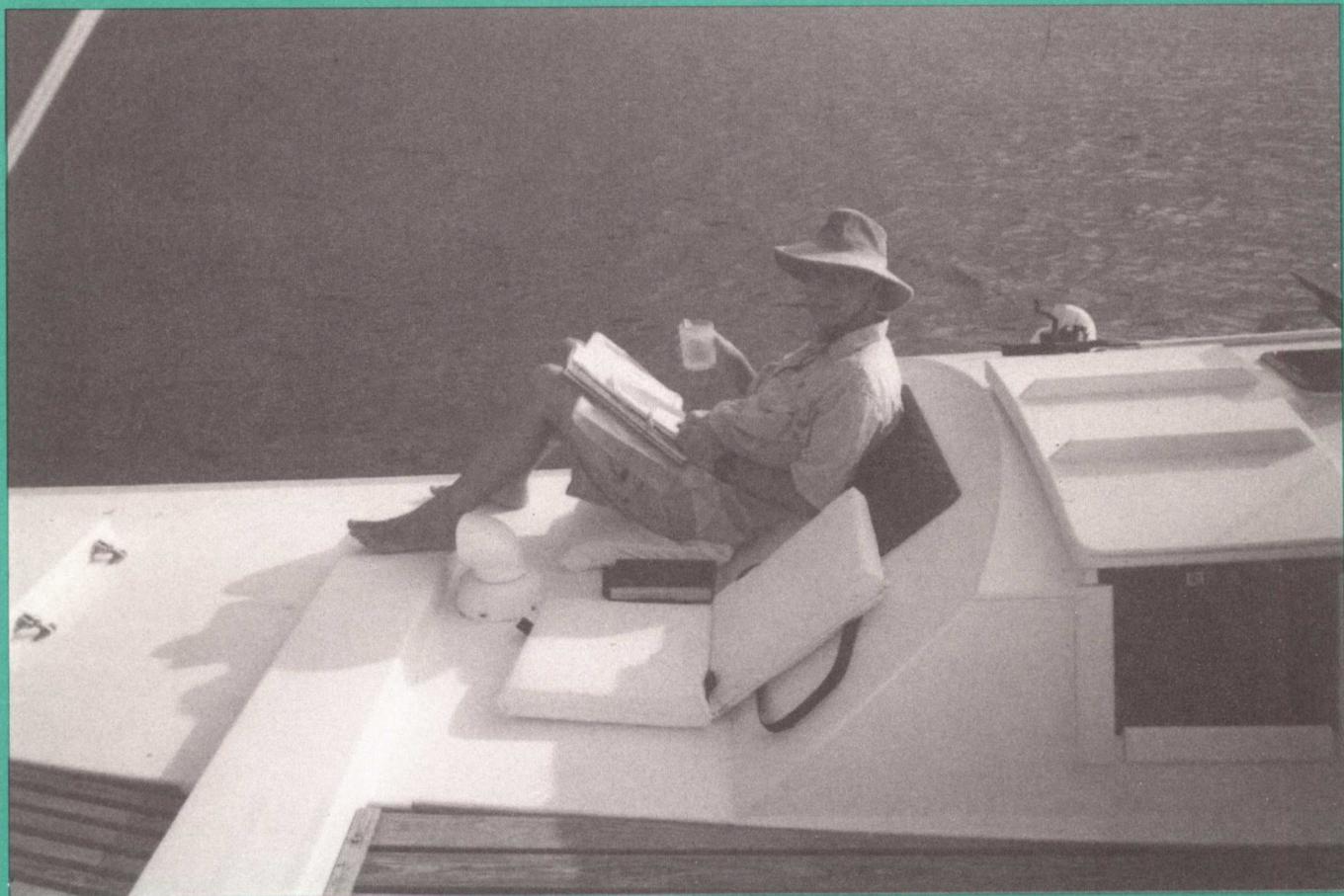

The Sea People



Alaskan Oro – Part II
Norwegian & Danish Cruises
Cat Corner – Tobago Cays
News from SeaPeople
PEACE IV Biscay Bound
Tiki38 finds proud new owner



SAILS



Jeckells
THE SAILMAKERS



**The official Sailmaker for
Wharram catamarans**

**With more than 40 years experience we
understand the Tiki and Wharram rigs
better than anyone else.**

**A wide choice of materials together with
our traditional sailmaking skills allows
Jeckells to design and construct sails to
meet your particular requirements.**

All Wharram sails guaranteed for 5 Years



Jeckells
THE SAILMAKERS

For further details
contact Chris Jeckells
On Telephone 01603 782223
Fax 01603 784023
Email chris@jeckells.co.uk
Web Site www.jeckells.co.uk



Jeckells
THE SAILMAKERS



Contents and Contacts

The Sea People

Magazine of the
Polynesian
Catamaran
Association



© PCA 2003

Editorial	Miscellaneous Musings	5
News	News for Sea People	4
	News from Sea People	24
	Cat Corner – Tobago Cays	32
Seamanship	PEACE IV – Biscay & Northern Spain	6
	ANNA SOPHIA – Portugal to Canaries	13
	TAHIARII's Alaskan Cruise – Part II	14
	HIRO's first Voyage in Norwegian waters	20
	DANAH bound for Denmark	26
	TIKIMATA's Tale	29
Construction	Hints and tips	23
Pot Pourri	Foraging the foreshore	31
	Letters	34,35
	Ditty Bag	35,36

Contacts

Editorial Team:

Dave, Ken & Anita <your name needed here !>

Editorial Address :

PCA, 118 Howeth Road,
Bournemouth, Dorset, BH10 5NS, UK
+44 (0)1202 531445

e-mail: editor@pca-seapeople.org

website : www.pca-seapeople.org

Cover Picture: Roger Ayres, in his preferred position, aboard his & Marney's Tangaroa IV "Holly"

Photo courtesy of Marney Ayres.

From the PCA Constitution:

The objects of the Association are to promote and further the interests of builders and owners of Polynesian Catamarans, and to encourage the development of good seamanship in all its aspects amongst the association's members.

"Polynesian Catamarans" shall mean the various classes of catamarans as designed by James Wharram.



News for Sea People



RCD Update (again apologies to non EU based members)

Article 1(3) paragraph(g) - (Article & paragraph number relating to owner built boat exemptions)

Craft built for own use, provided that they are not subsequently placed on the Community market during a period of five years;

The exclusion in (g) concerns craft built by their future user, provided that they are not placed on the EEA market within five years of being put into service. This does not preclude the sub-contracting, by the builder, of specialists in certain aspects of the fitting out of the boat e.g. electrical or electronic engineers.

A kit boat bought by its end user, from the kit boat manufacturer, not completed in accordance with the kit manufacturers instructions (i.e. modified*) but to the "desires" of the end user is considered to be a "boat built for own use".

If, for whatever reason, a boat built for own use is intended to be placed on the Community market, whether completed or partly completed, within the 5 year period, then certification by a person or persons fulfilling the role of manufacturer would be required in a similar manner to (f) above. These persons would take the responsibility for the appraisal of the design, construction and any necessary modification of the boat. This appraisal, with regard to compliance with essential requirements of the Directive, involves the procedures necessary for conformity assessment.

* It is considered that these modifications relate to compliance with the Directive's Essential Requirements and not features outside of the scope of Annex 1.

Note: A member of the general public building his own boat (in his garage or garden, for example), from materials bought on the open market is deemed to be "building a boat for his own use". This boat lies outside of the Directive and does not require compliance with the essential requirements and thus CE Marking. If for whatever reason this situation changes then the provisions detailed above would be seen to apply. It should be made clear that a private person who enters into a contractual arrangement with a professional company, yard or individual constructor to build a one off boat (be-spoke) is deemed to have entered into an arrangement where there will be a transfer of ownership. Such a boat is deemed to fall under the Directive and will have to comply with the Essential Requirements of the Directive and applicable conformity assessment procedures. Reference is made to text expanding Article 4.

Boats built for own use have the concept that a person is building their own boat and not having it built by others.

Dave Peak (Vice Commodore)

N.B. I'll try and ascertain how the EU intends to enforce the RCD plus how we can appeal if the worst comes to the worst. Also I'll also be investigating exemption certificate issues. Watch this space!

2003 PCA Meets & other Events

		Contact
Apr 5th	Southern UK Social, Poole	Ken Hook
Apr 18-21st	Spain PCA Meet, Mar Menor, Spain	Mike Wynn
May 23-24th	Poole - Channel Isles Cruise in company	Ken Hook
May 30->	St Malo area cruise	Ken Hook
June 13-15th	Austrian Wharram Meet	Gerald Winkler
July - Sep	Poole, Solent, Channel Isles, French and other meets still being finalized. See next issue for dates and locations	
Dec	Roger Ayres is hoping to hold a meet in the Florida Keys	

How to host a Meet

Prompted by a letter from Dave Brooman asking about the possibilities of a meet in NW England or N. Wales & similar mail about a Florida meet raised the question -

What's needed to host a meet ?

- * Enthusiasm & optimism
- Minimally one (or two) boats, preferably Wharrams
- A couple of anchorages within a days sail
- Pre-designated pickup points
- Site for a BBQ or restaurant

Some PCA members have invited members to their areas with little or no turnout but continue to extend the invitation. This is the kind of optimism & enthusiasm needed. I've attended meets at 4 different locations. They've all been different and they have all had their own personalities and charm.

Organising a regional social is even easier - All you need is to designate a time and a place. The PCA will willingly assist with notification via website, e-mail, magazine and regional snail-mailings (these usually produce best results).

Nominations for committee roles should be sent to the PCA Office by May 31st for inclusion on this year's ballot. Nominations for all roles are welcomed.



Miscellaneous musings

Plenty of cruising stories from a variety of locales, some didn't make it into this issue so we've got a pretty fair start on issue #52, unfortunately no build articles this issue which set me to thinking.....Could/should the PCA set up a database of all boats being built or rebuilt? This would give us a resource for members to use when considering different models.

I know from personal experience that although I'd admired Wharrams from the mid 70s, I didn't see the interior until I viewed a used Narai in 1991. This also gave me my first view of the construction and how eminently rebuildable the design was. I had obtained the addresses, from JWD when I bought study plans in the early 80s, of some Pahi42 and Tehini purchasers of plans in the eastern half of the US. Unfortunately, the 4 or 5 names and addresses didn't materialise into boats in a building stage. Purchasers of plans can sometimes wait years before beginning a build, plans can change, people move etc.

However, if we can get builders to tell us what model they are building, what stage their build is at, would they welcome visitors, keep us updated, how long build has taken them, difficulties experienced.....

Harking back to last issue and using vegetable oil in diesel engines.....I came across a feature in a major british newspaper on using vegetable oil in diesel engines. While the feature seemed, to me, to be unashamedly a promotion of a product which may or may not be necessary, it is a sign that some people are waking up to this possible cleaner, greener fuel source.

Several different oils have been tested for extended periods, 61,000 miles (in one governmental agencies test), by government agencies as well as private individuals. Josh & Kaia Tickell drove their "Veggie Van" some 10,000+ miles across the USA using used (presumably cleaned) vegetable oil from fast food restuarants. Incidentally said used oil is apparently defined by the USs Environmetal Protection Agency as a "hazardous waste" and requires companies to pay for its disposal. Couple this with bio-diesel, as vegetable oil is being called, burning 75% cleaner than regular diesel fuel and you can see why it's considered to be eco-friendly.

One thing my initial research has shown, is that vegetable oils, having double the viscosity of normal diesel fuel, can be a concern with cold starts. It seems that a number of companies are offering pre-heating systems (from £300 and up) as one way of overcoming this potential problem. However, I recall that on the original TV program where I saw the possibilty of using vegetable oil, they didn't say anything about pre-heating kits but stated that a small quantity of acetone (one teaspoon to a litre of oil if I remember correctly) would allow use of the vegetaqble oil without any auxillary equipment being necessary. Hopefully I'll have a full story with examples of usage for the next issue.

Input from mechanical engineers out there is extremely welcome.

Dave

PS - you'll find enclosed a copy of "Crossbeams" - the PCA has offered to use of our software to help editor, Carl Reynolds, in the printing and mailing of this bi-annual Australian newsletter/mini-mag. Carl will continue as editor. I'm hoping also to try and resurrect the "Polycats" North American newsletter/minimag in the near future.

PPS - On a personal note, 3 months after indicating that I'd be stepping down from the editor role, I'm feeling much better and fitter and feel fully capable of fulfilling the role for another year. Having said that, backups and trainees waiting in the wings are welcomed, nay, encouraged to get involved. One thing a serious illness shows, is how much extra burden can be placed on other committee members and some backup would be a very good idea.

All members sending in articles for submission to the mag, will be entered into a drawing at the AGM. Prizes will consist of PCA clothing, burgee + the articles that have been presented in the money saving column for that year.

**Articles for submission to the mag can be sent to the PCA Office or electronically to
pca.txt@pca-seapeople.org (for articles, simple txt is best, .doc is fine also)
and pcapix@pca-seapeople.org (for pictures or drawings) .jpg format preferred (others less so)
(pictures should be scanned in at 300dpi resolution and size should be no more than 300K please)**



PEACE IV - Biscay & Beyond

Ann and Neville Clement

Tiki 46

August /Sept 2002

Now that we are clear of the Bristol Channel and its fearful tides, finished with the emotional distractions of saying good bye to friends and family and getting ourselves a little bit back on course after the soaring excitement of resuming our life at sea, we can finally study how this boat actually sails. The brief answer is that she sails "like a witch", as the old salts would say. A very kind and good witch. But we are still getting her properly set up for sea so there are many small alterations we are making and each one is paying us back handsomely for the effort.

At last, easing away from the dock in Bristol.



stopped in Milford to get a new compass and make more alterations. Bruised ribs are healing from leaning over the side to reach the rigging lines that tie our shrouds to the lashing strakes during a blow and we are all catching up on sleep since leaving Milford yesterday afternoon. Luckily, we all do like and respect one another because being this tired has caused a bit of strain. I am particularly susceptible to jealousy when I see a person sleep in a warm and dry place and I am cold, wet, and tired. Never mind that the position was reversed a short time ago! My life as a single hander prevented this jealousy in the past.

So here we are looking as the hills of Cornwall slip into the distance and we are grateful for the lullaby motion and gentle winds on this sunny day. We are removing a crossed line to the Monitor Windvane and I am sure it will now work fine but more on that later. The steering is light and easy with all working sails set (they are beautiful sails and set perfectly in light air to windward). We tack through 90 degrees easily. The sails go up and down easily now. We know where we plan to make sheet leads but our jury rig leads work fine for the moment. The rig tension is ok now and minor damage done when it all went slack is going to be easy to repair when we are in Spain. Places that have chafed due to blocks shaking

against the cabin top will have hard rubber chafe gear put on in Spain and we can change up from temporary lines to permanent lines in many locations because we now know what to do.

This is an extremely pleasant home at sea for the four of us, provides plenty of privacy and space to be alone whenever that is needed and lots of comfortable space to get together for conversation when that is wanted. Sleeping is comfy and the hulls are delightfully full of happy folks again.

The speed is amazing and easy to come by. We are just learning how she wants her sails and how she likes to be steered, but in light air she picks up and gets into a groove where she can magically manufacture her own wind. Your feet feel the acceleration first when a little breeze comes along. Alan, our navigator this trip, said "A good boat will sing to you when she is in the mood and last night I could hear that with this boat - yes, I like that tune." She is just a very young maiden yet, but as we get to know her, we hope to hear that singing more and more. Meanwhile, I catch myself singing all the time now after my silence throughout the boat building years.

Most brand new boats require sea trials so that the owners can determine which changes are needed to lead sheets for better sail trim, tune the rigging, see how the cockpit should be organized for night sailing, etc. In our case, the insurance company insists that we must be out of British waters before Sept 1 or else we will not be insured beyond Britain this year. So our first sailing has included night sailing in the Bristol Channel wind against tide, tuning the rig as we go even though we have been extremely short of sleep, learning about sail handling at night at the same time we were baffled by a jammed compass and had not had time to remove boat building equipment from the cockpit coamings. Luckily, our crew is excellent and even though we were soaked through with cold wind, on extreme short rations of sleep, and confused and disorganized, the work as been done willingly and effectively. So on the third day of sea trials, we are heading offshore across the Bay of Biscay which is certainly not my idea of proper seamanship, but it is the necessary task so we will do it.

We stopped in Swansea on the way down Channel and made some alterations in the short time we had, then

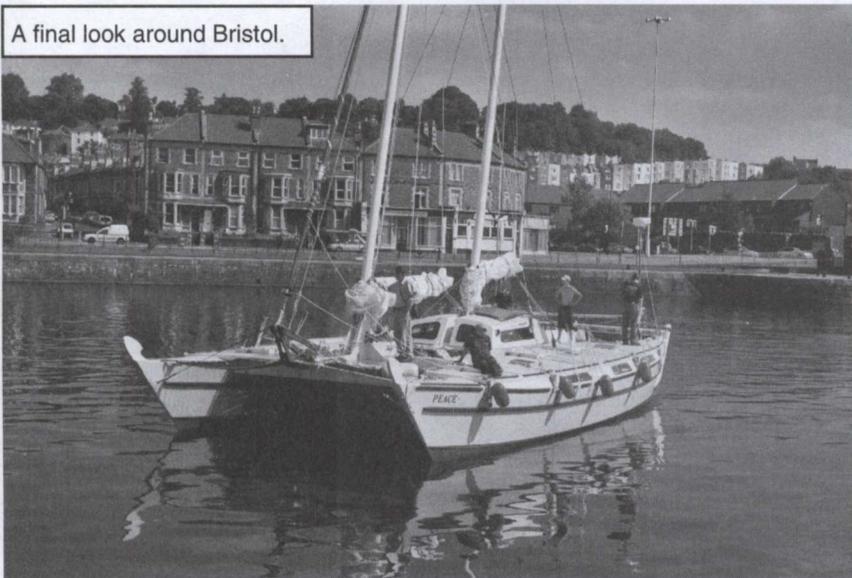


PEACE IV – Biscay & Beyond

Ann and Neville Clement

Tiki 46

A final look around Bristol.



Alan is doing a fine job of navigating and just got a sun sight to be proud of. He wants this 600+ mile trip as a qualifier for Offshore Yacht Master license. He also cooks well and keeps his head even when unfairly criticized during the confusion of rain, dark, cold and stuck compass. His cooking is inventive and tasty and appropriate for offshore conditions.

