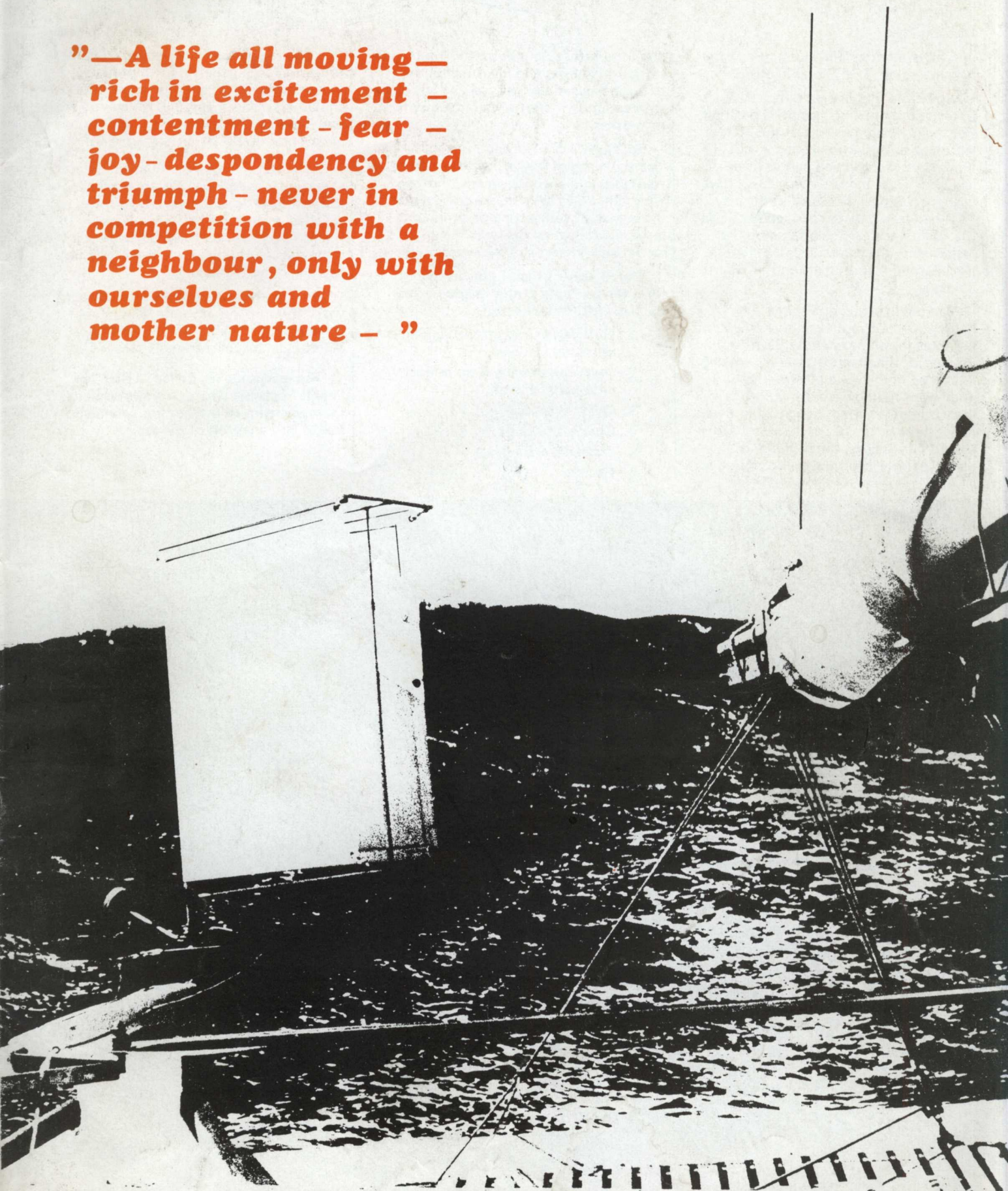


The Sea People

**"—A life all moving—
rich in excitement —
contentment - fear —
joy - despondency and
triumph - never in
competition with a
neighbour, only with
ourselves and
mother nature — "**



Jim's Column.

Dear Builders,

This is the first 'Jim's Column' in the new magazine 'THE SEA PEOPLE'.

In the old 'Polynesian Catamaran Association' I had no executive position. For the majority of years of the PCA's existence this gave no problems, but times have changed and people have changed. Over the last two years, I have been increasingly disturbed at the way the PCA has been directed and, above all, by the quality and service offered by the 'Sailorman', the communication line to the international brotherhood of Wharram builders.

One could argue, one could play politics, but without executive power, in the short term one could achieve nothing. Builders of Wharram catamarans are not interested in this kind of power struggle. They want to know what is going on in the world of Wharram designs, and I want to get through to the people who have bought our designs, to tell them what we are doing now, what we are proposing to

do in the future, to pass on the interesting stories of voyages and ideas that come into our office; and to get users of our boats with common interests in contact with each other.

So, Ruth, Hanneke and myself of 'James Wharram Designs' with the generous assistance and encouragement of other Wharram, PCA, builders are cutting out the argument and getting on producing a magazine reflecting the wide ranging, world-wide interests of Wharram builders.

The interests which I now list will form the contents of this magazine and the basis for future lay-outs.

1. New design ideas from 'James Wharram Designs'.
2. Ideas and gadgets from builders with benefit to all.
3. Ocean cruising.
4. Coastal cruising.
5. Coastal trekking.
6. Racing.

7. Fishing.
8. Chartering.
9. Dolphin research.
10. Naturist sailing.
11. News from Seapeople.
12. "Have you read?" book section.
13. Readers' letters.
14. Anything else which might be of interest, including news and examination of the multihull world in general.

I doubt if we can fully cover every listed subject in each issue. We will probably feature one subject and just comment on the others. This magazine, which you are now reading, will give you an idea on how we propose to do it.

How we propose to finance the magazine is as follows: We are producing this issue on speculation. If you are satisfied with this first copy, please fill in the form on the back page and return it with your remittance, which will pay for this copy and the second.

How many issues can we produce per year? Two is the absolute minimum, three is desirable, but more than that is ambitious "future reading".

The magazine is Called "The Sea People" because whatever your interests, the ownership of a Wharram catamaran makes you a person of the sea.



The Sea People



The magazine for Wharram Catamaran owners, builders and enthusiasts.

No. 1 November 1983

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The Sea People has been compiled and edited by a group of Sea People:

James Wharram
Ruth Wharram
Hanneke Boon
Mike Barker
Carol Barker

Steve Goodman
Rosalie Booth
Wilfriede Magerfleisch
Claire Bissiker

Editorial address:
'James Wharram Designs'
Greenbank Road,
Devoran, Truro,
Cornwall TR3 6PJ, UK.

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Cover photograph: Narai 'FELIX' taken by owner Fleming Hanssen while sailing in the Kattegat.

Ocean Cruising



OCEAN CRUISING usually means a voyage of a minimum of 1000 miles across open sea.

For this, it is advisable to know astro navigation. Once learnt this is easier to practise than coastal navigation.

Ocean Cruising, in many ways, can be easier than coastal cruising. Certainly, one has time to settle down to a natural sea rythm.

What makes ocean cruising 'special', is that one travels outside the range of immediate help, weather forecasts or ports with food, water and medical services.

One has to have a totally self-sufficient attitude to be able to face unavoidable storms and to be alone in the vastness of the sea.

Ruth the 'Contacts Editor' has received these 'letter/articles' for this issue's OCEAN CRUISING section.

For Sea People there is no need to struggle to write a 'Formal Article', write to Ruth as a friend. Your information will read 'as from a friend' to the other readers of the magazine.

The effect on Ruth is to re-establish her longing for the long ocean voyages, ending in unique islands in the Pacific. What do they do to you?

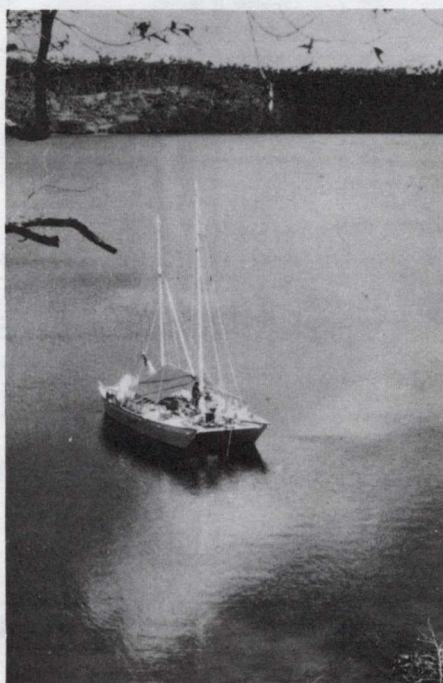
Report received from Harold Goddard after their 5 year voyage on their ORO 'KISKADEE' from Vancouver B.C., Canada, around the world, returning to their home in Barbados, West Indies.

Dear Jim, Ruth and Hanneke,

We are now in Barbados, which is home for us, and where we will now remain to raise and educate our kids.

Of the cruising cats we saw on our travels, your cats were way in the majority, and I never heard a complaint about their seaworthiness. I saw a pair of "Captain Cook" hulls being built in Durban — The shape is indeed beautiful. Incidentally, the beams gave no further trouble — and they were WELL tested in the Indian Ocean and off the notorious coast of South Africa. Anyway, I hope you will find someone trustworthy to leave your "plan-selling" etc. to, so that you can do some well deserved relaxing in faraway places. If you pass this way, phone us.

Now to fill you in on our news. We finally tore ourselves away from HONIARA in early June '81. Meandered up the lovely chain of green islands as far as GIZO, and then struck out across the Solomon Sea to MISIMA Island. Halfway there the gentle trades rose to about 30–35 knots and remained at that strength for the full time we were in New Guinea, rising to a "whole" gale the night we rounded HOOD POINT heading for Port Moresby. In spite of the wind we enjoyed Papua New Guinea, and would like to cruise the Louisade Archipeligo again at leisure. But we were heading for the Indian Ocean and had to get across before its' hurricane season. We had some very very boisterous sails among those islands — which are reef strewn — making for interesting navigation to say the least. I won't describe our trip in detail but from Pt. Moresby we crossed the Gulf of Papua to the almost invisible BRAMBLE KEY light which leads to the maze of the TORRES Straits. Down to T.I. (Thursday Island) and 8 days in Hospital with cerebral MALARIA! Close



shave! 3 weeks to regain enough strength to continue. Across the GULF OF CARPENTARIA and the north of Australia in the lightest of airs, and gentlest of seas to Darwin. Quick stop. Stock up for Indian Ocean. Then CHRISTMAS — home of the most beautiful of all ocean birds, the golden tropic bird — the evening sun made immortal in burnished feathers — a heart stopping sight in the loneliness of the blue ocean world. Next COCOS KEELING — here as we made our way to the atoll entrance a school of Pilot whales (12' — 15') cavorted around Kiskadee — leaping clear of the sea, racing up to the bows and riding escort like so many of their smaller cousins have done so many times. They never touched us — HOW?! — but their size made for apprehension I assure you.

The 1900 miles to RODRIGUEZ — a record for KISKADEE for a long passage — took 12 days — exactly 160 miles a day. (Average speed 6.6 knots). We made the trip with a sloop rigged Columbia 50, and we were never more than 40 miles apart. Last half of trip were 30 knot tradewinds

and horrible 'sharp' seas. One day was 40 knots and one night 55 knots (All measured by the Columbial) I tend to purposely underestimate the wind and sea, as I know how easy it is to "over guess"! I was pleased, therefore, on comparing my logged guesses to Brigadoons anemometer, to find I averaged about 5 k. low in my estimates! It WAS rough — other boats leaving Cocos with us were quite badly mauled — a steel 32' capsized, losing forestay, one sail, and bent stanchions — 1" pipe! A fibre glass Contessa — wind-vane carried away, and companion way dodger ripped off. No damage to Kiskadee however, but a couple of wavetops "fell" over the stern on the 55 k. night.

RODRIGUEZ very arid — with wonderful friendly people — ON to Mauritius — Very Indian — huge market — cheap — lovely beaches — "Tahiti-like" mountains, sugar and lava rocks. A quick stop at REUNION — very French — VERY VERY expensive, 10,000 foot cool mountains. Off to DURBAN — Close (Too close) encounter with a freighter in a SW gale. Terrible NE gale approaching Durban. Big seas and horizontal spray and rain. Exciting entry into Durban at 3.30 a.m.

South Africa would need many many pages to describe. Physically magnificent, spiritually bankrupt or nearly so. Coming from the West Indies, the apartheid was frightening, demoralizing and sad to us — many arguments with white S. Africans. But there are many who want it to change but are powerless. We were treated with great kindness by many people, but the pervading odour of the system prevented us enjoying fully. Great "Yachtie Christmas party" — guess where — on KISKADEE'S spacious deck of course. Started about 11.00 — Lunch — 63 people! — finished about 8.30 p.m.!

Then around the Capes! Terrific gale between E. London and Port Elizabeth. Hiding at KNYSNA for 2 weeks while a procession of cold fronts brought Westerlies. Hiding at Mossel Bay for one more front. Rode out a terrific SW gale anchored at San Sebastian Bay just 60 miles NE of Cape Agullas. Out as soon as an easterly returned, and round the

Capes to Capetown in light conditions, but with heavy swell. Stock up at Capetown for Atlantic — and goodbye S.A. — straight into a hell of a SW gale. Barepoles for 2 days. After that good sailing — St. Helena — a breath of fresh air after S.A. Terrific people — from white through brown to black — all happily living together! Then Ascension — barren, bristling with antennae — War with Argentina was a week or two away, and we were only allowed ashore for a few hours. A lovely gentle sail in the S.E. trades to 'Phallic' Fernando de Naronha of Brazil. There's a huge "rock"? that towers above the rest of the island on which there's an aero light that we saw 45 miles away. It looked from the offing as though some huge green giant was lying on his back in a state of sexual excitement! Huge breakers to ride ashore made each trip into a major event. Then the final trip home into our old friends the N.E. trades, and finally home — raised in the dawnlight — our most satisfying landfall.

"We have travelled over 25,000 sea miles, we have seen things granted to be seen by only a few, and had moments of sublime communication with the 'Goddess Earth'. No one can take any of it from us — for none of our gathered treasure is material — and this surely is a great fact to learn in an increasingly materialistic world."

Jim — Kiskadee never gave us a moments worry — even in the gales off the S.A. coast — and we thank you for her. It has been a wonderful experience — living and travelling on her these past five years — as someone said . . . "a life all moving . . ." — rich in excitement — contentment — fear — joy — despondency and triumph — and never in competition with a neighbour, only with ourselves and Mother Nature.

We have travelled over 25,000 sea miles, we have seen things granted to be seen by only a few, and had moments of sublime communication with the "goddess earth". No one can take any of it from us — for none of our gathered treasure is material — and this surely is a great fact to learn in an increasingly materialistic world.

Well, before I wax too philosophical here — let me say cheers for now — hope you can pay us a visit some time — I've enclosed the clippings from our 'Homecoming' for you. If you want any statistics or further information on the trip do let me know.

love to you all,
from

Harold and Wendy Goddard,
Pentland Villa,
Strathclyde,
St. Michael,
Barbados.

Henk and Ginny de Velde have been adventuring around the world aboard their ORO 'OROWA' for years. The British multihull magazine 'Multihull International' in June '81 and July '82 published their earlier voyage of 2600 miles from Panama to the lonely Polynesian island, called by the Polynesians 'The Navel of the World' (Te Pito o Te Henua) and by Westerners 'Easter Island'.

That voyage could be described as horrendous, with Henk sick with Malaria and Typhoid and Ginny 5 months pregnant. As written in the introduction, ocean cruisers have to face total self-sufficiency — it can be very hard!

At Easter Island the boat was lifted bodily out of the water by the Islanders and 'parked' on the beach, while Henk recovered and the baby 'Stefan' was born.

Republic of Kiribati,
January 4, 1983

People always must have a reason to do things different and up till Samoa, Henk still had no good reason to say definitely: "We are going to sail north, direction Tuvalu and Kiribati, being newly independent countries", where they still sail the outrigger canoes, where there is no electricity nor cars and little of "world civilisation" going on. Of course, without any doubt, we simply had to go there, but for what reason?

To study the outrigger canoes and the old Polynesian navigation methods? The feeling of going north became more urgent, when all of a sudden all the yachts went rushing with the trade winds to New Zealand and/or Australia, to find shelter for 5 months for the coming cyclone season. Finally we discovered the best excuse there ever could be: our dog Soldier. It's impossible for him to stay 5 months below decks, because of the quarantine regulations down there.

Out of a hundred yachts, we were the only one to go north. You may wonder, why nobody else goes this direction, as here, around the equator are lots of islands to visit.

The answer is: THE DOLDRUMS, a tropical zone of unsteady winds and weather. For me it didn't matter which way we are heading for. Where ever you are, ship-life is the same, eating, sleeping, sorrows and praying for a new day, as long as there are islands to visit and the weather is filled with sunshine.

At the moment we are at Tarawa, an atoll, where the Americans and the Japanese fought in the second world war, for life or death. The rusting tanks and bunkers rust in peace, being a silent picture, the remains of a battle. Looking backwards, I am glad Henk chose this route, as we have learned a lot from joyous and laughing people. One of our experiences I want to share with you.

