

SeaPeople



**The Journal of the
Polynesian Catamaran
Association**

Editors Notes

Heavy Weather

After sitting out some of the worst storms in living memory aboard our Tiki 26, SUILVEN II, I'm feeling a little frazzled to say the least. Before I go up immeasurably in your estimation I should add that we haven't actually left our Foss Quay mooring during this time! We have, however, spent many anxious nights being tossed around by storm and occasionally hurricane force winds, deafened by the rattle of rain and hail on 6mm ply and the unearthly shriek of wind in the rigging. We've seen boats capsized on their moorings, trees dismembered, workshops blown away and sails torn to shreds.

Worse things happen at sea so they say, and indeed they do - but they can often be prevented by forethought and planning. For those of us yet to meet our first gale at sea I hope that this heavy weather edition - based on the experiences of those who have met many - will prove invaluable in the mental and physical preparation necessary to see it through.

In the face of a gale an experienced crew is then as important as a strong and well equipped boat for the battle against the elements is as much psychological as it is physical. Regrettably boats are sometimes abandoned by inexperienced crews when the going gets tough - an action that in itself often puts them at far greater risk than actually staying aboard and sitting it out. I remember once watching a crew of four being taken off a monohull by a lifeboat. They were a few miles offshore in conditions that the seasoned sailor would probably describe as uncomfortable but certainly not dangerous. But they were all so debilitated by seasickness that they could not make the 30 miles downwind to the nearest safe harbour. I would hazard a guess that inexperience was at the root of their emergency.

For newcomers it is particularly important to build up experience slowly and deliberately, stretching yourself a little bit further with each passage. Then you will get to know your own limitations as well as those of your crew and boat and learn how to safely work around or extend them. Remember a Polycat will look after you probably better than any other small boat - just as they have done for generations of seafarers over thousands of years.

Ready for the storm?

The exceptionally stormy British winter we have just been through has seen many boats damaged and two of the

most common causes are worth a mention.

1. Roller reefing. SUILVEN'S jib was very nearly torn to shreds during a gale because I hadn't rolled it away tight enough. Slack turns on the drum had allowed about a quarter of the jib to unfurl in a force 10. The sheets were cleated off allowing her to strain against her anchors with her bows just feet to windward of a boulder strewn beach! Fortunately I was close at hand and managed to scramble aboard and save the situation. Another owner wasn't so lucky - his roller jib was destroyed but fortunately the boat was ashore at the time. Needless to say, if you are going to lay the boat up it is well worth spending half an hour removing a roller jib. By the way, the incident brought to light the fact that when the jib is furled away (with a couple of turns of jib sheet around it for extra security), there should be no more than a turn left on the drum - otherwise the potential for slack creeps in.

Rolling away the jib in light airs is best done a bit at a time, pausing to remove any slack by heaving in on the sheets. With large jibs or genoas this may be done by careful use of the winch. Secure the sheets by tying them to the winch bodies - do not rely on them staying put in a "clam" type cleat. Of course, at sea in a blow there may not be a problem as the jib would have been rolled away in a rising wind and automatically tensioned - if not, read on.....

OK, so you are half way across the Atlantic and you've just lost your roller jib. Somehow you've managed to pull down or cut away the remnants and your rig has withstood the extra strains. Fortunately you have got a storm jib which is set on a flying luff and you hoist this to get underway as the wind moderates. Your light weather sail - a flat cut spinnaker, geniker etc. - also set on a flying luff will come in handy when the wind drops. If not, it's going to be a slow passage.....

Chafe

You may remember that the chain of events that led to the break up of Eddy Evans' Tangoroo GAIA (last issue) started with the loss of both his

anchors when their warps became twisted and chafed through. This insidious problem was brought to my attention when I discovered that one of SUILVEN II's mooring warps - no less than 14mm nylon multiplait - had been half worn through at the point where it just grazes the rudder. This had no doubt been caused by the bobbing motions of the boat as it rises to the small waves generated by south westerlies in the creek. Fortunately, I noticed this during a routine inspection and further chafe has been prevented by sleeving the warp at that point with a short piece of polythene tube. A Pahi 31, moored just a few boats away, had lost one of her anchors and slewed around in a gale when a rather sharp edged fairlead chafed through the warp. Happily, she escaped damage.

I could go on and at the risk of teaching Grandma to suck eggs (a quaint English expression) I will add the following commonsense guidelines.

If you must leave your boat moored in the same place for long periods make sure that her warps are checked at regular intervals - and that includes the mooring or anchor ends and any points where warps cross. Move them around to spread the wear and better still protect the areas where it occurs.



Hurricane force winds found their way into the top third of this roller genoa, destroying it in minutes.

The Seapeople/Sailorman

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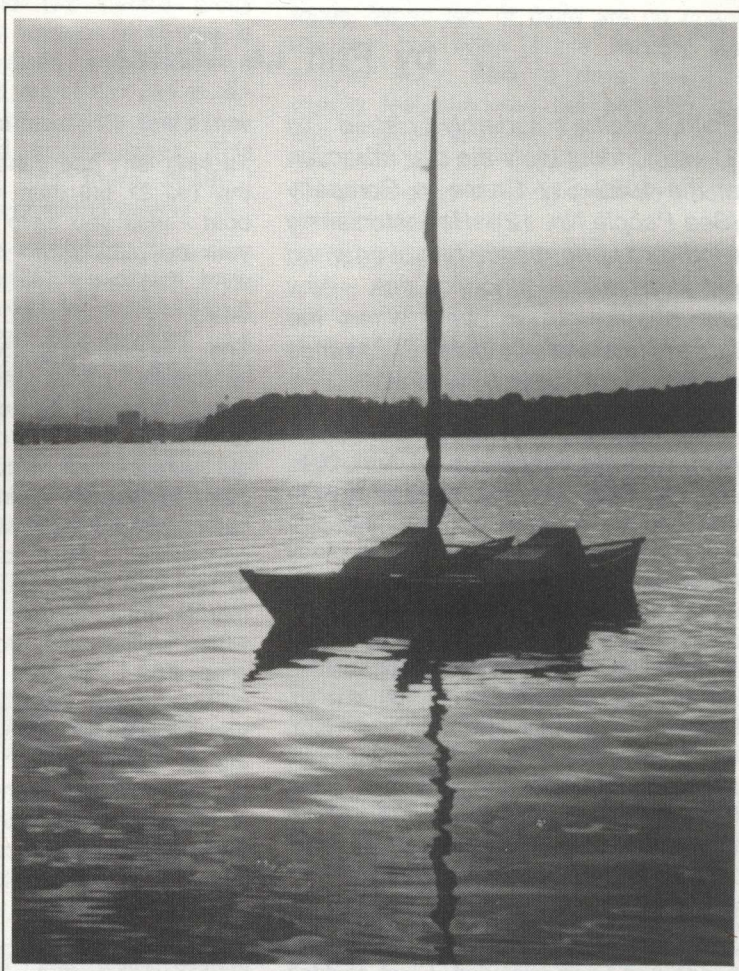
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Cover picture: "IT'S SLIPPERY SAM" on Ullswater.



Sunrise over a Hina on Millbrook Lake.

Special Heavy Weather Edition

Any heavy weather articles that missed the deadline will be held over for future issues.

We are still very short of photographs, especially of the larger boats. Can you help?

We need Ocean Cruising material too - there's a free years subscription to the author of any Ocean cruising article!

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Tiki Sunrise

by Phil Le Maitre

Phil Le Maitre's superbly finished Tiki 31 was undoubtedly the star attraction at the 1989 SW Cruise in Company (Sea People No. 12). Her astonishing windward performance has overturned old ideas about schooner rigs. Why she should go so well, when the forward mainsail probably backwinds the aft sail isn't clear. Any Ideas?

After a trouble free launch on April 20th, TIKI SUNRISE 11 - my Tiki 31 - had to wait another 6 weeks for her first sail. Alas, Jeckells had let me down so many times on their delivery dates it just wasn't true (other Tiki sailors including myself have been badly let down by Jeckells too - Ed). How embarrassing sailing around with just a Tiki 21 jib. However, I did manage to sail to Herm and back several times with this sail, averaging about 3 knots with a good fresh breeze on the side. The rest of the time was left down to the outboard, guzzling up petrol at an alarming rate.

When the sails did finally arrive to my astonishment the holes for the wishbones had been excluded. I just couldn't believe it! I had a few choice words over the phone to Jeckells, although they were very sympathetic and sorry I had no choice but to send the sails back (they had done the same thing to another set of Tiki 31 sails a few weeks previously). However, I did get the sails back with the correct holes in a very quick 7 days. Jeckells do make very good sails but sometimes they can be very unreliable. A rather clever zip design is incorporated into the sails of the larger Tikis. It means that the sails can be put on without unstepping the masts, which is a blessing.

After all this time I wasn't really in a hurry to go sailing - I'd waited so long. When I finally did manage to get some in I wasn't disappointed.

The schooner rig offers many different sail combinations. With all sail set, slight weather helm is felt which gets a bit worse as the wind increases (most Tikis get this). Drop the mizzen and slight lee helm is achieved. In fact, when you get the balance right, ie. main and jib set with the correct amount of mizzen up, the boat will sail itself. For heavy weather, reefed jib with reefed mizzen

works well - the boat tracks well too.

Tacking isn't bad either. It's slower than the Tiki 21 but then it's a much bigger boat - plus you have to remember that you are putting two masts through the wind. The usual Tiki tacking rules apply too.

The amazing thing about this design is its stability - it's so stable. I think the low aspect schooner rig helps to achieve this and winds of F5 - 6 can be taken without reducing sail. Usually reefing takes place to take the boat down to a much safer speed - especially when it starts getting wet. I either take the main down or reef both main and mizzen - the former is much quicker. Earlier this year, whilst sailing back from Alderney in a crisp F5, I reduced down to jib and reefed mizzen. Wind was against tide and the boat was going a bit too fast in the very steep seas. The wife was with me on this occasion and insisted on staying on deck without any oilskins. Although the boat became dry after reefing it was too late for Rosemary who was soaked.

I remember on one occasion taking the boat out in a F 5 - 6 westerly. This I thought would be a perfect opportunity to see what the boat would take and how many knots she had hiding up her sleeve. With just myself on board and full sail set I screeched up the coast on a reach. I can only guess at a speed - I think about 20 knots was reached but this could be a little conservative. The boat remained stable at all times with just a slight nose down motion which

most cats get at speed. I've also averaged 12 or 13 knots over short and medium distances. The Tiki 31 unlike the 21 seems to slice through rough water without the usual bumps and bangs of waves hitting the underside of the platform. The Tiki 31's platforms are in fact much higher from the water. In the tide rips the usual death defying accelerations take place - you know, pick up a wave, the apparent wind increases then hang on for the ride of your life. It really gets the old adrenalin flowing!

Windward performance is excellent. You would expect a schooner rig to be poor to windward - not so in this case. The Tiki 31 seems to point very high for a cat. In fact, earlier this year whilst attending the annual PCA meeting the Tiki 31 managed to outpoint two Tiki 26s and Jim's new Tiki 28 (sorry Jim) - much to my surprise, too. I find when going to windward I have to sheet the traveller to windward to stop the main back-winding the mizzen. This seems to work fine.

Listed below are a few personal opinions about the boat - some good, some bad - that are apparent after a season's sailing.

It is very wet upwind in rough conditions. I can only describe it as being like a deck hand on a submarine (maybe I'm exaggerating a little). The water disappears very quickly though and the scuppers in the cockpit work very well.

Earlier this year at the PCA meeting I told James I thought the boat was sometimes a bit wet. He explained that it really required the cockpit tents as shown on the study plans. These tents which are set up on stainless steel frames would actually stay erected whilst sailing. This would give the sheltered sitting headroom for any passengers



aboard. As these tents would be professionally made they would considerably add to the cost of the boat.

The masts could do with being a foot longer. The gaffs are not at their maximum height when they hit the shrouds - this leaves about six inches clearance at the bottom of the sail. Although this in itself is not a problem it would be nice to see where you are going!

For me the whipstaff steering does not work. It gives the rudders only about 50% of their total lock. When sailing in confined waters or trying to avoid a collision it could prove very dangerous. In fact it won't even tack the boat for me whilst sailing. What it does provide, however, is a super self steering system. It'll hold the boat on course for quite long periods. The rope which passes through all the pulleys dampens the tiller movement down. On long trips I use the whipstaff steering whilst on short sails and pottering around I use the tiller bar.

The cabins are very small for the size of boat and this is mainly due to the large centre cockpits which I personally think waste a lot of space. If I was starting again maybe I'd consider having one continuous cabin. The only problem is where to put the two centre cross beams. The other answer of course is the cockpit tents which I might add at a later stage. At the moment I use a tarpaulin slung over one of the wishbones which is attached to the stays. This works very well, but there again I haven't tried it in any strong winds.

As I sail mainly by myself the boat suits my needs very well. One of the main cabins is used solely for navigation. A chart table is fitted with a chart rack above, glued to the inside of the cabin roof. I sleep in the other main cabin.

Power is provided by a 15hp long shaft Mariner, which gives a top speed of about 8 knots, but for petrol consumption cruising at 6 knots is preferable. When

the conditions get rough it's the same old story - the boat begins to pitch and prop. cavitation begins. You either have to drop the revs. or sail.

Although the rig works very well it's complicated and carries its fair share of ropes. When two or more are on board it's fine but when single handing it's another story. After a days sailing I usually feel shattered but probably my age is creeping up on me. Also I have no use for the mainsail wishbone. There's a good sheeting angle so I don't bother with it at all.

