

NEMA

NEW ENGLAND MULTIHULL ASSOCIATION

Next NEMA Meeting
Thursday, March 23
7 pm Savin Hill YC
Guest Speaker: Hunt Stookey
(see page 2)



Top Left: Race Chair, Bill Heaton, (R) and Commodore, Tom Cox (C) award the first place NEMA Season Trophy to Lars Svensson (L) (Larus Roc) who also won the Mileage trophy and first place Offshore trophy.

Top Right: Ted Grossbart (*Rosebud*) accepts first place NEMA North trophy.

Right: Peter Garcia (*Alegra*) winner of the Moxie Trophy.

Bottom Center: Charles Chiodi, winner of the Lifetime Achievement award.

Awards were also presented to:
Bill Heaton, Jep and Joanne Peacock (*RutRow*) for second place NEMA Season Trophy;
H. Enloe (*Lei Loe*), third place Season Trophy;
Tom Cox (*Triad*), second place NEMA North.



photos by Judy Cox



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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.

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

Hunt Stookey Presents the Lightspeed 32 at the next NEMA meeting, March 23

Meet the team behind the extraordinary new LIGHTSPEED 32 catamaran – Hunt Stookey from Lightspeed Boats, engineer Steve Koopman from SDK Structures, and builder Stewart Wiley from Al Fresco Composites in Portsmouth, RI. This promises to be an interesting opportunity to learn about an all new multihull project right in our own back yard.



This is not your father's picnic boat. The LIGHTSPEED 32 is a 1000kg/2250 lb. all-carbon, trailerable production catamaran that can be raced hard one weekend and then take family and friends for a fast, fun daysail the next. Developed by a team that includes former US Olympic 470 skipper Kris Farrar, Stookey, top ORMA 60 designers Van Peteghem Lauriot Prevost (VPLP), Alinghi Chief Engineer Dirk Kramers, and ACC builders Stewart Wiley and Ted Brown, the LIGHTSPEED is breaking new ground in design and construction. The design is based on VPLP's experience with large ocean-going multihulls (Geronimo, Idec) as well as the extensive R&D for their latest ORMA 60, Franck Camas' Groupama 2 which has proven consistently faster than the rest of the ORMA fleet. The LIGHTSPEED is also pioneering the use of prepreg carbon construction for a production boat based on both weight savings and production benefits.

For more information see www.lightspeedboats.com.

Savin Hill Yacht Club
 Thursday, March 23, 7pm
 Pizza social followed by presentation

Preliminary 2006 Race Schedule

May 27	Owen Mitchell Regatta
June 9-10	Off Soundings
June 24-25	Buzzard's Bay Blast
July 7	Corinthian 200
July 22	Blackdog Dash
July 27	Around Long Island*
July 28-29	N.E. Solo Twin*
Aug. 4-6	Buzzard's Bay Regatta
Aug. 12-13	Monhegan Island*
Aug. 26-27	Newport Unlimited
September 2	Schooner Festival
Sept. 9	Whaler's Race*
Sept. 15-16	Fall Off Soundings
Sept. 30 -Oct. 2	Rock2Rock
Oct 7-8	Nina-Pinta-Santa Maria

*Offshore Trophy Race

Buzzard's Bay Blast

The Buzzard's Bay Blast originated as a weekend regatta destination race. The concept was to have good courses and low entry fees with little to no overhead. To date we have achieved that goal. The first few years the event raced on Saturday from Padanaram to Marion using government marks and at least a leg on each point of sail. On Sunday we went from Marion to Padanaram around the buoys. As would be expected with Buzzard's Bay prevailing southwesterly Saturday was usually more downwind and Sunday usually more upwind.

Saturday night was spent at anchor in front of the Gleason's house and a BBQ was prepared on the front lawn. Expenses were kept down by only charging for the annual T-shirt and the cost of dinner and drinks (\$20/person).

A few years back we decided to try to entice more cruisers to join us and changed the destination to Lake Tashmoo on Martha's Vineyard. We have had as many as 7 racers and 3 or 4 cruisers join us. Last year there were 5 cruisers and no racers.

This event is usually held the last weekend of June but we are willing to change the format if it would attract more participants. This year we are planning to do the race/cruise to Lake Tashmoo again unless we hear many objections. Let us know if you have suggestions!

–Bob Gleason
bob@themultihullsource.com

Lia Ditton, Entertains and Inspires

Lia Ditton, the young single-handed multihull sailor entertained and inspired a packed house with her bravery, ingenuity and humor at the NEMA Annual Dinner on February 4. Following is a rough transcript of her talk.

In my 500 mile qualifier for the OSTAR, I ran out of gas. In the race itself, my stove jet corroded and I survived on army rations.

On the return journey, I ate mostly chocolate. I thought it was appropriate that I was asked to be an AFTER dinner speaker!

How then, did I come to enter the OSTAR?

Part of my degree in Fine Art, involved studying abroad. After studying stone-carving in India, I traveled on through Asia and stumbled upon 'The King's Cup Regatta,' part of a yacht racing circuit in Asia.

After the Regatta, all sorts of boats needed crew to deliver them to Australia, New Zealand, Cape Town and Europe. I sailed home, but beating up the Red Sea, everyone I met told me, 'This isn't sailing. You need to experience the Trade Winds, where the wind blows consistently every day.'

