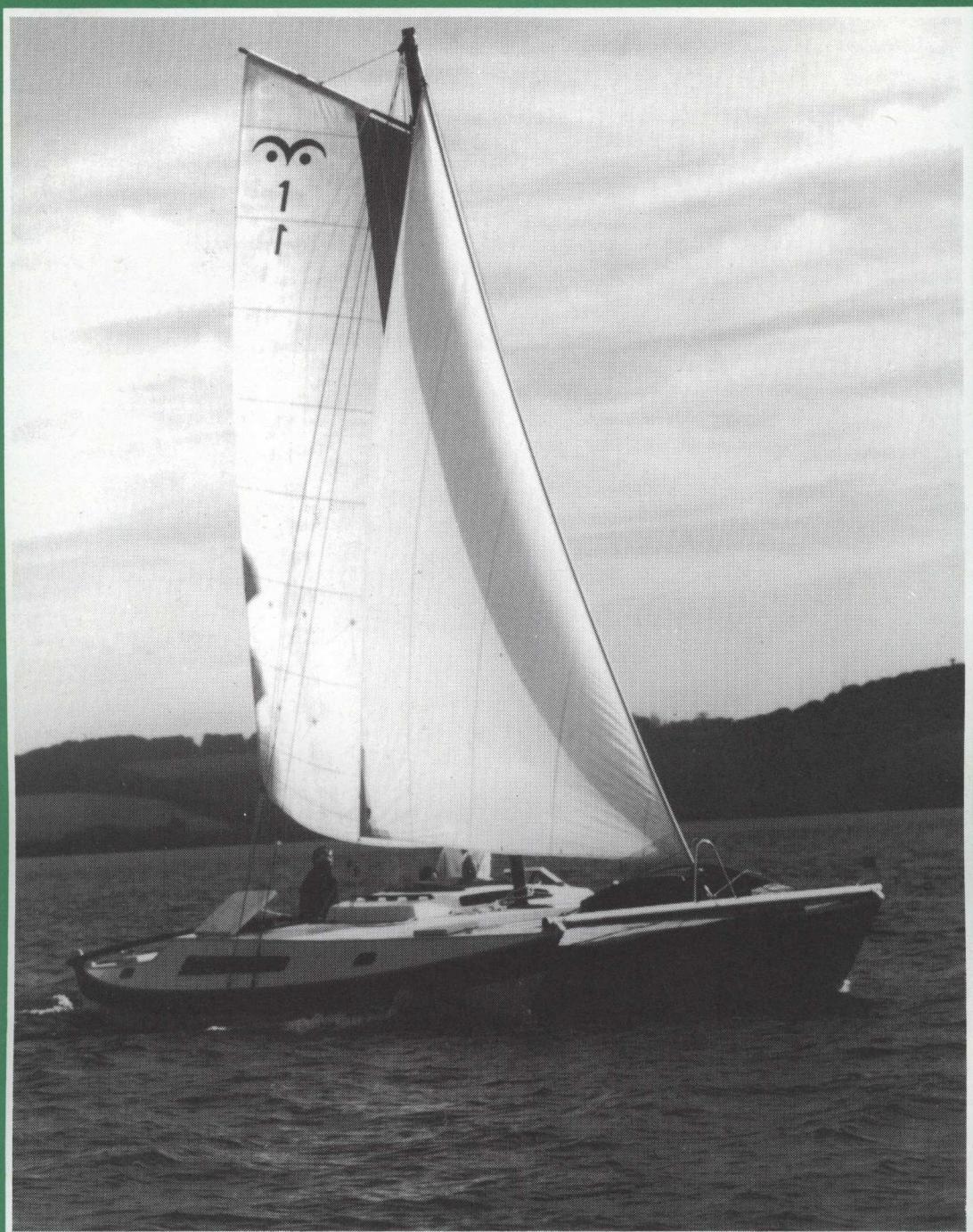


SeaPeople



**The Journal of the
Polynesian Catamaran
Association**

Jim's Column

"Wharram Built Ltd."

The editor has asked me to write something about "WHARRAM BUILT LTD.", our new firm constructing ready built Wharrams.

My father and grandfather employed men in building construction, and I can remember the face of anguish that my father would raise to the heavens, saying: "Son, never employ men".

Whether we are now employing men/women or guiding self employed craftsmen at the moment is a sub judice matter of deep concern to a member of the British Income Tax Department.

Whatever the definition of their status, it is clear that there has come a shift to Wharram designs and sales policy.

The editor on your behalf wanted to know whether and how it would effect self builders.

There are several reasons for this new department.

1. For 4 or 5 years pressure has been on us to supply ready built boats to people who do not have the time or skill (so they say) to build their own boat. As we were not able to supply finished boats, they have been forced to look for a good secondhand Wharram, which can be an expensive and chancy experience, or with regret go to another builder.

2. There is a need to have a quality standard of construction and finish. The lessons learned in volume construction can be fed back to self-builders.

3. In the developing market for professional ready built cruising catamarans in the last 5-6 years, many new designers and firms have moved into the opening. To explain their "newness", they have attacked in advertising and various

other ways the design abilities and construction methods of the existing cruising catamaran market. Well, that is "business", which most self-builders wish to get away from.

Unfortunately, there was a strong tendency for the "new boys" to lump self-builders in with an archaic past.

"Wharram Built Ltd.", as a new firm is now in the professionally built boat market, and by inference, the self built boat designs cannot be regarded as archaic.

This year, during our holiday in Ibiza, we sailed a HITIA 17 cruising beach catamaran; at the PCA meeting we saw TIKI 26s and a TIKI 31 flashing by. We have been aboard the first finished PAHI 63 which reported averaging 15 knots (for several hours) in a force 4 - 5 wind, with occasional peak speeds of 20 knots.

These new self-built designs are certainly not archaic, though before the owners of these latest Wharram designs get big headed, an "archaic" ORO averaged 10 knots from Plymouth to the Scillies this year.

Theoretically, any builder could become part of "Wharram Built Ltd.". However, the conditions of joining it, by market necessity and group pride, have to be very strict.

Building boats for the market as opposed to oneself is a different ball-game for, in addition to the highest possible finish, goes speed in building and reliability in delivery. So, please, do not flood us with letters asking: "Can I join "Wharram Built Ltd.".

First you should ask yourself whether you would be prepared:-

- a). to work for two weeks at "Wharram Built Ltd." to show initiative and ability,
- b). to build a boat for yourself with accurate time sheets to show further abilities and
- c). bring character references to show

that you would be reliable and responsible in building someone else's dream boat.

The intention at "Wharram Built" is that the name becomes synonymous with quality construction at a reasonable price to the boat owner.

Racing

Racing has raised its head again in reference to Wharram catamarans. Long-time readers of the "Seapeople/Sailorman" magazine will remember how for the Trailer/Sailers TIKI 21 and TIKI 26 no allowance was made in the trailer/sailer racing rules for "Micro Multihulls" for factors which were necessary and practical for a good trailer/sailer/cruiser, (like short masts, family sailing abilities, stability etc.).

As shown by the numbers attending race venues in recent years, the racer/cruiser/trailer/sailer market has collapsed. One big racing/cruising Micro Multihull designer has redesigned his boats on the lines of a true trailer/sailer cruising boat.

Several years ago the French looked with amazement at British attitudes and set up their own organisation, a 28 foot out an out trailer/sailer racing class, the "Formula 28".

However, they have not forgotten cruising trailer/sailors, and at the International Multihull Symposium at the 20th Anniversary of MOCRA, held at Southampton on 18th and 19th of November last year, Bernard Morel - Chairman of IMMCA - asked and particularly mentioned Wharrams to join in the friendly family cruiser/racer races to be held in various parts of Europe.

Bernard Morel and the French are doing their best to encourage family catamarans entering the races. It offers a chance of meeting other EEC multihull owners on their trailer/sailer holidays. Please contact racing secretary Dave Hinder.

The first from "Wharram Built Ltd", the immaculately finished Tiki 28.

Constructed from epoxy/glass/ply, the hulls are bolted to beams that form an integral part of the bridge deck structure. The underwater shape is similar to the other Tikis, except that she has low aspect ratio keels.

Tiki 28 photos D Skelton



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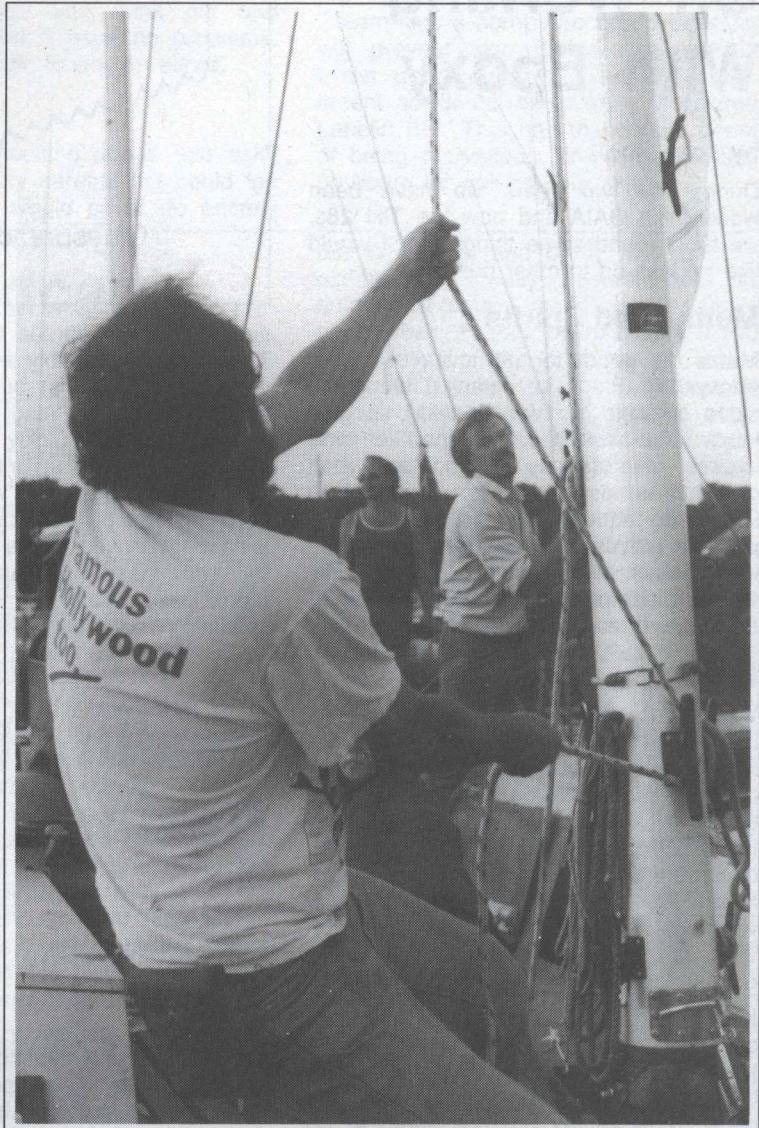
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Too many skippers? No shortage of crew moving SHERE KHAN from her Millbrook mooring in time for the UK summer Cruise in Company.

Full details pages 15 to 17.

We need some good portrait (vertical) format prints, B & W or colour, at least 7x5", for the front cover. Can you help?

The Sea People is edited by Dave Skelton with help from Jill Brown and Steve Turner.

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Hon.Secretary: Sandy Turner
Treasurer: Mike Wynn
Cruising Secretary: Tim Forrester
Racing-Secretary: Dave Hinder

Some Tips On Working With Epoxy

by Joke Snell

During the two years we have been working on GAIA and now the Tiki 28s, we have found some things that I would like to pass on to other builders.

Methylated Spirits

Meths is good for removing uncured epoxy. We use it for cleaning along the sides of fillets and for cleaning up glue joints after we have scraped off the excess glue (epoxy overcoated wood only). It is also good for cleaning up laminating squeegees and to give disposable gloves a longer life. For cleaning brushes, roller handles and syringes, where it is important that no epoxy is left to cure, we use WEST solvent.

Brushes

We have gone through quite a few brushes in building GAIA, but it is possible to use them for quite a while. After use we squeeze out all the excess epoxy in some newspaper, then stand (or hang) them in a tin of WEST solvent, covered with an old glove against evaporation. We leave the brushes in the solvent until we use them again. The solvent can be used many times until it almost "gellifies".

It is important that the epoxy does not set in a brush while working with it. We therefore clean the brush as soon as it begins to drag (probably every half hour). Most of my brushes seem to go when I'm glassing and leave the brush in the epoxy which all of a sudden goes off....

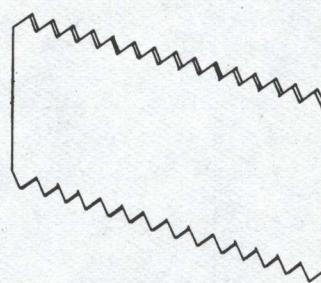
Spreading Glue

When working with epoxy glue, it is important to apply it quickly and evenly. We've found that you can sometimes buy plastic glue spreaders with a fairly coarse serrated edge in a hardware shop. We now make our own, using pinking shears and thickish plastic from a discarded container (see drawing). The day after use the spreaders are easily cleaned by breaking the hardened glue off.

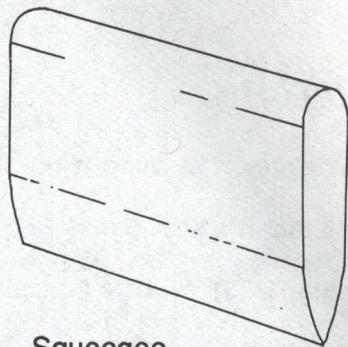
Laminating

For a good bond between wood and glass cloth, you need to fill the weave with the right amount of epoxy and remove all air.

We started off using metal rollers and window-cleaning squeegees. The rollers were to consolidate the glass, then



Gluespreader



Squeegee

squeegeing to spread the resin evenly. This works reasonably well (GAIA's sides were done like this) but both tools are difficult to clean. Also, the squeegees wear out quite quickly (solvent affects the rubber), work at only limited angles to the glass and don't work well in corners. Instead of both tools, we now use a squeegee used in the surfboard industry. With these you can vary the angle more, and so vary the proportion of consolidating pressure and spreading of resin. They are made of a latex that

stands up well against solvents, and if they are cleaned straight after using they last well too. I find these squeegees practical and economical in use, and would like our builders to be able to use them. If you do not wish to search out your nearest surfboard manufacturer's supplier, you can obtain them from James Wharram Designs. The squeegees are 6" wide and cost £6 for the U.K., Europe and overseas surface mail, and £8 for overseas airmail.