All in all I'm very pleased with the boat and in no way do I regret building. I find her very safe and stable and don't need to sail with sheets in my hands. Now with winter just around the corner it's time to get those little jobs done which eluded me during the summer. Winter nights will be spent planning that ocean voyage which I one day might do. Who knows.

Taking The High Road

Major T J Daplyn learns some important lessons when he trails his Tiki 21 to the West Coast of Scotland.

Former Lives

Regular readers of "Seapeople/Sailorman" will be familiar with the Tiki 21 sail number 45. In 1982/3, as SASSY 3, she was built to a fine degree of finish by Maurice Killen and for a couple of seasons migrated annually to the warmer climate of the Mediterranean Sea (Seapeople No.s 1 and 3). By 1985 (Seapeople No.4) she was being regularly crewed by Paul Wells of 1988 TRANSAT fame and had grown a new aluminium stick and enlarged rudders. Maurice had also introduced other sensible modifications to improve her coastal trekking capabilities. In 1986 she was transferred to the care of Ashley Woods as SPLINTERS 2, taking up residence in Emsworth Harbour but trailing as far afield as the English Lake District. In Emsworth she rode out the '87 "Great October Storm", retaining her hold on her mooring when many other boats went ashore (the only damage sustained was the loss of her dolphin striker, carried away by the power of the waves sweeping her). From Ashley she acquired a "low tech"

and highly efficient mast raising system (Seapeople No.8) which employs her 9 foot sweep oars as an A frame.

Now, as SWIFT 2 she has passed into my (to date) less-than-tender hands. I am happy to report that six years and three owners from her building she remains a beautiful and well preserved lady - able testimony to the quality and care of Maurice and Ashley's building and maintenance skills. Initial reactions from admirers were that I had obtained a brand new boat!

Trailing Troubles

Having taken delivery of her in July '88, we trailed her the 635 road miles from Surrey to the beautiful and remote Applecross peninsula on Scotland's north west coast. The journey was lengthy (17 hours divided into 2 hour "watches" split between my long suffering wife and myself) and relatively uneventful until we were within sight (well, 12 miles) of our destination. On the single-track coast road we encountered, on a blind corner and a 1 in 4 gradient, a patch of oil which very effectively removed any tractive power that our Peugeot 305 Diesel Estate could impart on a heavily laden trailer. Anne and the children (Tom 8,

Peter 6, and Kate 4) were immediately ejected into a dense cloud of Scottish midges (once bitten - never forgotten) to warn approaching vehicles of our "instant" road block. Quite quickly an interested group of onlookers assembled from the halted traffic, proffering advice and alternative routes. The only alternative is in fact the highest motor route in the British Isles so we knew we had to solve this one on a self help basis! Eventually, after unloading the contents of both hulls, we achieved the necessary weight reduction to allow me a determined rush at the hill while Anne and the kids provided moral and vocal support.

LESSON 1: Study a large scale map of intended trailing routes (though I still maintain that we would still have made it if it had not been for that b----- oil!) and have the midge repellent handy at all times.

Laying a Mooring

As we are lucky to have a permanent home in this remarkable part of Scotland, SWIFT was to live on a self-laid swinging mooring. The selected anchorage lies within a short distance of the house and is sheltered in all but the very strongest of northerlies. We prepared the mooring from 3/8" galvanised chain (1 1/2 times HWS determined by leadline soundings) and a concrete bottom weight. The latter consisted of some 200lbs of concrete and steel reinforcing rod cast in a discarded fishbox. This weight we deemed adequate in the prevailing wind and wave conditions when both the nature of the bottom (crushed

shell and mud) and the low flat form of the fishbox were taken into account. A 3/8" galvanised swivel was incorporated into the buoyed end of the chain. The assembled mooring was consigned to the deep after the fashion of a burial at sea. The bottom weight was positioned on two 12 x 1 1/2" scaffold planks laid across the gunwhales of our 16ft GRP workboat with the chain flaked down behind it. At the appropriate moment one end of the planks was raised and the weight, followed by the chain, went smoothly over the side. Subsequent inspection revealed a perfect position on the bottom.

Given a greater scope of chain it might be more seamanlike to stop the flaked chain with light line for added control but this was unnecessary in our case due to the shallow anchorage site. Despite a heavy blow from our vulnerable quarter, the mooring did not move off its marks (I sighted these with a handbearing compass immediately after the laying 'ceremony' in order to determine any tendency for SWIFT to walk her mooring about). Unfortunately the mooring will not be available on our next trip to Applecross as a 45 foot cruising monohull decided that it looked too good to pass by on the very day that we vacated it for the season. Where SWIFT had failed she was all too successful and failing to allow enough scope, picked up the entire assembly on the next high tide, moved it some 50 metres before entangling with another swamped cable. I have secured the remains to a marker buoy and will retrieve it for re-laying at a later date.

LESSON 2: Either mark the mooring buoy clearly with the bottom weight rating or increase the bottom weight to cope with any foreseeable uninvited guest. I will opt for the latter solution next time, probably employing three fishboxes lined to a central riser.

The Inner Sound

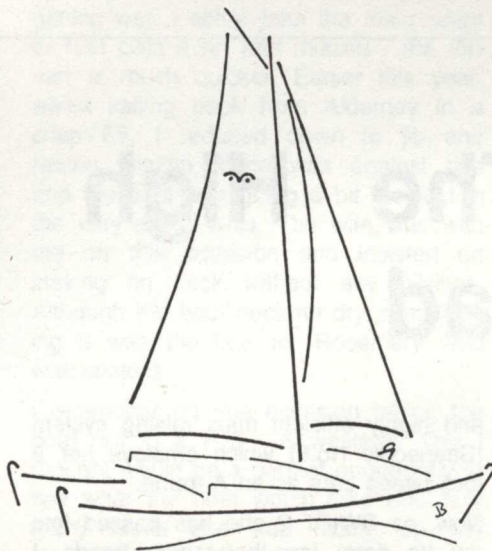
Sailing in the Inner Sound was a marvellous experience. We are blessed with some of the finest scenery and tamest wildlife in the British Isles. Wild otter, seal, dolphin and basking shark inhabit the sheltered waters between the islands and SWIFT seemed to attract them wherever she went. This summer's weather was not the kindest and we were glad that we were able to dry out on shore each evening. We made a decision to postpone longer than day sailing trips for years when the weather may be drier and the children possibly more philosophical about sleeping in damp clothing! We managed some memorable picnics on the islands testing in full the load carrying capabilities of a Tiki 21 when on one occasion 10 persons of varying ages were aboard. We

also managed some very fast passages across the Inner Sound, although quite how fast became a subject for debate following our initial outing when I donated the spinner, line and sinker to the sea bed while perfecting my technique for handing a towed log.

LESSON 3: Pass the freed end of the log line the other side of the tiller bar before returning it to the water when handing the log. If you can afford it, carry a spare line and tiller assembly.

Dismasted

All too soon the time to return south came around. We decided to forego the drama of the coast road and selected another haul-out site some 15 miles to the south. On the appointed day I, accompanied by my younger son, set out in a steady force 4/rising 5. We made excellent time and I could see across the sea loch to a lighthouse which was the landmark of our intended



destination. About 2 miles from our mark the windward hull began to feel a little "light" in the increasing wind (we were very lightly loaded) and I rolled a reef in both main and jib to slow us down a bit. As SWIFT came back onto her course again and picked up speed, the mast fell down. Luckily it had missed both of us although Peter was sitting in the leeward hatch on which it had come to rest. The mast foot remained in the step held by the tension of the windward shroud. A swift examination revealed that the starboard bow snap-shackle securing the forestay brace had failed at its swivel pin. Closer inspection revealed that the metal was discoloured with rust which I had dismissed as a cosmetic blemish.

LESSON 4: Examine all elements of rigging regularly for damage and signs of corrosion - be suspicious of any discolouration of stainless materials - particularly where such parts are critically loadbearing.

Navigational Error

After I had suppressed a shudder over just how close the falling mast had been to despatching my second born, I lowered the sails from their new horizontal position and lashed the mast securely inboard across the beams. I consoled myself with the thought that it would make dismantling a much faster job later on. I started the trusty Seagull and motored towards our landfall. Rounding the lighthouse I experienced my second surprise of the day when, consulting my chart for the first time that morning, made the rather disconcerting discovery that this was not the lighthouse that I wanted.

LESSON 5: Always plan any passage, even across the bay, on a chart. When underway refer to the chart at frequent intervals to reorientate yourself and take into account changing conditions and bearings. This may sound obvious but on this occasion I failed to do it and ended up 8 miles adrift on a 15 mile passage.

The 8 miles were fortunately downwind and I had prudently shipped sufficient reserves of fuel to motor the whole way. I also had all the tools and materials on board to re-erect the sailing rig if that had proved necessary, which it did not (with hindsight I believe we would have made better time if I had done so). Peter went to sleep in one of the hulls for the remainder of the trip while I fitted ear-plugs. Anne and the remainder of the shore party were understandably most anxious by the time we finally arrived in our low profile mode and I sincerely wished that we might have had some means of communicating our delayed arrival.

LESSON 6: A radio will always be a luxury item until the moment you actually need it - then it will become vital. I will probably be investing in a VHF handheld for next year or at the least a couple of cheaper CBs for ship-to-shore communication.

The haul out really did go faster. It had to, in order to beat the rapidly falling tide. Drills practised in the familiarity of our Surrey front garden paid off "in the field". That is, with the exception of the combination of a steeply sloping slipway and a strong crosswind. These elements combined in order to overturn one of the hulls from its bogey wheels. The only damage sustained was the lower rudder lashings pulled out of the sternpost. This was subsequently repaired in an afternoon with a marine ply insert and relayering with nylon cloth and epoxy.

LESSON 7: The dismantled hulls are lighter than one imagines. Adequate support and protection from wind effects are essential.

Blow Out

The loading of the trailer was uneventful and 2 days later we trundled southwards with SWIFT. At 4 o'clock in the morning one of the trailer tyres blew out on the motorway and we pulled onto the hard shoulder for repairs. I soon discovered that the car wheel jack was not going to be strong enough to lift the trailer loaded with the boat and stores. My options were simple - either unload the hulls and trailer in a repeat of the coast road incident (only this time on a darkened

motorway in the rain) or to summon "the man that can". Not surprisingly, I settled for the latter.

LESSON 8: Work through ALL possible crises in your mind before embarking on coastal trekking and practise immediate Action Drills for each BEFORE departure. I have since obtained a heavy-weight trolley jack which will add to the all-up weight but will do any job required.

This update may sound like a tale of woe - believe me, it is not. SWIFT has

shown us what she can do and although our learning curve has been steep, being taught by such a mistress has been a pleasure and a thrill. I get the impression that SWIFT knows more about sailing than we ever will! It is a testimony to her design that she is capable of being so forgiving of our poverty of experience and expertise. We are really looking forward to next year's coastal trekking and have already managed a couple of weekends on the Solent since returning from Scotland. In addition I have already obtained plans for her bigger sister!

A Moving Experience

by Andy Berrisford

Following two happy years with a Heavenly Twins, I bought Andrew Beard's beautifully built Pahi 31 ANDIAMO in March 1988. As my DIY abilities are in the mechanical moron class I had her surveyed by Bob Evans, who according to "Sea People" is one of the few people capable of doing the job properly on Wharrams. Suitably reassured, I started to wonder how I was going to get her up to Ipswich from Pwllheli in North Wales.

ANDIAMO was launched in 1985 but had spent some time on blocks exposed to the fearsome winds of the north Welsh coast. Some remedial work had been identified on the survey so I decided that my first port of call would be Foss Quay in Plymouth to get Steve Turner to do the repairs. Several plaintive phone calls later managed to get me a crew for this first leg down to Plymouth. Hazel and Mansell Rees were at a loose end in Plymouth and being Pahi 31 owners themselves sounded ideal (I forgot to tell them that I taught myself to sail from Ian Mellor's book "Sailing Can Be Simple" on the flight out to a flotilla holiday in the Greek islands). The idea of the Greek trip was to persuade my wife that sailing was all blue skies, sandy beaches and fair winds. Instead, the late October trip majored on rain, gales, broken diesels and sea mist which dropped visibility to 20 yards - all on the first day! Eileen was suitably impressed!

Problems at Pwllheli

As usual, plans fell apart almost im-

mediately. I had a week off work and Hazel and Mansell made it up to Pwllheli. At the same time south westerly gales set in and the only sail in an otherwise enjoyable week proved that ANDIAMO was fast, weatherly, comfortable and turns a towed Tinker Traveller dinghy into a submarine at 7.5 knots. It also proved that I needed a new starter cord for the Mariner 15. This obligingly broke when we went to start the engine to motor into the strong headwind over the bar at Pwllheli. Sure enough, no spanner the right size to replace the cord and no searoom to tack through the entrance. So the Tinker was bailed out, tied to the starboard hull and the ailing Mercury 3.5 on the dinghy brought us safely back. Time ran out, so I eventually got Bob Evans to deliver it down to Millbrook for me. By all accounts he had a good trip, although he was very rude about the unusual marine head fitted, which his letter described as "an invention of the devil!" I think the reason for his comment had something to do with the fact that it seemed to liquidise the contents of the bowl and then spray it under pressure at the poor sod trying to flush it. ANDIAMO now boasts a posh new PAR head.

ANDIAMO is Bermudan cutter rigged with roller reefing on both head sails and behind-mast roller reefing on the main (is this what Jim Wharram would describe as appropriate technology?). They all work wonderfully but because the rigging is tightly set up high compression loadings are put on the mast support beam. Bob Evans had noted some flex on this beam during his trip so amongst his other repairs Steve supported it with a piece of what appeared to

be a railway sleeper. If anyone has a spare 100 foot wingmast, I've got the crossbeam to support it!

