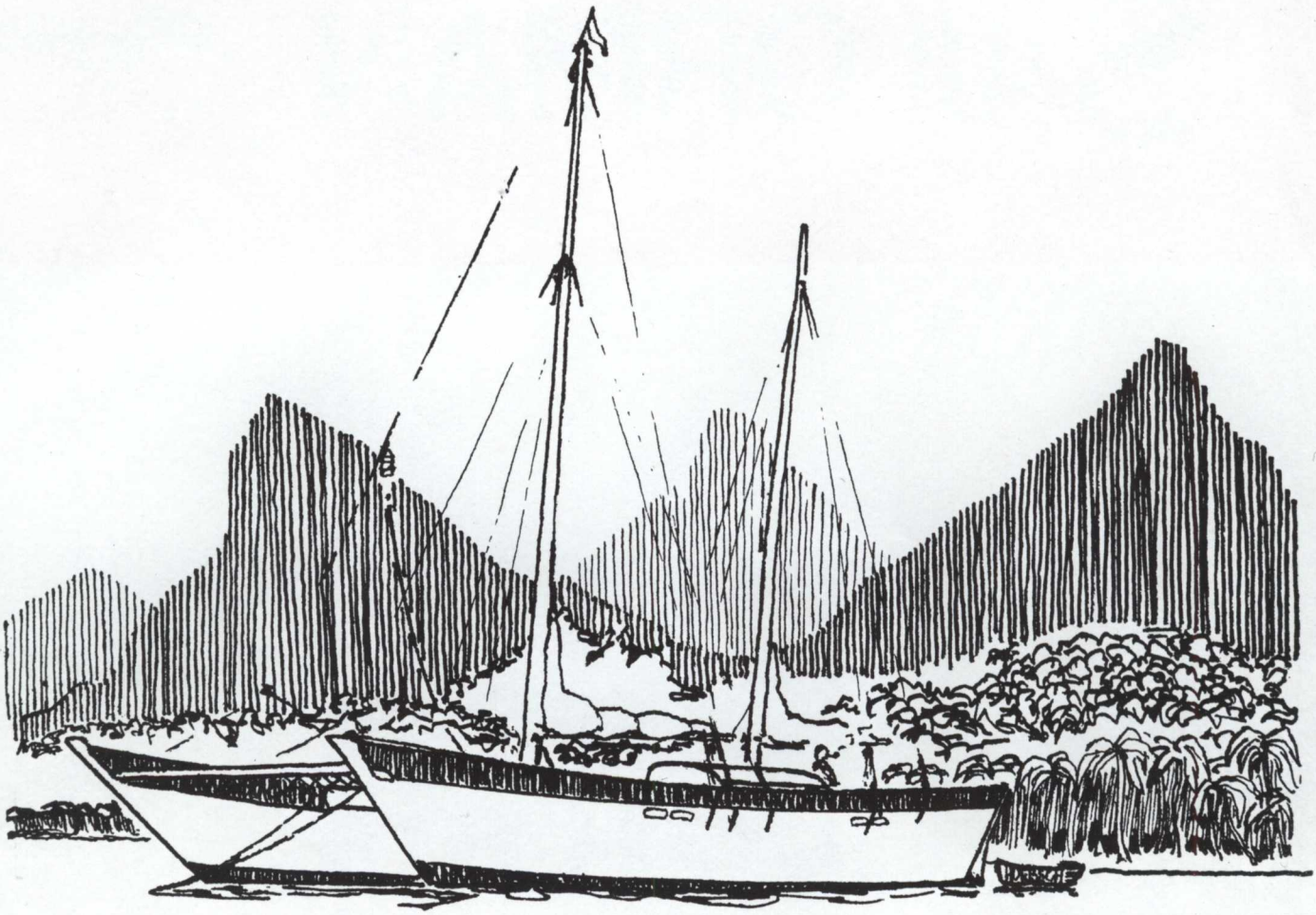
THE SAILORMAN

#23

December 1978



Contents

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SMALL ADS FREE TO PCA MEMBERS

Crossword answer: PITCH

THE SAILORMAN

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A word in your ear

Liferafts are costly to buy and I am told a certain number do not inflate when sent back to the makers for testing. If it doesn't work when you need it, it is unlikely that you will get a second bite at the apple. Within the PCA and AYRS people have come up with ideas for liferaft-tenders. It makes a lot of sense to have a liferaft that can be propelled if sudden disaster overtakes you in mid ocean far away from shipping lanes. If you have any constructive ideas on the subject, drop a line to me or Mike Ellison of AYRS. There is I believe, a governmental department that will fund projects in the small boat world i.e. not commercial shipping.

The PCA AGM is to be held at the Richmond Community centre, 4 Sheen Road, Richmond, again on the 6th January, 1979. Facilities will be open to us from about 2 p.m. on as usual.

Robin Fautley, our hard working Secretary who has done much this year to further the interests of the PCA, wishes to stand down. I hope there is an administrator amongst you dear members, who will come forward to take his place. Without a Secretary, the PCA cannot continue to function properly.

We sailed to Holland this last July, with the intention of arriving at the 10th anniversary meeting of the Dutch Catamaran and Trimaran Club (CTC) at Enkhuisen. To an outsider, anyway, the Dutch multihill scene seems to be much more integrated than that of the U.K. The geography of Holland must help this. Cat designer Lars Oudrop sailed his Havkat 18 down from Denmark. The meeting was most successful in terms of the number of boats attending. Hina's, Hinemoa's, Tane's, Tangaroa's, Narai's, Ariki's, Telstars, Iroquois, Apache's and Hirondells were examples of multi's present, including a Havkat.

Tane Sailor and jazz fiend Jelle van der Zee speaking at the CTC prize giving evening during a light hearted moment, reckoned that if "Wind surfers do it standing up", then "Cat sailors do it twice!". MULTIHULLS magasine has a badge with a slogan that says (amongst others) "Multihulls sailors have more fun". Perhaps one could go on to say that "Cat sailors have twice as much fun". I suppose it would be true to say "I've done it twice as fast and had more fun more often". Well, when you consider that Surf Song's hull speed is about 5.5 knots ($\sqrt{19} \times 1.25$) on a 19 ft. water line, several times this year she has been up to the twelve knot mark (and that was on flat water), and that was loaded with beer and goodies for weekending and holidays.

When sailing with a three year old nephew during last summer, though not at any great speed, when asked what he thought of sailing, he replied, "I think it is a little bit nice!".

Thanks to those of you who have contributed information on sheathing. I still await information from the experiences of others.

Richard Bumpus

PCA

Association News

Pete Kerrod of Wilma Road, Surfdale, Waikeke Island, Auckland, N.Z. sent along photos of Peter Crawford's cutter rigged Tangaroa POHUTAKAWA, George Freegard's Oro and a photo of his own Oro. Pete says he put the 42' mast up all by himself. The sails should be sorted out by now. Other work included fitting a Wankel rotary engine of 20 hp. between the hulls underneath the central deck cockpit. The whole unit should pivot so as to drop into or out of the water. The sterns of Pete's Oro are rather like IOR racing keelboats. Launching was due about November-December.

NEWS FROM NEW ZEALAND

Extract from John McCartney's letter about the single-handed Tasman Race

"The race across the Tasman was a fantastic experience, but my final position was a bit disappointing.

I was in the lead for the first 4 days, covering 640 miles, until cyclone Howe hit the fleet on the 5th day. Although the wind was only SE 50–60 knots, the seas were very mean. My self-steering relies on shockcord and balancing the sails, but with only storm jib set I could not get her to self steer.

After 2 days the wind went around to the south which resulted in a very mean cross sea. Waves were breaking up through the wing deck and eventually I started to have pieces of the decking being smashed out. For the safety of the boat I hove to for appr. 36 hours before the wind dropped sufficienty to start sailing again.

I was then decalmed 1 day (80 miles) off Mooloobaba where the race finished. I eventually came in 9th out of 15, taking 11 days for the crossing.

The winner was a 30' Gary Mull designed keeler with trim tab self-steering. He took just over 8 days which was a new race record. 5 of the first 6 boats had knockdowns to where the mast touched the water.

There were 3 casualties in the race. A 24' 1/4 tonner lost her mast, a 30' keeler lost her mast, capsized 5 times – twice end over end. Her skipper was picked up and the boat eventually washed up on Fraser Island.

Bill Belcher, the winner of the last race hit Middleton reef and was picked up after 10 days in his liferaft drifting towards Australia.

At the time of the race, another boat was sunk 200 NW of New Zealand, and there is still a boat missing that left Nelson the same day the race started.

This gives you some idea of the severity of the conditions that were encountered. Although I was very wet and uncomfortable during the storm I survived, and to me that is the thing that counts.

Looking back on the race, I think the following are the reasons I had to stop while the others kept going:

1. Lack of self-steering that worked in all conditions.
2. Lack of preparation time. "Yentraccam' had only done 2500 miles when I left New Plymouth which wasn't enough to iron out all bugs.
3. Lack of wingdeck clearance. 'YENTRACCAM' floats 6" below her marks at the stern and right on them at the bow. Admittedly she is 1' wider and this could partly explain why she is a little heavy and very wet."

from John McCartney, area secretary of N.Z.

"In Little Shoal Bay (Auckland, I think), where I moor, there are usually 4 or 5 other Wharram cats. We have quite a good, little community, as 3 of us were living on our boats. They include: Ted Barry's ARIKI, BRIGHT EYES, which recently changed ownership (a TANGAROA which Trevor Tutte sailed from England to New Zealand), Ron and Sandy Malatios' ARIKI, Wade Brough's TANGAROA, the NARAI (TAHIA), which James King sailed out from the U.K. and Peter Crawford's TANGAROA for a short time, and a HINA called 'SUPERB' STRONG and TOUGH', plus my boat (a RAKA, called YENTRACCAM, which is MacCartney spelled backwards)."

The first Tangoroa mk 4 to be built which was shown off by Jim at Portland about two years ago (professionally built by Viken Boats), and was featured on the front cover of the Dec. 76 Sailorman, was sailed across to the West Indies by K.C. Jensen. TANGOROA alias SWEETNESS alias SWEET AS has now been bought by Carl Kreuter, of St. Thomas, U.S. Virgin Islands.

SCANDINAVIAN MULTIHULL MEETING 1979. Lars Oudrop, Danish catamaran designer very kindly sent us details. The meeting will take place in the harbour of Bogense on the island of Fyn from Friday 13th to Sunday 15th July, 1979. The main purpose of the meeting is to get visiting multihulls to the meeting, from other European multihull clubs. More details later.

The Whitsun meeting at Queenborough, Isle of Sheppey, enjoyed good weather compared to last year. Five cats arrived for the meeting. The meeting consisted of locals and a few others. The prize for the best built boat and the longest distance sailed to the meeting was won by TAHAKI a Tangaroa from the River Crouch, owned, sailed and built by C.J. Palmer and R.F. Peck of Bedfordshire.

George Payne dropped a line to say the Plymouth meeting at the end of August was very successful in terms of numbers of boats that arrived. All were good examples of their kind.

Mike and Velma Fiorentino of SUNRISE FARM BOATS, RT I Box 154A, Morriston, Florida, 32668, U.S.A., have several acres of wooded farmland in central Florida. They have cleared a space to build their multi on. To help costs they will rent part of their site to other builders for a reasonable sum. If you are looking for a site down Florida way, why not contact Mike.

?

FROM CANADA

Roly Huebsch kindly sent us an account of the Lake Ontario sail-in. It will appear in the next issue as we have no further room this time. Roly does say that at the Toronto Multihull Cruising Club there are now two Mauis, three Hinas, one Hinemoa, one Raka and an Oro. There are also five Narais well under construction within 100 miles of Toronto.

John Gale who lives in the Canary Islands sent us some news about Polycats looking for far horizons. These cats were seen at Puerto Rico:
Date: 28.6.78. Name: LEHAVA HAYAM (Flame of the Sea). Skipper: Paddy Warren. Type: Narai. From: Plymouth, England. Bound for: Freetown, W. Africa.
Date: 23.10.78. Name: LUCKY. Skipper: Dieter Ludwig. Type: Tangaroa. From: The Hague, Holland. Bound for: West Indies.

In the last issue we mentioned that TEHINI was now on charter from Ireland to the West Indies. She has now arrived safely. Hannes Wharram has written an account of part of the trip which we will publish later.

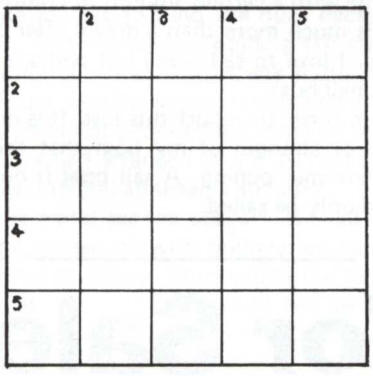
HAVING A SPOT OF BOTHER (OR WHY I CAN'T GO SAILING) by Wee D. Hulls

In April 1975 and June, 1976 SAILORMAN Wee D. Hulls had a lot of bother with his sailing. Because of his incompetance he gave a number of reasons for not taking his boat out:

1. Too windy
2. Must cut the lawn
3. The wife doesn't like it?
4. The engine won't start
5. The electrics are out of order
6. Too much to do at the office
7. He is taking a caravan holiday
8. He can't be bothered to get up early to catch the tide
9. He's taking a colleague down for a gin and tonic on Sunday morning
10. He can't swim
11. He got a nasty fright when the weather blew up suddenly last weekend
12. The family love horses
13. It would spoil his dolly bird's hairdo
14. He gave the helmsman the reciprocal of the intended course, and consequently put the boat aground
15. Still fitting out the boat
16. He has simply lost interest

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

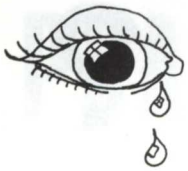
SAILORS SILLY CROSSWORD



Across:
1. Tar
2. Fore and aft movement of a boat
3. Football field
4. Set up a tent
5. Throw

Down:
1. Vegetables
2. What you see with
3. Make fun of
4. Oceans
5. What Cockney's drop

See page 2 for the answer.



The Loss of Fritz

by Nick Hurk, a Dutch Californian

It took me three years as an amateur boat builder to build my 51ft. Tehini. Finally I could sail, and sail I did. A beautiful boat, and even as an amateur sailer I found her easy to sail.

I had crew trouble in Florida and it was midnight as I sailed out alone into the Gulf of Mexico, not a small job being alone for the first time on such a large boat. Once out in the Gulf with lots of sea room it was easy going and I sailed with 900 ft. of sail up, until 8.00 a.m., when I anchored at Key West, Florida. Going through the channel at 14 knots really showed the boat off at its best.

I spent two days in Key West. There was very little wind and most of my time was spent checking the boat out, doing little adjustments to the rigging, a little fishing and resting up for the next leg to Miami Beach. From there I planned to go to the Bahamas for 6 months.

I had named by boat Fritz van der Ryk after a friend who has lost his life at sea. "Fritz" sailed again two days later, November 10th, 1977, in the early afternoon. There was a 12 knot breeze, perfect sailing weather. The radio had warned me of winds up to 22 knots which did not bother me in the least as "Fritz" is a capable boat.