Health Hazards With Epoxy Resins

by Sam Nelson

The question of allergy to boat building epoxy glues and coatings was raised at a recent multihull symposium in Southampton, then set aside by the pundits on the platform with a collective reaction that it could be summed up as "not a serious problem". However, a good many lightweight boatbuilders have been unable to continue boatbuilding, or have had to seriously restrict their activities due to epoxy allergy, and I am among the many home builders also afflicted. Due to the sensitising effect of other related substances (hydrocarbons in my case) it has quite seriously affected my life. Not all to the bad, I must add, as I now tend to do more sailing and less "messing about" than I did before.

I acquired the allergy at the later stages of building my present boat, a Woods Windsong moulded ply/epoxy 32ft. catamaran, built in 1983/84. It was built under fairly controlled conditions indoors in quite a nice industrial unit, using SP epoxy throughout with slow hardener. Careful attention to cleanliness, accuracy of measurement of ingredients and temperature was maintained throughout, including the rudimentary safety precautions outlined by SP. I bought and stu-

died the 'Bible' for the process - "The Gougeon Brothers on Boatbuilding" - before starting the project.

Epoxy Dust

No problems were experienced during the lay up of the 3 successive ply skins (although a damned slow business) and both hulls were finished and turned over before I was aware I had a problem. I believe it was caused by sanding the cured epoxy. The dust, containing some part cured catalyst, is very abrasive and when it gets on one's overall cuffs easily abrades the skin around the wrist thereby allowing part cured catalyst particles direct access to the bloodstream. It started as a very itchy rash in this area, spreading up the underneath of the forearms on the softer skin there. I believe I should have taken a holiday right then, but didn't, and finished with a truly agonising weeping sore rash all over my hands and forearms. This itch is not something I would wish to have again. I believe the actual skin process is rather like the action of a cold sore virus, only of course covers much larger areas.

Medical Treatment

My doctor treated the problem with hydrocortisones at first, then steroid creams such as Dermovate. These alleviate symptoms initially but if continued on a regular basis for more than a week

or two have bad effects on the skin itself. These can be minimised by applying moisturising cream along with the steroid. Unfortunately, most moisturising creams are hydrocarbon derived and it took some time to discover that my skin had decided that it hated hydrocarbons as well. Anti-histamine drugs taken orally made me feel I'd had a faulty brain transplant. I finally had to take a month off then resumed using resorcinol, which I can tolerate if used carefully.

Five years on the problem has, as far as epoxy is concerned, become worst in the skin around my eyes. If I go anywhere near fresh epoxy this comes up bright

red and becomes very itchy, taking a week or so to settle down. The skin on my hands and arms produces a milder reaction to epoxy and most solvents, and some sawdusts also irritate. This would tend to prove the chemical affinity of epoxy to wood, I think. So long as I do nothing other than sail my own, or my friends boats and drink gin and tonics in between, I have no problems. Oh, I'm not allergic to women either.

Cover Up!

So what's he moaning about, you ask? Seriously, be very careful. If I could 'go around again' I would cover up entirely

with throw away polyprop overalls, over calf-high rubber boots, over long gauntlet style gloves and an air-fed helmet, particularly if doing any sanding. Sand wet wherever possible. Better still, get someone else to do the sanding.

Finally, some miracle skin balms to ease the afflicted. 'Ambiphilic Dermatological Cream' has a non hydrocarbon base and will prevent skin drying and cracking whilst using steroids. Best of all is a recent accidental discovery - 'Anhydrous Lanolin BP'. This has the double benefit of being marvellous for all metal fittings on board as well as your skin.

Building Tiki 31 "Wildcat"

by John Farrimond

As many of us have discovered, there is only one certainty in boat building - it always takes far longer and costs more than you thought. Beware then of biting off more than you can chew and be realistic about your aims. It is better to be off sailing a Tiki 21 than to be digging yourself a big hole around a Captain Cook. It is advice that has appeared numerous times before in this magazine and in JWD's literature but it still bears repeating. Despite all the setbacks, John still managed to complete WILDCAT in remarkably good time.

Building Time

It took about 1,500 hours to build WILDCAT. I started on 4th July 1987 and the boat was moved out of the workshop on 4th March 1989. Following assembly, work on rigging is still (May 1989) in progress. Slow delivery of some materials, in part caused by the loss of posted orders by our ever so efficient Royal Mail, has slowed work down.

Apart from short periods of full time work during holidays and a 3 month spell of unemployment, all work was part time in the evenings and at weekends. Over the full period it worked out at an average of 17.3 hours per week. Work was handicapped by a chronic shortage of money after I ran out of cash half-way through. Fortunately, I didn't run out of credit! The spell of unemployment about 1/4 of the way through might be thought to have provided an opportunity to get a considerable amount of work done. However, becoming unemployed plunged me into a financial crisis, and that, together with the fact that it happened in winter, resulted in an actual slow down of work.

With few exceptions all the work was done by myself working alone. Jobs that required help were: turning the hulls for sheathing, part sheathing the bottom of the first hull (with more confidence I sheathed the second hull alone, and anyway my assistant showed marked

reluctance to give further assistance after nearly epoxying herself to the hullside). More assistant friendly was the job of fitting the forward windows in the main cabins - my arms weren't long enough to hold the nut on and turn the screw at the same time! The windows are 5mm tinted perspex bedded on mastic and fastened with brass panhead bolts.

Muscle Power

It took 8 men to carry each hull out of the workshop. I did the final assembly with a little help from a friend. However, I do not recommend it unless you are confident about your back! Each cross-beam weighs about 80 - 100 lbs. and while it is alright for any one of reasonable strength to lift that, the beams have to be lifted to chest height to get them into their sockets and have to be moved about and jiggled into place - it's a good way of putting your back out!

Estimating Materials

Both my initial costings and time estimates were way off. This was partly due to gross underestimates on the part of

the Wharrams and partly my fault. For example, I greatly overestimated the amount of time I could actually put in each week. Rather optimistically, I took no account of the need to eat, sleep, write letters, travel, do the shopping, laundry....etc.. However, epoxy usage was 190kg. - a 90% materials list underestimate. Time to build (I kept an accurate log) in terms of man hours was 1,500 - 50% more than the designer's estimated 1,000 hours. Timber is more difficult. Whilst at the beginning I ordered the timber as set out on the materials list, I found that I had to order more and at the end I had a surplus of certain sizes. I had to order much more 1 3/4 X 3/4" than originally set out in the materials list, due in part to my buying the plans before they were fully drawn. The timber list was therefore incomplete anyway. There was also a certain amount of wastage that was difficult to quantify. Although it is a time consuming job, I would advise going through the plans and making up your own, accurate timber list. I initially ordered Sitka Spruce, but found that it was unobtainable locally so I had to order from Robbins of Bristol. The carriage charges make it expensive to order small amounts hence the importance of buying as much as possible in one go. I used Douglas Fir ply from Robbins as 8mm. was not to be found locally (though lar-

Cost of Materials Used

Resin, resin consumables and fillers.....	2054
Other materials, fastenings etc.....	542
Plywood and timber.....	3100
Tools, tool hire, and general consumables.....	198
Sails, standing and running rigging and blocks.....	2232
General Chandlery (basic list).....	1000
8 hp Super Longshaft Mariner.....	1079
Total boat costs to basic sailing rig.....	9205
Extra Costs	
Workshop rental.....	2000
Transport from workshop to launch site plus crane.....	250
TOTAL EXPENDITURE.....	£11,455

ger sizes were readily available).

I managed to get Douglas Fir locally but only in large boards - small sizes they didn't do. However when it became apparent that I wasn't going to take that as final they agreed to machine the sizes I wanted. I had to order more 7/4 X 3/4" iroko due to a major mistake and found them adamant in not cutting iroko that small. I finally got the relatively small quantity needed from York Marinercraft at Bradford. Other odd bits came from rummaging through the timber yards offcut pile.

Was it Worth It?

Would I do it again? Yes! (OK so I'm mad). I enjoyed building this boat, and generally found the work easy and mentally restful, if not often physically hard - I am fortunately no stranger to that. She is now sitting on the quay-side with people passing by, and every comment so far has been: "That's nice". It gives me a great feeling of satisfaction in what I have created. I fancy building again, once I have got the crippling financial strain of this one over with. I keep looking in the direction of the Pahi 63 - I would like to build that as the next major project but I must first work out how to pay for it. Anyone out there interested in collaborating in a joint effort?

A relatively minor statistic is the fact that the workshop was 6 miles from where I live and as my only mode of transport is a bicycle, I cycled 7,000 miles to and fro during the 20 months I was building! This was no fun in winter!



Narai Trimaran

Pete Carter has an interesting solution for those of us who have bitten off more than we can chew. Is this a first?

Way back in 1971 I started work on a Wharram Narai 40 foot catamaran. I bought enough timber and plywood to build one hull, the plan being to sheath it all over, move it outside and then build the other one. I eventually managed to complete this hull but as I had no money and was working alone I could not contemplate building the other one due to lack of finance and rapidly dwindling personal fortitude. I then began to play with the idea of using my hull as the main hull of a trimaran. I joined the Amateur Yacht Research Society and learned from their publications and other books

The Pacific Project

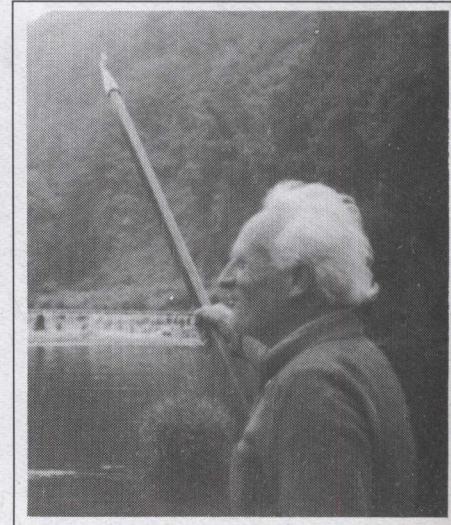
This project is designed around a community of artist workers and supporters, who will build a Wharram "Gaia" on a site near London. The catamaran will provide the workshop, living and research platform for a group of experienced sailors, artists and craftworkers, who will then spend between one and two

years in the Pacific region working on various artistic and documentary projects.

This is a long term project which will probably be run as a charitable trust and John Barker, one of the Project Co-ordinators writes that: "Currently, we are engaged in fund raising and visiting suitable sites to build the boat. The project has had a very good response from artists and we aim to start building in mid 1990. Any suggestions your members could make regarding building sites would be much appreciated."

Obituary

We are sad to report the sudden death of member **John Warrick**. People who attended PCA rallies in the South West of England will no doubt remember his smart, dark blue Hina and the quiet competence with which she was sailed. John could often be found anchored in some Cornish creek or seen on single handed passage along this coast. Because John was a quiet, self effacing man, few people realised what an experienced multihull sailor and builder he was. Having taught himself to sail, John's first boat was a Silhouette plywood sloop which he kept at Sheppey in Kent. In the mid sixties he was teaching in Borneo and while there he built himself a 30' Piver trimaran which he subsequently sailed to Ceylon via Singapore. His first Wharram was a Hina he built in Saudi Arabia while teaching English. Back in England in the seventies and now married, John next built a Tane in which he cruised the English Channel with his wife Margaret. His last boat, another Hina, was launched on the River



Teign in 1983 and soon became familiar to those of us who sail these waters. John died suddenly on board his cat at anchor in a creek off the Tamar, while preparing to sail home at the end of the cruising season. He will be sadly missed.

Steve Turner.

Sailing Performance

On our first trial out into the Wash from King's Lynn she was close winded and very fast, although I don't have a great deal of sail area. She showed the Wharram trait of running on rails, which is great until you want to tack. Her shallow draft is a godsend in this area as every inch really does count. I once went past a fishing boat which was aground with his propellor showing. He must have thought I was flying!

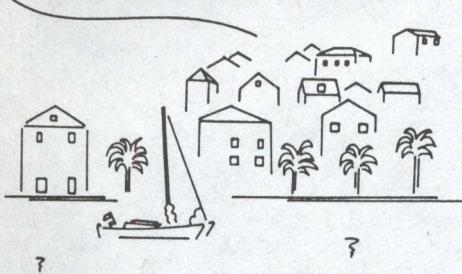
The boat is named JACQUELINE MICHELLE after my two daughters and I'm very pleased with her up to now. I am, however, not suggesting anyone else should follow my example. I wish that I had built a smaller Wharram cat within my means. But I do wonder how many people like me have bitten off more than they can chew and have abandoned a project after building one hull. During the building period and even now I feel very isolated and it seems that I am the only "crazy" person in this area, so if any members would like to take a look at the boat or come for a sail please contact me.

The Adriatic

A Short Report

by Mike Wynn

This year (1989) we spent six weeks of the summer cruising the northern part of the Adriatic in our Tiki 21 GRATITUDE. A blow by blow account would be tedious but some things are worth saying.



Where Are All The Cats?

Before we went Ruth asked us to think of writing a report on the Polycats that we saw. Now I wouldn't like to prepare a report on any other designer's boats but at least a Wharram is a Wharram and no mistake. Although there was that cat that looked at a distance like a Tiki with a hoop tent perched on top. On closer examination it turned out to be made of aluminium with rolled joints - the sort you get on baked bean tins. The sections were circular and the thing was kept in a straight line by a centreboard that would work on a Thames barge.

To return - cats do not seem popular in the Adriatic but most of the few are polycats. We were greeted by JUSADO, a neat looking boat around the size of a Tangaroa in Silba - an overcrowded harbour but with a lovely anchorage on its south coast. We saw another Tangaroa size boat in Biograd. Her owners were from Belgrade and were just finishing their holiday. Our next encounter was a Yugoslav owned Hinemoa which sailed past and welcomed us to Yugoslavia in Tijat. Unfortunately she was past before we had time to talk and this seemed typical of our encounters. If any member sees GRATITUDE at anchor please consider yourselves invited on board for a cuppa or such other refreshment as seems suitable.

The other Wharrams we saw were unoccupied. A rather nice Pahi 26 in Betina on Murter had an interesting set

of awnings, like those on a Tiki but opening athwartships as well as fore and aft.