Second Attempt

Last June saw the next attempt to get round to the east coast. Three weeks holiday this time and crew included the kids (girls aged 5,2 and 1), Eileen and Nell (mother-in-law aged 72 and blind). I should have realised what was to come when Amy (the 1 year old) dismantled the new heads within 10 minutes of boarding. The next few days followed the same pattern. First of all, the wiring harness installed by the marine electrician in Pwllheli for a second battery churned out 24 volts, greatly improving the cabin lighting for a short time until the bulbs exploded. (In case any doubters out there think I made a mistake connecting the second battery, I still have the wiring diagram he thoughtfully provided). Once this was sorted out it was time to connect up and check the Decca Navstar set. True to form, this started playing up for the first time in two years, but a long drive to their head office resulted in a quick fix while I waited - thank you Navstar. By this time we had left Foss Quay and were moored in Mayflower Marina. Stores, fuel and toys loaded, we set off.

Shortly afterwards we returned. The new Autohelm 2000 refused to hold a course despite intensive fiddling off Plymouth Sound breakwater. Two or three warranty repairs later it worked perfectly, but gales set in. By this stage, and with my holiday time rapidly running out, I realised I was not going to get to the east coast in short hops. Facing a mutiny, I put the family in a holiday camp near Plymouth and set off single handed.

No wind arrived for the first 5 hours, so I motored leisurely towards Lyme Bay. Later the wind picked up slightly so I proceeded under various sail and engine variations, enjoying the sunshine. Because of this slow progress I realised that Weymouth in daylight was not on, so I decided to go on to Brighton.

War Games

About midnight I was between Portland and the Isle of Wight and definitely feeling a bit tired. At this stage I was attacked by a helicopter and what appeared to be a squadron of frigates, who obviously decided that it was much more fun to gang up on an intruder into their private war game than to stick to their previous plans. Their opening star shell coincided with my first mouthful of a fresh cup of coffee. My scream of agony as the coffee fell into my lap must have surely been heard for miles around and probably resulted in the hoisting of a skull and crossbones when the flotilla returned to harbour. To misquote Wellington - "I don't know about the enemy, but they scared the hell out of me!"

Approaching Brighton

The remainder of the night was less eventful but the wind picked up at dawn to a F5 SSW and I went past the Isle of Wight at a fair old clip, with the seas building steadily. By 1pm the wind had risen to F7 SSW and I started to turn towards Brighton. The seas were steep and ANDIAMO was often surfing, still under the control of the Autohelm. By this time I was tired and the thought of Brighton marina's excellent facilities outweighed my worries about the entrance in these conditions. I called them up to book a berth. Their response, in outline, was to suggest that I was mad and how did I want my remains disposed of - if they were ever washed up. I haughtily reminded them that I was sailing a Wharram and that yachts designed to survive hurricanes treated such conditions as a matter of routine.

I was wrong again. The entrance was like a maelstrom with ferocious cross and back currents creating waterspouts in the onshore wind and waves breaking over the top of the harbour wall. My Tinker, resting on the forward netting, was shipping and retaining large quantities of the English Channel despite the deflated survival canopy covering it, which didn't do much for the trim either. I put the motor on, fur-

led the sails - keeping a hand on the staysail sheet in case of emergencies - and did a fair impression of a cork bobbing through the entrance. At least I got a round of applause from a tourist on the harbour wall - I reckon I was safer than he was.

I was storm bound in Brighton for 3 days, eventually setting off at dawn in a gentle breeze, my departure only involving the odd bounce off other boats in the marina. The wind was virtually aft and almost immediately my mainsheet slid through the boom putting the main out of action for the rest of the voyage (I could have sworn I put a figure of eight knot in it). No matter, still two headsails left. The wind started picking up past Beachy Head with fairly steep following seas. The trailing log was showing 8-10 knots average with up to 14 knots on the surf. Passing Dover, I hit 14.8 knots on one glorious extended swoop which must have given the assorted hydrofoils, hovercraft, ferries and container ships some interesting plots on their radar. Somehow we managed to miss them all but it was all getting a bit hairy so I dropped down to staysail at South Foreland, reducing speed to about 6 knots.

The forecast was now F6-7 westerly, and not fancying the Thames sandbars in those conditions, headed for Ramsgate. The remainder of this leg was uneventful by my standards, apart from once briefly unfurling the genoa to totally humiliate a couple of monohull cruiser/racers on the way in.

Who Moved the Buoy?

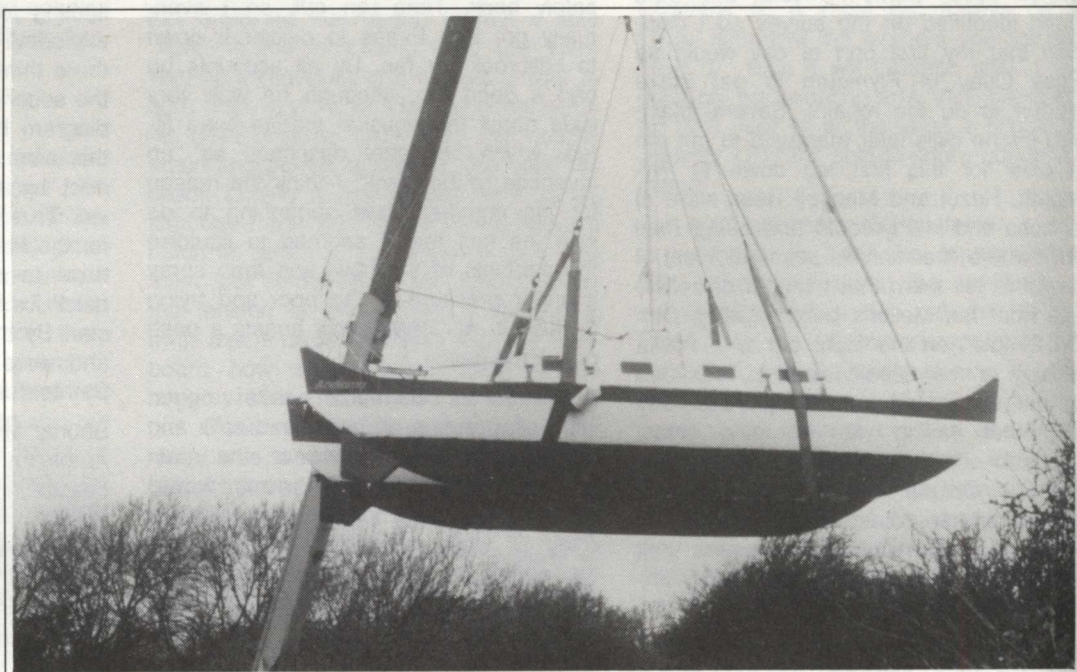
Gales set in again, so I headed back to Plymouth by train to spend a few days with the family. I got back to ANDIAMO

for the final trip into Walton Backwaters and set off in the afternoon into the tail end of a gale with the wind and waves on the nose. The engine was pushing us through it all manfully but it was bloody uncomfortable. Just to cap it all, someone had moved Black Deep 6 buoy and the Thames Estuary in choppy conditions at low tide is no place to get lost in! The Decca came up trumps, however, and I came off the wind at dusk heading for the Backwaters.

Those of you who know the area will understand the complete absence of any recognisable features or lights at the entrance to Walton Backwaters at night. I nosed in carefully under Decca and slung the hook in 2 metres of water where I thought the channel started and waited for daylight. This revealed my position to be within 10 metres of the buoy I had been aiming for so, feeling distinctly chuffed, I had a cuppa and watched the early morning fishing boats head out past me. As there was no wind, I raised the anchor, fired up the Mariner and headed up the creek. Twenty seconds later the engine died.

It later transpired that I had a leak in the fuel line at the carb, so I had actually used twice as much fuel as I had allowed for. My triumphal entry into my new home berth at Titchmarsh Marina was somewhat spoiled by being on the end of a tow rope from a kindly passing mono.

As fate would have it, a job move in 1989 resulted in relocation to Plymouth. The trip back to my current mooring at Foss Quay in Millbrook however is, as they say, another story!



Beware of low flying Pahis! Andiamo clears a hedge as she's craned out at Foss.

A Tow to the Thames

Adrian Scarfe here describes the traumas of moving his *Oro* around the south east coast of England, with some noteworthy comments on the potential difficulties of partnerships and towage.

About 2 years ago a sailing friend asked me if I was interested in building a 42' Captain Cook on a 50-50 basis. At the same time another friend, Andy Otterley, (now head of "Save the Whales" Greenpeace) asked if I was interested in crewing on a sailing boat on a three month expedition.

After a lot of heart and soul searching I decided to go for the Captain Cook explaining to Andy that if I went for the Greenpeace option I would end up working for them full time, whereas by building the Captain Cook I would still be able to do some work for Greenpeace without being tied to it.

The building started and at first work progressed very quickly, then as time went on my partner's enthusiasm declined and I virtually built the second hull on my own. After lots of pointed comments from me it finally came to a head and a show down with me saying "OK, either you buy me out or I buy you out!" My partner being understanding said - OK I'll buy you out since it was my idea originally. This was hard to swallow but a price was agreed and the partnership dissolved.

Finding the Right Boat

Next thing for me to do was find a similar sized Wharram design either in need of refitting or an unfinished project. Larger Wharrams seemed to be hard to find and after attending the barbeque at Devoran I had just about to resign myself to starting again from scratch. Then, however, a letter arrived from Malcolm Cox in Manchester telling me of an *Oro* near Ipswich.

I telephoned John Zalucki the owner straight away and arranged to meet him at 0730 next morning on the low tide. We met and

trudged through the mud to the boat on the river Stour at Manningtree. After squelching around for about an hour stabbing at the places where the sheets joined and along the waterline, I decided the hull was pretty sound and agreed to give him the asking price.

The next task was to move it to the building site on a farm where I could

"...the trawler went aground and the forward netting beam splintered as I crashed into him."

rent a mobile home and be close to the boat. I think one of the most important things is to have the project on your doorstep so each day you can do at least a couple of hours.

I wrongly thought the moving was going to be the easy part but no one on the Stour was prepared to lift it out for me, so I thought I'd tow it round and up the Thames. I own a 26 foot clinker Cornish day fishing boat and I was thinking of towing it myself but after looking at the charts and tides I decided I didn't have the power to tow from Harwich to Southend in one hit. The tides were a bit awkward and the number of sandbanks and shipping lanes were very offputting, so I arranged for a 36 foot trawler from Southend to tow me from Manningtree to Southend. The trawler didn't show the first weekend as arranged but turned up on the next only to be thwarted by fog.

So, no go again.

Collision

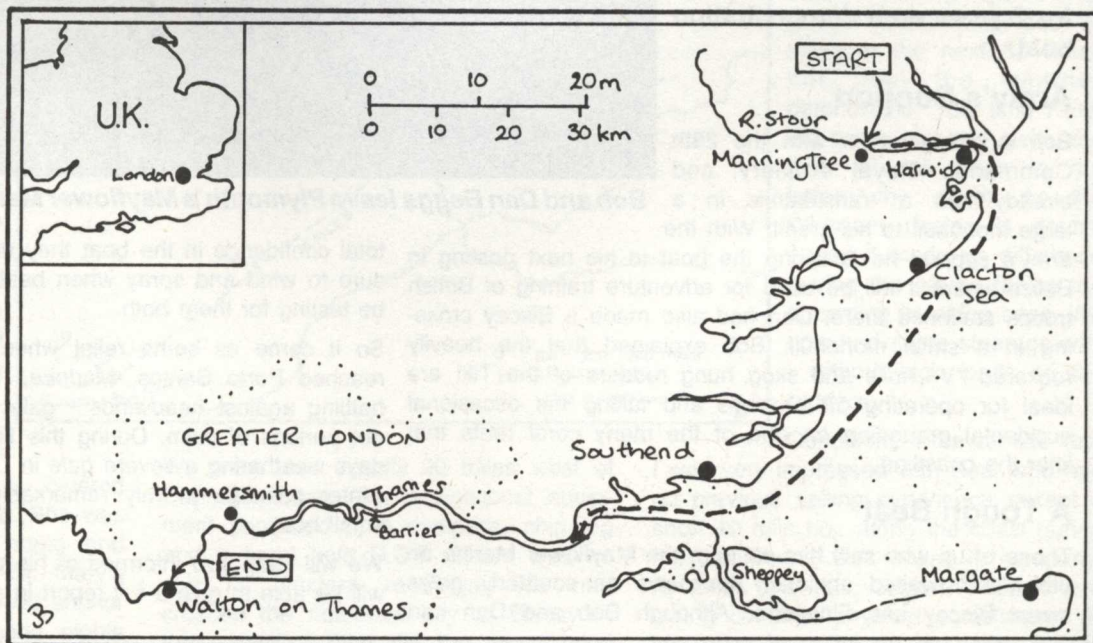
We finally got away the next clear day but with a not so clever forecast - SW 5/6. As we left the mooring buoy it got tangled around the rudder and with a jolt snapped the line. The next 50 yards down the trawler went aground and the forward netting beam splintered as I crashed into the back of him. Off we went again with me very worried knowing one of the main beams to be pretty rotten and the deck mountings suspect.

The crossing to Southend was a nightmare with seas coming just aft of the beam and the wind blowing beam on. Never having been on a Wharram with flexible mountings, the independent movement of the hulls convinced me it was breaking up. Luckily it got dark and all I could do was steer at his stern light some 50 yards in front. Looking at him in front rolling all over the place didn't make me any less worried but I was amazed at how stable the cat was, being picked up by the seas and surfing down the waves. I even managed to boil a kettle on a small gas stove without it falling over. I was getting a far more comfortable ride than him.