Keith is a warm and friendly guy who likes to be silly when the situation will allow it but his strength and willing spirit were fully at our disposal when we suddenly needed to pull quite hard on those shrouds in a cold drizzle. He has an easy laugh that was most welcome as we rebonded following the first two days of stress. Nev has been working hard on all the alterations in spite of his cold and I have been happy tweaking sails, washing up, and steering. I am most pleased that my stamina for long haul sailing is still with me in spite of the many years since I did off shore sailing. I still love it. Even in this raw boat with all its demands for instant attention to detail in order to become ready for sea, I love this life. She is an excellent boat and her strength is there in abundance - we have full confidence.

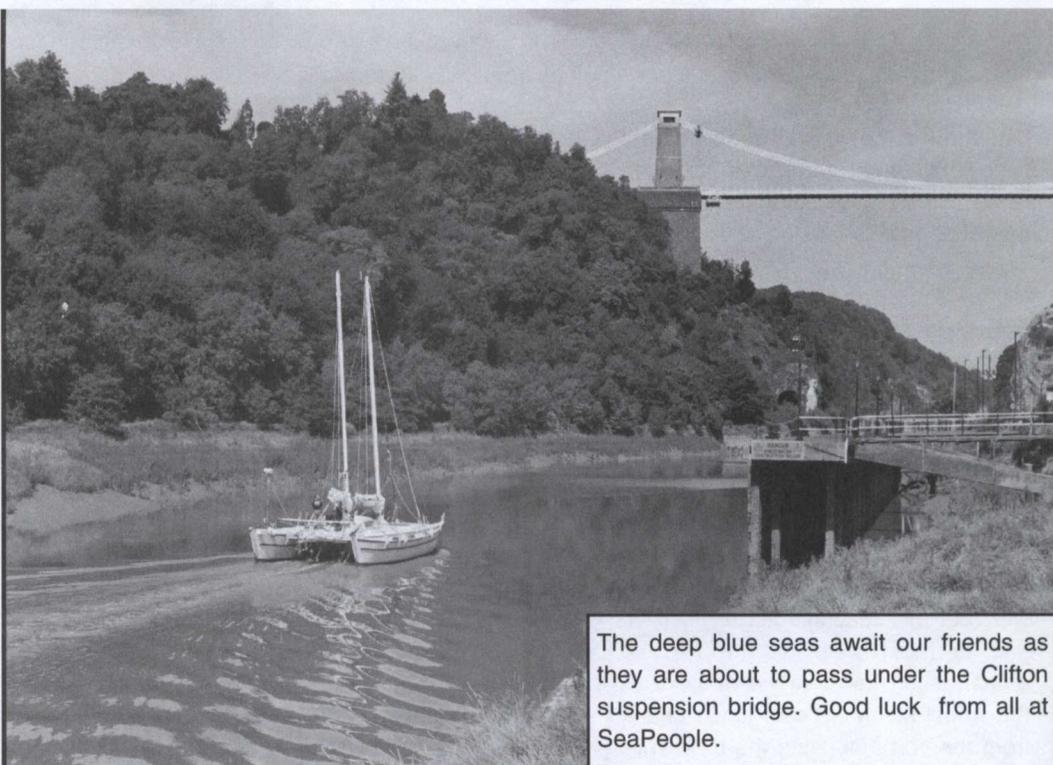
At anchor she was quiet as a mouse and did not worry the anchor. She just sat

there and we were grateful for our pillows and no disturbance. Putting the windlass where it is in the plans was the right thing to do. A nylon line around the first crossbeam takes the strain off the rode and there was no chafe to worry about. We had a lot of water up over the bows for a short while in the Channel but nothing came below. The forward hatches were dry.

Current conditions are light winds of 7 knots apparent with us making about 3 knots to windward. More reports will come as we learn more about her but we feel they will likely all be good. Thanks to everyone and apologies to those I have doubted.

Crossing Biscay

Crossing the Bay of Biscay is a noteworthy passage in any boat and most sailors consider it one of the more difficult ones. But we had no time to prepare and not even time to clear sawdust out of cockpit coamings and put winch handles and binoculars in the way one would do for day sailing. Our life raft was not ready for use. Shackles were not secure so we were carefully inspecting for problems and prevented loss of foremain gaff and jib tack. Main sheets were not properly made up, sheet leads were wrong, lashings of both shrouds and crossbeams were not tightened to counter the expected stretch on initial stressing, compass lights were made to the wrong switch so we had to use flash lights, and the list goes on and on. Four of us were kept busy inspecting and driving the boat. But we loved the way she managed the situation and appreciated one



The deep blue seas await our friends as they are about to pass under the Clifton suspension bridge. Good luck from all at SeaPeople.



PEACE IV - Biscay & Beyond

Ann and Neville Clement

Tiki 46

another's efforts to compensate for the rawness.

Speed is available in this boat to an extent beyond our requirements. We are happy with the easy 7 or 8 knots and want a reef after that. Reefing points had not been made up so we simply dropped the foremain sail and that worked fine.

The motion at sea in gentle winds is like a lullaby or a mother walking a baby. As the wind gets up, the motion seems to go along with the sound of the song "I'm looking over a four leafed clover". Kind of a swing with lightness. She dances over the waves but can cut through the tips of them so the ride is more even and not jerking or bouncy. There is almost no bow wake and the sterns close the water behind so there is very little disturbance in the water at all. Bright phosphorus light shows happen below deck so it is interesting to peek between the deck slats where splashes happen.

During the trip I had very little sleep - often only 4 hours in a day but felt tired rather than exhausted which is pretty good at age 59. The boat continued making 6 to 8 knots easily in light air with all sail set or winds up to 25 knots with only the jib and main sail set. She did not feel stressed and did not stress us either. On Aug 20 we had a long enough calm spell to set the bright colored spinnaker sail and it is lovely. Later that evening Nev and I were alone on deck and saw the sunset with a pair of dolphin swimming across the golden river of reflected light on the starboard side of the boat at the same time as a nearly full moon rose on the port side. Forward and aft the light was a lovely peach and silver with ocean and sky seeming to be one and the same. The fresh made apple cake did not last long.

On Aug 21 we heard a few louder creaking sounds from the aft crossbeam and decided to lubricate that area with the only thing at hand which was a squirt of sun tan lotion. No damage was noted and we think that the lashings only need to be tightened after this crossing. Earlier the shroud lashings had to be tightened again because the working of the boat had stretched them. Normally this would have happened during sea trials but on this third day of sea trials, we were crossing Biscay. The main mast needed to be supported with new shims which Nev made out of some ply he had and hammered into place. Nev and I put frapping turns on the shrouds and that helped. Right after that, Alan's guacamole dip was consumed by all of us in about five minutes with all of us reaching into the bowl at once. We were doing 7 to 8 knots and the snacks were simply sitting quietly in the cockpit.

As the winds went aft, the Monitor showed us that it worked well, but the attachments to our tillers was not right so we had to hand steer all the rest of the way. We were embarrassed because we had not set her up better. Then the wheel steering came loose and Alan had to hand steer from the port hull using the tiller while Nev got into the pod

and fixed the problem.

On Aug 22 Nev was put to bed with a swollen knee. This happened because he had knelt on a screw left over from boat building and not cleared away and the cut became infected. The knee was painful and double size and I could find no thermometer or proper dressings or medicines for him. He went to bed and we sympathized with him and decided to head for Camarinas instead of Bayonne which was further along the coast. Another case of unprepared boat.

We made landfall on Aug 23 and the work list is long but easy. Nev is feeling better and we will rest here and get the boat properly prepared for the rest of her journey. She is going to be a fine home and will take us and our friends and family into many interesting parts of the ocean. The safety factors in the design are most reassuring and we are entirely pleased.

The flexible design of the boat allows hulls to flex within limits set by crossbeams. The other parts of the boat also flex so you see her gently lifting a quarter of an inch here and there as she goes along. It is like she is stretching herself and certainly the lashings are stretching. Tomorrow we will all get out there and tighten things up again. I think this will be the last time for that job though.

Now we will enjoy Spain, red wine, meet folks and relax as we work and sail down this lovely coast with its many Rias. It is a fantastic cruising ground and the pleasures of the cruising life are here at last. We are in a state of wonder after the years of work at the farm to build this boat. Our lives have entered a new phase and this afternoon we will open a bottle of champagne to celebrate.

Shake Down Cruising

First of all, it is just excellent being back on the water and having this much better way of living. The majority of the boat work is well behind us now and we are spending only half days as we complete the little jobs and get better acquainted with PEACE FOUR in her ocean cruising environment. Nev is recovering from an infection that swelled his knee double size after he cut himself kneeling on a screw that had wandered out from some corner where it should not have been, but he will soon be 100% again.

Crossing Biscay as the third day sail for a brand new boat is not the recommended procedure especially when the first two day sails had not been followed by a period of work to correct the little things that needed adjustment.

One problem with new rope is that it stretches just at first, even if it is pre stretch rope and that is what happened to the lashings on our dead eyes going down to the chain plates on the outboard side of each hull. So the shrouds came loose



PEACE IV - Biscay & Beyond

Ann and Neville Clement

Tiki 46

and the masts wiggled and tossed out their shims and it all got a little bit too exciting and out of control for a while. We had two big strong friends crewing for us and that was what saved the day because the three men leaned over the side and tightened the lashings with all their muscles straining and got the job done on the lee side. Then we tacked and they did the same job again on the other side and the masts were stable once more. Nev hammered in some temporary shims and we thought we were ok. I must say it is just great how strong guys are when you need 'em.

However, we did not notice that we apparently suffered some stretched lines on the bridles that go from the forward end of the sprit down to the bows where they are lashed into the leading edge of the hulls. This allowed the central plank of the sprit to lift a little, and as it did so, the glue joint sheered for several inches between the sides of the plank and the ply of the mast case just aft of the first cross beam. This glue joint had been carefully prepared according to the West System instructions including the use of acetone to clean off the wood and scratching to improve the holding. The lifting of the plank was opposed by the pressing down of the mast and the sails also pressed down when full of wind and the sheering action was strong at that place. Looking at that area in the plans now makes me wonder that we did not expect trouble there long ago, but it is not easy to anticipate everything that can happen on a new boat. That is what sea trials are for and we were not able to have anything like the normal course of sea trials. Our third sail was crossing Biscay!

In the Spanish Rias

By the time we got here in Camarinas (Northern Spain - Galicia), the cracks had developed to around 6 and 9 inches so we knew we did not dare move the boat any further until we had stabilized the situation. Nev had the usual heap of materials you would expect on a new home built boat and selected a chunky piece of iroko, some threaded rods, some mild steel angle and some stainless plate and proceeded to put in a temporary fix. This looks darn strong to both of us and will likely take us as far as Faro where there are lots of Wharrams who likely know where the scrap yard is for more materials. Barring that, we are headed for Gibraltar (ten coastal sailing days from here) and Nev has many old Gibraltarian friends from long ago living there. Surely one of them will know where the scrap yard is.

This part of Northern Spain looks a little bit like Charlton Flats in the high desert forest behind Los Angeles in that there are lots of trees but it is not a really wet area although rain has been falling maybe once a week in the form of showers during this wet part of the year. The trees are a startling deep green against the marvelously clear blue skies with their collection of mare's tail clouds today. Yesterday was the day of showers and we had a few thunder thumping clouds to watch out for - "quick close the hatches because

HERE IT COMES!!!" Here in the Ria de Camarinas the water is clear but thick with fish and we have been admiring the local fish boats which are rowed out to the fishing here in the Ria by one or two men. They are made of two very wide and thick planks of pine per side and a flat bottom made of wood going side to side with a doubler plank going fore and aft inside. We like the transom which has a curved top. They have two or three seats and the oars are held in place with pins similar to the Irish. There's the clue. The Irish, Scots, Welsh, and Cornish and also the Bretons of France are related to these people here in Northern Spain. They are all Celts and are fair folk with similar sounding language as well as culture. Nev feels right at home here and noticed the language right away. They do not all speak Spanish which is a second language. Youngsters often speak English because of school lessons.

We are in a nice sized natural harbor that has been improved for anchoring boats by the addition of a long jetty provided by the European Community. Fishing is the name of the game and the old fish packing house we remember has been built to six or seven times larger size since 1993 when we last came through. The little fish boats are now joined by some large Spanish fishing boats so I suppose this is the kind of thing the ecology folks would shake their head about because no fish can stand up to such intense fishing for long. We see that the smoke house has started up again but luckily the smell of smoked sardines will not come our way today because we have a south wind. Aah.

Last time we were here, the women lined the streets in straight backed chairs and talked quietly while they made lace using many bobbins and little pins to hold it in place as they whirled and twirled the bobbins faster and faster with tiny clickety clack sounds. Now the local women have stopped this except for one old woman in a back alley. I am sure there are plenty of women still making lace in smaller villages nearby however because there is plenty of it to buy in the stores still.

Today has been Laundry Day on PEACE FOUR and I did sheets and pillow cases, towels, shirts, pants, and sox all with about 15 litres of water that wanted to be used so we can refill that tank from the hose on shore. I have some 6mm line and the best thing the British ever invented - the plastic one piece clothes peg - has been doing heroic service in the 15 knots of wind. The sheet dried in 20 minutes and the rest will be done before supper. Our electric wind generator is doing well too and the main batteries are nearly charged and soon Nev will recharge his drills etc. I must say, that laundry smells so fresh and clean after drying in such clean sea breezes I am sure no other clean clothes smell so good. Our little hand wind washer makes the work easy although I dearly wish I had an old fashioned wringer to go with it. I might get one in Portugal but certainly I will find one for sale in the small shops behind the main streets in



PEACE IV - Biscay & Beyond

Ann and Neville Clement

Tiki 46

Fort de France, Martinique. Best of all, I have no asthma in this fresh air - none at all and I do not need any medication either. I never cough, my nose stays clear, and I feel so much more energetic as a result.

Nev's infected knee has taken a long time to heal but today it almost looks normal after more than two weeks resting between spurts of working. We have made a major repair to the foremast case where the designer says they will be making a change in the plans from now on. Nev's fix job was approved both the temporary and final plans. The current chunky repair will become sleek after we can get hold of some good stainless steel. It is not possible for a designer to anticipate everything that will happen in a boat and certainly this one has been quite strong and good natured considering that we had no time for proper sea trials before crossing Biscay. We have also made many small changes to improve the convenience and safety as well as the ease of sailing the boat. We have read all the instruction booklets that came with the instruments and now understand how everything works. Lots of things have had special places constructed for keeping them safe, tying them down, or making them easier to get at during storms maybe at night etc. The boat is feeling more like a real ocean boat and less like an unfinished work project.

There is a bakery up one street opposite the post office and Maria makes "o" shaped loaves which are dark and crusty on the outside and creamy colored with some whole wheat and large holes in the soft bread in the inside. The salt free butter is excellent with it and so is the soft sweet cheese or else the sharp tasting hard salami. The red wine locally is cheap but not for the faint hearted. It is a robust flavored wine costing less than a pound a bottle - about 75 US cents. The only trouble is that the bread, salami, cheese, and wine go so well together, it is hard to stop eating lunch! You must take what you want and leave the galley with strict determination not to refill plate or glass. Else the whole afternoon is spent zonked out in the sunshine on the foredeck watching clouds or day dreaming. This has happened several times already. We really like Spain!

Time to move on

It is Sept 22 and we have been moving south in Spain over the past several days. From Camarinas we went around Cabo Finisterre and anchored in the tiny bay of Ensenada de Sardinero by the small fishing village there. Soft sounds of waves on the beach lulled us to sleep that night. Then we went to Muros which is an old town in the Ria de Muros and I went walking with Clarissa, a friend from another boat, and we saw the narrow passage ways between the old houses - there are few proper streets. Gardens were lovely and the odor of the earth most welcome. Portosin in the same Ria offered better protection but is not such a lovely town but we again walked into the forest behind the town and found a mossy place full of the

sound of insects and birds. The old farm houses were stone and cleverly made especially the storage houses with rodent excluders and air vents all hand hewn of stone.

This morning we lifted the anchor and found a ball of kelp the size of a Volkswagen beetle which we had to disassemble using boat hooks. It took most of an hour! Leaving the Ria de Muros we had light following winds and set the jib and tried again to get the Monitor wind vane to work. Success at last! We were able to rest and let the boat steer herself using only the jib down wind. Later we added the foresail and the main sail and all worked well until our own boat speed increased (catamarans have this habit of moving fast in light air) and got the Monitor confused. Nev will have to work again to set up the electric compass controlled attachment he is making for the Monitor. Now we have the Monitor itself working properly, that will be a lot easier to arrange. We were hand steering in light air and got boat speed up to 7 knots. Later wind got to 15 knots and again went behind us so we were back using the Monitor and two head sails wing and wing and so pleased to see it working well. That is likely the configuration we will use in the Trade Winds.

It was a day of mist and haze so we were a little concerned about fog that tends to form in this area. After much consideration, we decided to anchor again in Isla Ceis which looked like the Island of Avalon in mythology. The shape of the island is dramatic with cliffs and angled rocks, forest, and almost no houses. It looked truly enchanting in the falling evening light of soft mauve and peach. Mists drifted over the high elevations and we could see the sun setting across a tiny isthmus between the north and south of the island. We anchored off the white sand beach which we had enjoyed so much back in 1993 and celebrated with a glass of wine before supper.

We were lucky earlier when a halyard wrapped around the forestay that it happened in such a way so Nev could easily correct the problem. Looking at it while at anchor here, we think we understand what caused it and can prevent it in future but Nev will make some changes just to be certain.

Now soft rain is falling to wash away the crumbled cookie we left on deck for a birdie who visited us during the day. He was not interested in cookies but caught around 20 bugs with clever flying demonstrations and landed on my hand before flying away. He was a yellow birdie about the size of a Jenny Wren and we named him Fred.

Nev's knee is much better, the sails are now easy to handle and we are pleased with the boat. We feel rested and are so happy to be back cruising again. We are feeling like it would be good to hear from friends and find out what is happening in your lives. We miss everyone.

Our friendly south wind is not currently helping us on our



PEACE IV – Biscay & Beyond

Ann and Neville Clement

Tiki 46

way because we want to head south so the more usual north wind would be better. While we wait for it to return, Nev is putting the finishing touches on his Autohelm to Monitor Wind Vane self steering. This has been quite a struggle for him because he must install it inside the cockpit coaming where it can be kept out of the strong sunlight and also away from drenching waves and rain because it is not as water proof as the manufacturers say it is. Then he must figure out which way the boat will actually go when he pushes the buttons. It is a little like a game with mirrors and crossed lines or too many negatives in a sentence. You have to wonder a long time and still you are not sure.... So we will "suck it and see" as they say in the UK. We will take her out some time soon and see what happens. If he has it wrong, there is a little pattern of key pushing that will change it over to the other way around. So not to worry, it will eventually take us south and not back to England!

