JUNK RIG Association

Magazine

Issue 67
February 2015

Pugwash *at the 2014 Tall Ships Regatta Junket in New Zealand* - *page 56*

From the Editor

by David Tyler

This will be the last JRA magazine that I edit and lay out. Over the last five years, I've served on the JRA Committee as Webmaster, Chairman and Editor. I've served my time, and it's time to step down and to invite fresh blood to take over. I believe quite strongly that having the same people in the same jobs, year in and year out, can only lead to stagnation. In contrast, the last five years have seen new people with new ideas creating a rejuvenated and vibrant JRA where the junk rig sailors of the world can find a place to meet, talk and exchange information. Long may they continue to do so!

Please look at the Notice of AGM (page 50), inviting nominations for election to the Committee, and give some thought to how you could build on the foundation that I and recent members of the Committee have laid.

Lynda Chidell will be editing the next magazine. Please make her task an easy and pleasant one by timely submission of your articles and items of news. Remember - the purpose of this magazine is to reflect and record the activity of members of the JRA. It is to record what we are thinking, designing, making and doing, as we build and use our junk rigs. Please give some thought to what you could write about for the next issue. Could you, for example, respond to Annie Hill's *Sib-Lim* Challenge (page 20)? I'm working on my response, and I hope that other JRA members will do the same, for publication in issue 68. Even if we don't manage to design a small junk rigged boat that Annie likes so well that she just *has* to build it, we might well come up with a design that other JRA members like so well that it becomes a kind of *de facto* "JRA 26", with plans available for all of us to use. Wouldn't that be a fine thing?

Again, give it all some thought. And don't forget - your letters and short items of news will always be welcome.

Contents:

Guidelines for contributors:

We can receive your text in most formats - .txt .rtf .doc and .odt being the most commonly used. There is no need to spend time on formatting the text, as we will do that, setting everything in our house style.

Please email your photos separately from the text, in .jpg format, just as they came from the camera. Add a caption for each one. The better the quality, the larger they can be displayed in the magazine. We will crop, straighten and retouch, as necessary. We can accept your drawings and sketches in other formats, such as .dxf

If in doubt, contact us at the addresses given below for guidance.

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Letters

Dear Lynda,

Thank you for your membership renewal reminder. I think that it is sadly time for me to up anchor. Last September I was sailing in Mr. Hardy (10' 6" Mirror, junk-rigged of course) in the Estuary and managed to tip her over. This should not be a great problem, I righted the boat easily enough. However I no longer have the strength to climb in ! I rigged a strop between the limber holes in the transom and had a few trips but finally passed the boat on to a couple of local lads.

The paper magazine has been a cracking read and I will miss it. I had looked forward to a sail in a slightly bigger boat. This did not happen as I no longer drive, (cue: *Hearts and Flowers*) and so am not so mobile.

So it is Goodbye from me and I wish you all a peaceful Christmas and lots of sailing under Junk rigs; and huge thanks to Robin Blain who gave me the bits that got me into J. R. sailing.

Yours sincerely

Charles Birch.

Dear Lynda,

Thank you for your e-mail and encouragement for "a great year of junk sailing". Although I am 85 and have never set foot at either the JRA or on any junk, I have always been keen about sailing. And I hope in the Euromillions prize to get myself a fantastic junk and sail her around the World.

Regards and best wishes for 2015

Sebastião de Castello-Branco

Zebedee *at sunset, in Bay Prony*

Major J. K. (Jock) McLeod

An Obituary

Jock McLeod's legacy to British yachting went way beyond being that of dedicated practitioner of the junk rig. He was soldier, engineer, single-handed sailor, author and raconteur. He was also a cruising yachtsman in the finest traditions of cruising under sail.

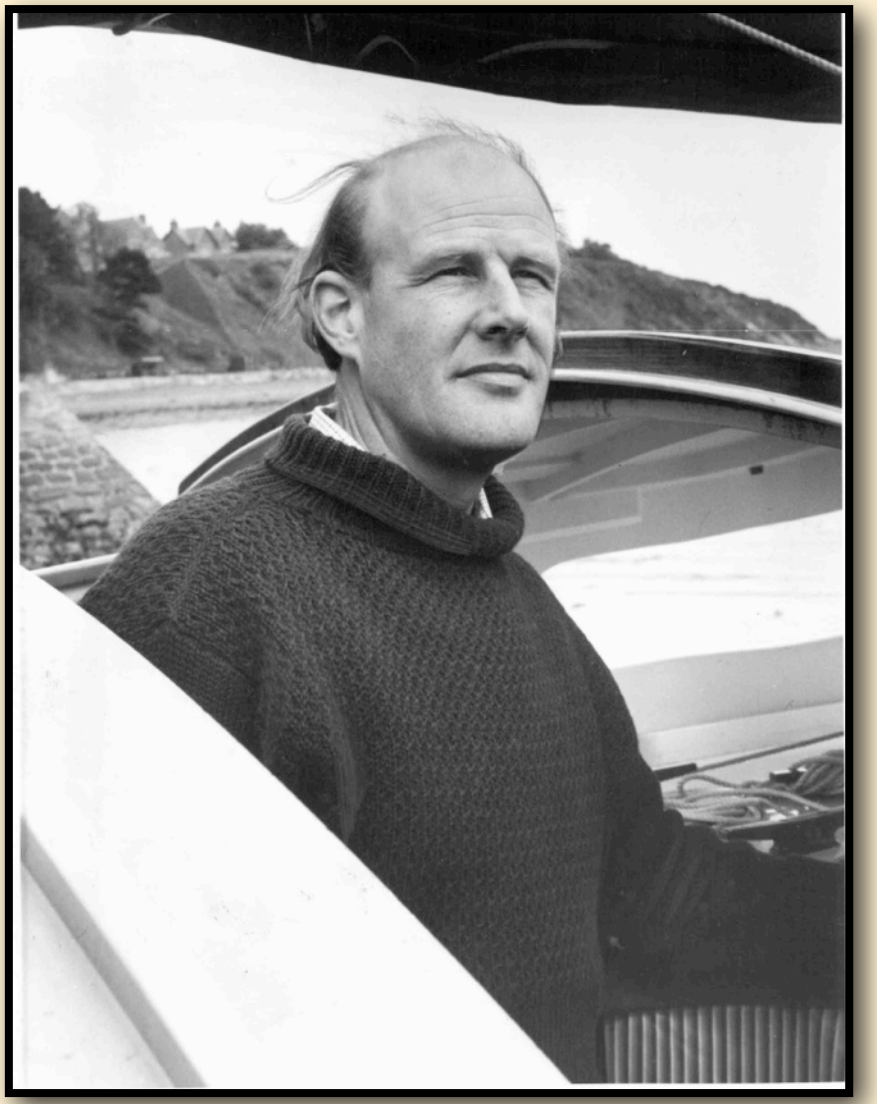
Jock was born in 1929, in what is now Pakistan, but his family home was on the Isle of Skye.

In 1949 he was commissioned into the Seaforth Highlanders and had some unpleasant times in the swamps and jungles of Malaya. He started sailing in 1955 and shortly thereafter became a part owner of *April May*, a 30' Buchanan sloop.

Jock was invalided out of the Army in 1961 and spent a month that summer cruising with Peter and Anne Pye, aboard *Moonraker*, their 29' Looe fishing smack. In this confined space the three of them got on well and Jock signed on in April 1962 for a major voyage to Brazil. Many of the odd jobs fell to Jock: rigging awnings in the "inferno" of the Doldrums, climbing the mast in mid ocean to re-reeve the topmast halyard and plugging the leaks of *Moonraker's* ancient decks. The Skipper didn't allow Jock his desired fill of Brazilian carnivals but wherever they went Jock always won the hearts of the locals. After 15,000 miles in 16 months, Peter Pye's words say it all: "Much of the credit…goes to Jock. His unfailing good humour, his seamanship, his willingness to make *Moonraker* a 'family ship' has given Anne and myself a great deal of pleasure".

Perhaps Jock's most long-lasting and influential friend was Blondie Hasler. They first met in 1961 at Muirtown Basin, at the east end of the Caledonian Canal, after Blondie had asked a friend if he knew anyone who'd be able to help with the Loch Ness Monster investigation. Jock joined Blondie for a two week recce on Loch Ness on his junk-rigged *Jester* and the two of them immediately clicked.

On his return from Brazil he rejoined the tail end of the Loch Ness Patrol and in 1963 Jock agreed to join Blondie as business partner. Jock was a very precise mechanical draughtsman and was adept at assembling Hasler wind-vane self-steering gears, out of countless parts manufactured by Mike Gibb. For a while he lived and worked at Blondie's house, The Old Forge, near Southampton. He was often to be found crouched under the low attic



© D C Thompson

Jock McCleod

roof, sitting on a little wooden stool with STOREMAN painted on it, wearing an authentic storeman's brown cotton coat. It was uncomfortable work, but there were never any complaints from Jock. He was kind and unassuming, but also adventurous with a quirky, witty, sense of humour. He was a big sociable character who liked fast cars and noisy parties.

In October 1965 Blondie asked Jock to be his Best Man at his marriage to Bridget Fisher. Jock moved out of the Old Forge and rented a house nearby, but came over each day. Their range of wind-vane self-steering gears were supplied to Francis Chichester, Alec Rose and Eric and Susan Hiscock, and they worked on a wide range of projects, including Blondie's revolutionary floating breakwater. Blondie was the creative genius and practical engineer – which Jock recognized – but the partnership endured as Jock brought a trusted, disciplined and capable pair of hands, which enabled the business to expand and have greater reach. He became an enthusiastic disciple of the Chinese junk rig and together they refined its design and practical application.

The world was waking up to the challenges of single-handed sailing; Jock was inspired by his exposure to cutting edge ocean racing and desired to participate in it himself. It was no surprise that in the late 1960's Jock commissioned Angus Primrose to design a large (47ft) junk-rigged schooner for easy single-handed ocean sailing. This was a significant project, because she was the largest vessel yet to be commissioned with the Western version of junk rig. Her cockpit was only a few feet fore and aft and could be completely covered by a sliding hatch with a cupola, which incorporated the pram hood first used by both *Jester* and *Galway Blazer*. Jock often had problems with the skin on his hands and found that the totally enclosed control station, from which the boat and sails could be entirely handled, helped manage the issue. The Hasler self-steering gear was to do the majority of the steering - a good thing too as the rudder bearing was stiff, which made hand steering from the tiny wheel in the cockpit hard work. Below, *Ròn Glas* was spacious and comfortable with deep bunks and leeboards, which did not need to be disturbed to sit around the saloon table.

In 1969, Jock returned to Scotland, having inherited his mother's cottage, Hawk Hill in Rosemarkie, on the Black Isle overlooking the Moray Firth. The business was split, leaving Jock to concentrate on advising clients how to convert their yachts to the junk rig. He remained close to Blondie and Bridget Hasler, who moved to Argyll in 1975. Jock was the Godfather of their first child, Dinah. He was a regular and greatly appreciated visitor at the Hasler home throughout his life.

Ròn Glas was launched in 1971 and was made ready for the 1972

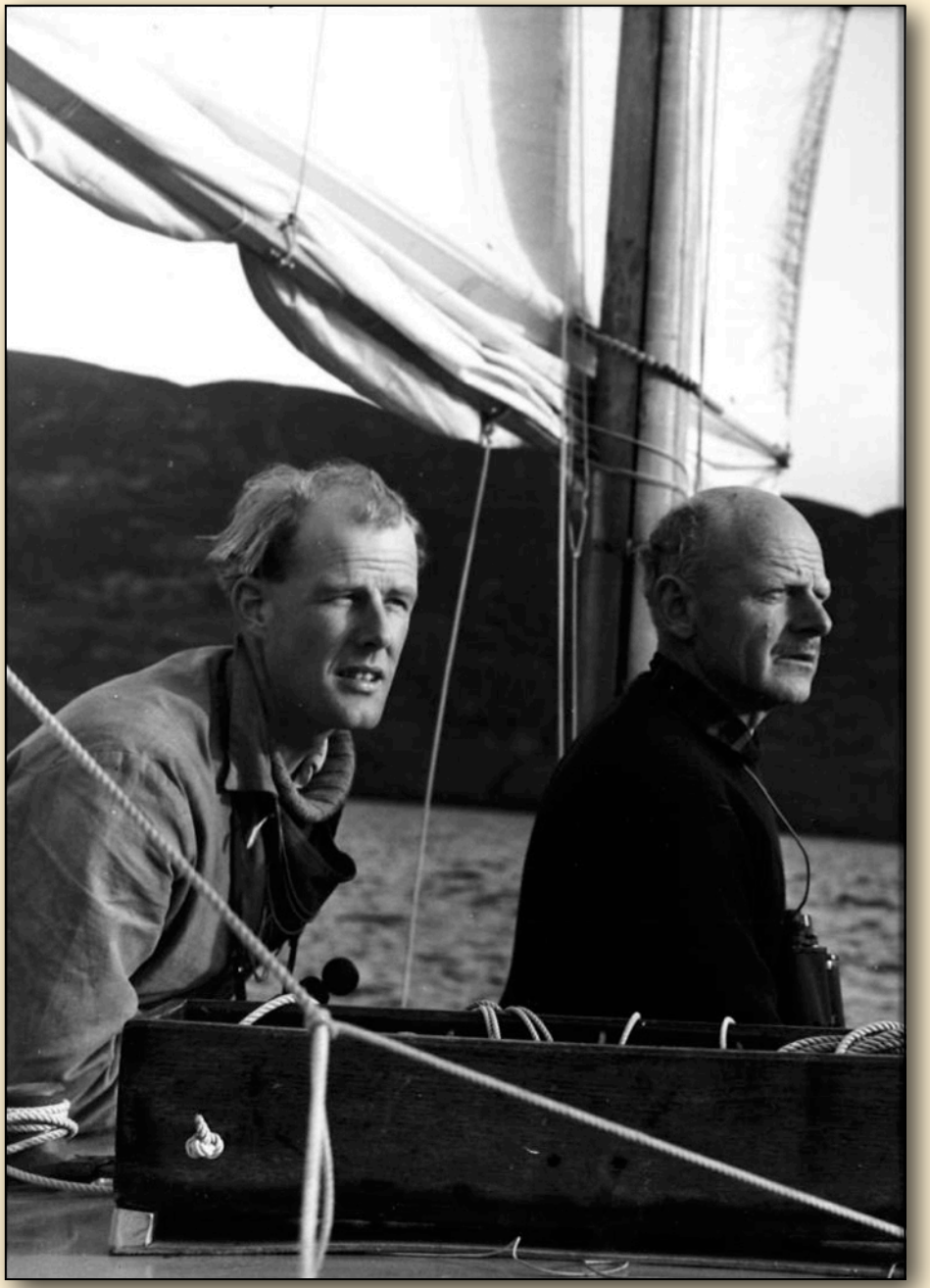


Photo courtesy of Bridget Hasler

A young Jock with Blondie on board Jester, *on the lookout for Nessie*

Plymouth–Newport single-handed trans-Atlantic race (OSTAR). There were 55 starters and *Ròn Glas* came in a very creditable 24th in a time of 38 days. The press dubbed him "Pyjama Jock", because he only wore slippers at sea and had no need to wear oilskins: sea boots were reserved for getting ashore. He was quietly thrilled to be racing against the best big budget French, American and British sailors, but one thing that many skippers cast covetous eyes over was the ample supply of the amber nectar that found its way into the bilges of *Ròn Glas*.

Four years later, Jock again took part in the OSTAR. This time there were 125 starters and *Ròn Glas* came in 45th position, again after 38 days at sea. He also participated in the 1974 and 1978 Round Britain Race crewed by Julian van Hassalt and David Cowper respectively. *Ròn Glas* finished both races in 30 days – a very respectable time given that she was not a competitive boat – especially as in the 1978 race she sustained some structural damage, when she was struck by a trawler. Many boats failed to complete this demanding race but Jock and his crew enjoyed considerably more comfort than all of their competitors.

The 1978 Round Britain Race was to be Jock's last serious race, but he had rubbed shoulders with some of the most competitive yachtsmen and women of the time. The fact that he started and completed four major yachting events without serious incident is a testament to his

After the 1972 OSTAR

seamanship and, probably, his sense of humour. In 1982 Jock once again crossed the Atlantic to participate in a Cruising Club of America 60th Anniversary muster in Maine. This time he took Roddy Mackenzie fresh out of school as crew. In mid-Atlantic, Jock insisted on holding a dinner to coincide with his Regimental Dinner held in Claridges. Fine food and good wine were procured, Her Majesty was toasted followed by an hilarious speech by the President (Jock) and a March Round, although sensibly, no one ventured on deck.

For the next 20 years Jock explored the rugged and remote coastlines of the Western Isles, Northern Isles and Faeroes, and made several notable cruises to Norway, exploring almost the full length of that country from Oslo in the south, to Lofoten in the north. *Ròn Glas* would over winter in the canal at Inverness, while Jock based her in Plockton for the summers. Jock used to jest that his most enjoyable summer cruise was spent living in a caravan in the Malakoff Shipyard in Lerwick, while *Ròn Glas* was on the slipway there, having "discovered" a rock on the west side of the Shetlands. "Ah good ... that'll clear the barnacles and I wanted to check the keel bolts!" he joked.

But the work for which Jock is best remembered was *Practical Junk Rig - Design Aerodynamics and Handling,* which was co-authored with Blondie. It was the first and remains still, the foremost major work on the Chinese junk rig. Originally the pair used to write and distribute folios, containing concise instructions on how to design and set up the junk rig. Over the years these various sheets of diagrams and text, matured into a first draft, but it wasn't until 1988, the year after Blondie's untimely death, that the book was eventually published. Jock was responsible for much of the final editing and draughting. The book examines the design and aerodynamic theory behind junk rigs and provides a detailed analysis of the intricacies of the rig. It discusses, assisted by a wealth of detailed line illustrations, how best to design a rig, build it and, finally, how to sail the boat and maximise performance

By the turn of the century, Jock had limited *Ròn Glas*'s horizons to the West Coast of Scotland, as his hip limited his mobility. After much deliberation, for she was his companion for 40 years, Jock reluctantly sold her in 2009 to Tony and Sally Summers – active members of the Junk Rig Association. They currently live aboard in the Med and cherish a unique and special vessel – Jock's remarkable legacy to the sailing world.

[We are obliged to Tim Trafford, RCC, for the information contained in this obituary - Ed.]

Jock aboard Ròn Glas

Subterranean Homesick Blues

by Graham Cox

"You don't need a weather man,
To know which way the wind blows." - *Bob Dylan*

When I was a young whippersnapper there was nothing I liked better than to hightail it out of some place. I'd hit the road filled with glee, my heart bursting with excitement, head full of dreams and schemes. In the early days, financial realities always pulled me up short, but for the last 18 years I have been almost constantly on the move, sailing *Arion* north and south along the east coast of Australia, mostly in the island-studded waters inside the Great Barrier Reef of Queensland. I have friends in almost every port you can think of and home has been where you find me.

But recently I seem to have shifted emotional gears. I feel sad when I leave places and have started thinking of a little nest somewhere, if not to hang up my hook forever, then at least as a base camp to return to on a regular basis. But where was home, after all this time?

In the 1970's, I thought that Mooloolaba, in SE Queensland, would be the ideal base. In those days it was a sleepy fishing village, frequented during the summer months by a fleet of world-cruising vagabonds. But its sleepy river has grown into a millionaire's waterfront canal development. Anchoring is now restricted to 10 days, and the only other option is one of three expensive marinas. The vagabonds are long gone.

In June 2014, I left Mooloolaba and returned to the Whitsundays, where I have spent several years on occasion. This is a superb cruising ground in winter and I had a wonderful time here, cruising in company with my friend Gary on his junk schooner, *Grace Ellen*, and other friends.

But memories of riding out three cyclones and several tropical lows here during the summer months made me uneasy. You need to be in robust health and have a fully-functioning ship to stay safe in the cyclone season. It's a challenging place to grow old. To emphasise this, the wreck of *Arion's* sistership, *Uni*, lies battered and forlorn on the rocks of Pidgeon Island, where she was driven ashore in a cyclone last summer. Eric, her 76 year old skipper, had grown too tired to make long solo passages. Looking at *Uni's* battered, abandoned hull, remembering the happy times sitting in her cockpit drinking coffee and yarning with Eric, made me unbearably sad.

In September I sailed from the Whitsundays up to Magnetic Island, off Townsville, where I have spent several years in the past, working and going to university. It was where I converted *Arion* to junk rig in 2011, and one purpose of my visit was to see how my friend, Joe Conway, was getting along with *Arion's* old Bermudian rig. He was getting along just fine - it is a state of the art rig - but nonetheless *Arion* managed to overhaul *Viking* on a broad reach.

Magnetic Island is one of the most beautiful places *Arion* has ever visited, but there aren't any mangrove creeks to hide in. You'd be stuck in a marina during the cyclone season, unless you ran up to Hinchinbrook Island, 60 miles further north. And a marina is no place to be if a major cyclone makes a direct hit. I could see myself living ashore here but decided I didn't want to stay with *Arion*. The thought of another sweaty, bug-infested tropical summer was too much.

While visiting here I met up with Patrick Grinter, aboard the junk-rigged Norwalk Island Sharpie, *Pelican*, from the port of Maryborough in SE Queensland. *Pelican* is a NIS 29, though Pat extended it to 32 ft while rebuilding the transom after it was damaged in a flood. *Pelican's* sloop rig was designed by Sunbird Marine and has flexible fibreglass battens. Despite

Coming up astern of Viking *off Magnetic Island*

the sail appearing too small to me, and the top sheeted batten bending too much when close-hauled, allowing the leech to flutter, *Pelican* sails like a witch and *Arion* could never catch her.

It was time, I decided, to return to Dangar Island on the Hawkesbury River, in Broken Bay, just north of Sydney Harbour: a magnificent inland waterway with numerous sheltered anchorages. It was where I spent my youth after emigrating from South Africa at the age of 20 (although I made

several voyages around the South Pacific on various vessels). Sydney Harbour lies just 20 miles to the south, followed by Botany Bay and Port Hacking. To the north, Lake Macquarie and Port Stephens offer further sheltered waters. It has superb summer weather though the winters are cold, which will present a challenge after so many years in the tropics.

To get there, we had to sail 1200 miles south from Magnetic Island, trying, hopefully, to make use of the elusive northerlies that replace the SE trade winds south of Cairns from October to December. *Arion* will motorsail effectively against light headwinds but as soon as the trade wind becomes developed, I might as well stop and read a book. This has more to do with my fat little hull than the rig. In flat water, my junk rig is just as efficient as the Bermudian sloop was.

Departing Cape Bowling Green at sunrise

The first time I left Horseshoe Bay on Magnetic Island, I turned back after three miles. The wind was on the nose and fresh, and the seas a bit lumpy. It was forecast to swing to the east and ease later, which it did, but the truth is my heart just wasn't in it. For a few days it looked as if I might be spending the summer there after all, then a perfect weather window appeared and we were off.

First stop was Cape Bowling Green, 35 miles ESE, which means that you are going to struggle to get there in anything other than a true north-easter. We ended up motorsailing all the way, with a couple of reefs in the sail to ease the slamming of the yard. If the junk rig has one feature I hate, it is trying to sail in light winds with a bit of swell running. The yard and battens slam back and forth, spilling any wind out of the sail. It is in these conditions that I think a light drifter would earn its keep. Later on, I saw a yacht make very effective use of a Code Zero sail in these conditions. I would love to have one on *Arion*. For the time being, we motor.

As usual on these long day-sails, I was up at 0400 the next morning and underway at the first crack of dawn. Because the northerlies arrived late this year, there was quite a fleet of us heading south, up to 20 yachts some days. Bruce, from the catamaran, *Three Wishes*, took a lovely photo of *Arion* sailing out of Cape Bowling Green with the sun rising behind us. Unfortunately, it was soon back to motorsailing, which we continued to do all the way to Cape Upstart and then on to Gloucester Island the following day. And every day I bemoaned the lack of a light weather sail and cursed my slamming yard.

Finally, on the last leg to Airlie Beach, we woke to a fine NE wind and had a magnificent sail down the Whitsunday Passage. With 15-20 knots of wind dead astern, *Arion* sailed merrily along at 5-6 knots, with the sail squared right out, 2 panels reefed down and the wind-vane engaged, holding a very steady course. This boat does not need the sail to be swung across the mast to balance the ship downwind.

I was sailing in company with my old buddy, Richard, on *Skua*, and we anchored in Shute Harbour mid-afternoon, anticipating a run ashore, hot showers and other delights. An updated weather forecast, however, changed our plans. A vigorous southerly change was due that night, which would make Shute Harbour uncomfortable, possibly dangerous. We couldn't go around to Airlie Beach since the northerly was still honking, making that a lee shore until the change came through, so had to sail back out into the islands. Richard's engine-cooling water pump had failed while coming in, so I had to tow him out. It was another three days before we got those showers.

A week of howling south-easters kept us pinned at Airlie. The roadstead here is rather exposed and getting ashore becomes a wet struggle. Cabin fever is worse though, so most days I went ashore, arriving back aboard soaked to the skin. When it finally eased, I set off south again, motor-sailing once more in light winds. Getting decent following winds this year has not been easy. I was sad leaving Airlie, wondering if I would ever see this place again.

