



JUNK RIG
Association

Magazine Issue 63, October 2013



Miranda showing off her reefed aerojunk sails

From the Associate Editor

by Lynda Chidell

As I write this, our editor, David Tyler, is cruising in some remote part of Alaska with intermittent connection to the internet and the wider world. He has very trustingly left me in charge of compiling the articles and managing the layout of this issue of the magazine.

Finding people to write about their experiences for

publication is a large part of the job and I am extremely grateful to those contributors who have come forward with interesting stories and lots of photographs to help me put together another varied collection of articles with, hopefully, something of interest for everyone.

Do you have a story to tell? We would be happy to read it and consider it for publication in the next issue of the JRA Magazine due out in February. The deadline for contributions is the end of December. See Contributor's guidelines on page 41. Photo stories - like the one about Frøken Sørensen - are every bit as important as those that rely on the written word. If you are handier with a camera than a keyboard, you may

send us a series of photos with captions instead. This is your magazine and it is a place for you to air your views and opinions. We have had no correspondence with which to fill the letters page in this issue and I am hoping that some of you will provide food for thought by responding to Roy Denton's article on Dismasting. I wouldn't mind betting that there are several instances of masts tumbling down that are known about but have not been shared with us. Please send your thoughts to David Tyler who may include them in the letters column as a debate to mull over in February.

Contents:

Restoring the Schooner Coronet
Hall of Fame - Bill King
Golden Lotus Revisited
Tying My Shoestring
Junk Food
Snod's Notstar
Flutterby's Shakedown Cruise

page 3
page 4
page 8
page 12
page 13
page 14
page 20

Roy's Traveller
Hall of fame - Peter Crowther
Warsash Rally
Redwing's Progress
Sailing to Sarawak
East Coast Rally
Frøken Sørensen
Dismasted
Auckland to Whangarei
Miranda Aerojunk

page 23
page 24
page 27
page 29
page 32
page 37
page 38
page 42
page 46
page 48

Laodah's Corner
Aletheia & USA Rolling Junket
Kippford Rally
Boleh
North to Whangarei
JRA Crossword
Notes from Committee Members
Advertising

page 51
page 54
page 57
page 58
page 59
page 61
page 62
page 64

President
Jock McCleod

The JRA Committee

Chairman

Jonathan Snodgrass
chairman@junkrigassociation.org

Secretary

Edward Hooper
honsec@junkrigassociation.org
12 Tower Road,
Poole.
Dorset. BH13 6HY UK

Treasurer

Sally Peake
treasurer@junkrigassociation.org

Webmaster

Brian Kerslake
webmaster@junkrigassociation.org

Membership Secretary

Lynda Chidell
membership@junkrigassociation.org

Sailing Secretary

Annie Hill
sailsec@junkrigassociation.org

Committee members

David Tyler
committee@junkrigassociation.org

Lesley Verbrugge

coopted1@junkrigassociation.org

Magazine Team

Editor David Tyler
tystie34@gmail.com

Associate Editor Lynda Chidell

lyndachidell@me.com

Rock Villa
Plantation
Camborne
Cornwall TR14 9JP UK

Proof Editor Annie Hill

"Look! They're Taking Our Picture"

By Meps Schulte

Flutterby cruises the Intracoastal Waterway

Two days after our brief test sail aboard *Flutterby*, we departed on a week-long trip from Georgia to Florida along the Intracoastal Waterway, known as the ICW or "the Ditch". The ICW is a 3000-mile route of mostly-protected waters, that follows the eastern seaboard of the USA, cuts across southern Florida, and traces the Gulf of Mexico to Texas. It is made up of rivers, creeks, canals, and wide natural bodies of water, such as Chesapeake Bay.

Some of the most difficult parts of the ICW to navigate, are miles-wide, but inches-deep lagoons. Although it looks

like there's plenty of water, the trick is to find a fifty-foot wide channel somewhere in all this blue that has been dredged to a depth of twelve feet. That's if we're lucky. Lack of funding sometimes interferes with dredging, so the channel is only nine feet deep, or even seven. Its only indication is a series of pilings, not always close together, leaving us anxiously watching our depth sounder.

