

the
sailorman.



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' To be sure you loose the fruits of the Earth, but
then you are gathering the Flowers of the sea.'

EDITORIAL.

The standard Polynesian Catamaran builder is most certainly an individual. In deciding to build one of these boats he is consciously (usually) making a determined stand against the increasing false standards of conformity pouring out from our great 'affluent' cities.

"Why then," many people will ask, "when we're trying to escape from organizing, form another 'organisation'?" (i.e. the 'Polynesian Catamaran Owners Association'.)

We may wish to step out completely away from the city for a few hours or weeks each year, or even permanently, but on thinking it over, I doubt if very many of us wish to turn our backs on 'our Kind'.

Between us all we have a tremendous pool of knowledge and life experience. "The Sailorman" can be the focus of this knowledge and experience for it to be shared for everyone's mutual benefit.

Also we have to be organised for strength against 'the others! For example, build, say, a TANGAROA for about £600, sail it into a port and line it up against an equal sized commercially built boat which has cost about £4,000. Somehow, you will find that you are not popular.

There will be a tendency - in self-defence from the expensive commercial designers - to denigrate your boats as 'Amateur Built', though in fact your labour of love may contain a far higher standard of workmanship than any commercially built craft.

You, as a 'man', are surely a better all-round sailor than the man who has just forked out £4,000.

Already many HINA builders want to sell their boats in order to build a bigger design. Several TANGAROA builders are dreaming of TEHINI.

The 'Polynesian Catamaran Owners', united as a body, can fight any attempt to denigrate their self-built designs, which will go a long way to ensure a fair resale value of the boats. There are matters of Insurance, or bulk-buying - where a rebate can be obtained by an organised group.

We must think of the future too. 50% of us are dreaming of taking to a life on the sea - to become 'People of the sea'. How do we live?

There is one way, 'Chartering' of the coasts of Europe, in the Med the Caribbean, or even (like one builder) of the Barrier Reef. Working together as a group we stand a better chance of fixed contracts in def. area

At this moment it would 'pay' to farm oysters, mussels and lobsters around the European coasts. Living on a boat, it could be done.

I have written about practical and immediate reasons for forming the Association, of reasons that, to some, may seem far-fetched. One last reason. I have enjoyed the company of every one of you that I have met. Sometimes, on RONGO, I have sat back and watched a bunch of you sharing ideas.

Builders of Polynesian Catamarans are, in some ways, closer than your own kin, for they, like you, wish to become "People of the Sea."

The Proverbs of Anuanua.

Behold in the first year of TANGAROA did Jim say to Ken, "Thou shalt build a great ship and the length thereof shall be thirty-four feet, and the breadth thereof shall be fifteen feet;" and behold, Jim did draw such parts of the ship as he thought fit and Ken did begin the work thereof. And Ken did call the ship ANUANUA - Rainbow.

However, it came to pass whilst Ken was building that Jim did still continue to devise instructions for the same; and behold, some of these wise words did reach Ken after he had built the parts to which those wise words referred, and his wrath was very great.

During this time did Ken learn many things which were not in the wise words of Jim, and these revelations are now set down so that others following after may learn therefrom and cease to call themselves clots.

1. When thou art gathering materials for thy ship, seek ye many prices for the same materials and great shall be your surprise at the diversity thereof, but be ye careful to ask only for what is best and of high quality or the draught of thy ship may be many fathoms.

2. When thou settest up thy bulheads, make thou doubly sure that they are exactly at right angles to the keel or thy crossbeams which bear against thy bulheads will not fit, and thou wilt look as a fool.

3. It is not easy for a second hull to look like a first hull. Therefore take thou great care to set thy stem and thy stern at the same angle in each hull or men will say that your ship is as the ear of a pig.

4. When, perforce, thou must join two or more pieces of timber to make one stringer, do thou make the joint at a place that will not be in the way of thy seats or thy table or thy bed. Do thou make thy butt blocks at least two feet long, and do thou set thy glue well before thou bendest the stringers around thy hull, or thou wilt hear a great rending sound.

5. When thou coverest thy ship with plywood, do thou not start to cut the same to fit between thy bulkheads. In this manner thou wilt save thyself much labour and the weight of many noggings. There shall be no waste of plywood thereafter, for all shall be used even until the smallest piece.

6. Thou shalt not make fibreglass when thy breath cometh forth in clouds. He that perforce has to leave his fibreglassing until after his hull has been righted, will rue the day that he was born and his face will become very sticky and his hands will cleave one to the other.

7. When thou hast to shape thy keel or thy stem or thy sternpost or thy masts, do thou sawcuts every six inches so that thou mayest split the wood without danger.

Finally bretheren, trust in Jim and keep your aerolite powder dry!

No Housework on a Boat.

