
The Sea People



- **The Wharrams reach Polynesia!**
-Extracts from Ruth's Diary
- **London Meet**
- **News from around the World**
- **Tane modifications (Part 2,3,4)**
- **+ more than ever**

No 26

March 1995

The Sea People

Magazine of The Polynesian Catamaran Association

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Cover photograph

RAKA "Raka"

Yoav Ktalav with family

MULTIHULL BROKERAGE



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Scotts Bit

Here we are with the **last magazine of the PCA 94/95 year**. The year was a great one for the PCA with three full magazines out, helped by the purchase of a laser printer among other things, increasing membership and contact with those members, plus a commitment to further increase the value of membership this coming year with the release of our first video.

As you will notice when you look through this issue there is no membership list, giving you another five pages of articles. **Traditionally this March publication was a newsletter** mostly taken up with the list of members until number twenty which was a 20 page mag with the list taking up a quarter of it. Now you have a 28 page magazine and the list will be issued separately in A5 format with lots of other information, to sit on a shelf in your Cat.

You can imagine that in this transitional stage the workload for us has increased so this first yearbook will be issued when completed toward the end of the N. Hemisphere summer, (or later if you are one of those who pay your subs in the second half of the year! In future years it will be sent out when current year subs are received and will therefore

acknowledge receipt of your money - no more wondering for months if your payment was lost in the post!

One important thing to note is that **the PCA office has moved!** My barge is now at Southdown Quay, a half mile from its old position by sea. (Address on back page & advert opposite)

The **Harbour & Anchorage Postcard Competition** is receiving some entries, the most prolific entries from Pearl & Eric Howard who are cruising the Atlantic in their Tangaroa 'Two-Ton-Milot', thanks and happy cruising to you both. To enter, send aerial postcards of places Cats can shelter, scribble some notes on the back and send to this office. The winning card/s will be drawn at the AGM each September, (Sweatshirt prizes).

Articles are always wanted, please keep them coming in. Photographs and/or drawings/maps are essential to make them good reading. They do not need to be long, a paragraph with detailed photo of an improvement you have made, or sketch of a superb anchorage you have found, up to a two page detailed article. Remember it's your magazine, it can only reflect the effort you put into it in sending articles in to us. If we have to scrub around at the last minute to fill the mag with balanced material it zaps our energy, and if we lose our enthusiasm I don't hear too many volunteers ready to step into our shoes! Write!

This mag has been delayed by

holding back publication for material from Gaia. We had heard nothing since the Canaries and we were hoping for photographs and words from the great man.....on the Atlantic crossing.... Negotiating Panama..... crossing the Pacific.....super photo's.... We guessed they were either much too busy or enjoying themselves far too much when we had nothing until now, thank goodness, we hear they are in Tahiti and **we have the notes from Ruth's diary.....**

Summer Meets

Northern Hemisphere

E. Coast UK (Brightlingsea)

10/11 June

Contact Dave Barker 0181 3636410
Leave message if Ans.phone.

Wales (Anglesea)

Every Summer w/e ring:

Dave Brooman c/o Allan Perrin
Tel: 01352 710792

SW UK MAIN PCA MEET

19 August BBQ + 1 week

Contact Steve Turner on
01752 822846 or PCA Office

Med (Cen)

2nd half July

Contact Gerald Winkler
Tel Austria +43 1 665 1897

Canada

Not received

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Ruth's Diary

Wednesday, 15.2.95 - approx:
1deg.S, 94deg.W

Two days ago, when we had hoped to be out of the Doldrums, I felt, for the first time, like writing down our experiences, and my thoughts about the last three weeks since we left St. Martin in the West Indies.

Departures are always later than planned and, after the relatively slow Atlantic crossing in light winds from behind - though it was the most pleasant crossing that I have ever had - taking 20 days, perhaps we should not have stayed more than a couple of days in the West Indies. But with work, shopping and meeting old friends and builders in Antigua, interesting boats etc. in St. Martin, time again slipped by, and we eventually left the West Indies on Saturday, 21st January, to face the Caribbean Sea, described by many sailors as the worst part of their round-the-world voyages.

It started as fine as the Atlantic crossing and, after the first 4 days, we had covered 700 miles. Then, for 2 days we encountered the dreaded Caribbean Sea weather, a force 7 wind with steep following seas. After lowering sail after sail, we were finally under bare poles. Fortunately it did not last all the way to Christobal/Colon, and we finished the trip with another beautiful sail to the entrance of the Panama Canal.

Panama and the transit of the Canal have been invariably described as difficult, frustrating, dangerous and expensive. And so it turned out to be. It was a Saturday when we arrived, so we had to wait for the offices to open on the Monday. The anchorage was bad and we dragged the anchor until a second one finally held us. The town looked poverty-stricken and desperate..

Such places take a while to get used to - to find the right stores and markets, the telephones, post and fax office and all the necessary offices:- the Admeasurers office, Senior Canal Port Captain, Immigration, Customs etc. You need a Cruising Permit if you want to stay longer than 48 hours. Well, we didn't want to stay, but we had to anyway, as we could only transit the Canal the following Friday.

Based on Gaia's relatively little accommodation our tonnage was determined and the transit cost set at

\$255 - not much considering we had 2 pilots, but with the cruising permit and necessary visas for our 2 Dutch crew members, it eventually cost us approx: £250. Still, better than sailing around Cape Horn, as James pointed out.

At 4am we were supposed to expect the Pilots, and an hour or two later we left for the Canal, with extra "line handlers" from neighbouring yachts who wanted to get some experience of the transit. We got through the first 3 locks well, going up

Fortunately, he held tight to the rope in the strong current of the Canal, and the American sailors were able to pull him alongside and help him on deck. We had been lucky, with only minor injuries to ourselves and not too much damage to Gaia.

The terrific sound of the breaking beam had convinced me that the stern and rudder were broken, but they were not. However, Gaia now lay stern on to the forward lock gates. Taking matters into our own hands, without that useless vessel, we turned our boat around, stayed tied to the dockside and eventually left the Canal.



to the Lake Gatun where we had a fresh water swim and wash, as well as lunch, and hoped that the downward passage would be the same. However, in the second lock on the way down, we had to tie up to a US army/navy vessel LCU 1667, who seemed to have no idea what to do with our lines. Though we managed to get through this lock OK, at the last one, disaster struck. They just didn't take and fasten our lines in time. Gaia, with her beam and windage and the current in the lock, slewed across the dock. We just avoided hitting the port stern on the other side. With the desperate effort of trying to pull us back to the vessel, the fore and aft ramp beam, to which we had fastened the rod with the lines, snapped, hitting me on the leg, the rope end hitting Jamie who was sitting on the top of the aft cabin, but - worst - threw James into the water.

The pilots - and the line handlers - had been a great help, but we had to wait on a mooring of the Balboa Yacht Club for the port captain to come out, survey the damage and make a report. The only thing we really needed was a piece of wood to make a new beam, but they could not help us with this, and as we would have had a further delay trying to buy anything - not to mention the cost of the Yacht Club mooring (compulsory), plus membership - we decided to up anchor at dawn, and do the repairs ourselves on the way.

As usual, Hanneke's ingenuity found a way to make a new beam, using our ladder and some paddles to lash them on the other side of the ramp, and at last we were in the Pacific and on our way to Tahiti.



The launch of Ann Perigo

Ian Hooper (Tikiroa No 1)

Ed. The story of the prototype Tikiroa started by JWD and eventually sold to and completed by Ian Hooper.

1. Completion

As the remains of summer 1992 slipped away and the season turned to autumn I found my energies and enthusiasm to work on the boat also waning. After moving the boat up by road from Cornwall to Essex I found that I could now relax a bit, and this I did. I spent most of August lounging on the Tikiroa deck in the boat yard, chatting to other boat owners. I should have been working on her, but after all it's only a hobby I told myself.

I prepared a list of jobs to complete the boat and items to procure. I made sketch drawings for a deck tent, and sent out for a quotation. Apart from actually working productive hours on the boat, the other thing I didn't appreciate or really anticipate, would be the none productive time spent on sourcing materials, ordering, checking and driving to collect them. Some weekends were spent totally with this occupation.

The mast beam required some work and maintenance on it to complete. The basic beam had been complete when I bought the boat and coated in epoxy. This had been left exposed to the sunlight and the coating on the top of the beam had cracked and broken down and water had penetrated into the wood. I removed the beam and took it home and put it in the front room to dry out after removing the damaged epoxy. This took a couple of weeks. The beam was re-epoxied to the specification where the U.V. break down had occurred and a layer of glass matting epoxied on the top of the beam. I also fitted two winches and cleats. The beam was then painted with three coats of paint, the last coat going on Christmas day 1992 prior to going away for a few days. The other item of maintenance which has occurred and I will have to address has been cracking of the GRP/epoxy to the top of the other main beams, (these are epoxied and painted) mainly in the area where the lashings occur. These appeared over the winter. I have temporarily filled the cracks until the end of the season, when I shall fully examine

and repair as necessary. Has any other builder had this problem? The hulls are O.K. in this respect except for one small area on the inner side of one hull above the deck support ledge where the GRP matting has lifted.

2. Launch

The first three months of 1993 flew by whilst I battled on reducing the items of work on the task list. Now the weather was not at its best and I wished I had made more of an effort to motivate myself to work on the boat in the late summer

that was to disassemble the boat to its component parts and move it on its bogie trolley, hull by hull. For some reason I thought that it would be quicker to move it fully assembled on scaffolding rollers. I didn't fancy disassembling the boat yet again to move it only 200 feet. So scaffolding rollers it was. Right from the start (in hind sight) the method was not feeling right.

I levered the hulls up and slide the rollers under the keels ready to push the boat to the slip. Ready hands arrived to



last year. Then one weekend in April the boat was antifouled and finally ready for launching.

The next problem was how to get it from the corner of the yard to the bottom of the slip. Well I already new how to do that, having moved the boat twice and

help with the move. The rollers kept slewing off centre every time the boat moved forward and with four people pushing, the boat was also falling off the rollers onto the ground with a bang. The boat on its journey to the slip had to be slewed ninety degrees. At each slewing

push, the point force on the bottom of the hull began to shear off the brass keel strip. No one said a word as the months of work was sickeningly being damaged. Newly painted antifouling came off, more keel band came loose but on we went. Now the rollers were running not on the brass keel strip but on the exposed epoxy. I was doggedly determined with all reason evaporating out of my mind to get the boat in the water at what ever cost even if I ripped off the bottom off the boat. This dam boat was going to get into the water.

With the boat halfway across the yard we stopped for a rest. I wished I had not started to move it now. I can't leave it here I thought. I should have made up an excuse not to have moved it in the first place. It could have become one of those boats which never gets launched. Their owner never intending to get the keels wet. That would have been safe, nothing at risk, nothing to loose. I was tiring lifting up the rollers. My friends broke the silence with sound advice. "Ian, don't move her any more like this because you are going to ruin this boat after all the months of hard work you have spent on her. Its best to repair her now before she goes in. Look we'll give you an hour to unload the boat and come back and help to disassemble it and move it on its trolley to where you can repair her." With the relief of a good suggestion and an alternative option, good sense flooded back into my mind.

I immediately started to unload the boat and piles of belongings were left scattered in the boat yard. The area started to look like a ship wreck on land. Sleeping bags, blankets, cups plates, washing attire was unceremoniously dumped in the yard.

On the dot of the hour my friends were back. The beams were unlashed and the hulls moved to the line of the other laid up boats in the yard. The hulls were laid over on their sides, supported on rubber tyres so I could get access to the damaged keels.

On inspection the next day I found fortunately that the damage was minimal. There were a few cracks and chips in the epoxy which were soon filled. The replacement keel band took a few days to source to a brass stockist in London. The whole delay was two weeks and £35. Rather a lot longer than a few hours I thought I would save by not moving the boat in the proven manner in the first place.

The successful launch was two weeks later. The boat was assembled at the bottom of the slip with all the beams in

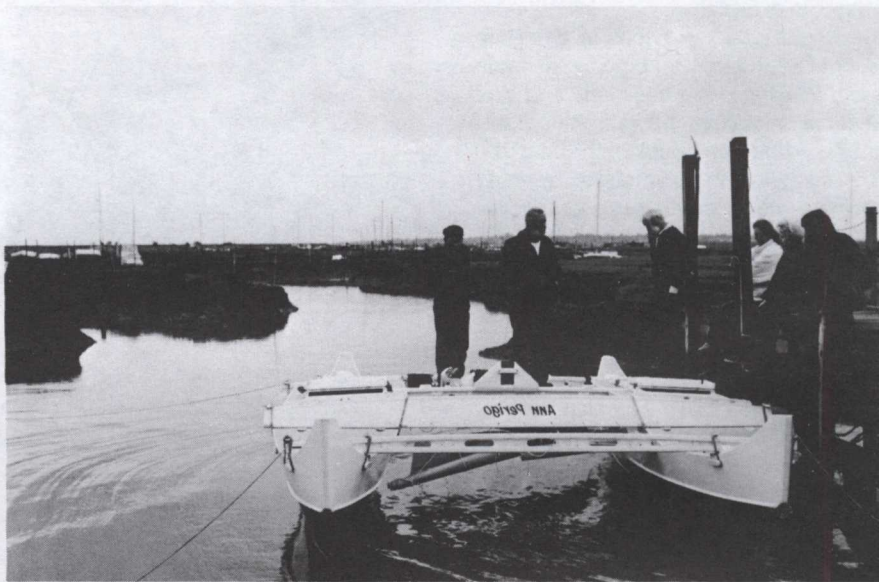
place. The tide started to come in as I was trying to put the last of the deck panels into place. By then I was splashing around in the water, the spring tide coming in fast. I decided to leave them out as the boat was starting to get positive buoyancy. By the time I had put on mooring lines the boat was afloat. The boat was not fully assembled, but I stopped work to experience the first moments of being afloat with the boat. Then I thought I had better check for leaks. I didn't expect any and there weren't.

The visitors started to arrive to inspect the craft now floating at the bottom of the slip. I had a case of beer ready for the moment. The traditional deep keel men arrived and started to give the vessel an inspection. I had to stop them from bouncing up and down to test the boats stability as not all the lashings were completely tight. With the boat now afloat,

mooring.

