

had no effect, so the micro switch was removed and the pump connected directly to the power supply. Result: nothing. The pump still failed to operate, which was serious, as this could mean reverting to the fail safe 'bucket and chuck it' toilet!

The next stage was to disconnect electrical cables, close off the stop cocks and remove the complete pump from its base.

Once opened up the interior of the motor housing showed extensive corrosion. The motor brushes were in good condition, however, and appeared serviceable.

The bottom housing assembly was removed and separated. The stainless steel nut holding the macerator was undone and the rotation of both impeller blades carefully noted. The motor was then separated from the pump body.

The whole assembly was carefully cleaned, and the corrosion removed from the interior of the pump body and coated with Hammerite paint.

The top and bottom motor shaft washers with the bearing were greased and ensuring both impellers were in their correct rotation the motor was refitted to the motor shaft and macerator stainless steel nut tightened.

Everything else could then be reassembled and the pump tested again.

With fingers crossed I switched the pump on and we had 'lift off' with the pump working perfectly and a £400 replacement saved.



**Motor housing was very corroded and bearing (inset) needed cleaning and regreasing**

## DIY marina rescue sling

A dunking gets Stu Davies thinking

A week after the sobering experience my friends had of falling in the water in Albufeira Marina, I went in as well!

It's a salutary reminder that it can happen to us all on a nice sunny day while being as sober as a judge.

I had a new pair of glasses, bifocals, just before going to Portugal and wasn't yet used to them. My boat is moored stern to the pontoon, easy access on and off. But this time it wasn't. I stepped on to what I thought was the sugar scoop but in actual fact it was mid air, my glasses had fooled my eyes. In I went, the water was cold, even though the air temperature was 22°C. I wrenched my hip.

My wife, Laura, was there like a shot, I grabbed the edge of the pontoon and held on while she sorted things out. I'm too big, she couldn't get me out on my own and the stern drop down ladder couldn't be deployed because we were too close to the pontoon to unfold it.



**ABOVE** Stu tries sling for size  
**LEFT** Rescue sling is simply made

bought a swimming noodle a few days before to make

The escape ladders for the marina were on the other side of the pontoon, and I wasn't going to swim there – my hip was hurting.

My neighbours were on the scene in seconds but it took three people to grab hold and lift me out.

I was out, shocked, aching and a bit battered.

So what to do in a situation like that in the future?

We have one of those MOB throw bags and a horseshoe but in the confined space between the sugar scoop and the pontoon, not very good.

I have an excess of safety lines on board and we'd

some stainless tube padding. The bit left over was just the right size to fit under a casualty's arms.

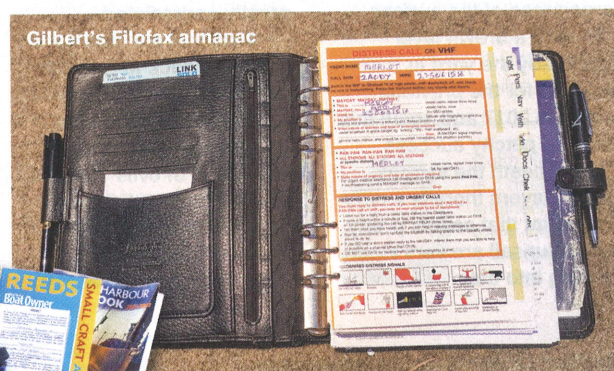
I fitted a safety lanyard through the middle of the noodle and then clipped on a stainless clip. I had a bit of 10mm line left over from a project so I tied that to it. This little contraption now sits in the handy locker in the cockpit. All we have to do is slip it over the victim's head and under their armpits. Then there is a secure, relatively comfortable padded sling to pull on. The 10mm line is long enough to reach any of the winches if needed.

## Facts and fax

Gilbert Park amalgamates two trusted friends

Many years ago I was a Filofax addict... and then along came smartphones. So, being a bit of a hoarder, the trusty, leather covered, very expensive Filofax went into a box to gather dust. I bought, a Trusty T23 motorboat recently, with a galley, shower and fixed double bed, all in 23ft of boat. But as a result there's limited storage space.

One of the things it also came with was a 2020 PBO



Almanac. I also kitted her out with a log book and an A5 loose leaf book for all the checklists and some laminated A5 sheets with safety precautions etc. All of these took up available limited space.

Pondering whether to throw the almanac out I realised it was A5 and a thought occurred to me. Off to the loft to find the old Filofax. Yes, if I cut out the Almanac general information and pages I found

useful for my area I could fit it all into the Filofax. It worked! Everything fitted. I decided that the Filofax would also become my logbook, fuel log and a place where I could write down jobs to be done. In addition, there was ample space to include documents phone numbers etc. Now I have one reference source for most of the information I need for planning or on a trip. My trusty, dusty Filofax is back in use every time I take the Trusty out!