

THE

# SAILORMAN



Mr Wharram does design exceedingly attractive boats . . .



July 1980

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# THE SAILORMAN



## A word in your ear

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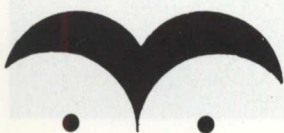
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The content of this issue shows a distinct weighting towards sailing, rather than building, articles. The reason for this is quite simple. Very few members have written anything about building this time. Perhaps all the boats are now sailing (though it seems that there are quite a few being built still in Holland and New Zealand). Perhaps all the main building problems have been ironed out by the publication of "In the Wake of The Sailor". Copies of this excellent and informative book are still available. Every true Polycat sailor ought to have one.

Seasickness seems to be less of a problem for cat sailors than for some monohullers I know; but if you do suffer have you tried Stugeron?

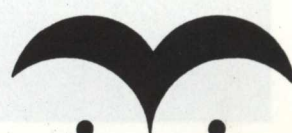
What about Sailboarding? a 12ft sail board would travel easily on deck even on a Tane and it really does offer a lot of fun in sheltered anchorages. I bought one this year and it is the nearest I have yet come to the ideal of "Instant Boat".

N.I.A.



The journal of

THE POLYNESIAN CATAMARAN ASSOCIATION





## Jim's Column

Well readers I am back living on Tehini. For the first week or so, with aches, I rediscovered muscles that I had not used for the three years that I have been living on the land.

Up and down ladders, rowing the dinghy, humping watertanks, cleaning the bilges; the day-to-day routine of boat living that makes it hard to many people, was in my case like "coming home". As my muscles and sense of balance are in every way returning, I feel fitter, crisper and more eager to face life than I have for some time.

I have been thinking about the PCA and the way we are going. The PCA was founded for self-help and self-protection.

In the early years when there was a certain pressure to blame all the capsizes, breakings and faults of the multi-hull on self-built ones; and by inference "Ours", there was a very real need for an organised group of Polynesian Catamaran builders.

From that beginning the PCA has done very well. Its 'Sailorman' magazine is one of the best Multihull magazines in the world; its authority to speak for a large number of cruising multihull people (not only our own designs) is widely recognised. We have achieved the aims of the founder members of the PCA.

*Question: Where do we go from here? Do we settle down into respectable middle age? Or do we look for wider seas to explore?*

Fortunately there are more exciting seas to explore. The Seas on our own Shores. Instead of just sailing our boats, how about trying to make a living either part-

time or full time from our Ships!

Several of us, as is well known, are already using our boats for charter, for teaching sailing. But there are other ways.

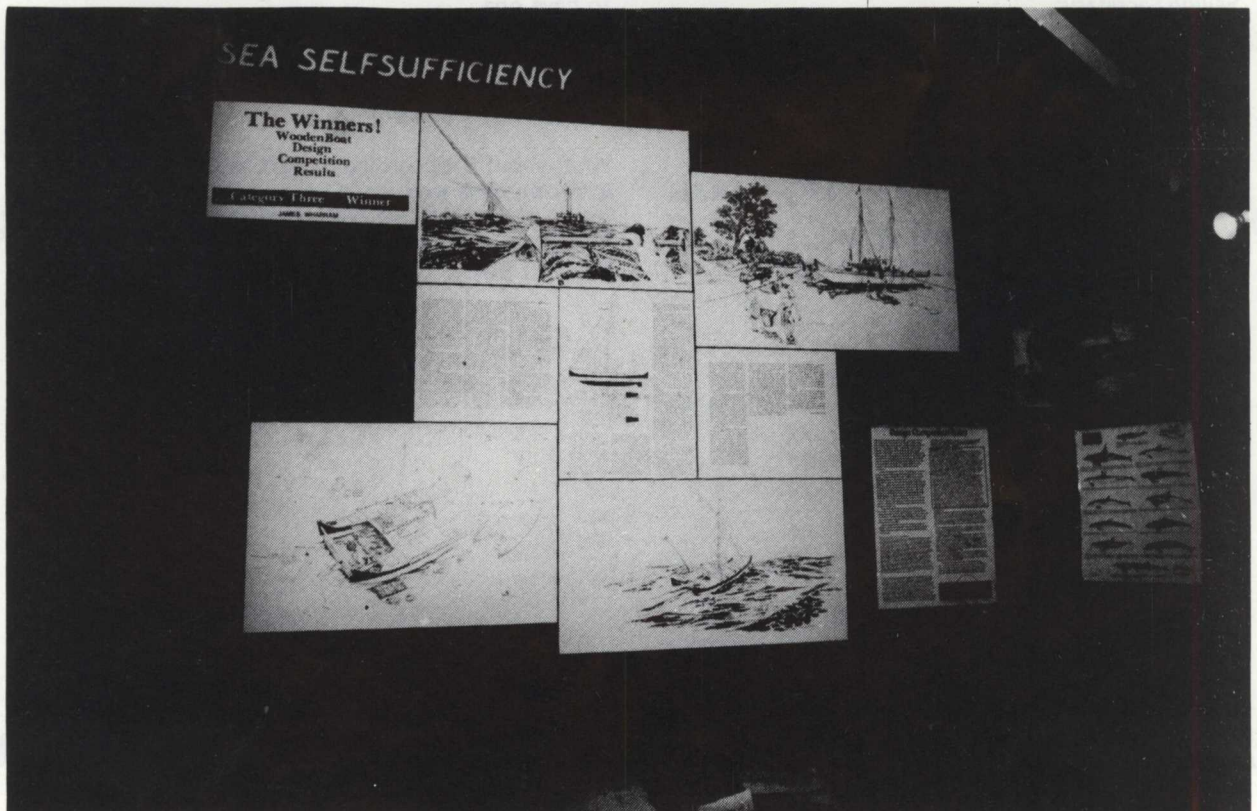
One Narai Mk IV owner builds surf canoes on his deck; another Narai is being fitted with a loom for the wife to weave sellable fabrics. You can gather, shape and sell driftwood sculptures. Be an instantly available engineer; where needed. Bob Evans fished during the winter months and exchanged his surplus for a farmer's home-killed meat.

The scope for part-time living off one's boat is endless. What stopped us before was lack of time available. Leisure, either in a three to four day week with long annual holidays or enforced mass unemployment (the "Chip" revolution) is fast approaching us.

This year we are planning in Milford Haven a Summer Meeting. In addition to the usual sailing on as many craft as we can gather there ("Tehini" included) it will have a main theme: "Sea Self-Sufficiency".

We are trying to get the famous land self-sufficiency practiser and writer, John Seymour to lead discussions; and hopefully (though he is very busy at the moment) Horace Dobbs will give us a talk on how we can cooperate on the Dolphin Watch.

In the past the Vikings spent part of the year tending their fields then moved, when the weather was right, onto trading and "reiving". That is the life we must aim for; when the others are lost and bored in their enforced leisure, we will be living. ●





# Dolphin Survey Project

By H.E. Dobbs: R.J. Harrison: D.A. McBrearty: E. Orr.

**Question:** Is the Dolphin an endangered species?  
**Answer:** We don't know – but there is evidence that dolphin populations are declining.

**Question:** Can I help?  
**Answer:** Yes – by becoming a dolphin spotter. If you are fortunate enough to see a dolphin in the wild we would like to hear about it.

**Question:** How will I be able to tell one dolphin from another?  
**Answer:** By using the diagrams and illustrations in the Dolphin Spotters Handbook. The background information in the book will answer many of the questions you may have about dolphins from their classification to their features and anatomy.

**Question:** Suppose I never see a dolphin – what then?  
**Answer:** Even if you never see a dolphin we are sure that you will find the Dolphin Spotters Handbook fascinating reading. The information is presented in an easy to understand way especially for the layman. It will put you on the road to becoming a dolphin expert if not a dolphin spotter.

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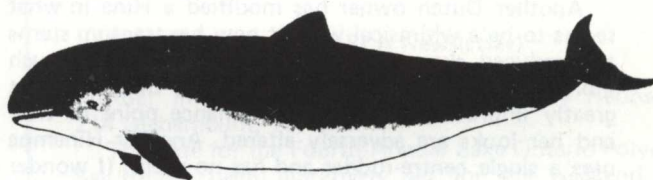
The Dolphin Spotters Handbook : Colour cover : 48 pages packed with information : generously illustrated with line drawings, diagrams and photographs.

Price : £1.50  
(add 25p for post and packing)

USA – \$3 plus 50c p & p

Bulk Orders:  
10 copies – £13.50  
100 copies – £120.00

U.S.A.:  
10 copies – \$27  
100 copies – \$240



THE COMMON PORPOISE is seen along most parts of the British coast and is the smallest species to frequent these waters.

This illustration is one of fourteen detailed dolphin pictures painted for the Dolphin Spotters Handbook.



# News from Holland

## A Report from Helmut Wans of Groningen

Helmut tells us that the number of completed Wharram design boats is still growing or was at the end of 1979. The first Raka in Holland was launched in the Summer and she was a beauty. Even the name Raka sounds delightful. Her home harbour as with many other polynesian cats, is near the Waddensee in Oostmahorn.

It appears that in Holland there is a growing problem: finding a mooring. Harbour dues are increasing annually and in crowded harbours catamarans are looked on with less favour. As a result many Dutch polycat sailors are looking into the trailer-sailer area of boating. The larger polycat designs are now no longer so popular and several have been up for sale during the season. No doubt the new Wharram designs such as the Pahi 20 and 26 will find favour among those who have been thinking of changing down.

The fact that the new designs have centreboards will also have some appeal to those Dutch sailors who seem to delight in messing about with the designed boats and modifying in every area. Helmut mentions that the new Raka was much modified. She had different rudder/skeg arrangements and short keels. To what extent the mods. improved performance etc. is as yet unclear. Perhaps next season will provide more facts.

Owners of a Narai and a Tane in Holland have also been up to the "all-change" game in that they have fitted substantial centre-boards which they claim give them better windward performance and tacking ability. The Tane board is over seven feet long and Helmut claims that it gives 10 degrees better on the wind and smoother tacking while being easy to handle (made from hollow section of plywood). He admits, however that the method of fitting it reduces speed by about a knot.

(My own Tane is resolutely unaltered in its essential features and the idea of a dagger or centre-board would seem to be an unacceptable and unaesthetic modification. I am prepared to be a bit less high on the wind in order to enjoy the lazy sailor's delight of shallow draught with absolutely no mucking about to do with things that stick down below the hull and threaten to run you aground, break off or even trip your boat over. But then I am in favour of the easiest and least fussy way of doing anything and I must admit to being very fond of the unspoiled hull lines of my Tane. — Ed.)

Still for those who like to alter things, there is no doubt much satisfaction even if not much real improvement?

Another Dutch owner has modified a Hina in what seems to be a whimsical way. It now has transom sterns and reduced skegs and a new sail plan carrying much more canvas before the wind. Apparently the boat is not greatly improved from the performance point of view and her looks are adversely altered. Another Hinemoa uses a single centre-rudder and has no skegs. (I wonder if custom cars are popular in Holland as well?)

Whatever the mods. may be, Dutch owners certainly seem to do plenty of sailing. One Tangaroa went to the Caribbean and back and owing to the careful preparations for the voyage, had no mishaps to report though he seemed less than enthusiastic about the social order on the islands.

Other Netherlanders went to Norway and Denmark and had good sailing. Lillian Boon had a splendid trip round Denmark in a Hina (this was well written-up in the December "Multihulls" — US version). Another member of the ubiquitous Boon Family, Marijke, sailed to the Azores and back; another well planned voyage which was without incident. Organising seems to take about 45% of the time, the sailing about 33% and the rest is for holidays and resting.

There are still some boats in course of building in Holland, notably a Tehini and a Tangaroa but they will not be ready for a while yet. Meanwhile the polycat enthusiasts strive to enjoy the often less than perfect weather and increasingly crowded waterways and harbours.

And more comment from Nico Boon . . . . .

Nico had some very precise things to say at the January AGM about sailing conditions in Holland. He has since thought again about some of the problems and feels that he should have mentioned that many Dutch Wharram cats made long and successful voyages in 1979 and there are no other boats that offer such safety features. However, he still feels that "the following are still living with force in Holland: — Manoeuvrability in narrow waters and qualities hard on the wind sailing, leading to putting centreboards on the boats of various types and construction. Comfort in cold climates leading to central heating, fixing sliding hatches, with windows before them and a canopy over them on banded pipes to sit comfortable at night on the cold North Sea etc. Harbour prices are going up and there are more boats than berths. People are now often looking for the smallest possible boat giving the desired comfort. As a result although many Polycats have been built in Holland in the past, at present they are not the first choice as they so often were in the past. Nevertheless the well-known Wolfgang Hausner author of "Taboo" is currently building a polynesian type boat (in the Phillipines)".

---

## An August Meeting

John Moore writes from the South Coast . . . . .

There will be a rally at Bembridge, Isle of Wight, during the weekend of August 16th. There is an ideal beach for Polycats just inside the harbour entrance on the left. The harbour dries out but there is plenty of water two hours before and after HW. Times of HW are as follows : August 15th — 1515 hrs, August 16th — 1549 hrs, August 17th — 1625 hrs. Visitors without boats should travel by ferry from Portsmouth or Southampton to Cowes or Fishbourne. Ferries are busy at this time of year. There are three camp sites nearby. John's address is Little Spinney, Solent Road, Cranmore, Yarmouth, I.O.W. tel. Yarmouth 760056.

**PCA**



Exciting sailing at Milford Haven Meeting Last Year.

