

The Sea People

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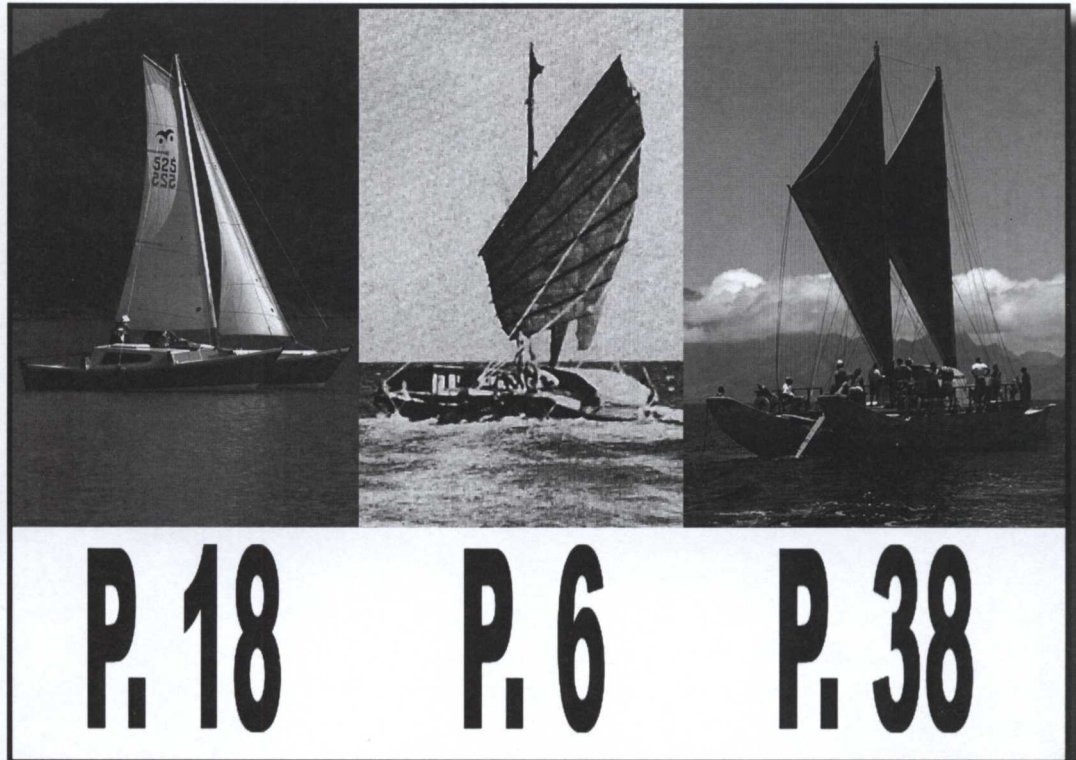
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The Sea People
Issue 75

NEWS FOR THE PCA MEMBERS

The Phoenix will come alive again

Usually this page is reserved to the news for the PCA members: future meetings and special announcements concerning the Wharram world.

For the first time it might have been sad news. For almost one year the PCA flagship have been very close to be lost with all hands after 40 years of good and faithful services.

As we would be preparing a big party to celebrate the Sea People/Sailormans' fortieth birthday we were preparing to fire a salute. Why?

Just because some people have applied for a position in the PCA office organisation without any idea of what that would really mean if one of them miss.

Since the death of Ken, the PCA's boat was drifting and wandering about like a lost soul.

One had been elected as new secretary but had to give up when faced with the calendar and the responsibilities.

Yes! Even in a small association, to be the secretary, or anyone of the other positions, is a real responsibility and means a lot of times of work.

That requires some kind of obligation when you have to go virtually all around the world via e-mail asking for some articles, some pictures, for organizing a meeting and announce it to anybody, for collecting the annual fees and subscriptions, and so on...

Often you are never paid in return, but it does not matter because it is not a work but a real passion. The unique pleasure to see the boat afloat, sailing well and steering for the good course is your sole motivation... Like in the regattas the honours and the winner cup are for the winner boat skipper not for the people who have organized the regatta...

Another kind member in the USA had applied for the secretary position. Perfect! But by the same time we have been told that the magazine would be on line, free of any charge on Internet, except for the people who want to continue to get a paper issue. Those ones will have to pay for it! The idea was that the money got with paper issues sales would have financed the free access of the mag on Internet without any restriction for the others and also financed the Internet domain name! Anyway, the project would have been a good one if more prepared, but just like it was presented to us it was unrealistic for some major reasons like the personal rights for imaging and their lawsuits for example..And so on. In a word, this new secretary also gave up before the start of the adventure... and so on...

To put the mag on line via Internet and some of those social nets like Facebook, Twitter or Flickr... was a

very good idea and, to say the truth the subject had been already studied in the past with Dave and Ken but discarded because of the legal problems. Another reason was that only half of the PCA members have an access to Internet and some without any possibility to download a full magazine in less than hours because the line is not a wide range access one.

And there is the fact that you are accustomed to flipping the pages of your sailing magazine while you sip your wake-up brew, while you wait for your train or bus; and what would you do during those annoying hours when you wait for a civil servant service?

And there is still a question in my mind: why the magazines would be now just good to wrap the fish in?

Past magazines may have articles that you would like to treasure and re-read at another time or show to your friends.

It is a real pleasant music for an editor (or a publisher) when a reader says that he or she have read the magazine cover to cover, then have saved it.

It is also a pleasure to hear "we moved aboard with a lot of excess weight, but we took Sea People because it is a pleasure to read it at the sunset time with a coco punch to sip"

Are we really ready to throw away our Sea People paper version for reading it exclusively on Internet?

If you now can carry almost everywhere your flat TV, your laptop and those mobile phones that have the disagreeable idea to ring when you are tacking, are you sure that those gadgets for electronic addicts will always work at sea? Maybe. But your magazine will always be there long after your batteries have run down.

So your magazine will continue to be published in a paper version (and maybe also in an electronic version later but only for the members) and, after much hesitations and roaming I am pleased to announce to you that, in plus of the editor role, I am now your new secretary. I hope to rebuild the almost ruined PCA and make of it a nice mansion where you will be all guests of honour. You are all an owner of one or several stones of the edifice, and the articles, texts, pictures, tricks and tips you send to us will keep the building standing up. So I am counting on your help and I'll give it back to you.

Just give me a bit of time to clear the mess of these late times and you will get again your mag with a regular schedule, a new website is going to be on line soon and, point by point, we will have many other things to offer to you.. Don't hesitate to submit your ideas. And of course your articles and pictures..

Rémy Roy. (remyroypca@gmail.com)





It could have been the last but...

How to send articles & pictures to the magazine for publishing?

All members contributions in the form of articles, letters and photographs (black & white or colour print or transparencies) are welcomed by Sea People. All material will be returned to the contributor if requested. In any event the PCA can accept no responsibility for loss or damage to contributions. All material accepted solely on the basis that the author accepts the assessment of the PCA as to its value.

All material submitted to the magazine is accepted on the basis that copyright in the work will be vested in the PCA who assumes all rights world-wide. Reproduction in whole or in part without written permission is prohibited.

The texts published in the magazine are the authors' responsibility.

Articles for submission to the mag can be sent to the PCA Editorial address by regular mail or electronically. (pictures should be scanned in at 300dpi resolution and size should be no more than 300Kb please)

Please keep total transmission size to 500Kb or less, 3 x 300Kb files are easier to transmit/receive than 1 of 900Kb.

You have patiently waited for this new issue of your sailing magazine 'The Sea People'. Believe me I am very sorry for this delay. (More than six months behind the schedule, for me, is not a delay but also a shame)...

The last issue (#74) was saved by some of the American members who are sailing mostly along the East Coast of America and particularly in Florida waters. Many thanks to them.

This time again I was afraid to get absolutely no news, no articles, and no pictures for filling the columns of your mag. I had to wait for months and months to get only the minimum to fill about twelve pages.

Wherever I looked out I could see nothing arriving from the horizon. I had the strange feeling to be Robinson Crusoe on his remote island. "Hey! Is there anybody out there?"

Since the incommensurable loss of Ken (one of the best secretary the PCA has ever known) it seems that nothing would work normally.

To say the truth the only actual activity of the PCA is to publish the magazine if I can get some articles from you. That means there are only two or three people who are working at the PCA office with the very kind addition of Hanneke who is shaking the 'pram' for trying to keep the 'baby' alive! I have known the times when the PCA counted almost seven hundreds members but, by nowadays, more than fifty percent of the members are gone away in less than ten years.

The sailing world (as the World itself) is changing so fast that maybe there is no more a place for people who can believe that is possible to build a boat just for the fun of sailing together and, sometimes, to meet each other for sailing side to side before having a barbecue party on the beach...

It is up to you! But, please, let us know if you still want to get your magazine three times a year in your mail box or if you are now so involved in this crazy new world that you have not even enough time to send an article & few pictures for the magazine or to read it it?

Since March the official PCA website have been definitely closed and doesn't work anymore, so, now, if you want to send to us articles, pictures or submit any idea by e-mail, you can use seapeoplematerial@hotmail.co.uk or our personal e-mail address : (remyroypca@gmail.com or remyy.roy@gmail.com for me [take care of the 2 y in my forename] and or hook.ken@virgin.net for Anita) and, naturally, by regular mail to the PCA office. But maybe you just want to sail with family and keep the pleasure for yourself.

I hope that the original PCA spirit is still alive...

Now that I can work as PCA secretary as well as editor it is easier for me to be at your service and I hope to get some ideas and some news from all of you very soon because the show must go on and the issue 76 is already in the starting blocks...

Rémy Roy
(remyroypca@gmail.com)



Eric de Bisschop, the sailing hero



De Bisschop (the smallest on the picture) with his friend Tatibouet



Kaimiloa under sail. Strange but very nice to see.

In his book, "Two girls, two catamarans", James Wharram says that when it was time to build his first little Tangaroa to cross the Atlantic (1955), there was a great lack of information about the catamarans and Polynesian double canoes. The only real one he found was from a French guy who have sailed a 13 meters long double canoe from Honolulu (Hawaii Islands) to Cannes (French Riviera) in 1937-38.

A French sailing hero.

Eric de Bisschop was a strange guy, one of those in the tradition of glorious adventurous sailors like Joshua Slocum, Harry Pidgeon or Alain Gerbault. Very young, he had prepared for the entrance examination for the Naval Academy. Later he was taken on board of one of the last four masted schooner as ship's apprentice. He sailed along the Chilean coasts and rounded the Cape Horn. Ship's captain, marine officer and flying ace during the First World War, he bought after the war a three masted schooner with which he sailed in the Mediterranean waters and along the African coasts.

Not totally satisfied of this, he went to China where he sailed on a big 40 tons junk (Fou Po I) for trading but sunk

on the rocks in the Formosa Strait. He built a smaller junk (Fou Po II) and sailed, with his friend Tatibouet, to the Hawaii Islands. Once again his boat wrecked on the rocks. This time on the Molokai Island. The two men crew, almost dead from starvation, were saved by the missionary priest and the leprous people who lived there. De Bisschop and his Tatibouet (his friend/crew) had been imprisoned in the Marshall Islands as spies because they had a radio transmitter on board. They would be now imprisoned in Hawaii as Japanese spies... They were dogged by bad luck

Sailing heroes.

Sailing heroes, and not only the French ones, have nearly always been more than just sailors. They tend to be awkward,



who inspired James Wharram.

difficult individuals moved by their personal philosophy derived from how they perceived the ocean.

Eric de Bisschop was one of such great men. Alain Gerbault was the only one before him to cross alone the Atlantic and the Pacific to Tahiti on a monohull in the early twenties.

Even if some adventurers have made some trials before, Eric de Bisschop was indisputably the first in the 20th century to sail the first modern offshore double canoe (catamaran) in the late thirties on his 38ft Kaimiloa. From this pioneering voyage all modern offshore catamarans descend.

James Wharram knows this more than anybody because he was the first European to sail successfully a catamaran around the Atlantic. At that time, he was inspired by Eric de Bisschop.

During his voyages James was being told in each port that his little double canoe "could not sail to windward; that in gales waves would sweep across the decks; that these waves would smash the boat apart...!" But James had read the Eric de Bisschop book "The Voyage of the Kaimiloa", and gained the courage to sail on.

Eric de Bisschop's book was first published in France in 1939, in 1940 in Great Britain. In France it was received as a real best seller. James Wharram bought his English edition at the age of 16 in 1944. "The Voyage of Kaimiloa" was the first book of his present day library of several hundred books concerning sea and boats.

It is written in a descriptive simple "stream of consciousness" style. It opens with Eric, a victim of severe starvation, reflecting in his bed in a leper hospital, on the Molokai Island in Hawaii, where he was taken in after the wreckage of his junk.

In the first pages, De Bisschop modestly delineates his two incredible journeys that began in Shanghai, China in the early 30s. The first was aboard a 40 ton (approximately 60ft long) Chinese junk he built 1000 km up the Yangtze river (Fou Po I). She was wrecked in a typhoon off Taiwan, mostly because of the three totally inexperienced Russian crewmen that he recruited just before leaving the harbour. Undaunted with his friend and yearlong crew Tatibouet (a Breton) he returned to China and built a smaller 40 ft junk (Fou Po II) in only three months.

He sailed her out into the open sea for a 2500 mile voyage to Hawaii against the trade winds and prevailing ocean currents. This voyage from Jaluit to Hawaii was to be an extended one because De Bisschop was still determinately studying currents. During three years and a half he stopped in almost all the islands of the western Pacific including Australia, the Papua New Guinea, the Solomons, Philippines islands, the Marshall Islands where they were arrested as spies by the Japanese. There the military people have opened the food cans carefully sealed before their departure. So after one month and a half at sea the food lockers



Left: Fou Po I which sunk in the Chinese Sea

Right: Fou Po II that De Bisschop used to sail from Asia to Molokai where the boat crashed on the rocks

Eric de Bisschop

were smelling very bad. All the food had gone rotten. From then it was a month of starvation until they reached the Hawaii Islands and anchored off the leper colony of Kalaupapa where they were transported to the hospital, and, finally, saved.

These two Frenchmen had risked sailing them in a "native" boat for 10,000 miles against the winds and currents.

Another blow from fate.

One day, in his hospital bed he noticed the nurses and doctors looking sad and worried. Then Tatibouet, his crew, came in to tell him that the night before a storm broke loose the anchored Fou Po II and smashed her to pieces on the rocks.

Eric at first collapsed but the old French missionary priest, who managed the leper colony, did his best to comfort him. Tatibouet offered to Eric to build a new junk in China with some money he left there.

After some consideration Eric answered to Tatibouet:

"-No! My dear Tati, not a junk this time! We are going to build... a double Polynesian canoe..."

Tatibouet stared Eric in amazement...

-What kind of craft is this?

-I don't know yet exactly but this is a kind of sailing ship that the ancient Polynesian people have used to cross the Pacific Ocean... It was, I guess, about a thousand years ago...!"

The Kaimiloa.

De Bisschop and Tatibouet flew to Honolulu where they were greeted by an excited American press. In 12 months in Honolulu, from some old paintings and legends, he designed and built the double

canoe/catamaran Kaimiloa. The local journalists named them "the audacious but crazy Frenchmen". He spent many months to search some documentation about those ancient double canoes but even the director of the museum (the Bishop Museum of Hawaii) said to him that the great voyages of the ancient Polynesians were probably and mostly some kinds of legends. Stubborn, De Bisschop began the construction of his catamaran on his own plans on a small open field near Waikiki.

One day, in the early morning, somebody had preceded them to the shipyard. A horse was attached to a tree. Behind one of the Kaimiloa's hulls was a woman. She stood there, right, still, as if she was dreaming. In her dark hair was an hibiscus flower: a real enchantress.

Approaching, she turned her head and De Bisschop was captivated by her two great



luminous eyes.

He asked:

"Who are you?"

She smiled and answered:

"It doesn't matter to you"

After some conversation, she said:

"I was dreaming that two hulls joined together will, one day, cross the oceans and conquer them..." and she added "My name will not mean anything to you but I am Papaleaiaina and one of my ancestors was Kamehameha, the conqueror of these islands... More than a thousand years ago, my ancestors came here on a boat like yours. They came from the far South..."

