

NEMA

NEW ENGLAND MULTIHULL ASSOCIATION

Tom Cox Photo



Black Dog Dash fleet on the beach a the Black Dog Tavern

Summer Sailing Sabbatical

by Tom Cox

Every summer I look forward to a cruise from Gloucester, MA, to Martha's Vineyard, the Elizabeth Islands, and Newport, RI, aboard *Triad*, my 42' Newick Creative trimaran. Two of my favorite races, the Black Dog Dash and the Newport Solo/Twin serve as bookends for this most enjoyable passage. This year I was especially eager, as our 2009 odyssey had been aborted due to inclement weather and a late start of my boating season. My good friend and perennial *Triad* partner (and newly-elected NEMA treasurer) Mike Lipton signed up for the duration.

With the Dash two days ahead, we

prepared to leave Gloucester on June 22 with an ideal forecast - a brisk north-westerly would push us to the Cape Cod Canal in record time. The passage promised to be so fast we delayed our departure until mid day in order to make a favorable Canal current at 1900. We had already stocked *Triad* with all the necessaries: sunscreen, sunshade, sunshower, sleeping bags, seltzer, suds, and provisions. ("Comfortable race boat, Spartan cruiser," opines my wife Judy, and she has a good point).

We dinghied to the mother ship, offloaded our personal gear, then hauled up and lashed down the dinghy and motor on deck. As Mike removed the sail covers and hooked up halyards, I stowed

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Tom Cox Photo



The beginnings of sunset at Tarpaulin Cove.

**NEMA Annual Dinner
Saturday, February 5**

**Speaker:
Stan Honey: Breaking the
Circumnavigation Record
Aboard the Racing Tri,
Groupama 3**

**Venezia Restaurant,
Dorchester, MA**

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NEMA Web Site www.nemasail.org
See the website for membership application and meeting information.

2010 - A Good Year for Multihulls

The America's Cup in February saw, for the first time, a Catamaran compete against a Trimaran. I was excited to see this and was floored by the performance of these two monsters! Later in the year the announcement came from the winner, BMW / Oracle, that the next cup would be held in 72' wing-sailed catamarans. On December 31st it was announced that the Cup will be held in San Francisco. To me this could not get any better; the world's most technologically advanced boats in one of the most picturesque settings. I look forward to following the tune-up series in the 45' wing-sailed cats as much as the America's Cup itself in the 72 footers!

NEMA did experience slight growth over 2010 in event attendance and hopefully, with luck and more visibility of multihulls in general, we will see continued growth. Each of our winter meetings had good attendance and fun presentations. The summer races were generally good with better weather than average. There seems to be a lower level of interest in organized cruises; what more can we do there? Our holiday

party at Savin Hill Yacht Club in December was the biggest in recent years. The NEMA board of directors is getting a new face with the addition of Mike Lipton as Treasurer, who was voted in during elections at the General Meeting/Holiday Party.

As always, I am interested in ideas of how we can serve you better. I appreciate your continued support and look forward to a great season for 2011! I hope to see many of you at our Annual Dinner at the Venezia Restaurant on February 5th.

The 2011 season of NEMA sailing events start on Memorial Day Weekend. Please join us for events on the water this year! The schedule of races, cruises and social events can be seen on our website, www.NEMAsail.org. We have regular updates to the website so check it frequently!

Happy Sailing!

Bob Gleason
NEMA Commodore



Tom Cox Photo

Stan Honey to Speak at NEMA Annual Dinner

Breaking the Circumnavigation Record Aboard the Racing Tri, Groupama 3

Stan Honey is a world renowned navigator of racing yachts and the winner of the US Sailing's 2010 Rolex Yachtsman of the Year award.



Come meet Stan at the NEMA Annual Dinner and hear about his experiences. The Annual Dinner also features the 2010 NEMA Racing and Cruising awards, a delicious buffet dinner and the year's best opportunity to schmooze with over 100 NEMA members.

**Saturday February 5, 6 to 10 PM
Venezia Restaurant
Dorchester, MA 02122**



Photo Courtesy of Stan Honey

See the insert in this issue or go to www.nemasail.org for more details

The 2011, 2012 NEMA Officers

A new board of directors was elected to two-year terms at the December, 2010, Annual Meeting. The officers for 2011 and 2012 represent a wide range of experience in helping to run NEMA, from those with many years, to some of the fresh crop elected two years ago, to one new face. Together, this board, like the ones before it, will help NEMA ensure that the membership is served by the organization. They have a desire to promote racing, cruising, and sailing offshore and on, and to help members socialize and share their experiences with a community of like-minded people who have discovered the joys of sailing flat and fast in their multihulls.

Commodore: Bob Gleason

Bob Gleason has a varied sailing background. He started in dinghies and keelboats, then caught the multihull bug in the mid 70s, first on a P-Cat and then on a Hobie 16. He raced on the Tufts University sailing team, and after graduation in 1986 sold Windsurfers, Hobie Cats and the McGregor 36 catamaran. 1991 was his start with Corsair Marine, which led to forming his own company, The Multihull Source, Inc., in 1996. Since 1991 Bob has been quite involved in NEMA; as a member of the race committee and as the Cruising Chairman. 2011 brings new challenges as Commodore of NEMA, which should be a very interesting and engaging experience. Bob, Jane, Gordon and Henry Gleason live on the beach in Wareham where NEMA has often had events like the Buzzards Bay Blast and the annual NEMA picnic.

Vice Commodore: Ed Sinofsky

Ed Sinofsky began sailing at the age of 12, but hadn't learned how to tack yet, so hiked the dinghy back up-wind his first time out. This grew into buoy racing and sailing a variety of boats during the summers when he would work for

Spencer Sails in Huntington N.Y. As he began his career in the medical application of lasers, he bought a sailboat (it was a Laser, of course), and enjoyed the local racing scene. In the late 1980's he saw a windsurfer skimming across the lake and he felt the need for the speed of a planing vessel. So in 1990 he moved "up" to a new windsurfer and the windy shores of Cape Cod. For the next 15 years or so, he windsurfed every chance he could. He also met Bob Gleason and had a chance to race on an F-31 – very cool! Four years ago, Ed bought a Corsair F-24 Mk II, *GlowBoat*. Ed was one of the many volunteers behind the successful 2008 Corsair Nationals, held in Buzzards Bay, and was the NEMA treasurer in 2009 and 2010.

