

NEMA

NEW ENGLAND MULTIHULL ASSOCIATION

Roger Hatfield to speak at NEMA Annual Dinner Meeting, Feb. 10

Meet Roger Hatfield, co-founder of Gold Coast Yachts, at the NEMA Annual Dinner Meeting on Saturday, February 10. The festivities begin at 6 p.m. in the Boston Room at Anthony's Pier 4. The Annual Dinner also features the 2000 NEMA Season Racing awards, a delicious buffet dinner and the year's best opportunity to schmooze with over 100 NEMA members.

(Reservation form and directions are on page 11. Registration deadline, February 5th.)

Roger Hatfield first became interested in multihulls many years ago when he and his wife built, sailed and lived aboard their first boat, a Searunner 31' tri. Roger and his wife raced in several Trade Winds races and were largely responsible for starting the *Caribbean Multihull Race*. Roger began designing and building experimental multihulls, including a 34' foiler catamaran, which he later converted to trimaran. At about this time Roger and Richard Difede founded Gold Coast Yachts in St. Croix, Virgin Islands. Since its founding in 1980, Gold Coast Yachts has earned a reputation for building high-quality trimarans and catamarans that not only carry passengers, but also win races.

Gold Coast Yacht's main business is designing and building catamarans for the day charter industry. Roger's original passenger friendly layout of the late 1980s has been



copied by many other designers and builders. Today the GCY cats carry about a million passengers a year. GCY's latest project is a seventy-eight foot, wing-masted, schooner-rigged catamaran set up for 125 passengers.

Early requests for power cats were met with the development of a unique wave-piercer style cat. This design evolved from Roger's propensity to become "motion impaired," his keen interest in the SWATH (Small Waterplane Area Twin-Hull) concept, and a sincere interest in fuel efficiency. An intuitive understanding of the weaknesses of the first two Australian wave-piercers and the second vessel's *generally accepted third bow solution* led ultimately to a US patent for the Gold Coast Yachts' style of wave-

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Gold Coast Yachts specializes in sailing cats for the day charter industry (above) and the unique wave-piercer power cat (left) for commercial ferry service.

Membership Renewal Time

Renew your 2001 membership now.

Renewal form on page 11.

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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 inadvertent errors.

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

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NEMA Web Site www.nemasail.org

Incumbent Board Members re-elected for another term

The bi-annual election for the NEMA Board of Directors was held this year during the December Holiday Part meeting on December 14. There were no nominations from the floor and the slate proposed by the NEMA BOD was unanimously approved by the NEMA members in attendance.

The elected Directors for 2001-2002 are:

Commodore	Ira Heller
Vice Commodore	Don Watson
Race Chair	Don Watson
Cruise Chair	Bob Gleason
Secretary	Sydney Miller
Treasurer	Tom Cox
Newsletter Editor	Judy Cox

Holiday Party Photos



The Gleason boys joined in the Yankee Swap and became proud owners of The Fearless Leader and Howard Blackburn figures.



(top) Don and Ellen Watson, Henry Gleason and Richard Bryon negotiate a trade. (right) Bill Heaton and Nick Bryan-Brown contemplate a swap.

Membership Renewal Time

It's time to renew your NEMA membership. If you haven't already sent in your renewal, please fill out the membership form on page 11 and mail it with your check to the NEMA Treasurer. You can also pay for your Annual Dinner reservations at the same time.

If you don't want to cut up your newsletter you can download a membership renewal form from the NEMA website at www.nemasail.org.



Tony Cabot admires his Yankee swap prize ... a blinking lighthouse complete with sound effects.



Is this Cruising?

By Ira Heller

NEMA commodore, Ira Heller, recently helped deliver an F-31 from South Florida to the Caribbean.

Here are excerpts from his log.

When I was invited by Lynn Hall to help him sail his F-31, iARRIBA!, from Florida to Guadeloupe, I jumped at the opportunity. I mean, who would turn down a Caribbean trip? When I told some friends about it they said "good luck" and "are you cruising or doing a delivery?" and "wow, that's a long way to go upwind." I signed up to go anyway.

Cruising or a delivery? We did have a schedule. Lynn and George have family flying down on Dec 20, and I have a flight home on the 23rd. I guess we're in delivery mode. Perhaps I shouldn't have bothered to lug my mask and fins.

Lynn, George Evans, Lynn's friend from Islesboro, Maine and I drove iARRIBA!, down to Key Biscayne. After launching and provisioning, we were off!

12/8: Sailing Day 1

Well, not quite off at the crack of dawn. After more stowing of provisions and gear, we finally left the dock at 1400 and motored down around the southern end of Key Biscayne, then east past "sticksville," the remnants of a community of houses built on pilings that was rendered uninhabitable some years ago by a hurricane, and out into open water.

