

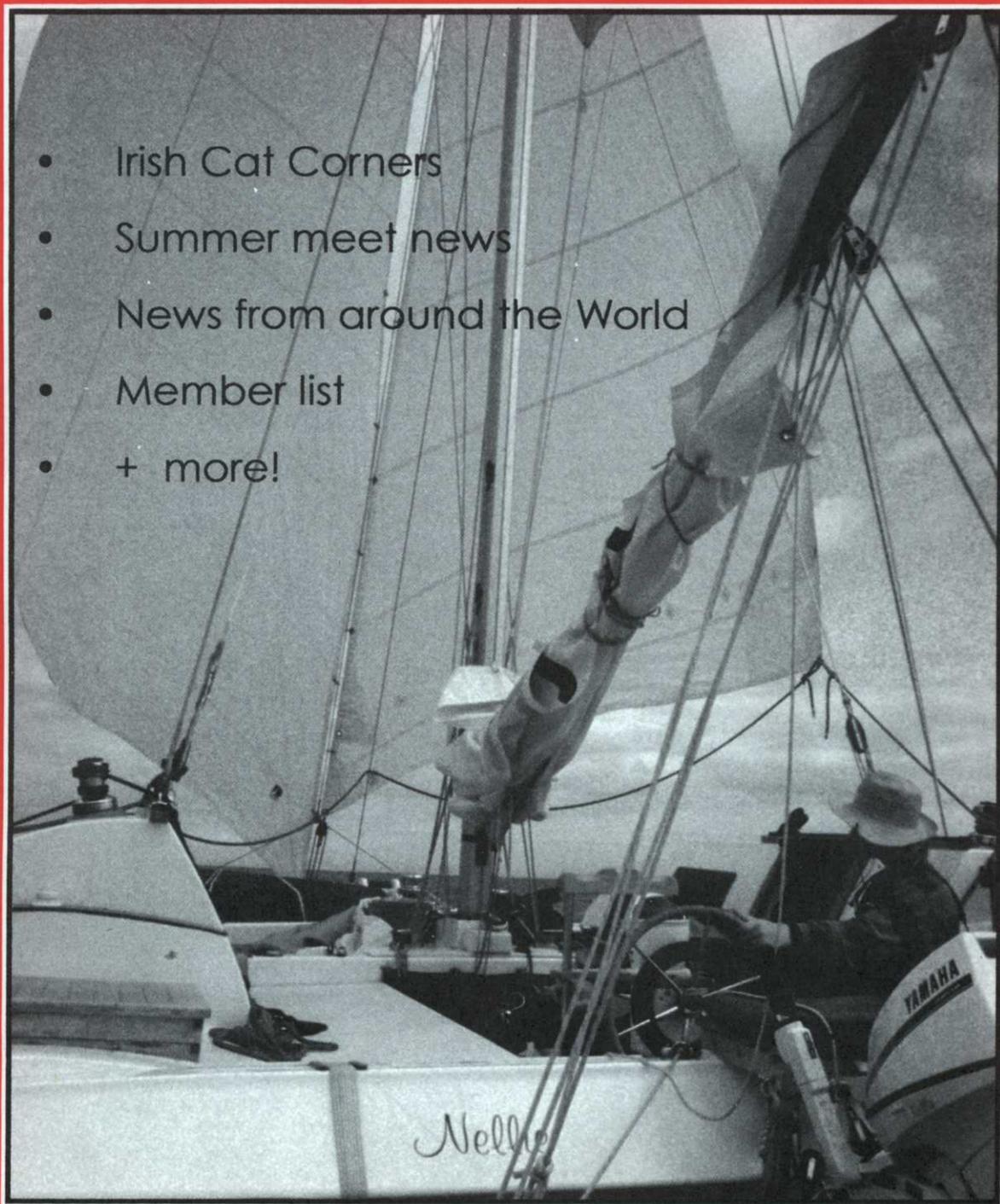
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# *The Sea People*

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- Irish Cat Corners
- Summer meet news
- News from around the World
- Member list
- + more!



## The Sea People

Magazine of The Polynesian Catamaran Association

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Cover photograph  
**Pahi 31 "Nellie"**  
by *Simon Tytherleigh*

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## Scott's Bit

Well, the sailing season has started in England but looking out of the window you would not know it. Strong winds have been blowing here since late November, without a single three day window! I know this because I have had a tug standing by to tow the new PCA office here (it sits on a barge).

The Charter Season started last week with the issue, for Multihulls, of a temporary licence because the DTp have not managed to come up with a "Model Stability Book" which we can use as the basis for our own submissions. Anyone sailing under the British Flag, anywhere in the world must now be registered as a Small Commercial Vessel if they use the yacht for *any* commercial activity including letting it for bare-boat charter. Skippers of Charter yachts must now have a Commercial Skippers Certificate, and the equipment spec. is high if you intend sailing over 60 Nm off-shore where for instance you must carry enough life-rafts that if one is lost there are still sufficient for the number of people on board.

The Safety Article from Simon Tytherleigh prompted plenty of letters, most quoting Chris White and others, re non-carrying of liferafts but all with

the same emphasis - capsize. By choosing to sail Wharram designs this is not something we have to be preoccupied with. James quite rightly defines a separation point between designs - skill / agility or form stable. The latter (your yacht) looks after itself.....

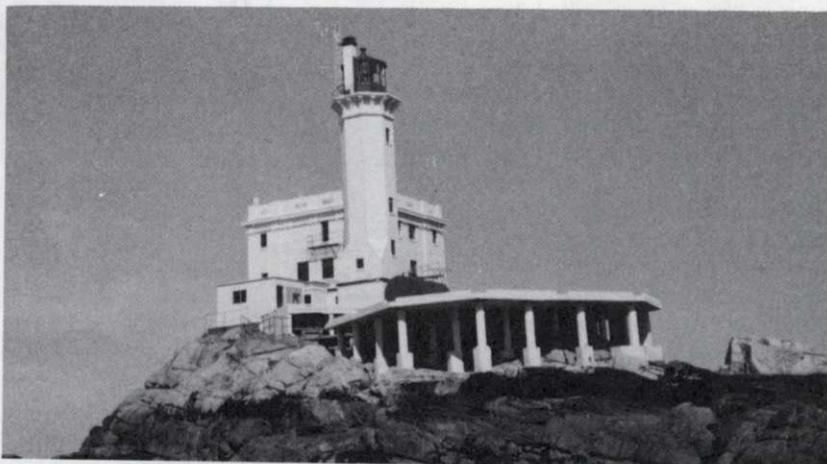
No, your greatest fears, and the only time you should think of abandoning ship, are fire and collision. Both have accounted for a number of Wharram losses and you must consider how to cope with, or preferably avoid them.

Articles are coming in, I have part 2 of Rick & Joe on the Oro "Kate Coolie", but hope to receive photo's before the next Magazine. If you are sending an article in - don't forget to send explanatory drawings or photo's, if sending letters keep them short & to the point. If you have started a local group anywhere in the world, send me some details & I shall give you a mention, there may be others

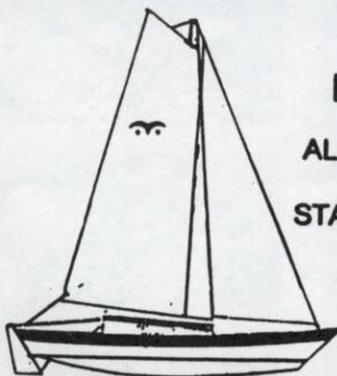
who would like to join you.

My next request is to support an idea I have had for some time. When I visit a new area I buy an aerial view postcard of the harbour/anchorage - very useful for pilotage & to point features out to others later. What I would like to start now, to be a feature of the PCA office, is, from all over the world, the largest collection of this type of postcard ever assembled. If each member sent one each season we collect 500 a year, 2 and I would have to soon enlarge the office! As a slight incentive, if you need one, we will have a draw at the end of each summer and the sender of the drawn card will receive one of the new PCA sweatshirts. (Named at Sept. AGM, winner published in the December magazine)

No Jim's Column this time, but he is back from Portugal in May and will be putting something together for the next issue.



## IMAGINE MULTIHULLS



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# Sailing home in Meira

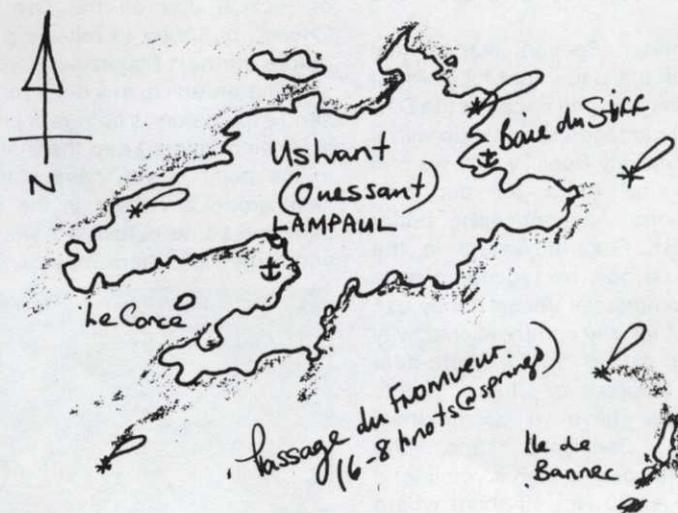
By Patrick Dowman (Tiki 26)

Summer 1993 saw us sailing Brittany, we lived contentedly on the beach and the wind stayed north easterly. We listened diligently to Brest/Le Conquet radio weather bulletins and scanned the local newspaper weather maps for signs of a good old atlantic depression. A huge high pressure system sat over Britain and looked set to last for days. It seemed that the best we could hope for our home run was a north wind with the merest hint of west in it. I thought we should get ourselves as far west as possible to ease the angle back to Plymouth and so that afternoon we left for Ushant. After a short fast sail with a fair wind and pleasant sunshine we rounded La Jument light and beat up the huge Baie de Lampaul. The beach at its head looked good enough, so we sailed through the visitors moorings, waved to a transatlantic French yacht, and ran ourselves aground. It was then that we realised that the flat calm sea hid a deceptively active swell. Meira bumped heavily a couple of times and we spent a hectic

half hour heaving her off the sand and back into deeper water. Ushant took us completely by surprise. We had expected a rather sombre forbidding rock and found a delightful thriving holiday island. We hired mountain bikes, followed lovely off-road tracks round its rugged, rocky coastline and ate moule frite a la terrasse in the sun. The museum at the Creach light house celebrated the history of Brittany's buoys and lighthouses and considering the complexity of its coastline and the hundreds of navigation

sweltered under the anti-cyclone, and we had to get home. There seemed to be no choice other than to simply go for it. If it took a three day wallow of a beat to reach Plymouth, so be it. The presence of sea fog worried me though, for we had to cross the busy shipping lanes just to the north of Ushant. On the morning of August 31st we ate our last French breakfast, prepared sandwiches and drinks and at 13.30 stowed the anchor and motored out of Lampaul bay in search of wind. We did not find it immediately but we did find some wicked

overfalls up Ushant's west coast. Stay well off shore in any kind of a sea. As we cleared the island's northern limit a pleasant two to three arrived and this was kind enough to in-



= Rocks

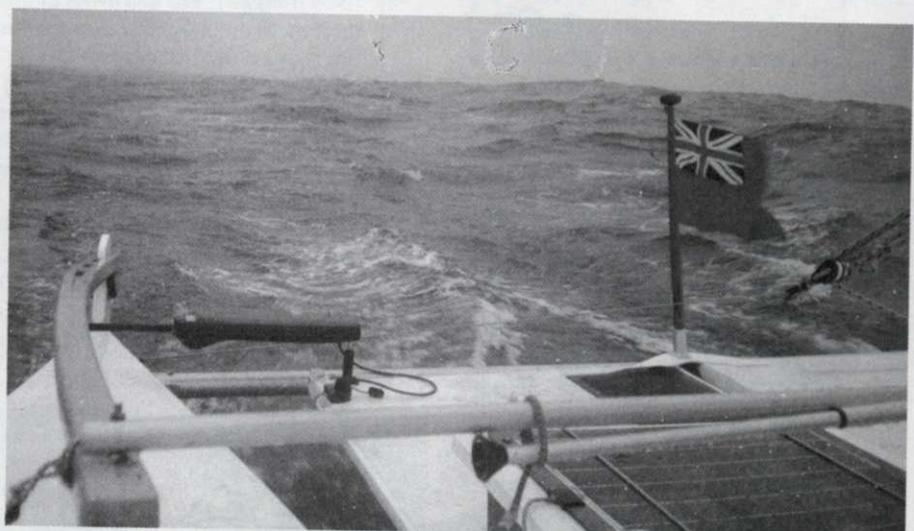
marks which have proliferated as a consequence, there was plenty to celebrate. But I was getting anxious. The wind stayed light and north easterly, Britain

crease to four. We could hold a course of about 007 degrees which, if it held, was good enough to get us to Falmouth. Visibility was good, the sun was shining



and the ships arrived first from the south and then from the east to keep us entertained.

Apart from an uncomfortable ride through steep, confused and choppy seas some twenty miles north of the Brittany coast, the trip back to Plymouth was well nigh perfect. The sun shone all day and gave way during the night to clear skies and a dazzling full moon. The wind stayed steadily three to four veering slightly as we approached the English coast. By seven thirty in the morning the Lizard lay 15 miles due west and we were making good a course to Megavissey Bay. As we closed the coast, however, the wind died and so we started the engine and altered course for Plymouth and Foss Quay. A wonderful summer with a great deal learned. Most of my modifications worked well. The GPS is worth its weight in plutonium, as is the auto pilot. French Radio Stations, despite information to the contrary, were happy to communicate in English and, on the whole, were more laid back and friendly than English ones. The deck cuddy is certainly a great addition and makes Tiki sailing much drier. My design is by no means perfect, and I will work to improve it. Mind you, I would much rather a professional designer came up with a proper glass fibre Tiki 26 cuddy and saved me the bother. How about it Steve? Next year I plan to sail straight to Ushant and then continue down towards south Brittany. Any other Tiki owners with six weeks to spare interested in coming along?



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# Two Swiss PCA members Circumnavigate in an..... .....HT!

By Alain Jacot-Descambes

*(In 22 we read of their attack by pirates, here is an abbreviated version of the whole story.) It needs articles like this to put things back in perspective when considering the size of diesel engine you "must have" for safe passage making, etc!!*

Only one dream stirs up all the yachtsmen: conquer the sea in the south. So, we steer for the south with our Heavenly Twins named "Bird of Azure". We left Barcelona in 1985 and finished our circumnavigation in Falmouth in 1992. Our journey: Gibraltar, Canaries, Capo Verde and the West Indies, where we saw the luck that gave us our catamaran taking us where we want on this blue and emerald sea. We stayed six months in the West Indies, and then came the Islands of Venezuela, which were a revelation to us, with hundreds of little islets, where each sailing boat can find a solitary anchoring.

At the end of October, after we had visited the Golfe of Maracaibo, we sailed along Columbia to Panama, the last harbour in the Atlantic before the Pacific. Here everybody told us that it's impossible to cross the canal from Panama by sail and the "Bird of Azure" has just a Seagull outboard... So, we go searching for a yacht which would give us a tow from one ocean to another. And this is a sailing boat of 60 feet named "Boston Light", who agreed to give us a tow.

Unfortunately, at the first lock, Norbert the captain of the "Boston Light" sailed against the wall which separates the rising and descendant lock. Result: a huge hole ahead of his hull. The "Bird of Azure" is saved. But if she had hit the quay with this speed, we would have sunk at the foot of the Lock of Gatun...and bye-bye to our circumnavigation! We cross the Lake Gatun at more than seven knots behind our tug, who still had 58 feet of the boat as new! The same evening we pass the lock of Miraflores. We are now in the Pacific. An immense joy inside us, we have in front of us more than 10,000 miles of liberty!

