

The Sea People/



/SAILORMAN



No. 11

July 1989

← cover Red.



The Turner's Tiki 26 running up Frogmore Lake, Salcombe, Devon, during the recent cruise in company.

Jim's Column

Well, Ladies and Gentlemen, I have some bad news. It is not that the Classic Wharrams are going to capsize or that your new epoxy Wharram Coastal Trekkers will disintegrate. The news is that the bureaucrats, the Big Brother, is moving into controlling British yachting. This is not news to the Germans, French, Italians, Spanish, for they already have the bureaucratic control that is approaching British sailors.

Most of you know the Wharram story, when in 1953-55, i.e. 35 years ago, a dreaming young man, inspired by Eric de Bisshop and Thor Heyerdahl, built a 23'6" Polynesian ship of legend and set sail across the Atlantic. Out of those beginnings came the acceptance and a major strand of modern cruising catamaran development.

Within two or three years, regulations will be brought into being in Britain which will effectively prevent any future James Wharram coming into existence (some might say, this may be a good thing!), for the new regulations are going to affect the paper competence of the skipper, the structural factors of the ship (scantlings) and, according to the size and equipment of the ship, how far it can sail off land.

When the young James Wharram of 1954 began sailing, his paper qualifications were nil. The structural strength (scantlings) of his 23'6" (7m) catamaran, TANGAROA, had no reference to any code of practice that existed at the time, because the accepted opinion of the time was that the double canoe was an alien concept, and no information was available. In the proposed new regulations being introduced, the 23'6" TANGAROA would have had its sailing range limited to about 20 miles offshore. Interestingly, this new rule would affect not only the James Wharram types but also the more respectable ones like Blondie Hasler with his 25' (75m) junk rigged JESTER from going into the first single-handed race across the Atlantic.

Why, why is Britain abandoning its freedom of the sea for yachtsmen? What have yachtsmen done wrong? Is it that a large amount of badly built boats are coming onto the market? Are the untrained skippers killing not just themselves but other innocent people, as happens on motorways or in aeroplane crashes? Has sudden evidence emerged that boats under 33ft. are extremely dangerous more than 200 miles offshore? No, none of these things.

It is the Common Market, 1992, European Homologation and all that.

The Germans have very strict paper regulations for a licence costing approximately £100 to sail yachts. The French have categories on yacht length, i.e.

Category 1	longer than 10m for monohulls for multihulls now 11m	no limitations
Category 2	No size limit, depending only on the equipment	*200 miles
Category 3	No size limit, depending only on the equipment	*60 miles
Category 4	No size limit, depending only on the equipment	*20 miles
Category 5	No size limit, depending only on the equipment	*5 miles
Category 6	No size limit, depending only on the equipment	*2 miles

*From nearest 'safe' harbour.

TANGAROA MK.IV & PAHI 42 are approved for Category 1
PAHI 31 are approved for Category 2
PAHI 26 are approved for Category 3
TIKI 21 & HINEMOA are approved for Category 4

Scantling rules, i.e. hull thickness etc; 'they' tried to bring in such Common Market rules about 8 years ago. Who 'they' are I really don't know. The French were told it was the British pushing for a scantlings rule. The British were told it was the French.

At the time, 8 years ago, I met a French yacht designer who, on behalf of the French boatbuilders, was showing the stupidity of proposed 'British' scantlings. Unknown to anyone, he was a Wharram man, having got his interest to become a yacht designer by working initially with us! So we had a very good communication and a growing realisation that a third party, unknown to both of us, was doing the pushing.

A German yachting editor recently told me that the scantling rule will benefit a group of Naval Architect bureaucrats in the various government departments, and, perhaps assist large yacht companies in preventing new construction ideas coming forward.

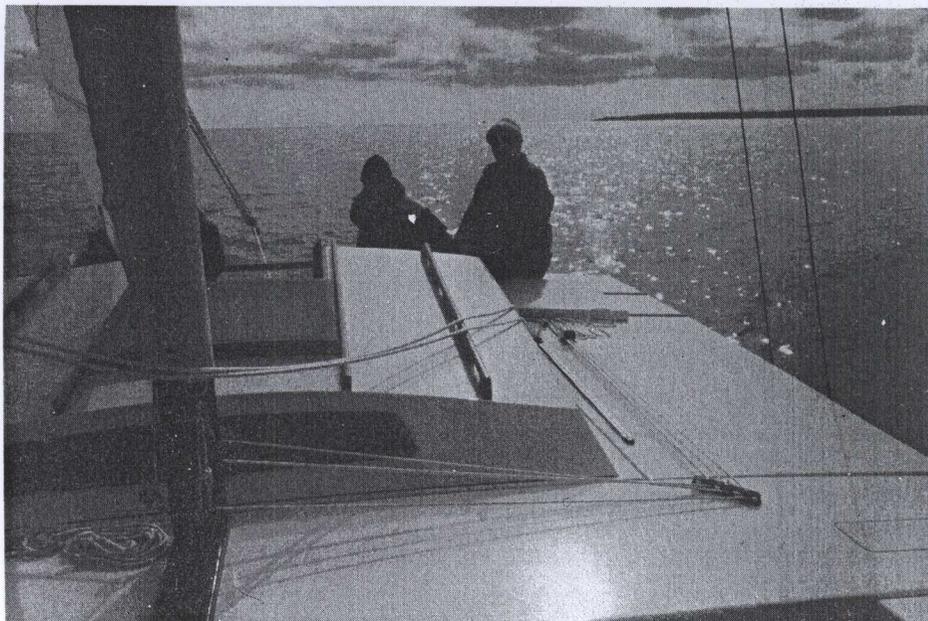
Strict regulations on sail training and charter boat licences to operate sailing boats and regulate where to sail could financially benefit the big sail training schools/charter businesses and government appointed bodies to supervise such sail training schools as it does in Germany. (Remember, the definition of chartering is if you accept money from your crew!!)

Checking length for how far you can sail offshore, will provide another source of employment for bureaucrats. A Frenchman recently told me how, when dismasted 9 miles offshore on his day catamaran, he paddled 7 miles towards the land to be in the officially allowed 2 mile zone before he risked trying to get assistance.

PCA builders, like many small boat sailors are awkward, stand alone types (and why not?). Building and sailing a boat was one of the last areas in the modern world where you could put two fingers up to any authority and risk your own life by your own stupidity. This is being taken away from us, not because so many of us have died so that we need protection from our own 'idiocy' but because, as individuals we can be exploited to provide employment for bureaucratic officials.

British sailors objecting to this should write to yacht magazines and newspapers, asking for a public discussion on why Traditional British Freedoms are being arbitrarily taken away from them.

American, Australian, New Zealand yachtsmen be warned. In the name of progress the horrors of sailing boat restrictions about to be unleashed on the British could serve as an example to bureaucrats and power seekers in your, as yet free, sailing lands.



James at the helm of the new Tiki 28



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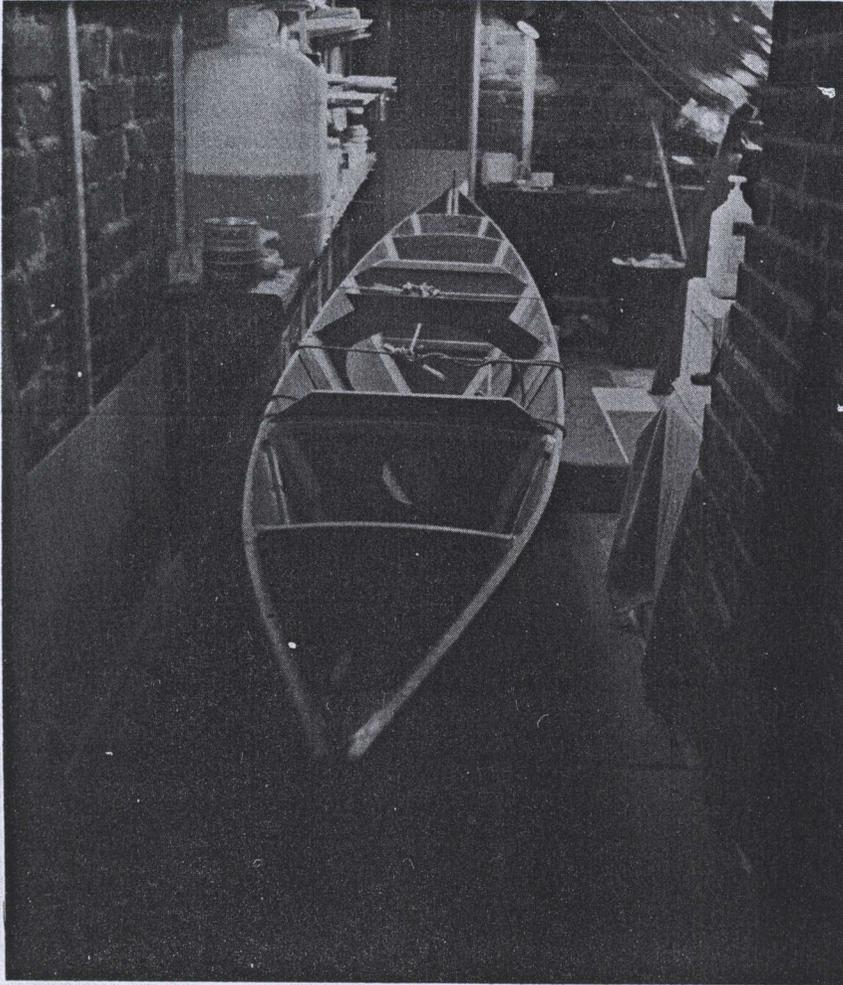
Front Cover: Alain Domon's Tiki 21

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Cramped, but at least it's warm and dry! Photo: Tim Deacon

Just About Enough Room to Swing a Cat . . .

By Tim Deacon, HITIA 17 builder

Towards the end of 1987 I was frequently seen stalking around the house, tape measure in hand, mumbling to myself.

Our back room was about 18ft. long by 12ft. wide, warm, dry, with French windows opening onto the garden, a loo next door and access to the kitchen. What better place to build a boat! At least that's what I thought; needless to say the rest of the family were not so enthusiastic.

"Just 3 to 4 months, that's all I need", I pleaded. "I mean, you wouldn't miss the piano/stereo/TV/dining room table for such a short time, would you? . . ." That idea went down like a lead balloon.

OK, where do I look next? We had a driveway down the side of the house with a rickety brick wall that separated us from our neighbour . . . If the wall was rebuilt it would be perfect for the side of a lean-to that could be a boat shed - it needed rebuilding anyway. So down it came. Bricks were cleaned off and stacked in neat piles. Then a yard of sand, four bags of cement plus

the help of four brick layers later - there was the side wall of the building shed! Then thoughts changed to cold, damp, dark winter nights (and days), trying to get epoxy (or as my young daughter calls it, POXY) resin to go off. Suddenly it didn't seem such a hot idea.

I never gave the loft a thought - I mean, who in their right mind wants to build a boat in a dark, dirty, draughty hole two storeys up at the top of the house. It did have one thing to commend it though - it had good access to the stairs in the shape of a full size door leading onto the landing.

Whilst in the loft one day and having the tape measure I paced out 17ft. Yes it would fit! I set to clearing sundry Christmas decorations, old school books and other junk associated with lofts and quickly had it floored, insulated, lit and heated.

The Hitia plans arrived just before Christmas 1987 and I couldn't wait to get started. I pored over the plans and found them quite straightforward and clear. Work commenced the week after Christmas, cutting out all the bulkheads, hull panels and decks etc., in our 'office' downstairs because I couldn't actually manoeuvre an 8 x 4ft.

sheet of ply in the loft. Once cut and shaped, all the items were epoxied with West. I hadn't used it before but found it quite straightforward. One good tip given to me by a friend who had built an 'E Boat' using WEST, was to put the roller-tray inside a plastic carrier bag (turned inside out to prevent colours and lettering coming off), and pouring the mixed resin into the now covered tray.

The roller can be used normally, but when finished the sticky plastic bag can be pulled off, turned inside out and thrown away. In this way you don't have to clean out the tray with hard resin.

One other 'plus' for the loft was the fact that all the timber used (joinery quality Douglas Fir) could be stacked on open bracket shelving on the wall and thoroughly dried. It arrived planed and fairly dry, but to get the moisture content down to 10%, I dried the timber using a low powered heater for 4-5 weeks. The heater kept the loft at a constant 60-70° and it was very comfortable even in the coldest weather and let the epoxy cure at an acceptable rate.

Work proceeded well and it was very encouraging to see the first hull growing and actually looking like a Wharram. This was 'launched' down the stairs on 1 May, five months after starting. I didn't work on the boat full-time and quickly gave up logging hours. I actually spent most evenings doing something on the hull even if it was a five minute job (that's the big bonus of having the building area close to hand). Getting the hull down the stairs, through my mother's Granny Flat and out of her first floor window didn't present any major problems. Three of us, with the help of a scaffold tower and a ladder got the hull down to the road and then to the back of the house.

The second hull was started straight away and inevitably went like clockwork as all the problems had been ironed out on the first. The 'problems' only really amounted to not being conversant with new techniques - they were quickly learnt.

At the time of writing (October 1988) the second hull is finished and being painted with two pot polyurethane and the cross beams are nearly finished. The tillers are made and I have just picked up the sails, hatch covers and rigging. The mast is aluminium and was purchased new locally - at less cost than the timber alone would have cost.