We sailed east into the Gulf Stream, then north past Bimini, then east just south of the Great Isaac Light. Conditions: increasing wind from the NE. Boisterous. We were doing 11-13 knots, good moon, broken clouds, we be zooming. The wind continued to build and we put in a double reef and were still doing 11 knots. We sailed through the night. Unfortunately, we hadn't planned for it and we hadn't had a hot meal since breakfast. There were quite a few fishing vessels near Great Isaac. We did have a very close encounter as I screwed up and pushed the wrong buttons on the

autopilot, jibbing us closer to an oncoming boat instead of tacking away as planned. Oh well, just a little midnight excitement, no damage done.

12/9: Sailing Day 2

We started our sail across the Great Bahama Bank last night, still double reefed. My dinner was a package of beef jerky. It is very wet on deck with the confused seas out in the Gulf (north flowing current against a northeast wind).

The autopilot has taken care of all of the steering so far. Morning finds us still sailing on the Bank with two reefs. It's overcast, but the sea-state was much improved as the water is only 20' deep. And it's very clear; I can see the bottom. It's pretty neat. Around 1300, we reached the other side of the Bank and prepare to cross the Northeast Providence Channel to Nassau on New Providence Island. The wind had gone light and we shook out one reef. I was in favor of shaking out both, but George urged patience as he expected we'd see more wind and sea once we were out of the lee of the Berry Islands.

At 1445, I took over, attaching the tiller extension. Finally, sailing the boat! (That was the last time we time we used the autopilot.) And George was right, we were back in more wind and one reef was appropriate.

We approached Nassau in 20 knots of wind and rain at 1730 and had at least another hour to go. I wished we had a second reef in place. It's pretty much dead upwind to Nassau. We decide to furl up the jib and main and motor the rest of the way. Well, our progress motoring into the wind was poor, so say the least, so we decided to motor-sail with the jib out. There, that's better, until TWANG, and the jib started to sag. The wire halyard for the jib had parted. I

jumped to and rolled it up as quickly as possible, but the roll leaves the leech of the sail flogging in the wind. Lynn figures it won't get too damaged in the 45 minutes we have left to go. That's good because I didn't really relish wrestling the jib down to the deck in the dark, in the rain, on the pitching bow. We finally dropped the hook in Nassau. Dead tired. 30 hour passage. Sailed 250 miles. We cook a can of pea soup w/ crackers and turn in at 2100, but not before I go on deck to take the jib down.

12/10: Sailing Day 3

We're all up around 0730, have breakfast and begin to dry everything out and organize stores. Lynn and I were to go for a halyard replacement, but nothing is open on Sunday! So we'll have to spend a day here. But it's warm and sunny with a 10 knot breeze.

In the afternoon we row ashore to have lunch at a waterfront restaurant. Mmm, conch fritters. Who says I'm not cruising?

I saw lots of flying fish and a pair of dolphins, or small whales yesterday out in the deep water. It was kind of spooky blasting along at 10-11 knots, alone on deck. I still have a vivid image of Fri. eve., dark, going north in the Gulf Stream, full main, traveler down, blasting along at 13 knots! Spray flying everywhere. YeeHah! We're still doing 10-11 knots after double reefing, but much more under control.

12/11: Sailing Day 4

Did I mention last night's dinner? Rock Cornish game hens (cooked by George) w/ sautéed onions and potatoes (cooked by me). Yummy!

Up early this morning, quick breakfast, then Lynn and I were off to get a halyard replacement and other supplies.

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Is This Cruising?

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Found a place that can swage wire, and bought another gas container. Lynn's computer and radio operations are power hogs so we got an extra 5 gal of gas to run the engine in case we need to charge the battery. The solar panel only provides a slow trickle and barely keeps up with the GPS.

As the one most familiar with the ProFurl system, I was elected to go up the mast to install the new halyard. On a fender no less! Fortunately, I've learned this trick well from Bob Gleason. The job is done with no problems and the sail goes up fine.

Meanwhile, Lynn charged off to get one more chart (Turks & Caicos) and ice. We're finally off the hook at 1150. Motor straight into the wind for an hour or so (this is good for the battery). Our initial plan was to only go to Highborne Cay about 30 mi away, but that would have required sailing 130° and we can only make 140-150°. But the wind was good, around 10-15 knots, full main and we're making 7-8 knots. 150° takes us right to Norman Cay, which I suggest we can make just before dark. We were mostly pinching, trying to keep above the rhumb line, doing 6-7.5 knots. I took over for the last 2 hours and kept us at 9-10 knots. Sweet sailing, port tack the whole way. We arrived at Norman Cay at sunset and anchor 50 yards offshore in the lee of the island. It's quiet, and there are no other boats. Cornish game hens again for dinner. Tomorrow we should be able to make some southing and sail free. Yes, we've covered around 270 mi, all of it hard on the wind.

Big win for Lynn whom I've now dubbed as Capt. Data. He was able to receive email today. We also listened to a ham radio net of cruisers talking about their weather situations. About 70 reports organized by a guy named Herb. This evening we listened to the BBC and Voice Of America. No president yet.