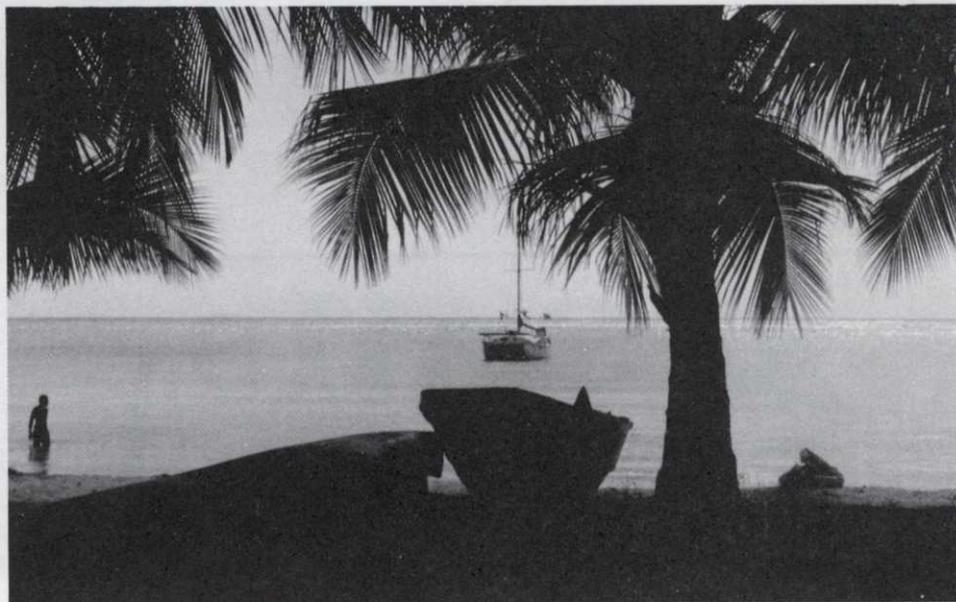
In the first archipelago, named Las Perlas, while we are alone in a bay - one night - we are attacked by three pirates. (See mag 22). We sail away in the night, the fear in the stomach. Sometimes men are more cruel than gales!

The Pacific is done with long roads and the passage of the equator. But, oh...miracle! We reach the Galapagos in seven days, just by sail! And after we had admired the centenary tortoises, we let ourselves take away in the South sea. First port of call: the Islands Marquises, nice with a lot of vegetation. 700 miles away, after we had crossed the Tuamotus, we discover Tahiti, very French and

With Florence, we sailed more than one month in the exceptional waters of the lagoon of Bora-Bora, where each morning we were woken up by the perfume of the "tiales", the flowers that the Polynesians like so much. For one moment we were thinking of ending our trip in this paradise. But over there, Australia with its Great Barrier Reef called us! We sailed 2500 miles as far as the Vanuatu and 1400 to Australia. On this last leg, we had a terrible gale, before we reached the Great Barrier Reef, level with the town of Cairns. We stayed a lot of months in the country of the kangaroo, waiting for the trade winds to come again. We had sailed half way round the world. In the good season we pass the Torres Strait, with the Indian Ocean in front of us. First stop Darwin with its crocodiles!

Head for the Cape of Good Hope, a hard trip for a little catamaran, but we have good trust in our Heavenly Twins with its central cockpit. Before the Cape of Good Hope we gave ourselves a nice stop in the beautiful archipelago Cookeeling.

Landscape of dreams, bathed by the trade-winds, where the coconut trees swing their heads in a world of liberty. We dropped our anchor under the island of Direction. We are also in one of the five



very expensive. Then slipping in the Trade winds, we discover Morea, Raiatea, Maupiti and Bora-Bora, the pearl of the islands Sous-le-Vent (Windward Isles?) with its rosary of islets which encircle the principal island. Beautiful and friendly!

places on the earth where Vodka is sold at the price of the essence for the lighter and the Whisky Brothers Royal Salut at the price...oh! we can't speak about that!

The hard reality of the sea found us again near Durban. To round South Af-

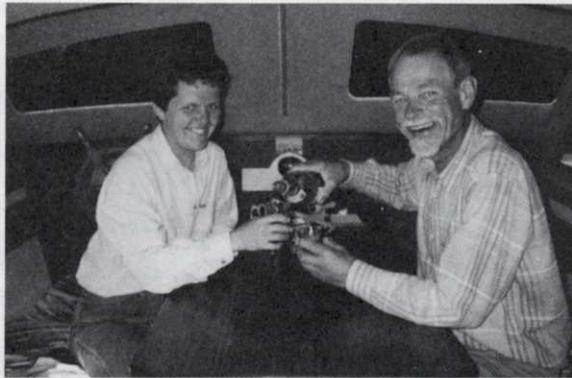
rica - 700 miles - we have had five gales. The "Bird of Azure" sailed sometimes in one direction and sometimes in the other. We took 14 days like Joshua Slocum. Like him we don't have an engine. When we were under Table Mountain, comfortably installed in the Cape Town Yacht Club - a huge relief invaded the crew of the "Bird of Azure".

We are still in the Southern Hemisphere, but we are already in our Ocean... the Atlantic! And if the road is relatively long to reach Europe, it's relatively easy. First stop: St.-Helena, which is a nice island, but its anchoring is terribly rolling. Napoleon didn't like this place! Another time, we'll cross the Atlantic and head for Brazil and the island of Fernando de Noronha, before we cross the Equator. Hard, hard...five days without wind in a torrid heat with more than 40 degrees in the cabin. We thought that we had reached the door of hell. Little by little - 20 miles each day and always by motor - we finally got out of the Horse's latitude. When we eventually got the Trade winds we took that for a gale!

After 2300 miles of sea we finally reach Antigua and we decided to stay for the hurricane season. We sailed 50 miles more to the north, to the island of St. Martin, which has a huge lagoon, and that was a good decision! On the 26th of September we were visited by the hurricane Hugo, classified in the fourth category. There are only five categories; we'll content ourselves with the fourth! The wind blew more than 240 kph and destroyed everything in its path. The eye passed just on the Island of Culebra, with winds of more than 300 kph. 700 boats, who came to take refuge, sank in the

night. Once is enough!

The season of the trade winds was coming back and we could sail again in the north through the West Indies, Virgin Islands and the Caicos. We had to make a pilgrimage: to visit the Island of San Salvador in the Bahamas, the first that Christopher Columbus discovered. When we arrived in the small hours we were moved when we thought that five centuries before us the genius navigator had trodden the same beach. We were one week - alone - in the Bay of Graham's



Harbour. We were the happier navigators, a lot more than Christopher Columbus who didn't search for solitude like a rare product!

Last crossing of the Atlantic. We left the Bahamas and level with Bermuda - where we had thought to stop to buy some food and get some water - we were taken by a huge gale! No problem... lets go on to the Azores!... nothing better for a good diet! 30 days later we arrived on the Island of Faial without any more food! We were so happy to find again the old Europe and a lot of good food... - after five years under the tropics - that we sailed for three months from one island to the other

and from one restaurant to the other in this nice archipelago of the Azores!

On the 1st of September, the "Bird of Azure" took to the sea again in the direction of England. On the 11th of September at 11 o'clock we sailed upon the back of a whale. Great smashing! Terrible anguish that seems to last hours. When we found the sea free in front of us, we noticed that one of the rudders was damaged. We returned south to repair it. The season was too late to go north again so we sailed to Gran Canaria for the winter.

To reassure ourselves, we studied the moral standards of the whales, and we learned that the whales never attack the boats, the animals don't have the spitefulness of men. It is by pure accident that there could be a collision. The crew plucked up trust, so on the 3rd of June 1992 we took to the sea once more for the Azores. It is 900 miles tack and 21 days at sea! We didn't have any luck this year because the high pressure wasn't over the Azores, but was stationary in England!

Azores to England: this time we left on 10th July. At this time the whales hadn't begun yet their long migration to the south and we didn't see - like on our last trip - hundreds of blue whales who go to the south by troupe of twenty.

Taking the route of the old sailing boats, we go up to the latitude of 50 degrees, and then to the east. During all gale, a whale swam some hours near the "Bird of Azure". When suddenly the English coast comes out of the water, its a feast for the crew! Our dream: going round the world only by sail is at last reality! We covered 35000 miles by the three oceans. The "Bird of Azure" is the first Swiss catamaran to have done a circumnavigation, and the first Heavenly Twins to come back to England after the passage of Panama, the Torres Strait and the Cape of Good Hope. Shall we do that again on so small a catamaran...it's not sure!!! But yet, every night we dream of the lot of islands - there - in the South Hemisphere...

Before you all go out and purchase HT's, they are considering a Classic design for the next time!!



1993 Cawsand Bay meet (Bird of Azure on right)

# Pelicans to Port

by Colin Glennie

Coming in low, eight of them in line ahead, at around 4,000 ft. The leader puts on a burst of power, followed in sequence down the line - three flaps, glide - three flaps, glide. The leader banks and the line crosses our stern. Majestic, nature's flying boats. We wander off course as all eyes follow this display. Pink pelicans.

It is 0800, and we are cruising at 3,700 ft Margherita is coming to life after slipping out of a tiny cove on Nsadzi Island at 0400, with a fair wind for the Sesse Islands. It is a grey morning, or several shades of grey from blue-black to white, as the storm makes a final attempt to relive the glory of the night. Muesli and yoghurt, hot croissants and coffee - breakfast at sea in the tropics. Oskar describes his dawn, best enjoyed in solitude, and usually recounted with an air of smug superiority over breakfast. But he is being honest - 'just a lightening of the sky'. The grey islands ahead turn green as the sun bursts through. Soon we are among them, skimming along the sheltered water on the outskirts of the storm. Tropical rain forest rolls down to the water's edge. Prominent white spots in the trees reveal the presence of fish eagles, now also venturing out to test the day and, perhaps, to examine what manner of creature is this gliding past. They call to each other, throwing back their heads with gusto. I check the chart as the channel

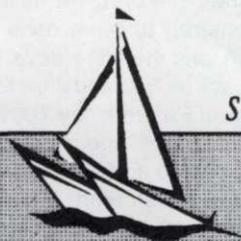
turns to starboard. It is a work of art, surveyed in 1901 by Cdr Whitehouse RN



and Mr Hunter of Uganda Railways. How fortunate we are to be among the very few to have benefited from their diligence in the 90 odd years since. For, as the fish eagles will tell you, the only boats passing this way are local fishing canoes and the weekly ferry from the mainland. There are 83 islands in the Sesse Island group - a forgotten paradise on the equator. As we emerge from the channel, Linda at the helm points up to inspect three little

round islands. She is looking for an island to start a chimpanzee sanctuary, but these are too small. Chimps are endangered by population pressures on the mainland, and an island sanctuary seems an ideal solution. But would that mean tourism would come to this paradise? Yes, I know we are tourists - but that's different - it's alright if we are the tourists. Familiar contradictions from ventures into wilderness.

It spits with rain, I turn in to catch up on sleep lost in the night monitoring the behaviour of the storms. Margherita sails on past more islands. The sounds below are of water speeding past and voices on deck I am soon dreaming of similar smooth, fast sailing through the Norwegian skjaergaard in Guiding Star, the 1907 converted Looe lugger in which I grew up. The similarity ends there, because the boat in which I am now asleep is a catamaran, a Tiki 26, built by Anne and me in our garden on Mbuya Hill in 1992 and named after the highest peak in the Ruwenzori. Traditional boats combine practicality with character and these same qualities led us to choose the Tiki - the ability to maintain speed in light airs, shallow draught for uncertain landfalls, plenty of deck space to spread out in the sun, and the character of a boat with ancient origins, still visible in her lines. No floating caravan this - the designer's description of her as a 'coastal trekker' is more apt. Our maiden voyage was to Kisumu last November, a distance of 150 miles, and the Margherita showed us that she could handle the severe, but usually short-lived storms that can blow up quickly in these waters. Our first experience in a catamaran was dramatic, the



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main test being high speed navigation among unlit islands at night in zero visibility and torrential rain! Good old fashioned DR saw us through, thanks to Whitehouse and Hunter and the com-

awning. Noisy hornbills beat about their business. We look in disbelief at what appear to be geese perching in a tree - until we read in the bird book 'the Egyptian Goose' frequently alights in trees.



pass. We have no log - I still don't know how I managed to guess our speed in those conditions! People ask why we don't have GPS. Our answer is the same as for many 'gadgets' - freedom is avoiding dependency. The fun of sailing is being dependent only on yourself, your crew, your boat and minimum equipment. Nowadays harbours are full of boats waiting for spare parts. What you don't have can't go wrong.

Awakened from these pontifications, I go up on deck and pick our lunch time anchorage from the chart. We round into a bay, drop the hook close inshore and lower sails. By now it is bright and hot - cold beers are in order as the conversation turns to ideas for rigging an

Pure Doolittle. A monitor lizard lurks along the rocks at the water's edge, a nervous otter watching offshore at periscope depth. Not a sign of human life anywhere - we eat our lunch marvelling at our good fortune to be witnessing a scene of such unspoilt peace and beauty.

The afternoon sail takes us northwards, quietly, as three quarters of the ship's company follow a good lunch in the time-honoured way. The light changes to golden green as we begin to look for a night anchorage. We need to choose somewhere within striking distance of home the next day. If the evening wind is not too strong, and you can overcome your instincts, it pays to anchor on a lee shore because the wind usually

freshens and shifts 180 degrees in the night. Alternatively, anchoring near the end of an island enables you to nip round the other side if necessary. We find just such a spot, off a tiny island not marked on the chart, formed by the rise in water level caused by the Owens Falls dam. You can guess what we are doing at sundown, glowing from the day's wind and sun. Various types of glasses in hand, we watched a greenbacked heron creeping in the mangrove undergrowth catching its supper as the light changes again, this time from tropical sun to tropical moon, almost as brilliant. A solitary hippo, sounding at 100 m intervals, passes by on a steady course for its nocturnal grazing ground. Margherita— settles quietly to her chain as the wind dies. It has been kind to us today. On Lake Victoria, the second largest lake in the world, the sound of supper sizzling on the stove competes with the tree frogs and crickets. I look up at the burgee catching the moonlight - is it the highest burgee flying? All looks quiet, but the sky changes quickly in these parts, and I know I will be watching it off and on throughout the night.



*Dittybag*

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PAH1 42 hulls, 2 crossbeams and wood for mast. A good head-start for someone starting construction. Lying at Tremletts Boatyard, Topsham nr Exeter. £2000 ono Contact Tremletts (0392 873680), or Simon Tytherleigh for an opinion (0884 32605).

#### FOR SALE

Sea toilet, brand new in box, Simpson Lawrence make, plus sea cocks to match, over £200 new, £100 ono. Also chemical loo, well used, clean but a bit smelly £10. Ah, the bucket! (*Er, who should we ring for an opinion on this one Simon? Ed.*) Ring Simon Tytherleigh on 9884 32605.

# NELLIE'S TRIP TO SCOTLAND

Simon Tytherleigh

The reason behind this trip was simple; to visit some friends who live on the island of Islay, the nearest Scottish island to Ireland. And why not, it is only six hundred miles each way, with the glorious coastline of Ireland and their glorious pubs to refresh us en route.



It started like most voyages - with a slightly green crew and rapid revision of the plan after we rounded Start Point from the Exe. The wind was blowing straight from where we wanted to go, and all hope of an overnight passage to Falmouth was abandoned. I should explain that I took on two students who had a total of about 100 miles experience between them for this trip, so we didn't want to put them off on the very first day. By the second night we had only reached Cawsand, which was beginning to look like a case of the wobbles, so we laid our hands solemnly on the boat's copy of 'Cape Horn, the Logical Route' and vowed to strike out for Land's End at five the next morning.