Eventually we will be in Martinique with the Fercot family who are building a TIKI 46 and finally in my home town of Providence, Rhode Island in America and everything is available there. I hope we can return the sprit to its former glory but we both intend to have some chunky metal angle to support that area will be doubled and through fastened. Other builders would do well to look closely at this area in the TIKI 46 and make their own adjustments. Perhaps several layers of fiberglass tape would have been enough had they been laid on from new. Or some chunky timber to support the ply underneath the sprit at that point and a metal strip over the plank. Perhaps Wharrams will have a suggestion.

We are so pleased that everything else on the boat seems to be just fine and we must really admit that it was mostly the lack of sea trials that made this problem as bad for us as it became. It has been a fairly easy repair and the boat is quite strong there now. Could go for thousands of miles just as she is.

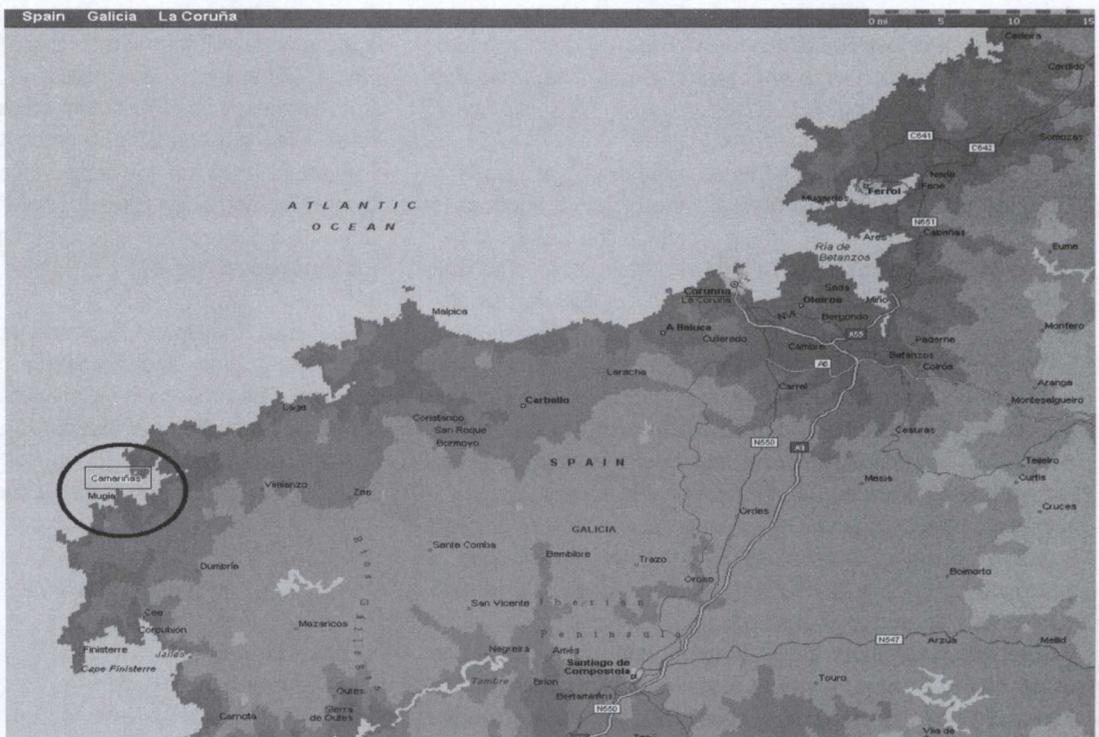
Just got a good letter from Hanneke and we all agree with the prevention and cure for the mast case/bow sprit crack. Her plan changes look exactly correct and her suggestion for us agrees with our own plans. It is good to have such an active and considerate

design office. We are not worried at all by this crack because it will never get the chance to develop further and because the cure is so easy. That's the nice thing about these boats. Simple and robust design all owner built and easy to repair.

Bayona

We are in Bayona now having anchored one night only at Islas Ceis. We were concerned about the weather and needed to buy more petrol here. Shopping is easy in Bayona, or as Clarissa said in a mobile phone text "S'wonderful". She loves the city life and used to spend her youth traveling around Europe playing sax on the street with young friends she met along the way. These days she feels less attracted to the public life of a performer and keeps contented sipping coffee in street cafes and writing her thoughts on a mini computer she has in her purse. But we all enjoy shopping for basic things and discovering the new offerings of various regions and we eagerly share discoveries. She found the first Spanish chocolate specially made to melt in hot water for thick, hot cocoa to drink from a cup. Being ruffians, we simply broke off a chunk of the stuff while walking into the woods behind the city and let it melt in our mouth. It tastes a little gritty and much more chocolatey than any other kind of chocolate. Deep throated growls of approval expressed our satisfaction as we had another and another chunk of the stuff. It is the darkest chocolate I have tasted and also the least oily. I went back to the store and got several more bars of it. We will continue just eating it straight as ignorant foreigners are not expected to follow directions in foreign languages.

A nice thing about this city is the way it wakes up. The first sound to reach us is church bells and always the surf softly



PEACE IV - Biscay & Beyond

Ann and Neville Clement

Tiki 46

breaking on the nearby beach. There are not many cars here and it is another place where there are the narrow alleys too small for cars so people walk a lot. Of the many waterside cafes and bars, not one plays loud music at night.

Again the small wooden fishing boats are different. In Camarinas they are made with two thick planks per side and there is a lovely and graceful sheer, pointed bow, and the transom had a curved top like an arch. Here the bow is like a pram and very high, the sides are thin planks with more extreme sheer, and there is a flat topped transom. In Muros they had a rounded bow, not much sheer, and the transom was unremarkable but the cutwater was quite narrow so there was a lot of skill in bending the wood. Each area has its own interpretation of small wooden fishing boat. Our favorite is still the Camarinas style although these Bayona boats have a delightful profile when lit from behind by the sunset.

On arriving here we found a potentially serious problem at the top of the mast. Our jib halyard wrapped around and could have trapped the forward sail in the out position which would have been dangerous in the event of a storm. A Swedish single hander, Stephan, came and helped us by adding a block to prevent it from happening again, corrected an unrelated chafe problem, and did a few more odd jobs for us. It was such a kindness to have helped us by going up to the top of the mast for us that way but typical of a cruiser. We all have the habit of lending a hand to one another.

This afternoon Nev will go under the boat in the dinghy and see if he can repair the radio antenna for the VHF radio which is not working. He thinks it is a connection problem but must cut open a pipe which holds the antenna to get at it. Luckily he used a clear plastic pipe to protect those wires so he can see just where to go in. Tape will seal it again. This and the halyard wrap are more of the teething problems the new boat is having.

At last we are among distance cruisers who are not shy about dropping by with a bottle of wine or some popcorn to share and spending the evening watching the sun go down on our wide deck talking to others who have also come with something to share including stories and helpful information. Last night we had a group singing and playing musical instruments on deck. Clarissa and her sax got going well with her usual improvised jazz but she also managed to make a quite convincing "om pa pa" keeping beat with the Swede playing the accordion. We had a fine guitar going with old songs from the 60s and plenty of wine - the cost for a whole bottle is only one Euro for local wine and it is good enough. There were so many Swedes, we were invited to finish the party on a big steel hulled classic North Sea type double ender and they brought out their Kammel Dansk which was something new to me. Language differences made full description difficult but I was finally told with a knowing look, "It WORKS!" The glasses are fortunately

small as it certainly does "work" quite well indeed. That evening of singing among new friends with the sunset and later the lights of Bayona streaming reflections across the water in the mild evening air felt to us like a final launching party. This time we are the ones being launched into this new life of simplicity, enjoying the company of all we meet. We are living mostly outside where we constantly see beautiful sky, stars, natural light and get our entertainment by sharing simple pleasures with others.

I got some fishing gear in town and hope to catch supper as we sail along now. There are lots of fish down there and we used to catch them in the old boat. We will have to experiment as to the best speed to sail, where to fasten the line, how to land the fish, etc. Until we get it right, there are plenty of tinned fish in the lockers...

Sept 25 The ship's radio has finally given up its gremlin and works fine from the masthead antenna. Nev had to make a new coaxial connection which his fancy clear plastic pipe had not protected from corrosion. The hand held radio is still not keeping a charge and will have to be returned to the store in Bristol when Nev visits the UK. But at least we are back on air now. I feel a curious sense of guilt when things don't work which are considered to be essential - like the VHF radio. Certainly most boats did not have radios until recent times though so it is not as essential as some folks would have you believe.

The hurricane in mid Atlantic is moving to the north east so we will hope it makes all the other lows and highs go into their more normal positions. The Portuguese Trades are a northerly wind we had been relying on to travel south but it has been missing for several days now and not reliable for a few weeks even. Lots of boats are here waiting for its return and then we will all head for O'Porto, Lisbon, and Southern Spain. Might look like a bunch of white moths flying south from some spy satellite out in space. We will all be flying two headsails wing and wing to catch the wind and rolling down the waves towards the land where winter cannot find us. Soon Nev and I will have to make a shade awning. In this boat the rolling motion will be greatly reduced and the entire trip more comfortable.

All the best to all in the PCA and especially to those who are still mixing glue and dreaming of what we have finally realized. The cruising life is still wonderful and the ocean is a lovely home on these broad decks and strong hulls.

Love, Ann and Nev



ANNA SOPHIA - Portugal to Canaries

Guenter and Gundi Zimmerman

Tiki 30

This year our sailing season started very late as we had spent more than 5 months from Nov.01 on a round the world trip (Thailand, NZ, AUS, Hawaii) and had left the boat in a boatyard in Faro for 10 months. We came down to Portugal in mid July and had to start with a lot of maintenance work (as taking down the mast for the first time for minor repairs). As we could only get into the water over a ramp at springtide we had to wait until August 10th and then moved to the "catamaran bay" on the island of Culatra. The first Wharram sailor we met there was Patrick Dowman, Skipper of the Tangaroa "Skipjack" (former owner of Tiki 26 "Meira") whom we had met last year in the Rio Guardiana and had made friends with him. Then we had a very pleasant "international meeting" with Dave Hender and Jane from "Big Tiddles", UK, whom we had come to know just by chance in Feb. in NZ and Don and Denise Brazier from Auckland who were on a family visit in England and came down to Portugal for just 3 days.

Towards the end of August we moved a few miles east to Cabanas in the lagoon of Tavira and from there I drove our car to Valencia to leave it there with friends. Back to Culatra we found 2 further Wharram cats in the bay: The Narai Mk 1 "Tayo" with Cristiano Rudolphi and the Pahi 35 "Areoi" that had once belonged to the Wharrams, ancestor to all Pahis, with Allen and Rose Reynolds. Around Sept.7th everything was ready to go to the Canaries except the weather. Together with Areoi and Tayo we had to wait for 3 weeks, first at the new pontoon at Olao, then in Portimao and finally in the lagoon of Alvor. Allen provided us with weatherfax and we tried (with our poor French) to understand the forecast of Radio France Internacional. The situation was curious: a big depression stationary west of Portugal and where you would expect the Portugal Trades at that time of the year we constantly had southerlies. At the end of September the weather changed slightly. On Oct.1st the wind was down completely and in the Canaries northerlies started to build up again. As our boat is very good under engine power, so

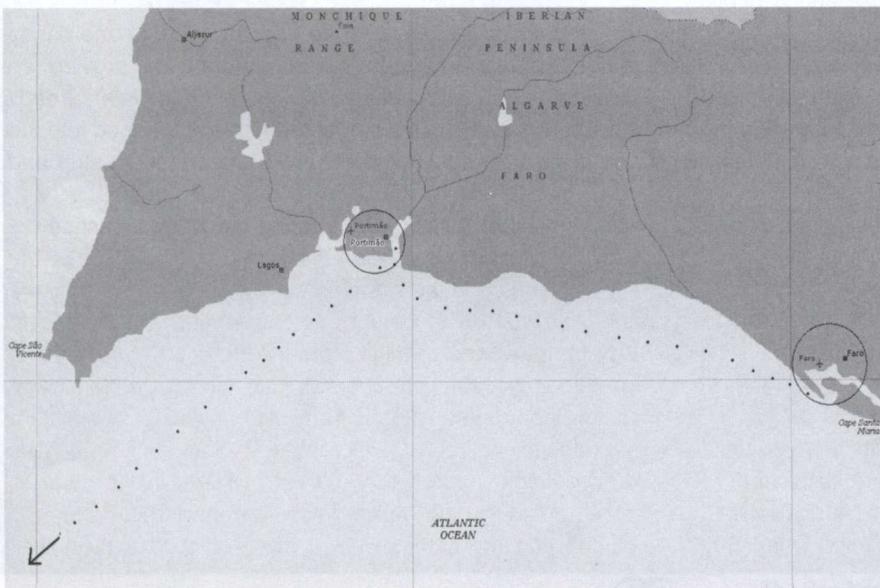
we decided to give it a try. We knew that we could go at least 200nm to SW with our petrol and hoped to find northerly winds there. Allen and Cristiano decided to wait for a further improvement of the weather. We were extremely lucky and picked up a NW after 5 hours and could stop the engine. 4 days and 4 hours after we had left the lagoon of Alvor we reached the Estrecho del Rio, the channel between Isla Graciosa and Lanzarote (after only 15 hours of motoring). For the biggest part of the journey we had 10 to 16 knots of wind, first from NW and then after 10 hours calm from NE. Twice we had to reef as the wind went up to 22 knots. As our new autopilot had packed up after the first 2 hours we had to steer by hand all the time.

The harbour of La Sociedad was crowded and so we anchored in Playa Francesa with lots of monohulls from UK,US, Scandinavia and Australia. On the first morning at breakfast we realised that we were dragging anchor. We didn't take it serious, started the engine, changed from the Fortress anchor to our 16kg "Buegl", set a Bahamian mooring and when we were safely anchored we found out that we could not start the engine any more. It is a 9.9hp 4stroke Yamaha that was absolutely reliable so far. Unfortunately it turned out that the ignition didn't work and I could not find any simple reason.

In the meantime Areoi and Tayo were on the way down. They had left Alvor 36 hours after our departure but it took them more than 6 days. On Areoi the cable of the steering wheel broke and they had to use a brushhandle as an emergency tiller for more than a day.

Allen didn't dare to come into the crowded anchorage without proper steering and dropped anchor over 20m. At night they dragged anchor and went up and down the estrecho under engine as they could not approach the shore in the dark. When they finally were anchored safely in the bay they had a long and good sleep. Then Allen who is an electronics engineer found out that the high voltage coils of our stator were burnt to open circuit and as Cristiano used an old Yamaha 9.9 for his dinghy they removed the stator from there and built it into our engine which then worked perfectly again. Cristiano got a spare outboard from Allen and after Areoi's steering was repaired and the NE wind funneling down the Estrecho del Rio calmed down, we sailed to Arrecife where we anchor together in the little bay between Puerto Marmoles and Castillo de San Jose just north of the awfully crowded Puerto de Naos.

**** ANNA SOPHIA heads down to the Cape Verdes in the next issue -ed**

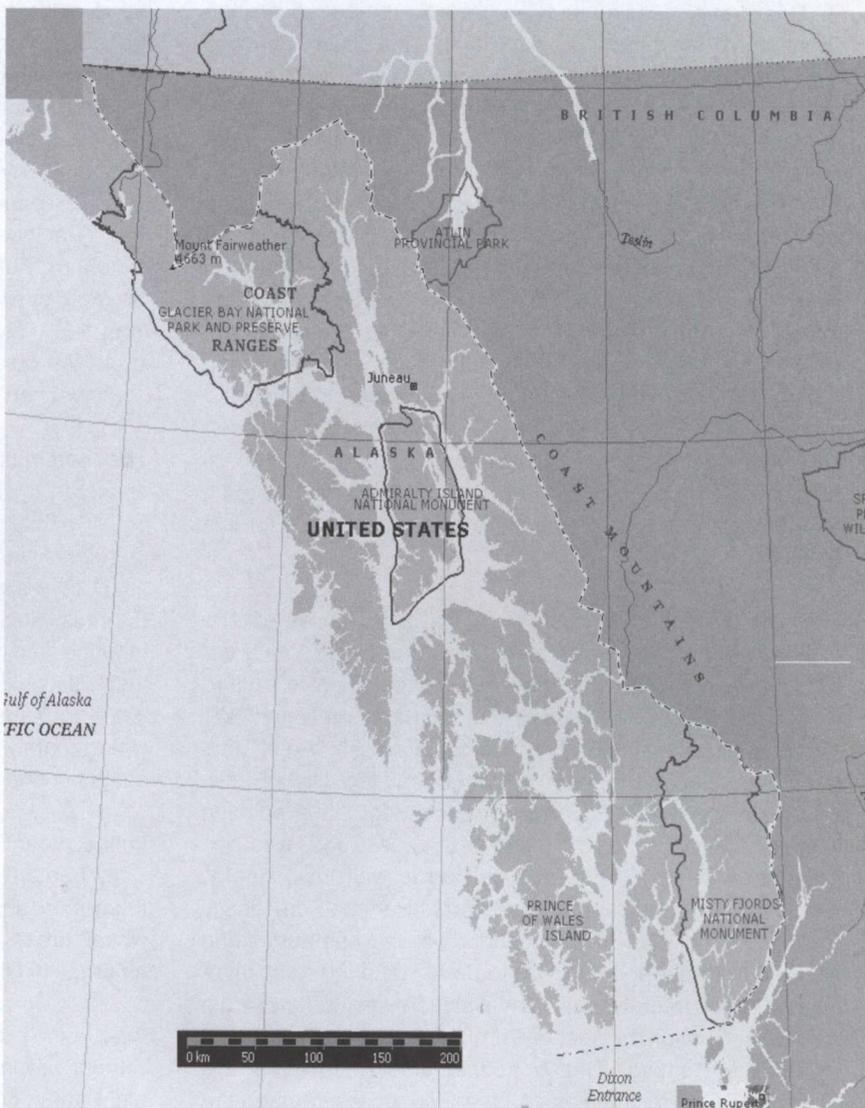


Prince Rupert is two thirds of the way to Juneau and the last city as you leave Canada north and first you have to check into when you enter Canada from Alaska. I said good-bye to Cahoma in the morning, bought fuel, motored up past Dundas Island, across Dixon Entrance, and anchored in Foggy Bay just over the border before dusk in constant rain. The next day I tied up at the dock in Ketchikan, Alaska in time to hide from a gale. Dave from the next boat took my lines, shook my hand, and welcomed me to Ketchikan. It was good to be back in Alaska. I checked in with US Customs and took a walk downtown in the pouring, slanting rain.