Race Chair: Don Watson

Don Watson has been a NEMA member since 1988. He is a past Commodore and was Race Committee chairman for ten years. He currently owns *Swamp Fox*, a trimaran which he designed and built. She was launched in 1988. He prefers offshore racing and has competed with *Swamp Fox* in 8 Marblehead-Halifax Races and is the current multihull course record holder for that event. He sails out of Padanaram in Buzzards Bay and enjoys cruising as well as racing. Whenever possible his wife and children are his crew. He has also been involved with Race Management, having been race committee for the multihull class at Buzzards Bay Regatta and the Newport Unlimited.

Cruising Chair: Ken Levitt

Ken Levitt and his wife, Judy Gould, who is also his sailing partner, live in Wareham, MA, and have their Corsair F-31 Ultimate Cruiser *Try Oomph* moored behind their house a mile from Buzzards Bay. He has been sailing for 35 years off and on, and gotten "serious" about it for the last 7 years. They bought their first trimaran five years ago and besides

sailing in their local waters between Cape Cod and Narragansett Bay, they have also made good use of its trailer, taking it to Boston Harbor, Lake Champlain, and the Florida Keys. Ken and Judy's cruising plans include 4 to 6 weeks in Florida in early 2011 and a trip to the Bahamas over the 2011-2012 Winter season. Ken often sails with other boats – either as the planner and leader, or joining other planned cruises, like the ones organized by the North East Trailer Sailors (where he is a board member and Judy is the Secretary). Ken was the Cruising Chairman for the 2008 Corsair Nationals held in Buzzards Bay.

Treasurer: Michael Lipton

Michael began sailing at age 14 on a Sail Fish, on the lakes of Connecticut. In summers during college he was a sailing instructor at camps in Maine. In graduate school he was lucky to have a professor who bought a Bristol 30 which he kept at Old Saybrook Connecticut. This led to much cruising up and down New England, with many trips to Maine. In 2006 Michael discovered Triad, and NEMA member Tom Cox, and finally discovered sailing as it was meant to be. Since then he has joined NEMA and sailed on Triad. He likes boat work, especially in Walter Green's yard in Maine, and would have asked Walter for a job, if only he could work fast enough to keep the costs down to the customer. In a past life Michael was a professor of philosophy at Northeastern University.

Secretary: Ira Heller

Ira lives with his partner, Sydney (also, a former NEMA officer), and their two dogs, Perry and Jezebel, in Dorchester, MA. He has been sailing since his early teens, and has participated in racing of all kinds, including long-distance ocean racing. He has owned his Corsair F-27, *Mothra* since 1992 and keeps it at the Savin Hill Yacht Club. He has been a NEMA member since 1992, the Vice-Commodore (1992-

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The Spier Family Finishes Their Circumnavigation on *Aldora*

by Arnie Gould

John and Kerri Spier presented pictures and spoke about the last leg of their 5-year circumnavigation with their 3 children: Dave, Sam and Sally, who were 16, 15 and 12 by the end of the voyage. Their trip was actually a series of 5 outings of approximately 8 months each over 5 years – an accumulation of 40 months of actual cruising. The final leg took them from the Suez Canal in Egypt to Antigua, with the last half of the trip being more of a “delivery”, since time and money entered into the equation. They brought their boat from Antigua to Block Island in May of 2010, and the 45’ Outremer *Aldora* is now for sale. College and prep school are in the cards for the next 8 years or so for the Spier offspring.

Leaving Egypt behind, the Spiers aimed for Turkey, but wind and conditions dictated Cyprus as their first landfall. This could have proved a problem, because Turkey and Greece are in disagreement over who owns Cyprus, but when questioned in Turkey as to their Cyprus visit, their politically correct response was that they had come from Egypt, satisfying the Turkish authorities. Upon reaching Turkey and the European countries in general, they breathed a quiet sigh of relief after the tension of 8000 miles cruising through the Mideast



Kerri and John in the theatre of Dionysus, at the Acropolis in Athens



John Spier presenting at the NEMA Holiday Pot Luck Meeting

and Southeast Asian countries. Though no harm had come to them, there were disconcerting incidents at times (like being boarded at a Yemenese anchorage by armed men) that made European countries feel almost like home.

Their visit to Turkey was fascinating, safe, and inexpensive. Med mooring – backing up to a dock with an anchor out - at first proved challenging. The trick, John discovered, was looking at the distance to the dock while in reverse, to determine the necessary scope for the outstretched anchor. Once docked in an

ancient harbor, the fee ranged from nothing to very little. In fact Turkey proved to be pleasantly economical on the whole. The ancient ruins surrounding them were fascinating everyday occurrences, and the people were friendly and welcoming. Dave, the oldest Spier son, went backpacking to northern Turkey with newfound Turkish friends, finding nothing but friendly and safe traveling wherever he went.

The next port of call was Greece with its abundance of beautiful and colorful villages perched on hillsides surrounding sky blue waters. Once again Med mooring was the standard for docking, with an occasional crossed anchor with a boat leaving the quay. Overall, however, the docking was free or inexpensive and the people were again warm and friendly. Every evening families and friends would walk along the quay greeting each other and the boaters tied up to the dock. The only problem John noted was the plethora of great bars and restaurants right across the dock, where

Photo Courtesy of the Spiers

Tom Cox Photo

John Spier Photo



Kerri at church in Naxos, Greece

Completing the Circumnavigation
(continued from previous page)

temptation often led to overeating and overspending at delightful places while hanging out and watching the crowds. Once again, Greece, perhaps even more than Turkey proved to be an architectural and historical bounty for John and Kerri as well as for the kids who had studied about these ancient places built by the Greeks 3000 years ago. It was fascinating to visit where civilized society had its early beginnings.