Progress was slow but dogged, the Lizard marking the end of known territory at 2000, and we opted to proceed very slowly towards Land's End so that we could catch the favourable tide at about 0500. At that point there was no wind at all, so this seemed like the sensible course of action. It wasn't. By 0200 when we could have not got around the corner against the tide it was blowing

a serious SW6, and I could only see one lighthouse at a time. We flogged back and forth miserably (this was the crew's first ever night at sea!) with a deep reefed main and yankee, and then gradually made our way towards Wolf Rock. By 0300 it felt like a good seven, and the waves were bad because of a contrary tide, but we bashed along, and the relief was enormous when I finally decided to turn the corner, even though the tide was still against us. The major problem was to determine how far off the Longships we were as we could now see nothing at all, and I knew the visibility was bad. Echo soundings were reassuring, and at last we glimpsed two smudges. I now think we were farther out than it felt and thank goodness.

With the wind on the quarter we had to keep the boat down to about nine knots with just the yankee up. It was suddenly a feeling of great elation, as we shot North with a big sea and a hatful of wind behind us. I went to my bunk at about 0600, to be woken not long after (about two hours in fact) by Mark and a huge ferry not far behind us. As it was the St. Patrick II out of Dublin, this seemed a fair confirmation that we were heading

roughly in the right direction. It made me wonder if our radar reflector was visible from behind the mast, but the very nice captain altered course for us and people came out onto the bridge to wave ( and shake their heads in disbelief, I bet ). The next night saw us off the Smalls, yet another traffic separation scheme, and lots of pencil lines on the chart for clearing bearings. We were beginning to realise how empty the Irish Sea is after the Channel, the big ships or lack of them bearing witness to the decline of the shipping industry.

It was kind of the elements to quieten down as we made our landfall the next day. The swells had gradually diminished from the big nasties in St. Georges channel as we came into the lee of the emerald isle, and the weather fell light and pleasant during the day. The crew were duly astonished at the perfect landfall by Wicklow Head, who was I to tell them that

closing the land at a shallow angle with some unmistakable mountains for backdrop was not exactly Captain Cook stuff? Once inside the banks, the cruising was perfect, and we made Dun Loaghaire at about 2130, tying up by the 'Pride of Galway' at Traders Wharf. This place is not recommended for its toilets or anything much, but is where the harbour master sends you. Much better is to anchor in the middle of the harbour, then radio the DL Motor Yacht Club who will help with getting a mooring, and will ferry back and forth, and they have hot showers, all for free. Good bar too. The first person to greet us in Ireland was Fiacc O Brochain, who is yachting correspondent and in the midst of constructing a CAPTAIN COOK. He seemed in need of inspiration, and we had a long chat. I hope he went home to build again with enthusiasm renewed.

The loveliest place we visited was Carlingford, in the Lough which bears it's name. This is a little stone drying harbour with a medieval castle and seven pubs. The village itself is the best preserved medieval town in Ireland, with numerous ruins, and is home to various festivals as well as artists and a sculptor. P J O'Hare's grocery shop with pub behind, has charts and boat memorabilia on the walls, and is the place to buy petrol as well as firewater and Guinness. Carlingford is so attractive that we visited again on our return south. Disregard the marina, constructed from sunken ships and junk, go for the harbour and anchor



in soft mud.

The spectacular Mountains of Mourne were our backdrop for an easy trip up the coast, wind behind, sea behaving itself. Next to Ardglass, good shelter but not a very attractive port in the North, then Carnlough, the usual stopping-off point for those heading across the North Channel to wait for the tide. We could have come a terminal

cropper here. I was entering the harbour with the wind at our backs, doing four knots, the least possible to maintain steerage. Directly ahead were some small boats on moorings, we had to turn sharp right and grab whatever was there. Si-



mon and Mark stopped us next to a large rather too clean ex-fishing boat; they clung on for dear life. It was 1730 and raining. Man with varnish brush appears on deck and swears at my crew who have just stopped the boat from crashing into about ten others. He tries to throw off our lines, I'm not quite sure where he thinks we are to go, but he calms down after I explain the manoeuvre we have just done, and helps to warp us round into a berth. The Harbour Master charges us £2.70 for the night, the only dues we were asked for in the whole trip except for the exorbitant sums due back in the South West.

"You have to get your tides right", we were told by some old salts about the North Channel. They then went off in the wrong direction for Islay and ended up using their engine when they could have sailed! We made a careful course past Rathlin Island and the spectacular cliffs of Fair Head, with the tide pushing us obliquely at a couple of knots. The crew didn't seem to mind the fact that we weren't pointing in the direction of Islay; I was navigating furiously because I couldn't believe that the chaps who had given us the advice would then rush off on a course that was clearly wrong. Still, we reached Port Ellen under sail, with a great sense of relief and satisfaction.

A very enjoyable eight days were spent with friends on their croft. I have in front of me as I write a bottle of Bowmore single malt, with a little picture of geese

flying past the distillery -that is Islay, and when they aren't counting geese or making whisky at one of seven distilleries, they are farming this remarkably fertile and beautiful place.

Rob, who we stayed with, is the local mechanic as well as a crofter, and he was particularly interesting as he has much experience with the Yamaha four stroke. Rob was full of praise for them, but did say that one should check the oil level every DAY!! I was almost too embarrassed to admit that I had only checked it once that year, and he explained that the oil capacity is so small that any loss could be critical.

He also had a tip for replacing the gear oil. When it has been drained off, insert the nozzle of the oil tube in the BOTTOM hole, squeeze until oil starts to come out of the top, replace the top cap then the bottom one. This isn't clear in the booklet



and is not exactly the obvious way to do it, but it doesn't work the other way 'cos the air can't escape..

Our return journey started with clear skies and no wind across the North Channel. (I had been rather nervous of venturing further into the Scottish Isles, but next time ...) Head winds were the order of the day all the way down the Irish coast, and we never made a single day's destination, which proved interesting. We learnt to interpret the Sailing Directions, which usually read "Don't enter this harbour; it dries", and spent some peaceful nights on the sand. (there really is a need for a cat's cruising guide.) We managed over 12 knots hard on the wind just south of Dublin, I was twitching the mainsheet just like a dinghy, it was great! At Balbriggan we were awakened from a night on

the beach by a knock on the hull at 0500; it was the local bobby, just checking that we were alright. He eyed me and said "You wouldn't be having any large consignments of marijuana or cocaine, would you?" It took a few moments to realise this was his little joke, but it was early. He also said that we would have to be stopping there for a couple of weeks, lovely countryside, as the water wouldn't be coming back for a while. I wasn't falling for that one, but I did check the tidal heights again, and we only just got off that morning....!

The finest experience of the entire trip was the crossing to Falmouth. We had heard on the forecast of a small low tracking to the south of Ireland, and in true ocean-racing style, I decided to ride it. Off the Tuskar Rock at 1430 it was a boisterous E4, and gradually worked its way round to the North West by 2300. The skies cleared, the sea went down, dolphins crossed our path. (I saw a pair of them cross our bows perfectly side-by-side, as if they were imitating our twin keels, perhaps?)

Mark was on midnight watch, and he had a roller-coaster ride, with the boat doing a consistent 9 to 9.5 knots broad reaching under the stars. Nellie was singing along, moving effortlessly, the waves were not slamming or slewing her, she didn't feel at all pressed. This was sailor's heaven! Even though we had to motor past Land's End and the Lizard, we averaged for the 260 mile crossing over seven knots. Nellie had a fine trip and ended it in style!

The boat is now out of the water having a few little changes made. Nothing major went wrong, I just want to make her even more of a good sea boat. And perhaps we will venture North again. I do hope so.

## Ditty bag

Couple wish to share expenses/ charter in Caribbean or US East Coast. Have built and sailed Hina. Registered Nurse / Firefighter in mid 40's - Tom & Clare Vetter, 925 E. Second St., Maysville, Ky. 41056 USA. tel: 606 564 9869

### For Sale

Tiki 26's & 21's various.  
50' ORO £32,000  
Wharram hull Based Pro. £270  
20' GRP Beach cat, Tiki type  
£2,200  
Scott Brown 0752 815800

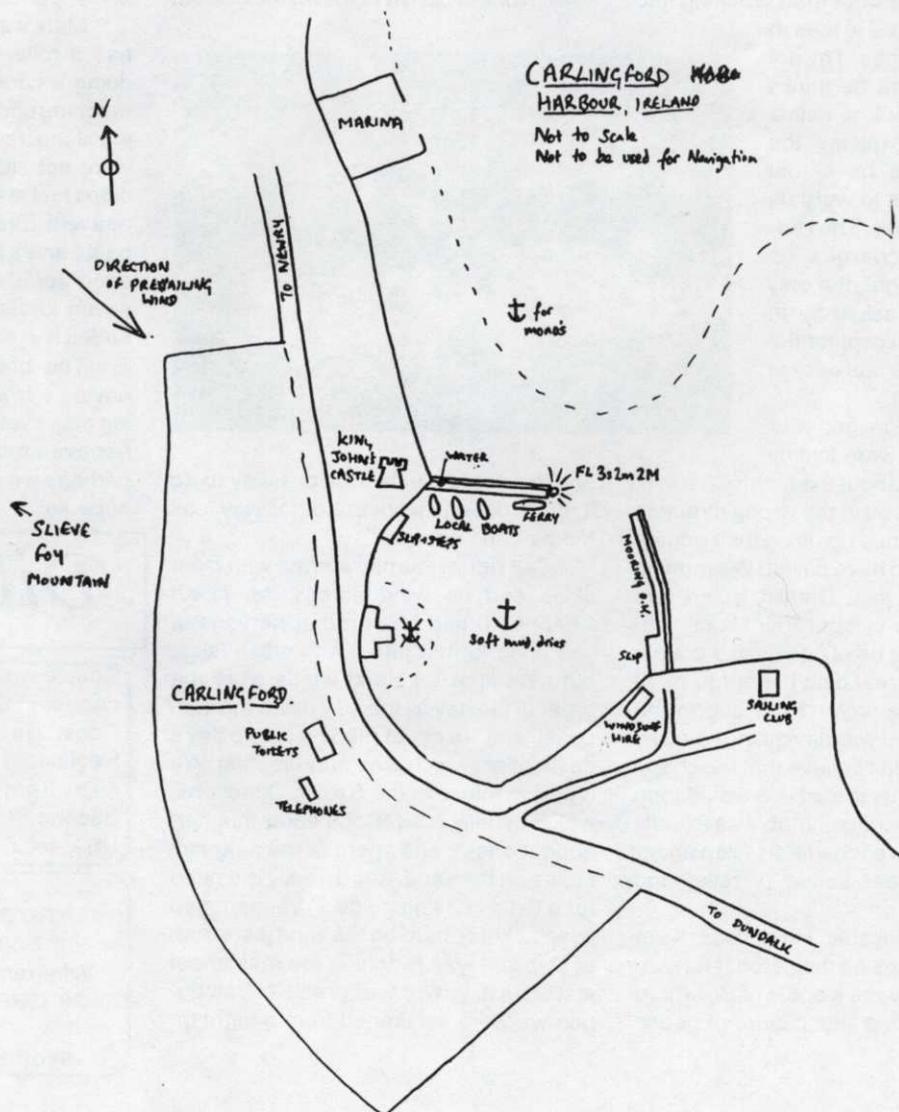
# Cat Corner. Carlingford, Ireland.

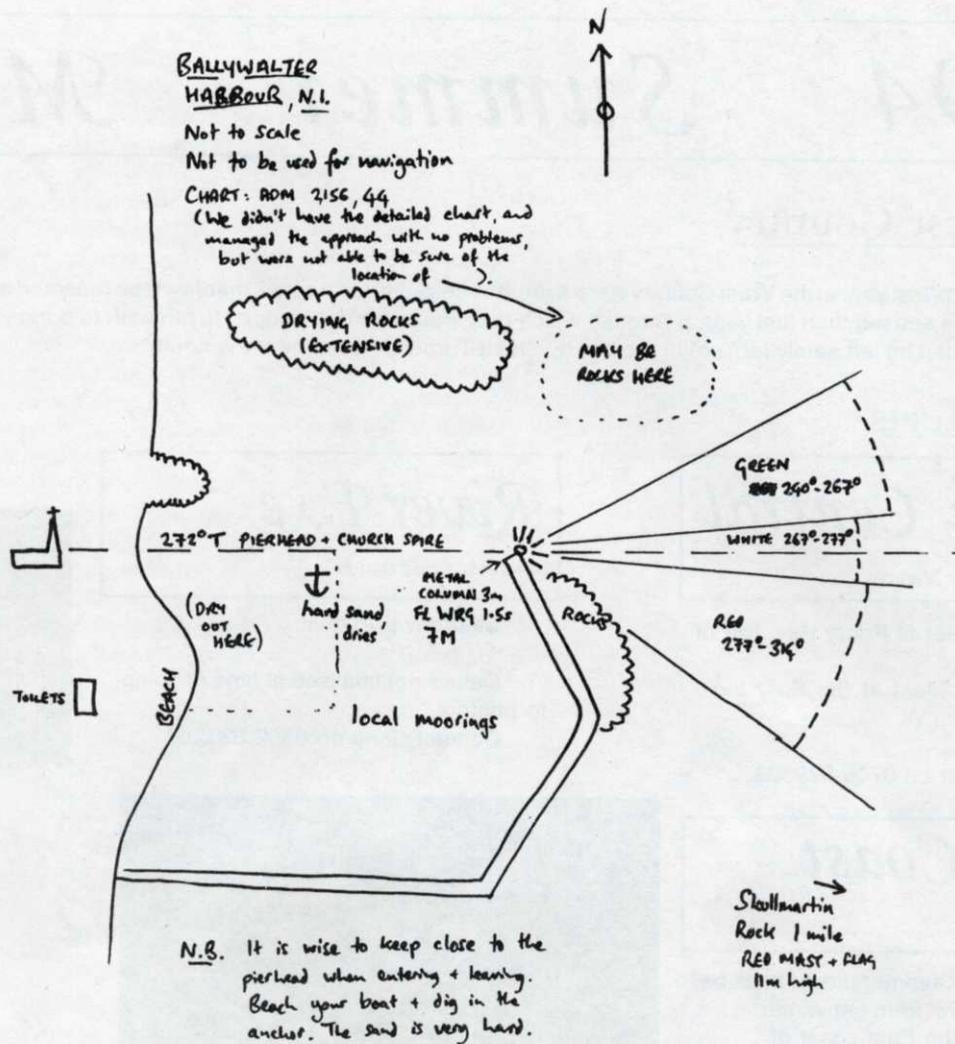
Simon Tytherliegh

Without doubt the most lovely place we visited on 'Nellie's' trip up the Irish coast was Carlingford. It is the best preserved example of a mediaeval town in the whole of Ireland, full of interesting remains, a ruined abbey, several castles, mediaeval streets and plenty of pubs. The harbour is soft mud and dries completely at low water, but it is possible to come alongside, and the place is well

worth a stay. Carlingford lough is approached past the Haulbowline Lighthouse at the entrance, following the buoyed big ship channel. Watch out here, because some very big vessels pass by, and expect sailing craft to keep clear of the channel. Only proceed into Carlingford Lough on the flood, the stream is much too strong to fight against. Unfortunately the wind tends to funnel straight down the Lough, so the ride will be bumpy and a little wet. This can be avoided if you have a detailed chart (Admiralty 2800), we didn't so we followed the directions and chartlets in the Irish Cruising Clubs Directions for E and N Coasts of Ireland. As you get away from the entrance to the Lough, You will spot Carlingford on the left, dominated by the mountain Slieve Foye, with a small castle down by the stone harbour. Take care going over the shoal area that separates Carlingford from the main channel. We found a least

depth of two and a bit metres at half flood. If in doubt go NW until Carlingford harbour bears roughly S, then make your approach. There is a marina of sorts about 1/2 mile N of the harbour. The marina has been constructed by sinking old barges to form breakwaters, and I gather space is very limited. There is plenty of room to anchor in deep water NNE of the town, and plenty of room in the picturesque harbour itself. We anchored in the middle of the harbour and had a peaceful night on the mud (could have had something to do with the Guinness!). Local boats tend to fill the best wall for shelter, but in good weather there is no reason not to go along side the E wall. The bottom might be a little uneven, we listed a few degrees at the North end of the wall, but it does allow access to the boat at all times. In windy conditions you may get pinned against the wall so it is worth rowing out an anchor. The attractions ashore include a fish and chip van open till very