My log, which was fouled somewhat, read 14 knots at 7.30 p.m. I was getting tired and started to steer for a cay where I could anchor and rest a bit. All went well until I fouled three lobster lines. I tied the tiller down and attended to the lobster lines, which I hauled up with grappelhook and winch. As I cut the last line to free "Fritz", the tiller broke, right on the rudder so I decided to anchor as I was only a mile or two offshore. I let out my anchor, 40 ft. chain and 300 ft. of nylon ¾" rope. The boat swung into a current, and the wind (coming from the coast was on the beam. The sails were all lashed down and I had to wait until daylight to effect repairs. I was tired, and the sea was rough. Nevertheless, I made coffee and sat in the cuddy entrance to think things over a bit.

Suddenly, one of the shrouds broke loose and started swinging across the deck and into the main mast and boom. As it was so rough, all I could do was to tie the line down so it would not swing the two dead eyes all over the deck. I became worried as the wind blew 20–24 knots. The sea was steep and choppy, and it was almost impossible to stand up on deck. I saw some ships pass by, but they did not respond to my flares. My radio was out. I hung a strobe light in the mast to attract attention. I was safe, so I went to sleep. My position was Lat. 24°–24'–4N, Lo. 81°–28'–3W.

Waking at 7.00 a.m. to the sound of ships engines, I went on deck to find that the sea was smoother and a freighter was circling around me. It was a Russian ship MV Karaganda, from Houston, Texas with a load of grain to Leningrad. After some formalities, the Captain took me in tow to Miami Beach. A large hawser was attached to a bridle and an extra line around the mast case upon insistance from the boatswain. Having been under way for several hours, the seas became rougher and higher and sometimes "Fritz" went diving into green water instead of over it because of the hawser (a thousand feet of wet hawser is of considerable weight).

I was below when the first beam snapped off like a mere matchstick. I rushed on deck with my strobe and signalled the ship but before it came to a complete stop the mast went overboard and several stainless steel bolts broke in the other beams. I could hear them give way like pistol shots. I was pulled alongside and everything of value was taken off the boat. There was food and water for 6 months – I was heavily laden. The seas were such that they came over the after deck of the freighter – it was real rough. We cleared "Fritz" of all ballast and then I stepped on board the Russian ship.

The crew worked to hold the two hulls together with rope and splints. The U.S. Coast Guard arrived and was standing by. It had been a very exhausting day for all.

I had dinner and was assigned a bed, where I slept for a few hours until I was awakened by the Radio Officer, who told me what had happened with tears in his eyes. "Fritz" had broken completely apart. The two lovely hulls were floating in the waves like two dead whales.

The Coast Guard finally took me on board near Miami Beach. All I had left in the world was on my boat or on the deck of the freighter. Everthing on the after deck was wet. The only items I saved were the sextant, radio, ship's bell, my watercolour brushes and paper, and a few of the beautiful teak blocks.

Everything above deck on "Fritz" was 316 Stainless Steel. It was a beautiful and very good sail boat, but was too much for one man of 54 years old. However, I enjoyed "Fritz" until its early end. A beautiful shape, strong and fast. Now I need a smaller boat, again a Wharram design. It had to be large enough to cross the Atlantic with a certain amount of comfort.

It is much more than a dream after one has sailed for a time. I love to sail alone but perhaps it is much better on a small boat.

I am sorry to report this loss. It is not because of the design or strength of my boat that this happened, but the abnormal pulling. A sail boat is not a barge, and it should only be sailed.

The Boat Moving Trauma

by DAVID LEWIS

The most anxious and traumatic moment in boat-building is the day the contractor arrives to move your many years of hard work to the launching site. This is a side of boat-building which is rarely mentioned, mainly I believe because boat-builders wish to forget the occasion.

My wife Joan and I have spent four years building our 41′ foam sandwich catamaran and we were anxious to ensure that our creation should be moved from our front garden efficiently and without damage. We therefore obtained quotations from three established boat moving firms. The contractor we finally chose was highly recommended and to make sure there were no difficulties or misunderstandings about the actual move we insisted that the contractor came and assessed the situation. We explained to them the construction materials and the method and equipment needed for the move. This meant using wide web lifting slings, spreaders to ensure that the deck edge was not crushed, that a crane was used which could handle the load of each individual hull (1½ tons) and had sufficient reach. The result of the contractors examination of the boat and site was an assurance that the move would be a piece of cake and that their trailer was entirely suitable. I should have realised there and then that cake is for slicing-up!

The trauma then went into high gear. At 9.15 p.m. on the evening before moving day the contractor rang to put the move back half an hour, and stated his trailer was too wide for the approach lane to Dell Quay Boat Yard. I knew immediately when Joan told me of the telephone call that we were in for a hard time. The crane arrived at 9 a.m., the time previously arranged between the crane hire firm and the contractor. This added to my anxiety that things were going wrong. The GPO lineman arrived dead on time to take down a neighbour's telephone line which crossed our garden and which would be in the way. The contractor arrived 15 minutes late with a long lorry and not a trailer. He had no materials to make cradles to hold the hulls because he assumed that the supports we had holding our hulls up in the garden would be suitable. This was transparently not the case. He had seen the supports when he came to view the boat but had not taken much notice of them at the time because he had arranged to use his proper boat trailer with its own integral adjustable supports.

Even though he could see the supports we had would not be suitable he carried on with preparation for loading a hull on the flat-bed lorry. This despite the fact that I pointed out that the supports would not be strong enough. It also turned out that he had not brought web slings but wire with rubber tubing over it. Nor had he brought any spreaders to prevent localised crushing of the hull. When I pointed out that he had not provided proper equipment for the job I was forceably informed that he was a professional with many years of experience and that he only needed my co-operation. But how does one co-operate in the making of a miracle! He even tried to get me to tell him not to go ahead with the move. Although suffering extreme anxiety and anger I retained enough control over myself to tell him that it was up to him to say whether he could carry out the contract or not.

The first hull was lifted and lowered onto the lorry. After much fiddling around with the supports it was obvious to everyone that it was just not on. The contractor then said it would be unsafe to carry on and that he would have to come back another day with the trailer which should have been used in the first place and for which we had contracted.

My analysis of the situation after I had calmed down was that the proper trailer had been used for another job and that the contractor hoped to get away with a long flat bed lorry. I in fact suggested at the time that this was the position. He did not answer my question. The crane driver was very competent and experienced at lifting boats and was in no way responsible for the fiasco. I also believe that the contractor also knew his job but was not prepared to accept the impossibility of what he had in mind. The cost of the crane hire (£57 plus 8% VAT) was my responsibility but naturally I was not willing to suffer this loss and expected the contractor to cover it. The abortive attempt was none of my doing but that of the contractor. This aspect has still to be sorted out at the time of penning this article.

The purpose behind this tale of woe is to warn other boat-builders of the perils of boat moving. Forewarned is forearmed. A friend of mine experienced an even worse experience so I was not unaware of the traps lying in wait. I would advise that first use a reputable firm of experienced boat contractors (mine were), second get them to inspect the site and explain all about the boat and any difficulties you can think of, third put in writing to them all that you have discussed and the equipment to be used (I didn't!); fourth try to get the responsibility for the crane hire placed with the moving contractor (I didn't!).

I hope that by the time this tale is published our boat will be safely afloat and we will have forgotten the trauma and be able to look back with amusement (something we do not feel at the moment). We should be able to dine off the story for some time and with our many experiences of boat moving – our own and other peoples – we could even go into the business ourselves. I expect however that we will be too busy enjoying ourselves in the Mediterranean to concern ourselves with such a worrying business.

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

"Torch: case for dead batteries."

Accidents don't happen.... they are made

Last year I heard of a very interesting story about a monohull. Monohulls! I can hear the scoffs now; don't, it could have been a multihull and I believe would have been more likely.

A monohull was going out into the channel to take some young sailors for a week's Adventurous Training in November, last year. There was to be a skipper (experienced in the sea and the particular boat), two mates (both offshore ticket holders) and six young sailors (very green). The Thursday before the Saturday departure one of the mates cried off; the Queen wanted him elsewhere.

The plan was to leave Portsmouth and sail to Cherbourg; obtain duty free grog and then go on down to St. Malo returning by the following Saturday or Sunday. It didn't work out that way.

The Friday before the Saturday sailing the boat hook was half inched (stolen). Not very serious you say and I agree with you, only in isolation. The sail to Cherbourg was made in good time and the 'duty free' was obtained. The day after arriving at Cherbourg it was planned to sail to Alderney. A short hop, with a pleasant harbour at the end, with good watering places like the Divers.

The wind was in the North towards the end of the passage to Alderney and getting fairly fresh. The plan was to have the engine ticking over but sail in and pick up on the moorings inside the breakwater.

That was the time things started to go wrong. One of the jib sheets went over the side and fouled the prop. The coupling from the gearbox to the shaft failed, understandably, so the boat was committed to sail in. This she did under main alone as the jib had to be handed because of the fouled sheet. The boat was not very manoeuvreable under main alone and had a habit of going into irons when coming about. An approach was made to a buoy but failed; there was no boat hook and the lad draped over the bow did not have long enough arms. By this time the boat was almost stationary and she paid off and made way heading for the breakwater. An attempt to get about failed so the skipper put the helm up to bear round but the main sheet was jammed. One of the young sailors had taken the end to use as a stern line and secured it to a cleat. Before it could be loosened or cut the boat rammed the breakwater – CRUNCH.

The shambles eventually sorted itself out and she managed to pick up another mooring and lay there. The bow was badly damaged and with it the attachment for the freestays, she was a stemhead sloop.

The crew then spent several miserable days aboard, whilst it blew a Northerly hooligan. They couldn't get ashore because it was too rough.

To go over the story again, the accident started to happen when the second mate cried off on the Thursday. It then progressed when someone half-inched the boat-hook. It progressed further when the decision was made to go to Alderney with a Northerly in the offing and finally accelerated with frightening speed when the jib sheet went round the prop.

The final crunch did not happen – it was made – by a series of small mishaps which when taken as a whole made it inevitable.

"My wife doesn't like sailing. What shall I do?
– Get another before it is too late."

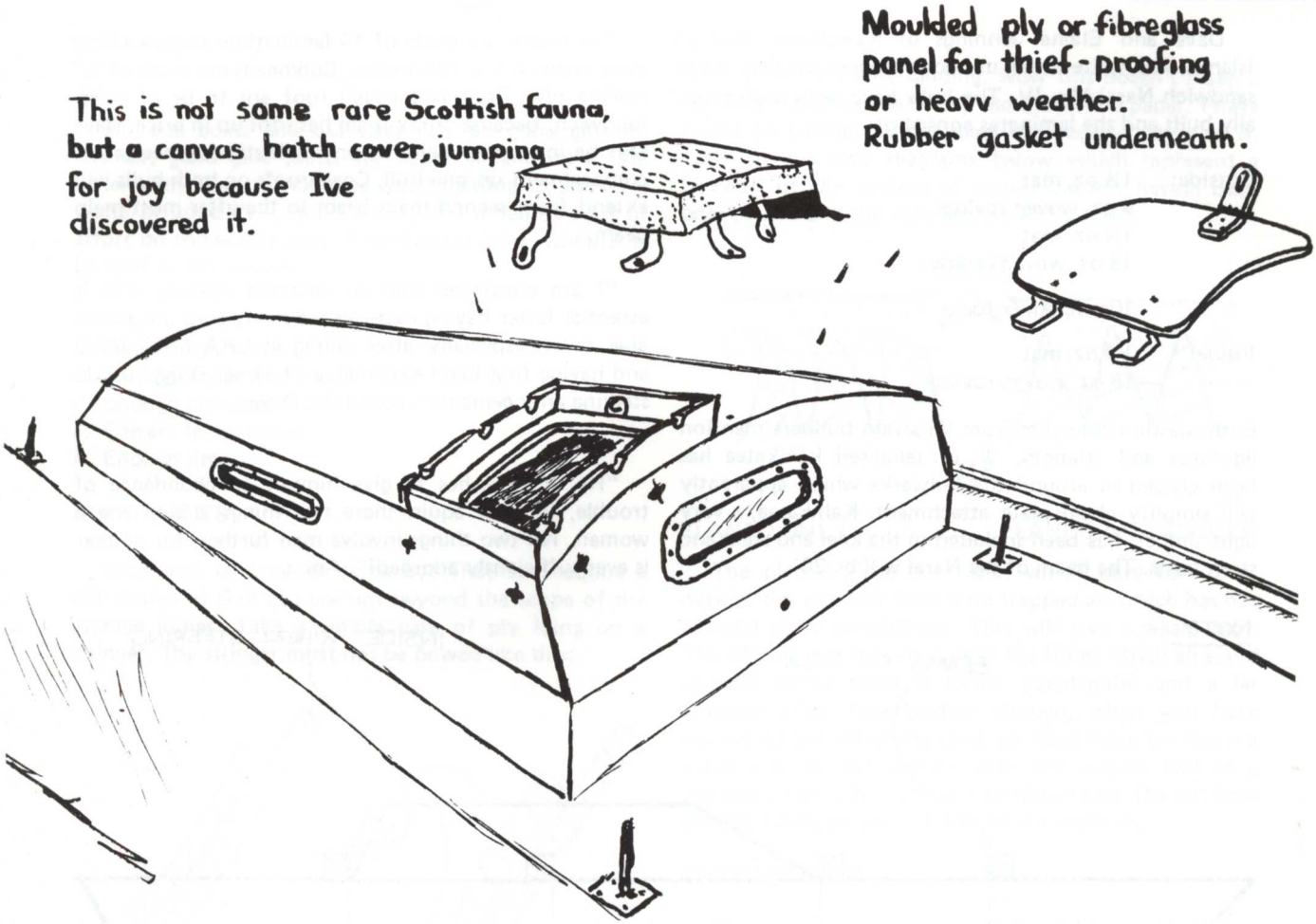
"Can you recommend suitable areas for white slavery?
– In view of the market situation, this letter will be answered confidentially."

Two heads are better than one!

Here is a tip for those with little space.

Double-up an ordinary deck mop by putting a boat hook head on the other end!

The Boatyard



New cabin tops for FAOILEAG (Tangaroa)
by Tony Perridge

I put new cabin tops on Faoileag. Apart from possibly being the lowest cabins fitted to a polycat, they are quite straightforward, and have improved the look of the boat immensely. The hatches, however, may be of interest. Having had hinged, folding hatches on the old cabin tops, I would not want to have them again. True, they are easy to build and make really water-tight, but climbing in and out of them in any sort of a breeze is likely to gain you a clump on the head as the wind catches the hatch. So I decided to have conventional sliding hatches. Alas, the grisly spectre of Finance reared its head, and no matter how I scrounged and bodged (and I consider myself something of a specialist in those arts), it was still going to cost a few bob for slides and screws etc.

So I came up with the following set-up, involving only some canvas and galvanised pipe, both of which I happened to have lying about. I cut the entry into the cabin roof, 19" x 19" on my boat, with nice well radiused corners and surrounded it with a coaming 2" high, leaving a ledge inside the coaming of about 1½" all round. Six half-round notches are cut into the coaming to receive three pieces of galvanised water pipe, laid across the hatch like bars on a cell window. All that remains to be done is to make a canvas hatch cover, and attach the pieces of pipe to it with tapes, or whatever takes your fancy. A flap is put on to the back of the cover to screw it to the cabin roof and stop it escaping.