I ended up in St. Marten and the Western Antilles, and then hitch-hiked over 3 months, back up to America on boats. I realized then that Yachting was an industry and that people would pay me to go sailing!

After a job interview on an 80ft charter yacht, where the skipper had expounded the virtues of being able to helm at night in the wheel house in his bedroom slippers, and where his wife had asked me if I like ironing, I stumbled upon this boat...

You may recognize her...

It's *Moxie*, built by Walter Green and sailed to victory by Phil Weld in the 1980 OSTAR. I had never seen anything like her. Too small I suspected, to need crew. When I heard that they were heading East across the Atlantic, in October for the start of a race called the OSTAR, I

said, 'You have to take me with you!' I kept saying it. And they did!

In the wake of Hurricane Kyle, the four of us on *Moxie*, bailed for 600 miles to the Azores. We experienced 65kts of True Wind. Never having heard of the concept of pitch-poling, I thought it was wild! As you can see from my face in this photograph...

The waves broke and tumbled and riding up on one, you could see for miles!

There is a tradition in the Azores, now bound in superstition, that every visiting yacht must paint their name on the harbour wall. I did the honours.

At the same time, the majority of the Trimaran fleet in the single-handed race *Route de Rhum* had been decimated by the same storm. French single-hander Marc Guillemot joined us on the same island, for repairs.

Standing on Marc's Biscuits-la-Trinitaine, I could only imagine what it was like to be out there alone.

Back in America and running a 68ft German Frers [Swan] in the Caribbean, it was the time of the Iraqi war. The own-



Lia Ditton by Lia Ditton

ers of the boat were afraid to fly and informed us that they would not be visiting. Having spent the entire season, paid to be in the Caribbean and doing nothing, I really wanted to go sailing. I didn't just want to go sailing though I wanted to go sailing hard. A love of racing was born.

As the crème de la crème of one team after another, siphoned off to the America's Cup, I was making sandwiches, sitting on the rail and packing spinnakers. And I realized that without a change of tack, in ten years time, I could still be sitting on the rail, making sandwiches and packing spinnakers. On the Transpac 52, *Rosebud*, we won everything.



Lia with crew members on *Moxie*.

photos by Judy Cox

It was time to leave the 17 men behind!

In Cape Town, South Africa I spent the winter studying surgical medicine and took my Yacht Master [skipper's license]. Looking around, I realized that boats were cheap and that I could buy a boat and enter the OSTAR. For 4 thousand pounds, I found a Royal Cape One Design. Perhaps, scarily so, she went downwind like a rocket. But I didn't have much money to refit her and accepted a delivery job on an R/P 78 to Antigua.

At a drinks party prior to Antigua race week, Andrew Pindar of Pindar AlphaGraphics, (the company that prints the Yellow Pages in England and America) overheard my plan to enter the OSTAR. He offered me sponsorship. Pindar AlphaGraphics purchased Derek Hatfield's Open 40 monohull, which he had sailed in the single-handed race 'Around Alone,' in 2002.

Perhaps I should have known that the campaign was ill-fated, when the chap who turned up to survey the Open 40, introduced himself as Neil Armstrong. Or when I rang an insurance company, regarding insurance for the delivery to England and spoke to Dick Tracey. Ultimately the boat was shipped to England.

The mast, with defects missed by Neil Armstrong, snapped before I had sailed the boat 500 miles. But after a 3-

month, 7-day a week refit, *Spirit of Canada*, sat once again in her cradle ready for re-launch. She sat some more, as several parties with intentions to enter the same race, the Faraday Mill OSTAR 2005, made offers to purchase her. The opportunity for profit, it was explained to me, could not be overlooked. It was a sad day that she was towed away.

Suddenly I was in the embarrassing situation of having entered a race with no boat and having returned to finish my degree in Fine Art with what was a fully funded campaign that had aimed to combine art with sailing.

You can rely on art school tutors to suggest ideas like, 'Why don't you now build a boat that is designed to sink?! To represent your false start?' But by Christmas, they too were inquiring,

'Are you going to get another sponsor?'

Taking up residency in the computer lab, I surfed www.boats.com, with a budget of a 5 grand student loan. I found that there is usually a reason why a decent boat is under 5 grand. My *Plan B*, had been grounded on a falling tide. Its keel was bent.

I consoled myself by offering to help another OSTAR entrant, prepare his Trimaran for racing. In the same yard, I discovered a rather forlorn looking *Shockwave*.

With 5 months to go before the start of the race, my tactic had to change. There now wasn't time to acquire a sponsor. I simply had to eliminate all costs.

There was a small caravan in the yard, once intended as an office. Ellen McArthur may have lived in a porta cabin, but at least I had home furnishings! There are pros and cons of living in a boatyard. On the plus side, there is a never ending supply of toilet paper and industrial hand wash. On the downside, you are guaranteed to be awakened 5 days a week by 'Wake up with Wogan,' when the radio gets flicked on at 6:35 in the neighbouring tent.

The owner of *Shockwave* kindly agreed to pay for a fresh coat of paint, but I didn't have the budget to hire scaffolding or pay professional tent builders. Perhaps I had watched too many adverts in my teenage years, as I decided to adopt the D-I-Y 'Flat pack concept' and have a go at building a set of frames myself.

I opted to build somewhere strategic, like the car park, that way I was guaranteed help moving the frames, if on Monday morning, anyone wanted to park their car or move their boat!

