

The Sailorman

#8

JULY 1971.



EDITORIAL

One day an Editor of the Sailorman will be able to commence his editorial without an apology for the delay since the last issue - I trust that will occur in the next one.

Unfortunately Bob Savage, through pressure of work has been unable to continue the editorship and so the onerous task has fallen to the hand of Vron and myself. By way of a quick introduction, we and two other couples built ORO No. 2 known as Kotchick for an intended circumnavigation, but unfortunately the crew fared worse than the ship and after a winter's sailing from Ipswich we had to sell her and retire to a monohull on the Thames.

It has long been the ambition of the editors of this magazine to have articles on the sailing of Wharram Catamarans as well as a guide to builders. We therefore make no apology for devoting a very large part of this issue to an article by John Leach about his Baltic Cruise. John built his Tangaroa in Ipswich launching in late 1969. This was the latest in a line of craft which he had built and sailed, progressing from an Oil Drum raft which he sailed down the Orwell and up the North Sea, through various Monohulls to a Proa of his own design and then to the Tangaroa.

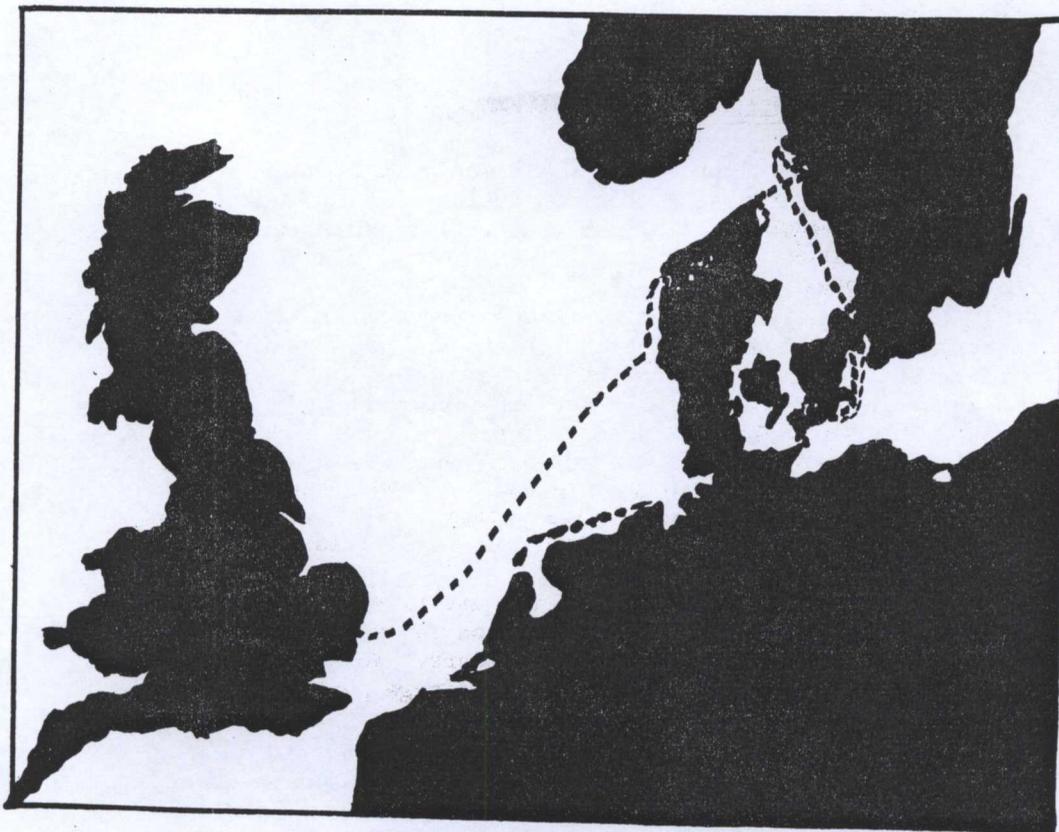
A natural seaman such as is often found along the coast of Suffolk, John sails and navigates as much by instinct and compatibility with the element as by his fund of technical knowledge absorbed from one of the best nautical libraries afloat.

This diatribe is not to applaud the undoubted ability of senior Leach, but to point out that he is quite experienced and if John runs into trouble - be assured - we can all run into trouble.

The Sailorman is published for the consumption of those who believe in the designs of Jim Wharram, and is concerned with relating as many facts about them as possible. We are pleased therefore to give accounts of boats that have run into trouble so that we can all learn, rather than giving accounts of glorious days when all goes well - these we can experience for ourselves.

We hope you all enjoy this issue, or at the very worst find something of interest and education in its pages, and we look forward to seeing you all at the Summer meeting - see last page.

Nigel & Vron Harford.



Voyage of Ngataki ~ 1970

'Yacht cruising to Scandinavia, crew required, minimum expenses - phone.....' Thus read my advert in the local paper. I sat back waiting for a flood of calls.

Last year after a highly successful cruise in Holland on my Tangaroa 'Ngataki', I rather fancied a Skandinavian cruise in the forthcoming season. In June last year a Swedish yacht visited Ipswich, not having a job at the time I quickly attached myself to the boat Tosa II and crew, helping out with the language problem etc. naturally I received inspiration for my project in the shape of free charts and advice. When they left for Gothenburg, I promised to pay an exchange visit in the near future.

The response to my advert was absolutely pathetic. Only five people phoned and arranged to meet me. Three of these I had no desire to sail with, the other two were possibles. However after two weeks these two backed out with weak excuses about not being able to get time off work. Fancy putting work before pleasure.

It was the middle of August, time was running out, so I shanghied my friend George for crew. He will go anywhere at a moments notice, but of course he didn't have any money - thats the price of freedom.

We left Ipswich on 18th. August, Tuesday afternoon, with a light southerly wind, detination - Thyboron Denmark., distance about 450 miles, NE course. Our fair wind was shortlived however, it blew from the NE for the entire

crossing which took $5\frac{3}{4}$ days. The crossing was quite pleasant, the boat steering itself all the time, we just read, ate and slept. There were a few incidents worthy of mention - off the Shipwash L.V. we got caught in some overfalls which we couldn't sail through, a strange sensation. The last navigational aid recognised was the Lemon Bank Bouy. After that we passed a few Oil Drilling rigs, but we couldn't identify them. Its quite a challenge using out of date charts.

One night during my watch an electrical storm passed over. It was like a Firework display, the lightening was striking the water all around the cat, & so near the air was full of sulphur fumes. Then it rained so hard that I couldn't read the compass even peering right into it. If the wind was going to match the rain we were in for a hurricane. I lowered the main and mizzen and kept the wind astern waiting for the squalls. The wind was boxing the compass as I sailed round a trawler three times. Fortunately the wind never came so I went back to bed.