I measured the mast and boat & calculated the lengths of rigging I required. Also I counted up the number of blocks, & orders were placed for both. In the time I was awaiting deliver I spent the time taking the boat out on the tide & getting used to manoeuvring her under power. One of the stainless steel tiller bar pins dropped out and that was the only real problem I encountered. The outboard well was readjusted on a trial basis to the required height, as the exhaust kept cavitating in certain sea conditions.

At last by mid June 1993, I had all the materials to step the mast. The crane on the Saltings was reserved for a Saturday. I had to get the 0515 tide to move the boat to the quay to where the crane was situated. The First Mate was not available for that week end so I had to move the boat by myself. I have found that the boat



a lot of doubts I had were gone. The craft had passed another test.

I let the craft dry out on the slip for the next two tides, whilst I completed the assembly and checks. On the Sunday midday tide I was happy the boat was ready for her maiden voyage down the creek. On board for the trip were four English, one Dutch and one New Zealander. We went down nearly to the Nass Beacon and around Great Cob Island. All the items on the boat worked O.K. and there were no surprises. Another test and more doubts out of the way.

Over the next few weeks I took the boat out on the tide and experimented with handling her under power. Tested anchoring her and moving into the

is very predictable and does not have any real vices. To move the boat off her mud berth involved putting the helm over and walking the boat out, with a final push of the boat hook to get her out into the main stream of the creek. The boat coming off the berth turns like she is on rails (with the wind & the tide in the right direction!).

The mast was stepped by the yard at 0830 hours. The mast was left supported by the crane while I sorted out each stay and tentatively offered each individual one up to the boat. I was in due course relieved to find that they all fitted. The moment came when the supporting line was removed by the crane & the mast was left standing.

The rest of the day was spent

checking the rigging lashings. I decided to temporarily hank on the stay sail for the

The boat by now was flying along. This was more than the gentle sail I had in



return trip to the berth, in case conditions were right for a brief sail. The tide returned in the late afternoon. I cast off from the quay and motored off down the creek. Then just as I was underway the cross bar steel pin dropped out again (although this was re-epoxied in the previous weekend) I put the engine out of gear and the boat made way in a straight line through the water down the centre of the narrow creek. In the mean time I found my hammer and knocked it back in. The boat again behaved herself. If it had of been my last boat as soon as the helm was left she would unpredictably shoot off to the one way or other and in this situation I would have ended up in the bank.

The conditions were right at the moment and giving thought that I was on my own I thought I would go on out on the tide for a play. The wind was blowing a gentle breeze and by now I was in the wider part of the channel. I thought I would take the less congested North channel past Cob Island and put up the stay sail. This I did. The sail filled and I turned off the engine to experience the very first sail. The breeze increased and now the shaft of the outboard engine was tearing through the water and creating noise and a wake so I raised the engine out of the water to reduce the turbulence. The wind increased in strength and the boat started to increase in speed. I then noticed a line squall was coming over the horizon in the form of a black cloud. There must be some wind in there I thought and the strength increased to what I estimated to be a good force four.

mind. The rigging was also under more pressure than I wanted at this stage and on the lee side I could see the rigging slightly loose. I decided this was more than enough for the first sail and let the stay sail fly. The sail responded with a loud series of cracks as the wind blew through.

Next I had to get the out board down The Seagull fired up on the first pull. Quite satisfied with the boats first sail I headed back in the rising wind and spotting rain to my berth.

3. Commissioning

Over the next few weekends, I went out on the tide to test each sail individually and on return to my berth to fit the down hauls for the head sails, put eye splices in running rigging and to fix the blocks in the correct positions.

When the boat was purchased it came with a straight boom. On fitting I found that this was too low over the deck to my liking when fitted with the mainsail and I decided that ultimately I would make the correct wishbone boom. As my two week holiday was coming up in July I decided that I would use this boom for the time being. On the first sail with the main only up and on the first tack I found the boat had gone into "irons". This was a new experience to me. With the bilge keel monohulls I had owned they some times would not pass through the

wind, but would always go back onto the original tack to gather more speed and to try again. For although the wind was blowing a good force 3 the boat was seemingly stuck in the water. For a moment I thought I was aground. This was not possible as I was in the deep water channel of the Blackwater. The wind was blowing across the deck, the sail was full of wind, and it looked like there was water passing the rudders, but I was not going any where. In my frustration I put the helm one way, then the other. She was not interested in going back on the original or for that matter any tack. The helm was just not responding. I decided to lower the engine pod and to power her around. I was then on a run down the river and the boat started to gather pace and fly along. I don't know how fast I was going because I had to take avoiding action to manoeuvre around other vessels in my path although I had the right of way. Perhaps they didn't realise how fast I was going. After checking the mainsail for shape and not having time to enjoy the ride, I found that I was up to the Bradwell power station breakwater. The creek into the "Leavings" was now immediately to starboard across the river, which lead up to my mooring in the saltings. Not wishing to sail up the congested channel with my very limited catamaran sailing experience I decided I had enough for the day. Down came the mainsail and I motored in over the shingle spit with the wind over tide conditions making some turbulent water. The boat sliced through it and looking astern at the disturbed water I thought the Tikiroa didn't make much of that. I was now, after having read all about it, beginning to experience the pros and cons of sailing a catamaran.



CAT CORNER: The Etang de Leucate

by Malcolm McDonald (Hitia 14)

This is the bit from Andrew Sanger's guide to Languedoc-Rousillon, the unfashionable side of Mediterranean France, that caught our eye:

"Just behind the coastline, a string of hazy etangs, shallow saltwater lagoons, separated from the sea by lidos, narrow ribbons of sand, run parallel to the sea and give the shore a dream-like feeling of remoteness, a sense of being enveloped by sunshine and water, cut off from the real world. Beyond the etangs a vast expanse of vineyards rolls away from the sea to the shimmering hills of the interior."

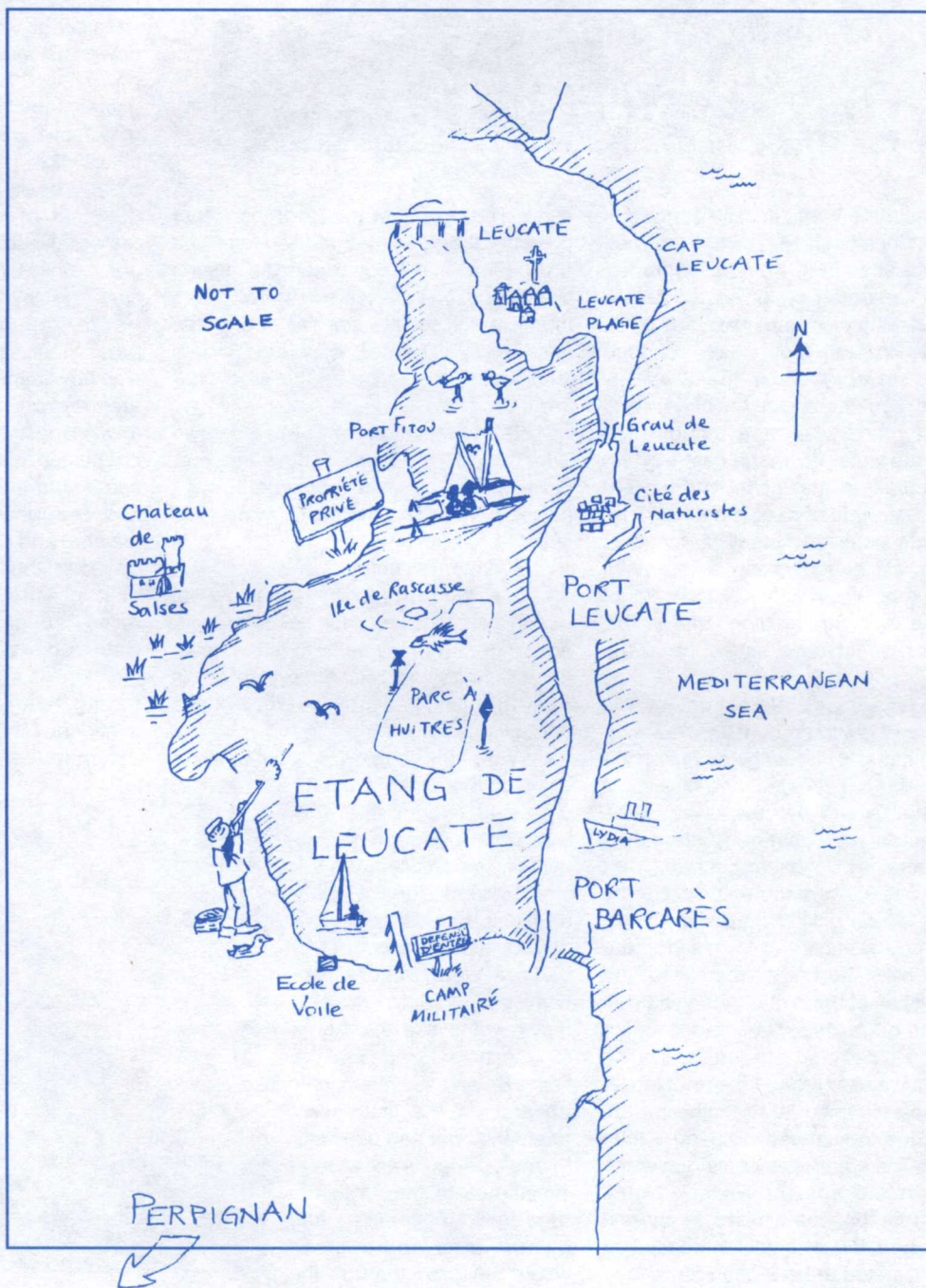
Inspection of the map shows that there is in fact an almost continuous line of etangs stretching between Perpignan and the Carmargue. There was at one time an ambitious scheme to eradicate the mosquitoes from this part of the coast, establish a series of new resorts, and link the etangs with a number of canals so that it would be possible to sail along the coast inland. While the first two objectives were achieved, the canal system exists at present only as an idea, and while France remains in the grip of the recession, it is not likely to be realised in the foreseeable future.

When my wife Sue and I started visiting this region a few years ago, a Hitia 14 seemed the perfect choice of boat. It was light enough to be

ferried backwards and forwards on a roof-rack, could be launched and beached easily, and could carry the two of us along with a reasonable amount of gear. For a few seasons, we sailed our little cat, imaginatively named 'Hitia', out of Sigean, one of the 'new' resorts (actually very old, but with a new sea front development and port). Pilots of the area will tell you sobering things about the Tramontane, the NW wind that blows, as one writer has it, 'like the wrath of God' out of a clear sky, but in Summer the Tramontane is usually a fairly docile creature; it was the

Marin, or sea-breeze, that so often turned a gentle sail into a wild ride, kicking up a chop and shaking the sprit like a terrier with a bone. And there just wasn't any solitude. That's when we remembered Sanger, and decided to do a little prospecting.

The 'Southern string' consists of five lakes. The closest to our base was the etang de Canet, but it was also the least attractive from our point of view. It is small, desolate, and has just had constructed on its shores a rather idealised version of a fisherman's village



with dinky reed and bamboo huts - the real thing, mostly corrugated iron shanties, lurks rather less conspicuously on the Northern shore of the lake - so we turned our attention to the much more promising etang de Leucate. The chart revealed a gratifyingly extensive area of shallow water, miles of it one metre or less. Cat country par excellence; no keel boat was going to venture into that.

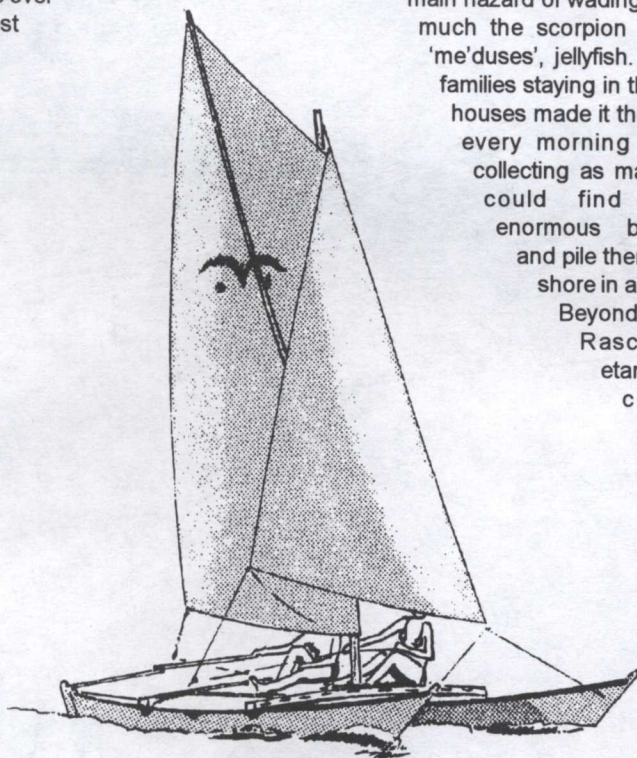
We spent several days exploring this etang aboard 'Hitia', and were struck by the way the character of the lake was continually changing. Our favourite part was the Northern finger, by the village of Leucate, some distance from and not to be confused with Port Leucate. The water is rarely more than a couple of feet deep, and the only other craft are windsurfers. Summer-houses and 'terrains de loisir' dot the Eastern shore, while over to the West are the rolling

longer a working port, if indeed it ever was; it is a private village with no public access to the water. To port more vineyards descend to the lake, which nibbles a series of little coves out of them before taking a huge bite, the as yet invisible bay at the head of which is the village of Leucate Plage. If we hold our Southerly course, however, leaving the oyster beds to port, we come to the tiny Ile de Rascasse. The discovery that 'rascasse' means 'scorpion fish' led to a certain amount of angst about running aground, something we were doing fairly frequently. You couldn't count on there always being a handy flamingo nearby, enabling you to take soundings by looking at his legs. (Tip: if you can see a flamingo's toes you will probably have to get off and push). However, the windsurfers seemed

undeterred, and as it turned out, the main hazard of wading was not so much the scorpion fish as the 'me'duses', jellyfish. One of the families staying in the summer-houses made it their business every morning to go out collecting as many as they could find with an enormous butterfly net and pile them up on the shore in a great heap.