She stopped talking for a time and, then, said: "So go, go without any fear on this legendary craft, on this my forefathers boat. Go with faith, cross all the seas and you will arrive in your home country..."

Papaleaiaina, the beautiful Hawaiian princess.

The very beginning of the shipyard where Kaimiloa will be built on an Hawaiian beach.



In a lower breath she added: "Maybe, one day, you will come back to our islands..." "How do you know it" asked De Bisschop. "How I know it? Once again it doesn't matter Mister, but your dream is maybe also mine..."

Papaleaiaina was a beautiful woman and descendant of the last great maritime king of Hawaii. Eric felt in love. Quite a romantic story.

More than 50 years ago as a De Bisschop disciple, planning to sail the ocean with his own two beautiful women, James Wharram found these chapters of the book most frustrating. He was not interested in De Bisschop love story but wanted to know precisely in detail how he had designed and built the first modern catamaran, not his philosophic ruminations.

Nowadays with hindsight, James realises what De Bisschop was describing was not so much his double canoe design, but his head-on conflict with the "academics" of the Bernice P. Bishop Museum of Hawaii.

In the 1930s the sciences of anthropology, archaeology, ethnology, which relate to the study of man and his origins were only just developing. The new "scientists" emerging in these fields were not sure of themselves; very often they met with conflicting theories in the "outer world".

How did the people of the Pacific Islands get there?

A great academic issue amongst these scientists was the origin of the people of the Pacific Islands. How did they arrive in these mid ocean islands? They certainly had not walked there, they had to have got there by some type of watercraft. If they came from the west, from Asia, sailing east they must have sailed for thousands of miles against the prevailing winds and currents, a route that Eric had sailed on his Fou Po II in his personal attempt to prove its possibility. When the European sailors discovered the central Pacific Islands in the 18th century they observed some outrigger/double canoes as seagoing crafts. But the 20th century missionaries and colonial administrators refused to admit that a primitive people



could be so smart for building boats able to sail across the oceans.

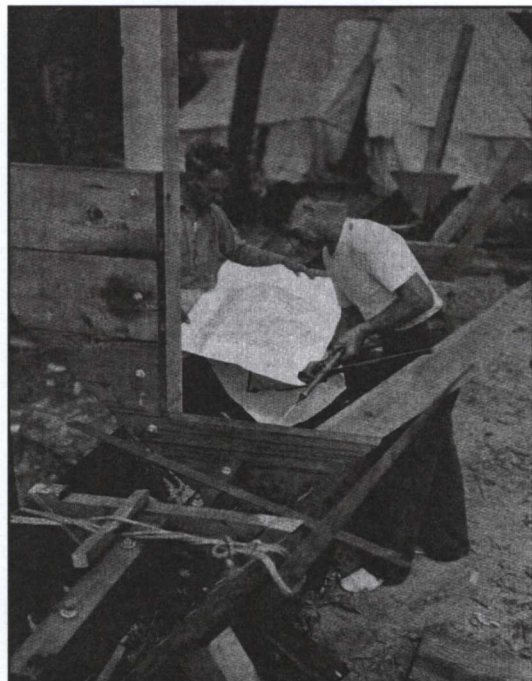
(A Colonial Code edited in the late 19th century even proclaimed that speaking original languages, practicing local dances and building an outrigger canoe would be punished by a death sentence) Eric de Bisschop reveals that he entered into these Academic problems like a bowl in a tenpin alley.

In public lectures he was saying, "I have just spent 3 years sailing from SE Asia on a 40ft junk, studying the winds and currents on the route to Hawaii", showing it is possible for a native craft to sail against the wind and survive storms.

He announced he was going to design and build a 38ft ancient double canoe.

Unfortunately he also derided the canoe models exhibited in the respectable Bishop Museum as "picturesque models

Two pictures of the building of Kaimiloa.



Eric de Bisschop

Kaimiloa before having her masts raised at the mooring.



manufactured to please the inquisitive tourist.”

In retrospect it is easy why the love and support of Papaleaiaina, descendant of the last Hawaiian king, meant a great deal to him. She represented the spirit of the ancient Pacific.

Kaimiloa – The first trial.

On 11 October 1936, 12 months since De Bisschop had arrived in Hawaii, the Kaimiloa had her first trial sail. It was a success. The Chinese rudders gave perfect steerage; the bamboo battened Chinese sails gave drive and sail control. The combination of lashed rudders and sails gave the self-steering abilities, important to Eric. For he was insistent, as was Joshua Slocum, that ocean going small boats should be balanced under sail, rudder and hull to give self-steering. For the final test Eric headed for rough short choppy seas off Koko head. The two canoes hulls, assembled into a raft shape, rode, as Eric wrote, “smoothly and harmoniously”. All seemed well.

The second test sail of the Kaimiloa was a month later. It was a disaster. The plan was to sail around the island of Oahu. Sailing clockwise, west, north, then northeast to the most northerly point, then southeast to complete the island circumnavigation.

The first day was good sailing but then as they rounded the island they began to head into strong headwinds, high short seas and, trouble...

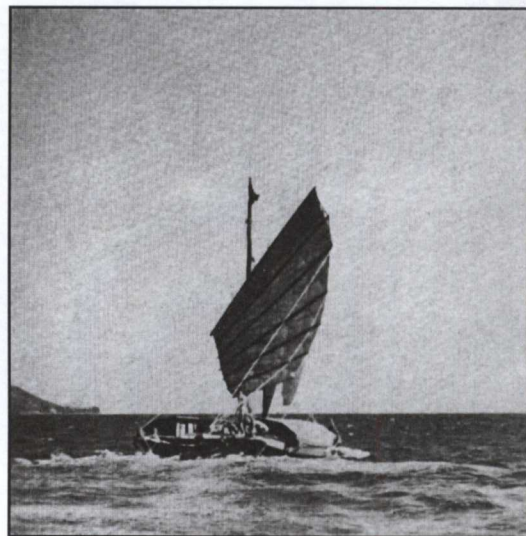
All sailors make mistakes, even the great ones. Eric had failed to caulk his forward decks properly. Smashing into the head seas the bows were awash. The badly caulked decks leaked into the forward watertight

compartments. The water rose in these compartments, the weight of the water sinking the bows low into the sea. Then the trapped water flooded through the uncaulked upper part of the bulkheads into the main cabin.

The solution, that only a sailor of Chinese junks would know of, was to bore holes in the hullsides at the bows to let the water from the deck drain out rather than fill the forward bow compartments to flood over into the main cabin.

Let it sink.

In the 3 day’s struggle around the windward side of the island the long

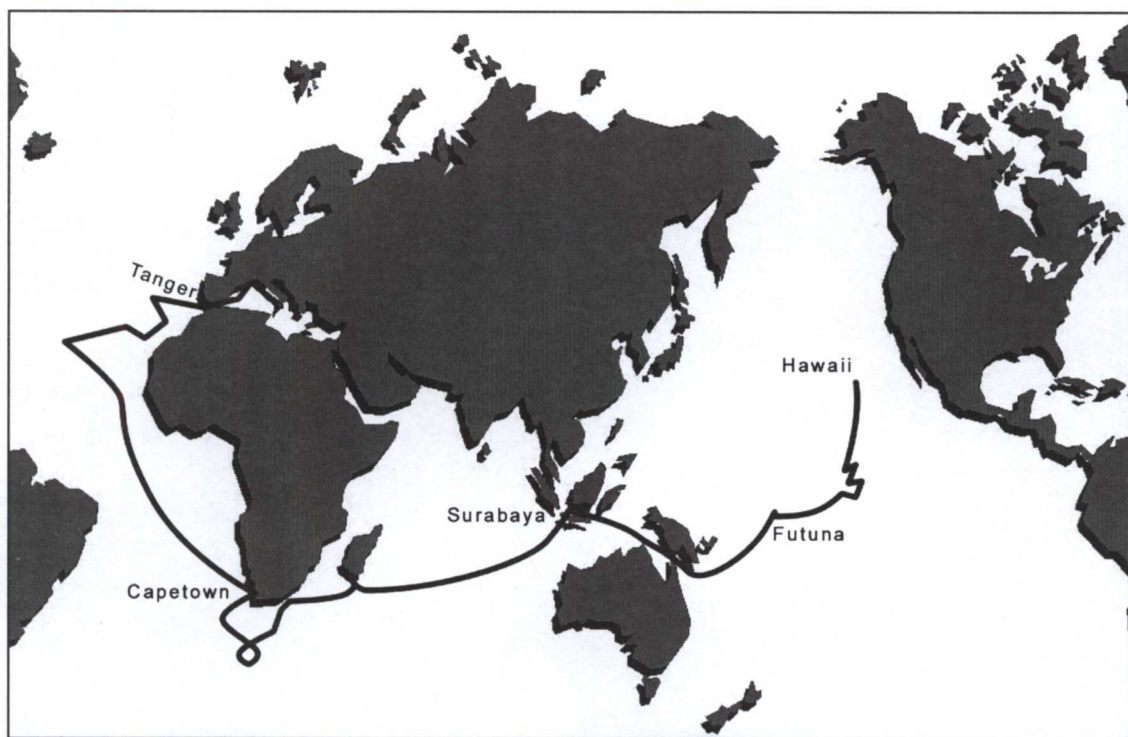


suffering Tati either lost his nerve or was just fed up with Eric’s ideas. He kicked his bailing bucket away and said, “let it sink”. In the heart to heart talk that followed Eric agreed to give up his studies of sea currents and sail direct from Hawaii home to France. “With joy”, Eric tells us, “Tati resumed bailing”, whilst Eric realised that in waiting for the right wind season to sail South, he could spend more time with his beloved Papaleaiaina.

Eric had planned to leave Hawaii quietly without fuss on the 7th March 1937. All sailors will know how he felt. Unfortunately, the American press got to know his plans, for they had been very interested in his liaison with Papaleaiaina, and hundreds of well wishers turned up to say goodbye. Eric was very concerned that he had not received official permission to fly the French flag. Even so, he defiantly hoisted the Tricolour.

Kaimiloa during a trial under sails in the Hawaiian waters.





The incredible journey of Kaimiloa from Hawaii to the French Riviera in 1939.

Late in the day, having said farewell, he sailed into the open sea away from the crowds with about 2600 miles of open sea before him to reach his next landfall, the island of Futuna. Clear of the land Tati emerged on deck with an anguished face saying, "Captain, captain we have sprung a leak, we are going to sink".

The problem was the same deck leaks through bad caulking that had caused him problems 4 months before on his first major test voyage. Eric's excuse was that he hated to do work before dock on-lockers. He was the skipper type that is unperceptive to minor discomfort.

Reefed in minutes.

In the first week of the voyage the weather was squally. With all sails up the Kaimiloa skipped along at 7 knots, but leaked. With the mainsail reefed Kaimiloa ambled along at 3 to 4 knots and no deck leaks. When the squalls hit the double canoe the Chinese junk sail, as Eric enthusiastically wrote, was "reefed in minutes". The sea life routine that Eric loved became firmly established. He wrote, "Nothing to do but read, work and dream."

A look at the chart shows that Eric de Bisschop was making an epic voyage,

navigating as he writes, with a "good sextant" and a "poor chronometer" sailing south across the equator to an atoll called Swains Islands; then on to sight the summit peaks of Samoa, from there on to the lonely French island of Futuna, where he arrived on the 14th April 1937, 38 days after leaving Hawaii.

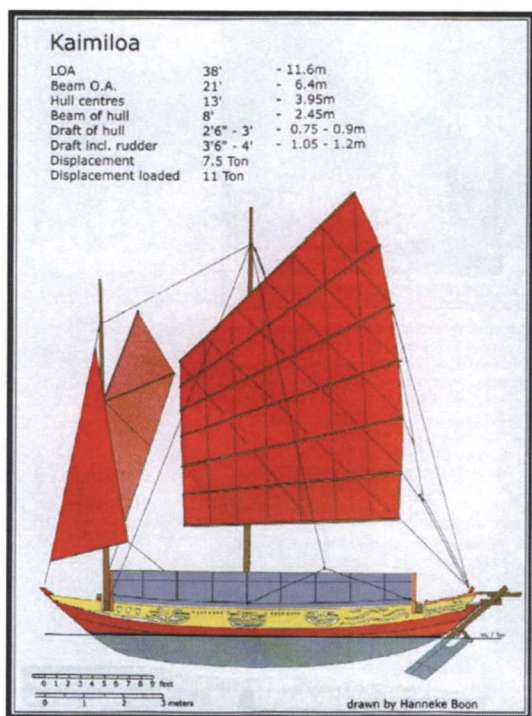
Eric spent 11 days on Futuna and devoted a chapter of his book describing the island and the people. It must be remembered that in 1937, talking to a 60 year old islander, meant you were talking to a person born in 1877, a person whose father and grandfather were in effect Ancient Polynesians. Eric modestly took his sailing skills for granted for he saw himself as a field ethnologist/anthropologist; a pity he did not write a separate book on his ethnological observations.

The route of Captain Bligh.

Eric and Tatibouet left Futuna on April 25th. Their course was close to the route of the famous Captain Bligh's small boat voyage.

Around the 11th May they were sailing between Santa Cruz and Banks Islands close to the Island of Tikopia, where 60 years later I was sailing my double canoe to study the ancient canoe shapes of this tiny island settled by Polynesians.

Eric de Bisschop



Four weeks after leaving Futuna, Eric and Tati were approaching the Torres Straits between the most northern point of Australia and New Guinea. Passing through the Torres Straits means you have left the Pacific Ocean behind and entered into the Indian Ocean.

The Barrier reef.

The problem is that to enter the Indian Ocean you have to cross the great Australian Barrier Reef. There are passes through the reef. With good charts, GPS, emergency engine power I have sailed through a Barrier Reef pass. It is awesome, with great ocean breakers beating down on either side of the passage.

De Bisschop had no engine, no GPS, his chronometer was untrustworthy for precise sextant navigation and he had only a small scale ancient chart. His plan was to find Bligh Entrance, which he had come out on Fou Po II.

A small break in the waves.

They sight Murrey Island (40 M south of Bligh Entrance) behind a line of breakers. Rather than look for the main passage they spot a small break in the waves. Risking everything they sail in over the reef. A keel yacht would have struck with fatal disaster, but Kaimiloa with draft

of just one meter survived! Even then, once through the breakers, Kaimiloa spent another hair rising 6 days in the shallows of the Barrier Reef before she made her way clear and sailed confidently into the Indian Ocean towards Bali.

Controlled by the Dutch in the 1930s, Bali was still a free Hindu kingdom; its women were famous for being beautiful and "topless". It had also then beautiful double outrigger canoes. In many aspects it was like Polynesia before the missionaries got there, a wonderful place for ethnographic/anthropological study or just plain joyous living.

While carefully noting currents Eric pressed on past Bali, like Odysseus passing the Sirens, to Surabaya, Java, where letters awaited him from Papaleaiaina!

He spent only a few days in Surabaya, still finding time to make comments on the sailing craft and racial characteristics of the people in relation to his arguments with the academics of the Bishop Museum.

By the 2nd July 1937, Eric records, "We have entered the great Indian Ocean, the volcanic cones of Java have disappeared beyond the horizon behind us. Ahead of us 3000 miles to Reunion Island, which lies off Madagascar. Then with that fixed point heading on another 2500 miles to Cape Town - for the 1930s small boat sailors a dramatic, pioneering, non stop voyage of nearly 6000 miles.

Eric records on this great voyage meeting whales, preparing food, political thoughts, but he was never bored. He records daily runs of 150 to 165 miles. Kaimiloa was making daily runs equal to a ballasted mono hull. Kaimiloa, as Hanneke's studies show, was built like a wooden fortress! Survival, not speed was Eric's design intent.

An illegitimate child without identity papers.

As Eric writes "...not bad for a wretched little double canoe derided at her conception, an illegitimate child without identity papers." (Interestingly, on my pioneering voyages I got angry at the snobbishness of the English. Lack of ship papers was unimportant to me.)