The result is a hatch that can be opened on any one of three sides, depending on the weather, to allow ventilation, but with virtually no ingress of rain or spray, can be rolled back and secured out of the way easily, or if you're really desperate – can be swept aside with an arm if you need to get on deck in a hurry.

As to how it would stand up to being hit by green water, (heaven forbid!), I can't honestly say, but I reckon that stout canvas with three reinforcing bars should stand a bit of punishment. However, I mean to make a thick plywood panel to sit on the ledge inside the coaming for that sort of eventuality. I hope I never need it!

Dave and Elaine Jennings of Kawakawa, Bay of Islands, NZ. write to tell us about progress on their foam sandwich Narai Mk. IV. The hulls have been professionally built and the laminates consist of:

Outside: 1½ oz. mat
9 oz. woven rovings
1½ oz. mat
18 oz. woven rovings

10mm. Airex foam

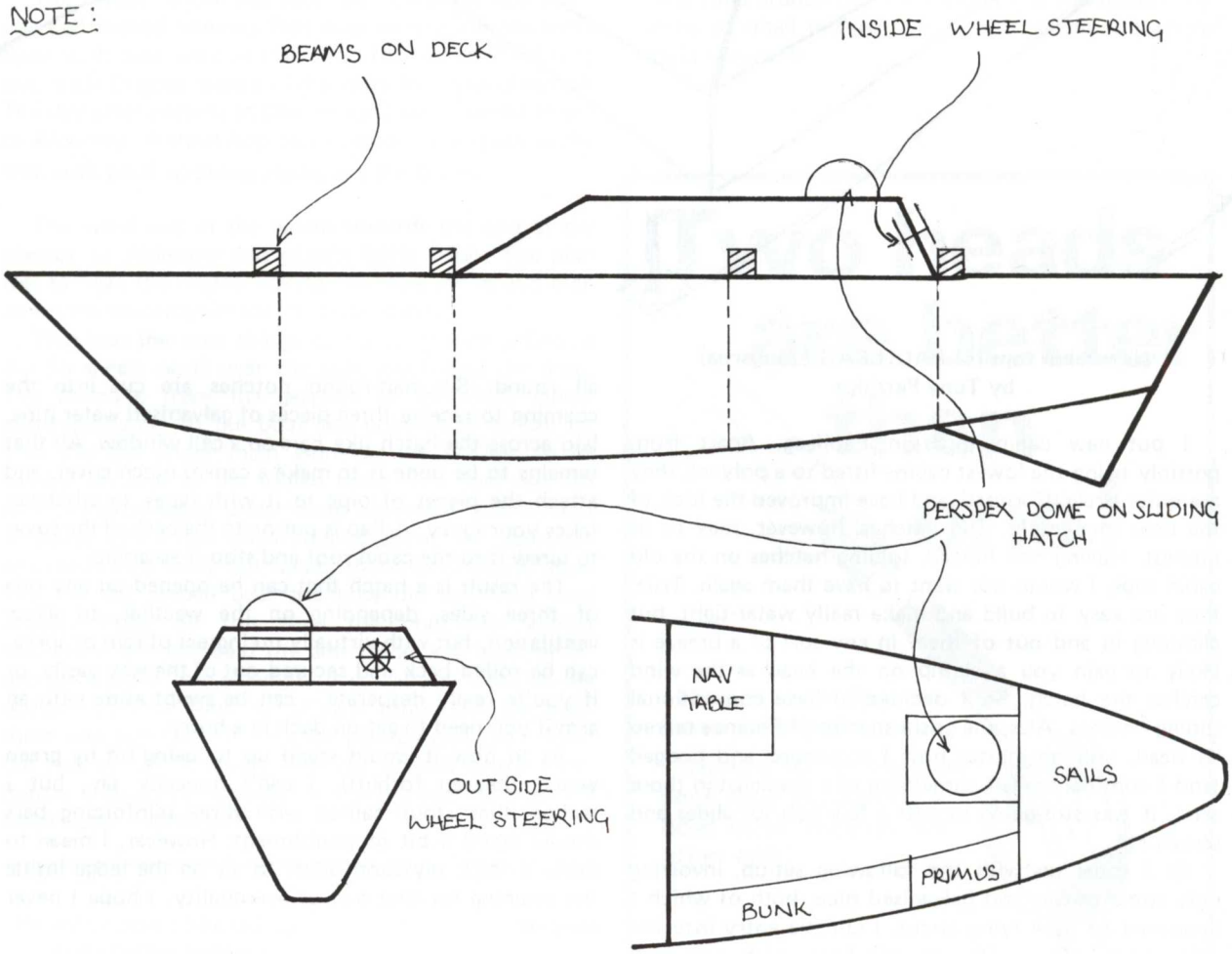
Inside: 1½ oz. mat
16 oz. woven rovings

Enthusiastic comments from Wharram builders mention lightness and strength. 9" of tanalised kahikatea has been glassed in around the bulwarks which apparently will simplify chain plate attachment. Kahikatea, a very light timber, has been included in the keel and stem and stern posts. The beam of the Narai will be 20'.

The beams are made of 14 laminations to give a final dimension of 5 x 10¼ inches. Bulkheads are made of ½" marine ply. Deck and coach roof are to be of balsa-sandwich, because Airex foam has shot up in price. Dave says he intends to build on an inside steering/navigation compartment on one hull. Coachroofs on both hulls will extend from second main beam to the after most main beam.

"I am convinced that an enclosed steering area is essential (after having experienced many cold wet miserable sails), especially after sailing in LAA MAO MAO and having first hand experience of James Briggs' inside steering arrangements", concludes Dave.

"He who wishes to give himself an abundance of trouble, let him equip these two things, a ship and a women. No two things involve man further, for neither is ever sufficiently adorned!" Anon.



Good Glueing

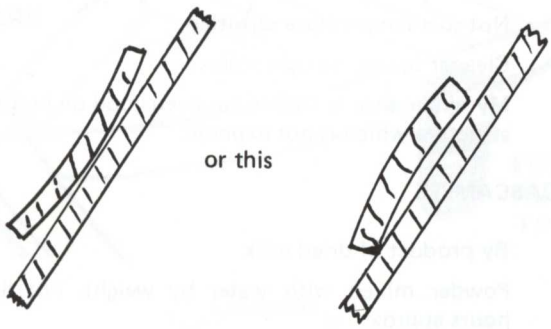
by Bob Evans

All our boats and ourselves rely on good glueing. Without good glue joints we could all end up in the water with a lot of expensive wood floating around us, a waste of good lives, good wood, and a hell of a lot of effort on someone's part. A well glued joint, whether it be scarf or lap, requires:-

a. A good fit.
b. Good preparation.
c. The right glue mix.
d. Enough pressure.
e. Correct temperature.
f. Enough time.

GOOD JOINTS

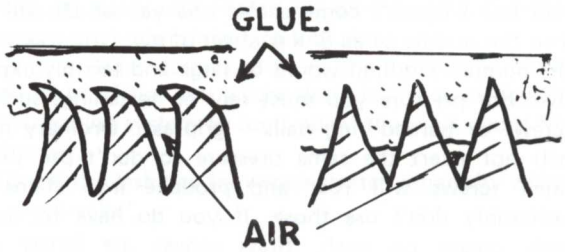
These can be hard to come by. They will require a fair degree of skill but are not beyond the scope of the average joiner. Take a simple case of ply lying on a stringer. The stringer must not be bowed like this:-



The contact area is drastically reduced and the strength of the joint with it. Your plane should be straight and without a curved blade. It is surprising how easy it is to get a curved edge on a plane using an old oil stone. So heed your sharpening and heed your stones. Scarf joints are more difficult and require a lot more attention. There is an article on scarfing in an earlier Sailorman so I shall not repeat it here. Personally I have got away with butt joints in stringers by putting doublers inside. These are 3" x 1" to match the stringer and are 9" long. Anything much longer will tend to flatten the stringer and you won't get a fair curve between frames. Good joints require CARE – the skill you will quickly pick up.

PREPARATION

It could be said that this is all part of a good joint. However there are one or two wrinkles. When a piece of wood has been planed, down grain, it feels smooth and silky. However it is not ready for glue yet so resist the temptation; it needs sanding. Now this doesn't mean a lick and a promise with any old bit of fine paper. I have found an Orbital Sander ideal with coarse paper in it. Look at the two diagrams below which represent a blow-up of the surface of wood, the left having been only planed and the right planed and sanded.



PLANED ONLY PLANED AND SANDED

The planed piece has fibres which have been bent over at the top and these have trapped air which has not allowed good penetration. This will give a weak joint. The planed and sanded sample has fibres which all stand up and hence there is better penetration and a far stronger joint. One caution though, when you have sanded do get rid of the dust; an ideal thing for this is a quick run up the surface with the suction end of a vacuum-cleaner. Remember cleanliness also. Do not have any oil, paint, grease or water on the surfaces.

THE RIGHT MIX

This is as important as anything I have said before as will after. When you mix your glue, Resorcinal, Aerolite, Cascamite – get the mix correct. Some you mix water and powder, some resin and powder, but in all cases the correct proportions are always on the side of the package. Read and obey them; it will probably save you much pain in the long run. For Resorcinal work I have bought a pair of scales and I bet they paid for themselves at the first glued joint I made. They will also save you a lot of money in that you will probably mix less glue for a given job and end up with less wastage at the end of the day. When you mix glue do watch out for aeration. Do not use one of your wife's whisks. It goes down like a lead balloon with her and your glue will be very aerated with tiny bubbles in it when it has cured. Air is not a good adhesive so use a stick or spatula. For Resorcinal, give a gentle stir and another a couple of minutes later. Aeolite can take longer and I have been known to mix the previous day; however there is a wrinkle. A couple of drops of meths in the water which is to be added will prevent a lot of aeration. This has the effect of reducing the surface tension of the water and the mixing process is easier and quicker, hence less aeration.

ABOVE ALL READ THE DIRECTIONS ON THE PACKAGE

PRESSURE

To get a good joint you will require pressure. This has the effect of forcing the glue down into the wood fibres to give you decent penetration. The air trapped in the fibres will be compressed. Clamps are super for small jobs but I haven't come across one yet which will get into the middle of an 8' x 4' sheet of ply. Not only that, the number required would be large and terribly expensive. For pressure you must rely on fastenings such as screws or barbed ring nails – 'gripfast'. Ordinary nails will not exert the same pressure so don't use them. Steel screws will rust and produce iron stains so preferably don't use those. If you do have to, use a little grease on each. Brass screws are better but expensive, whereas gripfast nails are corrosion free, being bronze, and are quick to put in, but still expensive. If you have to go for steel, use grease and make sure the head is well covered by 'plastic padding' or some other filler. An 8' x 4' sheet of ply may need something like 124 screws so use a pump screw driver with the correct size bitt so that it fits the screw head exactly. You won't be quite so likely to slip and take a bit of ply out alongside. For large screws 2" x 10" or more, use a bit and brace, the bit being a screwdriver one which also fits the screw slot exactly. I used both, mainly so as to give myself a rest. The pump gave me blisters in the palm and the brace gave me a bruised chest. The pitch or distance between the screws or nails is also important, because if it is too wide apart you lose pressure. I used a maximum pitch of 5" on low stress areas but 4" on high stress areas.

TEMPERATURE AND TIME

Nearly all glues require a certain temperature and all require time to harden or cure. The majority of marine glues don't like curing in low temperatures. Resorcinal doesn't like cooking off below 16°C, so watch your thermometer and if you glue below that Be Ye Warned. This means that one is looking for a heated shed. I can hear you groan but hang your life on a poorly glued joint at your peril. The higher the temperature the shorter the "shuffle time" and curing time. Shuffle time is the time that you have to get the two pieces correctly positioned when you put them together. For instance, the Impact adhesives (rubbery ones) it is Nil and with Aerolite it can be 15 minutes. At the end of your shuffle time you should have the joint together properly positioned, with pressure on – 100 plus screws to go in within 15 minutes is hard work. Your muscles will ache and the sweat will be in your eyes, hence speed and the right screwdriver for the job.

DIFFERENT GLUES

RESORCINOL

Resin based.

A powder hardener is mixed with resin by weight.

Temperature sensitive, i.e. Min of 15°C.

Tends to leave a red stain when it has run so it can be a nuisance when one is finishing with varnish.

My experience with it is that it appears to be better on exposed upper deck joints than Aerolite.

AEROLITE 306

Urea Formaldehide.

A powder is mixed with water by weight or volume and tends to aeration.

One wrinkle is a couple of drops of meths to lower the surface tension

The mix will keep for several days. Hardener is a solution of formic acid (ant bite). This can be had in various strengths which alter the cure time, i.e. hot climates, a slower hardener giving you a reasonable shuffle time. Put the glue on one surface and the hardener on the other.

Not so a temperature sensitive

Cleaner to use, no ugly stains

My experience is that it has been good on hull main structure which is not exposed

CASCAMITE

By-product of dried milk

Powder mixed with water by weight. Pot life 3 hours approx.

Temperature sensitive but minimum of 10°C

I have little experience of this glue as I have just started to use it

First impressions good. It is fairly clean and easy to use

SUMMARY

Select your glue for the conditions

Have, Good accurate joints
Sanded, clean surfaces
The right mix

Use pressure

Clean up after you have glued before the runs go solid

ABOVE ALL READ THE DIRECTIONS ON THE PACKET

Beam Lashing System

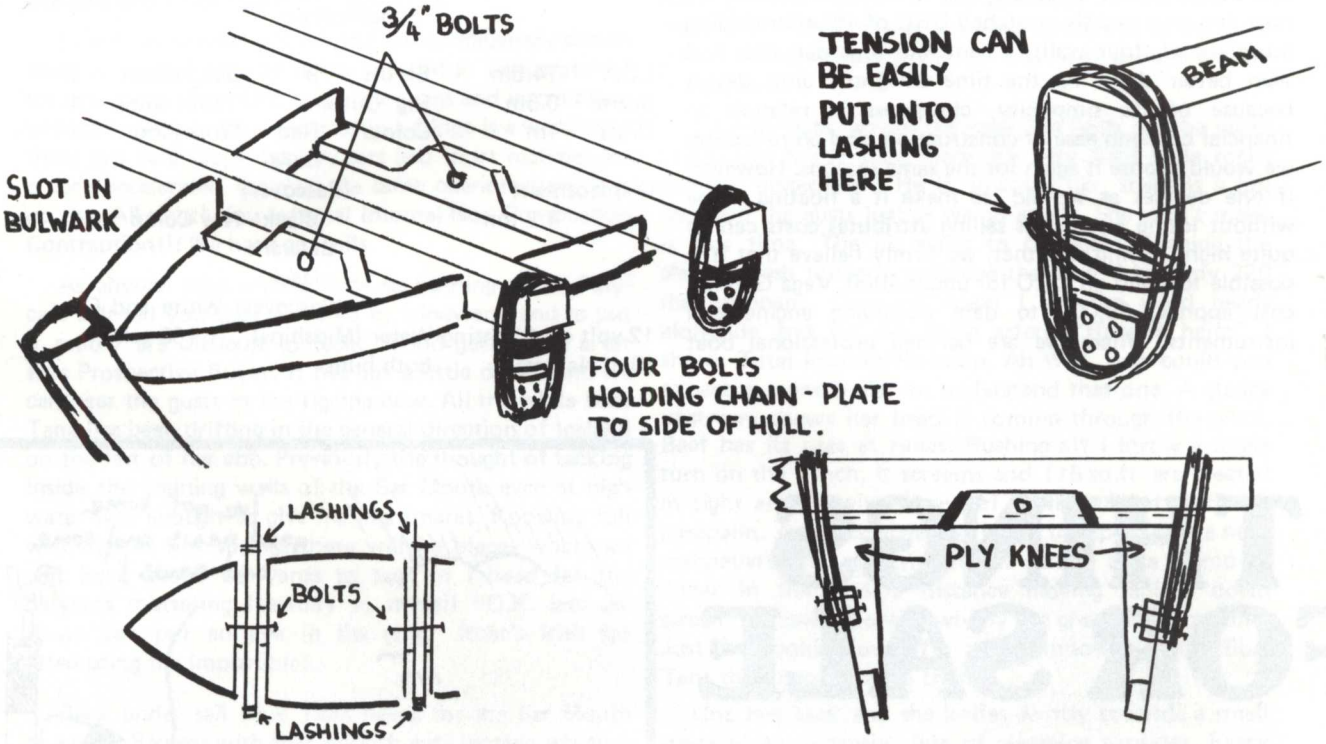
by P. Strings

One of the most important features of Polynesian Catamarans is the connection of beam to hull. The standard system until the Areoi came along incorporated strongly made and relatively heavy bolts and angle plates including pads of rubber to act as shock absorbers. The time spent in making these fittings and the cost is quite considerable. The Areoi does not have these features but relies upon lashings. It is a very simple but effective idea and has proved to be adequate in practice for the Round Britain Race.