## Autumn meeting at Milford Haven

Members and their families are welcome for a weekend of sailing and talks at Sandy Haven, Nr. Milford Haven from Friday, 19th September – Monday, 22nd September. Camping and caravan facilities nearby. James Wharram, Ruth and Hanneke hope to be there too with Tehini. If you are interested, please contact:—

Anthea Evans,  
St. Antony,  
Church Road,  
Llanstadwell,  
Nr. Milford Haven,  
Dyfed, SA73 1EN.

## News from 'Polycats'

(Canadian PCA Newsletter)

Further information is available from Roly Heusch, 214 Glebemount, Toronto.

The date for the Fourth Annual Lake Ontario Polycat Sail-In has been tentatively set for the weekend of August 9th/10th this year. (Ring (416) 423-2522).

# The Vireo Letter

The Vireo Letter — from Tom Jones (courtesy of "Polycats").

14°N, 53°W  
24th Dec 1979

The sky is now clear here after some rain on my night watch. The sea temperature is about 80°F, and the air a bit warmer. Merry Christmas to everyone.

This will be a short note, because Carol has some things to say about provisioning which may interest other Polycatistas in Canada.

This has been a quick, easy, but for me not very interesting passage, with the wind always aft after the first week, and nothing over force 6. The waves are big, of course, with the wind always blowing and always from the same direction. We've done a lot of surfing in the last two weeks, usually under the drifter alone, with the storm trysail acting as a vane gear. This works about 30° each side of dead downwind, and gives enough power, except in a dying wind with seas still high; a hard condition for any vane.

Gear failures: we have lost the nicopress wire strop on which hung the drifter halliard block. This is annoying because we now have to change halliards when we change

the headsails, instead of putting one sail up behind the other. Also we now have no reserve, and if the jib block strop also goes — they were both nicopressed in Gibraltar — we'll have to take the mast down at sea. But it's still holding and only three days to go. A more serious failure was the crack that developed in the dishpan, about three days out from the Canaries. One cannot foresee everything and carry a spare, but this is a near disaster. The dishpan is now bandaged with many layers of "Hurricane Tape" and we handle it like our rarest jewel, it *has* to last.

I have learned from this trip that the most comfortable seating faces the sitter athwartships, not fore and aft because the motion athwartships is much greater, because the beam is half the length. Some days I can sit very comfortably athwartships in a beach chair on deck.

Turn the beach chair to face forward, and the motion is unendurable. Unhappily the interior seating in VIREO is all fore and aft, but this will be remedied, at least in part, in Barbados.

All the best,  
Tom Jones.



Tom Jones and David Oliver in the chartroom of George Payne's Rada (now in the Med.)



# Overseas News

— the design team (now called James Wharram Designs) is still settling back in England. Ruth is handling the business side of it, while Hanneke Boon is completing the drawing of the Pahi 42' Plans and James is well into his new book 'The Multihull'. This must be an interesting book. His writing always seems to stir up a lot of discussion.

— George Payne's 'Raka' won on handicap the MOCRA AZORES race. He has sold his boat to a Greek.

— Robin Fautley's 'Tangaroa' won the multihull race from Brighton to Chichester recently.

— Bevan Pritchard, a visitor to Auckland from Bougainville, reports the passage of several Wharrams through the Solomons. An 'Ariki' is moored close to his home.

— Ken Waters, Sydney Australia, called in recently. He owns a Tane, but says Wharrams aren't numerous in Sydney. It's a different story in Brisbane where there are many afloat and building.

— I keep hearing of boats being built. My tally is now over 50 for N.Z. Dave Sandiford, ex Salthouse Bros, is doing a first-class Tangaroa in Rothersey Bay. The only Tangaroa 4 I know being built in N.Z. is well under way in Fredling.

— 'Tahio' John Budgett's Narai is pulled alongside my Ariki for a refit.

— N.Z.'s 1st Pahi has been started by Gary Schellack of Tuokau. Gary is a very experienced builder and I, for one, will be following progress with a lot of interest. He's using W.E.S.T. The Pahi construction method uses 11 bulkheads, and a curved V which stresses the ply and must be stronger. The heavily laminated bow, stern and keel sections are dispensed with, and replaced by internal and external lay-ups of glass, resins and microfibre. The plans call for 4 layers of glass and polyester resin but I'm pretty sure this weight and expense can be minimised if W.E.S.T. (Epoxy) is used.

# New Zealand News

— Ian Toddun has launched his 'Oro' and has apparently done a first-class job. Ostend residents were amazed when the two 'Oros' (Ian's and Pete Kerrod's) and George Freegard's 'Narai' all dried out pulled up on the beach . . . . . what has 6 hulls and is 60' wide? I hope Ian will write something for our next letter . . . . .

— 'Tutoko' the Invercorgill Tehini has been sold. Price not known.

— Susie Pilmer's Tane is still for sale at \$1,000 and considered a good buy by those who have seen her (the boat, sorry Susie).

— several Wharram types went to Dr David Lewis' lecture on Polynesian Navigation. It was first-class. The pedigree of Polynesian Cats is at least 6,000 years old and single and double outrigger canoes that have changed little in centuries, still sail in the Pacific. Many of their design features — V shaped hull, flexible hull connection, lack of a deck structure, bow overhang, are all used in Wharram cats.

— I was pleased to get pictures of my old 'Hina' (22') which is still in excellent condition and sailing in Nelson. She was launched December 22nd 1970.

— working on my 'Ariki' every weekend, I get a lot of visitors. An interesting recent caller was Ted Vitole who has sailed all but 8,000 miles of a circumnav. bought in Spain and sold in Costa Rica. Equipped with an 'Aries' self steering she crossed the Atlantic in 19½ days — excellent time: he says the Wharram looked after itself. He had an armchair on deck and did his watches wrapped in a blanket, occasionally fiddling with the self steering. In the worst storm he has yet faced, Narai did 15 kts down waves under bore poles. He had to sell her to return in a hurry to the States — 3,000 miles upwind.

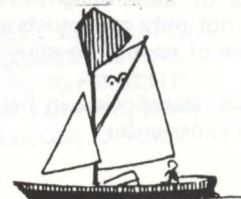
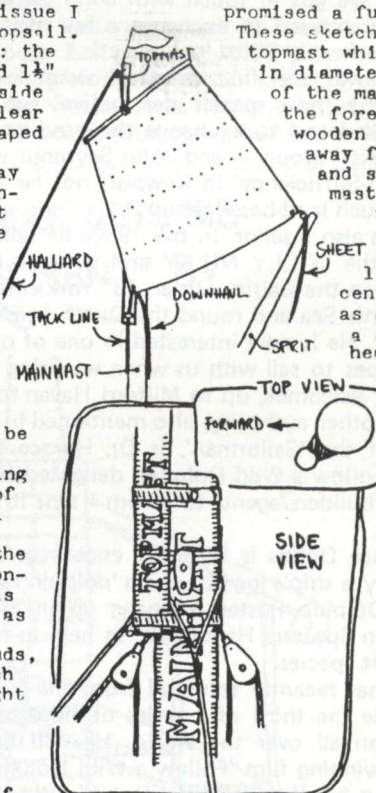
— I called in on George Clifton's Ariki (modified) — it's a huge boat with tons of space. She's been covered in W.E.S.T. resin and looks beautiful. George hopes to have her afloat this time next year. More details, please George . . . . .

## HINA OR HINEMOA TOPSAIL

by Roly Huebsch

From Polycats — the Canadian PCA Newsletter

In the last issue I promised a further report on our Hina's topsail. These sketches show the installation: the topmast which is eight feet long and 1½" in diameter is attached to the mainmast about 45° to port to clear the forestay. It is supported by shaped wooden blocks that hold away from the mast and shrouds. It overtops with 1½" and is with two Jubilee are no topmast the fall of the liard is led forward-center of the fore as a topmast stay. a standing lug head laced to a 4' yard on the pine as is the Sitka spruce or lighter. The double ended, through an eye the topmast to tight to the other end, also tack, keeps the trol while low-strictly a light in anything over the topmast, bends alarming-it can be made material (the made from \$4.00 cotton from the store) and pro-area high up most advantage ions. The original was cut quite full and thus is not very close wended but this can be corrected. Some tension should be kept on the sheet during hoisting and lowering of the sail, otherwise the sheet will wrap itself around the sprit.



# AUTUMN Meeting at Milford Haven

September 19th to 22nd, 1980

Whilst Robert and Anthea Evans are organising a repeat of last year's very successful sailing/sail training weekend, we are planning on the Saturday evening to follow up the two aspects, already discussed in the December issue of the 'Sailorman' and shown at the London Boat Show: 'Sea-Selfsufficiency' and the 'Dolphin Survey Project'. For this we have invited the two experts in these fields: John Seymour and Dr. Horace Dobbs. They both can help us to widen the scope to become true People of the Sea.

We all know about the possibilities of using our catamarans for chartering, but during the last winter, Robert Evans has shown also what can be done during the off-season. His engineering skill is already known, but he now turned his abilities also to the making of awnings, dodgers and repairing sails. Then he bought a net and during the 'herring season', every night, he layed it out with the incoming tide in the haven and hauled it in at high tide. On the shore, eagerly we awaited his catch which, after a few unsuccessful days, rose from a meagre 3 herrings to 100 to 150 for a few days. So, during 2 or 3 weeks, he filled his deep freeze, smoked, fried, pickled herrings and tried all kinds of dishes. Finally, we got in touch with John Seymour who was only too pleased to exchange a few stones of herrings for some freshly killed 'baby beef'.

This was the first practical example of what Jim called the 'non species destructive' fishing technique to be used and to exchange the product with another 'Survivalist' group — and John Seymour who is practicing 'Self-Sufficiency' in Newport not far from here, has one of such land-based groups.

He is also a sailor. In the 1950s he sailed a Yorkshire Coble, the WILLY NILLY and wrote a book 'WILLY NILLY to the Baltic'. (In an 18' Yorkshire Coble across the North Sea and round the Dutch coast to the Baltic Islands). He is now interested in one of our catamarans and hopes to sail with us when we bring TEHINI, now lying at Salcombe, up to Milford Haven for the meeting.

The other authority, also mentioned in the December issue of the 'Sailorman', is Dr. Horace Dobbs, whose book 'Follow a Wild Dolphin' delighted everyone of our friends/builders/agents to whom I sent it as a Christmas present.

Horace Dobbs is trying to encourage sailors to keep not only a ship's log but also a 'dolphin log' and published a 'Dolphin Poster' to hang up in the cabin and a 'Dolphin Spotters Handbook' to help in recognizing the different species.

He has recently returned from the Galapagos where he made the third of a series of films to be shown on television all over the world. He will be bringing his award winning film 'Follow a Wild Dolphin' and talk to us about his 'International Dolphin Watch' programme.

*Dolphins* always seem to have an uplifting effect of the crews of any boat. Whatever people do, if there is a call 'Dolphin's, they are all out on deck watching the playful antics of these delightful creatures. On a long voyage, they not only give much needed entertainment, but the feeling of contact to other beings, often close to mankind.

Carol Jones' description in her last letter is one of many of such experiences:

"December 27, 1979, 100 miles to go! (to Barbados)"

"A fabulous thing happened on Christmas evening. We were making fair speed with the drifter when a school of about 50 porpoises approached from every direction. They played about the bows and between the hulls for about half an hour, just before dusk. Some of them did spectacular leaps into the air. Some were whistling and 'Talking' loud enough for us to hear them. We lay down on the bows and watched them as long as they stayed with us. It was the best porpoise display we'd ever seen: they were having so much fun and giving us such a good time!"

This is the reaction of everybody with a similar experience and reminded me of our own experience when a school of over 100 pilot whales accompanied us for two hours on our first North Atlantic crossing in 1959. We felt then that they had tried to communicate with us as we with them, like Horace Dobbs with Donald, his dolphin, and of course Wade and Jan Doak with several of them during their intensive studies in 'Project Interlock' on their RAKA.

Wade's ideas and 'Dolphin Games' were published in the June 1979 edition of the 'Sailorman'. He is now regularly publishing newsletters in the magazine 'New Zealand DIVE' and in April he was invited to Washington, D.C., in the U.S.A. by the 'International Whaling Commission' to a meeting on Cetacean Behaviour and Intelligence and the Ethics of Killing Cetaceans. His air-fare, hotel and other expenses were paid in appreciation of his work done in Project Interlock. I hope we will hear more about this in the 'Sailorman'. ●

## NEWS

I had long letters from Carol and Tom Jones since I left them in the Azores. As Tom has promised a report from the West Indies, I will include only a few news items of other Polycats he met.

In Gibraltar, they met a Dutch couple on their NARAI 'HOA', who after four years in the Med., were heading across the Atlantic.

Perhaps the paragraph in Carol's letter that preceded the account of the meeting with the porpoises is of interest to other ocean sailors — mainly women: "Finally, after all these months, I seem to have lost all traces of sea shock! I've really enjoyed about every minute of this passage and have felt very comfortable with life on board. I think that one reason is that, when we left La Palma, so many other friends we made were about to leave, too, in their boats. On the passage from Cape May to Corvo, I felt that we were so alone on a big ocean. This time, despite the fact that we have seen only three ships since we left, I feel surrounded by other yachts experiencing the same conditions we are. Also, I guess, that simply time has a lot to do with it. It's a great relief, though, as you may imagine."

In Barbados they met the British NARAI SANIDA, a Belgium TANGAROA MK IV and a TANE built in Ireland, Denis Schneider on his TANGAROA, a 'stretched' NARAI MK IV from Austria and John ? with his NARAI MK IV from England.