One of the first remarks a female visitor, in smart, new ski-pants and thick-knit sweater, is likely to make is ,

"How pleasant, scarcely any housework to do living on a boat."

How wrong this assumption can be! In the galley the 'galley slave' must be twice as tidy as in a kitchen. On a boat, jars and saucepans are twice as likely to get knocked over and the contents spilt or dropped.

In a confined space the greatest care has to be taken to avoid accidents.

And spillages - there can be nothing more horrible than spilt milk dripping into the bilges to swill around with the motion of the ship and send up stale fumes; Parafin - possible to have it with every meal; Floors scrubbed - the continual onsurge of sandy feet.

So easy for a cabin to remain untidy - belongings pile up in heaps ready to fall.

Maggie Oliver.

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Contrasting attitudes to women:

"He who wishes to give himself an abundance of trouble, let him equip these two things, a ship and a woman. No two things involve more bother for neither is ever sufficiently adorned."

"The sailors wife, the sailors star shall be."

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Waterproofing Decks.

A long time ago Jim Wharram told me about using roofing felt for waterproofing decks. He has used this himself, and I've seen his decks. Jim used tar to stick the felt down. I have used Ruberoid Mastic as it is a cleaner method of working.

To cover the decks of a TANGAROA two twelve yard rolls of standard roofing felt, and two 14 lb tins of ruberoid mastic are ample. There will be quite a bit of mastic over but at only 13/6 for 14 lb's this is of no account. The width of the felt is 36 ins so there has to be a joint. I made mine down the middle of the decks and butt jointed the edges. Some people overlap, but a builder told me that if I used plenty of mastic on the edges and let the mastic squeeze up through the joints, then this would be alright. I found that a heavy pair of scissors cut better than a knife.

The cost is :

Two 12 yd. rolls of felt at 30/- a roll.

Two 14 lb tins of ruberoid mastic at 13/6 a tin.

i.e. £4/7/0 to waterproof the decks of a 34 ft. catamaran. This is as cheap a way of doing it as any I've heard off.

One more thing I found out is that in cold weather it helps to stand the tin of mastic in a pail of hot water. This makes the mastic

spread more easily. Later I intend to paint the decks and sprinkle sand on them.

Roofing felts cut easily but no one is going to prance around on my decks wearing hob-nailed boots, and so I shall not worry on that score!

Eric Jones.

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Advice to worms : Sleep late !
Torch : Case for dead batteries.

RECIPES.

Mulled Wine.

Ingredients:

I pint cheap red wine.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ pint boiling water.
4 - 6 inches of cinnamon stick.
I tablespoon of sugar.
Nutmeg to taste.

Method.

Heat the wine nearly to boiling point, adding the cinnamon. Then add boiling water, sugar and nutmeg, mixing well. Remove cinnamon before serving wine.

Eggs-au-Gratin.

Ingredients:

2 eggs, hard boiled.
I oz. plain flour.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. marg.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of made mustard.
2 oz cheese.
salt and pepper.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk.

Method:

Melt the marg in a saucepan. Remove from heat and stir in flour and mustard. Add milk, slowly. Return to the heat and add grated cheese, salt, pepper. Then pour over the eggs.
(Enough for two).

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Further on Leather Clothes...

Sheepskin, chromium tanned, is not very expensive and rather good. It is strong and, very important, it does not soak up much water. Other kinds of leather suitable for clothes are calf, morocco and suede. Roughened sheep and calf skins may become thoroughly soaked very soon, and remember that leather dries very slowly.

The best idea is to make a woolen lining and to grease it regularly with a leather dressing (this method is unsuitable for suedes).

Formerly Talcum powder was used for this purpose, but it is difficult to distribute.

Salty air and sun tend to dry up the leather quite quickly, so that it is necessary to use the dressing often.

Do not use two different kinds of tanned leather together because there is always a rest of the tanning, and staining is to be avoided. Certain vegetable-tanned leathers stain the chromium tanned sorts.

Don't make the stitches too narrow, say 3 mm, otherwise you may pull the thread through the leather.

Leather is quite good and beautiful, but rather expensive. Moreover, it requires a lot of maintenance. A much cheaper alternative is a light kind of canvas with a woolen lining; windproof, warm and always as hard wearing as leather.

H. Heupers, Holland.

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A fly and an elephant walked, side by side, over a rickety, old bridge. Said the elephant to the fly,

"Boy! We certainly shook that old thing."

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On History, Polynesia, and Catamarans.

Although in Port Moresby we are officially in Melanisea and not Polynesia - all those neat diagrams showing the Polynesian Triangle are too neat - there are thousands of quite Polynesian faces along the coast in these parts, and their numbers gradually increase as you go eastwards. We even have an island group bang inside Melanesia, (the Western Islands, to the west of Manus Island) with the fairest, most Polynesian people you ever saw. It is interesting to speculate how these people fit into the ancient pattern of the great canoe migrations.