Exhausted

Nine and a half hours later we arrived cold and exhausted, after having to fight the helm constantly just to keep her in line with the tow. The next job was to take my boat down to Holehaven to tow her back up to Walton on Thames to be lifted out, not being able to get through Shepperton Lock because of her beam.

I got a mate who is ex RN to help me on this leg - an ex chef from the Ark Royal - so at least I'd be alright for food and hot drinks on the way down. High tide at Teddington was 0100 so we left



there 2 hours before high water. Just after passing Hammersmith the prop fouled and all the drive went. We limped into a creek to await low water to clear the prop of a large sheet of builder's polythene and set off again downstream on the next tide, arriving at Holehaven at 1530. We hooked up and started towing at 1600 about an hour before low water. It got dark at about 1630 and navigating back up searching for green flashing buoys against a background of multi coloured lights was an ordeal in itself.

Through London

As we approached the Thames barrier I radioed through to tell them who I was and what I was doing. As we passed through I heard them on the radio to the Harbour Master saying that I was showing incorrect lights. Great - the Harbour

Master raced over to us. I explained to him that my mast with correct lights had been stolen the day previously - true. He grudgingly allowed us through telling us to keep well to the side through central London.

This we did, fouling the prop 3 more times but managing to clear it. As we hit Hammersmith the fog set in and from there to Teddington was yet another ordeal. We arrived at Teddington at 0145 to the amazement of the lock keeper who duly asked for a towing fee and told us we were raving mad. By now I was quite used to this kind of comment and took it with a smile. We moored up at Walton and went home for a well earned sleep. The next weekend she was lifted onto two trailers, the beams removed and transported to the farm where she now lies awaiting the refit.

The total cost in time and money for this exercise was £500 for the trawler tow - he put his price up by £200 - and £650 for the crane and two artics. I daren't guess at the overall cost in time off work (luckily I'm self employed) and petrol costs etc... I didn't touch the boat again until New Year's Day as I had just about had it with boats for a while. But now the enthusiasm has returned and I'm hoping to get it ready for re-launching next year.

I know that the move was done at the wrong time of year but I felt that the boat would deteriorate with another winter in the water, especially as the decks leaked.

My thanks go out to all concerned with the move and to Malcolm Cox for letting me know of this boat so quickly.

Bound for Belize

The debris from the last of the winter storms had hardly settled when member Bob Beggs and his brother Dan left Plymouth bound for the central American country of Belize. Bob had bought Steve Turner's first production Tiki 26 for the voyage which had been used for 2 years as a demonstration boat.

Army's Support

Bob is a bombardier with the 29th Commando Royal Artillery and already has a transatlantic in a large monohull to his credit. With the army's support he is taking the boat to his next posting in Belize where it will be used for adventure training of British troops stationed there. Dan had also made a Biscay crossing in a small monohull. Bob explained that the heavily rockered "V" hulls and skeg hung rudders of the Tiki are ideal for operating off beaches and taking the occasional accidental grounding on one of the many coral reefs that litter the coastline.

A Tough Beat

Those of us who saw him off from the Mayflower Marina on 8th March waited anxiously for news as southerly gales swept Biscay and Finisterre. Although Bob and Dan had



Bob and Dan Beggs leave Plymouth's Mayflower Marina bound for Belize.

total confidence in the boat they realised that constant exposure to wind and spray when beating into rough seas would be testing for them both.

So it came as some relief when we learnt that they had reached Porto Santos, Madeira, 16 days later mainly after battling against headwinds - gale force at times - or sitting out periods of calm. During this time they had also spent 2 days weathering a severe gale in La Coruna, making this fast winter passage a truly remarkable achievement in such a small boat.

We will keep you informed of his progress and hope that we will be able to give a full report in a later issue.

All Hell Broke Loose

by Paul Ballard

Here is Paul's account of his somewhat storm ridden trip to the Canaries. He points out the efficacy of trailing tyres and the need to think as positively as possible when the going gets tough. It was a rough introduction to ocean sailing for his crew, Beat, and the voyage made a deep impact on both of them. Paul ends with a poem that expresses both their thoughts about the experience.

I had just delivered my Tangaroa CATARINA and her new owners to South Wales from Millbrook, Plymouth. Now I climbed aboard the 46 foot Oro KIDO which I was to deliver to the Canary Islands to join up with the rest of the Kido Project waiting aboard 55 foot HOKULEA.

Kido had a new mast beam and step fitted along with a lot of cosmetic work carried out by Beat Rettemund, the Swiss member of the project who was to sail with me. KIDO still needed a lot of work but the winter gales would soon be with us so our test sail would be to the Scilly Isles.

October 3rd. 1989

At 1100 hours we left Plymouth's Mayflower Marina with our 9.9hp four stroke Yamaha pushing us dead into a 25 knot SE wind. I hoisted the mizzen and then the main. Once through the Bridge Buoys I turned 45 degrees off the wind and we were sailing at 8 knots, so off went the motor. I wondered how many tacks it would take to clear Plymouth Sound but KIDO made no perceptible leeway and cleared it in one. With only the main and mizzen set I couldn't believe it!

We set course for the Scillies, lowered the mizzen and hoisted the jib. She was now well balanced. Eleven hours and 110 miles later we entered St. Mary's Road, Isles of Scilly. We dropped anchor in St. Mary's and had a good nights sleep after an exhilarating day's sail.

No. 13 May 1990

I love the Scillies and they are well worth a visit but would not recommend your first arrival to be after dark. St. Mary's harbour charge a fee but if you go over to Green Bay on Bryher you can dry out for half the tide. The scenery is breathtaking and the only shop provides everything including fresh baked bread.

"I had complete faith that no matter how bad the weather the Oro would see us through safely."

October 4th With a F4-5 north westerly we left at 1600hrs for my waypoint 90 miles west of Capé Finisterre.

October 5th Wind NW F4-5, 190 miles logged from the Scilly Isles at 1600hrs.

October 6th Wind Northerly F4, 340 miles logged from the Scillies at 1600hrs

October 7th Wind Easterly F4-5, 520 miles logged from the Scillies at 1600hrs.

possible by telling Beat that we could now relax and I set our new course of 180 degrees magnetic.

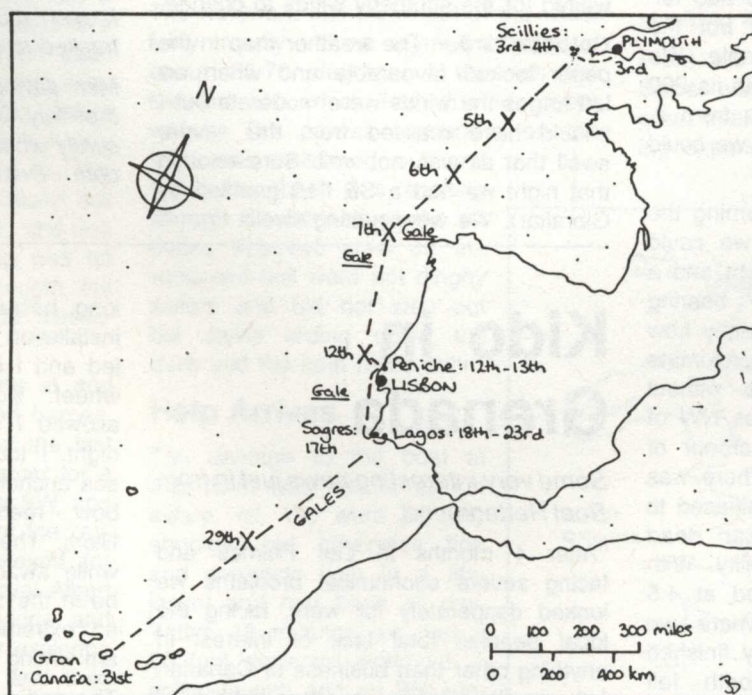
Two hours later all hell broke loose. I reefed all sail until finally I had just the fully reefed jib up and we were running before an easterly gale. The wind increased to F9 with big breaking seas so I lowered the jib and trailed two tyres on 150 foot warps from the bows. The motion was much better. We lashed the wheel and went below for a hot meal and a drink. At times like this I am glad to be on a catamaran - especially a Wharram. I know of nothing better when the going gets rough. Even in those conditions she rode the waves beautifully and only rarely did any heavy water come on deck.

We slept our usual 2 hours on and 2 hours off and 18 hours later the storm had abated just enough to try and sail south again. We retrieved the tyres and hoisted the reefed jib and off she shot but I could not steer as both the wire steering cable and the tiller to rudder bolts had sheared whilst we were making sternway - obviously the pressure on the rudders had been tremendous.

We made repairs and set off on a course of 180M, very slowly closing the Portuguese coast. We made 80 miles in the next 12 hours but then the weather deteriorated. This time I trailed tyres from the stern and took all sail down to run before the storm. As the Wharram design is double ended it made no difference having the sterns facing the oncoming breaking seas. We now had some steerage way - without high loads on the rudders.

Conditions were terrible and

I was very impressed with Beat who had no previous sailing experience except a short 40 mile hop along the coast during the summers P.C.A. cruise in company. At times like this, soaked through and taking constant physical punishment, all you want is to be on dry land. We all



We were now exactly 90 miles west of Cape Finisterre. Our navigational equipment consisted of a compass, chip log and a hand held R.D.F. There was no sun for sextant readings. We had crossed the notorious bay of Biscay in three days. I then did the worst thing

experience some degree of fear in these times and it is important to get some food and sleep. I had complete faith that no matter how bad the weather the Oro would see us through safely and I just thought that one more hour and the storm would pass. It is amazing how vivid my dreams are at sea and I also hear voices. I hope it is not madness coming on but Beat experiences the same.

During the night a big wave took away the front walkway. Foolishly in those seas we tried to save it but before it pulled one of us overboard I cut the netting which was all that was holding it. Now I had to crawl along the bows and balance standing on the netting beam to change the foresails. Even so I would not rely on roller reefing in those wind strengths. In the morning we found that the mizzen mast support had fractured so we lashed it together and that lasted the rest of the trip.

October 10th Wind Easterly F7.

Hoisted the reefed jib and back on course 180M. The seas were still large and KIDO was taking a beating. I lost count of how many times the steering cable broke but Beat and I knew exactly what each had to do and we could now make repairs rapidly without even talking but were glad of each other's company in these demanding conditions. Everything inside KIDO was soaked and only the RDF was still working. No VHF, no radio and 3 waterproof watches had failed! I was getting RDF fixes but the signals in Portugal are unreliable. We never obtained Ilha Berlenga with its 200 mile range even when 2 miles from it, but we got a very strong signal we could never identify.

October 12th. During the morning the winds finally died and at last we could see the sun. I took a noon sight and a cross reference with an RDF bearing gave us a good fix. It was uncanny how close it was to my very approximate dead reckoning after 7 days without sight of land. We were 40 miles NW of Ilha Berlenga with the safe harbour of Peniche 10 miles further on. There was a heavy mist and we were so pleased to see the Ilha Berlenga appear dead ahead with only 5 miles visibility. With no wind we reluctantly motored at 4.5 Knts into Peniche harbour where we anchored next to the beautifully finished Tangaroa AMAWELE. We both fell sound asleep.

The next day was dry and sunny so we hung everything out to dry and set to our repairs. Being Friday the 13th I was staying put and sure enough that night all hell broke loose again. The rain poured down and I have never seen such lightning storms.

October 14th. A fine morning and we rushed to finish our repairs as we saw all the other yachts leaving. We were the last to leave at 1100hrs but all those before us were monohulls and even though they were flying spinnakers in the light winds we overtook them one by one with just our working sails. We loved every minute of it! The wind later headed us but we could point just as high as the monohulls and we were still going faster. That evening we saw the following yachts head for Lisbon but we were still keen to get south. As soon as the sun went down the weather worsened again. It seems a nightly occurrence here. Progress was slow as the strong winds kept heading us. We made it through a rough night and the sunrise brought good weather and good sailing. Just before sunset on the 16th we anchored in a small sandy bay whilst the lightning storms raged all night.

Next day was hot and sunny but windless so we motored at 4.5 knots 200 metres offshore and around Cabro San Vincent, arriving in Sagres at 1700 hours and dropped anchor. However, here you are not allowed to step ashore. More petty bureaucracy! Next morning we motored out and headed for Lagos. We stopped the motor and with full sail - a real picture - we made 4 knots in the lightest of winds on a dead flat sea past admiring sunbathers in Lagos Harbour. The Harbour is very crowded and the holding ground is terrible. For 5 days we waited for the southerly winds to change.

October 23rd. The weather map in the paper looked favourable and when we left Lagos the winds were moderate but I should have realised from the severe swell that all was not well. Sure enough that night we had a SE F10 (verified by Gibraltar). We were getting swells from 3

different directions and we were both utterly miserable but we had previously survived what we thought was impossible and we would do so again. I was so glad for the tyres trailed astern. For 4 days we only made 200 miles south and I was really pleased that the jib I had just spent 2 days sewing in Lagos was still in one piece. After 4 days I could take a sun sight through a gap in the clouds. We were bang on course. We surely had a lucky star over us. For the next three days we had idyllic sailing, steering by stars at night and sunbathing during the day.

30th October. At dusk we saw the light beacon on Gran Canaria dead ahead and at 0300hrs next morning we anchored at Puerto de la Luy. It was smelly, dirty and noisy and we both wished we were back at sea - the bad times were easily forgotten now. In the morning we awoke to find HOKULEA with the rest of the Kido project anchored 100 meters away. Mission accomplished.