Beyond the Ile de Rascasse the etang becomes completely deserted.

The Western shore



vineyards of Fitou. The finger is almost closed off by an island, but it is just possible (in a Hitia!) to slip through the gap East of the island, between two rocks whose tops, only an inch or so above water level, are usually obligingly marked by two seagulls perching on them, and enter the main body of the lake. Here the first feature to meet the eye is the massive parc a huitres in the middle of the etang. Over to starboard is Port Fitou, tucked away behind a little peninsula, but it is no

is low-lying and marshy now, and if there is any sound at all it is the distant pop of a duck gun, while if we press on right to the Southern end we find ourselves in what is technically a military area, with 'Keep out' notices erected on shore an irritating 100 metres or so from the water's edge. This is odd because there were plans not so long ago to build a little harbour here, and there is in fact a small sailing school near the military jetty, but it was all deserted when we were there

apart from one or two families in cars, ignoring the notices and picnicking on the beach. In the distance we can see the big yacht harbours of Le Barcares and Port Leucate on the lido, bustling, noisy places in August, and a far cry from the solitude of this part of the lake. If we were to return via these, round the other side of the oyster beds, we would eventually come to stretch of water between Port Leucate and Leucate Plage which has become the main windsurfing centre on the etang. Here too is the 'grau' used by the fishermen, the channel which connects the etang to the sea. The 'grau' is lined with interesting looking huts that belong to an obviously functioning community, unlike the designer fishing village on the etang de Canet. Unfortunately the low bridge across the 'grau' precludes sailing through to the sea, and in any case I suspect that the fishermen working here would probably extend only lukewarm cordiality to waterborne sight-seers. If you want to get out to 'le grand bleu' or take in a spot of night life after so much solitude, you'll have to follow one of the dredged channels in the big yacht harbours. Personally, I'd press on, back between the seagulls, and pull 'Hitia' up on the beach in some tiny cove.

With glass of Fitou in hand, the smell of 'saucisse de Toulouse' wafting across from the barbecue, and the sun sinking over the vineyards, it's difficult not to feel, for all those monohullers shoe-horning themselves into noisy and expensive marina berths not five miles away, a twinge of pity.

The Ditty Bag

For Sale

NINA Mk 2 Tangaroa,
very strong construction.
£13,500 call Steve
Turner on 01752 822846

For Sale

Tinker Tramp with sailing
kit, £550. Call Steve
Turner on 01752 822846

Modifications to Redwind

Part 2,3,4

Dave Barker (Tane)

Part 2. The Main Beams.

When the original main beams needed replacing (they were showing signs of delamination), I realised that they could be replaced with longer beams, thereby increasing the beam overall. This would provide more deck space and stability (I was always quick off the mark). Concerns about the added weight and stresses and strains on the boat led me to consult James Wharram and Hanneke Boone,

on Redwind consists of a plywood box suspended between the 3rd and 4th. main beams. The floor slopes towards the centre and aft to promote drainage via large holes at this lowest point. Also there are drainage holes at each side (in case she settles unevenly) and in the after end above floor level so that large quantities of water can quickly drain away.

It must be stressed that a plywood box 7ft.(2100mm) x 4ft.(1200mm) x 10in.(254mm) deep has a volume of approximately 22cubic ft.(594litres) which is a lot of seawater (1375lbs.(623.7kgs.)). Modifications of this sort must be given careful consideration! The floor of the cockpit is approximately 3in.(75mm.) below deck level - it was originally lower

than this but suffered from wave strikes in rough water. Each side of the cockpit is a raised seat, 10in.(254mm) above the cockpit floor. The end result is a spacious cockpit with a seat each side, slightly reminiscent of a Tiki 28 which is where I got the idea from!

Part 4. The Engine Room.

This mod. has been used by many people in one form or another.

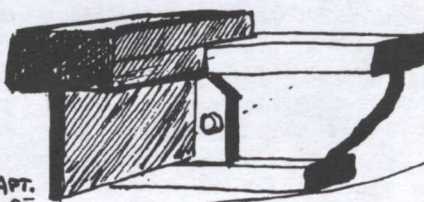
Hanneke Boon suggested it to me when I mentioned the age-old problem of cavitation, which

who advised me that the beams could be 2ft. (600mm) longer (I opted for 18in.(450mm.)) and of an "I" section construction similar to a "modern" Wharram, resulting in a much lighter beam than the original laminated construction. The new beams, as per Hanneke's advice, are 10in. (254mm) deep at the at the centre reducing, in a graceful curve, to 6in.(150mm.) at the ends. The original wooden trough mounting system has been retained but this is currently under review. The results : enormous cockpit area (see part 3), more deck space (I have regained half the width lost when the cabins were modified) and a stiffer feel to the boat. I can detect no change in manoeuvrability (but if you can spell that you can sail anything).

Part 3. The Cockpit.

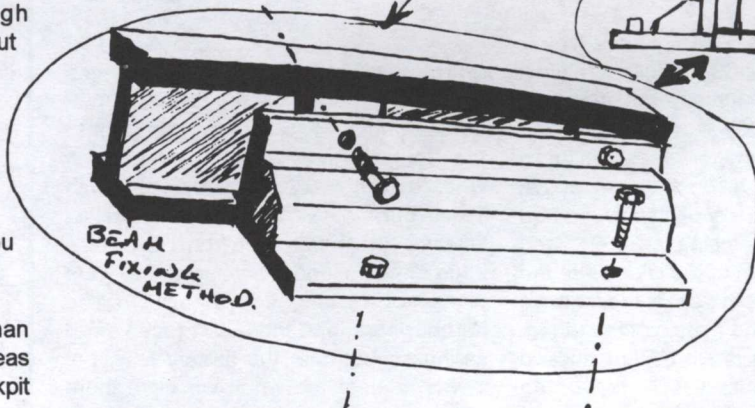
I prefer to sit with my feet lower than my backside - flat-decked cockpit areas play merry hell with my back! The cockpit

HAST
SUPPORT
BEAM
FIXING
METHOD.
PAVE FORE & AFT.
ON EACH SIDE.

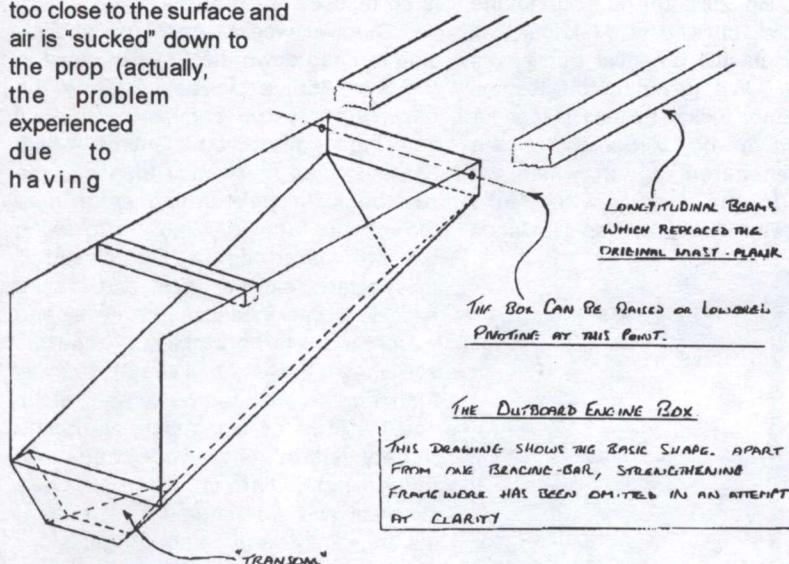


DRAIN
HOLES

BEAM
FIXING
METHOD.



occurs when a prop is running too close to the surface and air is "sucked" down to the prop (actually, the problem experienced due to having

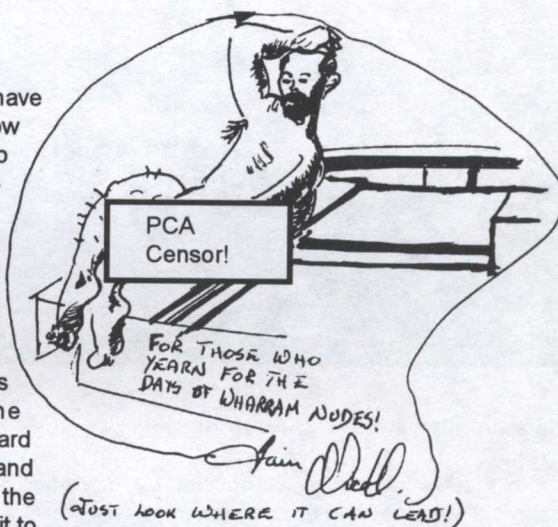


an outboard engine mounted too far aft in a catamaran can be more accurately described as levitation!). I wanted to move the engine further forward, closer to the pitching axis (the longitudinal centre of buoyancy (lcb)) and also be able to adjust the depth of the prop. The solution was to install an engine box forward of the 3rd main beam (ie. forward of the cockpit). At the time Redwind's mast was stepped on a "plank" which ran down the centre of the boat supported on the 1st, 2nd. and 3rd main beams. Replacing this plank by two longitudinal beams, spaced about 15in.(375mm) apart, enabled me to suspend the engine box between them.

The astute among you will have realised that the mast has now fallen through the middle, so don't forget to build a cross-member for the mast-step! The box (everything's coming up boxes on my boat) is 4ft.(1200mm) long, wedge-shaped when viewed from the side and fairly substantial (be careful of added weight with this mod.). It is bolted to the longitudinal beams at its forward end and supported by a block and tackle at its after end where the outboard is mounted, allowing it to

be raised or lowered, pivoting on the forward bolts. Simple door-bolts lock it in position and provide a bit of belt-and-braces. The fuel tank and 2-stroke oil cans etc. are all contained in the box. When the outboard is tilted up, the prop can be accessed via a removable box section in the forward end of the cockpit. The remote controls for the outboard are mounted on the side of this box. It works very well and someday I'll get around to putting a lid on it. The only disadvantage is the lack of "turning-force" from the outboard due to it being so far forward.

Part 5, 'The Rudders', to follow.

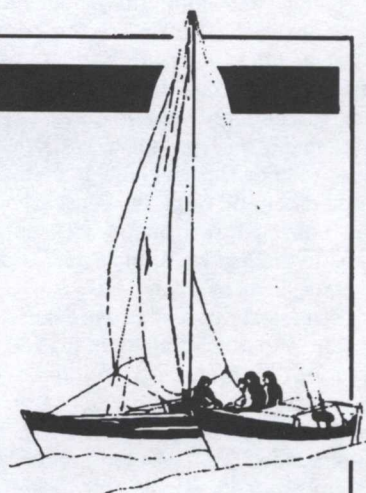


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News from Tiddles

Dave & Jo Hender (Tiki 31 special)

On the 27th August we finally departed from St. Mawes for the Scilly Isles, with Dave Skellon. On arriving at the Manacles it was decided everything was okay to head for Spain, a course

replica of the Pinta (arriving at Bayona) in their 2x300 Hp. 28' patrol boat built for the Guardia Civil, cruising at 37 knots was not the boats full potential but it was impressive. We moved up to Cesantes and San Simon tucked up the Ria Vigo for a few days. The bay of San Simon is a shallow, sheltered lagoon which we explored in the dinghy with Pauls outboard. We visited two small islands

however we managed to grab several large mussels for a paella.

Our two weeks almost up and it's time to head down the Spanish coast to the Rio Mino, a pleasant 20 mile run down the coast in company with Paul stopping for a night in La Guardia (which has one more breakwater than is in the pilot book!) a small fishing village near the entrance to the Rio Mino. The following day we crossed the bar. Dad closed all the hatches, slowed down and braced himself. It was a beautiful calm day and we passed with no problems (I couldn't see what all the fuss was about). 10 miles further up the river and we stopped at the small village of Forcadela, opposite "Goaty island" with wild goats and mushrooms. The mushrooms were excellent and we suffered no ill effects; we are still trying to catch the goats!

We have been here now for a couple of weeks and are continuing the "Big Tiddles" fit out. The original outboard well has gone and the bridgedeck is almost ready to receive our first guests. Paul returned to England about a week ago, after we helped him to dismantle his Tiki 21 'Espace' and moved it to his homestead. He makes a very good tour guide, - thanks Paul.

As soon as Paul, our linguistic expert, left we were visited by the local military/ naval chief. They were very upset because we hadn't requested permission to 'park' on the beach and use the river. 'But we're all part of the EEC' we said 'That does not matter and why aren't your passports stamped from leaving England? It was actually quite an enjoyable time spent at

alteration later and we are well on our way.

In the first 24 hours we covered a grand 130 N. miles and the only problem was wet feet from the jacuzzi of an outboard well. The rest of the passage was a little slower and a rather uncomfortable beam sea, resulting in a lack of sleep for Dad and Dave, I'll sleep in anything! In high spirits we arrived at Ensanada de Barras at 5 a.m. on the 2nd September and slept. Awaking to find the sun beating down on us was fantastic. Later in the day we found Paul Ballard at Limens, 2 miles away.

The next two weeks were declared a holiday and much touring of the Ria Vigo was done, including the Islas Cies (pronounced Thies) which are very reminiscent of Scilly, only warmer. Vigo (pronounced Bigo) was unfortunately very commercialised, so we only stayed long enough to put Dave on train back to England (we still can't understand why he wanted to go). Thanks to Dave for all his help and patience.

Bayona. Here we met Jose and Sonja, friends of Pauls who took us to see the

which we named "One tree" and "Sun rock" islands unfortunately spoiled by the surrounding mud. We also visited the Isla de San Simon but were thrown off by the Spanish guard and his large wolf!



Rio Mino, Paul Ballard's 21 'espace' with Tiddles in the background.