Italy was their last serious port of call. There they encountered, docking fees and costs in general that were much higher than either Turkey or Greece. There is even a rule that no boats can be anchored closer than 200 meters from the shoreline, encouraging boaters to use local moorings or docking sites. Despite this, the ancient Roman ruins and architectural and art sights proved to be worth visiting, and the Spiers spent several days touring Rome, playing tourist and enjoying it.

Sailing on the Mediterranean is often quoted as being all or nothing in terms of wind. Most often, weather proved to be a non-issue; winds were

light, and sailing was either low speed or motoring. One issue to be noted is that in the EU countries, there is a limit of 180 days of travel before having to leave or pay a substantial fee. Six months proved to be a non-issue for the Spiers, since money and timing began to dictate their cruising.

From Italy, the Outremer headed for the Atlantic, stopping only for food or provisions at some overnight anchorages in Spain. After experiencing a lumpy passage through the Straits of Gibraltar they took 4 days to reach the Canary Islands. They reached there in July, much earlier than most intending to cross the Atlantic, but left their boat and flew home

“uneventful” as described by John with low winds for the most part and one gale that took a few days to blow past them. The addition of an extra adult crew made the crossing easier, since John and Kerry’s normal on/off shifts were reduced to one on/two off, which was almost luxurious to them. They caught some fish along the way for additional provisioning and they reached Antigua 24 days after leaving the Canaries – a slow, but safe voyage that closed their 5-year loop.

After the presentation, the NEMA group asked some interesting questions of John and Kerri, who responded with thoughtful and interesting comments. Among the questions and answers were these:

Q – What was their range and was the Outremer 45 the right boat for this trip?

A – The range of the Outremer motoring at 4 knots was 1000 miles, but most often they just sailed whatever the conditions. For a family of 5, the Outremer proved an ideal boat for the trip, with enough room, enough bridge clearance and enough speed even under low winds to be comfortable and seaworthy for the trip.

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Aldora Med-moored on the quay at Symi, Greece

until December. They returned to provision for their Atlantic crossing only to find that the ARC (Atlantic Rally for Cruisers) had cleaned out much of the usually abundant provisions the week before. Despite that, re-provisioning was adequate, and they added one adult sailor to their crew for the transatlantic crossing. Their crossing was



Sam, Dave, John, Sally, Kerri at the Coliseum, Rome, Italy

Completing the Circumnavigation

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Q – What was the range of speeds that the boat reached?

A – The boat was not pushed throughout the trip and often encountered low winds. The overall average speed for the trip was 7 knots, including many miles under low wind conditions in which only 50-60 miles were achieved in a day. In the trade winds, planning could be made to average 200 miles/day with an occasional 240-mile day in the Indian Ocean with high winds.

Q – How would a smaller, lighter cat fair if it were to attempt a circumnavigation?

A – Noting that almost any boat can be used to circumnavigate, John posed that a boat such as a Shuttleworth Tek 35, a fast, lightweight (8500 pounds) boat could be used readily, but that it would probably not be as comfortable in heavy seas due to its light weight and high speeds. He would rather have a heavier boat such as the Outremer for his family's comfort.

Q – What were the most useful items that were used during such a long trip?

A – During the transatlantic crossing, they had use of a stand-alone AIS (Automatic Identification System) radio that had a display for its additional information. John said that he wished he had such a unit throughout the trip for identifying ships in poor conditions. Other items that proved very useful were a pair of Steiner binoculars that they purchased during the trip. These had outstanding low light capability that proved extremely helpful at dusk or even nighttime conditions. Finally, a water maker proved almost necessary for such long-term cruising. Not only did it serve them directly, but fresh water proved an excellent bartering item in many places, even in the Western Caribbean and especially in distant ports where safe



Tom Cox Photo

drinking water was hard to find.

Q – Was provisioning or refrigeration a problem? Did the lack of a freezer prove a problem?

A – Provisioning was rarely a problem, since passages were almost always less than a week, wherein reprovisioning at the next port was accomplished. When they flew back to the boat after being away, they reprovisioned their meat supply by bringing suitcases full of canned meat that they said was remarkably good, sold by Brinkman Farms. They got rid of a dedicated freezer during their trip, because it was drawing too much power from their solar panels and it proved unnecessary. An interesting suggestion was made by John that he should have positioned some of his solar panels at the front of the boat, because they found that the rear mounted panels would often be shaded and ineffective at the end of the day as they sailed west.

Q – Were they ever scared? Would they do this again?

A – John said that the only 2 times he was scared (or should have been) were when their boat was boarded by armed men at an anchorage in Yemen. There was no harm done nor any items taken, but an AK-47 was aimed at him. Communication was virtually nil and they don't know who these men were or why they boarded the boat. The good news is that when the 3 younger Spiers appeared on deck, tensions lessened and guns were no longer used as threats. The result was a sleepless night

for Kerri, and an early morning departure.

The other moments of fear came while ducking into the ICW (Intracoastal Waterway) to avoid Cape Hatteras, where their 65' mast was just able to clear the bridges that were supposed to be 65 feet. Their VHF antenna continually took a beating, but that fortunately was the extent of the damage.

John confessed that he had always wanted to do a circumnavigation and had coerced his family into this, although as it turned out, Kerri enjoyed it at least as much as John. Their kids did also, at least to some extent. John and Kerri think that it bonded their family together and that their kids are still talking to them is a good sign. The trip also showed them that the world is a pretty safe place and that people are the same all over, a lesson that all should learn. The only place where anything was stolen from them was back home in Fort Lauderdale. As for the thought of doing this again, that's a long way away for the moment, with 3 kids going through higher education in the next 8 years or so, but John thinks that they will go again someday. In the meantime, sailing around their Block Island home is in their immediate future.

Arnie Gould is a NEMA member who sails with his wife, Ronnie, in the waters off Southeast Massachusetts and Rhode Island on their increasingly cruise-equipped F-31, Freebird. They have also cruised in the Bahamas and Southern Florida.