I see before me fathomless depths and far flung distances - vastness beyond vast.

I see names of places, transcendental spaces, strange faces.

I see routes across the earth, well tracked routes of famous men,

Men saying "Come, I have been here, the way is not safe, but death stalks surely where you now reside - and boredom - Death's brother".

Kido in Grenada

Some very interesting news just in from Beat Rettenmund.

"After 4 months in Las Palmas and facing severe economical problems we looked desperately for work, facing the local peoples total lack of interest in anything other than business or Canarian folk music. Finally, in the middle of February we managed to leave anyway. I had decided to take Kido on my own, partly because of necessity and partly because an adventure like that has a very appealing taste to me. And here I am now. Still alive! After 37 days I discovered there is another side to this enormous bit of water. It took me so

long because all my ideas about the installation of automatic steering had failed and I did almost 3,000 miles at the wheel. So whenever the conditions allowed I slept for 5 or 6 hours every night. I took all the sails down, put out sea anchors - two tyres on lines on each bow - reefed the mizzen and lashed the tillers. Then I could go to sleep for a while aware that if a ship happened to be in the area I had to wake up. It was an extremely interesting journey and I am writing a book about it.

The sad and sour facts: Kido is for sale (she is structurally sound) and we would like about 15,000 for it. It has the advantage of already being in a very pleasant environment. Contact Kido Project, D. Sandrini, M. Fastigi, B. Rettenmund, Poste Restante, St. George's, Grenada, W.I."

Tiki 21 Capsize

An Account by Bill Holland

Edited by Steve Turner

Bill Holland and three friends chartered a Tiki 21 from Steve Turner in the summer of 1988. As things turned out the holiday was very short lived. Out of the four, two had experience of dinghy sailing and windsurfing and had also chartered monohulls in Scotland and the east coast on five previous occasions. None, however, had sailed a catamaran.

Here is Bill's account of events.

The day started somewhat frantically as we had not appreciated how quickly the tide receded on our mud berth. A few quick instructions from Steve, one of which was "practise reefing" (a gale was forecast) and we were off. We spent about two hours sailing off the Naval docks in Plymouth, downriver of Torpoint, getting used to tacking and gybing in moderate winds and getting quite excited over the ease and responsiveness of the boat handling and its incredible acceleration. What developed was a dinghy system of handling the boat. We had two people forward, one on each hull controlling the jib sheets, and they stayed there. One person in the middle swapped hulls on the tacks to the new windward hull and helped sheet in. The helmsman also sat on the windward hull so we had three people "uphill" and one down, but of course everything was on the level. This was not a thought out arrangement but seemed to be instinctive.

When we got fed up of looking at and tacking round the same moored barges, we decided to head off against the last of the ebb tide up the River Tamar for a little exploration. The wind was SW and gusting enough to heel some of the racing monos over as they jockeyed for positions downstream of the Royal Albert Bridge. We shot under the bridge and spent three quarters of an hour exploring up river until the tide turned and then started heading back. The wind was now hard on the nose and the tide was beginning to run swiftly as we tacked under the bridge. It took us a good hour and a half to sail back to the chain ferry against a stream that had the large ships' moorings heeled over at about 45 degrees. We raced a Wayfarer with

working jib, full main, with three people on board for part of the way and left it standing. We were very impressed with the boat's windward performance in spite of the fact that we could have done with more tension in the jib halyard. The jib was a bit baggy, probably because the loop in the bowline to which the head of the jib was attached was too long, but as she was doing fine we left it.

The Fatal Gust

Coming closer to the chain ferry it was apparent that the wind had increased in strength and there was much more of a chop on the water. With hindsight, we should have hove to and reefed down or made for the bank. But still the boat was tacking cleanly through the water with no weather helm at all. We crossed the chain ferries on a port tack then tacked close to the west bank. Our starboard tack took us out beyond the shelter of Torpoint and the swell increased. About three quarters of the way along this tack my impression is that we caught a gust which had veered a little to the west. The windward hull came out of the water fairly smartly and we seemed to hover at about 60-70 degrees. I was on the leeward hull which had dug in, decks awash. The canvas trampoline on the front was ballooned out and the main sheet was snaking through the fairlead on the aft beam. The two crew on the windward hull were not dinghy sailors and did not step out but came sliding down the deck and the boat rolled over.

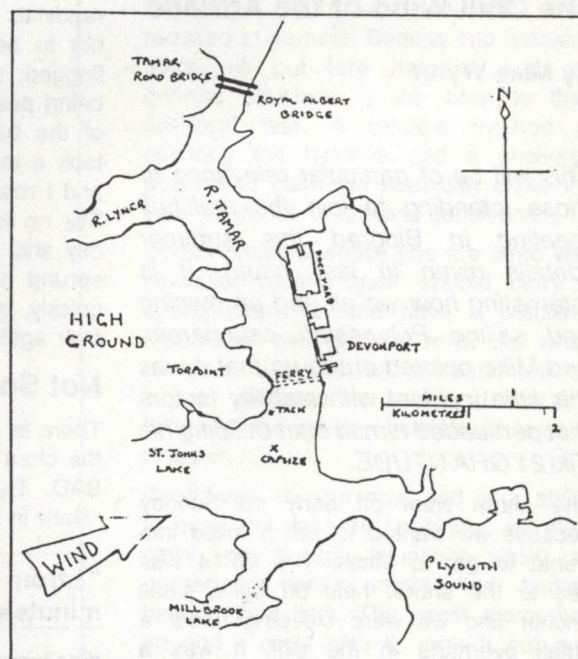
Help Arrives

The damage to the boat at that point was, as far as I'm aware, nil. We were all very shocked but otherwise fine and everyone was in a life-jacket and had been all day. Within 10 minutes we had a 50 foot dockyard workboat, a police launch and an RNLI in-shore inflatable to help us, which was very reassuring. We accepted the help of the dockyard boat to tow us into one of the Canards as we were in the shipping lane. What we did not realise was that if we

had cut the forestay lashing the mast would have swung back and up and we could have tied it on to the rear beam for the tow back. This may have saved the decktent which got mangled in the tow through the force of the water ballooning out the canvas, as well as considerable strain on the rigging.

To conclude, I would love to spell out to everyone's satisfaction exactly what the wind speed was when the boat capsized. I don't know. I would estimate it was blowing about Force 5 and gusting 6. There was definitely a veer in the gust, which caught us more on the beam, and the swell was about 18". The average weight of those on board was about 11 stones. IF WE HAD BEEN REEFED WE WOULD HAVE BEEN OK and if we had sorted out the jib halyard we probably would have still covered the same ground in the same time with the reef. The helm throughout the day - right up to going over - was extremely light and the boat never gave any sign of being overpressed in the conditions and wanting to round up. We were probably stupid to think that it would.

From this point on everyone (especially Steve) was most helpful and displayed a great deal of restraint. This was a learning experience we could all have done



without. One day when I have the time to own a boat it will be a cat. The others will never go near one again.

Steve makes the following comments.

Bill's estimate of the wind strength was a little bit on the low side. RAF Mountbatten weather centre at Plymouth was recording mean wind speeds at the time of Force 6 with gusts of 8. Another point worth noting is that although they had been sailing with three people on the windward hull until then, at the time of the accident there were two people on each hull. As the boat cleared the shelter of the Torpoint shore they were exposed to the full force and true direction of the wind for the first time. An eyewitness (Commodore of a local sailing club) who was on the chain ferry reported:

"The cat was lifting a hull before the capsize, when it was hit by a gust. The boat rose gradually onto its beam end, the crew did not seem to react and they eventually fell off."

Some interesting conclusions may be drawn from this account:

1. Experienced dinghy sailors/windsurfers may not realise when a cat lifts a hull at what seems to them a modest angle of heel. Once on one hull the boat is sailing on a knife edge.

2. With four adults aboard - especially with two on each hull - the deck edge dug in, preventing the boat from slipping back to an even keel.

3. When the boat was righted the jib sheet was found to be still cleated off. Hand hold sheets in strong winds!

4. Reef early! IF IN DOUBT - REEF! The boat will probably sail just as fast so do not overpress it. This capsize happened in sheltered waters. On the open sea there would have been larger waves and the violent motion and spray generated would probably have prompted the crew to reef.

PS The boat was righted by first removing the rig then lifting it out of the water onto a pontoon while still inverted. The lashings were then undone on one hull. The other hull with beams attached was rolled over, then the first hull turned up and replaced. While capsized, the Tiki floated extremely high in the water, the buoyancy of the cabin tops supporting it with just the bow and stern handles immersed - despite the loss of the two main hatches. The rig survived unscathed despite having been towed about 1 mile upside down with both sails hoisted and the jib sheeted in. The aluminium mast was totally unmarked but the sails, having been towed through the Naval Dockyard, will never look the same again!



The Bora

The Chill Wind of the Adriatic

By Mike Wynn

This will be of particular relevance to those intending to join the multihull meeting in Biograd this summer (details given in last issue). It is interesting how we all end up owning and sailing Polynesian catamarans and Mike pointed out to us that it was this little incident with stability factors that persuaded him to start building his Tiki 21 GRATITUDE.

The alarm went off early on Sunday because we wanted to sail 5 miles into Punat to get to Mass. The GP14 was tied to the shore, held off by a small anchor and we were sleeping under a small overhang in the cliff. It was a perfect day - warm and still - so it was straight out of the bag and into the sea,

a bite of breakfast and pack the boat for off. By now there was a slight NE breeze so I let go the line to shore and hung to the anchor while I put up the jib ready to run out of the bay. But it was not to be. The wind increased, the jib flogged, the anchor dragged and I was being pushed onto the rocks at the side of the bay. I called Jenny to help, we took a moment off to put on life jackets and I resumed my struggle with the sail. Still no joy. We were blown out of the bay and, in the short steep sea that had sprung up, capsized. She came up quickly, swayed a few times and went over again. Time for a think.

Not So Rare

There is a note to myself on the side of the chart which says NE wind = Bora = BAD. True enough. The next bit says "Rare in summer". Not so true. What we

"...from flat calm to Force 7 in five minutes."

didn't know was how long it would last although I suspected about 24 hours which turned out to be true. We had

seen Bora havens around the coast where full size boats tied up to concrete posts six feet across and had a feeling that if they didn't like it, then neither would we. There was one boat left on the sea heading for home like the toast was burning. We signalled for help, he turned and picked us up. We waved goodbye to the GP and arrived back at Punat in good time for Mass. Total time from cast off to pick up about 7 or 8 minutes.

Cold Air from the Hills

We've weathered a few Bora since then. None, thank goodness, quite so dramatic. They can be real killers in the winter picking up railway trucks and dumping them in the water. The word simply means an easterly wind so you will hear forecasts of a gentle Bora. It is, in fact, the normal morning offshore breeze. The other Bora is a katabatic wind. Cold air heaps up on the mountainsides which rim the Adriatic to reach the sea at Force 8 and above. Its main feature is the speed at which it increases - in our case from flat calm to Force 7 in five minutes.

Be Prepared

So what's to do? Weather forecasts can tell you that there is a likelihood of a strong Bora but they are fairly local so there will be many forecasts before one hits you. They are preceded by a period of intense calm and the sort of weather when you can hear a pin drop now has us scanning the eastern horizon for wisps of clouds on the mountain tops or catspaws rushing across the water. The main defence though is to be prepared. There are other strong winds in the Adriatic in summer but they build up over 24 hours or so. When we are choosing an anchorage, therefore, our first priority is good shelter from the east. We never risk a small anchor or short scope overnight and if a Bora seems likely, put out a second anchor. This is easier than it seems because the direction of the Bora is so predictable. We pull up to the first anchor, give the boat a shear across the wind (which is easy enough in a cat - the main problem is to stop it shearing) and drop our second anchor. We then veer every bit of rope we have, take down the tent and retire to our cabins.

Heavy Weather Techniques

By Steve Turner

Sooner or later even the luckiest of sailors will meet conditions demanding special actions to preserve the safety of their boat and possibly their lives. The sheer violence of the weather in these survival conditions can be so daunting that without the confidence gained by having a clear idea of how to best help their vessel cope with wind and waves, crews have abandoned yachts (in some cases losing the product of years of work and their most valued possession) when, with a little forethought and preparation, both boat and crew would have survived unscathed. In the 1979 Fastnet disaster crews were lost after taking to their liferafts when their abandoned vessels survived untended.

Towing a Drogue

Catamarans are of comparatively light displacement and construction and require tactics to suit their particular characteristics. Given enough sea room, a cat is generally happiest running off before a gale. However, even under bare poles a cat will run at speeds which quickly eat up the miles to

leeward and a hostile lee shore which seemed comfortably far off will approach with frightening speed. A drogue streamed from the stern will not only slow the boat down to a manageable speed but will also increase control over the boat allowing you some choice of direction run instead of proceeding willy-nilly downwind.

This drogue - which should not be confused with a sea anchor - is towed over the stern rather than the bows so that the boat runs off bows first thus protecting the rudders from the enormous strains which would otherwise be imposed on them as the boat will still be moving through the water at an appreciable speed.

The drogue should be employed on a long enough scope to allow it to lie in the trough before the one in which the boat is lying, otherwise it will be carried towards the cat by each crest, subjecting the warps to intermittent snatching loads. The drogue can be improvised from equipment carried on the boat for other purposes - sails, floorboards and bunk cushions are among the items which

have been used in this way. I believe, however, that the humble car tyre takes a lot of beating and is so useful as an emergency fender or cable snubber that no cruising cat should be without a few. A long warp made off from a bight from the sterns with a couple of tyres threaded onto it slows the boat down remarkably and may just help to protect the cat from breaking seas by providing a sort of "slick" upwind.