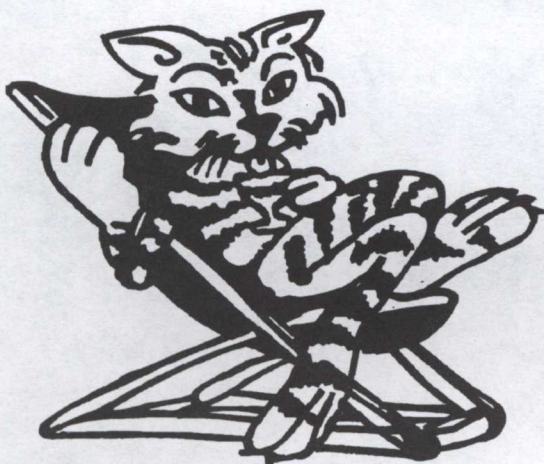
the Naval base drinking the local fire water and beer whilst waiting for the 'Big Chief' to arrive. He did eventually leave us alone but we have to inform them of our movements on the river. There are a lot of smuggling and shootings apparently.

Okay we admit it, it's raining at the moment, but it's a lot warmer than England, and so far we have had more sunny days than otherwise, and there have only been one or two patches of mud. The beer and wine is cheap, the local firewater excellent and our Spanish is improving slowly. We are planning to be here for another few weeks before heading down the Portuguese coast.

Adios Amigos Jo Hender



Anchored in the landlocked lagoon at the extreme east end of Ria Vigo (highly recommended)



'Tiddles' logo

Latest update

We took our departure from the Rio Mino at the end of October, fleeing south to escape the rain and the succession of depressions heading for northern Europe. The west coast of Portugal is not over endowed with welcoming bolt holes so we hastened south, pausing at Peniche, Cascais and Sines to shelter from the gales as they swept through. At that time of year (November) the whole west coast seemed pretty uninviting but what a difference as we rounded Cape St. Vincent! The three metre swell vanished, the wind dropped, the sun appeared and the coast started to look a lot less threatening! We put into Baleia Harbour at Sagres for a rest (The Autohelm had been on strike and the windvane self steering was still in the design stage!) After a full day at anchor we rowed ashore with some trepidation since the pilot book assured us that landing was likely to be forbidden. Much to our surprise, the Captain of the port's staff processed our paperwork with a smile, wished us a pleasant stay (A first!) and gave us a weather forecast! After a week at this haven soaking up the sunshine, we pressed on eastwards along the Algarve coast, heading for Culatra, off Faro, where we are planning to spend Christmas and the winter. STOP PRESS In Culatra for the winter we found: "Allegro" Mk IV Tangaroa from Belgium, "Keja" an Oro from Germany, "Twizzle" Raka from Germany and a Prout Ocean Ranger called "Courtenays Luck" from Plymouth. Nick Skeates was also there on his mono "Wylo II". Cheers Dave.



Chatting to Jacques Grassart in Culatra

"AN EQUALIZER OUTING"

Gene Perry (Tiki 21)

It was Full Moon time in early October and I was beginning a trip on Friday only because I wasn't ready, as planned, on Thursday. The original intent was to sail down to Miami to be there for the Columbus Day regatta. This was no more than a reason to go south rather than north or west as the time had come to just get away for a few days.

Due to reports of a tropical depression building Southeast of Cuba, a little extra planning was required in case I got far enough that I would have to sit out a storm or make a run home if it were to become a real threat to the Florida Southeast coast.

Departure from home in North Palm Beach at 10:00 a.m. on Friday was with a feeling of relief and no particular concern for where I would stop that night. The destination became less and less important. The beat to Hillsboro Inlet from Palm Beach was very tiring with 3' to 5' seas from the Southeast. Coming inside at Hillsboro to rest gave me a chance to watch other boats seriously headed for the regatta. This included "Cutter" a beautiful catamaran designed and built by the owner 17 years ago. Ahead of it's time.

Saturday morning found me too content under my tarp tent to go on. so this day was used up reading, cooking a good meal, cleaning the bottom of the hulls and lowering the mast for the inside run south under power. It was only the second long run with my relatively new 8 hp Johnson "Sailmaster".

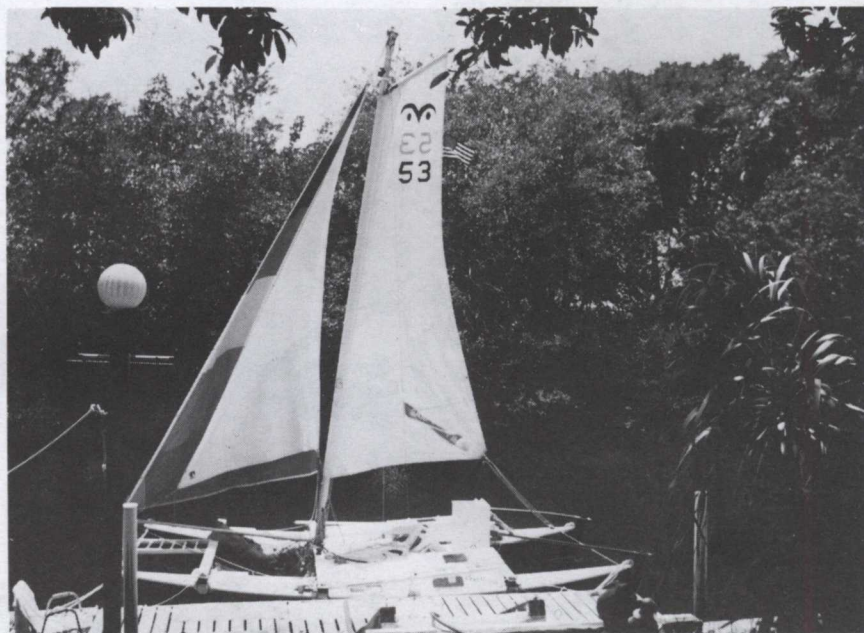
The depression had grown to deserve the name "Klaus" and was now a tropical storm, but this didn't stop me from wanting to continue south inside. With the mast lowered as I do to clear the fixed bridge at home and some extra lateral lashing I started south. The boat wakes created too much whip in the mast and it had to be raised again. I set the tiller to circle, timed for the least wake and best wind and raised the mast. Times like this is when a mate would be most welcome as I was again "wiped out" from the efforts. The seas outside had built to 6' to 8' and the weatherman said that the Atlantic High was creating the winds and tides. They expected "Klaus" to occlude with

the high and break up.

Each bridge through Fort Lauderdale caused a delay of some sort. Police action at Las Olas, a crane on the bridge at Commercial Boulevard with the union operator gone to lunch a full hour. Sunday dinner I assumed. By the time I got past Port Everglades and saw the ocean through the inlet I got word that Sheridan Street bridge had an electrical problem and they would have an unknown delay. The electrician was probably at home having his Sunday dinner. So "Pahliuli" headed into the cove where she first felt the water on her undersides on Jan 2, 1984. By now it was mid-afternoon so we anchored in the cove with three other weekend revelers and several rented Jet skis. They were all gone by dark. When the Sheridan Street Bridge was opened

hp seagull. More than once the thought occurred that I should turn around. However, I had started for the Keys and somehow wanted to at least get to a Key. The weather was beginning to deteriorate and it seemed that we wouldn't get much farther south. We met many sailboats of the descriptions moving north, probably 200 or more plus that Sunday evening. This made it very interesting and helped a lot with the bridge openings.

After clearing the McCarthur Causeway bridge in Miami it was time to decide where to spend the night. Under sail now with reefed main we did a fly-by at the Richenbacker Causeway beach near the Seaquarium and Miami Marine Stadium and decided to cross Bear Cut toward Hurricane Harbour and down to No Name Harbour on Key Biscayne. We had reached a Key and was sure that



we began to see the parade of boats coming back from Miami and the regatta. With the radio on Channel 13 we were entertained by the chatter through dinner and to sleep time and were glad to be anchored.

Monday morning just as we were about to weigh anchor a policeman, or someone with a very authoritative manner, drove up by the cove and informed me that anchoring in the cove was not allowed. Where was he Sunday, having Dinner? He stayed until we were gone. All these new rules! The rest of this day was alternately entertaining and aggravating with the many bridges. I was sure glad I had the new engine. Much easier maneuvering than with the old 3

"Klaus" had reached there too. The wind was really up and the squalls began to hit about every thirty minutes so we just went around West Point into the lee of Key Biscayne's north end into smooth shallow water and dropped anchor.

Of course it rained with much lightning and thunder all night but early interludes gave ample time to make the bed and shed the rain gear without getting the bed wet. No Hot Meal Tonight!!!

Plans for Tuesday were easy. A decision to dismantle the mast and ginpole bow sprint was made. Knowing it might take all day along and in this weather didn't alter my decision as the run home would be so easy without the mast. All I would need was fuel and ice and the

storm warning would keep most other boats out of the way. I slept like a log.

Tuesday, October 9

With daylight the wind had clocked around to the east and southeast with many squalls, some with gusts to 55 knots and blinding rain. Feeling that I would need to beach the boat to get the mast off I upped anchor and let the wind drift us off the shallows toward the channel. Just as we got to deep water and started the engine we got a squall, the worst yet, so we headed toward the beach by compass. This was on the south side of the causeway.

The thirty minutes across Bear Cut, it took to get to channel marker 72 is a story in itself. At times the rain was so hard that I couldn't read the compass just a few feet from me on the centre beam by the mast. Horizontal rain did help to flatten the waves some but it was still difficult to hold a heading. The boat weighs less than 800 lbs. The land, Virginia Key and Key Biscayne as well as the bridge and causeway were out of sight much of the time. During one lull I picked a spot, The Marine Stadium, got the heading and shot for it with full power while holding a compass close to my face. The waves that washed over the boat and myself proved what that Tiki 21 can take. It was mindful of riding a bucking bronco with a hundred fire hoses trying to unsaddle you. One time I had the feeling of surfing and couldn't believe it when the compass read the reciprocal of my heading. That was a moment for real concern. Knowing we had turned 180deg without being aware of it. Then having to turn back without broaching. We went around at a quieter moment and soon scraped bottom on the sandbar just off the beach. Throttle down, out of gear, over the starboard bow with an anchor in hand. After setting two anchors I was pooped and just sat on the deck and let it rain and blow.

When the wind and rain slacked off and I had assured a concerned police officer that I would leave the area soon so that I was not longer "his responsibility" (I hadn't heard that one before). I began slowly and very methodically to take the mast off and lash it to the beams. The rest periods being as long as the work periods used up quite a lot of the day.

Everything secured and ready we headed for the marina on the north side of the causeway and at the east end of the bridge. With no boat traffic I was lucky to find someone there. The attendant was just getting ready to leave but stayed to pump twelve gallons of gas and heat a couple hot dogs. I called home to let them know that Klaus hadn't gobbled me up. An anchorage behind the Marine Stadium looked good as a few other boats had gathered to wait out the storm.

During the night the wind clocked around to the south and it got a little rough. It was constant lightning and thunder and raining too hard for me to get out of my cocoon to try to turn the boat so we took the seas on the beam the rest of the night. One of those times that one anchor would have been better than two. The second one not allowing the boat to weathercock.

Wednesday, October 10

"GOD MADE THIS DAY FOR ME" and this is how I know. Perhaps He knows that I am a believer in the balance of all things - "Equal Good for Bad," "what goes around comes around," etc. The only difficulty of this day was breaking loose one anchor.

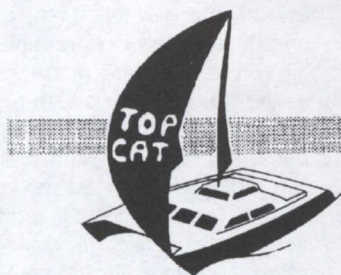
After a Snicker bar and a Pepsi for energy we were on our way across the choppy bay to the main channel. The strong south wind gave us a good shove toward our 80 mile sleigh ride home. It was a most relaxing and interesting ride. The rain quit, a direct tail wind, engine purring, and most of all we had the

Intracoastal Waterway to ourselves. We saw not one boat moving from the Causeway to the north end of Hollywood. It was eerie. The only traffic on Channel 13 was about a tug that couldn't get out of the river because the Brickle Avenue bridge would not open. In Hollywood a police boat met us and after that we occasionally met another boat. Through the window of a beauty parlor at water's edge I saw a very pretty lady waving frantically as though she knew me. I would have circled and passed again but the police boat had turned around and I thought he may be planning to talk to me. He didn't and I still wonder who the pretty lady was. Perhaps I've know her.

What a pleasure to go under all of those bridges with no delays and no wakes to content with. Another noticeable thing was that most of the boats I met slowed down even though they didn't need to. This proves that though we may have been crazy to be out there, it wasn't the weekend boating "nuts" that were "doing it". We saw rain squalls around us all day but not once got even a sprinkle.

Darkness came as we passed Boynton Beach Inlet at the south end of Lake Worth and we just kept going as all was well and we were certainly in familiar waters. Tom Miliano will be surprised at this but I know I could stop any time if I didn't feel good about anything. I only missed seeing one charted marker and I think that was because of the bright lights, at the FP&L plant, which are in line with the aids to navigation as you approach from the south. "Very disconcerting Brother McDonald." It was just 12 hours as we turned into the Earman River at North palm Beach and ended our sleigh ride home. Too bad it wasn't under sail but one can't have everything. This day made up for the bad ones and we are back to even again.

End



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Tonga and Back

Don Brazier (Narai Mk 4)

It was hard to remember when a germ of an idea became the early stages of a bold plan. We had very little time to spare for the trip from New Zealand to Tonga and back. It was "give it a go" in six weeks or not at all.

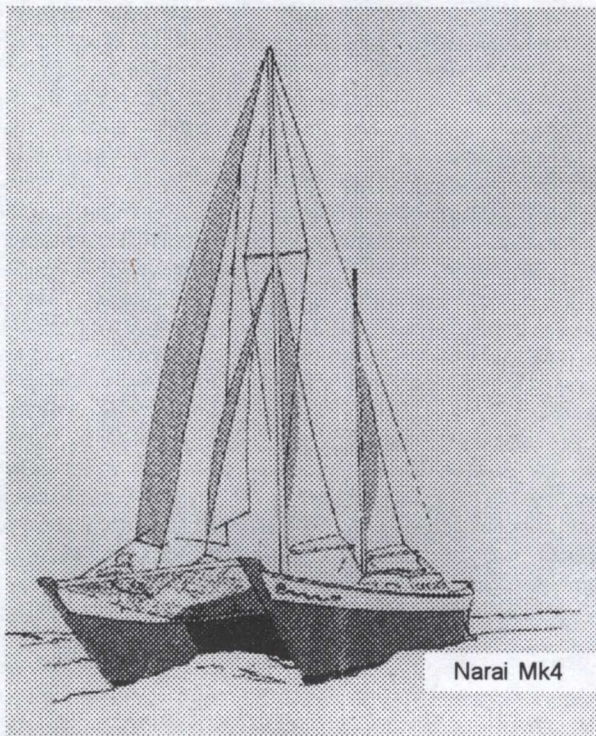
Suddenly there was much to do and organise, the list went on and on! I had built the boat myself and sailed coastal waters for five years, this was to be the first time we had been offshore. I set up a centre cockpit with a permanent bimini and constructed a self steering vane c/o Bill Belchers book, both proved to be very worthwhile additions. I also fitted foldup steps to the mast which was useful when negotiating

passes in the coral, with crew up the mast as lookout.