We made good time as far as Shaw Island, then the tide turned against us and it was tack, tack, tack, trying to get to Brampton Island before dark. Pincer Rock lies between Goldsmith and Blacksmith Islands and it is well-named! It took us forever to clear it. It is always fascinating, if not always pleasurable, to experience the conditions that give rise to some place names.

The next day I just made it to Digby Island before dark. Last year, Shannon and I arrived after sunset and had to grope our way in to spend a rolly night. This time I spent a quieter night but the next day had one of the worst yard-slamming passages ever, down to Whites Bay, on the south side of Middle Percy Island. The problem was that the wind would pipe up during the night, but then ease almost completely at dawn, leaving a sloppy swell that threw the boat around. *Arion* would probably still be motor-sailing with a Code Zero sail, but it would be less jarring to my nerves!

Whites Bay is a beautiful place. It was the first time I had been there as it is unsuitable in established trade-wind weather. The next two passages, to Perforated Point Bay in the upper reaches of Port Clinton, then to Great Keppel Island, both started in light, sloppy conditions, then built to a rollicking broad-reach in fresh afternoon sea-breezes. I finally chatted to Rodney Smart here, aboard *Smart Choice*, the boat with the much-envied Code Zero sail. He is the only sailor who has not motored extensively on this passage south.

After a pleasant lay-day, *Arion* went down through the Narrows into Gladstone Harbour. I had to anchor for an hour in the Narrows to await the tide and was pleasantly surprised to find *Pelican* coming up astern. We had a great reunion and spent some time together in Gladstone Marina over the next few days. After talking to Pat, I am of the opinion that flexible battens are brilliant in light airs but problematic in stronger winds.

After spending some time with Clive Rouse, who taught me to sail as a teenager in South Africa, we were off again. The ebb-tide flushed us out of Gladstone Harbour at 8 knots and we had the anchor down in Pancake Creek's outer anchorage at 1430. It was calm and pleasant but once again the wind picked up during the night, the boat rolled abominably and I slept badly, only to be faced with no wind and a sloppy sea the next morning. Damn, damn, damn! For a while there I started thinking of alternative rigs, but I suspect nothing would excel in those conditions.

After another rolly night anchored in the Burnett River, I moved *Arion* into the Port Bundaberg Marina and disgraced myself thoroughly. I was tired, after two nights of poor sleep and miserable sailing in between, but the primary issue was that I took my eye off the ball at the wrong moment. The tide was flooding at 2 knots but I did not realise that inside the marina the current flow reversed. I was looking the wrong way and did not notice until *Arion* collided with another boat's bow-roller. Luckily, all that happened was that *Arion* got a bent stanchion and a couple of scratches.

Barry Lewis repairing the GPS cable

Arion was joined here for a day by Phil Hogg, who sailed through the NW Passage some years ago with his wife, Liz, on their steel sloop, *Fine Tolerance* (they met Chris Bray in the Arctic, during his earlier, sledding expedition). Phil and Liz recently inherited a light-displacement alloy yacht from Liz's father, which they intend to convert to junk rig, so Phil was keen to get some experience.

We had a wonderful 40 mile sail to River Heads, in the mouth of the Susan River at the top end of the Great Sandy Straits, broad-reaching all the way in 15-20 knot winds with 2 panels reefed down. The wind got up to 25 knots towards the end. I should have reefed another panel but we were in semi-sheltered waters and I just let *Arion* belt along. We were doing 8 knots over the ground, with a little help from the tide!

We also did a couple of controlled gybes. The wind-vane steered the boat all the way and we just sat and nattered. Phil was astonished at how little work there was to do, at how I hardly ever looked at the rig. With the sail squared right out and the mechanical wind-vane engaged, there is no chance of an accidental gybe, no chafe, nothing to adjust, nothing to look at, unless admiring the rig. He left a firm convert.

From here we sailed to Tin Can Bay and out over Wide Bay Bar to Mooloolaba. This was another wild sail in a fresh northerly. By the time we were abreast of Noosa, I had three panels down and we were surfing at 7-8 knots (there must have been some current helping). Once again, the mechanical wind-vane was coping perfectly. I began to get anxious about the entrance to Mooloolaba, which is a shallow, barred, river port, facing north. The seas were up to 3 metres and breaking as we approached, but luckily the tide was flooding and we scooted in without incident.

Last summer I got stuck in Mooloolaba but, as pleasant as it was, this year I was determined to keep going. We were delayed for a week by violent thunderstorms, which caused billions of dollars of damage between Sydney and Brisbane. During a lull, I slipped down into Moreton Bay, visiting my old cruising friends, Andy and Sandy Petersen on *Jacaranda*, in Scarborough Marina. The thunderstorms continued every day and I was beginning to think it was unlikely I would make it to Sydney before Christmas. That would be disappointing, as my brother, Malcolm, was planning to be there with his daughters for a week. I had not seen them in 22 years.

Luckily, I had lined up a first-class crew for this passage, Barry Lewis, with whom I sailed on *Risky Business* last year. He has been fascinated by junk rig ever since his father, David, sailed against Blondie in the 1960 OSTAR, so he jumped at the chance to join me. He is a tough sailor with vast experience offshore. There were definitely two skippers aboard for this passage but that was OK.

We departed Scarborough Marina at 0630 on Sunday, the 7th of December, with a forecast of continued thunderstorms. The plan was to weave our way through the sandbanks in the northern end of Moreton Bay, using the chart-plotter, then head south on a non-stop passage to Sydney. By 1200 we were out in the open sea and running fast. The sky was surprisingly clear with no sign of rain or thunderstorms, though that evening we saw some over the land.

These robbed us of our wind for a while and we had to motor in large lumpy seas for a few hours, with just two panels of sail up, sheeted in flat. Later the wind picked up from the NW and became squally. The third panel was shaken out and taken in several times but we continued to average 6 knots over the ground. We were just south of the Clarence River at dawn, back in NSW waters. There were severe-looking thunderstorms astern at dawn but they missed us. It was a cool, overcast day with drizzle at times and lumpy seas.

By late Monday afternoon we were approaching North Solitary Island, near Coffs Harbour. We were warily watching two thunderstorms, one ahead and the other astern, but they missed us, heading east, where they combined to form a massive storm. We were running in squally 15-25 knot northerlies, with two panels down and the sail squared right out, but the supercell thunderstorm began sending a vicious cross-sea in that slammed us on the port quarter. For the first time in 18 years, *Arion* refused to self-steer and we had to take the tiller for several hours.

By midnight we were becalmed and motoring in a rapidly easing sea. Mid-morning, Tuesday, brought a southerly change. Off Tacking Point we did exactly that for several hours, getting nowhere, until the wind backed a little into the east and allowed us to squeak past. There were a lot of ships here, all converging on the lighthouse, and we had to alter course twice to avoid them. The AIS receiver proved to be invaluable, screeching like a demented parrot whenever it detected a ship that was going to approach closer than a mile. Often it detected ships before we could see them in the poor visibility.

At sunset we were approaching the largest, blackest cloud I have ever seen at sea, stretching right across the southern horizon. Even Barry, an almost fearless sailor, looked a bit askance at it. It came to nothing however and a night of squally, shifting winds and showers gave way to a bright sunny day on Wednesday. The forecast was for a 40 knot southerly change on Thursday so we decided to try for Newcastle, some 45 miles north of Broken Bay, our destination. We were on track to get there by dawn on Thursday, just before the southerly hit, with a bit of luck.

Wednesday night brought more rain and thunderstorms. The storms missed us but robbed us of our wind for periods, requiring us to sheet the sail amidships and motor. We tied up in Newcastle Harbour at 0300 on Thursday, 11th December, just under 4 days from Scarborough Marina. A huge thunderstorm broke over us, with torrential rain, 15 minutes after securing the dock-lines. The next morning Barry went home and I spent the day sleeping while the southerly howled in the rigging.

Four days later, refreshed and well-entertained by old friends, I sailed *Arion* down to Broken Bay. Winds were light and once again we motor-sailed, but the sea was easy and I was feeling happy to be here. It was 10 years since we had last departed these waters. I had not expected to be back, having being diagnosed with a massive, inoperable brain tumour the last time I was here. Against medical advice, I sailed north in 2005, expecting to end my days under a palm tree somewhere.

But here I am, harder to kill than a cockroach, it seems, and looking forward to visiting all my old friends and youthful haunts. Whether I'll settle here and spend my days pottering around these easy waters remains to be seen – some friends are running a tab on how long I'll stay – but for the time being I am thoroughly enjoying being back, feeling relaxed and comfortable. The subterranean homesick blues are cured – for now!

Running hard with 2 panels reefed.

Pat Grinter on Pelican

JRA Hall of Fame - Tom Colvin

by Graham Cox

Thomas E Colvin:

1925 – 2014

On September 1, 2014, the sailing world lost one of its great characters, when Tom Colvin passed away, aged 89, in Fort Meyers, Florida. He was a colourful, iconoclastic, sometimes controversial, self-confessed non-conformist, a professional sailor, boatbuilder, designer, maritime historian, linguist (he spoke 5 languages, including Mandarin) and writer, whose comprehensive knowledge of ships and the sea has seldom been equalled. Many of the vessels he designed and built were junk-rigged.

Tom was born in Chicago and grew up on the shores of Lake Michigan. He built his first vessel, a 10 foot catboat, at the age of 7, worked in boat shops after school hours, raced yachts at weekends, designed a fish tug at the age of 13 that was built and successfully operated, and left school to join the merchant navy at 14. Starting out as an ordinary seaman, he gained his master's ticket under sail by the age of 20 (any tonnage, any ocean) and his master's ticket under steam (unlimited) by the age of 23. He also studied mechanical engineering and served an apprenticeship in boatbuilding at leading European boatyards.

This sort of youth is impossible to imagine today. In later life, when he ran his own boatyard, a government safety inspector was horrified to discover Tom's 6 year old son operating a bandsaw, his 8 year old boy welding something up, and his 12 year old daughter up on scaffolding, carving a vessel's name into her transom. They were forbidden access to the workshop until they were 18. Tom lamented this nanny-state mentality and developed a healthy disdain for bureaucracy. On his website he says there are seagoing folk and then there are those shore bastards…

When Tom went to sea he took his drawing board with him and continued his studies of nautical design and construction. He took every opportunity to study the local vessels wherever his voyaging took him. This diversity was reflected in the range of vessels he designed, from aircraft carriers (*USS Forrestal*), to fishing boats, cargo carriers and yachts. He acted as a consulting designer to several major boatbuilding enterprises. In his own shipyard he built vessels, up to 100 feet in length, in wood, steel and aluminium, being something of an expert in all of these media.

During World War II, Tom served in the merchant navy, making the notorious run to Murmansk twice, seeing most of the ships around him sunk by enemy action. Later, he was drafted into the army, where he met his wife, Jean. They married in 1953, a union that lasted 52 years and produced three children, Karen, Kevin and Kenneth. Jean played a vital role in all of his subsequent projects. After the war, the command of a vessel was hard to find so they bought some land, developed a timber mill and started building boats.

Tom and Jean eventually developed a base in a cove off the East River in Mobjack Bay, East Virginia. Called Fiddler's Green, it consisted of a house with large glass windows overlooking the cove; workshop, sail loft, building shed and dock. Tom's study reflected his scholarship, being crammed with books, journals, boat drawings and files. The cove was often filled with Colvin schooners either preparing for or just returning from voyages to far-away places.

Before the war, he spent some time in southern China aboard a schooner-rigged cargo ship, taking the opportunity to study and sail on some of the large, ocean-going cargo junks of the area. These observations formed the basis of his ideas about the proper way to design, set up and sail an ocean-going, junk-rigged vessel.

He noted that many of the ocean-going junks of southern China had stayed rigs and carried small jibs. His extensive research indicated that they had done so since at least the 15th

Colvin junk **Summer Wind**

century, when Portuguese vessels first visited the area. Like Jeremy Walker (designer and builder of *Jung Jung*), he notes that the high aspect-ratio, unstayed junk rig, in particular the single-masted rig, was only seen on northern Chinese junks that navigated a long way up rivers. Tom noted that the junk rig had evolved over 2000 years of continuous usage and did not believe it made sense to try and modify it with western ideas.

As a consequence, his junk rigs are probably the most traditional of all western designs, using stayed masts, fanned sails with convex leeches, double sheeting arrangements, flat-cut sails, no batten pockets and no fixed tack line (he believed the boom should be able to lift when gybing). He preferred to use the traditional Chinese sheeting system, where leech lines (sheetlets) all lead back to a single wooden friction block (euphroe), with the sheet attached to the other side of this block. He felt that this allowed infinite adjustment of leech shape, unlike Blondie Hasler's continuous sheeting system. The price, however, is that one needs to go on deck to adjust the leech lines after reefing the sail, or when shaking out a reef.

In 1966, Tom published an interesting article in Rudder magazine, about trials he conducted on a 26 foot sharpie of his own design, Pandora, using a single junk sail on an unstayed mast, and comparing its performance with a Bermudian ketch-rigged sistership. He then fitted Pandora with a gaff ketch rig. All rigs were of approximately the same area. The junk rig matched the Bermudian ketch to windward in light airs, was less close-winded in force 6-7 winds, and was much faster off the wind. The gaff ketch was more close-winded, equal on a reach, but inferior on a run. When he considered the ease of handling of the junk rig, he determined that it offered the best rig for cruising.

Following these trials, Tom designed and built a 42 ft, junk-rigged schooner, *Gazelle*, which he launched in 1967. Being designed for offshore work, the vessel had stayed masts, a small jib on a bowsprit, fanned battens and double sheets. The stays were loosely set up, to prevent the masts from whipping, rather than being tautly strung, as in a modern Bermudian rig. He disliked unstayed masts on large, ocean-going vessels, believing they could compromise either the spars or hull structures.

Gazelle probably became his most famous design, with more than 700 sisterships being built, many with junk rigs, some with Bahamian ketch or gaff schooner rigs. More than 10 Gazelles are known to have circumnavigated and many others have made significant voyages. One, *Migrant*, made daily runs in excess of 200 miles when sailing down the trades in the South Pacific.

Tom and Jean's *Gazelle*, at 18,000lbs, was probably the lightest and fastest of them all, having neither engine nor any mechanical or electrical devices when launched. The hull was built with 3mm steel and the cabin out of plywood. Others, overbuilt and fitted with heavy interiors, have not been quite so slippery. He admitted, however, that *Gazelle* did not sail to windward particularly well, but did not consider this to be a major problem. For voyaging, as opposed to racing around the buoys, the rig's handiness was more valuable.

Tom later fitted a 10hp, hand-start Sabb diesel to *Gazelle*, but never had electricity aboard. He used kerosene for lighting, heating and cooking, and preferred deck prisms for natural light as opposed to large portholes. Gazelle had a flush deck aft. Tom eschewed cockpits, considering them to be "the supreme robber barons", as well as compromising the safety of ocean-going small vessels. He preferred to use the space for a cargo hold, or sleeping cabin perhaps. Every boat he built for himself had a cargo hold.

He had more in common with commercial sailors than he did with mainstream yachting, and had ill-disguised scorn for many contemporary trends in recreational boat design and construction. He drew heavily on the traditions of commercial sail for his recreational sailing vessels, believing that a cruising, live-aboard vessel was essentially a work boat. He also designed more than 20 sailing cargo and fishing vessels, most of which were successfully built and operated. He later built and operated his own cargo schooner, *Antelope*.

The differences between Colvin and Hasler-Mcleod rigs are partially due to their designer's priorities. Blondie Hasler was interested in the development of a rig for single-handed voyaging, that could be handled by one person from the comfort and safety of an enclosed central station (what he

Colvin's K'ung Fu Tse

called an automatic rig). He simplified the rig to achieve this (for instance using parallel battens, with a straight leech and single, continuous sheets).

Although Tom's designs do not need large crews (the south China junks he sailed on usually had crews of up to 20), it is also true that his designs reflect their origins in commercial sail. His smaller vessels like *Gazelle*, and even *K'ung Fu-tse*, have occasionally been sailed singlehanded but it wasn't his priority. Colvin designs are worked from the deck like traditional vessels. The curved leeches, for one thing, need double sheets, or someone to move the sheet around to the windward side, and, as noted before, the euphroes require making adjustments to the sheetlets when reefing or unreefing the sails.

Tom disliked parallel battens. He felt they tended to pull the leech down, resulting in a sail with poor windward performance. He believed that fanned battens were more efficient. He said that if you held out your hand, with the fingers outstretched and the thumb horizontal, the resultant angles were about correct for the fanning of the battens. In recent decades, fanned sails have gained in popularity. It is now widely accepted that fanned battens provide a better sail shape on the wind, unless of course you add camber to the sail, when the equation changes again.

Interestingly, Tom did try putting camber in the sails of his 48 ft junk, *K'ung Fu-tse*, aboard which he and his family lived from 1973 until 1989, sailing some 75.000 miles, but he said it did not work well. He came to the conclusion that traditional, fanned Chinese junk sails perform better when flat. His method of inducing camber was to put a halyard on each end of the yard and a lizzard on each batten, thus adding belly to the sail when easing halyard tension. He did not experiment with cutting camber into the sail itself. He had more success flattening the sail by using a downhaul on the boom, increasing windward performance by 5%.

K'ung Fu-tse was an aluminium-hulled, three-masted junk. Unlike Gazelle, she had a traditional junk hull design. Tom stated that her three-masted junk rig (no jib) was the handiest rig of all, provided it was married to a traditional junk hull. JRA members, David and Lynda Chidell, built their own version of this vessel, *Tin Hau*, in South Africa and sailed it to England via Mauritius, the Seychelles, Sri Lanka and the Red Sea. They made some modifications to the rig (including adding spreaders to stop the sails from fouling the standing rigging) but generally agree with Tom's approach. (See their book, Cutting the Dragon's Tail, available from the JRA library or as a downloadable PDF from the JRA website.)

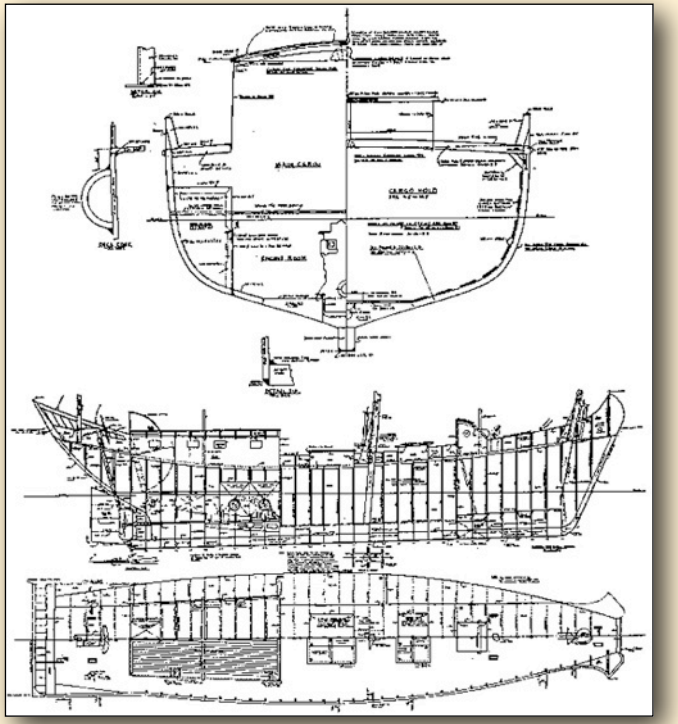
Tom favoured bamboo for battens, though noted that only certain types of bamboo were suitable. (The Chidells had excellent results with their bamboo battens, though it is instructive to read about how they prepared them.) Tom's next preference was for pole vaulting poles, but claimed to have used up the entire North American supply of reasonably-priced seconds! He then went on to use extruded epoxy and fibreglass battens, 50mm diameter for smaller sails, 80mm for larger, with good results. He was of the opinion that battens should be stiff enough not to flex in strong winds.

He disliked batten pockets because of the difficulties they impose in trying to replace or fish together broken battens. He preferred to put a chafing patch on the sail and tie the batten to the sail through grommets. He joked that the only improvement he had been able to make to the Chinese sail was the use of electrical cable ties to secure the battens to the sail. (The Chinese traditionally used wire.)

He observed with interest the activities of some JRA members to understand how junk rigs work and to improve their performance. He stated that he wasn't interested personally in the theory but only in the possibility of improving performance. It must have amused him that many of the conclusions indicated that a fan-shaped sail was more efficient, something he'd always advocated.

He did not observe any difference in the placement of sails to port of starboard of the mast, or whether the sail worked better to windward or leeward of the mast, but did say that putting the sails on opposite sides, in a multi-masted rig, allowed the sails to have more clearance from each other when tacking or when furled.

He was also the first person to use Top Gun material for his sails, pointing out that it was less critical to put sailcovers on, unless making an extended layover. He also favoured heavier sailcloth. On *Gazelle* he used 10 oz cloth and on *K'ung Fu-tse*, 13 oz. While on the subject of sails, it is interesting to note



Typical Colvin drawings

that Tom believed in plenty of sail area. If he was designing vessels for less experienced sailors, he stuck to 10% more area than equivalent Bermudian rigs, but when designing for himself, or for experienced commercial sailors, he liked to add 35%.

With regard to sail shape, he said it was imperative to note the centre of effort of each panel and ensure that they formed a smooth, S-shaped curve, with the centre of effort of the upper panel being forward of the total centre of effort, so that it does not move aft as one reefs, which will cause the sail to sag off worse than a gaff-rigged vessel. All of Tom's observations, naturally, apply to his traditional, flat-cut, fanned sail-plans, and may not be correct for more recent developments in cambered sails.

After the Colvins sold *K'ung Fu-tse* and moved ashore, Tom built a 37 ft cargo-carrying junk schooner, *Antelope*. It was engineless once again, partially because Tom liked simplicity, and partially to circumvent restrictive American legislation for commercial vessels. *Antelope* could carry 5 tons of cargo in its hold and another 5 tons on deck. He successfully traded with this vessel for a number of years, while continuing his designing and writing careers.

Interestingly, he later converted *Antelope* to gaff-schooner rig, noting that almost all of the sailing cargo boats and fishing vessels he had designed had also converted to gaff rig. The cargo boats did it to allow them to use their booms as derricks for handling cargo, and the fishing vessels to make handing the fishing gear easier, as well as to allow them to heave-to with backed jib when drift-netting.

Although Tom greatly admired the junk rig for cruising, he did not share the opinion of some that it is the only rig worth considering. He was a pragmatic man, a professional sailor, who could see the benefit in any rig well-suited to its purpose.

In an email to the JRA, he wrote: "Now my youngest son has sailed and voyaged his Gazelle for over 20 years and wouldn't be happy with any other rig. His older brother has one of my gaff ketches and wouldn't have any other rig. However both are competent sailors and can sail any rig. For me a sailor is an individual that can sail any rig and is a competent seaman and can hand, reef, and steer in all weathers. Which is vastly different than those who just own a sail boat who only go out if the wind is light and it is not raining."

Tom was a prolific writer and wrote many articles and a number of books. He revised and re-issued his books in recent years in the light of further experience. His most popular books are Coastwise and Offshore Cruising Wrinkles, which incorporates text from an earlier work, Cruising as a Way of Life, a book called Sailmaking, which also includes a treatise on how to sail a junk-rigged vessel, and Steel Boatbuilding, which has become the classic text about metal boatbuilding.

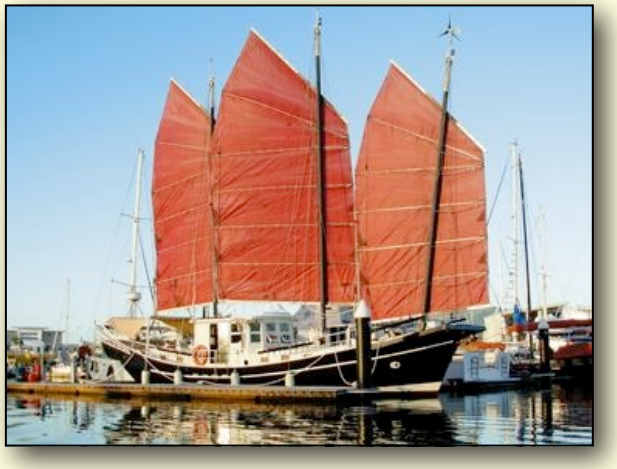
Tom was regarded as one of the world's leading exponents of metal boat construction. These books remain listed for purchase on his website, though it is unclear how his estate will manage his affairs in the future.

Although some of his ideas differ greatly from the Hasler school of thought, nobody can doubt the contribution he made to the understanding and use of junk rig in western society, boat design, sailmaking, the art of voyaging, the history of commercial sail, among so much else. The memory of Tom Colvin will live on for as long as sailors ply the sea. He was a unique individual, a seafaring renaissance man, as well as being a tough, independent sailorman of the old school, and the world is poorer for his passing.

Tom remained mentally alert to the end, carrying on an extensive international correspondence until the last weeks of his life. His wife, Jean, died some years ago and he is survived by his three children and grandchildren.