On Saturday at Sunset the VYL LV was sighted so we were able to shape a course round horns Rev, a dangerous shoal patch. Sunday mid-day the Danish coast appeared and we tacked up it enjoying the scenery, mainly high sand dunes and sandy beaches.

At Mid-day on Monday we sailed into Thybøron, a fishing port at the mouth of Lim-fiord. George had to leave me here and go back to England on the ferry.

In the afternoon the skipper and crew of the 'Albatross' an 80' German Ketch came to look (and laugh) at my boat. I didn't mind though because I was presented with some bottles of Czech 'Pilsner' beer - the best.

Next morning I started the passage through Lim-fiord, a broad, shallow waterway cutting across the top of Denmark from the North Sea to the Skaggerack. The course runs ENE and is some 70 miles long. The scenery was magnificent, similar to the Welsh Lakes. In the evening I ran aground (its a real problem here as there are no tides) but as there wasn't much wind I managed to pole off and anchored for the night just short of Nykjobing. It had taken 8 hours to travel 30miles.

Wednesday dawned bright with a fair wind. I sailed for $5\frac{1}{2}$ hours before tying up to the harbour wall at Logstor - some 21 miles. I had a fair wind again the next day. Setting out at the crack of noon I continued sailing sailing leisurly until dusk where I tied alongside an old concrete quay at Aalborg, a major Danish town. The following day, Friday, saw mw tending the fenders. A very strong Westerly wind was blowing, forcing Ngataki against the old quay making it impossible to sail clear without damaging the hulls.

The next incident is well worth recording. The main reason for sailing to Denmark was to meet my friend Jannick Cortsen, owner of the junk-rigged Tangaroa 'Jesper' who lived in Copenhagen. We had corresponded but never met in person. Back to the story - as I was fending 'Ngataki' off the quay I spied a sail in the distance coming up fast. My heart beat faster when I saw it was a 24' trimaran. It tied up to the quay some way downwind so I fetched my camera and walked over to it for a yarn "Is it a Piver 'Nugget'?" I asked the two bearded occupants.

"No, its a keel boat, minus keel, with two floats and it goes much better," answered the big Viking looking character. "Is yours a Wharram 'Tangaroa'?" - "Yes" said I, "Ngataki, Ipswich" The Dane stepped ashore - "Then your John Leach; I'm Jannick Cortsen, pleased to meet you".

"Well, well, small world" I said.

Jannick and his friend -Neil, came on my boat with a case of beer, and we talked boats all afternoon.

The wind decreased on Saturday and with good weather I set forth again. Coming up to the Hals, the last port in Lim-fiord I was overhauled by a 60' steel Gaff Ketch "Nordkadern". It sailed round the world in 1947 - 49. It is now owned by some hippies. On the hull sides painted in large letters were "All power to the people" and "Vietnam - your last game".

It was in Hals that the customs came on board. They couldn't make out why I was sailing by myself, thought I was part of some evil Hippy plot. One of them was examining my brown wholemeal spaghetti. I said "Its OK mate - I don't smoke it, I eat it". However, I was well received by the other yachtsmen here. I was invited on a "Great Dane" 28' for a good meal. In the evening I went on a plush American Motor-Sailor on the way back to the States. I stayed to 4 in the morning discussing boats and sailing. They presented me with an armful of charts.

On Sunday I was once more in open water. I headed North to Frederickshaun some 30 miles distant, 7 hours later I tied up in the yacht harbour. The westerly wind, blowing offshore made this trip very enjoyable. At midnight I was sitting on deck absorbing the quiet of the night, when a large sailing boat came drifting in without lights. Sensing something exciting. I made my way over and made their lines fast. It was the 'Vadso' from Oslo, a Colin Archer rescue Ketch which used to help fishing boats in trouble high above the Arctic Circle North of Russia. It was 47 $\frac{3}{4}$ ' x 16' x 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ ' built in 1913. 'Progress' had given it a stumpy rig, an engine and a steel wheelhouse, but - it was going down to Portugal to be restored to its former glory. It had cost Todd, the American Hippy skipper £4000, he had some strong opposition to his bid, as Colin Archer boats are in the Rolls Royce category. With Todd were 5 other hippies from various countrys. I was invited aboard and told to come and go as I pleased. This was a lucky break because we were confined to port for the next week by gales and bad weather all week. I was with the 'Vadso' playing cards and listening to some fantastic stories. We also gave a week's work to a plain clothes Cop sitting in a Volkswagen on the quay. He was watching for dope smuggling, but he didn't have very good eyes, for I saw many things. It was a sad moment when my friends left, but thats what cruising is all about.

Friday evening I went to the Frederickshaun yacht club to see about a shower. The club had no facilities but one of drunken members offered to take me to his home for a shower if I had a few beers with him. The deal was soon settled. About 2 a.m. we staggered to his house where he dragged his wife out of bed to make coffee and supper. Next day I woke up to a table full of delicious food. I asked, 'Is this a typical Danish breakfast?' - "Breakfast - this is dinner, its 2.30 p.m.", I had slept well.

I couldn't leave that day for a severe NW gale was blowing.

At 2.30p.m. I left Denmark for Gotaborg (Gothenburg) Sweden. this entailed crossing the Skaggerack, some 45 miles. In the afternoon I sighted a rare sight - A 3 masted sailing ship sailing South under full sail. Unfortunately it was too far away to photograph, and I didn' fancy my chances trying to catch up with it. The only chart I had of the Gotaborg approaches was very small scale. The area was strewn with rocks and Islands

with a good sprinkling of ships. I had never sailed near rocks before and now the wind was heading me and darkness was falling. I had to beat about 10 miles before I could anchor. At 2 a.m. I anchored in 50 feet of water. when I woke in the morning I looked out - what a surprise - rocks everywhere. I would never have dared sail there in daylight. It didn't take long to sail to Langerdrag, one of the many yachts clubs serving Goteborg. The Swedes are mad on sailing, there were hundreds of boats, but no multihulls. Once ashore I phoned my friend Sven (who had sailed to Ipswich on Tosa II), but no answer, so I phoned his crew Lars. His wife answered, I said slowly "Do - you - speak - English?" "John" she said excitedly. "But how do you know me?" I said. Then it came to me. While I was with Sven and Lars in Ipswich they had taken movie films of me (when I was drunk) so it was like talking to an old friend on the phone.

