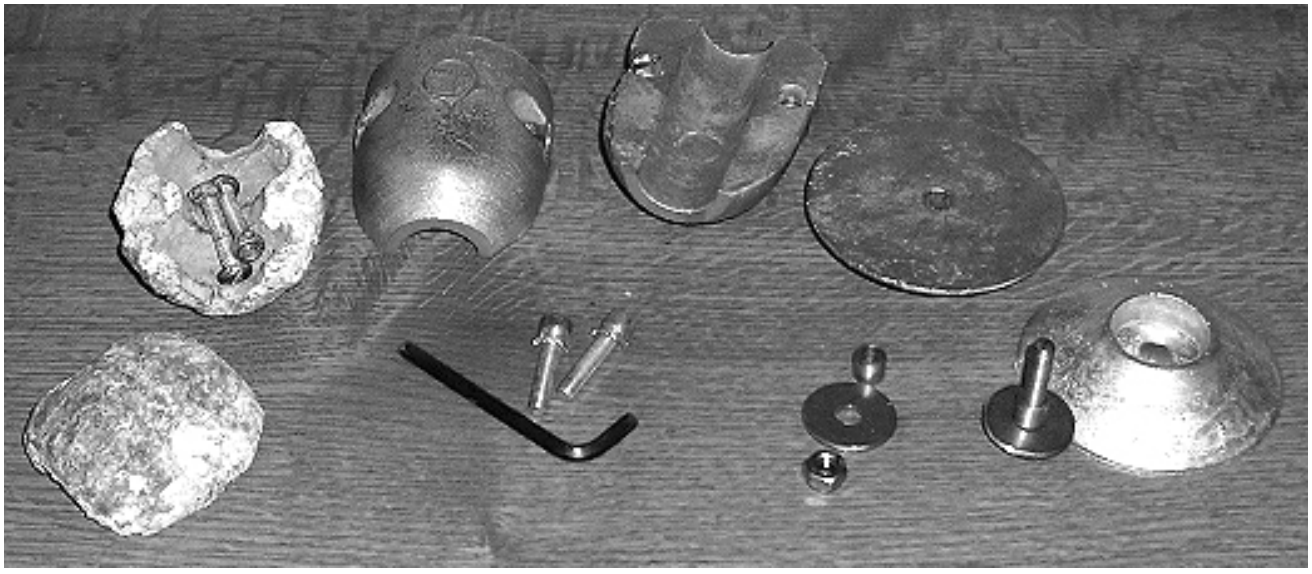
When deciding how big an anode should be to provide effective protection, it is usual to use zinc with a surface area of 1% of the surface area being protected. Anodes should be replaced when half the zinc has been lost. If it lasts less than a year then more zinc is required though this is unlikely with a Trident made largely of GRP. A steel hulled vessel on the other hand may need far more protection.

I have not found it necessary to have more than 7 standard off-the-shelf anodes (2x90mm diameter on each bilge keel, 2x70mm on the rudder plus one on the shaft). I do not fit anodes to the central ballast keel. I paint it with bitumastic paint (the cheap damp proofing stuff sold in builders merchants) before antifouling and in 40 years it has hardly changed at all.

However, I am far from satisfied with many of the anodes bought off the shelf at the chandlery . The picture below illustrates what I mean. In it three anodes are shown: from left to right, an old shaft anode, a replacement shaft anode and a rudder anode.

The **old shaft anode** was made with 2 hollow cavities in it. As a result the all-important contact area with the shaft is minimised. It was also supplied with plated, mild steel screws (which were not used). The 2 screws shown are stainless steel and in good condition after 3 seasons use making it much easier to remove. This shaft anode in my view is not a good design.

The **replacement shaft anode** next to it has a better overall design, maximising the contact



From left to right: old shaft anode with poor contact; new shaft anode; 70mm replacement rudder anode

area with the shaft. The two Allen screws provide better torque for tightening against the shaft than a screwdriver. But again they are plated mild steel with shake proof-washers. The nut for each Allen screw, again of mild steel, is contained within the casting so it is not possible to turn it with a spanner. When it comes to changing this one it will have to be cut off due to the mild steel screws corroding.

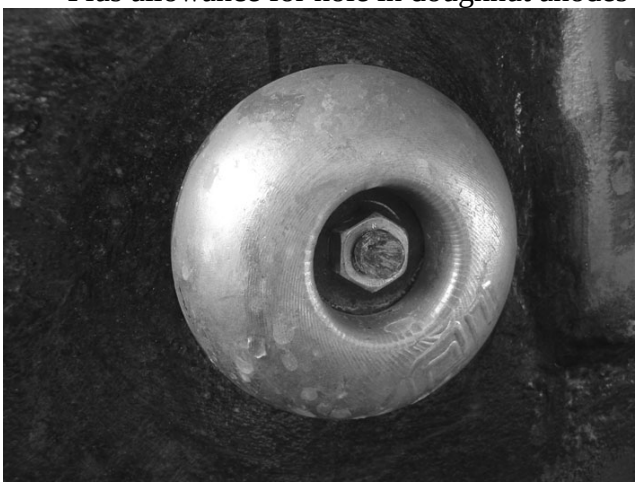
The contact surface area on the 70mm **rudder anode** is good but it was supplied with a single mild steel plated 6mm screw with a similar nut (both ditched in favour of stainless). The centre hole is for a 8mm screw which meant turning up some spacers to allow the use of a 6mm nut and bolt. Shown is a replacement stainless steel bolt and two large stainless washers which allow the anodes to be well tightened when fixing. The nut and bolt is preferable to the screw provided as again a greater torque can be achieved with a pair of spanners. No locking washer is used, the s/s nut has a nylon insert to prevent it shaking loose (better than a shake-proof washer).

