

# NEMA

NEW ENGLAND MULTIHULL ASSOCIATION

photo courtesy sitesalive.com



**Left: Great American II with the Manhattan skyline in the background. Sadly, the World Trade Center towers are no longer visible. Top: Great American's circular companionway door and protected cockpit seats. Right: Wilson and Biewenga enroute to Manhattan on September 10.**



photos by Tom Grossman

## Ocean Challenge Live!

**N**EMA member Rich Wilson has a dream of making history – of breaking a world record by sailing from New York Harbor to Melbourne, Australia in just 59 days. He arrived in New York Harbor on Sept. 10 aboard his 53-foot trimaran, *Great American II*, planning to start his record-breaking sail on September 16. But events on September 11 caused Wilson to change his course.

On September 17, co-skipper Bill Biewenga wrote in his journal, "Tuesday morning started a week that should never have happened. *Great American II* was tied up at Chelsea Piers, a marina located a short distance north of The World Trade Center. As we arrived for work on the boat, we could clearly see the two burning towers looming over the West Side Highway. People, some covered in dust and soot, were slowly walking north, away from downtown Manhattan. The

surrealistic scene became almost hypnotic. It was difficult to re-focus on something productive. Somehow, the world had changed that morning, and priorities assumed a different position and importance." (see photos on page 2.)

The pier that was once Wilson's departure site became a field hospital for walking wounded. Instead of readying his boat at Chelsea Piers, Wilson and co-skipper Bill Biewenga volunteered at the emergency field hospital.

By Wednesday, September 19, Wilson and Biewenga were able to set sail on their 14,000 mile, 59-day trek to Australia on *Great American II*. The send-off marked what Wilson and Biewenga hope will break a 145-year-old record of 76 days and six hours, set by the clipper *Mandarin* during the Australian Gold Rush.

*continued on page 3*

**Next NEMA Meeting**  
**Wednesday, November 14**  
**Savin Hill Yacht Club, 7 p.m.**  
**Guest Speaker: Brad Cavanagh**  
**(see page 2)**

**In This Issue**

- Member News ..... 2
- Ocean Challenge Live ..... 3
- Adventures on Pocket Rocket ... 4
- Cruising Cuisine ..... 6
- Maine Cat Cruising ..... 7
- An F-27 Canal Boat ..... 8
- Swamp Fox Dismasted ..... 10
- The 2001 ALIR ..... 11
- Members Classified ..... 12



The New England Multihull Association is a non-profit organization for the promotion of the art, science, and enjoyment of multihull yacht design and construction, racing, cruising, and socializing. The NEMA Newsletter is published at no additional charge for NEMA members. The editor apologizes in advance for any errors.

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## Meet Brad Cavanagh at the next NEMA meeting, Wednesday, Nov. 14

Massachusetts native Brad Cavanagh has been sailing multihulls and monohulls large and small throughout the world. When I.O.R. racing was at its zenith, Brad was a fixture in the crew of the yacht *Infinity* and raced around the world in the international IOR 50 foot class. He has also been involved with America's cup campaigns, sailing on the 12-meter yacht *Freedom* in this summer's America's Cup Jubilee Regatta.

He has also survived a harrowing shipwreck disaster, which involved seven days in a life raft in the Atlantic.

Brad has always loved performance sailing. He campaigned an Ultimate 30 in the 1990's, spent time working up *Team Adventure* before *The Race*, and recently crewed on *Playstation*.

His principal topic will be his participation in the 2000 and 2001 Worrell 1000 Race. This staged dash up from Florida to Virginia Beach is a real test of endurance and boatspeed. He will have video and tell sea stories about this chapter of his sailing life.

—Don Watson

## PlayStation Smashes TransAt Record: 4 days 17 hours 28 mins 6 secs

On October 10, 2001, Steve Fossett and his 9-man crew broke the 11-year-old transAtlantic crossing record set by Serge Madec on the 75-foot *Jet Services V* by nearly 44 hours. The team found steady winds for the entire voyage, sailing *PlayStation* for 2,876 miles—the official distance for the New York to The Lizard, UK. *PlayStation* logged 2,885 miles, or a mere nine nautical miles farther than a perfect Great Circle route. The giant cat averaged 25.42 knots, setting a new 24-hour record in the process, covering 687.17 miles Oct. 6-7.

**NEMA Holiday Party,  
Thursday, December 6,  
Savin Hill Yacht Club**

#### On Sabbatical

I will be on sabbatical this winter while Tom and I cruise the Bahamas in *Triad*. While I'm away Sydney Miller has offered to fill in as newsletter editor. Please send future newsletter articles, pictures, etc. to Sydney (sydsail@aol.com).