The following diagrams show the lashing system adequate for the Tangaroa using the dimensions suitable for that size of craft.

IMPORTANT

1. The Beam must be 1½ inches clear of the deck when making hole for the centreline bolt. Thus the beam can rock slightly around this pivot point.
2. Bolt must be ¾ inches in diameter and pass through raised beam chocks.
3. Chain plate on side of hull must be secured by through bolts well beefed up on the inside together with a ply knee reinforcing hull side.
4. On the larger designs, overlap the horizontal join in the skin of the hull where there is any tendency for the lashing system to 'pull open' the joint about the stringer.
5. Check the lashings for excess stretch especially whilst "running in".



FOR SALE

FOR SALE

35ft AREOI, foam sandwich construction, successfully completed the Round Britain Race. £13000. James Wharram Associates (International) Ltd., Killowen, New Ross, Co. Wexford, Ireland.

FOR SALE

22ft Hina — goes like a bomb. Available with a mooring. John Brown, 74 London Road, Burgess Hill, West Sussex.

Oro-Vegagull

by Peter and Fay Reed
Sandwich Marina,
Sandwich,
Kent.

It's surprising how time flies, it does not seem as if it was three years ago that we decided to sell our lovely 21' cruiser and plunge into the world of boat building. Although we contemplated the building of our ORO for nearly a year before commencement one does not really appreciate the mamouth task taken on. As a family we have always been keen sailors and being a Service family we have had the opportunity of sailing in British waters to the South China Seas, we gathered much experience on our travels which in turn led to fire our ambitions. We now live on a slightly stretched ORO of 48' after ridding ourselves of, four walls, a roof and a garden that had seen better days. At the time we chose Jims design because of its simplicity, cheapness in relation to financial cost and ease of construction, and on reflection we would choose it again for the same reasons. However, if one decides as we did, to make it a floating home without losing any of its sailing attributes costs can be quite high. Having said that, we firmly believe that it is possible to build an ORO for under 4000. Vega Gull has cost approx. £8,000 to date excluding engine and instruments. Where we are berthed professional boat builders of Cats are charging in excess of £30,000 for a boat of comparable size, accommodation and performance. Many visitors who come aboard either from casual interest or maybe they are contemplating building a Wharram, the inevitable question always arises. Would you do it again? Yes, we consider it to be quite an achievement and justly proud of a much admired Cat in this area but there are far greater achievements to come, when we depart for the West Indies next August.

Specification

LOA	14.5m	Berths	9	Sail lockers	2
Beam	6.5m	Rig Cutter		Toilet comp	1
Draft	1m	Colour.	Red hulls (Cascover)	Workshop	1
Displacement	4.2 ton		Black Bulwark Deck (Cascover)	Nav Comp	1
12 volt dual lighting (Red Natural)		Water (Midships) both hulls		White and Grey	160 gals.

THINGS FOR SALE

FOR SALE – Tangaroa Mk I "Mehitabel". Launched 1970. 35 ft. loa. 27 ft. 6" lwl. 4 berths. Galley with gas cooker (2 burners, grill and oven). Basin with fresh water pump. Separate heads aft with flushing marine lavatory. Between hulls cockpit, wheel steering. Cutter rig, aluminium mast and boom. Smiths wind speed indicator, Wasp speedo/log, Smiths speedo. Sails by Elvstrom, Arun and Rockall. Chartroom 6 ft. headroom and full size chart table. Lloyds Registered. Craft at present laid up ashore at Loch Eil. Price £4,000 complete. Would consider selling just hulls, deck, cockpit and crossbeams for £2,500.

Graham Rates,
Achdalieu,
Fort William,
Inverness-Shire, Scotland.

Over which horizon did you sail?

From An Irish Polycat Sailor.

Visualise the scene, it is a hazy August Saturday afternoon, the gentle South East force 3 is off the land. Blue Tana is reaching easily over a shortish swell coming in from the North East. The soft green slopes of Donegal are almost lost in the haze astern, to starboard is mile after mile of golden beach, broken up here and there by frowning black basalt that has stood against the battering of the North Atlantic for 10,000 years. Portstewart Bay is a beautiful place. Prospective Buyer is seated at the tiller and making the occasional guarded but not uncomplimentary remark. He decides it is time to go home. We tack and head for the mouth of the River Bann, known locally as the Bar Mouth. It is time to see how she performs under engine. Down come the sails and I lock down the long shaft.

Half an hour later Old faithful has conclusively shown that he is going to be quite unfaithful. Desperately I try one more time. Out come the plugs and into a cabin with the matches. Heat transfer in a fridge is a wonderful thing but bare plugs, bare fingers and short matches are a very accelerated form of the same phenomenon. It is no use. All right! You Infernal Internal Non-Combustion Contraption!!! We have got sails.

As anyone who knows little or nothing about Polycats will tell you they can't go to windward, and to put it mildly are difficult to tack. "Wind getting up a bit says Prospective Buyer. It has got a little darker and we can hear the gusts in the rigging now. All the while Blue Tana has been drifting in the general direction of Iceland on the last of her ebb. Previously the thought of tacking inside the training walls of the Bar Mouth even at high water was enough to give me nightmares. Knowing full well that at low springs there will be places where we will have about 60 yards to tack in I head for the halyards muttering fearfully to myself "O.K. lets see if we can put an eye in the goat" (that's Irish for attempting the impossible).

Back under sail Blue Tana heads for the Bar Mouth at a good 8 knots with that smooth easy motion which is such a delight. Slipping the adrenalin pump into overdrive and with a "You can miss these rocks by 20' but over yonder they run out much further under water" we head for our mooring 3 miles up river and dead to windward. Tack, tack and tack again she never fails once. Coming to a virtual full stop each time her head comes through the wind, she sags off to leeward, but within a boat length she is accelerating, has taken a grip on the water and is once more eating her way windward. A bend in the river gives us a little respite. Prospective Buyer is heard to say "Handles almost like a dinghy", which for a 31' x 14' Polycat is quite a statement.

Round the last bend and we are at it again, 2 miles to go and right into the eye of the wind. Even with our 20" draft I feel it is only wise to stay inside the perches which mark the channel. A knowledgeable owner goes astern and allows us to tack under his bows, then everybody waves delightedly to the purists who scorn the use of an engine when there is a breeze. The Saturday afternoon sailors motoring sedately down mid channel in their dinky cabin cruisers are a different matter. My frustrated roar "get out of me road" tells its own tale as does the petrified goggle eyed stance of the owner when we luff smartly and knife past his stern at frantic speed with scant feet to spare. How I would have liked to be on board one of them just to see Blue Tana, leaning a little further in the gusts and bearing down at maybe 10 knots under a cloud of canvas apparently intent on decapitating owner, boat and crew with the bridge deck.

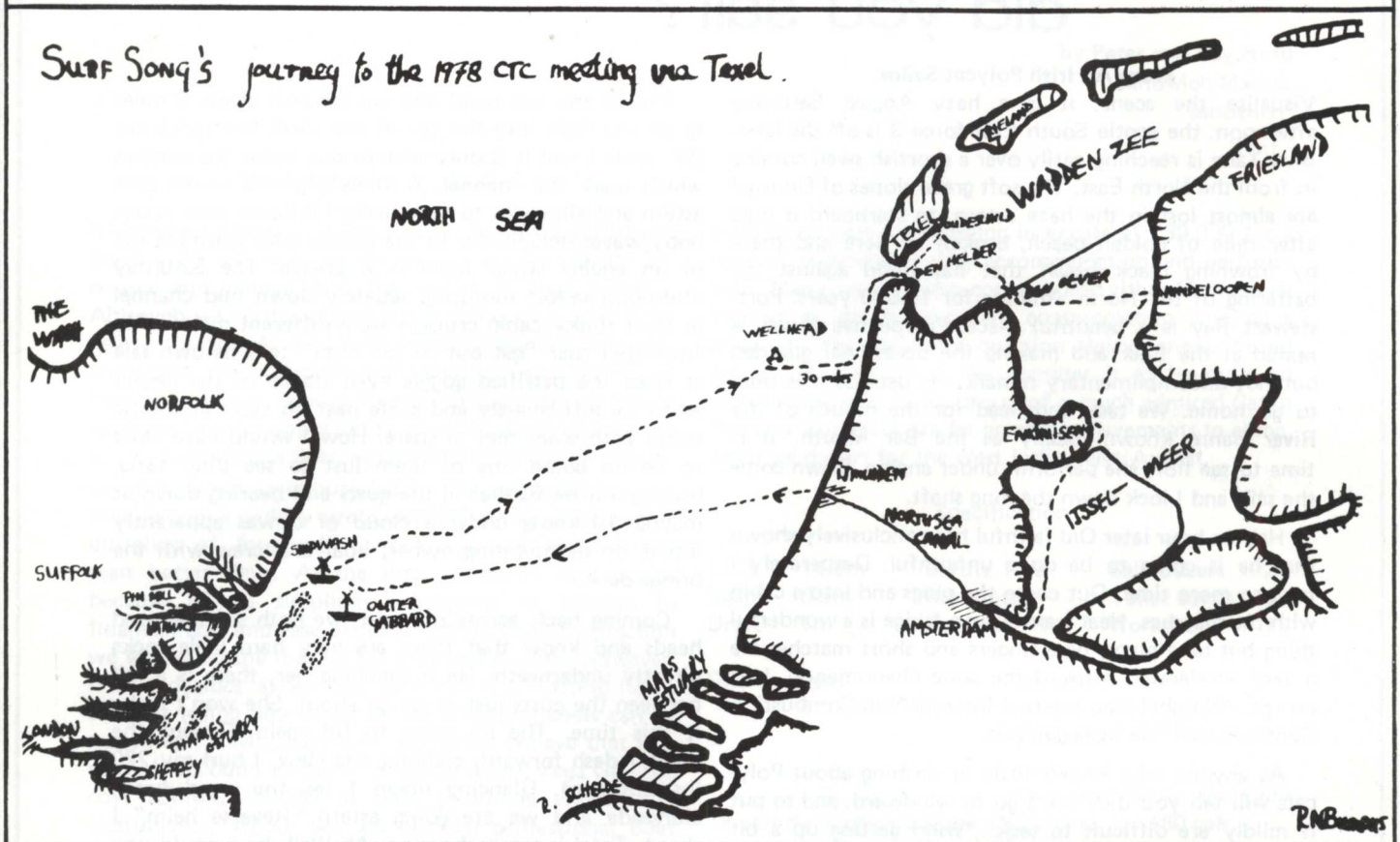
Coming back across the river, we both see the weed heads and know that there are very hard little rocks directly underneath. He is pinching her, there is a lull between the gusts just as we go about. She won't make it this time. The jib starts to fill again. Freeing the sheet I dash forward, grabbing the clew, I hurl my 220 lbs outboard. Glancing down I see the weed heads alongside and we are going astern "Reverse helm" I shout. Total incomprehension. Ah Well, how could you expect a mono-huller to understand that one. A glance upstream shows her head is coming through the wind. Beef has its uses at times. Rushing aft I throw a single turn on the winch, it screams and 175 sq.ft. are sheeted in tight and drawing us out of trouble. Great stuff this adrenalin. A glance ahead to judge the spot for the next manoeuvre and my attention is caught by a clump of Alder in the middle distance moving rapidly down stream followed more slowly by the green slope beyond. Just like looking out of a train window but it is Blue Tana that is going like a train.

One last tack and she knifes swiftly towards a small space in an expensive line of gleaming topsides. Every Marine Mariner's eye is glued to us. They haven't seen anything like this since Adam was a wee fellow. Come to think of it I have never seen anything bigger than a dinghy tack up river at any time. The jib is eased to slow her down. One sharp command and she rounds up 5' from Gleaming Tupperware in front. I saunter (read stampede) forward, pick up (grab) the boat hook and with one deft movement the mooring line is aboard. Her stern swings demurely in ahead of Oiled Teak moored astern. We are home.

As the locals have it "Mun do is a quare fella".

Surf Song to Holland

by Maggie and Richard Bumpus



Early in 1978 we bought a Sumlog. So what better way to spin the figures around its face than to pay a visit to the Dutch Catamaran and Trimaran Club's (CTC) 10th anniversary meeting at Enkhuisen in July, by way of the Fresian Isles.

Preparation included the usual long lists of food and gear that had to be checked through. When we loaded Surf Song at Queenborough, her decks were so full of stores and gear that I wondered where and how everything would fit in! So did everyone else looking on.

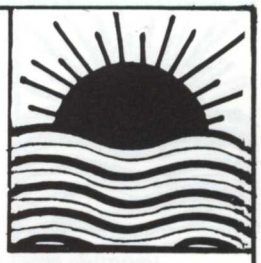
July 1st was a sunny morning with a gentle westerly breeze – ideal for a passage to Harwich, since we were to sail with the tide. About an hour after setting sail, I hoisted the 30 sq. ft. topsail, the sheet tied itself in amazing knots around the top end of the sprit because of my slowness in taking up the slack and the sprit and mainsail had to come down in order to untangle the offending sheet. A second attempt at setting the topsail met with success and with the spinnaker set too, we chuckled along up the West Swin. The Whittaker Beacon stood skeleton-like and motionless as we passed by heading for the Swin Spitway. We reached Harwich with a rising wind and darkening sky after a pleasant 9 hour sail from Queenborough.

Sunday, 2nd July, dawned overcast and drizzly and the sea was grey and lumpy. At 10.00 hours we headed out for the Shipwash Light vessel, 15 miles distant and from there our destination was Den Helder in North Holland.