Tom and Carol's last letter came from Jekyll Island, Georgia. They had visited about a dozen islands of the West Indies, then sailed from Puerto Rico, called at four or so islands in the Bahamas across to Miami. From Miami they started up the inland waterway and liked it so much that they decided to carry on using it up to Philadelphia. "With no waves, you can carry working sail up to force 7", Tom writes. It is rich in birdlife, porpoises and even manatees can be seen — but "you have to be on duty all the time. It is not restful, specially not in a sailboat without a motor. In Daytona, for example, there are 4 draw bridges in 1½ miles. And what with tides and headwinds and narrow cuts, we are lucky to make 30 miles in a 10 hour day."

Tom and Carol really have shown what can be done in a 28 ft. catamaran without a motor in less than a year's time, but it also needs someone like Tom to do it.

Tom enclosed a letter from Dave Omick after his 1000 mile sail from San Diego to Cabo San Lucas, California, which must be the longest non-stop trip in a HENEMOA (WEI-JI). He intended to embark from there on a voyage to the Marquesas. If he did, I hope he succeeded. He is the sort of person who has built the boat well and is a very good sailor and one can wish him only every success, but one is nevertheless concerned as the boat he is using is rather small for his purpose.

The same concern I feel for Joseph Garcin and his family/crew of three, after just surviving a cyclone with 150–180 knots of wind, 15–18ft. waves and a 3 days lasting flood—on land—embarking on a voyage on their TANE which should take them first from Reunion Island in the Indian Ocean via the Seychelles, Madagascar, Tanzania and the Mediterranean, to Gibraltar, then across the Atlantic through the Panama Canal and up the West American coast to Canada. *However well the boat is built, it is too small for a crew of four for such a*

*long trip and too much for someone who has never done any deep sea sailing before.*

It was time to produce the TANE NUI in ply (the foam and glass version had never caught on), for it is the TANE which has attracted many, intent on a big ocean crossing, for which she is really too small. The extra beam and freeboard of the TANE NUI makes all the difference.

From NEW ZEALAND we now get regularly newsletters from Ted Berry, for me of particular interest having met many of the members on my visit there. He mentions 48 catamarans of which he knows of, either building, sailing or arrived here from overseas. Here are some of general interest:

HINEMOA, built by Barry Tompson, cost only \$1700 (appr. £700). He is delighted with the boat.

TANGAROA 'BRIGHT EYES', which Trevor Tutte and Lynda Peters had sailed there from England, is in good shape again, now owned by Mike Twiss, who may take her to Fiji.

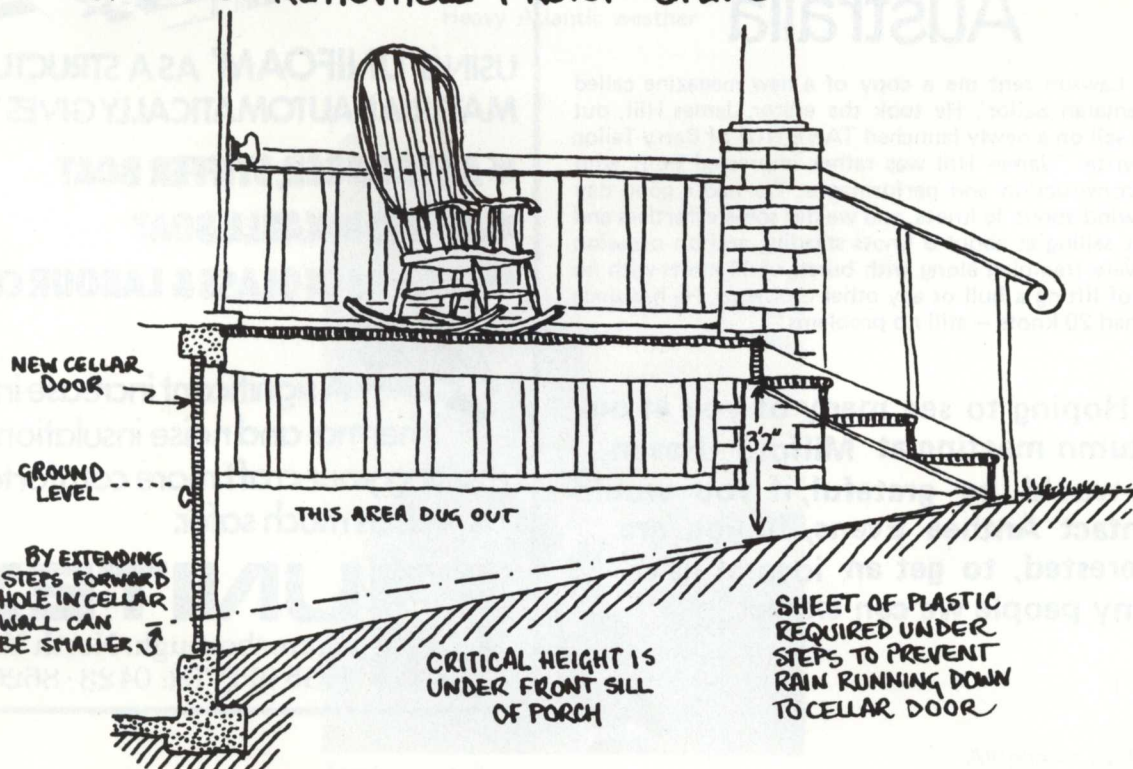
RAKA. John McCartney's which was wrecked, has been rebuilt to a high standard and is sailing again.

NARAI 'TAHIA', which James King sailed there from England, is for sale.

ARIKI 'OOKFAR', Ron Malatius described his sail to Australia in AMSA:

"We left in light easterlies which 12 hours later were 30–35 knot South Easterlies. At 15.00 hours next day we were screaming along at 10–20 knots, wondering the hell what the weather was doing. We had covered appr. 180m in 18 hours, good going, but as the wind was

## HOW RICHARD PEGIS OF ROCHESTER NEW YORK GETS HIS HINEMOA HULLS IN AND OUT OF HIS BASEMENT BY MEANS OF REMOVABLE FRONT STEPS: ~



# PCA

now steady 45–50 knots, and we had no radio, we decided to stop at Whangaroa. Lucky, as that night it blew 102 knots at the Cape and a 45' trawler was wrecked.

"Sheltered two days here, then took off in beautiful weather for Lord Howe Island. Eight days later, after three days of calm, we arrived there in howling North Wester — Yeah! Right on the nose! We were glad to see Lord Howe Island.

"After a very relaxing and laid-back month on Lord Howe we set sail for Brisbane, arriving 3½ days later — we had fair winds again, all from SE at a steady 25 knots most of the time."

Some NEWS from Wade Doak: As he had mentioned wind generators in one of his letters, I asked him for more details. Here is his answer which may interest some of you: "Some wind generators were originally designed for yachts — they function beautifully up in the rigging, although I know that is hard to credit. We have two on our land base on the Tutukatu coast — 20 miles from Whangarei. If you drop a line to Harold Ward, Box 94, Russell, N.Z., he would send you a brochure on wind generators. "Wardy" expressed an interest in building a Wharram cat when he saw ours. We sailed up to meet him in the Bay of Island last February. The windmill factory is on the bank of a navigable river — wind-powered machinery. The people there live on their yachts. Wardy has a 50' vessel and Mike a 70' antique (1915). Both have windmills in their rigging. They have just built a 112' steel sailing vessel, with which they plan to cruise around the Pacific installing windmills for when the diesel dries up. They also plan to teach people to build them themselves, except for the electrical windings. Their machines are superb — a radical departure from convention."

## Australia

Ken Lawson sent me a copy of a new magazine called 'Catamaran Sailor'. He took the editor, James Hill, out for a sail on a newly launched TANE NUI of Barry Tailor. He writes: "James Hill was rather impressed both with the construction and performance. We had a good day . . . wind about 15 knots, and we did some effortless and silent sailing at about 9 knots steadily, and on occasion we were tramping along with bursts of 14 knots with no sign of lifting a hull or any other problems. He has since reached 20 knots — still no problems."

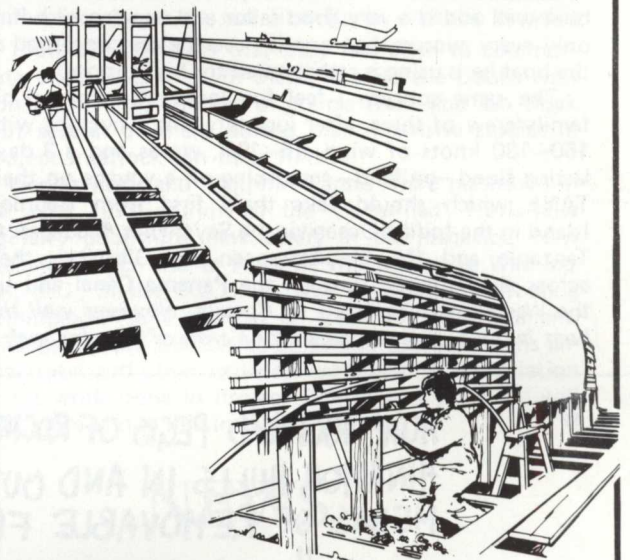
Hoping to see many of you at our autumn meeting at Milford Haven, we would be grateful, if you would contact Anthea Evens, if you are interested, to get an idea of how many people we can expect.

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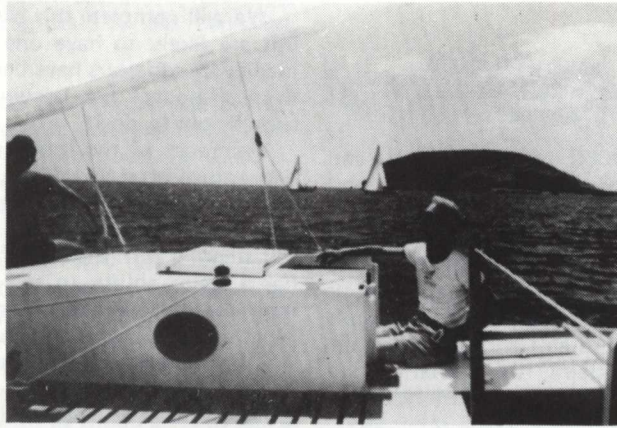


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# Over which horizon did you sail?



Tom Jones aboard 'Vireo'

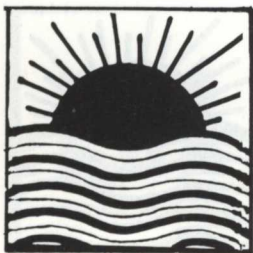


Heavy Atlantic weather



Tom's speedo/log

All photos by Ruth Wharram  
aboard 'Vireo' in the Atlantic



**Vireo Letter No 2 – January 20, 1980**  
– this time direct from Tom Jones,  
Union Island, Grenadines.

VIREO has now sailed over 7000 miles on this trip and has 3000 to go. She has proved herself as dry and comfortable as 23½ ft waterline can be and has averaged 104 miles a day. Crossing from Sao Miguel to Sezimbra, in a light quartering wind and with little sea, she sailed 160 miles one day and 155 the next. She has taken us from New Jersey to the Azores (see Ruth Wharram's article in December '79 'Sailorman') and then to mainland Portugal, Gibraltar, Madeira, the Canaries and Barbados. From here we will island hop to Florida; and then home.

The Tradewind passage is usually what interests Polycat sailors most but I found it the easiest and most boring passage I have ever made, "We could have come across in a dustbin." said John Margaron of Narai, TRUGANINI when we met him in Barbados. Another Narai, IF DOES RUN FREE, crossed in twenty days using almost no other sail than the deck tent, set on a square-sail yard.

So far we have met seven other polycats that crossed this winter; and no doubt there are others. Invariably there are more Polycats in harbour than all other types of multihull combined.

VIREO is comfortable enough on an ocean passage where you don't want to stand erect or move around too much anyway; but she is too small for living aboard comfortably in port. She is 7/8 sloop rigged but would

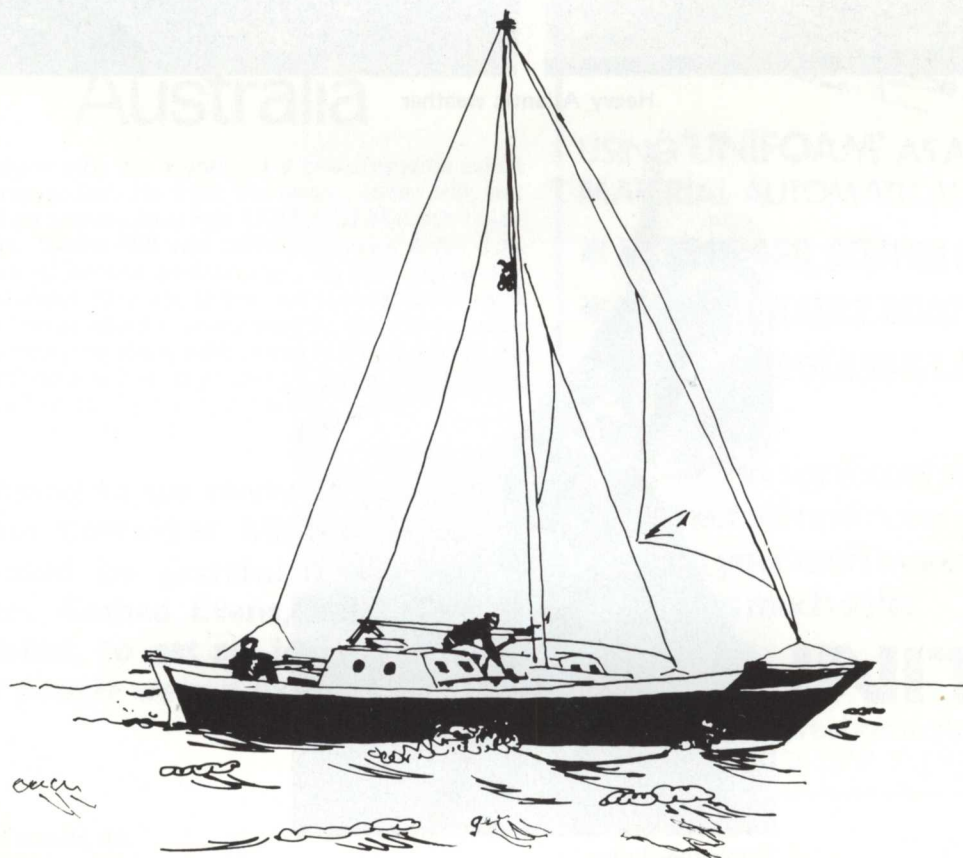
be better with a masthead rig which would eliminate the annoyance of runners. Her 280 sq ft of sail are not quite enough for America and the Azores but too much in most European and Caribbean conditions; usually we are reefed here. The 1½ oz nylon drifter has 100 sq ft more area than the jib and has been set free for 48% of the hours we have been under way. A large light-weather headsail is a cruising necessity.