Native canoes around Port Moresby also, I would say, reflect Polynesian influence. I have, myself, gone close to 20 knots in a local outrigger canoe. I would say that these are almost as fast as the famous Marquesian outriggers - I've seen them up to 40' long - with a mangrove or heavy bamboo mast stepped amidships on a thickened portion of the hull, sprit rig, fully reversible. Double canoes are also sailed with reversible sprit sails, (pure rectangles, quite large), the mast always being stepped inside the lee - hull. Boats don't need to be made out of planks sewn together, in these parts, for beautifully stream-lined softwood logs are merely hollowed out. Any multihull man would really go bug-eyed along this coast. Double canoes up to 50 - 55 ft. long are used up and down the coast, making regular commercial trips with 40 H.P. outboard motors, and a spare motor lashed amidships.

A number of Europeans have, naturally enough, gone in for these motorized double canoes and I would be one of them except that I think logs are getting to be more expensive than plywood. (The better quality relatively durable logs, at any rate.)

On Building.

To a new-chum like myself, one of the most confusing things is - what material? Your designs naturally attract the less experienced wood worker, but steel and ferro - concrete are also quite attractive. These cement boats cannot help catching on, I would say.

F.J. Halpin, New Guinea.

Initiation to Dinghy sailing.

On being asked for a contribution to this magazine, funny or otherwise, I had no problem at all. I have yet to read of one's initiation to dinghy sailing, directly that is, by purchasing a boat, heading for the nearest water and taking the 'plunge'. Inadvertently, this is what happened to me. I had, and still have, an affinity for fishing of all types, and had decided to invest in a boat for sea-fishing, a dinghy and an outboard etc., would be the thing. My natural reaction after making a decision of this nature is to let everybody in the vicinity know that I am boat-hunting. The result of this was the introduction, by a friend, to a gentleman who was disposing of a virtually unused 'Eleven plus' dinghy and outboard engine. This was the complete outfit, I thought. I can motor along and have the occasional sail; I'd often watched the Colwyn Club members lined up on the prom, skillfully preparing their boats and then taking to the water, making the whole operation look like child's play. Shortly after purchasing the boat my annual leave was due and off we went to Colwyn Bay, my wife and three daughters, and a delightfully professional looking outfit on tow behind the car.

Within a day or so of arriving, I was more than anxious to try my hand at the sailing side. I was not so green as to be unaware that problems existed; I merely assumed that I would learn as I went along. The first attempt at rigging the sails was achieved by trial and error and the assistance of a very wary wife who had, on the day I made the purchase, declared her intention of not having anything to do with the boat.

I then announced that I would voyage alone into the bay, just to get the feel of things, After reviving one mother-in-law who had a blue fit, "You will end up in Rhyl." I was hauled into the presence of the sailing club's Commodore as an utter novice and 'would he mind sailing with me on my maiden voyage?' This worthy gentleman surveyed my boat and me and met my superior manner calmly, and promptly re-rigged the boat in two minutes flat. I was still undimayed and brushed off this as a rather trifling initial error. Mr Commodore and I, assisted by my wife, launched in an easy swell, the weather ideally light and sunny. "Hop in," said the Commodore whilst steadying the boat; meanwhile, in I hopped and two seconds later I was in six feet of sea-water under the main-sail. Mr Commodore had inadvertently neglected to continue to steady the boat I remain unconvinced to this day that the capsizing was accidental, possibly some crude form of initiation, was more to my mind. Onlookers later informed me that the baleful look in my eyes on surfacing, would have turned a lesser man than Mr. Commodore to stone My first gleaning of knowledge was that it was damned easy to get wet at this sport, but I had little time for further reflection. We hauled the boat upward and clambered aboard, successfully this time and set off in the general direction of Liverpool. "Where's your

bailer?" growled the Commodore. I apologised, stuttering somewhat lamely, that I had not anticipated the requirement of such an item so soon. I hadn't intended capsizing on MY maiden trip. "You keep your burgee across the mainsail like that," stated Mr. Commodore. I nodded, agreeing that this was obviously vitally necessary in order to make some headway. We had gone through some details such as the precise use of the centreboard. I had regarded this piece of equipment as something to keep the boat upright in a breeze, if one was not very clever. The idea that it would prevent sideways drift did not register at all. "You take the helm now" was the next important command.