late at weekends, music of course in the bars, and a welcome from the members of the Dundalk Sailing Club, who have their clubhouse near the E wall. We had just staggered aboard after a session when a voice called across the harbour: 'Will ye come for a drink?' There were two chaps aboard their local yacht. I replied that we were very tired and needed our beds, thank you. A minute later, the voice again: 'Have ye changed your minds yet?' I think it was three o'clock when we finally retired. P.J. O'Hare's is worthy of mention. It is a grocer's shop with a bar behind that also sells petrol! The bar is very pleasant with many sailing memorabilia (and a large scale chart of the Lough) but no music. For this you need to go three yards down to the Carlingford Arms, where bands appear on Fridays and Saturdays. There is a Heritage Centre, artists and a woodcarver, walks in the vicinity, good provisions, and no harbour dues. What more can you want? Oh, and spectacular

views across the Lough to the Mountains of Mourne. One observation about the Sailing Directions. Like most, they are written with mono's in mind, and by following them to closely it is possible to come unstuck in a cat (?? *Simon must do this to wind me up!! Ed - How? Why?.*) No real mention is made of harbours like Carlingford which are ideal for us. Another example is the coast between St. John's Point and Belfast Lough, which is poorly served with good harbours. We had been beating south all day and were tired and hungry. Donaghadee Harbour has the following write-up: "Heavy scend frequently sets into it. Very congested, gradually silting, so now there is scarcely space for a visiting yacht to anchor." I don't think they get many visitors! Just to the south is Ballywalter (Ballywatter on Admiralty Charts), which directions say has rocks near the pier and on the NE side. It does mention a clear passage with the Church Spire in line with the

pierhead. We motored gently in, anchored off and asked a local lad about the hazards. It turned out that the harbour has excellent hard sand, plenty of space to beach the boat, although limited facilities. It was a very good spot. (See chartlet.) By contrast, the attractive description 'dries out completely, well sheltered, used by local yachts as well as many trawlers, attractive for visitors who are happy to dry out alongside' which lured us into Balbriggan, further south, could not have been further from the truth. The harbour is narrow, heavily silted, full of wrecks uneven and stinks of rotting fish. A grimmer dump is hard to imagine. But as luck would have it, there is a greatly sloping beach right next to the harbour, well sheltered in offshore conditions. We finally parked there at 23:30, after we discovered that the spot we had found in the harbour would have given us a list of about 45 degrees. Moral: carry a lead for soundings.

# 1994 Summer Meets

## 1994 West Country

The meetings last year in the West Country were a great success and the same 3 meets will be repeated again this year, starting a little later in the season than last year, 6 August, which may well suit more people. If you wish to bring your boats down to the area early they can be left safely (& free) in the bay by Steve Turner's house near Plymouth.

## Other Meets

### South Central

organiser Spencer Martin

14 May Meet at Priory Bay, Isle of Wight.

3 Sept 94. Meet at the Folly Inn, Medina River, I of W.

Contact Spencer on 0705 529303.

### River Exe

organiser Chris Sands

Saturday 6 August

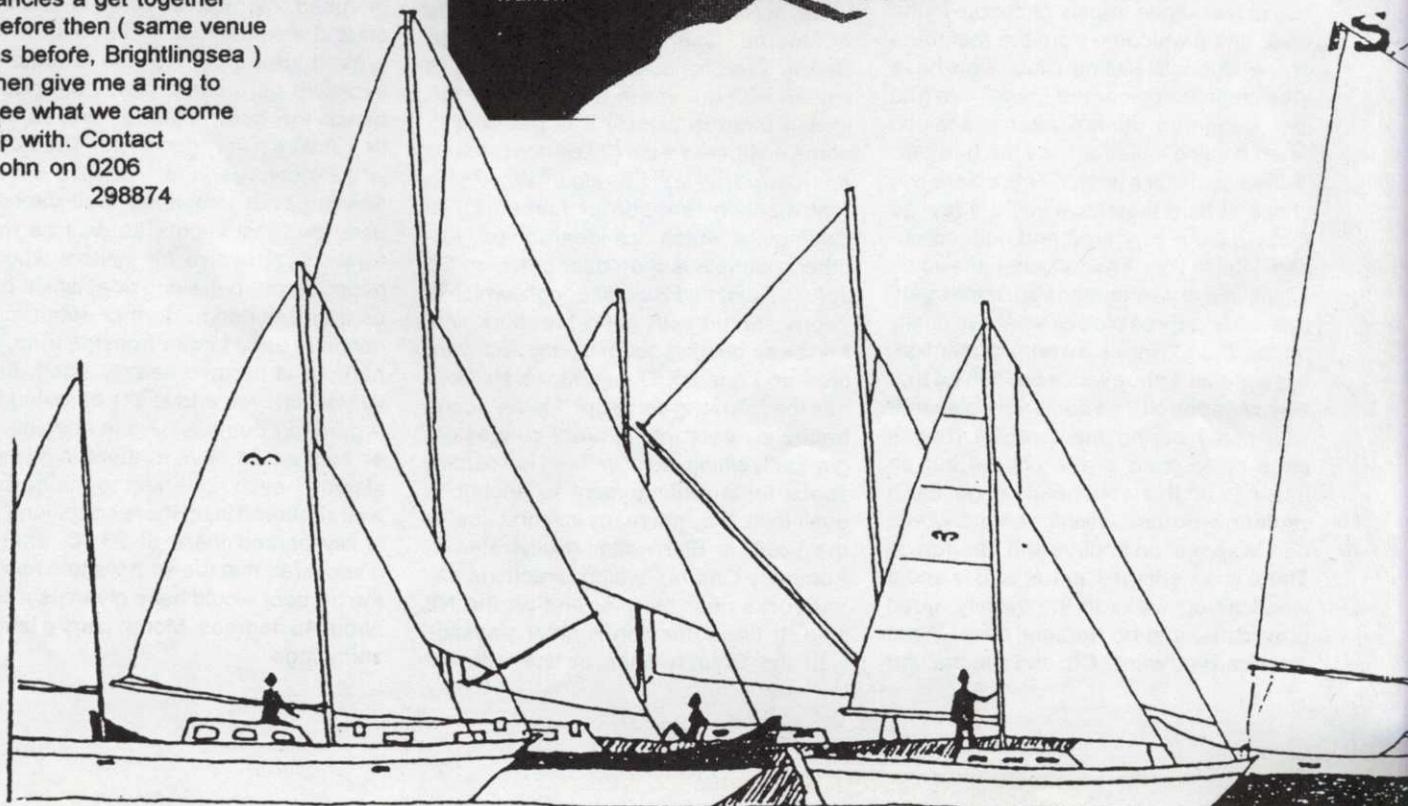
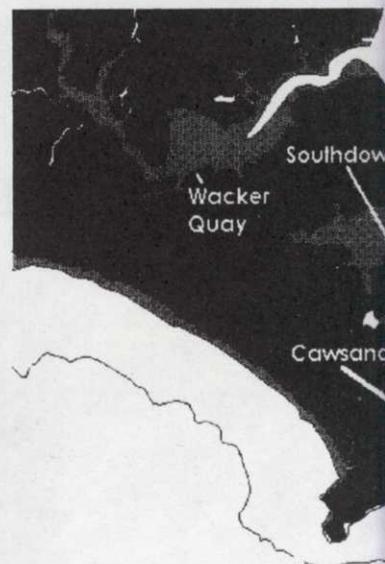
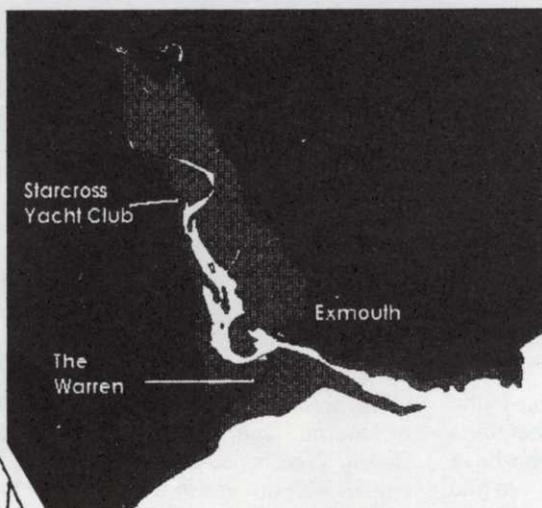
Details not finalised at time of going to printers.

Contact Chris on 0392 833258

### East Coast

John Zalucki

Spring or Early Summer meet I shall be sailing my Tiki 26' from her winter home here on the East coast of England (River Stour) down to the south coast and hopefully along to some of the summer meets in the West. If anyone fancies a get together before then ( same venue as before, Brightlingsea ) then give me a ring to see what we can come up with. Contact John on 0206 298874



# Canada Meets see News pages

## Plymouth

organiser Steve Turner

SATURDAY 13 August  
 12.00 Raft up in Cawsand Bay  
 14.00 Tiki Racing in the Sound

17.00 Mass sail to Overnight Spot  
 19.30 BBQ at above.  
 SUNDAY  
 A M Admiral Sail to Drakes Island  
 Lunch Picnic on Island  
 15.00 Tiki racing in the Sound  
 MONDAY  
 Cruise in Company towards Falmouth

The Plymouth meet follows the pattern of many previous successful meetings. Cawsand on the west shore of Plymouth Sound is a small Cornish fishing village, the boats will raft up off the beach & members attending by land will be able to join the fleet there. The BBQ site will also be accessible by road.



## Falmouth

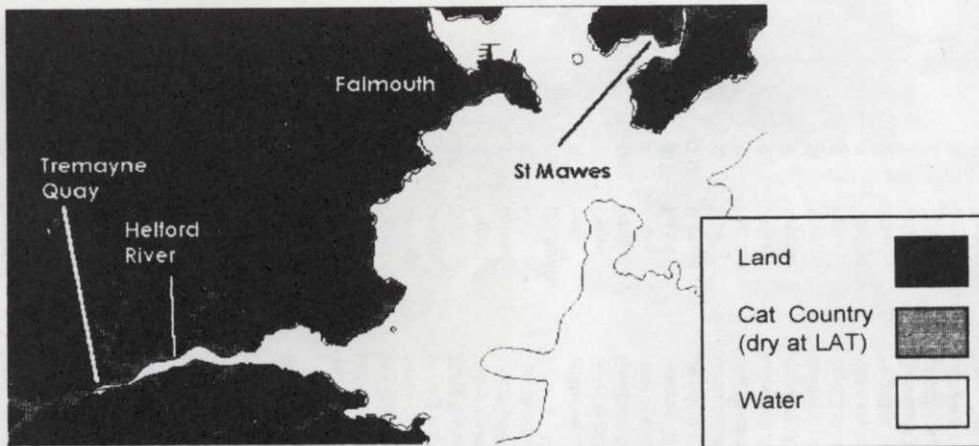
organizer Tim Forrester

The 1994 PCA Falmeet will take place on Saturday 20 August.

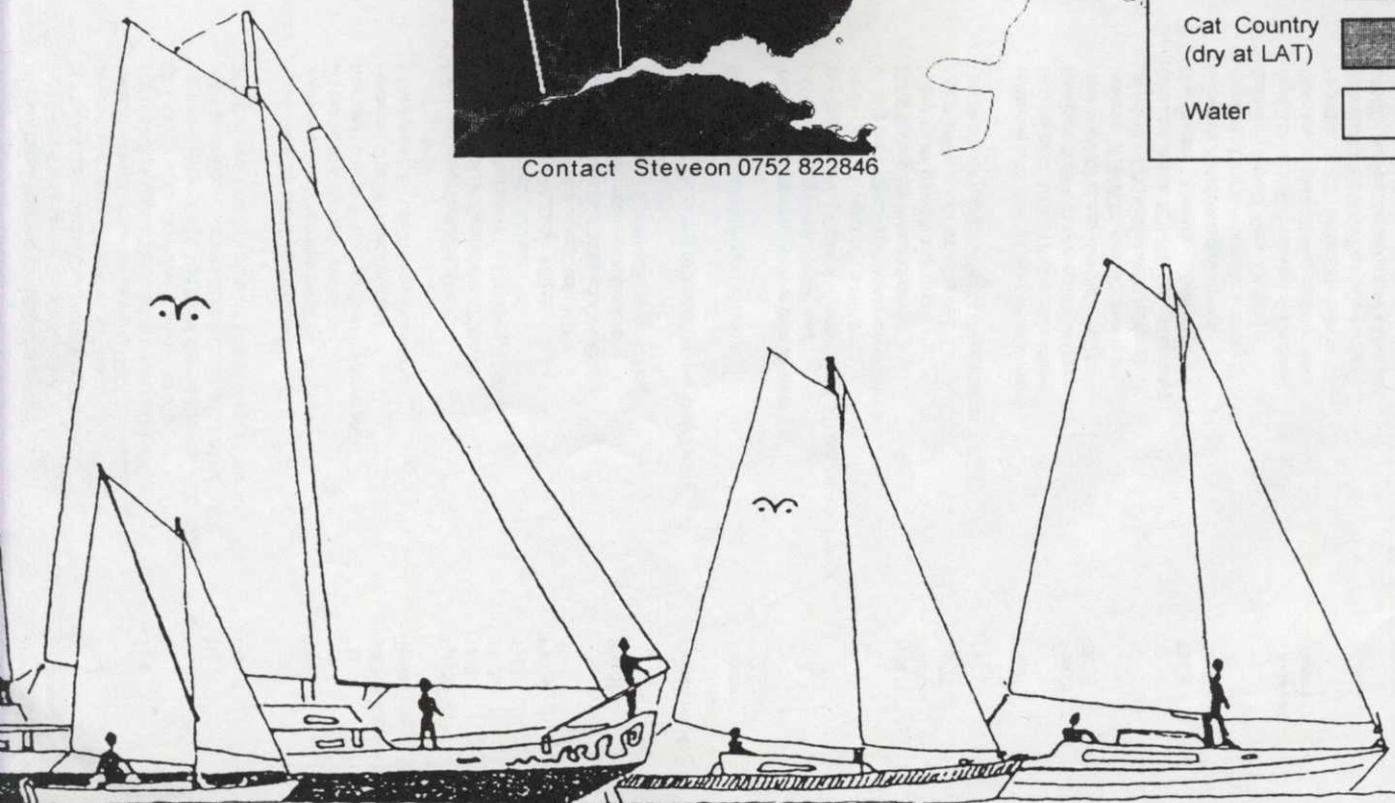
The Plan - AM anchor in Falmouth Harbour off Custom House Quay or alongside in the Visitors Marina. Meet at the Chain Locker Pub on the Quay at 12.00. Sail 15.00 for Treasure Hunt/Sail in Company to finish at Tremayne Quay, Helford River for a BBQ 19.00 ish. Bring your own food + BBQ. HW Helford 17.35.

MOCRA Nationals start at Royal-Cornwall Yacht Club, Falmouth on 21 August and all MOCRA members are invited to join with the PCA for the Saturday Rally & BBQ.