This article was edited by Jane Gleason.

NEMA 2010 Holiday Pot Luck Dinner

Photos by Tom Cox



All in Favor: Commodore Bob conducting the voting for the 2011-2012 officers of NEMA



Jon Alvord serves up some lasagna at the Pot Luck Buffet:



Phil Patrick, Jane and Bob Gleason, Maggie and Bob Gill (L to R)



Mike Conley, Ed Sinofsky, Alan and Rosemary Bingham, Judy Cox (L to R)



A three-for-one evening: The Spier's presentation (see page 4), catching up with old friends or making new ones, and good food at the Pot Luck Buffet

Simba's Adventure Across the Med.

By Dave Lussier



Lagoon on the rocky coastline of Minorca

After Bill Fitzgerald sailed his Mahe 36 catamaran *Simba* during the summer and fall of 2009 in the northeastern Mediterranean, he laid the boat up at the Cleopatra marina on the west coast of Greece and came home to New England for the winter. A couple of months before he went back to retrieve the boat in the Spring of 2010, he called to see if I wanted to go on another "trip of a lifetime", which was how I thought of the first part of this trip when we sailed the Greek Islands in May of 2009 (see the Fall, 2010, NEMA Newsletter). He wanted to move *Simba* west to Palma, Spain in order to get it on a Dockwise transport ship to take her home to Newport RI. I had just over 2 weeks to help move the boat from Greece to Spain so we planned our trip with stops in Malta, Italy, and then the Balearic Island of Minorca, Spain and eventually Mallorca (Palma). The trek of this trip is shown to the right; it consisted of 3 major legs between 240 and 350 miles each.

In April of 2010, I traveled for 24 hours through airports and on flights from Providence, RI to Germany to Greece, and finally out to the island of Keffalonia on the west coast of Greece

to meet up with Bill. He had gone out about 10 days before me to put some new bottom paint on the boat and get it splashed and then move 40 miles to Keffalonia to pick me up. He had "young James" with him, his girlfriend Joannie's 24 year old son whose sailing experience was limited to boats like a Sunfish, and who had never been overnight sailing before. After arrival in the early evening, I had a quick shower on the boat followed by a boat shuffle along with a few other boats in the harbor as the wind was very strong and we wanted to move the boats northward under the lee of a cement harbor wall. In the process, we met the neighbors and went out to dinner with a couple of them. We had a bit of

wine and a ton of laughs with one Frenchman who had married an artist from Kansas.

The next morning around 10 (I could have slept more), Bill decided it was time to get underway to Malta. The wind was still strong but was fair for our 325 mile trip to Malta, which is why Bill wanted to get going; the 20-30 kt wind would be on our starboard quarter for at least the first day. Bill had two patches for seasickness so he and James each had one and I said I would be just fine without. Immediately after leaving the harbor we set a reefed main and full jib and were cruising along at 8-10 kts with occasional surfs up to 13 kts. The ride was not comfortable. We set up a watch plan with Bill and me doing 2 hours on and 2 hours off with James doing an overlap of our time on watch so he could learn a bit from each of us during this first leg. After four hours of this motion, Bill was not feeling too hot, James was just fine, and I got seasick for the first time in 20 years! I concentrated very hard to get it over with and then get my bearings back so I could eat before dark, which I did. I then took a good nap before my first watch after dark and then woke up and ate everything I could find! The green apples really seemed to make me feel better fast.

Since it was only mid April, it was very cold at night and we were basically in full foul weather gear with lots of layers. We wore harnesses and hooked into the jack lines during nighttime sailing. We always woke up at least one



The itinerary for the trip, from Greece to Spain, via Malta and Italy



Capt. Bill and young James

Simba Crosses the Med

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more person to change sails but tried to do that at watch changes. Night traffic while crossing the Med main channel from north to south was pretty interesting, and it was pretty straight forward to manage multiple contacts using a combination of AIS (Automatic Identification System for tracking ships) and radar. We would just look at our planned track, look at the estimated tracks of the contacts of interest, and adjust course only if necessary. If we did adjust course, it was relatively minor and usually around 20-30 minutes before there were any issues (someone within ¼ mile). We always kept an engine on overnight to help power the radar.

It was a very educational leg for James as he had to learn all the electronics, how to use them to navigate, and how to adjust the sails. I used to teach various courses with the US Power Squadrons and it brought back lots of memories on this leg teaching James as much as he could absorb about seamanship and navigation. One of the fun lessons was on the light scheme for all boats having GREEN/RIGHT/STARBOARD and RED/LEFT/PORT; the two key things to remember on this one are 1) the smaller words go together and 2) when you see a RED light, you should give way (stop) and when you see a GREEN light you (go) have rights. Handy thing about

this one is if you can remember that for night sailing, it helps you remember who has rights in the daytime!

One of the nice routines we quickly got into was meal preparation. Bill is a great cook (he used to own a restaurant) so he put together some

great dinners using the stove/oven to the max. James somehow became our salad master and I did some minor preps and did a lot of the cleaning or lunches. We would get the table set, pour some glasses of wine, engage the autopilot and sit down in the main salon for a nice dinner around sunset. It was easy to see traffic with glass virtually all around us in case we needed to make an adjustment while seated in the main salon.

Once we got into our routine, this leg became more of a delivery than the cruise we had the year before in the Greek islands. With the favorable winds, we arrived at Malta in the morning on the 3rd day (two overnights). As we



Dave and Capt. Bill touring Malta's streets

approached the main island of Malta (7 by 14 miles in size) located 45 miles south of Sicily (the island off the boot tip of Italy) and 165 miles north of Tunisia (Africa), the AIS was showing a peculiar display of a very dense group of ships going in/out of Malta that would cause us difficulty in our approach. However, after about 30 minutes of stressed out thinking over this radar plot of AIS contacts, we came to the realization these were a bunch of oil tankers *anchored* off the east coast of Malta and we just had to cruise on through them. Approaching Malta from the east towards the city of Valletta, there are two main harbor entrances - one north and one south.