I find it very irritating that I have to modify these expensive items which really should fit first time out of the packet. Most anodes are sold with steel nuts and bolts plated in zinc or cadmium. Changing to stainless steel makes the renewal of anodes very much easier.❑ **JY**

What size anodes for a Trident?

- Zinc = 1% of the protected area
- Trident bilge keel = 0.51square metres
- 1% of 0.51m^2 = disk **diameter 80mm***
- Bilge keeler rudder = 0.35square metres
- 1% of 0.035m^2 = disk **diameter 66mm***

***Plus allowance for hole in doughnut anodes



Freshwater anodes

Not everyone sails in salt water – and even some that do berth in marinas which may become brackish or even fresh. For these Tridents zinc anodes may not be ideal. The cathodic protection company M G Duff advises: "*As a general rule owners should fit the anodes suitable for the environment they most regularly berth in*." Which, they say, means:

- Salt water zinc or aluminium
- Brackish aluminium
- Fresh magnesium

Those who move between fresh and salt waters should beware: zinc and aluminium anodes left in fresh water, quickly become covered with an off-white crust of oxide which effectively seals the anode and stops it working even when returned to salt water. If you get this oxide you should clean it off. Zinc Anodes suffer even in brackish conditions whereas aluminium is said to continue to operate effectively in river estuaries and other areas of brackish water. It is therefore very important to check zinc and aluminium anodes after any trips into fresh water and if necessary clean off or change the anodes.

Should a vessel move into fresh water for more than two weeks MG Duff recommend that an alternative anode system is used suitable for fresh water situations such as magnesium. Magnesium, however, is very active in salt water and should not be exposed to it for more than seven days. **BD**

Extending battery life: an update

3 years ago I wrote in *Trident News* about adding EDTA (ethylene diamine tetra-acetic acid) to extend the life of a lead acid battery and whether it was worth the trouble and expense.

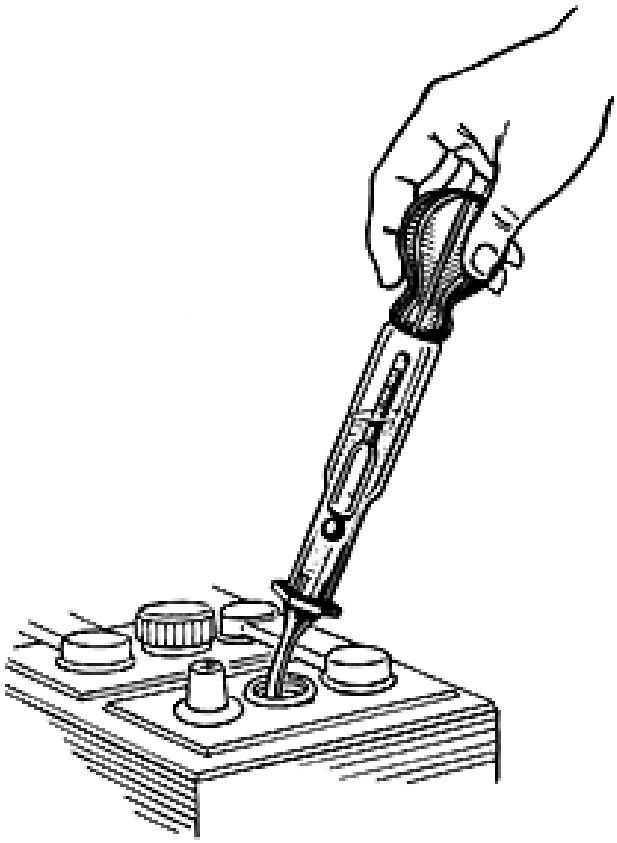
Ian Atkinson (I think it was Ian, my memory's not what it used to be?) had given it a whirl, although his article tackled it from a rather different angle and revealed some interesting points where his batteries were not holding their charge.

In 2007 I dosed *Doña Sol*'s battery which was very old (too old to remember!) and it died on me the following spring. At the same time I treated a car battery (Nissan Micra) which at the time was 5 years old. On Sunday 25th July 2010 the Micra battery died with a short in one cell; the measured terminal voltage was 10 volts. So it had had a life of 8 years; but has that been extended by the use of EDTA? One cannot be sure about this, but 8 years is a very good life and my feeling is that adding EDTA has some merit.

I could only get (from Halfords) a maintenance-free replacement for the Micra, which is sealed and it is not possible to dose each cell as it was with the older constructed batteries. Similarly, the replacement battery for Doña Sol was also maintenance-free and sealed.

I'm a little unhappy about these maintenance-free batteries which I understand have calcium in the lead plates to strengthen them mechanically as opposed to antimony used in the earlier type of battery, 'get-atable' with a hydrometer. The calcium is said to minimise the sulphating process but I'm not sufficiently up on the chemistry in this respect.

Also, I understand that these sealed batteries have a habit of dying catastrophically, for example, in a car pulling up at a service station for petrol after a long run. When the time comes to restart the engine, the battery is kaput for no apparent reason. Luckily, I can start my Vire 6 by hand if the ship's battery fails but not so with the car which I will replace in a couple of year's time to avoid a battery trauma! I think that all this points to doing a regular charge/discharge test on the ship's battery every spring at commissioning time.



A hydrometer can be used to test the specific gravity of the acid in each separate cell to indicate the state of charge. It can also show when one cell is underfunctioning. Little green and red balls of different densities floating in some batteries use this principle to show when the battery needs charging.