Vale, Tom Colvin.

Madame Wong - *Tom Colvin's Oothoon design. photos by Pierre LaRochelle*



Wishbone Junk

by Paul McKay

Another look at my old ideas

25 years ago I came up with the idea of fitting a standard Hasler/ McCleod junk sail with wishbone battens to give better drive and upwind performance. It worked well on our first junk rigged boat and proved itself in winds from F1 to F5 + when we had to scurry for shelter reefed down to three panels.

But I was aware that similar sized boats with conventional Bermudan rigs somehow managed to do better. I could not figure out why at the time and put it down in the end to the 'slot-effect' given by the separate jib and mainsails. Hence my present design called the AeroJunk that has a separate jib and mainsail.

But time is a great tutor and late in the day perhaps, it suddenly occurred to me on my way to the marina what the problem with my earlier design was.

The cross rod was in the wrong position!

In 1988 I knew about aerodynamics but to look at my wishbone design now it seems I had never heard of the subject.

The simplicity of the design is that you take the original sail, replace the rigid battens with twice the number of aluminium tubes so that each batten position now has two parallel aluminium tubes. Fasten the sail between the tubes at each end, drill right through both tubes and the sail at the 30% point, fit a cheap DIY plastic Tap and Snap eyelet then push the tubes apart with a compression rod, equal to twice the sail camber that you wish to achieve. (This makes the sail batten look ridiculously wide but trust me – it works) Now the sail can slide across the rod on each tack. A simple plastic eyelet works because there is no stress on the sail at this point.

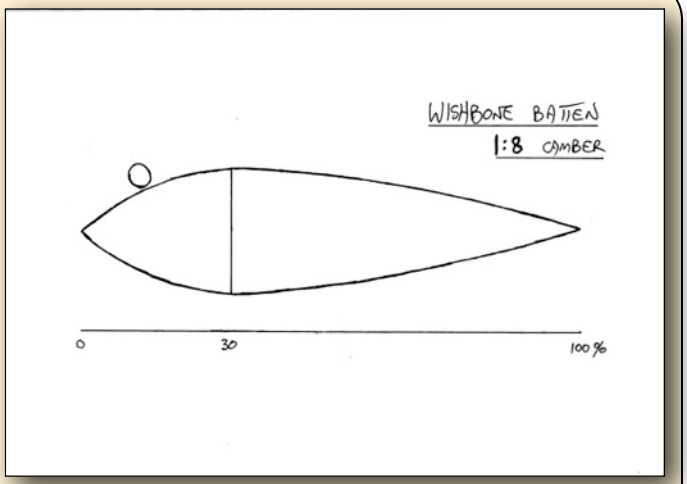
My mistake was to put the compression rod in the middle of the batten so the position of maximum camber was at the 50% point. Of course as I now know, it should be somewhere between 25-33%. With this the sail plan would point as high as the bermudans and still beat them on all other points of sailing.

How exasperating!

The rig is still mounted on one side of the mast. This means because of the width of the wishbones, access forward is forever forbidden on that side. However it also means that on one tack the mast is 'blanked' on the leeward side. This affects the faster airflow slightly but removes its interference. On the other tack the mast has no effect on the airflow whatsoever, just its own drag.

An advantage of this strange offset rig is that because of the width of the wishbones, the sail heels the opposite way to the boat so you can sail more upright and therefore faster and without so much weather helm. Also all the conventional rigging and sheeting can continue to be used. So the only change necessary to your existing rig is to replace your original battens with double the number of tubes and fit an eyelet in the sail somewhere opposite each batten position.

Wishbone Junk



2014 Wishbone Batten

I can recommend this update for all junk rig owners who are interested in better performance and tempted to go to the next step because it is so simple and cheap to try. And if you decide to go back to your original battens then all you are left with are half a dozen plastic eyelets in your sail.

So how much camber do you want? A light slim hull will work nicely with 1:9 - 1:11. A heavier or beamier hull will need 1:7 - 1:9.

1:10 means that the half-width of the wishbone will be 10% of the chord (foot length of the sail, luff to leech). 1:8 equals 12.5% of the chord.

Examples: A 3m (10ft) long wishbone will be 750mm wide (2ft 6″) for a 1:8 camber; a 5m (16ft) wishbone will be 1250mm wide (4 ft)

Bear in mind that whatever dimensions you start with, the wishbones will have to reduce in width and therefore camber as they get higher. This is because the lazy-jacks form a simple triangle from the top of the mast to the boom. If your wishbones were wider than the lazy-jacks then they would jam or tip over from the horizontal and thus remove the camber anyway.

My first rig had a 1:7 camber boom that reduced to about 1:12 at the top. This is fine as the wind speed tends to rise higher up above sea level. If you can get to the top of your mast then you can fit an offset lateral tube or bracket about 14″ or 350mm wide. Fit a couple of metal eyes to each end then fasten your lazy-jacks to those. Or fit a horizontal spreader across the lazy jacks just below the mast top. This allows wider wishbones higher up the sail.

For sails up to 260ft^2 (24m^2), 7/8″ round tubes or 1″x 1/2″ rectangular tube is strong enough for the battens. For larger sails go up to 1.25″ round or 1.5″x 0.75″ rectangular.

For the compression rod* I used 8mm (5/16″) stainless steel solid rod for my 200ft sail. For larger sails go up to 10mm (3/8″). I drilled the ends of each rod with a pillar drill and retained the rod with S/S split pins on both the inside and outside of each batten tube.

Wishbone battens are not to everyone's taste. Purists hate the sight of 'all that scaffolding'. But at least half of us are day and weekend sailors and who hasn't wished they could 'mix it' with the Triangular Mob and come out best?

*Compression Rod. The aluminium tubes that we can buy are naturally springy so they can be forced into a curve and held there with a compression rod. A better way is to pre-bend the tubes to the required shape. Now the 'compression rod' becomes a tie rod so it can be reduced in thickness to 6mm as it no longer carries any stress. In fact it can be replaced with 4mm Dyneema line. The plastic eyelet will still slide along the line on each change of tack.

Wishbone Battens

A Call for Action!

by Lesley and René Verbrugge

"René and I would like three issues a year of a JRA magazine that is full of junk-related articles with minimal advertising, at a price that won't break the bank, and yes, we want to see that magazine on our Yacht Club's magazine rack alongside Yachting Monthly and Practical Boat Owner"

The Editor has always said that for as long as there are members subscribed to the Paper Magazine, the JRA will continue to deliver a paper version.

We both feel that the magazine still represents good value, but if the downward trend in paper magazine subscribers continues the paper magazine is at risk of pricing itself out of existence, or becoming the preserve of an 'élite' few that can afford it at any price. An important way in which the JRA fulfils its aims could be at risk.

The Hon Sec has already put in place new renewal reminder emails that now remind members that they can upgrade to paper magazine level at any time, but will this provide a surge in paper subscriptions?

Increasing the number of JRA members will not keep the price of the paper magazine down. Membership continues to increase month on month but there are few new 'paper' members.

René and I celebrate the minimal advertising in the JRA magazine. Space given to ads would surely reduce the number of articles, wouldn't it? And anyway, who wants to volunteer to be the one who makes sure that enough space is sold to advertisers every issue?

Can we reduce costs? The editorial team are unpaid volunteers, so drat, we can't reduce their wages. How about postage? Surely we can make savings there? The shipping is handled by the printer, who bills us for the service. How much saving would be *enough* to justify a return to stuffing envelopes and sticking on stamps? But will *you* step forward to do it? We're out of the country. Finding a team of unpaid volunteers to deliver magazines by hand across the globe is unlikely, so I hesitate to suggest that. All that remains is the cost of printing: Meaning fewer pages in each issue or fewer issues each year?

Rene and I have decided that we are not going to wait until our worst fears come to pass before we take action. We want to **do** something **now** to raise subscription numbers, to keep the cost of each issue as low as it can be, to ensure that more members can get their hands on a paper copy if they wish to. The easiest way to find out if there are other members who feel the same way and are prepared to help us, is simply to ask.

René and I would like three issues a year of a JRA magazine that is jam packed full of junk-related articles with minimal advertising, at a price that won't break the bank. And we want to see that magazine on our Yacht Club's magazine rack alongside *Yachting Monthly* and *Practical Boat Owner*. Do you?

Our cunning plan is to convince the Committee that it needs to create a 'Corporate' membership level that gives subscribers paper copies of the magazine, but no access to the members' area of the website. We will then convince our Yacht Club to take out a subscription, and to find a place on their rack for the JRA magazine.

As members of the JRA, we are appealing for the support of each and every one of you that is also a member of a yacht club or marina. If we can show that members not only *support* this idea, but are committed to convincing their own organisation to subscribe, then 'Corporate' membership will happen. If we make it happen in sufficient numbers, the print run will increase, and good things will happen: magazine subscriptions pegged; web-members with free access to the paper copy in their club house; and something that's always good to see happening: the membership taking an active part in putting the junk rig in front of a wider audience and getting this extraordinary rig talked about.

If you support this call for Action, then *now* is the time for action. Help to make this campaign a success. One of the easiest ways for us to share what you think with other members, is for you to post straight onto the Forum. If you have Internet but can't remember where the JRA website is or how to get into the members' area, or you just *prefer* to use email, then write to verbrugge.rene@gmail.com. René has said that to show his solidarity, he is prepared to take hitherto unheard of steps: those of checking his email account for himself on a regular basis, learning how to log on to the website and of making his first forum posting. How about other technophobes showing him some support? No? Then if you prefer paper to gadgets, write a letter to the Hon Sec, and send it in an envelope with one of those coloured sticky things in the corner.

Lesley and René Verbrugge.

Members of the JRA and Hebe Haven Yacht Club, Pak Sha Wan, Hong Kong.

The Sib-Lim Challenge

by Annie Hill

Could you design Annie's "Perfect Boat"?

Several months ago, a friend of mine asked me if I would help him sort out a book of boat designs he was going to publish. Gary Underwood has been knocking around boats forever, circumnavigated and crossed oceans and doodled and designed more than a few boats. His mantra is "fit for purpose" and his boats are about as far from the modern boats, designed to please a marketplace as you could imagine. Needless to say, while I was helping with layout, proofreading, etc, I was looking at the designs. Two in particular caught my eye.

The first one, *Shoehorn*, has been niggling away at me for years. I fell in love with one of her big sisters back in 2007 and could have afforded to buy her, but it didn't seem like the right time. Later, when I was looking to buy a boat, the NZ dollar had risen from (UK) 30p to 49p and those nice men who brought about the Financial Crisis had somehow made off with 25% of my money. Just as well, really, because *Footprints* would have been far too big for me: I'd never have dared take her out of the harbour. But her little sister … When Gary heard I was thinking of buying a boat, he sent me the study plans, but I had neither the time, money nor skills to build a boat and dismissed the concept to the realms of fantasy.

But dreams come back again, and again and when I looked at the drawings once more *Shoehorn* got me thinking again.

I love my little *Fantail*: she sails very well, is a comfortable home and is easy to handle. However, my chosen cruising ground has a lot of shallow water for which her 5ft draught is very unsuitable. In addition, New Zealand frequently experiences side swipes from Cyclones, which are extremely unpleasant. When these are forecast, it would be nice to creep up a creek, surrounded by drying land or snuggled among mangroves. Shallow draught would mean that I could coat below the water with copper and epoxy and keep the boat clean by scrubbing, saving on the cost of hauling out and antifouling.

In addition *Fantail* is built of fibreglass. Now I know that most boats these days are made of fibreglass and that their owners are very happy with them. On the other hand, most boats these days have bermudan rig and their owners are very happy with *that*. I rest my case m'lud. Someone wrote to me recently, asking why I preferred a glued-wooden boat to 'no-maintenance' fibreglass, and this is what I replied:

"No maintenance fibreglass is something of a myth. Many older boats have problems with their wooden bulkheads because of the fact that the owners know nothing of wood and don't realise that polyester and glass cloth don't adhere that well to plywood. It is by no means uncommon for water to get into the laminate and create wet rot. Of course, one can get rot in a wooden boat, but the chances are that the hull to bulkhead joint will be of superior construction and attachment method.

"Another major disadvantage to a fibreglass boat is that it is frustratingly difficult to do the slightest alteration to the accommodation, for the simple and sufficient reason that you can't screw into the hull or deck. So you have to glue your framework on a lumpy substrate and wedge it in place until the glue goes off.

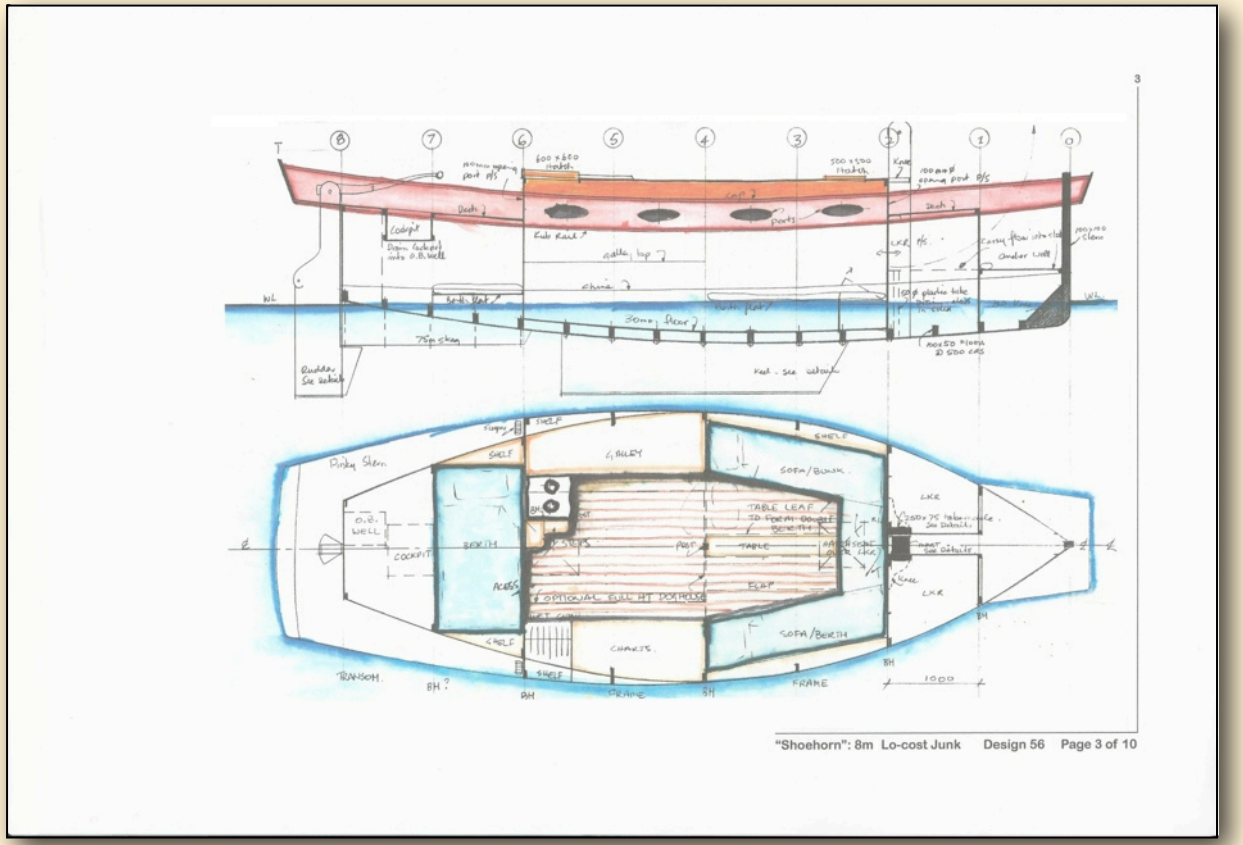
"Older boats will need repainting like any other boat. DIY and you are in a similar position to the owner of a boat built of any other material; get it done professionally and it will cost more than the boat's worth!"

I have no intention of justifying my position, I am merely explaining it. In addition, one of the most disconcerting things that I have discovered about fibreglass boats is that they tend to be far from symmetrical: this doesn't just apply to the cheap and cheerful, either. I remember someone telling me about re-fitting a Flicka – originally a far-from-cheap USAnian boat, and finding that the diagonals on her bulkheads were more than 20 mm different. When Pete and I set up *China Moon's* bulkheads there was less than 2 mm difference. The reason that this bothers me is that I have a conviction that people who work hard at the detail, will work equally hard at the big stuff and I can't help feeling that carelessness in one point of manufacture indicates carelessness overall. I am probably wrong on this, but there we are. So, deep down inside, I really don't trust my wee ship's integrity.

So the dream of building an honest boat with shoal draught came back again.

However, *Shoehorn* doesn't quite fit the bill.

For one thing, although this particular illustration doesn't show it, she has too



Shoehorn

much draught: 0.9 m or just under 3ft for the non metric. She also has a fin keel, so won't happily dry out. The mast is in a tabernacle, which is a plus, but too far forward. Gary has laid everything out at 2m stations, which makes for simplicity, but even I reckon that 2m is a trifle excessive for the galley. Gary has a rooted objection to having the heads in the main accommodation; I have a rooted objection to going out in the rain, or having some make-do arrangement. But I love the looks of the boat; and the outboard motor; and the size; and the simplicity. She is certainly inspirational.

The second design that caught my eye *(Design 14 Page 1)* was little more than a doodle, sketched out (I'm sure Gary won't mind me saying) when he and his beloved were under some stress. The *Mini Ocean Voyager for Beryl Sampson* is absolutely charming.

Well, we'll dismiss the rig, of course – a mere bagatelle to sort that out. And room for a hard dinghy, I like that! But that rudder would worry me – it looks terribly vulnerable, although one could make it lifting. I'm not sure about the centreboard, although it does go right through the boat, which would make it easier to keep clear. But there's no real saloon: could you put the galley where the office is? But it would be very hot in summer. And again, no heads and an offset companionway. I want to fit a pram hood and this wouldn't work so well. Well, no doubt this too could be altered to fit my ideas, but it would be so nice to see a design that didn't need all this working on.

So I've been daydreaming: dreams are cheap and I have firmed up my ideas of what constitutes the Perfect Boat. I have been impressed by the many clever people in the JRA and it occurred to me to come up with a Challenge. Who wants to design Annie's next boat, *Sib-Lim* (Small Is Beautiful-Less is More)? I'm not promising that I'll build her: I'd need a cheap place to build, to say nothing of the minor-but-not-unimportant detail of the capital for all the materials. In fact, the only improvements in my lot over this time 5 years ago is that I have a bit more confidence in my skills and am not pushed for time. On the other hand, I think it would be fun to see what people would come up with. We have started the debate on the Website, but there is no hurry, so I'm hoping that those of you who shy away from the computer might be stimulated to sharpen your pencils, pull out the drawing board and see what you can come up with.

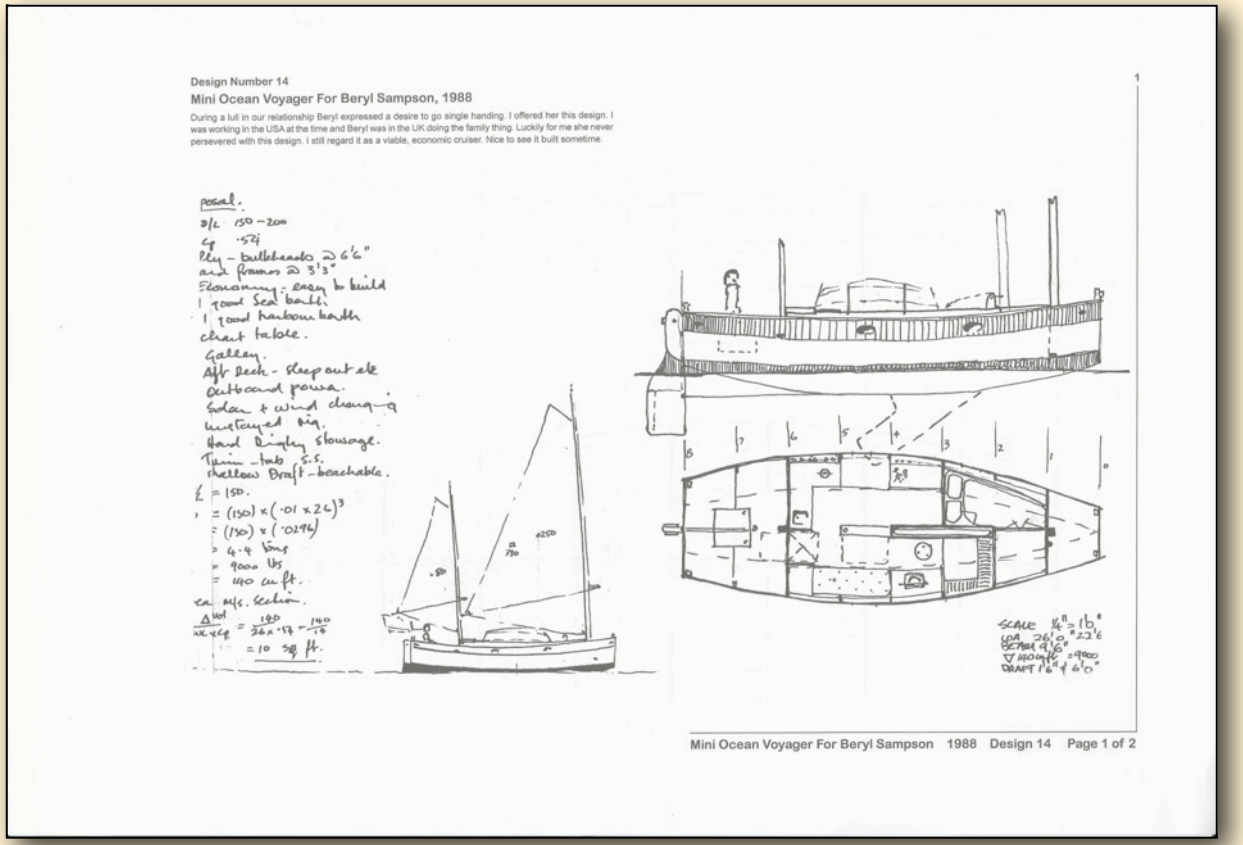
The design parameters:

HULL: ***Essential*** (in no particular order)

The boat has to be simple to build and inexpensive

About 3 ton(ne)s displacement.

Hull: 26ft (8m) or less, wood of some sort.



Design Number 14

Mini Ocean Voyager For Beryl Sampson, 1988

During a lull in our relationship Beryl expressed a desire to go single handing. I offered her this design. I was working in the USA at the time and Beryl was in the UK doing the family thing. Luckily for me she never persevered with this design. I still regard it as a viable, economic cruiser. Nice to see it built sometime.

Mini Ocean Voyager For Beryl Sampson 1988 Design 14 Page 1 of 2

Design 14 Page 1

Offshore capable
Genuine windward ability
Maximum 2ft (610mm) draught
Single-mast junk rig
Full-width cabin
Rudder on stern
Outboard engine
Wind-vane self-steering
Room for 120w solar panel on deck
Watertight chain locker
Room for 5ft 1in (155cm) dinghy
Sufficiently robust to dry out regularly on oyster shells
If flat-bottomed, no slapping of waves at anchor
At least 5ft 1in (155cm) headroom, preferably about 5ft 6in (168cm) for my guests
Good looking - at least to my eyes!

Would be nice

Chinese bow (and stern)

ACCOMMODATION: ***Essential*** (in no particular order)

Double berth
Screened off heads with "C-head" composting toilet (but a separate compartment is not necessary)
Good galley (with opening port over the side)
Spare berth for guest
Solid fuel heater
No sliding hatch
No lift-out washboards
Comfortable cockpit
Storage for paint, spare rope, etc
Bookshelves
Storage in lockers
Decent table for eating and writing
Room for plywood sheet as half-size chart table (it can be stowed when not required)
At least 2 galley drawers

Would be nice

Raised saloon so that I can see out – a raised, three-sided dinette like I have at present would be perfect.
Avoid quarter berths
Pram hood
Water in 4l jerricans
Athwartships cooker
Vegetable locker
Mast in a tabernacle

Alan Boswell has offered to critique the designs insofar as their sailing performance is concerned, and I will judge how closely they match my (sometimes incompatible) criteria for a comfortable liveaboard, cruising boat. The more detailed the drawings are, the more interesting they will be, of course, but the idea is to stimulate debate and get people to their drawing boards/CAD programs.

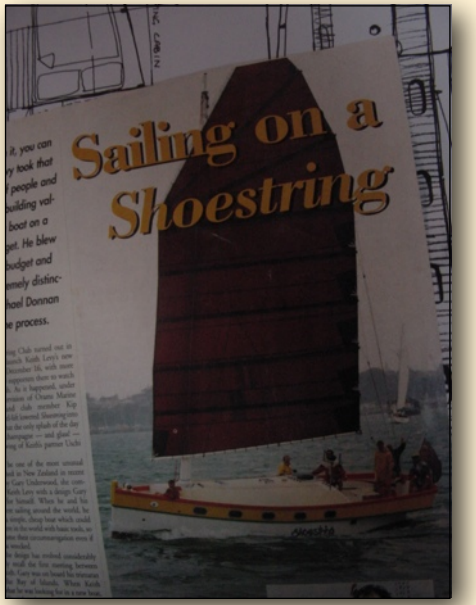
It goes without saying that if anyone produces a perfect design, and I could conceivably find the money to build her, I would be more than happy to pay for it. I suggest that challengers post their designs in their profile photogalleries on our JRA website and/or send them to the Editor.