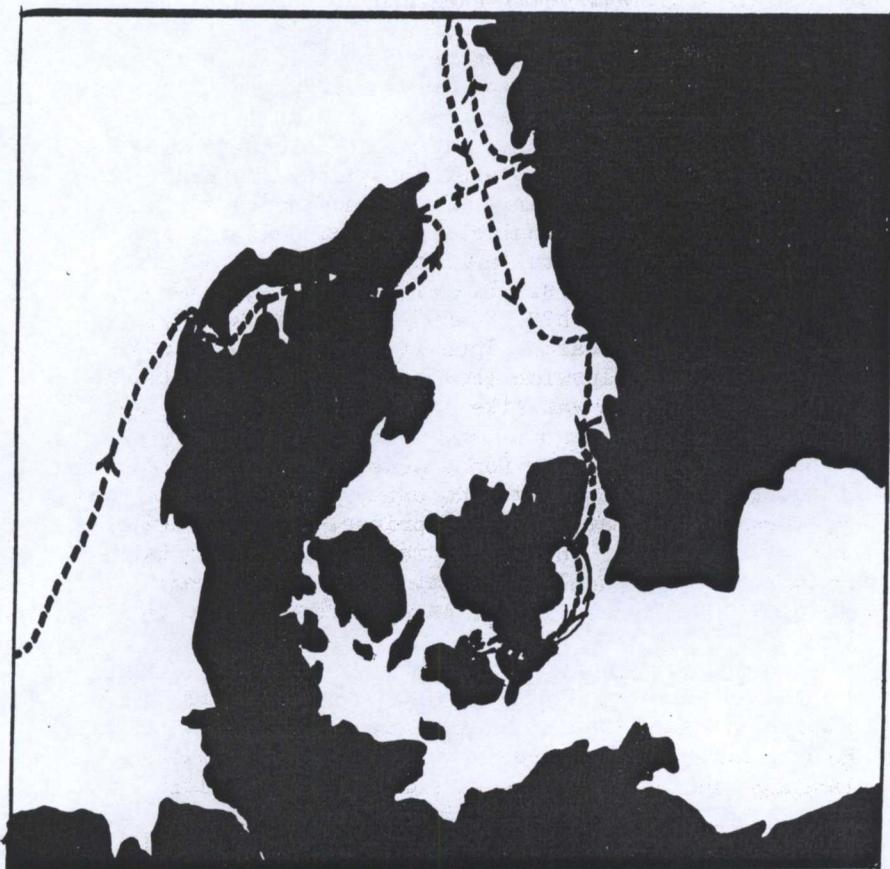
I stayed in Goteborg for a week with Sven and did the town etc. But what a country - no pubs, you have to buy the beer at government shops at fantastic prices. At the weekend I sailed North to Marstand, one of the many Islands with Sven as Crew. It was his first sail on a Cat. he was really excited with the speeds and comfort. But we have all discovered these virtues a long time ago.

Returning to the City I was met by Sven Burgh a Poly - Cat fanatic and 'Hina' owner. He took me home for a meal although he couldn't speak a word of English, however with much sign language and hyrographics we manged an excellent conversation.

For the next two weeks I went to North Sweden (by train) to help an American exiled family building a 40' Narai. They had to move the two hulls down to the waters edge for the winter. It may interest other builders the method of transport. It was lifted on a long truck by the hydraulic hoist on the truck itself. The hoist had a working load of over 2 tons. No problems were encountered and it all went on and off in about 3 hours including travelling over 20 miles.

On Monday 28th. September we set sail South. Destination Home. This time I had a full crew, my American friends wanted some practical Poly-Cat experience, so they were sailing down to Copenhagen with me. The crew were Michael and Sabra, seven year old and three week old baby Saun and a black Labrador Pheadra. Because of the baby we decided to sail easy and put into harbour every night. This is no problem on the Swedish West coast as there are hundreds of Islands. But the weather had other ideas - the first two days we had a very hard beat with a strong headwind. The Cat was taking the seas perfectly, the bows were right under sometimes, then the boat would rear up, shake itself free then charge ahead again. All the time the three week old baby was asleep on the deck - surely this is a record. Some of the places we anchored were beautiful. In one little cove we could see the anchor dug in the sandy bottom in 22' of water. Another evening two fisherman towed us up to a little lagoon with complete shelter from the elements. We tied up to the rocks and stepped ashore on some springy grass.

Thursday saw us moored up in Falkenberg. The entrance was very confusing as we approached in the dark. Luckily we chose the right leading lights. The previous Sunday an ex fishing boat from Norway was wrecked on the rocky breakwater. The owner a Norwegean, and his Swiss Gir friend sold all their equipment cheap and bought an old car and set off South. They had the



right spirit. The following day saw us running down to the sound, we had a following wind and good visibility but I made a very bad error in my navigation. I convinced myself that the land to port was Sweden and opposite was Denmark. It looked the same as the chart, but as it began to get dark and lights began to flash I wasn't so sure, but as my charts were old I wasn't unduly worried. When we realised we had sailed between a headland and some rocky islands we tried to get into Torekov harbour, but the wind was very strong and the harbour entrance confusing. We were swept past and down onto the rocks. The anchor was let go and luckily it held - but for how long?. The waves were very big and the anchor chain was snatching. A Fishing boat with a 16 H.P. deisel came out and towed us in, but it was terribly slow. The waves were coming right over the Cat. Once safe in harbour the wind blew a full gale and I reckon we would have had our lot that night on the rocks if that fishing boat hadn't towed us in. Once in the sound sailing was easy. At one point Denmark and Sweden are only $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles apart and 21 ferry boats operate here so you can see that it can be quite exciting.

Snekkersten was visited for one night, then the wind headed me and tacking was necessary for the next two days. Tuesday evening saw me in Tuborg harbour (where most of the danish beer is brewed). On wednesday 7th. October I motored out of Tuborg in a calm foggy day. I forgot to mention, but my little Seagull outboard was acting manfully, never failing. I motored about two miles past all the ships laying in Copenhagen harbour, and dropped anchor beside a sprit rigged Tangaroa off Sundby Havn. My friend Jannick's Tangaroa was already pulled up on the land for winter. Everybody in Denmark and Sweden has to be pulled up on the land for winter so the ice doesn't crush the hull

and sink them. Multihulls are still a dirty word in Denmark, owners of such craft find it hard to be accepted in Danish yacht clubs.

Whilst in Sundby Haun I was given a self-steering gear by Jannick which had been used on 'Jesper' with great success. It was the servo blade type. My own vane, a copy of the 'Q.M. horizontal-Pivot' type which would not produce enough power to steer Ngataki - my new one seemed to work O.K.

I left Copenhagen on Wednesday 14th. October intending to sail through sheltered waters to the Kiel canal in Germany. The day produced a good Northerly wind so I was able to Goose-wing the sails and set a flying jib on a temporary bowsprit. The steering vane was coping well and 30 miles to Rodvig took 11½ hours, but as darkness came down the wind left me. As I ghosted under Stevns Klint, a 150' chalk cliff, the flashing light house produced a grim sight - had it been an onshore gale...? I motored towards Rodvig Haun, but got mixed up with some fishtraps in the darkness and couldn't find my way out so I had to anchor to a chalk bottom near some rocks.