I may have set out to cross the Atlantic alone, but building a 14 meter by 10 meter by 3 meter bungalow, when you are 5' 8" with only two arms, appeared to be a challenge in itself. I am very grateful to the entire crew of a 200 foot power boat named, *Titan*, who in turn gave up their evenings to help me put the frames together.

The tent was finished just in time... before it began to snow.

The purpose of the paint job was not entirely cosmetic. The boat had been pitch poled backwards (bow over stern) the year before. My hope was that the paint job would unearth any stress cracks or de-lamination. The painters did indeed find stress cracks. But with expert advice and loaned tools from 'Design Craft,' an onsite composite outfit, I was starting to get a feel for how to hurdle the problem of repairs.

Dr Ditton went to work. The cockpit



Marine Squadron 539 inspects *Shockwave's* interior.

floor was soft. So I just stuck another layer of foam sandwich, over the top.

Water absorption from when the boat had been flipped, was more serious than I could have imagined; as you can see from this test-hole I drilled on the underside of the back beam. I called in a surveyor.

If you think I could afford the electricity to run the warehouse dehumidifier that the surveyor was optimistic would solve my problem. I couldn't, I just made a few friends (and plugged in the dehumidifier through the office window)!

With everything needed, having to be sponsored, I spent most of my day on the phone, which only left early morning and evening to work on the boat.

Friends turned up on the day of the launch but with every credit card overdrawn, what should have been a great day, quietly felt like the beginning of the end. I had no money to eat.

Some people get a delivery from the local supermarket. That afternoon, I got a delivery from a super yacht named *Sapphire*, that was looking to offload tins and dried food, in preparation for a winter refit. I had a celebratory meal- a medley of tinned vegetables, with cheese and baked beans, in my loaned container.

The day my caravanette was towed away... I moved onboard Shockwave.

From the minute *Shockwave* hit the water, the clock was ticking. There was only one month before the deadline for the qualifying 500 miles. In the final week, I was hardly ready, but I had to go. There was either no wind, or too much wind! Ripping through the Scilly Isles in the afternoon, there was a great moment when I was going neck and neck with a freighter. One by one, gradually the entire crew came on deck, including the Philippino Chef! Looking down at me, I could imagine their expressions. 'What the hell is that?! It's going as fast as we are!'

It was time for some professional training. Josh Hall, himself a veteran single-handed with over 200,000 solo miles under his belt, was my natural choice. I had met him when I was 12. Josh put



Spirit of Canada is whisked away.

Shockwave through her paces and added to me already lengthy work list. He broke the top spreaders, among other things!

An article in the local paper, the Herald, led to an offer of dockage at the Royal Marine base in Turnchapel. Squadron 539 were greatly amused by my 8ft by 3ft of living quarters!

It was my third boat. Two corporate sponsors had slipped through my fingers, but on Sunday May 29th I crossed the line to begin the Faraday Mill OSTAR 2005.

If one chapter then closed, another was about to begin...

As my friends waved a final goodbye, dolphins appeared. We considered it a good omen!

There are various decisions to be made during a refit. I lived to regret not replacing the survival hatch seal! It leaked profusely and was the cause of a perpetual 3 inches of water on the cabin sole. It created a new category in my head, called quality of life!

It was this puddle of water, which I bailed circa 5am one morning, before taking to the bunk for a nap. With an uneasy feeling, I peered over the bunk to observe that the same volume of water as I had just bailed had suddenly reappeared.

I began bailing out, realizing that the intake of water was greater than the speed at which I was bailing.

I built a dam to save the electronics and piled everything else onto the bunk. Scouring the bulkheads for a crack, I found nothing until I came to the point where the speed and depth cables come through the bulkhead. Forcing their way round the cables were a matching pair of water jets.

A moments' reflection pondered, 'Did I want to cut the speed and depth cables or watch the speed and depth to which I was otherwise going to sink?' I cut the cables.

Rooting around for a suitable material to plug the holes, I remembered the last minute addition to my boat building kit, courtesy of the Ministry of Defense: the *Kollision Kit* with a 'K'. In the kit was a fibrous matt, and two pots labeled A and B. The instructions were simple. Cut a piece of the fibrous matt, smear on a splodge (that was the word), of the white substance in pot A and black substance in pot B and [no prizes for guessing which colour to make] –it worked!

After 5 hours of bailing out the forward compartment [about 3-4 bathtub volumes of water] I finally got to the bottom of it. Leaning through an inspection hatch with my arm outstretch under the compartment floor, my fingers slotted



Dolphins lead the way at the beginning of the OSTAR.

nicely into some soft glass, at the edge of the daggerboard case. MOD to the rescue again and I filled the gap with underwater epoxy.

Shockwave turned out to be such a wet ride that by the time I arrived in Newport, Rhode Island, she was sporting some impressive algae growth!

After the first low- pressure system, there was a brief reprieve! My headsail roller furler was under spec, bending shackles at head and tack. The foil plates were spitting out screws and the loose plates had begun to move around. If climbing the mast with the autopilot left in charge to pummel down waves, is as crazy as climbing a swaying palm tree while it rains coconuts, then attempting to scale the forestay furler is about as ambitious as trying to climb a mossy wall in your bedroom slippers. Needless to say, it had to be done.

Several days later, I woke up before dawn, to see a single white light, the first white light I had seen for 10 days. 'What are the chances of some yacht jollying to America on my course?' I thought. He had to be in the race! Sure enough, it was fellow competitor, *Atlantic Express*, an Open 40. With sails luffing he must have been asleep.