We were passing a small atoll, without having the intention to call. All of a sudden we noticed people, signalling with mirrors, and we changed course. Whilst we were still far out to sea, several outrigger sailing canoes, loaded with people came welcoming us and showed us a passage. Because of our draft, only 75 cm. (2.6 feet) we could sail over the reef through the pass, inside the lagoon. There had not been a yacht for three years. We and our boat became the entertainment of the island and "fateles" dance festivities were given, one after the other. They butchered a pig for us and the most greasy part was given to us, as, according to the islanders this is the best part of the pig. We ate raw fish with coconut, the main diet and enjoyed ourselves enormously amongst this high spirited people. Our boat became an island possession and nothing strange we felt, when every day 50 people visited us, admiring the wonders of our floating house. Very funny, I thought was, when Henk was showing and explaining our depth sounder. All of a sudden one of the men jumped overboard, to see if there was not a line hanging from the boat to the bottom. He thought we fooled him. Also our wind generator became a subject of adoration, as it produces "electric fire" and every time we had to show them our battery, being the source of "fire". After two weeks we left this atoll and the OROWA was over-loaded with gifts, such as, coconuts, raw fish and live chickens. Henk lighted a flare as a farewell greeting and carried by the wind, we heard cheers of joy and astonishment. They can still live without a dime in their pocket and sand on their feet, as there is enough food given by the earth and the sea.

Since we passed the date line, we are homeward bound. When, you will wonder? That's difficult to answer, but in the course of next year (1984) we hope to be back.

Let the heavens rejoice and let the earth be glad.

Let the sea roar and the fullness thereof. He shall judge the world with righteousness and the people with his truth. (Psalm 96).

Wishing you peace and health in 1983

Henk, Gini, Stefan de Velde

Papua New Guinea,
Wewak, July 9, 1983.

Ship Ahoy, shiver me timbers and full speed ahead!

Stefan sits on deck with his bubble-blowing pistol, with in front of him a tray of soap, while Soldier is running to and fro the bubbles.

We started to put double knots in the halyards and sheets during sailing so that, if Stefan gets the fancy in undoing them, not directly the whole sail drops down or let go.

If we drop the word "anchor" he starts to pull the anchor chain and the word "motor" means looking around to see if there is land 'ho.

Of course one has to wave the sun good night to make it sleep well and to attract the dolphins you have to whistle.

Before bedtime he parks the sitcar in the garage (the doghouse) to overcome "the waves of the dark night".

Almost two years he is now, a little lad and I think there is nothing wrong by writing, we are proud of him, as proud as a parent can be.

Of course there are moments we wish him in the bilge, especially when a squall hits with 30 knots of wind, being busy changing sails and he is screaming for attention.

We are already five months in PNG, a country with "only" 700 district languages and . . . personally I think it disgusting, they have the custom of chewing betelnut. One can compare it with quid, but not only the betelnut gives you a bright red mouth, but also the teeth get red. They say, the chewing makes you high, but that it makes you sleepy that's for sure.

The mere thought of getting red teeth always refrained us from not trying and discovering the satisfaction of this nation-wide habitual chewing.

In most shops and official buildings they have made a sign saying: "Chewing of betelnut is prohibited during working hours" and in small letters: "A fine of two kina will be given by taking a person in the act of littering".

The last couple of months the main mast gave us a lot of worries. There was dry-rot in it and Henk tried to get it out several times, but every time the rot showed up in a different place. We were not very keen about crossing the Indian Ocean with a mast, that gave us the thought "is it still standing". The search for a tree started, at least 14 meters high, not too heavy wood, and more hard to please. Rain forests enough, trees enough, but the problem of transporting the tree to the saw mill was a mission impossible because of the wet monsoon.

Four, five, six weeks and we kept waiting for dryer periods, until the seventh week the manager of the saw mill announced to have a cut Labula tree behind the mill. "Labula" said Henk, "never heard of it before" probably too heavy.

The search for Labula information started and indeed, perfectly fit for a mast. In the meantime our friend Sarge arrived, ready to go sailing, but it does not take him long to understand that sailing around the world means more than "getting up the anchor and go".

The real tropic perspiration started now. Henk and Sarge had to make a mast out of a bent tree. It made me gasp . . . a carpenter could not have done it better. In the meantime I re-stitched the seams of the sails. Apparently the thread was weather beaten by the sun and the sails were falling apart. An under estimated job. Three weeks sewing, late into the night. The Read's sewing machine has paid for itself many times over, especially now, since the sails are getting old.

The missions here seem to carry a lot of influence. We never realised before that the missions have commercial enterprises, mainly in plantations and chicken farms, and in this way earning money.

Especially the Catholic and Lutheran missions are of big account. With the earned money I think a lot of good work is done, with regard to schooling and medical assistance.

In Garove, one of the Witu islands, we met father Norbert, who drove us around the island. Next to being a priest he occupied the tasks of: police, bank-keeper, postmaster, doctor, personal adviser, judge, nutritious counsellor . . . you name it!

The nautical charts in this part of the world are very unreliable, and it is not an exception to have unsurveyed areas. It also gives us a good excuse to run into a reef. Normally when we come close to shore, Henk stands on the bow looking for reefs, but this time the tables are turned.

Henk is on the helm, while I am guiding the boat through safe waters.

According to the chart a shoal was situated on the port side, but we could not discover its exact position. Henk steers closer to the shore, where the children of the villagers wave us good-bye. With half my attention turned to the villagers and the other half to the water, I all of a sudden see the reef starboard side. I gesture Henk to go port, but Henk misunderstands me and sails the boat right into the reef. The sound of breaking coral, a sudden shock and we are stranded.

The whole village comes enthusiastically wading through the water . . . full with thrilled excitement . . . we bet, there is not every day a boat parked in front of their house!

The first thing we do is open the floors and bring all valuable things to safety as we expect to get half full of water.

With the help of about 50 school-children and some grown-ups we manage to get one hull from the reef, but the tide is falling and no way we can get the other hull free.

There is nothing else to do than to wait for the next morning, high tide. By checking the inside of the boat, I couldn't believe my eyes . . . there was not one drop of water in the bilge.

Its a restless night, full moon and I think we never before looked so many times in the bilge to check for water-damage.

The following morning some of the villagers came with crow-bars to cut the bollards and corals away. An hour later they finished a small channel through which they pushed the OROWA to deeper waters.

A narrow escape, only some paint damage. Lucky for me . . . the captain himself was on the helm.

This is the last place in PNG, except may be some small islands.

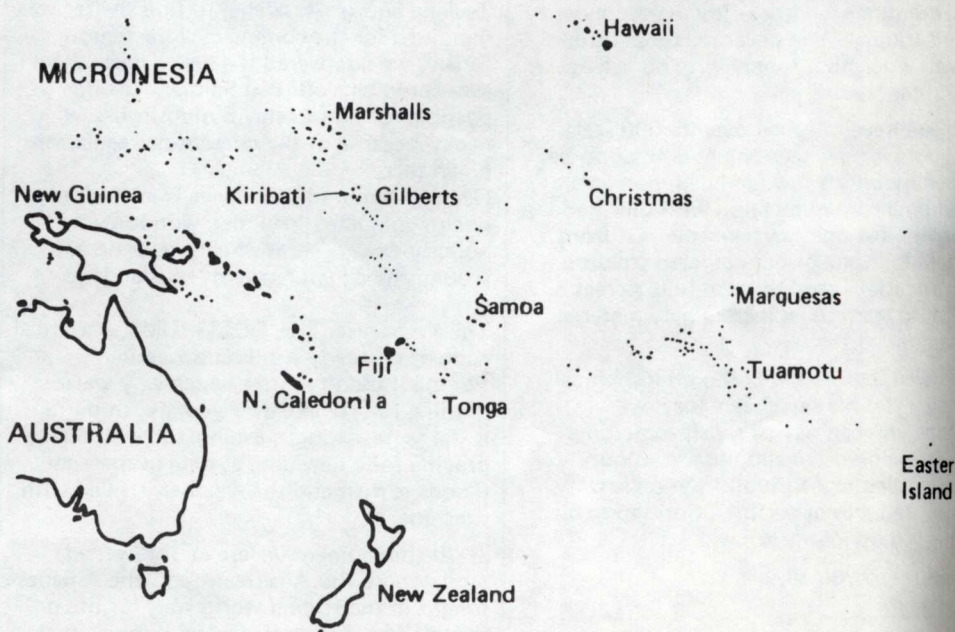
From here we sail through Indonesia to Bali, from where we set sail to cross the Indian Ocean. Because of the cyclones we need to be on the other side (South Africa) in November next.

It is still doubtful if we get a cruising permit for Indonesian waters, but the Dutch Embassy at Djakarta keeps trying and is hopeful.

From the tropics, with the bug stray "stand-by" and the malaria tablets "on schedule" on course westward bound,

We wish you, peace and health,

Henk, Gini, Stefan (and Soldier) de Velde
Yacht 'OROWA'
P.O. Box 192,
8062 AD Kampen
Netherlands.



Coastal Cruising



COASTAL CRUISING can vary from very easy to extremely difficult.

To sail, say, 10 miles from one port to another on a fine Summer's day is quite easy. It is, of course, advisable to begin ALL sailing this way, so as to gain confidence.

Changed conditions, with sudden fog, rising headwinds, a tide against one, and coastal sailing can become a dangerous, frightening experience. There are certainly more dangers from collision, stranding and exhaustion, than on ocean cruises. The good coastal sailor makes a good ocean sailor.

Baltic Cruise by Jedrek Pruzak

Jedrek Pruzak is of Polish origin, living and settled in Finland. A very busy man, who between teaching and playing in a Jazz Band has built a beautiful TANG-AROA Mk IV.

His account tells of his first voyage around the Baltic. His problems with visas and territorial waters threw considerable extra strain on his first out-of-sight-of-land navigation in stormy Baltic seas.

Inland seas are very often sharp, steep and extremely uncomfortable. A first trip like this has put many would-be sailors OFF for life.

Mikkeli, 9.10.83

It was hard to go out to sea, it was hard at sea and still harder to get back to everyday routine. There is so much I want to tell you. Every hour I was thinking of you and especially James. He has got so many years of sailing behind . . . I, we, were just starting. And how different it was from the picture we got on Saima lakes! We could still sail for 10–20 years (as many do) and not know, not realise the truth about the offshore sailing, the sense of the sea.

First part — motoring over the lakes to Lappenranta, to the entrance of the Saima Canal.

We could still sail for 10–20 years and not know, not realise the truth about offshore sailing, the sense of the sea.

From the border — or from the end of the canal — we got a Russian pilot to guide us through the Russian coastal waters to the Finnish border. So — a trip from Finland to Finland. We were Seija, Elli, Patrick (my wife and

children) and Jukka, a journalist (who wrote two stories) and I.

From Santio (border station) to Kotka . . . The first time we saw the sea; the first time on our own. Even though it was coastal cruising, the distances were different, 'bigger' than on Saima. Very rocky shores, very good buoyage — Force 1 in the morning, rising to force 4–5. When we got close to Kotka, we got short, steep seas — all the time against us . . . Then I noticed that our flexible beam joints were, guess, too flexible. Both hulls were moving and banging the beams against the bottom of the boxes. Elli was afraid. It was quite rough.

We reached Mussalo (near Kotka) where the journalist left us and my Polish friend Janusz came aboard. I got some rubber and cut more 'pillows' and fitted them on the beam fittings. It made them tighter and was much better. We were two days in Mussalo and let the children have some holidays.

Then Mussalo to Helsinki. It was one of the most beautiful sails this summer: 80 nautical miles in 11 hours 28 minutes with winds of force 3–4 on the beam and sunshine. What a ride! It was an ideal weather for 'AMANDA' (still coastal waters . . .) In Helsinki we were running around for visas for Janusz and for us. We got the Polish visa and Janusz the Danish but not the Swedish one.

We left Helsinki in the evening and had a fast sail with a little thunderstorm behind us. The next day there was no wind, and in the afternoon we were beating to Hanko. As we changed tacks I was continuously tightening the lashings on the rigging. I used nylon ropes which stretch when they get wet. So, it has a lot to do with them. (Never use nylon for lanyards it can stretch up to 50%).

Hanko is the Finnish yachting centre like Cowes during regatta week. Full of boats. Still, we got a place thanks to our 85 cm. under water . . . People walking on the quay stopped, to look at us — the same feelings as dogs on the competition

show . . . I guess. It was Patrick's birthday, so we had a 'party'. Oh, it is good to be a Polynesian, with such sunshine. It was enormously hot. Unfortunately, Janusz and I travelled each day to near Tammsari to the Swedish Consulate — no visa will be given! They told us "Just go straight to Bornholm" — easy said!

12.7. at 17.31h. we set off for the open sea. We got one other man, Pauli from Turku — Wharram friend as well. So we went. Force 1–2. I started DR about 19.17 h. as we passed the last light buoy. We soon reached the shipping lane and carried on course 230°. We went to the bunks, and Pauli was at the helm. We were under motor. At 5.50 h. Pauli called me to set sails as the wind showed up. I set yankee, staysail, main and mizzen as usual but already at 6.20 h. I took the yankee down and put reef in the main. The wind rose gradually, and soon we were under staysail and mizzen only.

The wind was fortunately from the quarter. And the sea! 4–5, may be 6, meters high waves! Certainly force 7. It was the biggest surprise I ever met. The sea. In the forebunks one feels like flying, splashes all over the decks. Pauli was working at the helm, taking each wave with feel. Janusz was keeping the helm more stiff, boat banging horribly. Who was writing how Polycats ride heavy seas? With easy motion! Everybody felt sick. We slept on the deck, even spray and splashes did not disturb us.

It was hard for us beginners. I thought even of turning back to Hanko, but how? Against these seas. Perhaps the boat could do it, but I couldn't. So we carried on.

Wharram said: "Summer gales are rarely longer than 12 hours". So I hoped it would soon be over, but the wind stayed strong for 30 hours. I felt sorry for the children and Seija. However, Seija cooked hot meals and tried to do her best. I thought, if this is off-shore yachting then to hell with it. It was hard for us beginners. I thought even of turning back to Hanko, but how? Against these seas. Perhaps the boat could do it, but I couldn't. So we carried on. Wednesday 12.16 h. we got position from a Finnish ship. My DR was long time ago forgotten.

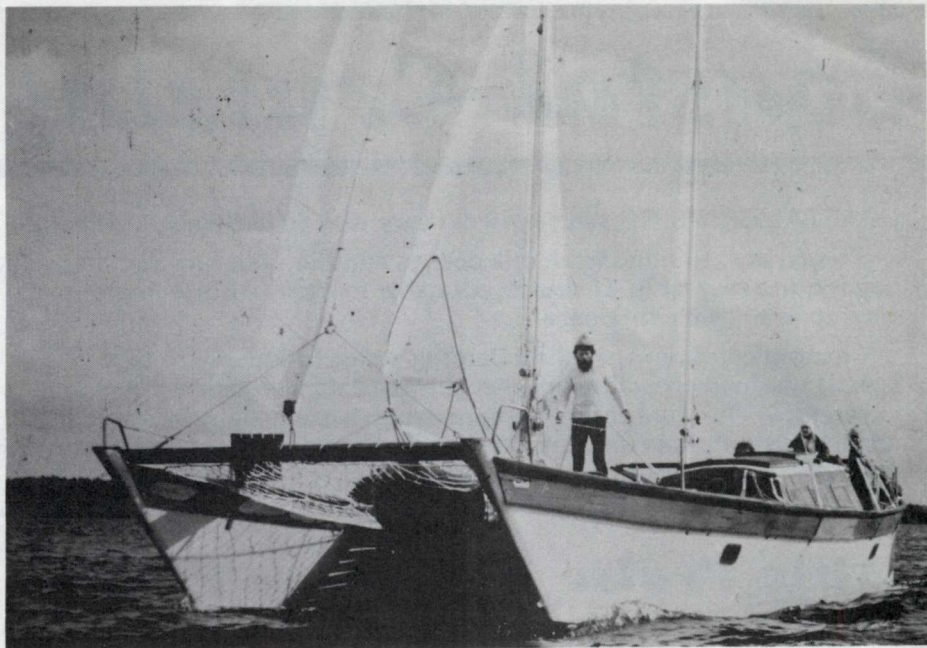
Thursday at 4.11 h. we saw the lights of Gotska Sandön, a Swedish island — military object, no entrance. At 7.45 h. we saw Faron Light-house, so we took course 190° and soon were on the Gotland coast. The sea went down and beautiful sunshine again. Children came on deck, and life was again cheerful. We set sail for Slite in spite of the missing visa for Janusz, but as we knew that nobody

would check a Finnish yacht, we hoped that there would be no problems. They charged us about 40 SKR. (£4.00) for one night. Two days in Slite.

We were planning to sail to a little harbour on the Swedish mainland. As we were motoring out of Slite harbour we found a fault in our cooling system because the water-pump was broken. I had a spare part, changed it and soon we were sailing again. By 3.00 h. we had passed Gotland and set course for Oland. Nice day — children getting sea-legs, playing on deck, riding the sea on the bows like a horse, up and down. However, the cat doesn't roll, she pitches like a rocking chair. Nevertheless by 22.44 h. we were close to Oland. Janusz looked at the sky. "Lovely weather tomorrow", he said, "let's carry on". As he didn't have those visas, his business was to avoid Swedish harbours, and as I don't know more about meteorology than he does, I said "OK, let's go straight to Bornholm" (Danish).

Hours passed, no sign of a light. Perhaps we are off course and are going to hit the Bornholm shore! The beginner has so many questions to answer himself, that makes sailing so difficult.