Leaving the anchorage at the crack of noon a further 15 miles were covered through winding channels among the shallows. The scenery was beautiful, the shoreline covered in beech-woods now clothed in their brown and red Autumn coats. Everywhere was so quiet and still. At dusk I motored into Nyord Havn passing a keel boat which was aground with four very worried Danes on board. I promised to send a fishing boat out to give them a tow off. Nyord is a small island which is supported by fishing and a little agriculture. The entrance to the Haun was only 18' wide so I had to pull my fenders up. My arrival went unnoticed as the population seemed to go to bed at dusk.

In the morning I was sailing close hauled into a Westerly force three. After passing under a road bridge near Stege I came out into the wind and started tacking. The channels were very narrow and winding but well marked with Danish broom buoys. I could see the bottom all the time now as it was no more than 12' deep maximum. At night fall I tied up to the quay at Vordingborg, a small town. Little did I know but I was to come to know this town very well.

PART 2 DISASTER

WARNING: Fellow Poly-Cat owners are recommended to read the rest of this narrative carefully, then check their own boats' equipment.

I left Vordingborg at noon - incidentally I had been single handed since Snekkersten, some 18 miles North of Copenhagen. The day was warm and sunny, the wind W.N.W. force four, A dead head wind. The date was Saturday 17th. October. I had to sail back a mile then commenced beating, first under a bridge which is 1½ miles long, then into open water. It was an enjoyable sail, the latter part under a full moon. At 9.30 I anchored in nine feet of water under the lee of Faemo island. I let go my 56 lb. fisherman and 90' chain into the sand bottom. It was a very uncomfortable night rolling in the swell. Sunday morning the wind went round to S.W. and increased to force six. My anchorage had become exposed, so prepared to set sail, but found that I couldn't budge the anchor, I couldn't pull an inch of chain in owing to the strong wind and breaking waves. Rather than slip the chain and lose my biggest anchor I decided to sit the storm out. The 12 noon shipping forecast gave westerly 6-8 for German bight. During the afternoon and evening the conditions got

progressively worse.

I put my 40lb. fisherman anchor and nylon rope out for I feared I would drag. The waves had a 25 mile fetch and the area was fairly shallow with some very shallow patches where the waves would break badly. Also for good measure I was in a war time minefield - but I wasn't worried about mines.

I will now quote from my log, beginning Monday 19th. October.

- 0200 Shipping forecast grim - Wind backing N.W. 9 -10. Fear that anchors will drag - will run without sails and try to get under lee of bridge.
- 0245 Anchors dragging - preparing for action - pulled anchors on board and set canvas storm jib aft on the mast to make Cat. run to leeward.
- 0400 Storm jib (25sq') blew out. Drifting beam on - sighted ship - set off red hand flare - ship hove to.
- 0445 Came onto ship, but we can't get near in the sea conditions. set six tyres on a warp over bow for sea anchor. Ship steamed away.
- 0500 Barometer is falling rapidly. Severe gale now - some of the waves are very steep and the cat. is still broadside on - the sea anchor doesn't work. Another ship is sighted going west - set off flare right in front of it but wasn't seen.
- 0600 Visibility nil - like sailing through smoke.
- 0735 Land sighted about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile away. Let go two anchors in 20' water - dragging down onto fish onto Fish-traps - storm increasing - raining hard.
- 0810 three anchors down - all dragging - 15' water - terrific wind rain and sea.
- 1600 Anchors dragging slowly - almost on fish-traps. Glass still falling - very rough - tried to take some film.
- 1800 Shipping forecast German Bight N.W. 8 - 10 blowing hard.
- 2300 On the fish trap - am being dropped on the posts - Port hull holed - settled quickly - half the Cat awash.

This was as much as I wrote in my log at the time. A six inch diameter stake had come through the inside of the port hull (the chartroom). All the time I was being smashed onto the posts about 500 yards offshore. I went into the galley and had some ryvita and peanut butter (last supper). I set off a red hand flare and also a rocket which failed to ignite. The conditions seemed to be getting worse, so I decided it was time to get ashore. I had a good 9' ply dinghy in which I had tied an air mattress, a life belt and some plastic water containers for buoyancy. I also put all my valuables in a bag and tied that to the dinghy. It was very difficult to launch my 'Life boat' owing to the angle of the deck. I managed however but not with shipping a lot of water. I had a life - jacket on and I also tied myself to the dinghy. I stuck a sharp knife in my belt for emergency. I waited for the right moment then scrambled in the dinghy and cut the painter - I drifted away rapidly.

The oars and rowlocks were ready and I managed to ride the first two waves, but then a monster wave reared up and smashed down on me. The dinghy cartwheeled and I was swimming. After a while I managed to lay on the bottom of the dinghy, but it kept rolling over. The water was very cold and the waves were just rolling over me. When I was on the crest I could see that the wind was blowing me parallel to the coast - I was not getting any nearer and was also getting numb. Something had to be done quickly. I got the life-belt from the dinghy and put it on and

cut myself free. I am not a very strong swimmer but now I was swimming for my life. Even with my bouyancy aids I was mostly under water. I swam for some time at an angle to the beach slowly crossing in. The moon came out with the clouds racing across the sky - what a scene. Suddenly I touched bottom but it was only a shoal patch and I was quickly swept back to deep water. I swam on for a while and then touched bottom again. This time it was land, small rocks in fact. Each wave washed me up a little furthur for I was too exhausted to stand, until I was deposited on the soft sand. I lay there a while, breathless, then crawled over a grassy bank under the lee. I rested a while then staggered off looking for some shelter. This part of the coast is almost uninhabited but I found a fisherman's hut open and put some newspaper under my wet clothes to try and get warm. It was about midnight and I stayed in the hut till dawn when I saw a light in a farmhouse. I went over and asked for shelter. Luckily, the son of the house, about the same age and size as me, could speak English. They gave me some food and dry clothes and a bed to sleep in. That bed was heaven as I hadn't slept for 70 hours.

Two hours later I was woken by the Police and Customs and interrogated then driven back to Vordingborg. The life boat was waiting to take me to see if there was anything left of Ngataki. The conditions were still terrible - force 8 from the West, but the life boat was game. Battened down it submerged at the harbour entrance and came up again a my boat. Incredibly mu Cat was just as I had left her. The anchor had dragged a few yards so the boat had cleared the line of stakes. It took over 2 hours to get the anchor free. We were mostly under solid water, then I was taken in tow on a long nylon line. It was about five miles back to habour and with a gale behind us it was a struggle. Ngataki would rush down the face of a wave, then broach too. As half the boat was waterlogged the crest would explode under the bouyant starboard hull almost capsizing the Cat - Me - I was laying on the mainmast. I wanted to cut the lanyards and let the masts go for they were acting like levers but (Luckily) I never had a knife eventually we arrived in Vordingborg. The whole town was there to view this strange Englishman in an even stranger craft. Luckily I was soon whisked away by a press reporter for a 'confession'. Of all the hundreds of people who came to stare at me, only one man offered to help. It was one night when I was washing my radios and cameras under a tap to get the salt out, this man came up laughing and said "You English never lose your sense of humour, its the first time I've ever seen anybody wash a transisitor radio."

