

NEMA

NEW ENGLAND MULTIHULL ASSOCIATION



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Next NEMA Meeting
Thurs. Nov. 7, 7 p.m.
Savin Hill Yacht Club
Guest Speaker:
Rich Wilson
Great American II

Rich Wilson to Speak at November NEMA Meeting about his Record Breaking NYC to Australia Sail

On November 27, 2001, the 53-foot trimaran *Great American II* completed the 15,000-mile voyage to Australia in 68 days 10 hours 7 minutes 52 seconds, breaking a record that had stood for 146 years. NEMA member Rich Wilson, from Rockport, Massachusetts, and his co-skipper Bill Biewenga, from Newport, Rhode Island, broke the record of 69 days, 14 hours, set by the American extreme clipper ship *Mandarin* as she carried prospectors to the Australian Gold Rush in the winter of 1855-56.

The two sailors departed New York City on September 19, 2001 just eight days after the destruction of the World Trade Center towers in Manhattan and spent nearly 10 weeks at sea. While at sea, they sent audio and text reports, photographs, and videos as part of a program for Wilson's website sitesalive.com. They accomplished all this with a laptop computer linked to a satellite telephone.

Come hear Rich Wilson talk about his adventure at the next NEMA meeting on Thursday, November 7 at the Savin Hill Yacht Club. The pizza social will start at 19:00 followed by Rich's talk at 20:00.

more photos on page 15

Bill Biewenga and Rich Wilson sailing Great American II

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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.

Please submit articles to the newsletter editor, by e-mail (judy@inzones.com), fax (978-231-6108), or mail (5 Haskell Court, Gloucester, MA 01930).

Elected Officers

Commodore	Ira Heller 617-288-8223 nemasail@aol.com
Vice Commodore and Race Chair	Don Watson 508-636-5275 dwatson@neboatworks.com
Acting Treasurer	Ira Heller 617-288-8223 nemasail@aol.com
Secretary	Sydney Miller 617-288-8223 sydsail@aol.com
Cruising Chair	Bob Gleason 508-295-0095 sailfast@themultihullsource.com
Newsletter Editor	Judy Cox 978-283-3598 judy@inzones.com
Fleet Captains	Tony Cabot 617-328-4109 tcabot@cre8v.com
Appointees	Dave Koshiol 508-748-9511
Directors at Large	Bill Doelger 617-964-2670 Bill Heaton wiheaton@earthlink.net Ted Grossbart ted@grossbart.com 781-631-5011
Photographer	Martin Roos 781-272-1683
Historian	Les Moore 978-768-7668
Life Members	Dick Newick Walter and Joan Greene Les Moore, Spencer Merz
NEMA Web Site	www.nemasail.org

Board Elections on December 12

If you would like to take a more active role in NEMA consider running for a Board of Directors post. Some board members will be retiring this year and others are running for new positions so we are actively looking for people to fill these vacancies. Any NEMA member can run for any position.

Elections will be held at the December meeting on Thursday, December 12. Members will be elected to the following positions:

- Commodore
- Vice-Commodore
- Treasurer
- Secretary
- Racing Chair
- Cruising Chair
- Newsletter Editor

Officers are elected for two years. The Board will prepare a proposed slate of candidates and it will be mailed to all NEMA members at least 10 days before the election on December 12. If you would like to nominate yourself or someone else, please submit your nomination to any existing Board Member at the NEMA meeting on November 7 or by email to nemaboard@nemasail.org.

Holiday Party

In addition to elections, the December 12 meeting will be our annual Holiday Party. Guest speakers will be Tom and Judy Cox, who will talk about their 5-month cruise in the Bahamas on Triad.



Tom and Judy Cox will talk about cruising on their 42' Newick tri, Triad, for 5 months in the Bahamas at the December NEMA meeting on Dec. 12.

NEMA's holiday party is the one meeting of the year that the whole family can enjoy. Popular with wives and kids, the holiday party is a good opportunity to socialize with other NEMA families and to trade in your unneeded paraphernalia for someone else's extra gear at the Yankee Swap.

The party this year is on Thursday, December 12 at 7 p.m. at the Savin Hill Yacht Club. Family and friends are invited. Bring a pot luck donation for the dinner and a pre-owned or under \$10 gift if you want to participate in the Yankee Swap.

Hats off to the Commodore



Ira Heller

For the past six years Ira Heller has worked tirelessly as NEMA Commodore. You may think that all he does is stand up at meetings and give announcements, but the

truth is if it weren't for Ira Heller and his equally commendable partner, Sydney Miller, NEMA may not exist. In addition to scheduling, planning, and running meetings, Ira and Sydney organized and ran the Newport Unlimited Regatta. Since Tom Cox left on his Bahamas cruise last year, Ira has also been acting treasurer. While not a voting member of the race committee, he is a defacto member and attends most race committee meetings. The Race Results on pages 8-10 were collected and tabulated by Ira. And if all that weren't enough, he stayed up until midnight last night to proofread this newsletter.

Ira will be retiring from the Commodore position this year (though he may run for another office). We want to thank you, Ira, for your cheerful, tireless dedication to NEMA and look forward to your future contributions in another role.

The Summer of 2002

It was a great summer ... beautiful weather, with lots of sailing, racing and cruising. This issue is full of articles by NEMA members writing about some of the fun things they did this summer.

Whaler's Race

I sailed my first Whaler's Race this summer, and as Don Watson promised, it was a great event. Unsurpassed hospitality, a competitive fleet, and an interesting course were complemented by near perfect conditions for the race.

The light winds and fog dissipated early Saturday morning, giving way to a mild SSW windflow of 8 knots for the start at 08:15, which built throughout the day to a max of 15 knots by the time *Triad* finished at 19:53 that evening. The seas were never over 2 feet, a light chop by Buzzard's Bay standards.

The first leg to Sow and Pigs was the only true beat of the race; *Triad* averaged around 8 knots to arrive at the buoy at the head of the fleet, having reeled in the last of the Aerodyne 38's just before the mark. The leg to Noman's was a close reach at 12- 14 knots. The fetch to Block was close, but we didn't tack once, and actually eased sheets for about 10 of the 35 miles averaging around 10. After rounding SE Block, we launched the chute and kept it up all the way to the finish line, occasionally hitting 14 knots surfing on the wavelets.

The most challenging part of the race was running from the Sandspit to the finish line doing 10 knots under spinnaker, a rather hair-raising proposition considering we had minimal local knowledge of the rock-strewn channel; (a rhumb line between 000 and 019 magnetic split the difference between Hussey and Lone Rocks).