Although we did not see many Wharrams it was very noticeable that they generate a lot of interest. Many people came up and said "Is that a Wharram? I've read a lot about them but never seen one in the flesh." One German asked if we would charter. I said no but I'm beginning to have second thoughts. Two men actually came up and said "We're building three of these but we've never seen one complete!" We came to know Phillip Young and Gunter Muller quite well. They are both professional woodmen and are interested in building for others. If you live in Germany and want a boat building it might be worth looking at theirs when they are finished. I would guess that their standards would be quite high; address from me.

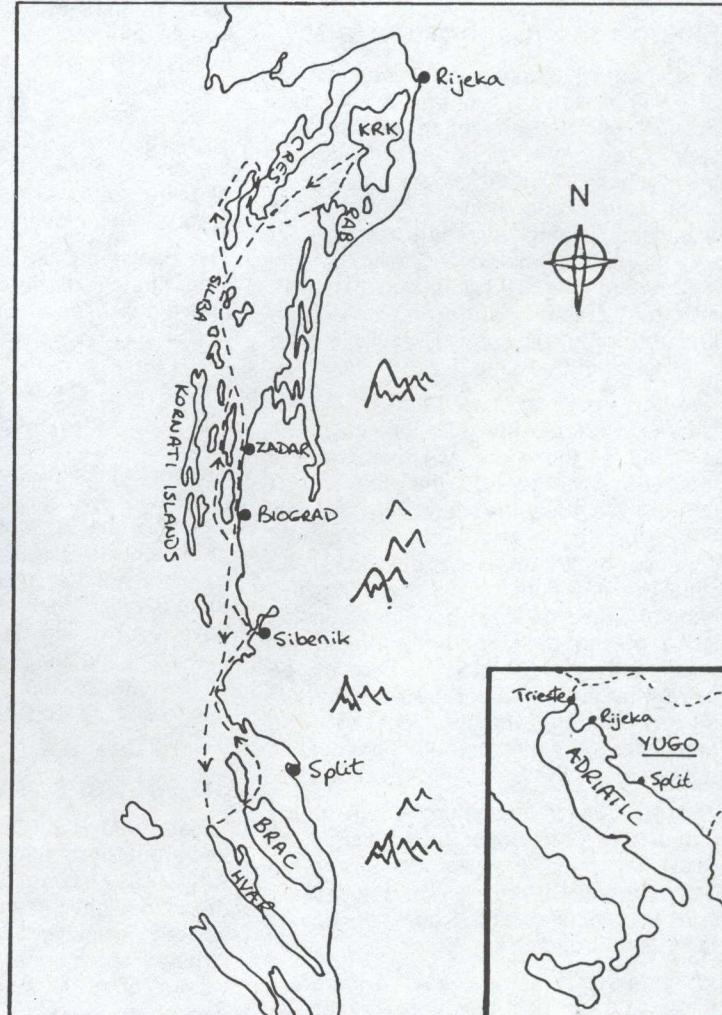
We were asked if Yugoslavia was not too hot in the summer. The answer is certainly not this year. We were wearing double force Damart at night but even in the hottest times it is easy enough to enjoy yourself if you are prepared properly.

Adriatic Meeting 1990

One of our objectives was to get to Biograd in time to meet Ernst Barth. Ernst has been threatening to run a multihull meeting in the Adriatic for some time and it looks as if 1990 will be the year when it happens. The idea is to meet in Biograd for a chance to meet other boats and their crews and then to leave for a cruise in company/mild race out to the Kornati Islands about 10 miles off-

shore. These islands are almost uninhabited which is hardly surprising as they are 90% bare limestone. They are also supposed to be extremely beautiful. We didn't go out to them because the idea of a cruise in company appeals to me so we decided to leave the islands till next year. If Ernst can't organise his big meeting I hope to organise a small scale one myself. If you are interested please give me a ring or write.

As far I can see the only disadvantage of Yugoslavia as a cruising ground is that it takes a long time to get there from England. We take two days from a channel port to drive through Belgium, Germany and Austria and get to Krnska Gora. Sometimes we have a day off here and go climbing in the mountains. At any rate another day's driving sees us down at the coast. This means there is a week's travelling to go and get back. Next year we shall have to go via Zagreb and Plitvice to hit the Adriatic Highway for the last 100 km or so to Biograd. But it will be worth it. The sea is clear and warm, food and drink plentiful and cheap. There are literally thousands of anchorages, some of them deserted, some turned into well appointed marinas - not my taste but useful at times. If you can spare the time book the end of July and the beginning of August 1990.



On Surfari

by Phil & Susie Smith

Our Hinemoa SURFARI made 59 trips last year in and out of Tauranga Harbour in New Zealand's magnificent Bay of Plenty. The most memorable was voyage No.13, on March 13, when I nearly got destroyed by a keeler.

It was the day of the grand opening of the new harbour bridge, with thousands of people crammed onto the bridge and its causeway and dozens of boats of all shapes and sizes on the water. I was motoring downwind, watching the mayors of Tauranga and Mount Maunganui cutting the ribbon through my Carl Zeiss 8 x 30's. The band began to play and I lowered my binoculars to see the entire starboard side of a 35 foot racer hard on the wind.

No one was on the weather rail. They didn't know I was there. I heaved the tiller to the right and SURFARI swung around just in time to avoid a crash by no more than 6 feet. I was speechless with shock!

The keeler sped by. None of the half dozen in the cockpit looked back. Only my dry cleaner is perfectly acquainted with the immensity of the drama, the pain of it all being that not only was I going down wind but also I was under power - twice at fault.

Making the most of Surfari

In our 59 trips during 1988 we covered 262 sea miles, an average of 4.4 miles per trip, with 5 overnight sorties and well over a dozen firewood expeditions up the harbour. A total of 29 excursions were across the harbour entrance to Matakana Island, a return distance of two miles. The motor, a 5hp long shaft Mariner, ran for 81 hours during the 12 months, having suffered only one sheared prop pin and a sticky starter cord recoil in that time.

The boat really sails well and during the summer we keep the main brailed to the sprit, but in the winter we use the boat more as a barge and the sails are a hassle. We love the new Tiki rig, with the short gaff and furling headsail, because of its apparent efficiency and simplicity: the sprit rig can be a bit of a handful single handed, but since I installed a netting beam and rearranged the vang and sheet blocks (aided by an extra pair of jib sheet tracks and two Murray bottom handle winches) the beast has become more manageable in a breeze.

The addition of the netting beam, made out of the kuari boom of an old mullet boat, has been of great benefit. A net between the sterns is a vital safety measure to my mind, and I admit to having fallen into it once.

When alone I always wear a harness, especially at night, in rough weather, or out of the entrance. The Wharam cat's

exceptional stability in azimuth needs no explanation and, as a surfer, I detest swimming, so I play safe. I clip onto the stainless steel wire running from the forestay bridle to the engine beam which gives me access to everywhere on board except the port bow. Since I always anchor or take up the mooring from starboard this doesn't matter.

Our roughest trip was in winter. Seven of us, all in wet suits with surfboards lashed to the decking, set off into large whitecaps from Mount Maunganui for a contest at Matakana Island. We bashed into it under full power for about 20 minutes in order to reach the entrance. Much of the time we were stationary, just sort of pounding away. The bows were going under and broken water was crashing over us. Everyone had to hang on with both hands and most of what was in the cabins got wet. We shipped a few gallons of water but eventually made it and headed off for the lee of Matakana.

Cruising the Wairoa

One of our most pleasant trips was to the Ohourere confluence on the Wairoa River, a distance of six miles across the harbour and up a clear fresh water river into the farming country behind Tauranga city. We lowered the rig (the advantage of our rig is that one person can raise or lower it easily) and motored under the railway bridge and up to the highway bridge where the annual Gipsy Faire was in full swing. We stopped and bought trinkets and had some hangi (a hangi is when you cook on hot rocks in the ground) made by the Filthy Few (motor cycle rogues) and then headed off up the river. Cows followed us along the banks, ducks cruised into the rushes and the sound of traffic on the highway gradually disappeared.

The confluence is at the end of a mile long stretch of river, where it narrows and turns in an S bend through a rock-

sided gorge. We steered SURFARI up to a steep beach whose slope exactly matched the rake of the bows, and stepped ashore. I put a line to a tree and worked our way through native bush alongside the Ohourere Stream. This crystal clear waterway is about 20 feet in width with several deep holes and large clumps of green lakeweed streaming in the gentle current. We also saw one or two sizeable brown trout!

We took the boat about 100 yards up this delightful stream and, after tying up fore and aft to overhanging branches we spent a peaceful night watching the glow worms and listening to the wind in the tree-tops high above us.

Maintainance

During the year we had the boat up on the slip for one ten-day period. In this time, working alone (you find out who your friends are when you put your boat on the slip) I sanded and painted the topsides, fitted four by one inch protective "shoes" under each keel, fitted the netting beam, fixed a few minor dings and antifouled the hulls, all for a cost of about \$600.

The beauty of a Hinemoa is the fact that one person can sail and do all the maintenance work single handed. I keep her to a good workboat finish on one income and, overall, SURFARI after nearly 10 years (we've owned her for 5) is stronger and in better condition than when we bought her - a tribute to the reliability and durability of the design.

However, a Tanenui would tempt us at the right price and the new Tiki 28 would be sensational with all that speed and space!



Sail For The Planet

Sail for the planet is a five year project organised by John Casey. Last summer the first meeting took place on Midsummers day at Scapa Flow and the 1990 meeting will be a repeat of this event. According to John, "The objective is to have a lot of fun, but with the meaningful underlying purpose of increasing our awareness of the planet, and helping each of us to do something in their way to help."

To set the scene:

"Scapa Flow in Orkney has protected seafarers since they first ventured north. While its recent military use has declined, leaving the rusting hulks of sunken or scuttled battlefleets in its bed, it now has a more lasting importance. Where once it was a rendezvous for conflict, it can now be a meeting place for yachtsmen and women from many

nations who are concerned about the whole planet and wish to add their weight to the call to save it.

Orkney is one of those places where time has a constancy - whether it be in the sudden uncovering of a stone age village long since hastily abandoned in a storm, and brought to light again in a new tempest, in the mystery of its standing stones, or the dramatic seasonal changes in its light as our planet revolves around the sun. The low lying islands and consequent vastness of sea and sky give a width of vision. It is a still point to enjoy, and gather resolve."

Interested? Then contact John Casey, Hogarth, Rendall, Orkney. 0856 76 569

The Loss Of Gaia

by Eddie Evans

As many PCA members are aware, we abandoned our Mk.1 Tangaroa in Biscay during bad weather 3 years ago due to crew "panic" only to have the boat recovered and once again in our possession. The second article I wrote told of the my successful single handed crossing of the Bay of Biscay in GAIA to Northern Spain in the autumn of 1987, so I shall take off from there.

Not long after arriving at La Coruna I helped crew a 30' French monohull to north Brittany. I had to return as my wife and children were waiting there in our motor caravan, the plan being to drive down and continue sailing as a family again. I felt that now the Biscay crossing was behind us, the sailing would at least get a little easier. However, it took us nearly a month before we arrived back at the boat. From Bordeaux onwards it became unbearably hot and so we could only drive for a few hours in the morning and early evening. We also took breaks every few days to let the children swim and enjoy themselves. We didn't feel any need to rush now.

The Great Storm

The boat was left at a small fishing village called Redes between La Coruna and El Ferrol. I left the boat here on the advice of the Yacht Club at Coruna and we finally arrived at the end of September. What a relief to see her still at anchor - it was like coming home. What am I talking about - it was home! We were so happy to move back on board and spent a few days just soaking up the sun, swimming and giving her a good clean up and airing. I also met and thanked the local fisherman - Jose "Pepe" Manner - who kept an eye on her whilst we were away. However, the weather changed and the wind and rain came suddenly from the SW.

As we were exposed to this direction we had no choice but to leave the boat and return to the caravanette. It lasted for a few days and blew hard. It was a good job that we untwisted the anchor warps when we returned because now the winds had reached F12!

We were spending the night near a church just outside the village and were woken by a tremendous crack as a large tree came down just a few yards from us. This was some blow! After donning our oilies we went down to the village and on to the beach. There were slates flying off everywhere and the fishermen were out looking concerned about their boats. You can imagine how we were feeling about our boat too! But she was holding her own on two anchors, riding out 85 mph winds, only two or three hundred yards from nasty rocks on a lee shore. She appeared like a bucking bronco, or some wild animal trying to free itself. We watched anxiously and prayed. I wanted to go and lay a third anchor (a 56lb fisherman) just to be on the safe side and with the help of a local boat man and using all our strength we managed to row out to GAIA in a dory. We just made it and with some effort and trusting balance I managed to get aboard. The wind was now so strong it was impossible to stand upright and the rain felt like pins blasting at my face. I just managed to lower the fisherman's over the side, knowing really that it would do no good at all - I just had to hope that the 32lb Danforth and 45lb

CQR would hold. Fortunately the bottom was mud. My poor friend in the dory was rowing desperately and was glad when I returned so that we could get ashore. Although it was shallow the wind and waves threatened such a small boat. By night time the storm had moved on and wreaked havoc in Northern France and South Eastern England, destroying hundreds of thousands of trees and God knows what else. Such is the power of nature.

Spanish Winter

The weather never really settled down again after that. We were strongly advised by a local fisherman against departing that year. It was now mid October and winter was fast approaching. They thought it was foolish to continue our voyage in an engineless boat with no radio, particularly with two children. After all, their coast wasn't named the Costa del Morte for nothing! We had no choice then but to remain here. Ah well, we thought, the village people were so helpful and kind and made us very welcome.

So we wintered over here spending the nights in our mobile land "home" - our trusty £300 Commer Caravanette. We picked chestnuts and wild apples and ate local mussels and fish. We learnt Spanish and I was granted a special licence by the Chief of Police in Ferrol so that I could busk there (he liked my music!). We waited, and every day I would go down to the jetty and make sure all was well. It was a bad winter that year - even the Spanish complained. Gale after gale and torrential rain and lightning, but we were happy. By now the local community knew us and had adopted us. Christmas was



Neaped on a beach for emergency repairs, GAIA was pounded to pieces by a storm swell.

soon upon us and the warmth and generosity was overwhelming. We had food, clothing and toys given to us - not that we needed or wanted it, but how do you say no to such kindness? One lady, Maria Carmen, in particular became a very good friend.