On the 18th August, 7 weeks after leaving Indonesia, Eric's navigation placed him 30 miles east of Port Elisabeth. To round the Cape to Cape Town, out of the Indian Ocean into the Atlantic was another 500 miles, some of the hardest sailing miles in the world. As August is winter in the southern latitudes Eric set a course south to clear the land.

A deadly winter storm.

As well he did, for within two days Kaimiloa was hit by a deadly winter storm. The forestay broke, a tiller broke leaving the heavy rudder slamming around. They tried out a sea anchor bought in Hawaii. It was useless. Then they hoisted a little triangular sail at the stern. The ship immediately lay better even though the seas were breaking on them from all sides. Their estimated position was about 130 Nm south of Cape Agulhas. After 5 days the storm had blown itself out. Building the Kaimiloa like a wooden fortress had been a good idea. On that day they repaired and dried out the ship and sailed towards Cape Town. By the 27th August, they were beating their way into the Atlantic and Cape Town harbour.

Cape Town and its yachtsmen took the Kaimiloa and its crew into their hearts, but by 12th September the Kaimiloa was beginning her final ocean voyage of 6500

miles to the port of Tangier at the entrance of the home waters of Eric and Tati: the Mediterranean.

Nothing to do except potter at anything that takes your fancy.

After the first week Eric wrote in his journal, "What grand sailing! On a boat like the Kaimiloa there is nothing to do except potter at anything that takes your fancy."

Kaimiloa passed the traditional Atlantic island sailing ports of St. Helena, Ascension Island and the Cape Verdes. It was a yachtsmen's dream sailing. Under these pleasant sailing conditions Eric inform us interestingly that he and Tati had their emotional differences. From my sailing experience this is understandable, the stresses had built up after years of hard sailing together.

Eric's sailing plan had been to call into Madeira, only to be met by easterly winds, which prevented a landfall. Instead he headed for the Azores. More head winds; so he sailed for Portugal, the river Tagus and Lisbon. More headwinds. On his Pacific sailing ship Eric wondered if Magellan had upset the Pacific sea gods. Finally the 30th December 1937 on failing to enter Setubal, Portugal, Eric decided to head for French Tangier.

Hungry and thirsty, desperately short of food, completely run out of water, paraffin



Kaimiloa after her arrival in the harbour of Cannes

Eric de Bisschop

and cigarettes (2 buckets of hailstones in a squall kept them going), he and Tati carried on and safely reached Tangier on the 4th January 1938. It had taken them over 3 months non stop.

Fifteen months after leaving Hawaii, having sailed nearly 19,000 sea miles across 3 oceans, Eric, Tati and the Kaimiloa were on French territory and nearly home; they took a rest.

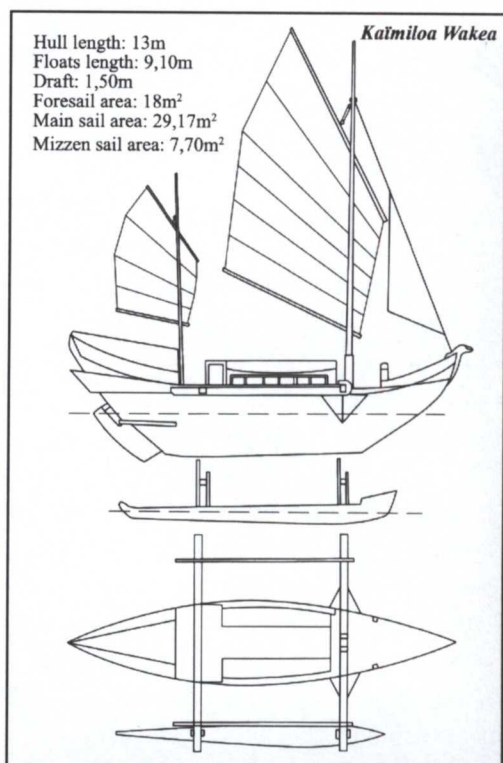
The Kaimiloa and her crew spent 4 months in Tangier. Staying at the home of a First World War Comrade François Pierrefeu, Eric relaxing, writing his book and enjoying the company of his beautiful Papaleaiaina, who joined him there.

It was 14th May 1938 when the Kaimiloa left Tangier and a week later, she was sailing in French waters, Marseilles, Toulon to Cannes. French naval ships greeted Eric, Tati and the Kaimiloa with dipping flags and respect. At arrival at the port of Cannes a civil reception and national newspaper coverage awaited the crew of Kaimiloa. Public lectures were arranged, and even a telegram from the First World War French hero Maréchal Pétain reading, "Bravo Eric, I am proud of you", signed Pétain. By 1939, Eric de Bisschop with the help of Tatibouet had achieved the National Hero status he deserved.

Below: two views of Kaimiloa Wakea, half trimaran, half junk. The boat sunk after a collision near the Canaria Islands in the Atlantic Ocean

The times of silence.

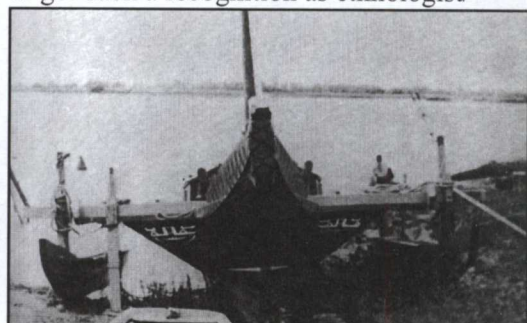
By the end of 1939, in the little town of Bègles, near Bordeaux, in the south west of France, he began to build a new boat with his wife Papaleaiaina, a double outrigger canoe, named Kamiloa-Wakea. Half trimaran, half Chinese junk, this new craft



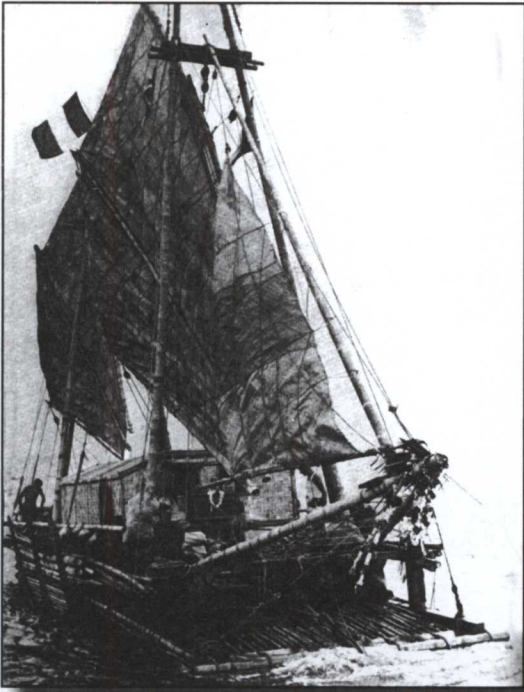
was supposed to be the ideal cruising boat. The boat was christened by the Maréchal Pétain himself. De Bisschop sailed his new boat with the aim to go back to the Oceania islands. But, after a collision with another boat, the Kaimiloa-Wakea sunk near the Canaries Islands.

He came back to France to give some lectures and wrote some manuscripts that were never published.

By 1949, a war and ten years later after the Kaimiloa voyage, Eric de Bisschop was almost a forgotten figure. In the days after the Second World War it was not so good to have been someone who had been held in great deal of respect by the Maréchal Pétain, then regarded as a traitor to his country. Disappointed he went back to Tahiti to prepare for some new expeditions, to try to get back a recognition as ethnologist/



Eric de Bisschop



anthropologist.

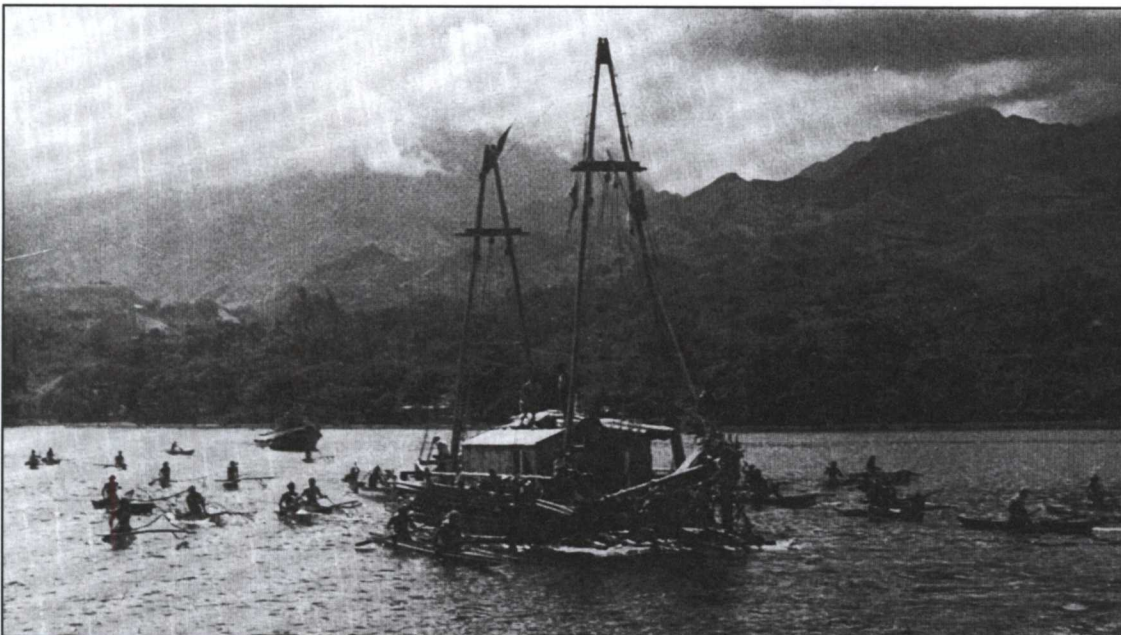
In 1947, Thor Heyerdahl sailed his 46ft balsa raft KON-TIKI 4000 miles downwind from Peru to Tuamotus to prove his theory that central Polynesia was settled from Peru, using the favourable winds and currents. The assumption behind Heyerdahl's theory was that the ancient Pacific double canoe could not have sailed to windward from SE Asia, carrying settlers because of inherent structural weakness. No academic from the Bishop Museum came forward to say that ten years earlier two Frenchmen had sailed a double canoe of Tuamotuan hull shape

19,000 miles to France.

By the end of the Fifties, after some years of isolation, Eric de Bisschop built a new raft of bamboo and sails made of pandanus leaves named Tahiti-Nui. By the times James Wharram was sailing his second catamaran, Rongo, from Caribbean Islands to Europe, De Bisschop was sailing his raft from Tahiti to the Islands of Juan Fernandez area, near the Chilean coasts. As a result of terrible storms his raft was damaged and got finally destroyed by a Chilean coast guard ship that came to the rescue.

A year later, Eric de Bisschop, on a new raft, the TAHITI NUI II, was struggling back from Peru to Tahiti. After 4 months he began to sink. His crew built in the ocean a new smaller raft, The TAHITI NUI III, out of the more buoyant parts of the TAHITI NUI II. On this voyage, at the age of 67, Eric became weaker and weaker. His crew caringly looked after him. One member of this crew was Bengt Danielson, one of the crew on Thor Heyerdahl's raft, who later wrote the book about this voyage ("From Raft to Raft"). Two weeks later they crash-landed TAHITI NUI III at night over the reef of the northern Cook atoll, Raka Hanga, with Bengt and another crew member supporting Eric, one on each side. It was reported he had a smile on his face. Washed off the raft in the waves Eric was rescued unconscious; next morning he was discovered to be dead, still with a smile on his face.

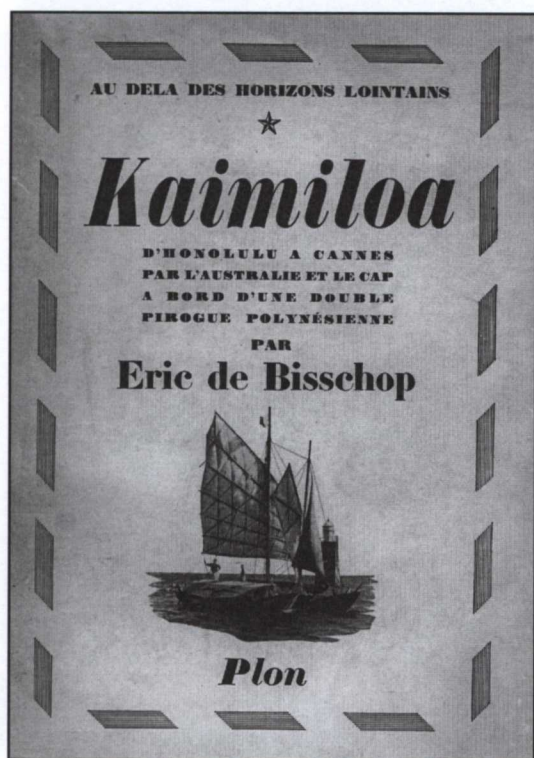
Tahiti Nui with her sail made of pandanus leaves.



Tahiti Nui is leaving Tahiti in company with traditional va'a canoes.



Eric de Bisschop



The first edition of Kaimiloa, published in French in 1939.

Eric de Bisschop left behind him many texts. Most of them were never published. "Head to the East", his latest book related his voyage aboard the first Tahiti-Nui. But he also wrote many texts, essays and studies. Amongst them was "the ideal cruising boat" or "the story of the Cheng Ho", and some texts about the problems of the Polynesians in the new world. In 1963, a few years after his death, from his notes, his friend Raymond

Argod published a book

under the title "Vers Nousantara" (meaning "To Nousantara") which remained almost unknown. It was the assembling of two other books from De Bisschop: "Sailing History" and "Polynesian people, from where did you come?"

The most interesting book about the De Bisschop's life was probably "Les confession de Tatibouet" written by his friend François de Pierrefeu from the confession of the man who shared the largest part of his adventurer life.

In 1992, James Wharram was in Hawaii meeting Rudy Choy.

In the early 1950's together with Woody Brown, Rudy Choy built the first American offshore catamaran, with a hull shape based on Micronesian canoes. In the second half of the 1950s they sailed it from Hawaii to Los Angeles and back. He knew of and valued Eric de Bisschop. Rudy told James that Eric's wife Papaleaiaina was still alive in the islands. Unfortunately, he had no time to look for her.

Since the age of 16, inspired by Eric de Bisschop's book "the Voyage of the Kaimiloa" and guided by its subject to make a deep study of Pacific canoe form craft in British museums and libraries, James built in 1954 the Britain's first offshore catamaran,

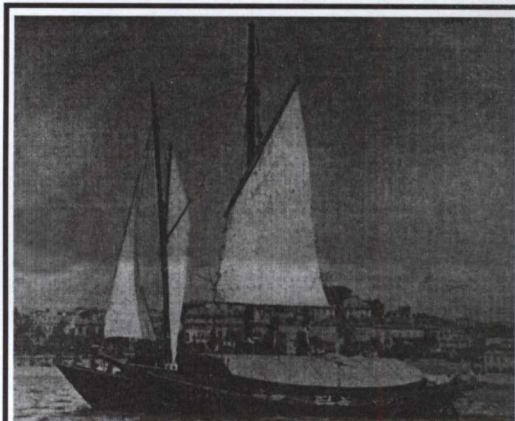
the 23'6" TANGAROA. In 1956, he was making the Britain's first transatlantic multihull voyage from the Canaries to Trinidad. He had learned another thing from De Bisschop "no male crew". His crew were two German ladies: Jutta and Ruth! Later he built "Rongo" and crossed back the North Atlantic (a first attempt for a multihull) to England.

Most of the De Bisschop's works are still unknown to the public.

To finish, I have noted a short passage in the book "Kaimiloa": "A seaman, for the non-initiate, is the one who live on the sea for his profession. Mistake! Great Mistake! The seaman is the one who lives with the sea by inclination..."

A remark that could also summarizes James Wharram's life...

(Pictures published by courtesy of Plon publisher and De Bisschop family.)



Kaimiloa leaving the French Riviera in 1939 with her new crew.