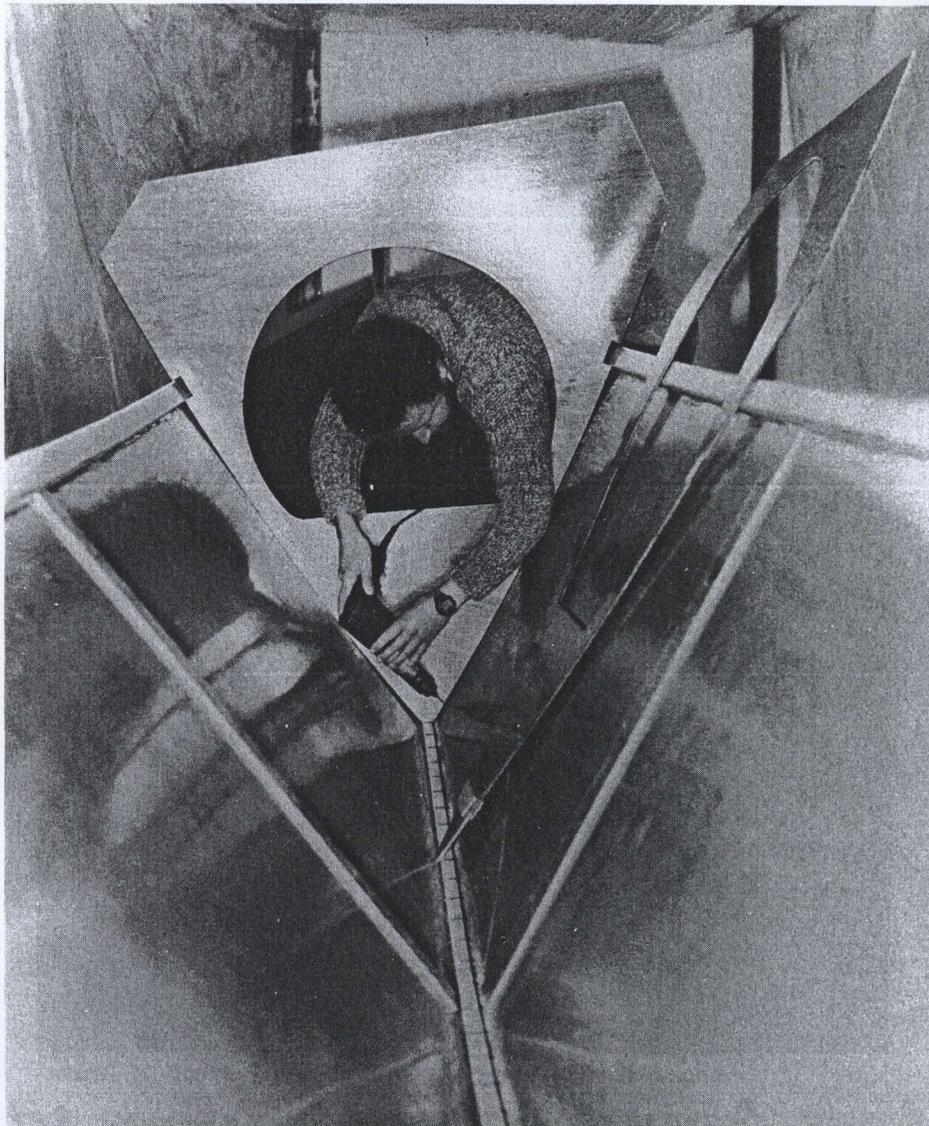
I had hoped to get 'Christmas Cat' in the water this year but have now decided to leave it until next season and not rush the finishing off - that is the thing that takes the time.

TIKI 26

Roderick and Karen Lebon describe the building of their TIKI 26 in Kent.

In truth, I'm enjoying every minute of building the Tiki, without ever feeling I'm getting nowhere; construction is both simple and rapid. I suppose I have nearly ideal conditions – a woodwork/metalwork teacher by profession who has inherited a large and dilapidated family home with a big loft for woodwork (though getting 4 x 8' ply up the ladder thereto is an exercise in grunts and contortions) and a 30 x 15 garage which provides room, if I keep garden machinery and elderly VW van on one side (moot point – will it tow a Tiki 26 on trailer? – watch, as they say, this space), to build one hull at a time. Wharram's Law of Construction (a variant on that propounded by Messrs. Murphy & Sod) directed, of course, that the timber garage – having stood foursquare for fifty years – decided a new location would be much more exciting, and cunningly shifted two feet sideways off its foundations with the aid of a certain amount of wind on 16th October last, jamming the hull against the van. The customary bomb-proof Wharram design ensured that the hull conveniently stopped the garage from wandering farther afield; I have now learned lots of different ways of using acrow jacks, and an extended vocabulary. A small crack in one bulkhead was the only damage, so for the rest of her days a piece of glass tape thereon will serve me as a permanent and salutary reminder of weather that "99% of owners never meet". Rather thoughtfully, I went out and bought the anchor – a 35lb plough.

Yes, I too found the sternmost bulkhead wouldn't fit; after Hanneke's charming confession I cannot recount the words I used about the designer at the time! I shifted it a few inches forward and stuck a bit on the bottom, doubtless not the most elegant of solutions, but it should do. I also reckon the foremost bulkhead is a bit short, unless that was my goof in measuring – you might like to check the drawings on that. Everything else seems to fit together all right. I couldn't get 6mm douglas ply anywhere, so have used a Far Eastern exterior grade which seems all right apart from a tendency to absorb moisture during a wet winter in an unheated garage and grow black spots on its uncoated side. I keep it as dry as possible with the aid of a fan heater and will get it thoroughly dry in the spring before coating and glassing; it doesn't seem to be affecting the wood in any way. I should think that I and anyone else building over a winter in an unheated garage would be wise to coat all the ply both sides, not just the



Drilling stitch-holes to hold No. 5 bulkhead in place; note the stitches along the keel. Photo: D. Skelhon

inside, and I shall probably do this with the other hull, now stacked against the wall in my woodwork loft as a sort of flatpack kit of parts. I gained a fine close-ringing trunk of Douglas fir from the storm, now seasoning gently alongside the hull, for the mast; I propose to saw it down the middle, hollow it out and stick it back together. Rather than use ordinary softwood deal for stringers I am using tough and springing Parana pine, the merits of which in boatbuilding I learned many years ago when building fabric-covered canoes, in the days when GRP was very new, in my school workshop. I also first saw a cruising catamaran designed and built there by my very remarkable woodwork teacher David Proctor. His first teaching job had been in the Solomons: he was shown several acres of tropical forest and a gang of cheerful islanders and told that this was his woodwork class and shop and to get on with it, felling and pitsawing the trees into timber with two-handed saws and building a fine woodworking school out of their own resources. He returned to England in '63 with the frames of a very heavy and solid traditional longkeel monohull, completed it in the school workshop with our youthful and inexpert help,

sailed her for a couple of seasons, sold her and sat down to design catamarans. Presumably he must have been aware of your work, but he seemed from his drawings and discussions with us his pupils to be thinking from his own first principles and appeared to arrive independently at the double-ended deep-V hull. At this time ('67) I left for university, but I was able to see at intervals the construction of two such catamarans, one for the school and one for himself, using mostly 9mm marine ply, Cascophen, lots of screws and glass sheathed. Did you ever come across him?

I've just put together the crossbeams in my loft, while the weather renders work outside less desirable. As I only started eight months ago and have plenty of other commitments and hobbies plus constant home repairs and maintenance, you may take this as a tribute to the design and construction method. I am somewhat more apprehensive about the sailing bit: I've never sailed anything bigger than our Mirror dinghy, though we did cruise her along the Sporades in '82, camping on the beaches, as a kind of last Swallows and Amazons fling before settling down to have a family.

TIKI 31

By Joel Delorme
Dorset U.K.

People are now cracking on with their Tiki 31's – it shouldn't be long before we receive some much awaited sailing reports. If the scorching performance of our Tiki 26 is anything to go by I think there are going to be a lot of contented sailors around!

Each new builder working in isolation may think his experiences, problems and motivations are unique. However, reading Joel's excellent article brought memories of our own Tiki 26 project flooding back.

I was 14, in 1966, when I first realised what I wanted to do with my life. We were on a camping holiday on the Mediterranean coast close to the Spanish border and we had a small sailing dinghy with us. My mother wasn't with us and this meant that we children were left free to explore the small bay and rocky coastline. Two idyllic weeks went by, then it was time to go home. We left early in the morning, driving along the track to regain the road at the top of the cliffs. I turned around to have one last look at the sea and was suddenly overwhelmed by the view and the happy memories.

Since then, boats and the sea have never been far from my thoughts, fuelled by magazines and books such as 'Un Vagabond des mers du Sud' by Bernard Moitessier, which became my bible, and which I still possess.

In 1972, I started building a 34ft. steel monohull. The project failed, partly because of lack of funds, partly because one of my brothers was involved, and we disagreed on practically every aspect of the building. For example, he loved and understood electronics and wanted lots of them, but I did not!

I left France in 1976 and for a while tried to forget about boats, but not very successfully as I found it difficult to get interested in anything else!

In October 1986 I took the plunge once again and after a visit to J.W.D. bought a set of Tiki 31 plans. Before we could hesitate and change our minds, we bought half the ply wood and some epoxy and started building.

Now, in December 1988, the two hulls, beams, masts and numerous parts are practically finished. We have got our sails from Jeckells and are budgeting to get most of the equipment in the next 3 to 4 months.

Having come this far I thought my experiences would be of use and interest to other builders.

Our building site is not ideal, insofar as we could only build one hull at a time, then had to lift it over a 4ft. wall into the raised back garden some 40ft. away. On the other hand, it is next to the house and reasonably protected from the wind.

First the hulls. I strictly followed the plans and met few problems. It took twice as long to build the first hull compared with the second. The only real problem we had was lining up bulkheads 3, 5, 7 and 8 to ensure there would be no problems later when it came to fitting beams against them. I did not entirely succeed, and will have to live with the slight wedge shaped gaps between bulkheads 3 and 8 and the beams (we have learnt to do likewise with our Tiki 26 – Ed).

The next big hurdle was turning the hulls over for sheathing. First put a house, with a conveniently placed window, at about the middle of the boat! Second, attach a tackle from the window to the boat, but be sure that the house is strong enough (*not easy to judge – I once saw the gable end of a garage pulled out by the weight of ice on a telephone line attached to it! – Ed*). Make use of your weight to pull down on the tackle, otherwise your back may live to regret it! It looked a bit hairy at first, but it worked well and I turned each hull on my own in an afternoon. I used two triple blocks with 12mm rope.

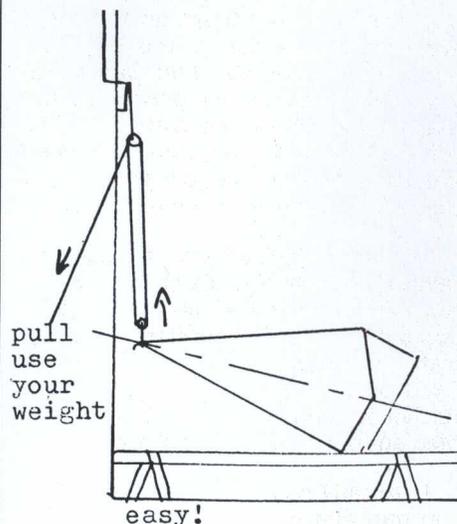
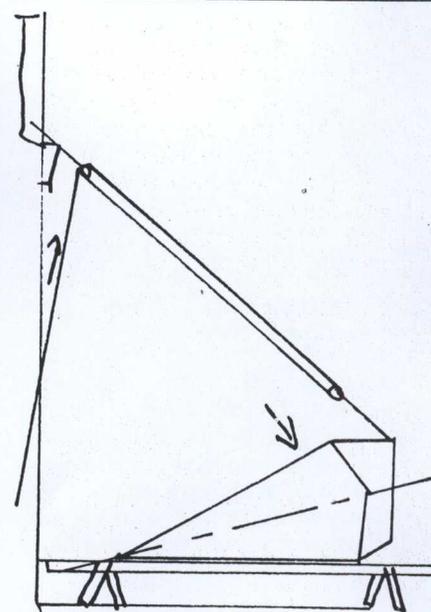
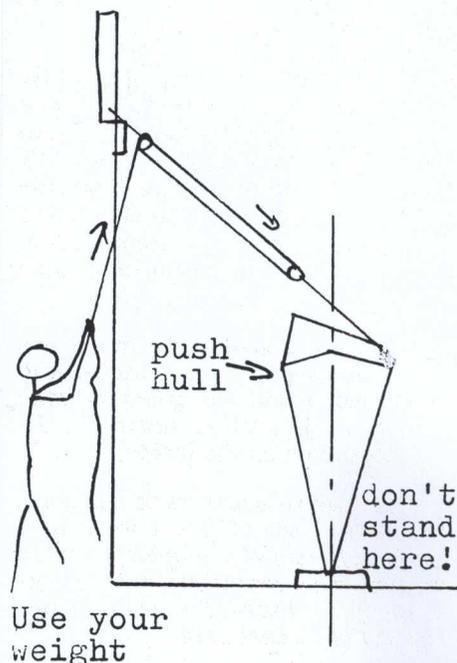
When the hulls were on their sides, I had to lift them on two trestles, about 2ft. high, so that the top of the forward cabin would be about 2ins. off the ground when they were turned over. That's when the use of brute force and unprintable words came into operation!

The third big problem was moving the finished hull into the back garden. With the hull laying on its side I used a carpet covered 4ft. x 4ft. plywood 'trolley' on water pipe rollers to haul it up a ramp with the aid of block and tackle.

I followed the plans to the letter, except for the use of hardwood for the topside stringers and the top layers of the beams because I thought it would take more punishment than the Douglas Fir specified (*I would recommend this for gunwales and hull centre line trim, as the Douglas Fir we used has split along edges where the sheathing cloth meets but does not overlap – Ed*).

I also used a different method of construction for the masts, which I will describe in some detail.

The masts consist of eight 50mm x 21mm battens with a V cut into one edge. They interlock to form a strong



structure, which I preferred to the method described in the plans. I was told by Robbins Ltd that it was not possible to find 25ft. lengths of Douglas Fir, so I had to use shorter lengths and scarf them to get the length of the masts. This is not too difficult, but care must be taken to ensure that the battens are straight at the scarfs and these scarfs must be staggered in adjacent battens to ensure maximum strength.

Before you assemble the mast, seal the inside faces of the battens with epoxy and if you are going to have masthead lights/V.H.F. antennas, fix the conductors on the inside.

I built simple supports to assemble the masts, made of 3 x 1 in. batten, positioned every 4ft., to raise the mast 4ft. from the floor to gain easy access all round – especially useful when cleaning off excess resin.

I made a 'slice' of mast first to check that they would be the right diameter, and I would advise anyone using this method to do the same. This slice was used to make ply supports to the same shape as half the mast, which were then fixed to the building supports. These will help ensure a straight mast and keep the battens in position before clamping. The clamps consisted of jubilee clips, which can be bought in 2 metre lengths from 'Payless D.I.Y.' and cut to requirements. These were spaced at 18 ins. intervals.