We were now living in our van next to the cemetery, and as all the locals daren't even walk by there after dark, we were treated with some kind of awe. An interesting thing is that the corpses here are not buried under the earths but are entombed in family vaults. It seemed strange to see vaults already belonging to families waiting for their next occupants!! However, we saw no ghosts and spent many peaceful nights there. After Christmas Jai, our eldest boy, started going to the local school. His Spanish was quite remarkable - to think that after only 3 months he was "one of the boys" and conversing and playing at the same level as the other kids. We were happy. We had made many new friends and were experiencing another side of life. Soon the spring and summer would be here and we would be on our way again, and have all this part of the coast to explore during the summer.

The Nick of Time

It was now early March and I used to go out to the boat at least every three or four days to check all was well and to open her up. However, it had been blowing hard for a week or so, usually from the SW and then veering NW and this particular morning was no exception, so me and my son walked down to the village to get bread and check the boat. We had just reached the jetty and were looking out to her when I noticed that she was drifting back towards the rocks. It was blowing 6 - 7 south westerly. I ran down to the beach and launched the inflatable as quickly as I could. I couldn't believe my eyes - she was only yards from the rocks by the time I boarded her. I was frantically trying to push her away from the rocks with my large sculling oar and didn't know what to do next but then I heard the chugging sound of Pepe Manner's boat coming alongside. I cast a line to him and in the nick of time I was towed away from imminent danger. The boat was now safely on a mooring.

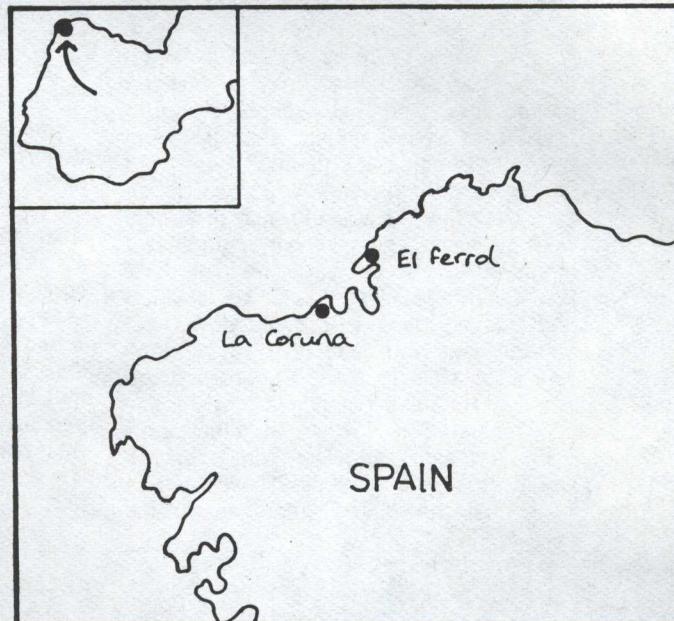
The anchor warps had twisted so badly that they had chafed right through. Both anchors and chain were at the bottom of the sea! I checked the hulls for leaks and, yes, she was leaking but not too bad. I spent the next few days pumping twice daily and hunting the bottom with a small grapnel anchor for my own anchors. I had doubts about finding them but the locals assured me that I would, and sure enough they were right.

Repairs

The weather now appeared to be improving, so it was decided to beach the boat and to see what damage she had incurred. After a somewhat hectic sail she was beached at low water. We found that some of the sheathing was off and that the outer keel had been scathed but otherwise nothing too serious. I patched the sheathing with epoxy putty and would have to wait for better summer weather before I could resheath. The boat was totally sheathed with finishing tissue and epoxy paint, and I would not recommend it for obvious reasons.

Fisherman's Warning

After three or four days on the beach some of the damage was repaired and the leak was at least down to a trickle. However, an old, retired fisherman warned me to get the boat off the beach and back to the mooring as another blow was on the way and that it would



be very dangerous to leave her here. So, erring to caution we towed GAIA back to the mooring on the next tide. I went on to the beach during the gale and it didn't seem too bad - there wasn't as much swell as I would have thought. I kind of thought that the old fisherman was exaggerating, but as events were to show he was not.

It was now early April and the weather was still miserable. A day of sunshine followed squally north-westerly showers. Even the locals were getting depressed by it all - was summer ever going to come? Were we really in Spain? Seemed more like British weather! My mother in law was coming out in a few weeks for a holiday and the boat needed so much doing to her, painting and tidying up etc. At last the weather forecast showed signs of improvement and the promise of a fairly settled spell. I had now bought some reasonably priced and locally made epoxy paint so we beached the boat again and started getting her

ready to continue our voyage and moving back onto her again. The van was cramped and far too small for us and now the weather was good it was wonderful to be back on board. So we spring cleaned, the children played and I painted and checked all the things that never seem to end on a boat.

Neaped

We had almost a week of fine weather on the beach and when I awoke one morning I noticed the tell tale signs of very ragged "mares tails" high in the otherwise clear blue morning skies. I kind of knew that more bad weather was on the way, but we were neaped, and it was now Thursday and we wouldn't float until Saturday. By Friday the weather had clouded over and the wind had gained strength and on Saturday it was blowing a full F8 south westerly. I was on board and yes, she floated. However, I did not feel concerned, the waves were not threatening and she floated with hardly a bump or murmur. On looking back I should have been more cautious and pulled her back to the mooring. As it was I stayed on board until the tide went out again, and then went back to see the family. On the way back to the van I met the old fisherman who had warned me before and he asked why I hadn't moved the boat? I told him I didn't think it was necessary. He looked at me incredulously and told me that the beach was very, very dangerous in bad weather. For the rest of the day I couldn't get his words out of my mind and around midnight the gale had abated but I felt that I should go and stay on the boat. So in the early hours I went and boarded GAIA. Little did I know that in a few hours I would be risking my life to save our boat, not out to sea but on a beach while most people were sound asleep.

The Loss of GAIA

As I boarded her the tide was making its way in and although I could hear the seas breaking I had no idea how much more they would break as they came further in. The boat was beached head on and moored to an old sunken tree stump (first mistake) as there were no suitable places to secure lines. It was a sandy beach with a shaly cliff behind. I had two anchors out astern. Now the tide was rising and the combination of swell and breaking waves was frightening. There was hardly any wind at all now but the boom of the waves made me realise that I could be in serious trouble - the boat was now being lifted on each oncoming wave and then dropped suddenly with a terrific thump onto the sand. Not only that but the stump I had "moored" to had shifted. I cast off the mooring lines and desperately tried

to pull myself out into deeper water beyond danger but it was impossible. Before I knew it the boat was laying broadside to the waves and they boomed like cannons as they smashed into the port hull. The anchors were now dragging and the boat was continuously being pushed further up the beach.

I was now desperate and I tried to lower my big fisherman into the inflatable to row it into deeper water, but it was impossible to bring the inflatable alongside let alone lower a 56lb fisherman's with

" - a choking sadness that the dream that we had held and came so close to realising was now being destroyed before my very eyes".

chain and warp into it. Mustering every bit of willpower and strength I did eventually manage it, only to have it slopped out of the dinghy. I was in serious trouble, particularly as my head had nearly been crushed trying to recover the anchor chain that had got caught beneath the skeg. I was beaten, shattered and exhausted. It was now 5 or 6 in the morning and with the last of my energy I managed to row over to the jetty and took my final look at GAIA as I would see her as a complete boat.

With a badly cut wrist I made my way over to the van by the church. Chrissie had no idea what had happened and with tears in my eyes I told her before collapsing in a state of exhaustion and hopefully, sleep. However, sleep would not come. The events of the last few hours would not leave my mind. The aches and pains of my body proved too real to be any kind of nightmare I would awaken from.

Salvage

When we did finally "awake" with the children I explained to them what had happened and we all cried and cried. It was now another day and I knew that there was work to be done. Even though I wanted to get it all out of my mind it was impossible. By about 9.30 am we were all down at the beach. There were two or three fishermen there too. GAIA was still together but holed in three places forward of the cabin and below the waterline of the starboard hull, and the keel was completely missing too. The starboard hull was also full of sand and I knew instinctively that it was over for her so we unloaded what possessions we had on board - but stupidly I didn't remove my woodworking tools from the aft storage compartment of the damaged hull. The port hull seemed at this stage to be OK. The water was returning yet again and a few of the locals were convinced that we should try and float her and move her back to the mooring. I kind of guessed that this would be impossible, even after frantically trying to patch up the holes (which were incurred in the night by the tree stump) and digging out the sand.

With the tide out, the two heaviest anchors were laid out and hopefully if we could at least turn her bows-on to the incoming waves there would at least be some chance of saving her. Soon the incoming tide was upon us again, the wrath and might of the breaking waves relentlessly trying to finish off what was left of GAIA. Now with two of us on board and the anchor warp winched and tailed we tried to turn the boat but it wasn't to be. With no keel the sea and sand soon added their weight to the starboard hull and she listed over dangerously. The incoming waves gradually broke her up, yet we stayed with her to the last. I knew it was futile so we both jumped ashore and stood on the rocks and let nature take her course - things were beyond our control. Gradually the starboard hull was smashed until all that was left was the decks and the cabin, yet miraculously the port hull remained relatively intact.

As I stood there watching these events unfold I was experiencing a grief and a loss that I had never felt before - a choking sadness that the dream that we had held and came so close to realising was now being destroyed before my very eyes. The old fisherman that had stood behind never inched away from the waves and gave me his strength and support. He was a man who obviously knew the sea and her ways far, far more than I did. I wondered what stories of grief and sadness he could recall. He gave me the comforting silence of his arms as I cried and cried. We watched and waited. By now most of the people of Redes were on the jetty or on the edge of the beach watching too. There was nothing further we could do until the tide went out again.

When the tide did finally turn I made my way back with Chrissie and the children. There were more of our possessions scattered along the shore. They all became so meaningless now. I didn't even bother to collect them. Naturally all the people of Redes rallied around and offered all kinds of things from blankets and food to comfort and first aid, but nothing could take away the empty sadness I was feeling. Yet I noticed my boy throughout this day just carrying on playing with his pals. Even when he saw the boat afterwards he didn't seem that bothered. His words were "Ah well, you will be able to fix her up won't you Dad?" I had to smile. Even though I didn't build her and she was only a very basic and cheap boat I felt that she was a good boat. Particularly after what we had been through, and that is important. Right now I was in no mood to start thinking about building another boat.

After the tide had fallen I was on the beach with many helping hands stripping the boat of everything from mast and rigging to winches and fairleads. I was told that everything of value must be removed otherwise in a matter of days it would be stolen. I was given an empty fisherman's cottage to store things until we sorted ourselves out and decided

what we would do. Maria Carmen who looked after the church offered us the use of her parents old house in another village for as long as we liked. We gratefully accepted. Of course the local fishermen wanted to know why I didn't wake them before I tried to move the boat on my own. They explained that whenever a boat was in trouble every man available will go and help if need be. Because this is a fishing community that barely keeps its families above the breadline it is their duty to help one another. I realised that we had been so accepted into their community that they would have gladly come out into the middle of the night in atrocious conditions to help me. However, now it was too late.

What Now?

After a few days resting and letting things gel I had to decide what our next move would be. Chrissie's mother was coming in a few days and I felt that I had let us all down again. I was offered the use of a tractor and helping hands if I wanted to pull the remains of the boat ashore and rebuild her. I thought seriously about it, but after inspecting the remaining hull, decided against it, as the keel had loosened off this hull too and both stem and stern posts were coming away. With no cash available it didn't seem on, and besides that I wanted to go sailing - it seemed that most of the time I was working on the boat rather than sailing, and now virtually to rebuild from scratch just didn't seem worth it. We collected all the damaged timber from along the beach and piled it up. At least I was satisfied that the glue joints were sound and that there was no rotting timber anywhere. Even though she had been built with exterior grade ply she had stood up well considering what she had been through. As it was, Jose, a young man who ran the local rowing club virtually single handed, expressed some interest in her so I gave what was left of GAIA to him. The mast, standing

"I realise now that things happen for a reason, and although it hasn't become apparent yet, I'm sure in time it will".

and running rigging, sails and ground tackle I sold and came away with £1,200. The money obviously doesn't compensate for the loss of a friend and as the boat was uninsured it was all that we were left with. However, we had each other as a family and still had the van. We still didn't know what we should do so we decided that as Chrissie's mum was coming over for a couple of months holiday, we should have a good look around Galicia as we had no desire to return to England and no home to go to either.

Time is a great healer and we spent the summer on the beaches and rias and had a good look at the area. We kept our Avon to maintain our contact with the water but I still longed for a boat -

especially after seeing all the other sailing boats coming in and going out. I realise now that things happen for a reason, and although it hasn't become apparent yet, I'm sure in time it will. It wasn't just the sea that broke GAIA that night, it was the contact with land. If she had been out at sea she would have rode it out perfectly well - of that I'm sure. I would like to see how well any average GRP or wooden monohull would have fared under similar conditions on that beach.

If anything, I have learnt from my mistakes. After all the boat was built just for local sailing around the Plymouth area, and maybe I have been over ambitious and over optimistic with what I wanted. Who knows, maybe the Gods have other plans for us. I do know that I tried to run the boat on a budget and it's extremely difficult to make compromises when finances are tight. I also know that even "lightly" constructed Wharrams that are built to "plans" (and GAIA was) are perfectly safe sea boats. In the same gales we were riding out prior to our abandonment, a Catalac with an "experienced" skipper capsized with the tragic loss of his wife on their honeymoon voyage. Also, the skipper of NEBULEUSE who found GAIA and towed her in, commented that she was a good strong boat. Needless to say we are after another boat.

We have been back in the Midlands staying with Chrissie's mother these past 6 months reflecting where to go from here. I'm afraid that life in a house just doesn't suit me anymore. To think that my children would grow up gaining most of their information and ideas from the "idiot" box, and conforming to an education system that relies on facts and competition leaves me longing for the wind blowing through my hair and the waves lapping around me. I have recently read the three articles written by Martin von Jenna in the December 1986 issue of the "Sea People" and do feel that this is the direction that sailing people must go - and it is the direction we wish to go. We are becoming more aware that our planet is facing serious ecological disturbance that is getting worse every day. Adding to this is the rising tide of population and depletion of natural resources. We are probably already beginning to see the effects of global warming and as sea levels rise it leads one to wonder what will become of us - particularly those of us who are parents and fear for our children's future. What will they think of us in years to come?

I'm forty years old now with two growing children. I have no home of my own and don't particularly want to own "land". After all, most of mankind's problems arose when he settled and took up farming. There was a biological and environmental balance whilst man was a nomad. I've had enough negative experiences with "land" and property owners, be they "landlords" or money grabbing boatyard owners. Most wars are fought over land issues. However, it

is quite a blow witnessing 5 years work and finances being destroyed in less than 24 hours.