We will complete this trip without a self-steering vane but are likely to have one before the next trip. Home-made trim-tab gears have been successful on many of our friends' boats. Jim Brown's SEARUNNER MANUAL shows how to do it.

For most of the long passages on this trip, we have had a third hand and this makes manual steering feasible. VIREO's sailplan "lead" is 1½% LWL further forward than on the regular Tanenui cutter rig and this gives good self-steering with the wind forward of the beam. She also has a weird ability to self-steer in ghosting conditions, with the helm lashed on any course and with any combination of sails up. I cannot explain this.

Our Tradewind rig was a headsail-jib or drifter, depending on wind speed – set square across the bows, with storm trysail boomed flat and a sheet led to each tiller. This gave good self-steering downwind and up to 30 degrees either side of it. We were seldom more than 10 degrees off course. The gybing of the trysail generated many times the power of a steering sail that merely comes about and generated it sooner. I believe that the system would work equally well with a reefed mizzen on a ketch rig. However, in lighter airs, where we would have wanted the mainsail as well as the drifter, it would not have been an acceptable arrangement.

Sailboat cruising is cheap travel but it is not free. Food is not the only expense, as there will be some gear failure on every boat. Then there are harbour dues and the bifocals that fall overboard and postage and all those £1.20 bottles of rum. It is awfully nice to eat some restaurant meals and to take an occasional taxi tour of the islands you are visiting. ●



AND FROM CAROL JONES . . . . .

Carol Jones gives the domestic details in the following extract from the VIREO letter sent to the Canadian Polycat Association.

Carol Jones gives the domestic details in the following extract from the VIREO letter sent to the Canadian Polycat Association.

The main thing we've learned on this passage is that we've brought too much food. We were expecting a 25 day passage and loaded VIREO with food for 40 days, "just in case"; but when we arrive in Barbados, we'll still have more than half of it. You never eat as much as you think you will: it's too rough, or too hot, or too something else, for 3 meals a day every day. Next time, we'll take just enough for the expected passage time, with only plenty of staples like rice and bouillon cubes for "just in case". On the other hand, it is nice to have plenty of water, especially on a warm weather passage. We find that 3 people consume about one U.S. gallon per day. We have 40 gallons with us which gives us extra to use for shaving, bucket baths (these take ½ gallon each — it's an art!) brushing teeth and other luxuries.

Some fresh foods last surprisingly well. Cabbage lasts at least 2 weeks — just cut off any stem rot that develops. Cheese — the kind that comes sealed in wax — and salamis also hold up as long. Potatoes, cucumbers, carrots and green peppers, if they have never been refrigerated, are also good for about 2 weeks before they turn to rubber, citrus fruit almost 3 weeks. When the fresh food is gone there are always sprouts. We make a quart of alfalfa sprouts every few days, and they do have a delicious fresh green taste.

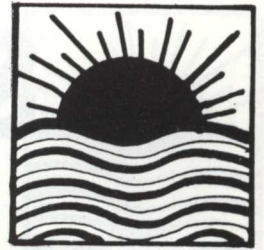
Someone once told us that eggs keep well if they have not been refrigerated or washed. We bought 2 dozen such eggs in La Palma; we ate the last one on the 15th day out and never came across a bad one. (To check, put the egg in a bowl of salt water. If it sinks, eat it; if it floats, use it to check your leeway).

We've kept loaves of coarse bread and pumpnickel for as long as a week. If you keep it exposed to the air — not in plastic bags — it doesn't get mouldy, only hard, but still edible. Tom as a positive flair for knowing which 2 or 3 cans will taste good together and has designed and made some really memorable meals. For this gourmet stuff, it's good to have lots of spices and seasonings, as well as gravy mixes, grated cheese, canned tomatoes and cream soups for sauces etc.

Some provisions that we consider essential are very hard, or even impossible, to find in the European ports we visited. If you have to have any of the following, take enough for the return trip too: peanut butter, pancake syrup, kippered herrings and paper towels that will fit your boat's towel rack; also, Joy detergent, which we find rinses off easiest in salt water.

We're learning more about boat life every day. Ruth Wharram's advice and help when we provisioned last July for the first passage were very valuable, especially her estimates of how much of each staple (flour, sugar, etc.) would be necessary. I'm also grateful to Ruth for her suggestion of keeping a list of what's aboard, so you always know what's still available and what you're running out of. ●

The main theme of this issue may seem to be "keeping up with the Joneses" but they are indeed doing well, what most Polycat sailors would perhaps like to do and what they learn will undoubtedly be of value and interest to many.

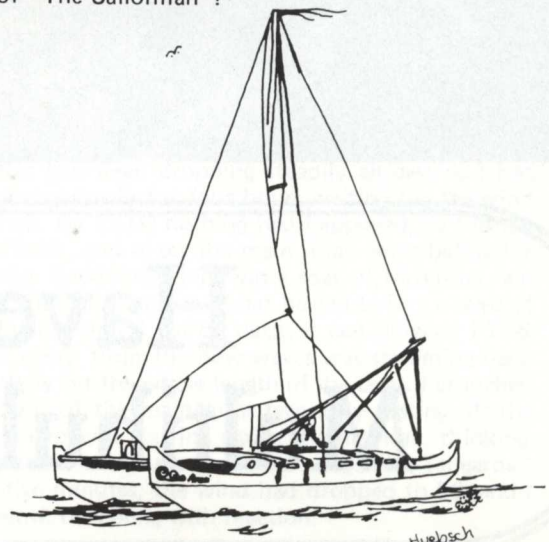


## Is this the longest voyage in a HINA?

Ruth Wharram has just received news of David Omick who has reached the island of Hilo, Hawaii. He first sailed from Cabo San Lucas to Socorro Island, several hundred miles off the Mexican coast and then sailed from there the 2,300 miles to Hawaii in 23 days, encountering a two day gale en route. His average of 100 miles a day is very good for a boat with a 19ft waterline length. Ruth thinks that this is definitely the longest voyage in a HINA. Even if it is not, there can be no doubt that it is a remarkable achievement and speaks loudly for the reliability and safety of the Wharram designs at all levels. It says a lot for the hardiness of David Omick as well.

## KUMARA Takes to the water

Two weeks ago the NARAI MK IV "KUMARA" built strongly and professionally by Steve Turner for Wouter & Will Eichelsheim was launched at Plymouth. Ruth Wharram reports that the owners came over with a crew of three to sail her to Holland after a couple of days of sea trials. They sailed from Plymouth to Salcombe where "TEHINI" is stationed and they all had had a sail in rather crowded reaches winding their way between fleets of little racing dinghies with the tide ebbing and space becoming more and more confined. KUMARA handled well. After some minor adjustments to the rigging KUMARA sailed for Holland which she should by now have reached safely. Perhaps the owners will write something about the trip for the next issue of "The Sailorman"?



# Sailing Multihulls Is Exciting



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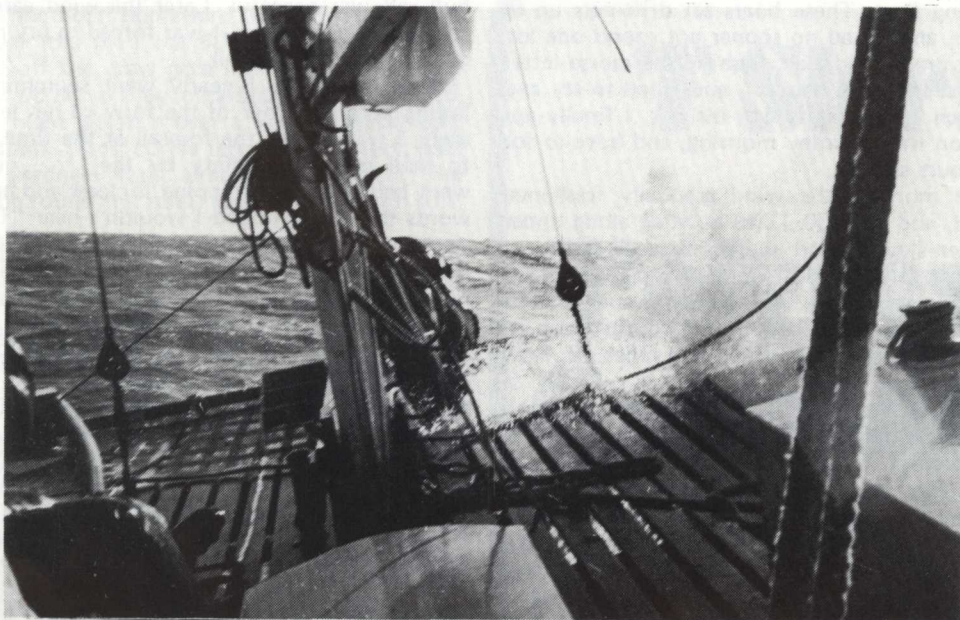
## TO NORWAY AND BACK — SINGLEHANDED

(In a Tangaroa)

by Tony Perridge

I left my mooring on the Baully Firth, near Inverness on Saturday, 9th June at midday, to catch the tide out of the Inverness Firth. A fine, sunny day, with winds F1–2 from the N.E., i.e. right on the nose. It took me five hours to get out past the narrows at Ardersier and into the Moray Firth, a speed made good of 1 knot. By late evening, the wind had died away altogether, so I motored inshore and anchored in 3 fathoms off Findhorn.

At 4.30 next morning, I got under way again, feeling tired and seedy, and wondering what on earth I was doing out here, all alone. However, after a couple of breakfasts (the only saving grace of getting up early) and with bright sunlight and a gentle F2–3 on the quarter, the world appeared a kinder place. By lunch-time, I was off Lossiemouth, and some kind friends came out of the harbour in their big ketch to wish me bon voyage. They reinforced their sentiments by passing over some cans of beer — a gesture that was much appreciated. Like the previous day, the wind died in the evening, so I motored into a small fishing port called Portsoy, near Banff, and had a blissful night's sleep.



'A Tangaroa in Rough Seas'

Monday morning dawned foggy and still, so I hung about until twelve o'clock, waiting for it to clear. Since it showed no signs of doing so, I decided to go anyway, for I suspected that the fog was only coastal, and that I would run out of it once I got some way offshore. I telephoned Customs at Fraserburgh who said it was quite in order for me to leave without any examination, so I put out into the fog under full sail and all senses alert for any sound of engines. As I had suspected, two miles offshore, I ran out of the fog into bright sunlight, with a cool N.E. wind of F1–2. This went round to the S.E. and stayed there for the next two days, despite the shipping forecast continually promising South Westlies. I spent the time reading and doing odd jobs. The boat steers herself with the wind forward of the beam, so I was spared this onerous task. I slept for hour-long periods, woken by the alarm to get up and check all round, then resetting the alarm and going back to bed for another hour. The second night, I forgot to set the alarm after getting up at midnight, and slept right through until five o'clock — a real treat.

The third day I started doing sun sights for the first time, using the method described by Peter Woollas in his book "Stelda, George and I", the story of his single-handed trip from England to the West Indies in a Vertue.

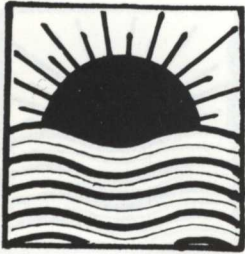
He devotes a whole chapter to navigation, and it is so simple and concise, that even I can understand it. After working out two or three sights using this method, I was dashing off the calculations in about two minutes, in a space 2" x 3" on a page — just dead easy!

Wednesday morning found me still creeping along at about 3 knots with a light S.E. wind. I spent most of the day below, reading with a Tilley lamp going to provide warmth, for it was very cool and clammy. At one o'clock on Thursday morning, two trawlers passed nearby confirming my position on the Lingbank. I could smell them before I saw or heard them, because the trawl nets disturbing the sea-bed send up a ghastly smell that reminds me of wrecks and drowned sailors. This morbid train of thought was probably due to my extreme weariness.

ness and frustration at my poor progress, an average of about 60 miles a day.

At last, at eight o'clock in the morning the wind finally went into the S.W., and I settled down at the wheel to make some progress. I was wearing three jerseys, balaclava, thermalarctic socks, thick trousers and gloves, the whole lot covered with my oilskins. Come to the sunny North Sea for your holidays! At 16.00, the wind rose sharply, and I dropped the main, and put a reef into the jib and mizzen, whereupon the wind immediately fell light (I know the frustration! Ed.) The barometer had been dropping steadily all day, so I just jogged along slowly for four hours waiting for the wind to pick up. By 22.00 nothing had happened, so I shook out the reefs, and re-set the main, then went below for a brew-up. Suddenly, there was a roar of torrential rain on the cabin roof, and the boat heeled before a blast of wind. By the time I got on deck, it was blowing F7–8, and the spray from the bow waves was streaming back horizontally for the whole length of the boat. I crouched at the foot of the main mast feverishly casting off the main halliard and clawing down the mainsail, thinking, "Please don't let me be the first to capsize a Tangaroa". Within five minutes, the wind had dropped to F2, and I went below, trembling with reaction.