OK, let's see what you come up with!!

On a *Shoestring* Budget

by Roger Scott

Some economical rigging ideas



The original Shoestring *(Underwood 32) 1996*

Sailing on a Shoestring has moments of euphoria, liberally balanced with moments of dysphoria; but more of the former I am happy to say. The main thing is, I eventually got to go sailing last summer after about three years high and dry. Until then I was only thinking about it, when one day Eureka struck, and I decided on the cheapest sail material of all; Weedmat. This unique term has ambiguous implications in the United States, but in New Zealand Weedmat is black woven polyester, normally laid out on the ground under a covering of mulch to suppress weeds.

It took about a week to build a flat junk mainsail, based on dimensions from a drawing Arne kindly sent me. See my construction method below:

https://plus.google.com/u/0/b/111704006250091309128/photos/111704006250091309128/albums/5914694083109955969

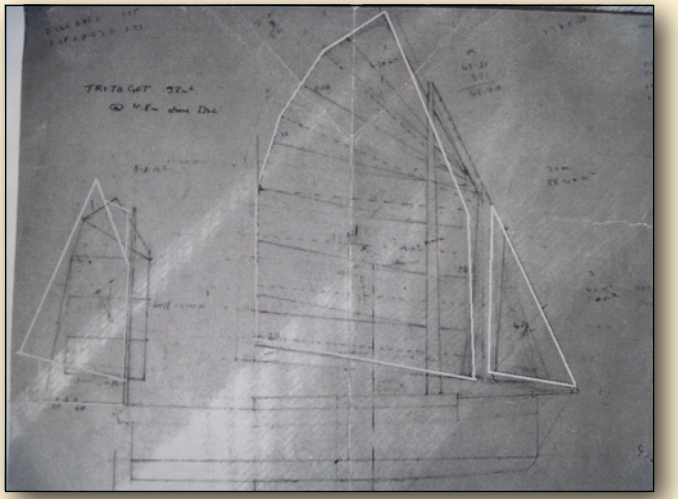
The main mast had been shortened due to rot. This was in itself an interesting project that involved making bamboo scaffolding to support the 'amputated' piece that weighed in at about 40 kg. Once it was safely lowered to the ground, I was left with the task of cutting out remaining rot, laminating in 'filler' pieces and glassing it up. Being a hollow mast, it needed a spigot wedged into the top where it was fastened in place using coach screws and copious amounts of resin. It was a dry but windy spring, and much of the resin blew in its own favoured direction from 7.5 metres above the deck.

Mission accomplished, the next task was to scrape the existing white paint from the mast and replace it with 10 coats of exterior house varnish (much cheaper than the marine product and just as good, considering it hasn't been replaced in 5 years). This now means that I can monitor rot if and when it begins to appear and deal with it before it gets beyond control. It also looks better.

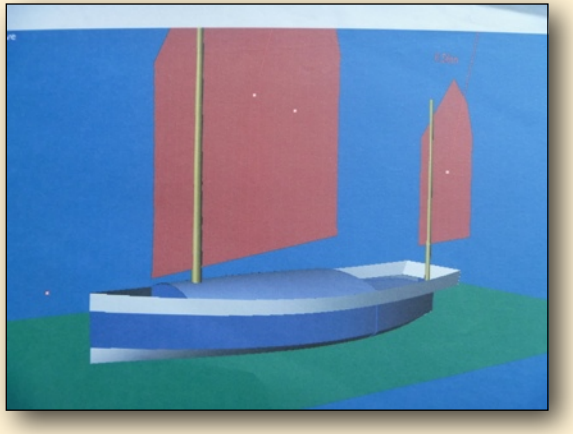
I then re-attached the original mast head fitting. I added extra shackles and slung a section of 60mm alkathene pipe around the mast head to keep the halyard block from digging into the now wider-diameter mast head.

The new lower-aspect rig was intended as an experiment and hence the budget materials. At $200.00 for 50 linear metres, weedmat is absolutely the cheapest material you can get that will remotely begin to serve as sail material, but how to piece it together, on an equally

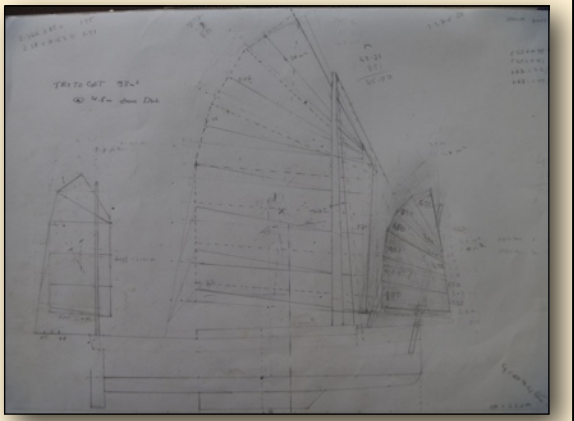
Shoestring, *Swansea Bay, Kawau Island, 2003*



Idea 1: Arne's outline, with sprit-boom mizzen and bow sprit/self-tacking jib



Idea 2: Cat Ketch



The original 'Change of plan'!

low budget was the immediate challenge. I went to our local Pinepac buildng supplies in Whenuapei and found 6 metre long pieces of untreated 100mm x 25mm radiata pine and had them cut in half to make 50mm x 25mm wide pieces, no knots. I treated them with a mixture of Metalex and turps, then, using a stringline, set out the proposed sail profile on the back lawn. I cut the lengths of weedmat to shape using a soldering iron, which sealed the edges at the same time. I then wrapped the weedmat edges around the 50mm x 25mm 'battens' a couple of times, stapling it in place, then bolted the battens together at every metre, adding stainless steel screws every 500mm between the galvanised bolts. This gives a 50mm x 25mm batten on either side of the sail (total dimensions 50mm x 50mm x 6 metres) and because the material is wrapped around the timber, the battens are further strengthened and don't chafe against my newly-varnished mast. To further reduce friction against the mast, I stapled pieces of silver-coloured artificial lawn at the points where the battens touch the mast. I sandwiched 'webbing' parrels between the battens, tying a knot on the port side so they don't slip through. The boltrope is UV-treated sash cord and runs down both leech and luff, with a hitch around each batten further to support the sail material. The luff and leech are folded around the boltrope, stuck into place using expanding Gorilla glue and stapled for extra strength. The Gorilla glue penetrates the weedmat and helps seal the edges. In hindsight, the glue is messy and one can probably get away with using only staples. I used the original boom and yard by simply screwing the top and bottom timber battens to the relevant spar.

The test hoist was a success after some minor adjustments, so the next stage was to make a bowsprit and self-tacking jib. At this point in time, Annie Hill entered the scene, and over a wee dram she skilfully encouraged me to add a junk foresail instead of a jib. It made total sense and I sourced more timber at Pinepac to build a little foremast by screw-gluing 2, 4.8m x 900mm x 40mm together and 1, 4.8m x 900 mm x 40mm at right angles to the other two. I removed the screws, and made the tapered shape with a Skilsaw, planer and sander/ grinder. After some more elbow grease and finer sanding I treated, what Annie terms my 'toothpick', using clear Metalex and turps. I then glassed it to seal the wood and add more strength. The funny little, forward raked, mast looks strange to the 'Western' eye. Nonetheless, with the previously installed mizzen and new foresail, I find the rig is beautifully balanced and tacks through the wind much more readily than before. It looks quite nice and works well, only lacking power in lighter winds.

My three masted wonder

The maiden hoist

It's a buoy!

Finally afloat on time for the Easter Junket

David and Rosemary from Arcadian

To remedy the light wind scenario, I would like to extend the mast to its original height and keep the mizzen and foresail for balance. The other option would be to use a more appropriate material and properly build camber into the existing mainsail. I feel that the latter would make some difference, but maybe not as much as anticipated. The current material has a slightly 'baggy' sail shape owing to the bolt ropes between the battens being slightly shorter than the sail panels, but there is still not enough drive in the lighter winds.

Shoestring has a little perch to climb onto during the biggest tides. She normally floats easily but high air pressure at Easter time kept the water level down. These mussel farm buoys helped float her off in time for the junket.

The next trip was to meet David Thatcher with *Footprints* for the first time, on the Queen's Birthday Weekend in June. Again it was a nice breeze all the way to Waiheke and Motutapu but little wind thereafter, including on the way back to Herald Island.

It was a great junket, well-documented in other articles. *Shoestring's* $300 weedmat sails held out very well, nearly even broaching when hit by a gust coming up the river to Whangarei.

The winter junket was a great success for all concerned and heralded in the coming summer season. Another meet up with Annie, Marcus and David Thatcher at Kawau Island, just north of Auckland before Christmas, was followed by the Tall Ships Race in the Bay of Islands on the 4th January.

The front had passed by evening and the wind picked up from the west, but the next morning the sea was like glass and I motored past the Rimiriki Islands before the breeze allowed me to stop the engine for a while. In summer the sea breeze often comes from the NE so it was on the nose all the way to Cape Brett; but lazy cruising down to Russell after that, helped by an incoming tide.

One time in Alaska I joked about the 'bear' behinds 'rustling' through the bushes, but in Russell it was bare behinds diving off my deck. It was summer after all and everyone was in jovial mood. In total there were three junk-rigged boats taking part in the 2014 Tall Ships Race; and they all finished, Annie and Marcus in *Fantail* screaming ahead of everyone after starting last.

Whangaroa Harbour has been on my to do list for a long time. I didn't realise how much history is steeped in that part of New Zealand until reading *The Burning of the Boyd* by Wade Doak.

Almost as if the wild, primeval spirits of the past were still guarding their hidden treasures; vicious williwaws can catch the unsuspected yacht at anchor and drag her towards multi-million dollar motor cruisers, waiting in her path. Wasn't able to sink any.

The Mighty Pugwash *and Co.*

The only two existing Underwood 32s in the world share an anchorage at Home Bay,

Fantail, Shoestring *and* La Chica *strutting their stuff in Whangarei Harbour*

La Chica *steamin' past Marsden Point, Whangarei*

Footprints *setting a graceful pace coming up to our meeting point off Motutara (Tern Island)*

Lee shore at Tiri : Developing sou'wester tugging on Shoestring's *ground tackle*

I was already half way through my holidays; it was time to return to Auckland. After sailing through the Cavalli Islands, south of Whangaroa, I caught a northerly breeze back along the coast to Russell in the Bay of Islands. It was easy to picture how it would have been for the whalers and the first missionaries, to imagine the plotting and skirmishing between the northern tribes and early settlers, vividly illustrated in *The Burning of the Boyd.*

At sunrise the next morning, I set off for Cape Brett and with a following NW breeze, sailed onwards to Tutukaka where I overnighted once again. Towards sundown, the wind gradually swung to the SW and was to stay at 20 knots for two days. My plans to sail straight back to Auckland were now thwarted, so I opted for a speedy, beam reach crossing to Great Barrier Island, 60 miles away. The next morning at 6.00am, there was a light westerly breeze and motor sailing on a close reach, I made good time to Whangarei. By now the wind was coming from the southwest as promised, and had freshened, so I could bear off through the Hen and Chicken Islands towards Great Barrier and cut the engine. It was a great breeze and *Shoestring* loved it. A 6 to 1 purchase in the main sheets, meant I could set the mizzen and foresail, steer with my firmly seated rump propped against the tiller, and adjust weather helm by easing and tightening the main.

The other side of the Hen and Chickens became more exposed to the southwest and about midday in 25-30 knots of wind, I heard a loud cracking noise. I immediately hove to, put a reef in the main and tentatively set off again running with the wind, hoping to get to Barrier earlier than later. Shortly after the crack, my hastily-made foremast extension gave out, and the little mast and sail went straight over the side. The rigging got tangled and the mast, being wooden, floated, creating a hazard for other boats or shipping. I was able to pull the mess along the starboard side, bind mast and sail together with the mast lift and secure the awkward bundle to deck cleats using a stout mooring rope that I always have attached to the bollard forward of the mast. I retrieved all the rigging lines except for one length of halyard that went down the port side, under the bow forward of the keel and back up the starboard side.

Altogether, I spent three days in Barrier, waiting for the wind to drop and swing to the east before the six-hour crossing to Kawau. I had time to relax and kayak up Wairahi Bay Creek before setting off the next day. Once at Kawau you are practically back in Auckland waters and with a gentle sea breeze and incoming tide, I motor-sailed to Herald Island in welcome serenity.

So to conclude my experience with weedmat sails, I can only compliment the Chinese for their incredible sail design. These days, many are using

Fantail *stalking the starting line*

Zebedee *looking sharp with new black sails*

Shoestring *was in the thick of the starting line but the big boats soon sailed past - what a view*

Hidden Entrance to Whangaroa from 'The Dukes Nose'

A hard-earned view into Rere Bay with Dukes Nose on the skyline.

Sunrise start from Bostaquet Bay, Kawau Island

very sophisticated sail material, battens and gadgets, but even with the most basic and cheapest of materials, the sails did not give out. What DID give out was my hasty handy work to greedily extend the foremast and gain more sail area in the vain hope that I could actually beat somebody at the Tall Ships Race. This was not the case. Even with my 'ye olde ski' mast extension still in place after a pounding at Tiri and a 20 km choppy motor-beat to Auckland, I stupidly assumed all four skis were solid fibreglass and would easily support a little 6 sq m foresail. However, one pair of skis was only made of skinny plywood, covered in fibreglass. So the lesson is not about using cheap material to make sails: provided the battens, topping lifts and boltropes are all strong enough, this Weedmat material will hold out against 40 to 50 knot gusts, which is more than the 280mm diameter mainmast did. Weedmat is cheap but also strong, and being black, it is highly visible on the water during the day and UV-resistant to boot; no need for sail covers. Getting the desired camber could be an issue, but even if it is not used as a permanent sail, it is good to experiment with before deciding on your ultimate profile, and guess what, I am still deciding!

Blue or white polo shirt, £19.75

White or blue T shirt, £7.00

Maroon or blue sweatshirt, £14.50

Burgee, 18" x 12", £8.50

Embroidered boat name, on polo shirt - POA

Tie, navy blue, £6.50

Please contact Robin Blain at rblain@junkrigs.com **0044 (0)1329 842613** to purchase items from the Junk Shop and to borrow library books. A listing of our library books (including books available as pdf downloads) can be found at http://www.junkrigassociation.org/library on the JRA Website.

Serena to *Scotch Mist*

by Clive Boyle

Salvaging an unlikely 'floater'

Dear Reader,

I am sure there is nothing new in what follows. However, I am a new member of the JRA, and thanks (I think) to that my interest in junk sails has brought me here, so I'm jumping in at the deep end!

What set me on this course, was down to time spent, lending a helping hand to my mate, Duncan, when he was building his *Mobi*, a 14 footer, with a sprit sail, and lee-boards, to his own design. It was great fun building: still is - never a dull moment. It was during this period of immersion, that my eyes were opened to the existence of less complicated, tried - and - tested rigs. So when *Serena,* a run-down, fibreglass, 16 footer (make/model unknown) presented herself to me, in late 2011, well, it was a case of ... you know? Rigger mania!

A little background to the boat *Serena* and our chance meeting

A fellow sailing club member asked me to help him prepare his boat, *Serena,* for launching, and then to join him for a sail around the bay.

The last time she had been launched, or moved for that matter, was 18 months previously. So we set to bailing out fresh water, and checking her gear.

One of her big problems then was that there was no way of draining the bilge: her drainage - she had none! For her cockpit sole was at the waterline, and her washboards leaked, as did the piece of plywood beneath them. So the whole boat could fill with water when the cockpit flooded, which it did frequently. The cheap, blue plastic tarp was also useless, we did a lot of bailing.

I was later to discover that the whole cockpit section was designed to provide buoyancy, and included expanded foam within it. And I didn't actually work it out, but once I got her home, I realised I must have taken more than 40 gallons from this after section. The whole cockpit had been altered: cut-outs had been made in the seats, one on the port side, big enough to take a battery, and one on the starboard to take a fuel tank. They had been covered with inadequate timber hatches. Adding to the colander effect, more holes had been made for instruments and wiring sockets... However, I digress.

Clive's illustration showing Serena *before he acquired her*

The Crisis

When all was ready-ish, the launch operative rolled up in his tractor, halted at the point of hitching, peered intensely through his windscreen, folded his arms across the steering wheel and said, "No way! Look at yer wheels!"

Well, my fellow club member took to looking, half a dozen times, first at the bandy angle of the wheels, then at the operative: one to the other in quick succession and, in disbelief, I joined in the volley.

Unfortunately this ritual had no effect, for the axle had rusted through. The power of thought x 2 is not sufficient to

Two keels in need of replacement

overcome the power of sea water. For *Serena's* trolley had been getting a quality sea wash because she had been taking the waters there for some years!.

The Salvaging Army

Of course, to the converted, *Serena* was a nice little boat, just needing some T.L.C. But my fellow member could not be convinced. After all, he was still in shock, even after a pint and a packet of crisps. A couple of months later, I saved her (but maybe he knew more than I did?)

Scotch Mist To Date

So now I am the lucky owner of *Serena*, renamed *Scotch Mist*, and after more than 2½ enjoyable years (on and off), I have now completed the restoration of all her bad bits aft.

First I made a new trailer, then made and fitted new bilge keels. I rebuilt her rudder, and the transom, inside and out. I added a cockpit sump, with its own drain, together with a duck-board. I also made good all the cut-outs in the seats etc. I fitted a new sash washboard and frame, together with a new sliding hatch and runners.

The Bottom Line

With the cabin now stripped, and ready to receive a mast step and partners, my full attention is now focussed on the best bits:

1. mast position.
2. mast height, and taper, including the bury, hopefully, with the ability to raise and lower it.

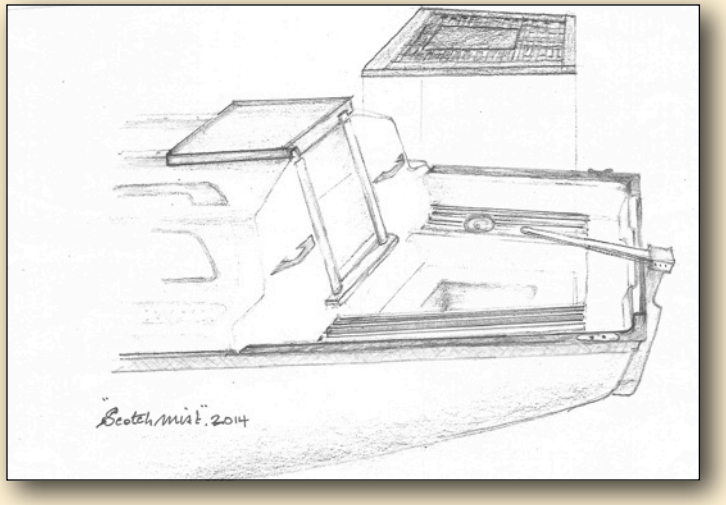
The Sail

I have a pretty good overall plan for the above, and together with my mate, Duncan, I believe I have a fair sail plan outlined.

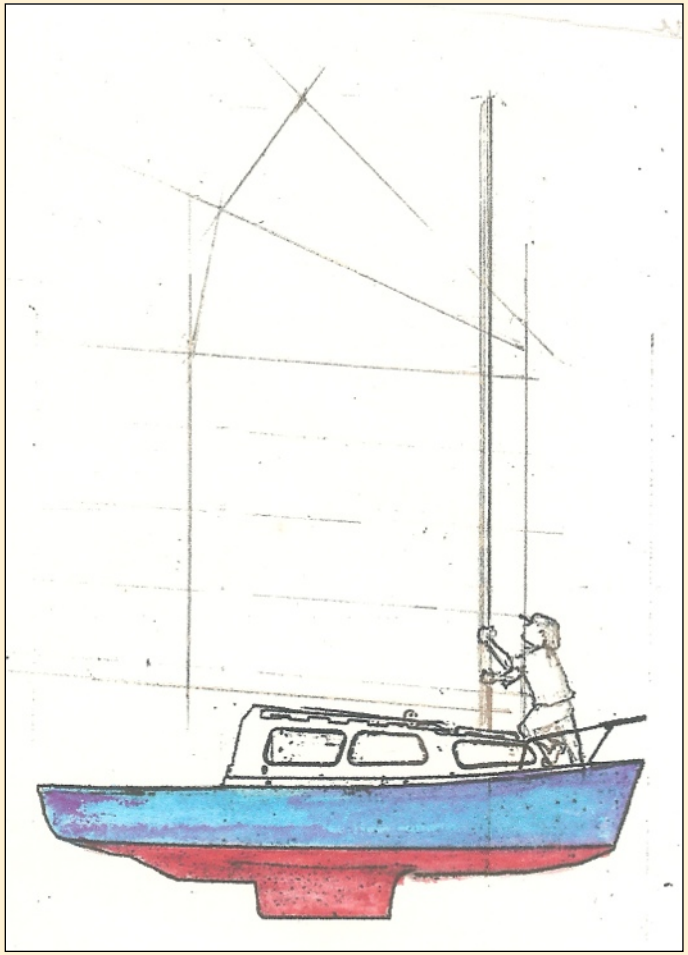
However, I shall not be ploughing into this work, but will be seeking to gain some further knowledge, by way of help from fellow members , and, hopefully, a bit of hands-on junk sailing?

Watch this space!

And in the meanwhile: keep yer trolley dry!



Scotch Mist *to date*



I believe I have a fair sail plan outlined...

Finale to the *Golden Lotus* Story

by Graham Clifford

Notes on the crew and on navigation in particular

THIS NARRATIVE on the voyage of the *Golden Lotus,* provides an excellent opportunity for me now to pen some special notes about my shipmates and fellow adventurers, with whom I was privileged to share the two busy months of preparation at Hong Kong and the many adventures of the following seven months. Yes, we were young. Yes, we were untried in the open sea. Yet we proved to be more than just capable.

To paraphrase Julius Caesar: "we tried, we tested, we succeeded." And yes, we really were tested. Our China Sea initiation into ocean sailing was spectacularly dramatic and challenging. Our response was equally dramatic, as we summoned a determination to accept our lot, to get on with the job and to stay afloat and alive. From day one we sailed as a team. We combined our individual strengths for the common good and our sound little boat proved up to the task.

Ray and Max were physically capable, strong and resilient. They learned new tasks quickly. They both combined strength of mind and character with a level of determination to succeed that, stage by stage, brought the voyage to its ultimate, successful conclusion. Brian and I contributed our combined general knowledge of small boats, ship-taught sailorising and general familiarity with the sea, but it was Brian's well-honed navigational skills that were the biggest single contributor to our safety at sea and our many successful landfalls. I will now enlarge on that theme and thus put on the record just how critically important his contribution was.

Brian directed our crossings of the oceans by celestial navigation, a skill and discipline which he had learned during his years in the Merchant Navy. He had begun his career as a sixteen-year-old, apprenticed cadet officer with the Union Steamship Company of New Zealand. After four years he qualified as a Second Mate (Foreign-going), before he changed employers to work for a Hong Kong-based British line, the Indo-China Steam Navigation Company. Navigation was one of Brian's duties as he travelled various trading routes between New Zealand, Australia, India, Ceylon (now Sri Lanka), Japan and Hong Kong. After a total of six years at sea, Brian resigned his position to take up the *Golden Lotus* venture.

Taking sun sights while braced against the mast

Celestial navigation is a means of determining a ship's position by measuring the angle of known stars to the horizon at dawn and dusk, or the angle of the sun to the horizon twice a day. This is done by means of a hand-held sextant, the most usefully-clever navigational instrument ever invented, and the most widely used in the centuries before the advent of GPS and satellite navigation. Finding a "good" horizon is critical to a good sight and a good reading. A mid-morning "sun shot" is followed at exactly midday by another sight, taken when the sun is at its zenith. Working with published tables and using his sextant readings, Brian would then calculate our ship's position as accurately as possible. The degree of accuracy was dependent on the accuracy of his sun sights and this in turn was directly related to the sea conditions at the time of taking the sights. Herein lay his greatest difficulties, for *Golden Lotus* was an unsteady platform when seas were rough. Brian was used to taking sights from the relative stability of a large ship's navigation bridge. I have always harboured a deep respect for

Golden Lotus *goosewinged*

the way he made the best of a difficult situation in the turbulent waters of the South China Sea and later in the Tasman Sea crossing. In both cases he had to cope with seas so rough our little boat was never still and, because large swells were constantly rolling away towards the horizon, he had to cope with the added difficulty of deciding which and what really was the true horizon. An unusually large swell could get between the boat and the true horizon and give a false horizon. This then would result in a position of dubious accuracy, a situation which was not at all acceptable. I have seen Brian secure himself with one arm wrapped tightly around the mizzen mast, his sextant to his eye, following the sun's rise towards its midday zenith, waiting and watching for the right moment and a true horizon, while the boat continuously pitched and tossed violently. I have seen him *lashed* to the mizzen mast in even wilder seas, the boat heeling far over one way then the other, then suddenly down into a trough and as suddenly rising high to the top of a passing swell. Obtaining an accurate sextant reading in these conditions was akin to riding a cork in a maelstrom, while swatting at flying fish with a butterfly net. And this was only the beginning.