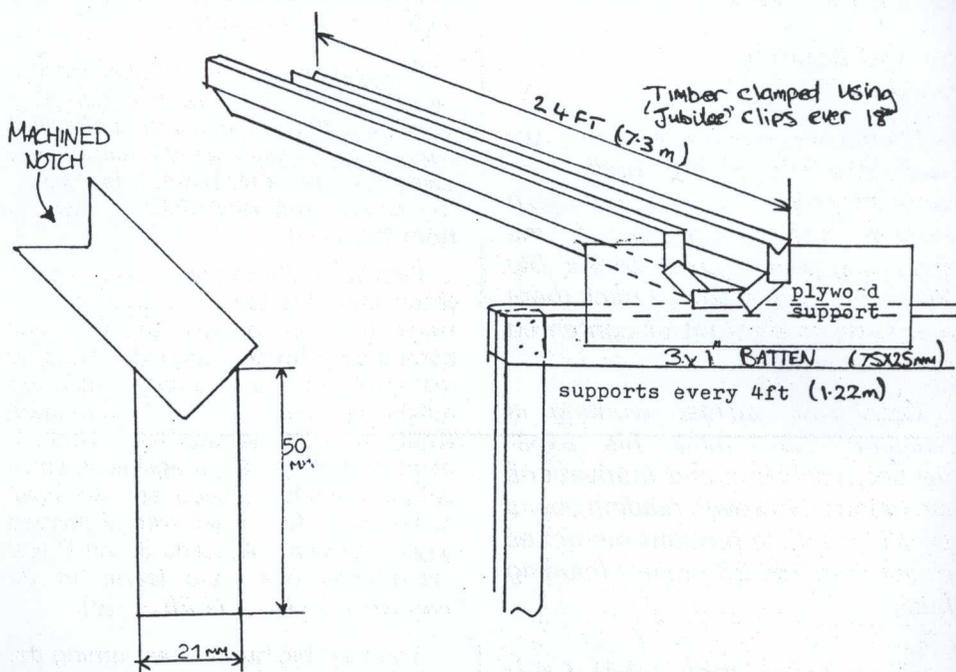
It was easy to glue the mast together, but it took 3 hours on my own and it would be advisable either to work with someone else or choose a period of day which is fairly cool, otherwise you may have a nasty surprise! Have a dry run first to ensure that everything will fit together.

The mast crane is made of plywood, and was glued into a slot cut into the top of the mast.

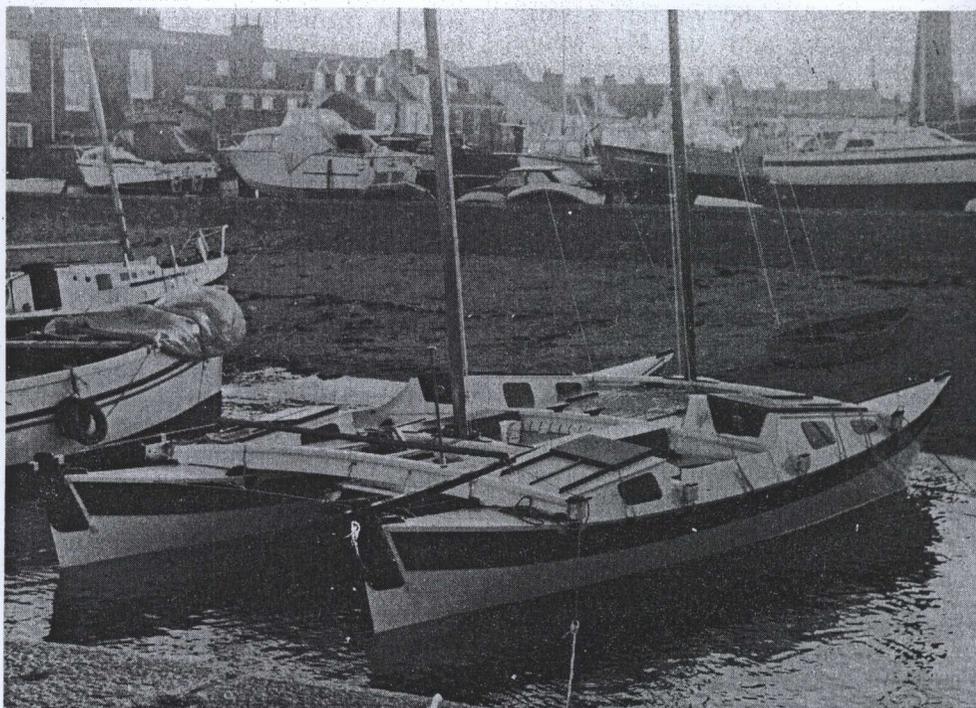
The beams were straightforward to build, but I have not used any nails or screws to assemble them, only glue and clamps. I built them on the same supports as the masts and used ply supports to keep the first battens in place. Metal clamps are expensive so I made some simple one with 2 x 1 ins. offcuts with 2 lengths of metal studding. I made a couple of dozen of these for the price of a metal one.

We have decided not to use the ramp shown on the plans. Firstly it is too narrow to get a dinghy back on board, secondly it spoils the nice flat platform which I like on Wharrams. So I will build a lighter one and place it further aft, and make it wide enough to take an inflatable back on board.

I am now building the parts for the platform and on assembling them on the boat, found that the portholes are cut too low and will be partly below the level of the platform!! I have checked



JOEL'S TIKI 31 MAST CONSTRUCTION METHOD



P. Le Maitre's newly finished TIKI 31 in Guernsey

and rechecked my measurements and found them to be exactly as her plans, so it must be a design error! Sorry James and Hanneke!

As the platform cannot be any lower than it already is, either the holes must be cut smaller or placed higher on the plans – or a bit of both.

So far I have used 6 tubs of resin and am now on my seventh – much more than my first estimate. The cost so far of resin, glass cloth, fillers gloves, mixing pot etc. is £1,839. The cost of BS1088 plywood is £1,088, and other timber £1,897. A myriad of other tools and equipment has been bought and needs to be bought to finish the boat!

Joel hopes to launch this year and promises to keep us up to date with progress. He would like to hear from any Tiki 31 builders who are now sailing and if anyone needs more information can be contacted through James Wharram Designs.

The mast construction method seems interesting – the notches in the battens could probably be machined with sufficient accuracy by making two passes through a circular saw with the blade set to the correct depth and tilted through 45 degrees. However, it is worth considering an alloy mast, as they are relatively simple and therefore inexpensive. These are available from our sailing secretary, Steve Turner.

Classic Power

Steve Turner reviews successful engine installations.

Reading the article by John Chitty in Sea People No. 10, which described his engine installation, made me realise that there is a whole new generation of P.C.A. members who may not be familiar with the gradual evolution which has taken place with Polycat engine installations. There have been many attempts to provide reliable, effective auxilliary power, particularly on the larger designs – some very successful, some less so.

Some builders fitted engines in one or both hulls, with conventional prop shafts and propellers in apertures in the skegs. This set-up gives the best manoeuvrability under power, and is a straightforward installation similar to most other boats. However, unless one spends quite a lot of money on sophisticated folding props, there is a big penalty to pay in increased drag which can really take the edge off the boat's performance. The engine is also sharing your accommodation with the associated problems of noise, heat and smell with diesel, or fire with petrol (gasoline). Others mounted their engines centrally, building some sort of pod to house it. This left the problem of getting the drive to the water, fairly easily solved by the application of money – purpose built outdrive legs from firms such as Sillette providing a neat if rather expensive answer.

However, the (generally fairly impecunious) average Polycat builder was looking for a cheaper answer and preferably something he could make himself. The breakthrough came in the early seventies when Ernard Pearson fitted a Yanmar diesel into his Narai 'Cheetah'. The engine was mounted in the centre of the boat, driving a retractable propeller through a long swinging shaft.

This system was widely copied by many Tangaroas, Narais and Oros using variations on Ernard's basic idea. The next step was taken by Jeff Fallon with his Narai IV 'Nick Of Time'. Jeff used a 25 h.p. petrol engine to drive a similar installation but his stroke of genius was to simplify the whole arrangement by doing away with the cumbersome ladder arrangement thought necessary until then, replacing it with two wire stays and a simple line to lift the prop clear of the water. To prevent the prop from rising to the surface, two vanes were positioned in front of it, angled to fly down through the water. The previous shaft running inside a tube with its associated

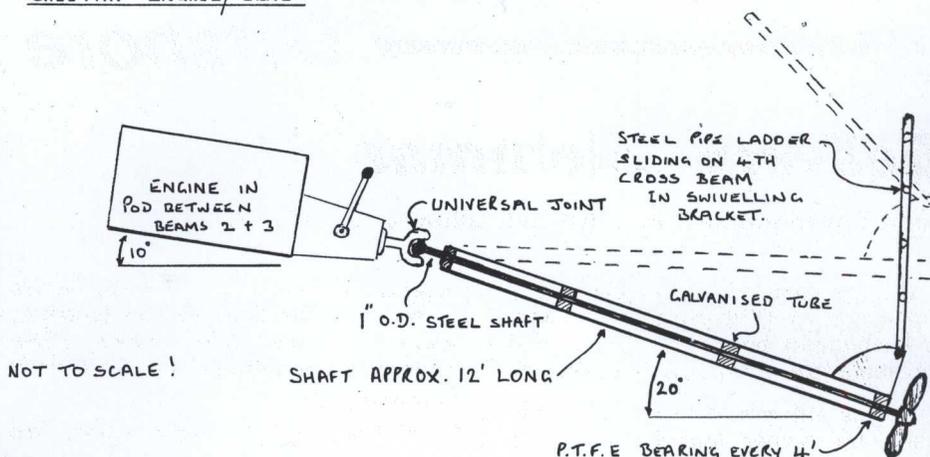
bearings was dispensed with by making the tube itself act as the shaft! Altogether a very worthwhile saving in weight and complication.

Having sailed with Jeff on 'Nick', I was soon borrowing his ideas for the installation on our Oro 'Imagine'. Our engine is a twin cylinder Lister diesel, which is air cooled, slow revving and extremely reliable. My contribution to the development of the drive was prompted by visions of the prop carving its way through the side of the hull should one of the supporting stays fail. I decided to put a steel ring around the propeller as a guard, this also protects the prop in shallow water.

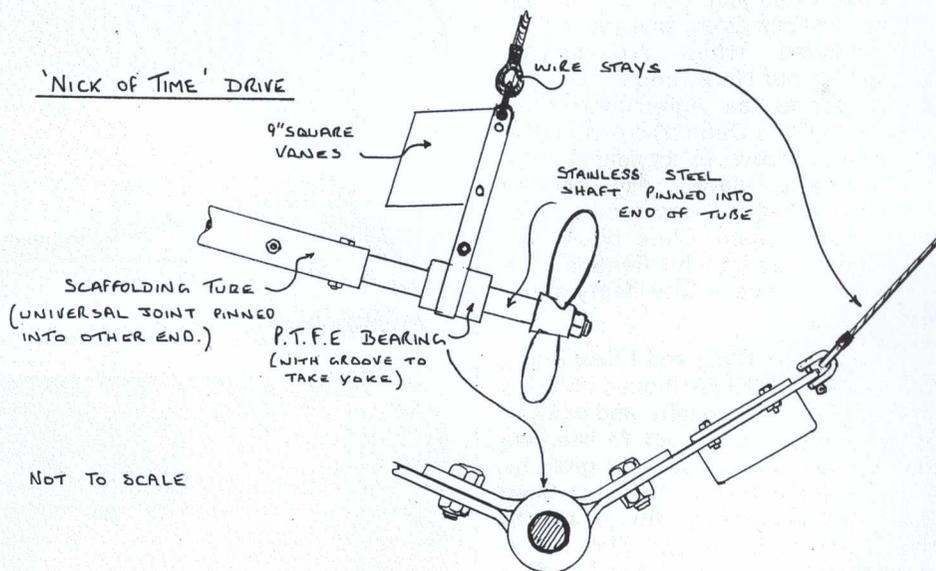
Having the ring around the prop also meant that I could move the paravane from in front of the prop to on top, where it forms an effective anti-cavitation plate, as well as keeping the shaft down.

The engine is extremely reliable, hand starts, is miserly with fuel (just over one litre per hour) and is rather noisy, a plus factor I feel, as it encourages me to shut it off and sail! Running at only 1800 r.p.m. maximum, driving through a two to one reduction gear, it turns a large three bladed propeller at 900 revs. 'Imagine' will never motor fast enough to ski behind, (the engine is only 8 h.p.) but she will plod on steadily at about 4½ knots at a little over half revs, even when pushing against a head wind or towing other boats. (See report of 1987 cruise in company, Sea People No. 9). Jeff's 22 h.p. petrol engine gave 'Nick of Time' a top speed of 8½ knots with an economical cruising speed of 4½ knots. The 12 h.p. Yanmar used by Ernard gave a maximum of 6 knots, cruising at about 5.

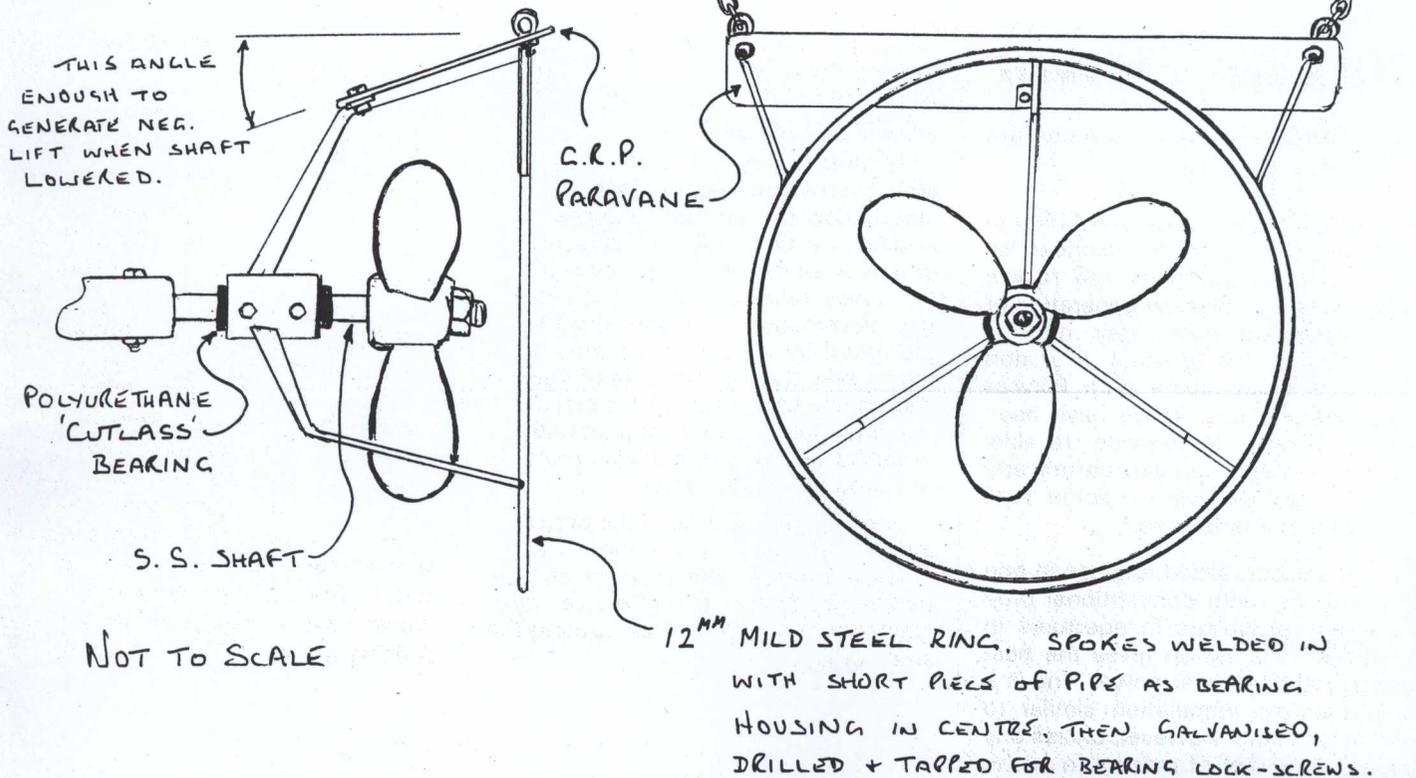
'CHEETAH' ENGINE/DRIVE



'NICK OF TIME' DRIVE



'IMAGINE' DRIVE



Offshore Cruising

Delivery Dilemmas

Scott Brown delivers an ORO from Gibraltar to England

On the face of it the job was a simple one. An ORO in good condition, to be brought back to England from Gibraltar, date of departure not critical.