By 2 o'clock on the Friday morning, I was so tired that I hove-to and went to bed, sleeping right through my alarm (again), and waking at 7.30. I had a leisurely breakfast, and got underway, but all day the wind was between F.0 and F.1 and I made only 25 miles during the whole day. I was feeling very tired and depressed, and decided that work was the best therapy. My homemade self-steering gear had never worked properly, so I unbolted it, and dropped it over the side — "Laugh that off, you useless object!" I felt better then. I made a new and harder chart-table from a piece of ply, and then went round and tightened up all the rigging. I had a late tea, then cleared up, and feeling very weary, got ready for bed, just as darkness fell about 23.00. I took a last look round the horizon and spotted a lot of lights directly in my path. An hour later, I was jiggling all over the place, trying to pick a way through a Norwegian mackerel fishing fleet. These boats set drift-nets up to 1½ miles long, and I had no sooner got round one lot, than the next one would start flashing the morse letter for "You are sailing into danger", and I had to try and work out which set of lights was his net. I finally got clear at 1.30 on the Saturday morning, and hove-to for a couple of hours sleep.

During the morning the wind gradually freshened from the west, and by 8.30, I was bowling along under foresail, mizzen-staysail and reefed mizzen, unfortunately having to steer. At 9.00, "Land-ho!" as Lista lighthouse appeared right on the bow. I altered course to fit into the traffic separation lane at the southern tip of Norway, and followed the coast about 5 miles off. How wonderful to see land again!

I then proceeded to blot my navigational copy-book by making a monumental error in reading the scale of my Norwegian chart. I was plotting TEN miles for every one covered. This, coupled with a lighthouse showing up where I expected it to, led me into a narrow, rock-strewn Fiord, that I thought was Mandal Fiord, but which wasn't. After floundering about under sail and engine for half-an-hour, with a gusty F5 blowing, I reluctantly turned, and headed back out to sea, and hove-to to think things out. I was exhausted, dispirited and lost, so all I could think of to do was to carry on along the coast in the hope that I could recognise some feature to re-establish my position. I pressed on, with only the double reefed jib up cursing my lot and surfing with equal frequency.

At 18.00 lo and behold the *real* Mandal Fiord appeared, but I was past it before I had properly recognised it. In desperation, I hoisted the double-reefed mizzen and my tough little mizzen staysail, and put about to beat back into the Fiord. The motion and pounding were awful, but to my amazement, she tore up-wind like a bullet, and an hour later, I motored into the river harbour of Mandal on a calm sunlit evening. I tied up alongside the main street, switched off the engine, and stood on deck, looking about in wonder. We'd made it, my first foreign port! I felt like the greatest navigator since Magellan!

I spent the next two days resting and wandering about the town. My arrival in Mandal coincided with a school's brass band competition, and I was entertained by the bands marching along the main street, alongside which I was moored. Then, feeling the need to get away from sailing for a while, I hitch-hiked up to Larvik and stayed there for a week. Much refreshed, I returned to Mandal, and the following day, set off for the return

trip at seven o'clock on a bright, sunny morning with the wind a perverse sou'westerly, F4-5. Still, it freed me from the tyranny of the helm, and on starboard tack I trashed away to get a good offing. I came on deck at 11 o'clock to find that the Norwegian coast was out of sight and the first fulmars were circling the beat, making me feel that I was really back at sea again. By midday, the wind had gone round to the south, so I put her onto port tack, and at last was pointing in the right direction for home, due West. Towards midnight, I was abreast the southern tip of Norway and there was quite a bit of shipping about, which put paid to any ideas I might have had of getting any sleep. However, by two o'clock the next morning, I was so tired, that I lay down for half an hour. In fact, I slept for over three hours, and woke to find that the boat was lying quietly hove-to. I had breakfast, and then got under way on a cold, grey, drizzly morning. The wind was steady, F4 from the S.E. and I made good speed all morning. After lunch, the wind backed to the N.E. and then increased, until by 14.30, I was running before a F.7, with torrential rain. By 16.00, I had had enough, and putting the helm a-lee, left her to her own devices, while I went below and went to bed. The motion was surprisingly easy, and apart from the occasional crash as a wave broke against the weather hull, all was peaceful. Later the wind eased and went round to the S.W. and I was forced to pry myself out of bed and hoist some sail.

Next morning, I nearly went swimming when the lasjng at one corner of the forward net let go. Fortunately, I was reefing the foresail at the time and was able to haul myself to safety by the of the sail. I went below for the shipping forecast and heard the very words that I had hoped I wouldn't hear "There are gale warnings for areas Viking, Forties and Cromarty." My stomach contracted, and I sat down with a bump. What do you do when faced with your first gale at sea, alone? I thought of getting monumentally drunk, and sleeping until it was all over, but it struck me as possibly unseamanlike, so instead I cooked a double ration of mince and vegetables and stowed it away in the sealed pressure cooker, checked everything on deck, then went below and thought desolate thoughts. Gardening suddenly had great appeal, or hill walking. It took 12 hours of steadily increasing wind before my hand-held ventimeter reached F7 gusting 8, by which time I was lying ahull, broadside-on to the seas. I lay in my berth, and each breaking sea that thudded against the hull set my taut nerves twanging. In the afternoon, a freighter passed by, about half a mile away, going upwind and making very heavy weather of it. A few minutes later, Faoleag was hit by a terrific breaking wave, and a minute later, by a second one. They were probably the effect of the freighter's wake on the seas. There was no damage, although a few books were catapulted across the chartroom. It did nothing for my peace of mind, though.

By midday on the 27th June, my fifth day at sea, the wind had abated and was blowing F3 from the West. The sun came out for the first time since leaving Mandal, but the sea was still too lumpy for me to take a sight. I was feeling very low and tired, and had to admit to myself that I had only the haziest notion of where I was. I could only keep heading West and see which bit of Scotland I bumped into.

The 28th was the day that nearly convinced me to give up sailing for all time. At one o'clock in the morning, an oil platform loomed up in my path, so although I was terribly weary, I had to stay on watch until I was safely past. When the complex was abeam, about half a mile off, I went below to make a coffee, but something strange about the boat made me come on deck again. The dawn was just breaking, a gentle F3 was blowing, and a fishing boat was passing about a quarter of a mile away, going the other way. Also the main-mast was leaning drunkenly over to starboard, held up only by the

luff of the foresail and the triatic, all the port shrouds and the fore-bridle having let go.

My heart missed a beat, and I stood staring stupidly for a moment, then I leapt below and grabbed two flares and came up and set them off, one after the other. The fishing boat chugged steadily away, and the oil complex showed no signs of coming to help, so sanity returned and I set about sorting things out. I took the main halliard to one of the port chain plates, and every time the boat rolled on the swell, I was able to pull the mast more upright, until it was vertical again. I then set up the port shrouds with new lanyards to replace the old, rotted ones that had broken, (they had been rigged with some rubbish two years previously, purely as a temporary measure at fitting-out, but I had forgotten to fit correct terylene lanyards), and rigged up a jury forestay bridle from rope. By 0400, I was sailing again, under the three lowers since the wind was by now F5 from the S.W. At 6.30, another gale warning for my area was forecast but I was so dead-beat that I didn't really care. In the afternoon, the wind fell light, and the sun came out but I didn't take any sights. My R.D.F. told me I was heading for Kinnairds Head and I didn't reckon it would help to know how far I had to go. I just wanted a sight of land before the gale arrived. However, in the evening I spoke to a fishing boat, homeward bound for Peterhead and the skipper told me I was 60 miles from shore. As they motored off the crew gave me a cheery wave. In six hours they would be snug in harbour. I sat, becalmed, watching the night advance over a wall of black, oily, clouds, and drank black coffee laced with whisky, past despair, past tiredness even, almost disembodied. The fulmars, gliding round the boat, looked at me with soft, friendly eyes.

Early next morning, the wind started to rise, until by 04.30 it was F6-7, and I had had enough. I sheeted the double reefed mizzen 'midships, streamed a sea anchor from the lee bow, and retired to bed. The motion was incredibly easy, and I just slept and potted for the whole day. Late in the evening the wind went down to F2-3, so I got underway again until midnight, when I left her to sail herself and selpt on and off until 0500.

During the morning, the wind increased to F5, then F6 with howling, black rainsqualls of F7. But by now I was land-hungry. Under double-reefed jib, mizzen stay-sail and single-reefed mizzen, I put her to it, forcing upwind while I stood below and kept watch through the cabin windows, amazed as she smashed her way through a maelstrom of breaking waves, sometimes taking up incredible angles of heel on the faces of the waves, but never once feeling that she would go over. How I loved her that day!

In the late afternoon, I sighted land, and as evening wore on, the wind and seas gradually diminished until by 0300 the following morning, my ninth day at sea, I put on the engine and motored for four hours until I entered port at Montrose, utterly drained. I felt I would never put to sea again.

A month later, with two friends, I brought Faoileag home to Inverness. She is now for sale, having proved that she is fit to cross blue water, but her skipper found wanting. Time, though, is a great eraser of bad memories, and if she doesn't sell, well, who knows, I might try again, and go "out there". Either way, I wouldn't have missed the experience for anything.

Tony's very honest account of his voyage must raise a number of questions, some of which have featured in yachting magazines many times. Should the single-hander risk his own and the lives of others in pursuit of his amusements? Fatigue and sea-shock are very real items in storm conditions. For the single-handed sailor, perhaps, coastal sailing is even more tiring and arduous than ocean voyaging. — Ed.



Jim Wharram wrote in the June '76 issue of "The Sailor" . . . . .

"I am convinced there is another shock to the nervous system: "Sea Shock" . . . . . One can recover from "sea shock". One can learn to adjust and control it. The first point to realise is that "Sea shock" exists, particularly for the first-time voyager faced with loneliness, the vastness of the sea, strong headwinds and continuous sea gales. On reaching port the first thing to do is to have rest and quietness and to reflect that one has survived on one's own small self-built boat!" ●

Apparently Tony's boat was not put up for sale after all so it seems he did get over the experience.

# T Shirts

# Polynesian

# Catamarans

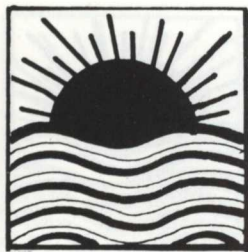
# Sail

# the World

There are still some pure cotton T-shirts left over from the Boat Show. S,M,L and XL sizes in white and yellow at a special price of £2.75 (incl. P & P) £3.00 overseas, (airmail £1.00 extra), and children's sizes (28") in red, white and yellow for £2.25, £2.50 overseas (airmail £1.00 extra). If there is sufficient demand we can order other colours and sizes. However, the cost will then be £3.50 (£3.75 overseas) plus extra airmail, if desired. When ordering, if possible, give second choice.

Also still available are "Eye-symbol" pendants in pottery with leather necklace at a cost of £2.25 (incl. P & P).

Please send your order to: Ruth Wharram, St. Antony, Church Road, Llanstadwell, Milford Haven, Dyfed, SA73 1 EN, U.K.



# KAOHA NUI

Part I of the Voyage to the Caribbean

Kaoha Nui, Dick Claydon's Tane Nui was sailed via Portugal, Gibraltar, North Africa, to the Caribbean and Bermuda and back to England. Part I of this story follows. Part II appears on page 24.

It all started with the first big increase in the price of oil. The day it was mentioned in the news, I at last, after months of 'shall I' or 'shall I not', sent off for a set of Tane Nui plans and what I thought was enough money for resin, glass and foam to build the boat.

Not knowing much about boat building, I didn't fit different cabins, different rudders etc., as a lot of builders do but kept to the plans. 3½ years of part time work later in October '77 KAOHA NUI as the boat was named, was ready for launching. Now you may think that October is a funny time to put a boat in the water but after all that time building I couldn't wait to see if it floated. If you build a boat in the front garden you will have plenty of assistance from neighbours to get rid of the thing. So after moving the hulls 10 miles to the public slip at Oxford it was assembled in about 4 hours and pushed in.

Monday I handed in my notice with great pleasure. People always say it is hard to get going . . . it isn't at all if you really want to go.

While working my notice out we practised steering and soon found that to turn in the width of the Thames, a steering oar from the bow is a great help — luckily before hitting anything. We slowly motored down the Thames and by December decided to stay until the spring at Walton-on-Thames where a P.C.A. member let us moor at the bottom of his garden for the winter. Yes it was cold — very cold. One foggy, frosty day Jennifer and myself were running down the road when a car stopped and the driver asked if we would like a lift. He gave a very funny look when we answered 'No thanks, we've come out to get warm.'

We got jobs locally until April and then travelled the last few miles to St Katherine's dock to raise the mast. While waiting for the lock to open, I went to get petrol and on returning found the hydrofoil about to come alongside and the crew starting to cast boat and Jennifer adrift. I discovered a way of avoiding Customs . . . rush through departure lounge with a can of petrol in each hand shouting 'My boat'.