With his sextant now recording the sought-after angle of sun to horizon, navigator Brian (aged twenty three years) would repair to the chart table which builder Wung Kee had made to his specifications. Here, braced against the restless motion of the boat, he would apply his mind to endless pen and paper calculations which would tell us where we were in this vast ocean, where everything around us appeared so similar whichever way we looked. Modern readers of these words should note that electronic calculators were yet to be invented.

In the China Sea, seasickness was a problem brought on by the suddenness with which we found ourselves in such a rough sea with monsoon swells of vast height and menacing disposition. When we rose to the top of a swell which was overtaking us at perhaps fifteen or twenty knots, we could look ahead and see the crests of rows and rows of other giant swells receding into the distance. There might be four or five crests in the first six or eight hundred metres. Looking back the way we had come, we could see the crests of many more swells steadily advancing towards us, the nearest one now lifting us higher and higher before passing ahead and easing us down into the deep trough between it and the next. Endlessly. Day and night. Today, tomorrow, the next night, the following day. Forever it seemed.

On top of the swells the winds whipped the seas to rough and *Golden Lotus* responded to keep us afloat and ongoing and safe for the moment.

It was in these testing conditions on our first ocean leg, that Brian took a grip on his sea sickness and did what we all needed most – he stood over the chart table and worked his calculations as his body worked to keep him braced against the motion of the boat. He plotted our position on the chart; he studied the chart for tidal information; he considered all aspects of our situation: our course steered, our course made good, the information previously read from the trailing log mounted on our stern rail. He reasoned with whatever knowledge and experience and navigational instinct he could summon. Then he made decisions upon which we all acted as best we could. And the result of all this sterling work? Well, the evidence is the proof. We avoided the dangerous Paracel Islands and Reefs off the coast of Indo China, although a strong ocean current tried to push us there; we tracked within the relative safety of the main shipping routes; every landfall we made was 100% accurate – right where and when he said it would be.

Our first landfall was remarkable, for it came after fifteen tumultuous days in the South China Sea. We were expecting a landfall at Anambas Islands, but they were yet some eighty or a hundred miles away, far beyond the distant horizon as darkness set in at the end of the fourteenth day. Seas and swells were at last beginning to ease. Brian informed us "we should raise the Anambas Islands fine on the port bow at seven o'clock tomorrow morning." This would be about an hour after daybreak. And that is exactly what happened. Right on time, right where he said. He had calculated the height of the islands as well as their position relative to ours, considered our speed

and boldly informed us of what to expect. The tops of the islands, still forty or so miles away, climbed above the horizon right when and where he said they would. Could there be a finer proof of accurate navigation of a small boat on a prolonged crossing of a rough sea than that?

Later in the voyage, we made long, coastal passages which relied on a different navigational technique. By means of a hand-bearing compass, Brian would take bearings of identified land features and lay them off on the relevant chart. Several such bearings taken at or near the same time would give a position and slowly the line on the chart, which denoted our progress, would extend. The week-long passage from Singapore to the Indian Ocean relied primarily on this means of navigation, as we passed through narrow waterways such as Riouw Strait, Gaspar Strait (between the islands of Banka and Belitung), the Gaspar Sea and Sunda Strait. The very long trip down the East Australian coast saw the hand-bearing compass used several times a day and often at night. It was this coastal navigation that took my fancy as it did Ray's, and we both learned to work our own brand of magic in determining our positions and our progress, while overseen by the Master Navigator. We too studied charts, noting the numerous reefs between and beyond the many islands and the direction and strength of tidal flows. We calculated courses to ensure we avoided the known dangers, even if this meant making shorter tacks to keep us in clearer waters.

Thus we progressed safely over open oceans which threatened us from time to time, and through coastal waters where an alert vigilance was especially necessary. The definitive proof of our combined successes was our safe arrival in New Zealand waters in the mid-winter of 1962, with an undamaged boat and a healthy crew, whose eye for a successful voyage had never once faltered.

With the voyage over, done and dusted, we laid up *Golden Lotus* in a safe Auckland berth and soon dispersed to take up our previous careers. I went back to sea on freighters, Ray turned his hand to a joint business venture, Max returned to farming at Awanui but soon joined Volunteer Service Abroad, and was sent to work in New Guinea for several years. Brian chose a small boat career by joining the Waiheke Shipping Company at Auckland as a skipper of passenger ferries and, later, a small, motorised cargo scow. Four years later he resigned to take up full-time flying tuition at the Ardmore Flying School, clocking up 220 hours of flying time in light aircraft, twin engine aircraft and night flying – all in just over three months. Shortly after, he was taken under the wing of the National Airways Corporation (later Air New Zealand) and was soon in Christchurch training on DC3s. Over the following twenty seven years he flew DC3s, Fokker Friendships, Boeing 737s, and finally, in his last years before compulsory retirement at age fifty five, he advanced to become Captain of the latest model, $100,000,000 Boeing 767s. With these aircraft he flew inaugural routes to Japan and Thailand as Air New Zealand widened its scope of activities while retaining the several established 767 routes to Australia and Indonesia.

Now Brian was command captain of the very latest in Boeing technology, flying high above the Tasman Sea and the waters of Indonesia and the South China Sea: waters which he had so safely and competently captained the *Golden Lotus* across just twenty-odd years before.

How strange are the twists and turns of fate as we live our lives from go to woe!

Editor's note: Graham modestly does not say that after rejoining merchant shipping for a while, he, too, settled into a successful life of coastal charter work along the east coast of New Zealand's northland. He became the lead skipper of a fleet of vessels doing a combination of delivery and tourist trips. Following early retirement due to health problems, he has developed a passion for the land - particularly creating beautiful gardens and when not actively pursuing this interest, or spending days camping along the coast fishing, spends time writing special interest books and articles for magazines.

Ancient to Modern - sea to air

Slow Boat Home Part 3

by Peter Scandling

continuing the story of the refurbishment of a Contessa 26

I returned from my Caribbean adventure with renewed enthusiasm. Following the dismasting of *40 degrees,* my skipper, Ian, and I had six days of slowly clawing our way northwest under jury rig to Grenada. During that time we discussed the work left to do on *Mariposa*. I was fortunate to have someone of his calibre to chew things over with. Ian is a very experienced boat builder and sailor, having worked on Volvo Ocean Race boats and for Team Artemis during the last America's Cup. We discussed at length solutions to my *Mariposa* mast dilemma. The current mast was heavy and had a slight bend in the top. I wanted something lighter and stronger. His suggestion was that we should make something from carbon fibre. I had initially set my mind on a hybrid mast similar to those built by Annie Hill and Arne Kverneland, but Ian persuaded me that I could, with his help, build something light and strong. He even suggested a shed in which to do the job. It was settled: we would tackle the new mast together. The only small problem was time. I had set my heart on spending the summer of 2014 afloat, a summer of coastal cruising to iron out any problems, before heading south to Gibraltar in the late summer. I decided to compromise: I would prepare the mast partners and associated items for a new mast, but in the short term, I'd fit the old mast for sailing trials.

I arrived back in Plymouth at the end of February, having set myself a target launch date of the beginning of May. The impetus behind this was the start of the Jester Challenge on 11th May. It was a daunting deadline, but with a bit of critical path planning, and luck, it could be managed. Having decided to re-use the old mast temporarily, it was time to give it some TLC. The first job was to remove the protective coating that had been applied. I'm not sure what it was but it sanded easily with only a small amount of clogging to the sandpaper. Underneath was a nice piece of spruce. When I bought the boat the mast was in a sorry state: there were some large shakes and a pronounced bend in the top section. The bend had been caused by the sail being left bent on and unsupported for an extended period of time. When the mast was un-stepped at the beginning of the project I was confident that the bend could be corrected by laying the mast with the bend upwards and hanging a weight off the end. This worked very well over a period of three months, and resulted in a straight pole once more.

The next task was to check the wiring that had been run up the mast. I could see from the ends that it was not substantial and like all wiring on the boat both wires were black! Using a simple light and battery I quickly established that for reasons unknown the mast wiring was no longer working. The wires had been laid in a channel up the side of the mast and the channel had had a wooden spline glued in place over the top. I optimistically hoped that I would be able to pull the wires out and mouse the channel at the same time. This proved impossible and I resigned myself to digging out the spline to access the wires. I was pleasantly surprised to find this only took a couple of hours, and was a rewarding way to spend a sunny afternoon. Not only were the wires corroded, but also the outer sleeves had been compromised in several places. I had been given a new masthead combined tricolour and steaming light, and a new VHF aerial. The cabling for these required the channel to be enlarged slightly. This was a straightforward job, using a small thumb plane. To cover the channel I bought some hardwood moulding from the DIY store and tacked it in place on a bed of Sikaflex. It would suffice for the summer trials and the new mast would have the wiring running internally. Several coats of primer follower by several coats of external gloss and the mast was looking rather good. I was able to

The old mast

reuse the old masthead fitting by making an additional GRP plate to accommodate the new VHF aerial.

With the mast well in hand I turned my attention to the windows, several of which leaked. Nothing major, you understand, but enough to irritate me. As with all Co26's the windows consist of an internal and external aluminium frame with glass in between. I removed one of the larger windows, to assess the problem. It was obvious that the seals were perished, probably through UV damage. I remembered my father had replaced the window frames on a previous boat, so I contacted him for advice. He put me in touch with a company in the Midlands. I was shocked to find that resealing six windows was not going to be cheap. I would get little change from £500! I didn't really like the shape of the windows, from an aesthetic point of view. Being a fan of Roger Taylor's I was rather drawn to the way he had changed the windows on *Mingming II*. I decided to think about the best way forward for a few days. I always find that if I leave a problem like this, eventually the solution presents itself. As the old saying goes… 'if in doubt do nowt!'

Early on in the project, I had removed the cockpit sole to allow easy access to the bilge and cockpit drain hoses. When the bilge had been first painted, the original GRP surface had not been properly keyed up and the paint on these areas was falling off. It was easy enough to rectify: clean the bilge thoroughly, remove the loose paint, sand and prime the exposed areas and repaint. It was a messy job, not helped by the restricted access. But over a couple of days I managed to remove the loose paint and carefully sand the areas. I was fortunate to have a few days of bright, early spring sunshine. This not only made working in the cockpit pleasant but also allowed the bilge to dry thoroughly. But there was a problem: on the first day I had completely dried the bilge, but when I looked the next day there was an inch or so of water in it. It hadn't rained overnight and the cockpit sole had been covered to stop the morning dew getting in. I was perplexed. I began to think I must have poured some water into the cockpit, forgetting the sole was not properly sealed. Assuming it was the onset of age-related forgetfulness I dried it again and postponed painting for another day. On the third morning I found exactly the same situation. An inch of water in the bilge but this time I was sure I hadn't spilt anything into the cockpit. I mopped up again and left it open to the sun to dry it thoroughly once more. The next day I found another inch of water in the bilge. I was now convinced that water was coming from somewhere in the boat, and not from an outside source. The 'experts' in the yard all had theories most of which centred around water coming out of the laminate. I was convinced this was not the case. The boat had been on the hard for nearly two years and previously to that had been in the water for only a couple of seasons. It was time for patience. Armed with a head torch, a sack full of dry rags and the radio, I settled down to watch the bilge. I dried it once more, got as comfortable as I could on the cockpit sole and waited. An hour passed and nothing seemed to have changed. I decided to wait another hour. Sure enough the source of the 'leak' revealed itself. In the forward corner of the bilge, next to the encapsulated keel, a tiny trickle of water started to appear. I watched for a little longer and the trickle was small but constant. Water was coming out of the encapsulated keel. This was not very comforting. It was time to consult the Contessa Oracle Jeremy Rogers. As always he was immensely helpful and very quick to respond to my questions. It appears that on Co 26s built around '73 to '76 some of the laminating in the bilge was not all it might have been. Small holes had been left in the hard-to-reach areas of the bilge, which allowed water to enter the keel area. The solution was to drill a series of holes from the outside into the keel and let it drain.

As per the instructions from Jeremy I drilled a series of holes and released the water that had been sat in there. It wasn't a huge amount of water, probably two cups worth, but I was happier to know it was out rather than in the keel. The bilge stopped filling up with water! The good weather continued and so I decided to leave the bilge and keel area to dry as well as possible.

Whilst I had been 'playing' in the bilges I had placed the leaking window, which had been removed earlier, into an acetone bath. After a couple of days it was easy enough to remove the glass from the frame. I now had a piece of glass shaped to fit the window aperture in the boat. I could see that reusing the original screw holes in the cabin sides would be easier than creating new ones and it would mean that any future owner could easily fit the original style windows back again, if so desired. So using the glass as a template, I made two plywood panels which were 20mm wider all round. I then cut holes using a large hole saw to create the round porthole. The wood was offered up to the boat, and the holes marked and drilled. Both pieces were given a coat of epoxy and primed. A thick bead of Sikaflex created the seals and the new frames were bolted to the cabin bedded on another bead of Sikaflex. Externally I filled the countersunk heads with epoxy to give a smooth look. The first window worked well and I liked the appearance. I decided to repeat the process for the other five. This was the sort of job that I could do in between other bigger, or more weather-dependant jobs, so the windows progressed in the evenings and on rainy days.

Having been concentrating on the boat, I was aware that time was running out and I still didn't have a usable tender. I was planning to live on a mooring on the Tamar for a while, day sailing and ironing out any teething problems. I

was fortunate to have been doing some casual work for the local mooring contractor. He had offered me the use of one of his moorings for free. The only problem was getting ashore. My father stepped in to help. He loves a project and got rather excited by the prospect of knocking together a stitch and glue plywood tender. In fact he got a little over excited and as a result *Mariposa* has two tenders. He downloaded plans for a rather attractive 'Portuguese' style tender from the internet. The plans required one and half sheets of plywood. He decided to buy three sheets and build two! His thinking was that he could build two sizes, try them out and sell the one that was least useful for my purposes. I left the tender construction to him and offered a second pair of hands as required.

The end of March was approaching, the windows were progressing well, the bilge was now dry, the holes in the keel had been filled with thickened epoxy, and the mast was ready for stepping. The last major job was to paint the topsides and tidy up the deck.

Painting requires a good three to four days of dry weather. Whilst mucking around in the bilges the weather had been perfect, but of course when I was ready to paint the weather turned against me. I managed to get enough dry weather to sand the topsides and prepare for the first coat of primer. But once prepared it was hopeless. A dry day would come and I'd look at the forecast for the next few days. It was always the same story … sunny spells and showers. I had originally planned to apply the paint with a roller and brush but on my own, this was going to take a long time. Mid-April arrived and nothing had changed on the weather front. Aboard *Mariposa* the electrics were in, the galley was complete and I'd managed to clean her thoroughly from top to bottom. Now I was stuck. Having prepped the topsides I'd set myself on a course that I couldn't change. Life is full of 'if's' but if I hadn't sanded the topsides then I would have made to the start of the Jester Challenge. But it wasn't to be. With a heavy heart I cancelled the launch.

To be continued …

Hestur's Homecoming

by Charlotte Watters

extracts from
starboardlocker.wordpress.com

Posted on 11th September, 2014

We have had a bit of a zig-zag route north… to say the least

I last wrote from Cushendale, Northern Ireland. We had a nice afternoon there, and met Paul, a member of the committee of the Cushendale Sailing Club, who saw us rowing ashore in the dinghy. He met us at the pier to welcome us, see where we had come from and offer us a lift to the sailing club for showers. Very nice! After a walk and very good bramble picking, (they have been great this year), we set off for the island of Gigha. We slalomed through the flashing buoys in the channel and arrived at midnight, anchored on the north east side and had a restful night till early morning when we set off again on the north going tide.

On a gentle flat sea we motored through milky calmness up the sound of Jura to Loch Cragnish, to anchor in the pool south of Ardfern. The low islands gradated back in misty blue to the hills of the mainland to starboard and Jura to port. The horizon merged white with the sky and seemed to leave the velvet lands hanging. We arrived at lunchtime and anchored in the placid lagoon. That afternoon we had a cycle up a wide Argyle glen, Barbreck. The trees were starting to turn: horse chestnuts and oaks singed with the first draught of autumn, then a pint in the *Galley of Lorne*.

From Ardfern we set forth once again. We bobbed and sluiced though the tidal races of the Sound of Luing, always a fascinating stretch of water. The surface boils and breaks, small whirlpools emerge as you watch, an ever-changing surface - and depth. We got to Tobermory on the north western end of the Sound of Mull that evening. The anchorage is very deep there. It was high tide and we tucked in to the edge. The steep black and white lichened rocks disappear into the green water. Trees overhang the rocks.

I went ashore in the morning to *An Tobar*, the contemporary art gallery on Mull, where there was an artist's film showing: *The Weepers* by Rachel Maclean. Involving, detailed and comic, the film was a captivating reworking of a Scottish folk tale, with intense characters, situations and sound score.

"Maclean's intelligent, satirical and colour-saturated, exaggerated style is at home here as she presents back to us funny, twisted visions of heritage and stereotype that are at times uneasy, if not chilling" - some text from Comar's Autumn publication.

The sun was sparkling on the sea, there were a blue sky and hazy hills. The weather was very settled, sunny and beautiful, but with no wind. There was a warmth like a rubbed hand when the sun comes out, but a chill just behind it too, with a draught like someone left the door open, when a cloud intervenes.

The tide was in our favour again by the afternoon and we slipped off at 12:00 midday to head round the next marker point on our way home:

Images from the West of Scotland

Ardnamurchan – the most westerly point on the British mainland. Sailing up or down the west coast of Scotland, there are such clear points between zones: Islands, Headlands and Sounds like chapter headings – or conclusions. The feel of the southern areas I know, but I am not as familiar with them as I am with the northern chapters. Here though, I could sense our progress in ways other than just miles on the chart. Ardnamurchan Point was a scene of tranquillity as we passed it, no hint of the turbulence and ferocity in the water which gives it its reputation: boats who make it north of here earn the right to wear a sprig of heather on their bows (Aye, very good). Past this point we could now see across to the distinctive shape of the Small Isles, Eigg, Muck, Rhum and beyond to Skye. The Sound of Sleat lay before us with Mallaig and then Knoydart off to starboard and Skye to port. We motored – still with no wind - up the Sound and anchored in twilight at the Sandaig islands just south of the narrows of Kyle Rhea. A big moon shone.

On the tail end of this morning's tide, we slipped on through those narrows, past the little cottages on the shore in the pink early morning light and the black headed seals fishing and playing in the rapids, to Kyle of Lochalsh where we tied up and waited for the tide to turn again and take us under the Skye bridge and up the coast. We shopped in the Co-op. I bought gin for the sloes we had picked from a gnarled, aged tree in the Lake District on our way home that sunny afternoon. We cycled over the Skye bridge to Kyleakin on the other side of the sound. We peered down from the bridge on the lighthouse, bright white in the fresh sunshine and the cool blue water with luminous barnacled boulders just below the surface. We spoke to a cyclist and to people who had come up on the tide behind us from Kyle Rhea in a lovely little wooden motor boat, to visit the dentist in Kyle.

Then at 1:00 pm we slipped our lines and took off under the next sea-mark on our journey home: The Skye Bridge. "The Gateway to the North" as Dan enthused, before us was familiar ground indeed…

We are home!

Posted on 16th October, 2014

We arrived back on the 12th of September. We were met in Annet Bay on a beautiful calm day by a flotilla of boats. The first one was *Netta*, Dad's fishing boat, with Mum and Dad aboard. They greeted us with champagne, we rafted the boats up and drifted gently down the loch as we popped the cork. So wonderful to see them again after nearly a year since we were last with them. Next, my brother Andrew buzzed out in his RIB with Hardie, to welcome us back and celebrate with us . To our great surprise and huge delight, Hardie had his pipes with him, and he played us in! What an honour! It was a very touching moment to be piped home down the loch, and will be a lasting memory of our trip.

More boats sailed and rowed out to meet us, including Trevor Robertson, who we last saw in Dominica! He arrived in Ullapool the week before we did, after a route across the Atlantic via Nova Scotia.

Thanks to everyone who made our return such fun, it's wonderful to see you all again. And thanks to Hardie for the pipes!

Click this link to watch the video:

https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=iG6ewlOtsE4

Ardnamurchan light

Under the Skye Bridge

Auklet's Junk Rig Conversion

by Shemaya Laurel

For more on this boat and its travels, see the blog www.sailingauklet.com

This boat, a 20 foot cat yawl, had an unconventional rig to begin with, setting a Matt Layden, *Paradox*-inspired, roller-reefing lug mainsail, and a sprit-boom mizzen; now it has a junk sail on each mast, and initial sea trials for the new rig took place this fall, 2014. The most interesting aspects of this conversion, to me, have been the intricacies of arranging euphroes and double sheets, and learning how to make the boat go with this new gear. The entire project has been fascinating, challenging, sometimes daunting, and eventually quite satisfying, especially once I figured out the beginnings of how to manage all those extra lines.

For anybody contemplating a junk rig, it's important to say first that it is absolutely not necessary to make things quite this intricate. On the other hand, I would also offer that doing it this way has provided some significant benefits.

First, the boat: a 20 foot Phil Bolger designed "Glasshouse Chebacco," built from plywood (by professional boat builders) and brought home to my driveway in the northeast US for completion and rigging. That took a while (okay, three years). Once launched in 2012, there was a good bit of sailing, with the aforementioned *Paradox*-style mainsail and sprit boom mizzen. Altogether, this sailing with the initial rig added up to eleven months, floating and cruising along the New England coast, with seven months the first year and four the following. This included traveling under sail between Connecticut and Maine, and up to the Canadian border and back.

Occasionally during this time, out in stronger winds, reefing gave me trouble. (The *Paradox* rig is supposed to be used on a *Paradox* hull, where by all accounts it reefs smoothly – my adaptation to the Chebacco was likely the problem.) Sailing one night, some ways out on open water, the mainsail was already partially reefed and the wind increased some more. Even though I knew it should be done, in the conditions at the time (wind, waves, dark), I was too afraid of the issues with the reefing process to try to put in more turns on the roller system. In the end the wind dropped back, with no harm done, but this experience, more than any other, fuelled my enthusiasm for converting to junk rig.

This boat was originally supposed to have a traditional gaff rigged mainsail, following the Bolger design, and I actually had spars and a gaff sail ready to go. But a combination of mast problems and desire for easier reefing made for a change, that took place before the boat's initial launch. At the time of that original mast/sail change I considered going with a junk rig, puzzling between that and the *Paradox*, and then choosing the *Paradox* because it felt like it would be easier to assemble, and thus the new boat could get on the water sooner. Having now put together both versions, I believe that assessment was correct – it's been much more of a production getting the junk rig in order. But worth it! Reefing the adapted *Paradox* sail, even with its complications, was easier than the gaff mainsail would have been, but as

Suzanne Jean

Auklet, *reefed, on the Connecticut River*

described in the story above, it was not perfect; reefing with the new junk rig, just like everybody says, is an absolute breeze.

In changing to a junk rig, the first issue was which particular junk sailplan to select. One of my priorities was maintaining a relatively short mainmast (19 feet), for ease of stepping on this trailerable boat, and for passing underneath an assortment of bridges. In the end, selection of a particular junk rig came down to the mast height issue, and I settled on the Reddish sailplan as a way to get the most sail area on the shortest mast. Another plus was that this sailplan had been demonstrated to work with minimal camber, which I also wanted. And I like the way it looks…

The sails were made in early 2014 by Stuart Hopkins of Dabbler Sails, and meanwhile I and friends – one of whom is a skilled woodworker – put together the rest of the necessary parts. Altogether, this took every bit of the eleven months between getting home in October, 2013 and launching again with the new rig this past September. But then, we are not known for particularly speedy work. And I had other projects going, including making repairs and adjustments to the boat that had nothing to do with the new rig. Details of the rig construction could perhaps go in another article, but it's more fun at this point to talk about the sea trials!

Because of the advancing seasons, we hustled to get the boat into the water, without a chance to step the masts and raise the sails in the driveway. This meant that a number of cleats and pad eyes were not yet in place, since it wasn't clear just where they should be located, particularly for the mainsail. We had added a belaying pin collar to the mizzen mast, so there were lots of fastening points there, but the boat is arranged for sailing from the cockpit, so belaying pins at the mainmast weren't going to be workable, and additional hardware was still to be organized. As it turned out, forgoing rig testing in the driveway was a good thing, because sailing around for a while helped to clarify what was needed and where, and it was far from obvious at the very beginning. A test sail on the trailer would have led to incorrect conclusions.

Having double sheets for each sail, and euphroes (wooden multi-part friction blocks – see photo) for each of those sheets, added to the complexity of the lines and fastenings. The payoffs for that complexity are that the cockpit is entirely clear of sheets, which was quite high on my priority list; sail shape can be fiddled with to one's heart's content; and the sheets themselves can be significantly shorter. Still, there is the matter of the running spanlines, going back and forth between the euphroes and the sheetlets, and how to manage the tail end of each spanline, which does need to be adjusted, particularly when reefing or raising more sail.