—Judy Cox



Returning to *Great American II* on the morning of September 11, 2001, Rich Wilson, Bill Biewenga, Brian Harris, and Tom Grossman (who sailed the delivery run from Salem, MA to New York City) saw the World Center Trade Towers on fire. NEMA member Tom Grossman took these pictures with his digital camera.

## Ocean Challenge Live!

continued from page 1

Not just a personal challenge, the voyage is the ninth educational program being offered this year for students on [sitesalive.com](http://sitesalive.com), a subscription-based web site that connects classrooms with people on field expeditions worldwide. Some of the other programs include learning programs in the Bahamas, Costa Rico, Mexico, the Australian Rainforest, and a round the world Class Afloat aboard a tall ship.

During the journey, satellite and computer transmissions will give children interactive lessons on a variety of subjects, such as Planning and Preparation, Australian history and geography, Life at Sea, and Crossing the Equator (see sidebar).

Other web site features include a map showing *Great American's* daily position, an iPIX boat tour showing 360° views of all parts of the boat, a daily Captain's Log, teachers' tools, a glossary, background info, a page where students can post questions to Wilson and Biewenga, message boards for students and teachers, and sections for photos, videos and audio clips that Wilson and Biewenga update weekly from the boat.

If you would like to follow Wilson's voyage on [sitesalive.com](http://sitesalive.com) you can sign-up for a 10-day free trial or you can purchase a Home Membership for \$4.95 per month.

—JC



photo courtesy sitesalive.com



photo by Tom Grossman

Top: Great American II, stern view

Bottom: The well-equipped Nav Station is centrally located, facing forward between the two berths.

## Ocean Challenge Live!

Following is one of Wilson's essays, written for school children on his subscription-based interactive website, [sitesalive.com](http://sitesalive.com).

### Planning and Preparation

Planning and preparation are essential for success of any venture on land or sea. First, begin with your idea and purpose. Second, define the broad parameters of the venture. Third, write a detailed plan. Fourth, make all the actual preparations.

When I read about the Australian Gold Rush route and the great clipper ships, I wondered what it was like to sail halfway around the world in pursuit of fortune 150 years ago (Without trains or planes, 14,000 miles was a long way!). I found Mandarin's log in the U.S. National Archives. While laboriously transcribing it, I was transported by Captain Parritt's log remarks. The idea for this voyage began: I wondered if *Great American II* could sail faster. I calculated that it was possible, if we sailed really well.

Then the planning began. *Great American II* had to be thoroughly re-fit, Bill and I needed to be in excellent physical shape, and we needed telecommunications systems to bring the program alive on sitesALIVE!

Brian Harris joined our team as Manager of the Boat. *Great American II* was painted and structurally checked out at a Maine boatyard. Rigging was removed, load-tested, and replaced where needed. New sails were designed and ordered. Efficient wind-chargers were installed to generate electricity, weathered solar panels were replaced, the stove was re-fit, a new desalinator was installed. New nets were fit between the hulls, and worn lifelines were replaced. A new life raft was researched and ordered.

I trained by running, swimming, and working out in a gym; Bill trained by sailing on ocean voyages and in races.

We installed a new Inmarsat-C for text messages, refurbished a backup, installed two Iridium units for voice and data, and kept our high-frequency radiotelephone for voice backup. We renewed our U.S. Coast Guard documentation, obtained a new ship's radiotelephone license and call sign (WDA5080), and got our visas for Australia.

We ordered large-scale charts for oceans and small-scale charts for coastal areas including Brazil, South Africa, and Australia, the first two in case we needed to stop en route. My mother researched and ordered freeze-dried, canned, and packaged foods for nutritional content, weight, and taste.

Endless detailed lists were kept. At times it seemed overwhelming, but if we just kept checking off items on the lists, we made progress. When the lists were all completed, there we were at the starting line in New York! Large or small, all projects need detailed planning and preparation. Success of each venture depends on the success of these stages.

—Rich Wilson

# Adventures on Pocket Rocket

By Les Moore

## Marblehead to Halifax DNF

**P**ocket Rocket is 32 LOA with an 8'-4" beam so she's easily trailered (from trailer to sailing can be done in about 10 minutes) but quite tippy. During my three seasons of sailing her I've capsized twice while alone and used her self-righting system to get myself back up both times. With this sailing and righting under my belt, I thought this year I should try some racing...but maybe I shouldn't have picked Marblehead to Halifax Race as my first race!

I talked to a few experienced people about entering the race in *Pocket Rocket*. The consensus was...go if the weather's good...bail out if it's bad. So I made preparations for the race and decided to go double-handed with an old Bermuda race companion, Brion Keefe as my partner.