Discharge Test

For those who may find the charge discharge test a bit of a mystery I will try to explain it very simply by taking a 12 volt lead acid battery as an example. Such a battery has six 2 volts cells. In general, all batteries when new have 100% capacity defined as discharging to 1.75 volts per cell in 20 hours (ie. A terminal voltage of 6 x 1.75 = 10.5 volts).

Consider a new12 volt 60 AH (ampere hours) battery. The discharge current over 20 hours would be 60amps/20 or 3 amps. If when discharged at 3 amps for 20 hours the terminal voltage reached 10.5 volt, its capacity would said to be 100%.

If tested, say, a year later and it took 14 hours instead of 20 hours to reach the 10.5 volt terminal voltage, the battery now has a capacity

C = (Ha x 100)/Ht

where Ha = the original 20 hours discharge time and Ht = time to discharge to the new capacity. So, after one year's use the capacity has become 14 x 100/20 = 70%.

Once the battery is fully charged, to do the discharge test a voltmeter and an ammeter are required. In the above example an old 12v 36 watt (36/12=3 amps) car headlamp bulb could be used to provide the discharge load. It is best to take hourly readings of current and voltage and plot these against time. When the battery capacity gets down to 50% it may be time to start thinking of a renewal.

When I took delivery of Doña Sol at Emsworth in the early 1970s I asked the boatyard to do certain checks before sailing her down to Devon. One of my requests was to do a charge discharge test on the battery, to which they replied we've never been asked that before, how do you want it done?

John Yates (Doña Sol No 56)

Other reviews of EDTA:

There is quite a lot of discussion of the pros and cons of EDTA on various internet websites. There is some consensus that it does do some good, particularly on batteries that are old or charged too infrequently. It is in these neglected batteries that large lead sulphate crystals can be formed that prevent the battery from recharging properly. But even some of the suppliers of EDTA caution that it cannot fix a battery that is shorting out because the plates are buckled or damaged. One supplier commented: " EDTA will deal with your sulphation problem but will not restore your battery to anything like its capacity when new. The sulphate bit which has deposited on the battery plates has come from the sulphuric acid in that cell and EDTA will not return this to solution.".

Similarly, Wikipedia says: "EDTA can be used to dissolve the sulphate deposits of heavily discharged plates. However, the dissolved material is then no longer available to participate in the normal charge/discharge cycle, so a battery temporarily revived with EDTA should not be expected to have normal life expectancy. Residual EDTA in the lead-acid cell forms organic acids which will accelerate corrosion of the lead plates…."

Another way to offset the problem of batteries deteriorating through standing uncharged or discharged for long periods – often the case with boat batteries – might be one of the small solar panels available for about £20. A neighbouring boat to Lottie *with no inboard uses one of these as the sole form of charging for his 12 volt system and though it only produces about 2-3 watts it provides enough to top up the battery that powers his instruments and lights without any supplementary external charging. You need one that is weather proof though.*

BD

Battery Bewares

- Lead acid batteries are full of highly corrosive sulphuric acid which can burn your skin, your eyes, your clothes or many of the other things it may come into contact with if spilt.
- So take care (rubber gloves, protective clothing, sensible lifting arrangements) when moving them around, topping-up etc. Lifting a battery onto your boat can be particularly hazardous
- When charging (by trickle charger or engine alternator) lead acid batteries can give off a highly explosive mix of oxygen and hydrogen gases.
- Unless vented, these can collect in the battery or in any compartment the battery is confined in (hydrogen is lighter than air so can dissipate upwards.)
- Avoid sparks: when attaching a trickle charger or battery leads, make sure the circuits are turned off.
- *In extremis* overcharged batteries can explode and spray acid around.
- Lead acid batteries are nasty heavy, corrosive, dangerous things out of the 1850s if not actually the Ark. But so far nobody has come up with anything better to provide the heavy cranking currents required for engine starting.

TRIDENT TIPS

Some answers to your questions

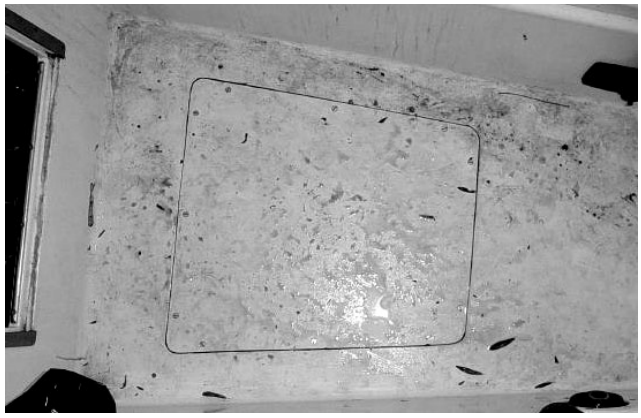
Q *Has anybody cut an access hatch into the cockpit floor and if so what is the maximum size that can be achieved?*

A The main considerations in cutting an access hatch through the cockpit are probably how much access you need and how far you can afford to weaken the cockpit sole. You also want an arrangement that keeps the water out.

The simplest approach is an off-the-shelf hatch like this which needs little more than a hole cutting and some mastic to bed it on.

Since this add-on hatch is not flush you need to ensure it doesn't foul any cross bearers on the the grating or duckboards. Circular ready-made hatches are also available up to about 30cm in diameter, like this metal one giving access to *Orla*'s dripless stern gland – apparently without even having to lift the floorboards.

Alternatively you can make your own screw-down lid like this little beauty crafted by Chris Tabor for *Little Drum*. This requires a frame underneath to give the lid and seal a lip to bed down on and to make up for the fact that you have to cut through the reinforcing stringers under the floor.