This photograph was printed in *Practical Boat-Owner* magazine! With only a small piece of sea-talk cable to spare, I wired the autopilot control head

inches from the course computer, inches from the battery bank. Thank goodness for the handheld autopilot remote! I would otherwise have had to crawl under the cockpit floor into this tunnel of 3 ft high space, every time I wished to alter course.

When the furler tack ring ripped away, the sail finally had to come down. Sod's law of the sea may have been able to predict that the sail would jam on a fugitive screw and budge neither up nor down. I managed to zip-tie the majority of the sail. There was about 8ft which, despite standing precariously on the push-pit, I unfortunately couldn't reach. When I rolled out the remains of the sail at North Sails loft in Newport, they asked, 'Would you like us to dispose of that for you?!' 'No! I exclaimed! You have to fix that!'

The second storm began with the usual series of reefs. I reefed some more, until there was no main up at all and progress was being made under 8 sq. ft of storm jib. Sitting inside, I watched the float lift up with each wave, 30 degrees, 40, 45, until I wondered, 'Is this my wave? Is this it? Is it all over?' But the wave time and time again would roam under the middle hull and tear away. If I said that I wasn't frightened, I would be lying. I was terrified!

On the second day, the conversation with shore crew friends began to

become repetitious. Unfortunately the storm had parked right on top of me. 'You need to hoist sail and get out of there!' 'If I hoist any main, my apparent wind will go through the roof!'

Northern Lights apparently make reliable generators, but it was on my knees, praying in front of The Master TG950 that I spent most of my time! This £50 off-the-shelf petrol generator managed to last an impressive 24 out of 28 days. At this point it was only outputting 2 rather than 240 Volts and acted more as a space heater!

On the return journey, I had other problems with my second £50 off-the-shelf generator. This time it was outputting nearly 300 Volts and burning through every fuse I had. This generator came with a manual and listed a Technical helpline! Deciding to put my sponsored call-time to good use, I rang the number and got through to Wayne. I asked if it were possible to speak to an engineer, half expecting him to tell me that that was a long-distance phone call to China!

Around this time, Ellen McArthur was on standby for her Transatlantic Record in New York. 'No I'm not Ellen MacArthur,' I despaired. I got through to his supervisor, Luke, and explained again, that I was in the middle of the Atlantic and in need of engineering advice regarding excessive voltage output of the TG950 Performance Generator. 'No I'm not Ellen McArthur,' 'I'm the other Trimaran out here!' 'What do you suggest I do?' I enquired, at which point he responded 'Throw it over the side!' Realizing what he had said, he then back pedaled with, 'Take it back to B&Q, take it back to B&Q...' 'I'll be there in 1500 miles,' I said!

Friends kept me amused to the end. Before the start, they had hidden packages onboard, labeled with remarks like 'For the freezing North Atlantic' [it was a fridge-freezer thermometer], 'Open after two weeks,' [which was an air freshener with a fragrance entitled, 'Ocean Fresh!'] but the one which had me puzzled for nearly a week was- 'Every body needs one of these...' , I'm thinking it's a sponge. It was a pair of fluffy dice!

Was I happy to arrive? Oh yes...

Imagine leaving solitary confinement for a rock concert. This is what it was like to arrive in a bustling Newport, on a Saturday afternoon, the end of Block Island Race week and the hottest day of the year so far... and the best thing about arriving?! Was food!

Like a true busman's holiday, I relaxed by delivering Wayne Zelinski's boat, *Zephyr*, from Charlestown to Newport. This time I took some crew and my chef-friend, Phil.

One question hung in the balance. Did I want to be a single-handed ocean racer?

I sailed back to England alone, to find out. The weld holding the goose-neck to the boom went within the first week. Some people use a Black-and-Decker workmate. I made do with a Plastimo fender! I fabricated this carbon repair, which lasted all of a day... and was replaced by a lot of string and a piece of leather!

Having sponsored talk time was brilliant! I managed to find out which resistor to snip, in order to get my battery charger back in action.

The path of Hurricane Katrina was at this time an unknown. Fearful that I might lie in its path, one of my shore crew managed to contact marine weather guru, Bill Biewenga. His advice was: 'If you've been sleeping at night, you need to stay awake!' If you have a reef in, you need to shake it out and you need to head south now!' I hurtled south to the Azores high, where I promptly parked, for seven days.

There was so little wind, that fish came to say hello.

One evening a whale began circling the boat, snorting harder and becoming more aggressive. Suddenly the boat lurched and I grabbed a winch to sit down. My mind was telling me, 'The boat has run aground! But you can't run aground in the middle of the Atlantic...'

The whale was trying to mate with the middle hull!

When I met a fish as large as me while

snorkeling off a reef in Puerto Rico, I thought, 'What makes a fish scamper?!' The noise of an engine! Fortunately with an audience only of stars, I then found myself jumping up and down imitating the noise of an engine!

Having run out of books, I took up climbing the mast for recreational purposes, to see if there was any wind, which there wasn't...