### A "Go"

The race weather briefing forecast light conditions...it looked like our kind of wind and, as we sailed around awaiting the start on Sunday July 8th, the breeze was perfect for our 600 SF reaching spinnaker.



Pocket Rocket

Things were great for the first 15 minutes. Our big spinnaker was keeping us up with the fleet of 7 other multihulls (all tris...and all bigger boats too). But the breeze picked up and, even with full water ballast, we couldn't keep on our feet...we had to shift to our two-jib rig. During the change all the tris, with no worries about flipping, were heading over the horizon.

We held the two jibs for another 30 minutes or so, starting with no water ballast and gradually going to full ballast. But, because the wind continued to freshen, we almost dumped the boat even with full ballast. I decided to douse the big jib. We were now close-reaching with main and jib and a bit of ballast while the rest of the fleet was flying with their big sails still up.

I tried to take a nap to prepare for the night, but I was back in the cockpit after a half-hour and could feel that the breeze was continuing to increase. It was now blowing maybe 15 with gusts to 20+ knots. This wasn't the light air forecast...and who knew how wrong the forecast might be?

### A "No Go"

When I bought *Pocket Rocket* from him, I asked Jan Gougeon how he did in his last (single-handed...long-distance) race...he said..."Well...I capsized 5 times...but I came in first." Well...I'm no Jan Gougeon...I decided that I didn't want to try the self-righting system 35+ miles off shore in big wind with a boat heavily loaded with race-required gear. So, despite Brion's eagerness to continue, at about 1700 I turned the boat back toward Essex where we dropped the hook at

about 2030 Sunday night.

Brion had to get back to work, but, with the boat provisioned, after a day at home, I set off for a lovely (single-handed) trip to Penobscot Bay.

## Buzzard's Bay Regatta

The BBR always has a good multi-hull gang in attendance, so, as my other racing try for this year, I decided to give it a whirl.

### Wednesday, 1 August...A 50-mile Reach

The friend to whom I sold my Tornado cat, Jim McTiernan, joined me for the trip from Essex to Pardonaram. We started in a flat calm at 0900 and motored from my mooring in Essex Bay through the Annisquam River to Gloucester Harbor where we found enough easterly wind to set some sail.

As we headed across Massachusetts Bay the wind gradually picked up to a lovely 5-7 knot breeze from the SE. We set the autohelm and unfurled the reacher and had a great one-tack trip until about 1800 as we got within about 5 miles of the Cape Cod Canal when the wind started to die. We then motored through the Canal and, because after sunset, the wind was light and on the nose, we continued to motor all the way to Pardonaram, which we reached about 2300.

Inside the breakwater we picked up a seaweed-covered mooring and then turned in for a very peaceful night's sleep.

### Thursday, 2 August

As always on a small boat, the sunrise wakes you...so we were up at dawn and, after getting the boat squared away, we went ashore for a great breakfast (any breakfast is great after a camping food diet). Jim coordinated his trip back

to Gloucester and I spent this extra day lolling around and trying to connect with Brion Keefe, who, despite my aborting the Marblehead to Halifax Race, agreed to join me for the BBR.

Because the first race start was at 1000 on Friday, I was concerned about getting organized with Brion before it and had left several messages for him during the day. I was both surprised and delighted when I saw Brion appear out of the blue on the New Bedford Yacht Club lawn at about 1700. I went right over to him and started to talk about race prep. Brion was looking at me strangely as I went on...and finally said... "You must think I'm Brion...." It turned out that Brion's twin brother, Dan, was racing his 210 in the BBR...I connected with Brion early the next morning (and felt a bit less foolish later on Friday when one of Dan's crew started talking to Brion thinking he was Dan...)

#### **Friday, 3 August...Heavy Air**

I brought *Pocket Rocket* to the dock at 0600 on Friday and unloaded all the cruising gear and extra weight. Brion arrived at 0630 just in time for us to stow the gear in his car. We then grabbed a coffee and muffin and returned to the boat. It wasn't long before we were headed for the start line in very heavy air.

The water ballast on *Pocket Rocket* works with dingy bailers (one facing forward for filling and one facing aft for emptying)...the system fills in a couple of minutes but takes 5 to 10 to empty. Therefore it's not too efficient for short course races. With only two on the boat and using the water ballast for the last leg only, we had to reef down to keep the boat upright...we sailed "on the edge"...in survival mode for most of the race (we should have had at least three live-ballast-bodies on the boat that day)

We came in last (9th of 9)...but learned a lot.