Courageously I seized control of my ship. I had dried out somewhat but was beginning to feel rather chilly and, unfortunately, I remarked on the matter to MR. Commodore, "You'll get used to it," was all the comfort I received from this rather laconic gentleman. "You've got your tiller in the wrong hand," was the next direction. At the time I couldn't see for the life of me what difference it made but I complied quickly. I was beginning to understand that this sailing lark could be a serious business. We had covered some distance and the shore looked a very unhealthy distance away. However, I was comforted by the thought of Mr. Commodore's commanding presence aboard. This mental relaxation was shattered completely by the next announcement. "I think you'll manage now; you can go about and steer, just remember that you can't sail into the wind, and keep your eye on the flag." I recall having a rather lengthy loss of speech coupled with what must have been one of the most vacant expressions I had ever worn. Sensibility prevailed however, as I commented, "You thinking of getting out then?" My former temporary state of mind returned with his, "In a minute." I knew from the length of time taken to reach our position that if he got out "In a minute" either we would fracture the world record time for sailing a mile back to shore in that wind force, or Mr. Commodore was about to relieve the father and mother of all duckings.

I had overlooked the fact that we were surrounded by some six or eight dinghy's one of which now approached us, manned by a boy who turned out to be the Commodore's son. The sight of Mr. Commodore's stern clambering into his own boat enhanced the realization that I was on my own. With a wave that looked very cocky, but which, in fact was covering sheer fear, I went about and headed for what I anticipated would be my point of return; namely the slipway from whence I had come. Within a few minutes the wind appeared to die completely and I was still a good half-mile from the shore. Try as I might I could not make any headway, whilst the boats I could see, were heading for home quite steadily. Gradually I made adjustments and progress to shore was achieved with many a backward glance seawards. I am sure that mentally I visualized the appearance of Ireland, let alone RHYL. I had come

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ashore several hundred yards from the slipway, and the sea was mirror-like. There was one last undignified action left, and I took it. I jumped over the side to my waist in water and pushed my craft home, to be met by my ever loving wife whose greeting was, to say the least, the end:

"Welcome home, Christopher Columbus."

F.A. Corrie.

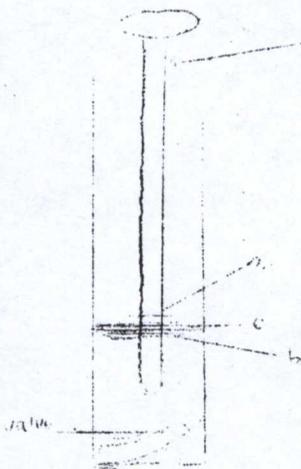
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DROWNED.

Down amongst the murky depths
 Round and round the swirling
 Mass, with
 Open mouth and eyes of death
 Water seeps in airless lungs,
 Never more the sky to see,
 Evermore the wet rot flows,
 Dead and limp, his body sodden.

M. Weall.

CHINESE BILGE PUMP.



(Piston made from a broom handle)

- a) a round of metal with a small diameter.
- b) a round of metal with larger diameter than a.
- c) some round pieces of rubber.

The piston passes through a, b, c, which are fastened by a nail going through the piston over a and b - and which can be curved.

When you pull the piston the water enters the pump and the water which is over c just runs out.

When you push the piston c curves upwards and the water passes over c and can be ejected when the handle is pulled.

Jean Pierre Aubrey.

 Rosslare, Ireland.

Men pushing quite heavy boats over large rollers made of wood, with great ease into the sea.

Save a lot of effort if copied by boat owners.

The First Voyage of TANGAROA, 'Anuanua'

Frank and I were busy but worried.

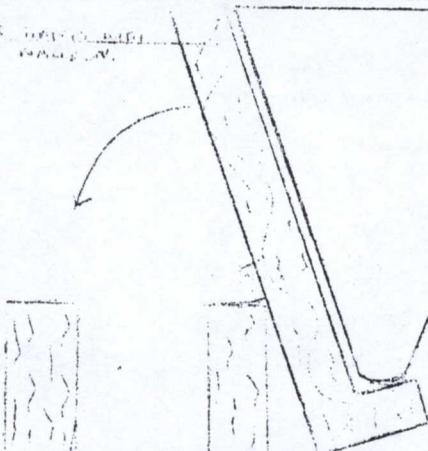
After two years work, our sails were at last hoisted; safety nets were in place and anchors aboard. A seagull alighted on the top of the mast and added further hazard to the activity on board. We were anxious to set out on our first sail - the only trouble was that we were still in the back garden!

We had been worried for weeks about the launching; how to get the hulls on the trailer; what sort of trailer; how to get it down our steep twisting drive; where to find a hard standing on which we could assemble without sinking in mud or sand; how to support the hulls whilst travelling, and so on. We needn't have had those sleepless nights for it all worked out in the end.