One suggestion in *Practical Junk Rig* describes tying off the end of the running spanline at the euphroe, but doesn't go into much detail about just how to manage the extra line that accumulates when reefing. Beyond that, there is the point that using that particular arrangement means you have to scramble quite a bit, to manage that line at the euphroe, wherever the euphroe might be at the time. The "tied off at the euphroe" strategy was appealing, because it seemed like it would leave fewer lines to manage when adjusting the sail angle, but testing revealed that it wasn't particularly satisfying, at least in this situation. This was both because the euphroes were sometimes hard to reach, and because coiling and tying off that spare line securely at each euphroe was pesky, awkward, and not always successful.

The alternative, leading the running spanlines from the euphroes to the cockpit, means that for each side of each sail there is both a sheet and a spanline tail, all needing to be appropriately fastened. During sea trials I did a lot of stacking of lines, sometimes three or four to a cleat, using the cleats that were already in place from the previous rig. Needless to say, all that stacking was

Theo Fadel

A model of Auklet*'s rig*

inconvenient, especially when a line at the bottom of a pile needed to be adjusted! Still, sorting out the new lines before committing to bolting on more hardware was a great exercise, and it was after all still possible to sail the boat.

The issue that took the most getting used to was the need to attend to four separate lines whenever it was time to sheet in or let out the mainsail, and the same for the mizzen – eight(!) in total. Tacking was fine, as they all crossed back and forth without attention or trouble – but heaven help you if you wanted to do some tricky weaving around that involved lots of sheet adjustment. This could be fudged when hauling sails closer in, but if everything was set for going upwind and then the sails were to be let out, there was a lot of uncleating to be done.

Sometimes the spanline tails were left loose (intentionally or not so much), whereupon they would gradually work their way out through the euphroe, neatly demonstrating the possibilities for sail twist. This inadvertent loosening of the spanlines also helped in finding the "natural" distance of the euphroe from the sail, which, as shown in the photo, I had initially had too snug. Having the spanline too snug tended to distort the sail shape, as well as making the euphroe unreachable for spanline adjustment between panels. I originally had hopes that the double sheets would make it easy to do things like backing the mainsail. As it is, even with the fastening points on the opposite side of the cabin for some extra reach, when the spanlines are adjusted to their more appropriate length, another strategy is needed for back-winding or pulling the sail in tight. Sorting out the ideal arrangement/technique for that task is still in progress.

As for the sheets themselves, when adjusting the sail angle, the lazy sheet needs to be let out along with the one that is working, and if the working sheet is drawn in it is also helpful to take up the extra slack in the lazy one before it wraps itself onto somewhere it doesn't belong. Still, once I got the hang of it all, managing the sheets and spanlines wasn't such a complicated routine – and I could see that it would become a lot easier when there was a cleat available for each line. Now back in the driveway, installing those cleats is underway.

The other big change, as far as new lines to get used to went, had to do with all the lines that have nothing to do with either sheets or halyards. I noticed in photographs of similar fanned sails that in many photos of boats, there are standing lines taking the place of both running luff hauling parrels and running tack parrels; I considered doing it that way too. We had made a working scale model of the rig over the winter, and had a lot of issues with diagonal wrinkles in the sails; it seemed like adjusting those running parrels really helped, so running lines it was. The same was true for the lazy jacks/topping lifts.

Mainsail underway, with the euphroe still too snug

Shemaya Laurel

Suzanne Jean

Rig assembly at the dock – Theo Fadel (l), Shemaya Laurel (r)

Altogether we ended up with the following running lines for each sail: luff hauling parrel, tack parrel, port and starboard topping lift, and yard hauling parrel. These were in addition to the halyard and the aforementioned sheets and spanlines. Thank goodness for the little masking tape labels on the ends of the lines, when I set out for the first sail! My plan was that the adjustability of every one of those running lines was going to have to prove itself, or the line was going to be summarily tied off, to fend for itself.

The yard hauling parrel, just like

everybody has said, was very useful. Particularly when there were waves, adjusting that line controlled the yard and kept it from swinging forward and back. Further, when the sail is reefed, snugging up the yard hauling parrel significantly improves the angle of the sail on the mast (when reefed, both sails tend otherwise to be low at the after end). One by one, the adjustability of every single one of those lines made itself useful. Most especially, when sailing downwind it was great to be able to ease the tack parrel and the luff hauling parrel, to let the sail come across the mast; this kept the boat better balanced and the steering nicely manageable. One of the winter projects is to lengthen the lower three standing batten parrels on the mainsail, tying their after ends several inches further aft, to let this work even better; on the mizzen, the initial guess for positioning the batten parrels turned out to work just fine.

Overall, apart from the cleat issue, the launch and sea trials worked out quite well. This was especially heartening considering how very many bits of cordage were tied all over the place, holding battens and sails together, battens against the mast, etc., etc. Very few of those bits came undone, and the ones that did just proved the point about the famous redundancy of the junk rig – the sails still worked, the boat still went forward, and it was easy enough to go back and correct the issue later. Anything that could seriously fall down was done with extra care – halyards, topping lifts – but it was satisfying to see that stray bits of wandering line in other places were really quite forgiving.

One thing that I had not quite grasped, before seeing it in person was the significant forward strain on the eye straps that hold the topping lifts in position underneath the boom. I was reluctant to drill holes in the aluminum tubing, and tried some rather far-fetched attachments with seine twine lashing and heavy plastic wire ties. I still think that there could be an appropriate, successful alternative to screwing on eye straps, but I'm here to say that whatever one does, it should be extremely sturdy. The after topping lift, particularly, has a lot of load on it, trying to slide it forward along the boom. If/when it succeeds in doing that, one is in for a pretty good thump onto the top of the cabin or toward the water, because after the topping lift slides forward it's no longer supporting the boom or the rest of the sail bundle. Incredibly fortunately this happened at the dock… now there are screws.

Other than that moment of drama, and the absolute rat's nest of mainsail lines the first few times out, things worked out pretty well, though there was one other bit of excitement. It turns out that this particular boat objects to functioning with way more sail area than it used to have, if there is also a following current and a very light breeze. The boat was happy with the previous rig, and would reliably maintain steerage way, including in extremely light airs. Not so with the big new sails. Once I learned that in a following current and with hardly any wind it was, counterintuitively, best to reef everything down to something like that previous sail area, I was happy to see that I had my docile, steerable boat back. I've come to appreciate sailing into a current in a very light breeze, because in that situation the sails can go all the way up, taking advantage of the nice new additional sail area; noticeably improved progress, compared to the old rig, is then made against the current, and the steering is fine.

Shemaya Laurel

Suzanne Jean making adjustments to the mizzen rigging

The beauty of the converted rig, just like everybody has said, is in how incredibly easy it is to increase or decrease sail area underway. The learning curve for the overall show was pretty steep for the first week or so, with all those unfamiliar new lines and boat behaviors, but by the end of three weeks of cruising on the lower Connecticut River, and across Long Island Sound and back, things were starting to make sense. The new junk rig is definitely a keeper, and I'm looking forward to the next round of trials, and trips.

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Shemaya Laurel lives in the northeast US, where she tinkers with boats and does some writing.
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A Busy Day!

By Jonathan Snodgrass

A rendezvous off Dartmouth

In early December I took Asmat Khan and his lady Patricia for a day sail from Dartmouth. As Asmat has mentioned on the JRA forum, they are interested in purchasing a junk-rigged boat. Alternatively they may convert their gaff rigged Wylo. They have previously owned a junk-rigged steel Tahitiana, which sadly succumbed to rust. I offered to take them out on *Lexia* as part of their information gathering. (The JRA works, OK!)

It was blowing a northerly, ie offshore, F8. Asmat was keen to take *Lexia* out beyond the Mew Stone to see how she performed in rough water and a strong wind. I said that I was happy to do that but warned them that it was already midday, it would be dark by 4:30, and that to get back into the River Dart before dark against a strong wind and a spring ebb tide we would have to motor sail. I have every confidence in the 37 year old Volvo thumper but, if the engine failed for whatever reason, we would at best have to wait for the tide to turn and beat into the river in the dark, or we might have to anchor off. Failing all else, I did have my passport, the boat had food and water aboard, and we could run to France overnight. Patricia announced that this was not compatible with her plans for a dinner party that evening with chums in the area! Discretion always being the better part of valour, I withdrew whilst they discussed it between themselves. 'They' took a Decision – we went sailing ...

I also wanted to meet up with the *Far Spica*, a 3,527 tonne offshore oil industry supply ship commanded by my son-in-law, Captain Richard Eggleton. The vessel was on passage to Aberdeen from South Africa. The ship is the state of the art multi million pound flagship of the Norwegian company, Farstadt Shipping: https://www.farstad.com/ . Richard had sought permission from the company to pause briefly off the entrance to the Dart to undertake a joint training exercise with the Dartmouth RNLI lifeboat. Richard and our daughter Hettie live in Dartmouth where he is a crew on the lifeboat and also a member of the Dart Harbour Board. So there was lots of 'mutual benefit' for all the agencies involved. (That Hettie and children, Emma age 6 and Tom aged 4, were able to view 'Daddy's ship' for the first time from the headland near Dartmouth Castle was a real bonus.)

Asmat enjoyed helming *Lexia* and was impressed. Clearly, as a small, light 'Plastic Fantastic' she is very different

Lexia *sails out from Dartmouth to meet* Far Spica

from a heavy steel Tahitiana or their current Wylo, which he describes as a 'sea tractor'. It was certainly rough enough to be testing. (The photographs, as so often, don't give any impression of a rough sea but Richard reported that a few miles offshore, as they steamed to the rendezvous, the steep Channel waves were breaking over the bridge of the *Spica*.)

The *Spica* came over the horizon exactly as planned and arrived at the appointed place within minutes of the stated 3.00pm. All computer driven; she has no paper charts on board! As required for her role, she did not anchor but used her 'dynamic positioning system' which uses computers, satellites, visual referencing and her numerous thrusters to hold position within centimetres. When she informed us that she was on station I sought permission to pass close to take photographs which was granted. I helmed, Asmat took photographs ... and Patricia expressed some concern (!) as we passed very much closer than we would have done had she, *Spica*, been making way. And we did motor sail back into the Dart at dusk, and they did get to their dinner party.

And I barely had time to secure *Lexia* before I was picked up by a RIB from Monty Hall's eco tourism company http://www.montyhalls.co.uk/ to be taken out to the *Spica* to tour the ship and to watch the joint exercise with the RNLI. As the RIB and the lifeboat raced out to the ship through the darkness I was very glad that I still had my full winter foul-weather gear on. The RIB came alongside the ship and we each timed our move to get onto the rope ladder to climb to the door in the ship high above. The RNLI lifeboat put crew aboard with a roll up stretcher and then stood off. They dealt with a simulated casualty from a fire aboard and prepared to lower the casualty on the stretcher to the lifeboat. (At that stage the exercise was stopped.) The assembled party was then given a tour of the ship. How to sum that up? Well the cargo load deck appears rather bigger than a football pitch and the command area on the bridge appears to have been copied from the *Starship Enterprise*.

But time is money, and in this case big money. So our tour was conducted briskly and, immediately we visitors were all safely back in the lifeboat and RIB, the *Spica* pirouetted, bowed and danced off stage, up Channel, into the darkness. The lifeboat and RIB raced back: the RIB won. The RNLI crew and others put their boats and kit away and retired to *The Ship in Dock*, the favoured pub nearest to the RNLI station, but I retired to my bunk on *Lexia*, very tired after a very memorable day.

The multi-million pound oil industry supply ship Far Spica, *towering above as* Lexia *passes close aboard to take photos*

The RNLI crew preparing to evacuate a "casualty"

Hetty, Tom and Emma watch "Daddy's ship" from Dartmouth

Nuthin Wong

by Clive Hamman

London to Panama;
On the Reef;
Salvage;
A new beginning

Visiting the tower of London

PART ONE.

... From London to Panama, via France, Bay of Biscay, Spain, Portugal, Porto Santo, Madeira, La Gomera, Turks and Caicos, Cuba, Grand Cayman, Honduras and San Blas Islands, Panama.

Before departing from Ostende, Belgium, I had the pleasure of meeting Dirk and Frances Van Cartkenberghe, friends of the Tall Ships who introduced me to Philip, the bosun of the *Mercator*, Belgium's Sail-training Ship. In 1936, the *Mercator* had the honour of bringing the mortal remains of Father Damiaan, "Apostle of the Lepers", back to Belgium after he died on Moloka'i Island in 1889; this was one of Philip's many sea yarns. Now, welcome aboard a different sail-training vessel, departing B.C. Canada 1991: the *Nuthin Wong*.

I had to replace the damper plate on the Perkins 6-cylinder engine, a difficult job involving removing the transmission and lifting the engine off its mounts to get access to it. Master mechanic, Erik, introduced me to new swear words before the job was done, but he was always in a good humour. My new crew Gunter Sailor, I had also met on the sea wall in Belgium; Nicolas I'd met coming through the French canals, and Frenchman, René, was aboard for the next leg to London.

Once the formalities to clear port were completed, we stood out for Dunkirk. On the first night, favourable weather encouraged us to anchor outside the port of Dunkirk because it was so nice to be away from the wall and the constrictions of the harbour. We raised sail at the crack of dawn, to make our way across the English Channel to Dover, which we raised just as the sun was kissing the French coast good night. Next day we enjoyed Dover pubs and fish 'n' chips, British style, after our experience of the world-famous Belgian fries, before moving on to the Isle of Sheppey, where we stopped for a night and stayed for two months, helping our new friend, Lee build a copy of the *Golden Hinde* in steel, which is now afloat, exploring local mud banks. Between jobs, we were entertained in the Old House Pub, run by Beverley and friends.

Eventually we moved on to exploring the Medway River as far as the *Wong* could float, before low bridge stopped play. While alongside a dock, I had the good fortune to meet Paul Woodman: sailor, author, gentleman and scholar, who wrote a book about the history of the Greenwich Yacht Club, which has been established for over 100 years. He invited me to spend the winter at the Yacht Club, saying he would clear it with the Commodore.

When we arrived at the Greenwich Yacht Club, huge flakes of snow were falling. Paul, the Commodore, and the harbour master were on the dock to welcome us with a bottle of brandy, which between us all, we sucked down in fourteen minutes. There was a wonderful, warm working man's club, where new friends were made and generous help received, in preparing the *Wong* for the North Atlantic crossing.

On April Fool's Day, we kissed, hugged and saluted our way off the dock, shipshape and ready for the Atlantic Ocean. Back to the Isle of Sheppey to say farewell to friends before working our way to Bordeaux, France; moving along the coastline to the Channel Islands, St Malo and Brest, where we explored both rivers, before sailing to La Rochelle, a 500-year old port, with a magnificent stone entrance to the harbour, and the best street performers I'd seen in Europe.

We crossed the Bay of Biscay to Santander in northern Spain, then along the coast to La Coruña: rounding the point we were going like a Boeing with favourable winds to Rio de Vigo, a beautiful fiord where we spent the night, before continuing on to Lisbon. Here we spent a few days being tourists, before sailing to Cape Saint Vincent in Portugal, the most powerful lighthouse in Europe, whose loom can be seen from 40 miles offshore, in good weather. I saw it from just shy of 27 miles. This is where Henry the Navigator set up a school to teach

Cape St Vincent

Portuguese sailors about which way the wind blows at different times of year. This knowledge enabled them to discover the Cape of Good Hope at the south of Africa, in the 15th century. It was great to be back in Portugal and we dropped the hook in Alvor, not far from Lagos, where we topped up our water supply and took the last load of fresh food aboard.

I've been thinking back over the ten years I spent exploring Europe and its French Canals, from Honfleur to Port Saint Louis in the Mediterranean, 1400 km and 7 months later; visiting Sete, Barcelona, the Balearics, the Spanish coastline to Gibraltar and then to Cadiz, the oldest port in Europe; exploring the Rio Guadiana that runs between Spain and Portugal, as far as I could navigate, to where at night, no land lights were visible, and where before the moon came up, the Milky Way could be seen at its best. By now the crew had all all moved on, leaving me alone with enough food, water, rum and tobacco to fill three foolscap pads, using up four Bic ballpoint pens in order to hand write my first book: *No Fixed Address*. This is the story of the building of the Good Ship, *Nuthin Wong*, and of the first 17 years cruising.

Raising the anchor and sails, I drifted down river with the out-going tide to find a way to get all those written words turned into a book with an eye-catching cover: this was the mission. We visited the most spectacular coastline of the Algarve, which means the North Shore as it was seen from Morocco by the Moors. I spent four years cruising this amazing coastline from the border along the Rio Guadiana, to Lagos, Sagres and ports and villages in between. I finally had to get moving again, back into the Med, up to Port St Louis to unstep the masts and take a different route back up the French Canals to London, via Namur, Belgium, Maastrich in the Netherlands and Ostende.

While *en route* once more to Alvor, the ship's needs were attended to, with the generous help and support from the fishermen, locals and harbour masters; in Setubal, Sesimbra and Sines, they were initially difficult to deal with but eventually very helpful. We departed Alvor as the sun set, bound for Porto Santo, a small island, 480 miles from Portugal, which we raised four days later. It is a nice island with long, clean beach and a few cruising yachts lay at anchor. We stayed there a day to look round, before sailing on to Madeira, which along with Penang in Malaysia, all the islands in the Great Barrier Reef, Tobago and the Gulf Islands of British Colombia, joined my list of favourite Islands.

I dropped the hook in the port of Funchal where all the great navigators of the Portuguese Age of Discovery: Henry the Navigator's explorers such as Vasco Da Gama, Bartholomew Dias and Christopher Columbus, anchored to victual, make repairs and I'm sure, to replenish their barrels of Portuguese wine. The mountains reaching high above the city, up to 1800 m in elevation, are lush, sub-tropical *laurisilva* forests, given UNESCO World Heritage Site status in 1999, and abundant with fruit, vegetables and flowers. We anchored off the breakwater and took it in turns to keep anchor watch while the rest of the crew explored the island. I got to go on walkabout ashore with Sylvie in order to camp one night; I spent one night in a small French hotel and another one with new friends. We had fun and met good people, while selling my books on the esplanade; Peter, travelling from Germany played guitar and sang the blues. Then we sailed on to the second-most western island in the Canaries, La Gomera. Tying up along side at San Sebastian, the crew were asked by the locals where, why and how they came to be on *Nuthin Wong*?

Well, Alex Carpenter, from Oz, was travelling in Spain and said he had an adventurous spirit and this was right up his alley, claiming the sea was his friend and wanting to learn how to sail and 'get outta the comfort zone'. He thought we had a good crew gathered together with different skills and knowledge.

Funchal, Madeira

Trading beer for fish off Cuba

Siam from Wales signed on as purser and cook. She discovered the *Wong* on the Internet, from where she went to the Blog, and, reading the philosophy felt she could get along with people who had a similar view on life; being detached from consumerism and the rat race appealed to her. "I purchased Clive's book, *No Fixed Address,* and read it along the way while hitch-hiking from Barcelona to Lisbon. So I felt quite at home when I arrived. Liked the boat and the crew. Liked the wildlife: the dolphins really move something in me. I'd like to see whales and am looking forward to the challenges of being in bad weather."

Sylvie from Walloon Belgium, shot the footage for the DVD, *Learning How to Live,* doubled as cook and was looking for a way to get back to South America without using a plane, as well as wanting to get to know the sea. "The *Wong* is a friend of a friend, and this is my first time aboard a boat; I'm in a new world, trying to make my mark and become accustomed to it. I'm learning all the time, mostly learning how to live. In a simple way, with the camera, I am happy to have a new project."

Chris, from Canada, signed on as First Mate and interpreter. He had sailed aboard *Nuthin Wong* from Halifax to St Johns, Newfoundland, and from the South of France to Barcelona, nine years previously.

When I was asked about how I felt, after 20 years circumnavigating, I replied, "If you build a boat you deserve it and the perks that go with the territory. To have escaped the charade of daily western existence and to accept the awakening force of reality, where life takes on a different meaning of survival, other than finding the coin to pay the landlord every 30 days."

While in La Gomera I got the news that my great father had left us after 93 years and 3 days. I excused myself from company and sat for a long time on the sea wall facing Africa. I returned to the *Wong* and lowered the Canadian flag from the masthead to half mast before turning in. The next day I was surprised at how many people enquired why the flag was flown at half mast.

We sailed for the Turks and Caicos the next day. I needed to get back out, as if by distancing myself from Africa and all its miseries, some of which my father spent most of his life trying to mitigate, by forming and registering the first South African Truck Drivers' Union; to be miles from anywhere; to pay respect.

Thirty-three days later we raised the Turks and Caicos. It was the easiest ocean crossing I had ever had: we never had a drop of rain, the winds were light and steady, sometimes just enough to keep the sails asleep, the current always helping us on our way. Sylvie and Siam wanted to see a storm, but the weather held. From the Turks, we sailed 300 miles to Cuba, which we entered at Santiago de Cuba. Clearing in took all day, but friendly officials finally invited us to visit Cuba. All the crew jumped ship to look around and to move on in different ways. Only Sylvie stayed on to explore the East Coast, which was made more exciting without GPS, because both of them had disappeared in Santiago. At first we followed two French catamarans, but then we found we could pick our way after 10.00 am and before 4.00 pm, wearing Polaroid sunglasses, which allowed us clearly to see the reefs. A fishing boat showed us the way to a small island where we were able to get a few supplies. From Cayos Largos we sailed for Grand Cayman Island.

In the 57 days since departing Portugal in January, we had sailed 5,030 miles under Chinese junk rig, sometimes with no wind. During the 33 day crossing, we'd motored for 5 days. We'd caught dorado and snake fish, and traded beer for buckets of lobster and red snapper in Cuba.

We had our first gale between Cayo Largo and Cayman. After a good visit on Grand Cayman Island, where the harbour master drove us round and the Immigration officer invited us to dinner, we sailed to the Bay Islands of Honduras. Sylvie and I worked 6 hours on 6 hours off or let our partner sleep on if all was easy. She was a good sea mate and never complained once when the going got tough or when deprived of sleep and hot meals.

I stayed eight months in the Bay Islands. Sylvie came for three months and stayed eight, then she flew to Santiago in Chile, where she bought a tarp to sleep under, made her own stove, bought the best pair of shoes she could find and walked alone to the most southern city in Argentina: Ushuaia What a gal!

From the Bay Islands, I had to punch into head seas for 300 miles before being able to swing south, once past the reefs. I was warned by fishermen that Nicaraguan pirates were coming out and robbing them of their fish and electronic equipment. At one point, we were only 30 miles off the Nicaragua

New Sails - Honduras

coast; but we were 74 miles offshore at 1.30 am, when they tried closing on us to board. As I keep a bright lookout at night, I saw them in time to alter course and to speed up. They were too close astern for comfort, as I ran the 44-year-old Perkins hard, to push us at 8 knots in order to clear the reef, when we could get sail up, which enabled us to draw away from them steadily.

I was surprised to see seas as big as I'd had the pleasure of encountering in the Indian Ocean, in the South Atlantic rollers or in the North Atlantic. We cleared in to Panama at Portobello, an infamous port where Capt Morgan left his mark. The ruins of the old fort still remain. It's a nice big bay, with a wide entrance, enabling us to drop the sails and anchor at the same time.

The crew departed to continue travelling. I stayed a few days to look round, before sailing to the San Blas Islands, clearing in at Povier Island before exploring part of this archipelago of over 300 islands, forgotten in time as they live the simple life. From San Blas I sailed to Bocas del Toro, with one American crew and a puppy from San Blas named San Blas. Neither was happy aboard: the Yankee jumped ship as soon as the anchor was dug in. San Blas was adopted by land owners and was once again a happy puppy. A two day trip took me 5 days, thanks to dirty diesel from San Blas, plus no wind. I toured Bocas del Toro, finding my way through the reefs to good anchorages, with exciting, protected reefs to snorkel over. There is no postal system on Bocas del Toro, and I was relying on friends coming to visit from Canada to bring my mail, as I was in the process of applying for my old-age pension. The last correspondence I received informed me that I had to have the 18-page questionnaire back to them within 30 days, or my application would be cancelled. That was when I had to leave the *Wong* in the care of ex-friends, so I could fly back to deal with this matter. While back in Canada I managed to pop my hernia and had to wait for an appointment for the operation. During this time the *Wong,* while being moved, went on a reef.

PART TWO - ON THE REEF, AND EVENTUAL SALVAGE.