The same day that I was towed in, a fishing boat was overwhelmed drowning two local fishermen - it was only blowing force 8.

The next day, Wednesday 21st October, I hired a crane to lift the damaged hull out of the water so that I could repair the damage. Luckily there was only one hole wherethe post had first come through. I used a floor board, a piece of canvas and Mastic and in $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour the boat was floating on an even keel. The next few days were spent cleaning up the mess. I managed to scrounge 2 anchors for the fishermen had taken mine to compensate for the damaged fish trap. I also hired a fishing boat and found my dinghy undamaged, but all my belongings were ruined. The crane and the boat set me back £10. On the 29th. October I was ready to sail again with a N.E. wind force two although the previous day had seen a force eight gale from the West. I motored out of the habour with the trusty Sea-gull when the boat seemed to get out of control and I got swept onto the bow of a Danish Coaster. The mate of the ship untangled my rigging and pushing me clear said "I've just painted this f..... ship, and then you come along." I then discovered why I had gone out of control,

There was a five knot current running. I was rapidly being swept down to a steel lifting bridge. I put the engine flat out and tried to run the boat aground on the other shore, but I couldn't make it. I quickly threw the anchor over, but it wouldn't hold in the mud bottom ...CRASH. I hit the bridge stern first, the Mizzen mast snapped off at the base, then all the strain went on the main mast. A 30' fishing boat put out to help me, but wasn't powerful enough, then another one arrived and between them pulled me clear of the bridge and back to Vordingborg Harbour. That same day I shortened the Mizzen mast by four feet and sewed a reef in the sail to suit, ready for the next attempt.

On Friday 6th. November I set off again, this time having a tow under the lifting bridge. I hoisted my Mizzen and jib and my tow cast off. I sailed on a bit like this, siezing up the wind then started to hoist my Gaff main sail. When the strain came on the mast, however, it bent double. Unknown to me it had cracked when I hit the bridge. Owing to the wind I couldn't get back to Vordingborg, so I ran downwind to a little anchorage about two miles away. I left my boat there and trained back to Copenhagen for some moral support from my friends Jannick and Billy. On Saturday 7th. November In Copenhagen, a decision was made - by the weather - it started snowing.

Somehow I had to get Ngataki back to the city for the winter. This I have managed to achieve under jury rig, but not without furthur adventures. As I motored out of Rødby Havn in a strong breeze the motor was overwhelmed and I was flung on the rocks by the swell. I jumbed ashore with a rope and managed to pull the boat astern back into calm waters. Luckily no damaged was sustained. Finally I anchored off Sundby, her winter berth, but that night the wind sprang up, the anchors dragged and Ngataki went on a wooden pier. All day she ground up against this, I and my friends tending the fenders in a gale and very heavy rain - again very little damage was done.

Now Ngataki is in Sundby Havn on the outskirts of Copenhagen securely moored on all four quarters. (She will rest this winter, but once moore in the Spring, like the Phenix, she will rise and continue to sail the seas)*

*Attribute to Dick Kesby.

CONCLUSIONS

The two main problems facing these Poli-Cats seem to be the anchors and auxillary power. I will deal with anchors first. My compliment consisted of a 56lb. fisherman with 90' $\frac{3}{8}$ " chain, a 40lb fisherman with 200' 2" nylon and a 35lb. C.Q.R. with 30' 5/16" chain + 200' 2" nylon. Time and again all these anchors together failed to hold my 34' Tangaroa. Now I'm going to make two 100lb Danforth anchors with 100' $\frac{3}{8}$ " chain each + 2" nylon rope. I will also have an anchor winch set on the aft beam so that I can pull the anchor up in comfort even when the bows are pitching under water. A 100lb. anchor on a 34' Cat may sound excessive, but remember if it had been a rocky shore I had dragged onto, you would not have been reading this. Many of you wish to sail off to Paradise with your wife and children, and your boat will be your home with all your worldly possessions contained within. Sooner or later your whole existance is going to depend on your anchors. A Cat is much more vulnerable in a tight spot than a keel boat so we will tend to rely on our anchors much more.

The more I think about aux. motors, the more I consider not having one at all. There is no perfect answer to a Poly-Cat. I have tended to rely on my little Seagull too much - I imagine it will get me out of anywhere, but because I had a motor I hit a bridge and went on the rocks. If you have some money to spare, buy some light weather sails instead of a motor.

After my disaster I can hear some of you saying "What about those water tight bulkheads?" Well to tell you the truth, I drilled 6 one inch holes in the top of mine to aid ventilation, its the only way to beat condensation - if you don't have through ventilation rot will set in rapidly. Also the fore and aft hatches must sit on rubber gaskets with screw clamps. My fore hatch was torn right off by the waves (not the hinges, but the wood itself).

What about the "Can't sink cos its made of wood" crowd. I have my doubts now - in the hull that submerged I had two big inflated air mattresses and some inflated polythene containers, but I also had a comprehensive tool kit and a spare everything. Its unbelievable all the gear I carry when in cruising trim. I think that all this equipment just about cancels out all the natural buoyancy in the wood. My hull was completely awash except the raised cabin top - God help you with polyether foam mattresses - they weigh a ton when wet.

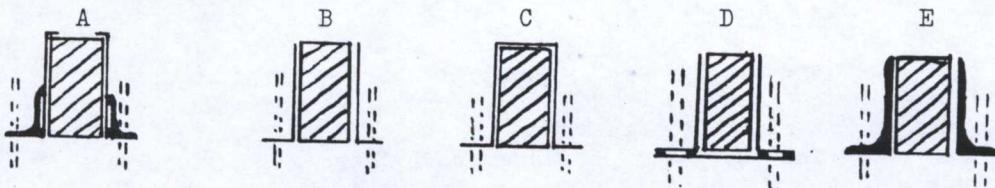
On the 25th. October I examined a wrecked 'Tehini' about 20 miles South of Copenhagen. It had only been launched two days previously and had Dragged its anchor in an on-shore breeze and pounded to pieces in the surf. Its almost a total loss - £5000 lost because of an anchor - every one of the 24 beam mounting brackets had broken at the bottom right angle bend. The material was 3" x $\frac{1}{4}$ " galvanised Mild steel which had been bent to shape by a blacksmith. I examined the fractures and found that the steel had crystallised - BUT this is not the method laid down by Jim - he uses Angle-iron welded on - a far superior design. Any builder who has used bent steel brackets would be well advised to consider replacing them with angle-iron, yours might break when there is six miles of water under the keels.