It was autumn '87, and who can blame the owner, looking out of his sitting room window on the devastation wreaked on Kew Gardens by THAT hurricane, from ringing Steve Turner to see if he knew a delivery skipper.

Liz and I had just seen our second summer at Foss Quay, one more than we intended when we started refurbishing our Narai, and I was keen to get back to sea. Agreements were made with Chris Dunn, the owner, but the only window to appear in the weather was eleven days before Christmas, and we decided to wait until spring, when Chris could get some time away from his frenetic - to my live aboard eye - City lifestyle, and sail with us.

Spring came, Chris and I flew down to check MANNINI PAHI over, draw up a list of gear to be bought, and work to be done before she went to sea. We took her out under power to give the engine a good test (it had just been given a full overhaul by the yard), and also to 'get the feel of her'. This proved worthwhile as the next day I had to take her down a tight 'gauntlet' of boats, into a hauling out cradle,

measured previously to be two inches wider than the ORO (i.e. no fenders), with a Force Five astern. She performed beautifully and I started breathing again.

At the end of April Chris, his

brother and myself flew out again. His father, the fourth crew member, had arrived a few days earlier to organise the victualling. MANNINI looked splendid with her new coat of paint, applied by Terry and Jane, our neigh-



Steve Turner's ORO Imagine, similar to Mannini Pahi

bours, who winter in Gib. Nice to have reliable, honest people around when you have to leave your boat a long way from home.

We cracked on with the outstanding jobs. The flexible water tanks were taken out to clean. They leaked and took over a day to repair. The steering cables were replaced, rigging set up, a navigator light replaced, a hundred small jobs done. Then suddenly on the fourth day the wind went easterly – we cast off and were free.

In case you're not familiar with the Mediterranean, the rivers flowing into it fail to fully compensate for evaporation, and so the general flow of water in the Strait is Easterly going. Tides, running parallel to the shore, speed up or slow this flow, although on the West going tide the surface water is West going. However, the bulk of the water below is East going. Winds blow generally only West or East, so when the East wind blows, YOU GO. (Don't worry about this, I won't be asking questions!)

Having a 'shakedown' on a strange yacht with an unproved crew, in the dark in The Straits with the last of the tide against the wind is not the recommended way of doing things! But this was an ORO and they were the Dunn family, and we sailed to Cadiz with no problems. A full gale as we made the final approach gave some useful reefing practice!

More repairs were done to the water tanks as two had emptied their contents. In retrospect we should now have bought a dozen jerry cans! Fresh goods were taken on to last the passage, and once again we were free, next port a thousand sea miles away in England.

Progress was quite slow, the winds light and variable, and the second day found us motoring – Chris had to be back in London in ten days time!

"The Portugese Fisherman took us through the moored yachts with a skill that amazed us"

Off watch that night, the engine note changed, and I went up top to find the prop shaft in two pieces! It's the 14 ft. 'egg whisk' type, the shaft made from an aluminium tube which had fatigued; looked OK in Gib! Dawn saw us between the hulls in the dinghy, affecting a temporary repair with some exhaust hose and six jubilee clips. If we had been further offshore we would have continued, but prudence made us head for Lagos to affect repairs.

Our entry into Lagos was exciting, the tide was ebbing as we started up river to the harbour and I increased throttle cautiously to compensate, then a little more, and a li . . . the bows

were swinging and a rock was getting very close! The repair had failed and immediate action was needed, I shouted at a fishing boat overtaking us and he throttled back. Chris was already on the bow and the rope (prepared for mooring before entering) snaked through the air into the sure hands of a fisherman. In a flash it was round a post and our bows pulled around in the nick of time – the rock was six feet away! The Portugese fisherman took us through the moored yachts with a skill which amazed us. When safely tied up we delivered a bottle of rum to their boat, they looked at us in amazement and the next day brought us a bucket of sardines – we had obviously overpaid!

There are larger ports on that coast which have more facilities, but we knew a Captain Cook 'Bananas' was in Lagos. We thought they might be able to help with our shortage of tools and tackle the shaft renewal. In fact they put us onto an English guy, on a 90 ft. floating workshop, (M.V. 'PRAXIS') who had a new shaft ready for bolting back on the next day!

At this point I have to say that 'Bananas' is a stunningly beautiful yacht. I believe it's up for sale – sad after all the work that Oolka has put into it.

We set off from Lagos keen to get some miles behind us, the wind blowing northerly sixish. We swept westward the twenty odd miles to Cape Vincent and at last put some North in our course. The winches on 'Mannini' were not up to sheeting the working jib for close-hauling in this wind strength without luffing – messy with the sea state – so Paul (13½ stone) helped out by hanging from the clew and rrip . . . the sail tore in two!!

On inspection it was the stitching – time they had a truly U.V. proof thread. The yankee jib-topsail was too light for the weather we now had and the storm jib too small to give us any drive to windward. With the angle we were making good, we wouldn't even make the Azores! We tucked back behind Cape Vincent and decided it was not a hand stitch repair, the rest of the stitching must be oversewn before we went on. So with reluctance we headed back to Lagos.

It would be easy to think that we had had our share of bad luck, but no, there was worse to come! Everything was readied on deck well in advance, and we entered the harbour with some trepidation, it was crowded and the force seven made the anchored yachts sheer about alarmingly. I was just 'getting the feel of things' prior to making the approach through the anchored yachts to our mooring when the engine cut out! No time to ask others to do the job, I leapt down the hatch, hit the key and came up and back on the wheel, into astern, hit the throttle and . . . it cut again!! This time it would not restart, up and assess, a

yacht just inches from us sheared away in the wind and I called for the stern anchor to go down. It went over

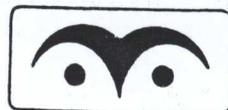
"In desperation we struggled to get in a line over something on the last yacht"

but although the chain and rope had been flaked, I had asked for a tripping line to be set. No problem when being laid in a controlled fashion, but in the urgency of the situation, it all became tangled! We accelerated in the wind towards a large motor-yacht and Douglas and I tried to fend her off. Chris and Paul still tried to get an anchor to hold but 'Mannini' swung and we headed for the rocky shore. In desperation we struggled to get a line round something on the last yacht and she jerked to a halt – something had fouled. We still cannot believe we came through it unscathed! We rowed out an anchor and shorelines and Douglas (Assassin) Dunn, poured us all a 'Wee Dram'!

The engine repair was a lengthy, expensive business, and is a story in its own right. For anyone with a BMC 1.5 litre diesel though – I don't know if others are identical – our manual showed the 'Drive Shaft' between camshaft and injector pump as one piece. In fact it was in two – the end of one sleeving the other, connected with a shear-pin – and yes, it had! The friction of the two parts allowed everything to function when set up and run slowly, but moved and stopped the engine when a load was applied!

In the middle of repairs Chris and Paul had to return to England. After considering that the engine should be first class when finished, the autohelm had been handling 'Mannini' well even in strong winds and she and Doug were now known quantities, we decided not to take on more crew. We were also convinced the law of averages were on our side for a smooth passage!

N.B. Fuel and water are on the entrance wall at Lagos, not in the harbour itself, which is about a quarter of a mile upriver. The pilot book did not mention if facilities were available all day on Sunday, so we didn't risk it and left Monday morning. You guessed, things had not changed for us – they close MONDAYS!



Tales of a Channel Crawling Narai

By Ron Blake

Fourteen years ago we made the irrational decision to build a Narai in our Surrey garden. During 7 long building years, the workforce (wife and husband) used to dream of that perfect day with the wind abaft the beam, spinnaker flying, the two hulls slicing the blue water, the sun warming the backs of the happy crew etc. etc! After seven years of the reality of a Chichester based Channel crawler we are still looking for that perfect day. Perhaps next summer, over there, somewhere?

Our Narai MK.1 is a standard sprit rigged Jim's original except that we fixed the cabin tops so that we now cannot bask in the tropical sun of Cowes. Yes, we can sail to windward in a short Channel chop, but it's a damned sight easier to start up the motor or bear away. Bearing away is our favourite occupation, so we never say we are going to destination X — that's always dead to windward by definition!

Due to engine failure, navigational or other problems we have occasionally had to thrash against wind and tide off lee shores. It's a mugs game. Don't do it! But good sails (Jeckells) help.

Motors are interesting things — when working. Ours is a marinised Ford 36 h.p. car engine driving a Sonic outdrive which can be raised and lowered hydraulically so that the prop is clear of the water. Because the whole system is mounted centrally, the propeller does not lift from the water in choppy seas, so the drive is quite effective in the conditions when you really need it. But, of course the propeller wash does not pass over the rudders so there is absolutely no turning effect at low speeds, even if you angle the outdrive leg. There is a choice of two directions — forwards and backwards. Any deviation is determined by wind, tide and chance. The only way to settle things is to drive like mad at about two knots and swing the tillers over wildly at the optimum moment.

Since marinas are now the norm in our part of the world, this precipitous approach can cause terminal heart failure of the crews of the Standard British Marina Boat (S.B.M.B.) already installed on the pontoon. They have to abandon the joys of looking at their S.B.M.Bs. and rush with anxious cries and rampant fenders to ward off the Polynesian devils. In fact, we are only second in fibre glass splitting potential.

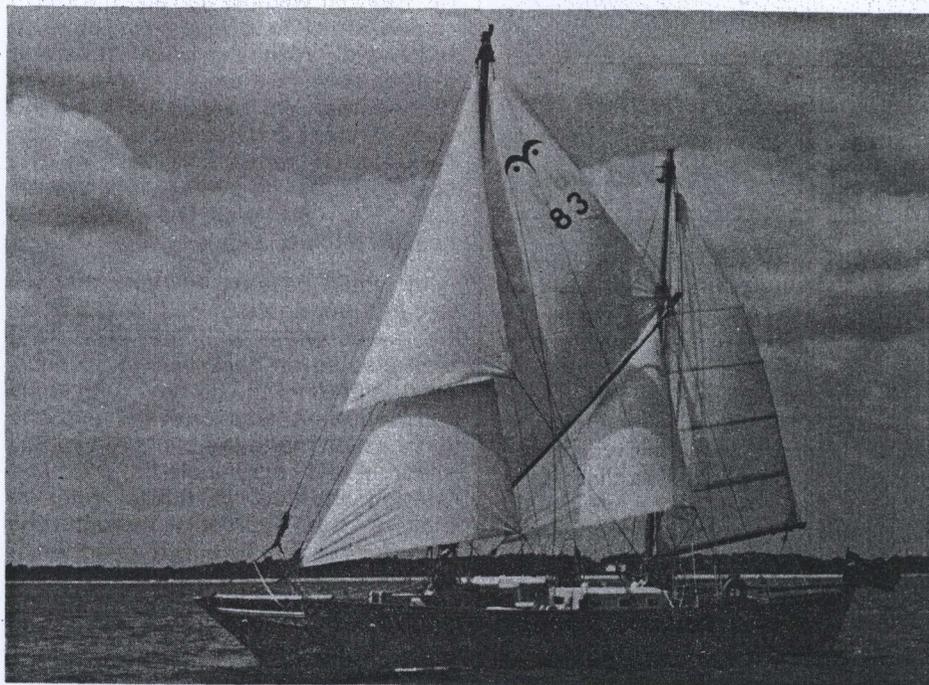
First place goes to the owners of the massive traditional solid boats with enormous, delightfully impaling bowsprits. In St. Peter Port during hurricane 'Charlie', one owner of an S.B.M.B. was heard to remark, as a bowsprit surged dangerously, that 'they' shouldn't allow such boats in harbours! At around that time a lady was heard to remark in clear dulcet tones, as a French Tangoroa arrived 'look darling, there's another of those funny boats'. Oh, I agree with you madam, I agree!

Now we haven't impaled a S.B.M.B. yet but something had to be done. The answer to the manoeuvrability problem had to be two motors — ideally one in each hull. I remember meeting a Danish Tehini so equipped and their turning in confined spaces was a joy to behold. Other multihulls like catalacs and Heavenly Twins sometimes exhibit these desirable properties too. In our case they would mean drastic structural alterations, so we installed a Seagull Kingfisher outboard on a dropping beam pivoted at the aft beam so that the outboard propeller is directly under the aft netting beam. We arranged yet more string to swivel the outboard as the rudders turn. This appears to work well (if you have enough hands), because you can push the tillers in the direction you wish to go, open up the remote throttle of the outboard and around you go. If space is

limited you can also put the main motor in reverse to counter the forward drive of the outboard and thus turn in your own boat's length! Marina approaches are now more serene, although the Polycat trepidation is still there.