We were anchored at the east end of Waiheke Island still trying to find homes for the last of the piles of gear and food. We were more heavily laden than ever before with water, diesel and plenty of food. The dinghy was lashed on the foredeck, the windsurfing gear secured to the cabin top and fishing gear stowed below. Hopefully nothing had been overlooked. After lunch on Sunday 14th. August the wind moved to the SW and we were off. (Ed.very civilised).

I was suprised to find Katipo sailed well despite being heavily laden. She forged over the swells purposefully in the 15/20 knot wind. Night fell as we passed to the south of Great Barrier Island, then out and onwards toward the Kermadecs. It took a couple of days to fall into a good sea routine, Denise and I with Shay aged 16 and Lee aged 14 shared the night

watches. Tim aged 10 helped with the daytime watches. The winds became light after two days. In fact we were becalmed for a total of three days during the passage. The dolphins and sea birds were a delight to watch, especially the albatrosses which soared over the sea with hardly a flick of their wings. Whilst becalmed the most amazing sight was seeing millions of jelly



Narai Mk4

fish wafting pass. There were acres of them; some long and tube like, some tiny and others large and less delicate. One night we hooked a "monster from the deep" on our trailed lure-a large squid about a metre long with a wicked parrot like beak. Anatomically quite a mystery to prepare, but we ended up with a large heap of squid rings for breakfast next morning.

The foreboding cliffs of the Kermadecs forced us to pass with VHF contact only. Frigate birds flew over our boat as we approached Ata Island. As time went by we found we could predict the weather from cloud formations more accurately and weather advice through the Kerikeri Radio Association proved very helpful.

We decided to sail directly to Vavau in the north, reputed to be the best cruising area. The night before we arrived we saw the lights of a vessel, the first boat we

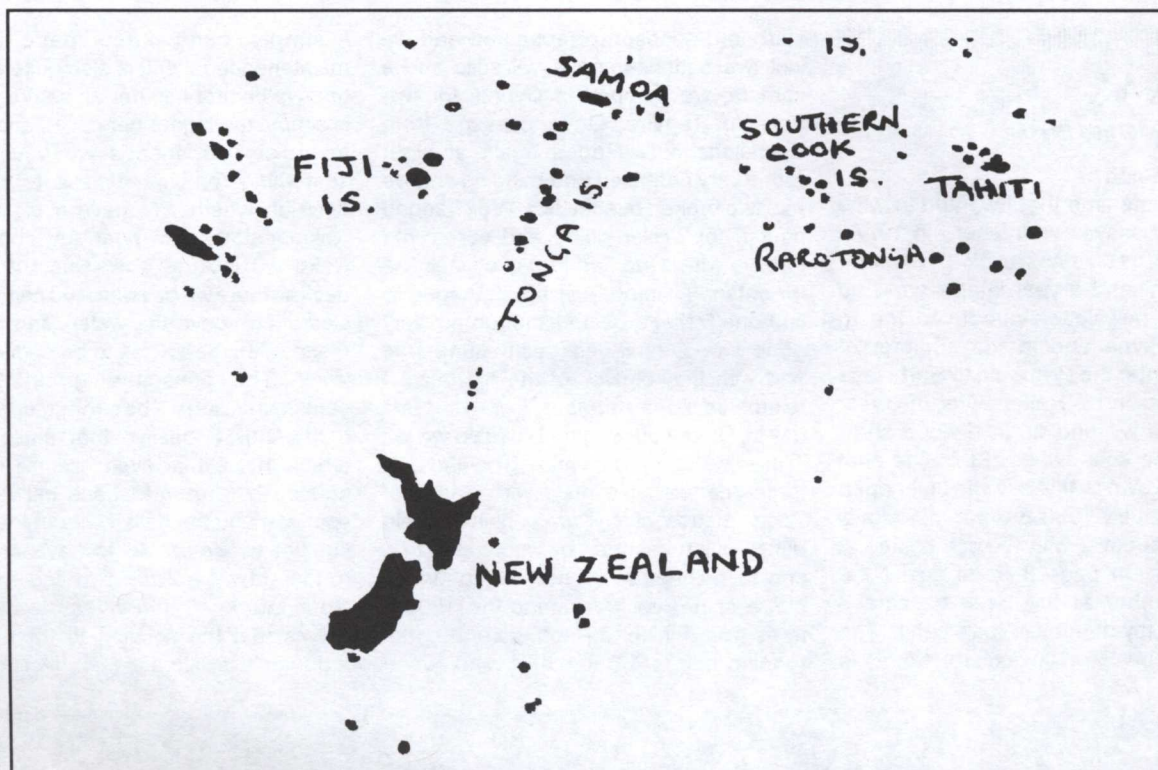
had seen the whole trip. With full sail set we were making about 8/9 knots during the afternoon hoping to arrive at the green islands in the distance before nightfall. A large humpback whale as long as the boat suddenly surfaced alongside startling us, but just as quickly faded into the depths again. The setting sun found us at anchor in 8 fathoms at Ovaka, one of the outlying islands, exactly 14 days after we had set sail from New Zealand. We sat on deck watching the palm trees wafting in the light SE trade winds and the fat pigs rooted contentedly along the top edge of the beach. Fruit bats flew by, small fish splashed on the surface. It was certainly a moment to be treasured.

The next day we motor sailed into the harbour of Nelaflu. We spent a frustrating 24hrs trying to obtain clearance. The King was in town for a local show so anyone of any importance was there also. The officials took us in their car to show us the location of the bakery and store. Many locals came by to talk or sell us fruit and trinkets, everyone was very friendly. Next morning we stocked up on papayas, coconuts, pineapples and bananas.

The weather was generally sunny and the wind 15/20 knots. We visited Swallows Cave, with a spectacular high roof and Mariners Cave which can only be reached by diving through an underwater entrance in the cliff face. This was a fascinating experience; just as you feel you are running out of air you pop up into the cave.

Its amazing how many Wharrams must be out there sailing the oceans considering that in the space of a few weeks six came through Vavau. We met Bill Timkey and Uli Denker on Mau, a Tangoroa; the Wolfendens on Kate Cooley an Oro and also the crew of Naive-Tu a German Narai. Blue Moon an American Narai had left for Fiji before we arrived and Earthlight a Canadian Tehini arrived after we left. Mau, Kate Cooley and Blue Moon are now in New Zealand.

The SE trades made for beam on sailing for a few days with 5/25 knots of wind. On the seventh day we were becalmed for 24hrs with millions of jelly fish in the smooth glassy water just like before. The wind came in during the night and by late the next day day was SW and rising. It became difficult to make headway with 4/5 metre seas starting to break and roll forwards as the wind exceeded 40 knots. We reduced sail, tried heaving to, lying a-hull and then running off under



bare poles towing our Sea Brake drogue. This was set on 10 metres of chain, 100metres of warp and a 20 metre bridle. Our speed dropped from 8/9 knots to 3/4 and the canoe sterns were held into the following seas. The flared hulls rose as the seas passed beneath us. Steering with a drogue is not so quick and you have to think ahead. Down below it was comfortable if at times noisy. The boat tracked well and gave us a very stable ride-none of those "keeler" death rolls.

With the wind back in the west 24hrs later we had a magic ride crashing over the slowly dying SW swell with just a staysail up in 35/40knots of wind. About 2am a front passed through with another wind shift to the SW. Confused seas peaked like pyramids in the moonlight which peered down through gaps in the dark ominous clouds that passed overhead. The following day brought fair winds but good things do not last long and this time the SW wind was in earnest. That night and the following day found us under drogue with 50kt winds and spectacular seas sometimes with the sun out. The drogue line spanned the great chasm between crests and twice we were pooped by following seas. It takes your breath away to be suddenly up to your chest in foaming water while at the helm. Below life went on as normal with boys reading and playing cards. We did lose a

pot of curry down the back of the stove on one occasion when slapped by a cross sea!

On the SSB we followed a helicopter rescue of an injured elderly lady on Mighty Mary after her "keeler" had been knocked down.

We encountered our fourth gale 60 miles out of Opuia, surging at 13knts under bare poles. The most vivid memory for most of us was when when we entered a mass of black cloud with thunder and lighting all round. Within moments the wind has risen to a violent 60knt.squall. The water seemed to boil and seethe. There seemed to be downdraughts as well as horizontal wind. A foaming mass of water carried us beam on at about 45 degrees. I thought did Wharram get it right, would we slide sideways? Time seemed to stand still but slide we did whilst we struggled to get the boat stern onto the seas. The seas foamed around us as we surged along, I have no idea of our speed. After about 20 minutes it left as quickly as it came, the seas settling down with a moderate 35 knot wind.

For three days and two nights we battled through more 35/50 knot winds mainly from the west, hoping initially to gain shelter on the east side of Great Barrier Island. We had eaten all the best food and although we would not have starved it had become less interesting to

eat. We had no completely dry clothes left and I was starting to get salt water boils around my wrists, also the lack of sleep gets you down.

So it was, with a feeling of great elation, that we nosed into Port Charles to shelter. We rang customs to inform them and explained that we would be back in Auckland the following day, providing the weather moderated in the morning.

Would we do it again? Certainly, but with more warm clothes especially wollen trousers and better gloves. A third reef in the main would have enabled me to hove to in higher winds.

I feel that the experience has been of great benefit to the family as a whole. The boys have gained in maturity and confidence generally and we have all gained from the experience of handling the boat in all weathers. Our faith in the boat has been reinforced. We have made some good friends on other boats and got a taste of the cruising lifestyle. We will sail north again, but next time time for a longer period.



'RAKA'.

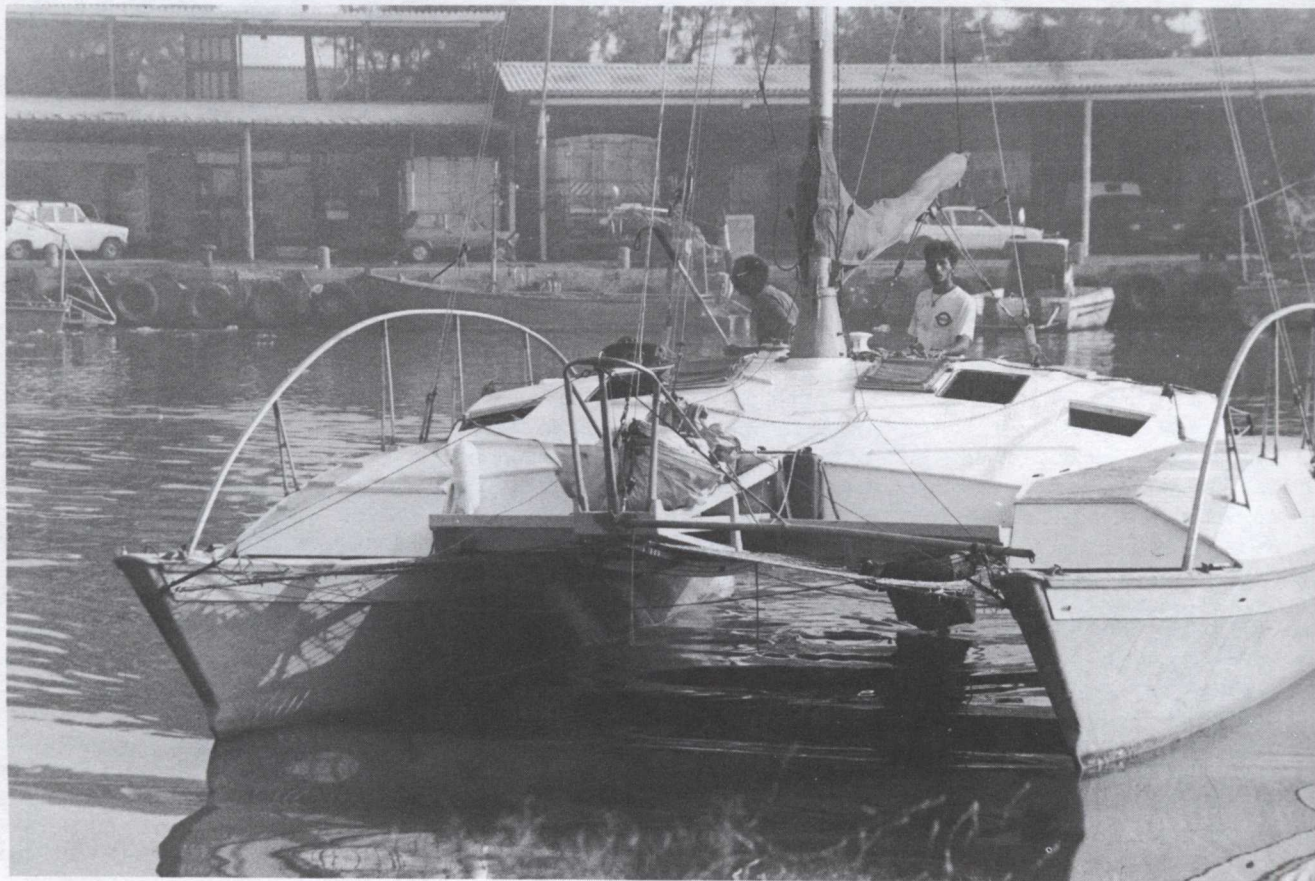
Yoav Ktalav 10/1/95 (Raka)