Next day, 18.7.83., came up misty with moderate visibility, but the sailing was as usual. I took some radio bearings, the barometer was falling a bit. We sailed at 10 knots, changed sails, took reefs in the main, "everyday routine". I reckoned that by Tuesday morning we should be close to Bornholm — from the log it should be very early in the morning. Night came, suddenly the moon disappeared and the wind was rising a bit. We were heading for the northern point of Bornholm. Hammerode Light-house should be seen any minute. Still no sign of it, but radio bearings showed that we were on the right course. Hours passed, no sign of a light. Perhaps we are off course and are going to hit the Bornholm shore! The beginner has so many questions to answer himself, that makes sailing so difficult! A light on the left . . . difficult to find out its characteristics — anyway SOME light-house. Let's go there, closer to find out. Light disappears. Back on previous course. Again a light on the bow. Let's go there. After hours of sailing we found out that it was a trawler with a very strong beam light! Hell, where are we? A ship passes by. I call him. "What do you want?" says an unhappy voice. Position, please. He spoke in such fine and fast English that I could not read him. "Repeat, please" — again, a very fast chain of numbers with a really unpleasant tone. So I gave up and didn't ask for another reply, and didn't know where we were (I was too mixed up . . . today, this bit of information would give me a 'clue' where 'about' we were). A grey and cloudy morning. I called Bornholm coast-



guard. They could not see us on the radar. They did their best, but they could not identify us. My radio bearings gave me confusing answers, and the wind blew harder and harder.

We saw some yachts beating hard against the wind, but I did not dare to do so, as I did not yet know the boat. Will she stand it? (Today I know that she would . . .) The power of the sea seemed to be so tremendous!!

There was no doubt, something was coming up. At 11.00 h. we knew that another gale was coming — this time from the West. We saw some yachts beating hard against it, but I did not dare to do so, as I did not yet know the boat. Will she stand it? (Today I know that she would . . .) The power of the sea seemed to be so tremendous! The Coast-guard suggested a course of 270°, just opposite to ours. Finally, they found our position. We were East of Christianso, very far East of Bornholm. I thanked this nice, unknown man from the Coast-guard and wished him all the best and promised to see him next year. And we kept riding the storm. It was a good force 8. With reefed staysail only, we were doing 7–8 knots. This time our 'AMANDA' felt good in these huge seas. We felt like being in the Alps. No spray, no splashes, just easy motion. Once she broached due to Janusz' stiff steering. It was a few moments of real fear, but soon she was again on course. We thought, if this gale will last for 30 hours, we will soon be on the Russian coast. So, I paid out 100 m. of rope and 50 m. of another rope with a car tyre. The boat slowed down to 1–2 knots.

There were tiring watches. Standing against the mizzen mast, I almost fell

asleep. We could turn South and try to reach the Polish coast, but Janusz had a "one way passport", so if we would enter a Polish harbour his passport would have expired, and he could probably not have got back to Finland. (*This 'one way passport' happened to us once in the US VIRGIN ISLANDS — we could not go back without a completely new visa from the United States, Ruth*). Now it was clear that we couldn't go to Poland either. These parts of cruising were really frustrating. Politics, bureaucracy all over the Baltic Sea.

Everybody had some suggestions on how to sail. I was already laughing. When do we realise that a sailing ship is not a bus, tram or train? It is time to learn to take it more easy. Spare ones nerves.

As we got used to the big seas, we started thinking about going against them. Perhaps the wind would go down a bit. Anyway, we changed course to North. On Thursday, 23.00 h. we spoke with a Russian tanker and got a position. I must say, he was a gentleman indeed. He gave us all the information we wanted, patiently read the weather forecast, changed course and we had a yarn for a while. Other Russian ships we met did not answer our call nor Code flags K9. They were rushing East, rolling badly — fishermen mainly. We were 46 nautical miles from Rozewie Light-house — so, some 8 hours from the Polish coast! A pity to turn back.

On Friday, we saw Hoburg Light-house on the Southern point of Gotland, and the wind became Northerly. Tacking. While I was sleeping Janusz and Pauli did not tack efficiently and we couldn't get off the Southern point for hours. Which harbour to enter? Ronehamm seemed the nearest. At the end, close to the shore, we

got again very strong winds and with stay-sail and double reefed main we could not tack her efficiently. Too much leeway. Janusz drove her too close to the wind, Pauli took longer tacks. Everybody had some suggestions on how to sail. I was already laughing. When do we realise that a sailing ship is not a bus, tram or train? It is time to learn to take it more easy. Spare ones nerves.

The wind went down, and we motored through really shallow water into the harbour. Folks on the quay were looking excitedly, when do we hit the bottom. Over we came, nice and smoothly. Friday, 21.52 h. we entered Ronehamm. Six days at sea, 587 miles. That is more than enough for beginners.

During the last days of the trip, the children got their sea-legs again, but they had enough of sailing. So I had to change my style of cruising. Shorter legs — more holiday feeling. We decided to go again to Slite. Only 40 miles should be easy. Beating again. Through the night we made 80 miles. 6 days in Slite, then to Kappelsham on the other side of Gotland. This time the wind was from the quarter until Faro sund. On the other side of Gotland beating and tacking again. In Kappelheim another gale. We were happy to be in harbour.

We set sail for Landsort Light-house, with Nyassham as our destination (on the Swedish mainland). With so many days in harbour, the children had lost their sea-legs again, even in a moderate sea, they were seasick. Wind was aft, a spinnaker ride, 10 knots. Lovely surfing. The log showed that we should be close to Landsort Light-house but no sign of it. And then we started to be suspicious about our log. Yes, always the same. Log shows that we nearly hit the shore when it is not yet in sight.

In Ronehamm, a professional pilot had checked our compass, and we found out that THERE was a big deviation on certain courses (we had another Suunto compass). Now the log. After a very nervous night pilotage we reached Nynashamm. Stayed two days, then sailed to Sandhamm further north. On this trip I tuned the log and from then on it was reliable. It had shown up to 25% too much, so our speed hadn't really been so much. In fact, we never reached 10 knots, even later with spinnaker.

Pauli had left us in Ronehamm, so we were only Janusz, Seija and I, but no problems — across the Alands Sea we went like a rocket, close to the wind without tacking. There was a whole flotilla of Swedish yachts coming back from a weekend in Marienhamm. Monos of course, rolling badly. We were pitching and slamming again but with other feelings than at the beginning of our cruise. That is the way it should be, that is the way how the sea moves a good cat in it (of course by slowing down we could get the slamming down). No reason to be worried.

At Marienhamm, Seija and the children went back to Finland by ferry, Janusz and I carried on. Winds dead astern or from the quarter — at last. So we reached Helsinki. Then beating, tacking, rain and steep seas again.

One night we stayed at anchor in the shelter of a little island. We had the 12 kg. Admiralty anchor out. The wind was turning gradually from East to West. Our anchor place was getting restless. With engine we set the 16 kg. CQR anchor — depth alarm set. Every hour it was beeping me up. Checking anchors — back to bunk. Finally, the wind turned to North and the admiralty gave up! We had hit the rocky shore. The alarm didn't even have a chance to beep as the water was very deep up to the rock. Bang! Bang! I jumped out of my bunk and in a second or two I had started the engine. Motoring out — no damage to the propeller. We were lucky again.

We continued to Kotka. This time we stayed in the yacht harbour. Janusz left and we went to Mikkeli. So, that was our cruising. What did we learn? Very much, indeed: Weather forecasts should be listened to, but first I should learn where to listen, using the radio. It was easy in Finland but outside was the question. Later I found out that there is a trans-

mission on VHF from Sweden.

It looks as if we went too fast in our first week. There was no time to check everything. Another point, my crew — good guys, but they did not give me a chance to be a good navigator as I was also the only shipmate to set the sails — to lower the sails — to reef them — to call ships — to check lights — to make all decisions etc. So I was running up and down. Still this is no excuse for me. Perhaps you and James would be roaring at me (*no we wouldn't — we, too remember when we were beginners! Ruth*). Anyway, I had to learn a lot, had to know what there still is to learn. In fact, do we ever know enough to be certainly ready for the sea? To be sure that we 'know all'. Never in my mind was there a fear of capsizing. Did I plan a too ambitious cruise for the first time? We did 'survive'; we did sail there and back. On the way especially, I had a totally different feeling about the whole business. Nor did Seija give up, not even the children. Now every day they speak about the sea, sailing and future trips. They see dreams — maritime dreams. "We are going to see African coast next year" is Ellinoora's wish. So, all together, we did alright. It is time to go to bed to dream about sunny sailing with the wind on the beam . . .



Coastal Trekking



COASTAL TREKKING is what can be done with our car-trailable, beachable boats.

Coastal (and ocean) cruising boats need sheltered bays or harbours for anchoring. Part of the 'style' of the Coastal Trekker is that they can be 'beached' in lonely coves or bays, and 'pulled out of the sea' for safe overnighting or for protection if sea conditions deteriorate.

The Coastal Trek boats will develop a new style of boat-handling or, to be more correct, re-discover/re-establish the now forgotten art of 'off the beach' sailing.

Our small designs, the HINA and the HINEMOA have been making 'Coastal Treks' for nearly 20 years.

The first HINA built in Holland, the 'KAIMILOA', complete with high speed 'wing mast', built by the Lautiers, father and son, was trailed from Holland to Spain/Portugal, in the 1960s.

Trevor Clarkson, an Englishman living in Germany, has been regularly trailing his HINEMOA from Germany, south to the Mediterranean, usually the Greek Islands.

His road/sail voyages inspired me to think, how could we make the road part of the voyage easier. Obviously lighter weight would help.

The more general acceptance of Epoxy resin, and a personal promise by me to the Gougeon Bros., that with it I could develop boats as simple as 'Origami', led to the first light weight design in 1981, the 14' car topper HITIA.

The success of this boat has led to the TIKI 21. As most readers will know she was awarded the 'Cruising World' Design Competition prize in 1982.

At the moment of writing (end of October), 120 TIKI 21s are being built. Some are already sailing, here follows one of the first fuller reports of a TIKI 21's first cruise.

(translated)

Dear James and Hanneke,

I am writing in Dutch, for I am having a holiday. For the last 2½ weeks we have been sailing our TIKI 21 and it is going wonderfully. We made the maiden trip with your father, Hanneke.

We had some troubles because I lost the hatches during the transport. There was a lot of wind, but because there were four of us, we did not reef. Some water did come into the cockpit, but what a marvellous feeling when the boat picks up the wind and speeds up.

To get the gaff setting well was a bit difficult at first, but I am getting the hang of it now. To demount or assemble the boat becomes quicker every time.

The name of the boat is 'KABAR ANGIN'. It is Indonesian for 'Rumour spread by the wind'. After the maiden trip on the Lauwers Meer I made new hatches, because I wanted to go on holidays with my sons. It worked.

We do wonder what it would feel like when the boat is about to capsize, for

with a force 6 beam wind the spray flew across the platform yet she never lifted a hull (*Translator's note: Nico Boon, editor of Dutch multihull magazine 'CTC Nieuws', reported a speed of 15 knots in these conditions.*)

From Lauwers Meer we went to Heeg and then down to Stavoren. I was anxious to know how she would behave on larger water. Well, your 'idea' really worked there. Sailing before the wind to Urk, on the wavetops she really speeded up, but tended to slow down in the valleys.

The next day the wind was Northerly force 4–5. We sailed long tacks to Lemmer, and we noticed how beautifully she behaved on wild water because there was a rough and very short chop.

Because we got so much water over the bows, the hatches lifted a little and quite a lot of water came in. From Lemmer to Stavoren was again dead against the wind, but as I had everything lashed down better, far less water got in. The weather was so bad that we couldn't use the charts, and because I wanted to sail close to the shore, heading for

Rover Klif, we ran aground: The boat was easily pushed off.

In Stavoren, in the harbour, we missed a tack. We will have to practise this a bit more. We ran through some fishnets and lost our dolphin striker, so we anchored quickly...

I enjoy the boat most on rough water like on the IJsselmeer — or when at anchor. When I have a drink after dinner with the sounds of the evening. I feel very happy.

We found the boat more suitable for two than three people when spending a longer holiday aboard.

Dear people, as you can see, I am now, after the building, enjoying the sailing tremendously. I look forward to seeing you again.

J.P. Poppinga huisarts
Hoofdstraat 128
9982 AJ Uithuizermeeden



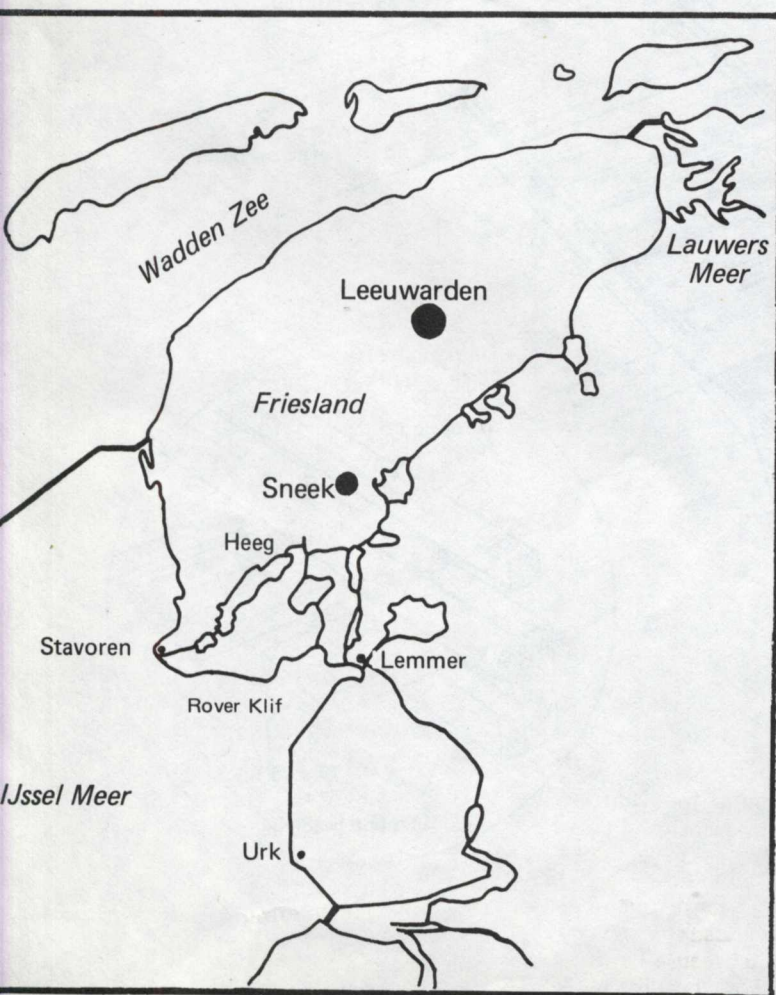
The first TIKI 21 launched in Britain was Richard Curtis' at Mylor Creek on the Fal estuary: July 1983. At this first launching, a cosmopolitan Wharram team took part: Erick, a Frenchman, Jan-Hein, a Dutchman, Andre, a South African, plus the owner and Hanneke and James. It took one hour to assemble the TIKI 21.

Richard Curtis, without the help of a cosmopolitan multihull team, now assembles the TIKI with the assistance of his wife in 35 minutes!! His boat will be exhibited on the 'James Wharram Designs' Stand (UN 7) at the January 1984 London Boat Show.

Photos from top to bottom: Arrival on slip, Richard self-built his trailer. Hanneke shows how the downhaul goes.

Almost ready for launching.

The designer enjoys the 'cabin cockpit'. (above) Hanneke, all joy, at her successful design.



What's New!?

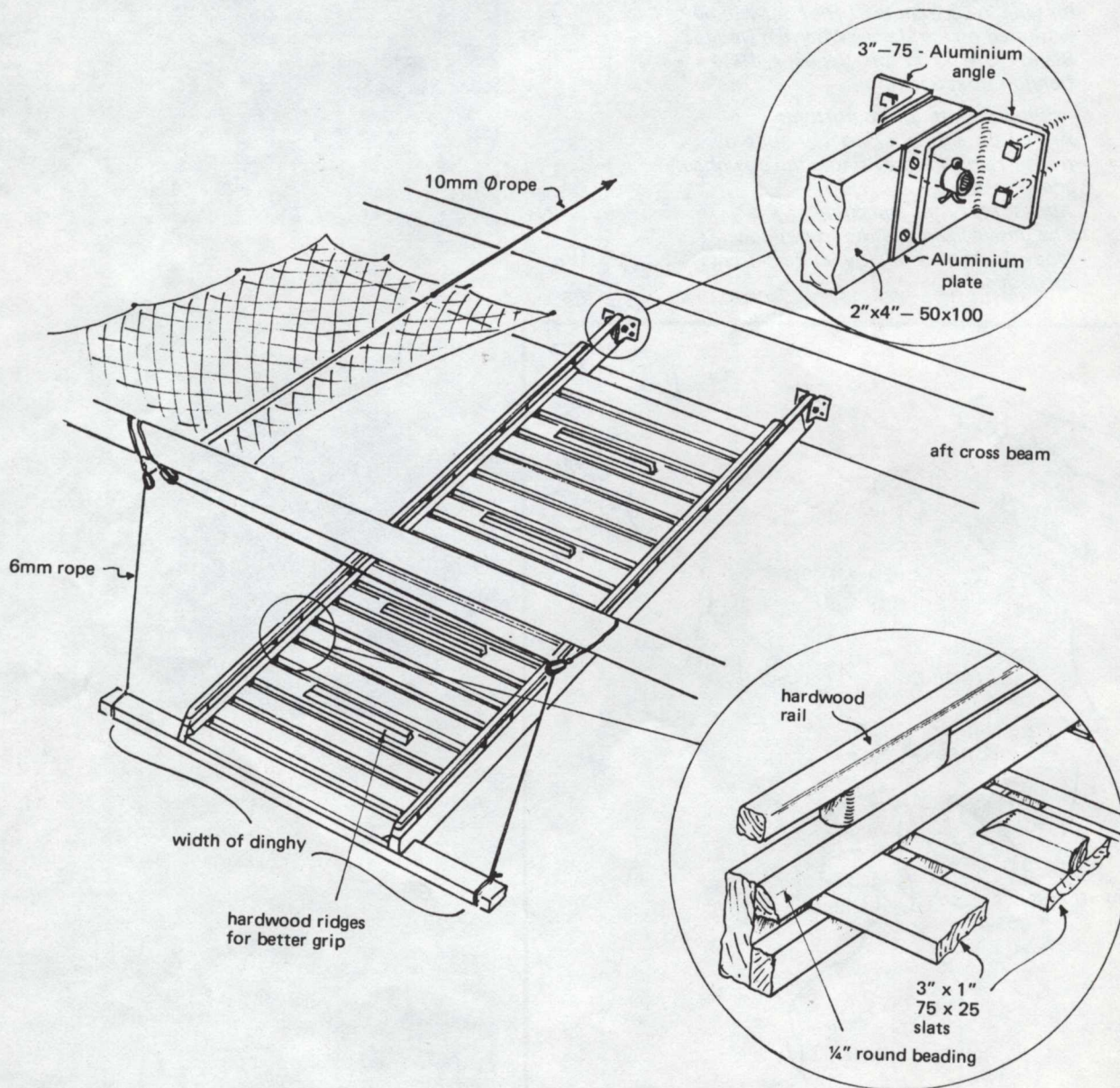
Stern ramp for Wharram Catamarans

Since the death of Rob James after falling through the 'safety' netting of his 'COLT CARS' trimaran, the problem of retrieving a man overboard with high sided multihulls has been extensively discussed in yacht magazines and the world of multihulls.