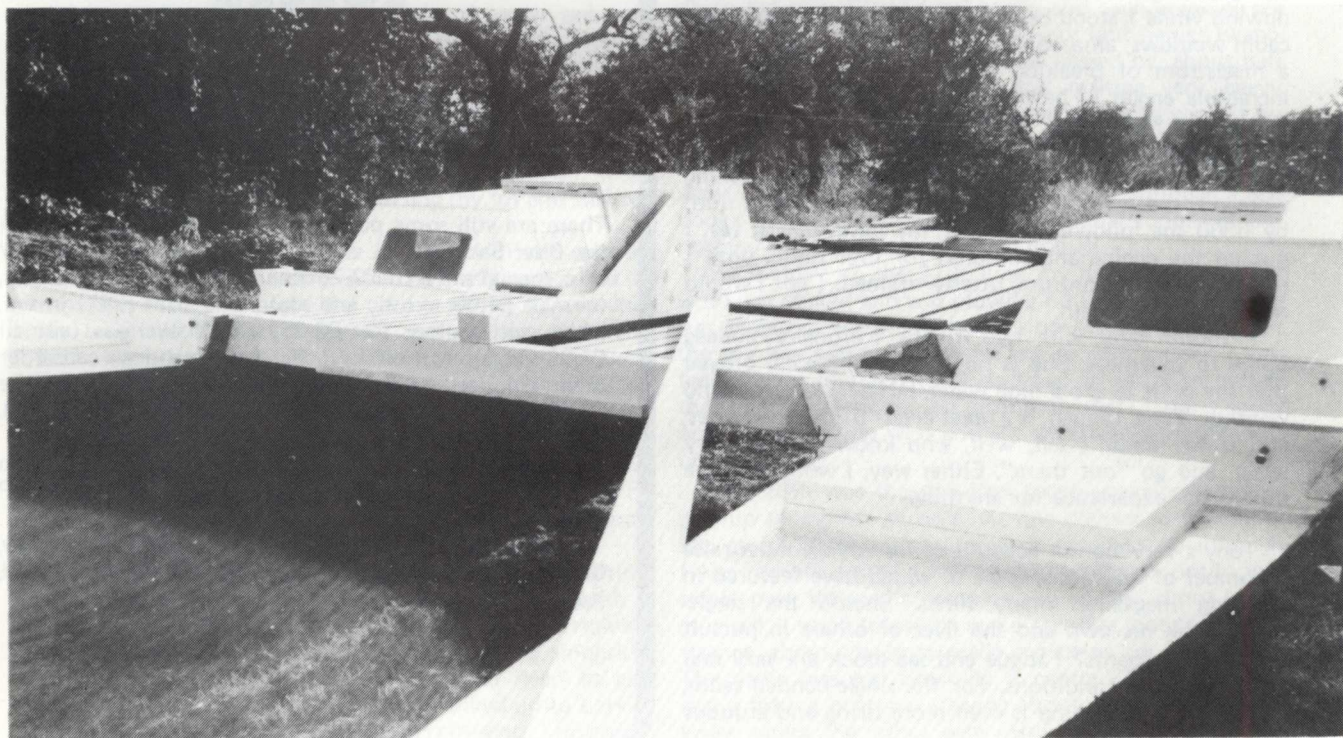
With mast up we left for the sea. I didn't think the Thames wide enough to try the sails (a mere ½ mile), so it was not until 2 days later at Hole Haven that the noisy Seagull was turned off and sails tried. They worked and we anchored at Queensborough later that day.

We learnt to sail in the Medway for a while and a friend came with us to Burnham-on-Crouch. After that, on our own, we visited the East Coast rivers up as far as Woodbridge.

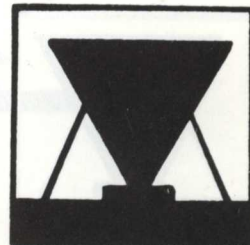
This was June '78 and we thought it would be nice to go to the Med. for nothing would persuade us to spend another winter on board in England. People we asked said we should have 6 years experience first; have a storm, get caught in fog and all sorts of horrible things. "The Sailor" encouraged us though and several members didn't seem to have waited that long before setting off.

We daysailed along the East and South coast and got a shock at having to pay £2 here and £5 there, for a night in a crowded harbour instead of at anchor in peace and quiet for nothing.

We reached the Solent during Cowes Week and we upset some of the racing yachts by surfing past them even though they had spinnakers flying. It wasn't until the one we were passing at the time fell over and broke his mast that I realised why we got the funny looks. We reefed then. Off the Isle of Wight we met Gary Keating in his Tangaroa and he suggested going to the Med. via  
continue on page 24.



# THE BOATYARD



## NOTICE TO HINA AND HINEMOA BUILDERS AND SAILORS

If you are using, or planning to use, the Bermudan sloop rig, please, note the following alteration made to the rig (alterations to plans bought prior to March 1980).

To give the mast greater stiffness in the central part, we have changed the lower shrouds. Instead of two shrouds attached 10 ft. from the top, there are now three shrouds (including a forestay) 12 ft. from the top.

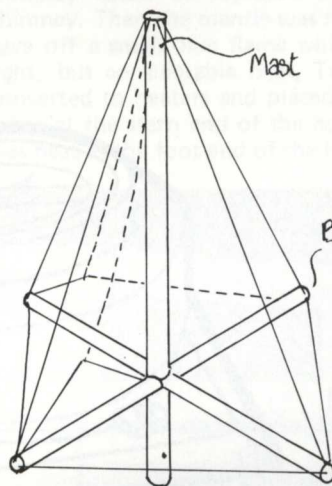
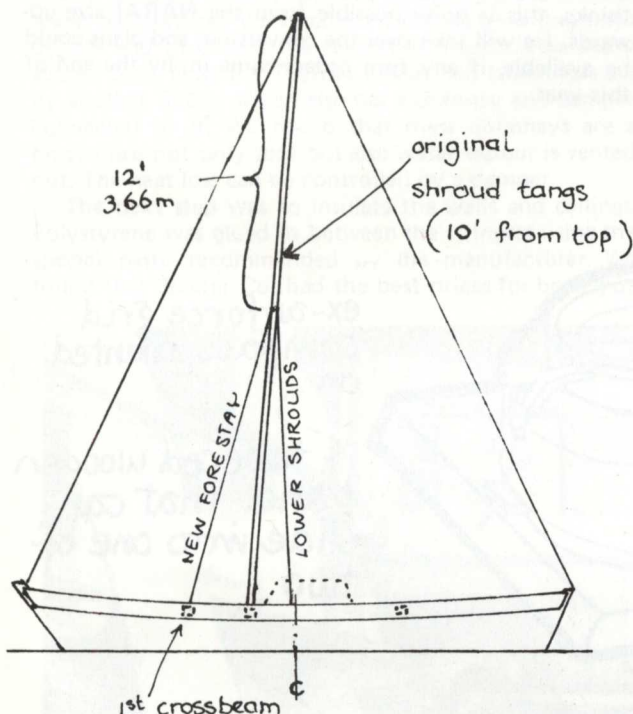
Attach the new, inner forestay to a shroudplate, screwed to the centre of the crossbeam.

The two shrouds go to shroudplates on the hull placed on the fore and aft centre line.

twin jibs parallel to each other. Sheeting loads are low as the whole rig is balanced. The rig can generate power in any direction and is self-tacking.

### Maintenance and Design:

a) **Steel:** Apparently the bigger Wharrams can be built in steel. Research is still being done by Commander Bob Evans, but boats from Narai 4 up could be done. I hope to give more details later. Bob Evans is Chairman of U.K. Polycat and has sailed his Narai in 'Round G.B. Race'.  
 b) **Rot:** I was a bit unhappy to read that the bulwarks on 'Piggy' on Arika had to be renewed after only 4 years. I carefully checked the join between bulwark and deck on my boat and realised what a dirt and water trap it is. So I've put a glass/epoxy strip all round between the gap. One Tane builder told me he found grass growing in this gap! Bulwarks should have plenty of scuppers to clear water from the deck.



PYRAMID RIG  
 dotted lines indicate  
 luff and leech of sails.

As well as covering the deck and hull, these extra strips should be put on a) to prevent mud and water getting in behind the bulwark; b) to protect the end grain of the deck ply.

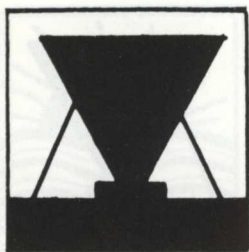
Wharrams *can* have water traps. All water must be encouraged to flow off the deck as quickly as possible. Next time I would glass *all* the bulwark.

c) **Going W.E.S.T.:** W.E.S.T. is an epoxy resin (\$58 for 5 litres) that is used for coating wood to prevent water absorption. I can have microfibres added to the resin and can then be used as glue or filler. We all know wood must be protected from water getting into wood. There are various ways used: (i) *Kerosene* and/or copper nophanate (Trichonol or Metalex). This is O.K. but leaches out; (ii) *Tanalising* — this, too, leaches out and the Forestry give the tanalising an effective life of c 14 years; (iii) *Everdure*: this is Epoxy based but contains up to 55% solvent. When the solvent evaporates it leaves tiny bubbles in the resin. Everdure, in lab. tests, absorbs 150 times the water W.E.S.T. does.

W.E.S.T., which looks like golden runny honey, seals off the wood inside and out — and keeps the wood from getting soggy. I'm impressed by it. It has disadvantages — it is not a good gap filler unless thickened; it is subject to cracking if stressed too much, and should be reinforced with cloth for the big flat surfaces of a Wharram hull; it must be painted or it rapidly (6–12 months) deteriorates in sunlight.

### Terry and Helen Henry

**Profile of Two 'Oro' Builders:** Back in 1974 when I lived in Motueka, I was surprised one day when the girl next door (Helen) came over to show me the plans of a boat she and her boyfriend (Terry) planned to build. It was an 'Oro', quite like the Arika I was building. Well, they got married, moved to Palmerston South where Terry is a Psychologist at Cherry Farm and Helen teaches at the local High School. While looking for a shed they prefabricated many bits — rudders, tillers, cabins, chart table, cabin heaters and the hot water system, mast case, a 14' Dory (sailing) and other bits. They obtained old dry Kauri from a Dunedin warehouse. Fed up with looking for a shed they eventually built their own, and the boat is now getting its ply skin. All timber and ply is treated with W.E.S.T. resin. They plan to use a Pyramid Rig — which uses a revolving mast and 4 booms with



# Ruth Wharam writes....

## ALUMINIUM and STEEL

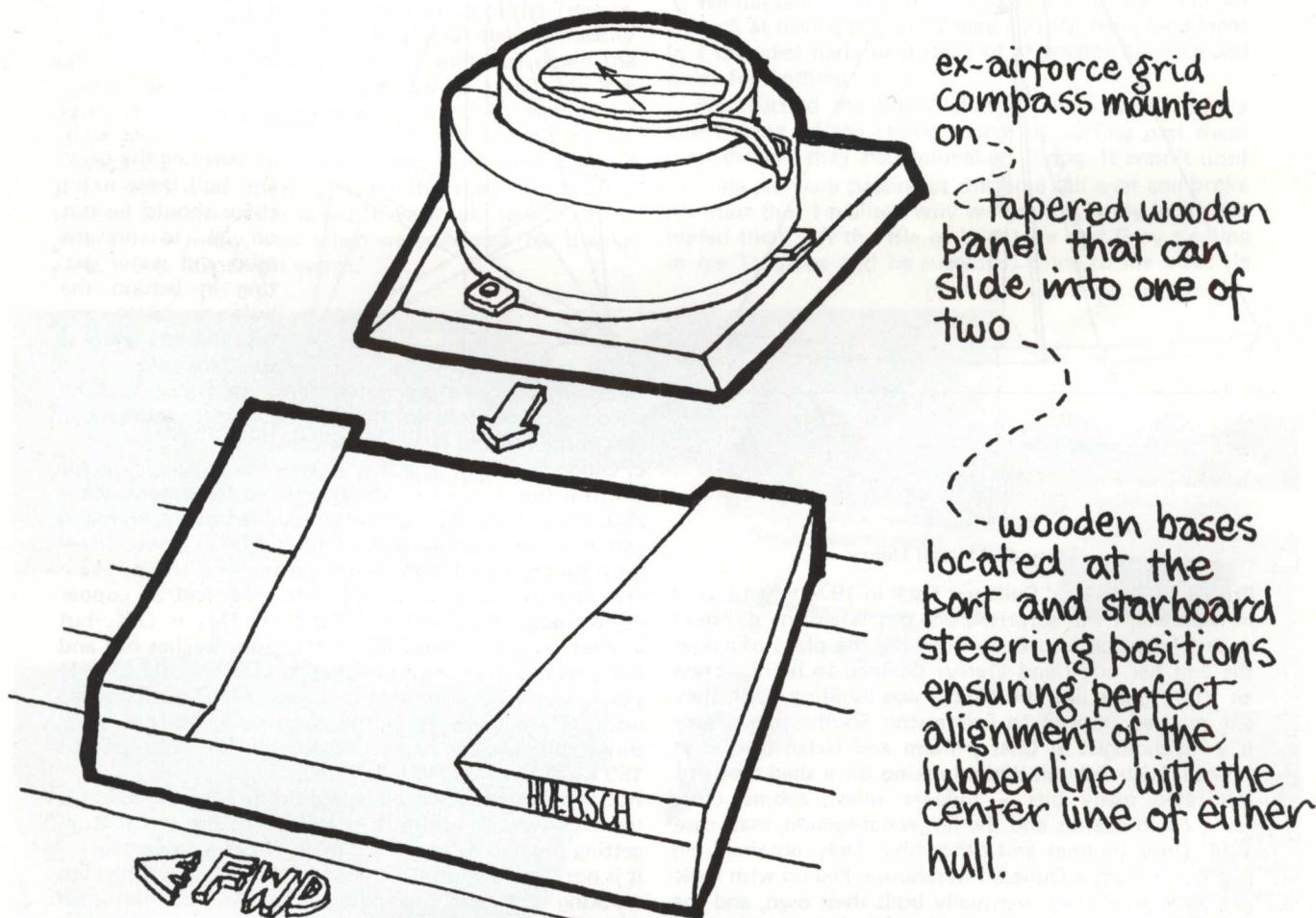
Since writing the new brochure, we have received a letter from Helen Olivier, New Mexico, U.S.A. telling us about their ORO built in *Aluminium*. A promised more detailed account from her husband has not yet come, but here are some of the details: "We have built and launched an aluminium ORO with wood centre beek and wood beams. The rest is aluminium: stringers, bulkheads, etc. It has an extended cabin on both sides over the three central parts, about 25 ft. long with a total of 30 windows. It has a 12hp diesel between the hulls as well as the welding generator which was used to build the boat . . . . ."