Contact Tim on 0326 375087



Contact Steveon 0752 822846







M J	Cookson	19 Maylands Grove, Barrow-in-Furness, Cumbria, I	Raka	A	Hoeybill	5 Tinsley Close, Lower Eately, Reading, Berkshire, I	Hiremoa
W F	Collerill	17 Longmeadow, Jubry St, Edmunds, Suffolk		K	Hook	118 Howeth Road, Emsbury Park, Bournemouth, Dorset	Tiki 21
M M	Cowlin	Suliven, 6 Summerfield Rise, Goring on Thames, Reading, Berkshire		P J	Hooker	1 Nursery End, Whitley Green, Hurst, Twyford, Berkshire	Pahi 31
B M	Cox	6 Weaton Terrace, Weeton, Leeds, II		I	Hooper	7 Opal Close, Bechtou, London, I	Pahi 26
M A	Crawley	5 Greyhades, School Road, Old Buresdon, Hampshire, I	Hila 14	C	Hope	32 Monument Road, Ayr, KA7 2RL	Hila 14
A A	Crook	Mineslope Cottage, Upper Cumbrian, Gwent		J	Hopkins	93 Handenhush Road, Brinsford, Bristol, I	Hiremoa
M M	Davis	20 Sandhills Crescent, East Burton, Wood, Wharfedale, Dorset		E J	Horby	Ashbrook, 17 Blind Lane, Southwick, Trowbridge	Tangaroa mk 1
R T	De La Rue	21 Highcliffe Close, Lymstone, Esmouth, Devon	Tiki 26	J M	Howard	co 144 Melbourn Road, Apsley, Northampton, I	Narai mk 2
R T	Deakin	80 Gordon Avenue, Portsmouth, Southampton, II	Hila 17	T	Hunt	7A Victoria Terrace, Musselburgh, Midlothian, I	Pahi 31
P P	Downan	57 Meadow View, Pottersputt, Worcester, II		J	Ireland	17 Eliesmere Crescent, Brackley, Northants, I	Narai
E E	Dugdale	18, Harragee Court, Drove, Wick, Suffolk, I	Hiremoa	D	Irvine	11 Belmont Walk, Worthing	PCA
I C	Dunmore	12 Harragee Court, Drove, Wick, Suffolk, I	Tiki 26 Tang, Mk. 1	H	Jenkins	16 Rowden Court, Moss Mayo, Plymouth, Devon	Hila 17
C C	Dunstan	94 Paston Lane, Paston, Peterborough, II		A J	Jewitt	Robnwood, Belmont Hill, Caerleon, Newport, Gwent, I	
R R	Earnan	Bayview, Llanerhan, Dingwall, Ross-shire		I C	Johnson	63 Waterside, Kendal, Cumbria, I	
R R	Elliot	Brackenhugh, Brackenhugh, Wigan, Cumbria, I		S	Johnstone	52, Peltinger Gardens, St. Denny's, Southampton, Hampshire	
J J	Enoch	18 Ardeale Terrace, Skipton, N.Y., Yorkshire		A	Kennedy	5 Strath Street, Lees, Oldham, II	
J J	Farrford	8, Caldicot Close, Willsbridge, Bristol, II		P A	King	2 St. James Mansions, Westend Lane, West Hampstead, I	
R R	Faulley	2 Church View Close, Melton, Woodbridge, Suffolk, I	Oro	A	Kirk	7 Red Street, Oswestry, Shrop, II	
M M	Fielding	26 Augustus Close, Berford Dock, Berford, W. Kent, Essex, II		M	Kyne-Lilly	5 Thames Drive, Farnham, Hampshire	
M M	Fielding	co No. 3, Farnouth Crescent, Normanton, N.Y., Wakefield, West Yorkshire, II		M	Lee	36, Stepany Green Court, Stepany Green, London, I	
M M	Fielding	4 Bourne Rise, Colvillebourne Dues, Marlborough, Wiltshire, II		E J	Legg	Surgey Flat, 27 Viking Road, Stamford Bridge, York, I	
G G	Fleming	2 Heiston Court, West Denton Park, Newcastle upon Tyne, II	Tangaroa	P	Lewis	Flat 4, 19 Erminston Terrace, Muley, Plymouth, Devon	
T T	Francis	56, Canarion Road, Blackburn, Lancs, II		S	Lockhart	89 Yellands Road, Fernington, Devon	
J J	Frank	19 Ash Grove, Orill, N.Y., Wigan, Lancs, II	Tiki 31	N	Loening	1 Church View, Upper Clatford, Hants, III	
L L	Gibbs	14 Shepherds Close, Farnleigh, Essex, II	Tiki 24	G	Lovegrove	2 Robins Road, Bennetts End, Hemmel Hempstead, Herts, I	
M M	Gillespie	51 Cherton Road, Wincchester, Hampshire, II	Tiki 26	M	Low	1 Church View, Upper Clatford, Hants, III	
D D	Good	51 Cherton Road, Wincchester, Hampshire, II		H	MacCall	Captains of Industry, Martean, 16 Limington Place, Edinburgh	
R R	Gray	27 Cranborne Crescent, Deighton, Huddersfield, West Yorkshire, I		I	MacCall	2 Spire Row, St. Eval, Wadebridge, Cornwall, I	
R R	Green	Rose Egges Cottage, Biddlake Water, Farnmouth, Cornwall, II	Narai mk 1	G F	MacDonald	16, Manor Farm Avenue, Shepperton, Middlesex, II	
P A	Green	F8 22 Chatham Grove, Mithington, Manchester, II	Tiki 26	K N	MacKenzie	63B Curzon Road, Bournemouth, Dorset	
E E	Gribbins	45, Ladywell Road, Tweedmouth, Berwick-Upon-Tweed, II		C W	MacKinnon	18 Heatherbank, Etharnt, London	
M M	Groat	24 New Road, Shoreham-by-Sea, West Sussex, III	Tane	H	MacNeill	116 Moorrose Avenue, Luton, Bedfordshire, II	
P P	Haklam	16 Upland Road, Scotswyn, Glasgow, II	Hila 14	B	Maier	53 Greenway Gardens, Kings Norton, Birmingham, I	
K K	Halsey	43, Hopkins Close, Bournemouth, Dorset		E S	Manger	26 Old Church Street, London, III	
J J	Hammond	92 Holard Road, Malsstone, Kent, III	Tiki 26	B	Marin	The Old School, Derry, Derry, Ulster, Belfast, I	
R R	Hants	9, Josephine Avenue, London	Tiki 21	S P	Martin	10 Milton Street, Bakers, Newark, Notts, II	
J J	Hartstick	C/O Travelling Boats, Travelling Quay, Bradford, Quay Lane, Walsley, Walsley, Cornwall, I		T	Mashin	2 Petersham Court, Libar, Gales, long Eaton, Nottinghamshire	
R R	Hefferman	1 Thorpe Butcher Cottage, Hart Village, Hartlepool, Cleveland		D	Mauve	91 Priwell Road, Gosport, Hampshire, II	
D D	Heider	10 Bressenden Close, Lymour, Rochester, Kent, I		P A	McDonald	co Mrs E Savage, The Bungalow, Keysoe Rd., Riseley, Bedfordshire	
F F	Henley	co, Nant-y-bala Boats, Ferry Lane, Shipperdon, Wiltshire, I		P	McDonald	20 Dean Park, Jimmes, Edinburgh, Scotland, I	
M M	Higlam	13 Beechfield Road, Bourne, Hemel Hempstead, Herts, II		A	McDonrick	10, Warren Avenue, Chesham, Surrey	
A A	Hill	163 Old Ferry Road, Salsburgh, Cornwall, III	Hila	J	McKellan	Flat 2a, Horace Evans House, 137A Devonshire Street, London, I	
M M	Hill	45a Harroza Road, Torpoint, Cornwall		D E	McKellan	Hillside, Hazelmere Avenue, Bridge of Weir, Scotland, II	
M M	Hills	Rohell Cottage, Change, N.Y., Keith, Banffshire, I	Tiki 21	N	McLellan	59 Crown Caravan Park, Pooles Lane, Hultsbridge on Crouch, Hockey, Essex	
M M	Hinds	14, Pen-y-Bont, Crynant, Wesh, West Glamorgan	Tane	D	McLellan	50 Luxor Street, Cambwell, London	
M M	Hobbs	Flat 1, 118 Shoofers Hill Road, Bidechreath, London, I	Tiki 26	J	Mogg	8 Lower Terrace, Ponsanooth, Ffynno, Cornwall, III	
M M	Hogg	co 52 Whittington St, Penryn, Cornwall, I		M	Moody	Local Business Phone Box 27, A Strathville Road, Carlisle, London, I	
G G	Holberton	1 Meadow Drive, Feabury, Bude, Cornwall		S	Moorey	Wildacre, Cemetery Lane, North Somercoles, Lincolnshire, I	
P P	Holdings	26c Penvensey Road, St. Leonards on Sea, East Sussex, II	Tiki 31	G T	Morton	30, Mead House, 135 Lambroke Road, Holland Park, London, I	
		Walmanish Farm, Rodden, Frome, Somerset	Hiremoa	A R	Moyes	Homelea, Bikes Hill Rd, Landkey, Barnstable, N.Y., Devon	
		Pascades Farm, Snowdrop, Lanell, Liskeid, Haywards, Heath, West Sussex, III		J	Muir	The Scars, 11, Woker, Weston-Super-Mere, Avon, I	
		30 Lutworth Avenue, Blackpool, III	Hila 14	R	Nadin	1 Cedar Close, The Elms, Ilksey, Lincolnshire, I	
		31 South Street, Lydbourne, Marlborough, Wiltshire, I	Pahi 31	K J	Newman	3, Starford's Acre, Kegworth, Derby	
		19 Tregwain Close, Foxglossing, Gwent, NP1 9DX	Tanenu	P J	Newman	178 Shores Road, East Ham, London, II	
		50 Osborne Road, Wyrassah, Hants, I	Tiki 21	B	North	34 Fraser Street, Gt. Gainsby, South Hinkesby, I	
		St. Michael's College, The Street, Pardonk, Kent, I		M J	Northeast	Mulhull World Book, Thornham Marina, Emsworth, Hampshire	
		Care Cottage, Came Cross, Par, Cornwall				14 Elm Close, Hayling Island, Hampshire	

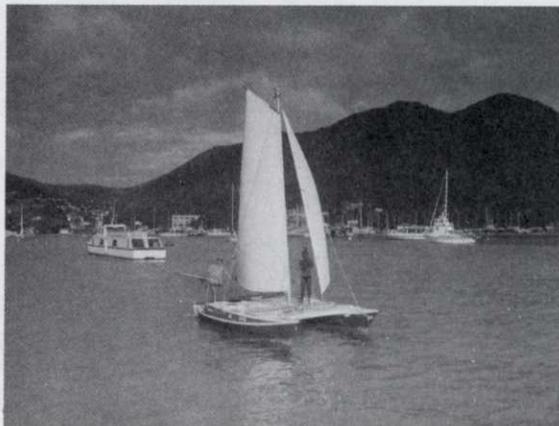
Initials	Name	Address	Postcode	Country
R	Northridge	Flat 2, 17 South Hill Park, London		
W L C	Onell	21 High Street, Croydon	BR1 1LH	UK
J	Ireland	11 Belmont Walk, Worthing	BN1 1LH	UK
T N	Parry	72 The Ridgeway, Meads, Wirral	CH61 1LH	UK
T	Peacock	254, Cannon Lane, Pinner, Middlesex	UB8 3LH	UK
K	Pearce	17, Oakdale Road, Poole, Dorset	PO1 1LH	UK
A	Perridge	29 Altadale Road, Inverness	IV1 1LH	UK
A N	Poyner	Vine Cottage, Lower Road, Adgestone, Sandown, I.O.W.	PO1 1LH	UK
B D	Prewett	183 Woodrow Road, Melksham, Wiltshire	SN12 1LH	UK
C	Price	Quill Cottage, Penfolds, Clunderwen, Dyfed	SA1 1LH	UK
J W	Privett	Alderley Villa, Alderley Quernhow, Thirsk, North Yorkshire	YO13 1LH	UK
R	Proctor	Coombe Quarry, Keinton Mandeville, Nr. Somerton, Somerset	BA1 1LH	UK
I R	Rhys Williams	The Abbots Wheel, Rosses, Scunier, Redruth, Cornwall	TR1 1LH	UK
P	Richardson	87 Luss Road, Alexandria, Dunbartonshire, Scotland	G8 1LH	UK
D	Riley	65 Belygrave Road, Darwen, Lancs	BB1 1LH	UK
R W N	Riley	161 Botany Road, Kingsgate, Broadstairs, Kent	CT11 1LH	UK
S	Robinson	3 Orchard Street, Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk	IP11 1LH	UK
J	Rogers	60 Central Drive, Trevelin, Porthpool, Gwent	NP23 1LH	UK
I	Rose	30 Les Canichens, St. Peter Port, Guernsey, Channel Islands	JE1 1LH	UK
P	Ross	95, Gresham Road, Middlestree, Cleveland	TS1 1LH	UK
C	Sands	1 Chards Orchard, Exeter Road, Kennford, Devon	EX16 1LH	UK
M	Scarr	8 East Street, Blackhall, Hartlepool, Cleveland	TS1 1LH	UK
C L	Schofield	"Loma" Kimbolton, Leominster, Herefordshire	HR1 1LH	UK
A G	Slade	"Balling Ham" 11B Highlands Road, Kenilworth, Warwick	CV1 1LH	UK
D M	Smith	31 Dalmore Crescent, Helensburgh, Strathclyde, Scotland	G84 1LH	UK
D	Smith	98, Chesterton Road, Cambridge	CB1 1LH	UK
D V	Smith	7 Clos Gorstlaw, Grovesend, Nr. Gorseinon, Swansea, South Wales	SA1 1LH	UK
J	Smith	30 Garmochin Road, Inverness, Invergowrie	AB11 1LH	UK
R A	Smith	Fiat 1, Dale House, 10 Heathergate Road, Camberley	GU10 1LH	UK
P	Smithson	57 High Street, East Malling, Kent	ME18 1LH	UK
H J	Speight	18 Conington Avenue, Beverley, E. Yorkshire	YO15 1LH	UK
H	Spencer	5 Colebrook, Ollershaw, Chertsey, Surrey	KT16 1LH	UK
R A	Stewart	The Anchorage, Barntcliffe, Invergowrie	AB11 1LH	UK
J	Stocker	76 The Village, Stockton-on-Tees, York	YO17 1LH	UK
E	Studley	Woodbine Cottage, Monby, Nr. Maryport, Cumbria	LA12 1LH	UK
A	Suddaby	The Salfings, Shop Lane, East Mersea, Colchester	CO1 1LH	UK
S	Swainson	395 Greystones Road, Sheffield	S11 1LH	UK
S	Sweet	25 Nursery Close, Shoreham-by-Sea, West Sussex	BN11 1LH	UK
A J	Syme	2 Cheriton Drive, Ravenshead, Nottingham	NG9 1LH	UK
G	Tate	3 Devon Road, South Darlington, Kent	DA14 1LH	UK
D	Taylor	Hillnash, School Road, Goodshill, Isle of Wight	PO1 1LH	UK
G	Taylor	34 Pines Street, Slough, Berkshire	SL1 1LH	UK
L G J	Thomas	21 High Street, Colton, Rugeley, Staffordshire	ST10 1LH	UK
D P H	Thomas	23 Long Meadow, Garforth, Leeds	LS17 1LH	UK
I	Thomas	137 Priory Street, Carmarthen, Dyfed	SA31 1LH	UK
R M	Thorn	1 De Mowbray Way, Lymington, Hampshire	SO41 1LH	UK
J M	Thornhill	Copperfields, 11 Balsall Street East, Baisal Common, Coventry	CV1 1LH	UK
R	Topham	37a Victoria Street, Burnham on Sea, Somerset	TA11 1LH	UK
S	Turner	2 Elm Park, Southdown, Millbrook, Torquay, Cornwall	PL11 1LH	UK
P	Tutton	20 Duke Street, Colkington, Devon	PL11 1LH	UK
S	Tytherleigh	Lower Stoke, Rochester, Kent	ME1 1LH	UK
I A	Ugur	11 St Mary's Close, Gt. Baddow, Chelmsford, Essex	SS16 1LH	UK
H	Van Holst	41a, Anthony's Avenue, Lilliput, Poole, Dorset	PO15 1LH	UK
J	Vame	167 Dickens Lane, Poynton, Ches.	CH63 1LH	UK
J	Vassy	24 Bizarreas Gardens, Cranham, Umminster, Essex	SS16 1LH	UK
M R	Veale	Belmont Cottage, Mont Neron, St. Helier, Jersey, Channel Islands	JE1 1LH	UK
B	Vickers	26 Bourton Road, Buckingham, Buckinghamshire	HP8 1LH	UK
M	Vinden	1 Prospect Cottage, Green Common Lane, Woodburn Common, High Wycombe, Bucks	HP12 1LH	UK
S L	Vinden	5, Western Lane, London	W11 1LH	UK
T	Wakefield			
G	Walker	2 Severn Close, Sandhurst, Camberley, Surrey	GU10 1LH	UK
A	Wallace	2 Shakespeare Avenue, Westcliff-on-Sea, Essex	SS1 1LH	UK
P	Watson	15 Fawbrough Road, MANCHESTER	M13 1LH	UK
D	Weinstock	2 Homewell, Havant, Hampshire	PO9 1LH	UK
S	Whelan	622, Isleham Marina, Cambs	CB23 1LH	UK
A E	White	28 Beechfields Way, Newport, Shropshire	WV10 1LH	UK
R & R	White	Glan Morfa Bach, Llanegryn, Tynwyn, Gwynedd	LL21 1LH	UK
S	Wilkinson	Tivoli Lodge, 6 Tivoli Road, Cheltenham	GL50 1LH	UK
B	Willis	4 Larum Rise, Clifford, W. Yorkshire	WF11 1LH	UK
D	Wilson	29 Elgin Avenue, Garswood, Wigan, Lancashire	WV1 1LH	UK
C	Wilson	60 PMC Systems, Whitehill Lane, Woodton Bassett, Wilt.	SN12 1LH	UK
R	Wolenden	90, Dukewood Drive, Hyde, Cheshire	SK14 1LH	UK
P	Wood	20 Lower Market St, Penryn, Cornwall	TR10 1LH	UK
M & A	Woods	14 Henders, Stony Stratford, Milton Keynes, MK11 1RB	MK11 1LH	UK
P	Woolnough	19 Bexley Street, Windsor, Berks	SL4 1LH	UK
S	Wright	Tinkers Lea, Trellis, St. Kew, Bodmin, Cornwall	PL16 1LH	UK
A	Wynn	St. Keran's, Longis Road, Alderney, Channel Islands	JE1 1LH	UK
M	Wynn	The Villa, Wood Lane, Scarcliffe, Chesterfield	S41 1LH	UK
J	Yates	The Villa, Wood Lane, Scarcliffe, Chesterfield	S41 1LH	UK
J P	Zalucki	13 Langton Road, Worthing, Sussex	BN11 1LH	UK
J	USA	Diary Farm Cottage, Rectory Hill, East Bergholt, Suffolk	IP11 1LH	UK
R	Archibald	2907 Soenic Drive, Grapevine, Texas, 76051 USA		USA
P	Ayers	RT 2 Box 49 A, Snyder, Oklahoma, 73566 USA		USA
D	Bobinson	105 E. Robertson Street, Brandon, FL, 33511 USA		USA
D & S	David and Samantha	8429 Delphi Road, SW Olympia, WA 98502 USA		USA
R	Durham	1370 Thompson Avenue, Glendale, California 91201 USA		USA
R	Duron	PO BOX 140541, Austin, Texas 78714 USA		USA
S & D	Frank	PO Box 513, Palm City, Florida, 34980 USA		USA
R W	Frost	11987 Honey Hill Drive, Grand Terrace, Ca. 92324 USA		USA
K	Frost Jr.	9596 Hildreth Drive, Elberta, Alabama		USA
S	Howe	184a Forest Parkway, Valley Park, Mo 63088 USA		USA
C	Kors	P.O.Box 162, Brinnon, WA 98320 USA		USA
J & R	Krause	PO BOX 634, Bandon, Oregon 97411 USA		USA
Tom	Lakms	777 Dayton Street, Yellow Springs, Ohio 45387 USA		USA
C	Linder	PO Drawer A, Espanola, NM 87532 USA		USA
W	McBroome	601 Statare Dr. #9, Eureka, CA 95501 USA		USA
F	Obst	2107 Ole River Road, Stevens Point, WI 54481 USA		USA
J	Oed	5225 Palmello Drive, Melbourne Beach, Florida 32951 USA		USA
G	Perry	PO Box 16103, West Palm Beach, Florida 33416-6103 USA		USA
P A	Petrovski	92 Lake View Avenue, Lynn, Massachusetts, 01904 USA		USA
R E	Phillips	Suite 100/1916 Pike Place #12, Seattle, WA 98101-1013 USA		USA
L	Shannon	Living Windows, P.O. Box 298, Friday Harbour, WA 98250 USA		USA
L	Sherman	106 W Aycock Street, Raleigh, NC 27608 USA		USA
T & M	Smith	1507 Parker Bend, Austin, Texas 78734-6300 USA		USA
A	Solywoda	PO Box 10726, Stamford, Connecticut 06904-1726 USA		USA
G	Stranton Geary	354 Pointfret Street, Pointfret Center, Connecticut 06259 USA		USA
L	Stevens	5098, Comkin Drive, Del Ray Beach, FL 33484 USA		USA
W	Struve	8414, River Way Drive, Cary, Ill. 60013-3070 USA		USA
T	Vetter	925 E Second Street, Maysville, Ky 41056 USA		USA
G	Woodh	620 Herndon Rkwy, Suite 360, Herndon, VA 22070 USA		USA
D	Peak	26 Orchard Ave, Holmdel, NJ 07733 USA		USA
C	WEST INDIES			
C	Schoonbeet	Po Box 1559, Jolly Harbour, St. Johns, Antigua		
K A	ZIMBABWE			
	Viewing	15 Jenkinson Road, Chisipite, Harare, Zimbabwe		
Tangaroa mk 1				
Tiki 26				
PCA				
Tiki 21				
Tangaroa mk 1				
Pahi 31				
Rongo				
Tiki 21				
Tiki 26				
Tiki 21				
Pahi 42				
Tiki 21				
Tangaroa				
Tiki 31				
Tiki 26				
Oro mk 4				
Pahi 42				
Pahi 31				
Tiki 26				
Tiki 21				
Tiki 26				
Tiki 21				
Tiki 21				
Hiremoa				
Tiki 26				
Drascombe				
Tane Tiki 21 H'moa				
Oro				
Tiki 26				
Pahi 31				
Hia 17				
Eventide				
Hia 17				
Bucks				