Chris advises:

"Firstly, you have to remember that you have to be a contortionist to do anything below the cockpit floor. Secondly, you will need to be able to use both hands to do anything properly down there. This means that you will need a sensible sized hatch and still be able to squat on the remaining floor area. I think I met these requirements when I made the hatch on Little Drum.

As you can see from the photo, I cut out the floor leaving about 3 inches for'ard and either side and the hatch about 20 inches long. This allowed good access to the shaft coupling, stern gland and exhaust water trap.

I strengthened the floor and created bearers for the hatch by glassing in timbers underneath breadthways and longitudinally. I had to rebate the longitudinal bearers to allow for the glassed-in floor stiffeners. These timbers, as well as being glassed in, were fastened through the cockpit floor with countersunk stainless screws. I also fitted captive stainless nuts to the bearers to bolt down the new access hatch. As I was using half inch marine ply for the hatch and using a gasket to make a good seal it was necessary to rebate the bearer accordingly.

It may seem a rigmarole, but there wasn't a suitable sized readymade hatch available to my way of thinking and those that were on the market were very expensive." ❑

Galley Gallery

***Pai Nai*'s galley is smart, elegant and teak-rich – note the grab pole**

Galleys come in all shapes, sizes and positions. They may be with or without gimbals and be gas or liquid fuelled. Most Tridents were home completed so owners could please themselves where they put things. But the standard arrangement was stove to starboard and sink to port under the chart table. A few have fitted an oven, though as shown below, this may be at the expense of a full saloon berth. If fitted to starboard, the bunk might be extendable into the hanging locker by use of a trotter box. Be careful where you stow metal objects with a bulkhead compass.

A neat set-up with both gimballed alcohol stove and 'sink' to starboard leaving the port side chart table free. But for real minimalism, how about this flush-decked burner (below) with accessible stowage

HOME GROUND

In the first in a new series on where members moor their boats, **Jon Reed** explains the attractions of Prinstead Channel in Chichester Harbour

Two Tridents live in the Prinstead Channel in Chichester Harbour, and a third one down channel at Thorney. So what's the attraction?

Well, first of all, cost. *Spin*'s mooring licence costs around £170 a year, which in an area where a premium marina berth for a Trident could cost £3,000 to £5,000, is a pretty fair saving! But before you all come rushing there is one snag – they are all privately owned, and very rarely come up for sale. An equivalent (B3) mooring rented from the Chichester harbour authority would cost £636 a year, but there are none in Prinstead Creek. Thornham Marina has swinging moorings on the mudflats but with much less water (around 2.5 hrs each side of HW). The moorings in the Thorney Channel all belong to the Thorney Island sailing Club, which is attached to the army base on the island, and there are a small number of harbour authority deep water moorings in the rather more exposed Nutbourne Channel.

So what do we get for our money? A sheltered, picturesque and quite remote stretch of tidal water, with the boat only aground for around 2 hours at low water, in soft mud, and on neaps staying afloat. The mud is a major snag, as it is deep and dangerous having claimed lives, and has to be crossed to get to the water. It is also very good at pulling expensive antifoul off the keels! However it also prevents local 'yoof' from getting anywhere near the boats.

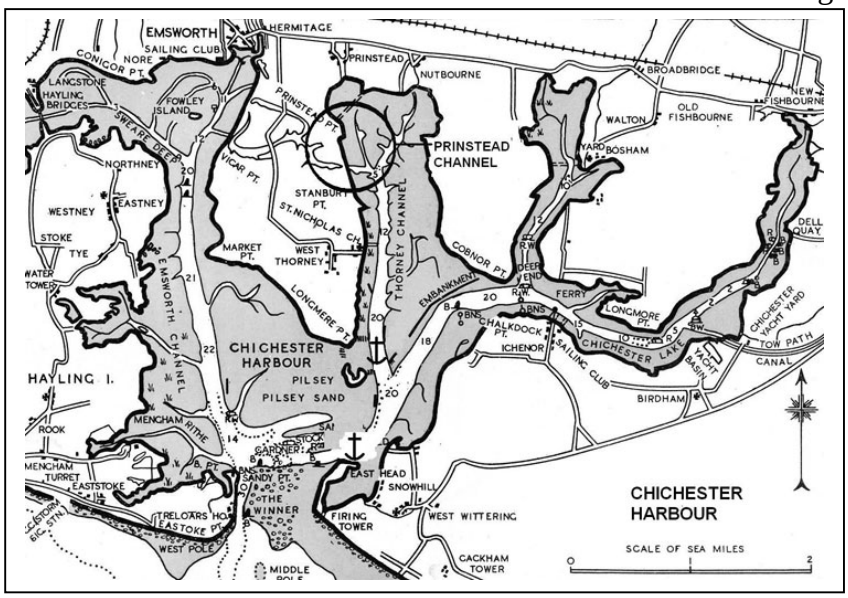
From the two Prinstead boatyards, Thornham Marina and Paynes, the moorings are accessible for two hours each side of HW, but the Harbour Board maintains a landing and dinghy chains in a creek a bit further down which gives access 4 hours each side of HW, via a muddy creek. The snag there is that the nearest road is a quarter-mile walk – which seems much more when laden down with gear for a trip!

From Prinstead Channel it is around 45 minutes to the harbour entrance and open sea, but there is immediate access to the extensive and sheltered water areas of Chichester Harbour, and the popular East Head and Pilsey Island anchorages.