Simba at berth in Malta

Both entrances have amazing fortresses along the coast and the history of this island having been occupied by various countries over time makes this small country a true melting pot. We entered the north portion of the main harbor on the east coast and were lucky to find a spot in this crowded harbor heavily packed with marinas. With a recommendation from an old sailing/work buddy Steve Weaver (Jamestown, RI) who used to work for the State Dept in Malta, we got a berth right next to the Black Pearl, an old, tall ship that had sunk at least twice and been salvaged and restored. The last time it was restored, the Black Pearl was put ashore and turned into a restaurant/bar.

Although we flew our yellow quarantine flag as well as our Malta country flag, when we informed the

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Simba Crosses the Med

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marina officer that guided us to our berth that we had just arrived from Greece, he merely shrugged and said it's all part of the EU so we were all set with customs! After settling in and taking a nice shower, we looked forward to our first meal ashore. We took a bus ride to downtown (although the entire island is very densely populated around the coast) and toured around a bit in the old city.

We took a tour of an old infirmary building that had many underground features and operating theatres from the past several hundred years. During one invasion, another country tried to overtake Malta from the sea; after the defenders captured some aggressors, they decapitated them and launched the heads back at the remaining approaching forces with catapults! So much for rules of engagement.

After touring around for just one day, we looked at the weather and realized it would be best to get ahead of our plan and try to leave the next morning before sunrise to take advantage of favorable winds. This would enable us to arrive at our next destination 3 days later before dark knowing our speed of advance was 6-7 knots. Our next destination was planned to be Cagliari on the south coast of Sardinia, but we knew if we could make good speed we could possibly make it to Calforte, a town on a small island to the west of Sardinia which was significantly closer to our final destination of Spain.

As we left Malta before sunrise, the fortresses at the east entrances were lit up and gorgeous. A peculiar thing happened just after sunrise. As we cruised north up the coastline towards the island of Gozo, we saw several 2-3 man fishing boats which appeared to be no greater than 14 footers with tiny motors. We were many miles off the coast of Malta and came upon what



The Maltese Falcon at home port in Malta (note size of nearby boats)

appeared to be a 12" x 20" x 6" floating "brick" of white powder in clear plastic with string holding it together. Could it be a heroin or cocaine drop? We approached it with the boat hook, missed it, and then realized, "what the hell would we do with this if we picked it up!"



Approaching the Italian coastline of Sardinia

So we just carried on. It may have been moored to the bottom but we never figured it out.

During this leg, we were again crossing the main artery of the east/west Med transit shipping lanes and had quite



Relaxing in Calforte, Italy

a bit of traffic, mostly tankers and freighters. We never spoke to anyone and saw very few cruising sailboats. The AIS was instrumental in knowing who was who and which direction and speed they were going.

The southwest point of Sardinia was gorgeous with a mountainous coastline and lots of green pastures as we approached. We left the island of Sant Anfloco close to starboard and headed to the island

of San Pietro and the port city of Calforte. The main marina here was quite empty and we got a nice floating pier near the downtown area. After settling in and Bill using his best (Boston accented) Italian with the dock master, we cleaned the boat and went into town.

It was interesting to see how everyone closed their shops around 2 PM for a few hours for their "siesta" and then reopened around 5 PM. We had a good seafood pasta dinner and a good night's sleep. The next day we bought some diesel fuel and fresh groceries (lots of delicious prosciutto) for the remaining trek to the small Spanish island of Minorca, off the east coast of Spain. Looking at the weather, we once again left after only a day and a half in order to get ahead of our basic plan and enjoy more free time in Spain at the end of our trek.

On this last major leg we had favorable winds out of the north so we could set the screecher and we made the 220 miles to Minorca in under 30 hours of sailing, arriving in the late afternoon the next day. This was the third and last major offshore leg of our trip and James, with many miles under his feet, was now a salty dog and lone skipper of the boat while Bill and I slept in our bunks. The highlight of this leg for me was the watch change in the middle of the night. The sounds of the boat were getting louder through the night and I didn't sleep at all well. I got up around 3:30AM to go on watch and relieve young James. When I got up to the main cabin,

Simba Crosses the Med

(continued from previous page)

there was James with his BlackBerry taking photos of the knot meter on the instrument panel as we were doing 11-12 knots with the sails set perfectly. We both realized he had indeed mastered *Simba* in the dark! It was a great accomplishment and he really learned a lot about sailing and navigation on this trip.

We got a great berth at a marina in Minorca along the esplanade. Since we were ahead of schedule on the trip with regards to my flight plans from Minorca to the mainland (Barcelona) and then home to Rhode Island, we had a few days of R&R in Minorca to hang out and have fun. Right across the street was a sail maker who we asked to repair a tear in the spinnaker. She said getting it fixed in only 3 days was "impossible" in her Spanish accent. After Bill (who is a very good schmoozer) talked to her for a while, she agreed to get it done in a couple of days, before *Simba's* planned departure to Mallorca, which is where *Simba* would be put onto a Dockwise cargo shipment bound for Newport RI.

Capt Bill, James and I rented scooters and toured around Minorca quite a bit, exploring many nooks and crannies all over the island as well as the busy downtown shopping areas. We had a few very fine meals and some relaxing time in the afternoons at internet cafés catching up on news and email from home. It was during this time we realized a volcano in Iceland was causing some real travel problems with most of the airports in northern Europe shut down due to the large ash plume. My return flight was out of Barcelona (southern Europe) so I was ok, or so I thought.