Within the special world of Wharram builders, a solution of the problem has been around for a long time: the stern lowering Ramp. As far as we know, it was first designed and used by Don Melhuish aboard his TANGAROA MK.I, built around 1976-7.

During 1982, we installed one on TEHINI and wondered how we had managed without it all these years. Not only does it provide the answer to getting aboard either when beached or afloat, we use it also to haul up the main dinghy, to be stowed elsewhere on the boat, or to pull the ramp up with our light rubber dinghy on it, so that we can drop the ramp and the dinghy for instant man overboard retrieval.

It is worth considering as an urgent design improvement. Thank you, Don Melhuish.



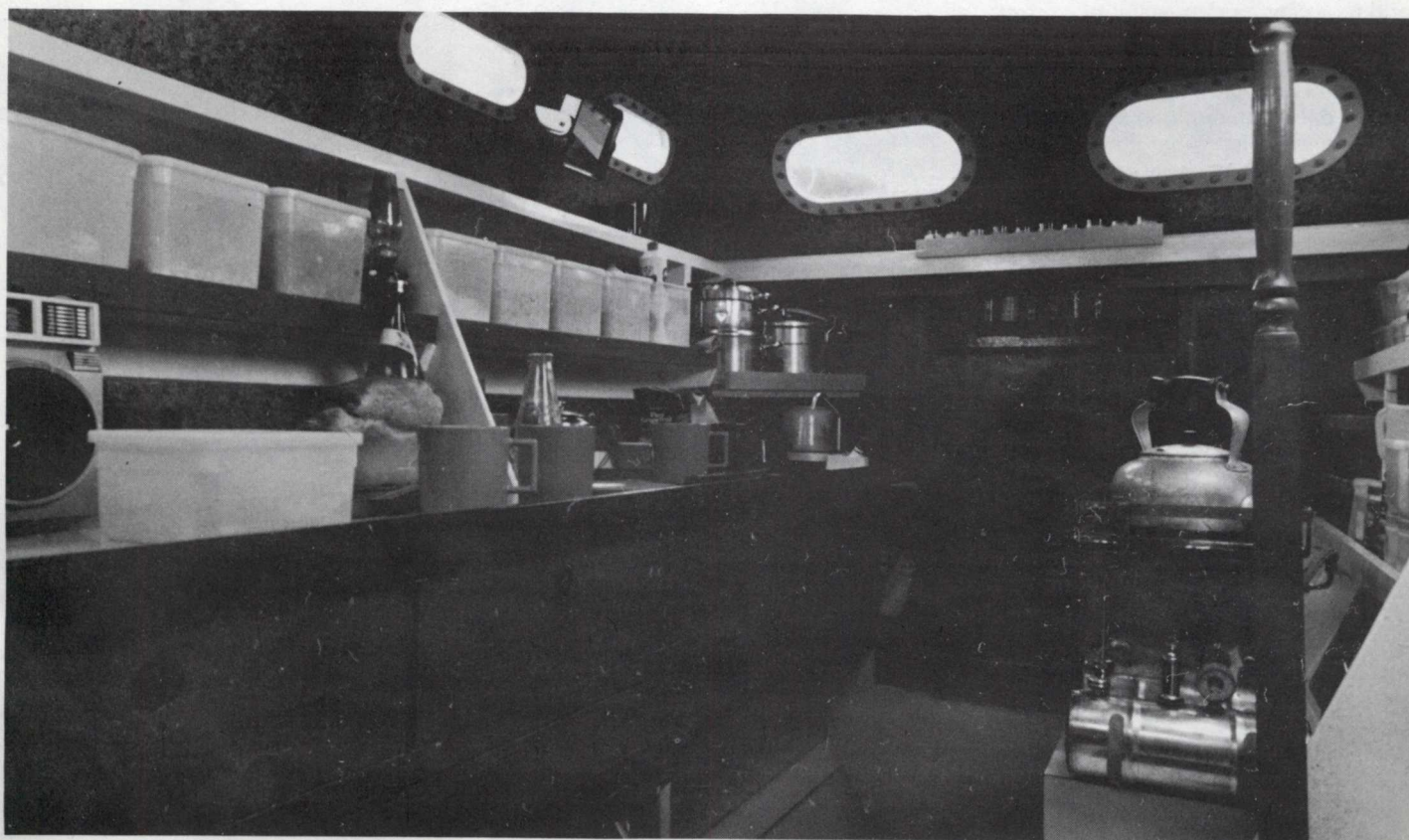


Tim and Heather Whelan's 'IKA ROA', a NARAI Mk. IV is sensibly wintering in Falmouth. Awaiting the end of the Northern hemisphere winter storms. Come springtime they intend leisurely to explore the North Spanish and Portuguese coasts before cruising the Atlantic for the Pacific in Autumn 1984. "We have worked so long on this project we want to see as much of the world as possible".

Heather has already sold a number of articles to

a British Women's Magazine on the project. The chart-room cum workshop has been described in the British "Practical Boat Owner" magazine.

Top photo is Tim explaining his plans to James, with the useful vice, for woodworking in comfort and shelter, clearly visible. Bottom photo shows the turned galley-hatch grab rail and the sensible, easily accessible, cabin stores in plastic boxes.



Racing

The aim of Racing is to WIN, to have a fixed moment when you can publicly be seen to be BETTER than your peer group and be admitted by your peer group to be better, through them designating you the WINNER

Many Wharram builders will be surprised to find in this Magazine a page on racing. It is well-known that I have strong inhibitions about Multihull Racing, but in life one frequently has to conquer, or at least to analyse, one's inhibitions. My inhibition is that I do not like to end up under an upside-down boat in cold water. Nor do I want to be responsible for other people, particularly children, ending up in similar conditions.

The problem about Racing is that it appeals to a completely different part of the Human psyche, than does cruising. The aim of Racing is to win, to have a fixed moment when you can publicly be seen to be BETTER than your peer group and be admitted by your peer-group to be better, through them designating you the winner.

This is the 'Gladiatorial' instinct of Man, the same kind of attitude, which was behind Gladiators killing each other in the Roman Circus, Knights charging each other in jousting tournaments, boxers hammering at each other, and men breeding expensive and delicate horses solely to run perhaps half a head faster than the rest, over a measured course.

This desire for public acclaim is very strong in the psyche of Man. Left unchecked, it can lead to either the financial exhaustion or physical death of the participants. 'Civilisation' creates moderation, attitudes of sportsmanship, or failing that, rules.

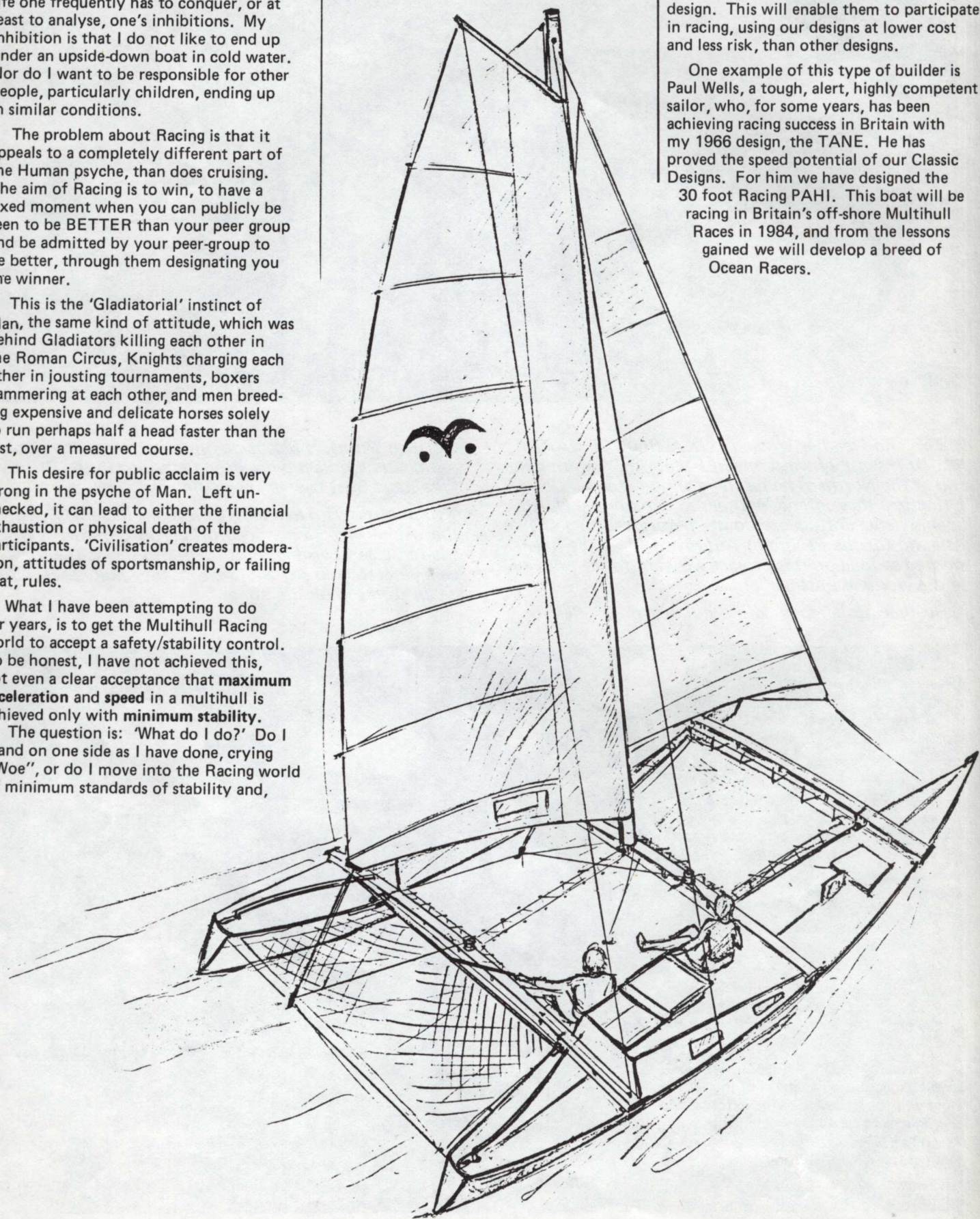
What I have been attempting to do for years, is to get the Multihull Racing world to accept a safety/stability control. To be honest, I have not achieved this, not even a clear acceptance that **maximum acceleration and speed** in a multihull is achieved only with **minimum stability**.

The question is: 'What do I do?' Do I stand on one side as I have done, crying "Woe", or do I move into the Racing world of minimum standards of stability and,

there, perhaps be in a better position to draw distinction between stable cruising multihulls and all-out-for-speed, but unstable, racing multihulls?

Many of my builders want me to move into the racing world. They want me to apply our knowledge and expertise of simple construction techniques to racing design. This will enable them to participate in racing, using our designs at lower cost and less risk, than other designs.

One example of this type of builder is Paul Wells, a tough, alert, highly competent sailor, who, for some years, has been achieving racing success in Britain with my 1966 design, the TANE. He has proved the speed potential of our Classic Designs. For him we have designed the 30 foot Racing PAHI. This boat will be racing in Britain's off-shore Multihull Races in 1984, and from the lessons gained we will develop a breed of Ocean Racers.



TIKI 25 Micromultihull

We have also decided to move into M.O.C.R.A.* Micro-Multihull Trailer/Sailer Racing. The parameters of this new racing class are confused and muddled. The Main MOCRA Committee says that this design is to be raced in sheltered water only, because of their, in my opinion, quite reasonable fears for its stability. In contrast, the chairman of MOCRA's Micro Multihull Sub-committee has widely written that they will be off-the-beach, through the surf, **cruising boats that race!!**

A formula, which gives some, not all, indication as to the stability of a multihull, is a Sailarea/Weight ratio, nowadays expressed by the term 'Bruce Number.'

The maximum sailarea/weight ratio of the new 25' (7.6m) Micro Multihull Class has been set at a Bruce Nr. of 2 (Imperial), using the weight of the empty boat.

Statistically all Multihulls with a Bruce Nr. of above 1.7, sooner or later capsize. To achieve a Bruce Nr. of 2, you have to cut down on the weight; this means using very light, thin plywood construction or expensive, exotic materials like Kevlar Carbon fibres.

The TIKI 21, which empty, has a Bruce Nr. of 1.6, has been achieving speeds of 15 knots + and stability in wind-speeds of up to force 6. This design was the obvious starting point for a 25' Micro Multihull. The drawings show the resultant design. Many readers will regret that the pointed canoe stern had to go, but that is racing, folks! Other people will say: "Why didn't you produce a fashionable, modern looking design before?" Well that is Wharram, folks!

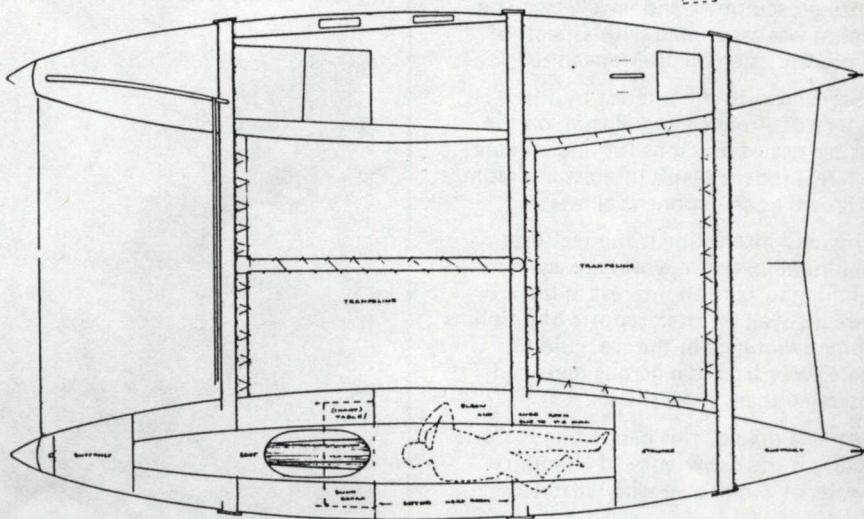
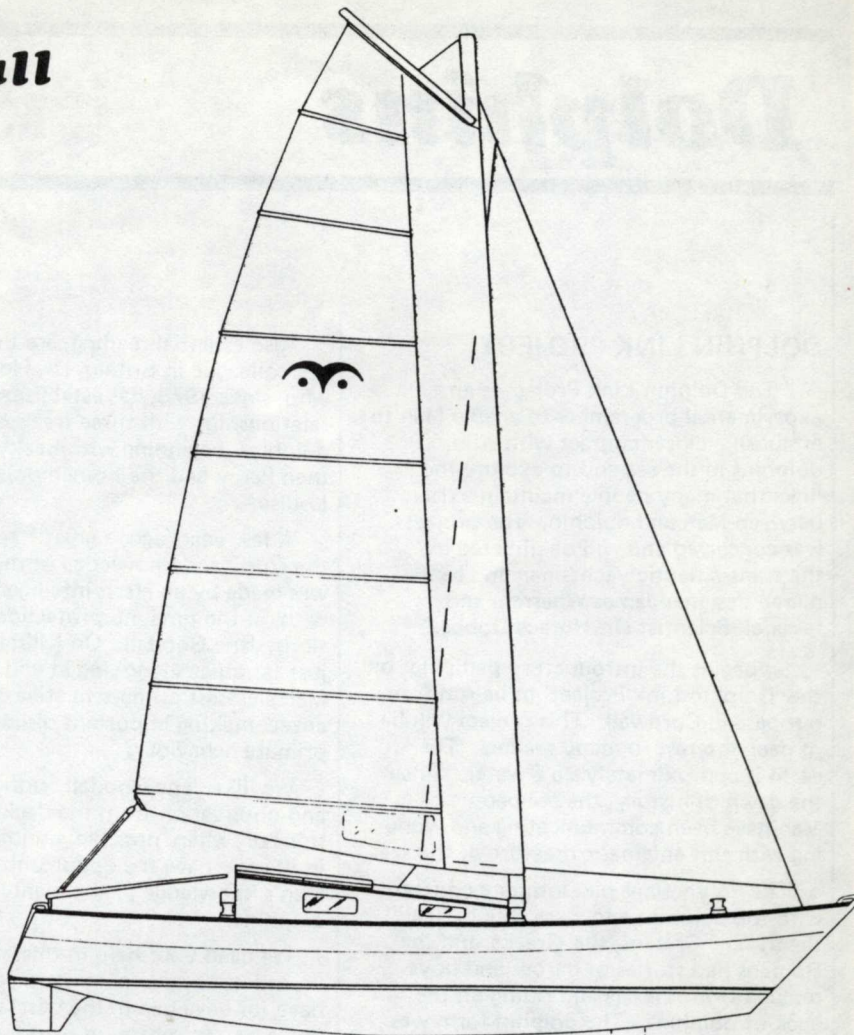
We have produced the TIKI 25 in a MOCRA Rule racing version A, with a Bruce Nr. of 1.9 and a stronger, more stable, version B, with a Bruce Nr. of 1.6, for the day MOCRA changes its rules or for the person who wants a tough, fast, stable, coastal cruiser.