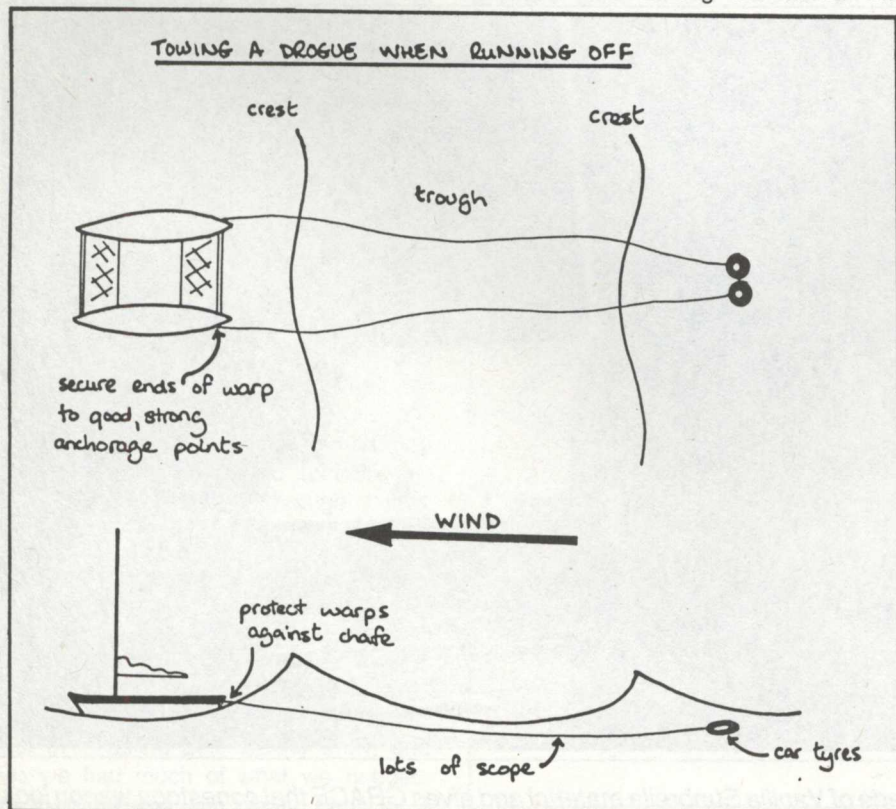
Sea Anchors

A catamaran unable to make any progress upwind yet without sufficient room to leeward to allow it to run off will have to try lying to a sea anchor, which needs to be considerably larger than the drogue mentioned above. There is a vogue amongst American multihullers to use a parachute for this purpose, apparently with great success. The parachute should be deployed on a line with a swivel from the bow.

Most polycats should be able to claw to windward away from a lee shore in all but the worst conditions. Practise with reefing and familiarity with the way your boat handles under various combinations of reduced sail gained in more moderate conditions will prove invaluable when required in earnest. Beating into breaking seas will put fore hatches and the general structure of the boat to their severest test. A reliable method of securing the hatches and a sheltered position to helm the boat can make the vital difference in survival conditions.

Ocean cruisers whose jibs are fitted with jib roller reefing gear should carry a strong storm jib and have a practised method of setting it. A roller jib, when reefed to a pocket handkerchief, will be a poor performer to windward and any failure of the reefing gear could lead to disaster.

Confidence in your boat and your ability to deal with extreme conditions will help carry you through situations which an unprepared crew might find testing beyond their limit. The worst storm has an end - cope with it, stick it out and gain pride and confidence in your ability to face the sort of test not often met by urban man.



A Living Window

by Revco, Echo and Macro.

I'm sitting in an eight-sided cedar cabin on Mitchell Bay in the San Juan Islands, Washington, USA, watching the wind blow gusts up to forty knots through the tall firs and the tenacious madronas. Happy to be warm and creative around the wood stove as the squalls tear up the Strait of Juan de Fuca. This kind of weather makes the 4x6 foot south facing window better than a large screen video!

Greetings! PCA member Living Window reporting in. Living Window?!!

Yes, open your PCA membership list and there it is in the USA. In the Ls...Living Window. Monohull!!!? Well yes, but as Echo is always pleased to announce - "That was then and now is now!"

Ever since I became interested in sailing I have admired catamarans. I sailed some of the earlier Hobies and enjoyed the experience very much. However, by the time I got enough money together to actually buy a boat, I was living in the Pacific North West and was mainly interested in cruising boats.

Now I'm not saying there are no cruising catamarans here, but they aren't exactly the "yacht" of choice for the vast majority of northwest boaters. Anyway, I bought the Vega - a Swedish built 27 foot monohull - in 1986 to cruise and live aboard. It was great as the Vega is a fine boat. Echo and I took our performing company, Living Window, on the "road" with it.

During the spring, summer and fall this area, including British Columbia, is "ga-ga" for festivals and art fairs. We put together a street act for busking and set out to

see if we could make a living cruising and performing. We did and it was fantastic! Working gigs on the weekends, then sailing off to the next one with plenty of time to get there. Sailing is probably the ultimate recuperation for the intensity of street performing.

The following two years were more of the same. However, during that time we developed a growing dissatisfaction with the monohull. You know - slow and tippy with four feet below the waterline and no room to spread out. Being movement artists, the latter annoyance was a big minus for us. Also, we were just another plastic white sailboat with a blue sail cover. Know what I mean? Also a new (at the time) friend of ours, Livingston Kint, had his Rainbow Puppet Theatre built on Narai hulls and although he had no sailing rig, he moved it around easily with an old Mini Cooper automobile engine. Truly inspiring for the likes of us water borne Bohemians.

That's when the catamaran bug bit - and bit hard. I sent away for all the catamaran information I could get. When I received James Wharram's design book

and "Two Girls, Two Catamarans", his philosophy regarding the sailing/cruising lifestyle clicked in.

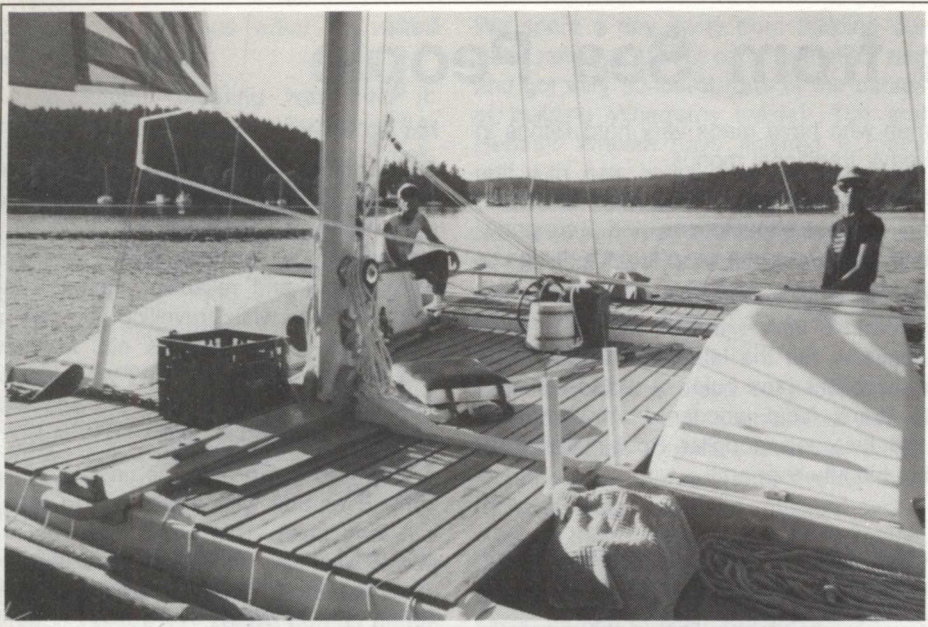
The Search was On

Although I admire people who build their own boats, I was definitely not interested in building, so the next best thing was to find a used one. With this in mind, Echo and I sailed off to cruise the beautiful Canadian Gulf Islands, which are sandwiched between Vancouver Island and the mainland. We had seen one on a mooring up there the year before and thought it would be a good place to start our search. The boat, AOTEA (Great White Cloud), was an Oro and belonged to Tom and Ann Hennessy, who run Sutil Lodge bed and breakfast and Southwind Sailing Charters. They turned us on with a splendid sail on AOTEA and we were without doubt "hooked". One Wharram owner led us to the next and before we knew it these "funny boats" were coming out of the proverbial woodwork. We met Tom Hembroff briefly and took a good look at his Ariki PIGGY. Andrew Frayling asked us to sail with him across the Georgia Strait from the Gulf Islands to the mainland on his Tangaroa TOMPATZ. We had a good breeze and made the crossing in three hours, averaging 8 knots. Hey, this was getting to be fun!

We kept looking. It seemed we were finding Wharrams everywhere we went. Stowed away in garages, deep in the



The deck tent is made of Vanilla Sunbrella material and gives GRACE that conestoga wagon look.



Sailing GRACE in the Gulf Islands. Note the large deck area.

woods up on blocks or tucked away in some shallow "no man's water". The advantages of this type of craft were becoming increasingly obvious. It was clear we had to have one - pronto!

In December 1988 I sold the Vega and Echo and I set out travelling around the US looking for a cat for us. We searched the west coast and then over to Texas and the Gulf of Mexico where we met Cleo and Bob Phillips, totally immersed in building KAIMOLOLO - a 42 foot Pahi design. Ironically, they too had cruised in a Vega for several years before they were inspired to build a Wharram. From there, we flew to Florida where I have relatives and sailed with Tom Miliano on his Hinemoa TWO RIGHTS. We saw a great number of boats but alas the ones that were for sale were either too big (we're small boat fans) or they just didn't ring our bell.

Return to GRACE

So we returned to the San Juans and decided to take a second look at a Tane we knew to be on Orcas Island. Actually, we had sailed on her the year before with Clay Philbrick, who with Birch Gerke of Port Townsend had designed and constructed the modifications. When we first looked at GRACE we were still aboard the Vega and she "seemed" too small, although she sailed fantastically. Our second look was through "new" eyes and we made the decision to buy.

We immediately started cruising and out-fitting. Being campers, we already had equipment that was just right for this type of boat. James' flexispace concepts tune right into our simplistic Buddha natures so even on the Vega we steered clear of installing gear permanently, and thus we had much of what we needed. We experimented with plastic tarps for a

No. 13 May 1990

deck tent until we found the design that works, then had it sewn up at a sail loft. A veritable luxury saloon and it stays up during a blow! We use shock corded tent poles for a flexible framework and can "slap it together" in about 15 minutes, give or take a beer or two. If any of you happy campers would like more details I will be happy to provide.

Modifications

GRACE is an old Tane design with a recent birthday. Construction was initiated in 1983 and finished in 1986. With the bow and stern extensions she has a 27'4" LOA with a speedy 26'6" WL. The extensions were added on the hulls after construction of the stock design and are a single piece of 3/8" marine ply with

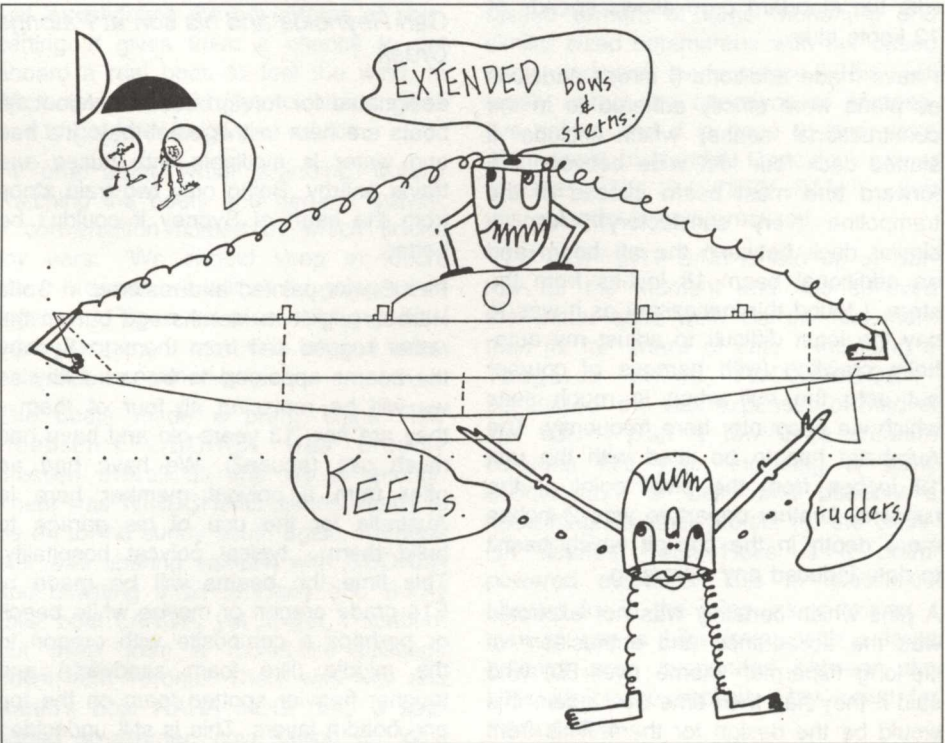
closed cell foam formed around it, then shaved off to shape and epoxy glassed over. The result is the longer water line and she is extremely clean through the water. Although they are slightly "fragile" if the boat hits something big and heavy in the water. They will, however, act as a "squishy bumper". The other modifications include inboard "shark fin" rudders, which are large and powerful. Also, she has 4' fixed keels, 10" deep with a 6" copper foot on the bottom. When dried out, she sits level on the keels and rudders as both were built very strong.