12/12 Sailing Day 5

Beautiful evening last night ... one day

after a full moon. Ate dinner in the cockpit, by moonlight. Up at 0700, breakfast, underway around 0900. Heading SE, but the wind has shifted south and is more or less at 100° so again we're sheeted in tight. We're heading 147° doing 7.5-9.5 knots on a beautiful sunny day. (This was to be our only day not sailing in full foul weather gear!) Gliding past small islands with Lynn and George telling tales of previous visits while cruising. Oh well. We make a brief 40 mile passage to Little Farmer Cay (located at the southern end of Great Guana Cay). Arrive at 1500, anchor in 3' of water. Take a salt water bath – finally, clean hair and body! Dine on chicken, again. Thigh cutlets. I sauteed them in garlic and onions - mmm, yummy.

Tomorrow we are to push east to Long Cay. We will be leaving the friendly confines of the banks and heading out into deep water (today we didn't see a water depth of more than 20').

12/13 Sailing Day 6

Little Farmer Cay to Long Island, about 50 miles in a straight line, but of course the wind is not favorable, so tacking will make it at least 80 mi. That means at least 10 hours and maybe not making it in daylight. Plus, it's honking, 20-25 knots with seas to 6-8', and lumpy too. We double reef and go blasting down towards Great Exuma. I assume we are going to go south and then cut across, but instead we head into George Town. We do the multihull thing and get the closest spot to the beach in Kid Cove, right at town. Off to buy some spare 1 lb. canisters of propane, and ice. George makes a dash for a shower. Then we retire to the Two Turtles Bar across the street from the water for a beer. I have my second Kalik, the local swill, it's awful, worse than Corona even. Then it's off to eat dinner. Conch appetizers, they had grouper, I had turtle steaks. Tasted like chicken.

Had a rollicking good sail today.

12/14 Sailing Day 7

Gorgeous sunrise. We're supposed to get an early start sailing, but Lynn goes off to buy ice. While he's gone, George

sponges water out of the head well and in his efforts to figure out how it got there, discovered the area under the v-berth is flooded! Yikes! He and I clear out the stores, pump and sponge it dry, and now to find the leak. The through hole fittings are the obvious sources, but they're dry. George discovers a small steady stream of water welling up through a pin-hole void in the fiberglass of the inner skin, and it's inaccessible. He dons mask and snorkel to examine the hull. Nothing obvious by the area of the inside entry. I ask him to look further aft as water can migrate in the core. Yes, a 2" crack that's breached the hull. While motoring into Little Farmer Cay, we'd strayed into a shallow area and touched bottom. Apparently, we did a bit more than just scrape bottom paint. Bummer. So much for sailing today.

We scavenge a pallet and some other wood to block the boat and head off. Fortunately, the tide was high at 1000 so we had time to get the boat into the perfect position where there was some pitch to the beach. Got the pallet and wood in place under the daggerboard, then an old log with a styrofoam block underneath near the stern. Lines out to trees up on the beach and an anchor out in the water to stabilize us, and then wait 3 hours for the tide to recede to expose the bottom.

Of course, it starts raining as soon as we begin the repair. Fortunately, we are in the lee of the boat and there's no water dripping down the hull where we're working. Well, that seemed to go OK. Now all we have to do is wait for the tide to come in and float us free. That should be around 2300. Uh oh, the wind has stopped, and we're surrounded by a mangrove swamp. Arrgh! Gnats and mosquitoes descend on us to feed. We scramble for the safety of the interior of iARRIBA! and get some netting in place. It's quite miserable. Dinner while on the hard, heeling at 10° was Dinty Moore Beef Stew. It looked like dog food coming out of the can. I added 3 cloves of garlic. It was, um, OK to eat. We finally find a weather report. It sounds like a broken record – winds 20-25 out of the

east over and over. 2230, finally float free and motor out to anchor for the night.

12/15 Sailing Day 8

Up at dawn, breakfast and motor back over to Kid Cove again. It appears that the battery needs charging in a major way (it wouldn't start the engine last night). We're concerned that it might not have enough oomph for the GPS! That would be a major bummer, as we don't have a back up on board. We also buy some more bread, soda, beer and cold cuts. Of course, everything costs twice the domestic prices.

Around noon, we hoist anchor and head across to Stocking Island (the major cruiser anchorage) to borrow a copy of *The Gentleman's Guide To Passages South*, and a guide to the Turks & Caicos. The *Gentleman's Guide* is quaint as it maps out routes that are not upwind. And his answer to what to do if where you want to go is upwind? Either wait for a favorable wind, or go somewhere else! We don't have that luxury.

The folks who lend us the books say that they won't be needing them as they're here at anchor at least until Easter. In fact, it turns out that they've been here for close to 2 years! Too weird. Some vague story about engine trouble and no money. Who knows?