The other problem with marinas is that they discriminate against multihulls by costs and curses. This means that whilst S.B.M.B's are craned out at the end of the season, so that their owners can paint and antifoul in dry shod conditions, multihull owners wade knee deep in mud during the maintenance chores. Antifouling a Narai in these conditions is character forming. There are compensations however, since multihull lepers are normally placed in areas remote from the main marina activities, one sees more marine bird life. We had a pair of wagtails nesting in a coil of rope which delayed fitting out by six weeks whilst they hatched their brood. I think they were attracted by our resident spider population acquired during our Surrey building days. We found that we could paint our decks (dark beige to match the mud) if we kept our backs to the nest and painted towards them muttering "I can't see you, I can't see you". Owners of S.B.M.B's were observed to touch their heads knowingly.

Trainee crows on their first flights have used our decks as an emergency aircraft carrier leaving dark beige arrows along the newly painted topsides. The worst episode arose when a broody swan and mate decided that an inflatable alongside a stable



"Four Hands". Breken of Cowes courtesy R. Blake

polycat with human occupants dispensing regular supplies of bread would be a splendid nesting site. Attempts to dissuade them with an extended boat hook produced a violent and dangerous response and a rapid retreat of the crew to the safety of the cabin. Human ingenuity triumphed – we jerked the dinghy painter sharply upwards, thus dumping its occupants overboard. The swans sulked for a day, but returned to peck holes in the fibre glass sheathing of the epoxy painted hulls. This was because we were hiding below, pretending we had no bread! Touchingly, this pair of swans rush towards us when we return to harbour. They know that these twin hulls house two soft hearted suckers. Polycats entering Chichester beware.

“We should have realised when we saw other boats doing U turns at St. Catherines Point that things were going to be difficult”

Occasionally sailing has to be done! This year, for example, our sailing club proposed a cruise in company to the Channel Islands and beyond. The first objective was to make Braye, Alderney, by Sunday, 10 July. We were impressed by the alcoholic statements that most crews would get there ‘regardless of the weather’.

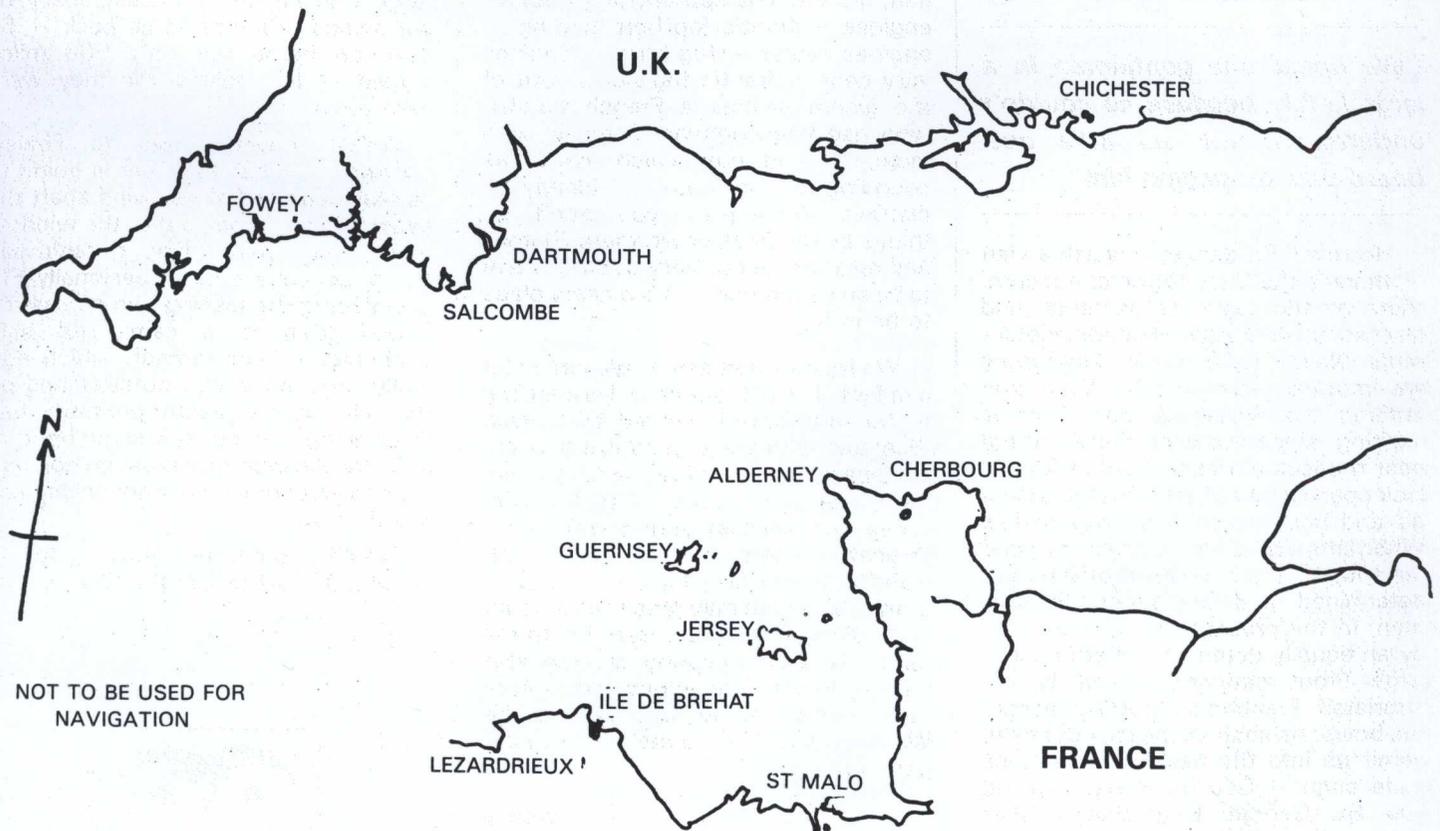
We covered in Chichester from Thursday 7 to Sunday 9 July as a succession of deep lows scourged the channel. But mindful of the aforementioned alcoholic pledges we set off on Saturday morning into a mere F5-6 southwesterly. We should have realised when we saw other boats doing U turns at St. Catherines Point that things were going to be difficult. They were! We bore away to Cherbourg, reaching there tired, sick and battered. Whatever happened to the wind abaft the beam, spinnaker flying, warm sun etc?

Cherbourg had been very badly damaged in the October '87 hurricane, and when we arrived at one in the morning, the yachts were ten deep on the ends of the pontoons. We held up a warp tentatively at the crew of an outside boat. They turned pointedly away – I don't blame them; who would want a Wharram outside you? So being high water we ran up the beach, dropped the hook and collapsed. Now we very rarely drag our anchor but at 3 a.m. there was a gentle 'tap tap'. I stirred uneasily thinking that I would deal with that fender later. Fender? – I'm at anchor! I hurled myself on deck – it was of course raining. We had gently dragged down against the finger pontoons and had almost berthed neatly except that we were nudging a French monohull. Panic! Engines on, warps akimbo! My thanks to the owner of the lovely

traditional Hillyard who tended our warps as we pulled up the anchor, outboarded the outboard, mained the main motor frantically to take us back to the beach. In the morning we penitently grovelled before the French monohull – not much damage, only a broken wooden flagstaff. The owner said that he had only got the boat back the previous day after extensive repairs following the hurricane. We felt very sick about it all.

However, next day, on to Alderney. Better one day behind than not at all. The club had booked the top floor of a restaurant, but only two boats had made it, so we tried to make up by eating an enormous lunch. We sent a 'wish you were here' to the rally organiser – only to have to apologise later as he had smashed on to St. Peter Port to try to anticipate us all.

The depressions came thick and fast and the waves swept over the breakwater. At times like these, it is delightful to be on a stable catamaran, watching the monohulls roll, twist, turn and gyrate. We met a friend of ours, Malcolm Dines, who lives on Alderney in the summer and commutes to his Narai MK.4 in the West Indies for the winter! You may recall his articles in the *Sailor*, telling of his passage west via Portugal and the Cape Verdes. Polycat owners cannot stop – so we sailed towards Guernsey with Malcolm aboard. His



English Channel, visited Ports marked on

Caribbean influence gave us a sparkling beam reach in sunny weather down to Herm! Pilotage by Malcolm got us through the rocks to Rosiere steps, and down went the hook in calm conditions with a good forecast of SE F2-3. We should have known; the actual outcome being a west F7 and a lee shore! We all got soaked by an injudicious dinghy trip ashore which required copious gin and tinned "Cordon Four Hands" to remedy (deaden)!

We sadly abandoned Malcolm on the sea wall in Havelet Bay, Guernsey on 17 July - a record breaking 8 days out from Chichester. This frantic pace got to us - the sun even made an appearance. - what's that bright thing in the sky Daddy? We even attempted motoring over to Sark, but the fog got us before we reached the Lower Heads Buoy.

Saturday, 23 July - this is more like it! A southeast F6 straight into the bay and a forecast F8. We were the last boat to leave and scuttle for the shelter of St. Peter Port. The depressions swept over in groups of two for the next six days. Guernsey is a splendid place but this is ridiculous.

With one mighty bound we were free, and sailing in a swell towards St. Malo (destination chosen because the direction was less uncomfortable). We entered the Bas Sablon marina at St. Servan without further mishap and took a vacant berth at the end of the pontoon. We booked in the following morning and discovered our stay would cost us F230 per night! That's the multihull factor for you folks.

"We upset one gentleman in a large ketch, because he couldn't understand how our little outboard was outpacing him"

However, St. Servan is worth a visit - there is the Cape Horners museum, there on the castle battlements, and also some very good seafood restaurants. Next day, to avoid bankruptcy we motored over to St. Malo and entered the Bassin Vauban. This is exciting, since everyone mulls around near the lock entrance waiting for the lock open signals. Then it's all systems go and you crunch your way inside. Wharrams have a certain rugged advantage in this melee, if driven by a determined and maddened Englishman, in the process of being balked by an equally determined German in a large Prout catamaran, and by an infuriated Frenchman cutting across the bows. As soon as the lock opens to admit us into the basin, it's throttles wide open - God for Harry, England and St. George. Deutschland Uber Alles and Vive la France! We upset one gentleman in a large ketch, because he couldn't understand how our little outboard was outpacing him - he

didn't know about the secret main motor under the centre beams! There is, in fact, no need to rush because there is ample room alongside at F100 per night. The fleshpots of St. Malo were only a short step away and threatened bankruptcy again so we moved to a swinging mooring off Dinard. An excellent place with a water taxi included in the very reasonable mooring fee. This place is also delightfully full of fleshpots and potential bankruptcy.

On 1 August (a fast passage this!) the wind drifted to the east and moderated. Off to Erquy which is a multihull owners dream with acres and acres of flat, firm, level sand. There was only one other cat there - a Prout Snowgoose. Next day we sailed to Lezardrieux, and after a walking holiday there to allow a gale or two to pass, we got to Ile de Brehat and the La Chambre anchorage. Can you imagine it? Brilliant sunshine, blue seas and calm weather, crepes and cidre bouche - we shall suffer for this, mark my words!

Monday, 8 August. The wind is light from the south, the sun shines and the sea is blue. This is going to be it - running before the wind, autopilot on, sun beating down, cold beer at the ready. Just off Brehat, the wind freshens and we are going like a steam train with spinnaker up and lightweight mizzen staysail adding drive and colour. Straight into thick fog! Speed down - Decca plotting like mad, there are rocks right and left. Our pathetic little fog horn (Swiss platelayers special) is tooting away every minute, dah, dit, dit. The approaching throb of engines - frantic fog horn tooting - engines nearer - fog horn - engines very near - frantic fog horns. Out of the gloom swings a French trawler, who had been homing in on us with radar, to find out which idiot was sounding a fog horn - clearly in distress. Apparently you don't do things by the book down there. Thanks and relief all round. Very good of them to be so concerned - it's a nasty place to be in fog.

We found Guernsey - we nearly hit it in fact. The old routine - Havelet bay - but this time inhabited by a Raka 'Ecstasy' with a young couple heading for Spain. I hope they made it. Also Geoff Pack in a Prout with Malcolm Dines and another young lady - all Polycat owners past and present. Geoff owned a Tangoraoa, and readers of the Sailorman may recall his account of breaking up in mid ocean due to the strain of the windvane on the rear netting beam. The young lady (sorry name forgotten) owns a Narai in the West Indies - quite a Polycat gathering.

However, after the ocean voyagers departed, it's back to the old routine of cowering in St. Peter Port waiting for yet another low to pass. I am thinking of renaming our boat 'Cowering'.

"Suddenly we are lifted bodily from behind by a rogue wave - up and up"

Wind force 4 from the southwest and a good forecast so it's off to Salcombe. Halfway across, there's a strong wind warning! About 15 miles from Start Point, the swell is big but even, from the west. Suddenly we are lifted bodily from behind by a rogue wave - up and up. Then down the slope of the wave front until with a great crunch we hit the bottom and the green water pours over us. I am definitely under water completely. My thoughts were that I had flipped a Wharram, bad boy! But daylight comes at last, and with bruised ribs and a thorough soaking, we emerge like a duck shaking water off its back. Linden emerges from the navigation department - 'what the hell was that?' I still don't know, but it was a knockdown brute of a wave quite contrary to the direction of the swell. We had just crossed the shipping lanes - perhaps the wash of a large tanker merging with other waves?

In Salcombe they were packing the refugees in. The harbour masters assistant looked at us and said that 'Dartmouth was nice at this time of year'.

To cut a long story short - we cowered in most refuges and harbours (to allow those depressions to pass or to mend the engines or to simply mend ourselves) between Salcombe and Chichester where we arrived on the 28 August to be met enthusiastically by our swans. It's nice to be back - 51 days on board but only 500 miles logged - but believe me they were hard won!

We've moved down to Fowey, Cornwall, so that this year is going to be blue seas and skies, wind abaft the beam; isn't it? I look out of the window down the Fowey river. I can't see much, because a F9, occasionally F10 is whipping the lashing rain across the waves (this is a calm and safe anchorage)! A cormorant, which normally dries its wings outstretched on the end of the yacht pontoon, has dived under the cockpit spray hood of a Sadler 29. Summer must be coming! I shall want some very dark beige deck paint!

Would someone move England about 20° further south? *Please!*



This following request is aimed at those of you reading a dog-eared copy of this magazine, whilst semi-recumbant in the cool shade of coconut palms, on the white sands of a sun scorched south sea island beach. Just look up for a moment, yes, that's right, you. Cast your eyes between those grimy bronzed feet, past the native ladies in grass skirts (and little

else), across the singing white surf and the clear blue waters to the lands beyond. Now, no matter how difficult it's becoming, try and remember what happened out there; the tedium and frustration of that pointless activity called work, the blood, sweat and tears of building your polycat, and the elation of the first sail in her. Now, if it's not too much of a strain, spare a

thought for all those poor sods you left behind and FOR GOD'S SAKE TELL US HOW YOU GOT THERE!!!