# Rory McDougall

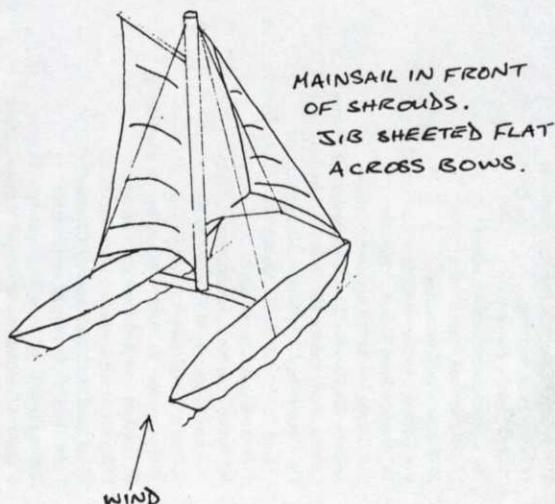
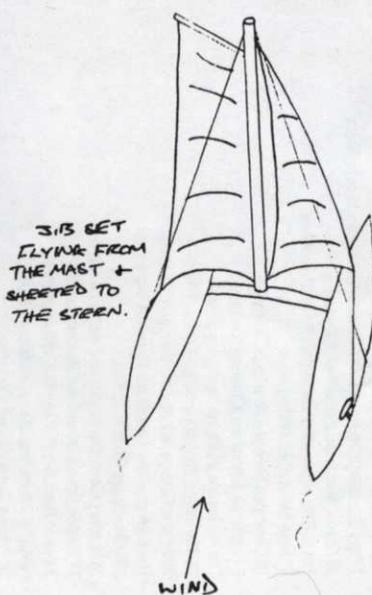
News after sailing halfway round the world in his Tiki 21.

Yes, yes I know that it is long overdue for me to write about my experiences with 'Cookie' and now after a busy year trying to establish a home in a new country I have some time and inclination to write some articles and become more involved with the PCA. I wrote to the Wharrams a few months ago telling of my plans to sail to Australia and maybe further. However this grand scheme came to an end only a couple of weeks later after sailing up to the Bay of Islands from Auckland. I discovered that I no longer had the drive or enthusiasm for wet, cramped often scary ocean crossings aboard 'Cookie'. This was quite a revelation to discover about myself - perhaps I am mellowing with age!! I also found it too hard to leave friends and loved ones behind again. It is no problem for me to stay in N.Z. with my Australian citizenship but for the English registered 'Cookie' it was another story. Sufficient to say I had quite a struggle with Customs and eventually satisfied them with a mound of paperwork which allowed 'Cookie' into N.Z. duty free as personal effects. You actually have to prove ownership and usage of your vessel for one year before arriving in N.Z. and then sign forms to say you won't sell your boat for two years. Now at last 'Cookie' has residency here and I can look forward to many miles of sheltered sailing, exploring New Zealand's wonderful north coast. I recently received the August copy of Sea People with a warm letter from Ruth Wharram. Very interesting reading to hear of the news and views of other PCA fans from around the world. In response to Malcolm McDonalds intrigue of wind-vanes and spinnakers on Tiki's, I will include some notes 'of my experiences with these aboard 'Cookie'. When initially campaigning for sponsorship to aid my fund-raising voyage, North sails kindly supported my efforts by giving an unwanted spinnaker they had. It is a symmetrical spinnaker but wide in shape. I only use two sheets and snatch blocks to control the sail, mostly out of stinginess than anything else! These things

ain't cheap so I managed with what I had. The jib sheets are also the spinnaker sheets and as I don't race there is no need for quick sail change-overs. I clip the windward sheet block to the windward bow and then sheet the spinnaker in at the leeward shroud base, I can then sail down to a very broad reach without the mainsail blanking the spinnaker. To gybe I let the leeward sheet out to give slack when moving the snatch block from the shrouds to the new windward bow. As the sterns go through the wind I move the new leeward block from the bow to the shrouds, sheet in and off we go! It is not a difficult procedure even single handed, but of course would be much easier having 2 sheets on each clew passing through the blocks on both bow and shroud base, then by adjusting the sheets you could gybe without getting off your seat. Not as exciting though! If the wind is astern I set the spinnaker goosewinged as a cruising chute, with one clew tacked to the bridle centre and the other sheeted back to the cleat on the windward stern. On ocean passages when the wind-vane is steering I often used the spinnaker without the mainsail because a variation in course would otherwise



create dirty wind from the mainsail. I found that all the sails were very versatile because of the wide sheeting platform. Here are some sail plans I found very useful if you are sailing downwind for an hour or more and want to save sail chafe especially on the shrouds. When downwind or on a broad reach I set the gaff IN FRONT of the shrouds and raise the main with the foot just above the deck - or else the peak halyard angle is hampered by the shrouds near the mast top. The mainsail is then sheeted to the shroud base giving a vertical belly of sail to efficiently catch the stern wind without chafing on anything. Instead of goosewinging the jib I set it flying, tacked to the U-bolt on the windward bow and sheeted flat across the centre-line. This is possible

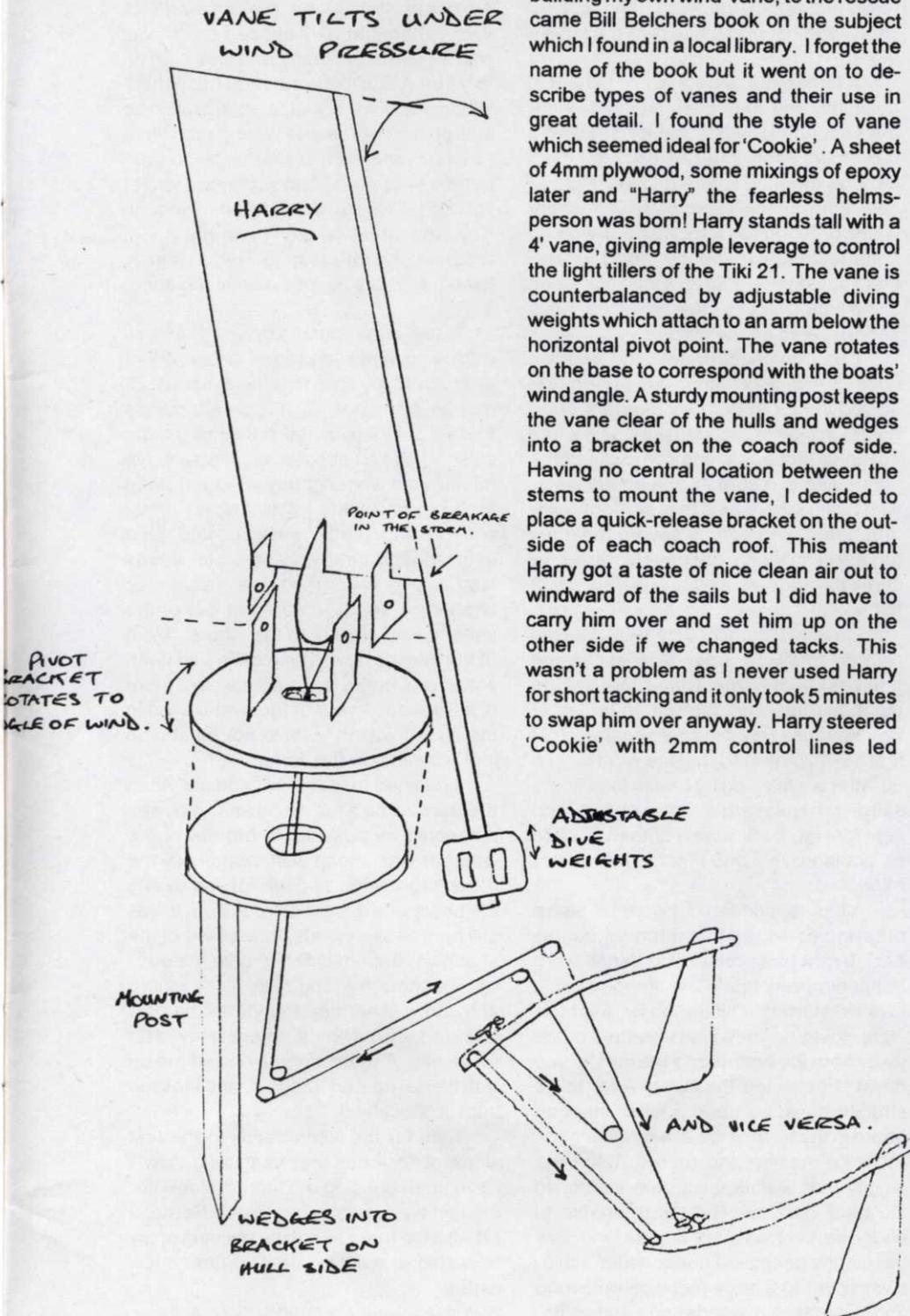


because the jib has a wire luff and hanks to remove it from the forestay. I have even set the jib flying opposite the mainsail, with it's tack at the mast base and sheeted to the stern cleat! Does anyone else have other variations of sail plans? I'm sure there are all sorts of possibilities.