Summing up - I still have enormous faith in my Tangaroa. In a way I am glad I met with a spot of trouble on this trip. I've learnt so much and I hope I can pass on my learning to all Wharram Cat fans everywhere. This coming Summer I am heading South. I think I have prepared my boat and body sufficiently to face anything now. Anyone wanting to know some of the finer details of what I have written can contact me at my home - 104, Montgomery Road, Ipswich, Suffolk IP2 8QR, England.

P.S. Throw your Whale Gusher pumps into the harbour and get a Henderson pump with a quick release diaphragm - one day your life will depend on unblocking it quickly.

John Leach

MOUNTING BRACKETS

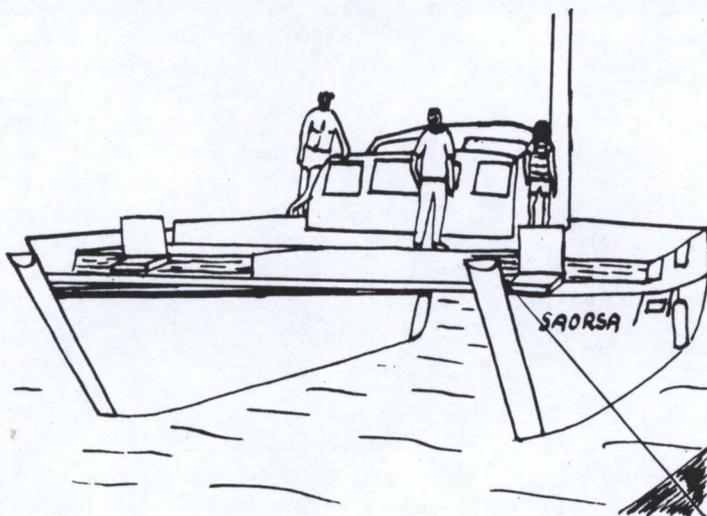


- A. As per design - small angle Iron welded onto plate.
- B. Suicidal - bent steel used insted of angle iron.
- C. Expensive suicide - as above with 'Top hat' included
- D. An improvement, but still not as strong as A.
- E. Large correct size angle iron in one piece - heaviest but strongest.

Nigel Harford.

One Good Reason For Not Building A Deck Cabin

The following are extracts from a magazine and a newspaper article regarding a 56' Catamaran - SAORSA. The reliability of the facts of these particular reports is open to some doubt, and if anyone can offer any further information I am sure we would all be interested. We apologise for the abbreviated state of the article (Shortage of space) and trust that we have not thereby caused a one sided view - Eds.



A. DREAM MADE TO MEASURE

A 42 year old Canadian Bob Rochester spent 18 months working 12 hours a day, six days a week building a 56' Catamaran. The plans he had were for a 41' Wharram design, but he decided the boat should be larger for what he had in mind. With the designer's approval, he used the same basic hull design, but lengthened the boat by fifteen feet. Greater stresses had to be allowed for, but this presented no problem for a friend who is a structural engineer.

On completion she weighed 12 tons, had a beam of 24' and a draught of 34". The ship accommodates eight, in four separate cabins, has a galley to starboard and a chart room and lounge to Port, also two complete washrooms with a DECKHOUSE and BRIDGE COMBINATION between the two hulls. (Doubt he had designer's approval for that. Ed.)

Of a crew of five including two children, no one on board has had actual sailing experience on their own, though the skipper had a months voyage a Schooner sailing from Grenada to New York on which he proved, amongst other things, his navigational ability.

Daily Province Jan 29/71.

FIVE SURVIVE SEA ORDEAL

Five Canadians survivors of a shipwreck have arrived in the Antilles. Their Catamaran SAORSA, sailed from Canada in October 1970, and was on route for Santa Domingo when a 'freak' wave capsized her. The five Canadians, pounded by strong seas, clung to the keel. Lacking food and water they relieved their hunger and thirst with some floating grapefruit and bananas which they fished from the waves.

They tried repeatedly to attract the attention of passing ships with shiny pieces of metal and by waving an orange fluorescent sou'wester, but 24 vessels passed without seeing them.

The Golden Eagle found them on Sunday - they had been in the water for 32 hours - only because her captain had deviated from his normal route to take a radio beacon fix on Mona Island. He saw the overturned SAORSA and its crew floating in his path.

British Columbia 'Daily Province.

NAVIGATION - A Simple Station Pointer.

Having measured the angles of three objects ashore by sextant, the wider angle the better, take a sheet of tracing paper (Grease proof paper will do) about 12"x12", and draw a centre line using a ruler. At one end of this line make a small mark using a protractor; centre on the small mark, measure off the angles, right hand angles on right side and left hand on left side of the centre line. You should now have three lines on the paper all converging at one point.

Place the paper on the chart and move it about until all three lines lie exactly through the three objects ashore. There is only one point on the chart where this can happen. Placing the tip of your pencil on the point where the three lines converge, press carefully, remove the tracing paper and the impression left by your pencil will be seen. Mark and circle it as this is now your position. Erase pencil lines from tracing paper and all is ready for next time. - Happy landfalls.

John Gale.

POINTS TO CONSIDER

Harold and Wendy Goddard (Canada), Oro Builders, have come up with the following points for consideration.

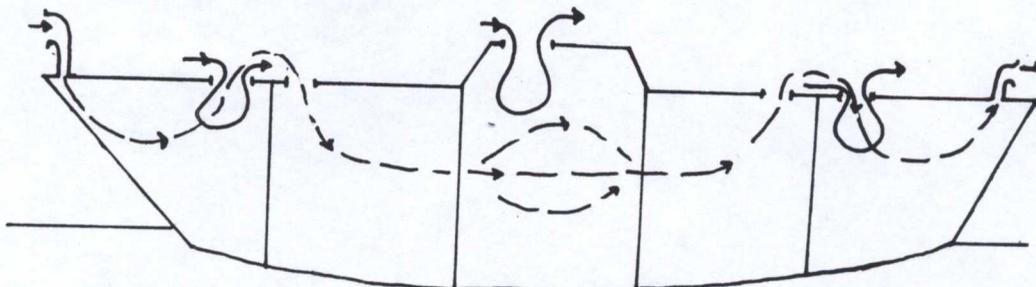
1. Perhaps a pessimistic thought, but what if a fire occurs in the galley area (Centre section) while you are dozing in the bunk cabin. Would you not be trapped between the fire and the water-tight bulkhead? Some type of watertight hatch just big enough to crawl through in an emergency, but strong enough to retain the strength and watertightness of the bulkhead seems an answer - any body know of such a hatch.