Visiting boats: Well there is very little up our way for visitors because of that mud, but where Prinstead and Nutbourne channels meet at the top of the Thorney channel there is an excellent, well sheltered but rarely used deep water anchorage, for a quiet night.

Getting out to *Spin* can be hard work, slogging across the field loaded with gear. I sometimes wonder whether to go and join Bob Doe round at Dell Quay. But with low cost, proximity to my home and the quiet beauty of Prinstead, I'd be hard put to do better.

http://www.conservancy.co.uk/
http://www.thornhammarina.com



Last sail of the season...

In the final entry for this year's Marcon Trophy award, Bob Doe reflects on a rounding of the Nab Tower

IT WAS EARLY OCTOBER and, with laying-up peeping over the horizon, I had that old guilty feeling that I hadn't used *Lottie* enough (just like every other season). Somehow, she deserved better. As if to make amends, I roused myself at around 0600 on the promise of a fair tide and a good forecast – sunny with light northerlies. They should waft me down Chichester Harbour on the ebb from Dell Quay for a pleasant day-sail. The Solent should be calm in such offshore winds and I could return to my drying mooring on the evening flood.

The 45-minute drive from Brighton at that hour is relatively pleasant and I was soon launching the dinghy from the gravel hard at Dell Quay and rowing the 200 yards to the mooring where *Lottie* had waited patiently for so much of the year. Kettle-on was the first job once aboard. The ebb had begun but I had a couple of hours yet before she took the ground. No hurry. There was not a breath of those northerlies in evidence and the blue sky and surrounding boats were mirrored in the normally murky Chichester Harbour waters.

No hurry. So why did I suddenly feel impatient to be off? While my tea got cold, I busily hoisted the mainsail. With a complete absence of wind it had no effect whatsoever. I started the diesel and checked the flow of water from the stern. That used to be the job of my crew of three young boys many years ago, I reflected. The middle one was afloat aged 4 weeks – just in time to catch the infamous Fastnet gale which marooned us all on board on the mooring. Even in Chichester Harbour it was too rough to row ashore in the dinghy with an infant in a carry cot. He was OK on board; the only one getting fed regularly. Now the boys are all grown up (or older anyway) with lives and families of their own. That child of the Fastnet lives overlooking the sea. But it's the Pacific Ocean outside his window. And I have to check the cooling water flow myself.

Peter Quinn's *Rebel* returning from a TOA rally in the 1980s

I secured the dinghy to the mooring pick-up buoy, cast off the gasket round the furled headsail, and let slip the mooring.

"Let slip": it sounds such an easy, casual, effortless action. But after 30 years or more it is still always a moment that makes me thoughtful, if not actually anxious. Am I prepared? Is everything ready? Will I ever manage to pick this buoy up again? Will the gearbox engage when I get back to the cockpit or will the tide sweep me ignominiously onto that boat next to me? Should I have had fenders ready?

And there is nothing remotely slippery about it either. The rusty mooring chain jams itself into the Trident's rollerless bronze stemhead as she snubs day after day. And the loop round the Samson post works bar-tight. So I have to wrestle the rough chain upwards first to free the jam. Then I can haul in enough slack to wrangle the loop over the horns of the mooring post. All the time, I'm try to keep those rasping chainlinks in the stemhead groove rather than have them saw through the delicate woodwork of the toerail. All in all, slipping is not my favourite bit. But the foreboding doesn't last as long as the rust stains on my hands.

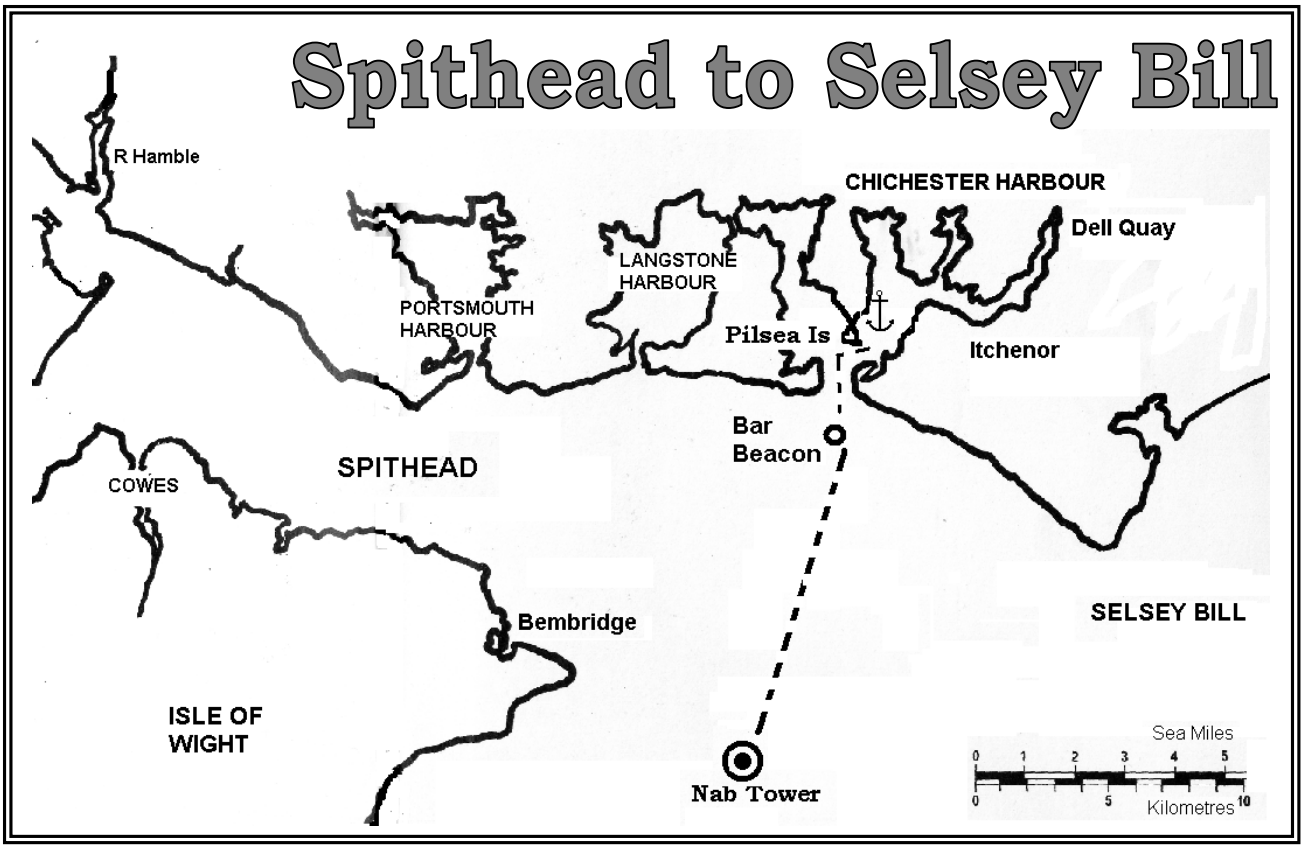
On little more than tickover, *Lottie* and I picked our way through the moorings, past the Quay and down the winding channel