The next day I did laundry, shopped for food, paid bills, and waited out the gale. Underway late in the morning in fog, rain, and a nice tail wind I sailed north into Clearance Strait. The afternoon brought 25 knots building to 35 or 40 with close packed five foot hissing white caps. Tahiarri sprinted to a steady 8 knots and sometimes more. The mainsail was bending around the shroud so when I tried to bring it down to something reasonable sized it didn't slide at all. The situation was getting kind of exciting between tending the sail at the mast and racing back to the pilothouse to correct the steering every minute when the waves pushed the sterns around. I really didn't want to get crossways to those waves. I finally was able to yank the sail down to half size by brute force but even then Tahiarri was running at six and a half knots. I ducked into Meyer's Chuck and anchored with a big white chrome palace of a yacht. What a neat little hidey-hole! Inside was as calm as could be. Meyer's Chuck has a dozen houses up on the rocks, a public dock with a float plane ramp, a store, and a public telephone.

After doing the dishes while listening to Nina (99 Red Balloons) I motored out into a calm, partly cloudy morning and hauled all the bedding out to hang in the shrouds to dry. I had a frisky Dall porpoise escort again. Had to bring all the bedding back inside in the afternoon when it started drizzling. I motored through Zimovia Strait with its wicked left hand 90-degree turn across the current on the last of flood tide and made it into Wrangell, Alaska at 7:30. There was no room at the docks and the fuel dock was closed so I anchored around the point north of town.

Another cloudy day and I motored up the intricate Wrangell Narrows past Petersburg and anchored in the still waters of Portage Bay with a purse seine boat. A bothersome head wind and chop the next day made me duck into Hobart Bay



to tie up at a state float. It was so nice and warm in there I decided to fiberglass the leaky starboard cabin. I completed about half of it when the sun went down.

I needed a shower after that so I pulled out my hand dandy garden sprayer that can be pumped up to provide an excellent hot pressurized shower. Huh? It had water already in it. So I heated some water in the kettle and added it to the tank to get the right temperature. I proceeded to strip and spray myself and soap up. Ah, that was great, but why wasn't my soap sudsing up? I found out when I washed my face that the tank had been filled with saltwater. What the hell? I rinsed off in the warm saltwater, put fresh water in the tank, and started to heat some more water on the stove. Well, there I was standing before the stove with freezing feet on a floor the same temperature as the glacier fed water outside, drip drying with my salty skin itching all over with a watched pot not boiling. I grabbed it when the water was warm enough, poured the luke-warm water in the sprayer, rinsed off in barely warm fresh water in the dark, and couldn't find my bath towels. I dried off with a dishtowel.



Dishtowels don't really absorb all that much, just spread the water a little thinner, and you really have to go through some contortions to get it everywhere. I finally found my bath towels right where I had put them when I moved on board, in the storage space under my bunk.

Juneau

The next day I sailed into Juneau, Alaska. It was great. With the mainsail all the way up a strong tail wind pushed Tahiarri at a steady 8 knots. Spray flew over the bows when she pitched at an angle down a wave and flew at 9 knots.

I cheered when Juneau came around the corner of Douglas Island but the wind died at the start of Gastineau Channel so I had to motor the last 11 miles. Tahiarri covered 64 nautical miles in 9.5 hours, which is pretty good. I saw an open space at the downtown dock next to the cruise ship pier so I pulled in and tied up. There were lots of big fancy boats at that dock and it turns out that they must make reservations months in advance to get those spaces and I got it without doing a thing. Also the dock guy forgot to charge me so I got it for free. I called my sister and she was coming downtown to go to her 20th high school reunion at the restaurant at the top of the tram. She asked me if I wanted to go and I said, "Sure!"

After a night with the fancy boats I drove the boat around Douglas Island to the transient dock at Auke Bay and moved over to my sister's place. The next three days I spent being a slug, just doing laundry, reading, and watching

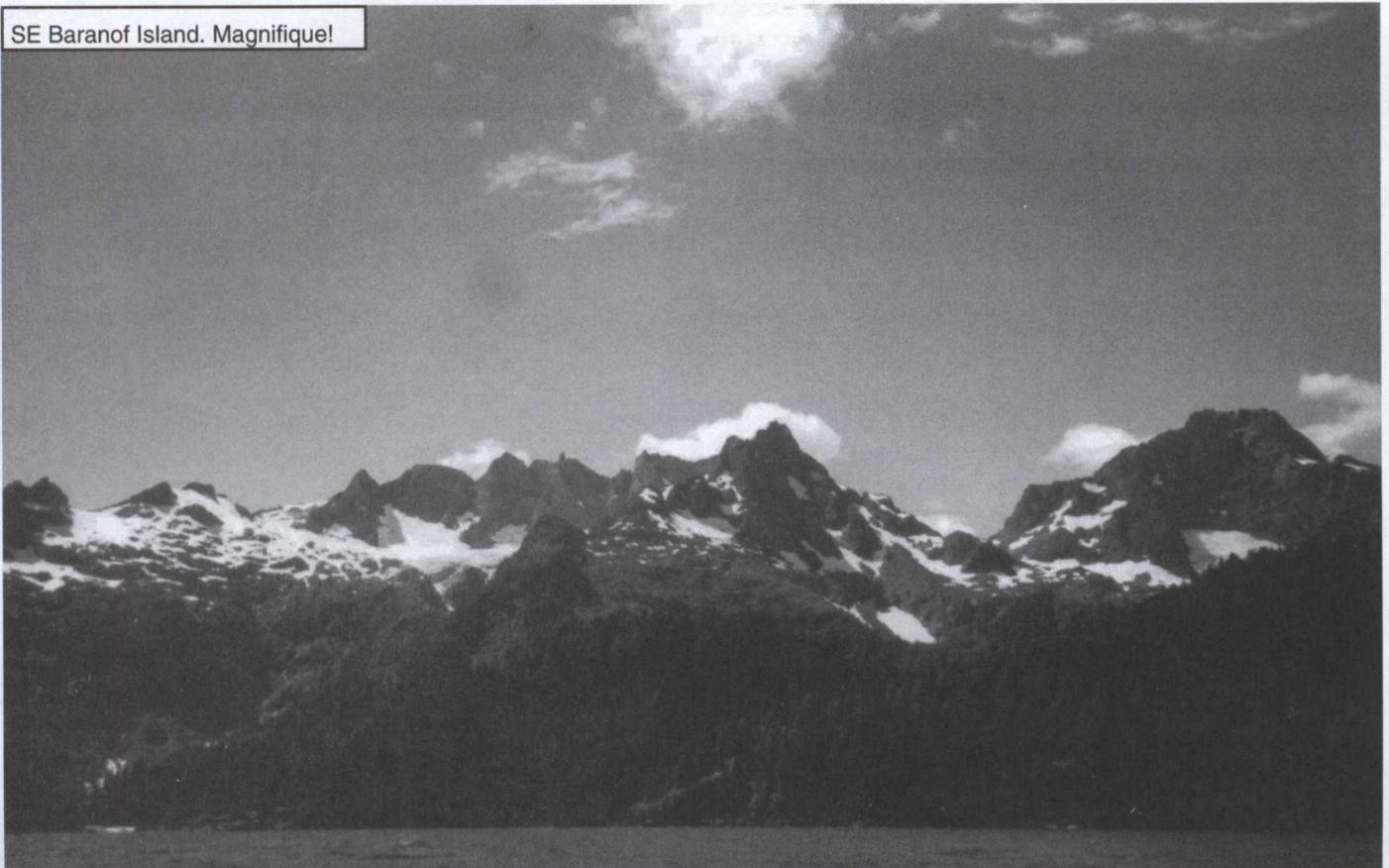
videos. I also played some games of chess and Disney Trivia with Shannon, my 13-year-old niece.

We had some excitement in the trailer park when a big black bruin decided to stop by for some nice lip-smacking garbage. The kids gathered like flies around said garbage, all shouting and crowding closer and closer. Becky went on the war path, screaming and swearing at these idiots trying to die young. Kids scattered everywhere but still wouldn't go inside. I rode around in her car keeping an eye on the bear and warning people. Teenage girls screamed and ran for their lives when the bear made a sudden scramble across the road to find more garbage cans behind a trailer. The resident came out about a minute after the bear moved next door and didn't see a thing. The police got multiple phone calls and a police car showed up shortly after the bear disappeared.

On the 5th of July I flew to Anchorage to visit Mom. I spent a lot of time doing house projects for her. I replaced all the defective light bulbs in the house. Seemed like half of them were dead. I fixed the toilet in the last hour before I flew back to Juneau. Mom had fun cooking for us and serving all the meals on antique china. I got to see my brother, David, for 15 minutes before he took off with his Eskimo girlfriend to go fishing.

We drove to Seward and visited the Sea Life Center. It's affiliated with the University of Alaska for research and

SE Baranof Island. Magnifique!



helping injured marine mammals and birds. The Center has big tanks with sea lions, seals, sea otters, fishes and sea birds and I watched through the underwater windows in each tank as the residents swam, dove, and cavorted.

On the last few days of my trip north I rented a car and drove to Fairbanks to visit friends. I hadn't been up to visit in at least 3 years. My lawyer buddy, John Burns, has a type A personality and always has to be doing something. I hadn't seen him for three years and he delayed his annual rafting trip down the Gulkanna River to fly fish for rainbow trout by one day so we could see each other. I drove up to his office at 3:30, we left the office at 4:00, met at his house (after I got lost once), took the garbage to the transfer station, and started golfing at 6:30. I golf for comedy and John golfs for competition. We made up a rule that I had to quit the hole after 10 strokes and a few times I actually made it under the limit. I scored my golf game by how many balls I lost and found and ended the night down one. That was pretty good playing for me.

After the golf game we went to play pool at the Pumphouse. The Pumphouse is a restaurant and bar on the Chena River that was converted from a Gold rush era water pumping facility that supplied water to the gold dredges. Finally we got back to the house around 11:00 so I could visit with John's family.

I walked into the house and John's wife, Christie, pointed out their 14 year old daughter, Alissa. I backed up with a look of surprise at this tall, unfamiliar young woman and exclaimed, "Alissa, you're taller than your mother. You're taller than your father!" And then the real, diminutive Alissa stood up from around the wall and everybody laughed. The first "Alissa" was her friend. Everybody liked their trick. I talked a little with Christie, had a tickle fight with Kate, 8 years old, and then was grilled by the girls about my favorite movie stars. I talked with them until well into the morning. We also talked about my family and travels. They really liked to hear about my love life, just the romantic bits. Didn't know that teenage girls could be so interested in ancient history.

After a late morning I visited Christie and Bernice (John's sister) at their business and then went over to have lunch with my friend Tracie. I stayed with her and her husband, John, three days. John took me out to fly remote control airplanes. He made a spectacular save at about 5 feet altitude just I was about to dive the plane into a pond. The second time around I was a better flier and now have an idea about how much skill it takes to fly those things, let alone do acrobatics.

After flying back to Juneau, I was a slug at Becky's for another three days and then moved back aboard to organize the boat for guests. The other hull was used for storage so I had to put lots of building materials and clothes away and

make up two berths. I motored out to James Bay, 25 miles north of Juneau, on Saturday morning and helped build a state park log cabin being erected in honor of my deceased father. Friends and colleagues of his that I hadn't seen in years were there. Becky went out that morning in Ron Summerville's boat. Becky slept on my boat and thought it was very comfortable. Our brother Mike came out with Mike, Becky's boyfriend (BF), on Sunday. We raised the walls one log at a time and put up the roof as far as the tarpaper. Brother Mike came back with me and Becky went back with BF Mike. My brother found out how boring 5 knots can be. We sat side by side in the pilothouse but our shoulders wouldn't fit so one of us leaned forward while the other leaned back. After a while Mike went down for a nap. The fog and rain closed in Sunday morning so in the evening our navigation was from island to island as visibility was only one or two miles.

Back Southward

On the 28th of July I fueled the boat; showed her to Becky, Shannon, and BF Mike; and started my return trip south. After passing Point Retreat on Admiralty Island the wind and tide were foul. I power sailed down Chatham Strait through intermittent showers and hostile waves to make it into the calm of Couverden Cove at the junction of Chatham and Icy Straits. I saw two whales far off. It was high tide and I wanted to tie up to the state float in Swanson Harbor so I continued across the moraine using the pairs of pipes marking the 40-foot wide Couverden Channel. With rocks clearly visible close aboard on both sides it was a nerve-racking passage. Tied to the float was a 36-foot sloop sporting the gay pride flag and having an all woman crew. I found out later that a company charters their boats to gay men and lesbians and does a good business. In the morning a doe and her fawn were grazing on the beach.

I made it to Tenakee Springs in the afternoon in good weather and took a walk through town looking at the houses and scratching the dogs. It's a cute town. The vehicles in town are bikes and four wheelers with trailers. I stayed a couple of days to do boat projects in the nice weather. I replaced the big old-fashioned fuel filter with a new modern model with a see-through water separator bowl and finished fiberglassing the starboard cabin to make it waterproof.

I met David and Anka who live on their boat Luna. Luna is an unconventional design by Phil Bolger that looks like a shoebox on steroids, 32 feet long, and features leeboards, main and fore masts rigged with Chinese lug sails (like mine), and a small sprit sail on the mizzen mast for balance and sailing backwards. The flat bottom is covered in copper sheet, which has inspired me to do the same thing to mine so that I can do away with painting the bottoms. They built Luna over five years using lots of local materials. They are pure sailors as they have yet to add an engine. David and I had lots to talk about and had clipped most of the same boat articles and read lots of the same books. We're also the



Tahiarri to Alaska (Part II) Chuck Hinman Oro 46

same age. Anka is from Germany and is just darling. David met Anka on the dock at Sitka some years ago where she was looking for a way to stay after her term as an exchange student was finished. I told David that he was living the dream and he nodded and smiled. We went to David and Anka's friend, Shirley's, house for dinner and had king crab and tacos.

The next day was old home week from Vashon as the family in the big gray house on the hill where I used to keep the boat pulled up to the dock in Tenakee. The seiner Scorpio with skipper Jarrel Plansich out of Dockton on Vashon Island came in during the night also. I had used the Plansich's float for some of my boat projects. I got a salmon from Jarrel and he let me plug into his generator to run my sander. I got another salmon from a sailboat from California. I had salmon salad sandwiches for a long time. It was a welcome change from the usual peanut butter and jelly sandwich lunches. Luna sailed away at noon for Juneau. I took a bath in the afternoon at the bathhouse. It is a concrete house over a fissure in the rock out of which the spring issues at 105 degrees with a slight sulfur smell. The bathing is Japanese style done in the nude with separate hours for men and women. You soak (not very long) after washing off with soap and jugs of hot water at the side of the pool.

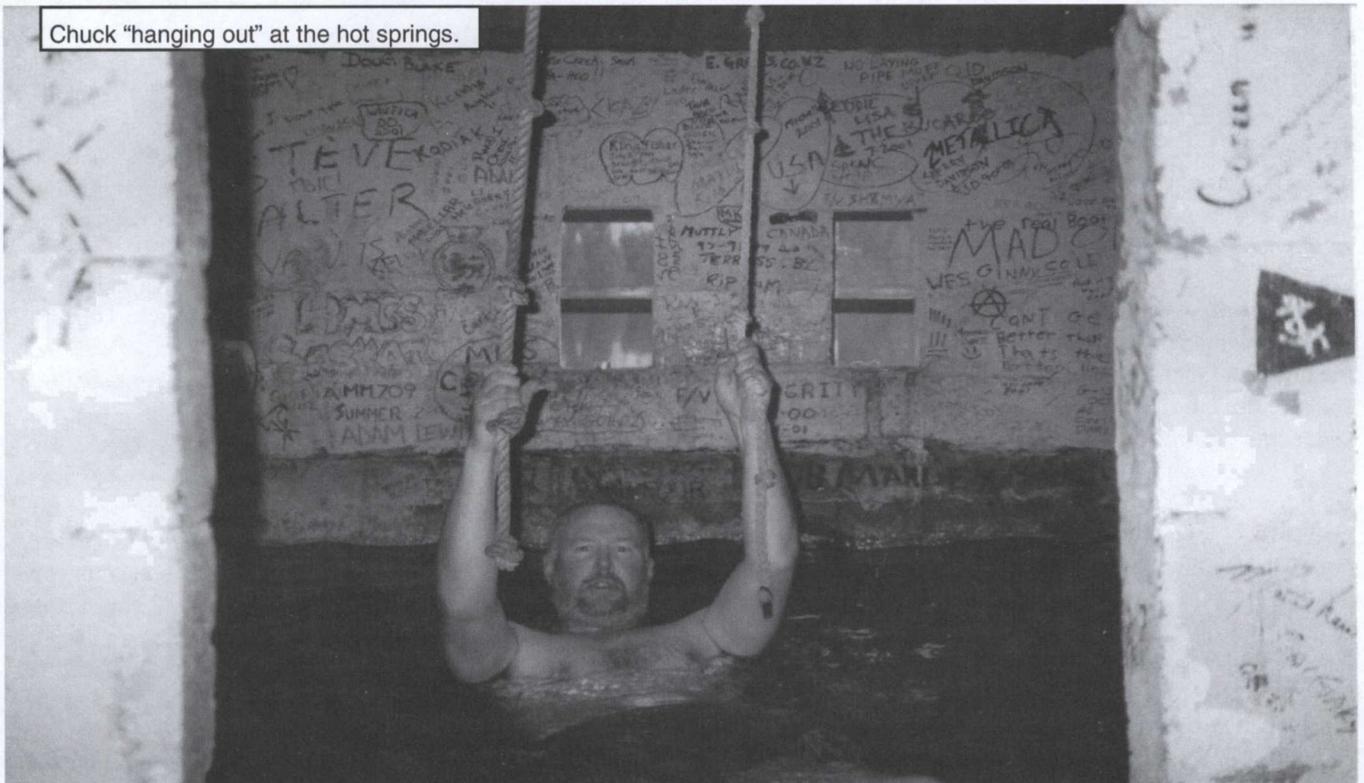
In the evening we watched a humpback whale cow and her calf breach together across the inlet. I had never seen whales breach in tandem and it was spectacular, even from 2 miles away. Another whale came cruising by a couple of hundred yards off the dock.