We finished the race a little before 8 pm, in time to get ashore for cocktails at the excellent NBYC bar where we met up with our fellow multihullers from *Tempest* and *Swampfox* who both finished by 8:45. I figure we actually sailed about 120 miles, for an average speed through the water of 10 knots. We had a ball - see you next year!

Tom Cox
tom@sailtriad.com

Boating Buddies

My husband and I are so into catamarans that we started our own catamaran business a little over three years ago. The craze is growing and so is our company, Boating Buddies, Inc. The most popular model we sell is Fountaine Pajot. This summer we took 5 weeks off from our daily routine and headed to France to visit the factory. It was awesome. They are so organized down to the hour. They even manage to get the entire catamaran on an 18 wheeler truck specially designed to haul the cats to the shore! (she photo) We were very impressed.

Then we rented an RV and toured the French countryside. The near by town of La Rochelle is very nautical and welcoming to tourists. They say it is the



Yachting Capital of France. We admired the homemade styles of the creative Frenchmen as well as all the production cats that come out of France. The ports all over France were full of cats. We had a great time and next summer we'd like to do it again, by catamaran!

Randy and Chris Veraguas
Boating Buddies, Inc.
<http://www.boatingbuddiesinc.com>

Summer Cruise on Runaway

We had a wonderful sail this summer on our Conser 47 catamaran, *Runaway*. We left Northport Harbor on the Sound and sailed around Long Island through the East River. *Runaway* is set up for cruising with fridge, freezer, AC, Microwave, inverter, water maker, dual GPS, radar etc. We anchored overnight at Sheeps Head Bay in Brooklyn, where we picked up friends and family to cruise Manhattan for the Fourth of July celebration, which concluded with the Macy's fireworks display on the East River. The weather was great and the sailing excellent.

We dropped our guests off at Sheeps Head Bay that evening, sailed to Atlantic City the next day and stayed at the Trump Marina - an excellent facility but expensive (\$4 a ft.). The next day we sailed to Lewis Delaware on the Delaware Bay. We spent 5 days cruising

the Delaware Bay and tied up at the municipal dock at night. Lewis is the oldest town in Delaware and is very quaint and friendly. The docking was inexpensive (\$2 ft.) with water, electric and lots of shops and restaurants nearby. If you sail the Delaware Bay watch out for shoals and other man made obstacles. It's not hard to run aground.

Leaving Lewis, we sailed all night to Oceanside Long Island. Except for encountering thousands of flies 10 miles out at sea on the way down, it was a great trip. We are planning to sail to Miami Florida in mid to late November and may need additional crew for the delivery, so if anyone is interested e-mail me at espnewyork@aol.com.

We look forward to sailing the Bahamas and the Keys this winter.

Bill Danilczyk
Runaway

The Westport Multihull Regatta

by Tylee Marion

The Westport Multihull Regatta set sail late in the morning on September 21, 2002. Although all boats were readied and waiting for the formal departure bell, the sound that triggered the departure was that of Jr's hull landing on his mast ... and the explosives that followed were mistaken for some drunken Nascar fans having found a new team to root for in Jeremy Worthington and Jonathan. I wet my finger and raised it in the air to check the wind speed and direction, only to realize that I had just cleaned my left nostril with that very finger. Off we went.

A strong SW breeze set us out on a speedy close-hauled tack. Dick Chase was well in the lead on the way to Quick's Hole. In reviewing the cockpit recorder on *The Albatross* (or whatever we are calling the mother ship), Dick might be mistaken for Captain Ahab (performed by Gregory Peck) in the 1956 version of *Moby Dick*. Jimmy is a more effeminate version of Ishmael with complaints of tennis elbow, irritable bowel syndrome, arthritis, and a general aversion to pulling on ropes. If we take a closer look at Dick we find that his *White Whale* is to confirm that everything should be made of carbon fiber and he would stop at nothing to accomplish this.

Following Dick was *Team Piper* ...



Cats on the Beach

Mongie and Phil thrown together like an arranged marriage. Not quite sure what to expect of one another. With periodic awkward glances Phil realized that he was the bitch in this marriage and eventually he would have to give it up.

Behind them was *Team Kix Cat*. Captained by the crew. Two guys with bad feet and a tendency to annoy the shit out of each other. Desperately trying to remember how to sail they quickly gained their bearings, synchronized their movements, and quickly began overtaking the other boats. Although Adam and Tylee are known to be quite modest, their adrenaline got the best of them and after dusting Dick and Mongie they went for the traditional "high five" and Tylee knocked Adam off the wing and sent *Kix Cat* plunging into the sea.

Rapidly approaching the crash scene were the two Englishmen, Jeremy and Jonathan, on the RV 27 ... and yes I said RV as in Recreational Vehicle. As can be expected they were discussing the possibility of colonizing the Elizabeth Islands and how impressed the Queen would be. Other than that they were quite formal with one another and Jonathan was required to answer every order with "yes sir" otherwise formal charges would follow.

Meanwhile Adam and Tylee were assessing their situation, but had little fear, as they knew Dicky Doo would come to the rescue as he had done many times before, according to the fabled tale told by Adam. They waited for their rescuer to approach and when Dick was close enough and their hearts began to lift all was shattered by what they witnessed.

Jimmy was strumming on a fiddle and Dick was doing some kind of festive jig on his ship. He sang the following lyrics:

*Hear me dogs, I've something to say
You're on the belly of your boat in Buzzard's Bay
Two mere deckhands trying to sail
Wager my carbon fiber they were bound to fail
I see you sittin' on each hull today
Like forlorn barnacles tryin' to find their way
I'd lift yer spirits like an approaching swell
But from the looks of things your are S.O.L.
So these next words I say with glee
As I dance across my deck in jubilee
There's nothing I can do
There's nothing I can do
Others say a prayer
But there ain't nothing I can do
Not a damn thing I can do
Hard tack and rum now
Still ain't nothing I can do*

With a push on the tiller and a snap on the mainsheet they were away. One final call from HitchDick, "So long maggots!"

Abandoned by his mentor, Tylee quickly scanned his mental pages of the Hobie manual and Adam untied the anchor. They raised the hull and awaited help. Mongie and Phil circled *Kix Cat* as though it were a downed fighter jet. Like a Navy Seal leaping from a hovering helicopter Phil Brown jumped from *Piper* and hit the water heels first (creating some nice waves on Cuttyhunk). As if he were a powerful dose of Viagra he brought *Kix's* sails back to an upright position.