As for the "Kaimiloa", one year after her glorious arrival on the French Riviera, the boat was bought by two young sailors: an American guy, Albert Welsh (28 years old) and a young German (25 years old), Klaus Wacker. They left Cannes in 1939 on the 20th of June with the aim to bring back their famous boat to Honolulu via the Canaries Islands, Panama and Tahiti.)

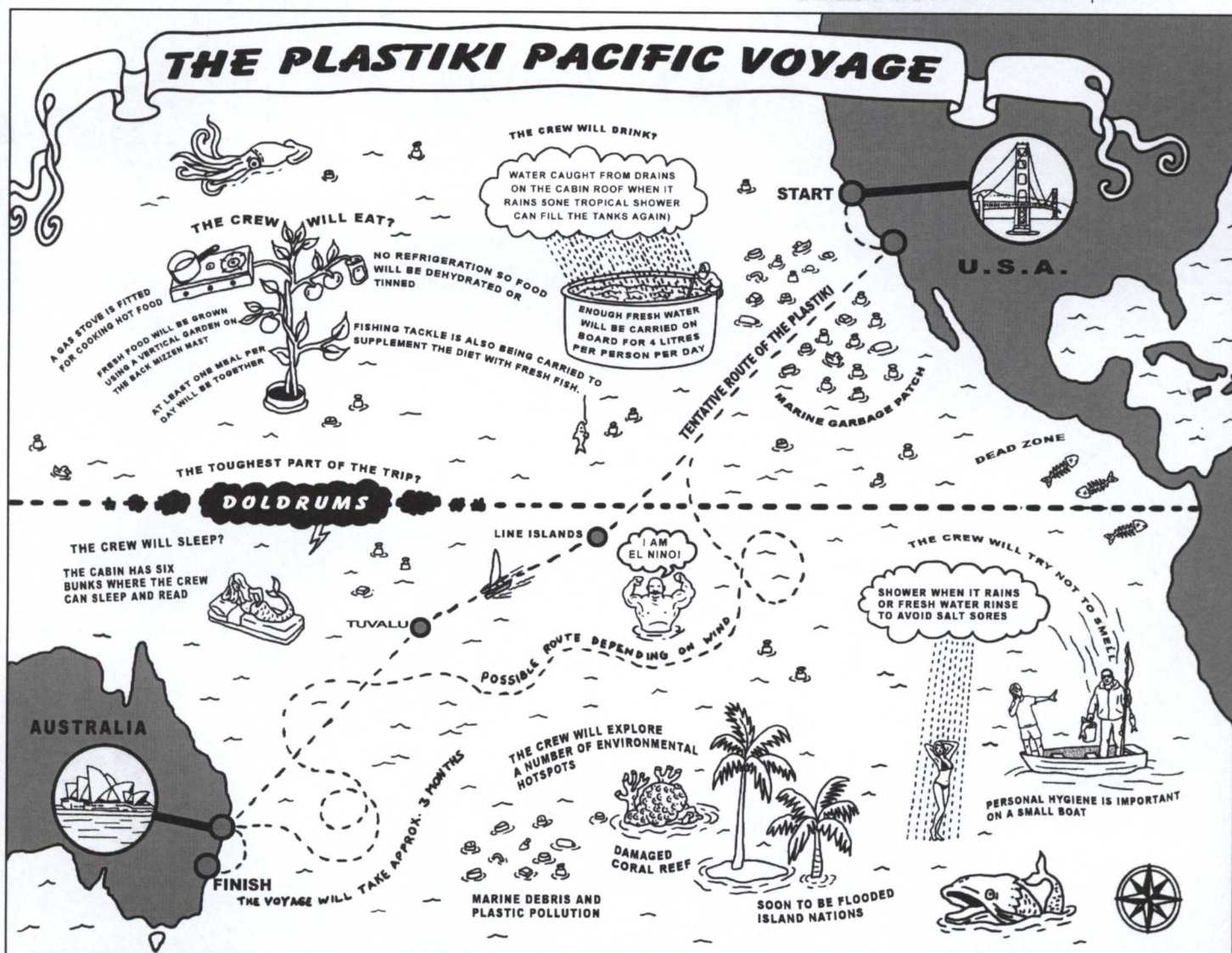
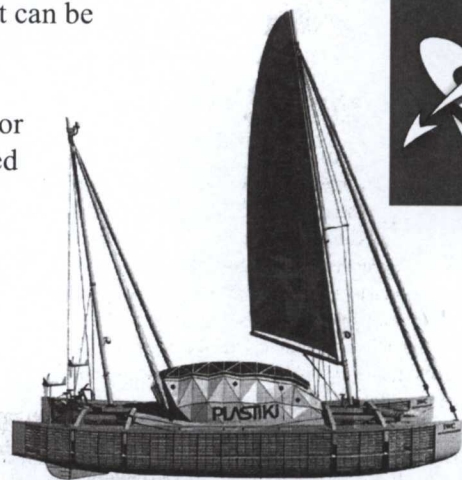


THE MESSAGE IN THE BOTTLES

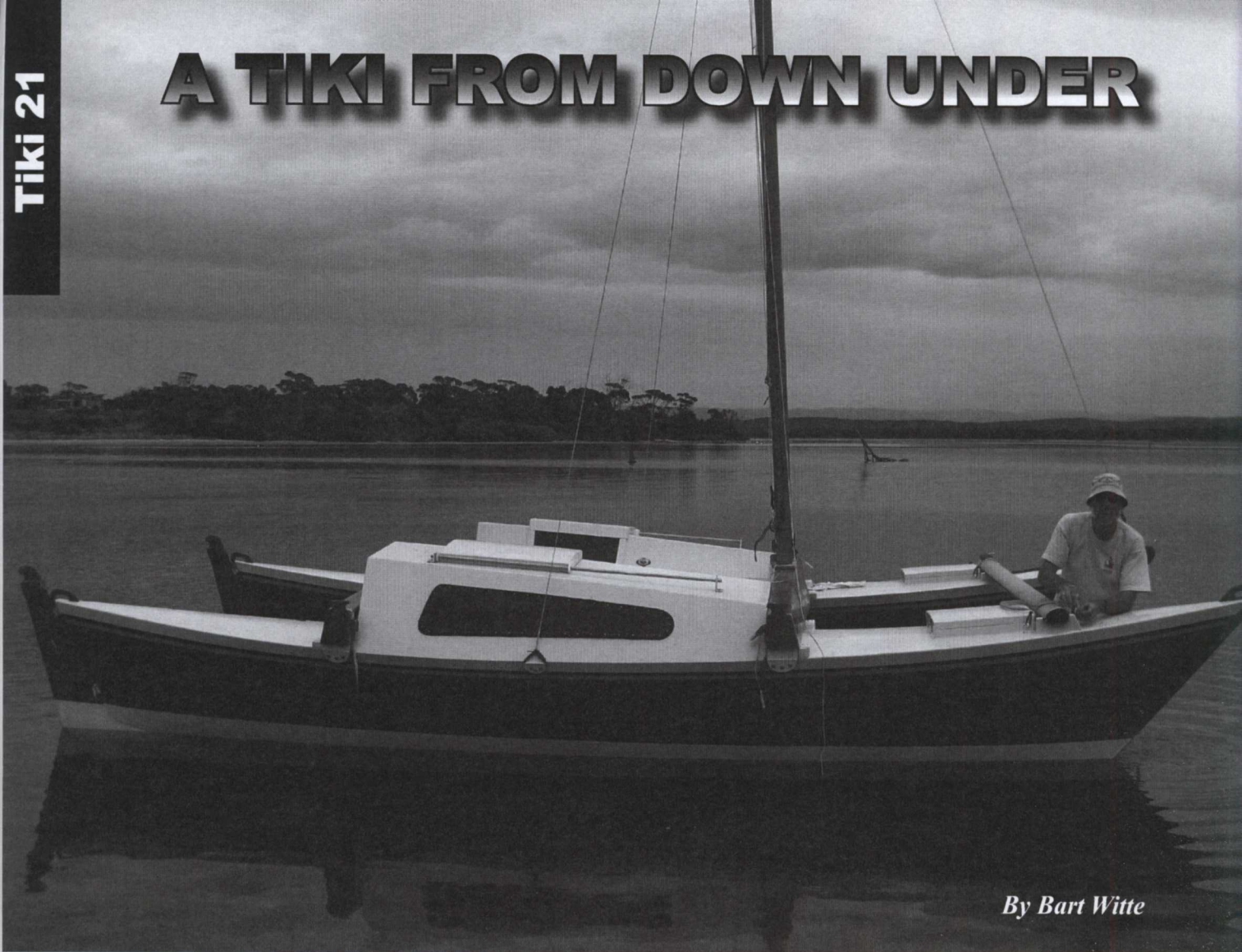
The title sounds like a famous rock song of the 80's but this project is more serious than it seems at the first glance. It takes two years to prepare it. This double Pacific canoe is entirely recyclable. The two 60 ft. long hulls are made of 12,500 plastic bottles of two litres each. This double canoe has recently left the San Francisco harbour to cross the Pacific Ocean to finish her 11,000 miles journey in Australia where the boat will be entirely recycled! Yes, the sails and the hulls structure which maintains the bottles are made of a new recyclable plastic (PET) and the resin/glue is made of a mixed pot of cashew nut and sugar cane. And as for the masts: they are irrigation pipes. On board the new sources of energy have the place of honour. Two bicycle frames fastened on the back crossbeam will supply the electricity (solar panels

and wind power are also used) and some vegetables will be produced under a greenhouse. Take note that each one of the two masts are held in the front by two jib furling systems (one on each hull). This solution have been chosen to reduce the charge on the crossbeams. The first trial at sea seems to indicate that the boat sails well but can be improved. During the journey two grandsons of the great Thor Heyerdahl will be included in the crew. The journey will take approximately three months.

(www.theplastiki.com)



A TIKI FROM DOWN UNDER



By Bart Witte

The news from our friends in the Southern hemisphere are sufficiently rare to pay attention to them. Here the attention we could pay to this article might be double because the building quality of this Tiki 21 is particularly neat, very close to what could be done in a professional shipyard.

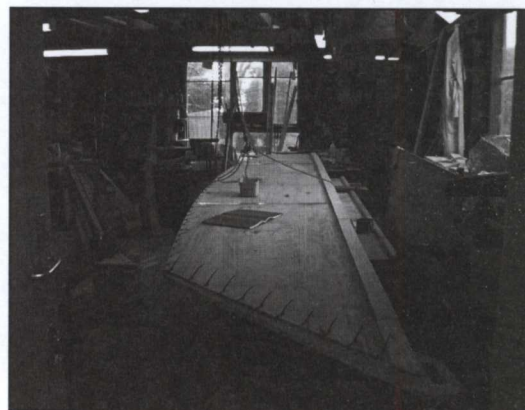
Sailing has always been my passion. From my early days as a Sea Scout in Holland, sailing traditional Dutch craft, to my time in Australia sailing Herons and a Lazy E, I have always loved wooden boats and I became interested in Wharram cats. I decided to build my own.

I bought the Tiki 21 plans in 1997 with the idea of completing it by my 50th birthday. On closer inspection of the finances, however, I realised the project would have to wait. Reluctantly I stored the cut-out ply in the corner of the workshop and instead built a hull around some Heron sails I already had and thus made a ketch rigged day sailor of 19ft. I had a lot of fun with it but always

dreamed of the Tiki 21. So in 2007 I boldly proclaimed the start of building the cat and my goal of having it finished by my 60th birthday!

Although I bought the Tiki 21 plans, I liked the appearance of the Tiki 26 so I decided to give mine the same look. I

"I liked the appearance of the Tiki 26, so I decided to give mine the same look"



made the beams the same as a 26, having got the details from a local Tiki 26, Volante. I redesigned the platform into 3 separate sections, with the centre section for storage and for the 5hp outboard motor. I made the trays about 200mm deep slopping forward to 100 mm thus making comfortable seating height. To accommodate these changes, I raised the freeboard of the hull by 100mm to maintain the water clearance height. Otherwise the hulls are made according to the plans.

The building went smoothly thanks to clear plans and measurements. By checking previous magazines I found useful information on successful changes such as the ss straps for tying the beams. I also replaced the front beam with an aluminium mast section. Then I raised the cabin top just enough to be able to sit inside with the sliding hatch closed as our weather is not always as sunny as we would like it to be.



After a lot of sweat & sawdust, Double Dutch 2 was launched right on time on 26 April 2008. After the champagne and speeches with family and friends standing knee deep in the water outside our holiday house at Coles Bay on Tasmania's East Coast, we rigged the cat and went for a motor trial as the wind was too strong to risk the sails. There was still much to be done to finish the boat but at least it was floating!

Soon after that my wife, Leonie, and I

headed to Europe for 4 months to visit my brother and his wife and to take part in Brest 2008. I had made contact with Bertrand and Marie-Helene Fercot and they kindly invited my brother and I to sail with them on their Tiki 30, PHA, with the two masted junk sails. It was great to meet fellow Tiki owners and to experience the thrill of the Brest Festival on the water



Brest 2008, France, on board with Bertrand and my brother sailing PHA.

On our return to Tasmania in September it was time to try out the rigging and the sails. Like any builder worth his salt I made changes to the original. At first I used SK 72 Dyneema 6mm for the stay which turned out to be difficult to splice and had too much stretch. 8mm and a different splicing technique gave a better result. The soft pliable stays are much easier to handle when rigging and derigging, so we had no more kinked stays.

We found that the combined roller reefing and forestay allowed the mast to sway. Replacing the single stay with two, one to each hull, solved the problem so now we are able to keep good tightness on the mast.

The sails were made by Ian Ross from Hood Sails in Hobart. They are nice setting sails but of a heavier cloth making stowing difficult. We realized later that Jeckells sails are made out of 5.8 oz cloth instead of 7 oz like mine. I could not afford the Jeckells sails due to the poor exchange rate at the time, English pounds times three. We fitted the

Left: the big day, 26 april 2008, 60 years young and Double Dutch 2 launched.

Opposite page, bottom right: April 2007, started at last.





The very remarkable sliding crossbeam system allowing the final mounting of the cat in few tens of minutes. You can easily note the quality of the work for a simple crossbeam which is really a piece of art.



luff with the full length zipper and both sides up to the reefing points.

After a great summer season of sailing I found that the double block at the mast head was starting to show signs of wear caused by the halyards chafing on the cheeks, so I replaced them with 2 single blocks which seems to make hoisting the main easier.

To launch the boat I built a new trailer fitted with bendable slide-on planks and gliding strips as described in an earlier Seapeople magazine. I also found another article on sliding beams, which after some experimenting, worked well. We can now ready the boat in about 25 minutes, from launch to sail away, thus making it possible to take the cat out just for the day. The cat points well and comes about readily, digs in and takes off with little drift. It is really a pleasure to sail, the way it surfs with the waves.

Our cat corner is Coles Bay and the Freycinet National Park, Tasmania. There is always a big swell, making the cat an ideal craft for these conditions. It allows us to explore all the sandy beaches, sail with the dolphins and seals, and enjoy the penguins and other bird life. When the wind is blowing and the boat picks up speed to 12 knots it sure is a wet but exhilarating ride!



The cat under construction in the garage. The construction quality is very close to a professional one.

The first exit from the garage/workshop which have been used as shipyard. The boat looks very nice with her brand new colours.