Anyway, we finally weigh anchor and leave at 1330 to head for Long Island, 22 mi away, and directly to windward. George puts out a trolling line and after 20 minutes hooks a dolphin (mahi mahi), about 5 lbs. Fresh fish for dinner!

We arrive at Calabash Bay at the northern end of Long Island, sheltered behind Cape Santa Maria at 1750, in almost total darkness. Kicked back in the cockpit with a beer and watched the stars. What a show! And then the fish for dinner. Tomorrow we're to be on our way early hoping to make 80 mi.

12/16 Sailing Day 9

Up at dawn, breakfast and weigh anchor at 0800 w/ 1 reef. Futz with the reef because there's not enough throw with the block & tackle we're using to get it tight. We're clearing the point, getting

out from the lee of the land, and there's a lot more wind now. Go to a double reef. Off we go in 25 knots with 6-10' seas, headed around the northern tip of Long Island, and then a 40 mile beat (at least it's a fetch) to Clarence Town, down the coast.

After about ½ hour, George suggests that we change our destination to Rum Cay, about 30 mi due east, dead upwind. What the hell, we have to make easting, so off we go. We arrive around 1600, tired. With 1 hour to go, part of the reef system is chaffed through. Fortunately, one line is still intact, I hope it holds a little longer. It did. At anchor, Lynn and I rig a new system. I take a piece of 3/8" line, tie big knots in one end, pass it up through one of the reef sheaves on the boom, put two 3" blocks on it, then pass it back down the other side and knot it off.

There's only 1 other boat anchored at Rum Cay. We row ashore and walk to town to find a restaurant. We're carrying our other mahi mahi filet in the hopes that we can persuade the cook to prepare it for us along with side dishes and charge us for a meal. We do find a restaurant/bar, with no customers. They're surprised to see us, and I'm surprised they're open! Yes, they'll cook our fish. It gets lightly breaded and served with rice and cabbage. I think we're planning a 70 mi trip tomorrow, not quite a fetch. Sheeit.

12/17 Sailing Day 10

Up just before dawn, coffee and cereal. As I prepare to raise the main, I notice that the bolt rope cover is worn through for almost a foot just below the head! This is bad news. We get out sail repair tape and cover an 18" section. Then I laboriously sew it down with a needle and a pair of pliers. We hope it holds, but I'm not overly optimistic. We motor out of the shallows with me on the bow watching for coral heads, raise the main to the 2nd reef, and take off towards Samana Cay, some 66 mi upwind (what else?). At least it's not exactly on the nose. The sea state is much calmer today, more ocean swell without the steep short waves on top of it. One can survive below today

(oh, if I only knew) and even write.

The winds get progressively lighter as the morning passes and at noon we shake out the reefs and go to the full main hoist. It's easy sailing in the large ocean swells. During the day, we swap the helm every hour. Sometime in the afternoon we decide that with such fine conditions we should press on further south and so move the way point SE to the Caicos Islands, now some 160 miles distant. It's upwind, but at least we have a favored tack (port), about 25-30° off dead to weather.

As dark approaches, we shift to a 2 hour helm rotation, giving us a 4 hour rest period. As a precaution, we put one reef in the main. This was a good idea because as the sun set, the wind picked up. Now we can test our new reefing system. It is a major improvement!

Anyway, it's a beautiful night, my watch 2000-2200, is star lit and we're making 8-10 knots. My next watch is 0200-0400 and the moon is up and so is the wind. One reef is perfect.

12/18 Sailing Day 11

Things go well all day, snacking, eating, reading, sleeping, steering. I finish my 1400-1600 watch and crash. After dark, I find that the bouncing and crashing wakes me periodically. I wake and dress for my turn, only to discover that we're still at one reef while the wind has increased along with the sea state. I check the chart plot and see that we're headed for Mayaguana Island, and will need to tack in less than an hour. We might as well do it now so I won't have to wake anyone for help later. We'll just head out easterly on my 2 hour stint. We tack, and the jib is slow coming in so the lazy sheet does a pretzel wrap on the active sheet and it's flailing like crazy. It takes about 10 minutes to get it sorted out. I ask for a reef, and while we're discussing it, George climbs out of the aft bunk, assesses the situation and announces that we need another reef. and we put in the 2nd reef. Whew! ½ hour gone and we've gone nowhere, made no progress. Now with the reef,

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Touring the Abacos (this is cruising)

By Judy Cox

Last November, Tom and I had the good fortune to be invited to sail for three weeks in the Abacos (Northern Bahamas) on the F-36, *Unconditional*, owned by Mike and Carol Marshall, formerly of Kansas City. We left Ft. Lauderdale on November 1, 2000 and began 3 weeks of perfect weather and beautiful cruising.

Our first stop was West End (on Grand Bahama Island), where we cleared customs. The next 3 weeks included anchorages at Mangrove Cay (not on map), Walker's Cay, Grand Cay, Double Breasted (a beautiful chain of uninhabited island), Alan's/Pennsacola, Cooper's Town, Manjack Cay, Green Turtle, Great Guana, Man-O-War, Marsh Harbour, Elbow Cay and Tiloo Cay. From there it was a 36 hour sail back to Ft. Lauderdale.