Dear Scott

It is for some time that I wanted to write to you and answer your letter. In 1977 I came across JW book "Cruising Catamaran" and a year later a small ad on AYRS newsletter introduced me to George Payne and in the summer of 1979 we enter the Plymouth to Horta race as partners on his Raka. After one year partnership we end up in Greece and I became the sole owner of this fine boat which I still own to this day. If you happen to have the July 1980 Sailorman, Raka is on the front cover with George seated at the helm. On page 8 Raka again, the small chamber at the back became 3 years later my daughter Noa's cabin. The following lines are an excerpt from old

starboard sponson disappeared and we lost two batteries some wet suits and a camera, we stopped in Cyprus for two days for repairs. On a passage from Kastellorizon to Rodos again at night with a very confused and banging sea we had two broken beams 3&4. We changed course for easier going and sailed into Fethiye where we had to pay a small fine for entering without a visa. I managed to find one 6 Metre beam although not very good wood, changed beam number 4 and with the remains of the old beam I reinforced beam number 3. On our last day in Turkey our engine broke so we left Turkey without a working engine and only three-quarters of a mast with a total of 26sq. metres of sail area, plus our old drifter which I shorten by 4 metres with a knot in the head so it is now a small 34 sq. metre spinnaker. We made the 150 N. miles from Finike to Paphos in 40 hours running before 4-6 knots of wind, when

I simply can't keep pace in the maintenance race. It is also quite obvious that we cannot use her as before as Noa is almost too big for her cabin, and if I like to cruise with friends we have to do something for Noa. I have to make a decision whether to have a big refit on Raka or start a new boat. Any change on Raka will include: - Raising the bridge deck so there will be at least 60 centimetres clearance above the water, and that will mean all the beam has to be above board level. - The sponson will go up 10 or 15 centimetres and will be strongly connected to the hull (I believe that most of the terrible noise that even a small chop is created by the small gaps between the sponson and the hull). I will cut the sterns straight or almost so to have a vertical rudder. I will still have to find room for Noa's bunk, or better still a cabin. It seems that the solution to three of the arguments is with a big connecting beam



letters to Ruth. "Autumn 1991. We have just come back from our summer cruise, we spent five weeks in Cyprus Kastellorizon and the Turkey vicinity. The trip was full of accidents and mishaps. On our second night out after a night of hard going a piece of plywood from the

the wind died some 10 miles from the harbour. Raka covered the distance in 12 more hours simply by moving the main from side to side, on a medium swell we entered at 2 o'clock in the morning, rowing. Raka again proved to be a dependable boat but her age is too much of a burden,

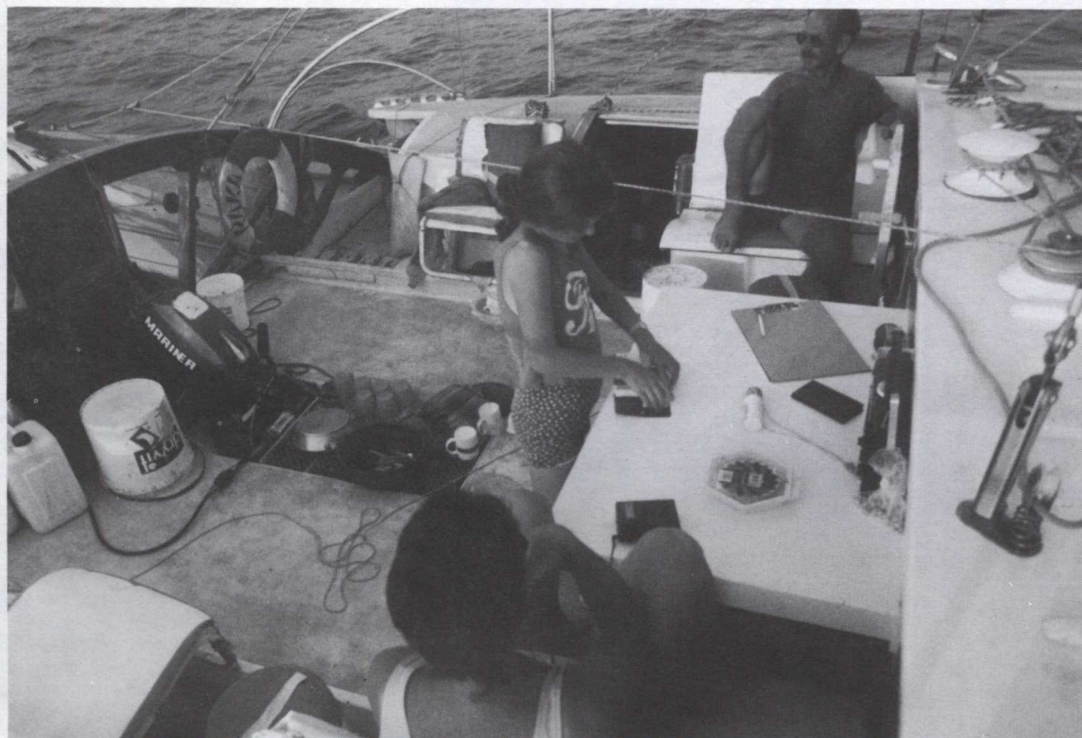
of box cross section, instead of beams No.1&2, and coming one metre aft of beam No.2, maximum height 80 centimetres under the mast with room for a cabin on one side (starboard) of centre line, an engine locker and extension to the galley on the other side. I think that

with all the extra weight it will come down 5 centimetres, but clearance from the water will increase. Sometime ago I came across something that happened to be a great help in scrubbing the hull under the water, I found it ready made (part of an

two seats and a table. A friend who has sailed with us many times confessed to me that she felt much more at home in the old boat where the 'new' Raka is too much of a 'yacht'. Noa is 11 and very proud of her new cabin, we let her have

employing a bicycle ratchet teeth wheel. The winch weight 3 Kg and with a handle of 12 Cm will give a power ratio of 1:50. Doubts are: whether the ratchet is strong enough and if the screw will not yield to tension and turn back, I will let you know.

As a born recycler I convert used 2 litre Coca Cola plastic containers, which, sorry to say we can simply pick up in the street, into a very good fender (the one in the picture is not very light but the other has to be partly filled with water so the wind won't play with them...) Back to our days in the summer, we spent 2 months in Turkey and Greece and in the autumn another week in Cyprus. This year sailing was uneventful, like all cruising preferably, but for the damage to the mainsail, it is 15 years old now and I hope by next summer to finish a new mainsail, the cloth should be here in 2-3 months. In our oldest book (not a real sailing book mind you) it is

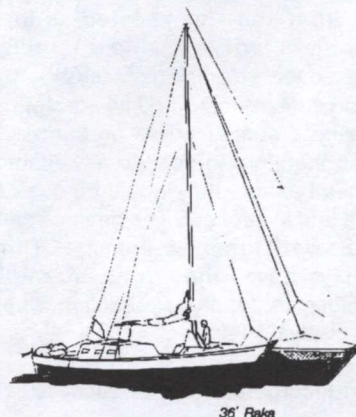


old refrigerator I guess) It was made of tough plastic, it is now broken but one could easily be made from ply. It is simply a long box 40x10x5 centimetres open from one long side, we press the box to the side of the hull with the open side against the hull and slide it under water. The air is trapped inside and the water pressure keeps it tight to the hull, you move it up and down to clean the hull. I have a long enough hand to reach all the way down but I can envision a short handle connected to it. (Spring 1994) I hope you remember my doubts about Raka mainly if to repair the damage and have a boat that no longer fits our need, and is in no demand, or try to upgrade her to the best of my ability. I opt for the second option, but I not sure by now if we can still call it a Polynesian. The hulls are still there but gone are the solid beams, the slatted open deck and the flexible connections. We now have a low profile bridge deck max. height 1.1 metres with two double 2.2 x 1.25 Metre sleeping cabins, and two double 2 x 1.1 metre bunks with 80 centimetre headroom in the hulls. The cockpit is much bigger with

one of the big bridge cabins which is very roomy and full of light, I hope she will be glad to come with me for our next cruising. Well my letter is dragging (as usual) we have the old mast repaired and standing tall, as I am doing everything by myself things go slow, but the money saving is essential if I want to complete the project. For example I am doing now 7 No.12mm s.s. turnbuckles, it will take me about 20 hours but I am saving \$300, as I say I have no choice, even an iron one would cost too much, but I am sure you have met my kind of builder before, much of the money saving excuse is simply a chance to do things the way we wanted them. I am also building the only winch on board and as always I think it will be an improvement to the one we can buy of the shelf. I take opportunity on the bridge configuration and fix an old screw 1:18 gear under the roof with the high ratio handle sticking out from the vertical wall/beam facing aft the power shaft goes up through the roof and carries a 10 centimetre octagonal drum which I made from 3mm aluminium sheet, the one direction movement is achieved by

written 'send your bread across the water.....' writing a letter to someone unknown is doing exactly that. We are not always looking for the reward that the end of this paragraph promises, because we are secular people and we like doing things for the pleasure of doing it, like sailing, something that is forbidden by all religions. I hope that you too are feeling like this when executing the 'holy' job of publishing the SEA PEOPLE. I hope to hear from you.

Yours Yoav Ktaleav



The TIKINUI - A hybrid for today's needs

by Adrian Honeybill (Tanenui)

When I first started to look at a larger Wharram (I was at the time sailing a Hinemoa), I looked at the Tanenui as a very viable option for overall size, cruising capability and overall cost of ownership. Some aspects of the design did, however, require a second look.

The first issue was the rig. I had sailed the TIKI 26 and 21 and was delighted with the ease of sail handling, including reefing when under sail. The rig and sail plan appeared to be a very cost effective solution, using the simplicity of a non-stressed mast and aerodynamically efficient main. Roller reefing for the jib completed the picture.

With the TIKINUI being 28' overall, I decided to adopt the mast, rigging and sail general layout of the TIKI 26, but with a slightly increased sail area, both for the main and the jib. The main area has been increased by about 10% on the TIKI 26 mainsail with the addition of strip of additional sail down the leech. The foot of the jib was increased by 1'.

The second issue was the linking of the hulls. Since the original design was put on paper in the 1970's, James Wharram has developed beam design from a laminated solid box section, through a simple double "T" beam, similar in design to a steel beam, to the present flanged/triangulated design. This latest design provides resistance to compressive and vertical rotational forces - a good example of JWD's legendary lateral thinking. With this latest design, fixing has also been simplified. This has come from the complicated rubber mounting blocks, incorporating galvanised steel clamping of the Classics, to the present use of rope lashings around the beam to anchor points on the hull. I decided therefore to use the advantages of lashed beams - they would be quicker to build and lower cost. The beams came from Steve Turner at Imagine. They certainly have the right strength characteristics for the application when made in ply/GRP.

To incorporate beams successfully,

the design of the deck must be carefully considered. The original design called for the use of bulwarks, approx. 8" above deck level. If the deck was put at bulwark level, the deck would be flush, providing the correct approach for landing for the beams. In addition, the internal volume would be increased by about 30-35%.

In Sea People No24, I discussed the construction of the hatches and the strengthening of the hulls/deck to take the beam anchor points.

The final issue is the construction of the rudders. With the standard design, the rudder is very heavy and not the quickest design to build. The shape was modified in line with the overall shape of the TIKI 21/26 and 4 hinge points incorporated. These are stainless steel dinghy style cheek straps with incorporated pintles etc. The tillers are bent to provide 5° Ackerman angle per tiller. (Ed. Hmm, back to the drawing board I think Adrian)

The cockpit is being

built as I write this and will be installed to look similar to the TIKI 26 design. With the engine mounting being incorporated in the cockpit, I look forward to trouble free engine use and engine assisted manoeuvring in harbour. The TIKINUI



will be propelled by a 6 or 8 hp motor. With similar seating arrangements to the TIKI 26. I look forward to comfortable cruising with friends.

Well that's about it. The final bits and pieces, mainly the chain plates, are being put on (March 1995) and once the cockpit, seats, fore and aft netting beams together with boarding ramp and mast are sorted, we should hit the water mid year. My conclusion is that there is still life in the TANE/TANENUI. Have a go at refurbishing yours. You will be surprised at the new lease of life for a fundamentally sound hull design.



London Meeting



Ed. This winter we had a PCA meeting in London, Ed Donghi reports.

Saturday 25 February saw the first meet of the South East of England PCA members, organised by Dave Barker. The event was held upstairs at the Hamilton Hall in Liverpool Street Station, London. There was an excellent attendance and not all were Wharram owners or builders but also some monohull sailor members and one Iroquois owner, although someone did suggest that perhaps some of the monohull owners could get together with some beams and lashings!

Editor Scott Brown and Chairman Steve Turner had driven up all the way from Plymouth to attend, also present was Adrian Honeybill the Treasurer from Reading.

The evening kicked off with the first showing of the newly edited version of Tiki 26 sailor Bob Beggs trans atlantic crossing in the OSTAR, much interest was shown and I believe that Scott Brown will have the finished video for sale sometime later this year. Scott did engage in a bit of carrot dangling as the version we saw had no audio so I'll look forward to the noise of the sea and wind and Bob's

dialogue on the finished tape.

Having whetted our appetite we all gathered closely around the top table (mainly because a rowdy group of football



supporters were now singing downstairs) for an informal questions and answers session, with such subjects as streaming warps versus lying ahull in heavy weather and many questions regarding beam lashings; how many turns for Tiki's and where the most stress is concentrated (which is apparently on the inside lashing of the beam aft of the cockpit) and many other subjects too numerous to mention

here.

After this the magazine was discussed and everyone agreed that things were going very well. Scott asked for the articles to keep flowing in and a request was also made for members to let us all in on their ideal cat anchorage hideaways.

Dave Barker brought up the subject of a South East England Cat meet, which will probably be held at Brightlingsea in Essex - watch this space. For information on this contact either Dave or myself if you are interested in a Cat Cruise and Booze!

With the main topics more or less concluded the video of James Wharram sailing Gaia in the Canary Islands with the GEO Charterers was shown. Those present congregated at the bar to chat and refill empty glasses, this being 10 pm it was time for me to catch the train home and leave what had been a most successful event which will no doubt be repeated next year.