At Quicks Hole for lunch they met up with Orca Kent from the Vineyard. His Westport 25 looking meticulous. Andy and his son Keegan were there as well. Keegan decided to blast Dick with his water gun. I doubt Dirty Harry could have retaliated better than Dick who was able to bring the child to tears. Hobie Fleet 448 showed up and looked upon all of Dick's work in wonderment. *Kix Cat* was drained of seawater and Mongie had to bandage the abrasions on his face from the Super Cat bolts that had decided to free themselves of their bondage. As usual Jimmy complained of

digestive problems and the mal effects of eating white bread. Jeremy was quick to reprimand us for peeing into the wind.

At this point the first of several curious happenings occurred when Jeremy was asked to provide us with directions into Tarpaulin Cove. He drew a map in the sand and said go around these rocks, then winked at Dick, and buried the map under new sand. Needless to say we sailed in through the rocks and landed safely on Tarpaulin Cove ... Beautiful Island.

This part of the story is difficult to recall, but a special acknowledgement must go out to Rodney who certainly added another ingredient to an already scary recipe of drunken debauchery. Fire, food, booze, and merriment.

Special awards

Extreme Sporting Award to Dick for proving that kayaking is possible after excessive amounts of beer, wine, liquor, and other stimulants.

Greatest Influence Award to Hitch Dick for teaching a 6 year old to say "Hershey Highway".

Cutlery Award to Mongie for discovering the Swiss Army knife cooking in the beans and spam.

Salty Dog Award to Jeremy and Andy for crating appetizers that had at least 1000 mg of sodium per cracker.

Yankee Workshop Award to Jonathan for sacrificing any healthy discs in his back to lift boulders and build a fireside bench.

National Geographic Award to Rodney for his skill in capturing us via digital camera as we transformed from nearly civilized men into animals.

Last Call Award to Tylee, Adam, and Phil for closing the bar at Tarpaulin Cove, which ended with celebratory swim by Phil where he looked more like a pinball bouncing off the rocks.

The next morning at The Captain's meeting we were berated by Lt. Cmdr. Jeremy Bligh Worthington for indicating that we wished to follow their lead. He waved his flintlock around and shoved his saber into a sack of coffee beans. All the while declaring that we were incompetent and



Cat Gang on the Beach: Kid sitting, Kegan Steinke, Tylee Marion (lying), Phil Brown, Jonathn Adams, Adam Guild, Jonathan Mongie, Rodney Farsworth (devil), Dick Chase (saint) Jeremy Worthington (saint 2). Jim Hickox and Andy Steinke (standing).

should be bound to the mast and lashed. We sailed on with heads hung low.

Halfway across the Vineyard Sound we saw 3 sailboats zip out of Tarpaulin Cove and sail right up the coast. They ditched us like rum-runners fleeing the shore patrols.

Having taken a significant lead over *Team Piper* the *Kix Cat* crew were amazed when they noticed Pipe closing the distance rapidly when it was nearly dead calm. They were within 100 yards when it became apparent that they were under human power ... paddles. The *Kix* crew tried to paddle and gained little. More impressive than this were the cat-tle body surfing on Quicks Beach.

Having delayed the trip back to Westport to wait on the little boats the Evil armada set sail. Dark clouds seemed to be following them. Dick ran with the wind and made great progress. Jeremy began his long tack down wind. *Piper* and *Kix* began their slow and tedious trip in Jeremy's path not knowing what awaited them. Andy stepped on the gas pedal and was home in about ten minutes.

Before long *Kix* and *Piper* were buried by fog so thick that when you spit it just hung there and never landed. After sever hours it became apparent that the crews were starting to crack. Adam said that the open wound on his foot was speaking to him. It was telling him that he should go below deck and make brownies. Mongie broke down and claimed that his life could never be full unless he was

singing in a boy band. Phil, suffering from schizophrenia, thought that he was FogHorn Leghorn. He kept saying things like "What's the big, I say what's the big idea. Who's sailing this thing anyway" Don't stand there gawkin' son, fill those sails." I had to maintain my composure for the safety of all.

Nearly at our wits end we spied several rocks of a familiar shape including one that resembled an elephant. Shortly thereafter a vision appeared ... Two white lights low on the water. It was the eyebrows of David Peckham come to guide us through the rocks and into the Devil's pocketbook. As we approached Spindle Rock *Kix Cat* decided to make one last run at *Piper* in hopes of creating a little catamaran.

As it turns out *The Evil Armada* had not abandoned us. They were there searching and confident that we would return.



The Albatross, Westport Cat

TeamSolo Does Plum Gut

Around Long Island Race,

by Serge Leonidov

In retrospect, the 2002 edition of the Around Long Island race was TeamSolo's birthplace because this was the first time when Serge, Alex and Harry raced together on Harry's Atlantic 46 catamaran. Serge and Harry have been talking through emails for a few years about doing a distance race, first on Harry's Condor 40 tri, and then on the big cat. But it was only in the end of July of 2002 when the cat made a fast passage from Long Is. Sound to Brooklyn by way of Manhattan, to meet the entire crew at Sheepshead Bay YC, the night before the Around Long Island race.

The forecast for the race start day was for 18-20 knots of wind from the East, which did materialize. The excitement on board was palpable.

Coming out to the start it was fun watching the monos roll around in the steep rollers built up from a day old easterly blowing along the southern coast of Long Island. There were plenty of brave sailors out there, we even saw a J24!

Our competition in the multihull class consisted of a Shuttleworth 50 cat skippered by Gregor Tarjan, a Conser 47 cat, and an ALIR veteran Stiletto 27GT catamaran with fat squarehead main and four people in full foulies braced against the hull ready for a 100 mile beat to Montauk.

While maneuvering before the start

and waiting for our signal to enter the starting box, the seriousness of the upcoming sail was vividly demonstrated by Gregor's boat, who hoisted a shining Kevlar jib that disintegrated before our eyes from flogging in the wind after a brief hesitation by the sheet trimmer. In a very short time they had a dacron jib up and ready to go. We were circling the area with the main and jib only, keeping the sheets tight and watching out for the remaining traffic.

Our race start was pretty uneventful and we quickly settled into the groove. Our position was clear but the speed across the line was not good and the Shuttleworth and Stiletto blasted past below us, both maintaining approximately the same speed for a while. At the start we carried a full upwind sail inventory, the main, the jib and the genny, this is what this boat likes in up to and almost above 20 knots of breeze. Working out our upwind angle we trimmed the sheets tighter and started chasing the first two boats. The Conser cat was stuck in our dirty air for a while but, after trying to gain on us by going lower, they eventually they tacked away from the shore and lined up with the maxi class who started after us.