This is what I mean when I say I will no longer stand on the sidelines crying "Woe" over the racing boats. I will work from within, but always making a clear and definite distinction between the safe cruising designs and the faster, but unstable, racing designs.

Paul Wells achieved considerable racing success with a TANE design. Robin Fautley, the former Secretary of PCA's heyday has bought an old but sound TANE. In conjunction with him we are modernising this design by giving her more overall beam, more sailarea and a centre-board between the hulls.

This column will continue in "The Sea People" magazine with ideas of interest to those who wish to race at the extreme end of racing or to have class racing within a design like the Tiki 21. This column awaits comments and contributions.

*Multihull Offshore Cruising & Racing Association - a British Club.



TIKI SPECIFICATIONS:

	RACING VERSION A	VERSION B
LENGTH O.A.	24'11" - 7.60 m	id.
LENGTH W.L.	22'6" - 6.84 m	id.
BEAM O.A.	15'1" - 4.60 m	id.
TRAILING BEAM	7'10" - 2.40 m	id.
DRAFT (EMPTY)	1'3" - 0.38 m	1'5" - 0.43 m
WEIGHT (EMPTY)	818 lbs - 370 KG	1174 lbs - 533 KG
SAILAREA TOTAL	316 sqft - 29.4 m ²	285 sqft - 26.5 m ²
MAIN	197 sqft - 18.3 m ²	177 sqft - 16.5 m ²
JIB	119 sqft - 11.1 m ²	108 sqft - 10 m ²
BRUCE Nr. (EMPTY)	1.9 (Imp) - 0.75 (metric)	1.6 (Imp.) - 0.635 (metric)
CONSTRUCTION	PLY & EPOXY USING STITCH & GLUE METHOD GLASS SHEATHED	

Dolphins



DOLPHIN LINK PROJECT

"The Dolphin Link Project is an experimental programme to enable Man to establish a closer contact with wild dolphins in the sea and to explore the links that many people maintain exists between Man and dolphin. The project was conceived and will be directed by the trans-Atlantic yachtsman and catamaran designer James Wharram and research Scientist Dr. Horace Dobbs."

So begins the introductory pamphlet on the 'Dolphin Link Project' to be run from our base in Cornwall. This project will be of deep interest to many readers. The earth is approximately 75% water. Since the dawn of history, the sea-people of Man have been communicating and working with this enigmatic creature of the sea.

The Polynesians had intimate contact with the dolphins and were able to "call" them. The Cretans, the Greeks and the Romans had stories of heroes and boys rescued from the sea and riding on the back of dolphins. The dolphin form was used again and again in mosaics, wall-paintings, sculpture and jewellery. The dolphin was associated with aspects of the pre-Christian Mediterranean religions.

Starting with the interest by the military of America and Russia, on the possible use of dolphins for underwater warfare, modern Man's interest in dolphins has grown at an exponential rate.

Equally interesting is the fact that dolphins all over the world are again beginning to take an interest in Man. There are well attested reports of dolphins helping swimmers in the sea, guiding sailors away from dangerous reefs and protecting them from sharks.

An example of this happening to "one of US", is the experience of Humphry Thwaits of Zimbabwe who wrote:

"Thanks for your dolphin postcard. If I can help these friends of ours, I will try, if you tell me how. They got me out of a spot once off Rodriguez. I'd had a hard day and was asleep below and they woke me up as they shot past soaring under the boat. I got up to watch. There was plenty of phosphorescence and they looked like meteors going by. A line storm was approaching, and I had time to get ready before it struck with a fair blow. Up till then I didn't think they leapt at night but some of them did."

Many similar experiences are described in the book 'Dolphin, Dolphin' by Wade Doak of New Zealand,* who — using a Wharram catamaran — has gone further than most people observing and communicating with dolphins.

Also essential reading, are the books by my colleague in Britain, Dr. Horace Dobbs,** who, since 1975, has established close relationships with three free sea-swimming dolphins, beginning with Beaky/Donald, then Percy and the French dolphin Jean-Louise.

A few years ago, a great step forward in the study and knowledge of the primates was made by an alert, intelligent woman with, at the time, no professional qualifications, Jane Goodall. On Kilimanjaro, she just sat quietly, looking at and observing Man's closest primate relative, the chimpanzee, making important discoveries in primate behaviour.

We, like Jane Goodall, with quietness and observation from the decks of our ships or, where possible, by joining them in the sea, have the opportunity to add to Man's knowledge of the highly intelligent dolphins.

We need your help in this. Write to us, tell us of any encounters you may have (or have had in the past) with dolphins. In return, in future issues, we will tell you more about the 'Dolphin

Link Project', publish other readers' encounters and keep you up to date on the 'Dolphin World'.

You can also write to 'International Dolphin Watch', Parklands, North Ferriby, Humberside, HU14 3ET, U.K. or in Australia: 'International Dolphin Watch', P.O. Box 78, Carlton Sth., Victoria, 3053, Australia.

Apart from this introduction, I will not write anything else in this issue, but leave it to Carola Hepp, to give her version of TEHINI's dolphin TV-film expedition off the Brittany coast of France near the Cape du Raz, (For interested readers, this film will be shown in Britain sometime in 1984 on Channel 4. It is also syndicated to other TV networks all over the world.)

**'Dolphin, Dolphin' available from 'James Wharram Designs' at £15.00 to all countries surface mail. Airmail extra depending on country. (Retail price in Britain £13.95).*

***available from Dr. Horace Dobbs, 'Dolphin', Parklands, North Ferriby, Humberside, HU14 3ET, U.K. (ask for list of posters, publications, books etc.)*



Peter Gillbe, from John Gau Productions, director of the Dolphin film in his favourite position on 'Tehini's' bow, directing by 'walkie-talkie'.

Carola Hepp, (German), aged 25, is a very special person, combining German hard-working and practical abilities with sensuous, creative, artistic talents.

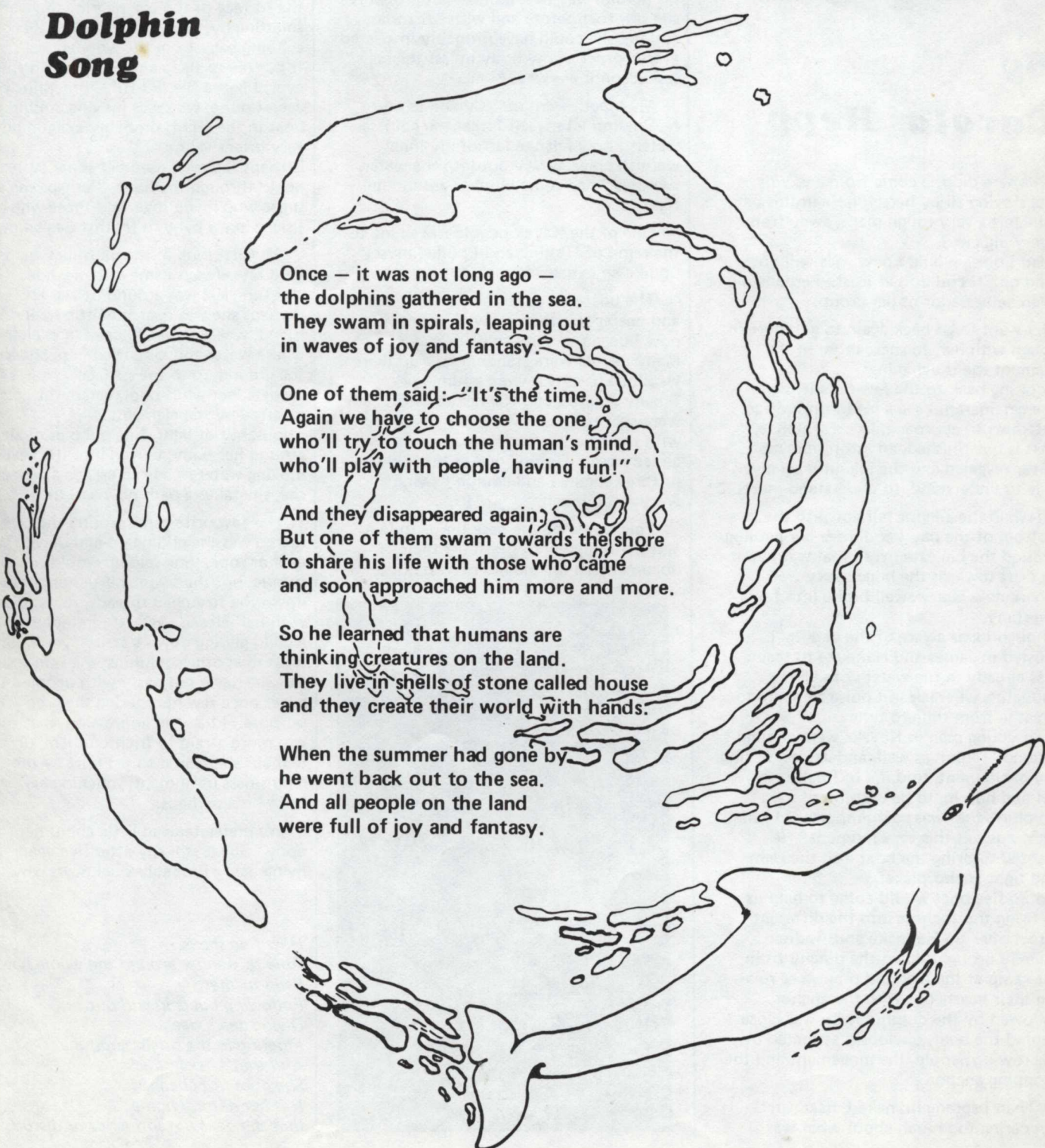
Until this summer, she held a design job in the competitive world of German Television. In addition, she studied biology. Her inner drive towards dolphins led her to visit New Zealand and Wade Doak, then Horace Dobbs and James Wharram Designs' 'Dolphin Link'.

Her painted murals decorate the outside walls of 'the Base' in Devoran. Her songs, self-composed, played and sung by herself, will be in the Dolphin Film, that she describes so well in this issue.

The 'different reality' of the catamaran life and dolphins made her think much about her future. She has now left the TV world and is working in an artistic community in Portugal, using her plant studies to develop a pilot project — Jojoba bean plantation: the magic bean plant that provides oils to replace all whale oils.



Dolphin Song



Once — it was not long ago —
the dolphins gathered in the sea.
They swam in spirals, leaping out
in waves of joy and fantasy.

One of them said: "It's the time.
Again we have to choose the one
who'll try to touch the human's mind,
who'll play with people, having fun!"

And they disappeared again,
But one of them swam towards the shore
to share his life with those who came
and soon approached him more and more.

So he learned that humans are
thinking creatures on the land.
They live in shells of stone called house
and they create their world with hands.

When the summer had gone by
he went back out to the sea.
And all people on the land
were full of joy and fantasy.

Daze with a Dolphin

By
Carola Hepp

Where did she come from and why is she staying all by herself here in this bay, which is a very rough place, away from every big city?
Jean-Louise would know. We will not find out. I couldn't at least. Perhaps she is an ambassador of her group.

I want to go back again to get more in touch with her, to share more of the element she is living in.
Looking back to the few days living on the catamaran, I see a lot of unresolved attempts to approach, like a sentence, that is not finished, an astonishment, never revealed and the inability on my side to understand, to understand more.

When the anchor fell down to the very bottom of the bay I could see her circling around the big catamaran that was about to drift towards the huge rocky wall, where now heavy swell broke into foaming spray.

Though I was aware of the danger, I trusted in James and Hanneke to react. I was already in the water with all my thoughts, where Jean-Louise came up to breathe from time to time.

Two young men in Kayaks were circling around 'Tehini' as well, and James, feeling my excitement, told me to finally strip off and hop in, to be with that '... dolphin', that was so unimportant to him right now, at this very moment. He wanted to bring the boat into the right and tight anchorplace.
No Zodiac boat would come to help us to bring the anchors into the different directions. So Hanneke and Andre quickly brought down the dinghy from the ramp at the rear and they were rowing their hearts out with the anchor, followed by the dolphin, who was close behind the boat, obviously attracted by the rowing people, the movement and the dropping anchor.

Then I sprang in, naked, head first, not caring too much about what was

going on around me. I just wanted to meet that dolphin, who was right there, when I was in the water, circling around me. I floated, moving arms and legs and then dived.

I was unable to see her, because I had no diving mask on and so I could only see her when she came up to breathe and her mouth and head came up as well, her eyes watching me again.

Naked as I was, I spread my legs wide, so that I could feel the cold water coming just a little bit more into the warmest parts of my body. I wanted to show her how a female human really looks, a female being like she is, only a different race.

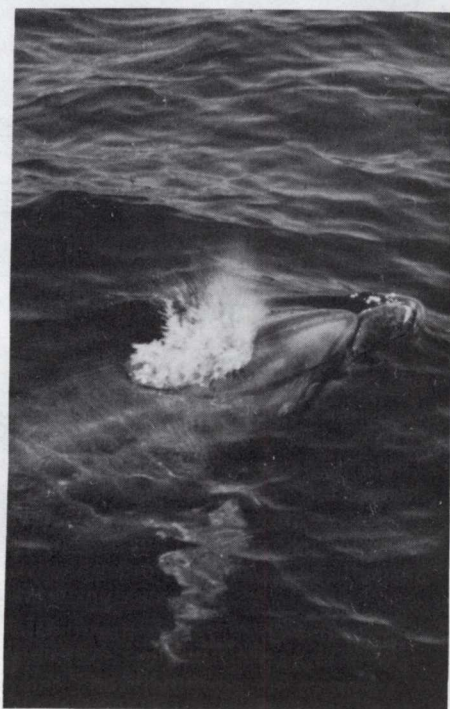
Going into the water with a bathing suit or wet suit is not fair. What we present to her is much more related to a wrapped and tied up parcel, than to a human in his natural way of looking. But probably she saw that before and with her sonar system, she could have probably inspected every corner of my body in less than a few seconds anyway.

My breath went quickly and as my fascination let myself forget the cold water, I now felt the last of my inner warmth crawl slowly out into the water. I wished I had some blubber around me right then.

One of the Kayak people towed me to the ramp of 'Tehini' and I pulled myself up like an exhausted seal.

The boat still continued to drift nearer and nearer to the stony wall and only now I began to shiver with fear.
Many people were standing way up there watching us as if it were a film.
Finally Andre's and Hanneke's efforts were successful and when the film people with their Zodiac boat came, we were already safe. 'Tehini' was in the middle of three anchors and couldn't swing around too much.

This would be the base for us to live and the filmcrew to finish off their documentary for the next few days.



The swell of the incoming water rocked the two hulls up and down and when the tips of the waves crossed each other, when the wind changed, the catamaran whipped up and down like a smooth paper leaf on the water surface — following movements, game of the wind, part of the ocean, made to live in and on it.

In the night, when I heard the dinghy touching the rear and the creaking sound of the hulls, moving independently to adapt to the waves, I feared for it, I was afraid it would break.

The wind increased and I — in the womblike cabin — followed the movements, but in an untrusting way. But this was only the first night. Later I was so much convinced about the stability of 'Tehini', that I could easily let myself fall to sleep during the night and I felt ever so sheltered, being half underneath the surface of the sea, hearing the water splatting by, whispering like a little creek, echoing back from the wooden walls. It put me to sleep and while closing my eyes, I heard the 'Pu-Hi' — breathing of Jean-Louise, who was moving around the boat in the night, probably examining it very intensively.

Perhaps she even used her sonar system to 'look' through the hulls. Perhaps she saw those who made love and those who slept. I slept like a baby in Mother Sea's tummy.

My first look in the mornings were for her. She always came after a while. I was sure, she was around, it was HER bay. Perhaps she was near the little rocky island, where waves foamed in excitement, where water and air curled in pearls from the ground up to the surface. That is her Jacuzzi, her whirl pool, where she gets caressed by the elements.
Thousands of light, fine bubbles of air around her body, woven into the heavily moving water, ready to escape again; and she, she takes a bath now and then.

Her favourite game around the catamaran was the gliding-up-and-down the anchor rope. She seldom would touch people, but she swung herself up and down the stretched threads, sometimes with half closed eyes. It reminded me of a child gliding down a stairway rail. She must miss other dolphins, the skin-touch. But she never got nasty with people. I never once saw her scaring them on purpose. I had the impression, that she was more afraid to frighten them, or perhaps she feared to get hurt by the clumsiness of humans, touching her blow-hole perhaps.

We understand so little about her body. She is still shy after five years living here. Probably she knows why.