Yes, if you have an interesting story to tell about an ocean cruise on a polycat then get it down on paper! As a special incentive we are offering a years free subscription to the PCA for the author of any ocean cruising account published in this magazine!!!

Long Haul to Horta

By Roly Huebsch

Oborea set sail from Toronto on 5th October, 1987 and 53 days later reached Miami. This was a speedy passage from Lake Ontario, through the New York state barge canal (with 30 locks) to the Hudson River, and finally the Intra Coastal Waterway to Florida. Roly Huebsch continues.

We arrived in Miami on the 27th November, 53 days from Toronto. Here we met with our friends David and Neila on their Narai MK.IV 'Windchime', and spent a week together before heading on to the Bahamas.

Our Gulf Stream crossing from Miami to West End, Grand Bahama was uneventful, and we sailed East through the Abaco Cays under unusually cool and cloudy skies to Hope Town on Elbow Cay, where we left *Oborea* under the watchful eye of local fishing guide Truman Majors, and flew back to Canada as I had some lucrative contracts to work.

On 8th March I returned to the Bahamas to find *Oborea* still secure in the shadow of the red and white striped lighthouse. Apparently it had been an unusually cold and windy winter in the Abaco Cays so I hadn't missed much.

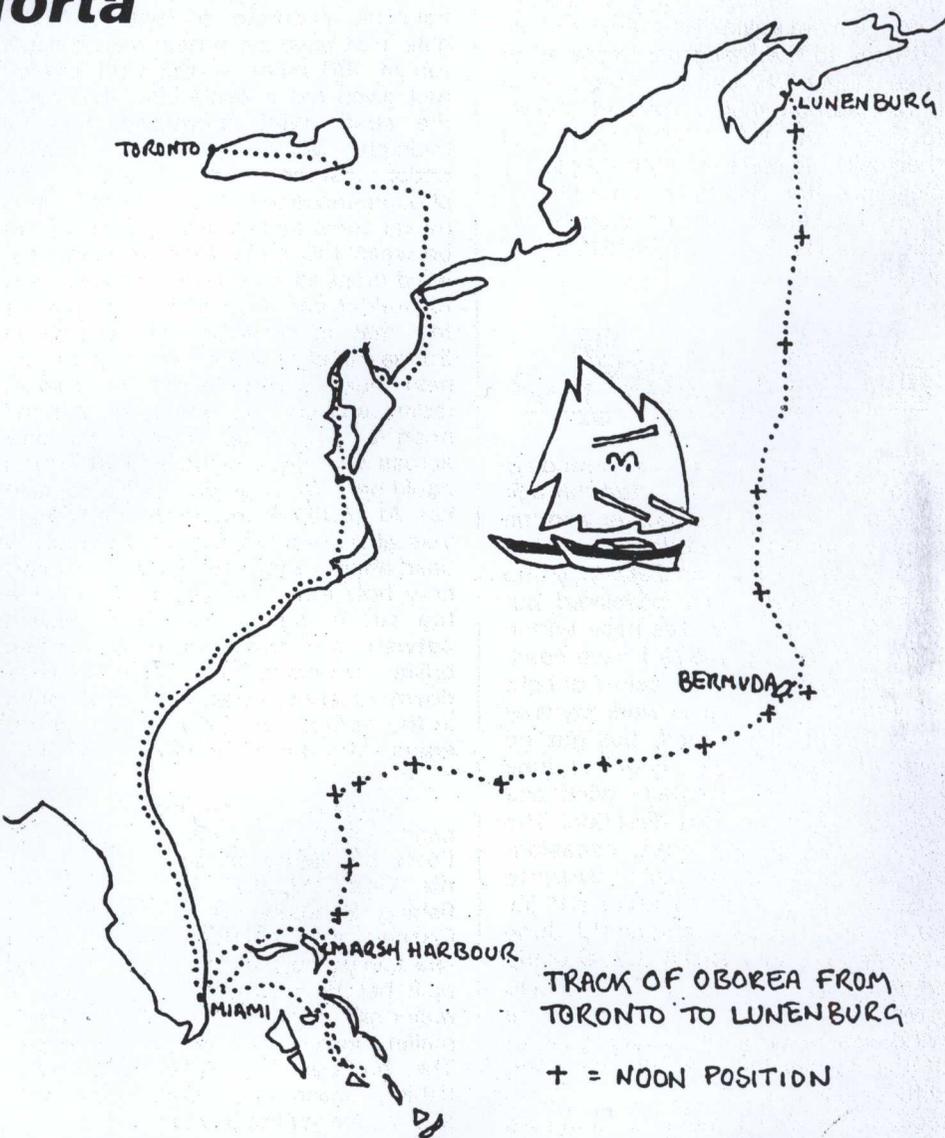
From Hope Town we island hopped south to Royal Island, to Elenthera and to the brilliant chain of the Exuma Cays. On 27th March we arrived at the sleepy settlement of George Town on the tropic of Cancer where we made our rendezvous with *Windchime*. There were also two other yachts with friends aboard in port so we spent a very pleasant two weeks socialising here before setting off in company with *Windchime* for a leisurely trip north and west up the chain of the Exumas. At Norman's Cay we filled our tanks with rainwater from the cistern at the abandoned resort as our water from George Town was pretty brackish, and then motored 30 miles to Nassau in a flat calm.

Nassau had not improved since we were last there, still strong current, strong winds and poor holding, but there was always something interesting to watch, from the great cruise ships, to inter-island freighters and fishing boats under patched and baggy sails. On the beaches we could watch the tourists turn red, and one morning we watched horses being bathed in the surf.

From Nassau we sailed 40 miles to the Berry Islands – my first visit to this 40 mile long chain. The islands at each end of the group are developed with marinas and condominiums, but in the

middle are many uninhabited cays with beautiful snug anchorages, good fishing and diving, coconuts for the taking, warm golden beaches and warm turquoise water – what else could you ask for? We spent an idyllic nine days here. The two *Narais* together, just swimming and sunbathing and sailing the dinghy!

29th April we left Chubb Cay for an overnight full-moon crossing of the Great Bahama Bank to Gun Cay 80 miles West. At Gun Cay we found conditions favourable to sail on across the Gulf stream 40 miles to Miami, where we entered harbour surfing at



TRACK OF OBOREA FROM TORONTO TO LUNENBURG

+ = NOON POSITION

12-13 knots. Arriving on a Sunday meant a 2 hour wait for customs clearance at a dock exposed to the wakes of hundreds of weekend power-boaters but finally we were cleared to motor 9 miles through 3 draw bridges to anchor off our friends at Treasure Island.

I spent almost a month in Miami, provisioning and doing maintenance on Oborea. I repainted the decks and put on new anti-skid, replaced rigging lanyards and the headstay and did a hundred and one other jobs. Finally on 18th May I said goodbye to Windchime and my crew who were returning to Canada (so much of cruising is saying goodbye to friends, but you always seem to meet again eventually) and set off back to the Bahamas. I entered at Green Turtle Cay, and then went on to Little Harbour where I beached Oborea to scrub and paint the bottom, and then sailed to Marsh Harbour to get my clearance for Bermuda (one of the forms I received had the paradoxical title "ENTRY OUTWARDS OF VESSEL".)



The route from Abaco to Bermuda is about 800 miles, the first half through an area of light variable winds, and the second through prevailing SWesterlies. I left Marsh Harbour on 28th May and was almost immediately becalmed, but saw three Sperm Whales pass within 50 feet, the first whales I have seen. The next four days I had calms of light NE winds. I managed to work my way north during this period, but got no nearer to Bermuda. Finally on 1st June I got a very light westerly wind and could head in the right direction. The westerly winds continued, occasionally stormy, when I would be down to a double reefed mainsail and small jib, for the next five days, and on 6th June I finally saw land ahead; but the trip wasn't over yet. By the time I sailed down the SE coast to St. George the wind was blowing at 30 knots right out of the narrow harbour entrance with cliffs on each side. It was too narrow to tack, and I could make no progress under power against the short steep chops, so I had to heave to and wait. 30 hours later I could finally sail back the miles I had drifted to leeward. On 8th June I finally entered and anchored at St. George, 11 days and 5 hours from Marsh Harbour (Av. speed 3kt).

Entry formalities were easy and quick, and I was soon ashore for dinner and a cold beer! Bermuda is very pretty, the people are very friendly but it is definitely expensive. Everything is imported and you pay a lot for supplies, restaurant meals, transportation etc. I couldn't afford to stay here too long and on 14th June I got my departure papers for Junenburg, Nova Scotia.

Junenburg is 750 miles almost due north of Bermuda, and for the first two days I had easterly winds making good progress and passing a large British



brigantine and a small schooner. On the night of the 16th I passed north of the Gulf Stream and sea and air temperatures dropped rapidly. I had to get out the winter woollies that had been packed since last November. Next morning was cloudy and I couldn't get a sun sight, but I called a passing bulk carrier, and he gave me a satellite position, accurate to within 1/10th mile, that gave me a new record day's run of 190 miles - the Gulf Stream had given me a good life! That night the south wind increased, and by midnight I was surfing down 10' waves under small jib alone. The phosphorescence was brilliant - two rocket trails astern, and a river of fire between the hulls. Next morning the wind dropped and by noon I was back to working sail. That night I entered the fog that is prevalent off the Nova Scotia coast in June and July. By ten next morning I could pick up coastal radio beacons and get a fix. Around noon a large ship hooked its way across my bows close enough that I could hear her engines, but I never saw her. At 1600 the fog lifted briefly and I was able to get a fix on Cross Island dead ahead, and Rose Point on the port bow, both about 4 miles off, before the fog set in again. At 1700 I sailed between the Point and the Island into brilliant sunshine for the last five miles down Junenburg Bay, finally anchoring in the harbour at 1745, 5 days and 6 hours from Bermuda. (Av. speed 6kt).

Junenburg is the historic fishing capital of Nova Scotia, and from here fleets of fishing schooners sailed for the Grand Banks. Today the only fishing Schooner is the "Teresa E. Conner" of the fishery museum, and she is in drydock (in the same yard that built her 50 years ago) undergoing a major refit. The sound of the caulker's mallet rings over the harbour again. The harbour is still crowded with fishing boats and there were only about four yachts in port.

I had about a month until my crew arrived for the next leg of the voyage, so I sailed 18 miles down this foggy rock-bound coast to the Sattave river where I have many friends with whom the next few weeks rushed past quickly. It is a strange climate on this

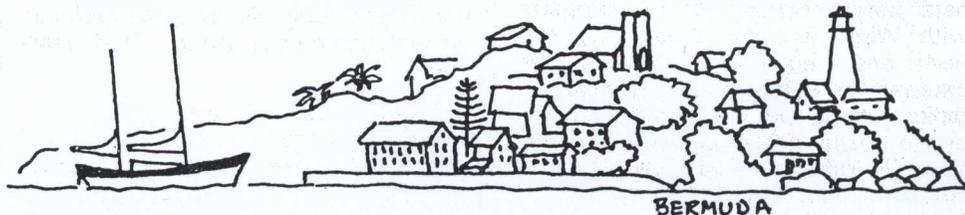
coast in summer, with an offshore breeze it is clear and sunny with the temperatures in the upper 20'sC, but should the wind come off the cold Labrador current it brings fog and temperatures that rarely reach 15°C.

Finally it was time to say more goodbyes and we were off. Destination: Horta, Azores, 1700 miles to the ESE. Our plan was to sail SE to 40°N, and then follow this parallel E, cutting through the tip of the ice limit for July, until the great circle route diverged south to Horta.

We left the Sattave River on the 15th July and held moderate to strong SW winds for four days. During this period we crossed the border of the continental shelf, one of the richest fishing grounds in the world. We saw whales and dolphins, flocks of Shearwaters, petrels, fulmars, gulls and terns. On the 18th we reached 40°N and turned E. The winds went round to the W and we continued making good progress, including a new record run of 192 miles noon to noon. At 2 am. on the 21st we passed the halfway point, but winds ahead would probably be lighter, influenced by the Azores high. On the 22nd we had headwinds for half a day, followed by a half a day's calm before winds went back to the west and light. Light favourable winds continued until the 27th, our only companions were a few shearwaters and petrels and a lot of Portuguese men of war.

On the 28th we had headwinds again which increased until we were beating NE on the starboard tack under double reefed main and small jib. Our original course to Horta would have taken us about 60 miles south of Flores, the most westerly of the Azores, but with the present conditions we decided to anchor in the lee of this island (there is no proper harbour) to wait for more favourable winds. At daylight on the 29th Flores and Corvo were visible ahead 35 miles away, and all day we drew closer. The Azores are high and volcanic, largely surrounded by cliffs, the hills rise steeply inland, all incredibly green and terraced with tiny fields. As we drew closer we could see tiny white farm houses with red tiled roofs and cows in the fields, and at 4 pm. we dropped anchor in an unnamed cliff ringed cover near the NW tip of the island. 1600 miles from Nova Scotia in 14 days 8 hours (4.6kt Av. speed).

I did not want to leave Oborea unattended in case of a wind shift, but the crew went ashore where he met up with some local inhabitants who plied him with food and drink before sending him back with a bottle of wine and a



bag of shrimps for me – they would accept no payment – this was our welcome to the Azores.