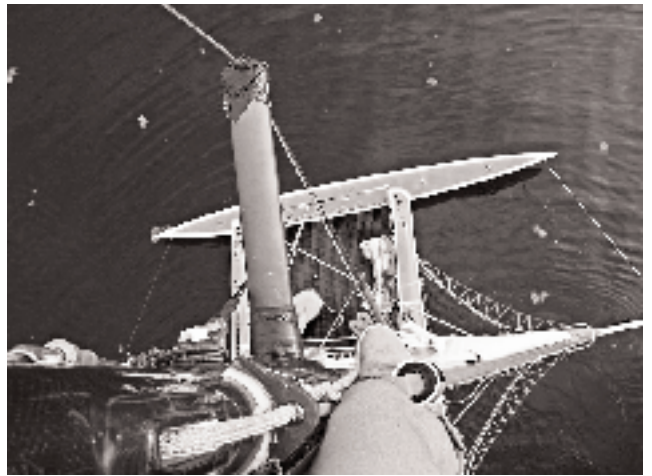
I describe this waiting as a beautiful hell.

'How long would it last, I wondered?' I did a bit of sight-seeing- it's amazing what will float by. There was an adrift channel marker... a concrete drum...

The greatest addition to my luggage in America, was this \$18 bean-bag cushion in survival orange! We laughed at the thought of being found in a liferaft sitting on a bean-bag cushion in survival orange. It was extremely comfortable!

Finally the wind returned and I got a glimpse of the Azores. Unable to fix the £50 generator I then began to hand-steer home, enduring 12-14 hours at the helm.

Arriving in England, I got to do the Ellen McArthur thing with the flares! If you think that's easy, its not! They're really hot and I dropped the first set!



Lia snaps a photo from the mast

So what next?

In June this year, I will finish my degree in Fine Art by bringing my latest Trimaran into central London.

Here she will be craned over the wall of the River Thames, closing two major roads in the process and diverting London Buses. In the courtyard next door to Tate Britain, on an angled frame as if surfing down a huge wave, I will then live on the boat for the same number of days as I expect it to take me to cross the Atlantic in the Route de Rhum this year.

As part of this interactive art installation, classrooms of children will meet me and the team, before following my progress across the Atlantic in October this year, with an accompanying programme of education.



Computer composite of Lia's current art project To follow Lia's adventures go to

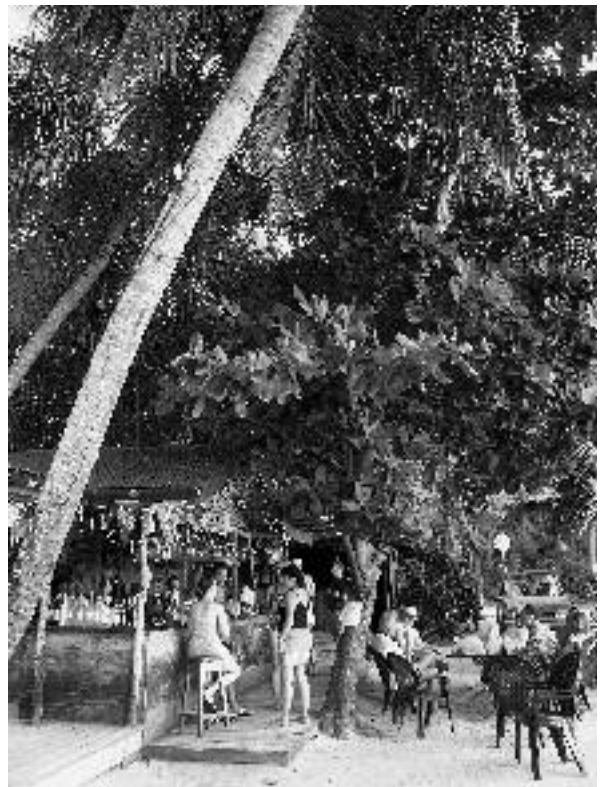
Caribbean Fling: A weekend in the BVI

by Tom Cox

Last fall I delivered a 46' Fountaine Pajot Bahia from Long Island to the Bitter End Yacht Club, Virgin Gorda, BVI with a pit stop at Jost Van Dyke. Here are a few highlights of the trip.



Sunset in paradise. View from Great Harbor beach, Jost Van Dyke.



Foxy's beach bar. The revamped Foxy now hosts cruise ships with hundreds of people at a crack.



The only official building on the island, the police station/customs house welcomes visitors to Jost Van Dyke.



Our trusty steed sits dockside at the Bitter End of our journey.

A Short Double-Handed Caribbean Cruise

by Lars Svensson

After our hectic 2005 racing schedule and preparations, it was time to do some relaxing cruising. One of the advantages of having *Larus Roc*, a 60 foot racing trimaran, is that one can travel long distances in a relatively short time and also move her to the Caribbean for winter sailing.

Roc was set up for the Marion Bermuda race "cruise" with a three burner stove, galley, shower and head so it was time to test the cruising aspect.

On Monday 20th February Nigel Brennan, one of my regular crew, and I set off from St Maarten at 10 am at speeds in the 20s with full main and jib. An hour later, the ball bearings in one of the traveler cars leaked out so we turned around and moored again and repaired it. By 5pm we were off again, but this time the wind had picked up to 25-30 knots and so we took one reef and hoisted the staysail. One of the great things about having a big primary electric winch is that hoisting the mainsail (or for that matter hauling up the anchor) is never a hassle.