towards Itchenor. With the tiller between my legs, we sheared through the mirrored surface as quietly as we could, enjoying the peace and tranquillity of the deserted harbour. I sipped my now luke-warm tea.

Passing Chichester Yacht Basin, traffic picked up slightly. It was probably still free-flow time when they open both lock gates at once. One or two gin palaces ploughed heavily past me on the long reach down past Itchenor, sending the moored boats bucking and cavorting around their halters like frenzied horses.

gingerly around the Solent, Peter returning from the West Country or France. I passed that unmarked floating memorial – a simple white mooring buoy - again that day and thought of Peter and his former Trident *Rebel*.

By the time I'd passed the Bosham Channel and turned down the long empty reach past Thorney Island towards East Head, the tide had got a move on. And the wind was stirring. North Easterly F1-2 perhaps. Only just enough to give steerage; but I wasn't in a hurry. I didn't actually have a plan to go anywhere in particular,



Passing Itchenor is always another moment for reflection. It was here that my old friend and one-time TOA South Coast Rep, Peter Quinn, moored his boats. Until, that is, one calm, bright Autumnal day – just like it promised to be that day - Peter went off for a gentle end-of-season daysail in the Solent, as I was that day. Peter Quinn was never seen again. He and his Shipman 28 *Cloud Nine* inexplicably disappeared without trace leaving behind his bereft wife Sandy and daughter Andrea. Every time I go to sea, I pass Peter's old mooring. The children were very fond of him too. They always used to make a point of checking to see if he was aboard as we passed. We often seemed to meet him on our annual holidays – us coasting

just to enjoy the sailing. So clear at last of moorings, I switched off the engine and we drifted seawards. All was calm. So calm I finally remembered to note down in the logbook the time I left. Or a guess at the time anyway. Too calm and pleasant, however, to remind me of a few other things I ought to be doing in preparation for going to sea.

"Slip from Dell Quay at 0800", I wrote. Perhaps it was. Sounds a bit exact now. It was well past 1000 by the time I had drifted past East Head four miles away and into the deepwater channel that runs close by the Hayling Island shore and out towards Chichester Bar and West Pole Beacons. Even in calm conditions the water here ripples and swirls as several square miles of

water force their way out through the narrow neck of the harbour – and *Lottie* with it like the proverbial cork from a bottle.

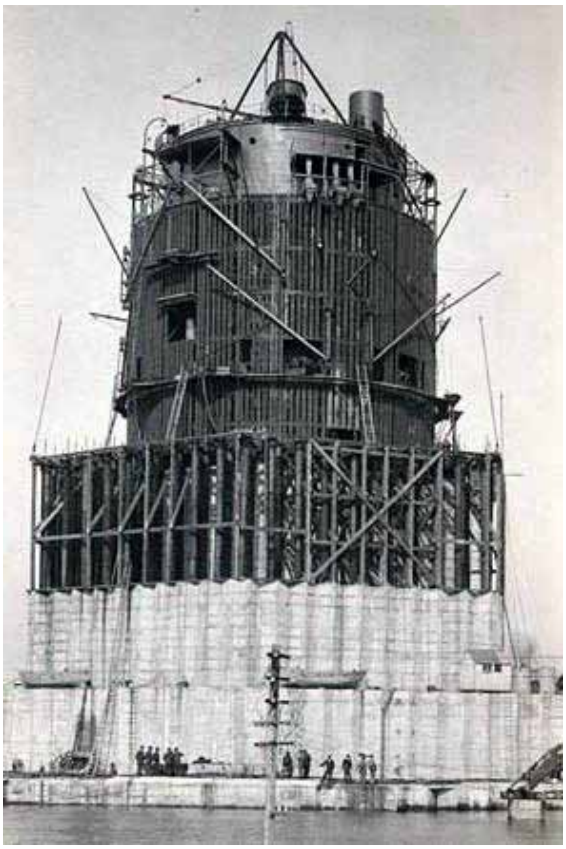
Quite suddenly, as we began to emerge from the harbour, the wind finally woke up. Well East of North it seemed here. *Lottie* came alive also and began shearing about a bit in those writhing waters. I was kept busy fiddling with the self-steering, trimming sheets for a very broad reach. With the wind over the port quarter, and picking up, things I hadn't stowed properly made their presence known as it suddenly began to change from flat calm to slightly boisterous. But I wasn't too busy to regret those wasted hours drifting down the harbour when, for example, the grill pan could have been stowed in its proper place (and not, as now, stuffed under the bunk cushion to quell its aerobatic tendencies).