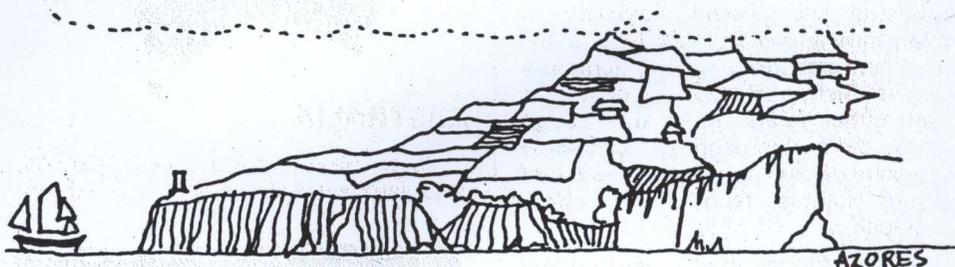
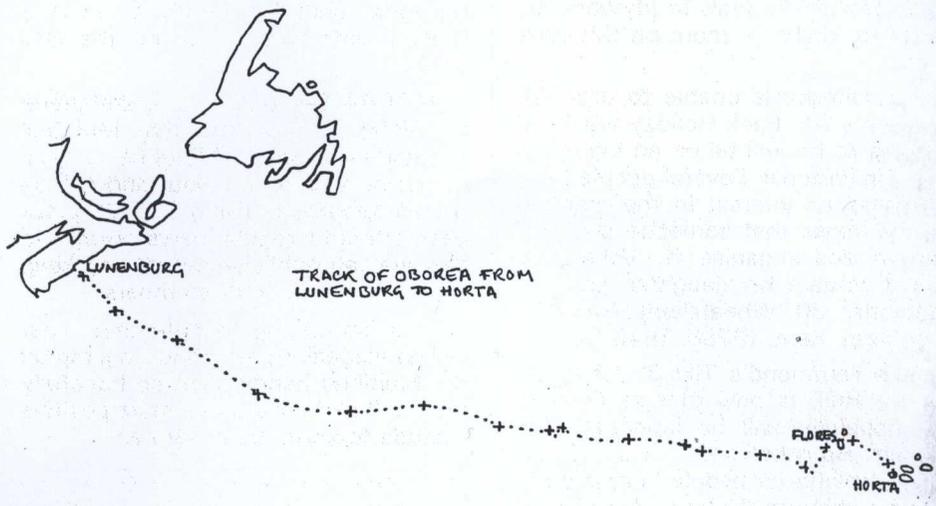
Next day we had SW winds and left for Horta, and although the winds grew light when we were half way there, we made the 140 mile crossing in a day and a half. The upper part of the island of Faial was hidden in cloud, as was the 7,800 foot volcano Pico, but just as we turned the corner to Horta, Pico revealed her head to the sunlight high above her belt of clouds. We tied up to the new marina at Horu, 16½ days from Nova Scotia.

The new marina is clean and efficient with all the conveniences expected of a modern establishment, and at 400 escudos a day is about one tenth the cost of marinas in the U.S.A. Customs, marine police and harbour officials all have offices here manned 12 hours a day, 7 days a week. Entry paperwork is minimal and cost less than US\$1! We have been here a week now, drinking the cheap wine, eating the fresh bread and the great island cheeses. Fish and local vegetables cost pennies and the sun shines most of the time.

We will be here until after Sea Week, the big annual marine festival held every year between the first two Sundays in August, and then Oborea will be on her way again, heading for mainland Portugal.

Some notes on new equipment carried on this our second voyage. First and most important I fitted an Autohelm 3,000. This has been in almost constant use since we left Toronto and has, touch wood, given not the slightest problem. I bought a Frieburger Yacht Sextant and our old plastic EBBCO has become the backup. I have a Seafarer RDF to replace the old Aquasignal unit that died. The seafarer electronic log has worked well, although it broke down and had to be repaired under warranty on our first trip. We carry an old Walker Exelcior as back-up. I had to replace the transmitter of the Seafarer 3 sounder in Nova Scotia, and the standard horizon VHF has worked without attention for 4 years now.

Oborea's average speed made good over 3150 n. miles was 4¼ kt.



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NEXT ISSUE

Eddy Evans, gripping account of the sad loss of Gaia

The P.C.A. – The Way Ahead?

Self Sufficiency Afloat

Air/Sea Rescue – A Helicopter Crewman's View



U.K.

At Devoran, Ghia continues to grow – both hulls are almost ready for decking. The proto-type of the sleek, new Tiki 28, is now sailing and there are already firm orders for two more to be professionally built in plywood by 'Wharram, Build' – more on this next issue.

Ted Johnson is unable to organise this year's S.E. Bank Holiday weekend meeting as he will be on an extended cruise in Portugal. Several people have expressed an interest in the meeting and he hopes that someone else will step in and organise it. Volunteers should contact his daughter, Lorraine Bancrofts, 30 Wheatsheaf Gardens, Sheerness, Kent. (0795 664373).

John Farrimond's Tiki 31 'Wildcat' (ashore Hull) is now almost finished and hopefully will be launched this summer. He is keen on chartering and is also looking for people interested in taking a share in the boat. He can be contacted on Hull 504816, evenings.

John Head writes from Helston with some good news at last about insurance. Bishop Skinner, insurance brokers recommended by the RYA, requested that David Edwards of Fowey survey John's Hitia 14 and Tiki 21. When presented with satisfactory surveys Bishop Skinner declined to cover either boat! However, through J.W.D., John approached Trevisson Insurance of Truro who obtained cover through Holdfast Yacht & Motor Boat Insurance.

The premiums aren't extortionate either. John's Tiki 21, valued at £3,200, has been covered at a cost of £80. This includes transit and third party cover up to £250,000. Restrictions include no racing and UK waters only.

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(Frank Dew, FCII)
Shalimar
Penhalls Way
Truro, Cornwall TR3 6EX
(0872) 876409

Congratulations to Steve and Sandy Turner, our Sailing and General Secretaries, on celebrating 20 years of marriage. They are presently refitting their Oro 'Imagine' and hope to have her sailing later this season. As you may know Steve is building the GRP Tiki 26's, and has now sold five. GRP Tiki 21's should be available from him soon.

Mansel and Hazel Rees are now basking in the Mediterranean sun on their Pahi 31 'Release', after motoring through the French canals. Roger Cross left Millbrook on his extensively refitted Tangaroa 'Nina' last December and had an eventful winter passage to Brighton, where he is still holed up. Eddy Evans recently turned up at Millbrook, sadly without his Tangaroa which was pounded to pieces by the ocean surf whilst beached on the Spanish coast – more details of this unhappy saga should appear in the next issue of the Sea People. He has fallen in love with Spain and is returning with his family to start a rowing skiff hire centre on the NW coast.

MOCRA Secretary Paul Constantine is editing a new monthly Multihull magazine 'Sail Multihull'. The magazine will be in colour and will be biased towards cruising. The PCA has been offered a regular news column so that we can publicise events and keep in regular touch with members.

It is interesting to note that other sailing magazines are about to jump on the Multihull bandwagon so hopefully we can look forward to a more positive attitude towards us in future.



AUSTRALIA

Peter Hackett and Carl Reynolds organised a very successful 'Wharram

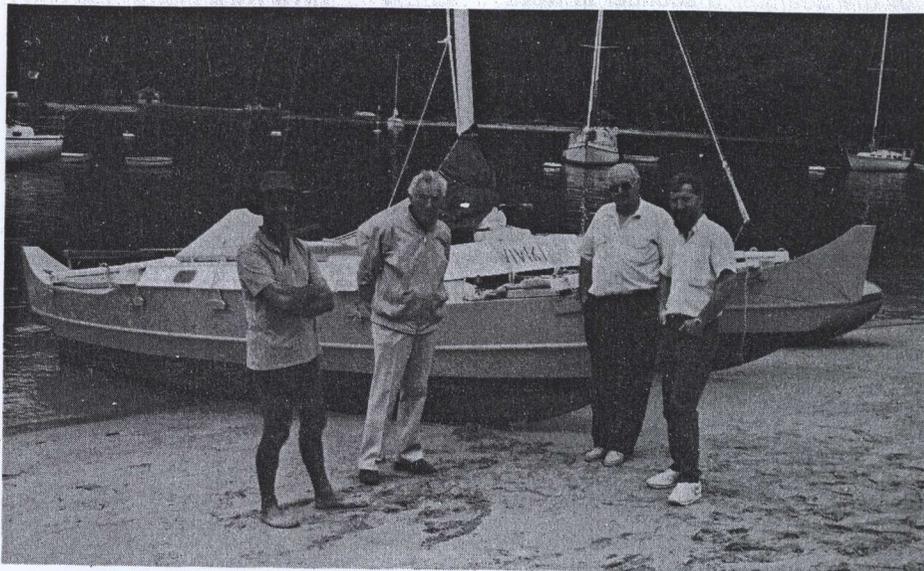
Meet' on 18/19 March at the 'Basin', a beautiful bay just north of Sydney. It's in a National Park with camping facilities, toilets and showers. Despite the unseasonally wet weather, over 30 people attended, although the only 'Polycats' present where the organisers' Tikiroa 'Viviki', along with John Davis' 'Captain Cook'.

It was decided to hold more 'Meets', and hopefully Bob and Wyn Moon's Tiki 26, Steve Wagstaff's Tiki 31, and Ray Mill's Tikiroa should be sailing in time for the next. A small news letter, similar to the Canadian one is also going to be produced. Interested builders/sailors should contact:

Peter Hackett, 121 Coonanbarra Road, Wahroonga, NSW 2076, phone (02) 489 4725 or Carl Reynolds, 8 Caren Place, Faulconbridge NSW 2776, phone (047) 51 4905.

Edith, Fred and Wally Fulter(?) finally launched Tangaroa MK.IV 'Nakaza' and have been sailing since May 1988 and are very pleased with the boat. They add: – 'We have called the boat "Nakaza" which is an aboriginal tribal area, most likely something to do with water, as there is no direct translation. A few weeks ago Rangoon Moon arrived in Darwin – she was built in Beirut.

Enthusiasm for Wharrams has no limits! Martin Lowe motorcycled 800 km. in pouring rain to have a sail in Phil Hooper's Tikiroa – he has sold his Narai and is thinking of building a Tikiroa. His efforts were not in vain, as the weather cleared and they were able to sail in near perfect conditions.



Tikiroa 'VIVIKI' at March Polycat meet.

Left to right: Peter Hackett, Harry Morsheil, Ken Lawson and Don Murray



NORTH AMERICA

Andrew and Susan Moizer of 206 Brock St. E, Box 278, Merrickville, Ontario K0G 1N0, are doing a fine job producing "Polycat", the North American newsletter - actually more like a mini magazine. About 70 members subscribe (\$6 per year) and the main news items are reprinted here. Andrew writes:-

Lots of news from members. On the building front: Mac Brown has finished one hull on his Tiki and is waiting for warm weather to fibreglass the second hull. Then its on to the beams, deck and mast. Last summer Mac also refinished his venerable Tane 'Chiquita'.

Steve Veale has built a new mast beam for his Tangaroa 'Rhiannon', bigger and stronger than the last, and is gearing up for another trip to Bermuda this summer from his New Jersey base.

New member Barry Small from Kincardine Ontario has quite a stable and is adding to it still. Barry is sailing a 14' Hitia and a Georgian 23 and is building a Tiki 26.

Harry Budden of Powassen Ontario launched his very smart looking Pahi 31 on Lake Nipissing last summer.

Longtime Polycats member Alan Saunders of Toronto has been making progress on his Narai and will soon be vacating the building barn he has been using in Pickering. If anyone is interested in a building site in that area you should get in touch with Alan.

West coast member EJ Beard of Prince Rupert launched his Tanenui 'Fireweed' last summer and is undoubtedly looking forward to some great sailing.

Ken Kowalski of New Jersey is thinking of moving his Tiki 21 to Maine to sail this summer after getting fed up with the overcrowding on his NJ coast.

Roly Huebsch is working his way north from Barbados in his Narai MK.II 'Oborea'. Roly plans to be back on the Great Lakes in May and I'm looking forward to hearing more about his voyaging at the Sail In.

The Sail In is still going to happen on the weekend of 12th/13th August. The venue is the lovely Howe Island home of David and Rozanne Moizer on Lake Ontario near Kingston. Plan now to be there, it promises to be the best Sail In yet.

New member David Bell, 3435 Death Valley Drive, Las Vegas, Nevada, 89122 USA has a lot of exotic aerospace materials he would like to trade with other members for sails, deck-tents etc. for his Tiki 21. These include 100 yards of 38" graphite cloth pre-impregnated with epoxy resin. It has excellent stiffness and abrasion resistance but unfortunately must be kept frozen and shipped in dry ice! He also has Kevlar filament and a selection of E glass. He purchased his Tiki 21 plans last fall and pre-coated all his hull components before winter hit.



DENMARK / GERMANY

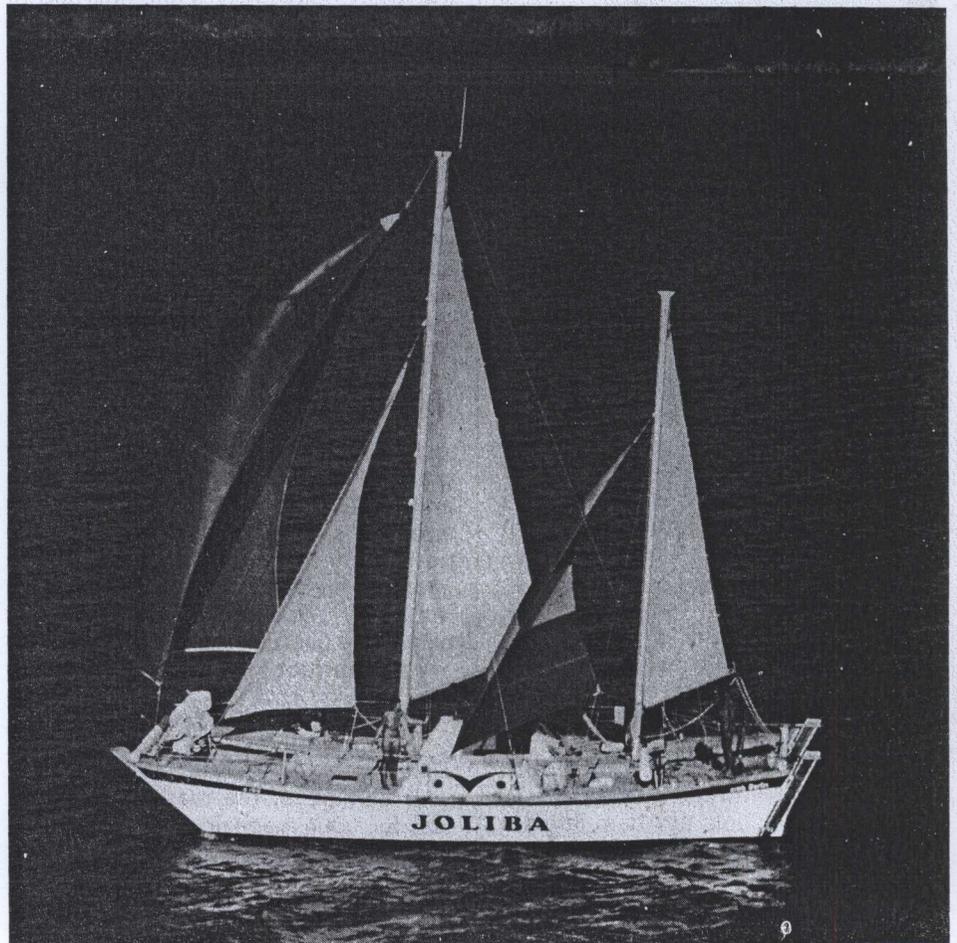
Robert Waldow, Hackenbroicher str. 147 D 5000 Koln 71, is offering accommodation for the PCA member who wants to visit "Boot 89" in Dusseldorf. Last summer Tine Bosch and Thomas Gehm brought their Tiki 21 to Denmark for a cruise in company with Roger's Tiki 21 and his two young children:-

"It was a great experience for five people to live on two Tiki 21's. At times we would live as a 'double cat' island, inviting each other for breakfast or dinner and at other times we could have our own individualistic freedom. We spent some beautiful days on our catamarans and found it more fun to sail as a group. We are looking forward to 1989 and hope that more boats will be able to join us."