Before leaving Harwich, Maggie had been busy with food preparations which consisted of flasks of soup and stew, sandwiches, cake, biscuits and fresh fruit. This preparation was well worth while, since it meant that neither of us had to attempt to cook while under way because this is very difficult if you are feeling seasick. As it turned out neither of us were seasick but we could nibble whenever we felt like it. We had plenty to drink – the space beneath my bunk was full of beer and coke, besides the 5 gallons of water on deck. All the food was under Maggie's bunk. Our clothing on the trip consisted of Helly Hansen polar wear (tops and trousers), shirt, corduroy trousers, two jerseys, two pairs of woolly socks, or polar socks, towels around our necks, woolly hats, oilies and boots.

By the time we reached the Shipwash we had the topsail and spinnaker set again and the breeze was south westerly about force 4. Our track to Den Helder was 155 miles covered in 27 hours to give an average speed of 5.7 knots, on a 19ft. waterline. Whenever the speedometer dropped below 6 knots, we prayed for more wind. All we got was more rain. The cloud layer remained low, but our spirits high.

The Sailorman



The shipping was fairly light all the way across. Maggie did most of the steering which left me free to set and adjust sails and to cope with the navigation. Every time the tide turned, we jibed, and this zig-zag tactic allowed us to stay on a more or less direct track of 078M from the Shipwash to Den Helder. When the tide ran north we sailed on starboard jibe and when the tide ran south we sailed on port jibe to bring the tide off our port bow. Depending on our course, with the SW wind, we tacked the jib down to one or other bow to give more projected area to the wind.

About 1700 hours on Sunday a weary pigeon circled Surf Song, flew into the jib and then fell on to the upturned inflatable dinghy lying between the bows. On the dinghy was a swirling puddle of rain and salt water in which the pigeon sat with fluffed up feathers for 12 hours before taking off for some unknown destination when we were 30 miles from the Dutch coast.

Very gradually the darkness of Monday morning lifted and the wind strengthened to send us scurrying along at 9 knots. The topsail was struck, followed soon after by the spinnaker, with no reduction in speed. The waves, like black hills, slowly became visible in the overcast darkened dawn. At about 0500 hours Maggie sighted a well-head in the gloom to port which meant we were right on course with the log reading accurately. It was good to know that all those estimated position (EP) that had slowly crept across the chart had been fairly accurate, and I found this very satisfying after 100 miles with no fix. From the well-head we headed due east for 30 miles to make a clear sighting of the Dutch coast, rather than pass Texel and end up in Denmark. The visibility was not good as the wind piped up giving us a rough, wet ride.

Under mainsail and jib we sailed mostly at 10–12 knots and our average speed turned out to be 9 knots for the 30 miles. Once or twice the speedo needle stuck on the 15 knot mark as we surfed – perhaps we even travelled at 16 or 17 knots. Surf Song ran steadily with both hulls firmly in the water but sitting on the bridge deck was like sitting in a shower. In spite of wearing my oilies and calf length boots, my arm was wet up to my elbow and I had a boot full of water – so don't tell me about rough water! Twice Maggie was all but knocked from the steering cockpit into the stern safety netting by breaking waves. On hearing a roaring sound behind me, I turned around to find myself sitting on the after deck covered with an inch or so of water, as I helmed. I wonder what St. Brendan did for oilies when he sailed the North Atlantic many centuries ago? You may ask why we kept full working sail up when it was so wet and we sailed at speed. Simply – it was thrilling and we had confidence in our boat.

Having nearly surfed up the beach because of poor visibility and having looked anxiously at the log which overread by 2 miles, we sighted the Dutch coast with a 'hotel conspic' and 'chimneys'. We turned north along the coast and continued under jib alone.

After passing through the Marsdiep, we arrived at Den Helder at 1400 hours along with brilliant sunshine, a humming wind, an ebb tide, a sogged-out Seagull and a tired but satisfied feeling of having "got to the other side". Den Helder is a naval base that will accommodate quite a few yachts and the hot showers at the naval club were great. We looked around the town including the market which was great fun and where we bought smoked mackeral 'brodes', cointreau crepes and fresh fruit. We also replaced a defunct radio.

On Tuesday, 4th July we gave the Seagull outboard an airing, having dried it out and got it working again with the help of a German polycat builder. At that time I had to confess my ignorance of engines – even Seagulls! We motored across the Texelstroom to Oudeschild about 6 miles away on the island of Texel, the most westerly of the Fresian Isles. The following day we took a bus ride all over this pretty and interesting holiday isle.

On Thursday we left Oudeschild for the Ijsselmeer. We would have liked to have gone on to Terschelling but time was against us so we sailed across a sloppy Wadden Zee to the locks at Den Oever. As we approached the locks we brailed the mainsail and tried to start the outboard but luck was against us and the engine would not start. Maybe I was just inept. We bare pole sailed in to the locks at 2 knots and having paddled out the other side, we set sail for Hinderloopen on the eastern shore.

At one stage I thought I might set the spinnaker but, looking behind at the sea state, I decided against it. Five minutes later, we were running eastwards at 6 knots under jib alone. The sailing was wetter than the North Sea because of the short steep seas in about 15' of water. Maggie steered through the narrow entrance to Hinderloopen with grim determination and a little fear. The entrance sides have been reinforced with piles and rocks and there was a nasty moment when I obscured her vision of lowering the jib. Once we had tied up we were told that it was blowing force 7 – the wind certainly howled in the rigging. We were made very welcome by the big broad smiles of Jelle van de Zee and Annemieke Kempe who had arrived a little earlier in their Tane from Vlieland.

We spent the next day and half in very pleasant company under a large deck tent on the Tane, Aloha, whom we had tied up alongside. While a depression raged over the North Sea and Norway we ate strawberries and cream and drank rum and coffee. With a moderating wind, we sailed in company for the CTC meeting at Enkhuisen on Saturday, 7th July. As we approached Enkhuisen, the land gave us a lee from the westerly wind and smooth water enabling us to reach along at a steady 10–11 knots. Although we arrived too late for the racing we made fast alongside two barges with Aloha and many other multihulls and were able to watch the return of the boats which had raced.

Saturday evening was festive occasion – aboard the barges the crews of 27 multihulls tucked into an enormous salad with wine. After this we went ashore (47

of us motoring aboard an Ariki!) for the prize giving in Enkhuisen, where a jazz band called "Martins Renewed Underwear" played. A Telstar won the first prize on IOMR rating. Everyone enjoyed the evening very much.

On Sunday, after many farewells, we motored through the locks at Enkhuizen into the Southern part of the Ijsselmeer.

Our next stop was the Six Haven opposite the Central Station in Amsterdam. After a much too brief look around, we motored for 4 hours along the North Sea Canal to Ijmuiden. Have you ever had a Seagull buzzing in your ears for 4 hours?! Ijmuiden is industrial and does not cater for yachts – you just have to tie up at the quayside near the locks. Wherever we tied up, Surf Song always attracted a great deal of attention, possibly because of her sprit rig and her apparently day-sailer accommodation. When word spread that the locks were about to open, there was a scramble to cast off breast ropes, springs and wet tea towels. We drifted into the locks with other yachts motoring in neutral. We shared the lock with a large barge and many other yachts so there was a considerable amount of fending off to be done.

A ridge of high pressure from the Shetlands stretching over the North Sea provided a contrast to our previous crossing. For the first 60 miles the northerly F3 wind gave us 6 knots with topsail and flying jib set in addition to the main and jib. Our course was 260°M back to the Shipwash. In contrast to our crossing over to Den Helder, the shipping this time was fairly heavy. When we eventually saw the Gp. F1 (4) sequence of the Outer Gabbard lightship, we thought we were nearly home, but a flat calm and ebb tide soon caused us to feel frustrated, and it seemed to be ages before we saw the Shipwash in the morning light. Eventually we romped into Harwich at 1300 hours feeling very tired. After a meal and 3 hours sleep, we sailed up the Orwell to the Butt and Oyster at Pin Mill. While on the river we saw two Dutch yachts – one we had seen at Den Helder and the other at Ijmuiden – we waved like mad.

After the success of this year's holiday, another year we'd like to see more of Friesland and the Islands.

North Sea Novitiate

– OR HINA FROM HARWICH

By Nick Armstrong

In November 1975 two of us bought a Hina which was lying in its mud berth at Manningtree on the River Stour. It was a rash move for neither of us had enough cash and between us there was very little sea-going experience.

"Quest", our new toy was a fine looking specimen painted white with black uppers and fibre-glassed practically everywhere. The boat sported a cabin on each hull which was over eight feet long and two feet high. Even on shore it looked just a bit excessive and suggested that we should suffer from too much windage when actually sailing. Still it did make for a lot of useful storage room on a boat which is not renowned for its accommodation.

Neither of us had ever sailed a Wharram cat. before although I had been looking for one for some months after reading a few comments on the design in a number of yachting magazines. My sea time had been very limited and though Phil, my partner, had actually taken a Coastal Cruising (RYA) Grade II certificate, he too was not much more experienced. We did have plenty of confidence and optimism (after all I had been a sailing instructor on day boats for several years and the sea is only like a vast gravel pit – I maintained brashly).

We fitted out Quest at Manningtree prior to launching her on the high spring tide of 17th April 1976. As members of the Humbermouth Y.C., Phil and I sailed Quest to the Humber with the assistance of Bill Hather, HMYC's Tane owner and Wharram cat. expert. His experience and toughness were to be essential to the ultimate success of the delivery and without him we should never have managed to sail the boat to its new home.

Manningtree at this time was like a Wharram cat. marina. Moored alongside Quest was a ketch-rigged Tane with enough heavy fittings to grace a Centurion tank and a few yards downstream was a rather moth-eaten looking Tangeroa which was being repaired after an argument with the harbour walls at Harwich. Our Hina looked quite pretty beside its larger relatives and with its Bermudan rig, strong alloy mast and enough hatches fore and aft to make it almost a Hinemoa it seemed to us the best possible value for £530.

Prior to launching we stepped the mast, stowed most of the gear, fitted the seagull outboard on and dug two channels in the mud so the water would float Quest. On the big day the tide began to creep up steadily and although it would reach the boat it was doubtful if it would float it without a heave or two. With only two of us this was a problem. Then with less than ten minutes to high tide men seemed to materialise from nowhere and the concerted shoving of ten shoulders got us off. We picked up a temporary mooring in mid-stream and although we had forgotten to inflate the rubber dinghy, the tide gurgled out so fast that we were able to walk back to shore thigh deep in mud within half an hour or so. Essex mud is very clingy and odiferous.

Two weeks later loaded with supplies and esential items such as radar reflector, flares, safety harnesses, compasses, anchors and brand new charts to cover the East Coast, we embarked. It took us three hours to set sail and cheerfully we passed through the Harwich

estuary approaches as the tide turned and the wind died. Sailing backwards with great skill we picked up a spare mooring, nearly losing a rudder in the process, and we settled down for our first night aboard at the eastern extremity of Harwich. The great benefit of the Hina accommodation was the coffin-like interior which embraced one so tightly that the wash of large ships did little to disturb ones sleep.

Early next morning we set off for Lowestoft on the ebb with the seagull working and no wind at all. By 9.30 a.m. we were North of the Deben in a flat calm and clear sunlight. A mornings motoring had depleted our small fuel supply. The wind turned up at last and blew mildly at first from the East. We set the large genoa (ex Dragon jib borrowed from Bill Hather) and for the first time felt the joy of a fast-reaching Wharram cat. in a moderate sea. Our log consisted of a tennis ball and line affair which registered (over several runs) around 5 knots. By midday we had passed Orfordness, keeping wide and avoiding most of the shallows at about low tide. Lowestoft here we come! We should have known better; the wind backed to NE then to North and blew stronger. We changed to the working jib, reefed the main and got wet beating into choppy seas. The tide turned and by the time we were within a mile or so of Thorpeness Power Station our long tacks were making almost no forward progress. Quest was useless on the wind making worse than 110° from tack to tack. We had over-reefed the main and even reefed the jib out of excessive caution. The wind was not really strong (F 4/5), the seas were not very heavy and in our inexperience we failed to take the right action – we could easily have carried full main and jib. After getting entangled in some inshore fishing lines and losing ground rapidly to the tide we turned back to Orford Haven the nearest fifteen miles in reverse. Lesson No. 1 – when sailing do not ever expect to arrive at a destination on time – patient resignation and a phlegmatic approach are necessary at all times. Orford Haven welcomed us despite a sloppy dropping of the main which took the gooseneck off the mast and an engine that would not start – keep its head in a plastic bag on deck next time! The rubber dinghy which had been kept on the forward netting had chafed through and now leaked and so extra work was needed with the pump. We felt tired and depressed – so much for our estimate of four days to Humber Mouth.

Next morning Bill Hather came aboard and optimism revived; the wind was SW force 4 and off we went. We surfed most of the way to Lowestoft feeling on top of the world. As we entered Lowestoft about mid-afternoon with the wind well above Force 5 and raining hard, the main halyard stuck tight and the mainsail would not come down. We had to remove the boom and wrap the sail round the mast, something I sometimes had to do when reefing a Laser but not what I expected with the Hina. Luckily the engine started first time.

Rain and light winds persisted as Phil and I went out on the ebb to Great Yarmouth motoring up river on the flood and mooring just by Yarmouth bridge. At 5.00 a.m. next day we went out on the last of the ebb to beat against a strong NE wind and a flood tide, hoping to make some slight progress and then benefit from the midday ebb. Lesson No. 2 – work the tides if you really do want to go anywhere. Five hours of beating left us exhausted, wet, and still opposite a large chimney in Great Yarmouth. We also learnt a lot about the boat. With Bill Hather on board the trim of the boat suddenly assumed an importance we would have overlooked. "Bit down by the nose isn't she?" The bows were digging in a bit, the sea was fairly rought, the wind was bang on the nose. I looked in the forward hatch – it was decidedly wet in there and in the main bilges it was even wetter. I pumped several gallons out and, head down in the bilges, felt the nearest I'd been to being seasick. We returned to Yarmouth and dried out again. Depression set in once more. Time was running out and the Coast Guard weather forecast was for a steady NE increasing to 7/8 for several days.

Certain short-comings were evident in Quest. The high and long cabins gave her the windward performance of a sick dugong and the butterfly ventilators installed in the cabins by the previous owner let in more water than air when on the wind. The forehatches leaked enthusiastically and the elegant hinged tills (to clear the outboard) were showing signs of a headache.