Here's how :

First the hulls were laid on their sides, propped up well clear of the ground. (This can be done without too much effort by a balancing act as shown in the sketch) Next we manoevered an old R.A.F. trailer under the hull. These trailers are only 9" high and

FIGURE 1
SUPPORTING THE HULL



are ideal for the job. Other types of trailer will need variation in method; but the trailer must be long enough to support the rear center bulkhead and still hook onto the towing vehicle. The supporting timbers were wedged up and the trailer could then be dragged away. Our anchor ways were then attached to the house, passed around the

trailers back axle, and used to restrain the trailer with its load, whilst it was lowered slowly down the drive and into the road.

The tow down to the Mersey was hair raising, with every bump in the road magnified as the hull rocked on its supports, but we eventually arrived at the slipway. It was, of course, raining and the tanker on the adjacent berth was cleaning its tanks, so the slip lived up to its name. The balancing act was reversed and the hulls stood up with a timber strip under each bulkhead (center). This was to enable the hulls to be adjusted later, to line them up. The whole process had to be repeated to get all assembled before the tide came up again. We didn't feel happy until we had got two beams in place. The rest was simple and we even got the masts up before we were bumping off the slip in the fast flowing tide.

The following weekend we were loaded up with bedding, food, crockery, stoves, lamps and all the clobber needed for a family holiday. Before long we were sailing along the N. Wales coast in a gentle breeze, making about 4-5 knots. The ride was easy and pleasant and we spent the time adjusting the sails and making numerous cups of tea and coffee. Darkness closed in as we rounded the Great Orme.

The twinkling lights of many towns and villages both along the Welsh and Anglesey coasts and the mountain villages behind us, were a sight worth seeing. Soon a great harvest moon rose above the hills, and as we entered the Conway Estuary we sighted the floodlit Castle, whose dancing reflection appeared on the water amongst the dark shapes of the moored boats.

The two years hard labour had been worth it.

There followed a weeks wonderful holiday on board, with my wife, Beryl, and our two children, Alistair and Rachel. We were able to learn how to handle the boat, and each day saw us gaining confidence with guidance from Jim and his charming band of assistants at the Polynesian Catamaran Centre. We found the sprit rig ideal from every angle; easily handled, it could be brailed up to the masts without dropping sail. This means, of course, that when coming up to a mooring you are not thrashing about in a mass of billowing canvas on deck, just at the time when you want most room for anchor work etc.. We proved that you could sail as close to the wind as the local Conway class racing boats, and that we could make 8 knots with I4 on board, in a choppy sea. With the large deck area, this number of passengers did not seem at all excessive; they just sat around in little groups and didn't get in the way at all.

We liked our fixed cabin tops, which were, in effect, like the designed opening hatch but permanently fixed in the open position. They gave protection on deck and a very handy back-rest for lounging.

So you can see, we really are well-satisfied customers!

Ken Paterson.

TO GO OR NOT TO GO?

We have had several interesting sails on RAKA this season, but perhaps the most exciting one occurred one Saturday afternoon during the latter half of July.

RAKA, Polynesian god of the winds, is a 40' catamaran and a replica of RONGO. I had arranged with some friends and members of the Irish Catamaran Assoc. to go sailing if the weather was reasonable.

The day dawned fine, but a little windy. By 1400 hrs. all those who were able to come were on board. Those experienced members of the Assoc who had been invited were unable to come, and I, the skipper, had very little experience. On board were two friends who had never sailed before, two others who had limited experience in small catamarans and my two sons - aged 12½ and 14 - and myself. The wind was a steady force six from the south-west.

I was endeavouring to make up my mind whether to put to sea or to stay put at the moorings. Several monohulls were out in the bay, racing, and others were preparing to put out. We could see that there was quite a sea running outside the harbour but nevertheless, several dinghys were heading out. This decided the matter for me. Up till now I had not sailed with an inexperienced crew and to put

to sea in a force 6 required some thought; however if small dinghys could put to sea, why not RAKA ?

Under the direction of the skipper sails were shaken out and everything made ready. It was 1600 hrs. when we dropped our moorings and, under gib and mizzen, sailed across the harbour on a broad reach. Whilst doing this, we raised and set the upper mainsail of the sprit rig, and were, by now, moving quite fast as we approached the mouth of Dun Loaghaire harbour. The skipper was at the helm when, on clearing the harbour mouth, we ran into quite a rough sea on the beam. A large wave struck us and spay came up on deck. The skipper, being very worried, eased the helm slightly and RAKA settled down to a steady course, and seemed to find her own way through the water. This steadied his nerves, and passing the helm to a friend who had little experience in helming, the skipper went below and made tea.

We sailed almost to Howth Head and gybed round when we found a couple of racing yachts bearing down on us. Although the wind was force 6 on the beam, the gybe was a very gentle one for the rig was a sprit, and we were all very relieved when nothing crashed down.