"It is made mostly of 5/32" al., so that the weight of the empty boat - that of a wood with fibreglass skin ORO. This has turned out to be a very strong and maintenance free boat, no paint, not even bottom paint. From

start to launch was two years. We then spent the next year living and cruising on SANDERLING in Puget Sound fixing up the inside. It will be quite a luxury boat when completed with hot water heating, domestic hot water, dishwasher, freezer, refrigerator, washing machine (we have two small children aged 3) . . . . .

"The keel is 5" wide, 1/2" thick which means the hull plating extends farther down which changes things in the stempost/keel area."

As for *steel*, we have been looking into the possibility of building the larger designs in steel, and Robert Evans thinks, this is quite possible from the NARAI size upwards. He will take over the conversion, and plans could be available, if any firm orders come in, by the end of this year.



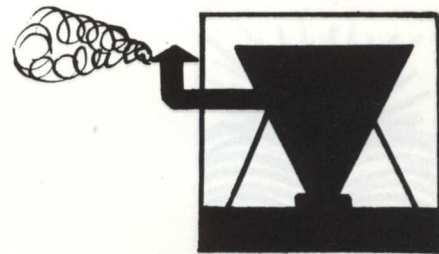
ex-airforce grid  
compass mounted  
on

tapered wooden  
panel that can  
slide into one of  
two

wooden bases  
located at the  
port and starboard  
steering positions  
ensuring perfect  
alignment of the  
lubber line with the  
center line of either  
hull.

## HUAHEINE'S STEERING COMPASS

# SOME LIKE IT HOT?



Nico Boon among others has commented on the need for some useful form of heating in the cold climate of Europe and those of us who sail regularly on the North Sea are only too well aware of the problems. An article on boat heating and heaters is in course of preparation for the next issue. More contributions on this theme would be very welcome.

The following extract from a BCMC Newsletter shows how some people manage to solve their heating problems.

In the Port hull we had two heaters which were positioned near the bow and stern ends of the compartments. The Sharp heater had a chimney connected, which the Toyoset did not. We had felt that the Toyoset might not need a chimney since it could be turned down to a much lower heat setting. We discovered this to be wrong since by the end of Winter the ceilings and walls were badly sooted over. Now the Toyoset heater had been replaced by another Sharp, which also has a chimney and damper connected to it. We found that these chimneys are a must since not only soot but also water vapour is vented out. The heat loss can be controlled by a damper.

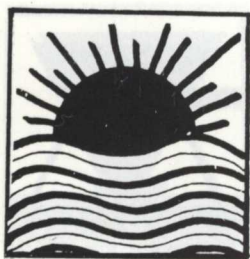
The next step was to insulate the walls and ceilings. Polystyrene was glued in between the stringers using the special paste recommended by the manufacturer. We found that Wexter Co. had the best prices for both glue

and insulation. Paul Thompson used epoxy glue and found this satisfactory. The problem with polystyrene is that some glues are not compatible and will dissolve the insulation. After the polystyrene had been glued in place the surface was covered with prefinished plywood. (Windsor Plywood was found to have the best selection at reasonable prices, also they had plywood seconds available). The plywood was simply screwed to the stringers using countersunk washers and #6 flat head screws. The starboard hull was likewise insulated on the walls and ceilings. The insulation reduced the condensation problem to a minimum.

Heat was still a problem in the starboard hull because there we had only a Sharp heater in the central cabin and it was not possible to place a heater at the foot end of the bunks. This meant that the central part of the hull was warm but the foot end was freezing. This problem was overcome by converting Aladdin lamps to heaters. This was done by riveting on an adapter so that the tall chimney could be replaced by an ordinary oil lamp chimney. Then the mantle was removed so that the lamp gave off a small blue flame which produced hardly any light, but considerable heat. Two of these lamps were converted to heaters and placed one at the bow and the other at the stern end of the compartments. Now there was heat at the foot end of the bunks as well. ●



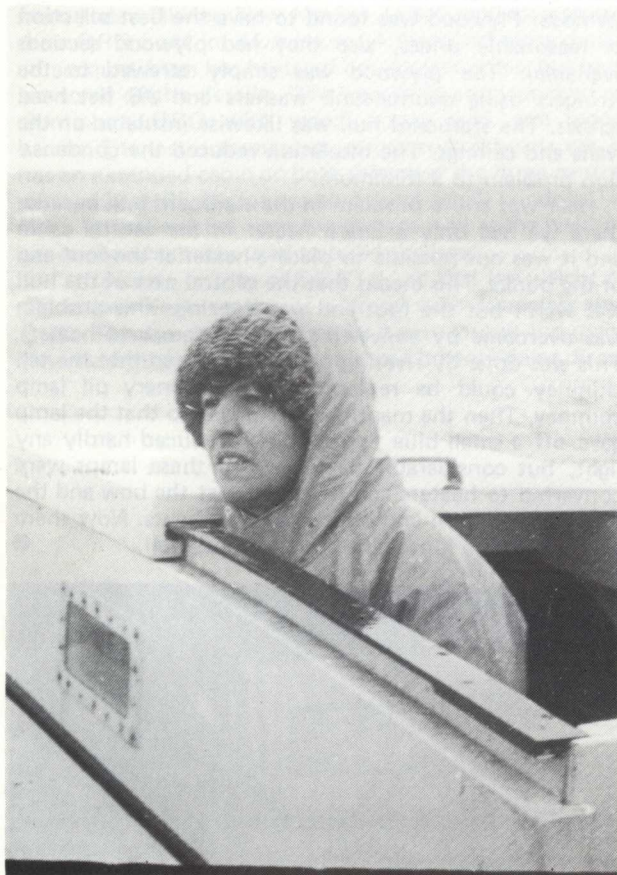
Galley of John Bellenger's ORO  
(that's some stove pipe!)



# KAOHA NUI

Part II of the Voyage of Kaoha Nui

Gibraltar instead of our intended canal route. He assured us that the wind blew that way as he had just best his way up from Gibraltar.



A friend I phoned told me which books to buy for celestial navigation and Mary Blewett's book taught me how to use them and the plastic sextant to work out a position line. We did our first night sail from Beer to Falmouth. The massive boat showing 2 green lights turned out to be 2 yachts, one following the other, with masthead lights. A shout from Jennifer alerted me to the fact that in the calm full moonlit night we were rapidly being taken by the tide onto an island with a tower and flashing light. The motto of 'if in doubt, panic' had me jumping up and down until we realised a submarine had sailed by.

We left Falmouth in August and it was a bit rough for us. We got very wet with the spray coming up through the slats and entering the cabins via the main hatches. Jennifer felt sick a lot of the time and could not eat although she did her watch. We have to for most meals and one night and did 485 miles in 5½ days. We decided to go to Finistere to dry out and for Jennifer to put on weight again. We enjoyed Finistere and the countryside, so decided instead of making straight for Gibraltar to see more of the ports of Spain and Portugal.

Sunshing, a gentle breeze, swimming gear ready to put on for the day-sail down the coast: Within seconds of leaving harbour we have thunder, lightning and a strong head wind setting up short steep waves.

After a while the boat gets sluggish and I find that the front STBD hull compartment is completely full and the port ¼ full. After bailing these dry and refastening the hatches, it's all right again.

By D.R. we are off the lighthouse guarding the port and out of the murk, it appeared. A quick check by R.D.F. puts us only ½ way. We have to wait for the lighthouse to flash as it is almost dusk and for a meal. It's still miserable weather. After confirming the light puts us in the D.R. position and having re-read the pilot we decide to carry on to the next port which is easier to enter. By midnight no wind at all and I thought it O.K. to take the sails down (to save wear) and take turns keeping watch. At 5 a.m. we both wake up and blame the other for falling asleep. How long has it been blowing like this? It took until 8 p.m. to beat back and enter the harbour of Sta Eigena Rivero.

We made a vow never to get that tired again and as soon as a journey looked like taking longer than expected one of us would try to sleep even if not apparently tired.

We travelled slowly, anchoring at most of the places mentioned in the Cruising Association Handbook or, if calm, off the beach we happened to be passing at dusk. At an anchorage in Portugal after anchoring for about 3 hrs, a splashing alongside proved to be the Customs man who, devoted to duty, had swum out for a crew list. At another we anchored with an anchor either side of a fisherman's net. Everytime he checked the net, he had to pass under our bow anchor line. We gave him a tumbler of Port each time for his trouble for although we wanted to move he insisted we stayed where we were. He seemed to pull in his nets more often than the others did . . .

One night after a day so calm that we took the sails down, had a fishing competition (no luck) followed by a sunbathing competition (painful), we anchored off the beach. A swell was building up with no wind and I remembered a P.C.A. member losing his boat in similar conditions, so was worried. We moved 400 yards out in 20 feet and took anchor watches fully clothed and when the wind came we tended to lie beam on to the swell and plenty of water came on board. We already had the sails reefed and hanked on and at first light sailed out the anchor under staysail only.

Our next call was St Antonio (Portugal) up the river that is the border between Spain and Portugal. In the Cruising Association Handbook it is suggested that you follow a fishing boat in over the bar. It looked straightforward so we did this; and we must have followed the only boat that had less draft than us as it was decidedly muddy where we went, while all the other boats followed the well buoyed channel.

We at last arrived in Gibraltar on 17th Oct after a really good time. We again had to pay mooring fees and with the Levanter cloud keeping us cold while Africa on one side and Spain on the other, were bathed in sunshine, it was time to move again.





People we met said it was cold in the Med in winter and the sailing not so good (perhaps I only listened to what I wanted to hear).

We decided to go to the Canaries, so bought charts and also, just in case, charts and a pilot on the West Indies. I managed to buy a secondhand Q.M.E. self-steering gear and we left Gibraltar after 2 weeks.

In Ceuta, across the straights from Gibraltar, after waiting a couple of days, the people in the next boat said: 'It always blows in here. Once out in the straight, it's not so bad.' So we left that afternoon (on looking back I don't know why we left to sail the straits at night because it's a very impressive place). By 11 pm we had the strongest of winds of the whole trip. With staysail only and a following wind, it was fantastic. The whole boat for  $\frac{1}{3}$  way up the mast was often covered in phosphorescence and followed by 3 long tails (the 3rd being the trailing walker log) we surfed for what seemed like ages out into the Atlantic.

After that night we had light winds, cloudless skies and the new selfsteering to play with and 4 days later arrived in Mohamadia, Morocco where we spent 2 hours seeing various officials before being cleared.

Seven days to Arrecife on Lanzarote followed (445 nm). The journey was sunshine and light winds and most enjoyable. We sailed all the while but several yachts overtook us under power, most not even going a few degrees off course to speak.

We only stayed 26 hrs in Arrecife and at this stage we wondered if something was wrong with us as the longest time spent anywhere since April was 2 weeks in Gibraltar.

Las Palmas and Pta Cristianos were visited and from the latter we loaded up to cross to the West Indies on 27th Nov. Four days out we changed our minds again after reading an article on the Cape Verde Islands; so with the aid of the Catalogue of Admiralty Charts and the list of lights that George Payne had given us in Falmouth, I made a chart of the islands and headed there.

We had no problems and by the time we arrived after 10 days, had seen our first flying fish, caught our first dorado, seen whales, dolphins, many birds and had our fastest days run of 130 nm.

For three weeks we stayed at Sao Vicente and enjoyed the islands friendly but poor people. On Boxing Day we left and after a boisterous first two days stowed the mainsail and for the next 3 weeks had a leisurely voyage. Three days out we caught a 5ft dorado so for 3 more days only had the yankee up so that we didn't go too fast and splash the fish that we cut into thin strips to dry on the cabin tops. We mostly had the yankee or light drifter boomed out on the forestay and the staysail on the inner (cutter rig). On 2 days we interlaced the light drifter and yankee on the outer forestay. Could have done with another pole.

We passed Barbados as we had heard that it cost 25 dollars in dues, (not realising that they were Barbados and not U.S. dollars) and anchored at Kingstown St Vincent after 23 days. It should have been less but we arrived off Kingston at 5 am, an hour before dawn. Time for a cup of tea before entering in daylight so we hove to. By the time we could see, the wind died and the current carried us away. Then rain squalls came, some with no wind, others with too much, so by the time we were organised and used to sailing against the wind again we were 12 miles down current and wind. It took until 4 pm to anchor in Kingston and what a contrast with its luscious growth compared with Cape Verde which had no appreciable rain for 8 years.

What is there to say about cruising in the West Indies? It really is true that the sun shines and the winds blow. Exciting dashes between the islands followed by a lazy

drift in the lee of the next. We went south as far as Grenada, where they had a revolution and then North to Antigua visiting most of the islands we missed on the way South. The volcano on St Vincent erupted on our second visit. One of the funnier incidents being at Bequia where in the event of any danger from a tidal wave, etc, one of the boats would ring a bell and everyone would head out to sea. Just before dawn, 'Dong' . . . 'Dong' . . . By the 3rd 'Dong' anchor winches whirred and chains clanked . . . until the church bell was found to be involved. Peace again ruled.

In Antigua we enjoyed the race week and then set about organising the return trip.

We planned for 60 days (in case we missed Bermuda and the Azores), and went shopping. On seeing how much we got for 30 pounds we searched the bilges again and decided we didn't need too much after all. We stopped at St Martin and then headed for Bermuda.