GRACE'S performance and manoeuvrability has turned many an eye our way. Sailing to windward is a pleasure as the keels "lock" her into the water and leeway is minimal. She tacks readily and helm response is quick and sure.

We are cruisers and not overly critical about performance but, in comparison to most other boats Echo or I have sailed on, GRACE is a dream! We can paddle her like a couple of canoes, even against contrary currents. Imagine that! Well, somebody has to balance out the Alaska oil spill and, besides, we get a charge out of the incredulous stares we get from other boaters as we paddle in and out of anchorages and marinas. But, of course, these are the advantages of small boats and perhaps nothing new to most catamaran sailors.

We cruised GRACE throughout the San Juan and Gulf Islands last summer and Fall (1989) and plan for more extensive northerly cruising this spring and summer with ideas of doing some more offshore coastal sailing.

**Living window, P.O. Box 298
Friday Harbour, WA 98250**



News from Sea People

Australia

Eb Ballantyne built Tiki 26 No. 120 in 7 months, completing it during the last Australian winter. Eb initially had problems converting the 8 X 4 foot sheets of ply shown on the plans to the considerably smaller 1200mm X 2400mm sheets available in Australia. He writes:-

"During building I was shattered by the sudden death of my great friend, Mark Bramley, the man who sowed the seeds of my belief in the Polycat concept in my monohull orientated mind. His memory is enshrined for me in my boat called Eb Tied - my name used in an obvious play on words considering the method of securing the beams to the boat. Just before his death Mark completed a magnificent true to plan Tikiroa which sits proudly alongside Eb Tied in St. Vincent Gulf.

Another trauma for me was a violent reaction to epoxy resin (*see Seapeople No. 12 - Ed*). I was advised medically to stop building but with gloves, ointment and mask etc.(which did not help) plodded on and got there. How could one possibly turn one's back on those graceful hulls so full of promise? Fortunately after completion the reaction has gone and all is well.

The craft is all that the designer promised and more. Recently I sailed to Adelaide across the Gulf and returned (off course) covering 48 miles in four and a half hours. My wife Fay and I use the boat for trolling for snook (a pike like fish that abounds here). I have fitted a Johnson 9.9 which appears perfect and with the standard prop allows speeds of 12 knots plus.

I have made additions (I stress additions as plans were strictly adhered to in the constructional sense) which include a slatted deck four feet wide between the forward and mast beam instead of the trampoline (very satisfactory). Also a similar deck between the aft beam and an additional beam 18 inches from the stern. I found this necessary as it was to say the least difficult to adjust my autohelm crawling (with harness of course) out onto the hull when in rough seas which we encounter here frequently. The Autohelm has to be fitted with the unit 19 inches from the pivot point of the rudders. Another departure was 2 inches more depth in the cockpit which hasn't to date induced any slamming.

A plus which certainly was not expected was the acceptance and enthusiasm of life-long fishermen (some over 80) who said if they had their time over again this would be the design for them. This from

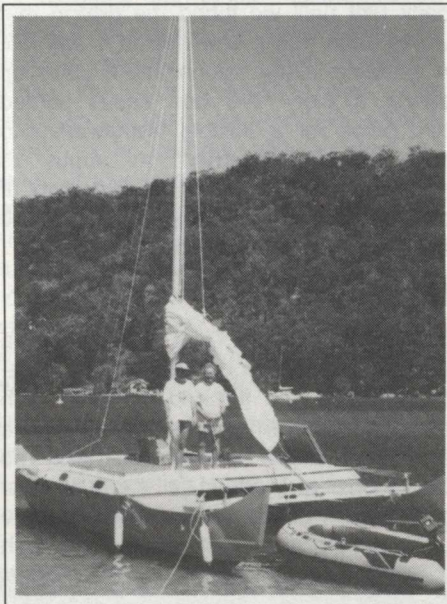
men who have made very hard livings in heavy traditional monos.

To sum up, the Tiki 26 has exceeded my fondest expectations and I congratulate the Wharrams on a superb design.

By the way, I found it impossible to get a round 5 inch extrusion for the mast in Australia, but the laminated wooden one is excellent (and quiet). I would also like to thank local wooden boat enthusiast and materials supplier Robby Ayliffe for his friendly support."

News from PYXIS - by Diane McCann (taken from the North American Polycats newsletter)

We are still aboard PYXIS (an Oro) in Sydney Harbour, anchored in the area



Carl Reynolds and his son at Patonga Creek

designated for foreign vessels. About 30 boats are here in this small bay. It's free and water is available with buses and trains nearby. Being only two train stops from the heart of Sydney it couldn't be better.

PYXIS was painted and restored in Coffs Harbour eighteen months ago but on the rather rugged sail from there to Sydney the beams appeared to be unhealthy so we will be replacing all four of them - they are now 13 years old and have had much use (abuse?). We have had an offer from a polycat member here in Australia for the use of his garage to build them - typical polycat hospitality. This time the beams will be made of F14 grade oregon or maybe white beech or perhaps a composite with oregon in the middle (like foam sandwich) and tougher heavier spotted foam on the top and bottom layers. This is still undecided

but we will let you know when it's done.

Other things which need to be done through age and wear and tear are the nets replaced - and will be done in a similar manner as they lasted well and were strong and reliable. The back net held the Avon while travelling plus lots of other junk - sea anchors etc. and the odd person. The sails need work and a new jib is in order as the old one was destroyed on the last sail.

A new old motor will be installed - a 35hp Evenrude with extensions to make it a long shaft. This should give us the power we need and could have used in many instances entering reefs and other strong current places.

The HAM radio is installed so we could do some real communicating with some polycat folks if they are on air. John will be getting his license here within a few months. Another solar panel purchased as they are relatively inexpensive in Australia and the two will provide all the power we can use including a TV (reluctantly admitted but only a small black and white).

We attended the inaugural polycat Sail In at Pittwater just north of the city and saw some excellent Wharrams. We have shown your newsletter to them. The Australian rep. for Wharram plans wanted to do the newsletter but the members and builders wanted to be free to take liberties with designs and ideas - the Wharram official version prefers to maintain the line and therefore safety seems to us to be the better path.

Glad to see Aben MacKenzie has completed his Pahi 31. We said goodbye to one of the same design (called ATC) a few months ago, built and sailed by Mike Bromley, who made a fast passage to Tonga doing 1800 miles in 15 days.

We congratulate Roly in OBOREA doing all that solo sailing and doing it well. He deserves top accolades. We plan to make the serial drogue as Roly suggested - our friend Mike on the Pahi made such a drogue before leaving and used it with good success through a vicious Tasman gale. We still use our "Jim Brown" tyre drogue - always from the stern - with twin storm jibs held to beam ends to keep the drogue line tight.

We will try to keep in better touch. In April/May 1990 we will be setting out again for the Pacific heading for Tonga where we would like to spend time, then on to explore the many islands of Fiji and who knows where from there.

Carl Reynolds personally delivered the

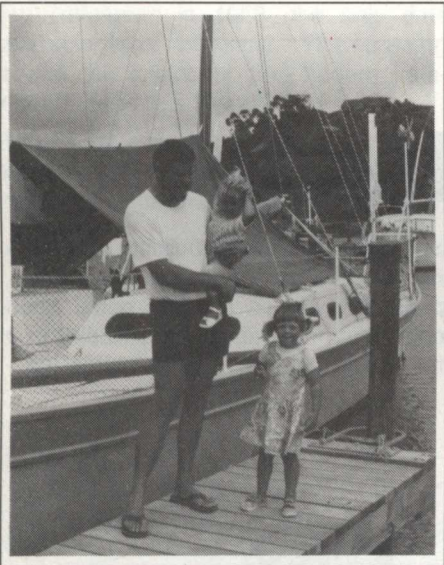
The Seapeople/Sailorman

following news to us when he visited Millbrook in April.

An impromptu meeting was held in March (Autumn) by the Sydney PCA. The new venue was at Patonga Creek, a nice secluded spot with BBQ and toilet facilities situated in Broken Bay just north of Sydney. The entrance is very narrow and had to be entered just before high tide - hence a good place for cats, not monohulls.

Around 25 people turned up with 2 Tikiroas, a Tanenui and Terry Simpson's Raka BEETHOVEN, which arrived just in time for the BBQ and had to anchor off the beach. He then sailed home that night.

Other news: Ray Mills is applying the final touches on his Tikiroa to be launched in April. Steve Wagstaff also hopes to launch his Tiki 31 at the end of April then sail round to Perth. We also launched our own newsletter, named "Cross-



Tim Whelan with his daughters Libby and Faith by IKA ROA at Tutukaka marina.

beams". Peter Hackett who picked the name said "it would help to hold our PCA group together."

At the moment I am at Foss Quay on holiday, looking around for new ideas and getting a few photos to record the hive of activity around here.

New Zealand

It's good to know that an update from a member on the far side of the planet can land on my desk just a week after it was posted. Thanks to Charlie Wrigglesworth from Grey Lynn, Auckland for keeping us informed.

"There is still a dedicated bunch of builders and sailors in New Zealand. The Brazier family have enjoyed their first season sailing their Narai Mk.4 KATIPO.

We spent a day away from building our Pahi sailing KAPITO on a summers day and got very sunburnt (one of the curses of building Wharrams inside). Tim and Heather Whelan have finished a major refit with new centre cockpit, stove with oven and flexispace in the hull for their two children. They are planning to carry on cruising the Pacific in May when the cyclone season finishes (*please let us know Heather and Tim what Pacific cruising is all about!* - Ed).

Tikis are all the craze at present with Tiki 21s, 26s and 31s underway plus a Tikiroa. Wade Doak's Raka slipped its mooring in a gale and was damaged on rocks but has now been repaired. We've recently heard (second hand) of Captain Cook RANGOON MOON built by Peter Lind-Johnson in the Middle East and sailed by him to New Zealand.

Our own boat is proceeding well with cabin sides and decks completed and we hope to launch sometime in 1991."

CANADA

Sail In 89 - by Rozanne Moizer (taken from the North American Polycats newsletter).

One of winter's pleasures is recalling past summer delights. Sail In 89 brought a gratifying number of sails breezing into Cassidy's Bay at Howe Island. A growing number of land visitors arrived via the ferry, some old friends, some finding us for the first time. There were about 80 of us both Saturday and Sunday. The weather was kind to the campers and in spite of the encroachment of the Moizer building, there was enough space for everyone. The annual Sail In gives encouragement to the curious who are just investigating the adventures of polycatting. It gives them a chance to get aboard a real boat, to feel the wind, to appreciate the stability, to share ideas and to get knowledge and advice.

At one point while standing quietly watching the boats and general activity, a conversation floated by which tickled my ears. "We should keep in touch, since it seems we will all be going south together." Three couples talking - hitherto strangers - now with shared interests and a common goal.

The boats made a pretty sight. Roly Huebsch's OBOREA was proudly dressed overall as she lay at anchor. There was WINDCHIME, almost ready to be off to the sunny south again. Perhaps she was sharing sail-talk with OBOREA and boasting a bit to Harry and Becky Ellis' boat LANOA, yet to get a sunburn but fresh from a rocket-like passage down from Toronto. There was Neil and Karen's boat NARA NOG, also a seasoned southerner, now sailing on local

waters, shooting the Ontario breeze with our CRIKKER. Darren Clement sailed his Tiki 21 overnight from Toronto to get to the meeting in time - a mammoth and hair raising trip. Her deck tent also fell into the mammoth category (*a full size geodetic camping tent from the photocopy -ed*). Rob Jones and his sister trailed their Hina in from Port Rowan, spread the hulls on Rob's ingenious trailer, launched and sailed with the fleet. On Sunday they reloaded the nimble boat back onto the trailer for the return trip, highlighting the other long distance cruising capability of polycats.

Still on Saturday the multitude divided themselves onto the various boats and went for a sail. Although the winds were light water was flying and some came back remarkably wet. After a feast and more talk there was a drift to boats, tents, trailers, cabins and motels for the night.

Sunday saw the arrival of Dave Pluant from Ottawa with a pair of hand crafted sea kayaks, polycat style. One even had eyebrows. Great attention getters and pretty too. Many visitors tried paddle pushing. Slim hulls really go! There was a general round of boat visiting by dinghy and by swim, more story telling, more idea swapping, more dreaming and then it was time to drift away - each boat being cheered and waved to as it slid out of the bay.

Yes, Sail In 89 was a good one.

UK

As a Tiki 26 owner I am not suprised to hear a lot of talk about racing from fellow owners, as even my relatively heavily loaded cruising boat has embarrassed owners of large monohulls and similar sized catamarans with her speed and windward performance. This will surely attract the attentions of competitive sailors and it is good to hear from Alan Jewitt of Kendal, Cumbria - owner of GRP "IT'S SLIPPERY SAM" - that this potential is being realised.

"IT'S SLIPPERY SAM is laid up at Barrow for the moment and has survived the winter quite well. Barrow has more than its fair share of cats - including a Tangaroa called TOOKANOOZ - because of the vast expanses of mud at low tide. I plan a few extra creature comforts this year, including a spray dodger from D Sails and possibly a headlining. Another project for the Scottish Islands Peak Race is a pedal powered outboard. This is specifically allowed for in the rules, as is rowing. I plan to use a bike frame with a large outdrive prop suspended between the hulls aft of the cockpit. Stay tuned for more details!

I intend sailing up to Oban the week before the race - a distance of 230 miles via the Hebrides. I am looking forward to this already but am less sure about spending 2/3 days aboard with a crew of 5.