Salvage is a way of life, and it seems like the Good Ship has been on the reef in Bocas Del Toro, Panama forever. By the time I got back aboard, the *Wong* had been 3½ months on an exposed reef. The ex-friend had been towing the *Wong* from one bay to another, at my request, as he said he knew of a good place to refit, when I got back. Mysterious events led to him losing control and ending up on the reef. Failing to get her off, he abandoned the Good Ship, leaving her unprotected, to be ransacked of all her electronics, wind generator, solar panels, life raft, tools, ropes, batteries, clothes, books etc. When I returned to Bocas del Toro, I got a ride out to *Nuthin Wong* with Kirk, a good man himself: an old salt who built a 60-foot wooden catamaran in San Francisco and sailed her to Panama, where she was working as a charter yacht. Having got supplies: canned sardines, bread, rum and tobacco, I moved back on board. I was mentally prepared for the worst, but I must confess I was stunned to see the mess the *Wong* was in. Beer cans, empty bottles and garbage, littered the decks. Carpets and mattresses were floating in battery acid, diesel and filthy, stinking water. Immediately, I cleaned the decks of the garbage, putting it all in bags before I cleared a bunk in the cockpit to sleep on. Three days later I moved into my after cabin just before the rains came. A local Indian came paddling by in a dug-out canoe and helped me get the soaking mattresses and carpets on to the deck for the garbage boat who had been called to collect them. A tour boat, taking people to Zapirolo Reef, changed course and came alongside. The tour guide told me she had been watching the *Wong* for three months and wondered who would leave such a boat stranded. I explained how she had ended up there and how I was finally able to get back to save the Good Ship. She offered to help in any way she could, leaving me her cellphone number. The next day I called her, asking if she knew anyone who could assist in getting the *Wong* off the reef. She said, "Standby. I will send the best master mariners I know."

Within hours, Lukas, who took his 100 ft barge down and through the Panama Canal, from California to Red Frog Beach to build the Marina there, and Marlon, local master mariner, artist and salvager, had arrived. After introductions had been made, they went directly into the water to snorkel the *Wong* and assess the situation. They were gone a long time. Coming back on board, Marlon looked me straight in the eye, saying that he could see I believed the Good Ship could be saved and so did he, but did not know how long it would take because so many elements were involved. He quoted me a fair deal and we shook hands. The next day he come alongside in the *Patch*, a 35 foot dugout canoe with a 40 hp, Yamaha outboard, and a special propeller to cut the 100-

foot passage through the reef that we needed to get back into deep water. Every day, Marlon and two local Indian crew showed up and worked on the reef, cutting a channel, non-stop for eight hours a day, returning to Saigon Bay, six miles away each evening. It was now the rainy season, but we worked every day, all day. Marlon never stopped that Yamaha cutting, as the crew laid and relaid the anchors to place the *Patch* in the right position to make the channel. I made sandwiches for lunch, breaking the beer out when the sun was nearly over the yard-arm. Five days later, Marlon declared he had a passage cut and we would get off the next day. We contacted Belgian Chris to come and give us a pull with his 60 ft trawler. I was overwhelmed that it had gone so well and we would be pulling the *Wong* into deep water within hours. Alas it was not to be.

The rigging started rattling at 1.00 am as the storm moved in. Because we had reset the anchors, to bring the *Wong's* bow in line with the channel, we were tied down at all four corners, with anchors restricting the *Wong's* ability to dance to the waves. The Good Ship was now being bodily slammed down on the same points, hour after hour after hour, being punished relentlessly as the storm and tide came in with power. There was no comfort aboard for someone who had just had an operation. Hanging on, standing up, lying down: they were all the same. As the pounding continued, although I knew the *Wong* was tough, as when I built her in Fanny Bay, B.C, Canada, I'd used a full sheet of half-inch steel to strengthen the hull, I wondered how much more pounding could the *Wong* take?

At 5.48 am I saw the mainmast go overboard, on the starboard side, and drift south east into the mangroves. I crawled out of the wheelhouse to check the rudder, which was shearing off just below the Quadrant and swinging like a pendulum. Then I saw it drop off into the Atlantic Ocean. Marlon was looking after the *Patch* in Saigon Bay all night and could not come back alongside for three days until the seas had moderated. Thirteen boats ranging from one-man dugout canoes to Chris's 60 ft trawler, showed up to help the *Wong* get free. Working the tide we had to pull first to get the bow in line with the channel, then everyone was standing by in anticipation, as the lines tightened taut as piano wires shaking the water free; but still the *Wong* was stuck: some of the channel we'd made in the coral had filled in from the storm. Five strong men went into the water to push the starboard keel free from the reef. Another mighty pull from Chris and the *Wong* was moving, very slowly but moving, now faster - then we were off the reef after 4½ months. Word was out on VHF: The *Wong* is off! The *Wong* is off! Some people had said that the *Wong* would never get off the reef. For the first time since I'd heard the bad news about her being on the reef, I felt better, knowing that now I could save her. Off and heading to a safe anchorage in Saigon Bay, Colón Island , Bocas del Toro: the Mouth of the Bull.

I spent the next three months cleaning the boat inside, and outside to the water line, before having to return to Canada. In January 2014 I moved the *Wong* to mainland Almirante, a banana port, where Courtney who owns the Bocas Marina, spent five years to open his boatyard. I hauled out to build new rudder and to remove the 6-cylinder Perkins diesel engine, to rebuild it under the boat I cut a *Larol* tree on a friend's farm, from where we had to skid it out of the jungle to get it to the water, then tow it across the bay to the yard to shape into a new mainmast. We worked six days a week in blistering tropical heat: the generator came on at 7.30 am and shut down 4.30 pm, so during working hours we had fans to combat the heat. When you are working in a black hull, at 9° North, it was a hundred and plenty degrees in the engine room, where we were removing and re-building the engine. A good friend, Nicolas, an auto-engineer, who makes the machines that bend glass for automobile wind-shields, and has worked in India, Beijing and now in Mexico, was able to come visit and help with engineering challenges. I ran out of cash and returned to Canada to work and save, hoping to complete the refit in January 2015. Then, we will move the 140 miles to Colón, to be

Hauling out

Lost rudder and main mast

measured for our transit of the Panama Canal, from where I intend to keep a hundred miles offshore to Mexico, to restock with food and fuel, before standing out a thousand miles, about half way between California and Hawaii, to find the westerly winds that will blow the *Wong* to 49°N, to the Strait of Juan de Fuca, Victoria B.C.

That's the Plan: a New Beginning.

At this stage there are a few berths available for adventurous crew with expertise to bring to the party. My contact is: Chinesejunk1@hotmail.com.

The new DVD, *Learning How to Live, North Atlantic crossing to Cuba*, is also available now.

Back on the high seas

JUNK BRAINS

by Ash Woods

I was watching with professional interest, as several local Sea School vessels were going through set pieces as part of the RYA practical syllabus. I noticed someone throw an object overboard, but this time it was different: instead of the usual bucket/ fender combination as part of a sailing exercise to find the correct approach angle under sail, able to spill wind and adjust speed, this Instructor had tied his fender to a coil of old warp to provide the necessary drag. I had suffered frequent soakings in the past, as over exuberant students, delighted at having sailed their vessel back under perfect speed and able to stop and stay in control, had pulled the fender and bucket out of the sea; being heavy and requiring a strong lift, the bucket would then inevitably catch its rim on a guard rail, so emptying its cold contents over anyone near enough (usually me), to the hysterical enjoyment of the remainder of the crew.

Later at the Sea School, I was introduced to the four people who would be my charge for the next seven days and nights: Dad, a retired Admiral or Sergeant Major aboard his brand new Sadler Starlight 35, together with Mum, quiet and thoughtful, and their two teenage girls whose emotions ranged between total terror and giggly delight. Of course Dad was the sailor; the family had been surrendered to the School for Indoctrination in all things nautical, and to be trained to be more help than a hindrance aboard his pride and joy. My job, as it turned out, was to be a sort of Lion Tamer, to crack the whip pleasantly and keep Dad in his cage, whilst giving the 'lesser mortals' of this world half a chance to absorb and put into action their new-found skills at their own pace and above all, letting them have fun - which is why we go sailing, of course. In due course they became much more relaxed, all finding their own comfort zone. Their rates of learning accelerated, and questions were fired at me frequently, often challenging what I said as they started to think for themselves. They worked as a very good team.

There wasn't a coil of old warp aboard, so I used a new mooring warp, and attached it to a new bucket as we sat hove to, whilst we discussed our next exercise. Their faces weren't giving me their usual feedback. They had other things on their minds as I was outlining the practical demo I was about deliver before they all had a go. I attributed this, of course, to the fact that other schools were using the old out-of-date bucket setup - and here was something new. I confidently took the helm, gybed and picked up speed, and said "OK, chuck George [the man over board] over".

The new bucket and new warp sank instantly.

I am told that my face portrayed shock, confusion, humiliation and apology in quick succession, and the girls cried with laughter. Mum laughed heartily, eventually composing herself as she feared for the Lion's reaction, but I have to say he took it like the gentleman that he was, with a wry smile at my being an imperfect human being after all.

A DATE FOR YOUR DIARY

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING (AGM) 2015

The Junk Rig Association AGM will take place at the Royal Lymington Yacht Club, Bath Rd, Lymington, Hampshire, SO41 3SE, 01590 672677, at 16:00 on Saturday 25th April 2015 by kind permission of the Club. The venue was used for AGMs and a Special General Meeting in both 2013 and 2014 and proved to be very satisfactory.

It is again intended that the AGM will be followed by an informal pay-as-you-go supper at 1900 hours in the Club.

It is hoped that members with their own junk-rigged boats within range will again be able to bring their boats. As before, we hope to be able to arrange convenient pontoon berths and some sailing for members.

The date has been chosen to coincide with the Beaulieu Boat Jumble, currently scheduled for Sunday 26th April 2014, so that those attending from far afield may incorporate a visit to the Jumble alongside attending the AGM.

Lesley Verbrugge will be standing again for election as Chair.

Roy Denton will be standing again for election as Secretary.

Chris Gallienne will be standing again for election as Treasurer.

Paul Thompson will be standing again for election as Webmaster.

Lynda Chidell will be standing again for election as Membership Secretary.

Lynda will take over from David Tyler as Magazine Editor (not an elected position).

Annie Hill will be standing down as Sailing Secretary.

David Tyler will be standing down as Committee Member.

If you wish to stand for election to any of the committee positions (candidates for election as Chairman must have served on the Committee for one of the last two years), please read the Constitution 2012 to learn more about them, then find two other members who think that you are suited to the task, and ask them to propose and second you, sending a two hundred word "manifesto" to the Secretary. Please contact committee members (see page 2) if you would like to discuss the matter beforehand. The deadline for receipt of nominations, and for items to be added to the Agenda as "Any Other Business" is 14th March 2015.

From the Chair

Lesley Verbrugge

For some of you reading this issue, it will be the first you have heard of the sad news of the death, shortly before Christmas, of Jock McLeod, our President since 1988.

Those more knowledgeable, and better qualified than I to talk about Jock's long and eventful life, have done so. You will find their words in this magazine and on the JRA website.

My words, on behalf of both committee and members, are of condolence and sympathy to Jock's family at this time, and of our grateful thanks for the immeasurable contribution Jock made to today's worldwide use of the Western Junk Rig.

Jock lives on in our well-thumbed and well-annotated copies of the book *Practical Junk Rig* that he co-authored; in our boats whose rigs were made possible because of that book, the *de facto* junkie's reference work; and in the daily lives of the many sailors drawn to the rig and those amongst them who continue to develop the rig that he and Blondie pioneered so many years ago.

The modernisation of countries that were once renowned for their traditional Junk fleets has resulted in a rapid decline in the Chinese Junk. It is the work of Jock and Blondie that has played such an important role in ensuring that interest in the rig has endured, and it is thanks to them that sailing with an easy, affordable rig is within the grasp of so many junk rig enthusiasts around the globe.

This will be the last issue of the Magazine under David Tyler's able editorship and I would like to take the opportunity to thank him, on behalf of all the members, for the hard work and effort he has put into ensuring a consistently professional finish to our magazine. Since he took the reins, we've seen the JRA magazine expand to sixty-four pages of quality content an issue, and to three issues a year, each available in downloadable pdf as well as in the traditional printed paper format. It's a magazine we are proud of, so David, we wish you a peaceful retirement and may the only fast approaching deadlines and last minute submissions you encounter be for your own articles.

UK Rallies 2014

JRSRC East Coast Rally - 26th/27th July

by Tom Wallace

The Junk Rig Sailing and Rally Club held their East Coast Rally at Bradwell-on-Sea, at the same time of the year when the JRA summer meeting used to be held.

Twenty two members and guests came, bringing seven junk rigged craft from around the South East coast and I have appended photographs of six boats. Of Robin Blain's *Gigi*, there is sadly no picture (or none that I can show you).

We started arriving on Friday 25th (the evening before the actual rally date), giving us the opportunity to extend the meeting by going to *The Green Man* in Bradwell Waterside. The remainder of the company came in during Saturday morning to have lunch on the veranda at the marina bar and restaurant.

The afternoon of Saturday was spent sailing in the Blackwater and luckily there was a good breeze. In the evening, a BBQ was arranged for us at Bradwell Quay Sailing Club. It was a good meal and excellent company. No speaker had been arranged.

On Sunday morning, the boats took members and guests across the Blackwater and up the creek to Tollesbury Marina for the usual fine carvery lunch in the clubhouse. Tollesbury Creek is tidal and the marina, being at the top of the tide has a sill across the entrance to prevent water draining completely from the pontoons. Members who were not staying on had to judge their departure from the marina wisely and so they did with no groundings this year. Nor was there any embarrassing clouting of the concrete sill.

The afternoon was spent sailing in the river, ending back at Bradwell before the critical point in the ebb in *that* creek. At this point, the Rally officially ended, but several owners stayed until Monday before leaving for home.

People participating in the rally were: Robin Blain (JRSRC Secretary) with *Gigi*; Tim Metcalfe and *Chopsticks*; Tess Metcalfe, Bob Ager aboard *Orlando*; Paul Tucker, Peter Hard, John Clough, Rodney and Vivian Whitworth; John Dinnin and *Alouette*; Phil and Sue Corridan with *Swin Ranger*; Chris Scanes, Richard Brooksby and *Tammy Norrie*; John Liddiard, Martin Roberts, Paddy Newton, Jill Newton, Tom Penny and Tom Wallace with *Ram III*.

Alouette - *John Dinnin*

Swin Ranger - *Phil Corridan*

Ram III - *Tom Wallace*

Orlando - *Bob Ager*

Tammy Norie - *Richard Brooksby*

Chopsticks - *Tim Metcalfe*

JRSRC Scottish Rally - 30th/31st August

by Robin Blain

As the overland members arrived in Kippford on Friday 29th, they were greeted not only by warm, sunny and calm weather, but also by *Ti Gitu* (Fay 40) and *Badger* (Benford Dory 34), waiting on the Solway Y.C. pontoon (see photo).

Paul and Mo Fay had been cruising in the Western Isles after having sailed up the East Coast and through the Caledonian Canal and *Badger* was on passage to the Isle of Man.

We based ourselves in the Mariner Hotel and mostly used their massive conservatory dining hall that offers superb views of the Kippford Estuary. It is close to the Solway Y.C. facilities, which was also hosting their end-of-season dinghy championships that weekend.

Saturday welcomed us with a good sailing breeze and dry sunny weather, so after an early lunch at the Mariner Hotel, fifteen members were distributed between the two yachts and set sail down the estuary to sample the performance of cambered panel sails and some well-developed handling systems.

Badger now relies on the Hasler-style upper luff parrel system and *Ti Gitu* also concentrates on controlling the yard angle and relationship between the upper battens and mast.

After some invigorating sailing around the islands to the west of the estuary, we returned before the tide had made it impossible to dry out alongside the pontoons. Twenty-five happy sailors then assembled for dinner at the Mariner Hotel, that kept us well wined and dined for the rest of the day.

Sunday gave us stronger wind and we had another day of settled sailing conditions, so with everyone allocated to a different boat we set sail out of the estuary towards the massive Cumbria wind farm. On our return to the Mariner for tea there was much discussion and comparison of our weekend sailing experiences particularly concerning the control and development of the cambered panel sail rigs.

The Rally then ended with some making their way home while a few who delayed their departure until the Monday were entertained royally aboard the boats for the evening.

Robin Blain

Crews awaiting the opening of the Mariner Restaurant

Peter Manning

Badger *Sailing*

Peter Manning

Ti Gitu *sailing*

Robin Blain

Boats on the pontoon

Laodah's Corner

by Paul Thompson

A new rudder for La Chica

One thing I did not get right, amongst all the changes that I made to *LC*, was her rudder. *LC* originally had a large "barn door" of a rudder, which had plenty of area but no finesse at all: just a chunk of wood bolted onto her stern. It worked because it was big, but essentially was a drag device. It worked fairly well at low speeds in a marina, but under sail on the open sea, it could only have been called an abomination. The helm was heavy, and quartering seas were inclined to have their way with it, which meant that whoever was on the tiller was tossed around willy-nilly as the seas met the rudder. It was impossible for any of my female crew to control, and no fun at all for me.

After Hurricane Luis, the opportunity arose to install an hydraulic system for the new below-deck autopilot so at the same time I took advantage of this to put in wheel steering. The wheel steering was much, much better but it was still never much fun because the steering was totally without any feel. However, on a boat that was steered by an autopilot or a wind-vane self-steering device for 95% of the time, it wasn't really a problem and I was prepared to live with it.

Although the solution mostly worked, as I made the various changes and modifications to *LC*, I often pondered on the rudder issue and in the end I made a new rudder that was just over half the size of the original. It was also roughly air-foil shaped, and was hung in the same position as the old one, reverting to tiller steering. I then forgot about it and went back to more exciting things, like my junk rig conversion.

In the fulness of time, *LC* was launched and we started sailing again. At first the sailing was mostly in light airs and the rudder, while a bit heavy, seemed to work. The heaviness did not perturb me much, as almost all heavy-displacement, double-enders of this sort tend to have heavy helms and it was still much, much better than the previous one. Besides, I reasoned that I could always go back to the wheel if that proved necessary.

Well, come winter and the first Winter Junket (2013): we were now routinely sailing in stronger winds and bigger seas and the flaws in the new rudder rapidly became apparent. The rudder simply lacked authority. Downwind, *LC* responded to the helm, but it took large angles of rudder to get a response and the response was tardy to say the least. On one wild downwind run, with a boisterous following sea, *LC* would go off course up to 45° and then take a minute or more to respond to her helm. We never broached but I got the feeling it would not have taken to much more to make it happen. Of course, easing the mainsheet would speed up the response, but it had to be eased far beyond what was desirable. The other option was, of course, to reduce sail, which I often did, but then *LC* would slow down rather more than I liked.

Upwind, it was a similar story, with the tiller hauled all the way up and the boat only just staying on course. Tacking in strong winds was often impossible and I had either to wear the boat or to start the engine. Neither method was suitable for a boat that was meant to cross oceans. Something would have to be done.

I was coming to think that junk-rigged boats tend to be more demanding on their rudders than other rigs and had

come to realise that it wasn't for nothing, that the Chinese had such large rudders on their junks. Possibly you need a big and effective rudder, if you want to stay in control of a junk, so there really was no option for me but to build a third rudder for *LC*. It was however patently obvious that just making the rudder bigger was not the solution: the rudder needed to be more efficient as well, and I also wanted one that didn't require that I take a "Charles Atlas" course in body building before I could control it. Research was required before doing anything else.

One of the first decisions I made was that the new rudder would have to be vertical. The existing one was canted at about 30°, as is normal for boats of *LC's* sort, but it did mean that some part of the turning force was trying to depress the stern rather than turning the boat; in my striving for efficiency, I wanted all available steering input to turn the boat. Another benefit from a vertically hung rudder would be to move the CLR further aft. In doing so, it would improve the sail balance of the boat, which while acceptable, could do with a small increase in the lead.

The next issue on the agenda was how to make the helm not only more effective but lighter. I considered the Chinese method of putting diamond-shaped holes into a large rudder, but could not find any hard information on the subject. Issues like the size of the holes, the spacing and even how many... there just was no information so I abandoned that idea.

The obvious solution was to make a balanced rudder and, even more specifically, a spade rudder, but whoever heard of a Tahiti Ketch/Colin Archer type with a balanced, let alone a spade rudder. The whole idea sounded crazy, but the more I thought about it, the more I realised that this was indeed what I should be looking at; but I had to reconcile it with the type of boat that I had.

While thinking about this, I remembered a gaff-rigged motor sailer that I had worked on, while doing my Naval Architecture apprenticeship with Angelo Lavranos. I recalled there had been a large opening between the end of her keel and her rudder. A big propeller was in the gap and the rudder was a simple rectangular spade, supported underneath by a strut. An email to Angelo confirmed what I remembered and also got me a copy of the lines.

Looking at what Angelo and I had done all those years ago in Cape Town (1980) showed me the way, and I had the inspiration that I needed. I came up with a rectangular rudder with an aspect ratio of 3:1, accurately shaped to a NACA 0015 foil section (this section gives very high lift at low speeds and also has a large stall angle), which had 20% balance and was supported underneath by a substantial strut.

The 20% balance was a bit controversial, as the accepted norm for balanced rudders is 17%. However, when rudders are designed for autopilots and wind-vane steering systems, the norm is 20% and since *LC* is rarely hand steered, it seemed sensible to pander to their preferences.

Over the winter the new rudder was painstakingly built to the designed specification (an article on this will appear in the next issue), and then *LC* was hauled and her hull modified to accept the new design.

Summer came and I've had lots of opportunities to sail and test the new design. All I can say is that *LC* is a boat transformed. She now has something that is as close to finger-tip control as you are going to get on a boat of her type. She responds instantly to input to the helm, even at speeds of less than a knot. Weather helm on a reach has all but disappeared, and *LC* now tacks readily. When under autopilot, most of the time rudder movement is 1° going up to 3° and even in heavy gusts I've seen a maximum of only 10°. The boat is now always under control and best of all, she is about half a knot faster: something that made all the difference in the recent Tall Ships Regatta.

(read about that in the next article - Ed.)

- NACA 0015 foil section
- substantial strut for support
- 20% balance
- 1000% improvement!

Tall Ships Regatta Junket, New Zealand

Annie Hill took **Fantail** *to the junket.*

Five boats made their way to the Bay of Islands in January 2015 for this junket, and members drove up from Auckland and Whangarei as well as flying in from Melbourne, so it was quite an event. We Kiwis like our junkets, but rather than have a whole host of articles, we decided to combine them in one.

The highlight of the junket was undoubtedly being involved with the Tall Ships Regatta, held in Russell, in the Bay of Islands. The Kiwis are pretty loose in their definition of what constitutes a Tall Ship (well, 40 years ago when the Regatta was first held, it was a case of rowing round the moorings and see who they could rope in); so if you have a boat of over 30 feet and it has two or more masts, you are a Tall Ship. *Arcadian, La Chica* and *Zebedee* all qualified; *Fantail* was considered a Classic (which, to be honest, was pushing her luck and I doubt she'd have received the invitation if she hadn't been rigged as a junk) and little *Pugwash* was 12 ft too short to enter in any class, so cheekily joined in and stole the show.

I persuaded the organiser to institute a special class for junk-rigged boats – first across the line won the prize: a nice bottle of wine from *Fantail's* cellar. This meant that we were mentioned in the prize giving and also in the local paper, raising the profile of junk rig noticeably. Over 100 boats competed and in the 7 photos of boats in the newspaper, junks featured in two of them, with *Pugwash* there, on his own, in the middle of the spread.

La Chica won the junk class with *Zebedee* a close second. And I mean close. Apparently they were neck and neck all the way round the course and had the race of a lifetime. But I'll let everyone tell you how they saw it in their own words.

Fantail had a disappointing race: there never seemed to be enough wind for her, in spite of everyone else finding 15 kn and as the shifting breeze meant we were close-hauled all the way, I just couldn't get her going. My female crew said that while she could see the appeal of junk rig, she liked a boat that would sail to windward (and this was in spite of watching *Zebedee* and *La Chica* storming around the course to the consternation of other sailors.) At this comment, *Fantail's* rig drooped noticeably and her doughty skipper nearly burst into tears. Of course, both before and after the race, *Fantail* has been strutting her stuff to my complete satisfaction. Such is life.

*Robert and Maren Prince (ex-***Pacific Spray,** *now with the soon-to-be-JR,* **Blondie**, *were sailing aboard* **La Chica.**

It was a great pleasure to sail on *La Chica* in the Tall Ships Race and be part of an amazing race with *Zebedee,* where the lead changed hands no fewer than four times. Apart from our tussle with

RP *Zebedee and Tall Ships*

the fiercely competitive crew on *Zebedee* it was amazing how both boats overtook a number of bermudan rigged vessels on the wind by pointing higher and going faster even in the light conditions. The whole experience has

RP *Marcus and* Pugwash

fired us up to get on with our conversion of *Blondie* to junk rig - once a junkie always a junkie.

Roger Scott, who is coming close to a final decision on **Shoestring's** *new rig, hitched a ride on* **Arcadian.**

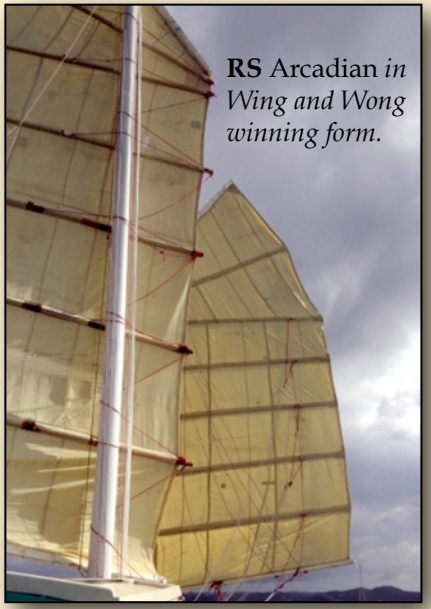
You could tell even from the start that *La Chica* and *Zebedee* would be crossing tacks for most of the course. So closely competitive and sharp did they look as they jousted and wove their paths around each other and through the rest of the fleet: A true pleasure to watch... until they quickly slipped out of sight!