*How free she is.
Able to wander around the whole bay.
Even further.
Following boats in and out.
Diving deep, deep.
Floating in the bright sunshine.
And that's her home.
She does not change it.
It is her natural home,
that she does not influence or disturb.*

*How would she feel,
if someone would take her
prisoner
in a tank,
a big square one
and above a ceiling
instead of blue sparkling sky,
which is like a changing picture
ranging from blue to red to black to gold.
With birds and all movements of the clouds.*

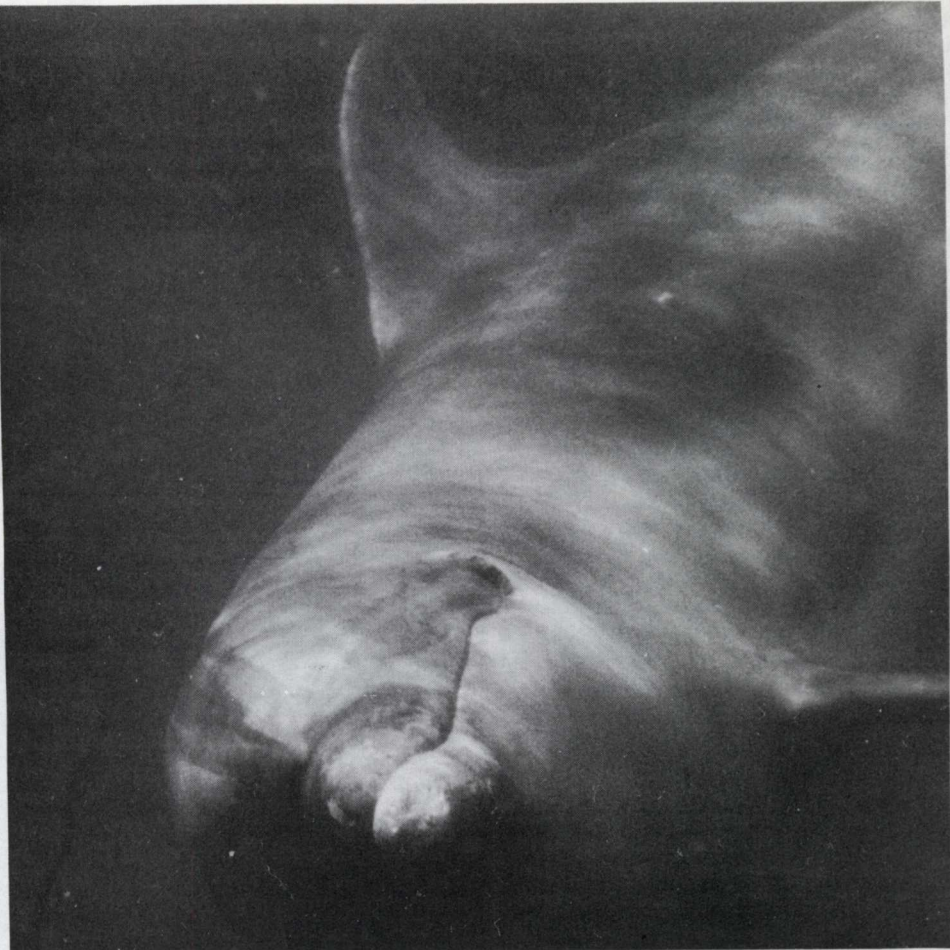
*I would die, if someone would take this
away from me.*

One time, I was sitting at the bow with Peter Gilbe, watching Jean-Louise gliding up and down the anchor rope again. Perhaps she was waiting for some of us to jump in.

I did the dolphin-kick alongside the boat, so that she was between me and the hull. She obviously didn't feel threatened. I was diving, imitating her movements and she looked at me, swimming parallel to me, adapting to my poor speed.

Her eyes had the gentleness of someone who wants to tell that there is no danger at all. She had an aura of peace and personality. My breath went quicker again and I had to leave the water. I had been in for about a quarter of an hour. When I came out, other members of the crew were ready to go in. James and Hanneke held tight to the anchor rope, as well as Wilfriede and Andre, because they thought this would be the best thing to get her interested. Perhaps she wanted them to play around the anchor rope, using the rope as a device to make life more interesting. I don't know. I watched it from above and could see Andre moving backwards to the boat, because Jean-Louise moved with her head pointed straight towards him. Andre moved underneath the net and she came closer to have a closer look at his private parts, which probably were quite interesting to examine. Andre told me she nearly scared the shit out of him. At least he felt uncomfortable. You never know. But he still didn't think that something awful would happen. Jean-Louise returned and shared her time with the others. She always seemed to divide herself between the people in such a way that everybody felt they had her total attention.

*She doesn't pollute the bay.
How could she anyway?
She is just living her natural metabolism,
natural circle.
She doesn't need soap, detergent, cigarettes,
plastic-bags.
All the devices she uses are given to her by
the bay,
taken again by the bay.
Her playmate might be fish,
or some seaweed
or the stones,
that are carrying all reflections of the sun.
The bottom of the shallow water, a canvas.
When she leaps out of the water,
she can hear the cry of the birds and
see the mirror of the surface
and the green hills with grey and white
houses on top.*



**Her eyes had the gentleness
of someone who wants to tell
that there is no danger at all.
She had an aura of peace and
personality.**

*Humans walking thistles-ways down to the
beach.
All the boats, fishermen.
She is part of her environment.
Not swallowed up. No!
More a modest being, governor of her place.
She herself determines her borders, unseen
to others.*

Her body has few scars, less than usual, perhaps because she might be younger, female or alone. Her fin has a few parts missing and it looks as if it has been bitten by a shark perhaps. She is about three meters long and looks very healthy — round body with skin stretched across the blubber.

While looking at her like this, she emerged out of the water to breathe again but this time just in front of the bow we were sitting on. Blowing out her air with damp breath, a little rainbow stood for seconds above her head, only as big as a quarter of a circle, but bright and shiny, as the sun was at the right angle. Then it disappeared like the breath and the dolphin.

I shouted and squeaked in excitement and off I stripped again and there was nothing that could have held me back to join such an obvious rainbow-invitation for a swim or a dive.

At least, that was what I felt. In I was again and someone threw me a snorkel and mask.

I asked Hanneke to come in as well, because with her I practised the dolphin-kick, facing each other, as if we would make love like the dolphins or just swim like them, having eye-contact and moving in a rhythm. But Hanneke felt that she should wear a wet-suit, because the water was too cold and she couldn't stand it. So she got out again. I was snorkeling and saw Jean-Louise coming towards me, then disappearing along the anchor rope, then returning.

Somebody said to me: "I don't understand your excitement to the full extent, I cannot understand your shivers, when you see her."
"Nor do I," I answered, but I am pretty sure, that all the theoretical history had an impact on my reaction, all the dreams and stories and books. It was like meeting a very famous person. But there was still more. When I saw her body, over and over again I felt a trembling and the desire to play with her, hop in and look into her eyes and try to follow her with my little abilities to do so.

Her body emerged without noise, splitting her element smoothly like my finger would split the water, when I touched it softly. Her breath was exactly timed and so controlled. She seemed to always be in the right movement, so perfect. Sometimes she reacted to our approach. When we played with the anchor chain, she would come and bring her nose

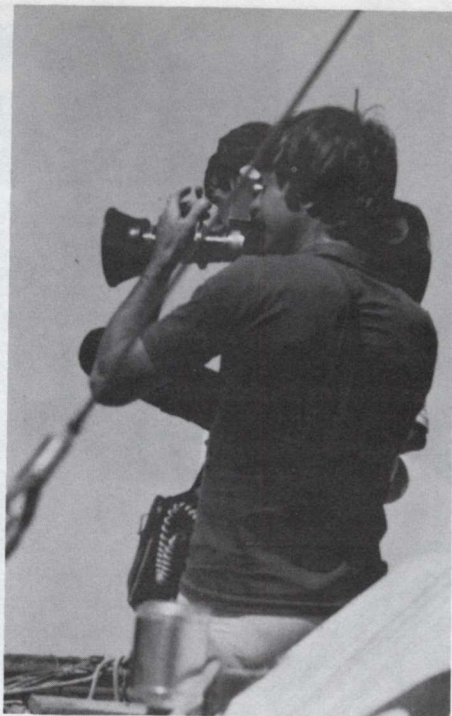
quite near the sharp piece of metal, but always aware, steadily aware, as if she would be aware in every second, never be careless or sloppy, just deciding what she wanted or what she didn't.

The film-people decided to do a take of my song in the late evening on deck, even if everybody's ears froze off, with me taking the risk that I couldn't move my fingers anymore on the guitar and that my voice would disappear. We wore pullovers and jeans, James moaned and grumbled about the fact that they didn't want to use the cabin, but the cockpit. But the director was the director and it was just better to do it outside soundwise. After about two hours, we had everything done and I stopped singing. All of a sudden, Jean-Louise leapt high out of the water to have a look at what was going on, on the illuminated deck or what was not going on any more now. I didn't see this, because I had my back turned at this moment. But still, this was the first time, when the thought crossed my mind, that she knew exactly, what was going on, and even more, what we were doing, even without telling or showing her. And the decisions we made, the facts were perhaps something she knew.

Horace Dobbs once started a kind of intelligence-reaction test with some empty wine-bottles on strings, tied to an anchor and filled with air, floating upside down at the bottom of the sea in a row. He wanted to get Jean-Louise to use one of the bottles to touch the others and make a sound. She refused to do it. She didn't show too much interest, Horace told me. She observed the manoeuvre and as they finished she took off as well. Probably she knew, that this was something set up, not real, not spontaneous. Perhaps she knew it was a test and refused it just like a minority of pupils refuse — more or less without success — to be tested.

Another time, my theory was confirmed, when we did a second take of the 'Arrival in the bay' of Tehini, sailing out the bay and coming in again. This time with Horace Dobbs and the film-crew on board. She followed us, but when we came back, didn't do much leaping out of the water. I think she knew before that we would return. But when Tehini finally left for England again, James told me, Jean-Louise was following them a long way out, leaping high out of the water before she disappeared. She knew this time it was meant to be a farewell for longer.

I did swim one or two times more, before I had to leave earlier than the others. This morning was a cold, wet and clear one and it was still dark. Normally, no one was on his legs around this time of the day. But Jean-Louise was there, breathing slowly around the catamaran and then moving underneath the net, where I was



sitting to say Goodbye to her. My tears made the water more salty and I put my hands on the surface of the water and just cried my soul out, for I just didn't want to leave. Andre and Wilfriede comforted me and we got into the Zodiac which would bring us to the shore.

Green, phosphorescent pearls were flowing alongside in the dark water and there was the dolphin again, leaping out horizontally just in front of the slowly moving Zodiac boat, so that I for a moment was afraid that the screw of the motor might have hit her side. But there she went again and was alright. That was the last I saw of her. Again I thought, she

knew what happened, acting according to the situation.

I remember that the film-people always took their time to get ready and set up the scene. Sometimes, during such periods, she would disappear or just play around with other things. But as soon as they were ready, she was as well, being with the divers to join them to play with them. She obviously refused to react as expected. Was it the lack of interest, the lack of relevance for her?

Perhaps there was a lack of spontaneity. Jean-Louise was always reacting spontaneously and instantly and probably she got totally bored with all the preparations and then nothing exciting in her terms happening afterwards.

Is the scientific approach perhaps something, that does not fit for her? Science is so tight, leaving few possibilities. Life is not only 'Yes' or 'No'. There is a truth in-between that we sometimes know, but more often than not refuse to see or still cannot see, because there is nothing with which to prove it. So the possibilities of science might be too limited, too narrow-minded for a creature that perhaps has a different kind of intelligence.

Watching her and reminiscing now, I feel she was so sensitive and so sensual that we should have played more with her, not with devices — spontaneously with our bodies and all our sensuality and art, with music and dances full of joy, so that she perhaps could have had a chance to show us her dance, her games, her body, to teach us what she knows — because who is more intelligent than a creature, that teaches those who want to teach?



The film company provided magnificent lunches.

Naturist Sailing

Naturism, or going naked where other people would find it necessary to wear shorts or a bikini, has been a part of my life-style, as readers of my book "Two Girls Two Catamarans" will know. I could never understand why a small part of the male body or two small areas of the female body should be shocking.

Living on boats and in quiet places, it never became an issue in my life. We just lived that way. On a boat body shyness is very impractical. The body-shy person who sits around in a salt-water soaked swimsuit or jeans on the boat's interior cushions and bedding is a curse. Months after he/she has left, their memory remains in the damp sticky cushions. The person who is too shy to remove his jeans to push the boat off when it grounds in shallow water will either stand there looking stupid, when every ounce of immediate push is needed, because they are afraid of getting their clothes wet, or, they will enthusiastically leap overboard and when the task is complete come back aboard and stand around in wet clothes getting, unless you're in the Tropics, colder and colder due to wind-evaporation.

Three years ago Hanneke and I discovered the social side of naturism. We attended a multihull congress in Norway with our boat being the car-top Hitia. We camped at a nearby naturist club site, and found a wonderful friendly group of people. After the multihull meeting was over, we went south through Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Germany and France, camping, wherever possible, at naturist sites by the sea from where we could launch the Hitia. Always we found warm, friendly people.

On one French site a young woman looked at our Hitia and said: "I wish I had a boat like that — I do get bored sitting around in the sun all day or just playing volley-ball." In Britain, at the end of this marathon trip, we were lucky enough to meet leaders of the British Naturist Movement one of whom, Gerry Ryland, told us: in Europe there are approximately 20 million naturists, it is the fastest expanding part of holiday activities.

Attention has never been drawn to the suitability of sailing boats, particularly catamarans, for adventurous Naturism.

When we designed the Tiki 21, we paid particular attention to one of the problems of naturism on a boat. i.e. That a boat in a quiet anchorage eminently suited to naturism is constantly wind-swept. The Tiki 21 deck-tent is designed so that it can be used as a wind-break but also let the sun in and provide privacy.

Wilfriede Magerfleisch, social worker, young children expert. Spent the summer at our Cornwall base to learn about catamarans. With Dick Schlutow, she is setting up a German Wharram Builders Association.

With quiet efficiency, she ran the food supplies and cooking rotas on the

TEHINI Dolphin Film Expedition.

Social worker, child expert, Wharram builders organiser, expedition worker, dolphin swimmer, naturist. She represents the independent 'new women'



At the Wharram Boat-owners meeting in Falmouth this August there were three groups of naturists. The possibilities of groups of naturists enjoying flotilla-type sailing around Europe with their own individually owned Tikis was

discussed. The need is to establish communication between naturist owners of Wharram catamarans. This column will provide the means of communication.

Do write!



Chartering



The idea of building a boat, sailing it to a beautiful holiday area and chartering it, so as to make a living, is many a builder's dream. Wharram designs are being used for holiday charter all over the world. Britain, the West Indies, the Great Barrier Reef of Australia, Tahiti, Hawaii and the Adriatic are just a few examples.

Chartering, even though it seems very romantic, with the prospect of beautiful girls, handsome men and lots of alcohol, is not an easy profession. First of all it must be realised that there are several different kinds of charter:

Luxury Charter

Boats for luxury charter have to have the accommodation and facilities (including cooking) of a first class hotel. The crew/passenger ratio is at least one-to-one. The owner and the crew are in the position of a hotel manager and staff. Existing Wharram catamarans are not suitable for this kind of operation — though there is a design in preparation that could be.

'Bare Foot' Charter

The next type of chartering is 'bare-foot' charter, where the owner sails his boat with a **paying** crew, i.e. the paying crew work the ship, take shares in the cooking and in most respects behave as crew on the ship but pay for the privilege. This type of sailing can be both profitable and rewarding in personal friendships. It can also be extremely difficult and nerve-wracking. One has to have a special personality that can take a group of shore-people and in the course of one or two weeks make them happy as crew.

Day Charter

The easiest charter and often the most profitable one, is day or beach charter. This is where you take the people on board at about 10 o'clock in the morning, sail around with them until about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, then return them back to the shore.

This means that for the rest of the evening you have privacy. It can also mean much more, for many day passengers wish to get to know the skipper and the crew better, and invite them out for dinner which is extremely pleasant!

Flotilla Sailing

This type of sailing means 'bare boat' chartering in a controlled group, with an organiser/leader on one of the boats directing the course of the fleet. The new TIKI 21 or the TIKIROA are suitable for this type of sailing. We have also been commissioned to design a 35' PAHI flotilla sailer to be operated in the Maldives (off the coast of India).

In addition to the 'people problems' of dealing with all types of charter passengers, many would-be charterboat skippers do **not** realise the problems in most of the holiday areas suitable for charter, caused by governmental/bureaucratic interference and restrictions.

In future issues of "The Sea People" we hope to publish feed-back from people who are chartering or who know of the bureaucratic problems in their area. For example, in certain areas you have to have an official certificate of competence — like the 'Yacht masters certificate'. In other areas you have to employ a local person, no matter how useless he may be. Even without bureaucratic restrictions it is useful to know that when beach chartering in front of a hotel, it 'helps' to come to an agreement with the manager of the hotel for a commission of 10 — 15% of the charter fees!

Apart from the people who wish to charter their own boats, many builders will wish for a charter holiday, for experience and pleasure, on existing Wharram charter boats. The 'files' provide the following information:

In the **West Indies**, amongst other Wharram catamarans is now 'TINORUA', the NARAI MK. IV built by Susan and Martin Evans who sailed her around the Atlantic and chartered her in the Greek islands.

Her new owner is: Werner Schmitz, Herzog-Alf-Weg 45, D-2000 Hamburg, Germany from whom details about the charter in the West Indies are available.