DREAM TIME COME TRUE

Pat and Chris Oneill (Tiki 26)

After going to live in Spain earlier last year, we returned to Millbrook in July to prepare our G.R.P. Tiki 26 "DREAM TIME" for her journey to our new home, sailing via the English Channel, the Bay of Biscay, The Gironde, the Canal du Midi and the Mediterranean. After many weeks working on the boat we finally departed from Millbrook on the 21st of August and set sail for Falmouth in light winds and calm sea. Four hours later we had company when Steve Turner sailing Shige Nakamura's Tiki 36 overhauled us and we completed the trip to Falmouth together. While off Dodman Point five dolphins joined us and spent a good five minutes playing around the boat, a wonderful sight and a good omen for the adventure ahead. We had never sailed out of sight of land before, so the next few days were spent in Falmouth feeling a little apprehensive and secretly hoping that the weather would prevent us from leaving, eventually though a reasonable forecast was obtained and the decision

was taken to leave early on the morning of the 25th of August. Dawn was breaking as we motored out of Falmouth Bay, the sails were set and the bows were pointed towards the North Brittany Coast. Apart from a moment of doubt when the English

waited, eating was out of the question as we were both too nervous to keep food down. Fortunately the increased wind came gradually and didn't reach its full force until around one in the morning, so we had a chance to get used to it. However,



coast disappeared from sight astern the day was very pleasant with winds around force four to five giving a good turn of speed without the seas being too rough. This feeling of well being suddenly collapsed on hearing the 17.50 shipping forecast and was replaced by momentary panic when the winds were given as Westerly increasing to force 7 during the night! As we were half way across the only thing to do was prepare for the weather and carry on. The mainsail was reefed in but the headsail was left to be rolled in gradually as the wind increased, everything on deck was secured or put away, safety harnesses were donned and secured and we sat down and

with the seas breaking over the dodger fitted on the main beam we were very wet, cold and not a little frightened. A check on the G.P.S. showed that even with reefed main and only about one third of the jib the speed was still around 8 knots and our E.T.A. for the coast was 04.20. Arriving among the rocks on the Brittany coast in the dark did not seem like a good idea so the boat was slowed down by lowering the outboard leg, trailing a couple of warps and easing the main sheet. We made landfall at daybreak and as the light increased could see several rocks poking out of the sea, no problem, I'm afraid I took the coward's way out of this dilemma, the sails were taken down, the engine started and we ran under power until the rocks were cleared. By now the wind had eased and we decided to head for Brest but found that even now we were in the estuary the wind had not finished with us. The swell from Biscay built up into huge rollers where the estuary narrowed, at times the boat was surfing at 13 to 14 knots. We tied up in the marina at Brest 32 hours after leaving Falmouth, having spent the whole time on deck, shattered but exhilarated after our first offshore sail. It was still raining the following morning and no wind so we motored down the estuary to Camerac



ready for an early start the next day. We woke up to clear skies and hardly any wind but after getting out to sea we found that the wind picked up enough to make reasonable progress. The sun was warm enough to wear shorts and T shirt on deck

again breaking right over the cockpit when suddenly we heard a bang from above and the sail started to flap around making the most horrible noise, the strong winds had torn the sail away from the gaff sleeve, after a hectic half hour sorting this

was lowered in Royan and we spent 7 days waiting for the weather to improve and for the right tides for the trip up The Gironde. The journey inland along The Gironde and The Garonne to the canal lock at Castettes was uneventful and presented no problems and the transition from tidal river to canal was like entering another world. We finally entered the Med after re-erecting the mast at Port La Nouvelle on the 31st September and sailed into a calm sea. Set course for Port Vendress, apart from being stopped by a French customs boat, the crew of which were very friendly once they had checked all our paperwork, the trip was uneventful. 3rd October at last we were back in Spain home at last after 6 1/2 weeks living aboard a Tiki 26. We had been wet, we had been cold, we had met a lot of friendly and interesting people, we had a lot of fun, we had been feeling down, we had been exhausted but above all we had an adventure and it was GREAT.



so we had a marvellous days sailing and tied up that evening in the fishing port of Quilvinec about 40 miles south of Brest. We left Quilvinec next day with the winds still light and progress rather slow. It seemed doubtful whether we would make our planned stop at Belle Isle before dark. Note from Captains log: Pat is improving rapidly and I would promote her to first mate if only she would learn to call the Captain Sir!) After making slow progress all day we decided to miss out Belle Isle and keep going over night making the next stop Ile De Yeu. The 17.50 shipping forecast was for winds increasing to 4 or 5 in Biscay, so no problems were foreseen. By 21.00 hours we were approaching Belle Isle on a course to pass about 5 miles to seaward and could see around 10 fishing boats in a line another 10 miles out, at about half an hour interval one of them would leave the line and head in for the harbour on the landward side of the island, meanwhile the wind was increasing as forecast and the sea was becoming quite rough. By the time the last fishing boat had gone in we were past Belle Isle and the wind and seas were still building up, we began to wonder if the fishermen knew something we didn't. 0200 hours. The wind had continued to increase now estimated approx. force 7, the seas were

out we carries on with just the jib but still made 5 to 6 knots. Arrive in Ile De Yeu at 11.00 hours exhausted after 28 hours on deck. Set out next day for La Rochelle a 60 mile leg, seas still rough but not so alarming in daylight. Couldn't get the mainsail repaired in Ile De Yeu so sailed with just the jib but still made good progress, arrived La Rochelle at 20.30, unfortunately, while manoeuvring in the busy harbour the prop picked up a rope and jammed, Pat did a marvellous job fending off from other boats while I cleared the prop. As a reward I let her sleep with the captain that night. 5th Sept. After a very pleasant few days break in La Rochelle we head for The Gironde and Royan. Arrive in Royan after another rough time in very heavy seas very wet and very cold, never mind it was all very good experience. The mast

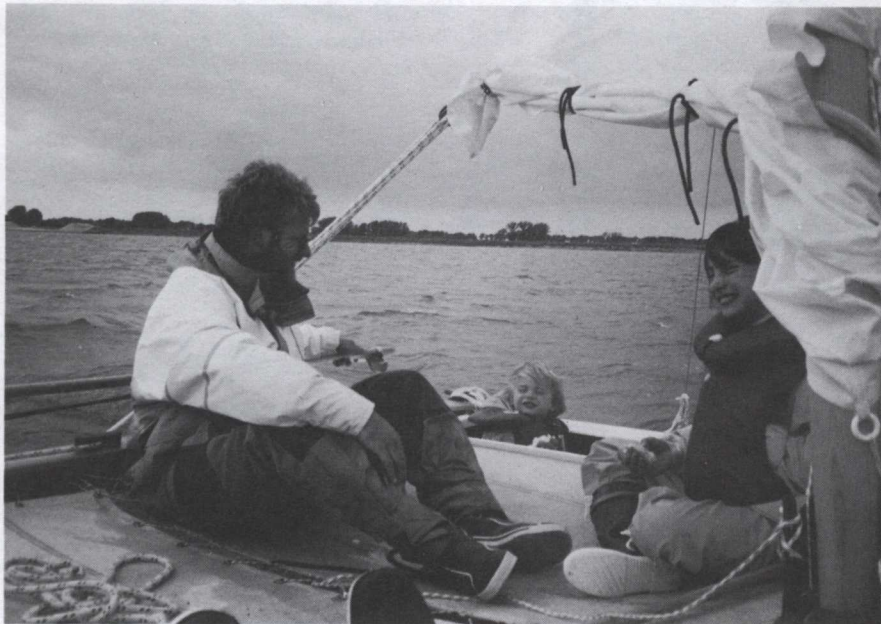


Snails

Udo and Elgin Tegethof (Hitia 17)

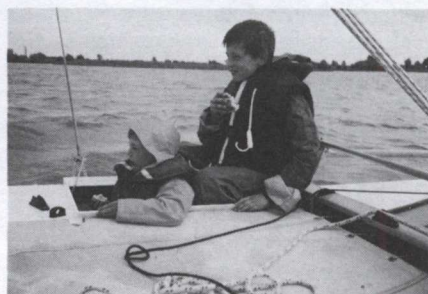
Dear friends, last year in March we got the opportunity to buy an excellently built Hitia 17. It was made by Bertrand Kronert, a boatbuilder, who now lives in Denmark, building Kajaks. His Hitia was in excellent condition, best finish and all details were made with love. In contrast to the fast, sportive Catamarans which were built in the boatyard he worked in, he called his Hitia "Snails". We made our first trip with all our children (4) at Ophoven, Belgium, on lakes which are connected with the river Maas. Wind with force five and six made "Snails" the fastest

nevertheless we had a fine time, snorkelling and swimming in the warm water or taking a sun-bathe on the trampoline. That was very comfortable even for two grown-ups while the kids played with octopuses undersea. When the wind blew stronger, about force four or five, we had big problems to leave the bay. With lots of rubber boats anchoring in the narrow bay it was impossible to beat against the wind. We also failed twice at the attempt of pulling. Once an outboarded rubber boat took us out and then it was excellent surfing with half-wind, faster then the waves. But with waves higher than three feet we had trouble to get back. Coming from ahead they nearly stopped the boat and we did not come close enough to the wind. In situations like these it would be of great



boat on the lake, only by means of the main sail. On Saturday afternoon of this weekend a thunderstorm made it impossible to go through a narrow pass of the lake, due to a strong slot effect. So we landed on the beach, took the boat easily out of the water and bought a very tasty pike-perch from some fishermen, clearing their things nearby. As we had spent our holidays in Ireland the year before, all of us were very hungry for the sun. So we went to Costa Brava, Spain, last summer. Snails had her place on the beach in a rocky bay among lots of rubber boats. Our Caravan stood close to it on a campsite. Nearly every day we pulled Snails into the water for a shorter or longer turn, depending on the wind force, which mostly fell to zero at noon. But

help to have an outboard motor. Does anyone have experience or an idea where to fix it and how strong it should be, to get the boat against the wind? However, we had no problems with beating at the lake 'Grosser Ploner See' in northern Germany, near Kiel. Even at wind force six going over the lake in any direction, was without any problems, very fast only thanks to the jib. The waves were much smaller there and Snails cut through them with joy. Next year we'll go to the "Mecklenburger Seenplatte", in the eastern part of Germany. I hope the elder children will then be ready to spend a night on the beach in a tent, so that we could make turns which Hitia was intended to be used for.



News from Seapeople

Netherlands

from Meike Biemond

Eindhoven 21 1 95

Dear Scott,

I'm just arrived in Holland coming from Sri Lanka, where my boyfriend and I build our Pahi 42. Sylvain have been starting there last February, I joined him ~ later after some final(???) moneymaking in Holland. At the moment the work have been coming to a halt, due to severe back problems Sylvain is experiencing now. The first hull has had its ply planking, the second hull is ready to receive its plywood cover.

I guess you would be interesting to hear about boatbuilding in Sri Lanka, well we think we found the perfect place. We build "All that is" at a shipyard in Colombo, where everything you could wish for is available and the people are nice and very helpful (also with the visa-stuff and so on). At the yard they mostly build polyester boats for navy and private persons. The wood we use is called lulumedella and is rather light but we think that with some Epikot on top it will do the job. For all the gluing we use Epifix.

We are interested to know if there are any people out there who made some major modifications to the deck-pod. We would like to have it two times as big!!! Sylvain and his father had the idea to keep the third beam at the same place but to bend it so it goes under the deck-pod. The maststep would fall into the cabin. For the strength the beam would also go over the deckpod. I'll make you a little drawing. If people have experience or other ideas to enlarge this deckpod, please write!

The greetings for all the other seapeople and we wish you a very good 1995.

Mieke

Ed. The sketch did not reproduce and I was not certain of some features, so perhaps Sylvain/Mieke will send another, send your ideas anyway!

UK

From Martin Phillips

Ed. This refers to an article on Wharram Cats in Yachting Monthly.

Dear Scott, Thankyou for your letter..... as far as my status is concerned, I guess I'm an admirer! I've been interested in Wharra's designs for a long time, seen them around and been aboard a couple but never sailed one yet! (Ed, I think we need to get you to a Summer Meet, Martin).....

I'm sure you saw the piece in Yachting Monthly. The bit about the Tiki 38 being suitable for 'impecunious' sailors gave me a chuckle! According to JWD the materials cost is about £20,000. Then you've got to support yourself while you build the thing or pay someone else if like me you'd rather spend your time sailing than building. By my calculations you would need to be able to afford to pay out at least twice the material cost to build it yourself or going by the Tiki 36 price pay about £70,000 for the finished boat (*Ed. And the rest Martin!*) That's the kind of 'impecuniosity' I wouldn't mind having!

Regards
Martin

USA

From Gene Perry (See article page 14)

Ed. This was in reply to a letter I sent re my comments in Mag23 about his Tiki being struck by a helicopter!

Dear Scott,

Definitely no offence! Had thought myself that I should have made a real story of it by placing Don Johnson in the guilty Helo. It sure happened in the centre of the "Miami Vice" scene. So much that it forced Tom Miliano and Sissie to sell out and move to Sarasota. They have found an entirely different way of life and seem very happy for having moved.

The "whole story" is that after I had repaired the mast damage caused by the bridge on the way to Miami that time, I left the boat moored near Tom's Hinemoa at Dinner Key for several month (The bridge story was in both "Multihulls" Magazine and Seapeople -Sailorman".)

The report from live aboards in the same anchorage, as reported to Tom, was that a couple bad guys were causing trouble (maybe a hold-up) at Monty Trainer's Restaurant. One of them shot a cop, they ran and one of them ran out on a dock and dove into the bay. They thought he swam over to the island near where my boat was anchored. This was near a shoal that at low tide was dry and

a helicopter could land on it. Why the helo cut my shroud we never learned but it caused the mast to fall over the beam block on the starboard side. Damage was minor but did cause a leak which was discovered later when I found some rot in the shear strip. Then had a two square foot patch to do in the hull just below the beam. The cop was lucky he didn't lose the chopper. When asked, the police knew nothing and only admitted that there was a problem at Monty Trainor's that night which did involve two helicopters. Incidentally, Carl Lichty was accosted and robbed at the launching area while launching his Tiki 21 not very long after I took my boat home to North Palm Beach. Needless to say, we don't frequent that area anymore.