*Many builders are making hatches above each bunk for just this reason + bonus of extra ventilation and access.

2. What about self steering gear suitable for our Cats?. This is an area where many of us must be on shaky ground, and some articles and advice from people who have tried various types of gear etc. would be most helpful. At present I am thinking of a horizontal vane driving the tiller. Space below the boom might be a problem though. (yet another decision).

3. A construction drawing for an outboard motor "pod" form Jim or anyone would be most useful. Or perhaps a sketch in this journal from one of you people who have already completed your boat and have a successful design.

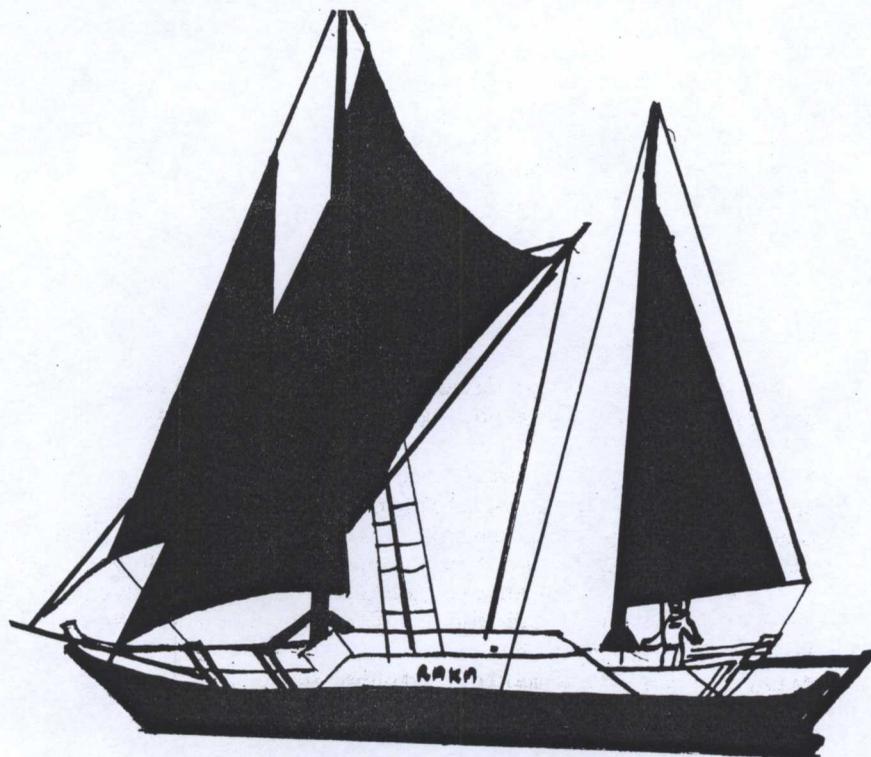
4. Ventilation of the boat would appear to be poor. No through flow of air in any section:



I will finish her as per the plans for now, but I will at least have removeable cowl vents at the bow and stern (for use in Port for forward and aft compartment ventilation. Have not yet decided (another decision) how I will deal with the rest of her yet - any ideas ?

Harold & Wendy Goddard

FAST SAILING FOR A CRUISER.



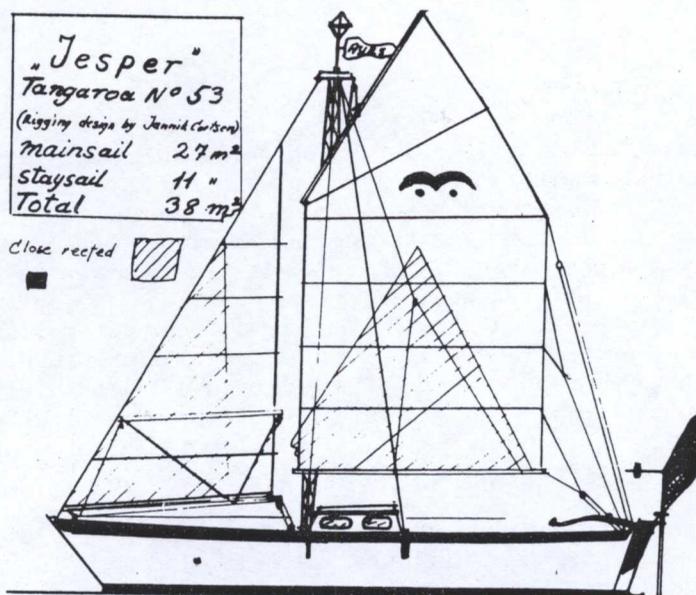
On a rather dull day in July, RAKA (Rongo design) left the mouth of Arklow harbour at 11.00 hours bound towards Dunlaoghaire, some 38 miles to the North. The forecast gave winds, Southerly force 4 - 6, scattered showers and good visibility. The current was also flowing North.

Under foresail and Mizzen staysail we left Arklow and found that we were making very good speed. On checking the wind speed with the ventmeter we found that this gave us a force 4. Some 2 hours later Wicklow Head was abeam and the wind was now increasing to force 5, gusting to 6. The sea rising quite a bit with many long white caps, sent RAKA surfing forward very rapidly indeed; the wake showed a long white plume spouting out behind the rudders, 12 knots or better. Everyone board, there were seven, enjoyed the running very much, especially the surfing. The waves would lift the stern and RAKA, after surfing, would slide down the back of them allowing the crest to rise level with and sometimes higher than the bows.

On approaching Dalkey Sound (where the sea is channelled through a gap about a mile wide by a mile long) between the mainland and Dalkey Island and its associated outlying rocks and reefs, the sea was roaring and crashing all round as RAKA surfed through only to come out the other end, all quiet and sedate. In the middle of the Sound it is necessary to change course from North to slightly North of West. We were now in calm water and had lost much of the wind, though it seemed no time at all until we were sailing through the mouth of Dunlaoghaire Harbour, exactly 4 hours out of Arklow. We had sailed all the way with only the two sails whose combined area of 260sqft. is a little more than a third of our total sail area of 755sqft. - fast sailing for a cruiser.

John Gale.

JUNK RIGGED TANGAROA



Here is a drawing of my new Tangaroa rig. The mainsail is a junk sail and the jib is an easily reefed type, similar to Piver's on the Nimble number One.

In 1970 I sailed with this junk main and it was a great success, I had a small mizzen also then, but the junk main was so easy to handle that I have simplified the rig.

I do not like the large amounts of rope I have seen on some junk sails and I therefore have just one simple sheet aft. I

made the sails of very heavy red cotton which is often used for tarpaulins, battens are bamboo fishing rods lashed to the sail by thin ropes. The advantage of heavy cotton is that it won't flog, and that it comes down without any trouble when let go.