Because of the narrow, twisting channels and the constant hazard of running aground, most cruisers, whether on powerboats or sailboats, consider the ICW to be a motoring trip.

It had been for us, too. We had originally launched *Flutterby*, sans rig, and done four lengthy passages under power between North Carolina and Florida. Other sailors would hail us on the radio and ask, curiously, "What kind of rig is that?" "An unfinished one," we'd reply.

On our first trip with sails, we motored out of the marina and into the Brunswick river to find a favorable current and light winds. We raised our sails under the towering Sidney Lanier bridge and started down the wide river,

bordered by marshes. It was delightful, but we had distance to cover, so we started the engine and motorsailed.

We rejoined the ICW at one of its trickiest, shallowest places: Jekyll Creek. The first time we cruised through there, I hadn't even noticed the glamorous homes of Jekyll Island. I even overlooked the 12,000 square-foot vacation "cottage" used by the Rockefellers in the early 1900s. That's because I was so focused on navigating the Creek, which had some spots that were only about five feet deep at a spring tide.

So when Barry suggested that we leave the sails up and motorsail behind Jekyll Island, I was terrified. What if a gust came up and the sails took over? What if we were blown onto a sandbank and unable to get off? What if a big powerboat's wake caused us to lose control?

He promised to drop the sails if there was the slightest hint of a problem, so I reluctantly agreed, and we started up the creek. About a boat's length away, shorebirds stood in the mud, fishing as we motored past. But the sails quietly weather-vaned, and there were no problems.



Meps and Barry

Connect the dots: To sail the ICW, you have to find the channel through the shallows.

Just under the bridge, as we passed the marina, a strange thing happened. A man was stepping onto his boat from the dock, and he stared at us. Then he ducked below and came back out with something in his hands. It was a camera, and it was aimed at us!

"Do you see that? He's taking our picture!" I said to Barry, amazed that a total stranger would photograph us. I suspect the man's photo perfectly captured our two astonished faces, mouths open, staring back at him from under our beautiful red-and-white sail.

When we were clear of the creek, we turned off the motor and sailed across St. Andrews Sound. A large powerboat came up behind us and hailed us on the



Barry plays the sheet as we sail through a narrow channel in light winds.

Meps Schulte



*Water, water all around, but only one foot deep.
Meps, clowning around at the helm.*

radio. "Flutterby, your sails are beautiful!" As they passed us, I saw another camera aimed our way.

On the second day, dense fog shrouded our Fernandina Beach anchorage. When it finally lifted, there was no wind, so we motored all day, seeing hardly a soul on the water or ashore.

But on the third day, when we raised our sails again, we were rewarded for our efforts. An elegant home sat on the waterfront, bordered with balconies on both floors. As we sailed stately past, a well-dressed man dashed out onto the second-floor balcony with his iPad to take our picture.

On day four, near Titusville, another powerboat photographed us and then hailed us on the radio, with compliments. This time, Barry asked if they could email us the photos. As soon as we published them on our website, a friend wrote to ask if she could paint a picture of our boat!

On the fifth day, we anchored at Cocoa Beach, and Barry raised the mizzen and did some work on the rigging. That evening, a friend sent us a picture of our rigging work on Facebook. He was in Africa, but someone he knew had gone past us that day and snapped the photo, posting it with the comment, "Spotted your buddies in Cocoa."

On our last day southbound, we finally had northerlies, but they were so strong, we only put up three panels of our main. We were becoming a lot more confident about sailing in the fifty-foot wide channel. The only problem was that we didn't have room to round up, and with the wind astern, we had trouble reefing the main down from three panels to two. That was a little scary.

Nonetheless, it was a joyous sleigh ride, just a few days before Christmas, and we saw speeds of up to 7.5 knots. As we came through the Wabasso Bridge, my father and brother were waiting ashore with their cameras. They only had time for a couple of quick shots before the wind whisked our heavily-reefed vessel out of sight, behind mangroves. But it was enough to inspire my brother, who is legally

blind and an artist, to create a large abstract painting of our boat.

Flutterby stayed in Vero Beach through the winter, the subject of many quizzical looks and comments. In order to avoid shadows on the solar panels, we'd rotated the mizzen sail bundle around 180°, which was even more confusing to people who didn't understand the balanced rig.