#### **Saturday, 4 August...Wicked Lightning**

Larry Bedell joined us for the Saturday race, the start of which was postponed for about 2 hours while very nasty thunder and lightning storms entertained and terrorized us. When the



#### **About the Gougeon 32**

The G32 has an 8' 4" beam and draws 9" with boards and rudders up. The boat can be launched from its trailer to sailing in about 10 minutes ... all sails are rigged ... you just raise the mast using the boom and main sheet as gin pole and hauling line respectively. In case of capsize she is self rightable, using the running backs to tip the mast, pushing the masthead float into the water, which forces the boat up. Righting can also be done in about 10 minutes, all while staying in the cockpit (though you may get wet feet).

The water ballast system operates via tanks on each side amidships. To fill, you pull a "fill line" which opens an underwater forward-facing, dingy-type water scoop. This loads up to 600 pounds of water in the tank in about a minute. When filled to desired amount you pull a "close" line. To empty, you pull an "empty line", which opens an aft-facing dingy scoop. Emptying takes several minutes.

The mast is a 29 ft. pivoting aluminum. The main is 187 sf and roller-reefs on boom. The 109 sf Jib is also roller reefed. The cabin is 8 ft. square with padded deck, small portable head, chart/galley table, 1-burner camp stove and 4 ports on sides. The cabin is roomy for one person and OK for two (you can rig a boom tent for additional cruising in-port space.)

It's the best boat I've ever had (and I've had many row boats, 4 power boats and 6 sailboats in about 55+ years.)  
—LM

race finally started, it was in very light air (the calm AFTER the storm...)...so we had the extra body we needed on Friday with us when we didn't need it on Saturday...(But Larry's great company and added to our enjoyment of the race immensely...)

For this race we had a chance to try our spinnaker and the GPS VMG mode. Maybe Larry's presence helped...we finished 8th of 10...(and learned lots more).

#### **Sunday, 5 August...Pea Soup Fog**

We were back to two in the boat for Sunday's race which was postponed for a couple of hours until the pea soup fog (that initially allowed only 50-100 yard visibility) finally cleared.

Before the race started, it looked like it would be light air, so Brion and I decided to bend on our light-air genny (a

bit bigger than our regular one). Because the light winds materialized, we were able to use it (experiment with it) for both tacking down wind and for up-wind work as well. (We concluded that it seemed to work better than the spinnaker for tacking down wind...but up-wind, though we footed better, we couldn't point as well, therefore lost overall compared to other boats).

10th of 11 this race...but we learned more...

After the lovely dinner and awards ceremony we reloaded the cruising gear on the boat and Brion drove his car north. It would be a single-handing trip back home for me.

#### **Monday, 6 August...more Pea Soup Fog**

I was up at 0500. The fog was thicker than the day before...maybe 25 to 50

*continued on next page*

**Pocket Rocket**

*continued from previous page*

yard visibility... Fortunately, I had programmed waypoints in the GPS for the trip between Essex and Padanaram so felt confident as I left the breakwater behind at 0530 and, with the autohelm steering, motored blindly for the first buoy. It was waypoint to waypoint all the way to the Cape Cod Canal (with the only problem...making sure I didn't collide with any buoys on the way...)

During the trip through the Canal the fog slowly faded and was completely clear (with no wind) as I reached the East end. I pulled into the Harbor of Refuge to gas up before heading to Gloucester and saw Wayne Allen and his crew on *One Up* who had spent the night in the refuge because of a conked-out motor.

Wayne asked me to tow him out of the canal and into some wind. We hooked up and I towed him out from the canal for about a half-mile into what appeared to be the beginnings of the morning wind. We both set sail and proceeded to go nowhere. I returned to *One Up* and we hooked up again for another mile or so tow East where we finally got into what appeared to be a more steady light breeze.

We both set sail again and, on slightly divergent courses headed for Boston and Gloucester respectively.

The breeze was from the southern quadrant so it meant tacking down wind all day. I first used the spinnaker and later, as the breeze increased during the day...and to keep the anxiety level down...switched to the light-air genny.

I reached Gloucester Harbor about 1700 after a lovely daylong (auto-helmed) down-wind sail. I motored through the Annisquam River and was back to my Essex Bay mooring by twilight having learned lots more about how to sail my G32 (and with lots more to learn to even begin to approach Jan Gougeon's fantastic ability).

*—Les Moore*

**Block Island Grilled Pork Tenderloin**

Serves 6 - 8

Before departure (could be a month ahead): marinate the pork: 2+ lbs pork tenderloin (probably 2-3 pieces depending on size)

In small sauce pan heat until salt and sugar are dissolved:

- 1 c water
- 3 tbs salt
- 3 tbs brown sugar
- 1 tbs cracked black pepper
- ½ tsp each, thyme, oregano, rosemary, coriander seeds
- 8-10 crushed juniper berries
- 2 bay leaves crumbled

Add and melt 5-6 ice cubes to cool mixture.