After Tenakee the weather was beautiful all the way to

Prince Rupert. I stopped at Baranof Warm Springs for another soak in the hot springs. The rain started from a local thunderstorm but the thunder was drowned out by the roaring white water river next to hot water pools. I soaked for a while in the lower pool and then went to the upper pool that has a floor with fewer big rocks. I was really grossed out when I found the jellied remains of squirrel at the bottom of the upper pool. I tossed it out in the river and got out of there.

Over the next four days I motored and sailed through the most spectacular scenery and wildlife of the whole trip. I motored in and out of Red Bluff Bay, Baranof Island just for the scenery. On the east side of Baranof Island a chain of glaciated peaks jugged into the crystal blue sky like ridge poles holding up sun bleached circus tents. Fjords cut into the interior to form quiet retreats of deep splendor. Waterfalls fell in brilliant white cascades. Going into Malmesbury Harbor, east Kuiu Island at the bottom of Chatham Strait the whales appeared in singles and groups. A cow and cute new calf cruised by very close. A big group of eight whales were lunge feeding together. They blew three times in quick succession before diving and they looked like an artillery strike in the undulating royal blue satin sea. Another whale spy hopped and another breached. Coming out of the anchorage I drifted past a sleeping whale. I could see down his blowholes. Outside Malmesbury Harbor there was another sleeping whale and a whale on its back slapping both flippers. I passed a curious sea otter at a distance of twenty feet. I saw other whales all the way to Prince Rupert for a total of about 40 over 3 days. I passed other sea otters, some in kelp beds, all the way to Craig,

Chuck "hanging out" at the hot springs.



Tahiarii to Alaska (Part II) Chuck Hinman Oro 46

Alaska. Thousands of common murre, tufted puffins, rhinoceros auklets, shearwaters, marbled murrelets, phalaropes, sanderlings, and other birds carpeted the water that reflected a robin's egg blue sky on the south end of Kuiu Island.

I ran into a kelp patch taking a shortcut. Trying to get out of it I passed right over a big boulder at depth of 2 feet under the keels. Five knots under power is just crawling across the ocean but when rocks go by it seems like light speed. I could see every detail of the seaweed on the rock. I didn't even have time to hang on let alone change direction, but it sure jumped my heart into high gear.

I stopped overnight at Craig, cleaned my laundry, bought food, and left in the afternoon. I motored down the inside of Dall Island into Dixon Entrance and east up the Entrance to Prince Rupert by pulling an all-nighter to make 150 nautical miles in two days with one and a half hours sleep to beat a storm to town. The stars were brilliant and I saw one satellite. I tied up to a log boom in PR at sunset, played computer games until midnight, and slept until noon. I bought fuel and motored south a little ways to hide from the storm at anchor for two days. Gusts to 40 knots shook the boat but it was fairly quiet. The large diameter shrouds don't whine and shake like the thin high tension 'piano' wires on conventional sail boats; they just moan a little.

The third day was still overcast, foggy, and drizzly from the storm. I motored to Hartly Bay, an Indian village 80 miles south of PR, in clearing weather. Had to play the eddies up against the vertical granite walls after midday on the flood tide with one keel in the kelp and one in the current. Seals peeked out of the 10-foot kelp zone. At Hartly Bay a seal played at the harbor and river otters lounged on the sea plane dock where I tied up. I walked around town and scratched a black Labrador retriever. Labs are very satisfactory to scratch. They get a very intent look of concentration and kick for all they are worth when you find the sweet spot. The otters chirped and came to sinuous alert as the dog followed me back to the dock.

A short drive in a brilliant morning brought me back to Bishop Bay hot springs. I had a soak, organized and cleaned the boat, hung the bedding out to dry, went back for another soak, forgot the camera, so I had to go back a third time to take some pictures and self portraits.

On the way to Mary Cove I ran the main tank out of fuel a mile short of the entrance but now I know that it will last 36.8 hours. It took a half hour to bleed the fuel lines and filters of air.

I stopped in New Bella Bella, BC Indian village on a glorious hot day to change the oil and send my credit card payments. I took off in the evening to go down Gunboat Passage to visit Ocean Falls. Except there is no passage. Two charts lied. I

anchored in a cul de sac and cancelled Ocean Falls. I spent the morning fiberglassing the edges of the starboard cabin and drove to Namu cannery.

I was planning on anchoring but in the darkening dusk I could see the shore was just a nest of rocks so I pulled into the dock. When I went to throw the mooring line to the dock lady I had forgotten to cleat one end so the entire coil sailed through the air to land at her feet. That got a good laugh. After I secured the boat my neighbors invited me aboard for a Coke with a tot of rum. They told fishing and bear stories and stories about moonshining and how easy it is to bust pot farms. One of the guys ran a greenhouse for a while and bought a lot of equipment and chemicals at auction from busted marijuana operations. A little later they pulled out a bottle of their home brew. They just threw some pounds of sugar and some yeast in a container of water with a tomato (!?) and let it bubble away. Distilled twice and presto: homemade Everclear. I think it could strip paint. They gave me a smidgen in a full cup of cola and it made me twitch for the rest of evening. I didn't know if the dock was swaying or I was when I walked back to Tahiarii.

In the morning I motored over to Hakai Passage next to Calvert Island and caught a silver salmon, the only fish I caught on the entire trip. I wasn't really trying. This trip had been about covering territory. It takes time to do the hunter-gatherer bit. Then the forecast strong northwesterly wind developed and I sailed in the lee of Calvert Island down to Fury Cove to hide from the strong wind. The next day was short too. I just motored around the corner to Milbrooke Cove in the early morning in four to seven foot swells with an uncomfortable cross chop from reflected waves. A northwest gale developed in the afternoon. I was positioned as close as I could for the dash across Queen Charlotte Sound to Port Hardy. Strong northwest winds were forecast again but not quite to gale force. I set out at 8:20 and motored to Pine Island, half way across the Sound, where I raised sail as the northwest wind filled in. The morning was overcast but there was sunshine for a short while at Pine Island before a fog bank blotted out the world. I sailed through the fog navigating by GPS waypoints and compass courses. I thought I saw the fog dancing up at the lower edge like reverse Northern Lights but I blinked and it was surf breaking on the island 200 yards off my bows. I could only see a couple of swells ahead. It was unnerving. My eyes ached from staring so hard. I heard engine noises long before ghost ships slid by in the mist. The fog thinned and then disappeared all together by the time I reached God's Pocket. I sailed into Port Hardy, tied up to the public dock, and went shopping. The next morning I cleaned laundry and motored out of Hardy Bay shortly after noon. I sailed down Queen Charlotte Strait until the current reversed against me a couple of miles short of Alert Bay. In an accidental jibe the wind broke the number three batten right in the middle. After dinner in Alert Bay I splinted the broken batten with



Tahiarri to Alaska (Part II) Chuck Hinman Oro 46

aluminum strips.

My original desire was to go around the west side of Vancouver Island but there was no hope of battling the strong northwest winds to cross the Nawitti Bar and it was always blowing a gale off of the Brooks Peninsula. Up early, I motored and sailed all the way down Johnstone Strait in one day with a favorable tide. Half way down the strait in the afternoon the northwest wind kicked in right on schedule and I sailed the rest of the way and into Okisollo Channel. With a tailwind and a fair current, Tahiarri was cruising at 6.5 to 7 knots for a few hours. A private float in Owen Bay provided the refuge for the night. Almost didn't make it through the Hole in the Wall the next morning but I rammmed the throttle to the stop and crept up the current in the weeds 15 feet off the rock wall until I could get through the pass. Motored through Desolation Sound to Stuart Bay on Texada Island in the Strait of Georgia. I passed a dozen or more salmon and oyster pens in and around the sound. They weren't there when I went through in 1994. There were lots of boats, which was kind of a shock after being largely alone in Alaska.

Another day, another clear blue sky. I motored down around the south end of Texada to Squitty Bay on Lasqueti Island but that little cut in the rock is way too small for Tahiarri to enter. I did see three seals slapping the water with their tails as they dived, very interesting behavior. Maybe it was mating season. I continued up around the east side of the island through the cliffs and rocks of Little Bull Passage, behind Boho Island, through rocky Tucker Bay where I saw a mother seal and her pup up on a reef, around behind Jehina Island, and had to stop at a nameless cut in the rock carpeted with oysters to see a Chinese junk.

I crept in with a couple of feet to spare on a rising tide and anchored with 20 feet of chain. Cindy and her 8-year-old daughter, Quinn came aboard to visit. I found out I was in Mud Bay and the junk was a lawn ornament that wouldn't float anymore. Their border collie mix barked and paced and swam all around the boat. Three hilarious attempts to get their dog up the boarding ramp including one standing broad jump into the sea succeeded on the last. The dog paced nervously all over the boat until I started scratching his back. Cindy invited me to stay for dinner and Quinn gave me the tour of the place including their orchard with a fig tree, and the goldmine. It isn't worked anymore but it sounds great to say you have a goldmine. They use it as a cold room to keep the fruit. The house is the black cat's territory and he trained everybody to pet him on demand. He was very demanding and was curled up in my lap most of the evening. I love lap cats.

Cindy's husband Michael came home in the skiff after a hard day roasting coffee. He has his own company. Quinn is high energy and keeps her parents quite busy at home. Cindy teaches 7th grade history over on Vancouver Island in the

winter. They rent a winter house on Vancouver Island because it is hard to make a living on Lasqueti. They did the boat thing and the survival thing on the island for a lot of years but had to get more practical because of the children. They have two other teenage daughters that were away at the time. Cindy and Michael were very interesting to talk with and Mud Bay was the high point of visiting the island.

I had to shift ship at the high tide at 3:50 in the morning by the light of Tahiarri's navigation lights and anchored at the entrance of the bay until dawn. I investigated the interesting anchorage behind Lindberg Island in Scotty Bay and then motored around the north end of Lasqueti to False Bay. After a walk around "downtown", all 4 buildings, and breakfast I motored out of the bay and raised sails to sail most of the way to Nanaimo before turning on the engine for the rest of the day. I bought fuel at Nanaimo and continued on through Dodd Narrows, this time with the current, at 9 knots to anchor at Preedy Harbor on Thetis Island. It was the worst anchorage of the whole trip with constant ferry traffic and ski boats zooming about until well after sunset. It kept me awake (pun intended). A seal went through his tail slapping routine.

Up early with a wake up call by the ferry (another one, I'm so funny), I anchored in Todd Inlet, an entrance to Butchart Gardens, at noon. I had trouble staying awake so I swallowed a caffeine tablet and sewed my boat shoes back together. They had been coming apart for a long time. The Butchart Gardens are 21 kilometers north of Victoria and were started in 1904 by Mrs. Butchart in her husband's played out limestone quarry. The quarry makes up the sunken garden and later the rose garden, Italian garden, and Japanese garden were added. The gardens are very beautiful and colorful but rather small. I visited all the gardens at a slow walking pace in a couple of hours and took lots of pictures. I left at 2:20 and anchored at Sydney Island in the evening.

Yahoo! The last day. Up anchor at 8:10 and promptly caught a crab pot line in the right rudder. It was another beautiful day. A favorable current in Sydney Channel spit me out into the Strait of Juan De Fuca. Went right through the Point Wilson rip at Port Townsend, another 9 knot ride with 2 foot standing waves, quite interesting but no bother to a large catamaran. I anchored in Port Townsend at 4:30 and called Mom, Becky, Mike, my cousin Marlene, and my aunt and uncle Eileen and Jake. Then I checked in with Customs service.

I had been 27 days underway since Juneau, 2006 nautical miles for the entire trip over 50 days underway, with a total of 427 engine hours used.

San Francisco & Mexico beckons Chuck next - ed.



Our First Voyage in Hiro

John Fields

Tiki 26

OUR FIRST VOYAGE IN HIRO (1998)

Early August, a clear blue sky and a stiff south westerly breeze. We cast off from our mooring in Larvik and set course for Risør, a small seaport in south eastern Norway. This was to be our first voyage in our newly acquired TIKI 26, HIRO and my son, Dominic, and myself were looking forward to a few days of rough living and poor eating habits.

Why did we choose such a boat, we here you ask, living as we do in hard core Colin Archer country. Here most boats are built like the proverbial masonry W.C. and are not tied together with string. I have always been interested in catamarans and a Wharram design catalogue has long rested in the interesting projects drawer. Back in the early eighties I did build an eight-foot pram dinghy but as this took three years the thought of building a bigger boat always seemed a bit daunting. I prefer fixing things to making them. Anyway in 1997 we went to stay with my brother in deepest Africa. Then he was a tobacco farmer in Zimbabwe, but has since been forced to move on. During our time there we spent three days on a sailing safari on lake Kariba.

The flotilla was made up of five TIKI 30's built locally. With these boats we cruised the lake watching the amazing wild life and were lulled to sleep by the snorting of hippos. The boats were ideal for the purpose with lots of useable space and were easily beached for the evening. During our cruise the weather was not seasonal and for about three hours each morning we had very strong winds, which gave exhilarating sailing. With elephants and buffalo flashing past we weaved in and out of dead drowned trees and had a wet and windy time. The bug had bit and on arrival home I contacted Scott Brown Multihulls and started to scan the

Internet. I also contacted Svein Westerheim as he appeared to be the only Norwegian locally who had built a Wharram. He kindly invited me to his cabin on the other side of the Oslo fjord and we had an enjoyable afternoon sailing his TIKI 21 in and out of the islands. In August I found a boat that suited my budget and requirements in Belgium.

Craftily arranging a trip to Marseilles to inspect one of our ships (I work for a Norwegian tanker company) I called in to inspect the boat on the way and bought it on the spot. The boat was built four years earlier by Joop Jonkers, a true craftsman and was in excellent condition. Joop had bought a larger mono hull for his growing family and was reluctantly selling the results of his labour. One month later he and his family had helped me pack the boat on to a trailer for shipment to Norway. Fortunately Fred Olsen has a cargo service that runs between Zeebrugge and Larvik. I would have liked to have sailed the boat home but I had used up my holiday quota and anyway this method was cheaper. We managed to get a few sails in before the cold northern winter began and looked forward to next summer.

So back to where I began. So far the summer of 1998 was not living up to the scorcher we had the previous year but undaunted we set off for Risør. Passing the outer sea buoy to Larvik we sheeted in hard and began the long bash against the wind and swell. It was not cold and with only the occasional spray breaking over the starboard hull it was in fact a very comfortable sail. Looking around on the first leg it was a bit disconcerting not to see any other boats about but as the forecast was good we relied on the boat and our own skills to get us to our destination. We were trying to make Risør in one go but after eight hours we started to get hungry and decided to overnight en route. Deadlines are for trains



Our First Voyage in Hiro

John Fields

Tiki 26



and planes and as I use these enough in my job I was not going to be pressured on this trip. Changing tack we headed toward the land. About two miles from land the sea state calmed and with a stiff breeze still blowing we creamed in among the islands south of Jomfruland (Virgin land) not really knowing exactly where we were. I was quickly learning that fast boats require fast thinking and planning.

Passing between two reefs with breaking rollers we saw the masts of two sailing boats behind a rock and thought that would be a good place to stop. A quick check of the chart showed a lagoon and so we hove to, lowered the sails and motored in. The entrance was narrow but deep and at the second attempt we successfully made fast alongside a perfectly formed rock, which could have been designed, with mooring in mind. We now had time to look around and after a few checks we found that we were tied up to a different island than where we had originally thought we were. Norwegian charts are great but the small scale coupled with the hundreds of islands and rocks can make finding your bearings difficult at times. An illuminated magnifying glass was therefore added to my list of navigational equipment required.

We decided to erect the tent and what a difference this makes to the living area. This was the first time we had tried to erect it but it gave no problems as by this time the wind

was abating and we looked forward to our first meal. Spaghetti and veg consumed we sat back to enjoy the sunset. It is always strange to sit back and in principle have nothing to do. No telly, older sons Oasis music or other distractions. At first it is hard to get used to but after an hour or so we began tuning in to the bird calls, the sound of the water moving and the boat creaking as if in sleep. Then to add to the magic a full moon began to rise out of the sea astern. Yawns all round indicated sleep and we crawled off to our respective hulls, Dominic to starboard and me to port.

The next day broke bright and sunny but there was no wind. Not unusual as the mornings are normally windless until the sea breeze starts to blow in from the ocean at about ten o'clock. After a hearty breakfast we broke camp (seems an apt way to describe folding up of a tent and moving on even though we were on a boat) and set off again for Risør. Motoring among the islands we eventually made the open sea at the entrance to Kragero but still there was no wind. Hours later and still motoring there was still no wind but it had begun to rain. Luckily the swell had gone down considerably but the sound of our 6HP Seagull engine is not pleasant but having no choice we pressed on. Why did Joop Jonkers buy such an engine? They may be everlastingly simple but they were also everlastingly noisy!

And so we arrived in Risør in the afternoon under grey skies



Our First Voyage in Hiro

John Fields

Tiki 26

and intermittent drizzle and rain. The town's famous wooden boat festival was well underway and the small harbour was packed. We slowly meandered in amongst the heavy traditional boats and tried to find a suitable space to tie up. We were given some curious looks as we were the only catamaran in the port and we are sure some mistook the beautiful finish of our boat to be plastic. Horror of horrors that a plastic boat should turn up at a wooden boat show. Only we knew that our boat was built of good old plywood. Tied up at last we toured the show but the shopping list of bits and pieces of boat gear that I wanted was not to be satisfied. There was no chandlery but, as is becoming more and more common at such events, plenty of itinerant sellers of semi nautical bric a brac which no proper sailor would give boat room to. Maybe it was the effects of the dreary weather but we were both disappointed with what was on offer and, after making use of the excellent shower facilities, returned to the boat. We were just in time to see the beginning of the race for all classes of wooden boats. There was still no wind so they drifted about around the start line and when the final gun sounded either stayed where they were or drifted backwards. Bit of an anti-climax but an inspiring sight.

It was really raining now so we decided to leave and find an anchorage for the night. This was close at hand in a small bay and after three attempts to get the anchor to grip we prepared for the evening. Spaghetti, sausage and a chilli sauce warmed our damp bodies and, in order to keep scurvy at bay, we opened a can of fruit. We hung up our wet clothes, checked the mooring and with the rain still coming down decided to call it a day. The bunks were soon warm and after trying to read went quickly off to sleep. I must find a way of supporting my head so I can read more easily.