By sunset we were in the lee of St. Kitts and from there we laid a rhumb line for Bequia, St Vincent and the Grenadines. Off Montserrat, at 2 am, I was at the helm sailing through the pumice cloud when the volcano was lit up by a bright white light at the apex of the cone. It looked like we were going to relive (or die) Pompeii and I was about to call Nigel on deck when from behind the pumice cloud a cheery moon popped up. What a relief! The wind stayed constant with a great reaching angle, except for the wind shadows off Guadeloupe and Dominica, even though we were more than 25 miles offshore, and by 11 am we were off Martinique and St Lucia. However, then the wind died and our speed slowed to 6 to 8 knots. Not wish-



Larus Roc anchored off Falmouth.

ing to pull into Bequia and anchor in the weeds at night, we decided to head back up to Iles Des Saintes for the night.

As we emerged from behind the Northern end of Dominica, we were hit by surprising 15 foot breaking waves and 40 knot plus winds. We dropped the main and sailed with staysail only, doing 6 to 8 knots. We hammered the boat against the waves for about an hour and then the sea flattened but the sea was still boiling with foaming white water. The Saintes anchorage is difficult to get to so instead we sailed to the lee of Guadeloupe and spent the night slowly motor sailing till 6am. By then the wind had died down and with one reef and staysail it was a short three hour hop to the bluffs of Falmouth harbor at Antigua. Some 200 feet before the bluffs and reef, the engine impeller broke; we quickly tacked out to sea to let the engine cool. After an hour, we sailed into the anchorage and dropped anchor with the engine for backup. During the next two days we had a wonderful time in Antigua, with Libby Nicholson, who's grandfather, parents and uncle made huge contributions on Antigua, kindly showing us around the

island and hosting a barbecue. The restored Georgian English Harbor, Nelson Museum, Harmony Hall, and Shirley's Heights are "must" visit places in Antigua.

On a beam reach in 25 knots of wind with one reef and staysail it was a six hour trip from Antigua to St Barts with speeds of 15 to 20 knots. I had hoped to find some evidence of my Swedish forefathers, one of whom was an Admiral in King Gustav's fleet but even Le Place, which was owned by Marius, a Swedish descendent, I was told is now owned by Jimmy Buffet. From St Barts, it was a 10 knot downwind sail to St Maarten, although the left over 10 to 15 foot swells allowed for some surfing. During some 460 hours of relaxed sailing we had covered just under 500 nm in keeping with our average cruising speeds of 13 to 15 knots with full crew, ignoring our rest behind Guadeloupe.

Larus Roc has proven herself not only as an East Coast racer but also as a comfortable easy to handle island hopping cruiser. She's available for charter or sale.

—Lars Svensson, svenssl@ccf.org

Corsair Sprint 750

Late last summer we received the first three of the latest model in a long line of exciting trailerable trimarans from Corsair, the Sprint 750. While the time from introduction to actually sailing the first Sprint was longer than hoped for, she has been everything the new owners have wanted. In the first six months of production there have been 33 boats built and in the first year there will be approximately 50 boats. This is a tremendous success for Corsair!



The reason the Sprint 750 has been so successful is that she fills a need that no other production trimaran does. She has the largest cockpit of any Corsair trimaran and the highest sail area to weight ratio. Many people have realized after years of sailing that all they regularly do is daysail and this boat is a delightful daysailer with her huge cockpit and small cabin (berth and potti). She came off the proven hull molds of the Corsair 24 but has a new deck mold and improved rig and blades. The mast is 3' 4"

longer in a much nicer wing section and the boom has gone back to the original roller furling setup that is so popular with the F-27 and F-28. Its weight is more than three hundred pounds lighter due to losing many components compared to the cruising version MKII. The upwind sail area is almost 7% more and the spinnaker is 10% larger. The combination of lighter weight and more sail area makes this a livelier boat to sail! As an added advantage both the daggerboard and rudder are deeper which will improve the light air upwind performance. The blades are made out of aluminum which has a much more consistent shape with finer trailing edges.

After selling 5 Sprints in New England in the first few months of production we are more convinced than ever before that the boat is a home run! Hopefully there will be enough interest to create a strong one-design class that is easier to manage on land and in the water than her bigger siblings. Getting the boat around on land will not require as big a car and racing her will not require as big a crew. It's not too late to join the club and start sailing the hottest new boat to hit the market in years!

—Bob Gleason

www.themultihullsource.com

NEMA Summer Cruise

The NEMA cruise is usually a fun event with about 10 boats participating each year. At the annual dinner in February, we announced two possible locations for this year's cruise. The first location is to return to is the Thousand Islands region again because the participants had so much fun there last year. However, it's difficult for non-trailerable boats to participate unless they are already on Lake Ontario. The second more southern location was described as Block Island, East end of Long Island Sound and Narragansett Bay. There have been a number of boat owners responding that they would like to join in the fun for the more southern location due to trailer problems or no trailer at all.



To date the following NEMA members have expressed interest; Wayne Allen (Newick 42 Cat), Tom Cox (Newick 42 Tri), Tom Henry (Seawind 24 Cat), Larry Bedell (Newick 31 Tri), Rob Tagiuri (F-28), Jim Bourgoin (F-27), Chris Morris (F-27), Richard Bryan (F-27), Bill Condon (F-31), and some others I have forgotten.

This group does not include any of the regulars that attend most years, which are mostly Corsair boats. I could easily see 15 to 20 boats participating this year! As usual the schedule will be very loose and we will try to make it easy and fun for all involved.

If you are interested in just a few days or the whole cruise let me know and I will keep you up to date as information is available. Even if it is last minute we can let you know via cell phone where we plan to be.