Pour marinade into ziplock bag big enough to hold pork, brine and add cold water to completely cover pork. Squish out air so pork is totally covered and refrigerate for 6-24 hours.

Remove pork pieces from marinade, rinse them, and dry with paper towels. Pour out brining liquid saving the solid stuff, rinse the bag, add back the "stuff" and some olive oil, and add back the pork.

Depending on when you are going to cook the pork: If within a day or so, refrigerate pork in bag with air squished out. If longer, freeze pork well in squished out bag, pack in meat cooler when you pack your other frozen meats. Pull out in a.m. to defrost for dinner. Before grilling wipe off the herbs etc.

On Block Island I used the communal open grill and the pork takes longer to cook than if on a covered grill. There I usually cook the tenderloins about 20-25 minutes total, covering them with an aluminum disposable pan (need a stone or something to keep it from blowing off). When done, let them rest in pan about 10 minutes slice, and serve.

*—Catherine Kornyei*

**Off-shore Pasta Primavera Shrimp Scampi**

Serves 4 hungry crew

One of my favorite off-shore meals, I can make this meal in about 20 minutes on Triad's single burner swing stove.

Ingredients: 1 lb. tri-colored rotini, 1 lb frozen shrimp (put in your cooler frozen, it will be defrosted the second day out, will keep for a week), carrots, onions, broccoli (or any veggies you have on hand), garlic (fresh or in jar).

Fill 3 qt. sauce pan 3/4 full with water (1/3 sea water or add some salt) and bring to a boil. Throw in pasta and cook for about 10 minutes. Chop up a carrot, onion and broccoli into bite size pieces. When the pasta is almost done, throw in the veggies and let them cook one or two minutes. Drain out water and add 1 tablespoon of olive oil to moisten pasta. Wrap pot in towel to keep warm.

Heat 3-4 tablespoons of oil in frying pan, Add chopped garlic and the shelled shrimp. Saute for about 2 minutes until shrimp turns pink. (You can also use pre-cooked, shelled shrimp.) When shrimp is cooked, add tamari/salt and pepper to taste, throw everything over the pasta mixture and serve.

*—Tom Cox*

# Maine Cat Cruising

by John and Kerri Spier

**W**e bought our Maine Cat 30 in 1998 because our Folkboat got too small for our family, and we thought we'd try out a multihull. We figured our new boat would be fast and comfortable, and she is. However, after taking our new NEMA rating to the race-course a few times, we decided our days in the winner's circle were over, and we might as well go cruising.

This summer we rented out our house, farmed out the dog and cat, and left Block Island for points north. We dropped our mooring during Race Week and swore not to come back before Labor Day. We were free!

The whole family settled easily and comfortably into the new routine. We got up when the sun did, ate when we were hungry, napped when we got tired, and went to bed when it got dark. On the average day we would sail (or motor) 20-

30 miles in the morning, leaving the whole afternoon for hiking, exploring, reading, fishing, etc. What a civilized life!

*Selena* carried us steadily through all types of conditions. We learned a lot about fog, thunderstorms, navigation, and anchoring, especially as the tidal range rose into the teens. We learned to trust our instincts, abilities, and our boat. Dave and Sam (8 & 7) learned to swim, steer, read charts, and how to row themselves ashore – a fantastic liberating and learning experience. Sally (4) learned countless ways to amuse herself and how to find the bucket before getting sick. Most importantly, we all re-learned to be a family together, something so easily neglected in the busy lives we lead today.

We'd like to thank builder Dick Vermuelen for his excellent service. We

took *Selena* back to her birthplace, and Dick and his crew spent the best part of a week working on her, a lot of which was at no charge. These upgrades reflected many things we've all learned since hull #5.

All in all she was a great boat to live on for the summer; roomy enough for a family of five, but easy to handle everywhere we went. And (trimaran owners take note), our separate hulls for adults and kids were the envy of every other cruising family we met.

Statistics for those interested: We sailed about twice as much as we motored, anchored about half the time, and only spent one night in a marina. We covered about 800 miles, from Block Island to Roque Island and back. We spent about \$3000, mostly on food, beer, and books, and a few moorings and meals out.

Highlights of our cruise were eagles, puffins, and finback whales, Monhegan, Eggemoggin Reach, and most everything east of Schoodic Point. The only low point was having to come home because we can't retire yet, and having home be mostly to windward.

–John and Kerri Spier



Left: *Selena* under sail.

Top: Sally, Dave and Sam Spier with *Selena* in the background.