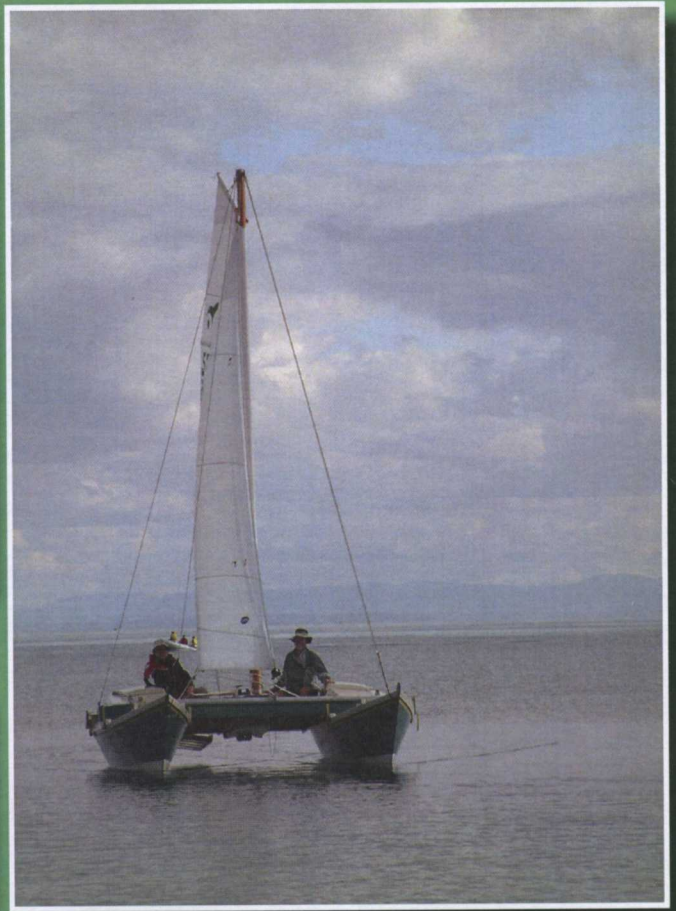
The cockpit built in three pieces. Note the nice rounded wood "cross-beam" which support the main winch and clear the sheet path over the mass of the engine. An another clever system. Note also the little corner seats on the aft beam.

Danille, Justin and Nathan steading the boat.





Bart and Adrian gliding into Coles Bay.



Above: landing at Richardsons beach, Coles Bay. Note the double forestays, Dyneema 8 mm and the S.S. straps.



Above: My fleet at 2009 Australian wooden boat festival, Double Dutch 2, Double Dutch and Lucky Duck.

Our favourite cat corner: Coles Bay on Tasmania East coast. The Freycinet national park is in the back ground. What a scenery!



Earthlight Catamaran



Tahiti to Hawaii: What a fine voyage!

In a sailor's life, sailing accross the Pacific Ocean with stops is some of the most mythic islands of the world is often the realization of a dream.

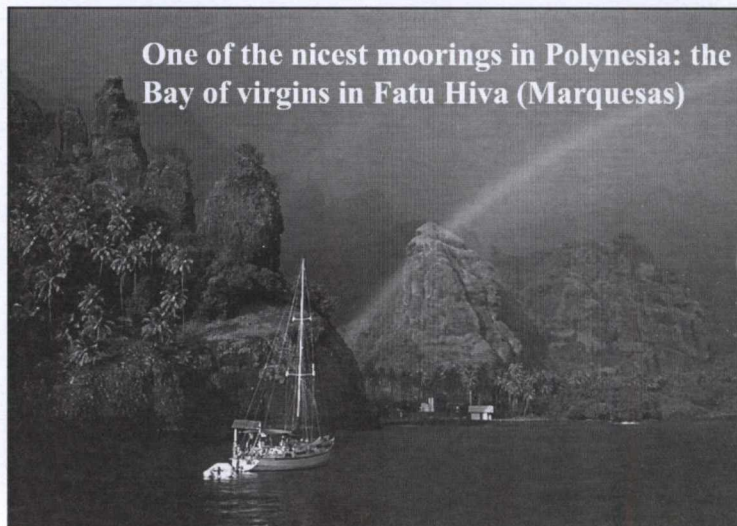
Ian Young did it!

Saying goodbye to French Polynesia.

I first set eyes on French Polynesia, twenty four years ago. It was still in the days of sextant navigation, and Earthlight was sailing down from San Diego to the Marquesas. We had not seen land for several weeks, and one evening, I told the crew that the next morning, about breakfast time, we should see an island. The thrill of that sighting is still with me today. On board were Wendy, Daniel and Kelvin, as well as Jimmy, and our children's teacher Waldene. The excitement of closing in on the island of Nuku Hiva, I mean just the damn name! Coming around a head land into the bay and smelling the scent of the land, was utterly intoxicating. When the clatter of the anchor chain was finished, we shut down the engine. To our delight, those sounds were replaced

by the soft roar of the surf on the beach and the early morning voices of the islands chickens. I do so love the tropics, and it will be difficult for me to leave them in my wake. They have entranced me ever since Her Majesty's Royal Air Force sent me to live for a year in the Maldives forty seven years ago. I shall miss the friendliness of the French and the Polynesians, all that cheek kissing, hand shaking, and the polite, friendly children. I shall miss the sounds of the drumming from the shore in the evening, the sounds of the birds in the morning,

One of the nicest moorings in Polynesia: the Bay of virgins in Fatu Hiva (Marquesas)



Tahiti with its black sand beaches. A nice landscape.

at its zenith. I wanted that kind of light, for after we got to the outer end of the pass, all of Earthlight's electronic resources would be

to no avail, and it would be back to eyeball navigation. As we motored in against an out flowing current, I was really focused. Where would we anchor? Would the holding be good enough? And could I find a suitable spot before the sun went past three in the afternoon and the good light deserted us? But luck was with us again, for as we entered the lagoon, a fast boat came up beside us and cheered at the sight of the Canadian flag. The handsome young French man at the wheel called out that Canada was OK by him, did we want a good place to anchor? We all grinned and nodded furiously! "Follow me" he yelled. In we went behind him, between patches of corral, sand bars and fish traps, till at last we came to a little basin, mostly surrounded by a reef. In the middle was a small marker buoy, and to my delight, we were invited to use it. With Phil and Piet at the bow, we picked up the mooring line, and quickly made fast. Of course, after our friendly host left, I donned my diving gear and went straight down to check out the underwater end of things. The top rope was good and strong, and the bottom chain that had been fastened around a large corral head was in good condition, but it was all held together by only a quarter inch shackle... Should a wind come up, that would be way to light for a boat of Earthlight's size. I immediately dive again and replaced it with a much larger, stronger stainless steel fitting, one that would allow me to sleep that night. So there we were, safely moored inside the twelve mile wide lagoon of Tikehau. The lowest

the impossible colour of the lagoons, the sweep of the jungle clad mountains, and of course, the warm wind.

Our route North towards Hawaii.

One rarely sails from one place to another, in a straight line and so for Phil, Piet and me, it was a 2,876 mile curved passage from Papeete to Honolulu. Winds, currents and weather, necessitate a complex and subtle negotiation of timing, course, and turns to accomplish even a simple voyage. In Papeete, after we had prepared the ship, (by ship I mean the boat and her crew), we waited for a promised arrival of the fabled Maramu south wind. That is the wind that allowed the Polynesian sailors to break the barrier of the West flowing Trades and sail with ease, to the East. Exactly what we wanted to do. We intended to go via Tikehau, one of the Tuamotus, the low palm covered atolls to the east of Tahiti. But we left too soon, just after the wind's appearance in Tahiti, it would be inconveniently strong. Our arrival on Tikehau might then be made difficult by rough seas at the pass, and if we got there too early, once inside the lagoon, there would be the very real hazard of darkness. So we made ourselves wait for a day, while the first rambunctious rush of the air subsided. Then we followed it to the north and east. As it turned out, our timing was perfect, and after a couple of days of delightful, text book down wind sailing, we raised the palms of the Tikehau atoll, and came to the entrance of the pass at noon. To my relief, the seas were calm, and of course, the sun was



One of the passages in the reef of Tikehau.



islands or motus that form the outer ring, are only a few feet above the sea level, and because of the size of the lagoon, even with their palm trees, the motus soon disappeared below the horizon to either side of us. Directly across the lagoon, it almost looked like open sea, except that there was none of the ocean's swell. Wind waves formed, but secure on our upgraded mooring, we were well disposed.

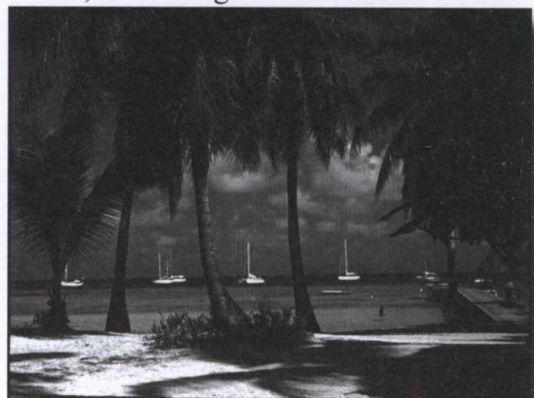
Saying goodbye to Wendy.

The lagoon we have chosen to visit and stop at lies north west extreme of the Tuamotus. (Or they used to be called on Admiralty Charts, "the Dangerous Archipelago"). Low reefs, sudden shallows and strong currents, make it a place to pay attention. And since there are almost no facilities there, if you get in trouble, you are on your own. Despite modern navigation aids, boats are lost there almost every year. And there would be another difficulty for me at Tikehau. Early one morning Wendy and I got in our little aluminium skiff, and set off across the lagoon, towards the island that had the airstrip. We would not be seeing each other for two months, and it was hard to say goodbye. But as my Buddhist friends, (and my scientist friends also) tell me, it is all about saying goodbye. After I left Wendy, I headed back across the lagoon, with the speed boat feeling strangely empty and light. As soon as I got back to Earthlight, Phil, Piet and I hoisted the skiff, and set it up as our escape pod, with all its survival gear. At noon, we slipped the mooring, and after

motoring out through the pass, hoisted our sails. Ahead lay thousands of miles of open ocean, with nowhere to take cover. Not a hamburger stand in sight. In fact on the whole voyage we saw only two other vessels, both at the beginning of the leg, around the French Polynesian islands. Once away, there was nothing. Well, nothing, except silver rainbows of flying fish, dancing dolphins, a gang of huge whales, who forced us to stop the boat, beautiful gliding birds, the sea, the sun, the clouds, the moon, flashing meteors, and hanging in the night sky like a diamond sceptre, the Southern Cross. Oh, and yes, the wind. For the next few weeks, we would be crossing that great invisible river of wind, the Trades. From off the coast of South America, almost in Indonesia, flowing out over the ocean, all day, all night, affecting everything we did. Even as we slept, blowing through our dreams. An energy source so vast and timeless, it created empires, helped destroyed civilizations, and changed all who felt its breeze.

Getting "on board".

The daily routine of a ship settles in quickly, at least for the mechanical side of things. Watches are established, the procedures for making fresh water, charging the batteries, changing the sails, and of course, cooking. At certain set times we fill out the log with our position and course, and we also check in by short wave radio to the cruisers network. But that other rhythm, one's deeper inner conversation with the ocean, takes longer to establish. I have



The nice lagoons of the Tuamotus (here in Rangiroa)



learnt that I really don't like it on board for the first few days, even the first week. I get bored, I sleep poorly, I am listless and spend a lot of time just wondering what in the hell made me do it yet again. Then one morning, perhaps just as the sun is preparing to stride on to the stage away to the east, or maybe in the middle of one of my night watches, as the clouds clear and the moon bathes the boat in her silver light, it will happen. A sense of intense mystery, a pure rush of joy and astonished gratitude will sweep over me. I will have to get out of the cockpit and go to stand up at the mast. Holding on but no longer irritated by the motion of the boat, I sweep my gaze around the horizon and up into the sky. I am again up in orbit, the most fortunate person on the planet. Utterly humbled, yet powerfully confident. O magnum mysterium...

Other than a few days of every bouncy cross swells, sometimes raising 15 feet breaking waves, we had excellent weather. Unfortunately in that short time, we ripped our mainsail and had our starboard rudder smashed in half by one real smacker of a wave. I was down below in that hull at the time and the impact was so loud that I thought we must have hit something like a container or a whale, or perhaps a double decked bus... But it was a particularly big wave that happened to break at exactly the right, or wrong, time. But we are a catamaran, right? So we have two rudders, and it was on with the show!

Standing the Dawn Watch.

When we did raise Hawaii, I became intensely aware of how few dawn watches I would still have with my boat. Earthlight and I have a relationship that goes back thirty six years, and this was my second last ocean leg with her. I savoured every moment. On passage, I awaken about four AM, usually without an alarm or call. By the soft light of a red LED, I take a little time to get dressed, have a piss, take a drink, put

on my knife, rescue bag, light, whistle and harness. Then it's up on deck. At these latitudes, the very first faint hint of dawn is in the sky by four thirty. I glance at the sails, the sky and then the sea. What is the mood today? As I stand on deck beside the hatch, my eyes run up the shroud I am holding (one is always holding on something). There above us, the moon. She has guided and guarded us for the last thousand miles. I whisper good morning. The faint light from the cockpit tells me Phil is entering the Log, at the end of his watch. When I join him, he briefs me about the night, any ship sightings, (none), or "visitors" birds, whales or dolphins, the state of the wind, sea and barometric pressure. I thank him and tell him I have the watch. I wished him a good sleep, he wishes me a good watch and goes below. For a little while there is light from the galley, then apart from the faint glow of the compass, and the faint blue hint from the eastern sky, the boat slips into darkness. I am again, at last, alone with Earthlight. Don't get me wrong, I know others have this privilege, but now it's my turn. First I take a quick glance at the compass to check where we are pointing. Then I delve a little deeper with the GPS, to see what we are making, in course and speed. What is our position, are we where we should be, are we going where we want to go? For a while, I just listen to the wind and sea.

The sun will not rise for another hour, but already its energy is redefining the dome under which we sail. The half light of dawn and dusk are times for extra care. Our mast head light will not be as effective, and our hulls will not be as visible to any other vessel. On watch, one does not have to physically steer the boat. That task falls to R2D2, our beloved little robot helm droid, a tiller pilot from Simrad. He turns a little trim tab, mounted behind our port rudder. Since we left Canada in 2007, R2 has faithfully kept us on course for seven



thousand five hundred miles, from ghosting calm through roaring gales... As the sky lightens, and the stars slip away, the tired old moon dissolves into a pale blue sky. Close to her, Venus still faintly shines, the moon is last companion of the night.

I enjoy doing sail changes on my own. With the crew asleep below, I plan it out, clip myself on, and go to it. It is a bit of a struggle to stuff the big sail that is coming down into the sail locker, and then I must make sure that the next sail to go up is secured to something before I pull it out on deck. Having one of our sails blow away, would not be on the Good List.

Far out at sea, with my MP3.

On my watches, I listen to my magic little MP3 player. What an amazing thing. A matchbox sized device, with hundreds of hours of music, comedy and lectures stored inside it! Light, small, cheap and easy to use. Just a short time ago, that would have been a description of a science fiction toy of the future. But here it is now. On this latest voyage I listened to the CBC lectures given in 2004 by Ronald Right, "A brief history of progress." (Available as podcasts from the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation). Everything he said, has been so clearly mirrored in what we had seen on our voyage from Vancouver, via San Francisco and Hawaii and Bora Bora. With a set of good quality head phones, part of some watches, can be a private music concert. Other than my ten minutes horizon scans, or radar sweeps, no distractions, just great music under the stars. I am so grateful to the friends who have helped me to keep listening to new music. Yes my old favourites are important, but for me, it is vital to be exposed to the excitement and discovery of what is being created and performed now.

Getting our Easting and making the turn.

We had the good fortune to hold on to the Southern Trade winds till we are about 3 degrees South of the equator. Unusually far North. Then we ran into the area of squalls often reported by yachts on this route.

From my log:

"03° South, 145° West. We have lost our Trades. There are clouds all around us, and especially ahead. A dark wall now seems to stand on our path. Another night of squalls and calms, with contrary winds. The luxury of not having to frequently change our sails or our course is behind us, at least for a while. But we shall have daily showers on deck! For six hours last night, the wind came from the North North East. The sea was very lumpy, not much wind, perhaps twenty five knots, but with a large cross swell... We sat hove to, quite comfortably under the second reef on the main alone. With the dawn, the wind went into the east, and I raised the n° 4, to move slowly north and out of the area of rough water."