On the return leg we were flying through the water making a good 18 knots. Back in harbour we gently took in the sails and motored up to the moorings.

The skipper and all on board enjoyed themselves and were glad that they had made the trip.

Jack Gale, Ireland.

POLYNESIAN PRONUNTIATION.

All consonants, including such double consonants as 'ng' or 'wh' should be sounded as they are in English. All vowels should, broadly speaking, be sounded as in Italian.

As a further guide Polynesian vowels should be pronounced with the 'a' as in 'art' (or shorter), the 'o' as in 'orb' (or shorter), the 'u' as in 'ruby' or shorter, the 'e' as in 'epic' (or longer), the 'i' as in 'machine' (or shorter). It is wrong to pronounce 'a' as in 'man', or 'i' as in 'It', and 'e' is never mute.

The initial consonant 'ng' is really no problem. Anyone who can say 'tongue' can say 'ngata' (the same sounds in reverse), or 'ngatoro'. When 'ng' occurs within a word, as in Mango, do not add another 'g' - say 'Ma-ngo' rather than 'Mang-go'.

In words of two or three syllables let the stress fall on the first. In longer words, let it fall on the first and third.

John Cork.

Fishing : Drowning worms!

Snoring : Sheet music.

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'Questions and Answers!'

Dear Sir,

I don't mind helping my husband to build his Polynesian Cat. in the back garden. I've got used to sitting on the floor on grass mats and eating out of coconut shells, but I find that when I go shopping, the other wives in our suburb laugh at my grass skirt. How should I stop this??

Draughty.

Dear Draughty,

Next time the wives laugh, take the grass skirt off.

Dear Sir,

If my Cat flies what should I do ?

Answer:

Don't let the Air Ministry catch you - you need a pilots Licence.

Dear Sir,

My boy friends building a Polynesian Cat. but he doesn't talk to me anymore. What shall I do?

Troubled.

Dear Troubled,

Stand on the drawings - he'll talk.

Dear Sir,

My wife does not like sailing . What shall I do?

Answer :

Get another before it's too late!

Dear Sir,

Could you recommend me a fast Poly. Cat. design? I may have an urgent need to leave Britain (in a hurry) in the near future.

Yours, H.Wilson.

Dear Mr. Wilson,

Your design will be forwarded as soon as we've attended to the previous customersMr. Callaghan and Mr. Brown.

Dear Sir,

I edit one of Britains glossy yacht magazines. My boat ----- was passed by a Poly Cat. Not only was it full of half naked girls, decks littered with half full bottles of alcohol, a barrel of beer with the end broken in, but nobody saluted the flag on the stern of my yacht or answered my nod.

Disgusted.

Dear Disgusted,

I distinctly remember holding up two fingers in answer to your nod.

Dear Sir,

I cannot steer a straight course ; what shall I do?

Answer,

Leave the home-brewed beer alone.

Dear Sir,

Who is this crackpot Whauram who is always writing letters to the Yacht Magazines?

Answer,

Don't know. Never heard of him.

Dear Sir,

Can you recommend suitable areas for white slavery?

Answer,

In view of the market situation this letter will be answered confidentially.

Dear Sir,

I would like a 24' Cat, sleeping 6 - 8, capable of sailing 20 - 30 knots, and with two toilets

Answer:

Wouldn't we all !!!

Dear Sir,

I think this magazine stinks. Please refund my subscription.

Answer:

What subscription? Slob.

Dear Sir,

Every time the tide comes in, my Poly. Cat biges fill up with water. What can I do? M.Oliver.

Dear Miss Oliver,

Bail, You fool. J.W.

Dear Sir,

I am rather portky around the middle, and entered a TANGAROA cabin to do the final fitting out. Please, how do I get out?

Distressed.

Answer:

Try gnawing.

Dear Sir,

What do I do if I get caught on a lee shore in a Poly. Cat, in a force I0 - I2 gale?

Answer :

Pray - Rendire

Dear Sir,

What is the best remedy against monotony on long voyages?

Answer:

WOMEN.

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" ADVENTURE UNDER SAIL. "

Ten people, of varying ages, stood apprehensively on the Ditty Box at Hamble. A typical Sunday night scene. These were adventurers who had spent most of their Sunday travelling to Hamble from different parts of England (and maybe Europe, to come to that) to sail with the 'Ocean Youth Club.

The launch chugged defiantly out of the wet night and a pair of black oilskins shouted, "O.Y.C.?"

The crew are met by the skipper and, if he is amateur, the organising secretary cum - professional skipper will also be there. There are, at the moment, four full-time skippers at the different bases of the Club, at Brightlingsea, Hamble and Plymouth, who ensure that the boats are kept in 100% sea-worthy condition. There are also many amateur holders of the club's 'Amateur Skipper's Certificate'.