Meanwhile, the Shuttleworth also got into the groove and started speeding away, pointing about five degrees higher

than us and moving slightly faster. It was a memorable sight of that boat kicking up the spray and sailing so close to the wind. I kept on thinking of all those articles I read by the boat's designer about his research on the quest of lowering the aero drag to improve upwind potential - I think he is onto something good. The Stiletto was hanging on with the Shuttleworth, clearly demonstrating a highly experienced crew sailing the boat.

This is about when our problems started. Approximately half an hour after the start, while watching whether the Conser, back on starboard tack, gained anything by going away from the shore, our loaded genny's clew blew up and the sail started flogging. The crew quickly rolled the genny up, although it took some effort playing cowboys to throw a loop over the clew of the fuled sail, about 20 feet above us, to keep the sail in check on the furler while we figure out our next step. Just a few minutes later we noticed the results of the genny's flogging - one panel on the jib started pulling apart in the middle, showing vertical slits in the sail. The crew's reaction was immediate - we took the jib down and replaced it with a much smaller storm jib. With 20 knots of wind this was enough to drive the boat but she didn't point well and the helm was unbalanced, forcing us to open up the leech of the main even further. With the hydraulic steering delivering little feedback to the wheel we ended up rounding up a few times but finally settled down again, tacking through approximately 105 degrees.

Meanwhile, back in the comfortable cabin with an eight foot table we spread out the working jib and decided to try sticky back dacron to fix the rips.

After the jib was taped up, we put good ol' duct tape around the edges of dacron, hoping that in combination they would hold up. They did. We did have to drop the jib one more time when another



Here is the crew, from left to right, Matt, Harry, Jim, Charlie and Alex. Serge, as it often happens, is behind the camera



Serge proudly demonstrating the sail repair.

slit appeared on the same panel, but we taped it right on the tramps without taking it off the forestay. The last item of immediate business was to take the genny off the furler and see what can be done. By the time that job was finished the crew was pretty exhausted, the sun was coming down, and we decided to just sail on for a while and then tackle this problem.

At first Charlie tried to sew the clew back on, but the sail material is just way too thick on the corners for this method, on a bouncing boat, in the darkness, with just a palm pusher and a needle. After a while Charlie simply started getting seasick and we abandoned that idea. Resewing the clew webbing was out of the question. After some serious scouring through the boat's vast resource of the spare parts and materials, Serge and Harry decided on a rather unorthodox approach. They found a thick stainless steel plate which, when folded in half, was fitting well over the clew of the sail. They inserted the clew ring into the fold and then drilled and bolted the plate to the clew. Drilling the plate placed on Harry's knees was fun, sort of and pictured above is Serge proudly demonstrating the repair.

Due to the weather conditions and afraid to break our skulls with a flogging steel plate we decided to wait until Friday morning to try the genny's repair. A couple of people in the crew were feeling seasick but nothing to the extent of the monohull crews with whom we

spoke after the race. By the morning time we were well offshore in a strong breeze and gorgeous rollers, still sailing upwind. Steering from the cabin, smelling fresh coffee, we were thinking of the Stiletto and the Shuttleworth – where are they, how cold are they? Good thing we did not know that the two cats were well into Long Island Sound by that time, flying toward the finish.

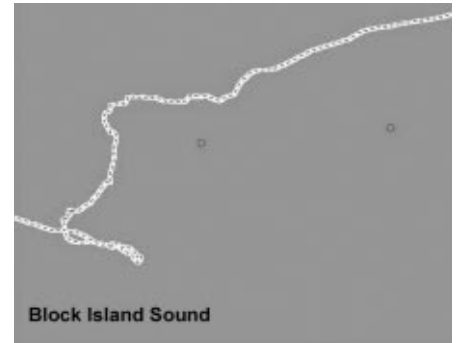
Unfortunately, as we later found out, the Shuttleworth blew its second jib and pulled home early.

After a tack back inshore we decided to hoist the genny, controlling its clew with a separate line which ran through a block at the tack of the sail to the clew. During the tacks we would pull on this line and bring the clew forward of the jib towards the tack, thus preventing the flogging and avoiding the metal plate snags on the inner forestay.

We rounded Montauk at 11:50 p.m. on Friday. By that time the wind subsided but we were still greeted by nice easterly blasts at around 12-15 knots. We hoisted the spinnaker and enjoyed our ride at around 10 knots of boat speed towards the Plum Gut. At that point, around 1:30 a.m., Serge went to sleep, ready to go back on watch in 3-4 hours. Figure, with 10 miles to Plum Gut, tide still incoming, and 10 knots of boat speed, by that time we'd be riding the Sound, he thought. To his surprise, when he woke up the sun was already shining bright. The boat was moving gently, Alex, Matt and Charlie were in the cockpit trimming the sail and

trying to get the apparent speed up, Harry was sleeping on the salon's couch. The sun was shining and there was a pretty sandy beach just off the starboard bow of the boat. "Which island is that?" "Plum Island," said Alex calmly. "You f----- kidding me?!" (this is now the No. 1 officially permitted use of the F word) "No." In disbelief Serge went to his GPS, which was running all night. This is what he saw:

Turns out that shortly after Serge went to sleep the wind died, the tide



turned, and the guys spent hours trying to get out of the grips of the vicious tide. The tide won. By the time the boat entered the Sound, around 9 a.m. on Saturday, the wind died completely and we were only able to fly the spinnaker for another two hours, or so.

Then the wind turned on the nose, again. At around 11 a.m., facing the prospect of another 80 miles upwind in virtually no air, the crew jointly decided to withdraw from the race. This is the last douse in glassy waters.

On the way back we cooked a large steak "lunch" and enjoyed it at the cabin table, the boat motoring under the pilot, watching the monos standing still all across the sound. We later learned that the 38 foot monohull who rounded Montauk 10 minutes before us finished the race at approximately 7 p.m. on Sunday! Given the circumstances, the team performed flawlessly and, most importantly, all problems were dealt with and everyone put 100% into this effort. As in all sailing, there is always the next time.