# An F-27 Canal Boat

by Valerie White

Cornell University loomed “high above Cayuga’s waters” as Skipper Ken Olum, Judy Anderson and I loaded our gear onto *Proton* and motored out past the breakwater. *Proton* shivered in anticipation as we hauled up the mainsail and unfurled the jib. The wind blew straight down the lake, increasing from ten to twenty knots, and we started the first of many tacks between the cliffs of Ithaca shale. *Proton* was in her element. She tossed her head and seemed to snort with eagerness as we beat back and forth in one foot waves. (Can we call them “seas” in fresh water, we wondered?) As the wind increased we reefed the main. It was Wednesday, the second week of July and we had the lake to ourselves.

We spent the night at Cayuga Lake State Park at the north end of the lake. In the morning, we folded the boat in order to take down the mast, demonstrating for a family considering purchase of an F-

photo by Bev West



Judy makes pancakes in the galley.



photo by Valerie White

Judy waves as *Proton* gets ready to enter lock CS-1.

boat. Then we set off up the Cayuga-Seneca Canal, along the Montezuma Marsh, our 8-horse outboard pushing *Proton* along sedately at five knots. Soon we came to our first lock, CS1. None of us, including *Proton*, had ever gone through a lock before. Festooned with fenders port and starboard, we putted into the lock and looped our mooring lines behind the inset pipes on the walls of the lock. Ken bought us a two-day permit for the New York State Canal System.

There was only one other boat, a cabin cruiser, in the lock, and we sank uneventfully as the lock keeper let out the water. The descent was only 8.9 feet, but we pointed *Proton*'s nose out the gate on the downstream end with a feeling of accomplishment. We were on our way to Lake Ontario!

The speed limit in the canal is 10, so we were well within it as we motored along. In just over an hour we were at the junction with the Erie Canal. Ken dug out our battered copy of *Rise Up Singing* (it goes with us on most cruises) and we sang several verses of “Erie Canal”:

*Oh, I had a mule and her name was Sal. Fifteen miles on the Erie Canal.*

The whole day we saw only six

other boats using the canal. The air was brisk, windy and clear, and the sun shone brightly. Everywhere we looked there were great blue herons, osprey, buzzards, Canada geese, mallards, and kingfishers. Purple loosestrife, a beautiful invader, adorned the banks. We were puzzled because there was no towpath. Where did Sal the mule walk when she towed canal boats along? Later we learned that the original hand-dug canal with towpath was abandoned in many places and rerouted into dredged rivers, once motorized vessels obviated the need for muscle-powered towing. Sometimes abandoned canal sections were visible next to the river.

We tied up for the night along the wall in Baldwinsville, just upstream of Lock 24. There were a number of other boats, none of them sailboats, also tied up. We had a few minutes of dread when we noticed a bandshell with chairs set up across the river and feared we might be kept awake till the wee hours by loud music. However the concert wasn't till two days later. And even the next boat's roaring generator was courteously turned off at a decent hour.

We went ashore and walked down

to the Lock 24 Restaurant and had dinner. There were no showers, so we resigned ourselves to wearing our sunscreen, grime and sweat for another 24 hours. The next morning, I got up early and walked into town for coffee. On the way back, I watched a sailboat with its mast down enter the lock from the downstream side. I hailed them. "Did you come from Lake Ontario?" "Yep." "How was it?" The response was a gesture suggesting large waves. I trudged back to *Proton*. The others were up. We were the first downstream traffic in Lock 24. The lock keeper looked at our permit and waved cheerfully. This was an 11 foot drop and again proceeded without incident. Judy and I sat on the ama and held onto the lines. I had a ladder this time, instead of a pipe, so I had to keep changing the line to a lower rung as we went down, but it was not difficult. The tendency of the upstream gates to leak water in a roaring fountain was a little scary, but we soon learned that all the lock gates leaked.

After we were through the first lock, we took advantage of smooth water to cook pancakes under way. We negotiated eight locks that day, and motored some thirty miles – two mules named Sal. We crossed the end of Cross Lake, banging through waves which seemed remarkably big after two days of smooth canals. We saw cormorants which seemed different from the ones we were used to seeing in Cape Cod Bay—brownier, and more likely to fly in lines and v's. We also saw a green heron. I did a doubletake at the unmistakable silhouette of a pelican . . . has global warming progressed that far? Pelicans in New York? But it was a bronze statue.

We saw very few other motoring boats that day. We had planned the canal part of the trip for midweek, to avoid traffic, and we were surprised at how effective this tactic was! Surely the lock system cannot be supported by user fees, given the dearth of traffic. Every lock seemed to have two employees—one operating the machinery and checking passes, and one engaged in painting or other maintenance.



photo by Valerie White

#### Skipper Ken steers down the canal.

Everybody we encountered in the lock system was courteous and helpful and we seldom had to wait very long for a lock to be opened to us. The biggest drop we had was 27 feet, at Fulton. The wind whirled around in the cavernous space left behind as the water drained away. Most times the keeper of one lock would call ahead to the next lock to let them know we were coming, and so the locks were often ready to receive us. The only time this system broke down was at a shift change.