RS *Cat n' Mouse before the start.*

Fantail and *Arcadian* remained close throughout the race. *Arcadian* was however disadvantaged on the wind without cambered sails or a decent breeze to drive all 15 tonnes. Nevertheless, with her 50' waterline and 1200 sq foot sails catching the breeze, in classic wing and wong style, she eased past *Fantail* and other larger competitors on the homeward stretch.

RS *Slippery* Fantail *pulling away from the last mark*

RS Arcadian *cutting a fine line on the wind, but not quick enough to catch* Fantail *in the light breeze.*



RS Arcadian *in Wing and Wong winning form.*

Pugwash valiantly crossed the starting line, boldly kept pace on the windward leg and struck a resonating pose amidst the kaleidoscope of designs entered into the annual event. A proud little ship with attitude to say the least, and now famous in Russell and throughout all of the Bay of Islands.

RS *STAAAAARBOARD.....please!*

I shall return!

The irrepressible Alan Martienssen was sailing **Zebedee** *with his partner, Pauline, and had arranged to meet up with* **Fantail** *in Te Puna Inlet.*

"I think that's another junk up ahead. Have you got the binoculars?"

"It is! Heading to Kent passage!"

The junket was on. We'd arranged to meet Annie on *Fantail* in Te Puna Inlet,

PM Arcadian

Bay of Islands, but we hadn't realised there'd be a third junk. *Arcadian* glided through the narrow pass into Te Puna inlet closely followed by *Zebedee* and *Fantail*, then we were neck and neck, tacking towards Crowles Bay, weaving in and out, sailing as near to one another as possible. *Arcadian* and *Fantail* made an impressive sight. Several other boats approached to have a better look. That evening we all anchored close together for a pot luck dinner on *Arcadian*, where we found another junk: a radio-controlled model, belonging to Len from Australia! Brilliant food, lots of wine (including home-made *Château Zebedee*) and excellent conversation. Hard to beat.

PM *Sunset*

Two days later the race was on, the 40th Tall Ships Regatta, run from Russell Boating Club, and including three square riggers, a dozen or so gaffers and five junks. Marcus was surrounded by admirers chuckling at tiny *Pugwash* tied up to the dinghy dock, an absolute gem of a miniature junk. The rest of us were anchored out with the fleet.

There was very little wind at first, so on *Zebedee*, we yulohed clear, raised sail, and headed towards the start. The wind picked up a little later, and we were joined by *La Chica*, *Arcadian*, *Fantail* and *Pugwash*, all of us zig-zagging amongst the rest of the fleet: about 60 boats in three classes. *La* Chica, *Zebedee* and *Arcadian* were in the Tall Ships Class, *Fantail* in the Classics and *Pugwash* in the All Comers.

PM La Chica

Ten minutes to go, but how long to get to the start? *Zebedee* and *La Chica* were close together.

"What do you think?" I shouted across.

"Is it time?"

PM La Chica

"Go for it!"

We both sheeted in, but *La Chica* hadn't hesitated and got ahead. But it wasn't a bad start.

We were all hard on the wind, starboard tack, may be 15 kn of breeze, perfect for Zebedee. But *La Chica* was gaining. We were doing OK compared to the rest including a little gaffer just behind. Maybe a reef in the main? ...didn't help. *La Chica* was now 30 yds in front. We put up full sail. We could pick up speed but *La Chica* was pointing very slightly higher. I fiddled with the lines, let out the sheet, hoisted the main an extra inch, slightly tighter on the throat parrel, then sheet in hard as we could. Now we could match them, but *La Chica* and the little gaffer were 150 yds ahead. They were sailing through the gap, north of Roberton Island.

Ah! the wind! I could feel it on the back of my neck.

"Colin, let out the main a bit, bit more..."

"Pauline, let out the fore a bit, bit more..."

Little by little we eased sheets. *Zebedee* stormed along.

"Why are all the boats up ahead not moving?"

About a dozen yachts, including *La Chica* and the little gaffer were stalled. One was incredibly close to the rocks. *Zebedee* held his speed.

"Oh ho *Zebedee*!"

They all looked around, gob smacked, as *Zebedee* glided past, sailing beautifully, not a fluttering luff to be seen. All the other yachts just bobbed up and down. It was a moment sent by the gods.

We were ahead. This time they couldn't catch us. We'd got the sails adjusted just right and were 30 yds in front. *La Chica* was finished. We were holding our lead, even from the bermudan-rigged boats, hard on the wind again.

"Why has *La Chica* tacked?"

"He's too early, he'll never round the point. We'll be miles ahead."

But we weren't. *La Chica* had a racing tactician on board. He'd detected a change of wind. No other yacht noticed. No one else tacked. *Zebedee* held his own with the others, but when we went about, *La Chica's* lead was clear, 150 yds if it was an inch!

Bugger!! We'll never catch them now. *Cora*, a little gaff-rigged mullet boat, cut through the middle of the rocks and came up close to *Zebedee*. We were just behind *Vega*, a beautiful ketch, flying a Greenpeace flag. Slowly, ever so slowly we edged past *Vega*, almost touching the stern before luffing to the windward side, but *La Chica* was out of range.

Lindsey, on the club launch roared up, L flag flying.

"They've shortened the course! Around the yellow buoy then straight for home!"

Cora got closer, flying everything, topsails, jibs and god knows what. As we got to the buoy *Cora* cut inside, and then we were on a broad reach, just enough.

"Colin, go forward, we're going wing and wing."

Colin gybed the foresail and *Zebedee* lurched into another gear. We left the fleet standing. They were going backwards. Even *Cora* couldn't keep up. Until he set a water sail. Never seen one before. *Cora* edged ahead. Pauline and Colin held out the booms and *Zebedee* cracked on. *La Chica* was miles ahead but we were gaining. *Cora* was going to catch him first.

"What's that blue thing? Is it a buoy?"

No, it was *Pugwash*, miles from land, blowing his brass fog horn, but we couldn't stop. Got to catch *La Chica*. A dolphin shot under our bow, then another, zig-zagging across our stern. We looked back. It was *Vega* they wanted, leaping out of the water just in front of her bow. How did they know?

PM Pugwash

"Do you reckon *Cora* will blanket their wind?"

"Reckon! Best way to get past."

"That could help."

"...yeah..."

On our port side the three square riggers were closing in on Tapeka Point, a magnificent sight but *La Chica* was what we were after. *Cora* was right on him, and, as hoped for, stole the wind to overtake.

PM *closing* LC - *1*

"As we round the point, we'll have to gybe. Get ready."

Pauline and Colin were as slick as ever and *Zebedee* bowled along.

"They haven't gybed!"

La Chica's foresail wasn't settled. *Zebedee's* was pulling like a train. We

PM *Passing* LC

edged forward, to *La Chica's* port side, almost touching. As we passed, both of *La Chica's* sails fluttered, and *Zebedee* seemed to find another gear. We were ahead! And gaining! We'd done it. The rest of the fleet were out of sight! Well, not quite, but a jolly long way behind, at least half a mile. Only *Cora* was ahead, but she's in another class, so that doesn't count. Hallelujah! We're going to win! Nothing can stop us now! We drew further ahead. *La Chica* gybed, now matching our speed, but it wasn't enough.

PM *closing* LC - 2

Then the wind changed. Now we're hard on the port tack. *La Chica* noticed slightly before we did, but we would still win.

"I don't believe it! I just DON'T believe it! Where the HELL did that come from?"

Suddenly, right in front of us, was a towering square rigger, *Breeze*.

I looked to the right. A stupendous sight, but not NOW! All three square riggers were heading to the finish. *Breeze* was in front. We could either overtake on the down-wind starboard side, or the up-wind port. Starboard meant we'd lose ALL of our wind, given the size of the wind shadow, or we'd luff going to port. We turned port. At first *Zebedee* bravely held his speed, but gradually, very gradually, it was just too much.

"Is there nothing we can do?" wailed Pauline and Colin together.

There were tears of frustration dripping ...mine!

La Chica won.

But what a race!

David Webb: The junket for **Arcadian**

started when we anchored close to *Fantail* in Oneroa Bay in the Te Puna Inlet, Bay of Islands on Sunday 4th January. We had had a good sail down from the Cavalli Islands and after we had anchored and tidied up the boat, Annie came aboard for a catch up and discussion on what the junket might look like.

We spent time with family and then *Arcadian* went to Paihia, where we anchored to await the arrival of Len Doreian from Melbourne, together with his five-foot long, radio-controlled, junk-rigged sailboat. With Len aboard, we were sailing back to the Te Puna Inlet when we encountered *Fantail* and *Zebedee;* we all sailed in company before anchoring in Crowles Bay, where we had a very convivial pot-luck dinner aboard *Arcadian* while enjoying a beautiful sunset over the bay.

The following day, Len assembled *D'autre Part* (French for "On the Other Hand") his model sailboat, and sailed it around the anchorage until the batteries came loose and he lost control. He rowed over and rescued her and brought her back to *Arcadian*.

DW D'autre Part

Fantail and *Zebedee* then left together to join *La Chica,* who had arrived at Matauwhi Bay. Unfortunately, *Arcadian* had to empty holding tanks, so motorsailed out beyond the no-dumping line, before sailing back to Matauwhi Bay where we anchored close to the other junks. We again had a very enjoyable pot-luck dinner aboard *Arcadian*, this time with the addition of Paul and Marcus II, his crew visiting from South Africa. (Marcus I is skipper of *Pugwash*.) This very happy and social event went on until way after midnight and there were never fewer than four animated conversations happening at once!

Friday the 9th was spent at anchor in Matauwhi Bay where we watched the enormous fleet of boats assemble for the Tall Ships Regatta the following day. We went ashore and while having coffee at a café, recruited an additional crew member, James, who was visiting from down south. After returning to *Arcadian* we again had a pot-luck dinner aboard, joined later by Marcus I off *Pugwash*. I went ashore to the Yacht Club with Len and we met Roger Scott (*Shoestring*) and made arrangements for the following day, when Roger would be crewing with us.

I went ashore early for the skippers' meeting, met Roger and James, got the race instructions and headed back to *Arcadian*, with the crew members.

We had an almost perfect start to the race, crossing the line at the windward end only a couple of seconds after the gun. We could see *Zebedee* and *La Chica* locked in a battle to leeward of us, that would last for the duration of the race. *Pugwash* had started early as he was too small to be officially included in the race. He was clearly visible with his blue sail in the middle of the fleet, as he bravely jousted with his larger companions.

DW Zebedee *and* La Chica *locked in battle*

Fantail was to leeward of us and we would sail close to her for most of the race. The initial leg, close hauled on the starboard tack, was in about 15 knots of wind and *Arcadian* was doing reasonably well, however the light and shifting winds in the passage behind the Moturua Islands did not suit us and *Fantail* managed to eke out a small lead as she exited the north passage. *Arcadian* left the passage in company with a Colin Archer ketch and another bermudan-rigged vessel. With the wind behind us *Arcadian* did better and left behind the Colin Archer and the other vessel. Slowly we overhauled *Fantail* and finally crept past her just before Tapeka Point. We slowly increased our lead and passed the finish line at Matauwhi Bay a few minutes ahead of her.

We anchored in Matauwhi Bay and prepared for the night's festivities ashore at the Russell Boating Club. They were very enjoyable, especially the Hangi, which catered for 750 diners!! *La Chica* won the bottle of wine for the first junk to finish, but everyone thoroughly enjoyed the day.

The following morning the junks spent a quiet day in Matauwhi Bay. *Pugwash* went for a long sail and we rigged our 14-foot dinghy and tried it out under its lugsail, cat ketch sailing rig, for the first time. We again shared a splendidly-social pot-luck dinner aboard *Arcadian*. The following day the junket officially ended when everyone departed for separate destinations after a thoroughly good time having been had by all.

Marcus Raimon, aboard **Pugwash**

For the second year running we organised another junket around entering junks in the annual Russell Tall Ships Regatta, a fantastic event. Annie even convinced organiser Christine Hall, to include a junk-rigged class, with our own prize. Thank you Annie. Having really enjoyed crewing on *Fantail* last year, I was determined to participate in my own boat this time. Unfortunately my keeler is in a shed at the start of a metamorphosis into a split junk-rigged, liveaboard cruiser, (of which much more to come), so in desperation I turned my gaze upon wee *Pugwash*, my eight-foot sailing lifeboat (already junk rigged, of course). I attended a winter junket in Whangarei some while back, and had found him less than satisfactory as a cruiser, so had proceeded to dream up some improvements. Well, it just so happened, as it often does when residing in a boatyard full of cruisers, that a neighbour had offered me some very lightweight plywood for free! To cut a long story short, I conceived and built a raised coaming, with a cuddy cabin cruising top, complete with self-steering gear! I got a bit carried away, as I'm apt to do: the wind vane adding considerably to the build time, and as a consequence I was rather late arriving. Five days in fact! No-one who knew me was the least bit surprised.

I finally showed up at the Russell Boating Club at dusk, the evening before the race. Down onto the beach I drove my 850cc Daihatsu Mira hatchback with *Pugwash* proudly perched up on top of my custom wooden roof rack, having driven three hours up the back roads to avoid the constabulary! It seemed that the entire bar of the boat club poured out to meet me and help get *Pugwash* off the car (thank god). Annie and others found the sheer sight of the arrangement quite hysterical.

The Race Committee declared us inadmissible due to *Pugwash* being only marginally more than one third the minimum LOA. Fair dos, so we jumped the start line by 15 minutes. Silly me: the gun went off for the fast boats and to my horror, thirty pointy race boat bows came tearing straight towards me! I felt like Tiny Tim facing a row of Rugby prop forwards!!! I gripped the tiller, fixed my gaze upon my sail, played gallantly with the luff hauling parrel (most important for photographs) and prayed for mercy. Well they all rushed past, the newly-formed category of All-comers, followed by the Classics and Tall Ships, while I did my best to go "somewhere" in an impossible wake-induced washing machine.

MR Pugwash *on the Mira*

Once the real boats had passed, I found wee *Pugwash* was purposefully working to windward, under steering vane no less! Fantastic. What's more, I was able to successfully decant and enjoy some some very satisfactory home brew, and a not-inconsequential view. I cannot adequately express my delight and joy at observing *Pugwash* driving to windward, without my assistance! Of course, my bliss was soon shattered by the thundering great wake of a curious passing launch, blasting by for a look at this strange spectacle. Frantic line adjustments, the rescue of my beer and a cursory wave: they know not what they do.

Running back to the finish line, I frightened a thirty-foot double ender, who was having trouble getting his jib to set. I declared that life was well worth the living.

And finally, from the skipper of the winning boat. The Oracle gives his version of The Race!

Paul Thompson, aboard **La Chica**

Well for we inhabitants of Middle Earth, it's that time of the year again... the Junk Days: a time for sailing our junks and having junkets. What indeed would the life of a junkie be without junkets? And we junkies in NZ love our junkets. Once again we creep forth from our various winter hidey holes, embrace the sun and the gentle breezes and gather upon one another's boats to tell harrowing tales of dark winter suffering; and lighter stories as well. Some of us, like the Leprechaun, have slept the winter away; others have been rather more industrious; but all of us are glad, for the Junk Days are back again.

This year the Junk Days had the added attraction of the Tall Ships Regatta. Although this is held every year, we've not always had a junket to go with it. So those of us who could, headed north to celebrate the coming days.

This year *LC* was especially eager to get going, as once again we'd be able to meet up with our good friends aboard *Zebedee* and have the fun of testing our boats against each other, while marvelling at the similarities and differences. It's amazing that two boats that are so different (*LC* a steel version of the Tahiti Ketch and *Zebedee*, a 34ft, plywood Jay Benford Badger) could have sailing performance that is so similar.

Zebedee and LC had met the previous year, and in 20kts or so of wind, *Zebedee* had seemed faster on the wind and the boats seemed roughly equal off the wind. As a result of that meeting and discussions we had after it, Alan made some changes to *Zebedee* and I made some to *LC*.

Both of us were quietly looking forward to meeting up in the Tall Ships Regatta and when the day came, with winds of F3 and F4 and a course that was predominately to the windward, I'm sure that Alan was quietly confident of what the outcome would be. On the other hand, I'd done a lot of work on *LC* over the winter and had given her a brand new and completely-repositioned rudder; the passage up to BOI from Auckland had shown that *LC* was a boat transformed. Gone were her hard-headed ways and I had a boat that responded to the smallest input on the helm.

The day finally dawned and *Zebedee* and *LC* joined the mélée of boats, milling round at the start line. There were probably a hundred boats or more, but the two only had eyes for each other. There were three other junks out there as well, but they didn't even enter the equation: this was a match race between the two boats and *Zebedee* was the only boat to which we on board *LC* paid any attention.

Come the gun, *LC* was right at the windward mark and we had the pleasure of leading *Zebedee* over the line. *Zebedee* was footing faster but pointing lower than *LC*, but was she going to be fast enough to make up? The moment of truth came when it was time to tack: *LC* emerged about 100m higher and the race was on in earnest.

Inexorably *LC* opened her lead but then disaster struck! We had to round a rock and then tack. At the rock *LC* sailed into a hole in the breeze. Alan on *Zebedee* saw it and was able to give the rock a larger berth and as result, *Zebedee* sailed passed poor *LC* as if she were standing still. Our hard-won lead of 400m evaporated. Nevertheless, no sooner had Zebedee cleared the rock than the breeze filled in again and *LC* was once more back in business.

Over the next leg *LC* fought back grimly and we slowly started to reel our lead back, when suddenly the wind backed 30º and we tacked. *Zebedee* failed to take advantage of the lift and so *LC* was able rapidly to open a lead again. By the time we rounded the mark for the downwind run, we had a lead of about half a mile. Some on board *LC* thought "the race is over... we have it in the bag", but it never pays to count your chickens early and when *Zebedee* rounded the mark, it soon became apparent that she was relentlessly catching up to *LC*. The tension on board could have been cut with a knife: everyone silently, and not so silently, urged *LC* on, but still *Zebedee* gained. About a mile from the finish, he was alongside and very soon he had a boat length on *LC*.

However, for the final stretch to the finish line, now less than a mile away, both boats had to harden in and *LC* began once again to have a slight edge on *Zebedee*. Now the boot was on the other foot, and slowly but implacably, *LC* reeled in *Zebedee's* lead. The tension was palpable. Two hundred metres from the finish the boats were neck and neck: at the finish... *LC* was ahead by one or two boat lengths and we had won! But what a race! If the America's Cup were like this race, everyone would watch: both boats gave their all and the lead changed no less than four times and we were so closely matched that at any time the lead could change... and it did!

Although most of the fleet had drinks parties aboard, as you will gather, we all made shameless use of the grand *Arcadian* for our evening meals. Not only did David and Rosemary continue to make us welcome, night after night, but we shamelessly abandoned them to the washing up at the end of the evening. Many, many thanks to them: being able to seat and feed such a mob of people on one boat was the icing on the cake of a perfect junket.

Photo credits:

RP – Robert Prince

PM – Pauline Moretti

RS – Roger Scott

DW – David Webb

MR – Marcus Raimon

Empowering the JRA

by Chris Gallienne

A proposal for structural change that would improve our legal status.

Introduction

In a recent e-mail exchange with the committee, I noted that I find it somewhat depressing that the JRA often seems to avoid many of the activities best suited to fulfilling its aims, due to the perceived risk of legal and financial vulnerability of the committee and membership. The status of the JRA as an Unincorporated Association means that it has no legal identity independent of its committee and membership. It cannot own property, and it cannot be sued. The responsibility for any debts it may accrue, together with any legal and financial liabilities it may incur are borne jointly and severally by its members.

We have therefore decided, for instance, that the JRA should no longer be involved in organising rallies – arguably one of the best methods of fulfilling the aims of the Association to promote the junk rig and encourage its use. Recently a suggestion for developing a 'one design' Western junk – another promising means of fulfilling the aims of the Association - has met with similar resistance for similar reasons. We are also limited in our ability to make the best of our financial reserves. While we are currently in the process of moving our bank accounts to enable us to have deposit accounts and a payment card, we could not, for instance, take advantage of the much better rates of return available from low-risk financial instruments such as investment bonds.

The purpose of this proposal is not to recommend any of the above activities (although personally I believe they all have merit and are worthy of further consideration) but to suggest a means of removing a significant impediment should the JRA decide that such activities are otherwise worth pursuing.

Limiting liability

As recently pointed out by our Chairman, one way to remove the problem of personal liability, and its limitation of what we feel able to do in furtherance of our aims, is to change the status of the Association to one of limited liability. The suggestion was to get the JRA registered as a Charitable Incorporated Organisation, with its own legal identity (and public liability insurance).

My own investigations over the past few months suggest that this may not be the best structure for the JRA. The Charities Commission wields a fairly heavy regulatory hand with regard to registered charities – rather more than we might welcome. What we do is not really recognisable as charitable work – although our stated aims could probably be contrived to fit one of the Charity Commission's stated categories – that of education, probably. Furthermore, a charity has to appoint trustees, who have a certain responsibility both legal and financial. For instance, if the JRA folded they could be liable for its debts. This does not solve the problem, it just makes it somebody else's – those 'somebodies' might be hard to recruit, and would probably not suit our *modus operandi*.

What would better suit an association like ours, in my opinion, is a structure which is effectively that of an Unincorporated Association with the added benefit of limited liability. Such a structure now exists – a Community Interest Company (CIC). Introduced by the UK government in 2005 specifically to provide such a structure for Unincorporated Associations, CICs are much more lightly regulated than the Charitable-type organisations. A useful introduction to these structures is the first chapter of the guidance document produced by the government at http://www.bis.gov.uk/cicregulator/guidance.

CICs are a new type of limited company for people wishing ... to carry on other activities for the benefit of the community.

The basic legal structure for CICs is the limited liability company. They can either be incorporated as a new company, or converted from an existing company. They can take one of three company forms:

- **company limited by guarantee without a share capital** *(best suited to the JRA)*
- **private company limited by shares, or**
- **public company limited by shares.**

As CICs are intended to use their assets, income and profits for the benefit of the community they are formed to serve, they must embrace some special additional features:

- **They are subject to an 'asset lock' which ensures that assets are retained within the company to support its activities or otherwise used to benefit the community. The main elements of the asset lock are as follows:**

CICs may not transfer assets at less than full market value unless the transfer falls within a narrow range of permitted transfers such as to another asset-locked body or for the benefit of the community.

- **On dissolution of a CIC any surplus assets must be transferred to another asset locked body once all liabilities have been met.**

'The community' is defined as

"... either the population as a whole or a definable sector or group of people either in the UK or elsewhere. The CIC legislation states that any group of individuals may constitute a community if they share a common characteristic which distinguishes them from other members of the community and a reasonable person might consider that they constitute a section of the community".

Implications

Naturally such a change in status would require (yet again) a certain amount of structural change. My reading suggests to me, however, that it could be fairly minimal. If there was sufficient support for such a change, a discussion paper would need to be produced laying out the pros and cons. After a sufficient period for digesting and discussing this document, members would vote for or against the change at a General Meeting. If it was decided to proceed, the application/ certification process appears to be fairly straightforward and not too onerous – it might take only 2 weeks, with a £35.00 registration fee.

Some minor modification of the JRA constitution would be required, but no essential change in the stated aims or means of achieving them. A board of directors would be needed – there seems to be no reason why this could not automatically comprise the current committee and change as and when the committee changes.

Limited liability does not mean no liability. In the case of a CIC limited by shares, each member's liability would be to the extent of the value of shares purchased. In the case of a CIC limited by guarantee, liability is minimal – a nominal commitment of £1.00 per member is all that is required. This could simply be reserved in a separate area of the accounts from each member's subscription in the first year, or when new a member joins - in each case as a one-off. The members would notice no difference.

There is a tax implication, but no more than is implied by our current status – basically, if the tax calculable from any excess of income over expenditure exceeds a certain level, we become liable for Corporation Tax. This is true now, and would continue to be so. The only difference being that we would be required to register, whereas presently we are not (although the taxman could insist on it given our current status, he doesn't usually bother).

Conclusion

The proposal contained in this article currently represents only the opinion of one member of the JRA, who happens also to be a committee member – it does not necessarily represent the views of other members of the committee. The purpose of presenting it here is to generate some debate of the issue which might then contribute to a decision as to whether or not it is worth presenting as a formal proposal upon which the membership might vote. To this end, to coincide with its publication, I will start a thread on the 'JRA, Mag & Website' forum to host any emerging discussion. For those members who - through limited access or through choice - do not frequent the web site, writing to the Editor in response to this article provides an alternative means of contributing to the discussion.

Zebedee *in Bay Maa*

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