—Serge Leonidov

Racing, Racing, Racing

2002 NEMA Season Trophy Results

Boat Name	Skipper/Boat	Owen Mitch	OS	BBB-1	BBB-2	Corin 200	Corin 200	Black Dog
Triceratops	Alvord, F-31R	84.8	33.7	78.5	71.2	65.0	65.0	78.6
Hot Flash	Kornyei, F-28R	66.2		92.6	40.8	28.7	28.7	98.7
Triad	Cox, Newick 42	16.0				46.9	46.9	72.4
Ultra Violet	Green, Firebird			44.5	93.9			
Tri Me	Gleason, F-31	35.3		55.8	50.9			
Rut Fow	Peacock, F-28R	91.0			30.7			91.0
Plan A	Kenney, F-24 Mk-II			67.1	61.1			84.8
White Heat	Bluestein, F-27							60.0
Trinity	Pellegrini, F-31R	53.8				87.8	87.8	41.5
Tempest	Bryan-Brown, F-31	47.7		10.5	10.5	5.0		35.3
Milagro	Neuman, F-9A	78.6	85.8					10.5
Andiamo II	Laskey/Harvey, F-31							
Mouse Cubed	Glandon, F-24	72.4						47.7
Blackbird	Nicholson, F-28R	60.0		21.8	81.3			29.1
Adios	Howell, F-31							
Thrasher	Lawson, F-31							53.8
Flying Fish	Parks, F-27	41.5						
	Clay, F-24 Mk-1							
Swamp Fox	Watson, Custom 35							
Heat Wave	Heaton, F-25C							
Blue Moon	Spalding, F-25C		56.8					
Unavailable	Michaelson, F-27	29.1						22.9
Barbara Ann V	Bedell, F-24 Mk-II				20.6			66.2
Flight Simulator	Reece, F-28R							
Chitty Bang	Lussier, F-27	98.7						
Strider	McAlpine, F-24 Mk-II							
Firebird	Grossman, Firebird							
Mooncusser	Larcen, F-27							
Great Tri	Becket, F-31							
Intrigue	Baylis, F-24 Mk-II			33.2				
Mothra	Miller, F-27	22.9						
Gypsy Heart	Harris, F-31							
Level Playing Field	Marcham, F-24 Mk-II							
Fluid Design	Nyhart, F-40	10.5						
Scout	Gardner, F-25C		10.5					
Runaway	Conser 47							
Iroquois	Marsh, F-27							
Moondance	O'Neil, F-27							

Thanks to Ira Heller for tracking and compiling these race results.



Solo Twin	Solo Twin	BBR-1	BBR-2	BBR-3	NU-1	NU-2	GSF	RRR1	RRR2	Points	Best 7 Days	Total Days Raced
92.6	92.6	97.6	81.6	96	98.2	98.2	55.7	41.2	86.1	1316.6	661.3	17
55.8	55.8	74.5	60.3	60.6	83.3	83.3		79.6	91.9	1000.8	603.9	15
78.5	78.5	67.4	74.5	85.6	30.4	76.7	89.6	64.3	27.9	855.6	555.8	14
		88.7	97.6	68.9	37.0	43.6		71.9	33.8	579.9	509.1	9
		81.6	88.7	10.5	76.7	63.5		18.2	68.6	549.8	485.8	10
44.5	44.5	46.1	17.6					87.3	62.8	515.5	467.2	9
21.8	21.8	31.8	67.4	43.9	37.0	43.6			99.2	579.5	467.1	11
		36.9	46.1	27.2	70.1	37.0		33.5	80.3	391.1	363.9	8
										270.9	270.9	4
		53.2	31.8	77.3						271.3	271.3	8
								48.9	39.6	263.4	263.4	5
33.2	33.2							96.9	74.5	237.8	237.8	4
								26.9	51.2	198.2	198.2	4
										192.2	192.2	4
					89.9	89.9				179.8	179.8	2
		24.7	36.9	52.2						167.6	167.6	4
10.5	10.5				43.6	56.8				162.9	162.9	5
		60.3	53.2	35.5						149.0	149.0	3
67.1	67.1									134.2	134.2	2
					50.2	70.1				120.3	120.3	2
								56.6		113.4	113.4	2
		17.6	24.7	18.8						113.1	113.1	5
		10.5	10.5							107.8	107.8	4
					56.8	50.2				107.0	107.0	2
										98.7	98.7	1
					63.5	10.5				74.0	74.0	2
							70.7			70.7	70.7	1
					10.5	17.1		10.5	22.1	60.2	60.2	4
							40.6			40.6	40.6	1
										33.2	33.2	1
										22.9	22.9	1
					17.1					17.1	17.1	1
									16.3	16.3	16.3	1
										10.5	10.5	1
										10.5	10.5	1
									10.5	10.5	10.5	1
							5.0			5.0	5.0	
							5.0			5.0	5.0	



2002 Offshore Trophy Results

Boat Name	Skipper/Boat	Corin200	Solo/Twin	Monhegan	Points
Triceratops	Alvord, F-31R	65.0	92.6	85.8	243.4
Triad	Cox, Newick 42	46.9	78.5		125.4
Hot Flash	Korneyi, F-28R	28.7	55.8	5	89.5
Trinity	Pellegrini, F-31R	87.8			87.8
Swamp Fox	Watson, Custom 35		67.1		67.1
Ion	Deupree, F-27			56.8	56.8
Rut Row	Peacock, F-28R		44.5		44.5
Alegria	Garcia, Newick 35			33.7	33.7
Andiamo II	Laskey/Harvey, F-31		33.2		33.2
Plan A	Kenney, F-24 Mk-II		21.8		21.8
Flying Fish	Parks, F-27		10.5		10.5
Tempest	Bryan-Brown, F-31	5			5.0

2002 NEMA North Results

Boat Name	Skipper/Boat	Rating	Patton Bowl	CYC Mid Summer	Travis Roy	Chandler Hovey	Gloucester Schooner	Jubilee Regatta	Manchester Fall Series	Points	Best 4 Days	Total Days
Triad	Cox, Newick 42	-37	56.8	70.7			89.6	87.8		304.9	304.9	4
Rosebud	Grossbart, F-28 cat	-50	85.8	40.6	83.6	83.6		10.5		304.1	293.6	5
Lance	Schreiber, Dragonfly 25	90	33.7	89.6		43		65	56.8	288.1	254.4	5
Froe	Zisa, Discovery 20	135		55.7				46.9	10.5	113.1		3
Firebird	Grossman, Firebird	45					70.7		85.8	156.5		2
Moondance	O'Neil, F-27	75	5.0	10.5	10.5					26.0		3
Veloce	McLafferty, Warren 35	20			43			28.7		71.7		2
One Up	Allen, Stiletto 30	50					5		33.7	38.7		2
Iroquois	Marsh, F-27	70					5			5.0		1
Triceratops	Alvord, F-31	-15					55.7			55.7		1
Great Tri	Becket	-19					40.6			40.6		1
Ramble On	Granitsas, Contour 34	10				10.5				10.5		1
High Flyer	Robbins, F-31	-15		25.6						25.6		1

For Gulf of Maine Results go to
<http://www.gmora.org/results.asp>



2002 ... A Season to Remember

by Jon Alvord

This summer was a great season for *Triceratops*, a Corsair 31R, owned by me and my wife Lori and crewed by Chris Morris, Jim (Jimmy) Bourgoïn, Jim McCarthy, Steve Parks and our kids Kodi and Kaitlyn (ages 7 and 4).