After a few days in Minorca, Bill rented a car for a day and we got up early so he could drop me off at the Minorca airport for the short flight to Barcelona. The flight was on-time and relatively uneventful. The islands looked a lot like flying near Martha's Vineyard

and Nantucket, but just a bit further offshore. Upon arrival in Barcelona on a Sunday around 9AM, I had around 2 hours to change planes for a USAir flight to Philadelphia. I was a bit groggy that morning as we had gone out for a great meal and several cocktails the night before to celebrate my last night out with the guys. At Barcelona, all the announcements on the airport PA were in Spanish (which I could not understand) and I have NEVER seen an airport so crowded in all my life. Then, my cell phone rang on my hip and it was a USAir computer voice at the other end. She said "we're sorry to inform you that your flight to Philadelphia has been cancelled...please call USAir to reschedule your flight". I then found an English speaking person in the airport who informed me that Barcelona airport had just shut down in the past 30 minutes, INDEFINITELY, and there were no flights coming in or going out due to the Iceland volcano ash!

I called USAir to find out that the best I could do for a reschedule was a flight on Thursday, and even that was not firm as the volcano ash plume was unpredictable, so I had at least four more nights in Spain to sort out. I had just a few Euros left and the first thing I needed was money. I got in line at two side by side ATMs which each had more than 25 people in line! One ran out of money, and it was fortunately not the one I was waiting for. I managed to get 200 Euros and headed to the taxi stand. The scene there was absolutely nuts. With so many people from all over Europe in this Barcelona airport trying to get to the USA or South America or Asia due to the northern Europe airport shutdown, with this one was shutting down too, everyone wanted to get somewhere locally and fast. Upon getting my turn with the taxi dispatcher, who spoke little English, what I did understand was all the hotels in Barcelona were full and if I wanted a room to myself it would have to be a 4 or



Meats at the open-air market at Alcudia, Mallorca, Spain

5 star hotel! I did manage to get a room in a 4 star for 180 Euros to settle in and sort out my schedule.

I called my wife Sheri telling her about the travel/volcano situation, and she got real nervous since she was watching the news and the last time this volcano blew, it lasted for over 2 years! Worse case, I would plan to go home on the freighter (3 more weeks) with *Simba*! It was a Sunday morning and the first thing I needed (after cash) was an electrical adapter so I could plug in my laptop to Spanish electricity to have internet access. After a lot of walking around with most stores closed, I managed to find one and got the computer going. I saw there were ferries back out to the Balearic islands of Minorca (where I had left Bill and *Simba*) and Mallorca which was the next and final Spanish island Bill was taking the boat to for shipping to Newport. The ferries were filling up fast as the airports at the islands were still in operation and a flight from Mallorca to Tunisia or other northern African countries could allow connections to the Far East and west which many people were doing. I booked myself on a 7 hour fast ferry ride back out to the eastern tip of Mallorca the next evening where Bill agreed to meet me. If I couldn't get a return flight back to Barcelona on Thursday, we were all seriously considering riding the freighter back to the USA.

I checked out of the hotel on Monday morning and had most of the

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Simba Crosses the Med

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day free before the ferry ride so I got on a hop on/off tour bus of Barcelona and took in the sights of the city. I had a yummy Starbucks coffee for the first time in two weeks (which was a treat after drinking Capt Bill's Euro-boat-coffee every day for the past two weeks).

Barcelona is an interesting but expensive city, and very bicycle friendly. I was shocked how many smokers I saw; it seemed that half of all the people in Barcelona smoked, similar to Athens, and so unlike the USA these days. The 5 pm ferry back out to the islands was a smooth ride at 25 knots and arrived at 12 pm. Bill was at the ferry port of Alcidia waiting for me, just like he promised, and I felt like I was back

home on *Simba* again! We stayed there all of the next day with *Simba* at a nice fuel dock location and toured an open air market with great deals, and then left the following evening before sunset for the 90 mile semi-circumnavigation of half of the island of Mallorca to get to the big city of Palma on the west coast.

After doing some grocery shopping that day in Alcidia, we made ourselves a feast of a dinner and enjoyed it with the *Simba* auto-pilot driving us around the south side of the island at sunset. Gorgeous! We did our usual 2 hours on, 4 hours off watches with no wind and this leg was the final leg for all of us, concluding *Simba's* two years in the Med. This last trip from Greece was about 1100 miles overall. My overnight watches got me thinking about how fascinating it must have been for the Spier family of Block Island to sail around the world on their catamaran with their 3 children, with each port and each leg becoming a new adventure.

Upon arrival in Palma, my mouth was wide open with astonishment at all

the boats (10,000 boats in the harbor/marinas), and most notably, the sheer number of mega yachts. I've never seen such wealth on the water in one place in my life. For example - the walk from our outer berth pier through the docks and up to the gate of the marina was about a half mile. We walked around Palma quite a bit, and had



Sunrise off Malta

another fine meal dining at an old restaurant Bill had been to once before.

After arranging for an early morning taxi and flight back to Barcelona on Thursday morning, I started on my way home with only carry-on luggage in case I had volcano issues again, not to mention the speed gained when passing through customs sans luggage when connecting at the airport. Thursday was the 2nd day after Barcelona airport had reopened and flights were again on-time. I arrived home safely and my luggage and souvenirs would be arrive in Newport RI a month or so later via *Simba* on the Dockwise freighter. Bill coordinated with the local Dockwise folks to get *Simba* organized for shipping and James flew home on Sunday without incident. Bill followed James and came home after another week.

On June 1st, Bill and I took a Newport harbor launch out to the Dockwise boat to offload *Simba*. It was interesting to see how organized this whole process is and how many yachts, big and small, move around the world

this way. The somewhat infamous IRC monohull Numbers was on the freighter with her bow sprit just a few inches from *Simba's* bow sprit. Within a few hours *Simba* was offloaded and sitting pretty on her mooring in Newport harbor, Capt Bill's new Summer home! Bill and I both went sailing on *Simba* many times this past summer and it was a real treat, especially knowing the history her adventures in the Med and all the interesting places she'd traveled.

Dave Lussier, a NEMA member, has spent the past four seasons crewing on friends' boats after selling his F-27, Chitty Bang, which he raced and cruised in NEMA for 16 years. He lives in Exeter RI with his wife Sheri and daughter Avery.

This article was edited by Tom Cox.

New NEMA Officers

(continued from page 3)

1996), the Commodore (1996-2002), the Treasurer (2002-2004), and the Secretary since 2004.