Chrissie and the children need a home now and maybe I shouldn't be opposed to land ownership. Maybe what is missing is good "stewardship". After all, no one really "owns" the earth. It is a commodity passed on or inherited.

We found land for sale in NW Spain and old houses needing repair that are reasonably priced. Also the people are friendly and the countryside sparsely populated. The rivers run clean too. There seems to be a pristine quality about Spain. Maybe I have to give my energies to the earth for a while for my family's sake, who knows. For me, though, the sea is still in my blood and I feel that I will be out there soon enough. I'm in no hurry, it's more important I feel to link up with others of like mind to bring our energies together be it on land or at sea.

The Way Ahead

Maybe human evolution will balance itself when we can once again co-operate with the forces and energies that are inextricably linked between the earth/universal relationship. It's a relationship that many, if not most of us, have forgotten

"When there are no dolphins or whales, no elephants or seals, no tigers or gorillas, when there are no rain forests and no indigenous tribes, will what is left be worth having at all?"

ten. Yet we are all born with it, but we in the western world - usually through lack of natural parental bonding - also lose touch with our true mother, Gaia, the earth/planet herself. Once this is clearly seen it is not difficult to understand why the world is raped, polluted and manipulated the way it is. If we have no respect for our environment then we have no self respect. When there are no dolphins or whales, no elephants or seals, no tigers or gorillas, when there are no rain forests and no indigenous tribes, will what is left be worth having at all? There may be all the material trappings that will bring comfort and shallow amusement for those that wish to partake of it, while they ride around in £15,000 motor cars and live in £100,000 ivory towers. But I want no part of it, and if it's the way it's to go it will be for the few and not the many.

I like bean sprouts. I can live on fruit and raw vegetables. I can eat seaweed. I am aware that all of the planet lives because of the sun. Kit Pedlar was, I believe, the first scientist to bring the Gaia hypothesis up to date and to look at it from a modern viewpoint. He said that the most important thing for humans to do was to live "as high up the solar drive chain as possible", because then and only then would we be working harmoniously with the planet. It means using wind power, solar power, wave

power, solar driers/ovens; solar stills and cutting off from the destructive elements that most of us plug into, use, or abuse, whatever the case may be. No doubt James Wharram and associates, and all polycat owners, whom I feel are probably the most sensitive amongst boat owners/sailors, are aware of the rising media interest concerning environmental/green issues. No longer is Greenpeace or Friends of the Earth on the lunatic fringe or part of the "brown rice brigade". The "Green Consumer" is the new target for market research and this is where multinationals are to make future profits from.

But again at what cost? Most Wharrams are built of plywood. But are we adding to the destruction when we order our ply? How do we resolve these issues? Is bona fide ply from sustainably managed tropical forests available yet? Only time will tell but time is running out. We have lost our own boat but I have a spiritual conviction borne of necessity. With the money we had left from our boat I managed to invest in 10 small paddle skiffs and have bought a larger van. I'm going back to Spain to hire them out and to try and earn some money, hopefully to buy another boat. I shall also have a go at making a solar stil, a drier etc. and I shall continue to write songs and play music. I would like to hear from other polycat owners or anyone interested in starting a floating community, with a view to sharing skills/resources, to seek out possible uninhabited islands. And also others who care to realign themselves for changing patterns of existence that are inevitably going to shape our lives in the coming years.

I have some experience with Yoga and Tai-Chi and strongly advise anybody that is planning to commit themselves to a land/sea life style to strengthen their minds/bodies through some very simple but highly effective techniques that the orientals seemed to have sussed out a long time ago. Believe me, find out what your back is all about - and it is possible on Wharrams! The postures will teach you more about your own physiology than any calisthenic form of exercise will. When we realign ourselves the whole benefits.

I would like to thank everyone who has helped us so far from the captain and crew of the ANA PANDA, the skipper of NEBULEUSE, the people of Bilbao and Redes, James Wharram for designing a "bloody good boat", my own family for putting up with me, Steve and Sandy and all the readers of the "Sea People/Sailorman", and all the friends we have made along the way. I look forward to our next boat and being able to continue where we left off.

Bless you all.

Eddie Evans.



The Kido Project

Several years ago a courageous multinational group of artists and musicians bought two catamarans to form a floating village that would transport them around the world. After many difficulties and adventures the "Kido" project is now underway, giving floating concerts and providing a challenging system of education for children. Beat Rettenmund is a Swiss member of the group and he continues the story.

Two years ago we wrote a letter to James Wharram looking for two big catamarans to house our floating theatre. A few months later we found the 56 foot HOKULEA lying in Millbrook with her enormous deck space - perfectly suited for a stage up in front and enough space in the back for more than sixty spectators. Some days later an Oro lying in Totnes became our KIDO, the little sister of HOKULEA.

HOKULEA started moving south in the summer of 1988 and KIDO took over her mooring space at Foss Quay - thinking the boat would be picked up in 2 month's time! HOKULEA ended up in Olhao on the southern coast of Portugal after a stormy and very eventful crossing of Biscay. There she came out of the water in January 1989 to have a badly needed dry out. Five months of hard work for our hands - which are more used to gently treating musical instruments - gave her a new sheathing of hulls and beams and some structured reinforcement inside. The incredibly fatalistic approach of the Portuguese to any form of labour helped to postpone the return to her natural element again and again.

At last in July this year HOKULEA initiated her real work by taking 25 kids from a French holiday colony on a day tour around the now so familiar lagoon. She clearly enjoyed the lively bunch of youngsters jumping off her sun heated back into the green blue water. The day ended with the first public concert aboard. A few more concerts followed during the next few days for the local people. In spite of our stiffened fingers we were all delighted seeing that the idea of having concerts, conferences, theatre, exhibitions etc. on board a big catamaran could really work.

The joy of musical involvement lasted just a few days. There was more physical work to do - KIDO was rotting away in the rains and mists of Cornwall! I left Portugal in the middle of July, crossing Spain to Santander for the ferry to Plymouth. From the safety and comfort of the brand new mammoth ferry boat I looked down at the waves and waters I would cross again hopefully within a month.

Now it's back to sanding, painting and sheathing. KIDO is getting ready to travel south to enlarge the working platform of the KIDO project and to allow for more separation and privacy - so essential for any form of cultural work. It will be my introduction to navigation and seamanship and my excitement rises with every line the painting brush draws.

Plans are to meet in the Canaries and work there playing concerts for the tourists for a while. Then sail on an expedition to Senegal, move up the Casamance river to encounter the Macumba magicians. At the beginning of next year

we hope to make it across the Atlantic and head for the New World.

To close with, Dario Sandrini reflects on the outermost goal of the KIDO project: To include, as any cultural work should do, education into our boat colony, to form a floating school.

Address: KIDO Project, c/o Zaman Kasthoferstr. 20 3006 Bern SWITZERLAND

Beat and Paul Ballard sailed KIDO down to the Canaries in October to Join HOKULEA and struggled against atrocious weather off Portugal which resulted in the loss of the forward walkway and damage to the rear beam. Paul has promised us an account of this voyage for the next issue.



Kido in action, with 55 foot HOKULEA in background

Education - The Kido Way

An essential part of the KIDO project is the method of education of the children in the group - somewhat different to the traditional schooling most of us have received! Dario Sandrini here describes the aims of the KIDO project in more detail. Translation by Jill Brown.

KIDO is an active school of observation fostering a conscious relationship with the universe.

What better practical school than a round the world voyage! Under sail in the most ecological mode of travel and in a homely atmosphere (in fact an itinerant village-school) where each individual plays his part and has his place. And also his freedom and privacy, for Kido was not conceived as a formal organisation but as a living organism which makes its way around the world, penetrating intimately into the different regions and cultures of the planet - of which so little is really known and appreciated.

It is a school where information (normally presented sterile, dry and above all second hand to children in land institutions) is obtained personally and sometimes also with some risk. So, it will not be a case of theory first and experience maybe, afterwards, when one has finished one's studies. Rather, an apprenticeship in the very movement of life itself.

The project is not conceived as a series of hard or unpleasant adventures. Instead it aims to promote a genuine study of human existence - not to formulate some theory or other or to develop an ideal system for the world or some small elite. The school is there to help the individual understand his mental world first of all - to observe the consequences of his attitudes, thoughts, dreams, fantasies, hopes and depressions on the outside world.

The lessons learnt will be long lasting. An adolescent who participates in a school of this kind will find himself afterwards in a familiar world, unafraid of changes and above all with a solid character - peaceful but strong - with a

mind attuned to the deep study of the reality of each moment and situation and with a body that is neither weak or lazy, able to adapt to changes in climate and diet and not inclined to seek a comfortable and inactive lifestyle.

The growing problem of drugs amongst teenagers is only an evolutionary extension of consumerism. Mindless electronic games, portable stereos, TV, the bombardment of advertising and now computer games all accustom children to integrate sterile video information into their lives. They also oblige them to be dominated and to receive and repeat orders without understanding. But the young mind is paralysed when it accepts that it is the adult who thinks and organises for the child. At first a child's mind is open and adaptable but it is soon forced into a straightjacket from which it

will escape only with great difficulty, becoming like Pinocchio - a marionette operated by strings to its master's programming.

Our floating village will be comprised of people dedicated to the direct study of their own interaction with the world of nature and their relationship with others, in a society where the outer act corresponds with the intimate intentions of the members. Regarding relationships, it must be stressed that we feel that exposing a personal problem the moment it occurs is not an act of weakness but one of the highest intelligence. However, in spite of the fact that we are all connected to one another we are taught to dread the exposure of our private fears and our sensitivity toward nature and beauty. **The brutal unfeeling warrior is the role model of modern**

society. Such is the case of the "specialist" who stands behind a wall of privileged knowledge, which he invariably misuses.

Such is society and it is our task to change all this - not by dreaming of being a "multinational force for good" (they do exist!) but by starting small and with the primary candidates for change - OURSELVES.

The KIDO project was established to offer a small (alas) haven, an oasis for a small group of youngsters and adults who are interested in radically changing their way of thinking and so, ultimately, their individual and collective actions. It isn't a quest for happiness but a possibility to build together the only real solution to our modern - and at the same time so ancient - problems.

Sea People, Gaia and Conservation

by Gordon Morris

Sea people, governed by tides and similar environmental influences on this planet, cannot but help having some environmental awareness. Many of you may have heard the term "Gaia", perhaps without being fully aware of its implications with regard to our own planet and the survival of the human race. This is why our editor asked if I would produce a short note on the concept.

The Gaia theory is propounded by the President of the Marine Biological Association, Doctor James Lovelock. He was elected in recognition of his work as a chemist, having examined the exchange of gases between the atmosphere and ocean, together with the spread of CFC's - a group of gases partly responsible for the destruction of the ozone layer.

After working with NASA on a space research program, he found that the atmosphere of the Earth, together with its oceans, stood in startling contrast to that of all other known planets. Air and ocean are in chemically unstable equilibrium because we have something not present elsewhere - life. The Earth, its crustal rocks, oceans and atmosphere have evolved together to form a single, tightly coupled system. This system holds the climate within bounds favourable for life as a whole by adjusting the rates at which gases such as oxygen, methane and carbon dioxide are removed from the atmosphere.

To this holistic concept he has applied the term "Gaia" - the old name for mother Earth. However, although gaining

acceptance, the theory is still subject to much controversy and debate, and alternative theories have been advanced.

Systems in unstable equilibrium can go into violent oscillations or "flip" to another position of stability when external pressure is applied. Such systems occur in everyday life, ie. bicycles and windsurfers. It may not be an exaggeration to draw the conclusion that we are living on a time bomb - a system liable to flip to a total different regime due to our interference with the natural environment. Perhaps I may venture another analogy and compare us with the man who has started to convert a leaky monohull, only to find himself adrift and wallowing. Then at this late stage he finds his activities have made the boat leak faster and the ultimate stability of the boat depended on the motorised bilge pump he had dumped earlier.

There is no escape, no scope to "contract out" with some self sufficiency ideal. We must all sink or swim together. Hopefully we must draw on the collective intelligence the human race is supposed to have.

If this sounds alarmist, look at the facts: we have increased the world carbon cycle by at least 20% - perhaps double, the nitrogen cycle by 50% and sulphur by 100%. Look where the toxins from our wastes go; not only do they do direct damage to the food chains, but also to our air and water. Seventy percent of the atmospheric oxygen is there because of the steady continuing (to date) output of marine organisms - not just the products of our oceans which cover a similar percentage of the Earth's surface, but from the continental shelves, the most productive areas. And unfortunately it is these areas which are most at risk from our activities. A significant part of the Earth's oxygen has in the

past been put back into the atmosphere by the tropical rain forests - and look what we are doing to them.

Also in the last fifty years we have already brought into virtual extinction half the known species of creatures on Earth. A model analysis by Doctor Lovelock strongly suggests that most of the organic stability of the biosystem relies on the diversity of its species. We cannot survive alone.

I know that there will be those who ask for further proof, but there is no 100% certainty in life; that only comes when the last chips are down, with the last of the trees, bushes and vegetation. If only part of this is confirmed - and there now seems little doubt that it will - then we ignore the implications at our peril.

There will be many practical people amongst those who read this who will, I trust, ask what they can do. From my contacts in the Marine Biological Association and the Marine Conservation Society I understand that there is scope for world-travelling sailing folk to carry sampling tubes and simple equipment to fill the gaps in data gathering for vital research. Why can't we set up a sea-research support group?

I have other ideas too, but I will discuss these at another time and venue. In the meantime I am open to suggestions. For those interested I add my address.

Good sailing when/whilst you may!

The Marine Conservation Society, 9 Gloucester Road, ROSS-ON-WYE, HR9 5BU

The Marine Biological Association of the U.K., The Laboratory, Citadel Hill, PLYMOUTH PL1 2TB

G. R. Morris, Flat C, Gyllyng Flats, Gyllyng Street, FALMOUTH, Cornwall TR11 3EZ (Phone Falmouth 0326 316903)

A Cruise In Company

Despite a wet and windy start, last summer's cruise in company was a great family occasion and an outstanding success. Tim Forrester outlines the event and his fellow adventurers fill in the details.