Tom rides the bowsprit during a calm period on our sail back to Florida.

We met lots of multihullers along the way ... (right) two cool dudes, Diego and Jeff on Jeff's gorgeous Conser 47 cat.

(far right) Joe, Rick, and Jeri McGriff have been cruising on their 37' Piver trimaran for over a year. They use every inch of space ... the port ama is Joe's room and the aft cabin is Rick's workshop.



One of six F-36 tris in existence, *Unconditional* was extremely comfortable. In addition to a cushy dinette that seats 6, she has a roomy galley (right), a full head with shower and pressurized water, and an aft cabin with a king-sized bed.



We ate like royalty due to Tom's prowess at catching dinner. (top) Judy, Carol and Mike dine on lobster for lunch. (right) Tom displays a Spanish hogfish and a Spanish Mackerel caught on a green squid lure trolled behind the boat.



Two of my favorite “civilized” areas were New Plymouth on Green Turtle Key (above) and Hopetown on Elbow Cay (top right).



Island Link, Conser 47



This Side Up, Piver 37



Hogfish (left) and Spanish Mackerel (above)

If you go there

The Abacos share a similar climate with Florida, so it can get chilly in the winter. The first three weeks in November was a perfect time to go ... the weather was balmy (80s days and 70s at night) and it was uncrowded. We never had a problem finding a mooring or anchorage. I imagine that March to May is also a good time to cruise there.

The snorkeling north of Walker’s Cay is some of the best in the Abacos and worth the sail. Don’t miss Double Breasted Islands, just south of Walker’s ... spectacular white sandy beach and brilliant turquoise water.

Stock up on supplies in the States. Food, film and other staples cost twice as much in the Bahamas. Be prepared to spend \$1 a minute on phone calls. You can buy \$5 or \$10 phone cards at some convenience stores, or make long distance calls from the Batelco Office or occasional hotel.

Is This Cruising?

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things are better, somewhat. I feel like we're an express train out of control. It's pitch dark with building wind and seas. I'm constantly feathering up, traveler ½ down, letting the boat work its way over the waves, feeling unseen crests and bearing off hard to avoid crashing down on the backs as we blast over the top. And it's constantly wet. I mean really wet. At least 1-2 times per minute I can sense it coming and duck my head. It's as if someone up forward is standing there throwing a bucket of water in my direction. It's crazy. I steer by the stars and the GPS display. The stars are crucial because the GPS response is so slow. The times when clouds cover the stars are rather tense with concentration to make sure that steering corrections aren't too drastic. Compass? No, we can't use it because its light is tied to the navigation lights, which draw too much power to have on.

Did I mention that it's wet? Did I mention it's getting wet inside the boat? The foredeck hatch leaks (soaking the v-berth) as does the wire going through the deck for the Nexus instruments, and depending on the tack, either drips onto the cabin sole, or the port settee (my bunk). Plus, we're coming below dripping wet and we have *minimal* hanging locker space.

Finally, my shift ends and I bang on the aft cabin to wake my relief. Up comes George and he's taken aback by the deteriorating conditions – rising wind and sea state. He wants the jib furled so he can sail under main alone. Ok, whatever makes him comfortable. Well, that feels much better (no surprise there), but we've lost pointing. As tough as it is to sail an F-31 under main alone in flat water, it's even worse in these conditions. One so wants to sail high to improve the VMG, it's so easy to get caught in irons. I go below, strip off my wet gear and crash.

12/19 Sailing Day 12

At 0130, with ½ hour more rest due me, Lynn gets into irons and can't get

going. I don my soaked gear and go topside to get us going and give him an early relief.

It's now 0200 and a crescent moon is up casting a pale light allowing me to see some sense of what's coming at me.

0400 – I pound for George. While he's clambering out of the aft cabin and dressing, I go into irons for the first time. I get going, and then almost immediately go into irons again. Damn. I'm tired, and knowing that George is about to relieve me, have lost my concentration.

George climbs up and takes the helm and immediately goes into irons. He wants the jib. Ok, let's see how it is. I unroll it and sheet it in. We're a pointing rocket again! Well, not really pointing because at best we're tacking through 110-130° depending upon the helmsman.

George is settled in and I go below. I'm really tired, wet and chilled. I wish I'd had the good sense earlier to put on polypropylene long underwear when I thought about it. But that would have meant an arduous climb up into the wildly flailing v-berth to rummage in my packed duffel, a task for which, at the time, I couldn't muster the energy. At least the water getting flung at us is warm, but the evaporation off the foul weather gear leaves a chill so I'm wearing a fleece top. Neither Lynn or George seem similarly affected. Anyway, this time I'm so chilled and tired that I tumble into a bunk fully dressed in my foul weather gear (I did put on my neoprene booties – a big help) and life jacket. I figure there's no other way I could quickly make it topside if George needed help. It would take too long to clamber into my sodden gear and besides, maybe it will help me warm up as I usually refer to foul weather gear as a personal sauna.