—Bob Gleason
(cell) 508 295-0095

Lifetime Achievement Award Speech

By Les Moore

Following is Les Moore's introduction for Charles Chiodi, recipient of this year's NEMA Lifetime Achievement award, and long-time supporter of multihull sailing.

Our nominee has lived quite a life so far...

He grew up in Nazi-occupied Hungary in the midst of WWII.

His father died when he was 12 leaving him to help his mother survive the war time life.

As the war ended, Russia traded places with the Nazi's as the occupiers. At 16 his mother died leaving him an orphan alone to survive by his wits.

At 18 there was mandatory military service, then marriage and two children.

In 1956 there was the revolution that was crushed by Russian troops...

By late 1956 life in communist Hungary was becoming unbearable for this independent thinker...so, despite the great danger of being caught and sent to a Siberian labor camp and his wife and children being sent who knew where...he decided to escape.

With a combination of courage and help from a sympathetic border guard he walked with his young family out of Hungary into the sanctuary of Austria.

By January 1957, based on his insistence that he would only go America, Austrian refugee officials finally sent him to a relocation center in New Jersey where the family was soon sponsored by a family in Hingham.

They were put on a train at New York City's Grand Central Station headed for Boston and told not to get off the train until it got to the end of the line....then to go to the counter with a sign reading "INFORMATION" (this was written on a scrap of paper for the father to match to the sign) to meet their sponsors. Miraculously, the connection worked!

The generous Hingham family winterized a small cottage they owned and turned it over to this young family of four.

With a small English/Hungarian

pocket dictionary the sponsors also supplied, the father expanded his skill in speaking English and soon, with his experience in photography landed a job (paying 97 cents/hr) in a local photo-finishing company.

But after a short while the energetic and enterprising man landed a better-paying job with the Quincy Patriot Ledger where he stayed for a decade (as he headed toward the career in publishing that he would build for himself).

From there a photography business was born which was later expanded to a full advertising business.

By the 60s he was involved with NEMA...first as secretary from '68 through '73 and later as vice commodore then commodore from '74 through '76

During that time, with his background in publishing, he put together a NEMA newsletter that was so well done that soon other clubs wanted to subscribe to it.

But the newsletter got a bit out of hand and the officers decided that because NEMA was not intended to be in the publishing business (in the honoree's words) "he should either stop doing such a great job or make it a commercial enterprise". Thus *Multihull Magazine* was born with, at the start, 356 paid subscribers and 5 advertisers.

Thirty years later it boasts a readership of over 50,000 in more than 100 countries.

Now I must digress for a minute...

There was a similar magazine started by a guy named Hefner in the late 50s. That publication masqueraded as a philosophy magazine (some of you may remember the seemingly never ending Playboy Philosophy articles)...but no one was fooled as to the magazine's real purpose...

This *Multihull Magazine* masquerades as a boating publication, but, especially in its earlier days, it competed pretty well with Playboy's pictorial content....every boat pictured had a full



Les Moore congratulates Charles Chiodi at the NEMA Annual Dinner

crew of bikini-clad women decorating the scene.

Sports Illustrated's most popular issue is its annual swim suit one...it seems that EVERY ISSUE of *Multihull Magazine* is its swim suit issue!...another reason for it's success!

Back to our honoree's life....

This ever energetic and creative man went on to build a new house for his family and, because he'd been infected by the sailing bug via his days on his father's yawl (from which he fell overboard and nearly drowned during an early single-handed experience)...he built (in 2100 hours for \$10,000) a 31 foot Piver yawl for himself and his family.

Since these early days our honoree has become Mr. Multihull to thousands of enthusiasts around the world by, in addition to his publications, sponsoring symposiums and providing other multihull events that have educated the public about these fast-sailing alternatives to the lead mines of the past.

From the 60s when we were no more respected than Nat Herreshoff with his speedy catamarans to the present time when multihulls are getting to be almost establishment, this man has been there to champion the cause.

We owe him a great debt for his long and hard work and NEMA is pleased to honor CHARLIE CHIODI with this Lifetime Achievement Award.

—Les Moore

Annual Dinner Feedback

We asked our members what they thought of this year's speaker and annual dinner and received a wide range of comments and opinions. Following are some of them.

While the dining was just so-so (what do you expect from a hotel kitchen?) the rest of the evening was superb! The presentation and the subtle humor of Lia Ditton was priceless. Three cheers for her and her future endeavours (note British spelling in her honor).

I want to thank all the NEMA officers for presenting me with the "Achievement Award" which is very much appreciated. It now hangs on my office wall where many visitors (International) will see it during the year, before I will have to pass it on to the next recipient. A special "Thanks" goes to Les Moore, NEMA Historian, for his very detailed account of my life and the way he presented it. It was a great surprise; (obviously) he has read my book. NEMA's recognition of my efforts on behalf of all multihulls is greatly valued and appreciated.

*Charles Chiodi,
NEMA Member since 1968*



Presentation: Great, interesting and well presented by easy to understand and non-boring speaker

Food: Much better than last few years

Location: Easy to get to

Price: Ok for me but may have scared away others

Drinks: a ripoff

Joe Maletz



Program and Lia were just fine. Anthony's is a perfect location. People from Maine. People from the south. Is it possible to start earlier? The night tends to be longish, and people have to drive back etc.