When the time came for our return journey, I grumbled. I thought of the ICW as a motoring trip, like driving the same stretch of highway you've done five times before. I expected it to be boring.

I was wrong. The day we left, in the middle of May, the weather was warm and sunny. We hoisted our sails with the wind abeam and shut off the engine. Then we sailed for almost

eight hours in the narrow channel, making just as much progress as we would have motoring. Playing the mainsheet to keep the jiblets filled in the easterly breezes was fun!

This kind of perfect sailing continued for almost a week. Our proudest day was sailing through Daytona Beach, where we made it through four drawbridges without starting the engine once.

But now, instead of one or two photos a day, we were the subject of *dozens*.

Powerboats would come rushing up to us, and instead of passing, they'd stop, bobbing awkwardly as members of the crew pointed their cameras at us. Tourists on shore captured us with cameras and iPads. People hailed us from the water, from shore, and on the radio with words of praise for our

Traveling Soul



"Would you please email us the photos you just took?"

Skybird III





View from the helm during our Christmas sleigh ride.



The first painting inspired by *Flutterby*. Artist: Hank Schulte, a visually impaired artist in Columbus, Ohio, USA.

beautiful sails. I tried to explain that my husband had made them, which led to complete incredulity.

At anchor in St. Mary's, we were visited by a small fleet of kayaks. "I saw you sailing yesterday, from the Cumberland Island ferry. You were beautiful!" said one of the paddlers. We were not only noticed and photographed; we were remembered.

It has taken us many years to reach this point, and a lot of our friends who sail "conventional" rigs chided us for wasting time. "You could have been out cruising ages ago, if you hadn't been so set on that junk rig," they told us. But how many paintings have their boats inspired?

As Thoreau said, "If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different

drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away." On our first two trips on the ICW, I clearly heard the music: the sweet sound of water rushing past *Flutterby's* hull at seven knots.



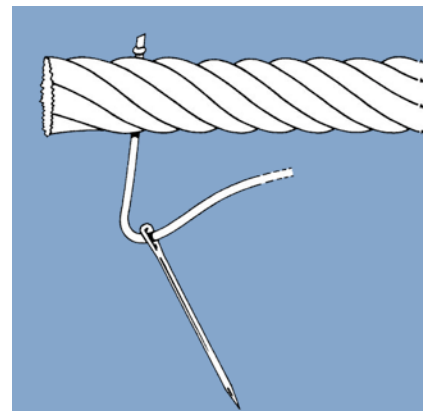
Useful Ropework Hints:

By kind permission of

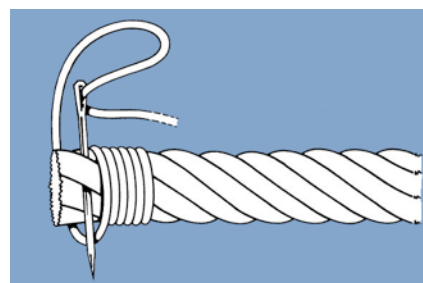
www.survivalworld.com

Palm & Needle Whipping

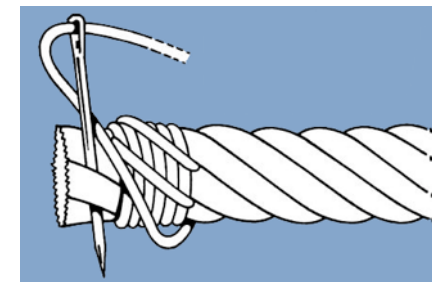
This durable and reliable whipping is especially suited to twisted natural fiber rope, but can also be tied on braided or artificial fibre ropes. It will stand up well to friction, so it can be employed for heavy usage. You will need a needle with an eye big enough to take whipping twine.



To ensure the knotted end of the twine is held securely, push the needle through the center of a strand.



Make the required number of turns toward the rope end and then push the needle behind one of the rope strands.



Follow the gap between the strands down the lower end of the whipping. Insert the needle so that it exits from the next gap and follow back to the top of the whipping. Continue to create this diagonal line running down each gap.



To finish, pull the twine under the whipping and trim the loose ends. If the rope is braided rather than twisted, the diagonal lines can still be added.