The next day was much more promising. After a leisurely breakfast we upped anchor and began heading north. There was a light breeze out of the north but in the sheltered water we were able to make good progress out through the northerly entrance to Risør. The wind then began to drop and as we were being set to the south by the current reluctantly we started to motor again. An hour later the Gods smiled on us and the breeze began to pick up from the southwest. This was perfect and we made excellent progress towards Kragerø where one of my work mates has a summer cabin. This was definitely what sailing is all about. A steady breeze, an easy motion, blue skies and the possibility to be able to scrounge some lunch and not have to break into our own rations. Per, our victim, came out to guide us in and we tied up at his boathouse after a delicate turning manoeuvre in only about a half-meter of water. In a strong wind, turning a catamaran around takes a bit of getting used to. What an idyllic place he has with the family cabin perched on a large rocky outcrop looking out over a small fjord with the open sea in the background. Lunch duly scrounged we continued on our way in what was now a very

stiff breeze indeed. After a photo call with Per, who had difficulty trying to keep up with us in his motor boat we left the shelter of the islands on a broad reach at about 9 knots and then put the wind aft and began to be blown like a balloon to the north again. We were now proceeding between the island of Jomfruland and the mainland with the small island of Straholmen as our destination. The entrance to the small harbour was tight and as we could not see how much room there was to manoeuvre inside so we hove to and dropped the sails. Motoring in there was space enough but the pong was terrible. The aroma of rotting seaweed filled the air and, as this would not complement the smell of our cooking, we decided to continue the voyage. Hoisting sails we now headed for the islands south of Helgeroa. During this passage, with the decreasing wind still on our quarter we took the opportunity to tighten the fore-stay. As the boat dipped into a wave trough the stay momentarily slackened and allowed us to take up the slack on the lashing purchase between the roller reefing barrel and the wire stays to each hull. We made for some islands off Helgeroa, which are divided by a narrow channel. Half way into the channel we found a newly built wooden dock and, after getting permission to overnight there, made fast. Norway is truly a fantastic place to sail. There are so many places to explore and tie up to that there is never any need to pay for an overnight mooring. That is unless you want to spend an evening in a crowded guest marina rocking and rolling with other boats to the raucous noises of the night. Next day was again sunny and calm and we made the best of the light breeze that eventually sprang up from the south west to make it safely back to Larvik.

Although our trip had only lasted three and a half days we had learnt a lot about our boat, which can be summarised as follows -

1. It is an advantage to have an unusual boat, as folk are only too glad to help you out in return for a chance to have a look round.
2. A Wharram boat feels very safe.
3. Practise manoeuvring before you find yourself in a tight spot!
4. In a strong head wind a 6HP motor is useless. If you cannot sail; best stay where you are.
5. A light weather cruising chute would be useful.
6. Invest in the best waterproof gear you can. Lounging naked on the trampoline is not recommended in Norwegian waters except on the best of summer days!
7. Keep things simple, it is amazing what gadgets you can do without.

Since this first voyage we have used the boat a lot but have not tried setting any endurance records. Cruises of a few days are perfect in this area as there are so many interesting places to explore and there is so much 'space'. So if any of you are thinking of cruising in Norway, call me.



Hints and Tips

Ken Hook

Bob Connell and his son, Bruce designed these steps to enable them to get to the top of their junk rig, on their self built Tucker "Escapade", to replace a halyard block.

The steps are made from cheap softwood in 4 foot sections. Four sections are needed to bring the masthead of a Tiki21 within reach assuming you start from an anchorage point a foot above the deck. Further sections can be added to go to virtually any height.

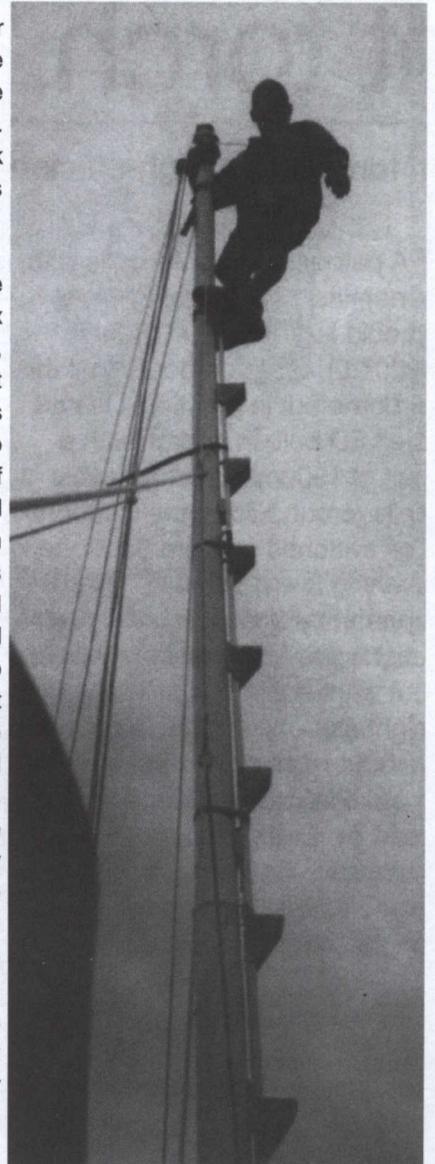
Each 4ft section is a length of 70mm x 19mm softwood, with three steps fastened at 16in intervals (8-16-16-8) on one face. On the top and bottom of the other face a chock is attached which is shaped to fit the mast curve. The chocks are finished with a strip of leather or rubber glued to the curved face to avoid damage to the mast and to give a good grip.

A spigot of 8mm brass or stainless rod protrudes from the bottom of each section and engages with a hole in the top of the section beneath. A hardwood chock is glued and screwed to the mast about 1ft above the deck and drilled to receive the spigot on the bottom of the first section.



A 6in length spacer is glued at the midpoint of the inside face of each section. This stops the plank from bowing inwards as weight is applied.

Each step is a piece of the same 70mm x 19mm stock, conveniently at 70mm depth. This is glued and screwed to the outside face of the plank and beefed up with two 6mm plywood cheeks glued and screwed both to plank and step. On the top step of the uppermost section fit a 9in wide step with additional tri-angular braces underneath it. In use section one is very tightly lashed to the mast at top and bottom. Section two follows and on and on up for as long as it takes. Lightweight luggage straps or rope lashings are equally good.



Bruce demonstrating the proof of the pudding

Always use a harness and clip on to a safety line round the mast at all times. Variations on this theme are possible:

- A special lower section to avoid having something permanently attached to the mast.
- Wooden cheek sockets instead of holes and metal spigots.
- Different length sections and placing of steps. The size shown here is easy to stow and in use is not too much of a stretch to fasten the section above before stepping up on it. Don't try and make them too long, they'll need to be strapped at top and bottom before ascending onto next higher level.

NEWS FROM SEA PEOPLE

Wales

Sustainable shipping using the *Islander 65*

Cwm Harry Land Trust is a community sector recycling organisation, based in the middle of Wales. We call ourselves a social entrepreneurial organisation the purpose of which is to establish community businesses dedicated to ways of improving the environment, health and social well being. One of our social purposes is to help rehabilitate offenders and provide opportunities for them to expand their life chances. Another of our objectives is to develop partnerships with similar sustainability projects in the Majority World, what used to be called the "Third World" and to this end we have already established links with 3 Indian projects.

One of materials which we recycle, or to be more technically accurate, re-use, are children's clothes. Currently we are collecting around 500kgs per month, but we could easily extend our network of volunteer collectors and double the quantity. What has always been a headache for us is the logistical problem of getting these clothes to the Indian projects and to any other recipients. Although the clothes come free the transport has to be paid for and what bugs us is that it's not only expensive but also completely unsustainable - ships run on non-renewal fossil fuels.

There is a well established military doctrine that if one wants to get to a place at the right time and in good order, one must have full command of one's own transport. This was the philosophy of intrepid sailing folk like Bill Tilman, who realised that the only way to get to the inaccessible mountains he was interested in was by sail under his own command, or the French single-handler, Pierre Ribes, who used his 26' Sphinx to deliver out of date but still perfectly usable "recycled" medicines, collected from French pharmacies, to poor communities in West Africa. Pierre realised from his own experiences, as we have, that it is vitally important to deliver to the "coal face" otherwise the goods are likely to get diverted by middlemen who have nothing but their own personal agenda in mind!

We need to have an ocean going cargo vessel, which satisfies the sustainability criteria and which can navigate the shallow estuarine and riverine waters of West Bengal and Kerala, where 2 of the projects are based. It needs to be capable of discharging and taking on cargo using its own on board derrick as there will be no docks where we want to go. The *Islander 65* fulfils all these requirements.

We believe we can sell berths or "placements" to agencies such as the Home Office for 4 "clients" who are likely to have had a Young Offenders Institute [YOI] background. We would be offering these crew berths to people coming to the end of sentences and who statistically are likely to be back

in custody within 2 years of release. It is the high re-offending rate that is at the heart of the criminal justice system's all too apparent failings. If we can demonstrate that someone coming on one of our voyages is also embarking on a journey which will take them away from personal failure and becoming trapped in the revolving door of the criminal justice system, the project could develop viably into operating a fleet of *Islander 65s*.

Apart from our own collected materials, which we want to "fair trade" with our partner projects, we can see a customer base develop amongst many NGOs and other charities who are developing all sorts of trading links with bodies in the Majority World. For instance, Tools For Self Reliance ship their goods to Africa using conventional means; Re-Cycle, the bike re-use operation, sends bikes to Africa which costs it £10 per bike - about 350 bikes per container load. These and many other organisations, who have an environmental agenda, would jump at the opportunity of shipping their goods in a sustainable way - it would have "great pavement appeal" as the expression has it in "the trade" and it would complete a holistic, cross cutting message which they are trying to get across. On the return journey we expect to import goods that the projects make which is the other side of the story - the need to replace "aid" with "fair trade" is what we and our partners are aiming for. There is no such thing as a free lunch and to encourage any notion of a handout is to disempower already powerless communities. If we are to be any good at all we must also do well at doing good for herein lies the key to mainstreaming sustainability.

There is a mountain of work to do to get this project off the ground and we would welcome any inputs of whatever kind anyone can make.

Richard Northridge

Contact details – Richard Northridge or Bijon Sinha
Cwm Harry Land Trust, Lower Cwm Harry,
Tregynon, Newtown, Powys SY16 3ES
Tel: 01686 650 231 Fax: 01686 650 606
preferred >>>> Email: cwmharrylandtrust@hotmail.com

Australia

We received the magazine(#50) last week thanks (in Darwin). Lpalipa, our Tiki38, is progressing well - we expect to paint the topsides next week – we are planning for a launch this dry season (which is middle of the year in Darwin). We will send some photos soon - we are awaiting a new computer which should be able to handle more than our current ancient machine!

Emma Watkins and Graeme Kelly



NEWS FROM SEA PEOPLE

UK

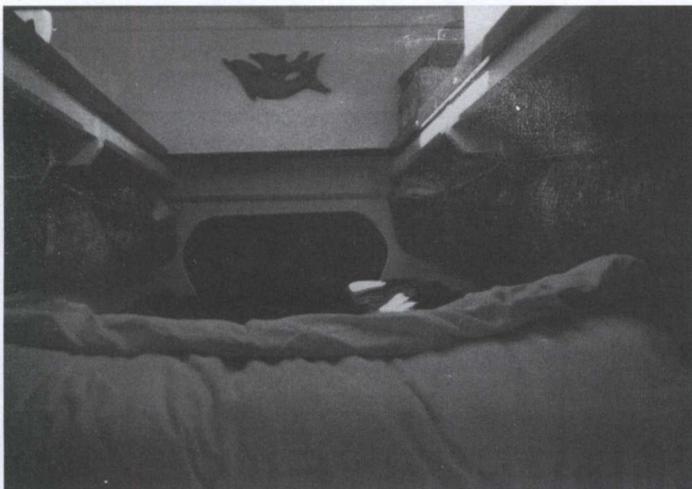
Dear SeaPeople,

Thank you for the Sea People #49. Shortly after getting the "master bedroom" set up, (photo enclosed) I found a brown patch on my pillow. Contrary to the opinions of some of my friends, it turned out to be water stained by mahogany ply and further investigation revealed a patch of rotten deck under the beam.

So in simple terms the refit became a repair. As you can see from the second photo she is now afloat in a nice secluded spot not far away and I am now awakened in the morning by wildbirds instead of mobile cranes. I still use Chapman & Hewitt as a post box so my address remains unchanged as do my plans but the cabin heater is now becoming a priority job instead of just "on the list".

Again thanks for all your good work on the mag which I always so much enjoy.

Yours till hell freezes, Pete (the Pest) Greene



Boat's berth looks as snug as Pete's



China Moon (see SeaPeople#50)

Dear Dave/editor

"China Moon", featured in Sea People No 50 (page 24) and the possibility of a Wharram ancestry was raised. The construction of China Moon was described in Yachting Monthly (Nov 99). She was built in South Africa by Pete and Annie Hill. In her book, *Voyaging on a Small Income*, Annie Hill describes meeting Pete in the early 1970's when he was in the process of completing what was described as a 28' Wharram called Stormalong. They subsequently sailed Stormalong from the UK to the West Indies and back. Doubtless this was the source of the Wharram influence noticed by Frank Sarnighausen.

The other influence was probably Pete and Annie's yacht *Badger* (a 34' junk schooner rigged dory designed by J R Benford), in which they spent many years cruising, as described in Annie's books.

Of particular interest is the three masted junk rig, which appears to be a bi-plane rig with a smaller centrally mounted mizzen. There was a request for a name for that rig and my suggestions were: 'isosceles' or alternatively 'tri-rig' which could be contracted to 'trig' - I don't know the result. Readers may recall James's comments on the use of a bi-plane rig on a Maui in the Design Book: "From experience with this bi-plane rig, I would not advise people to use it on bigger boats." Although on a vastly different scale, Pete Goss's use of a bi-plane rig on Team Phillips did not have a happy ending. Pete Hill's experience with his rig would be interesting reading if anyone can get him to comment.

Kind regards,

Alan Howells

South Africa

Hi SeaPeople,

Thanks once again for all your (Ken, Paul & Jeremy) hospitality, when I visited Poole. Hope one day I can reciprocate.

Well, first hull's out of mould (GRP Tiki 30), all bulk heads fitted, including cabin floors & bunks inside epoxy & paint finishes complete [4 weeks] we start laying up second hull next week.

This is a grp hull skin solid no core consisting of 2 layers of chop strand 750 gm biaxial & 1100gm quad cloth layers. This is as strong & comes out the mould just looking beautiful, very little work left to do on it except antifouling. The rest of the inside plus deck, cabin sides & top are all standard Wharram. This way we'll get her on the water in 5-6 months. Well cheers for now,

Vernon Potgeiter

PS She really looks smashing in shiny gel coat finish, everyone's stoked!!



A Danish Cruise Dirk Horstman Tiki 26

ASKOE (DK) _ GO AND BACK

It took me about 1000 hours of work, over a 3 year period, to finish my Tiki 26 DANAH. The name is taken from our dog. She is gentle, very fast and - like boats - female. After a test sail on a lake nearby all is prepared for a trip over the Baltic Sea in July.

So here is our cruising report:

Saturday: Travemuende is the chosen starting point (50 km NE of Hamburg). There is a hoist and enough space to set the boat up. Exciting moment with DANAH hanging high up in the air. But this first test of her strength and it is successful. Then we can start to load our supplies for the 2 week-trip. The bonus of 5 cm to the waterline soon begins to disappear.

Later - with mixed feelings - we go off, North by motor (Honda 8) the mouth of the river Trave. We are going against an uncomfortable wave (swell?) which now and then lifts the Honda out of the water at a speed of about 5-6kn. O.K. we slow down. Also the wind is against us, so no sail can soften the rough movements of the boat.

For my crew Elisabeth a hard leg. She likes flying, but water she finds mysterious and dangerous, also seasickness would be unavoidable if not for 2 accu-pressure bracelets (British made) would protect her. They work with great success the whole trip even in a worse situation at the end.

Near to Trave we can set the sails (coloured, Jeckells), course 005° to Groemitz. Over us the sun, about 26°C, from west very dark clouds, behind and in front lots of these high-speed Baltic ferries (beginning of summer holidays). We try to escape. It's our first day with a sailboat at sea.



In our workshop the boat seemed fairly big, but now on sea little like a nut, now arrived in our first port it's too big for the boxes(berths?).

Fortunately there is a pontoon where we can be moored. We are happy to have such a calm place, in contrary to the noisy and overcrowded boxes.

Sunday: No good weather forecast: low wind but thunder and rain! Our next port will be a little lake reachable by a kind of channel, about 16 nm north. . Most times we go by motor. We do it in 3 hours.

A Tiki21 with 2 friends, Thomas and Ralf, is following us. We enter the lake finding a really small beach to land. So we save the port fees. But the next morning nobody can move. Our first lesson: Even in the Baltic sea water comes and goes; second lesson: also a cat has to recognize that.

Monday: Petrol is needed. The station is far away, the arms become longer and longer. Pain produces good ideas: Let's rent a bike! So the way of 4 miles is quickly done, even 3 times. Later the boat is swimming again and we have a good night.

Tuesday: Again the weather forecast is bad: Rain und thunder for the afternoon. We forget our project to go directly to Denmark, but we arrive at Burgstaken / Isle of Fehmarn after 2 hours and 8 nm. Many boats there, but who is wondering about it? People are looking at our miracle boats, who is disturbed about it? We make a walk to the town-



A Danish Cruise Dirk Horstman Tiki 26

centre, back by bus because of the rain.

Wednesday: No departure today, force 6 and thunderstorm are expected.

To make the trip possible for my crew Elisabeth the concept is : No sailing at more than force 5 or thunderstorm; she can decide at every moment to go to a port or even to stop the trip. This takes a lot of stress off her. Later she will become more courageous than these conditions demand and likes the life aboard, always wearing the 2 sea-bracelets. Now , 7 years later, we own our second Wharram (an old Tane) and she only needs the bracelets in hard conditions .

Thursday: The great day has come: We will cross the Baltic Sea to Denmark including the traffic lane (32 nm). The weather forecast is friendly. In Elisabeth's diary you can read: *Today the passage will be done, to Nystedt/Isle of Lolland. If the wind is right it will be 3-4 hours. 7.30 wake up, sandwiches prepared, tea and cucumbers(!) 11:00 2nd breakfast, low wind, much sun. Thomas and Ralf not far away. 14:00 very hot, I'm not so well (no land to be seen), now and then a sailing boat, later I feel better. 16:00 no wind! Thomas starts their outboard, we too, for the last half hour.*

Nystedt is a lovely town with a castle and a nice port. We feel fine there and take our lunch in a wooden port restaurant.