Introductions are made over coffee, cheese and biscuits, and tentative plans are made. The crew will turn in early to prepare for a strenuous first day in the Solent.

If the skipper is confident that his crew have learnt enough, and if the weather permits, he will then steer south for France or (Maybe Cherbourg) or the Channel Islands. A foreign visit is usually managed in a week's trip. It is always more satisfying to reach Cherbourg in a flat calm, than just to see Cowes in a gale.

After two or three days sailing in French waters, the boats, loaded with dutyn free concessions, head for England and Home, sailed by a crew who usually vow to return the following year and maybe to help with the fitting-out during the winter months.

'Fitting out' is all done by club members, and some say that it is better fun than sailing. The cost of fitting out is borne by the 'Friends of the O.Y.C.' and other charitable bodies. In fact all the income comes from charity. (All contributions gratefully recieved!)

Finally, what boats does the O.Y.C. sail?

EQUINOXE is a French Pilot cutter of 31 tons, and belongs to the club. She is based at Hamble.

BILLY BRAY also at Hamble, is a converted Looe Lugger, of 22 tons. She is on loan, as are

THEODORA, a 53', Gaff rigged, Bristol Pilot Cutter, of 38 tons and DUET, a Bermudan rigged Yawl - both based at Brightlingsea.

At Plymouth there is a modern fibre-glass boat which belongs to the club.

Another boat is envisaged which will be the pride of the club. It will be called the 'Ocean Venture' and will be 66' long. (But off course, this calls for even more money).

For further details of the 'OCEAN YOUTH CLUB' write to:

The Secretary,

Ocean Youth Club,

I, Oak Street,

Gosport, HANTS.

Richard Openshaw.

ADDITION TO PREVIOUS ARTICLE.

I have sailed with the O.Y.C. and can strongly recommend it to any would be sailor between the ages of 16 and 22. It gave me the chance to learn how to sail properly, i.e. - How to handle a reasonable sized boat, and also how to live and work with people.

The fees for a week's voyage are approx £15. For this you receive food - which is very good and plentiful; a bunk - which may not be luxurious, but then this is part of the fun; a great deal of sailing experience; and just about the most hard-working, tiring, interesting holiday of your life and, what's more, it's ----- marvellous!

Don't go thinking it's a luxury cruise - it isn't. But if you want to get something out of it you cannot fail to do so.

They sailed away in a sieve they did,
In a sieve they sailed so fast,
With only a beautiful pea-green veil
Tied with a ribband by way of a sail,
To a small tobacco type mast;
And everyone said who saw them go,
'O won't they be soon upset, you know!
For the sky is dark and the voyage is long,
And happen what may it's extremely wrong
In a sieve to sail so fast!'

E.Lear.

The designer of 'Polynesian Catamarans' was thinking that much about the TANGAROA design, that when he was told to post the letters and take back the empty milk, he tried (desperately hard) to post the milk bottles.

H.Wharram.

FIBRE GLASS DEALERS.

Glass Plies,
68, Park rd,
Southport,
Lancs.

Strand Glass Co. Ltd.,
79, High street,
Brentford,
Middx.

Solent Marine Plastics
46, Lawnswood Ave,
Shirley.
Solihull, Warks.

News and People.

'Catamaran and Trimaran News' has folded up. A pity! The writers of this magazine suspect that if the editor had spent time and space encouraging low cost multihulls, and less on extracts from the glossy brochure of expensive commercial catamaran designs, C.A.T.I.N. would still be in business.

News and People contd.

What about this sheathing problem ? Fibre-glass comes in many grades and types. Resins likewise vary. What is the best , cheapest way of fibre-glassing below the water-line? (Or indeed, all over boat sheathing)

Nylon and Resorcinal glue are used by high speed power boats although these seem expensive. The cheapest known way is aerolite and calica. Wharram is going to try it; has anyone used it yet ?

Tough luck on Theo Gruter who had one seasons exciting sail on his HINA design 'Tiki-Roa'. Then came a gale and, to quote,

"Tiki-Roa was severely damaged about four weeks ago by a storm and spring flood in the night, but the hulls were not separated. There are large holes in her sides and the rudders were swept away. All, however, will be repaired."

It's a fact that a group of army apprentices at the 'Army Apprentices College of Chepstow', are building a 40' NARAI design. It shows the adaptability of the British army. No money for transport, no money for aircraft, therefore the boys must build their own shallow draft landing craft.

Believe very little you read in the 'Yacht Magazines' on multihulls. Most articles are written by Journalists who 'yacht' occasionally. They all desire to climb in on the act as multihull experts. A classic example of bad advice seen recently in one Yacht magazine, assured some would-be hopefuls that except for the cold, they would have a fast and comfortable trip on a trimaran across the Bay of Biscay, down the coast of Portugal and eventually to the West Indies, in December!