In the **Mediterranean**, Roberto Basiu (Via Capo d'Africa 31, 00187, Rome, Italy, Tel: 7316470) and Guido Garfagnoli (Via del Gesu 57, 00186 Rome, Tel: 6788181) have their ORO for charter.

Atlantic and Caribbean Charters are done by Franz Etschmeier with his NARAI MK. IV 'RISHO MARU' who is taking guests on the following planned voyages:

27.12.83 — 20. 1.84 Atlantic crossing from Las Palmas, Canaries, to Barbados.

4. 2.84 — 11. 5.84 Island-Hopping in the Caribbean.

27. 5.84 — 1. 7.84 Atlantic crossing from the West Indies to Lisbon via the Azores.

In the **Adriatic** (based in Yugoslavia) chartering is done by:

Franz Taubennestler on his NARAI MK. II 'BILBO' who will take guests or charter 'bare boat' if the crew is competent.

and Andreas Leitner on his ORO that he built in India and sailed to the Med.

Details of the last three mentioned charter catamarans are available from our Austrian/German/Swiss agent, Dr. Gerhard Bobretzky (Gentzgasse 138/19, A-1180, Vienna, Austria).

In **Australia**, Ken Lawson's NARAI 'SHIRAZ' is now chartering in Queensland under a new owner.

Details are probably available from our Australian agent: Ken Lawson (P.O. Box 668, Taree, N.S.W. 2430, Australia).





Peter and Geri standing on Annie's deck; time to load the winkles into the dinghy and row them ashore.



Geri and Peter back at the mooring in Dyer Harbor, piling the bags of winkles on the starboard bow.

Fishing



One enquiry for Wharram catamarans that we receive regularly in our office is about their use for fishing.

I began my sea career as a deckhand, assistant cook and general 'dogsbody' on a fishing trawler, I should be an authority on the subject. The facts are: I was sea-sick every day, cold, over-worked, and generally made to feel inferior on those 21 day trawler trips. I was inferior — those trawler men were the toughest men I have ever met!

This could explain why I have not assisted pushed the use of our catamarans for fishing, but only responded to those who are, on their own initiative, using my designs for fishing.

The term "Fishing" covers a great range of techniques, from sitting on the side of a boat with a long-line, to trawling, or 'working' for shellfish. Some years ago in Northern Ireland a Dutchman made a successful living using his 27' TANE design for crab and lobster fishing. The wide

deck area enabled him to stack up the relatively light lobster pots, the space between the hulls made it very easy to bring the pots on board.

In the American 'Multihulls' magazine of March/April 1982 was an article by Geri Valentine on using a HINEMOA design for commercial shellfishing. (see photographs above)

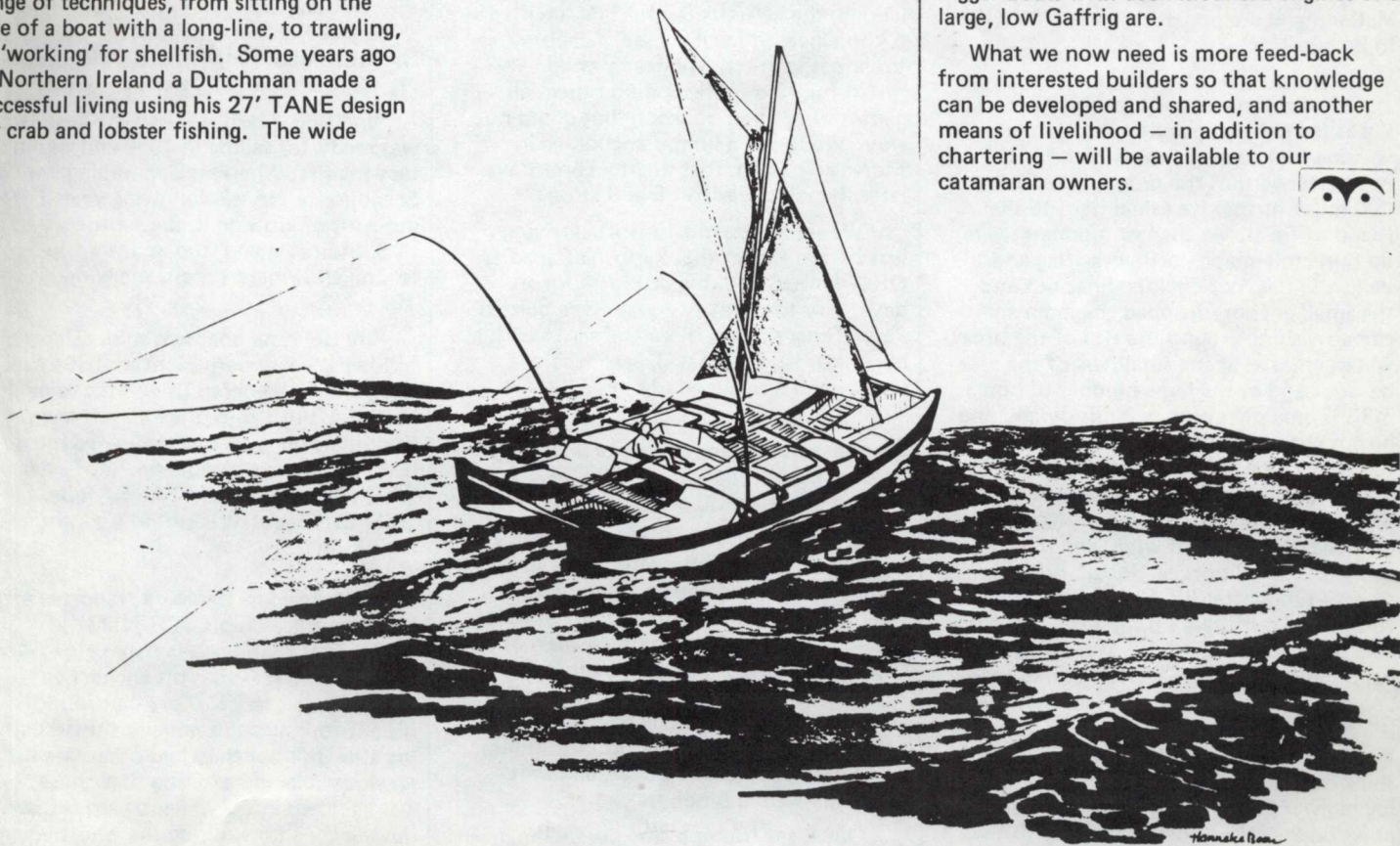
We have recently supplied a HINEMOA design to a mission group in Fiji to be used, presumably, for line-fishing.

Brother Placid (Principal) of St. Bede's College, Savarekareka, Savusavu, Fiji wrote:

"Part of the course is the promotion of part-time commercial fishing among the reefs near their homes. We are looking for a plan of a boat which will be close to their traditional boats but takes advantage of modern boat-building techniques. Your catamaran designs have been recommended, especially those in the 17 to 20 foot range — the HINA type."

With the wide deck space, shallow draft and seaworthiness, the designs do seem to be suitable for line-fishing, shellfish gathering and lobster or crab potting. The question is, are they powerful enough to pull small trawls? Theoretically, the bigger boats with deck-mounted engines or a large, low Gaffrig are.

What we now need is more feed-back from interested builders so that knowledge can be developed and shared, and another means of livelihood — in addition to chartering — will be available to our catamaran owners.





News of Canadian and U.S. builders; from David, Neila, Roly and Ginny, editors of the North American Newsletter 'Polycats':

Bob Burdett and Shirley Baily sailed their NARAI MK. IV 'NIGHT CLOUD' from the St. Lawrence River down the East coast of Nova Scotia and New England and then into the Intercoastal Waterway to Florida and on to the Bahamas where David and Neila (who are building a NARAI MK. IV in Toronto) joined them for a couple of weeks. They are now in the Virgin Islands.

John Bellenger sailed his ORO 'PYXIS' from Nova Scotia to the Azores, his crew being Eernie Heard (owner of TANGAROA 'CARIAD II' and Jonathan Huebsch (whose parents are building a NARAI MK. IV in Toronto). In the Azores they met Diana McCann and are preparing to sail 'PYXIS' to Portugal.

He wrote:

"Navigation was easy and very accurate. We sailed right to our tiny target. Jonathan was the first to spot Flores Island — the most westward of the group. Then roughly 200 miles further we sailed right to the island of Faial. At the last moment we ran up our Ernie-made Portuguese flag and the yellow Q flag, got docking lines out and the small anchor, dropped the main and came swishing around the end of the breakwater, amazed at the smallness of the harbour and at the large number of boats in it. Tom Jones met us in his dinghy and he got Diane aboard. No customs worry, the next day was soon enough. Half furling sails flapping, rope everywhere some dangling in the water, laughter, hugs and handshakes, glasses of wine, and the sun in the beautiful port of Horta. Promises of easy times after 23 days at sea. It was good to be out there on the seas, but it is also good to be here, too. Much, much happiness. It is WORTH it. An inner glow and good feeling. I can tell you that it sure is a beautiful experience. We saw porpoises, flying fish, whales, seabirds, seaweed, ships and sadly, a fair bit of litter. Our log register had just turned 1606 nautical miles on arrival. Looking forward to the next leg — Southern Portugal.

"Four of the yachts here have had the same problem with the AUTOHELM 2000 as we had. That is, they all quit on the 4th day and turned our boats in a circle! This looks very bad for these units. Warn any friends. They are supposed to be the best."

Tom and Carol Jones sailed once more their TANENUI 'VIREO' from Philadelphia to the Azores. (*Two years ago, I sailed with them to the Azores and they then continued to Portugal, Gibraltar, Canaries, West Indies, Bahamas and back to the USA. Ruth*)

They wrote to Ruth:

"Even you, with your tolerance of bad weather, would not have enjoyed this trip. We had the deck chairs out may be three times in 24 days, and the helmsman's sunshade out once. We had a full force 9 about five days out, with water spouts, plenty of spume etc. Two days of pleasant sailing and then 9½ days of force 6—8 when we had storm canvas only. When that eased up (after we crossed the "maximum drift ice limit" on the July pilot chart), the wind came from ahead and stayed there for the whole last week. (*These were exactly the same weather pattern conditions as we had on our first North Atlantic crossing on RONGO in 1959 — Ruth.*)

"We arrived in Corvo (Azores) with very little food, but with wind from the E we could not enter. Don Oscar, Don Tiberio and Don Jose came out in a launch, the MARIA DE FATIMA with a 5 kilo wheel of local cheese, a cabbage, tomatoes, carrots. We nearly cried. We rafted for 45 minutes, poured them all glasses of rye and bourbon, but could not stay. We found a lumpy anchorage in Flores at 11 p.m. that night. Three days later the wind was still E and strong.

"We sailed straight to Horta arriving just before a calm that kept the Canadian ORO 'PYXIS' looking at Flores for six days. For the next two weeks we partied. Peter Tangvald was there and sent you his best regards. His boat is, as Jim said, a beauty and a really good one.

"Sorry we missed Hanneke's sister. Joao mentioned her. (*Marijke and Ronald de Boer on Narai Mk. II 'TORTUGA'*). We had our usual 30 guest party on VIREO.

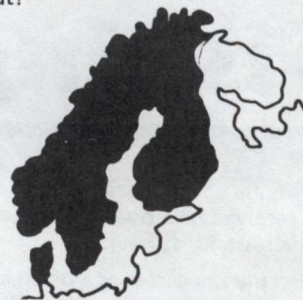
"Whaling is over in Flores and nearly in Horta, as the last outlets for whale products have now agreed to abide by the international convention and not import any more. The whale boats you saw at anchor in Flores are now in a museum.

"Just spent 3 hours talking with a 7th Day Adventist who wants to build a hospital ship for the Amazon. I told him a TEHINI was just the ticket, and sent him away with a brochure.

"Our great triumph was the Channel Race. We finished about 12th out of

22 starters, which was good considering our WLL. The wind was strong, and it was two laps. The multihull class consisted of a CHEROKEE, a QUEST and VIREO. We beat the CHEROKEE boat for boat and saved our time on the QUEST by just over a minute in 4½ hours to win!

"Crewing for us were Eernie Heard, TANGAROA over from Toronto, Mario, a Portuguese statistician, Alesandro and several others, seven in all. A good party after that!"



Scandinavia

In Kristiansand, Norway, a sailing club is building at present 7 HITIAs and 10 other members are interested in joining them.

The interest arose after Oystein Tonnessen who had sailed his ORO to last year's meeting of Wharram builders in Denmark, sailed on our HITIA and was so pleased with its performance that he decided to build one for himself and then interested other members of his club to start a HITIA class.

Jannik Cortsen, Chairman of the **DANISH MULTIHULL SAILORS'** (Bakkely 26. 5330 Munkebo, Denmark) wrote:

"In 1968, I built a TANGAROA. It was ready for sailing in 1969 and was in fact the first Wharram Boat sailing in Scandinavia. In the following years I did a lot of cruising in the southern part of Scandinavia and, too, made a trip to England where I spent the winter 1971—72.

"In 1974 the boat was sold. The following years were spent in first a keelboat, then a trimaran (it was the same keelboat, but I took the keel off and put two floats on with two laminated members) and a little catamaran. At Easter 1982 I bought my old TANGAROA 'JESPER' back. It is still in a good condition".

Jan Fabricius, Denmark, reported after his first cruise on his TEHINI MK. IV 'SAHIYIA' that his sails (from Hong Kong) had blown out — that his engine had blown up (electrical short that found his antifouling paint gone but the sheathing still OK) but they had otherwise had an enjoyable and exciting first cruise, averaging 16 knots to windward for two days and 7 knots during the whole voyage of 932 miles.



In North Germany, Wharram Catamaran owners and builders are forming a group, hoping to arrange a meeting in the near future.

Anyone interested, please, contact: Wilfriede Magerfleisch, and Dirk Schlatow Max Brauer Allee 66, 2000 Hamburg 56, Germany.



In Britain, during the last couple of years, several AREOLs and lately some TIKIs have been launched.

David Irving and Ken Newton wrote:

"We launched 'FREE BIRD' our PAHI 31 three weeks ago and she floats about midway between her 'empty boat' and 'cruising trim' marks.

"We sailed her on the River Bure in the Norfolk Broads — with her working rig of Main, Staysail and Yankee Jib. She seems to sail well, provided there is a good breeze blowing, fairly close to the wind and we were able to tack up the R. Bure which is only about 120' wide — which we did not expect.

"She certainly looks good — I know I am biased, but I think about the best looking catamaran I have seen. Thanks for your help with all our problems."

Maurice Killen writes about his first season on his TIKI 21, built in England:

"'SASSY 3' was launched again in the Med., at Port Gruissan during the last week in July. As we were there for seven weeks there was no rush to go anywhere special and the first three weeks were spent getting to know the boat and tuning it. You are probably aware that in the 'GULF DU LION' a wind called 'TRAMONTANE' can appear virtually without warning and gust to force 8 and 9 within a very few minutes. We, two of us on board, were caught out by this on three or four occasions. Although on one occasion the official record at the 'Capitainerie' was 8 gusting 9, my own view would be top end of 6 gusting 7. With a reef down, the boat was perfectly safe, stable and gave no cause for alarm. She is, however, very wet.

"Regarding speeds, I can only tell you that at the top end of force 3 my WASP log is off the clock and stays there. 10 knots is the log maximum. 'SASSY 3' is

easy to sail, well balanced and in relatively calm water, dry. However, going to windward in anything of a chop is a different story. Wet, wet, very wet.

"As to tacking, up to the top end of force 3 in calmish water tacking is not a problem, she comes about relatively easily. Above 3 and/or in rough water tacking is impossible. At least I found so. However, gybing is no problem, this can be done with absolute ease and safety."



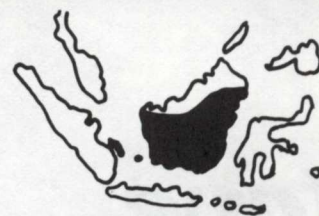
From New Zealand, Ted Berry, our agent (39 Hinemoa St. Birkenhead, Auckland 10) wrote:

"Charles Trenter has sold his TANE to a fellow resident on Great Barrier. Charles became a minor legend on the island when he was there. He often carried a ton of stores on deck, sailed whatever the weather and frightened hell out of groups of trampers he ferried to and from the island. He is now building a TIKI 21.

"I hope to see Jock McDonald's PAHI 31 soon. He is building on WAIHEKE, is well on with the hulls (using WEST). He plans a mast in each hull with an unstayed rig (like the rig of Freedom 40').

"There should be plenty of PAHIs around in a few years. There are 42s underway in Invercargill, Christchurch and Auckland, and 31s in Auckland (several) and Christchurch.

"Alan Giese of Invercargill is ready to set up his first PAHI 42 hull — but is having trouble with low temperatures. I suggested he use a thermostatically controlled light-bulb inside a polystyrene box to keep glue warm, then use a heater."