IRELAND

The second hull of Fiach O'Brolchain's Pahi 42 is now almost complete, writes David Whyte. Working single-handed under plastic sheeting in his back garden he has halved the time taken to build the first hull. He has used WEST epoxy internally and externally, with budget ply from various sources and Irish Larch for all stringers - a lovely light colour.



Narai Mk. IV. Photo courtesy Erich Zieher

Editors Notes

Three years ago Jill and I gave up a comfortable home and a fairly conventional existence to build our Tiki 26, 'Suilven II'. We had chosen to build in the very heart of England, almost as far from the sea as it is possible to get, because it had been our home for several years and we wanted to utilise a familiar infrastructure. To a certain extent this was a mistake – building amongst land lubbers can be a lonely and frustrating business, as I'm sure some of you already know!

The Sea People, however, provided a lifeline to an enlightened world. Here we could read about fellow builders and share their joys and frustrations, and learn much about the sea which we would one day sail upon. We were always uplifted by the self reliance, vision, courage and determination of members, and through their contributions to the magazine we were given the encouragement to crack on with our project and get sailing.

This magazine is thus very important to us – as we are sure it is to you. The PCA is, after all, the largest cruising catamaran association in the world, and inevitably, to many members in far flung corners of the planet, 'The Sea People' is the PCA. The magazine, therefore, has a duty to involve as many of us as possible, to share common wisdom and experiences – something its unique blend of practicality and philosophy has done superbly in the past. To continue this tradition, we need your thoughts, experiences and ideas, so please write to us!

Notes to Contributors

We need your stories! They inspire and encourage others! We are not looking for literary brilliance – all we want are details of interesting voyages and building experiences. If you feel that you would like to contribute, then here's how.

Starting an article is always the hardest part, so don't feel guilty about leaving it until last! Start in the middle if you like and just put your thoughts onto paper in any order – with a little perseverance they will all tumble out. Now put your efforts away for a few days and then look at them afresh. Change or throw out what you don't like and re-organise the rest to provide a sense of continuity. Repeat this process until you are reasonably satisfied with the results, then put it all down onto A4 paper, preferably typed

That said, please remember that those of us who carry out the official tasks of the PCA – answer your letters, send out membership forms, look after funds, edit, produce and mail copies of the magazine, as well as news letters etc – do so on a purely voluntary basis. We aim to provide a regular service but other commitments may sometimes take charge – please bear with us!

The End of a Golden Age?

I was going to end my first editorial there, but after reading 'Jim's Column', and subsequently the editorial in June's issue of Practical Boat Owner – which supports Jim's views – I feel I ought to vent my feelings on this disturbing matter.

Jim asks 'what have yachtsmen done wrong'? The answer is of course very little. The trouble is that they haven't yet wrung every last drop of money from us. They just see us as a vast, untapped reservoir, essential not only to keep their present wheels oiled and turning, but to provide for new, thirstier ones too.

Regulating yachting is unlikely to have any real impact on the safety of the sport, especially if the criterion of regulation is the vessel and not the skipper or crew. One can stuff a boat full of modern safety aids and equipment but if the skipper doesn't know how to use them or more likely how to use his brain when they fail, then

with double line spacing – it makes it easier to edit, and leaves me more time to actually go sailing. If you write it in your own fair hand then please print place, boat and people's names clearly as I cannot be held responsible for the howlers which may otherwise result!

Do you have any relevant photographs? Ideally they should be black and white prints, 7"x5" to 10"x8" in size, but colour prints of any size can be used if this is all you have. Please enclose an s.a.e. if you want them returned. Drawings too can be extremely useful – don't worry if they are not perfect.

We are desperately short of photographs of you and your boats, and the places you sail to. Next time you have your camera at the ready please take one for your magazine.

Finally, please let me have all articles for the next issue by the end of September, and news items and advertisements by the middle of October '89.

he would have been better off sailing without them in the first place – their presence only breeds complacency. Ultimately it's seamanship that counts – a competent skipper does not put to sea in an ill-equipped boat.

But of course there's very little money in seamanship for them, and the infrastructure for training is already there, although not yet compulsory, through the RYA. However, as soon as they start messing with the boats themselves then they can really strike it rich. Just think of all those extra jobs for 'the boys' – the committees to attend, the rules to enforce, the pens to push . . . and there's the bonanza ahead for the bigger boat builders and related manufacturers and services too.

And believe me it won't stop there. How long will it be before we have compulsory insurance? – assuming you can provide a structural survey that satisfies the necessary criteria determined by them. Oddballs beware!

Before we know it true innovation will be dead, and peculiar vessels that exploit loopholes in the regulations at the expense of true sailing efficiency will develop – the three wheeler cars of the yachting world.

And will all this benefit the average Yachtsman? You bet it won't! We are all going to have to dig deeper into our pockets, and grovel and scrape to petty officials who don't give a fig about what sailing's all about – fun and freedom, two words in the English Language in danger of extinction.

P.S. A blow by blow account of 'Suilven II's' construction will appear in the Aug. Sept. and Oct. '89 editions of Practical Boat Owner.

Buying or Selling?

Then write to PCA buying and selling officer Malcolm Cox. The service is free to members and at the moment Malcolm has far more enquiries from potential buyers than sellers! The demand for the larger designs is particularly great. If your boat is sold please let Malcolm know so he can remove it from the register. He is also compiling an equipment register, which could be really useful for those of us fitting out boats. Write, enclosing an s.a.e. to:–

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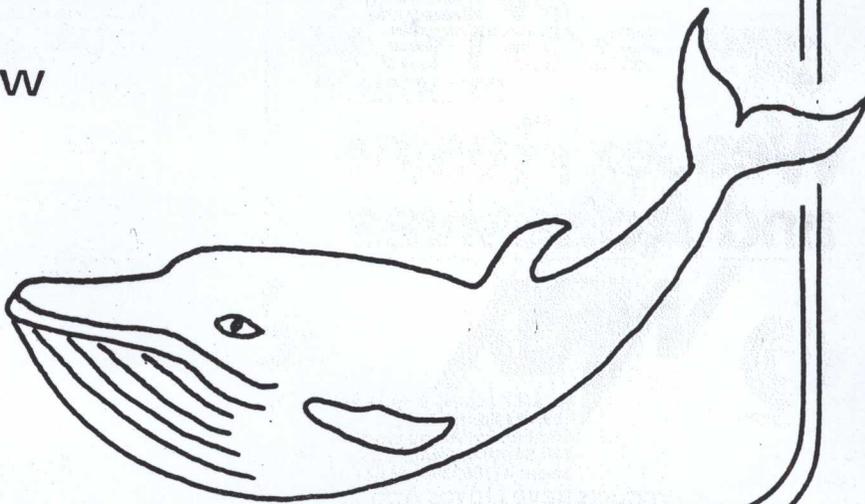
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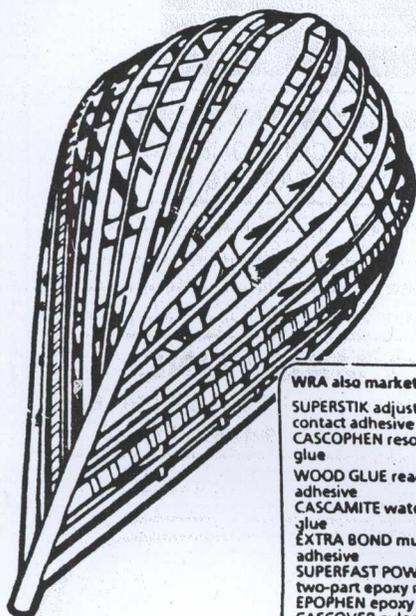
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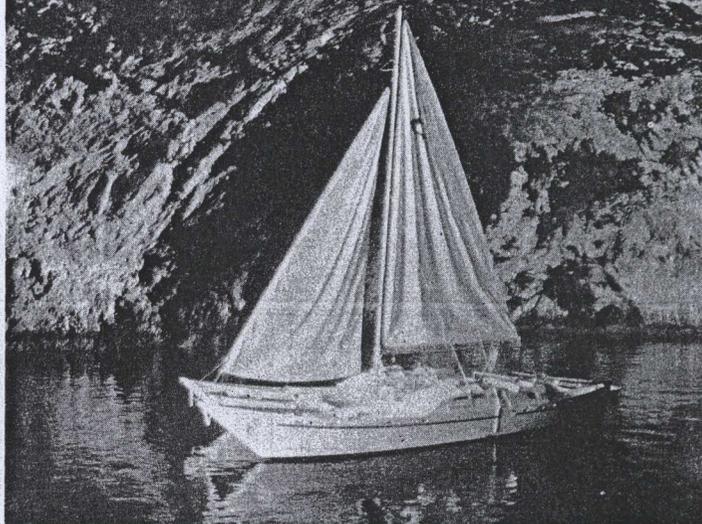
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MULTIHULLS



January/February 1984 Cover Photo: Wade Doak's RAKA 'INTERLOCK' in Rikoriko Cave, New Zealand, with inside story: 'A Cat Among The Dolphins'.

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Final preparations at Southdown, Millbrook for the planned cruise in company to Brittany, which unfortunately coincided with the end of the long, hot spell. In F6 headwinds only Roger Cross's Tangaroa 'Nina' made it to Paimpol. The other four boats ran for cover along the Devon coast, and had some eventful and occasionally hair raising sorties in winds gusting F7. Towards the end of the week the weather improved allowing a lazy and very enjoyable cruise in company back to Millbrook.

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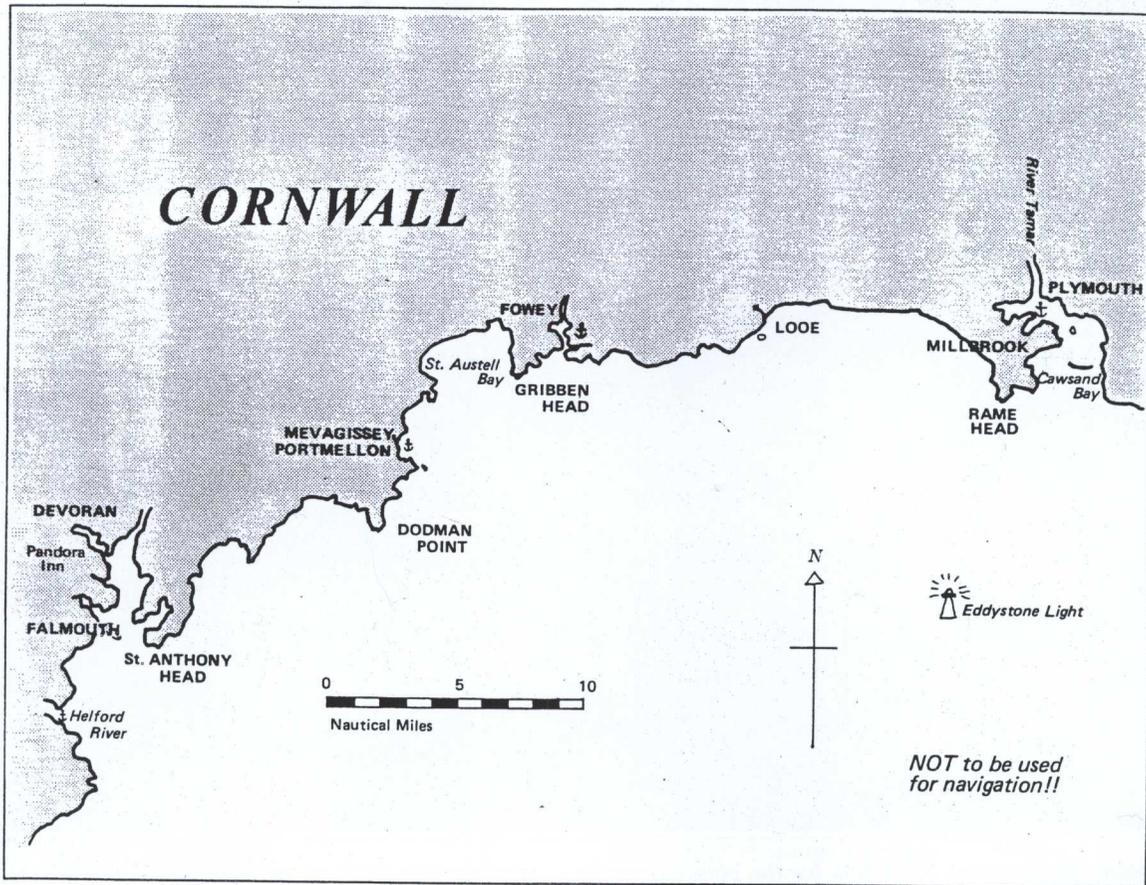
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U.K. Summer Sailing Week



13-19 AUGUST 1989

Following the very successful sailing week in 1987 it is intended to combine a cruise in company with a 2 day rally in the South West, hopefully offering opportunities for all sizes of polycat to participate.

The initial get-together will be at Millbrook 12-13 August, then coastal

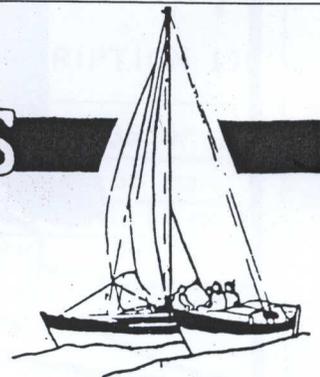
trekking to arrive in Falmouth for the next rendezvous on the 16th. After some local area sailing in the sheltered Carrick Roads and the Helford River there will be an evening barbecue on the 17th hosted by J.W.D. at Devoran. To complete the week the survivors can then trek back to Millbrook to arrive on the 19th.

There are extensive launching, parking and camping facilities at both Millbrook and Falmouth. For further details contact either Steve Turner, Foss Quay, Millbrook, Torpoint, Cornwall PL10 1EN (0752 822846), or Tim Forrester, Rose Eglas Cottage, Budock Water, Falmouth, Cornwall (0326 75087).

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