The initial get together at Millbrook over the weekend of 12/13 August showed promise with four Tiki 26s, a Tangaroa and a Narai ready to make the journey west to Falmouth and Devoran. By Sunday night however, the intrepid voyagers were somewhat discouraged by the dismal weather forecast as they kept their spirits high up at Steve and Sandy Turner's barbecue, sheltering under a tarpaulin while a rainstorm blew up from the south west.

Strong westerly winds dominated the week but despite this the Tiki 26s of

Dave Skelton and Jill Brown and Dave and Joanna Hinder set out on the Wednesday in company with Roger Cross in his Tangaroa and Roy French in his Narai. Whilst battling gamely to windward, the Tiki 26s were astonished to be overhauled by the Guernsey based Tiki 31 of Philip and Michael le Maitre who completed an impressive day's beating from Salcombe by joining my Tanenui and James Wharram's own Tiki 28 off the Pandora Inn at Devoran that night while the 26s broke their journey at Fowey.

Thursday provided brilliant and breezy sailing conditions as the Tiki 28, 31 and Tanenui were joined by John Payne and Ian Knowles. In an exhilarating reach down towards Dodman Point, hoping to meet the westbound 26s, the Tiki 21 led the way, scampering from wavetop to wavetop, hotly pursued by the distinctive schooner rigged 31 and the similarly

fleet 28. The rear was brought up by my Tanenui flying every square inch of canvas I own in an effort to catch up. Having lured me far enough downwind the Tikis turned back and beat back to Falmouth in fine style, the 31 belying the supposed windward inferiority of its schooner rig by pacing the 28 as they both creamed past several of the local monos. Once anchored at Devoran the scene was completed by first the arrival of Dave Skelton's Tiki 26 then Dave Hinder's, expertly tacked up river by daughter Joanne.

A well attended BBQ at JWD on Thursday night was enlivened by Joke's home made beer, consumption of which was later responsible for a certain Tiki 31 sailor being unable to distinguish a very muddy river bed for his own bunk, then spending 10 minutes trying to climb aboard - forgetting the many painstaking hours he had spent building a boarding ramp. Friday saw most of the boats anchored off Restronguet Creek and joined by the Tangaroa and Narai, who hosted a deck party to complete the week's activities. This was a week affected but not spoiled by the weather and all the more enjoyable for those who braved the elements to join us down on the Cornish Riviera.

Cruising With Kids

by Roger Cross

My crew for the week's sail in company failed to appear. However, as the weather was moderating, I agreed to take along Anna, a friend's 12 year old daughter and to even things up I borrowed Roy French's son, Kit, from SHERE KHAN, who was the same age. It then dawned on me what I'd taken on - a week's cruise with two boisterous kids that don't belong to me!

Both were very keen but hadn't sailed before, and foremost in my mind was safety. NINA is a well built Tangaroa with a centre cockpit and I have all the safety gear. The boat sails well and I have covered many miles in rough weather, day or night and often single handed but never with just kids!

On leaving the sheltered waters of Millbrook with a forecast of SW 4-5 and warm sun shining through the broken clouds, it was hard to convince the kids to cover up. They were excited watching the Tikis and SHERE KHAN sailing in close company, criss-crossing as we tacked out of Plymouth Sound and didn't want to be cluttered up with wet weather gear. However, before we left the sound I insisted they kitted up.

Even though Kit and Anna hadn't met before the cruise it was surprising how quickly they got on, soon talking about all sorts of things. I firmly believe in



Kit French takes the helm on Roger Cross's Tangaroa NINA

letting kids do - or at least have a go at - anything on the boat, so I soon had one of them settled on the helm and, as we were close hauled, the other checking the wind and looking out for other boats.

Unfortunately, I found that they very quickly lost concentration and started sailing all over the place, so I kept swapping them over. Even with short periods on the helm they lost enthusiasm, so I put the auto-helm on and resorted to light hearted questions taken from a competent crew book that belonged to Kit.

I soon realised that kids afloat are just the same as kids ashore - they soon get bored. So during the next few days I kept varying things as much as possible. Trying some navigation, sorting out the fishing box and attempting to catch

some fish. However, we lost one line and a few weights and only caught seaweed.

Teaching them knots was very rewarding - especially seeing the smile on their faces when they mastered a particular knot. All the spare bits of rope on the boat now have a knot in one end! They were keen to learn everything and by the middle of the week they were tacking the boat by themselves.

Cruising in company is great fun and anchoring with the other boats gave me and the others a break as the kids were busy swimming and playing with the inflatables. The weather was glorious and we had a cracking week. On our final leg back to Millbrook Kit and Anna wanted to go to the Scillies, Brittany - anywhere but back home!

Anchors Aweigh?

Due to unfavourable winds, *SHERE KHAN* didn't make it further west to pick up Carol Barnes and her son William aged 4, and daughter Rosie 7, as originally planned. So the family took the train and ferry to St. Mawes to join the French family and sailing master Paul Ballard. It was Carol's first sailing experience and I'll let her continue.

It didn't take long to get used to the bob, bob, bob of the boat. Indeed, I soon found the gentle rocking action almost soothing. Away from the noise and the bustle, I began to understand what the lure of messing about in boats is all about.

A Bad Start

A couple of hours and a few cups of tea later, Paul went to St. Mawes for a walk with his dog "Cymru" and Roy decided to go and have another look for his cat "Sophie" who had gone missing on the other shore. "Won't be long" he said as he rowed off. It had started blowing up a bit and we had already decided to settle my children into the joys of shipboard life and not sail off too soon. As Paul said, if they were really seasick it could put them off sailing for life. Rosie and William were now below, feeling slightly groggy, I'm sorry to say. Also below was Anna, by now accustomed to the motion of the boat. I am very lucky in that I haven't (as yet!) suffered from the dreaded Mal de Mer, so I stood up on deck looking across to the shore to see if Roy had found the cat and also watching the other boats at anchor. I was enjoying all the sights and sounds of the late afternoon when I heard a man shout from a boat as he crossed our bows; "I should put your other anchor over". "Oh, it's all right" I said, disturbed from my reverie, "they'll be back in a minute" (I'm used to being left in cars on double yellow lines). Suddenly I see Roy paddling like a bat out of hell towards us. "Throw that bloody anchor over, we're drifting onto the

rocks" he yells. I'm sorry to say that I'd been so absorbed in savouring the delights of nautical life that I'd forgotten that it's a serious business being at the mercy of the wind and tide. "Do you mean the Bruce anchor?" I shouted back, sensing that there was perhaps some urgency. "Yes, get the anchor over" screamed Roy, his hair nearly on end. I calmly picked up the Bruce and threw it as far as I could, in case it banged as it went over the side - that seemed to be the logical way to do it anyway.

By now Roy was climbing aboard looking decidedly frazzled. "Sorry I swore like that but I was really worried" he puffed. Paul arrived soon afterwards and was regaled with details of our near miss. I will never live down the phrase "It's alright, they'll be back in a minute".

I love cooking and was quite happy to take over the galley. After tea we listened to a favourable weather forecast and planned to leave the following morning. Roy got up early and went for a final look for Sophie the ship's cat, who had, by the way, loathed her first voyage so much that she had shown her disapproval by being sick in Paul's sleeping bag! Roy came back and said she was still nowhere to be seen, so he'd left messages ashore and decided to set sail without her.

Stuck Fast

"Let's haul the anchor up then" said Paul. This was to be easier said than done. Pull, tug, tug, pull, pull, pull - all to no avail. It was stuck fast - the Danforth, I hasten to add, not the Bruce!

Come low water and Paul dons trunks, goggles and flippers and dives in, watched with interest by 3 children and two adults. "What a mess" he gasped as he surfaced. The anchor and chain were completely fouled up in a piece of iron-work on the sea bed. He dived to a depth of 20 feet again and again, at one stage saying "sorry mate, you've lost your anchor". However, he still would not give up and went down repeatedly trying to free the tangled mess. There was talk of hiring divers or sawing through the chain and leaving the anchor behind. Would the cost of recovering it be more than buying another? We were pondering on this whilst Paul was taking a rest in the dinghy. He then dived for what must have been the 15th time, reappearing a few minutes later saying "It's coming, I think I can free it!" Five or six more dives and it was, at last, free.

I did what all English women do in these situations and gave a very cold and tired Paul a cup of hot, sweet tea.

It was too late by this time to leave so we had a meal and discussed the perils of a crowded anchorage.

Tuesday morning dawned bright and sunny with winds of F4-5, so after a foray ashore for the errant cat, a run for the dog and fresh supplies from St. Mawes we upped anchor and hoisted the sails.

At last we were off. I was really sailing after months of waiting. It was actually happening! What fun, and certain we were in safe hands with Paul who had really impressed me with his determination to recover the anchor. We quickly drew further and further from St. Mawes and I felt a great sense of exhilaration

Catamaran Versus Catamaran

By Kit French, aged 12

This summer's cruise in company with the PCA was to have been my first sail on *SHERE KHAN* (the Narai Mk.4 called home). But at the last moment I was co-opted to go as crew with Roger Cross on his Tangaroa *NINA*. When we were in St. Mawes, *SHERE KHAN* became our enemy. Roger had an idea. He told Anna Curtiss, another member of *NINA*'s crew, to take the wheel. Then Roger came from below with some plastic bags, then he told me and Anna to fill them. To our eyes we were using the ultimate weapon - WATER. On the 19th August 1989 *NINA* declared war on *SHERE KHAN*. As we overhauled *SHERE KHAN* one of their crew suddenly realised what we were doing. "They've got water" cried my sister Anna, on *SHERE KHAN*. Toby, my brother, started frantically to throw water at us but it was plain that we were winning. The fight lasted until Toby forgot to hold on to the bucket as he threw the water. *SHERE KHAN* was at our mercy. The day was ours and *SHERE KHAN* announced she was striking her colours.





SHERE KHAN
underway. Left, owner Roy French; right Beat Rettemund of the Kido Project and on the tiller Paul Ballard. Keeping an eye on them all is Paul's Welsh Sheepdog "Cymru". This was SHERE KHAN's first outing with the French Family who live aboard.

Photo Anna French

as we headed out to sea. I had cooked potatoes and rice and a pan of curried vegetables before we left so I wouldn't have to spend too much time in the galley.

With the wind in my hair and the sun on my back, it felt so good to be away from the land, just us and the elements to carry us along.

We enjoyed a calm cruise along the south coast of Cornwall with a good steady breeze to carry us into Plymouth on the evening tide. I've learnt that a shroud isn't necessarily a dress for a corpse and that sheets aren't always used for bedding. I've put a preventer on the boom and pulled ropes here and there and secured them onto cleats and wrapped them around winches. I've put fenders overboard and now know the

names of the various sails. I love every inch of SHERE KHAN and I'm glad that Roy was crazy enough to sell his house and buy her.

Some tacking was necessary to come through the channel into Millbrook Lake. What wind there was had now gone completely so we had to use the engine on the final leg into Foss Quay, to be warmly greeted by the other catamaran live-aboards. The sun had set and the first stars were appearing in the darkening sky. A beautiful end to a thoroughly enjoyable day.



Summer Meetings

Cruising in Company can be great fun, providing a good opportunity to meet other members and try different boats. It also revitalises weary builders and reassures them that it will be worth it in the end!

If there isn't one planned for your area this summer then start 'phoning around. Let us know in plenty of time and we will announce it for you in the magazine or news letter - it's up to you!

Dave and Joanne Hinder's Tiki 26 leaving the shelter of Plymouth Sound en route for Fowey. Their G.R.P. kit boat had been put together earlier in the summer, but minor cosmetic details like cabin furniture and windows would have to wait until the end of the season!

Photo D Skelton



Helicopter Rescue

Commander Tim Forrester R.N. guides us through the procedure for the emergency evacuation of casualties or crew.

As Polycat sailors we pride ourselves in our self reliance and the sea worthiness of our craft. There comes a time, however, when the best found craft and most experienced crews find themselves unable to cope with a situation which has arisen. In addition to the normal hazards of wind, wave, grounding, collision and equipment failure there are the very real dangers of accidental injury or illness at sea. Having decided that your situation requires outside help, there are many forms that help can take, and what arrives depends largely on two factors.

1. Your location and the local conditions.

2. How you declare your emergency.

For example, a red flare fired in the Solent on a summer's afternoon will probably result in a multiple pile up of plastic monos as they vie for the glory of rescuing you, while the same action 200 miles west of the Scillies on a dirty night would be near futile. At best it could result in the attentions of a sizeable merchant ship, keen to help but not always

best equipped for a tricky transfer of personnel in poor conditions.

VHF radio probably offers the cheapest and most flexible means of declaring an emergency but is limited to the line of sight unless you can be relayed by another unit. The EPIRB (Emergency Position Indicating Radio Beacon) is without doubt the most effective way of summoning help as it provides both alerting and location through the SAR-SAT system. Three frequencies can now be transmitted. 121.5 MHz is the civil band, 243MHz the military and the new frequency of 406MHz is optimised for satellite location. Having declared your emergency and been localised sufficiently you are quite likely to be assisted by a helicopter provided you are within range. 200 nm is a good rule of thumb for a radius of action of a "Sea King" or similar. Final location would be achieved by homing in on your EPIRB, but can be assisted by VHF channel 16 transmissions. You will probably see or hear him before he detects you. A flare or smoke at this stage is extremely useful provided it isn't fired in his direction, otherwise you may find yourselves rescuing some very grumpy aircrew.

As the helicopter approaches you the

following preparations should be made:

1. Lower all sails and lash everything securely.

2. Motor into wind.

3. Ensure all on deck are clipped on.

The helicopter will approach in a high hover and pass down a heaving line which must be kept in hand and never secured (**figures 1 and 2**). He will then descend and back off to gain visual reference while the stretcher or strop is lowered (**fig 3**). The transfer is then achieved by climbing and moving forward while the deck party heave in on the hauling line (**figure 4**). Once the stretcher or strop is occupied the manoeuvre is reversed (**fig 5 and 6**). The whole evacuation is known as a High Line Transfer.

Having a large helicopter overhead is an intimidating experience. The downwash and spray will take your breath away. The polycat sailor has the advantage however of a relatively stable platform and deck areas clear of rigging. A cool head and common sense should result in a quick and safe rescue of one or all your crew.