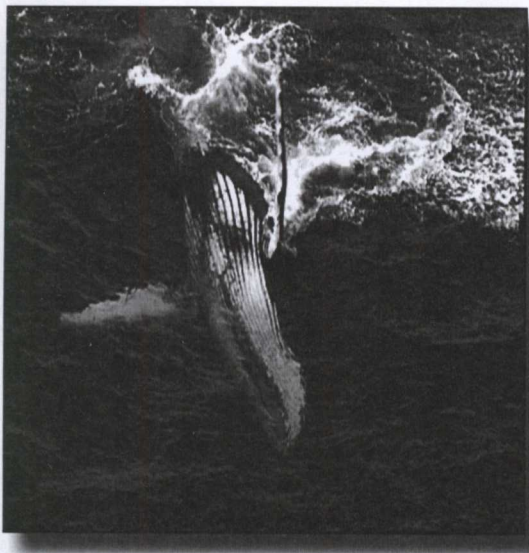
Our big issue was to gain enough easting to comfortably lay Hawaii. For after we crossed the Equator, we would be subject to both the North East Trade winds, as well as the westward flowing Northern Equatorial Current. Most boats when doing this run, try to go from Papeete to about 145 degrees West at the Equator before turning straight North to go through the Inter Tropical Convergence Zone (formally called the Doldrums). Then after making to about 8 degrees North, they fall off the North West, to Hawaii. However, we did so well south of the line, we crossed at 144° West. After that, we used the Equatorial Counter Current, which, for a few degrees above the equator, flows from west to east, to make two further degrees of easting. That is 120 miles further east, getting to 8° North at 142° West! When we finally turned towards Hawaii, this



allowed us to enjoy a delightful gentle beam reach, and sometimes even from our starboard quarter. All together, we had 17 consecutive days on one tack, doing five or six knots under one small head sail alone. Way cool!

Victuals.

It is so important to keep the galley going. The crew must be fed, and at sea, without the conveniences we normally enjoy on shore, and with the added difficulties of rough weather, that is sometimes not easy. Add to that people personal "I don't eat" list and the difficulties compound. On this voyage, I only had to deal with a request to keep the garlic out. Easy to do. But on other legs, we have had to try to accommodate various dietary styles, and the added difficulties and stress can be considerable. Phil delighted us with his very successful baking. Bread in a pressure cooker! And his New Zealand enthusiasm for custard deserts was OK by me. Our solar powered fridge was a real blessing. It allowed us to have fresh



green vegetables for the first week, then helped to keep leftovers. A glass of cold water at the Equator is such a treat!

Mugged, by a gang of whales!

We first saw them about a mile behind us. The splash of a large whale is unmistakable. Then we lost them, till



The humpback whales are a common specie in he South Pacific area.

they suddenly reappeared ahead of us. And I mean right ahead of us, less than a quarter of a mile away. At first we were delighted, but as we sailed toward them, it was clear that they were not going anywhere. Some of them were jumping half way out of the water, crashing back in with mountains of foam all around their thirty or forty foot long black bodies. Others had their front half in the water, but with their tails out, up in the air, slapping the surface of the water from side to side. But all the time we were getting closer. At last we grasped that they had no intention of moving and that with all their vigorous activity, and their huge size, we were in danger. I started the engine, thinking that the noise would alert them to our presence, and they would move away or dive. But they just kept on leaping and splashing. With one of them vigorously smashing its huge eight foot tail just a couple of boat lengths ahead of us, I put the engine in reverse and called out to Piet and Phil to drop the sail. Had we got in the way of one of those breachers or tail slappers, we would have been most seriously damaged and possibly worse. As we went astern the whales finally moved away to our port, all the while continuing their display. I have never seen or heard about like this before. Perhaps they thought we were Japanese. It is still a mysterious ocean out there, as are the creatures who live in it.

No ships.

After leaving French Polynesia, we did

The humpback whales are used to make big splashes



The special privilege to play with the dolphins at the bows of the catamaran.



not sight a single vessel, till we raised Hawaii. That is one reason we take such good care of our EPIRB satellite beacon...

A river of dolphins.

It is always a treat to see dolphins at sea, and a special privilege to have them play, and I use that term deliberately, around our bows. They will sometimes stay with us for half an hour, at other times for only a few minutes. But they usually cannot resist a little diving, swerving and jumping in front of the boat. However, just north of the Equator, we sighted some dolphins coming toward us, and moving unusually quickly. They were coming up from south east, and heading directly for Hawaii, still twelve hundred miles away. None of them stopped to play, they just streamed by. But what amazed us was how many there were. It is difficult to count large numbers of fish or dolphins, as they are continually disappearing in the water. But I would estimate that we passed by about one hundred animals. Flashing in the sunshine, their beautiful, sleek, muscular bodies slipping through the water with hardly any wake or splash. Occasionally, one would leap up into the air and twirl around, then back into the water and on course with all the rest. Eventually the last stragglers vanished away to the North West and we were again alone on the big ocean sea. At that point we were at least a thousand miles away from any land. Why were they in such a hurry? A party perhaps, a conference, or an annual sex orgy?

Hand in hand on the Short Wave Band.

Before we left Canada, my brother Drew generously bought Earthlight a sophisticated short wave single side band radio. With it we were able to get weather faxes, and as I have my Ham licence, we check in each day to

the Pacific Seafarers Net. We sometimes even make phone calls to our friends and family. Being able to talk to Wendy from the middle of the ocean was so welcome. It is beautiful out there, but it can be lonely. Hearing her voice fill the little cabin was a delight. The system is run by radio amateurs from all around the Pacific and we even had some of our phone calls routed by a very patient ham in Florida! We were frequently told by the radio operators who were in contact with us, that Earthlight had one of the best maritime mobile signals in the Pacific. Something about our setup just packs it out.

Coming in from the sea!

As we closed in towards Hawaii, we stayed twenty miles off the east side of the Big Island Hawaii, Molokai and Maui. I remembered being hit by a huge rogue wave closer in to shore there twelve years before. We barely sighted the Big Island, till after dark, then we could see the lights of cars up the mountain. The next morning, the visibility was better and we started to see details of the land. Our timing was good and we came round Diamond Head and in towards beautiful downtown Waikiki about noon. Sailing towards us was a local boat, with the people on board waving and shouting! It was Scot, who sailed with us to Christmas' Island, and some of his friends. What a delight. They escorted us in, and at the Magic Island fuel dock were more friends, taking our lines and calling out "Welcome



Home". Including our stop in the lagoon of Tikehau Atoll, it was a mostly calm, twenty eight days voyage.

My next and last ocean crew.

I have a fine crew of men to sail back with me. My son Daniel with so many thousands of sea miles behind him, Mike who sailed from Vancouver to San Francisco with me and then from Vancouver to Hawaii, and Nathan, who has sailed on Earthlight at home in British Columbia, now trying his first ocean crossing. We are also waiting for

hurricane Felicia to get past us and dissipate. And it is not too far to the south. Just a few days ago we

were worried about a direct hit on Ohau, where we are, but they now forecast that the storm will go from 140 knots, to 100 knots and within a few days down about 30 knots. But that is just a forecast, and it is still to the east of us, coming in our direction at about three hundred miles a day. We really want it to miss us, even if it drops in strength. I would have to move the boat and spend two days on the preparations. Time I would rather spend on prepping my boat for the voyage to Vancouver. And of course when I get home, we shall spend a couple of summers sailing the British Columbia coast, and then I think it will be time to offer Earthlight to someone else.

Our route north.

In order to sail back to Canada, we must go North to get around the top side of the North Pacific High, but not so far up so as to slip into the cold rain, fog and winds of the North Pacific Low. After that, the East flowing winds should allow us to turn and go east to Canada. The trouble is, both those systems move, dissipate, and reform in other positions, much faster than we can follow. So despite the best of planning, the route is often determined by luck. My intention is to go North from here to about latitude

30° at 160° West. Then go for 40° North at 150° West; 48° North at 140° West, then directly into the Straits of Juan de Fuca. Typically, it takes the best of four weeks. We are still in a suitable weather window for that run, but time is moving on. After August, it can get a lot more bouncy out there.

This morning we shall move the boat to a safer dock. After putting on several extra thick docking lines, everything that can blow away, must be taken below

or tied down on deck. The skies are still almost clear of clouds, and the wind is calm. Another hurricane is

expected to begin coming tomorrow afternoon, peaking the day after and then taking another day to clear out and away to the west.

In about a week, all going well, I must leave my beloved tropics. The turquoise lagoons, dappled in the moonlight, sting rays flying beside me through the gin clear water as I swim, sailing naked in the warm night. The run I have just had up from Tahiti, was one of the best of my life. As though Earthlight were giving me a farewell gift of ecstasy. Yet I want to get home.

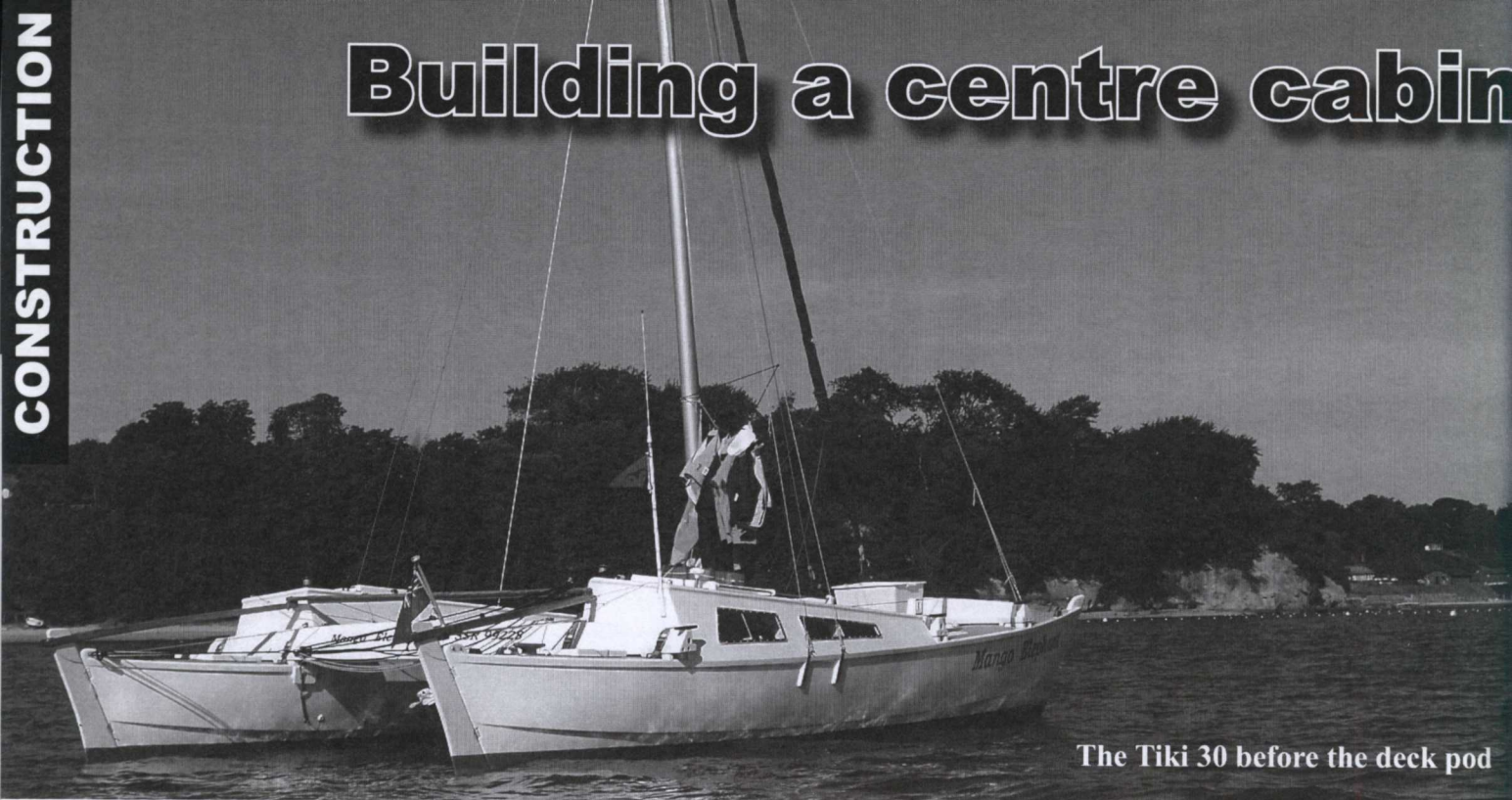
Ian Young

Master of the catamaran Earthlight.

" I'm saying goodbye to the Southern Cross,
High in a Trade Wind sky.
I'm saying goodbye with a deep sense of loss,
Goodbye, goodbye, goodbye. "



Building a centre cabin



The Tiki 30 before the deck pod

We bought our open bridge deck catamaran, Mango Elephant, in 2005. Our first cruise was from Lowestoft to the Solent via France; we then cruised from Chichester Harbour for a season before sailing her back to the North East via France at the end of 2006. By then we knew that the open deck was great for day sailing and sail handling but provide very little protection for the crew on deck; this combined with the cabins being a tight squeeze in harbour in bad weather decided us that we needed a centre cabin (pod) if we were going to do extended cruising.

Some Background

Mango Elephant is a Wharram Tiki 30. The Tiki 30 is designed to be trailed but has proven to be a strong design with at least 3 boats having sailed between Europe and the Caribbean. As with all Wharram designs the Tiki 30 has an open bridge deck, but there is the option to build a 'pod'. The pod is a demountable centre cabin which rests on the mast and aft beams with additional lashing supports to the hulls. The hall mark of Wharram designs are demountable beams and excellent sea keeping qualities.

Helen and I have been sailing since we were teenagers and met sailing small Wharram cruising catamarans in the late 1990s. I have done a number of offshore trips in other peoples' boats and skippered a 46 foot Wharram on a delivery from the UK to the USA.

We are both competent at woodworking and using

epoxy. Helen is a Technology teacher and built a Hita 14, I extensively modified and maintained my Hinemoa. We have a large double garage at our house in East Yorkshire and are well supplied with tools.

The build

We decided to do the work ourselves, so at the end of summer 2007 we had her lifted out with the aim of having her back in the water for late summer 2008.

We knew that it was going to be problematic epoxying in the garage and yard during the winter so we decided to use our living room when it was cold.

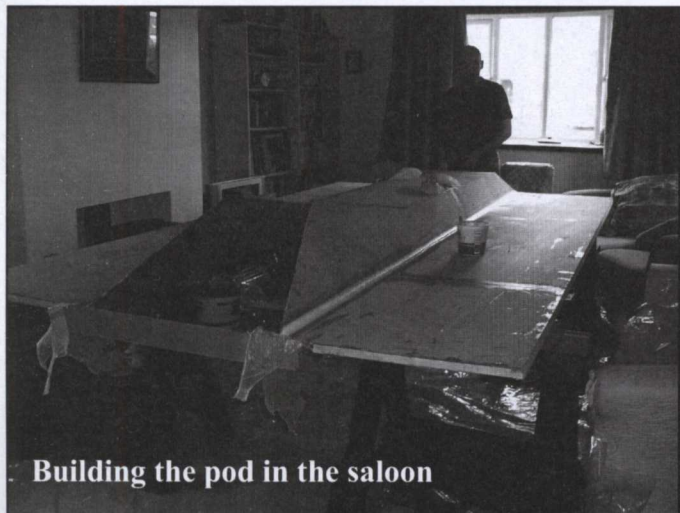
Having received the plans from James Wharram Designs (JWD) we mocked up the pod on the boat with 2mm ply to check the looks and head and decided to add an inch to the height. Whilst doing the mock up we decided where we would put winches etc. and marked the positions on the plans to ensure we put reinforcing in the laminate.

Once we were happy with the mock up we took the boat apart in order to clean her and inspect her and brought the beams home. During this time we also studied the plans, which include build instructions, and sourced materials.