Newsletter Editor: Phil Babcock

Phil grew up in a boating family and learned to sail in a Grumman aluminum canoe on a lake in northern Maine when he was 12. The next year he moved up to an Aqua Cat, and then a Hobie Cat 16 (one of the first ones) when he was 16. An avid canoeist and sea kayaker, Phil and his wife Amy bought their Corsair F-24 Mk II *Sunshine Girl* in the fall of 2004. They have mostly sailed on lakes or the upper parts of Narragansett Bay, but have slowly been building their cruising skills via the NEMA cruises to Martha's Vineyard, Cuttyhunk, and Block Island. Phil and Amy live in Westford, MA, which is about an hour and a half from any good sailing waters. Phil has been the NEMA Newsletter editor since 2009. In addition to the F-24, he still has a stable of canoes and kayaks, and that trusty old Hobie.

Sailing Sabbatical

(continued from page 1)

our gear below and flipped on the instruments but was puzzled when the GPS failed to boot up and the depth meter stayed blank. A glance at the masthead confirmed my suspicion - the antenna whip was missing: *Triad* had been hit by lightning during the previous night's brief thunderstorm.

Whoever said "lightning never strikes twice in the same spot" was woefully misinformed, as this was *Triad's* third encounter of the close kind, and the second time she had been struck on her home mooring. GPS, VHF, wind instruments, Engel refrigerator, navigation lights -- all were fried. At least there was no hull damage this time around and the autopilot had been spared.

After the initial shock wore off, we reasoned that with a quick trip ashore to pick up Mike's spare GPS, an Igloo cooler, and some ice we could still make the canal in good time. Mike launched the dinghy while I called Judy for a pickup on the nearby shore. An hour and a half later we were back aboard, stowed and off on our adventure.

The brisk wind lasted for an hour or so before moderating, but stayed on our hip the whole way to the eastern entrance of the Cape Cod Canal which we made at 2100. We zoomed through the Canal in less than an hour, pushed along by a fair current. The fresh northwesterly that greeted us at the entrance to Buzzards Bay made for one of the most enjoyable sails I've ever had on this stretch - no standing waves in the channel, and a beautiful flat water reach under a waxing gibbous moon - one tack all the way to Mattapoissett. We picked up a mooring shortly before midnight and celebrated with some ice cold brews.

Nick Bryan-Brown met us on the dock next morning and drove us down to West Marine in Fairhaven where we bought a new VHF radio, led nav. light bulbs, and some kit for Nick's safety harness. After a leisurely lunch at the Shipyard Galley we got Nick packed and

delivered aboard *Triad* for the short haul to Vineyard Haven.

It was a typical Buzzard's Bay foil-down spray-flying screaming reach to Woods Hole, then across Vineyard Sound. Total elapsed time: 90 minutes, average speed across the bay: 18 knots. We anchored

between the bascule bridge and Tisbury Wharf on the east side of Vineyard Haven harbor, just beating torrential rain which poured on and off for the balance of the night. A launch hauled us to the Black Dog where we dined in the company of Dave Penfield and his Israeli crew from *Shooting Star*, a custom 50' Melvin & Morelli all-carbon cat.

Morning dawned sunny and bright with just a faint breath of wind. After an early but leisurely breakfast at the Black Dog Restaurant, Dave Koshiol held the skipper's meeting on the beach and assigned start times for the Dash. This race is always a good test of boat handling skills as it's a pursuit start from anchor with sails down, and you must pass all the earlier starters if you are to win the race.

There was just enough air to beat out of the harbor to the R4 bell buoy in the channel north of Vineyard Haven then duck back in to escape the foul current. This is where the bulk of the nine starters remained for the duration of the race as only three boats managed to escape the clutches of the tide and eke out some gains towards Edgartown. Dave and Debby shortened the race to



Tom Cox Photo

Black Dog Dash Skippers Meeting

finish at the R2 bell off Oak Bluffs, a scant 6 miles from the start and only half way to the turning mark in Edgartown. While *Triad* managed to creep past Steve Parks on Flying Fish (F27), *Blue Moon* (F25C), ably handled by Jay Spaulding and family managed to save his advantageous start time and eke out the win.

Sunday proved to be a glorious day for a sail with a pleasant "ladies breeze" - 10 knots, smooth seas and plenty of sunshine. Judy Gould and Ken Levitt decided to join us with their Corsair F31 for an overnight at Tarpaulin Cove located on the Vineyard Sound side of Naushon Island, just 6 miles west of West Chop.

This is my favorite anchorage in the Elizabeth Islands, with good holding near a sandy beach which rings the cove. There's a wood clapboard farm house with paddocks surrounded by stone walls and split rail fences, and a picturesque lighthouse on a bluff overlooking all. Like an Andrew Wyeth painting come to life, it is also a delightful place to swim, hike, pick berries, fish and enjoy the beautiful scenery. It is one of only two locations on privately owned Naushon Island where visiting yachtsmen are invited ashore.

Nick Bryan-Brown is always scheming up different ways to enable his participation in sailing activities in spite of his MS. That afternoon, he decided to try out *Triad's* man overboard retrieval systems in reverse. We tried various means of picking him up in a boson's chair from the cockpit and launching him overboard. After a few attempts, we determined that a stout line running



Tom Cox Photo

Dunking Nick at Tarpaulin Cove

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Tom Cox Photo



Ken and Judy aboard their F-31, *Try Oomph*

Sailing Sabbatical

(continued from page 13)

aboard *Try Oomph*, Ken's Corsair 31 UC (Ultimate Cruiser), which features a shower, head, and Engel electric fridge (just like *Triad's*) among other amenities. Back aboard *Triad* we quaffed several rum laced petite punches expertly crafted by Nick, then feasted on pasta Primavera a la Captain with pan-sautéed fresh scallops.