Friday: We start for Guldborg (North end of Lolland) in low wind, blue sky, much sun; wonderful sailing up the sound with our Jeckills cruising chute. We pass Nykoebing Bridge and cross over (!) the motorway Roedby/Copenhagen. Now the sound is wider to the west. In our chart we find a little island. The ideal anchoring possible? Mistake, too flat and big stones there. One makes an end to our ride. The starboard hull sits on it. Motor on, gear back, jump in the water and lift the hull. Good luck, I get it, successful our 10 mm rubber protection of the keel line.

Further we go to the North end of the sound, there the anchors fall in flat water. our first night at anchor will come. We are at about 100 yards from land with a little more than 1 yard depth.

After lunch we are relaxed. At midnight a thunderstorm is approaching. I stay on the bridge, the whole night. It's an impressive natural scene. Next day I missed the sleep.

Sunday: Half of our time is over now, wind and weather have not been the best. Our plan to go south of the Isle of Fuenen is not longer practicable. Now the plan is to round the Isle of Lolland. That means to go to the very little Isle of Askoe today. The weather does not look friendly, cloudy - force 4-5, sometimes 6. Elisabeth wants to try it. After lunch we start. She writes in her diary: *Much wind, uncomfortable waves. To dress the weather front takes lot efforts..... It is a hard*

examination for my seaworthiness. Dirk offers me the option to return..... After 4 hours we are nearly there.... The port is like the island, very little but very nice....

Our Windex moves at the top. A screw has to be fixed. Thomas takes 2 ropes, winds them to the Tiki-mast so that he gets 2 - nearly 1 yard long - loops. Secured by a safety harness he steps into them and slides himself up to the top, without any danger. We all can only be astonished, but he practised mountaineering sometime ago.

Monday: The wind has turned to W/NW . That's where we want to go. That means badtacking or nervous motoring the whole day in force 4-6 wind.

I'm very discouraged. We decide to stay and relax on the island. The naturalness and calmness makes peace to me.

In the evening we discuss how to continue our trip. The weather forecast gave the solution: Tomorrow NW, Wednesday E, Thursday SW and thunder!

So the best solution will be going all the way back we have come. That promises nice sailing under cruising chute!

Tuesday: Much sun, force 2-3, back to Nystedt (36 nm), a wonderful day !

Wednesday: The weather forecast is right: wind now Force 3-4 later 5 they say. We go off for the German coast (36 nm). We set the cruising chute. The jib is unusable because



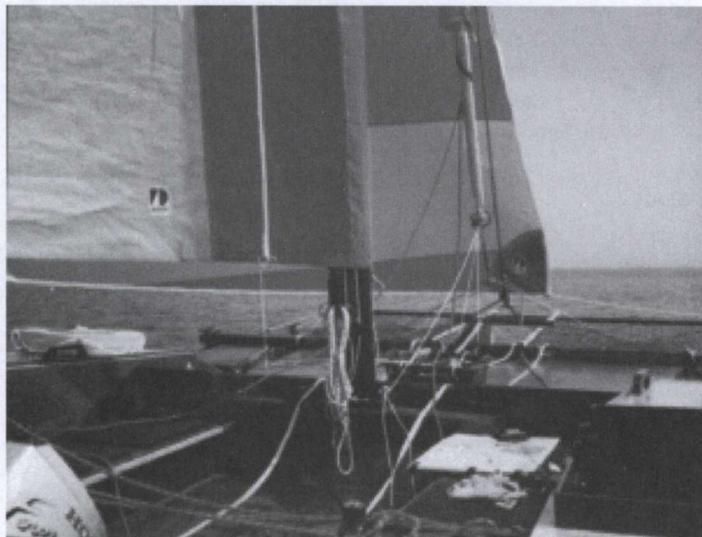
A Danish Cruise

Dirk Horstman

Tiki 26

of a broken shackle at the mast-top. No problem at the moment, but later.....

Course ton (tun??) no. 67 ! We reach it, then ton Staberhuk (southeast end of the Isle of Fehmarn). We make a good



(surf-)ride. Elisabeth is at the helm, I'm managing the cruising chute. Near Staberhuk the wind increases, some waves have white crowns. Fortunately the sun gives the scenery a friendly air. For Elisabeth the situation at the helm gets precarious. So I take the tiller with the right hand and the sheet of the cruising chute with the left. We have to go another hour. The jib would be the right sail now

"Danah" is a strong Tiki of 10 mm mahogany-ply and the bows have no ambition to dive. It is sailing like on my beach-cat.

In Elisabeth's diary you can read: *about at 15.30 the waves become bigger and the wind is very much harder. The boat seems to be a surfer. I'm sitting near the mast, with my safety line. Now and then jets of water are coming out of the whole for the Honda and fall down on Dirk managing tiller and sail at the same time. I'm always checking that he is on his place. It's very exciting.....*

Finally we reach the coastline and Elisabeth has taken the tiller again, for I have to start the Honda and to get the chute down. Then we have to go 100 yards about with wind and waves coming from portside, turning the entrance ton, now all the other way round. Finally arrived in port we are breathing in and our handy-wind speed tells us force 5-6 in our port-box. Elisabeth, normally disliking any alcohol, takes 2 Whiskeys and vodkas at the club-bar.....

Here ends the report of our first sailing-trip which was followed by some more in the next years. In 2000 we sold Danah in Switzerland for building a bigger one (of course).

In that summer we joined a friend on his monohull, but that

is not my world. During the winter I restored a beach-cat I built in 1984 and in summer 2001 we went on a little lake nearby. The coming winter the desire to own a cruising cat grew. So searching for a used cat on the internet began.

Some visits were without success, but then I found on www.multihull.de (also in English) a TANE in Holland for the incredible price of € 1.500,- !!!!! Now we own her since 1st June and I hope to send you a report of that story.

Thomas at the masthead replacing the jib halyard shackle.



Dirk,

I look forward to your report on refurbishing your Tane in the near future. Thanks to both you and John Fields for these reports on cruising in the often difficult Scandinavian waters. Good luck with your project and future sailing adventures.

I'd also like to commend you on your good judgement in taking into consideration the apprehension of your crew members. This consideration, I have found, usually helps crew confidence to grow. This was obviously the case with Elisabeth's increased confidence.

Unfortunately, too often, skippers want to press on with a predefined schedule, presumably to show how tough and/or competent they are. Thankfully, I find this attitude to be less prevalent within Wharram sailing circles, where the voyage can (and should) be as important (and pleasant) as the intended destination.

Dave(editor)



The Story of Tikimata

Meinhard Koch Tiki 38

My first contact with TIKIMATA was – what else – through the internet. Some years ago I bought the TIKI 38 plan number 44 from Mr. Bobrezky in Austria after having finished several Wharrams. My first one was the HITIA 17, followed by a TIKI 26 and finally a MELANESIA. So the TIKI 38 should be my final boat, my “Everest”. To get some information about this new designed boat I tried to get in contact with other 38 builders. I used the PCA yearbook to find out some folks building nearby. And I was successful! Among others I got in contact with Jürgen Roy from Augsburg, Germany. When he launched his boat named TIKIMATA I took the opportunity to see a ready built TIKI 38 and drove to Isola/Slovenia to assist the launching. At this opportunity I made a little video about this event. I was very impressed how big a project like TIKIMATA is! Up to that time I had made the crossbeams, the masts and gaffs and the tillers. Jürgen made some changes, to the rig, to the cabin roof etc. which caused a broken main mast a few miles away from Isola! (he had used stiff metal rigging screws instead of flexible lashings and had put another pair of shrouds fixed in front of the mast not considering the possible movements of the two hulls) I did not hesitate to sell him my new masts, sent them down to Italy to STELLA MARINA, where he had stopped for the repair. It was a pity, that Jürgen did not alter the rigging that time (we were not sure if that was the reason that time), so a second broken mast near Sicily/Italy was the result. 25 kts of wind, the mast started to oscillate till he broke. In a boat yard for wooden

boats the mast was mended, the tabernacle got a dolphin stay underneath to make it stiffer for the vertical pressure of the mast that had broken it, punched through! Jürgen continued in autumn 2001 his planned jump to the Caribbean Islands when fate hit him again. But let tell the story himself with his own words:

(From a letter I received afterwards)

“.....because I wanted to leave the Mediterranean Sea in October by all means, I had to lie in to wait for better weather all the time to make some miles westwards. For at that time there was bad weather in the whole western Med. Mostly westerly winds. The tacking ability of Tikimata is too poor to make enough miles close hauled. Therefore I had to make some long day and night legs, which worked well and let me make good mileage. But on 10th of October shortly after midnight a heavy thunderstorm hit me at CABO de GATA (SE corner of Spain, close to Almeria). Gusts up to 60 KTS and gigantic waves (no warning in the weather forecast)! I was just able to tear down the rest of the sails, before I outrode the gale going 7-8 KTS with no cm² of sails! Thank god the gale blew me away from the rocky coast, so I did not have to use my sea anchor. This “dancing of the witches” lasted for about four hours. At sunrise I entered the harbour of Almeria, where people told me, that it had been the worst storm for years! There many rig-damages occurred in the marina and there had been many “mayday” calls and distress cases from out on the sea. TIKIMATA herself was completely unharmed which made me rather courageous.



The Story of Tikimata

Meinhard Koch

Tiki 38

After Michael from Augsburg had come to Almeria to join me on the way to the Canaries, I changed all shrouds to 6 mm wire with eyes and changed the rigging screws to lashings to be on the safe side: I did not trust the terminals and the rigging screws any more. After the forecast showed easterly winds for the next three days we made the 140nm jump to GIBRALTAR in one rush. With easy to moderate wind TIKIMATA sailed fantastic!

On 18th of October in the first daylight we left GIBRALTAR to use the tidal current and the rest of the easterly wind to pass the strait. But neither wind nor current were as predicted, so we had to use the engine and passed through until lunchtime. Out on the ATLANTIC there also was a SW wind (force 6 -7) instead of the predicted and usual NW. With disgustingly steep seas against the old swell. Nearly two days and two nights we had close hauled courses in this headwind with much longer legs to the west than to the east to be far enough off the MOROCCAN coast in case the wind changes to west. It was an extremely wet sailing and we had no dry piece of clothing any more and felt terribly cold. The steep and high waves hit against the rudders sideways so hard, that the starboard tiller broke during the night. The ship itself kept on going the course self steering so well, as if it had a wind steering device. We asked each other why we had sailed the whole time steering or going with the Autohelm before all the time!

On the 20th of October at sunrise wind and waves calmed down a little bit and we could fix the tiller with a "splint" of metal bolted to the tiller and lashed with rope. Then we turned directly SW, using the engine and the sails to escape the bad weather zone as fast as possible. All the time the weather report from the Canaries reported NW winds force 5-6!!! We were cruising at a wind speed of around 20 KTS, jib and two reefs in the foremain and mainsail plus the engine. I retreated to my hull to have a rest. Michael on the helm did not understand what happened when a squall with about 40 KTS broke the foremast (third time!!!) - he had no more time to furl the jib nor to let down the foremain. We were able to recover everything except the lower part of the mast, for all shrouds were undamaged. All that happened about 100nm SW of GIBRALTAR. Only using the mainsail with two reefs we were able to reach GIBRALTAR in about 15 hours! We passed the strait with the tidal current in the morning and entered the very snobby and expensive marina of SOTTOGRANDE on October 21st at 11 o'clock.

Clearing up the deck we found out, that the dolphin stay of the tabernacle did a very good job, it was only turned sideways. There had been no other damage. The reason for the disaster for sure was a silly coincidence of several factors - we will for sure discuss this very intensively. The Mediterranean Sea in the mean time was flat like a mirror and there was no wind - we used the engine for the next 3 days along the whole COSTA DEL SOL with its overcrowded marinas till we found a berth in ALMERIA for the Winter at last (around € 200 a month!).

.....

So it came that Juergen offered me his ship for a price, where I could not say no. Together we built a new mast and tiller during the winter, this time from Hemlock, wider and thicker than in the plans. 150mm diameter/ 35mm. Albin Glaser (building a Tik38) from Germany drew the construction plan. He, Peter Weigel (bought my Tiki26 Papalgi, from Germany) and Jürgen, accompanied by Helmut Rieder and Reinhold Schroeder (both Tiki26 owners from Austria) went to Almeria in spring 2002 with a VW bus and the mast and repair material on the trailer. They "retro-built" the rig according to plans (almost) and sailed the boat to CORFU. In the marina of GOUVIA it got a berth besides James Wharrams SPIRIT OF GAIA, where I took it over from Jürgen. The parts I had already made for my project I offered to other builders via e-mail addresses from the PCA yearbook. Beams, gaffs and tillers went to New Mexico, USA (!), the standing rig and some blocks went to Ireland, the plans went to an Austrian, who starts soon.



I had beautiful sailing over the summer in the Ionian Sea, not without minor troubles and little working here and there. For the winter TIKIMATA is in Cleopatra marina / PREVEZA,



The Story of Tikimata

Meinhard Koch

Foraging the foreshore

(Food for the Table)

Dave Peak

Greece, where some changes and repairs have to be done. The lashings of the rudder plates got loose, a indoor toilet and a waste water tank has to be installed, some paint work has to be done and I want to make a stern ramp....

Because TIKIMATA was built in three (!) years, there must be some renovation done, for Juergen built in a real hurry. Some of the solutions such as the cockpit seats (the engine compartment covers) were finished by him provisional first. Though the structural work was done very carefully and made to confide in. The steering position cabin turned out to be very useful in wet conditions both sailing and anchoring. It makes TIKIMATA look a little like a trawler and the big window area on both sides of the ship a little bit like a sightseeing boat. I will see to change the layout a little bit. The technical equipment is more than complete. Not to say un-Wharram – like:

2 outboard engines Suzuki 4-stroke (DF 15 ARL) - (rather sensitive things that need a lot of care). Some of the parts are made really not sturdy enough for the everyday use. e.g. there are small nylon or plastic angles that connect the remote control wires with the gear lever. Both broke in the last two years during the use. And that is not as funny as it may sounds. Imagine you on the bridge trying to stop the ship approaching the quay – you shift the gear lever to the reverse position and further to the full throttle position but the ship does not stop. On the contrary – it accelerates forward! One needs at least a minute to perceive what may be wrong. There is a wind generator (Air Marine 403) and two big solar panels (Siemens Sun line MAP 100) which load one 240 Ah Gel-battery. With the energy from the alternators of the outboards this is enough electricity to run a refrigerator (COOLMATIC 65/ Typ 8/VD) and the rest of the equipment without the need of a recharging from a wall socket from the land since launching!

The whole power management is done by a SOLARIX SIGMA 12/24V 20 Ah charger and monitored by a device called "DCC 4000 AH-counter" which tells me -

- a) actual current (Volt)
- b) the actual Amp. coming into or going out of the battery
- c) the per cent of the actual battery capacity

further electronic equipment:

CLIPPER wind

Magellan 310

Echo sounder Interphase "Probe"

Radar Simrad Anritsu LCD RA 772

Autohelm ST 4000

Freshwatermaker Power Survivor 40 E (not in use)

Radio: handheld TM 68

One of most pleasant ways of collecting free food is to wander the shoreline between tides collecting cockles, whelks, mussels and other edible molluscs from the rocky outcrops. Whilst collecting this free source of food, exploring tidal pools and rocky outcrops the abundance of small colourful wildlife can make an hour or two fly by.

Sandy beaches can be the source of razor clams, don't waste a nice day by digging for them, carry some salt with you and drop half a teaspoon on/in the breathing hole. They'll come to the surface of the sand and can be extracted by hand easily.

Filter feeders can be the source of digestive problems because of the nature of filter feeding which can trap and build up contaminants. It's important to obtain some local knowledge to ascertain if collecting these munchies poses any health problems, local effluence, "red tide" etc. I always carry a canvas bucket on shoreline walks as they are vmuch less burdensome that a rigid one.

Generally, places with medium to large tidal ranges Brittany, Maine, Nova Scotia etc the likelihood of contaminants is pretty small but is always best to check local sources of information. **A small handbook to identify the edible (& tasty) species is a small outlay for the almost unending supply of free shoreside protein.**

Kelp, seaweed and seagrasses are also available to us. I find a good Japanese cookbook finds plenty of uses for these under utilised veggies. .

Cerviche

1 pound variety seafood [cockles, mussels, small whitefish (*oily fish doesn't work well*) fillets], 3 fresh limes, 1 lemon, 1 jalapeno pepper, one bunch fresh cilantro, 5 cloves of garlic, 1 medium onion, 8 oz. salsa, 1 Tbsp. olive oil, 1 shot tequila (the better the better) 1/4 tsp. oregano or (italian seasoning), 1/4 tsp. fresh ground pepper, 1/4 tsp. salt, 8-12 tostados/tacos (other thin flat breads can be used also), 1 8oz can of refried beans, 2 1/2 gallon plastic bags.

Directions: Clean and rinse fish, remove beards from mussels etc. Pat dry with clean cloth. Remove skin and bones from fish. cube (approx. 1/4"x1/4"). Shell and devein any seafood that would require it. (medium size shrimp require no cubing). Place all seafood in one gallon bag. Squeeze in half the limes and 1/2 lemon. Refrigerate until juice gets milky. Stir. Refrigerate till you can't wait any longer. I rarely wait over an hour total. Drain juice & discard (*marinating & "cooking" of flesh is completed*). Finely chop garlic, onion, jalapeno & cilantro. Squeeze in rest of lime, lemon. Mix together fish, jalapenos, onion, garlic, olive oil, cilantro, salsa, tequila, salt, pepper, Italian spices. Heat beans and place on tostado, add enough cerviche to cover tostada and beans and enjoy. Try without beans also.



Cat Corner Tobago Cays Remy Roy



For most of the people dreaming of exotic islands the word "Grenadines" is magic. It means white sandy beaches, coconut trees, blue lagoons and crystal waters. Although those dreamy pictures are not the reality for all the Grenadines, the Tobago Cays offers to you some of the most beautiful landscapes in the Caribbean area.

The Grenadines lie between Saint Vincent and Grenada islands, two independent countries that each own several of the Grenadine islands. The distance between the northern most island (Bequia) and the southern one (Ronde) is less than 50 nautical miles. The islands are a chain orientated almost in the North to South direction. The journey between the islands is never very far. As each island is not far from one other and the sea is never very rough even when the trade winds are strong. Each of the Grenadine islands has its own style and can be very attractive.