Behind me, I began to notice, was *Shadow*. Not my shadow (though in the bright morning sun that was there as well) but a Westerly Centaur of that name. Like me, he had main and full genoa, and of necessity we were taking the same approximately due South heading out to sea, past the Bar Beacon and West Pole; a sea that was by then rather less glass-like than I'd expected. In fact, with a growing wind flanking a rushing tide, it was getting a bit lumpy. So I was surprised to find *Shadow* was not gaining on me at all: heavier boat, longer waterline and all that.

I don't know *Shadow* or its owner who I couldn't even see behind his hood. But I used to have a Centaur. I have respect for their sailing qualities. And they are steady and dry (except when you drive through standing waves in The Swinge…but that's another story). I've never raced. Round the cans is not my kind of thing. But I was, shall we say, intrigued that *Shadow* remained just that. She did not slowly overhaul me as I expected. And, though I wasn't in any hurry or going anywhere particular, I began to take such steps as I could to try to ensure that remained the case (as you do).

We (me and my *Shadow*) passed the Bar Beacon and the GPS – in its taciturn way - said we were going rather well for a day that started so calm: fivish knots over the ground with the help of that tide and a soldier's wind. I had finally got the sails as balanced and the self-steering as settled as I could so was in no hurry to change course and upset all that. And I started to wonder where I should go. Over to St Helen's Fort at Bembridge perhaps or a leisurely run up to Spithead? I didn't want to end up beating back if I could help it.

Meanwhile *Shadow* stayed doggedly in my wake like a robot boat, with no visible crew in control. I expected whoever was aboard to change course any moment; to turn right and head up the Solent towards Portsmouth and the fleshpots of Cowes, probably with a friendly wave from the cockpit as its occupants finally came into view and we shared an unspoken appreciation of how good it was to be out on a day like today. But we both carried on southwards and I decided – quite without reference to the fact that I seemed to be partaking in an impromptu race in that direction – to make the rounding of the Nab Tower my target for today. It seemed as good a direction as any other and with a now more Easterly wind should mean a comfortable reach in both directions.



Building the Nab Tower at Shoreham in 1918

I am also fascinated by the Nab. This odd structure was built towards the end of World War One along the coast at Shoreham on the beach at the mouth of the River Adur. The base is a honeycomb of concrete that enabled it to be floated into position and sunk onto the seabed (it settled at a bit of an angle as it turned out – three or four degrees to the North East). The top is clad in rusting steel and was once manned by four lighthouse keepers until it was

automated It was hit by a ship in 1999. The ship was beached to avoid sinking. The Nab was unscathed.

It wasn't built as a lighthouse. Two of these structures were begun at Shoreham towards the end of the Great War. They were to be the first of a series of 20 or more to be spaced across the Dover Straits to mount guns and control nets and mines to deny U-boats of the Imperial German Navy passage through the Straits. But the war ended before this extraordinary plan could be enacted. The finished tower was placed on the shingle bed off the Bembridge Ledge as an aid to shipping.

The Nab settled unevenly and so leans a few degrees to the North East

It is said to have cost over £1million to build. Nobody seems to know what happened to the other one. Certainly not the Ministry of Defence when I asked them once. Or if they did, they weren't saying. It was made clear to me that I was to consider myself lucky to be told what I have related here about the surviving one. Maybe they were still worried about those U-boats.

I tweaked my southerly course for the Nab a little. But *Shadow* and I were still both more or less following parallel paths. Was he (or she?) also rounding off the season by rounding the Nab? It was a bit late (both in the day and the year) for a trip to France, the only other thing in that direction.

So we proceeded out to sea together. Step in step. Me and my *Shadow*. In due course, the big yellow and black shipping buoys marking the deep water approach channel to the Solent all came up and by another suspiciously precise time I was writing in the log (as if someone else might one day read it):"1200: Nab one cable to Starboard. Just ahead of *Shadow*."

It hadn't been a race, of course. But having crossed the undesignated finish line I turned victoriously back for Chichester. And all hell let loose. Certainly, I wasn't writing logs for a while. Though I had watched my crewless pursuer with great attention, I had omitted to notice that the waves now had grown small white caps and that the wind, far from providing a cheap return ticket on a reciprocal broad reach, had backed to North of East and put me on a run with a stiff beat in store as I turned into this wind. Suddenly, from an easy sail my way home had become a rather choppy beat. Unsecured brooms and boathooks started dancing about on deck and I was kept rather busy for a while, coming about and being taken unawares. So I never did see who was in the cockpit as the ghostly *Shadow* slipped passed. Maybe there was nobody. And she sails on still, like the *Flying Dutchman?*

No cheery waves exchanged anyway. I had my own concerns. With the sheets hauled in, the slack luffs set in that morning's light airs (and equally slack preparations) needed tightening up to flatten the sails. That meant a trip out of the cockpit to the mast in conditions that were suddenly livelier than anticipated. Not for the first time, lines led back to the cockpit seemed a good, if sadly neglected, idea.

I try to make it a rule, especially when single-handed, always to wear my lifejacket with its integral harness when out of the cockpit. We have webbing jackstays permanently rigged down both sidedecks and harness lanyards with

double Gibb hooks that don't unlatch themselves and seem strong enough to lift the boat with.