In 2008 work started in earnest. The panels for the entire build were pre-cut in the garage and then, as it was cold, coat with epoxy in our living room. The living room was also used to build the balsa sandwich base of the pod, friends and family visiting



for a Wharram Tiki 30



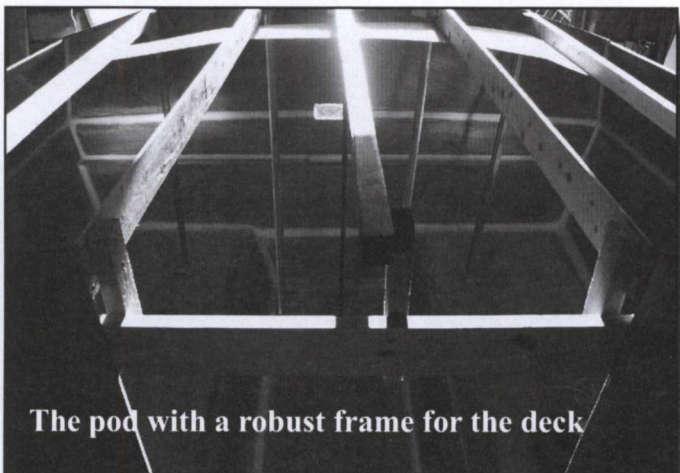
Building the pod in the saloon

found this an amusing eccentricity, the aroma of epoxy was not too bad and the carpets survived under a layer of cardboard and plastic sheeting.

The base was built upside down with peel ply to protect it. It would have been good to have filled and faired the underside before it was turned over as I learnt later what a filthy job fairing is when you are lying under the surface to be worked on, but we would have ended up with a house full of epoxy dust. Once the base was ready it was carried out to the garage and turned the right way up for the next stage.

The sides and bulkheads were fitted next using copper wire and screws to hold them in position whilst the epoxy fillets went off; we heated the screws and wire with a soldering in order to remove them. The fillets were done in two passes to give a good finish.

In April we fixed an October 2008 date to get married in a hotel on the front at Bridlington and we hoped to get Mango ready in time for a September launch and have her moored off the hotel (we had even worked out who would be boat keeper); but,



The pod with a robust frame for the deck

despite dry warm weather and little wind over the summer aiding progress, work on the pod slowed steadily as October got nearer and that objective was abandoned.

The tricky part of the build was the laminated deck head as it is curved. We started on the deck head towards the end of the summer and decided to build it in situ rather than using a mould. To shape and support the construction we built a robust frame inside the pod, it had to be strong as plenty of weight is needed to eliminate voids in the laminate. Epoxy work was suspended over the winter as it would have been very expensive to keep the garage warm and dry enough. In early 2009 the remaining construction was finished and the filling, fairing and painting of the pod carried out; this is an awful job which I had to do on my own as the dust brought Helen up in a rash. The worst part of filling and fairing was doing the underneath of the pod as the filler falls off on to you and there is no escape from the dust, I was using a proper vapour/dust mask, was covered head to toe and using a vacuum cleaner on the sander but it was horrible.

Finally we had a shiny white pod with smart port lights in the front all ready to go. The plans showed windows in the sides but we opted not to put them; windows to me mean problems with leaks and privacy and they would be easy to add later if we wanted them.

We would probably have finished on the original schedule if we were not still renovating our house and allowed ourselves to get side tracked by holidays and getting married.

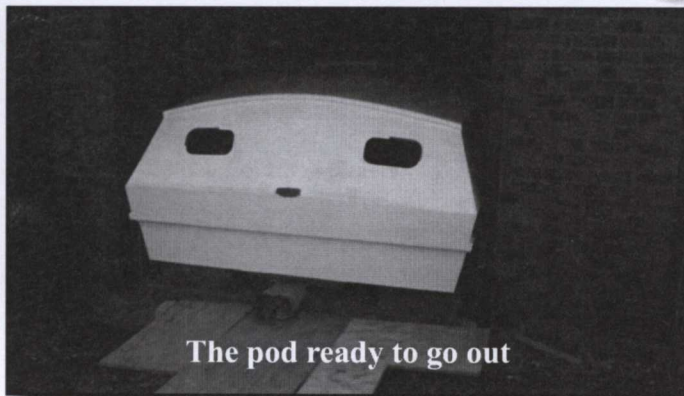
Installing the pod

The day of the move was lovely and sunny which augured well. As the friends who came over to help us lived closer to Hull than us we started the move with a barbecue rather than the more traditional finishing it with a barrel of beer. We had been given the loan of a large trailer and some engineering skates and I used shuttering ply to give a smooth runway from garage to trailer. Our friend Annie was very excited that we would be borrowing the immensely long truck straps they use to strap their Omega onto its trailer.

We had measured the garage doors before we started the build so we knew it was going to be a tight fit to



Building a centre cabin

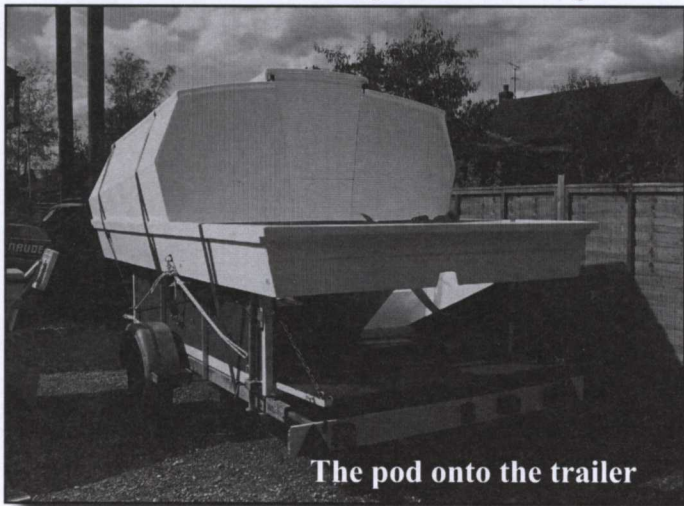


The pod ready to go out

get the pod out. On the day we crossed our fingers.

The engineering skates took all the weight, but they would only fit under the foot well which meant we had to balance the pod on them, so were grateful for our helpers. At the first attempt we got the pod a quarter of the way out so we tried tilting it, but it still would not fit; however, we now knew how big a slot was needed in the door frame and there followed a race to see who could cut out the neatest slot fastest, I won on speed and Helen on neatness. Once the pod was outside there was a bodily lift onto the trailer, the straps tightened down and then it was off to Hull.

The car handled the weight OK, but being a cautious soul I always stop and check the tow after a few miles and this time it saved our bacon as one of the trailer brakes was binding and the bearing



The pod onto the trailer

overheating. With a few judicious taps with a mallet, learnt working on old cars, the brake freed and we were off again.

On arrival I found that I was able to drive the car between the hulls and under the beams which made the initial positioning easy. The pod is a tight fit between the beams so we removed the aft beam, ran

2 ropes under the pod fore and aft from the jib track on one side through turning blocks on the jib track on the other side and so to the sheet winches and started to winch the pod up. Good idea, but too slow and too much friction going under the pod (we used plastic tubing to protect the edges), so a rethink was needed.

By now we had attracted a fair amount of attention which turned into voluntary labour and plan 2 was evolved: We used the metal trolleys the hulls were



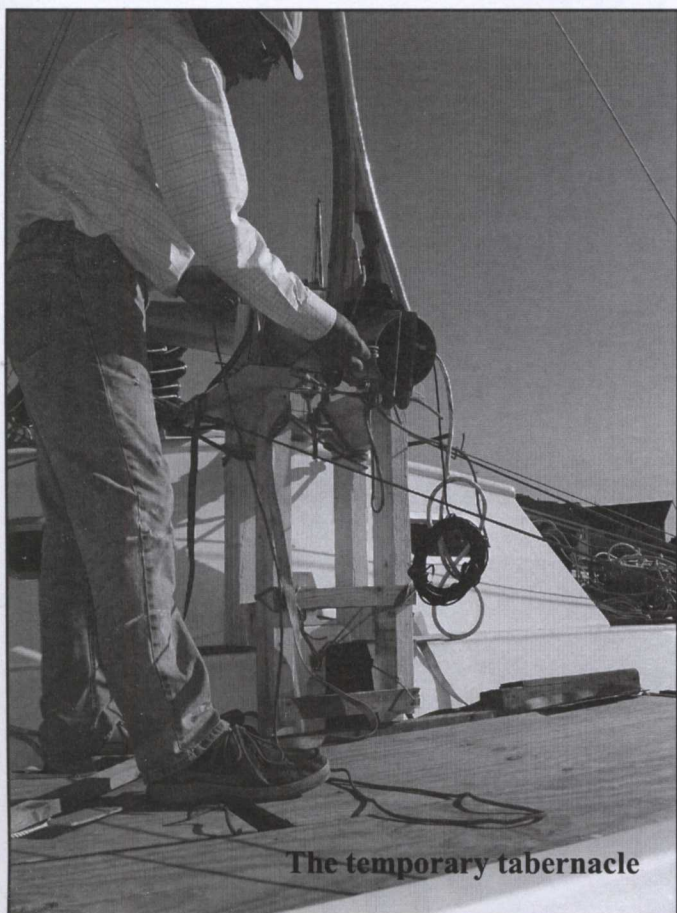
sitting in to anchor the truck straps which we fed from one trolley over the hull, under the pod over the other hull and down to the other trolley. We then used our helpers to lift and block the pod up and roughly into place with the straps being tighten as a safety net.

With the pod at about the right height we reverted to using the ropes and winches, swung the pod onto the front beam and tried to put the aft beam into place – it would not fit. Panic set in and we tried angling it all ways until finally we engaged our brains and realised that the one measurement we had not checked was the cut out in the front of the pod for the mast step hinge: it was too small. Out came the jig saw and after some high speed sawing in front of an amused and appalled audience we got a “good enough” fit and as we could now safely position the pod without help called it a day.

Cutting the mast step slot in situ meant we could get a really accurate fit and we epoxied in webs which made the front panel even stronger as well as providing a place to mount internal fittings.

Our next challenge was getting the mast back up. We had always been able to raise and lower the mast on our own, but now the pod was in the way. We

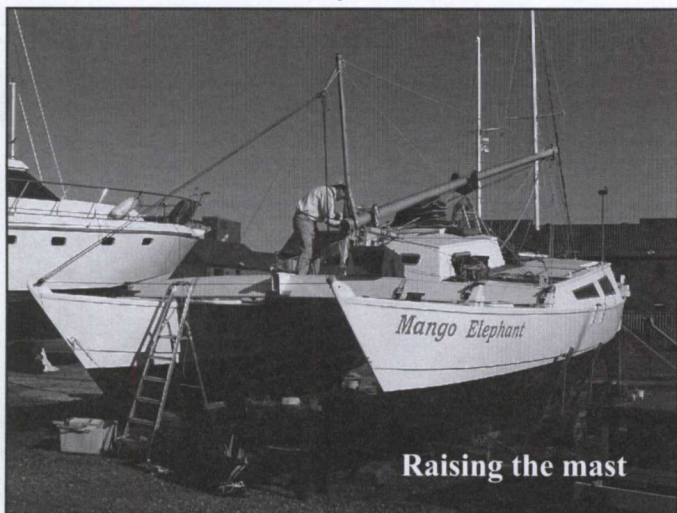
For a Wharram Tiki 30



The temporary tabernacle

decided to build a temporary tabernacle to see how one might work. A day was spent screwing together 2x4 timbers and lashing them into position and our friend Howard come over to help with the lift.

The other people working on their boats in the yard had been enjoying the circus and when they realised what was going on came over so again we had plenty of helpers. The tricky bit was that we no longer had attachment points for the temporary shrouds in line with the pivot point so the extra hands were a big help in adjusting the temporary shrouds. A slow but steady lift started – and it



Raising the mast

worked despite some alarming creaking (though we did have to use a lever and brute force to get the foot to sit properly on the step, always keep a mallet handy was my motto by now).

It might have been better to have hired the yard crane to put the mast up (as we no longer had the old centre deck in place to do it ourselves) and then use the mast or the crane as a derrick to lift the pod in position, but we would have lost flexibility on timing.

In the water again

The objective had been to get in the water for the spring bank holiday, but we missed this as the crane was not available. At the beginning of June Mango was lifted back into the water and we started the final stage of fitting her out.

By the end of June Mango were ready for a trial sail. We left the lock and headed up towards the Humber Bridge into a F3-4 with a nasty short chop, no alarming noises were heard so we headed down river for a night at Humber Mouth.

The sail to Humber Mouth was a fetch / short beat into a rising wind and worsening chop so it was a good test and we found that not only was all OK but we were sheltered from the spray. We arrived later than hoped and the buoys marking the Humber Mouth Yacht Club channel were high and dry so we anchored near the fort. As all had gone well we decided to head for Bridlington in the morning.

Sunday morning was fine with a gentle breeze. Two other boats had anchored close to us during the night and their crews looked slightly alarmed as we sailed off the anchor before heading across the estuary. That evening saw us safely moored to the wall in Bridlington where we remained until the beginning of July when we started a 7 week cruise.

Notes on materials and tools used

- An industrial vacuum cleaner was used as a dust collector when sanding.
- All epoxy surfaces had a layer of peel ply applied to reduce sanding and remove amine blush as well as to protect them during assembly.
- We got the 2mm ply from a local caravan supply business.
- We bought good quality gaboon ply and



Building a centre cabin

douglas fir to keep the weight down.

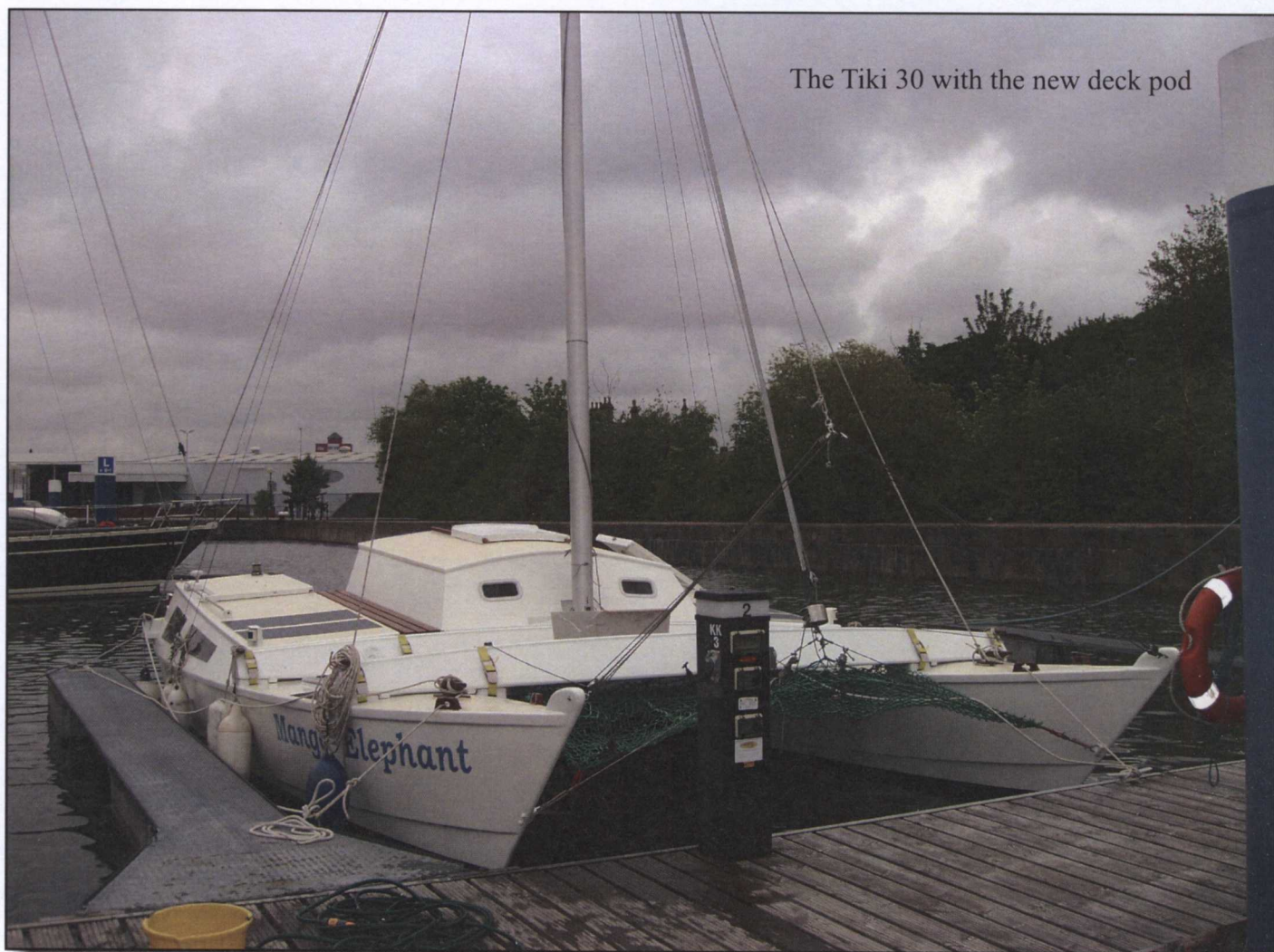
- Waste stiff plastic and plastic putty knives were used to make the epoxy tools.
- We used balsa rather than foam for the laminate core as it is a renewable resource.
- Lots of gallon containers, bags of sand etc. to use as weights on the laminate.
- A dremel is great for getting in to all those awkward corners that need sanding.
- Tile cement spreaders are good for filling and fairing.
- Epoxy works best if it is good and warm, we used an electric fan heater to warm it up prior to each mix.