From Borneo Jaap Slagter wrote:

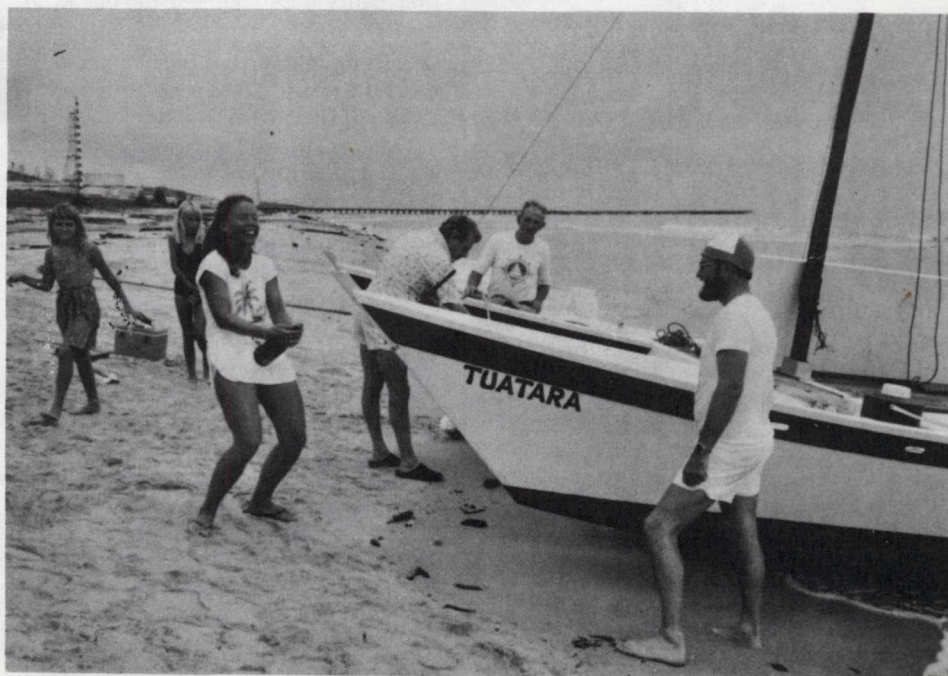
"On the shore of Borneo in April this year another HINEMOA was launched. A HINEMOA without cabins as she would be used as a daysailer in tropical sunshine! We used her for three months then packed her up and she is waiting to be shipped to New Zealand.

"I started building in October 81, and she was ready for launching in April 83. The frames and stringers, keels, stem and sternposts etc. are made out of 'red-meranti' like mahogany. Quite heavy but I used 1½ x ¾ instead of 2 x 1" = 1 7/8" x 7/8". The plywood (bought in Singapore) was of medium quality (marine ply, made in Japan) type of wood unknown, but I would call it a 'soft hardwood'. It was the only marine ply available locally, so I decided to 'varnish' the inside of the hull planking with clear epoxy and sheathed the outside with nylon and epoxy. When I was making the last pieces to practise sheathing I found out that this epoxy was a much superior sort of glue than resorcinol glue and from that moment on I glued everything with epoxy.

"Fitting out was very nice. A small tree from the jungle as my mast. I opted for the sprit sail. A fisherman knitted the net exactly in the right shape. The sails were ordered in Singapore.

"Launching day was 23 April. The boat was put on the beach on a trailer and lifted to the waterline by a crane. The tide did the rest. In the meantime she was christened with lots of attention and champagne.

"The sad thing about the project is that we only sailed TUATARA for such a short period because we had to leave again."



Have you read?

By J.W.

Most magazines have a book review column. The interests of the Sea People are so wide, that the 'Have you read?' column is going to be very varied. In addition to books, it will include reviews of articles in world yacht magazines.

I have to keep my eye on contemporary yachting events and read every yacht magazine in the English language, that I can get hold of — and between us also German, Dutch, French, Spanish and occasionally Scandinavian ones. If it is a 'yacht' — magazine in one way or other, it will at least be 'scanned', and information relevant to Sea People will be drawn to your attention.

Occasionally, a magazine will suddenly have an issue packed with highly interesting information. A recent example of this is the Sept. 83 issue of the American 'Cruising World'. The first article of interest to us Sea People is Daniel Charles' Multihulls are earning their offshore Stripes' (p.110). I have never heard of Daniel Charles. It seems that he has never heard of me either (or prefers to pretend not to) for he goes into various trimaran capsizes, latest development of multihulls — it is a very much "Gee whizz, multihulls are so modern — we are working out the answer to capsizing" stop and pause for breath. His "modern, latest idea", ways of stopping pitchpoling of multihulls is in the bow shape as shown on page 113 fig. 2 (see below).

Surprise, surprise, his "b" drawing with the curved shear is the sheerline that 'We' have been using since 1958 and developed more strongly in the 'Classic' designs from 1964—65!!! At that time, all other designers were using his "a" or "d" pitchpoling inducing deck design. His "c" drawing of perhaps the best anti-pitchpoling bow with the "wave breaking stick or 'manu'" is our PAHI design shape that we had first shown at the 1976 London Boat Show, then took the model to be exhibited at the first World Multihull Symposium in Toronto, Canada 1976 (so far not used by other designers). Still, builders and owners of Wharram catamarans with design shapes, respectively nine and nearly twenty years old, will be delighted to know that they represent in the eyes of Daniel Charles the latest safe design shapes!!

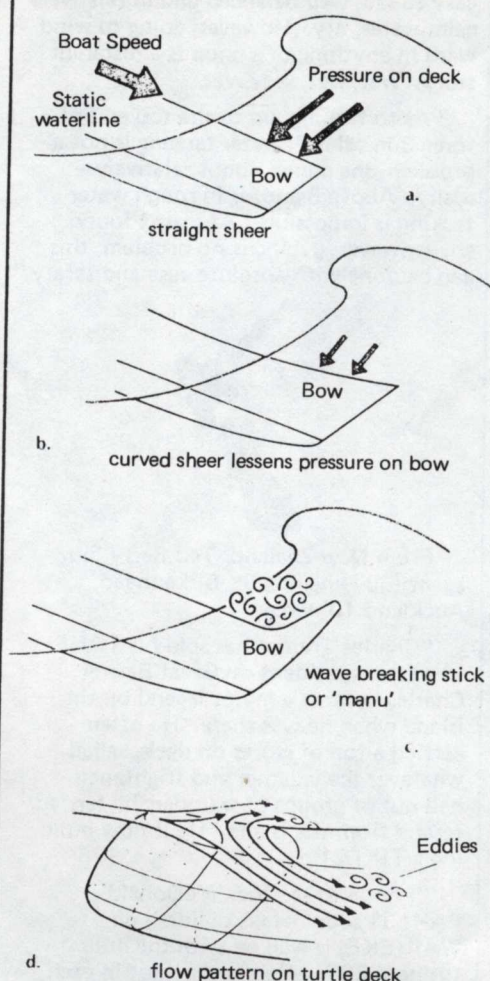


Fig.2. Modern multihull deck shapes reduce the tendency of the bows to bury themselves in waves, therefore reducing the likelihood of a capsize. On a straight sheer (a), water pressure may lead the bow to dive hard. The slightly sheer (b) breaks water pressure, as do the Polynesian 'manu' (c), and the modern 'turtle' deck (d).

The second article in the September issue of 'Cruising World', written by Patric Childress and Sara Stamey, really was interesting: The catching of plankton by means of a towed, held open on a ring 'panty-hose', home-made plankton net.

Patric Childress has sailed alone around the world and is no armchair theorist. He writes:

"First of all, plankton is composed of two types, plant (phytoplankton) and animal plankton (zooplankton)."

Phytoplankton is not digestable for humans, he writes:

"Our digestive system makes zooplankton more promising as human food. They range in size from nearly microscopic to crustaceans measuring two inches long..."

"According to scientific analysis, zooplankton is a rich source of nutrients necessary to support human life, being especially concentrated in protein, iodine and the vitamins A and D, in addition to important trace elements. Unfortunately, many of the little animals also have hard, spiny shells which are indigestible. In a catch composed of zooplankton and some of the

larger phytoplankton that have prickly calcareous or silica shells, you may find yourself with some uncomfortable mouthfuls that feel like munching window glass."

So, he picks out the bigger thorny shells and prepares the rest in the following manner:

"Rinse the mass (about two cups) in fresh water to remove salt, then boil off excess water on medium flame. This reduces the mass to a half-cup of packed, damp plankton. Tastes better after cooking. It softens the shells and thorns of some of the shrimp. Dashed with Tabasco sauce the stuff wasn't bad tasting."

It is not fair to copy Patric Childress' complete article. If you are interested, try to get a copy and read this issue of 'Cruising World'.

I want to stimulate a discussion and perhaps get some informed opinions on the use of plankton as a dietary supplement during all types of sailing. Its advantages seem obvious, though, after a little thought, one can see problems, like how far off the coast does sewage, chemical and atomic pollution spread? Some plankton is poisonous. How does one find out which is poisonous, which not? Anyone with more knowledge on this subject, please, write in.

The third article, in this 'Cruising World' on p.132, is about 'Water Deprivation', or thirst. I fear three things at sea: fire, falling overboard and running out of water. Even if sailing on the 14 ft. HITIA, if there is any chance that one could drift out to sea, due to the loss of the mast or an offshore storm, it is advisable to carry at least one gallon of water. I am constantly surprised to see motorboat drivers, dinghy sailors, divers on inflatables and day sailors, who carry no emergency water supplies with them.

On my sea-voyages I try to carry sufficient fresh water for twice the estimated time expected at sea (minimum: three pints per person per day). Anyone who wastes water on my ship gets an instant 'bawling out'. So, the article on "Water Deprivation, The Ultimate Enemy" by Robert S. Baron, had my immediate attention. The article is too complex to summarize. It points out that the same thirst conditions can effect people differently. It gives information on how to diagnose thirst symptoms and on how to minimize thirst.

Again, read the article and I suggest that people write to 'Cruising World' and ask for a copy of this, or copies of all the articles in the September issue.

The only book that I intend to mention in this issue is 'Long Voyage Back' by Luke Rhinehart, published in Britain in Paperback by Granada — price £1.95. A large number of Wharram catamaran owners, including myself, imagine themselves using their boat to escape 'the nuclear holocaust'. 'Long Voyage Back' is about a group of Americans who use a

50 ft. trimaran to do just that. Most sailing novels are terrible when describing sailing details. I had Luke Rhinehart's book on TEHINI's bookshelf unread for several weeks, then picked it up to read, rather than go sailing in the Falmouth estuary in fog. I got deeply involved in it. The author knows all about sailing and about multihulls and how people can behave on a boat. The story of escape from the nuclear fallout against bureaucratic/military restrictions had me with him all the way (though I think I would have been more ruthless and realistic than the skipper of that trimaran) — so much so that, half-way through the book, page 332, when they reach St. Thomas and meet two English people who say: "We own that little blue Wharram catamaran over there", I thought at first I was hallucinating. Strange, the author never mentions the design name of the trimaran ...



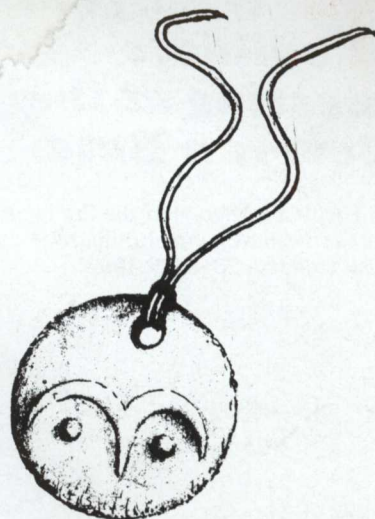
RYA ('Royal Yachting Association') takes over registration.

Of interest to many of our builders in the UK will be the fact, that the 'Department of Transport' and the RYA have finalised the setting-up and operation of the British 'Small Ships Register'.

This will eliminate the lengthy and costly process of obtaining a 'Certificate of British Registry'. It will not be necessary to have a unique name of the boat. Identification will be by SSR serial number painted externally on the boat, and it will be adequate documentation for craft going foreign, though not for Mortgage and Evidence of Title.

The fee is expected to be less than £15 for a 5 year certificate (in contrast to the total fee now required of £200-£250).

Application should be made to the RYA.



Anyone looking for a small Christmas present for family, friends or crew may be interested in the new 'eye' pendant we are now offering for sale:

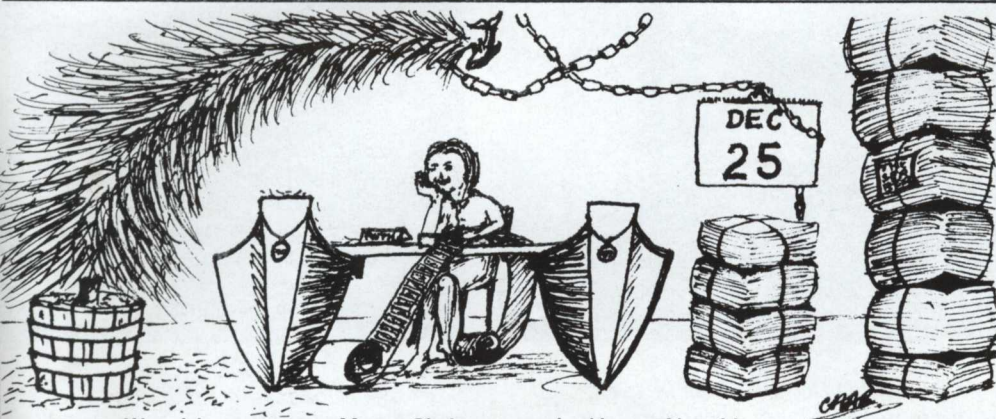
The pendant is made of glazed ceramics with a beige thong.

There are two sizes,

45 mm. dia. at a cost of —
£1.00 incl. p. & p. (U.K.)
£1.20 " Europe
£1.80 " Overseas (air)

55 mm. dia. at a cost of —
£1.20 incl. p. & p. (U.K.)
£1.40 " Europe
£2.00 " Overseas (air)

These are available from 'James Wharram Designs'.



We wish everyone a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

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1st Wharram builders meeting at the Devoran Base

The first gathering of the Sea People at the Cornwall base was during the August Bank Holiday, 28 - 29.8.1983.

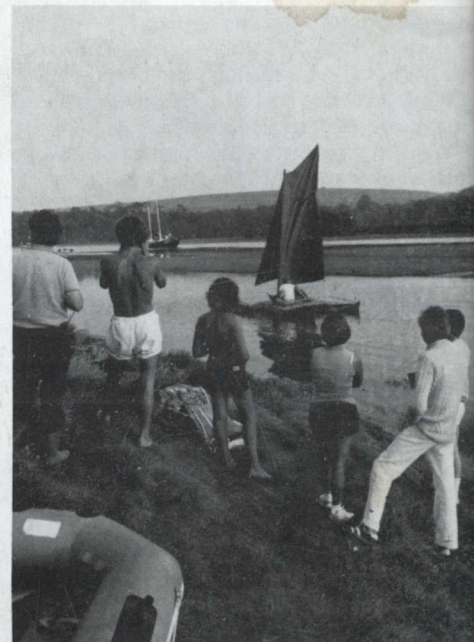
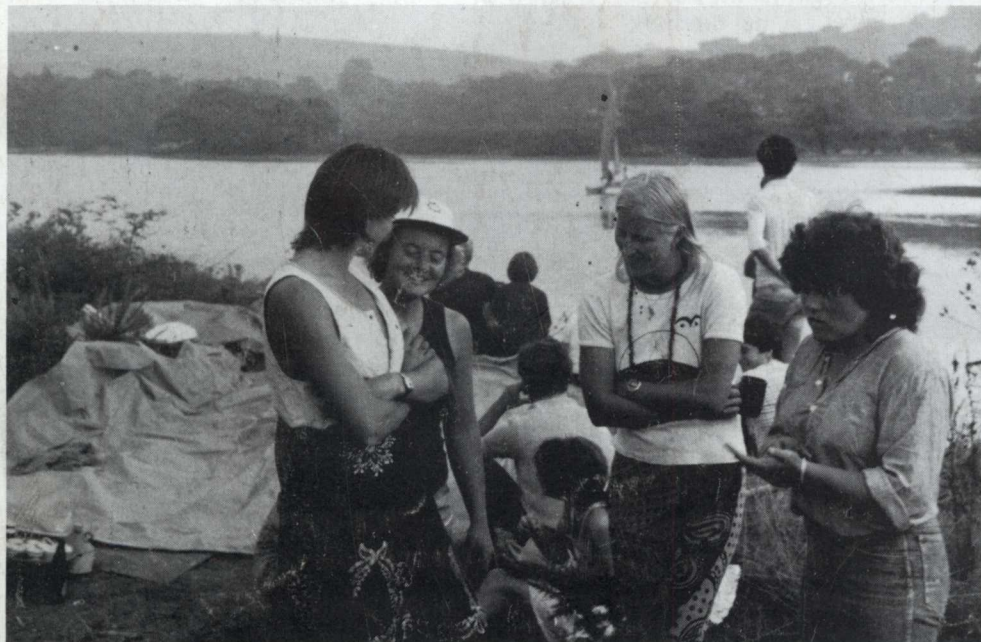
The boat that travelled furthest to the meeting was a TANGAROA MK. IV, which had sailed in from Natal, via the Cape of Good Hope, to Falmouth, 3 days before the start of the meeting, meeting the IKA ROA (NARAI MK. IV) of Tim and Heather Whelan, who had sailed her down from Yorkshire preparatory to heading out into the Atlantic.

Local boats, including a NARAI MK. IV from Bristol, the Wharram's

TEHINI and HITIA, a TIKI 21, a TANENUI and a HINA.

Also attending the meeting was a kite sailor Theo Schmidt, who kited the HITIA backward and forward across Carrick Roads. Kite-sailing and kites will be discussed in future issues of 'The Sea People'.

With barbecued lamb, sausages and fish, with music a good time was had by all.



Hanneke, surrounded by her acolytes, who worked at the Cornwall base in 1983. Left to right: Betsy, American, boatbuilder, furniture maker; Claire, Anglo/American, film animator/artist, coast guard auxillary, hard worker and film assistant on the TEHINI Dolphin Film; Hanneke; Agnes, French, philosopher, Yoga Aikido expert.

HITIA sailing from the barbecue to meet the TANENUI.

Photographs by Andre Viljoen

The Sea People

November 1983

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