## RORY on SELF STEERING his Tiki 21.

There is really only one self sufficient way for a yacht without electric power to steer herself - a wind-vane. Whilst building 'Cookie' I knew I wouldn't be relying upon engines or electricity when sailing so I started thinking of some designs for building my own wind-vane, to the rescue came Bill Belchers book on the subject which I found in a local library. I forget the name of the book but it went on to describe types of vanes and their use in great detail. I found the style of vane which seemed ideal for 'Cookie'. A sheet of 4mm plywood, some mixings of epoxy later and "Harry" the fearless helmsperson was born! Harry stands tall with a 4' vane, giving ample leverage to control the light tillers of the Tiki 21. The vane is counterbalanced by adjustable diving weights which attach to an arm below the horizontal pivot point. The vane rotates on the base to correspond with the boats' wind angle. A sturdy mounting post keeps the vane clear of the hulls and wedges into a bracket on the coach roof side. Having no central location between the stems to mount the vane, I decided to place a quick-release bracket on the outside of each coach roof. This meant Harry got a taste of nice clean air out to windward of the sails but I did have to carry him over and set him up on the other side if we changed tacks. This wasn't a problem as I never used Harry for short tacking and it only took 5 minutes to swap him anyway. Harry steered 'Cookie' with 2mm control lines led

through several blocks to cleats on the tillers. This worked well allowing infinite adjustments to the lines for weather - helm. I did have to re-run the lines through a couple of blocks when setting Harry on the new tack, but a few minutes work rewarded by hours of self steering didn't seem all that bad to me! For some wood, glue, bolts and string, I thought Harry was a fantastic helmsman. He could cope with any strength or direction of wind blown at him. I must mention here that it is very important to learn the limits of your wind-vanes' capabilities. It took me about 2000 miles of sailing with 'Cookie' and Harry to fully understand their 'working relationship' it appears that my vane could maintain a good course (within 15 degrees) as long as boat speed was 5 knots or less. I could sail harder (best days run 176 miles) but the course would become much more erratic, sometimes 40 degrees off course! In fact Harry dictated the most comfortable rate of progress. As long as I kept within his ability the decks were dryer, living standards better and progress was still steady. This meant reducing sail much earlier than if hand-steering, but who wants to manually steer across oceans? One of Harry's' big tests was the leg to Easter Island. Here we encountered often light variable winds and a large 2 metre ground swell which sucked and pushed 'Cookie' to and fro on the water. This played havoc with the apparent wind. One moment we were reaching and the sails full then the swell would move us sideways luffing the whole lot! Needless to say we zig-zagged across this part of ocean. We also had a mishap in one of the gales on the way down to New Zealand. Sailing on a calmer day (force 7), before the last of the fronts came through, a nasty wave crested against 'Cookie's' stern, spinning her around through the wind onto the other tack. This was quite something considering she had been reaching with only a 3 sq. metre jib up! Also the weights on Harry broke off and disappeared into the deep leaving me with a disabled helmsman and another 200 rough miles to go! However after lying-a-hull for another day or so, conditions abated and I repaired Harry with a broom handle, a wooden spirit level and the pin from my 6 kilo shackle as a counterbalance weight, which was effective as we reached land 2 days later. Harry has been idle this year, just lying on the trampoline. Rather than waste his potential I recently gave him away to someone with a 36' trimaran, which again proves he is a very capable fellow.



# Netherlands Captain Cook

Gerard A. Janssen,

It must have been about 20 years ago that I became interested in Wharram catamarans, and multihulls in general.

One night I pulled into a petrol station in Hamilton New Zealand, and got talking to the attendant, who showed me some drawings of "Wharram" cats. I had got myself a 21 ft trailer sailer a few weeks before, and then I wished I hadn't, for he showed me what I wanted.

A year or more passed and I decided that I was going to build a Narai Mk 1V. I left New Zealand when I was about ready to start building, for the Netherlands.

There, I still wanted to build, but never got round to it for some reason. One was that I had a 7m. Halcyon sailing yacht.

About six years ago I got hold of a Hinemoa at Bruinisse, which I repaired and did up. I used it a while to sail around in, poaching mussels and oysters for my own use and friends.

After staying in The Netherlands for 9 years, I went back to New Zealand, where, after staying there about a year I bought myself what I thought was a 46 ft "Wharram", without mast and rigging, and a 60 hp outboard. After a few days I realised that there were only three main cross beams, but the builder of it told me that those beams were heavier than specified and as good as gold! I fitted a 12.5m spirally welded steel mast and rigging, bought a second hand genoa, and was given a mainsail which I used without a boom. All this worked quite well, and I sailed on and off mostly on my own for about two years along the coast. I sailed to Great Barrier Island, Whangamata, and some of the other places and enjoyed myself most of the time. I saw some nice places and met lots of nice people, and had a few adventures as well! After a while I built a 20hp diesel motor in between the hulls, and this made things cheaper to run and far more reliable.

Seeing that there was no name on the boat I named her "Gery Ann" after a daughter in Australia. I sailed and lived on her most of the time and had a few adventures and close calls! One pitch dark night I was on my way back from Whangamata to Auckland. I kept a sharp look out for obstructions as I sailed along in a light breeze. While passing Whitianga

I saw a great big shadow come out of the water and fall back in again right in front of the boat. It gave me a hell of a fright and thought that if it had dropped on to my boat I would have been minus one! The second time that it did this I realised that it was a dolphin who was trying to get my attention, and it sure did!!! I left the steering cabin which was between the hulls, and about 2m. x 3m., and told her I had seen her and not to give me such a fright.

It turned out to be a whole school of dolphins, and they criss crossed under the boat and talked to me for one and a half hours, and I talked back to them through the hull. It was a lovely sight to see them in the clear phosphorescent water of this pitch dark night. It was an unforgettable experience, and I wished that I could have shared it with someone at the time. But like most times that I was sailing, I was on my own.

I had dolphins around the boat on quite a few occasions, but they never stayed longer than three quarters of an hour! On a different occasion I saw a half dozen or more dolphins come out of the water, and in a straight line hit the water with their tails. I was a mile or more away from them, and don't presume that they gave a display for my benefit, and presume that they were busy with a school of fish!

On the 12 June or July 1990, I sailed with a small Tri from Waiheke Island towards Great Barrier Island. We met the night before, and agreed to meet at Smokehouse Bay if we got separated. At first he took the lead, but the wind picked up after a while and he had to take some sail down. I passed him after a while, and kept looking back now and then in case he got in trouble and I had to give him a hand.

All of a sudden I heard a sharp breaking noise, and as it turned out my back beam had broken and things were happening very fast!!! The steering cabin I was in started to hit the water, the hulls were going on their sides as they broke away from the beams and the mast came down. I expected the "Gery Ann" to go straight down as I had a lot of steel on board in the form of tools and machinery. I rushed outside and tried to undo the dinghy that was tied with the painter to the back handrail. But I was unable to undo the knot with my fingers and saw the dinghy get pulled under water. I then swam over to a large piece of driftwood and held on to it wondering what to do, swim for it or stay with the boat.

At first I thought this was going to be the end, but I soon told myself that I was a survivor, and that there were a whole lot of things that I still wanted to do. I started to pick up a few things that were floating around, like matches, a pressure cooker, a bottle of Lourdes Water, etc.etc!

The hulls were floating, and I got on top one of them, I stood up and saw the Tri come straight for me a few miles away. I thought all I needed to do was wait for him to get there, and step over on to his boat. But this is not what happened. When he was about a mile away he altered his course and went past. When I saw him later he told me that he saw me put my sails down and wondered what I was up to! He carried on to Smokehouse Bay, and when he didn't see me there, reported me missing to Radio Barrier Island, but they never did anything about it.

After a few hours I realised that I was drifting towards land, and a few hours after dark my anchors held about 20 metres from one of the small islands there. I sat there on top of the hull getting washed off just about every time a wave hit me, and wondering what to do, swim for it or stay where I was. By this time I was getting pretty under cooled, and even though land was so close it was also a long way off. In the dark I was unable to see if I could get out of the water if I did make it to the shore. Most of the islands have steep cliffs with deep water, and only a few places where there is a place to get out of the water. And in the state I was in I would not be able to last very long in the water.

I decided to wait until midnight when there would be a full moon and I may see if it would be possible to get out of the water. It was a long wait, and finally the moon stood high enough for me to see the shore and it looked promising. It was still hard to see clearly on account of the shadows, but I decided to give it a go.

To shorten a long story, I got ashore and some fishermen found me the next day and took me home, where I stayed for six weeks. A mate of mine picked me up with his cat named "Moggy", and took me back to Auckland.

I left for the Netherlands in the first week of October that year, and now I have been building a "Captain Cook" for the last two years on my own!! Perhaps I shall write more about the building of my new ship at a later date if you are interested.

*Well in fact Gerard has written more, and if we receive some photo's or drawings to attach, you will be reading his building story next magazine.*

# News from Seapeople

## Letter from America

*Extracts from a letter from Tom Miliano, American JWD agent, to PCA UK, and as well as introducing some new members, he tells us about a few of his contacts.....*

I received a letter from a guy in Alaska.. Sent him what he ordered. A week later I got a letter from a guy in Oregon. Same last name, different first. Sent him his order and asked him if he had ever heard of the other guy in Alaska. A week later I get a phone call from the two of them. Turns out they were brothers that had lost track of each other over the years!

I got a call from a young man in Ill. He needed some information on a Tangaroa he was finishing for his father who had gotten sick and was unable to complete the boat HIS father had started!

I met a man at a boat show. We were talking when it started to rain. I mean really rain, like one of our Florida squalls. I could hardly hear what he was saying. I had to get closer just to see him. He told me he took 5 years. 3 wives, 4 dogs and 7 cats to finish his boat. Isn't that crazy? I said, "sounds like normal to me when

you consider we're standing in this rain talking about it."

Met another guy who took 3 years to finish his boat, they had a launch party, got drunk, set the shed on fire, burnt the boat to the ground. Looking back he thought it kind of funny.

Carl Lichty of Miami.. I had left a flyer on his windshield. He kept it to call me to tell me never to do that again. After reading the flyer he decided these were really nice boats. He ordered a set of Tiki 21 plans and built the boat. Carl is in his sixties. I have never seen a man so in love with his boat. He sails the hell out of this boat. I had a young man call and said he wanted to build a Tiki 21 and he would be in the area to look at some. I sent him to Carl. Carl took him for a ride. He called to tell me he decided to build a Bolger design. I said OK and called Carl. I said "what did you do to this guy?" Carl said Boy did we have a ride. I know we were doing over 20 knots. Just beautiful.. What a boat.. I said "Carl, you scared the hell out of him" Carl said well, he was a little white. It's best he finds out now.. Carl is now building a Tangaroa. Carl's son is helping him build his boat. He said it's so great to spend the time helping and getting to know his father..

Some more news of builders followed but in the end as Tom says....

It's 80 deg. here. The wind is 10 knots. The gulf is calm and the most beautiful blue you'll ever see. I have to go..

## Pahliuli & Others

*Gene Perry*

Gene writes in to say his Tiki 21 N<sup>053</sup> has just been refitted. Only a small amount of bad wood was found where it was damaged when a police helicopter blade broke a shroud and the mast fell across the beam end....*Oh come on Gene, we get Miami Vice over here but you have to separate this from the real world?!?!?..* He has recently taken an anchorage along the Atlantic Intra-coastal waterway at Jupiter, Florida where there is a British built Narai

"Aibwea", whose current owner he has become friendly with, Jack Dixon.

Gene is also a friend of Carl Lichty (see letter from America, above) and tells me one of Carl's Tangaroa hulls was blown over by "Andrew" but received very little damage, although homes and large trees were demolished all around..... says something for the integrity of Wharram catamarans....*sure Gene it's just those Police helicopters you have to look out for. Ed.*

## News from Canada

### Tiki 31

*from Tim Webb (B C)*

Keep up the good work with the magazine. The more articles on building, the better! (*Problem is builders devote all their time to building, Tim, so I'm getting more sailing ones. If/when you do write them folks, include drawings of tips etc. Ed*) Work is progressing on my Tiki 31 - 450 hours to date. I doubt she'll be in the water for next Summer but don't see any major problems (except money) in being ready for summer 1995. I have modified the cabin tops/centre cockpits so there is no need for the canopies to get the extra enclosed space. Is anyone else out there building Tiki 31s? One day I'll write an article on my building experiences for you.

### Polycat meets

*from Andrew Moizer*

Spring meeting Saturday April 30th in Merrickville.

A "sail in" will be held at Howe Island, Ontario August 6 & 7.

**Contact A & S Moizer, Box 278, Merrickville, On KOG 1N0.**

### Ditty bag

#### FOR SALE

TIKI 21. Ply/epoxy built 1991. Complete with outboard, deck tent and trailer £3950.00

Tel: Phil McGoldrick on  
0462 743244

#### FOR SALE

One complete set of TANENUI plans (plywood), unused £200.00

Contact: Glen Anderson on  
0261851527.

# Letter from Australia

## ROMA STARTS ROAMIN'

by Dan Golledge (from "Cross-Beams")

Many friends and well-wishers saw Don Lamb's well finished AREOI slip into the quiet water of Lake MacQuarie in late August — a neat launching followed by day sailing and picnic on the shore -very laid back, warm water and zephyr breezes.

Of course the time had come to see how she went on the deep blue, and Don invited myself and son, Ben, for a run Swansea to Port Stephens and back: I mean how much encouragement does a bloke need?

The funny thing is the wealth and quality of experience that's on tap when you drop your usual routine and just head off. Like they say, "You just had to be there."

We had mainly light and gentle conditions sailing up, the Areoi trickling along at three to four knots under masthead kite, becalmed two hours off Newcastle, studying the finer (?) points of bulk carrier design anchored there. A strong sweeping current from the north and a breeze that snuck around to the E.N.E. meant that we had to work to get up to windward.

A day's rest in the Myall River and back to Swansea we headed. This time a good N.E. breeze and a run out tide - the quickest exit from the port I've ever had. The Areoi dealt with the very steep chop at the entrance with ease, those beautiful bows deflecting water and spray well away. Around Port Stephens lighthouse and a course due south we set. The southerly current was still running and the Nor'Easter at about 12 to 15 knots. I've never seen headlands disappear so quickly astern; like some gigantic tractor hooked them up and snigged them away pronto, and now the breeze was freshening to around 15 to 18 knots, and the little

PAHL was kicking up her heels, beginning to surf and asking for more, twin waves meeting out the back and kicking up in spray. Time to reduce sail and keep her on a leash, night time closing in.

Don's son, Mark, on the tiller, totally engrossed, an expression of awareness and pleasure, reading the waves. One of those special nights at sea when everything is luminous; two fiery trails astern, stars, planets, four satellites and many shooting stars seen. The Areoi steady and secure, decks dry, snug behind or in the dodger, autohelm doing the work.

We made it into Swansea about midnight, breeze died three miles short. Four dolphins to escort us in, sheathed in glowing phosphorescence, whistling at us, inquiring as to how we went! Well I reckon the Areoi is a bloody fine boat, a quiet achiever that understates her ability, but put that hull shape to sea and watch how easily she does it!

Thanks to Don and Mark for a great sail on a fine little boat - a credit to the designer and Don's attention to detail - that a new boat could sail at sea so well so soon after launching.

## Wave Piercers

by Ian Scott

Ever thought of putting bulbs (wave-piercers, wave-breakers etc.) on your bows? We did and are delighted with the results so far.

Our Tangaroa "Catadromous" has few vices, but in a choppy sea she tends to hobby horse both under sail and power. After speaking to yachties and trawler men re bulbs (and receiving conflicting answers) we decided to go ahead with the project anyway.

When the boat was slipped at Easter for antifouling, the chippies (I'm fortunate to have two in the crew) went to work. After sanding down the relevant areas on the bows they took the chainsaw (YES- no misprint) to shape roughly the baulks of engineering grade Oregon, which were then planed to the desired shape. Think of your most desirable model film star and you'll get some idea of the dimension. (I don't want the mag taken to be 'Politically Incorrect' Ian, but which sex are we talking to here???) Perhaps a good job you didn't send in drawings. Ed). A false keel to buttress each hull was also hewn from the Oregon and fastened to the keel and stern by recessed 3m coach screws. A fillet of

Oregon was affixed above each bulb (we used 9000 two pot as the fixer) and faired off with international filler and the whole lot dynelled. After the usual antifouling she was ready for the water. This quick resume on paper actually took three hectic days.

While we have not had a decent long sea trial (Sandy Straits in June for that one) the benefits are obvious: hobby-horsing has disappeared; the boat's ride has smoothed out to a level which none of us would have imagined. Speed under both power and sail has increased, and steering is more positive. Fuel consumption is down and wash noticeably reduced. Such are the positives- negatives nil. So far trials have been only on a day sail basis in nothing more than 15 kt. and 11.5m of swell. Nonetheless, we are all delighted with the results so far.