Building tips

Here are some tips we picked up along the way from other builders and our own experience, they would apply to any amateur project:

Preparation

1. Familiarise yourself with the plans thoroughly before starting.
2. Think about where you may want to put deck fittings, especially for laminated sections as these places will need the core replaced with solid wood now to make life easier later.
3. If you think you want to do something additional or make changes to the plans make a full size mock up using cheap materials such as 2mm ply - we mocked up the pod for our Tiki 30 before building it to check the looks and the head height.
4. Departing from the plans will have knock-ons effects which you may not have anticipated, for instance: some of the plans are based around a size of sheets of ply and departing from them means more complicated joins etc.
5. Buy materials in bulk, including protective equipment.



The Tiki 30 with the new deck pod

6. Don't start until you know you have the time and money to finish; bear in mind that it will probably take longer and cost more than you anticipate.
7. Have a build site close to where you live.
8. Ensure that the build site will be available beyond when you think you will finish.
9. If you have anything you want to reuse like fuel tanks, make sure they will fit – we ended up having to buy a new fuel tank.
6. Heating copper wire and screws with a soldering iron makes it easier to remove them.
7. Put up temporary plastic sheeting or equivalent to contain the dust when sanding as otherwise it will permeate the entire building space and float out when you don't want it e.g. doing that perfect final paint coat.
8. Monitor humidity and temperature when using epoxy and 2 pot products to ensure they work properly.
9. Do something everyday.
10. Maintain focus, but do not let yourself get burned out.

Fittings and gear

1. Do not buy fittings etc. too soon – you may change your mind or a better design may come along. The caveat on this is if they are an absolute bargain.
2. Make a list of all the gear you want and take it to a chandlers, you may get a good discount if they supply the whole list.
3. Work out all the fixings for your deck gear, it is cheaper to buy them in bulk.
4. Work out how much line you need and of what type, we made savings by buying whole reels for line we knew we would use a lot and wanted to carry as spare.

Doing the work

1. Ensure that you cover up and use vapour and dust masks as appropriate – don't be one of those people who abandoned the build or could not go sailing because of an epoxy intolerance or a dust/vapour related ill health.
2. Annotate/update the plans and take photos of any modifications such as reinforcing in laminated sections.
3. Before coating the ply mask off the areas where there will be joins and associated fillets to save you having to sand off the epoxy when you come to filleting.
4. Make sure everything fits before filleting. If it does not fit check your measurements and the plans very carefully as there may be errors. This is particular important if you are tired or pressed for time.
5. When filleting cover as much as possible of the ply with protective plastic sheeting, especially if you are going to leave the area as just epoxied or epoxy and varnish, to catch drops and smears and ensure less work and a better final finish.

Was it worth it

Yes it was, the centre cabin has transformed the boat and we will dispose of the old open bridge deck. We spent 7 weeks in the summer of 2009 cruising the North East coast before taking Mango back to the Solent via France and the pod met all our hopes.

We were not sure how long the build would take, but we also did not put our lives on hold whilst we did it. If we had gone flat out we could have got the work done much quicker and avoided the hiatus of work stopping for the winter.

If we could go back and do it again the only change we would consider is taking the hulls home as we had the space to store them in the garden and the transport costs would have been offset by the savings in yard fees and travel to the yard.

We decided to stick to the basic plans and not guess where we might want shelves etc. Having sailed her over the summer we are now deciding how we can improve her further, which will keep us busy for the off season.

We are grateful for all the encouragement we got from our family and friends, help from Ghita, Howard and the Tordoffs in getting the pod to Mango and the mast up, lots of good advice from Kildale Marine and all the ad hoc helpers in the yard when we were fitting the pod and getting the mast up.

By Robert Sheridan



Getting the forestay REALLY tight

When Peace IV was returned to the water after her recent haul out, we needed to take the tide immediately down river to a quiet anchorage where we would have time to tighten the rigging properly and the boat would be level in the water. This time we were going to try a new sequence of tightening and a few changes to the knots we would use in an effort to make the forestay tighter.

The result is so fantastic, I want to share it with you all. We had replaced every bit of the Norsely wire rigging including the bobstay wires (from the bow sprit to each bow), every strop, and every shroud, so it was a 100% redo from start to finish. We now have stainless steel wires.

We were in a flat calm anchorage the next morning so it was safe to untie all the shrouds and the twin bobstays and they were just flopping in the breeze. We have roller furling and the forestay is part of that roller furling equipment and there is a bottle screw at the bottom end of it just below the drum of the furler. Nev had that so it was maximum relaxed and could be tightened a couple of inches later on if needed. But first, a guest sat on the end of the bowsprit to help me tie knots while Nev saw to the electrics for radio antenna etc.

Standing in the dinghy, I tied the bobstay lashing ropes as tight as my poor arthritic hands could manage which was not very tight. The end of the rope was a couple of feet long and I tied it around the lashing ropes near the bows to bunch them together making a "frapping turn" which tightened the ropes to medium tight. Then I got some quarter inch nylon rope a couple of feet long and used it to make a second frapping turn between the first frapping turn and the bow, and that made the bobstay pretty darn tight. Then I asked the guest to get off the bowsprit and the bobstay became tighter still. But wait, there is more!

The next thing we did was the guest was asked to look carefully at the foremast and see if it was centered in the mast case, over to port, or over to starboard. Just at first, it was over to port so he and I were interested in tightening the starboard shrouds first in order to straighten the mast in the mast case. He stood on deck and I was in the dinghy and we tightened those starboard shrouds together fairly tight to bring the mast into a central position in the mast case. This was done by me pulling the lanyards from the knot end down by the chain plate and moving along through the entire lanyard lashing, turn by turn, with the guest giving a final pull up on deck at the end of the lanyard. This was made easier by using a second rope he had tied to the stainless steel wire above the deadeye and looped through a bowline tied in the end of the lanyard. The guest then could pull on that second rope and tie it off on the stainless steel wire. After one round of pulling and tying it off, we went to the next

shroud and repeated the process with the guest checking the mast position in the mast case again each time. Once we were happy with the position of the mast, we went to the port side and made one attempt to tighten those shrouds. We then returned to starboard and tightened the lanyards again and to port to tighten those shrouds again. We repeated this process each time checking the position of the mast until it was centered and the shrouds were pretty darn tight. Remember the arthritis in my hands? It was hard on my hands, but it was possible for me to get the knots pretty darn tight this way.

Working methodically through the lanyard lashings, you can get it tighter and tighter each time you try. We then got the main mast shrouds tight taking time to be sure the main mast was centered each time we tightened the lanyards and we went through each tightening process about three times before it was pretty darn tight.

Then Nev tightened the forestay at the bottle screw and we were amazed that the jib was now on a properly tightened forestay and it was all done by hand tightening except for that one bottle screw. No more sag. It was a great feeling. But wait, there is more! I then had some lite lines about (like boot laces if you have ever gone hiking), and I made frapping turns at the bottoms and at the tops of each of those lanyard lashings on each of the shrouds. These frapping turns were made by making one end of the boot lace line tight to the forward bunch of lanyards so it would not slip around and then I just tied around and around and pulled the whole bunch of rope lanyards tight and kept on wrapping and made the bitter end fast with a couple of half hitches. I used wet nylon cord for this because nylon stretches when it is wet and I wanted it to stay tight, but nylon will stretch a little bit if it is stressed too much. I wanted it to be able to do this. Those little boot strap lines are wonderful!

The shrouds for both masts were REALLY tight now. My hands were somewhat less than wonderful being chapped and sore, but with lotion and a chocolate bar feast, I was feeling lots better pretty quickly. If there had been more time, I might have preferred to do this repeated tightening and tightening over a couple of days to make it easier on my hands, but we were in a hurry to get underway.

In the next couple of days, we had some headwinds and had to bash into some seas so the lashings and masts got shook up a bit. We tightened the lanyards again and were totally satisfied. They are really, REALLY tight. It is amazing what ropes and hands can do.

It may be that you all figured this out from the first day you launched your boats, but it has taken us 7 years to find this method. In case you find it helpful, please spread the word.

Happy sailing, Ann and Nev



A freezer/fridge aboard Peace IV:

Hoorah! We bought the Waeco freezer/fridge unit for a fortune in money, then built an insulated box to fit it adding more insulation and this lives in the aft cockpit with the hot air from its motor vented outside. Then we put insulation inside the locker located underneath our cooker and more insulation outside that locker crowding the storage areas either side of it, and some more insulation underneath it. Then we saw ten lunch box sized freezer jell packs were on sale for 10 bucks at our super market. So we bought 2 sets with the idea that one set would be in the freezer and the other in the cool box and they could trade places periodically. Then we bought two 80 watt solar panels to replace the failed panels we had to give up on earlier this year. It is a big effort on our part, but having cold beer, ice (!), and fresh veg and fruit not spoiling and Neville's bacon, cheese, and all that meat he loves without worrying about food poisoning... well, it seems worth it! to us after 6 years with everything at room temperature.

So last night we decided to fire it up just at sunset, no wind to operate the wind generator, and the 10 freezer packs were at room temperature. The batteries were full up then and we decided to have a normal evening of reading with cabin lights, using the computer, playing the radio, etc. We put a small bowl of water in the freezer. This A.M. the bowl was full of solid ice, the battery bank was down 10 amp hours, and we are off to buy beer for the cold box to celebrate!

P.S.: The idea is to keep ten of the freezer packs down below where we have insulated the space under the cooker and underneath (crowding the lockers either side a little bit). This is our new cold box.

Ann and Nev

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TAVARU, THE GREAT FLEET

By Rémy Roy

Pictures: courtesy of "Tahiti News"

The renewal of the traditional sea knowledge have reached this year a summit with the construction of five similar great double Polynesian canoes based on the Pahi design from the Tuamotu islands. Tavaru 2010 (meaning the great gathering in Tahitian language) is the beginning of a greater project for the renewal of the old Polynesian knowledges and believes for which the peak of achievement will be in 2011 with the crossing of ten double canoes from Tahiti to Hawaii without any nautical instrument.

Above: Faafaite, the double canoe from Tahiti during a sailing trial in the Tahitian lagoon. Note the huge steering oar.

Last year, on Klaus Hympehdahl initiative, a German seaman, a fleet of two Wharram Polynesian canoes (Tama Moana type) have sailed from the Philippine Islands to the Anuta and Tikopia islands in almost the same conditions as the former Polynesian seafarers.

More discreetly than the European ones there exists, all around the Pacific Ocean, some people who became aware of the great sea knowledge of the Occania people. This great move have begun in the 70s with the Hokulea Hawaiian double canoe which sailed from Hawaii to Tahiti in the early 80s.

Since this date some gatherings have been held from date to date, each time in a different place like the great Festival of the Pacific Arts in the Cook islands in

1992 where 15 Polynesian canoes from almost all the areas of Pacific came to celebrate the Polynesian culture or the Waka Moana Symposium in 1996 in New Zealand.

This year it is a German foundation, Okeanos, which takes over. This foundation have built a "social net" named Pacific Voyagers with the aim to arouse the revival of the traditional sea knowledge.

Five double Polynesian canoes have been built in New Zealand on the model of Te Au O Tonga, the double canoe from the Cook islands designed along the lines of a Tuamotu islands canoe in 1996.

The actual fleet is made up of five boats (each one representing an Oceanic State): Hine Moana (Vanuatu), Uto Ni



Yalo (Fidji), Marumaru Atua (Cook Islands), Te Matau A Maui (New Zealand) and Faafaite (Tahiti, French Polynesia). The five double canoes have been built in a New Zealander shipyard on the same mould (hulls are plastic made).

The Tahitian one (Faafaite) have been shipped on a cargo ship to Tahiti where a big ceremony had been organized to baptize her (faainuraa in Tahitian language) in line with the traditions. After this ceremony Faafaite sailed to Raivavae (in Iles Australes also known as Tubani Islands) where she joined the four other boats of the Tavaru fleet which have sailed by themselves from New Zealand (their departure date was the 18th of April).

Then the complete fleet sailed to Moorea (sister island of Tahiti), and to Raiatea (the original Hawaii in the traditional Polynesian belief), and, later to Rarotonga (in the Cook Islands), and back to New Zealand via the Tonga Islands.

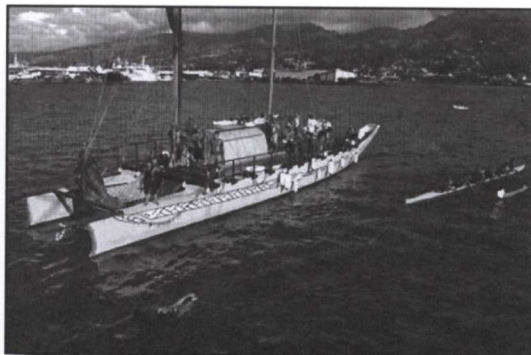
This new attempt for revival of the traditional art of navigation is a great success in the Pacific area.

The next step will be to build a fleet of ten double canoes which will sail together in 2011 to Hawaii.

If the Tikopia project was representing the first voyages of the former Polynesian seafarers (from Asia to the great and high remote islands where the Lapita pottery was discovered), the Tavaru fleet represents the second part of the former discovering of the remote low islands of the Polynesian Triangle (New Zealand-Hawaii-Easter Island are the summits of the triangle with Tahiti and Raiatea in its centre but also with all the low islands like the Tuamotus).

It is interesting to note that if the first attempts to rebuild Polynesian double canoes were for building "one unit for one project", we now see that it is the time to build up some fleets as it was probably done in the early times for discovery and to inhabit the remote islands (last year the Lapita Project was to sail with two similar boats; this year

five similar double canoes sailed to Tahiti; and next year there will be ten of these similar boats which will sail to Hawaii...). It looks like that if the first attempts were for rediscovering the traditional art of the navigation: the new ones are for rediscovering the great fleets which have sailed in all the Pacific area to people the islands...



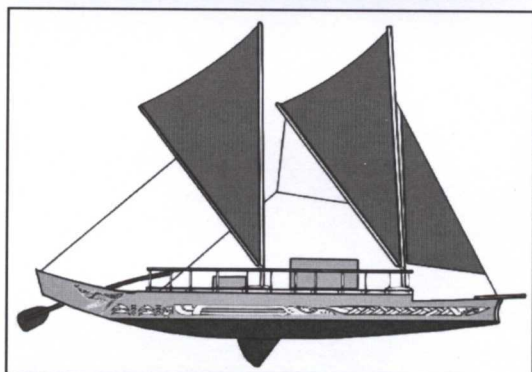
The Faainuraa (launching ceremony) of Faafaite in the Papeete harbour at Tahiti.



Faafaite, the Tahitian double canoe entering the Moorea island pass accompanied with a Va'a (paddle outrigger canoe)



"Te Au O Tonga" the Tuamotu Islands pahi type which have been the model for designing the double canoes of the great fleet Tavaru (here sailing in Auckland bay, NZ, in 1996)



Length: 72 ft
Beam: 21 ft
Draft: 7 ft (boards down)
Crew: 18 members
Weight in charge: 12 T

Members Addresses, Contacts & Boat Info

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