At 0800, I'm up and on the helm again. Check the chart plot and see that we're abreast of the Caicos Islands. Once round the Caicos, we'll be on to our destination of Grand Turk Island where we plan a full day of rest and cleanup before pushing on to the north coast of the Dominican Republic. The wind has gone right so that it is more on the nose. Our bearing to Grand Turk is 143° and we

are only getting 180-190° on port, and 80° on starboard. However, we've come a long way from Rum Cay and the GPS is showing that there are only 45 miles to go. Light at the end of the tunnel! At 1000, I hand the helm over to Lynn and go below to eat breakfast and sleep.

Sometime later, I'm lying on the starboard settee when George appears from the aft cabin. We chat a bit and the talk turns to helming and our different techniques and he says that he can immediately tell when I've taken over from Lynn. I've sailed Corsair boats for 8 yrs and, before that, light displacement monohulls. Lynn and George are used to heavy displacement monohulls. While they both have far more blue water sailing experience, I've had years of coaxing light displacement boats up and around waves. Lynn's previous boat, a 48' steel ketch, didn't require quite the same touch on the helm.

Meanwhile, the pounding continues. It's a real drag down below. I'm curled up on the settee with my back against the gel coat, and each time the bow drops I become slightly airborne and then the boat crashes down and so do I. We're really pushing the boat hard.

Suddenly, we launch off a wave top and we come down with a sickening crash, the whole boat shuddering and vibrating from the impact. George heads up to the v-berth to use the head and suddenly yells for me to come forward, he thinks the boat is breaking. Sure enough, we've broken a part of the v-berth structure free from the hull. George heads topside to get Lynn to slow down so that we can assess the situation, and while I'm struggling into my gear, we launch off the top of another wave. This time, the impact is much more serious and is accompanied by the sound of rending fiberglass. I look forward to the main bulkhead and see that it has broken free from the hull from the beam bolts down to about a foot above the cabin sole. This is serious. George rolls up the jib and we park the boat and try to figure out somewhere to go that's downwind. Too bad, Grand Turk Island was only 35 miles further.

It looks like Providenciales Island in the Turk & Caicos is our best bet at finding a safe harbor and any possibility of getting the boat fixed. It's a 45 mile run down wind. As soon as we headed off in that direction everything changed. The apparent wind is down, and the motion has gone out of the boat. It's warm and we shed our foul weather gear. This is what it's supposed to be like.

Our landfall at Provo will, of course, be in the dark. Fortunately, we've got that cruising guide that we picked up back in George Town. It gives explicit instructions that will guide us through a gap in the fringing reef. It says to go a particular coordinate and at 140° there will be a radio antenna with a red light and all you do is follow that in. As we approach the coordinates I see a number of radio antennas. I wonder which is the correct one. But when we get closer, it's obvious that there really is one at 140°.

We're almost at the spot to begin our run in through the reef. Suddenly, we see a boat ahead, it's parked directly at the coordinates, without lights. Well, we don't have running lights on either. So we turn ours on and realize that the other boat is anchored. I surmise that it's a dive boat for a night dive. Sure enough, we see lights shining up at us from down in the water. We motor on, watching the chart display on the GPS and the depth and before long we're in near the beach and drop the anchor.

Man, that was a long 60 hours.

12/20 Sailing Day 13

In the morning we can clearly see the opening in the reef through which we came. This charting GPS with a C-Map cartridge is a real blessing. We get on the VHF and make contact with the Caicos Shipyard & Marina. Yes, there's someone there who can look at our situation. Gingerly, we make our way around to the other side of the island. Gingerly I say because there are shallows everywhere. By 1100, we have made it to the

shipyard and tied up at their 500' dock.

They say they can do the repair, and after consultations with Bob Gleason at The Multihull Source and Corsair Marine, Lynn agrees to leave the boat to be fixed. He and George will fly to Guadeloupe for their vacation, then he'll fly back, pick up the boat, and sail to Key Biscayne. We have certainly pushed the boat hard, slamming into waves on a sustained basis for 20 hrs. Nonetheless, Corsair notes that in more recent F-31's they've added additional reinforcing to the bulkhead - hull attachment.

Meanwhile, George and I are drying out the boat gear and rinsing the saltwater out of the cushions. The cushion covers dry, but the foam doesn't. That's bad.

As the sun sets, we decide to anchor offshore to get away from the swamp, which we assume will invariably be patrolled by gnats and mosquitoes. We head out about ½ miles and anchor. The breeze shifts and we're no longer in the lee of the island, plus it's kicking up a nasty chop making for a rather uncomfortable anchorage. Plus, George and I have nothing to cushion us from the hard sleeping surface except for a light blanket. What's for dinner? Dinty Moore Beef Stew. Man, that was one long night.