Off course, during the winter months full gales, south-west to west winds dead on the nose can be expected 20% of the time !

- and the best of luck.

Another example :

In 'Yachting World' every article on Multihulls in the last four years has been factually incorrect. The article by Te Cupi Rangi (who the hell is he anyway?) In 'Y.W. Dec 67, is a rash-mash , which mixes up the regions of Melanesia, Polynesia and Micronesia without any realization that they were different ethnological entities.

It shows a photo of a painting done by an artist in Cook's expedition (one that has been criticised by anthropologists in the past who say that it is too romantic and not factual enough.)

It purports to show a Hydrofoil-stabalized Cat; but what in actual fact could be two outrigger canoes lashed together for temporary conversion.

The Hydro-foil developed by A.Y.R.S. members is something radical and new.

The floats on Melanesian and Polynesian canoes rely solely on their weight to stop them capsizing, whereas these new hydro-foils which generally lift to windward are something new in the history of sailing.

This do-it-yourself business is going to far. John Corke, from boat-building, beer making (well worth a visit) has bought an ANVIL ! Imagine him, sparks flying, clanging away, sailing into Cowes. No wonder the Establishment are anti Poly. Cats.

This mag, news sheet, scandal letter is compiled partly by Veronica Twist, who has walked more miles to sail on a Cat. than any other female. In fact as you read she will be holding sheets of ply on Jim W's 51' TEHINI. She's only 5' high! Don't get any ideas, she sports a knife made by Eric Jones.

There is no doubt, a self-built Cat attracts the good women and gets rid of the bad.

The Nov. issue of 'Playboy' contains an article on chartering in the Carribean showing the type of potential guest would explain the mad desire to build a boat and sail to the Carribean !

A recent Daily Telegraph Colour Supplement has an article leader, 'Where are all the eccentrics?' We know where they are . They are building Polynesian Catamarans.

The RONGO was designed as a raft in the Carribean; the TANGAROA on E. Jones' living-room floor, with the furniture out in the garden; the HINA on the floor of an open cow-shed with the hens tripping across the drawing battens (and confusing the marks); the first of the 45' ARIKI designs was designed for Peter Weir in a Church Hall on a roll of cement insulation paper. No wonder they are simple designs - they've got to be!

Martin Lowe, school-master, owner of a HINA called 'Diabalos' seeking to impress the head-master of his school sufficiently to buy another Cat. for the boys, took the headmaster for a sail in a force 7.

On the first tack, instead of going out into the open sea, he went up the dock into 3' of mud.

"What now?" said the headmaster.

"You go overboard and push us off," said Martin. On returning, Martin's tiller caught the dock wall and both tiller and rudder came off.

After the sail, the headmaster said thoughtfully,

"Very character forming. We must have another Cat"

A great unpublished Catamaran voyage was made in June 1967 by Rudi Wagner, a German resident in Italy. (At the moment he is negotiating to have a 40' NARAI built for further voyages). He sailed directly from Cherbourg, in June, to Antigua with, apart from two days of light S.W. winds, a following wind all the way. The Germans of Hamburg have made a great study of the weather systems of the Atlantic. They are prepared, as Rudi was, to wait several weeks till weather systems provide good favourable winds. It sounds like practical seamanship to us; perhaps some readers will do some study on this subject?

One TANGAROA builder is also prize-winning Hover-craft builder. - Offers some interesting prospects for the future developments. (G.Armitage)

Are Polynesian Catamarans stable? They must be. For some reason the boys of St. David's School, who now have two of them, always sail them standing up!

Jack Gale has spent a fortune on his RAKA (Rongo), but as he put it -

"It's got rid of my artheritis."

At the launching of the Raka in Ireland, Father Murphy shook hands vigorously with Wharram saying,

"I've heard all about you." Wharram still can't understand why he shook hands. Maybe it was because Father Murphy was a sailor too.

For those who are interested the Plastic Sextants costing £3 to £4 's will work.

For the root information on Polynesian Navigation by Harold Getty's "Nature is your guide."

A good buy is "Oceanic Art" from Smiths - 15/-.

'Polynesian Catamaran Builders Association'

As the number of Poly. Cat builders increases it would seem essential that a Builders association is formed. In order to do this a meeting will be held on Saturday, Jan. 6 at 8p.m.

PLACE: 34, Cranes Park Avenue, Surbiton Surrey.

Would anyone interested in coming to the meeting and/or receiving more information about such an assoc. on its formation please complete and return the slip below. Thankyou.

A. I will be coming to the meeting.

NAME:

B. I would like to hear further of the Association.

NAME:

?