Owen Mitchell

After a trial run in Ft. Walton Beach, FL the crew was primed and ready to go. I ordered a new carbon mainsail from Smyth Team that arrived just in time for the Owen Mitchell Regatta (Newport to Block Is.) the first NEMA season trophy race of the year. Our primary goal was to beat Bob Gleason's *Tri Me* (Corsair 31) boat for boat.

The race started out as a spinnaker run out of Narragansett Bay and turned into a drifter. While we headed straight to Point Judith, the majority of the fleet headed east to the oncoming breeze. When it filled we found *Tri Me* and *Milagro*, (F-9A, Dennis Neumann) bearing down on *Triceratops*. We kept sailing as fast as we could and all three boats drag raced to the line finishing within 30 seconds of each other. Good enough for a third but not what we had hoped for, and definitely not in front of *Tri Me*.

Off Soundings

The Off Soundings Spring series was sailed out of Stonington, CT. Friday brought big air (25-35 knots) right on the nose, and a beat to Point Judith from Watch Hill, RI followed by a spinnaker run to Block Island. *Milagro*, *Blue Moon* (F25C) and *Triceratops* battled it out all the way. After the excitement we learned that there weren't enough boats to count officially and the race was tossed for NEMA standings. Saturday was a completely different race. With light air from the start, we watched *Milagro* and *Blue Moon* scoot right on by. At the last turning mark while fighting a current, we had trouble squeezing through dozens of boats. We caught up to *Blue Moon* with

our screecher but not by enough. After corrections *Milagro* came in first, followed by *Blue Moon*, and then *Triceratops*.

Buzzard's Bay Blast

The Buzzards Bay Blast, hosted and set up by Bob Gleason and The Multihull Source, was an interesting race. Everyone showed up near the harbor entrance. Bob pulled out his GPS with coordinates already installed, Ira Heller chose the course, and it was passed boat to boat till everyone had the course!

Knowing this we thought we would follow Bob, heck he set the course, he should know it! WRONG! We took off under spinnaker just behind him, and within 20 seconds he had it down and was heading back up towards Cuttyhunk to round the first mark, so we followed. Shortly after making the first mark we had passed all the boats except for *Tri Me*, and found ourselves crossing tacks with her. At one point we actually passed *Tri Me* on a short tack when we started heading down to the finish under spinnaker. Minutes later I looked up and the spinnaker had a 2 ft L-shaped tear near the luff. We quickly dropped the spinnaker and hoisted the screecher and sailed as fast as possible, but lost to *Hot Flash* on corrected time. We did correct out over *Tri Me* (wasn't hard with his suicide rating) for a 2nd place finish.

We all sailed back to Wareham and enjoyed a great picnic at Bob Gleason's house and then adjourned for the night to recuperate for Sunday. Bob helped me repair the chute at his house that night. What a great group we have.

Sunday's race brought nice weather 15-20 knot winds from the South (on the nose). We made it out to the start line and set up a game plan, but when we found ourselves in the lead began to second guess ourselves. It turned out that we thought the boat behind us was someone else and after tacking too early realized that it was *Tri Me*. It felt good to

be ahead but we pointed too high, which slowed us down. We soon found ourselves catching up to *Blackbird* (Corsair 28R, Nick and Sue Nicholson) and passed them but they still corrected out ahead of us. Sunday's winner was *Ultra Violet* (Firebird, Ken Green) who slaughtered everyone. We won the weekend with 5 pts, followed closely by *Hot Flash* (Corsair 28R, Bert Kornyei).

Corinthian 200

The Corinthian 200 started in Marblehead, MA, went up the gulf of Maine to Monhegan Is., down to Cape Porpoise, and back to Marblehead. The race started on July 5 and required everyone to check in on the 4th. Kodi and Kait and I drove down to Winter Island and stepped the mast in a record 104 degrees F. It only took 2 hours (I had no help), and is probably what caused me to go into heat exhaustion. Not a good thing the day before a race. My original helmsman had to cancel at the last minute and Craig Hackett, a local beach cat sailor, signed up to helm.

After a night of awesome fireworks in Marblehead, some sleep and breakfast, the three of us set out for the start. Since it was Craig's first time on the boat, we decided to fly the chute. Up it went no problem, gybe, rip, and down it came. We had 30 min to repair the chute onboard while hove to in 20 kt winds, not quite how we planned to start a race. We put in one reef and made it to the start line 1-2 minutes after the start, but as luck had it we were reaching at 18-22 kt with blade jib, and 1 reef.

We started feeling very comfy and decided to shake out the reef, and shortly we had passed most of the fleet, and those that we hadn't passed had missed the second mark. We actually had to hoist the spinnaker to get to it. We were overjoyed and mystified! How could those two boats miss the mark? What were they thinking? Well we knew that things were good and the only boats we

had to worry about were fading quickly behind us, however Mr. Murphy had to show up. One minute we were sailing at 18 kt, then next we were doing 14 and the leeward ama was really low. I headed the boat down and we checked the ama. Sure enough it was full! We gathered all the buckets, both bilge pumps and began pumping as fast as we could while heading deep to the rhumbline.

After a couple hours we were still in the lead but a boat was catching up to us. It was a Corsair 31R called *Trinity* (Dave Pellegrini, his son Tori and crew). They pulled out the screacher and were closing the gap fast. It took a while to figure it out but finally I made the call to raise our screacher. The wind picked up and I opted to take it down and didn't put it back up and while rounding Monhegan Is. *Trinity* passed us in stealth mode (he had lost all his lights, but not his GPS!). I handed off the helm to Craig and went to sleep on the windward side. When I awoke we were side by side with *Triad* (Newick 42, Tom Cox) and racing towards Cape Porpoise.