A week later Bill and I returned and left early in the morning on the ebb and had a splendid day's sail. By 2.00 p.m. we were off Wells-next-the-Sea with a strong NE increasing rapidly, a deeply reefed main and the small jib. The hatches were still leaking and despite several old socks so were the cabin ventilators (more queasy pumping). The weather forecast was unpromising and there was a distinct swell building up. It was not a good time to go in to Wells with an on-shore wind and a nasty bar. However, we did not fancy a night at sea with a leaking boat and a gale coming so in we went. Bill's experience was invaluable here. Lesson No. 3 – stick to the marked channel and don't take short cuts across a bar. I appreciated his caution when we got in among the surf which was exciting and alarming. All would have been well if the tillers had not decided to break at that moment. I was standing up by the mast rolling out a bit of main to give us more control as we were in the main channel and past the worst of the surf when I found myself looking down into the water over the top of the starboard cabin. We had broached violently in the surf because the starboard tiller had broken. The boat rapidly rolled back the right way and Bill was now sitting on the port hull. I jumped back and grabbed the starboard tiller stump and we steered with a rudder each and has a speedy and exhilarating time around the marker buoys before getting to the river and anchoring well off to the southern side just outside Wells harbour. Lesson 4 – it takes a great deal to capsize a Wharram cat. This incident bolsterd my faith in the Hina considerably. Until then I had always been slightly apprehensive about its capsizing potential. Not any more. However the Coastguard assistant on duty at Wells was not so optimistic having seen us broach to and put the lifeboat on standy-by apparently as a "couple of planks tied together with boxes on top was having a bit of fun in the surf". The Harbour Master also muttered a few unkind words next day. We spent a cold and very windy night in Wells, Bill insisted on

wading across the icy river at low tide for a few rums in the local – I could hardly chicken out but I'm sure I got frostbite in my little toe that night! Once more we had to leave the boat for a week until the weather improved.

Returning at 3.00 a.m. with Phil and Bill Bartlett we left on the rising tide at 6.00 a.m. It was misty and flat calm and remained so until we had crossed the Wash and arrived off Skegness, having motored most of the way. The transistor radio was not working so we missed the morning and lunchtime forecasts, which was just as well. The morning's calm had been deceptive; the forecast, we later discovered, was for SW 6 increasing 8 in the Humber region. Innocently we turned up the coast, hoisted the sails in an increasing wind and rising seas and by 3.00 p.m. we were five miles outside the Humbermouth moorings. Delight had by now given way to a mixture of stoic resignation coupled with occasional touches of positive fear as with a tiny scrap of main and a storm jib we progressed at about ¼ knot against the wind (now Westerly and gusting strongly). Luckily the tide was making so we were carried in slowly. Every third wave seemed determined to drown us and the spray was whipping off the tops of the crests which seemed to my inexperienced eye to get higher and higher. It was probably never much more than force 6/7 but it felt like a hell of a lot more.

Three hours later we tacked in with the increasing flood and picked up our mooring under sail with the careless nonchalence of hardened veterans. Only when we had derigged and started to stow all the gear did I notice the end of the main halyard streaming out at right angles to the mast head in the rising gale. It had to stay like that for several days, procaliming our novitiate status to all and sundry.

Brighton Regatta

(19th–26th August, 1978)
by Ruth Wharram
a newcomer to 'Round the buoys' racing'

Brighton Regatta, sponsored by Schweppes, was my first participation in 'Round the buoys' racing, from which I not only learnt a lot, but also very much enjoyed.

Arriving at Brighton a day too early, the outer marina was completely empty, the facilities minimal and the costs enormous (£8 per day for a 35 ft. catamaran), though we did come to a compromise with the managers. There were no charges during Regatta week and the 'Marina Yacht Club' which made us honorary members during our stay was very hospitable.

It was the first racing event at Brighton. The race course was badly displayed at the Breakwater and therefore difficult to see, and the placing of the buoys – not numbered or marked – caused much confusion, so that a couple of times several boats, and once the whole monohull fleet, went the wrong way. On the other hand, all this made it possible to take the races not too seriously, and to gather each evening in the big tent for drinks, a chat and the prizegiving – which included a big case of Schweppes drinks for the first 3 winners of all 4 classes – made the week very enjoyable.

With 6 trimarans and 5 catamarans, all but AQUA BLUE between 25ft. and 35ft. It was a good selection of various types of multihulls; and with 3 days of moderate to fresh onshore and 2 days of light offshore winds, one could compare performances in different wind and sea conditions. On something like the 'Round Britain Race', once you are in front – or behind – your competitors you usually stay there. In Brighton, every day gave you another chance.

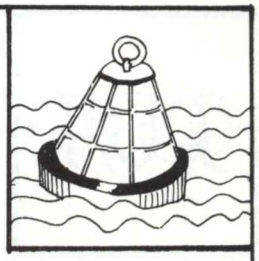
We could have done better had we sailed the boat longer, with a bigger genoa and spinnaker, but under Richard Woods' (MOTH champion) excellent helmsmanship (for Skipper Maggie and Navigator Ruth, it was their first 'round the buoys' race') and thanks to the help of other Polynesian Catamaran owners (Richard and Maggie Bumpus, Robin Fautley, John and Ruby Cork and Phil Wrestler) we did rather well: two cups for 2nd prizes, twice third and fourth overall.

Now I know what counts in racing: every minute, every pound and everything causing resistance. Five minutes late over the line the first day – though we were not the only ones and touching the buoy at the start in an almost calm or missing another because a boat is 'tacking in our water' lost us quite some time.

As one of the few crews who lived aboard we had more weight. Richard was horrified when be bought a week's supply of food the first day, and in the light winds we had too many crew. As sailing with friends was one of the pleasant things during this week, and as one person at least was usually needed to jump around, heave and haul this was unavoidable.

As for resistance and disturbance, we should have cleaned the bottom of the boat better before the race, but only found the ideal spot afterwards.* *See below.*

In spite of this, it was so often touch and go and I believe AREOI is capable of beating all these competitors apart from RUNARAOUND and GAZELLE.



The races themselves now seem to merge into one another, except that the first three races with force 4–5 SW on shore winds meant a lot of work with constant sail changes and the necessity of early reefing of the main sail (see Graham Rates' account of the 'Round Britain Race'). The last two days meant little sail work but many frustrations in the light or non-existing wind conditions.

It always amazed me when, on a windward leg, no boats seemed to be in sight, but at the next mark we all met surprisingly close together, or, when left far behind by the 'spinnaker boys', came a reach and the spinnakers were down, we shot ahead with our drifter.

In the evenings much time was spent on each other's boats. On Thursday evening MOCRA had a get-together on COMANCHE and on Friday, at the Gala Dinner and Dance, the prizes were awarded to the overall winners. The 'Roses Cup' for the multihulls went to Walter Schofield of SCARLETT O'HARA, a 28ft. catamaran designed by a Mr. Parker as a one-off design but much improved by Walter Schofield. He knew and sailed the boat extremely well, for its appearance was rather deceptive, and nobody had expected it to win.

Summing up, I hope Brighton Week will become an annual event, and that next year we will see more Polynesian Catamarans there, for quite a few of the owners who sailed with us, became like me enthusiastic and eager to enter a week's races on their own boats. With a cruise in company to the event and another at the end, it can be a wonderful holiday.

Participants in the races:

6 Trimarans: SUSUMI, a 25ft. Nichol design, SIRIUS, a 26ft. 'Telstar', SWINGALONG, a "Swingwing' design and three Kelsall designs:- GAZELLE, 28ft., RUN-AROUND, 35ft. and AQUA BLUE, 39ft.

5 Catamarans: 2 'Iroquois' CHEQUITA V and THELKEN a COMANCHE, SCARLETT O'HARA and AREOI.

NOTE: East Head at the entrance of Chichester Harbour is not only a beautiful spot to anchor, swim and picnic, but ideal for scrubbing the bottom.

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Round Britain in 'Areoi'

by Graham Rates

Throughout this article Areoi will be described as the prototype of the new "Pahi" range of James Wharram Associates designs. This is not, however, strictly true as the prototype was "mini Areoi". She was a 23ft. model built from foam sandwich in 1976 to test the new hull shape as realistically as possible without the expense of a full size version. With a sprit rig taken from a Hinemoa she was raced against the older 23ft. design in Milford Haven and having proved her superiority on all points of sailing the decision was made by JWA to produce a full size version of 35ft. loa with a cutter rig in time to be tested in the 1978 Round Britain Race. As this decision coincided with the one to migrate from Wales to Eire there were occasions when it appeared doubtful whether the object would be achieved. However early April 1978, found Ruth, Lesley and self shivering in a sparkling new boat with ice in deck setting off for the qualifying trip demanded in the Race Rules – in spite of all the problems JWA had got Areoi ready to test on time.

Unfortunately with S.E. Eire being a long way from the North West Highlands of Scotland (where I live) the next chance I had of sailing Areoi was to take her to Plymouth from Eire for the start of the Race. James, Hanneke and Lesley all showed unshakable faith of JWA in their own designs by clamouring to come on this first open sea trip and after a quick trip down the River Barrow we sailed past Hook Head light and aimed at the Seven Stones light 140 miles to the South. The crossing was almost ideal for our purposes with the wind NW 3 rising to 5 and then dropping to 3 again in the English Channel. Apart from the usual complaints to be expected from a crew used to ocean crossings in a luxury 50 foot craft being confronted with short steep coastal seas in a spartan 35 foot craft, the trip was uneventful apart from when the famous designer's knitted hat went overboard and disappeared in a flurry of foam as we reached toward Penzance at ten knots.

The trip from Penzance to Plymouth was completed largely in thick fog, again reaching in fairly smooth seas and showed up two faults. The first was that true water depth was 75% of that shown on the echo sounder scale, and the second, that the wheel steering was not sensitive enough for the helmsmen to get the best speed and course out of the boat. Fortunately there were a couple of days in hand before my co-skipper John Thewlis and the "come down and give you a hand in Plymouth" team of Alastair and Mac arrived, so a tiller system was devised and made up before the final pre-Race session. This final session consisted of checking the echo sounder again and confirming that the original error was consistent, swinging the compass, checking log speed and distance over a measured mile then beating, running, reaching, heaving-to and sailing backwards. This session lasted two days and took place in winds of up to 25 kts. and showed up no nasty handling problems but – most unfortunately as it transpired – without a pacer boat, windward performance was difficult to assess.

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We arrived in Millbay Inner Dock on Tuesday 4th July feeling fairly smug, knowing that we had very little work to do to prepare for the start on Saturday the 8th – just the formalities of scrutiny, checking of equipment and measurement for handicap, the luxury items such as tiller extension, backstay tensioner (both made up from scrap lying about the dock) and various clever bits of stowage netting and hooks. Then we were measured and our 34' 10" boat was found to be 35' 2" – both hulls, beautifully built at exactly the same size. Poor Henneke came along with a hacksaw and carved just over 2 inches off each stern – we now had our answer to any smart alec who asked which was the front, as we could reply "the pointed end, of course". The rest of our time at Plymouth was spent chatting with other competitors, a fairly full social whirl and in answering the endless stream of questions from interested onlookers. I note a comment from the ships log that we felt at times like zoo animals – perhaps to be charitable some onlookers did not recognize the Eire ensign and assumed that as 'foreigners' we did not understand English.

By the start day on 8th July, we were delighted to clear Millbay dock – away from the crowds and dirt, though sorry to say goodbye to Alastair and Mac who having worked away with us on "Areoi" were left looking damp on the quay as we were towed out. The start itself at 11 o'clock was probably the most frightening part of the whole race. The sight of Three Legs close manoeuvring, while G.B. II tried to creep by with sails fluttering, other craft shooting by apparently under only moderate control, and the occasional bewildered spectator boat under engine, all made a shambles and I still do not understand why there were no collisions.

We started under main and working jib only in a Westerly breeze of Force 4, put up the staysail to get going, found we were overpressed and single reefed the main which was about the last thing we did right all day. Jan of Santa Cruz had started just ahead of us and went away in great style. We were approaching the Eddystone at 12.30 and were very pleased with ourselves as once we had got into clear wind after the turbulence of the start we found ourselves level with, though downwind of, Mezzanine, Comanche, BP Catcracker and Telstar, and moving ahead of Lara, Anglia Pipedream, Haigri (Rival 38) and Frygga of Cymru (Bob Evans Narai). Obviously there were other boats but these we could identify readily. With only five catamarans in the race we were mainly concerned with doing well in relation to Comanche, BP Catcracker (Iroquois), Anglia Pipedream (Atlantic Proa) and Frygga while bearing in mind that the major objective was to complete the course within the time limit.

The wind increased to Force 5 over the next couple of hours and we started pitching badly, and were mortified to see our erstwhile rivals disappearing rapidly and others coming up from astern. With one reef already in the main I (wrongly) decided to change down to the Yankee from the working jib. By the time this was completed the sea was almost clear and we had received our first lesson in the foolishness of not getting race practice before this race. As we sailed S.W. at 5 kts. into the afternoon our only Race company was Gipsy Moth a couple of miles to windward and even she just caused confusion as we were quite pleased to be keeping up with a 50 ft. monohull to windward. It just did not occur to us that at this stage she was simply doing as badly as us. In the early evening she tacked onto port and at about 8 p.m. we decided to do the same as the wind seemed to be shifting. We stood in on a course for the Lizard Light as darkness fell several unidentified yachts passed in sight ahead and astern on starboard tack. At one in the morning we tacked onto starboard to clear the Lizard and at the same time several piston hanks detached from the Yankee, the sheets fouled and parted, and, thoroughly fed up, we decided to keep going for the night under single reefed main and staysail only. As dawn broke on the 9th July we saw where our cumulative errors of the previous 16 hours had put us when Galway Blazer came into view ahead and upwind, and a few hours later Frygga stormed across our bows on port tack when we had expected to be 20 miles ahead of her at least, having been pointing higher and going faster at the start. At 10.15 we tacked again onto port (340°M degrees m), finished repairing the Yankee and hoisted it, then set about deciding what we were doing wrong. We knew we could go well to windward when there was not more than 20 kts. of wind and equally that above that we were making a nonsense. We knew that we pitched and we wondered if we were right to use only the windward dagger board – this seemed reasonable from both the safety and sailing point of view. However when we reversed the procedure it was obvious that far greater loading came on the board if the leeward one only was used – lesson one. By now it was 16.10 hours and as the wind was dropping from F5 to a marginal F4 we hoisted the working jib and still with the reef in the main she immediately felt faster and happier – lesson two she needed all the headsail possible to reduce pitching. Morale leapt, soggy clothes were strung out to dry, the Scillies were sighted at 17.25 and so was Galway Blazer, behind us again. We then had a frustrating time trying to round Bishop Rock against the tide in company with 'Nimonic' and (probably) 'Bird'. We heard after the 00.30 shipping forecast that the first boats arrived in Crosshaven at around 14.00 hours – we were stunned! During the night of the 9th–10th July the wind swung NW and dropped to between F0 and F2 and the only joy was a school of porpoises rushing about in flurries of phosphorescence. The days of the 10th and 11th are better foregotten as they were just frustrating with calms and headwinds and forecasts of "variable less than F2". By 21.30 on the 11th our estimated position was 80 miles South of Crosshaven. During that day we were twice overtaken by fulmars, swimming! By 3 a.m. on the 12th a light breeze had come in from the East and we began to move directly towards Crosshaven for the first time, wind strength was 1 or 2 only but morale was certainly lifted. By 10.35 hrs. the wind had died again and we were working out water rationing, but we had covered an amazing 20 miles in only 7 hrs. The breeze then came in at a steady F2 just North of East and with all sail set, drifter and spinnaker when possible we made very satisfactory progress. The day was sunny but very hazy and we were happily congratulating ourselves on getting boatspeed equal to windspeed in the early afternoon when we found were amongst a collection of rigs, tugs and supply vessels. As the afternoon wore on, the wind began to die and we were very relieved to

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hear Roche Point fog horn apparently almost ahead at 20.00 hrs. We stormed on in a raging force 1 to creep across the finish line at 21.06 on the 12th July. Four days and ten hours plus for the first leg (250 miles on a direct course) – we felt that at least we could not do worse on the ensuing legs. We met several boats starting their second leg as we came in and many more started during the night and early next morning. We were seventh from the end and were part of a small and select group in Crosshaven. Of our rivals Comanche was 57 hours ahead and out of range Catcracker was 42 hours ahead, Pipedream 39 hours ahead and Frygga 18 hours behind. We rested and relaxed, fixed the mast head light which had gone wrong and had a third row of reef points sewn into the mainsail (by Richard and Maggie from JWA as the local sailmaker said he was too busy!)