12/21 Sailing Day 14

We're up at dawn and immediately hoist anchor to head back to the calm of the dock. A taxi's been ordered for 0900 to take Lynn and George to the airport where they are wait listed on a flight. I grab a ride with them. Hey, there's an American flight at 1350 to Miami where I transfer to a flight to Boston. Whew! That's much better than going back to the boat to wait another day.

And that's how it went. By the way, my mask and fins never came out of storage. We sailed 850 miles over the bottom, all of it hard on the wind. It was a delivery, but I did see some nice cruising grounds... Some other time.

—Ira Heller

Roger Hatfield

continued from page 1

piercer. To date, Roger has designed and built 10 very successful wave-piercers ranging in length from 39' to 104'.

Five of the 57 GCY vessels built to date are private cruisers; four are cats and one is very high performance 56' trimaran (Joe Colpitt's *Virgin Fire*, photo below). These vessels introduced outside co-operative design work to GCY, a trend that has continued due to the increasing complexity and sophistication found in some of these vessels.



Recently demand in the maturing day charter industry has shifted to larger vessels with more power. Of the 47 sailing vessels designed and built, sixteen have inboard power, with nine fitting Skene's definition of a motor sailer: the ability to power to windward faster than you can sail. Though most of the GCY boats have claimed sailing speeds in excess of twenty knots with large passenger loads onboard, Roger's favorite is still the 54' *Spirit of Kauai* which he has claimed to be the "Worlds' fastest motor sailer". She ultimately hit 27 knots powering and sailed at speeds of 25 knots on her delivery to Hawaii. On a daily basis for the last seven years *Spirit of Kauai* has run her trip around the island of Kauai fully loaded cruising at 22 knots. She has opened many eyes to the potential for phenomenal motor sailing using the multihull platform.

Gerard Sperry Conser 30

November 2 NEMA General Meeting

by Sydney Miller

It's always interesting when we have a NEMA meeting speaker who has some historic connection to a long-time NEMA member, and when Gerard Sperry came to speak about the Conser 30 at the November 2, 2000 meeting, he credited Ted Grossbart for his start in multihulls. "It's all Ted Grossbart's fault that I'm in this multihull stuff today. He thought we were just tire kickers when we came to try out his boat several years ago, but we bought it that same day."

On the 1976 John Conser Warrior 29 (with Vince Bartelione), he put 3,000 blue water miles under his belt in Double Bullet. But the boat was quite spartan, with all trampoline 'decks' and, while they got a good sense of the boat in all those miles, it was 'crazy' sailing. For the boat's 20th birthday, they decided to completely redo her, and after they relaunched on July 5th 1998, they couldn't sail anywhere without someone stopping them to say how beautiful the boat was. They took LOTS of photos that summer, and sent them off to John Conser, telling him how interested people seemed to be in his boat.

Surprisingly, he still had the molds in a trailer, and he offered to go into partnership with Gerard to reissue the boat.

Gerard Sperry's background is in marketing, and he approached the project from that perspective. While 17 of the original design had sold 20 years ago (with 15 still around!), Gerard considered that a contemporary market might want to add more amenities. For instance, most people in New England would be reluctant to camp out in sleeping bags on the tramp. Flaring the inside of the hulls would create more interior space, while a hard deck would be preferable to the trampoline. So a 15' x 18' hard deck with a pod was added, along with a 15 hp 4-stroke Honda engine.

The new flared hulls allow the star-

board hull to accommodate a double bed (which can fold out of the way) with a head forward on sliding tracks, which allow it to be out of sight until needed.

The port hull boasts a simple galley with a 1-burner propane stove and basic stainless steel sink. It would be possible to add single bunks forward in both hulls, or a shower way forward in the starboard hull. The resulting boat is estimated to be around 2,300 lbs when loaded light (with moderate gear and two people) or 5,200 lbs if completely loaded.

After all the proposed changes were addressed, the design was completely overhauled, and the original molds weren't ultimately used. Gerard ran John Conser's new designs past Jeremy Launderhan, a trained engineer who had worked with Morelli & Melvin, where *PlayStation*, the *Hobie Wave* and a high speed ferry had been designed.

Then Gerard decided that the new boat should be ... trailerable! Aeronautical engineers in Tampa, FL had experience with composite technology and landing gear hydraulics, and the boat now uses 4 hydraulic rams to raise the center deck and move the two hulls together on the trailer, making an 8'6" trailering width. The new folding system was tested on the morning of the meeting (11/2/2000) and worked well. The target folding time should be under an hour, maybe as little as 30 minutes.

People like to drive the boat from either edge for top speed and performance, and the Conser 30 sails a few knots faster than wind speed, so sailing in light air is no problem. The boat is likely to appeal to cruisers more than racers, and will probably cost around \$90,000 to \$105,000 complete.

For more information about the Conser 30, please check Gerard Sperry's web-site at: <http://www.sperryboats.com> or call 781-925-9186.