As soon as we met the Atlantic it was rough (ROUGH was the only entry in the log for 14-5-79 and that was at 2100 hrs). After 4 days the weather reversed and we drifted about for another 4 days and that was nice . . . only that the self-steering could not cope. Sargasso weed kept fouling the log and unlike Ruth Wharram I could never be very accurate in estimating the day's run.





# The Sailboard

A PURER FORM OF SAILING?

Bermuda was a surprise, friendly, cheaper than West Indies, and very pretty, so instead of staying only to replenish water, we stayed 2 weeks and met up with many friends, both old and new.

The 26 days from Bermuda to Azores were mostly calm and some headwinds with only one blow from the North and another from S.E. At one stage our daily average meant that we would take another 7 weeks. We saw ships every other day as opposed to only one ship while crossing E.W. so kept a better watch. We were never bored and the calm days were better for seeing the sea life. Whales cruised by, dolphins played and hunted alongside, we caught a turtle (we cleaned him of barnacles and returned him) and a portuguese man-of-war caught me as I pulled the fishing line in one night.

We stayed 2 weeks at Horta while in the Azores. Four of us went to the top of Pico (700 ft) the next island, and we found it took a lot of effort after so long at sea. We should have visited others of the islands as well for we had plenty of time and these islands must be amongst the best.

The last leg and 19 days to England. We had expected to be cold and had put our polar gear close at hand but it was not until 3 days from home that we needed them and socks and boots. By this time we could hear the weather forecast and gales were forecast so it was with apprehension that we headed for Falmouth. The station report was force 8 at the Lizard when D.R. put us 15 nm S. of it, so we turned right a bit and by the time Salcombe was abeam it had calmed so we arrived back in England after 11 months.

The foam sandwich Tane Nui did well. Nothing broke. I changed the lanyards for thicker rope in Gibraltar, tightened the rudder bolts once and fitted weather seals on all the hatches, restitched some of the sail seams. That was all. After 11000 miles the piston hanks have worn 1/2 way through and need replacing. The galvanised standing rigging (referred to often as guitar strings) needs renewing. The whole boat deserves painting.

We beached the boat once in Portugal; the rest of the time we scraped a section when in for a swim.

We thought we knew something about sailing before we left England but after sailing that far we realise how little we knew when we started. However we enjoyed it especially with the help of the many new friends we made.

Bob Evans at the A.G.M. always ends with a little talk on the dangers of the sea that have the hairs at the back of my neck standing on end and a vow to keep on land. He is right however and it can be dangerous however much you respect the sea or plan the voyage. We heard many tales of woe and met a couple who spent 12 days in a life-raft, a boat that lost someone overboard and a friend who had his leg and rudder damaged when surfing over a tree trunk; so badly that they both fell off in the next blow.

I therefore cannot tell everyone to set off but if you are confident of your boat, yourself and your crew, by all means join the thousands sailing the seas and we wish you the luck we had. ●



I can remember in 1973 reading about the early Wind-surfers but in those days the price was high so I bought a Laser instead. That was a splendid small boat which came near to my ideal of instant boat but it still was too heavy for me to handle entirely on my own.

After a couple of years I sold it and moved onto larger boats and started cruising etc. but I never lost the urge to play around with small dinghies. I tried a Topper for a while and that was even nearer to the ideal than the Laser. Last year however I found that, after all, a sailboard was what I should have been using.

The sailboard explosion began on the Continent about three years ago. Last year in SW France where I spend most of my Summer holidays it seemed as if every man and his dog had a sailboard and there were at least forty different makes on the market. I tried the sport by hiring one for a short period and I've been an addict ever since.

The initial stages are wet and sometimes painful or exhausting but the techniques can be quickly learned and then the pleasure is quite unconfined. The sensations are akin to skiing and water-skiing combined and the exultation is out of all proportion to the reality of simply skimming across the surface of a small area of water.

"OK" you might say "So what has it to do with Polycats?" Well, for a start you can easily carry a sailboard on deck even on a Hina and when you anchor in those sheltered creeks etc. you can have some great fun with it. Sailboarding can also be carried out throughout the year and thus keep you fit for the real sailing that you will be doing on your polycat in the Summer. Why not try the sport — it really does feel like a purer form of sailing and it is incredibly addictive.

# MULTIHULL SYMPOSIUM REPORT

The Multihull Offshore Cruising and Racing Association's Multihull Symposium was held over the weekend of Saturday 31st May – Sunday 1st June 1980, a week before the start of this year's OSTAR.

Speakers attending included Dick Newick, Hugo Myers, James Wharram, John Westell, Roland Prout, Robin Musters, Derek Kelsall, Patrick Boyd, John Shuttleworth, Michael Ellison, Chris Knox Johnston, Lock Crowther, Norm Cross, Eric Lerouge and Morris Arthur.

**Design:** Weight in trimarans and submersible/nonsubmersible outriggers provoked several opinions. In order to win races it seemed lighter weight boats with lower buoyancy outriggers were the order of the day, although Dick Newick did say the greed for speed principle could lead to disaster. In contrast John Westell put the case for the heavier trimaran, saying that he liked all his cruising comforts and during the last RBR, the speed of his tri was 86% of the winner GBIV. A heavier boat went better to windward in heavy airs than something ultra light – a fact Lock Crowther also mentioned. John Westell's tri was heavy with lower buoyancy outriggers. On the other hand Norm Cross had medium displacement designs with full buoyancy non submersible floats and mentioned that most of his designs were cruisers, one of which had survived four hurricanes. He also showed a film of his 32' racer with a "coke bottle" shape hull under water with a fin (as described in Multihulls) which not only out paced, but also out pointed 2 ton IOR monohulls to windward – very impressive. James Wharram spoke on form stability for which he is well known, and made much of this point on many occasions. In general cat. designers were more in agreement with one another than the tri designs whose ideas were more diverse. Some tri design points were questioned by cat. designers. Proas mainly of the Atlantic type i.e. outrigger to leeward have made appearances in various races. At some time or other most of them with one or two exceptions have come to grief. Their safety record is poor. One capsized on its way over from USA for the start of the OSTAR, while another capsized during the race. In each case the skipper was safely picked up. Generally disaster occurs when the boat is caught with the wind on the wrong side of the sails. Either these boats will die out, or need an anti capsize development or be sailed fully crewed.

On the question of pitching, it was generally reckoned that the fuller the ends of the boat, the more it damped down pitching. Bulbous bows were mentioned. Prismatic coefficients were bandied about. The question of fine sterns or full sterns on cats was debated. Many well known designs have fine sterns. In Millbay Docks, quite a number of trimarans had fine ends on the outriggers – MOXIE, the OSTAR winner was one.

**Construction:** Roland Prout spoke about a wooden one-off boat and the research done for lightweight using plywood and wooden triangular stringers. Derek Kelsall has many well known boats which have been built of foam sandwich, a method he likes. He went on to describe his new flat panel method. Practical aspects of GRP building was described by Robin Musters.

**Sailing:** Norm Cross covered the history and sailing on the West Coast of the USA, while Lock Crowther covered that of Australia, both using films. While Hugo Myers described some of his cats, including Seabird (with film).

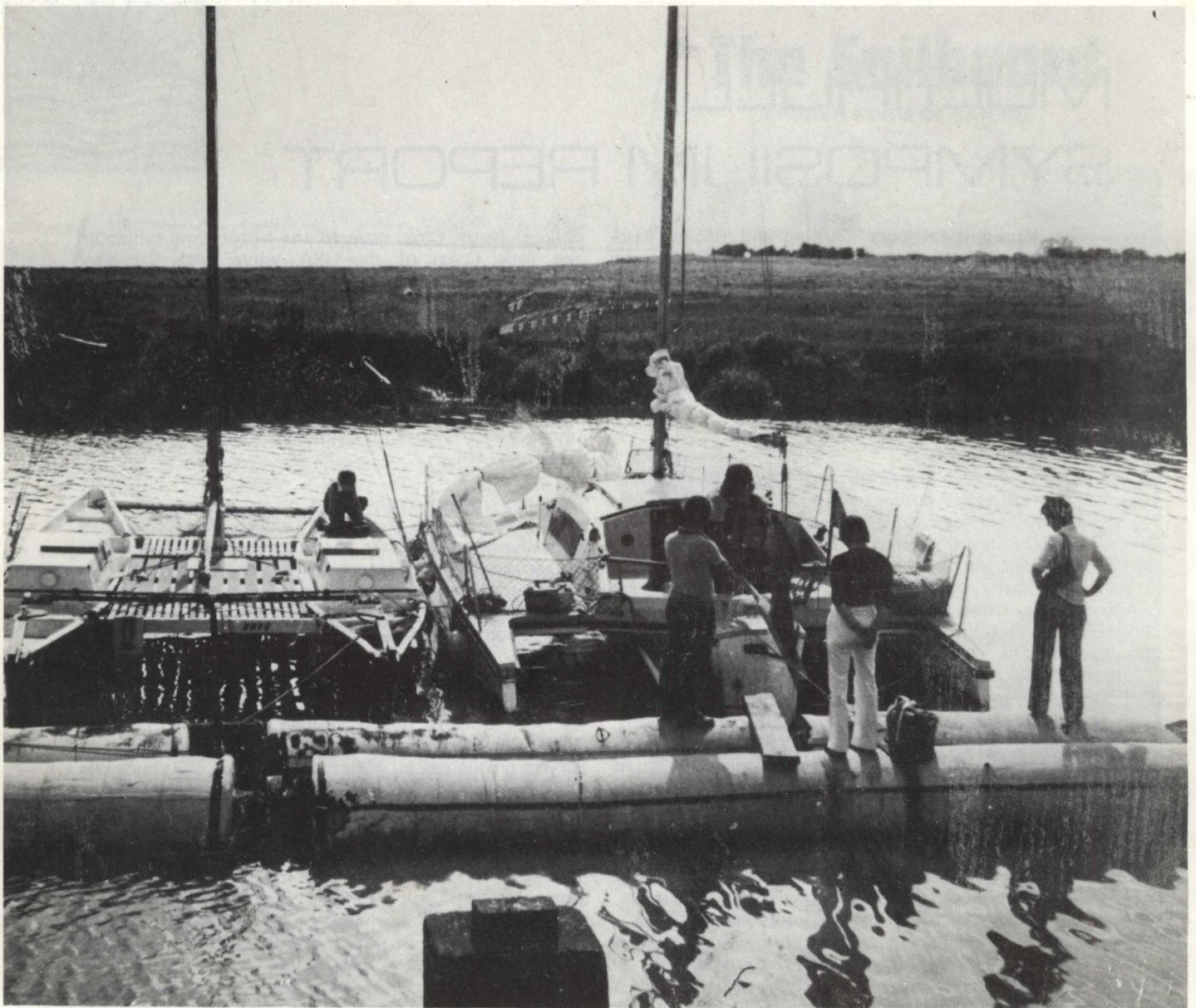
**Racing:** The Australian multi scene has a good safety record – far better than the U.K. one. However, regulations are far stricter and there are no life boats to rescue you should you meet with disaster. They don't singlehand either.

**Capsize:** Derek Kelsall spoke of his experiments with self-righting cats – obviously more development is needed and he expressed the hope that people wouldn't be too fatalistic about capsizing. The question of form stability was raised again in relation to capsize. This of course of great interest to all multihull sailors. We do after all go to sea for pleasure. Basically cats tip if they are carrying too much sail but are wave stable to beam seas whereas tris with low buoyancy outriggers have flipped with little or no sail set bad sea conditions. These tris are harder to tip up through wind alone than cats. What is needed is good seamanship and good design to survive on the ocean. Mast head floats on multihulls was another subject raised. Were masts strong enough to handle the stresses of a capsized craft? New specifications might be required. As for righting such a craft various methods were considered.

**Rating Rules:** Lock Crowther spoke of the IOMR in Australia. Mention was made of the MOCRA rule in the U.K. and how it might be amended to meet requirements. Someone then said if you are going to make changes to a rating rule, why not use the Portsmouth yardstick. The question "will the MOCRA rule affect design for racing?" got the answer no, but Lock Crowther said yes it would because he had designed a cat to win on handicap with the IONR – which it did.

**Insurance:** Only a limited number of companies and underwriters deal with yachts. It will do you no good to get more than 2–3 quotes for your multihull because if your request lands upon the same company's desk more than once, they may lose interest in you. Several companies will not take on multihulls, because of the losses that occur in single handed and other races. You should at least be able to get third party cover and personal effects.

**Final Note:** The Symposium gave a lot of food for thought. It was most interesting to meet and hear so many well known designers and I found the Symposium very worthwhile. There will be a book made about the Symposium. Phil Weld has now won the OSTAR – congratulations on a great record breaking passage. He is also a most entertaining after dinner speaker. The fact that tris showed everyone a clean pair of heels in the OSTAR, with no cats in the race at all, will make it interesting to watch future trends. ●



Even the Humber has its peaceful havens —  
Winteringham South bank moorings of the  
Humber Yawl Club

**Out of the gloom a voice  
said unto me,  
smile and be happy things  
could be worse.  
So I smiled and was happy  
and behold things did  
get worse!**

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## **Ancres Bruce: Derapage Confirme**

The above appeared in a recent issue of the French magazine "Bateaux". They proved to their satisfaction that the Bruce anchor, now much favoured in England has been less than successful in France. Rigorously fair tests conducted by the "Bateaux" team seem to show that the holding power of the Bruce anchor was much less than that of a popular French Danforth type anchor, in sand at least. I have used a Bruce in strong tidal waters for over two years now and have no complaints but it would be interesting to hear from others. An article on anchors and anchoring generally, might be suitable for the next issue.

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