Our start on the second leg was a lonely affair with only 3 boats starting in the previous 24 hours, the nearest one being no less than 18 hours ahead and the closest behind being 16 hours away.

One of the tasks completed in Crosshaven was the fitting of a sculling frame on the rear netting beam and it immediately came into use as the Southerly wind that had been blowing all day dropped away. We sculled across the line against the tide and kept sculling from about 21.00 to 23.00 when a just perceptable land breeze set in. This kept up from between NE and NW to take us past the Old Head of Kinsale at 04.30, Seven Heads at 06.00 and Galley Head at 07.35 hours averaging 2½ kts. The wind then came into the East at F1 so we hoisted our spinnaker and held it from 1000 to 1400 as the wind went with the sun and became SW2. As we approached the Fastnet the wind came more ahead and we were close hauled as we rounded, very close for photos, at 16.00 hours. By 17.00 the wind was NW3 and we were beating towards Mizzen Head, which we were off at 18.30 hours. The wind then swung into the West and died which was even more of a disappointment after such a wonderful sunny day most of which had been spent sailing in the direction required. We managed 65nm in 22 hours which was very good by comparison with previous days. Overnight the wind puffed and died from most directions and we crept past Bull Rock at 03.30 hours and at 10.15 16th July were off Great Shellaig – average back down to 2 kts. The wind then steadied and came from between N and NNE for a solid 24 hours during which time we stood out from the coast in a desperate search for a steady breeze of about F2! (Out to 12 degrees W) covering over 100 miles in the period. We actually felt quite lonely with no ships, land or even birds in sight. At 10.00 on the 17th we tacked on a header for Barra Head 250 miles away and soon had an escort of dolphins who stayed about for some hours. Weather was now overcast with occasional showers but good visibility and at 16.10 sighted land which must have been the mountains of Connemara about 50 miles away. At 17.00 hours the wind increased slightly to the top end of F3 from the NW and we were given a demonstration of how well "Areoi" could go when conditions were right and we concentrated, as we covered 200 nm in the next 24 hours. At 05.45 on the 18th July we single reefed the main while avoiding an oil rig that was directly on our course and as the wind increased to a solid NW4. Our speed now varied between 7 and 10 knots. The only problem we found in these otherwise ideal conditions was the amount of concentration needed to really keep "Areoi" going at her best, which meant that any watch over two or three hours was exhausting. At 12.00 on the 18th a sail came into view dead ahead and at 13.15 we overtook the Rival 34 Hajji Baba. She had left Crosshaven 25 hours ahead of us and this was our first evidence that we might be closing the enormous gap between us and our rivals. We overtook her in a rain squall during which the mainsail was dropped for a while as boat speed seemed excessive. At 17.00 hours we again dropped the main in a squall. The wind had increased generally through the afternoon to NW5 and we were expecting to get sight of familiar coast line as we estimated our position at less than 50 miles off Barra Head. As the wind increased the visibility decreased so that hope proved unfounded. From our DF we knew we were heading at Berneray Island which was sufficient. At 22.30 we passed close to Super Achilles who had left Crosshaven 31 hours ahead of us. Barra Head light was sighted and we had our first positive fix for almost 3 days. By midnight we had rounded Barra Head with two unidentified yachts under our lee and rushed up towards Castlebay at a steady 10 kts. in the calm waters in the lee of the islands. Once round Muldoanich we had a final beat to the line and then to the entrance at Castlebay. We crossed the line at 02.10 on the 19th and shortly afterward had a loud argument with an outgoing fishing boat skipper who seemed unaware that sailing boats cannot go straight up wind! As we anchored and sorted ourselves out in the early morning light we were delighted to see a veritable forest of masts silhouetted against the town lights. We had logged 500 nm for the second leg and completed it 4 hours faster than the first. This performance moved us up from 67th to 58th place and put us now 6 hours behind Catcracker, 3 hours behind Pipedream and 2 hours behind our friends the Russells in the Rival 38 Haigri.

Jim Wharram, Hanneke and Pat met us in Castlebay and so we were able to get performance assessment of their newest design straight off while it was still vivid in our minds. It was pleasant to chat in Castlebay with other competitors whom we had not seen since Plymouth. We felt that we were in a race again. Our only work in the two days was shopping, checking the boat and having the battery charged – hardly energetic.

For the third leg we fervently hoped that the North-

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erly wind would change, and it did. We sculled across the start line again and seemed to have sculled most of the way to Barra Head – we actually sculled about half way. It was novel for us to be able to count a dozen sails in sight and felt like racing. Once the sun rose the weather was very hot and visibility was extreme with Rhum, Eigg and the Cuillens of Skye visible from near Muldoanich Island. From the start at 02.10 to 10.30 the wind was variable to unnoticeable, but then it started to come in from the SE. Off Sandray we were overtaken by a bull and cow Killer Whales looking majestic but sinister, and fortunately keeping their distance and ignoring us.

At 10.30 we were close hauled between Mingualay and Bernera and at 11.30 we rounded Barra Head and hoisted the spinnaker in a SE1 breeze. At 13.50 hours we were romping along in a S3 on a broad reach with the sun blazing when a gale warning was received and we began to calculate our chances of getting past St. Kilda before it arrived. During the afternoon the wind increased steadily, the cloud developed and thickened and the seas rose. The rest of our immediate fleet were left behind as our speed crept up to 10 kts. and beyond. When the wind rose to force 5 we began to fear for our light spinnaker. Boat speed was reaching 15 kts. although indicated apparent wind was between 5 and 7 kts! However we knew that we only had to slow down once and our spinnaker would be in shreds, so at 16.10 hours we hoisted our drifter to take some of the pressure off her and whipped the spinnaker into the sail locker. At 18.45 with the wind at force 6, the swell getting quite big and the speedo hovering between 15 and 17 kts. we repeated the performance with the drifter. We were most impressed with the way she handled at speed as no vices were apparent except that the rudder shape made the tiller very heavy. The Eastern edge of Hirta (the largest island in the St. Kilda group) had been sighted through the mist at 18.10 but we were still unsure of our relation to our turning point of Soay Island at the Western edge of the group. By 20.30 the wind was up to force 7 the seas were very steep and ugly. We were down to staysail only and more interested in keeping our speed down below 10 kts. than going fast! As we rounded Soay at 22.00 hours it was obvious we were in for an exciting night and we decided to pull into the lee of Hirta to reef the staysail. As John went forward to do so we were hit by a slamming gust off the land that registered 50 kts. on the wind speed indicator and after two more similar gusts registering 45 kts. we discovered that Areoi and we were perfectly happy under bare poles broad reaching at 5 to 5½ kts. Control was good and there was little attraction in going faster as the seas were very large with breaking tops and plenty of spray once we were clear of the land. St. Kilda had lived up to its reputation and we were thankful to be reaching rather than beating. We carried on under bare poles through a very noisy, wet and uncomfortable night and delayed making sail too long. We hoisted the reefed staysail at 09.35 when speed had dropped to 4 kts. – had we known our boat better we would probably have put it up four or more hours before. We estimated our position as 30 miles W of the Butt of Lewis. As the morning wore on we tentatively increased sail, shaking out the reef and then hoisting the Yankee at 13.45. We aimed at keeping at 6 kts. average until the seas went down a bit – with hindsight we were too cautious, but we were sailing a prototype! At 18.00 we estimated we were clear of Sula Sgeir and we altered course for Muckle Flugga about 200 miles ahead, hoisted double reefed main and saw the distinctive sail shape of Ron Glas on the horizon to lee. The wind was now SSE 5 with three distinct wave patterns making for a bumpy ride. We overtook one yacht (later identified as West Wind) as we made fine progress at between 8 and 10 kts. Ron Glas lagged behind when we managed 10 kts. but loomed on the horizon if we dropped below 8 kts. By 08.00 on the 23rd July the wind was down to force 3 and our estimated position was 100 nm SW of Muckle Flugga – we both felt very damp and quite tired as watch changes were very frequent to keep our speed up. It was a very pleasant day, the wind steadied at force 3, the sun shone and we dried out. We also met our first Great Skuas – a sure sign that we were approaching the Shetlands. At 16.45 we sighted Rhona's Hill poking through the mist and at 23.25 hours rounded Muckle Flugga.

I suspect that there is a general feeling that once round Muckle Flugga the race is all downhill and this brings a tendency to relax. We certainly felt this and felt very hard done by as the wind died, the swell stayed and we were slatting about for hours getting nowhere when we should have been dashing the last 60 miles to Lerwick. We actually took 12 hours to log 35 miles but as the wind was dead on the nose and variable in strength not more than 20 miles were in the direction of Lerwick. Fortunately, shortly after midday the wind came in steadily from the SW at between force 4 and 5 and tacking well inshore past the Outer Skerries to get the best of the tide we made good progress southwards. Several boats had overtaken us in the light windward work earlier in the day but we swopped places twice with Haigri overtaking then finally as we came past Bressay Light and beat them to the line by 1½ minutes at 19.11 hours (twelve hours faster than our previous leg).

The reception in Lerwick was almost overwhelming, not only were we met, berthed and welcomed but taken off to be fed, bathed and laundered. The Shetlanders are perhaps unique in that the majority of their small boat sailors are fishermen. Certainly the interest shown in the boats and crews by people who appeared to know what

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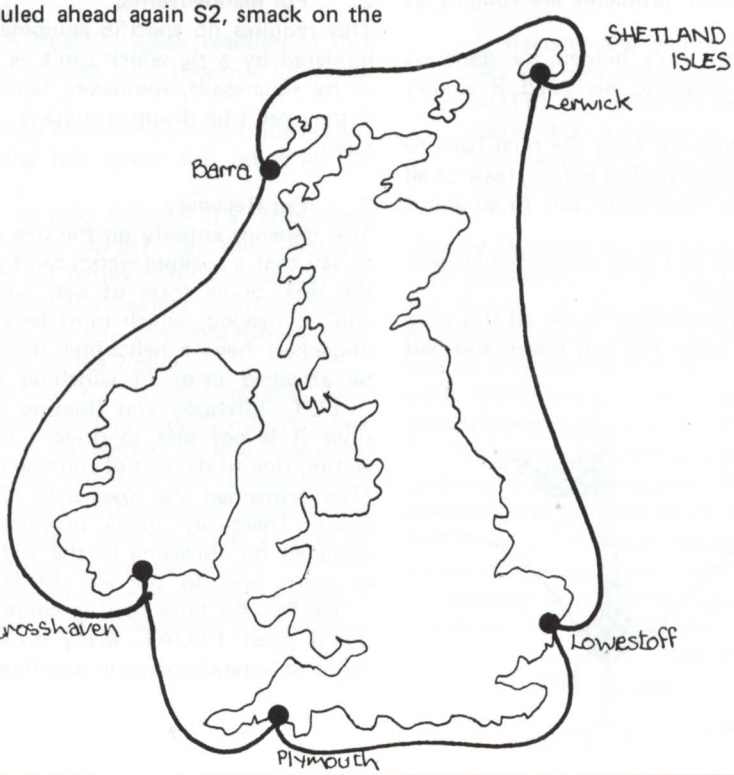
they were talking about was amazing. We were delighted to see when checking the results that we had overtaken both Pipedream and Catcracker on this leg and had worked our way to 42nd a gain of 16 places. While in Lerwick I actually visited other boats as our only tasks were freeing a courtesy flag jammed in the staysail halyard and replacing our gas cooker which had developed leaks which threatened to incinerate us west of Muckle Flugga. Both Telstar and Ludney Maid were visited and both seemed quite luxurious. I must state categorically that I didn't touch Telstar's mast and it wasn't my fault that it broke on the next leg.

We left Lerwick two hours later than our start time on the 26th July as there seemed little point in heading straight into a force 6 when Sumburgh Airport assured us it would drop. We had our doubts as we beat out through Bessay Sound against some fierce gusts but once clear, having overtaken Catcracker on the start line, the wind was only 3 or 4 with dreadful visibility. We took a long tack in the direction of Norway in a slowly rising south wind until mid day, then tacked towards Scotland. By midnight with the wind at force 6 and quite big seas we decided that to get any real rest we would have to heave-to. With no headsail, triple reefed main and tiller lashed she was quite happy so the Tilley was left on deck and we had six hours sleep. The 28th was bright and sunny and the wind had dropped to force 5 but was still in the South when we sailed at 07.00 after breakfast. During the morning Pyledriver crossed our bows and we felt very envious of their deep cockpit, spray dodger and self steering – we also felt wetter and more exposed than ever. At 15.00 the wind veered and dropped and then to our fury hauled ahead again S2, smack on the nose as we threaded our way through the oil platforms for the next 36 hours – not unpleasant sailing except that we had a long way to go. The wind died by midnight 29th July when we were off the East coast of Scotland (probably) then to our amazement came in from South of East at force 2 to 3 and we rattled off 100 miles in the next 15 hours through thick fog and were then becalmed again. Throughout the night of 30th/31st July there were thunderstorms all round and the breeze came from all quarters at not more than force 1. We were most surprised at the number of flies and wasps coming aboard as while we had not had a decent fix in three days we knew we were near the Dogger Bank and well offshore – it was presumably the updraughts of the storms. From about 10.30 in the morning of the 31st July the wind came in from the NW, by 15.00 it was force 5 and we had a wildly exciting sail through the fog at an average of 7 kts. passing close to Dudgeon Light Vessel at 21.45 which gave us a very good fix. At 01.00 on the 1st August we were becalmed off Haisburgh, then the wind swung South and we were beating for a change. At 06.00 we saw both our first sail for days and our first land and shortly afterwards had two frantic races on our hands. The first was against the tide which we reckoned turned at Lowestoft at 11.00 and the second against Ocean Beetle, Haigri, Elena and one unidentified yacht. Ocean Beetle gave a convincing demonstration of how well a modern half tonner goes to windward and took 40 minutes out of us in a few hours but we managed to retain our advantage over the other three and finished at 11.12 with the tide just having turned – on the line.



Gone with the Wind

by Mike Briggs (Sailing Secretary)

It is now just over a year since the Sail Training Facility held its first "work-up weekend". The idea of these occasions is that experienced multihull sailors should meet, afloat, and spend two days hard sailing and talking as equals with a view to developing a greater understanding of particular aspects of multihull seamanship and, where possible, producing a report on conclusions reached for publication in the SAILORMAN. On the first "work-up" nine P.C.A. members got together on board Bob Evans' Narai "Frygga of Cymru" and James Briggs' "Bluefin" in Portsmouth and the Solent, and gave their attention to the following: Going About, Man Overboard (see below), Swinging Compasses, Mooring in a tideway, Anchoring, Towing, and, of course, drinking . . . . . Much of what we did led to no final decisions about right and wrong methods, but both then and in the considerable correspondence that ensued, some useful conclusions were reached. Here is the first of what is hoped will be a series of S.T.F. reports covering all aspects of multihull seamanship. It makes no claim to be the last word on the subject, so please write in and criticise!