Triceratops was skimming along the surface at 22 kn with full main, jib, and screacher (what a great sail!). With 15 miles to the next mark we passed *Triad*, only to be re-passed. We never saw *Trinity* but learned that they finished 30 minutes ahead of us, placing first. We corrected out 2nd, while *Triad* took 3rd.

Black Dog Dash

After two weeks cruising in Maine we were ready for the Black Dog Dash. Jim Bourgoin was going to crew for us but somehow had his synaptic gaps crossed and ended up in Edgartown Saturday morning. Frantically I asked around for crew and Steve Parks hopped on. Right off the bat we started having trouble but Steve was awesome and was able to helm while I sorted things out. Our main boltrope slipped out the pre-feeder and had to be dropped and re-threaded, then when we thought we had it set we released the tension, only to realize that we forgot to lock the clutch. This continued on for the first 10 minutes of the race. While reaching over to Edgartown the spinnaker tack had come out and

rendered it useless (I don't know why nobody wanted to go out and rethread it while sailing at 20 kt). It was a great race and we had tried to hold off *Triad* coming out of Edgartown but they got by us and we watched our lead deteriorate. We were able to sneak around them on the last leg and edged them out by less than a minute. In the end, *Hot Flash* and *Rut Row* beat us to the line taking first and second respectively.

Solo Twin

The New England Solo Twin, sponsored by the Newport Yacht club, promised to be a good race with 11 multihulls entered, all double-handed. Jim McCarthy, a Tornado sailor, was my crew. We found ourselves being called over early at the start. We were reaching at 18 knots across the start line near the pin end and that really saved us. In the fastest 360 turn I have ever witness we circled the pin, and were again reaching and only slightly behind *Hot Flash*.

As we left Narragansett Bay we let out the screacher and headed strait to Block Island. About halfway over we felt that we were slowing down and the wind was shifting so we pulled out our secret weapon, a new spinnaker from Smyth. It went up and we quickly pulled away from the fleet.

Everything was going great, Jim was at the helm and I was to relieve him when we rounded Block Island. With what appeared to be a 30 min lead I pulled the spinnaker down and prepared for the long beat ahead. It was now blowing 15-20 and the seas were short and steep, and within minutes I became seasick. Jim continued to helm while I was incapacitated for another hour, but then the bug got him as well. Well this is great, both crew are sick, the waves are beating the boat up, and we had another 80 miles rhumbline distance to go. I laid on the windward net and steered to the tell tales for the next 4 hours. Occasionally I would peek over the forward ama to make sure there were no hazards.

I saw *Triad* closing the gap behind us. We were getting ready to tack for Noman's Land but *Triad* tacked away

and we caught a nice lift for another 45 min. When we finally reached Noman's it couldn't have come at a better time. Jim and I were both again on the edge of being sick. As we rounded the mark we hoisted the spinnaker and sailed down with the waves and the ride smoothed out. We still had a 30 minute lead and were very happy to be heading back.

When we reached the final turning mark the wind was really dying down and by the time we crossed the line we were drifting. We were the first to finish. All we could do then was wait and see if anyone corrected out ahead. *Hot Flash* was still out there and they could pull off a come from behind victory, but it didn't happen. *Triceratops*, with no autopilot, two sick helmsman, and very little to eat, had taken line honors, and first. This was great news. It meant that we went into the final ocean race, Monhegan, with a great record and good possibility for the season ocean trophy.

Buzzard's Bay Blast

A week later found us again bound for Buzzards Bay to race in the BBR. With Steve Parks, Jim Bourgoin, Lori, and the kids, we sailed out to the course. Steve was excellent at calling shifts and we soon found ourselves right near the top. Correcting out 1st on the first day, 2nd on the second day, and 1st, under NEMA rules, on the last day. *Ultra Violet* had more bullets and thus were given the 1st place trophy for the weekend. We were both very happy.

Monhegan Island

The Monhegan Island race is put on by the Portland Yacht Club in Portland, Maine.

Lori, Chris, and Craig were my crew. The course for the multihulls was from Portland, down to Cape Porpoise, up to Monhegan Is., and back to Portland. The first leg is 20 miles, the next leg is 50 and the final is 37 miles. *Triceratops* covered the first leg in 5 hours in 5-10 kt winds. As soon as we rounded Cape Porpoise we launched the spinnaker and sheeted it in. We were sailing at 15 knots, straight down the rhumbline. We were still sailing at 15 knots 3 hours later and in pitch

black skies. This was pretty cool, and to top it off there was the big annual Perseid meteor shower that night so the sky occasionally would seem to fall. When we sailed within 2 miles of Monhegan the wind died!

After rounding the mark we headed back to Portland. The last 37 miles took us nearly 14 hours to complete. It also secured the NEMA Offshore Trophy with a record of 2,1,1. It was a good day.

Newport Unlimited Regatta

On Saturday, the first day of the Unlimited, the wind died and we had three nice light air races, if you can call light air nice! *Triceratops* held off *Tri Me* for a little while but Bob Gleason is an excellent sailor races beat us boat for boat in the first two races.

On the last Saturday race our course forced us into an anchorage. We kept sailing between the boats and soon saw an opening out of it and jumped out into the lead. We looked back and saw that *Tri Me* was a lot farther behind than usual and all on board *Triceratops* were slack jawed. It couldn't be true, had we done the impossible ... beat Gleason boat for boat! It felt great watching him behind us knowing there was no way he could catch us. This was our first real victory!

Sunday's race turned out to be a light air drifter around Jamestown Island. We had a decent start, but *Tri Me*, and *Adios* (Corsair 31, Glen Howell) slowly pulled ahead. By the time we reached the windward mark both boats were flying spinnakers and were almost a mile ahead of us. I wasn't happy. I called for the screacher and then immediately called for the spinnaker. We sailed as fast as we could, knowing we could catch them if we sailed perfectly and they did something wrong.

As luck would have it both boats sailed into a big hole with no air. While they were stuck we sailed right on by! *Adios* was the first to make it to the air and slowly caught up to us. We had overshot the lay line and they passed us just before the windward mark. We the



spinnaker on the wrong side and instead of gibing I called for the screacher. Bad Call! After 2 minutes and a heading that was far to high I called for the chute. Up it went and guess what, we had a figure eight. Why does it always happen at the most inopportune time? It took us a minute to get it sorted out but finally we did and we were sailing very hot and fast. *Adios* had slowed down and we headed to the opposite side of the course. Next thing we knew we had regained the lead.