Ed. No drawings sent, but I shall be putting more detail together in a future magazine. Anyone else tried this?

## Longboat

Mike Ricks

Writes about a double (later modified to single) outrigger lateen rigged longboat he has built. Sounds like fun but not something to go cruising in!

His description of the Sunset, and ghosting along the mangroves in three feet of water just 20 metres off the trees in a green golden light, watching the egrets and ibises and listening to the birds, seriously appeals though...



Narai  
by Robin Guest

## News from Germany

### Tiki 26

from Dirk Horstmann

Missed from Mag 22, Dirk reported his completion last September of his first hull (No 28) and that he hoped to launch June '94.

*I hope things are still going well Dirk, Ed.*

## U.K.

### Build Complete

Arthur Fielding

After two and a half years building my Tiki 26 'Stringalong' was launched in June this year, all the problems I had building were now behind me and as she sat on the mud waiting for the tide to come in I wondered what new problems the water would bring? Would she float? Were the lashings tight enough? The tides in and we're afloat, mad rush from one hull to the other to check for leaks, none found, but I'll check again later. The outboard is lowered and yes it sits low enough in the water. A thank you here to Steve Turner for his help and advice, I used a lot of the ideas from his GRP boats. 'Stringalong' spent a peaceful week afloat before the mast went up, I walked out on the mud between tides to check that all was well. Dave Skellons article about the sideways hull movement on his Tiki had me worried, but the plans now show stopper blocks under the beams, I fitted those as shown and they work. The first sail was more of a drift with not enough wind, so the fact that she wouldn't tack was to be expected. Not many Sea People mags. go by without some one writing about tacking problems with Wharram cats, and after a

few hours sailing I was getting worried, I would start to tack come to a dead stop into wind, and sometimes go backwards. I spent two weeks roaring back and forth across the Thames estuary failing to tack on every attempt, finally gybing when I had to turn round (it gybes very well) I had reversed and got caught on a racing buoy due to another tacking failure and was really fed up with Tiki 26's. What was wrong? Had I built it wrong, was the rigging incorrect, could I fit a bow thruster or dare I phone Steve Turner for yet more advise. Now well fed up I went for a long sail down the Thames, the boat is fast and stable if only it would tack, suddenly the main sheet jumps out of the cleat and the sail flaps madly, I need two hands to regain control, so I let go of the tiller bar (and the rudders go hard over) I pull the main sheet in much to tight (or so I thought) strange, the jibs backed and stranger still the boats tacked on its own, sort out the jib ease out the main and sail of on a new tack, 'Thinks. I'll try that again, main sheet very hard in rudders over, jibs backs, round she comes. Success at last, it's easy when you know how.

It's now November where did summer go? I had lots of great days sailing and am now well on the way to understanding my boat, roll on next summer. **Problems?**

Not many, the 6mm pin in the gaff somehow bent, I've now fitted a 10mm one, a rope stopper was fitted to the tiller bar to stop the rudders going over to far, the jam cleats fitted to the bottom of the mast for the halyards have been removed, the rope was difficult to release under tension and raising the sail difficult, I fitted a double block on the floor at the base of the mast led the rope through some blocks and a cleat to the jib winch which makes getting the sail up easy, I'm going to fit a pair of jam clutches to the base of the mast to put the compression forces back into the mast but still use the jib winch to haul up the sail. And of course every one knows what happens if you try to discharge a SL 400 sea toilet with the outlet seacock closed, luckily it was only water, laugh, you would not believe the mess. Would I build another boat? No, as a fireman I get a lot of time free to build, but it still took me much longer than I had planned. At times it became a chore, a job that you had to stick with or it would never be finished. Working on your own is difficult at times, no one to ask for advise or opinions, although the boys from work helped

move the hulls around and were there at the launch, (just to see if it would float) You can spend a lot of money on fitting out which I did take into account in my first estimate. I had no medical problems with epoxy, but I did not like the stuff at all, does anyone? But as I stretch out on the trampoline in the sun the boat gently moving about, all that is behind me and I enjoy the fruits of my labour, yes it was worth it.

### Building tips/ideas

When trying to radius the edges of wood that I wanted to glass around I found it difficult to maintain a constant radius over long lengths of wood. So I made a simple tool based on a spoke-shave. Get a machine hack saw blade, put a cloth around it to catch any flying metal and break into convenient lengths, now grind the shape (radius) into the blade that is required to shape the wood, it is not necessary to sharpen the edges, left square they will cut better. Draw the tool along the wood to obtain a constant angle, used carefully it even works on plywood. These blades also when sharpened make very good knives, scrapers, chisels etc. Car windscreens wiper blades when cut down in length make great epoxy spreaders, very cheap from scrap yards or road side wrecks. When working alone and trying to put nuts onto bolts that have been passed through the hull I found most times they pushed back and fell out or spin round when you took a spanner to the nut, so drill the holes under size and run a tap through to form a thread, screw the bolt in and it will hold and enable you to fit a nut. When tapping it is not necessary to use expensive machine taps anything from the 'market shop' will do, also the hole size (unless drilling deeply into hard wood) is not very important about 1mm smaller than the bolt will do.

## Skinny Dipper

from Dick Thorn

Dick, long serving member with a Drascombe has succumbed and bought the Tiki 26 Suilven 11. With an aversion to Grey from having sailed grey ships most of his life, he reports the sheer strakes are now TAHITI yellow and she is re-named SKINNY DIPPER which reflects the real him in retirement from gainful employment.

## Robbery!

from R.H. Jenkins

Having retired earlier this year I intended to begin work on my 42' Captain Cook only to find the plans (No. 122) had been stolen in the summer of 1991. I have so much paperwork and junk around the place I thought they would be the last things anyone would want to steal. I would be grateful if you could alert the rest of the builders to keep an eye out in case they are put up for sale in any mags. They may have even been bought in good faith in which case I would not pursue the matter to reclaim them, only to know who the person was who had sold them so that the police can be informed. Also included was a set of Hitia 17 plans (no. 108)

*Ed.. Perhaps if you see someone starting a build in your area you can ask the plan number, any information please contact:*

R.H. Jenkins 'Robinwood Belmont Hill Caerlon Newport Gwent NP6 1JX

## Winter Warmer!

*Peter Green author of Cat Corner in the last magazine, writes in to tell us of a stove his friend builds in Cornwall...*

..... I have one in my PAHI 31 and it has made all the difference in the world. Obviously for a live aboard, insulation and heat are essential and the virtues of this little gem are that it is small, economical, and that the heat it produces is DRY.

I would expect that it could be incorporated into the interior of any Polynesian Cat from 26' upwards and even if you don't live aboard, it could extend your cruising season. The smaller your cabin, the more careful you have to be when moving about. I turned incautiously whilst undressing once and backed onto the heater which is one way of bringing the colour back to your cheeks on a winters evening!! A wire mesh guard could easily be fitted, however, and the sensitive part is now back to it's normal colour, (or so I am told)!

These heaters are soundly constructed on Dick Newick's KISS (keep it simple, stupid) principle. Additional so-

phistication will, of course, add to the cost which is why Justin is offering the basic unit like mine, which I heartily recommend..

*Pluck Peter's address out of the member list, and write for more details.*

## Tiki 26

from Ken Branch:

I've finished building one hull of my Tiki 26, but things have slowed down recently as my wife gave birth to twin boys, William and Alexander, on the 30th August this year, so I don't have very-much boat building time at the moment.

The question has also arisen now, as to whether a 26 ft. Wharram is going to be big enough for the family.

I look forward to receiving Seapeople and all its interesting articles,

*Thanks Ken, glad people are enjoying it out there, I reckon one hull of the 26 will make a pretty safe play pen. Congratulations on the twins. (Ed)*

## Report

UK SOUTHERN CENTRAL MEETING

from Spencer Martin

On Friday 26.11.93, a meeting of 6 members took place at "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in Cosham, Hants (UK). Present to have a noggin and natter were: - Spencer and Isabelle Martin, TIKI 21 (organisers) - Steve Grimwood, TIKI 26 - David Weinstock, - Tim Deacon, HITIA 17 - Adrian Honeybill, TANENUI

Our discussions were wide ranging, from the safety issues and EC legislation impact raised at the recent MOCRA symposium, through to David closely questioning Tim on some of the finer points of HITIA sailing. With Spencer organising the local batch of sweat shirts from Scott Brown, we had an update on the final logo design. They would appear to be "the bees knees". I gave a brief update on some of the issues with the TANENUI building and Steve updated us on sleeping on board a TIKI 26 at weekends in the middle of winter. Brrr.. it makes me shiver just thinking about it!! All enjoyed the evening. The final result of our discussions was agreement to hold 2 sail in company/cruiser meets in 94, dates of which can be found on the Summer Meets page of the magazine.

## Burgess Wood Seal

Norman Carravick

*While refitting "Andiamo" over 3 years ago Norman chose Burgess Wood Seal to finish a lot of the exterior woodwork. He now writes from Spain to say:*

Most of the British down here use it instead of Varnish, in the main with very satisfactory results. Firstly I made a mistake in putting on more than two coats at the onset the extra coats give a better satin finish but turns brittle and chips giving a mottled effect which doesn't seem to alter the efficiency of it but, and it's a big but, to get back to a smooth finish you have to strip back the plastic in the wood sealer, clogging sandpaper. I had to use a lot but the wood underneath looks perfect. With just two coats, a quick sanding once a year does the trick.

The beams, underside still perfect since fitting, tops and sides have been scuffed by dogs claws etc. but came up after a quick sand in fact it goes for all the soft wood.

Hardwood Gratings are fine but need doing at least twice a year. Plywood, the fridge box marine ply on deck, both inside and outside is still perfect, including the edges.

Last year I Burgessed a bit of scrap ply and sunk it in seawater for three months, when it came out there as no sign of water ingress.

Have tried it as a primer before painting new wood (using one coat), it seems to work. Also tried it as a primer for epoxy glue and when tested the glue line held and the wood broke.

## Book Review

*Voyaging on a small Income by Annie Hill  
Review by Tim Forrester*

When Annie and Pete Hill set off in their Tane in 1975 to sail to the West Indies with only 400 pounds to their name it was the start of a succession of voyages under sail done on a shoestring. This book is a product of the trials and tribulations of their cruising career. Well written with many amusing anecdotes, there is a chapter to cover every aspect of low budget boating. As she guides the

reader through the process of selecting, building, sailing and ultimately managing her craft on 1300 pounds per year it becomes clear that this is a lady of considerable resource. The only area where I would counsel caution is in her recommendation of rigs as her favoured Junk rig is not ideally suited to the catamaran due to their higher speeds. Overall this is an invaluable guide for both the Polycat builder and sailer and is a must for all those considering setting sail for the far flung.

Published by Waterline, 1993, cost £12.95

## World Cruise

by Paul Ballard

For as long as I can remember, I have always wanted to travel, to see for myself and not take someone else's word for it. The main problem is the expense of transport. So I say to myself how can it be possible to sail around the world and see the wonders of nature and the old cultures before they vanish.

From my experiences, I have found no safer vessel for ocean cruising than a Wharram catamaran therefore I plan to build, with a naval architect, a Pahi 63 and sail around the world taking 20 months approximately. I propose to offer a 1/12 share of the vessel to each person who sails with me. No experience is needed.

After an extensive study I am able to offer part ownership of a 63ft catamaran and the inclusive cost of the voyage for £11,500.

On completion of the voyage the vessel will be sold and the sum to be divided equally.

The vessel is to be insured for £100,000. This project is not a profit making scheme for myself but to try and make my dream and for some others to come true.

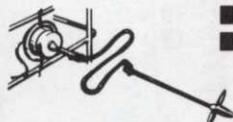
I have extensive boat building and sailing experience and I have sailed catamarans from 21ft to 80ft.

I propose to depart from Plymouth on September 1995 and return July 97 after seeing as many beautiful places as possible.

For more extensive details please contact Paul Ballard c/o

Dalia-Cruz-Penedo  
Tomino-Barrantes-Pazo  
Tuy, Pontevedra, Spain  
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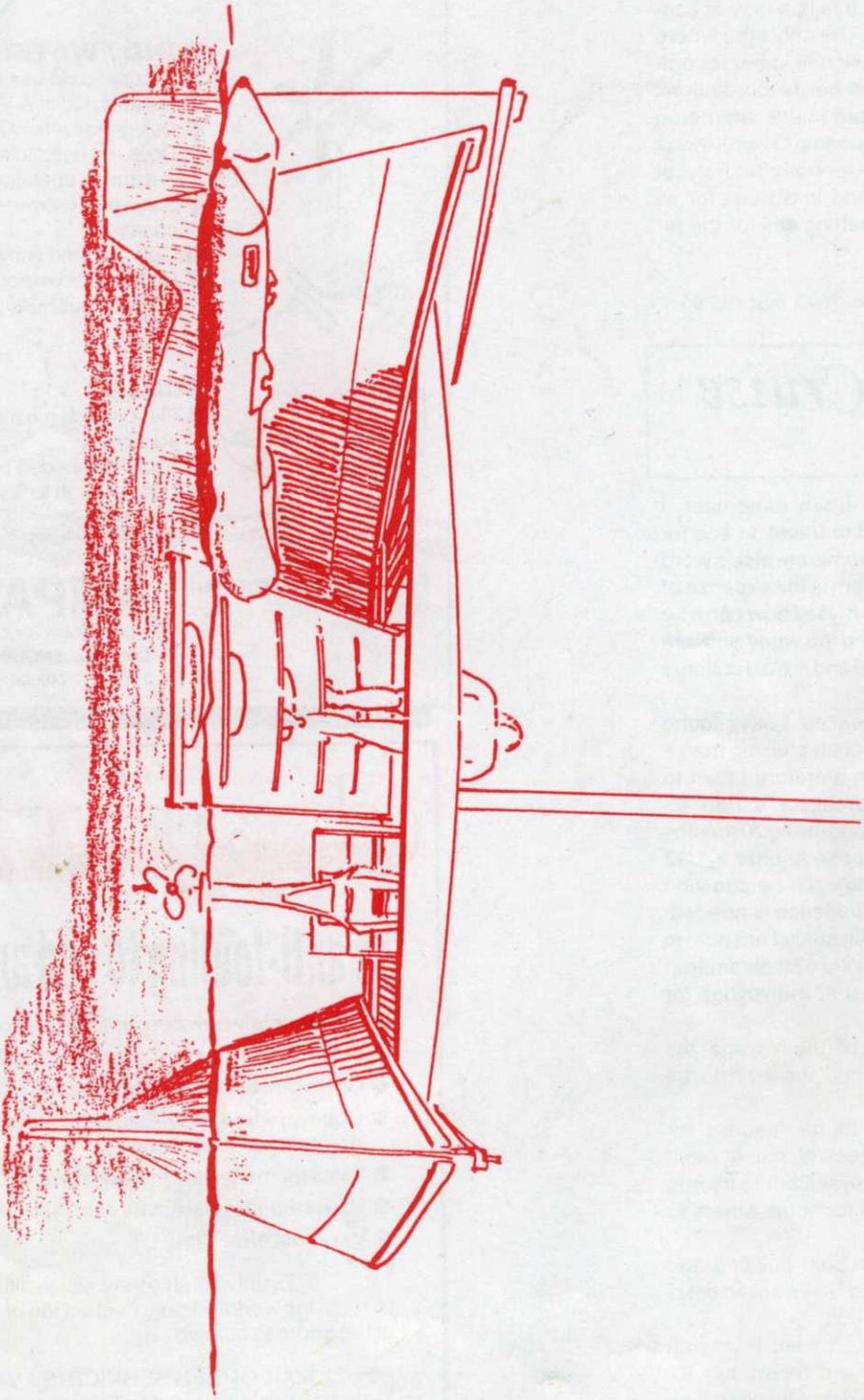
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