Among them the Tobago Cays are like a piece of Polynesia in the North Atlantic. They are flat islands surrounded by a coral barrier. Four tiny islands compose the Tobagos: Petit Rameau, Petit Bateau, Baradal and Jamesby. Even if it is not exactly a part of the Tobagos we can add Petit Tabac island which lies outside the coral barrier.

A consequence of the Tobagos popularity is that you can find more than a hundred boats at the mooring during the high season (December-March). But in spite of that you can still find here a place where to drop your anchor and enjoy the blue crystal water of this little paradise.

To get there can be dangerous if you don't take care of the reefs, specially in the south, but on a clear day (which is most of the time) the change in water colour makes the reefs easy to see.

The best approach is from the NW. The course is 129° on the alignment of the northern point of Petit Bateau by the southern point of Petit Rameau. When you are close enough of the islands you enter between Petit Rameau and Petit Bateau for going to the main anchorage between Jamesby and Baradal.

Approaching from the south is a little more dangerous because of the reefs. If you want to try this entrance it is better to do it at the end of the midday when the sun is high enough for having a good seeking of the hazards. The most dangerous of them are the Sand Cay and the south end of the Horse Shoe Reef. It is better to pass in the west of Sand Cay which is a flat reef lying just underneath the surface. Because of the protection of the Horse Shoe Reef there is no wave breaking on the Sand Cay and more than one boat has hit the coral there. Then it can cost you a lot if you ask for some help from the local fishermen who will now want more than a bottle of rum for thanks.



Cat Corner Tobago Cays Remy Roy

The best anchorage is in 3 to 5 meters of water on a sandy bottom in the south of Baradal and as close as you can of the coral reef. If there are too many boats and if your boat has a shallow draft you can go to the mooring in the north of Baradal and even of Petit Rameau were that will be quietest and more breezy (better for avoiding mosquitoes). It is also possible to take a mooring between Petit Rameau and Petit Bateau.

The other place for being alone is Petit Tabac. For entering in the mooring of Petit Tabac you have to avoid the coral heads surrounding the entrance. The bottom comes up suddenly to less than 2,50 meters in the passage. There is no place in Petit Tabac for more than three or four boats and it can be a little roly because the coral reef doesn't give the same protection from the waves as in the Tobagos Cays.

Except in Petit Tabac, the Tobago's waters are always flat thanks to the coral barrier which gives a very good protection to the main anchorage.

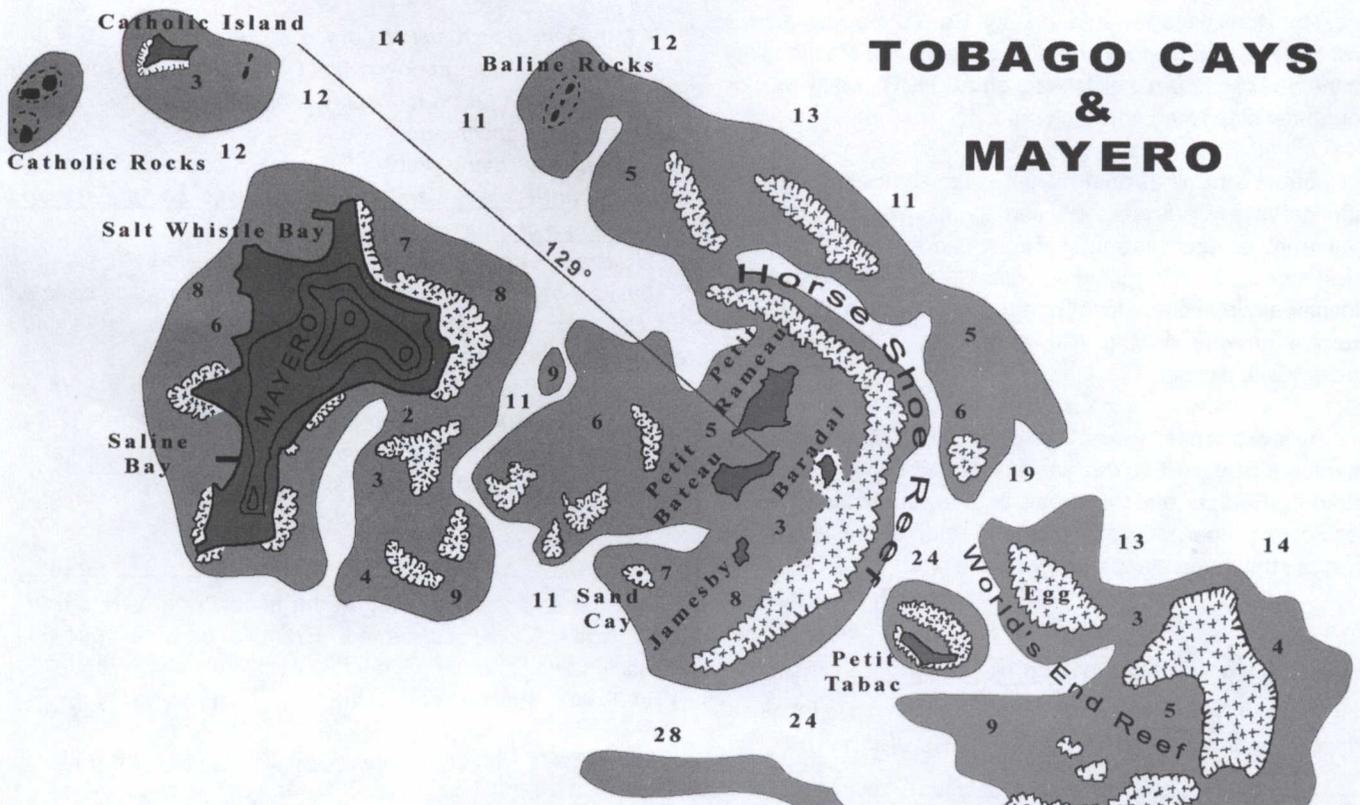
The Tobago Cays also offer some of the most beautiful spots for snorkelling along the outside edge of the reef. But don't even think to catch a lobster here, the place has been already explored before you arrive. But be sure that some fishermen will come to sell to you one of theirs. During the winter season you will find some locals who live under tents on the little islands. They usually are friendly but could be sometimes intrusive when they get drunk or smoke too much exotic herbs at night... During the day they offer to the



View of "the cays" from the east

yachts some ice, fruit, fishes or souvenirs. Except the fruits and the fishes you could get from those people you cannot get any provisions in the Tobagos. For that you have to sail to Union Island which is only five miles away and where you can find shops, restaurants, a fuel station and an airport connected with most of the Windward Islands of the Caribbean.

Wherever you could sail in the Caribbean, you could not say you know them if you have not sailed in the Grenadines and particularly in the Tobago Cays. So, go and just enjoy them!



Letters Letters Letters Letters Letters

Do send us letters and postcards, emails, telegrams and porpoise post. It's good to hear how things are going in your part of the world, and to share your concerns. -

Dear Sea People,

I really enjoyed Dave Peak's fishing articles. The items on nets & traps really caught my eye. Do you make them? or buy them? If we can make them, could we have some dimensions please? Mesh sizes and material supplier? If we have to buy them, can we have a manufacturers address please. **(I'll get some plans and/or manufacturers info for next issue - ed)**

I also read with interest in News for Seapeople, Dave's RCD update, would it not be to our advantage, as Wharrams are a specific niche market, that the PCA produces its own certificate to be presented with ships papers at Customs request, certifying that ones boat was placed in service prior to 16th June 1998 or was owner built for own use, and is not available for transfer sale lease etc. for the reg.5 years, from in service date. Possibly date stamped and signed as a semi official document. **Many official persons appear to be satisfied with a document they can copy to cover their rear ends with especially if it is bi-lingual, and has date stamps on it.** Perhaps PCA self-certification would be an addition to the revenue of the PCA? We must have a member with a print shop who could produce the blanks perhaps a magic card enclosing a boat photo owner's photo in a sealed plastic wallet.

Would it be possible for the PCA to get UK Customs approval of a standard exemption Certificate to cover all self build Wharrams with appropriate spaces for model, class etc. Ref Ronald Vopels info in Dave Peak's report. I have a self-builders certificate & some documents in a plastic folder in the nav cabin. But it all looks a bit AD HOC, really only ok for a brief stop when voyaging on.

Coupled with other boat owner's comments (see right). It appears many officials now see themselves as Revenue gatherers or petty irregular Tax gatherers to justify their existence. Some simple clear all encompassing documentation seems to, in part to be a possible solution, in Europe anyway. Would this work? any suggestions? or better ideas please!

I believed once years ago that the longer we were members of the EEC, the easier it would become to travel through Europe and visit our partner countries, free of restrictions, and petty documentation, for boat owners and sailors, the reverse appears to be true.

Dave Brooman

Good idea! re: PCA creating RCD exemption certificate. How valid and authoritative it would be, is pure speculation...but worth following up...Dave(editor)

The Pushpit.....

Dates for your diary -



Jun 1st deadline for next magazine materials

See "News for SeaPeople" on page 4 for meets.

May-June PEACE IV travels up the east coast of the US. With possible stops in North Carolina, Chesapeake Bay & Long Island Sound before reaching her new home waters of Rhode Island.

Taxing times within EU

Observations, noted by Practical Boat Owner reader, after nearly a quarter of a century full-time cruising in Portugal, Spain, France, Italy and Greece and many non-EU countries, the correspondent noted that Customs, Immigration, Port Health, Harbour Master, Maritime Police etc, are largely autonomous and the rules they enforce are not those decreed by the EU. Sometimes these were 'traditional/local rules', often invented on the spot. As a result, cruising yachtsmen can be faced with a demand for some levy, the imposition of which is completely illegal. If your boat is your home and you are constantly on the move, one has little alternative but to pay - unless you are willing to have your boat impounded while you fight the case. Re - advice to write to your MEP (Member of European Parliament) is not very helpful - you probably don't even have one if you live aboard.

Examples of some of these 'local rules' include: -

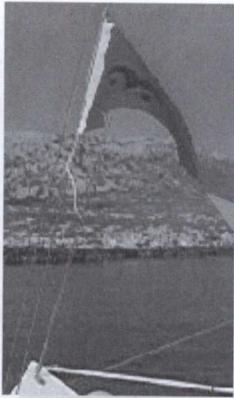
- * Import Duty in Mallorca
- * Light Dues imposed in some parts of Spain.
- * The Greek 'Cruising Tax' which is clearly illegal and levied in some parts of Greece.
- * VAT imposed as a result of 'purges' all over the EU.
- * On-the-spot fines imposed in Olhoa, Portugal for minor offences such as failing to display a black ball while on anchor in a recognised anchorage.
- * Until recently, many strict rules were imposed in Vilamoura, Portugal, **until they were inundated with complaints and resulted in a change of personnel.**
- * EU citizens were fined for working without a Work Permit.
- * Abuses over cars. For example, a friends van was confiscated by Customs at a Greek ferry terminal because he already owned one private car.

People embarking on the liveaboard cruising life should be aware that the rules enforced in EU countries vary from port to port and marina to marina. Illegal of course - but a fact of life! (fbased on an original letter by Mike Harper, Essex)

Please if it is possible write in the heading of every article the type of boat concerned! Example from number 50 Building and Launching "Lookfar" = tiki26 etc etc
Thank you, **Pierre-Yves Gabi**

C'est un fait accompli! - Dave(editor)





Support your Association And spread good fortune....

With a lucky PCA burgee and clothing too
your voyage is assured of success.....
Reading matter? Back numbers of course!



Committee member Gerald Winkler shows
our Burgee in the Adriatic That's the way to do it!



RED BURGEES, SEWN-ON WHARRAM LOGO BOTH SIDES.....	£12 INC. P&P
TEE-SHIRTS (round neck).....	£12 EA + P&P
POLOS/TENNIS(collar + buttons).....	£15 EA + P&P
SWEATSHIRTS.....	£16 EA + P&P
BACK ISSUES...of Seapeople.....	£3.50 EA INC. P&P
BUY IN BULK5 ISSUES... £15 INC. P&P.....10 ISSUES...£25 INC. P&P	

POSTAGE ON CLOTHING ITEMS:

UK: £2.50 FIRST ITEM, £2 EACH EXTRA ITEM
EUROPE AIRMAIL: £3 PER ITEM
WORLD AIRMAIL: £5 PER ITEM

PAYMENT WITH ORDER, IN STERLING CHEQUES AS PRICED ABOVE, OR PLEASE ALLOW £5 FOR
OUR CURRENCY CONVERSION COSTS. THANK YOU!

OUR NEW ADDRESS: PCA ORDERS, 118 HOWETH ROAD, BOURNEMOUTH, DORSET BH10 5NS, UK.

Letters Continued



The boat is a
Tangaroa4.

"Tiger Cox (aged 4
and a half) on
board his Mum and
Dad's Tangaroa
ketch "Bumble
Bee". He was 3rd
mate from
Plymouth to
Newhaven. His big
sister, Jessica
(aged 13), was in
charge of
navigation (We
were supposed to
be going to Jersey!
- only joking Jess).

We hope to sail to Portugal soon, got to tryout electrics first.
This might be the first Wharram to use paragliders as
spinnakers."**Tim Cox**

DITTY

"Yellow Cat" - For sale - £10k

Heavily built Tiki31 fully equipped for cruising - wheel
steering, autopilot, twin fourstrokes, cockpit tents, solar
panels, ballast tanks, huge wardrobe of sails. sterling.

tel. 07831 392016 or write: "Yellow Cat" Rats Castle,
Clovelly, EX 39 5TF,
Paul Cobb

FOR SALE TIKI 31 - Truly complete inventory
including 2 new 8hp 4 strokes this year, lying Ireland.
£ 17,000

Contact Bryn or Ruth James - 01248 470967

(see picture in SeaPeople #50)

"For Sale- Ground tackle + main and pick up buoy, used for
Tiki 26. 2 seasons use from new.

Needs some maintenance. £125.00

Call me on 01952 813466 evenings only" - Andy White



DITTY

DITTY BAG DITTY BAG DITTY BAG DITTY BAG

Free Advertising in the Ditty Bag for all PCA members. Boats, plans, or bits and pieces For Sale or Wanted. Offer or seek services as captain, crew, cook, bottle

washer or bottom scrubber.

*** **Ditty bag ads will run automatically for 2 issues** (to give other members space), if you sell, let us know and we'll pull the 2nd ad. Also please contact us if a 3rd ad is needed

FOR SALE - Wharram Tiki 21 - "Neko"

Price £7,500 – Euro 12,075

This Tiki 21 has been transformed from a small cabin format to a large cabin. She now also has a Crab Claw Sail Rig with a Mizzen. Lying: south UK, Ply/Epoxy construction. Sails, Spars & rig: Jeckells Mainsail and 3 Jibs. Crab Claw Sail. Extensive inventory includes nav equipment, original main & 3 jibs, Tohatsu o/b and 7' dinghy with Seagull o/b.

John Ireland tel no 01903 265 877.

"For Sale - Mauna Loa, Narai Mk IV

(professionally built by Andrews Boatyard, Emsworth, Sussex 1984. 2 x Yanmar 15hp diesel engines, 2 x 25 galls stainless fuel tanks. Bermudan ketch rig, aluminium spars, assorted sails. Hull is ply sheathed, decking is Iroko with mahogany interior. Individual cabins separated by bulkheads, 6' 3" standing headroom in hulls, 8 berths, being 3 doubles, one of which has its own shower and heads fitted, and 2 singles, plus separate heads/shower. Recently overhauled, all four beams in good order. Ready to sail coastal, Atlantic or circumnavigation. £30,000 ono

For more information and full inventory please email angela.woods@lineone.net

My Hitia 17 "Prince of Tides" is for sale! Built in 93/94 from best materials, the boat has been completely refitted last year. With road trailer, slip wheels, deck tent and lots of gear. Reinforced foredecks, rudders and trampoline. Really in an excellent shape. Lying in northern Germany. Price : **Euro 3400.** -

Building material: hulls: 4mm Okume Hydro plywood (GL certificate) , deck; 4mm Okume AW 100 plywood, laminated with glassfiber, West System epoxied mast, sprit and beams made from best quality Oregon Pine, all hardwood parts (clamps etc) from ash

Hulls, beams & all wood parts are sealed with 2 layers of epoxy, outside coated with 2 part polyurethane (red, ivory and clear); Underwater the hulls are painted with hard antifouling.

sails: main and jib by Lee-Sails; total sail area 160sq ft/ 14.9 sqm.

rigging: 7x19/5mm V2A shrouds; all ropes 6 or 10mm Uranus polyester.

gear: handpump, 5 fenders, 2 paddles, boat-hook, Silva LB 70 hand bearing compass, Fortress FX7 aluminium anchor with 3 m chain and 25 m rope, slip trailer, road trailer (not licensed) and a deck tent.

extras: well-built hatch covers (watertight!), reinforced rudders, foredecks and trampoline, traveller control-line

Wulf Claussen, 10439 Berlin, Nordkapstr. 8 Tel. & Fax 0049 - (0) 30 - 46 79 6464

Best regards und immer eine handbreit Wasser unter dem Kiel

FOR SALE –Plans for Pahi 42 (#122) £900 or near offer. Mint Condition – Includes Modification Sheets
Unable to see my way clear to build in the foreseeable future, so reluctantly these plans are for sale. Guaranteed no boat built from this set of plans.

Hugh Jenkins Tel +44 (0) 1633 422279 Robinwood, Belmont Hill, Caerleon, GWENT NP18 1JX

TIKI 26 for sale *** Bargain ***

She is complete with everything (GPS; Outboard; Dinghy; tent; sunroof: etc.).

Even included is a trailer and slipwheels. At present time she is in Croatia.

The price 10.400.- €

My contact is Peter (Weigel) Germany weigel@wtal.de

Probably the best example of a GRP Whrram Tiki 26 that you will see. The boat has been built by a professional boatbuilder who is the owner of the boat. Launched in 1991 she is in excellent condition and has been maintained to very high standard. Includes – new 5hp Mariner o/board – launching trolleys – solar panel – new battery – berth cushions – galley table and cooker – deck tent – spinnaker – log and sounder – jib furler. Lying near Plymouth.
£11,800 O.N.O. – further details via Mike Smith +44 (0) 9152 822617 or e-mail jansmith100@onetel.net.uk

For Sale: Full set of plans for Melanesia, guaranteed not yet built along with some epoxy and associated materials. I have decided that I am a sailor, not a builder. I will never finish especially as I now live in a flat.

Offers please to Alan Howells on 01179 442618