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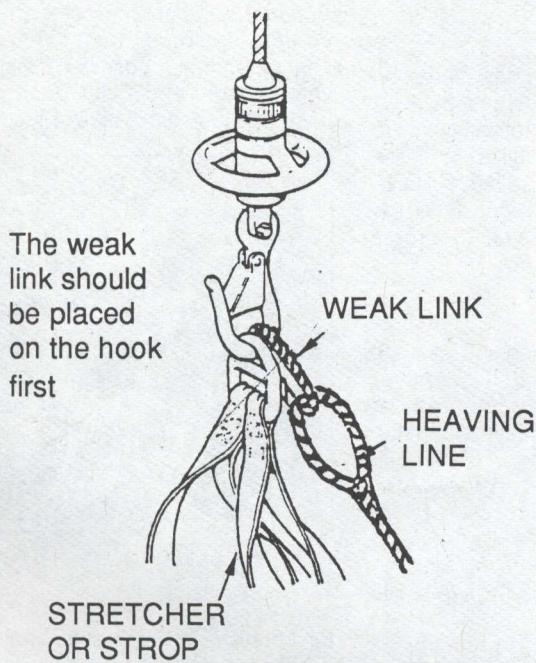
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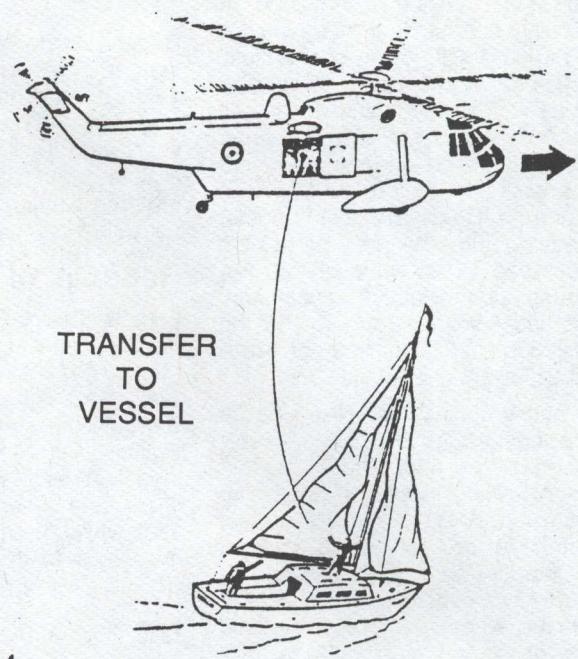
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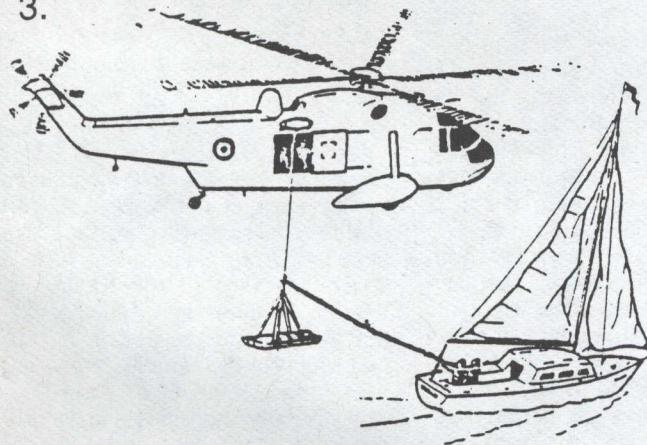
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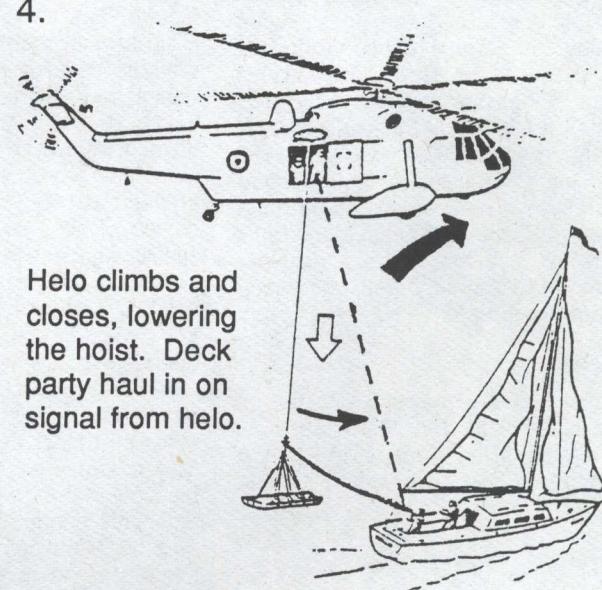
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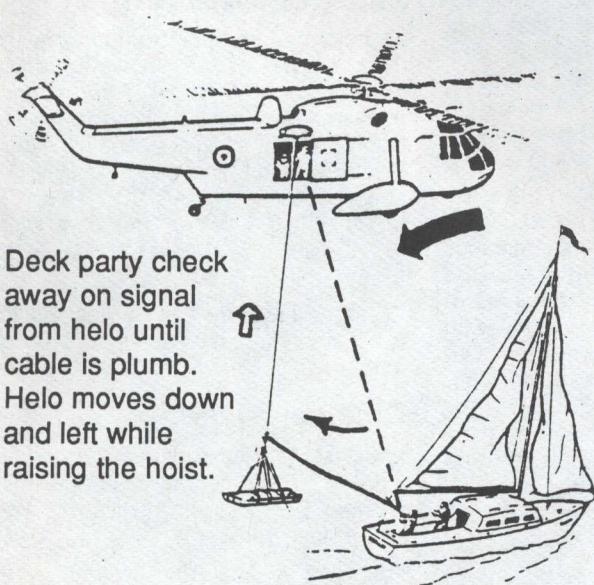
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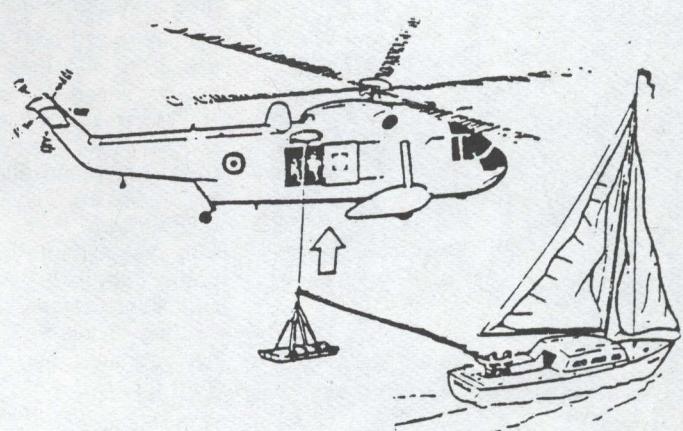
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News From Sea People

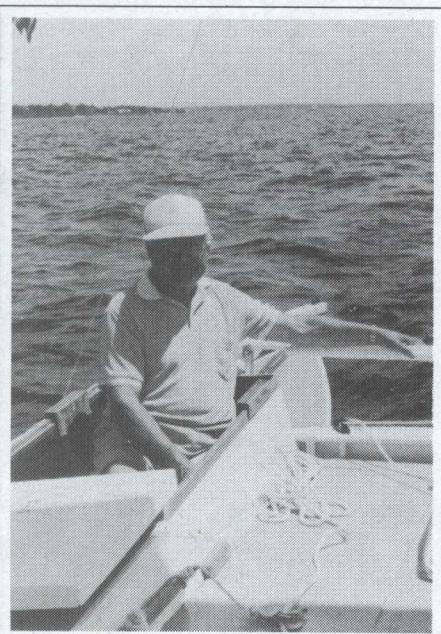
Australia

Tasmania seems to be a hot bed of Polycat activity....Paul Kent of Devonport writes, "Tiki 26 VOLANTE successfully launched - after all the blood, sweat and tears it was worth it". Pleased to hear it Paul. He goes on to say "Anyone who uses a Tiki 26 as an off-the-mud trailer sailer has rocks in their head!....C.R.S. Dyer also from Devonport tells us that he is ready to turn the first hull of his Mk.4 Oro. Keep us informed of the progress please. John Hall of Launceston, Tasmania has sold his Tangaroa in the Canary Islands and is thinking of building a Tiki 21 or 26.

A very active group in New South Wales, including Carl Reynolds, Peter Hackett and Steve and Linda Wagstaff have been holding meetings, publishing news letters and generating a lot of enthusiasm! We look forward to a report of your October Meeting. Bob Moon is reported to have almost finished his Tiki 26, while the wagstaff's Tiki 31 should be coming on since they turned the hulls over last October. The area boasts what is probably the largest concentration of Tikiroas in the world. Carl's boat VIVIKI has been afloat for a year now and rumour has it that he is thinking of building a Tangoroa next! Carl used the Tiki 26 rig on his Tikiroa and is very pleased with the results. There seems to be quite a number of Captain Cooks being built in the area, but the owners are not apparently PCA members....somebody please sign them up!!

Belgium

Luc. Jannsen of Deurne writes to tell us that he is selling his Tiki 26 KRIJA. Luc. spent six months last year sailing KRIJA in the Aegean Sea. We would like to



Marcel Lalonde at the helm of FLO-MAR, launched last June.

hear more about that, please Luc.

France

Roger Horne writes to say that he bought a set of Tanenui plans back in 1973 but circumstances forced him to abandon the dream unfulfilled; "Three years ago Dick Claydon sailed KAOHA NUI, a foam sandwich Tanenui, into the bay and wanted to sell - I got my dream boat after all."

Republic of Ireland

Francis Douglas is building a Tiki 26, having sold his Hinemoa to his brother Mark. FANTASY is now moored at Wells-Next-The-Sea in Norfolk alongside Sam Nelsons catamaran FORESTER. Francis' Tiki 26 will be part of fast growing fleet in Eire, Tim Francis, Andre Gietl, and Sean Kelly are all building 26s' while Thomas O Keefe is well on the way with the second hull of this Tiki 21.

UK

Geoff Tate and his family took their Hitia 14 with them on their camping holiday in France, "We trailed TAHITI behind our faithful camper to Aureilan Lake, 100 km. SW of Bordeaux for 8 days of sun, sand and sailing. Although we had pre-booked, several campers arrived without booking and found a choice of sites even in mid August. The site is adjacent to a 1000 acre lake with just a minor road to cross. The lake itself is perfect for small cats, dinghies, and windsurfers, with gently shelving beaches, warm water and a sandy bottom. Once rigged we left TAHITI on the beach each night amongst Mirrors etc. with no fear of theft or vandalism. Several small bays are accessible on the far side of the lake, perfect for a family or private sunbathing. Eurolac, Aureilhan, F40200 Mimizan, is the full address of this 4 star site which apart from the lake has all the facilities from restaurant to horse riding, bars, shops and mini golf etc. and cost us about £100 for 3 adults and 3 children in the high season."

Mansell and Hazel Rees are in the Canary Isles with their Pahi 31 RELEASE, having sailed there from the Balearics via Morocco. They plan to return to the UK in 1990. Also in the Canaries are Beat Rettmund and Dario Sandrini with the Kido Project. Beat sailed the Oro KIDO down from Millbrook in October with the guidance of Paul Ballard. They had a fairly fast passage considering the conditions, averaging 10 knots on the first leg to the Scilly Isles! Paul has sold his Tangaroa and is building a Tiki 26 from a G.R.P. kit.

Ron Mackenzie of Ayrshire, builder of Hitia No. 276, writes to say: "Builders looking for timber check waste tips at your nearest double glazing factory (be early - 7.45 am). In 3 months I think I

have enough mahogany for a Tiki 31." Simon Neary of Scarborough is keen to arrange a bare boat charter in the spring/summer, possibly shared ownership too. Ian and Faith Rose of Chesterfield are just starting a Tiki 31 and ask



Geoff Tate's Hitia 14, TAHITI.

for contacts in their area. They are at 58 Whitecotes Lane, Walton, Chesterfield, Derbyshire, S40 3HL.

Adrian Scarfe of 79 Park Avenue, Egham, Surrey, is building a Pahi 42 and would also like to contact others in his area.

After attending the PCA AGM, Adrian Honeybill sent the following information for inclusion in the News section: "One of the side issues discussed was the status of Area Secretaries. I sail in the Wash and just after Easter will be launching my rebuilt Hinemoa. I know that PCA members abound in the Humber/Wash/North Norfolk area and we appear to be without an Area Secretary. Are you interested in a couple of cruiser meets this year? Has anybody spoken to the local nature conservation people about the state of the seal population? Is a seal count a good idea?"

I would like to hear from anyone interested in any of the above (or anything else in the PCA world). I am a member of Skegness Yacht Club so don't let the following contact information put you off. Home: Adrian Honeybill, 5 Tinsley Close, Lower Earley, READING, RG6 4AN. (0734) 873406 Work: Intel Corp UK Ltd, (0793) 696138 (Desk) (0793) 696008 (Fax)

PS Does anybody have a flat bed trailer for transporting the Hinemoa behind an estate car?"

Channel Islands

Barry Mc Clelland writes: "After twelve months of lazy on/off building, I finally finished SCRAPS - my Hitia 14 - at the end of last April.

Following a final dry assembly in the garden it was straight down to the sea for the maiden voyage along with an army of disbelievers and a bottle of champagne. The first slipway had too

much surf so it was off to find another part of the Island with more shelter. At last we were in the water and sailing at what seemed great speed and as I have not done a lot of sailing and was not too sure of what to expect, was really surprised and very pleased with the outcome. However, I found she was very hard to tack, but after a telephone call to James Wharram was told to use very little tiller and sheet the jib in very tight until the sail backed. After a bit of practice this worked well.

SCRAPS has since spent the summer on the beach and with the aid of a simple two wheel trolley I was able to launch her by myself and get down to some wonderful sailing. I called my boat SCRAPS because most of the timber was scraps that I managed to scrounge from work. However, I would not recommend deviating too much from the material list. I found (apart from a few occasions) that it was very enjoyable building this craft and the plans were excellent and easy to follow."