U.S. SAILING Report

by Bill Doelger

More than 525 US SAILING members attended this year's annual meeting, Oct. 11-15. One of the most active Councils, which represent sailor constituents, is the Multihull Council. More than 20 people attended this meeting that could also be heard on an audio link through the US SAILING web site.

A key issue addressed at this multihull meeting was budgeting. Because of budget shortfalls, there is no money available for multihulls. A Multihull Committee was established to develop a budget in the future. One problem is that we have only identified roughly 1500 multihull members of US SAILING. We need to increase that number to have any meaningful influence on the budget process; so, an effort to increase our membership is underway. If you aren't a member of US SAILING, go to www.ussailing.org/multihull and click on Golden Anchor.

One exciting initiative is the Fast and Fun program to introduce sailing to children. Art Stevens, the Multihull Council Chair, has equipped a 48-foot trailer with five Hobie Waves and six Mistral Windgliders. With multihull and windsurfer volunteers, 700 kids sailed at eight events in New Jersey, Maryland and Florida. This entire program was financed by donations from the Hoyt/Jolley Fund and other contributors including help from Hobie and Mistral. Plans are in development to add more equipment and do many more events next year, all outside of the operating budget of US SAILING.

Other news:

- The 2001 Alter Cup, the Multihull National Championship, will be held April 22-26 at the Pensacola Yacht Club on new Inter 20s.
- The ORC Safety Recommendations for Offshore Sailing as applied to multihulls is being rewritten. Under the present writing, the requirements for Category 0 and 1 also apply to 2-4. If approved an Addendum will be inserted in the latest printed book.

2001 NEMA Membership Renewal

Single Membership	\$25	_____
Family Membership	\$35	_____
Single/Racing Membership	\$45*	_____
Family/Racing membership	\$55*	_____
Corporate Membership	\$100	_____

* Includes the \$20 race rating fee. NEMA Racing members will receive renewal form in separate mailing.
Or go to the NEMA Web site at www.nemasail.org/memberform.html

Check here to use member information from the label on the back of this sheet

Name _____

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Design _____

2001 Annual Dinner Reservation (Deadline: February 5th)

Your Name _____

Number of reservations x \$35 = \$ _____

Guest names: _____

Return this form with your check payable to NEMA to:

Tom Cox, 5 Haskell Court, Gloucester, MA 01930

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Directions to Anthony's Pier 4

140 Northern Avenue, Boston (617) 482-6262

From the South: I-93 (Southeast Expressway) North to the Central Artery in Boston. Take Exit 22 (Atlantic Ave./Congress St.). At the light, stay right to go onto Northern Ave. toward the Seaport and Airport, and cross the channel. Turn left at the 2nd light after the bridge and immediately bear right into the Anthony's parking lot.

From the West: Mass. Pike East all the way to the end, then bear left onto I-93 North, then follow directions above. You will be exiting almost immediately.

From the North: I-93 South to the Central Artery in Boston, then take Exit 22 (South Station). Turn left at the top of the ramp, and drive past South Station and across the channel. Turn left at the 3rd light after the bridge, and take another quick left at the water. Immediately bear right into the Anthony's parking lot.



NEW ENGLAND MULTIHULL ASSOCIATION

P.O. Box 1152, Boston, MA 02205

First Class Mail

Annual Dinner Meeting
Saturday, February 10
Anthony's Pier 4
140 Northern Ave., Boston

Schedule

6 p.m. Cocktails

7:30 Dinner

8:30 Presentation of 2000
Season Racing Trophies

9 p.m. Featured Speaker,
Roger Hatfield

Reservation Deadline: 2/05

FOR SALE

VAL-32 trimaran components. Main hull (420 lbs.) and two amas (196 lbs.) with decks (62 lbs. each) unattached. Production hulls built with Vinylester and Triaxial glass, Imron painted. Includes production molds for akas (25' beam) and main hull deck (center cockpit). Wing aka plan set, mast (38') and boom. Will trade for 18 ft. or larger beach cat. Call 508-339-9671, 6-9 p.m.

1984 NACRA 5.8 na. Hulls are sound, tramp needs restitching, sails are in ok shape (need to be replaced for racing). Good beach boat for lake, daggerboards need fairing, new main halyard. Trailer and one harness included. Spending way too much time on the F-boat. email me at Jon.Alvord@Valley.net for more info.

Seawind 24' trailerable cat. 1988, main, jib, genoa, spinnaker, new custom hard and soft decks, depth meter, porta-potti, 92' 8 hp Tohatsu, '97 fully rebuilt trailer. \$15,000. Call 860-742-9827 (CT)

Wanted. Forming syndicate to purchase a used F-31. Will be kept in New England in summer and in the Keys and Bahams in winter, former syndicate owned F-27 with no problems. Existing syndicate looking for 1-2 more interested partners. Call Bill for details. 508-755-7586 or E-mail williamftz@cs.com.

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