There were many moored boats and boathouses along the rivers. Most boats

were on risers of some kind. Many lawns had heron statues on them, and so we had to look twice to see if a heron was alive—not an easy distinction, because a fishing heron is a very still and patient bird. I was struck, not for the first time, by how seldom we saw a heron actually catching something.

By late afternoon we had arrived at Oswego International Marina. *Proton's* stint as a canal boat was over. I likened using an F27 for canal cruising to harnessing a thoroughbred horse to a plow. But *Proton* didn't seem to mind.

—Valerie White



photo by Judy Anderson

In a lock, *Proton*, Ken and Valerie wait for the water to go down.

# Swamp Fox Dismasted

by Don Watson

Following the Unlimited Regatta, I had left SWAMP FOX at New England Boatworks in anticipation of spending Labor Day weekend at Block Island. We had a splendid weekend there. We rafted up with Chris White on Juniper, saw Jon Barry on his Chris White designed Hammerhead 54, rented bikes and played tourist.

The next Friday, I left work and beat out Narragansett Bay into a brisk Sou'wester. As I passed Fort Adams, I saw Billy Black who took pictures of us sailing upwind in 15-18 knots of wind. It was a beautiful September afternoon, and as I was headed for my home port of Padanaram, I was thinking how nice it was that I had gotten through the season without hitting something. Last year, we hit a rock at 13.5 knots at the Unlimited, a couple of years before that we hit an ocean sunfish, and a few years before that we had a collision leaving the mooring on the way to the Around Martha's Vineyard Race when, unbeknownst to me my stainless steel rudder post had broken at the mooring.

All of these thoughts were passing through my mind when I heard a very loud crash, which sounded exactly like hitting a rock at speed. (I know what that sounds like). I looked briefly below, and when I looked back on deck, the mast and rigging were on the deck.

After the reality of the situation sank in, I took stock of my situation. I was almost on a line between Castle Hill light and Beavertail light, the starting line of the Newport to Bermuda Race. The current was running out and the wind was blowing in, and this combination was creating a fairly steep 2-3 foot chop. I

was alone, the top 35 feet of the mast was in the water, and it was time to act.

The action of the wind and current made the mast point upwind and the hull was blown downwind lying beam on to the seas. This caused the mast to pound fairly hard on the sheer of the port ama between the cross arms. The headstay was still attached.

My first move was to try to get the sails down, because they were providing a lot of area for the current to catch. I took my small jib down through the headstay foil without any problem. The mainsail was another matter. Most of the battens in the water were broken and were shoved forward into diagonal shrouds, runners, checkstays, etc. It would not come down, so I tied a line around the mast tube above the lower spreaders and took it to a snatchblock at the starboard chainplates and then back to a cockpit winch. The mast started moving onto the boat until it stopped. By this time the mainsail was on top of me, I realized that I needed to loosen the reef lines which come out of the boom and run

aft through blocks at the mast base. This should have been obvious, but there were lines everywhere in unusual places. After I got the mast up a little further, I tried once again to get the mainsail down as it was in the way and still contributing to the pounding the port ama was taking. I ended up making a horizontal knife cut about half way up the sail. I cut the tack ring, the clew ring and all of the luff slides, and finally freed the lower half of the sail and stashed it below. By this time, I was tired and could not believe how thirsty I was. I took some water and a short break.

*The current was running out and the wind was blowing in, and this combination was creating a fairly steep 2-3 foot chop. I was alone, the top 35 feet of the mast was in the water, and it was time to act.*



**Swampfox, a Watson 35 tri, before the dismasting.**

Billy Black saw my predicament and stood by until I was more or less under control. I kept winching the mast up on the boat and finally got it mostly out of the water. At this time, I cut off the remaining luff slides of the mainsail, because they would not pass by the line had tied around the mast. With the mainsail now completely removed, I got the mast all the way up out of the water and across the boat and decided to start the engine and get in by Jamestown and smooth water. After clearing the topping lift, main halyard, checkstays, shrouds, etc. clear of the propellor, I started the engine and motored around the corner. Billy Black had to drop someone back in Newport and said he would monitor channel 68.

Once in smooth water, I brought another snatchblock to the bow and winched the butt of the mast forward all the way to the bow and pulled the masthead in close to the main hull by the cockpit. Once everything was cleaned up, I went below to call Billy and tell him I was heading back to Portsmouth and was OK. I actually keyed the microphone and called him before I realized I had no antenna. My ORC required spare was in my locker at home.