I just ran across this accounting of my next trip to Miami which was exciting and memorable for me. If you think it useful and wish to edit it you are certainly welcome to. It is pretty long and may be dull but it is a Wharram Catamaran outing. I neglected to mention the number of Nitro-glycerine tablets that I consumed the first few days. On the "equaliser" day I didn't even think about them. I think "Pahliuli" is a lot of the reason I am still around, tomorrow is my 69th birthday and I've had her since 1984. The decision to build came after recuperating from open heart surgery in 1980. Part of the campaign to do things I had always wanted while able. I still enjoy a full time job but also use my free time well.

I am very pleased with the PCA shirt and it is the right size, at least for the moment. Good guess! Your database entry is fine except that "Pahliuli" has another "L". That is a Polynesian word for paradise.

I'm sure others will want shirts when they see mine. Is \$20.00 U.S. enough to cover? If so I may get some more shirts and have "Pahliuli" printed on them. I think the logo is great.

Good Sailing
Gene

From James Tyler

Dear Scott,

Well, now I've done it! Just got home from buying a neglected and abandoned forlorn (*Oh go on James, tell it as it is*) Pahi 31. Named 'Twixt' by the long gone owner, she will need plenty of work. The hulls are sound, and this convinced us to

USA

From Carlo A. Clavi CT

Dear Scott,

I thought that beyond what's normally reported, an opportunity might exist of airing writings that people do while engaged in the building and navigation of JW's crafts - "Drops of Life", if you wish.

People who build and sail a boat have a degree of creativity that could yield interesting material in ways that add to the folklore.

Best regards,

Carlo

Ed. Now those of you well on with a Pahi 42 build as is Carlo may well have reached the stage of hearing voices.....there again.....

THE CHRISTENING

It was snowing hard the first day of Spring. But it was the day I wanted to christen my boat. I went to the barn, lit a candle and thought of something nice to say.

"I know," a whisper startled me.

"What's that?" I mused.

"It's me," the whisper continued.

"Me?" I was puzzled now.

"It's me, your boat, you dummy!" she said loudly.

"Oh!" I was stunned.

"I already know my name," she teased.

"How..., how do you know?" I asked.

"You told me several times," she said.

"Were you listening?"

"Of course I was! Boats do listen. And I knew it would be it when Jose wrote. You liked it right away, remember?"

"Yes, I remember."

"It was not the first time I heard my name though."

"What do you mean?"

"You told Angeles of your dream of building a boat. She mentioned the name too but you didn't pay attention."

"Have you been listening since that time?"

"Yes, I was your dream boat, I couldn't help it."

"That's true, I thought of you a lot."

"But you also had another boat in mind, didn't you?"

"Well, yes, I had."

"Don't be bashful, I know you liked her."

"Aren't you...?"

"Jealous? No, don't be silly, I am not jealous."

"I am glad you aren't, still, you know,..."

"I understand how you feel. We knew you were sad when you had to choose between her and me."

"Yes, it wasn't easy to let her go."

"She was a good boat, but she understood I am better for you."

"How do you know all these things?"

"Well, I know because I was in your thoughts. Since you first dreamed of me."

"But that was fifteen years ago!"

"Yes, that's true."

"You knew and never said anything?"

"I couldn't, even if I wanted to. Boats cannot talk until they become real. Now I can."

"I guess it took me forever to decide and build you."

"It did. But we know how long it takes for you guys to get going. It doesn't matter now, you seem to be rolling."

"Yes, I am working on you."

"I can see that. Now, are you going to christen me or what?"

"Well, I christen you Itaca then," and I touched her bulkhead number six.

"Good!" she said, "Now get to work, I would like to be in the water one day."

Itaca has not spoken to me since the first day of Spring. But I measure, saw and hammer very carefully. I know she can listen and talk, she certainly checks on me too.

go ahead and refit her. I will take a hiatus from Philadelphia to go to the yard to rebuild the cockpits and beams. Tom miliano in Florida put us on to her. The owner had just bought a new Honda 9.9 4 stroke for her! He is overboarded, so he sold her to hopefully see her sail again.

Originally we hoped to build aTiki 21 in Philadelphia (philos + delphi, love & brotherhood) popularly called the city of brotherly love, we call it the city of brotherly shove! The geography is not suitable spiritually here to sustain and nurture growth of a sea creature. So we will redo the Pahi and sail her!

Any and all correspondence with Pahi people will be great. I will sent photo's as work progresses.

Please include my address so those who care to can reply. Any PCA people in the States should be sure to look us up. All will be welcome.

If there are back issues orientated towards the Pahi 31 I would be glad to purchase them. (*Ed. Unfortunately we have never indexed the articles in back issues, it will happen in the future, and the articles are spread out anyway*)

Well looks as if my summer's work is cut out for me, so off I go.

Thanx,

James Tyler, 1903 Walnut St., Suite 330, Philii. PA 19103-4605
Tel 1 (215) 731-9021

Germany

From Bernd Frieboese (Tiki 31)

Dear Scott,

Morgenwind is in Berlin!

Among the improvements and modifications I made before and during the trip (*from England*), were another three steering arrangements. Ted's wheel (*the builder*), linked to the tiller bar by a thin rope and as few sheaves as possible, with no purchase, was the only concept that worked acceptably. I would like to share the experiences other TIKI 31 sailors have with steering systems.

Thanks, Bernd

Ed. Any help you can offer Bernd send through the office.

From Robert Bier (Tiki 31)

Dear Scott

Thanks for your letter. I am very glad to be a member of the PCA. Do you know how I feel? Building a cat in the middle of Germany, far away from the sea, treated like an idiot by many people. However, since I served in the navy and travelled the South Pacific for half a year later on, I felt fascinated by the sea and this started my personal dream.....

The construction of my boat so far is nearly complete, it's just the fitting of the rudders and slatted platform parts left, some work on the interior and trailer and that's it, hopefully. Just last week I hoisted



the sails for the very first time, a remarkable moment! This happened in the meadows close to the house where I live with my family (wife and daughter aged 2 years) Hopefully the whole thing will kiss the water sometime next year. This time when winter is setting in and construction is stopped I'm going to report my construction experiences and write an article about it all. It took me more than 3000 hours of labour until now instead of the proposed 900.

I wait until I have developed pictures to send in with the letter.

Best wishes Robert Beier

NZ

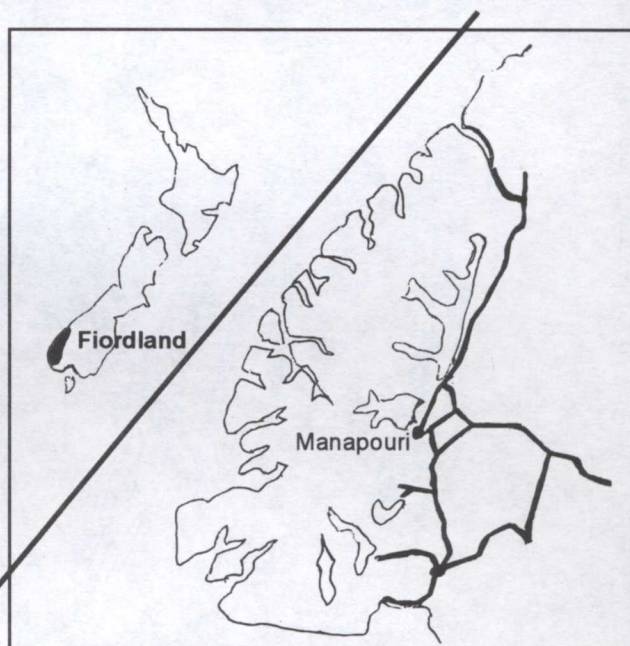
From Kevin & Megan Bourke

Dear Scott, Hallo to you, and all Seapeople from the most Southern set of Pahi 63 plans. The materials for our vessel number 18 are still being gathered from near and far. B.S.1088 standard marine plywood from the Philippines, Glass cloth from Korea, 9.5 metre lengths of heart kauri from Northland New Zealand. She will truly be an international ship. We are awaiting permission from

our resource management persons to allow us to erect a pipe framed tunnel-shaped workshop 24 metres x 4m x 4m, which will be covered with 30% U.V. resistant clear plastic film, the first metre up from the ground will have shade cloth right around for ventilation, with covering roll down flaps for windy weather. I want to put in a floor of cement-sawdust but can find no information here about it. Seapeople no. 24 had an article by a Pahi 31 builder who built a floating concrete barge as a construction

base. They used a cement-sawdust floor but did not expand on the recipe. Would you be able to contact them for me please or send his address? Our Pahi 63 plans have been passed by the N.Z. Ministry of Transport Marine Division Survey Department, for charter operation, class 6 extreme limits, 12 miles offshore, 30 miles from port, sleeping no more than 10 paying passengers. The only changes they required being: Hulls and decks built from B.S.1088 marine plywood, hatch coamings raised to 600mm, (Though I shall be arguing about this) and a change to the main cabin vents at each end of the cabins. We may have to fit power and hand bilge pumps to both hulls which are able to pump every compartment (Imagine the plumbing nightmare!) at my count 18 separate watertight areas per hull-I shall be arguing this as well. Approval of our plans by N.Z. M.O.T. cost us over \$1000.00 because we were the first set to be approved. We could not get unlimited offshore charter limits as Gaia

did, (Our class here is 300 miles offshore) though we may have got it had we applied as a sail assisted motor boat, which I now find seems to change things a bit for some reason? New Zealand's marine regulations are said to be the toughest in the world but then we are deep in the roaring forties. (45.5 deg. South) We have been learning to sail with our rebuilt Hinemoa "Lucanoo", having heaps of fun and learning, I use her to hunt red deer and trap Australian opossums, tree eating pests introduced here years ago and now threatening our



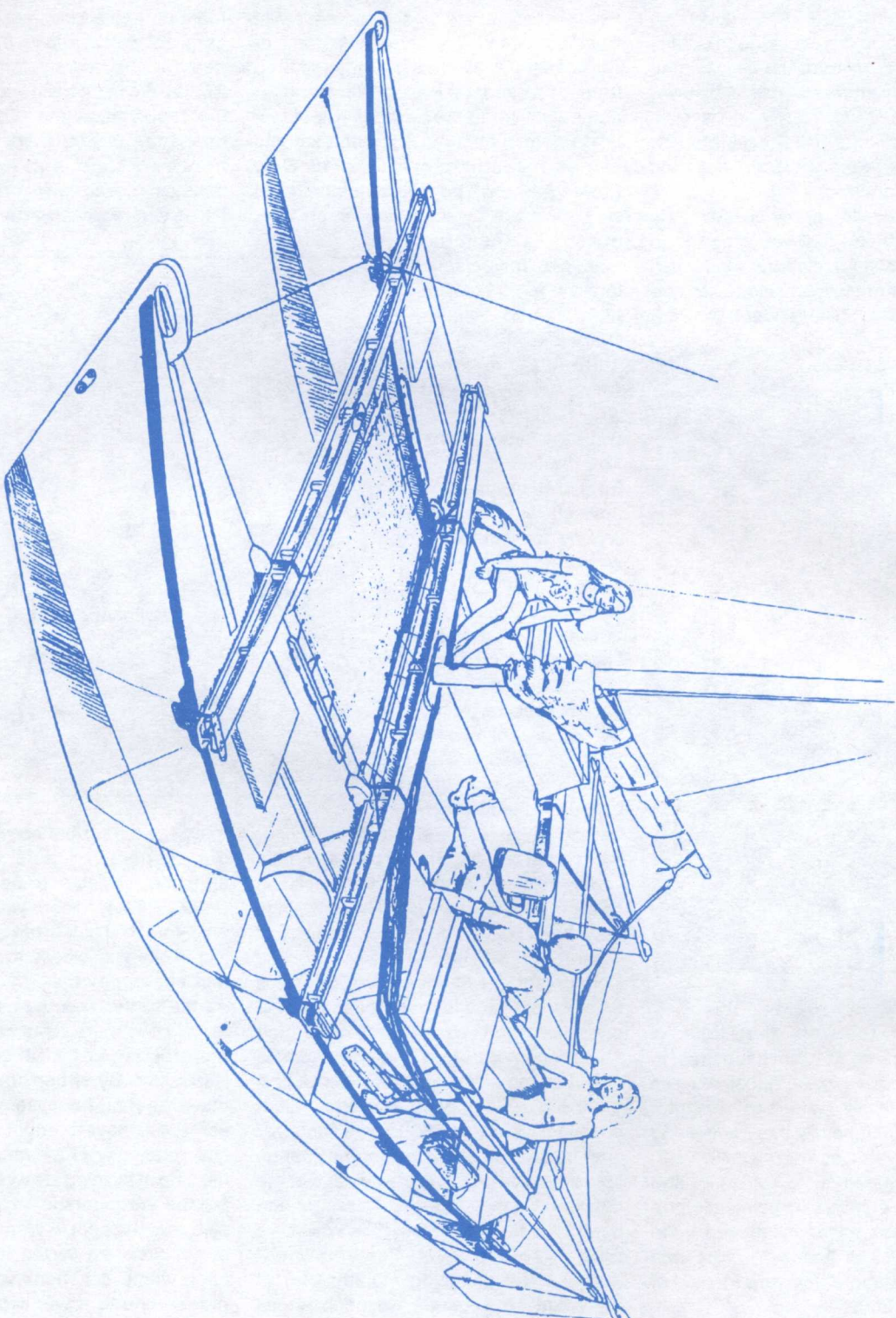
forests. So our boat earns her keep, and our respect, as safe efficient water transport. Reference Seapeople no.25, page 14 Peter Mican, you are right, what an effort, I enclose ten pounds which I would like you please to send on to him and challenge other P.C.A. members to do the same. This man should not have to work two more years to float his dream, more power to him and thanks for the inspiration. By shopping around for our materials (and because of the volume of same) we have brought most for under half retail, any N.Z. members who are thinking of building are welcome to contact for the best person to purchase from, also any Seapeople who find themselves in our area are invited here for a brew, chat, whatever. Thank you for the great magazine and a well organised P.C.A.

Kevin

34 View St., Manapouri, Fiordland
S.I. New Zealand. Tel: PL 032496897

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Par Avion



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