"MAN OVERBOARD!"

S.T.F. Work up Report No. 1 1977.

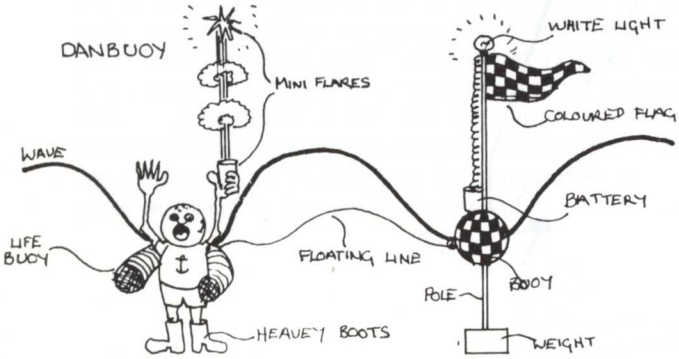
A. The Problem

"You are crewing a NARAI for the first time. It is half past midnight in April on a choppy North Sea. You're below, off watch when you hear a splash and a shout. You rush on deck to find the owner/skipper gone, the boat doing 6 knots on a broad reach, and you're all alone." What do you do?

If you could think clearly at the time (highly unlikely!) you'd realise that the problems are roughly as follows:

1. Where is the victim? He's hidden by darkness and/or waves, and anyway, his head is a tiny object on a vast sea.
2. If I could see him, how do I get the boat back to him? I've never sailed a NARAI before, least of all on my own, and I've never been able to go about in a choppy sea.
3. If I do get back, how do I stop alongside him and get him back on board?

And finally: how can I remember to do all this on a strange boat, at night when I'm half asleep and half panicking?



B. The Equipment

1. For Identification

Note By the time the panic has died down and (e.g.) spinnakers lowered, the boat is likely to be some way from the victim (½ mile not impossible) SO: LONG and SHORT range identification is needed.

LONG RANGE: There is no substitute for a pack of "Miniflares". The victim should fire these at intervals VERTICALLY to pinpoint his position. On seeing a flare, the boat should reply by firing one. Thereafter the victim CONSERVES his supply by firing only on demand from the boat i.e. when he sees another flare from the boat. These should be carried by each crew member e.g. lashed to his lifejacket.

SHORT RANGE: i) DANBUOY (see drawing) the advantages by day and night are obvious, but note the following:

* small, dully coloured flags won't be seen, however high above the waves – dayglow or red are the best.
* the weight needn't be heavy if the pole below the buoy is long enough.
* it's worth attaching lifebuoy, whistle and miniflares to the Danbuoy, in case the victim falls overboard without a lifejacket
* the Danbuoy must be stowed where it can be instantly and easily released (many yachts use a spring release system.

ii) LIFEJACKET with whistle (fog/night value), miniflares and light attached. Water activiated lights are best (e.g. if the victim is knocked overboard unconscious) but are expensive.

2. For Manoeuvering

This requires no specific equipment BUT can be badly hindered by a rig which can't be worked singlehanded, or by squaresails, spinnaker, boomed out headsails etc. if they can't be dropped quickly. This is doubly true at night.

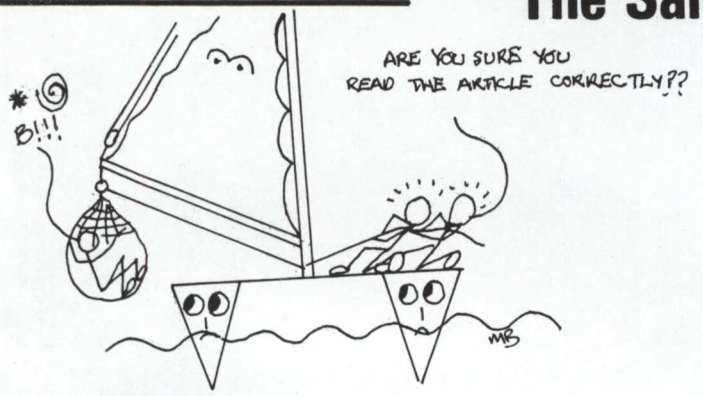
3. For Recovery

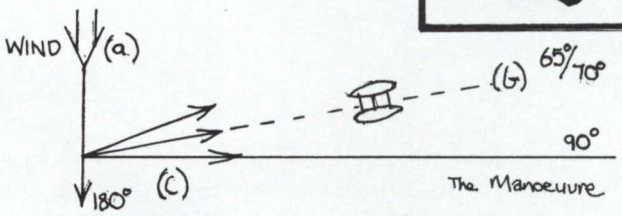
This depends entirely on the size of the boat. Suffice it to say that a soaking victim can't just be flopped in over the side. Some form of net, boarding ladder of sling will be needed, which must be mobile. Many modern lifejackets have a helicopter strap to which a line can be attached prior to winching the victim on board.

BUT: Lifebuoy and floating line is always needed since it is not safe to drive a large boat alongside a victim, due to the risk of running him down in a seaway. (The helmsman also loses sight of him under the flared bow). There are many proprietary gadgets specially designed for throwing to the victim. Ask any chandler or learn how to use an old fashioned heaving line.

NOTE: All lines used in connection with Man Overboard must FLOAT. Many drownings have been the result of entanglements in non-floating line.

The Sailorman





C. The Manoeuvre

Fundamental Rules:

i. It's *very rarely* any good just stopping the boat and waiting for the victim to swim back into range of your lifeline. Even hove to, the boat may drift downwind faster than the victim can swim. SO the boat must be SAILED back and stopped close to the victim.

ii. Most boats will only stop easily (and not drift backwards) while on a close reach course (see inset).

iii. Going about is not practicable in any fail/safe manoeuvre when part of the crew is missing, especially in a polycat *SO* a gybe is necessary.

Rule ii explained:

0 – 45° (a)

closehauled or closer "NO GO ZONE" boat will drift backwards.

65 – 70° (b)

close reach IDEAL: boat will stop or go as sails are adjusted.

90 – 180° (c)

reach or broader "NO STOP ZONE" boat won't stop as sails can't completely flap.

Explanation

1. **"MAN OVERBOARD"** (to be shouted by *anyone* seeing the splash).
   *DROP THE DANBUOY: quick reaction at this stage is vital and should be *instinctive* for every crew member.
   *If there are enough crew still on board, one person should do nothing but watch and point at the victim.

2. Alter course to CLOSE REACH (i.e. *True* wind about 65° – 70° from ahead). Do this whatever course you were on before. This also should be instinctive. If alone, don't worry about headsails, even let them fly, so you can concentrate fully on your course and on the victim.

3. **CLOSE REACH** for AT LEAST double your turning circle diameter. This should take you well to WINDWARD of the victim. (This is vital since otherwise your gybe will leave you too far downwind with a beat back to the victim.) *NOW GYBE* (hard over!) and *watch your victim as you do so* **since this turn** is likely to disorient you.
   (NOTE: no adjustment of your mainsheet is needed since you'll return to a close reach on the other tack).

4. At the end of your gybe you will probably be a little downwind of the victim and at the same distance from him as at 3.
   * HEAD FOR THE VICTIM (no need to use headsails if alone)
   * There's no hurry at this stage, nor much danger that you'll lose sight of the victim since you're now getting nearer.
   * This is the time for the helmsman to relax and get the feel of the boat, the sea and the wind, and to work out his likely stopping distance.

   NOTE: Stopping distances depend heavily on sea conditions and upon the effect of wind upon the boat's structure. While a skipper may come to be able to predict this, a stranger to the boat can easily disciver it by testing at this stage by letting fly his sheets while pointing the boat towards the victim.

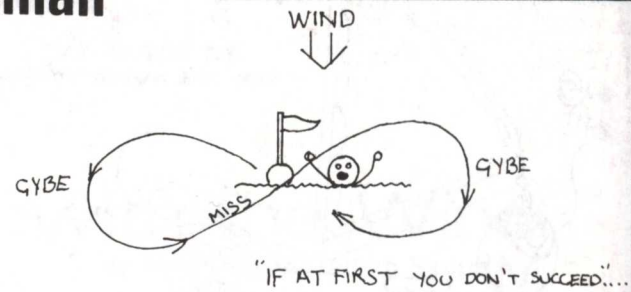
4(a) If the boat doesn't stop at all, you'll have to BEAR AWAY and approach from a little further downwind (see inset).
   Aim to arrive slightly DOWNWIND of the victim (if you leave this too late, you'll have to bear away at the last moment and won't be able to stop).

5. Let fly sheets in order to stop just *downwind* of the victim. Violent use of the rudders is a good alternative form of braking on a polycat.

   * Recover the victim as suggested in (B) – by line and nets, ladder or strop etc. –
   NOTE: A catamaran will always drift downwind faster than a person in the water, so an approach and recovery to windward of the victim runs the risk of drifting over and onto him.

General Notes on the Manoeuvre

* A successful pick-up first time is much more likely if the person at the helm at the time of the splash REMAINS there, since he/she will already have the feel of the boat and be in close contact with sea and wind conditions and, above all will know precisely the true wind direction, on which the manoeuvre depends.
* This implies that every crew member must know and understand the manoeuvre, in order to take charge i.e. at the helm at the time of the splash.
* This is a "standard manoeuvre" which, in its early stages (Danbuoy, close reach) can be put into action instinctively and automatically without the need of any decisions. As a result, the vital early stages can be



performed without thinking while those on board are still in a state of shock. This prevents loss of contact with the victim and rules out the disaster of getting too far downwind and having to beat back. Thus, there is time to recover from the shock and call up the watch below (if any) while on the valuable close reach towards position 3 (gybe oh!).

* It goes without saying that the drawing (showing a starboard tack situation at the time of the splash) applies symetrically for port tack, so that no tack or gybe is needed at the start.
* Similarly, if the first approach fails, the whole manoeuvre can be repeated by sailing straight on and then back again after a second gybe (see inset).
* Manoeuvering under power may be an alternative, but is less immediately available than the sails which are already pulling you along at the time of the splash (and anyway, polycats don't handle well under power).

D. Prevention is better than cure

It is almost always true to say that "man overboard" never occurs unless there has ALREADY been an act of bad seamanship (or an unseamanlike omission) on the part of someone. Some examples are:

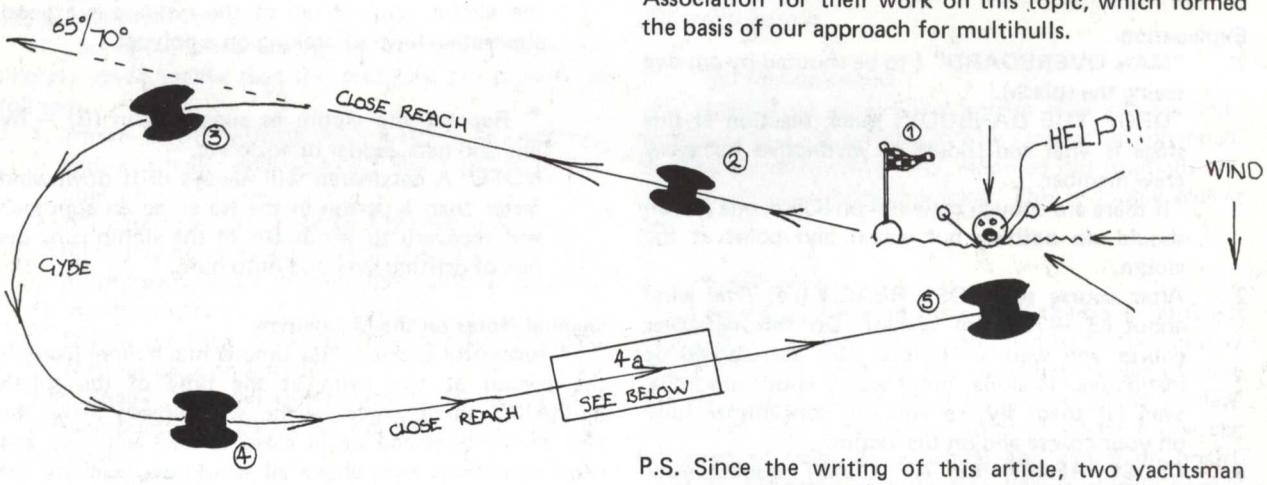
* Failure to wear an efficient SAFETY HARNESS at all times at sea and to ATTACH it, whenever working on sails or in an exposed place, and ALWAYS at night.
* Failure to fit and maintain in good condition a system of safety harness lanyards and/or guard rails ensuring protection wherever needed on board.
* Failure on the part of the Skipper to describe and enforce his own safety procedures in respect of any crew on board, however experienced.
* Failure by his crew to observe his procedures to the letter however much they may differ from what the crew is used to or thinks is appropriate.
* CARELESSNESS, arising from overtiredness, seasickness or exposure (or even drunkeness).

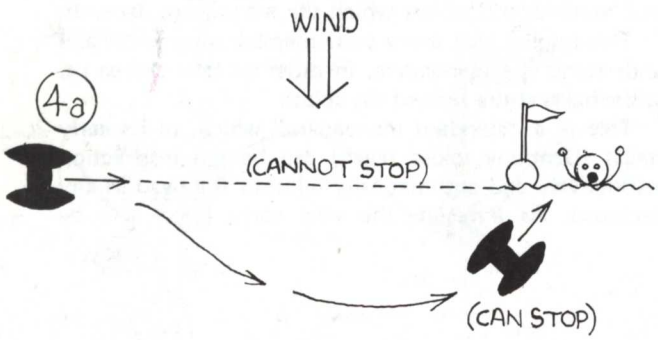
FINALLY: Falling overboard is not unlike having a heart attack. If proper preventative measures are taken it need never happen. If it DOES happen it will be totally unexpected and can too easily be FATAL unless:

* DIAGNOSED quickly ("man overboard"!!!)
* Reacted to instinctively by the person on the spot (drop danbuoy, close reach)
* Thereafter treated correctly and unhurriedly.

It is too late to teach your crew how it's done when you surface to see your boat sailing away with a panicking crew on deck, arguing about what to do. . . . .

Grateful acknowledgements are due to: George Payne, Bob Evans, James Briggs, Brian Harriman, Vic Felgate, Richard Bumpus, Robin Fautley and Charles Walk for their contributions towards this report in various capacities, afloat and ashore. Also to: The Royal Yachting Association for their work on this topic, which formed the basis of our approach for multihulls.





P.S. Since the writing of this article, two yachtsman related to friends of mine have DROWNED after falling overboard at night due to two factors:

1. **NOT wearing a safety harness.** Both had only just come on deck. It is best to CLIP ON while still DOWN BELOW. The final few moments on deck (while you get the feel) are the most dangerous.

2. **NOT carrying, lashed to themselves, any lights or miniflares.** In both cases, long searches by experienced crews failed to find their lost members. Any yacht which sails at night and does not have safety harnesses for every member of the watch on deck is a potential death trap.