USA

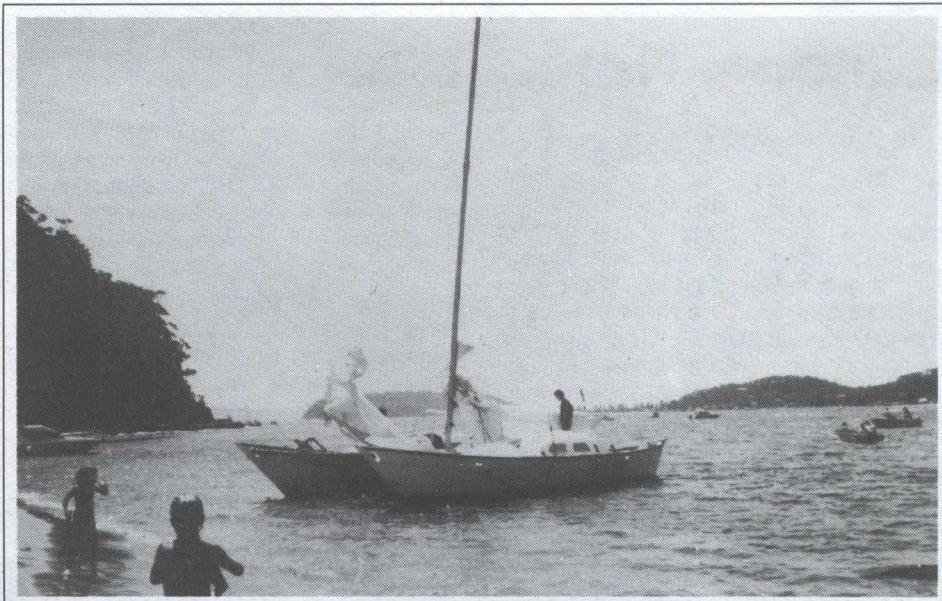
Regular readers of the Sea People will remember the picture of the superb Tiki 21 being built by Marcel Lalonde of Rhode. We were delighted to hear that Marcel has finished his boat and launched the FLOMAR in June 1989. Marcel writes: "I love my Tiki 21. She is fast, comes about and tacks with ease in strong or light winds". She is very stable in heavy weather - she is fast and light - like a gazelle and very pretty! Marcel's Grandson, James Mc Gail also wrote, enclosing a picture of Marcel sailing FLOMAR: "I helped with the last stages of the building and grew to love this boat as much as he does. The first sail on FLOMAR was a thrill for both my 84 year old grandfather and myself. We were a couple of kids marvelling at a new toy. All the things that we had worked hard to build, shape, and lace served their purpose and we sailed the sail of our lives".

Holland

Wil & Wouter Eichelshiem write from Amsterdam to say, "KUMARI (Mk.4 Narai) is still very good and we sail in Turkey since last year but business is not as successful as in Spain. Turkey has its own huge charter fleets and it is very difficult to support yourself and the boat from that very small income. So we stopped this and now sail for fun. At the moment we are working in Holland until the spring.

Pahi 63 Lost

We regret to announce that the first sailing Pahi 63 was abandoned in Biscay before Christmas. The crew of three were taken off by a passing ship after the boat sustained damage during a gale. We will give further details as soon as they are available.



A sleek looking Raka arrives at the Australian "Meet" - see page 22.

Member to Member

Cruising Tiki 21 including trailer for sale, £3,000. Lying Belgium. Tangaroa Mk.4 required Phone J. Grassart (3210) 611962 evenings.

Pahi 31, Australia. For sale due to health reasons. Ready for launching but some finishing required. Mast and sails included. Good price for quick sale. Neville Cottee, 22 Alfred St., Waverly, N S W 2024.

Tangoroa Mk.4, 1981, Ketch rig, 8 sails, alloy spars, 15hp. Yamaha o/b, 2 inflatables, very full inventory - Decca, RDF log etc. £10,000 o.n.o. Lying Portugal. A.G. Stewart, Yacht AMAWELE, c/o Poste Resante, 8400 Ferregudo, Algarve, Portugal.

Pahi 31, almost complete, requires beams and rig to finish, lying SW UK, £5,000. Phone 0392 851301

Plywood Tane Nui, launched 1988, alloy spars, ss rigging, 4 sails, all as new, nav. lights, cooker, fenders, anchor etc. Lying Cornwall. Phone Tim Forester 0326 75087.

AMAZON. Tikiroa 26. Professionally built 1986. Package of tow car ('80 Ford), custom trailer and boat \$28,000 Can. or will sell separately. Located near Victoria B.C. Canada. 604 653 4319 or Bill Graham, RR1 Fulford Harbour, V0S 100 Canada.

Narai Mk.4. Foam sandwich. Reluctantly for sail after 10 years full time cruising. Cutter with 12hp inboard diesel. Three double cabins and plenty of storage space. Moored Alicante/Torrevieja, Spain and undergoing extensive refit. 3 sails a little tired, 3 nearly new. Close winded. Cost of airfare to view refunded on purchase. Price of £20,000 shows true value. Best offers considered. Write for photos., David Lewis, c/o Pedro Sebastian 12, Alicante 03002, Alicante Prov,

Spain.

Tiki 26 mainsail (Jeckells), 2 rows of reefs, light use over 2 seasons, £220. Also Tiki 26 roller jib in fair condition £50. Write to the editor, Foss Quay.

Hina, 22 feet, VGC, outboard, 2 anchors, trailer needs work. Boat ready to sail £1,800. Tel. eve 01 226 9108 or day 01 263 3902.

Tehini, 15.5m, with off. charter licence and work in Turkey. Info. PO Box 9040 Harderwijk, Holland. Tel. 3410-19620.

29 ft. Alloy mast with boom - ex. Narai Mizzen complete with galvanised rigging, £300. Contact Roy French, Shere Khan, Foss Quay, Millbrook, Torpoint, Cornwall, PL10 1EN

Pahi 31 ANDIAMO. Superb example of this marque, launched in 1985, and well equipped for short handed sailing. Standing headroom in centre of hulls, spray dodger, deck tent, Mariner 15 with remote controls linked to steering, VHF, Navstar Decca, Autohelm 2000, wind generator, roller furling on genoa & staysail and behind the mast roller reefing on the main. Twin deep cycle batteries, marine heads and lots more. Size of family requires larger yacht. £10,250 for quick sale. Tel. 0752 347968

Tiki 28 PURPLE HAZE, Wharram Built production boat. Brand new, just delivered. Hand built in WEST Epoxy/ply with cruising specification including depth, log, compass, nav. lights, cooker, Porta-potti etc. Mylar multicoloured mainsail and roller furling jib. Stunning, beautiful, craft. Must be seen, lying Falmouth. Mortgage forces reluctant sale. Offers around £22,000. For information pack including photographs telephone Paul Young on 01-252-3356 (London) or write 7, Cornwallis House, Cherry Garden St., London, SE6 4PT

Editor's Notes

The way ahead?

Well folks, by now you may have realised that this is pretty much a lifestyle issue. It's largely about a new way of thinking - some may think it a "green" way, and yes I suppose it does owe a lot to the new "green awareness". But it is a little more than just that. We are moving in very exciting times and very dangerous ones too. Before I sat down to write this a new Australian member popped in for a chat, and when he mentioned in passing that he and his wife were over in England to "have a look before it was too late" I couldn't resist pressing him to find out more about what he meant. His concerns stemmed both from the way we were polluting our beautiful country and from political instability in Europe as a whole. He was convinced that catastrophe was only years if not months away.

I have met this uneasy feeling several times before, and I'm sure it's common to many of us. In fact, this feeling was reinforced during a recent trip to the west coast of Canada. Here we found the country teeming with wildlife. We kayaked amongst seals and sea otters, watched bald eagles and grey whales, and stood in awe beneath some of the tallest trees in the world. The beaches were clean and the rock pools vibrant with life. But all is not well. The forests are disappearing to clear cut loggers at a frightening rate and the seas are being depleted of their stocks through over fishing. Even so, we were in a land which still has so much and it became painfully obvious that we have so little left here in Britain. Our big forests have gone, so too have the salmon from many of our rivers and many of the mammals from our seas. If the destruction continues then the consequences for us all will be dire.

Yet we feel helpless. No one of us alone can stand in front of the juggernaut of civilisation, thundering mindlessly towards the final abyss and expect it to swerve in a different direction.

But if humanity is to survive then changes must come - the juggernaut must stop, clean up its engine, and set off cautiously on a new road that picks its way through environmental and political minefields.

I believe seapeople like Eddie Evans, Gordon Morris and Beat Rettemund, through their actions (which speak louder than political words), are putting up signs for the driver indicating that he should, for his own safety, think about stopping. If enough of us put up signs surely the driver will start to take notice?

What is becoming clear is that we need a new way of thinking - a new way of relating to each other on both an individual and national scale and certainly a new way of relating ourselves to the

natural world on which we are beginning to realise we are so utterly dependant. I naively asked Beat for an inkling of the "new way" the Kido project was searching for, only to be told that because it was new or rather undiscovered they hadn't found it yet! But I suspect that it will be about co-operation rather than competition - both within our own species and in the natural world.

Whatever, I'm sure we all wish these projects every success and no doubt this magazine will follow them with great interest - after all, it's all about communication between members. Let's hope they find a "new way" before it's too late. As Gordon Morris puts it so well: "There is no escape. No scope to "contract out" with some self sufficiency ideal. We sink or swim together."

NB. the magazine is making its contribution by switching to recycled paper.

PCA at Crossroads

Over the past few years the functioning of the PCA has relied on the goodwill of a handful of volunteers striving to keep up with the paper work and provide members with a reliable service. The system has been running into trouble because committee members are busy people with full time jobs and many other responsibilities (they do like to go sailing from time to time too!). Dispensing the workload amongst other members is often impractical - not least because we are separated by hundreds if not thousands of miles. As a result magazines have been late (we are still one issue adrift) and communications with members haven't quite been what they should be. However, over the past year, 3 committee members and at least a dozen sailing members have been located in the Millbrook area so it has been relatively easy to throw ideas around

and generally keep our fingers on the pulse. The committee has decided that magazine and news letter production should be streamlined and the more tedious editorial and secretarial tasks sub-contracted out, leaving more time to concentrate on the things that really matter. In practical terms this means making use of computerised "desk top publishing" to speed up the process. If we can increase membership through improving the magazine and offering a better service then this will not necessarily mean large increases in annual subscriptions.

Members can help too. A lot of correspondence still goes to JWD at Devoran because some members do not appreciate that JWD and the PCA are separate entities. Membership subscriptions, general PCA enquiries and magazine contributions should come to Foss Quay and requests for plans etc. should go to Devoran. Please don't mix the two in the same envelope otherwise it makes extra work and causes delays.

If we are to expand and survive we must make more use of technology. As communications improve it should become quicker and easier to contact overseas members and get them more involved in PCA activities. One excellent suggestion by D.W. Broome is that we produce a world cruising self sufficiency guide, put together from members' expert knowledge of their own cruising ground - it would be great to know where to find a cheap, safe anchorage and a friendly face at the end of an ocean passage. To be worthwhile such a guide would have to be regularly updated. If there is sufficient interest this could be a project of great practical value to members and well worth pursuing. Whatever, the choice is yours. If you don't like what we are doing then it's up to you to let us know. If you think we're on the right track a kind word will brighten my day!

Australian Meetings

The following news from Carl Reynolds arrived on my desk just before we went to press (20 Jan).

Another successful meet was held at The Basin (near Sidney). Five catamarans and around 50 people attended. The weather was perfect, everyone enjoyed the BBQ and night camp-fire drink. The next day most people had a sail. This time we had two Tikiroas, a Captain Cook, a Tanenui and a Raka. We hope to have another meeting in March.

Fatal Attraction

VIVIKI was tied to the shore and anchored from the stern off the crowded beach at The Basin. I stood talking to two yachties about Wharrams when this old lady tried to beach a half cabin cruiser in a gap big enough for a Captain Cook. There was a cross wind blowing down the beach and the old lady panicked and went full bore into the aft end of VIVIKI. There was an almighty bang and bits flew everywhere. Upon inspection there was only a quarter of an inch of my rear netting beam missing and a slight gouge down to the fibreglass. The cabin cruiser had a split two feet long on the hull joint. Any doubts I had about 6mm marine ply being strong enough have now gone. One of the yachties said I should change the name of VIVIKI to FATAL ATTRACTION!

NEXT ISSUE

Heavy Weather Sailing

- Tiki 21 Capsize
- Riding The Storm In An Oro
Also
- Tiki 21 on the West Coast of Scotland
- Sailing Tiki 31 TIKI SUNRISE II
- Cruising a Pahi 31

Do you have heavy weather experiences (from Hitias to Gaias) you would like to tell us about? Then start writing. Copy deadline for next edition; articles end March, news mid April.

We need more articles -building and cruising - and if you have any good pictures please send us a copy!

Out May



Did you Read the Wharram's winner page?
Did you Enjoy Dave Skelton's rally account?
Did you See his beautiful colour photographs?
Did you Like the colour pix of the Tiki Sunrise II?

If you did, you must be a regular reader of The Multihull magazine your next choice after The Sea People.

If you missed out this time but you'd like to read about your multihulls in COLOUR, send us your name and address and we'll send you a FREE copy (With Dave's cruise in it), so that you can decide if you want to see more.

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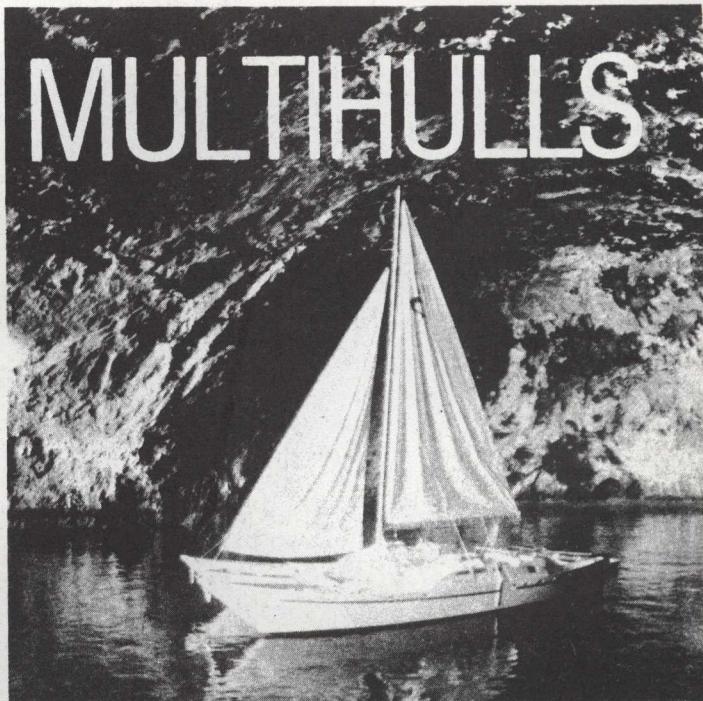
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January/February 1984 Cover Photo: Wade Doak's RAKA 'INTERLOCK' in Rikoriko Cave, New Zealand, with inside story: 'A Cat Among The Dolphins'.

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