So we have all the right gear. What we don't have is a proper thought-out stowage system so such things are to hand when needed. It's a case where the poor brain software is letting down expensive hardware. So while *Lottie* took care of herself and plunged about unaided in a steepish chop, I first rummaged below before going up on deck to trim sails. All this seemed to take an age. So I can hardly believe the time on the next log entry that says: "1210: Steering 006 M. 4 knots. Beating. Waves small white caps. *Shadow* a spec on the horizon still heading South. Wind up. Waves up."

The wind-up was certainly what I must have had. Diverging at 9-10 knots *Shadow* would have been less than a mile and a half away in that time. Which just shows how your world shrinks when conditions start to get lively.

At 1235 I discovered that at some stage in the kerfuffle of coming about at the Nab, I had switched off the Navico self-steering. So for half an hour *Lottie* had apparently steered herself to windward with what in effect was a lashed helm. I wouldn't have believed it possible. If I'd tried to set that up, I doubt I could have. Not for the first time, she seemed to have more sense than I did.

As I closed with the land again, the wind started to ease and to veer more to the East. "More of a reach again," the log says at 1300. And things were clearly less phrenetic since I started to wax lyrical. Southbound, the shadow that really mattered was not my pursuer but that of the mainsail blotting out the sun. Now, the log says:"Running north, sun flooding the cockpit. Good to be alive and afloat feeling. 4.5 knots 006M track 010. Crab pots orange to Port." Pots, the terrifying thought now occurs to me, not noticed on the way out.

Twenty minutes later the Bar Beacon was abeam and the wind slightly behind me. The sea breeze was setting in as it often does as the South Downs above Chichester start to heat up and draw in the cooler sea air.

As I made my way into the harbour again it slowly died away completely. I anchored off Pilsey Island at the end of Thorney Island – my favourite anchorage. The kettle went straight on for a late lunch and I rang Jan (she also remembers Peter Quinn every time I go to sea alone). I wiled away a happy hour or two in the sun waiting for the rising tide. And the dying sea-breeze wafted me back up to Dell Quay as the early autumn darkness fell.

It was my last sail of the year, as it turned out and a day to relish. Were a few lessons learned about never setting out unprepared no matter how calm it seems to begin with? Maybe. But after 35 years, you wouldn't think they'd have needed to be. No doubt I'll fall for it again. No wonder I always have that sense of trepidation every time I let the mooring go. **BD**

Entries for the 2010 Marcon Log Trophy competition should be sent to the Hon Sec Tony Furminger. Accounts of any voyage in a Trident 24 are eligible for the award. The prize is awarded for the most interesting log, not necessarily the longest or most intrepid voyage. All entries are published in Trident News. The winner is usually announced at the AGM.

Anchored at Pilsey Island in the Thorney Channel, Chichester Harbour

TOA ON-LINE AND OFF

What's new on the association website - and how you can use it even if you don't have your own internet connection

The TOA website **www.trident24.com** has two main functions. To promote the Trident class of boats to anyone with an interest in them and to provide support for members of the association. There are two main areas on the website:

- The public pages which provide general information about the Trident, the association and its events.
- The *Members-Only* section, for which you need to use the log-in and password on page 2 of your current newsletter.

The public area provides an overview of the Trident with separate pages devoted to the layout on deck and below, different keel types, the rig, and some of its history. If you have no access to a computer of your own to view any of this, you should find a public one at your local library.

The pages of the website open to all include one devoted to Tridents for Sale. You can post your own 'for sale' ad here if you go to the *Members-Only* area. Or you can simply send me the details and I will put up a free advertisement for you in this section (send to Jan Doe, 23 Surrenden Crescent, Brighton BN1 6WE). Be sure to include the name, age, engine, location, condition and price of your Trident and how you would like potential buyers to contact you.

There is also a gallery of Trident pictures posted by TOA members and a message board. At the moment automatic registration for the message board has had to be suspended but if you want access to it please drop me an e-mail with the name you want to appear on messages there and your preferred password.

Available on the TOA website

The separate *Members-Only* area of the website is where you can read past issues of *Trident News* or fill in a form to place a 'for sale' ad or to order that new TOA sweatshirt, burgee or tie. You can also read the minutes of the last AGM and catch up on any association news.

There is a growing list of articles and other resources in the Technical section of the password-protected area. These include the original Trident sail plan, sail dimensions, help with Vire engines and experience with fitting in-mast reefing. In the next few weeks we hope to add here full-colour articles on replacing the toe-rail and taff-rail, fitting a new diesel, hinging your locker lids (to prevent them falling overboard) and sprucing up your interior. The original Trident plans may also be viewable here soon.

The Trident Owners Manual is not currently available on the website but the work being done to revise and update it is looking at the feasibility of creating an on-line version.

The *Members-Only* section also provides access to archive materials such as the original Marcon brochures for the Trident and the home-builders kit assembly manual. The colour-illustrated 10-page account of David Rudling's epic transatlantic voyage in Trident No 173 *Dawn Treader* is also in the on-line archive.

If you don't have on-line access to this material, we are quite happy to provide print-offs though we may need to charge you for any postage and printing costs incurred.

We will do our best to put anything else on the TOA site you think would be helpful. If you are planning any sort of TOA event, please do remember to let me know so I can include details on our *Events* page.

And finally, **www.trident24.com** is the address of the official TOA website. Any other internet addresses containing the words Trident Owners Association are not our site though they may purport to be so or say the site is currently not available.

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