Next day as we were getting underway we were buzzed by *No Smoking*, a handsome Piver trimaran (I think a 30' AA) hailing from Key Largo, expertly single-handed by her skipper. We sailed Nick back to Vineyard Haven to catch a ferry to New Bedford, and picked up my sister Jenifer for a daysail that took us back to my favorite anchorage. After a long day of fun in the sun, lots of weighing and setting anchor, raising and dousing sails, swimming, and, oh yes, sailing, we retired to her house for showers, refreshments and supper after which we were so pooped that we bunked ashore at her house.

In Part 2, the *Triad* crew visits Cuttyhunk, Newport, races in the Newport Solo/Twin, returns to Tarpaulin Cove again, and then heads back to Gloucester.

Tom Cox has worn many hats at NEMA including the Commodore's in 2007-8; he is currently a Fleet Captain. He races and cruises onshore and off aboard Triad, his 42' Newick tri, which his wife Judy describes as "a comfortable racer, and a Spartan cruiser".

This article was edited by Andrew Houlding.



No Smoking, a Piver trimaran from Key Largo

Tom Cox Photo

The Black Dog Dash,

Photos by Roman Danilov, aboard *Tritium*



Light winds require a good tactician, no winds require extra beer (see above)

as Viewed from the F27 Tritium



The time-honored naval tradition of underway replenishment of "emergency" supplies. *Tritium* making the reception from a committee boat



The Alvords aboard *Triceratops* dealing with the light winds

FOR SALE / RENT

More details on these items can be found at nemasail.org/memberspage.html#sale

SCRIMSHAW

Jim Brown's original Searunner 31 trimaran for sale. Personally built, cruised and maintained for 37 years by the designer. Very sound and highly developed for Spartan extended cruising. One owner. Lying in Southern Chesapeake ready to go anywhere. Failing eyesight forces sale. Ask for free DVD. (804) 725-3167, outrig@crosslink.net

Mooring for sale

Currently located in Beverly Harbor, MA in the Salem Willows Yacht Club mooring field, capable of holding a 40' sailboat, maintenance records available, all maintenance up to date, if interested email Phil at philip.didomenico@yahoo.com asking price is \$800.

1973 Hobie 16 and Trailex aluminum trailer

\$800. Needs cleanup, trampoline, tires, nuts and bolts, etc.. All other parts are original. Was disassembled and stored for years. Located in Mansfield, MA. E-Mail me at ksek@aol.com

36' NEWICK TRIMARAN KETCH, WHITE WINGS

Superbly built by David Nutt, Southport, ME in 1988. Two very caring owners. The first one solo cruised her from Florida to the Azores at age 73. Present owner day sails out of Edgartown. Remarkably comfortable cruising two or daysailing six. Minimum effort sailing with a Ljungstrom mainsail, reefed and furled from the cockpit. Carbon masts, good sails and inventory, recent LP paint. \$75,000 Call Dick Newick for details..(707) 217-0581.



Peter Vakhutinsky, Captain of *Tritium*

Opportunity Sought

Wanted: Cruising Trimaran sailing opportunities.

Experienced catamaran circumnavigators thinking about the next boat would like to crew on a high performance cruising trimaran, together or separately. Self-employed, flexible schedules, can pay expenses, good sailors who don't get seasick and have few bad habits. To or from Block Island would be ideal. can offer mooring and shoreside accommodations. Especially interested in big folding tris- Dragonfly, Contour, F-36, F-37. Contact John and Kerri at aldora@ocens.net

FOR SALE / RENT

More details on these items can be found at nemasail.org/memberspage.html#sale

2001 Outremer 45, Aldora:

Well maintained and equipped circumnavigator, ready to go again. \$425,000. Contact John Spier for details. 401-207-4203 or johnspier@me.com.

2004 31' Farrier Center Cockpit F9XR:

Epoxy/foam/carbon construction, extra wide interior and beam, longer bowsprit, a suite of North 3DL sails and unique features such as a custom aircraft style canopy, carbon boom and single-handed sail controls. *AERO* comes with a Pacific trailer, AVON roll up dinghy and a giant bimini awning. Never raced, features custom clear carbon cabinet interior, updated rudder and highlights on deck as well as a fast orange bottom paint. Awlgrip paint in and out. *AERO* is very strong and light, in excellent condition and a 2-owner boat with only 2400 miles. Children's beach-cat infatuation forces sale. U.S. Coast Guard documented and offered at half her replacement value. August 2007 survey available. 108,000 US\$. Located New York. Contact Gregor Tarjan at (516) 818-3113 or email him at gt@aeroyacht.com.

Mast & Mainsail For Sale.

Transient's old spar, replacing it with a carbon one. 46' Gougeon B section wing mast, Walter Greene built. Good condition, just heavy compared to carbon. 1993 Spectra Main Sail. Still has a few seasons left in it. 5/16 stainless shrouds and headstay (main 20mm hound shackles not included). \$1000. Lies in New Jersey. Tim Ross. cell 862-591-8709; cell 207-415-3900, tiross@verizon.net

1999 39' Greene trimaran SCOUT.

Well built and maintained custom performance cruiser with many upgrades. New carbon spar and sails. Very simply rigged for short-handed sailing. Lying Great Lakes. \$195,000. Owner: Tom Egan. Call: Tom Kintz 860-572-7767 Fax 707-897-7856.

Rig For Sale.

52' Metalmast spar /Antal track with standing rigging. Original equipment from my 1999, 39' Greene trimaran SCOUT. Tom Egan. 772-283-6883; tegan2@maine.rr.com

1997 Warren 35 trailerable trimaran, Veloce.

Custom designed for fast coastal cruising/comfortable racing. Spacious interior with over 6 foot headroom and large berths. Enclosed head with holding tank. Built by Maine Cat using fiberglass over Core-Cell foam. Composite Engineering carbon fiber beams and wing mast. Main, self-tacking jib, screecher. 9.9hp four-stroke Yamaha. Custom trailer. Located in Beverly MA. \$99,900. Contact Steve Mclafferty@mclafferty@alum.wpi.edu or 781-405-1234.



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NEMA Annual Dinner
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Speaker:
Stan Honey: Breaking the Circumnavigation Record Aboard the Racing Tri, Groupama 3
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