SAM was on Ullswater for 2 weeks last July for the "Ullswater 2 Peaks Race". This was a friendly sailing and running race organised by a friend in which I competed against a Mirror Dinghy, a Puffin Pacer, a Merlin Rocket as well as Dart, Condor and Catapult Catamarans. SAM did well on the first downwind leg, finishing 6 minutes ahead of the leading Merlin Rocket and just behind the Dart and Condor. We were however defeated by vigorous and legal paddling on the return leg. Lake sailing proved to be very enjoyable, showing how fast Tikis are in smooth water. I saw a burst of over 10 knots in fairly moderate conditions and severely embarrassed an Enterprise dinghy going to windward. There is a yellow Tiki 21 moored on Ullswater but unfortunately its owner was not to be seen.

I also had a marvellous trip over to the Isle of Man during the August Bank Holiday. My brother and I sailed over in the dark on a clear moonless night. We were aiming for a lighthouse near Ramsay which is high and visible for over 20 miles. Because it flashed only 3 times every 30 seconds, and because we have no compass light, I found myself steering a zig-zag course, corrected every 30 seconds.

The highlights of the weekend were an impromptu reaching race with a modified Banshee and the return trip. We won the race with speeds of between 7 and 13 knots (F4-5) and sailed back to Barrow in beautiful conditions, close hauled in a fairly gentle wind, averaging 5 knots over 45 miles."

Paul Ballard spent the winter putting together the mouldings of his GRP Tiki 26 SCAT which had a champagne launch on 30 March. Anna French from SHERE KHAN and her friend Ba Deakin did the honours by simultaneously pouring champagne onto the bows! The BBQ that followed was well attended by other builders who, replete with copious amounts of Dave Hender's home made elderberry wine ("Tuesday's vintage"), huddled around the fire in the cool easterly wind to get down to some serious Tiki Talk. The following morning Paul made his first voyage under sail accompanied by his mother and 85 year old grandmother.

Books.....Books.....Books

Read any good sailing books lately? If you have let us know about it so that we can pass your recommendations on to other members. It is useful to state the title, author, publisher, publication date and I.S.B.N. number.

One Summers Grace - Libby Purves.

It tells of her sail around Britain with husband Paul Heiney (both are well known radio and TV broadcasters in the UK - ed.) and two small children during the summer of 1988. They have a Cornish Crabber (a monohull on traditional working boat lines) and took 99 days at a fairly leisurely pace. This is a very good read and would be of particular interest to those contemplating family sailing of any type. I strongly recommend it.

Alan Jewitt

Shrimpy Sails Again - Shane Acton. Patrick Stephens Ltd, 1989. I.S.B.N. 1-85260-216-3

I very much enjoyed reading Shane's first book, "Shrimpy" (by the same publishers) which tells the story of how he bought a 18 foot plywood daysailer for £400 and left England with £50 in his pocket and the determination to see a bit of the world. As many of us know, he completed his 8 year circumnavigation in 1980. In 1984 he set out again in the same boat and this book recounts his voyage through the French Canals, his tough Atlantic crossing and leisurely Caribbean cruise. It is a thoroughly practical and down to earth guide for anyone contemplating cruising the world on a tight budget.

Ed.

Next Issue

The next magazine will be mainly a building issue. We need building articles - especially about bigger boats. We can only print what is sent in so please, experienced builders out there, put pen to paper and tell us how it's done. Short articles on time saving ideas are always welcome. If in doubt about the suitability of a particular article for the magazine please write in and ask. We need pictures too - can anyone out there help?

Scheduled so far:-

Building Oro ALIAS by Smith & Jones

A case for the small boat

The complete guide to anchoring and mooring.

We hope to get it to you at the end of November, so the copy deadline for articles is the end of August, and news by the end of September.

Member to Member

Tiki 21 for sale. (1986) used one season only. Road and launching trailers. Alloy mast, teak tabernacle, superior cabin hatches. Electronic speed and log. Ready to trail and sail. No deck tent or outboard. Lying Lincoln UK. 2,850. Phone 042771 454.

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Oro KIDO for sale - see pages 11 and 12 for more details.



The Tests of Time

The information then available on heavy weather survival was that the open sea canoes of the Pacific and small open

fishing boats of northern Europe survived storms by rowing or paddling to keep their bows into the wind. Often they threw a drag overboard at the end of a long warp, consisting of a spar and the attached sail to help in holding the bow into the wind.

The other ancestor of the modern catamaran - the raft (an example of which is the famous Kon Tiki sailing raft) - could, and did, lie beam onto the sea so that stormy sea crests would roll over the windward edge, disappearing through the open wooden slats without sweeping the raft deck clean of structure and people.

Lying to the seas

So, from the beginning, our catamarans were designed to lie head or stern to the storm sea like the open-decked small craft. However, because of our decked hulls without open cockpits but with strong small hatches and the hulls separated by slatted decks the craft could, if caught beam on to a large sea, ride it sideways like the Kon Tiki raft.

To avoid the risk of losing a mast and sails, many small open craft in the late 19th and early 20th centuries carried a sea anchor, the famous conical canvas bag. This was standard issue on all ships lifeboats (rowed) of the RNLI. Nowadays, it is the essential safety fea-

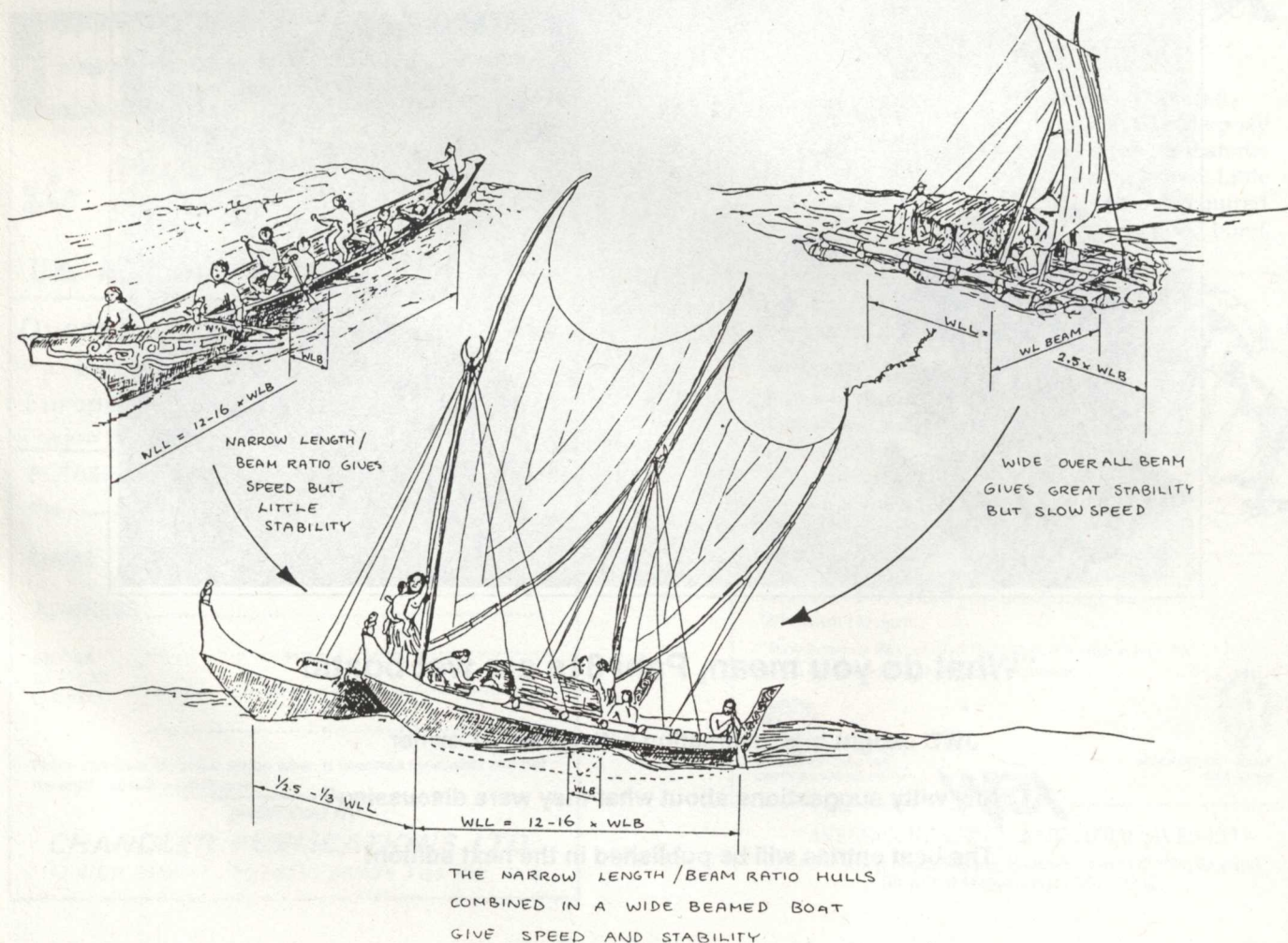
ture of the modern inflatable liferaft. Its early use is advocated and described vividly in Captain Voss's book "The Venturesome Voyages of Captain Voss", which has just been reprinted.

On our first two pioneering Atlantic voyages, we had deep projecting rudders - rather like the deep daggerboards of some modern catamarans. However, we found out that when the catamaran lay beam on into the waves like a raft, the side slip lurching of the raft form threw tremendous strain on these projecting rudders.

So we then put a sea anchor, contrary to general practise, over the stern. In this way when the catamaran was flung forward by the storm wave crests or cascading wave surface, it left the rudder trailing in the normal manner. For when the sea anchor was put over the bow the boat was flung backwards so that the rudders slammed sideways putting greater strain on the rudder blades and lashed tiller.

For this reason, the special feature of the Wharram catamaran is that the stern is designed to handle following storm seas using these features:

1. canoe sterns to meet the advancing storm wave crests
2. no large cockpits



3. main hatches that face inwards towards the platform

4. the maximum amount of deck slatted to let the boarding sea crests run through

Keep the Speed Down

On our first North Atlantic voyage, we dropped the use of the canvas sea anchor which we had used in the South Atlantic voyage and used motor tyres at the end of warps - one at each side of the aft beam. We found that, with tyres at the end of 30 fathom warps we could slow the mad rush of the 40' Rongo travelling at speeds of 8 knots plus under bare poles, down to speeds of 1-3 knots and that **we could steer** at an angle of 45 degrees off the wind.

Never did we consider it a practical proposition to run before a storm at high speeds of 10/20/30 knots (depending on

the size of boat). The first time that we heard this theory was in the early 1960s, when Arthur Piver publically claimed, at an AYRS (Amateur Yacht Research Society) lecture in London, that his boats could surf at 30 knots before the storm, thus avoiding the worst of the gale. He vanished on his trimaran a few months after this statement!

This idea surfaced again in 1988 when John Shuttleworth, in an article headed "Multihull Design, Considerations for Seaworthiness", wrote that "a multihull will surf very easily, making for fast ocean passage making in the open ocean. Sailing downwind in winds up to 40 knots is usually quite comfortable and easy. The apparent wind being reduced by the high boat speedat surfing speeds in excess of 20 knots." A few weeks later one of his 50' catamarans pitchpoled following his philosophy! So,

we hold very strongly to the idea of slowing down before gales to keep control.

One essential criterion for heavy weather sailing is preparation. Have food and warm drinks ready as the storm is rising, because it is very hard to cook when the boat is moving about violently. Above all, keep the damp and spray out of the interior of the boat. Open the hatches sparingly and for the minimum length of time. Do not allow people with wet hair and clothes to climb into a dry bunk. If you are on urgent call, sleep in your wet clothes on the floor or special wet bunks.

The noise from a storm can become unendurable but always remember that your craft is designed to survive like a life raft. It is, however, much more comfortable! **If you look after your ship, it will look after you.**

Caption Competition



"What do you mean, Pahi 31s are wet boats!"

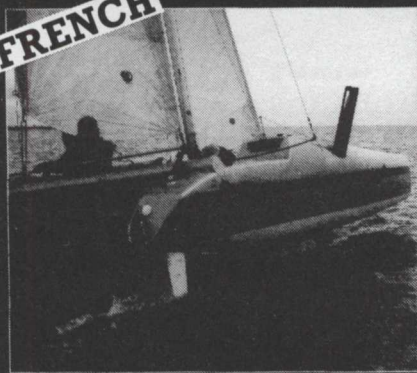
JWD caught in conversation with a Pahi 31 owner

Any witty suggestions about what they were discussing?

The best entries will be published in the next edition!

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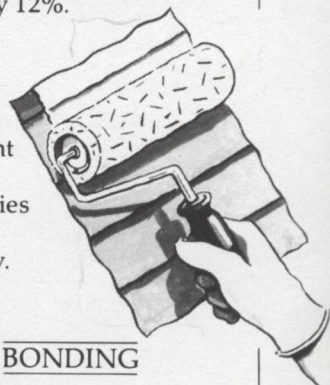


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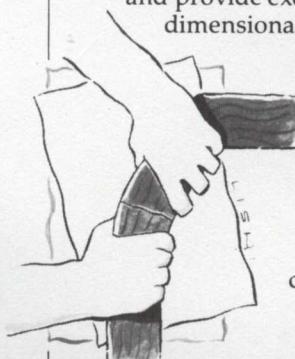
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MULTIHULLS



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

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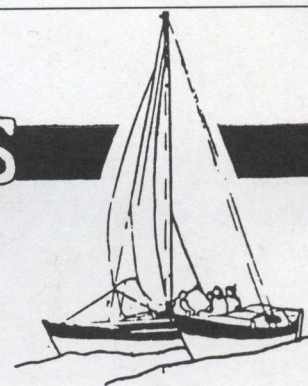
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