I now surveyed the damage. The mast had fallen because the Gibb tang at the upper end of the port shroud had

*continued on page 11 (bottom right)*

# The 2001 ALIR

By Gregor Tarjan

**M**onday, July 30, 2001 – The 25th Annual Cablevision Around Long Island Regatta (ALIR) hosted by the Sea Cliff Yacht Club started with the potential to set the elapsed time record but in the end this was not the result. This year's ALIR started on Thursday, July 26, 2001 off Rockaway Point, NY near Sheepshead Bay, Brooklyn. There were 126 entries of which 11 were multihulls – a record participation in recent years by multihulls.

At the start a cold front that had just passed through the area left northeasterly winds at 15 to 25 knots and a good chop. Prospects were for strong winds and cool temperatures to last for at least 48 hours...for our Outremer 43' *Flo* – ideal conditions. Eleven multihulls that ranged in size from Jim Beatman's Stilletto 27 to Cam Lewis' 110' *Team Adventure* were divided into two divisions (Divisions 10 & 14). Unfortunately, both Andrew Nyhart's *Fluid Design* and Jim Beatman's Stilletto were dismantled prior to starting and *Team Adventure* ran aground shortly after the start shearing off one of her daggerboards. *Team Adventure* was thus forced to return to New York Harbor to effect repairs and prepare for her quest to set the trans-Atlantic record. The rest of the fleet headed for Montauk Point at the east end of Long Island.

As the weather deteriorated with winds in the high twenties and 10' seas, a third of the 126 boat fleet retired. Injuries such as lost fingers, seasickness and concussions took their toll on many crews. Although we started hours after the leaders, we soon lead the entire fleet. As we approached Montauk Point an unidentified "Man Overboard" Mayday was picked up, which put everyone in the vicinity on high alert.

*Flo*, our Outremer 43, side by side the Shuttleworth 50' *Neptune's Car* (last year's winner) tore along at a steady 16

knots but just could not keep up with *Avalon*, the 55' Wormwood with her towering wingmast. She was sailing at least one knot faster and closer to the wind...a truly beautiful sight. Also the two Dragonflies and the Farrier tris, expertly sailed by their crews, seemed to have the edge in upwind conditions.

Multihull leaders, Jurgen Epple, sailing his 60' *Paragon*, and Mark Murray, in *Avalon* led the entire fleet around Montauk. The wind was still humming and so were the boats. They made their way through Plum Gut into Long Island with outstanding wind but it was then that the wind gods stopped cooperating. Both *Paragon* and *Avalon* were on a pace to eclipse the elapsed time record of 19.9897 hours set in this event in 1983 by the multihull *Mirage*. Instead *Avalon* did well to make it through Friday's doldrums and finish at the Glen Cove Breakwater in Hempstead Harbor, Sea Cliff, NY at 1726 hours on Friday, July 27. *Avalon's* elapsed time for the course was 26.1100 hours. Unfortunately *Paragon* withdrew from the race. Both were in Division 14.

The boats of Division 10 meanwhile were proceeding to the finish. Pat Harris' *Gypsy Heart*, a Corsair F31R, took division line honors when she finished at 0130 hours on Saturday. Bruce Miller's, *Ladyhawk*, a Dragonfly 1200 finished at 0511 hours on the same day to take the division honors on corrected time. *Flo* came in 4th in our division and the second cat to finish.

After the entire fleet finished the Sea Cliff Yacht Club hosted an Awards Party on Sunday. Although the wind hadn't fully cooperated the weather did and the afternoon was gorgeous.

Gregor Tarjan, president of Aeroyacht Ltd., is the exclusive US distributor of high performance OUTREMER catamarans, [www.Aeroyacht.com](http://www.Aeroyacht.com).



Flo an OUTREMER 43 doing 16 knots

## Swampfox Dismasted

*continued from page 10*

broken at the bend. This fitting and all of the other rigging on the boat had been checked within the past two years. The mast tube had only paint scratches and will be stepped again. The headstay foil was pretty kinked up. The major damage to the boat was the port ama sheer and the port house corner. The latter was saved by the tee-track on the house corner, and the former was not too bad, because my dinghy was in the port net. The dinghy was pretty trashed, but it had saved a lot of damage to the boat. The major loss was that of the mainsail, but here I was extremely lucky. I had my old mainsail up for cruising and therefore did not have to cut up my beautiful new Maine Sailing Partners sail. That would have really bummed me out.

The most important lesson learned was the importance of having a knife in an accessible location. On the way to Halifax this year, Dave Koshiol had mentioned he always likes to see a dedicated knife in a sheath in the cockpit(s). I did not have one, but I did have a knife in my pocket. This was crucial, and I would have been in some difficulty without it.

This has been another in long line of adventures that I have had with the Fox. May there be many more, but hopefully less exciting.

–Don Watson



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