The new jib will be fully battened to avoid dangerous flogging and boomed for simple sheeting. A thin line will be fastened to each side and led round to the cockpit to hold the jib aback when tacking. For adjusting the sails I have only two sheets to handle.

I am now working on my mast which is made from three steel tubes in a triangle set about one foot apart at the base and tapering to the top. One side is made to be a ladder to make climbing easy. Special fittings to make sail steering easy will be fitted.

I have servorudder self steering on the port rudder which has worked well for two years which will make her good for single handed Ocean work when I leave Denmark this year for a better life in a better climate. I trust I will be able to get work on the way as, like most enthusiasts, I am very short of Money. John Leach and I shall sail South together (perhaps to New Zealand) and if one of our boats is wrecked we can always carry on in the other.

I have often sailed single-handed in bad weather for more than 50 hours without sleep and a complicated rig is hard to handle when you are tired - reefing must be easy and I can do this easily from my inside steering position in the starboard hull. Best wishes from Denmark, where most people hate multihulls.

Jannick Cortsen.

ANUANUA GOES RACING

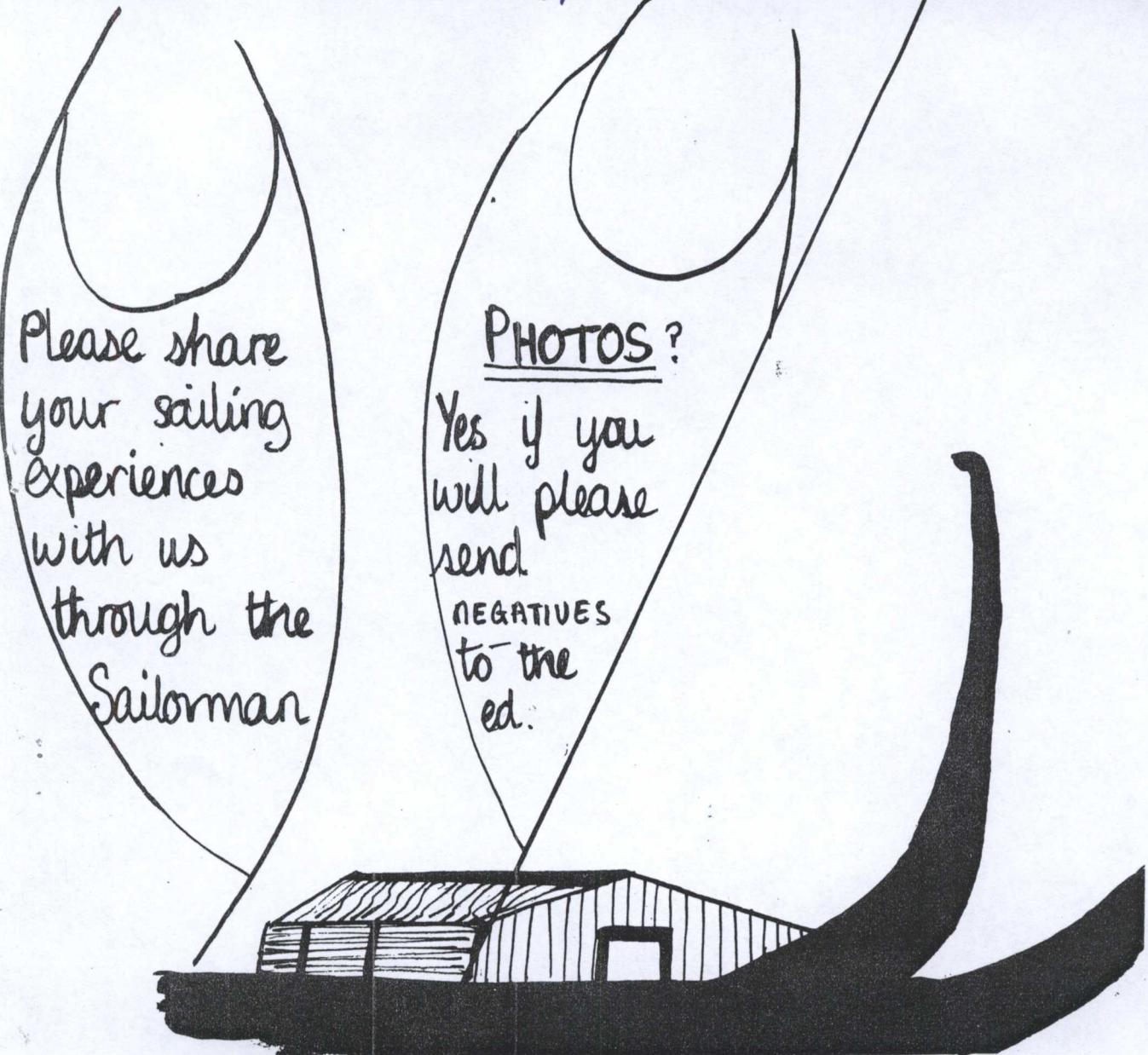
The Race started at 11.00 hrs from the Wlney Bridge. Eight monohulls and three Cats set off up the river to the start line, and owing to their larger engines they were all at the start line on time whilst Anuanua was struggling up river, the large white seagull on the masthead laughing at the ineffective seagull on the stern. Half an hour after the start the bridge was raised for us and we sailed through, having to beat two miles up river. As we passed two twentyfive footers plunging through the races with us we rounded the North end of the Island. With the happy combination of wind and waves we started beautifully surfing for about ten seconds per wave, passing one after another of the boats whose owners had criticised Anuanua.

Ernie Diamond who had designed the leader 'Spindrift', a 25' catamaran must have felt that when we changed course into the wind we would not be catching him up any more, but we were still drawing up to him on the windward side. My good manners and big head made me change course to overtake him to leeward, which we did.

We were now some five hundred yards in the lead but went about too early and had to tack three times to the line, 'Spindrift' saved face by doing it in one tack owing to better local knowledge and crossed the line just Ahead of us, but Anuanua has created a name for herself in the Morcam Bay sailing Clubs.

Anuanua - Tangaroa built by Ken Paterson.

Max Horton.



SUMMER RALLY

We very much hope to hold a Summer Rally for members and friends on August 28th, 29th, & 30th. It will be held either on the Mersey(off thames) at Bartlett Creek or on the Orwell at Ipswich.

We would be delighted to see a large number of boats for the event, but the most important aspect is to give members an opportunity for a weekend natter about their boats and problems. Facilities will doubtless be very basic, but I am sure that will be no deterrant.

Name.....Boat.....

Address.....

I will/will not be attending the Summer Meeting and I will be bringing my boat/camping.

I may be able to come and would like details sent to me when they are available YES/NO

Signature..... , Date.....

Send this to:- Nigel Harford, Jenny, Kingston Bridge Moorings, Old Bridge Street, Hampton Wick, Kingston, Surrey.