Adios and *Triceratops* were tied for first coming into the race and the winner of this race determined the overall week-end winner. We started heading deep, too deep, and *Adios* tried to take our air. I wouldn't let them below me and when they were positioned just right I headed up to gain speed. Being the leeward boat we had rights and forced them to dump their spinnaker. That was all we needed and we were able to make it across the finish line first overall. We had beaten *Tri Me* boat for boat and took the overall trophy on corrected time. It felt good! Only two more races and we would be holding the season trophy.

Gloucester Schooner Festival Race

Derek, Jennifer and Remi Escher (age 3), of The Multihull Source met us in

Gloucester for the Schooner Festival Race. At the start the wind was a nice calm breeze but we were warned that the waves were 8-10 feet out past the breakwater. I had 4 adults, and two kids under 5, Remi and Kait.

When we got outside the breakwater we decided to go back in to reef. We reefed and tried to go out again. This time we just felt that it wasn't safe for the kids to be on the boat. The waves were easily 8-10 feet and the wind was blowing 15-20 if not more. Several boats had decided not to race and we called the water taxi to come take the kids and Jen off the boat.

When we finally got out to the starting line the only class left was the multihulls but the committee boat was flying the wrong class flag ..

pennant #4 instead of #8. Apparently everyone was in agreement and headed up the course. Nobody found the windward mark, and it was reported drifting off, or maybe even stolen. We decided to give up and were heading back when we found the reaching mark, which we rounded and then went for the finish line. We finished 3rd behind *Triad* and *Firebird* (Firebird, Tom Grossman). We were just happy that nothing broke. It was the most severe conditions we saw this year. A storm jib would have helped out a great deal.

Race Rock Regatta

The Race Rock Regatta has been a superb race followed by great social gathering. However, this year it did not happen. Instead we had the Race Rock Rendezvous! A few of the local Corsair sailors from Stonington, CT stepped up to the plate and really hit a homer. A nice dinner/BBQ with drinks and appetizers was hosted by Dennis Neumann on Friday night, and racing was sponsored by the Wadawanuck Yacht Club. Saturday's race was a drag race down Fisher Island Sound and somehow we managed an awesome start, in front with clear air. As we screamed down the sound at 15-20 kt a few boats were

continued on page 15

NEMA Maine Cruise

by Jon Alvord

After a grueling 2 months of racing I was ready to head to Maine for a week of NEMA Cruising, just what the doctor ordered. Lori and the kids met me and *Triceratops* in Yarmouth we loaded the boat for cruising. I pulled the racing jib and spinnaker off and replaced them with a roller furling jib, and the screacher. The first night we stayed in Cundy's harbor and had a beautiful preview of what to expect the next week.

Day 2: We launched *Triceratops*, along with *Mouse 3*, and *Blackbird*. The goal was to meet Bob and Jane Gleason, Ira Heller and Sid, Frank and Patty Hankins, Derek, Jen and Remi, and several other F-boats. Nine boats met in Casco Bay. The weather was beautiful from the start, and except for hooking a lobster pot in the middle of a race

course, and losing a hat overboard we were pretty excited to be there. The NEMA cruise is just about having fun. There are no schedules to meet, no places that we had to go and no other organizing. We all became expert rafters with 3-4 boat rafts, and even some 9 boat rafts. What do you do once you raft? We all gathered for happy hour on different boats. Bob Glandon introduced lemonade and Rum to everyone, while I broke out the Fiesta Shrimp and Sangria. We visited Five Islands, Bass, the Basin (a little pond just off the New Meadows river and directly across from Cundy's Harbor), and Pine Island near Dodge Morgan's house (the first US citizen to go solo nonstop around the world).

One afternoon we stopped to explore Sequin Island and received a tour of the lighthouse. While we were

there we bought lobster from a local boat ... 4 for \$10 ... it was a steal and made for a great lunch.

Another afternoon while rafted in the Basin in 25-30 knot winds we decided to take a dinghy over to get lobster rolls. I did not have a dinghy motor, so we got two small outboards and tried to do a twin screw concept. This idea failed and we ended up taking a 9hp Honda off of *Blackbird* for the dinghy. An hour later we made our way back with 22 lobster rolls. At \$15 a piece it wasn't the cheapest, but it was good and fresh.

The NEMA cruise lasted one week, and believe it or not we had no fog, little rain, good winds, and an excellent time!

Jon Alvord

Jon.Alvord@valley.net



Nine Boat Raft taken by Nick Nickolson (*Blackbird*) during NEMA Maine Cruise at The Basin in New Meadows River, in Casco Bay in July.

slowly catching up, but we felt we could hold them off. Boom! Murphy had to strike! Our life sling ripped off the boat and was now dragging. At 15 knots it was a work out to get it back up, and while trying to winch it back we watched 3 boats pass us. We finished the race and were again glad that nobody was hurt, and nothing was lost.

On Sunday we had a drifter race around Fishers Island. *Tri Me* lead the pack and *Triceratops* came in close behind. *Hot Flash* sailed an awesome race and corrected out ahead of us, along with *Plan A* (Corsair 24). We pulled the boat out on the trailer un-stepped the mast, and enjoyed drinks while waiting for the scores and then back to New Hampshire for the Fall Foliage.

What a great season. See you on the water next year!

Jon Alvord
Jon.Alvord@valley.net



photos copyright 2002 Billy Black

Great American II arrives in Melbourne, Australia

Directions to Savin Hill Yacht Club

LAT 42 deg. 18.5 min. North
LONG. 71 deg. 2.7 min. West

The Savin Hill Yacht Club is approximately 4 miles south of Downtown Boston, off the Southeast Expressway (Route 3 and 93). It is a white wooden structure on Morrissey Blvd., just south of the U Mass, Boston/JFK Library turnoff.

From the Mass. Pike / From the North:

At the end of the Mass. Pike Ext., follow the signs for 93 South and/or 3 South. Take exit 15 (JFK/UMass), and turn left at the end of the ramp. Go underneath the highway and turn right at the rotary onto Morrissey Blvd. and continue south, through the U Mass Boston campus traffic light. At the second light (under the highway) at Freeport Street, make a U-turn. Now, heading north on Morrissey Blvd., you will turn right at your first opportunity into the Savin Hill parking lot, before U Mass.

From the South:

Either Rt.3 North to 93 North, or Rt. 24 or 95 North to 93 N / 128 S, then continue to follow the signs for 93 North towards Boston (this is a left exit, DO NOT take the right fork for Rt 3 South). On 93 North, take Exit 14 (Morrissey Blvd./U Mass) and continue forward at end of ramp. Turn right at your first opportunity into the Savin Hill Yacht Club.



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