Tom Grossman



I thought the NEMA dinner was great in every way. I enjoy the people that show up and the view is fantastic. The food was quite acceptable and the speaker was interesting and good looking, too. Open bar would have been better, but.....

Don Watson



I thought the presentation was quite interesting. Lia was enthusiastic and engaging. The video-clip at the end of her talk was spectacular and worth the slight delay with the minor technical difficulty. (She could have sold CD copies of that clip as a fundraiser.) I believe that a more accessible presentation like hers (reminiscent of Pettingill's talk a few years ago at the airport) is quite appropriate for a general annual meeting rather than a techy-talk which is probably better for the monthly winter meetings where those members with a specific interest can attend and where it is less cumbersome for questions and answers. The food was great as was the service. I have no problem with the venue. My only question is how a room-full of sailors can be satisfied with white Bacardi rum? Any chance we can have Goslings or at least Mount Gay available at the upstairs bar next year?

Daren Donovan



I always regard the annual dinner as a nice way to stay in touch with the more senior NEMA members (the ones dating from my era). This year I thought that the \$50. fee was pushing the limit when coupled with the full market rate cash bar, although the food itself was OK and dessert service was prompt. Other years we have had better food with more of a selection. ... I made the mistake of not selecting a seat near the lectern, and once again the speaker passed on effective use of the microphone with the

result that I barely heard a dozen words of her presentation. ... a lavolier mike is the solution to this situation as well as a better PA system.

I thought that the awards part of the ceremony was handled very nicely by Tom and kept reasonably brief. Certainly this part of the event should recognize the effort, both financial and physical, expended by the core members who after all are the main support for the club.

In past years we have been fortunate to have some of the leading lights in the multihull design and sailing world as speakers which is an accomplishment since most of these people come from 3,000 miles away either from California or Europe. This year we had a relative neophyte which I think is fine for the younger members of our club who can see that every effort has to have a modest beginning, and we cannot expect to have people at the very top of their field at every event.

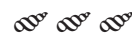
I hope that these comments are useful, and I realize that I may well be in the minority as a NEMA member!

Spencer Merz



I loved the event in itself. It was quite expensive, and if that could be remedied by changing venue, that would be great.

Katherine de Koninck



...the speaker seemed a bit light weight from our usual guest speakers...and she was light weight/less professional re the presentation in general (or maybe my age is showing)...but the dinner and location continue to be fine

Les Moore



Enjoyed the talk immensely and this year

it ended early enough. It's time to find a different facility however. The food really isn't very good and the service is so so. How about some place on 128 that would still be readily accessible to everyone?

Steve Parks



I had my doubts about the speaker before arriving. The dinner is always a good time to see old friends, but the speaker won me over. It was good to hear her story. The food was OK but not special. The popovers were great as ever, and the location hard to beat.

A milestone for me, *Margaret* has been sold to a Frenchman, Eric Varlan. He has invited me to cruise Nova Scotia this summer when he is done working on his fitting out. No other projects or sailing related cruises.

Bill Doelger



This was my first NEMA dinner and I certainly enjoyed it. Here are a few thoughts for the future:

- The restaurant was fine and the food was reasonable but not great considering the size of the group.
- The membership seems to be spread from Maine to Philadelphia – it would be nice to do the dinner further south in some years
- Seemed like a lot of people were pre-occupied with saving tables during the cocktail hour. I prefer preassigned seating – part of the fun of these events is meeting new people.
- I thought Lia did a great job although the computer/AV was a problem
- Would be nice to have some more visuals for the awards and other highlights of the past year

Peter Harding



As a member from Maine it is a long way

to travel to Mass for events etc. You guys do a great job as a volunteer organization with a small budget. The guest speaker you have lined up over the years seem like great people. Wish I could get there to see them. Not sure if it would be feasible to have a little action in this neck of the woods on occasion. other than that keep doing what your doing and thinking what your thinking.

Peter Howard MDI Maine



Larry and I arrived a little late, so we sat at separate tables, both of which had friends from years ago. We had a wonderful time, –good dinner, great speaker, (thank you for your hard work putting it all together) but best of all, many, many old friends, some of which we haven't seen in years. I left with a smile on my face, and afterwards came up with the following conclusion. Trophies end up in a storage can in your attic, friendships last forever.

In the "old days", 1970's - 1980's, getting together with the crews of the other boats in the race was very important. I will never forget the Sunday mornings of the Buzzards Bay Regattas. They began with the Beach Boys *Ba-Ba-Bababaran* blaring from speakers placed on our deck – a call to breakfast aboard our boat, *Barbara Ann IV*. With the help of our three boys, we had bacon, eggs danish, juice, donuts, etc., and 40 or more sailors arrived by dinghy or rafted up. It was fun for all, and those friendships have lasted over the years. It was sad when the really fast boats arrived on the scene, and the crews couldn't have cared less about meeting other multihull crews. They were there for that trophy, and that was it. ... I wonder if today they get half as much pleasure looking at their trophies as I do greeting and talking with all our old friends from the days when races were fun, as well as challenging.

Barbara Bedell



Previous NEMA Speakers

1978	Phil Weld, <i>Rogue Wave</i>
1979	Duncan MacLain, Little America's Cup Races
1981	Dick Newick
1983	Walter Greene, <i>Gonzo</i> capsizes
1984	Phill Steggal, racing <i>Formula Tag</i>
1986	Chris White
1988	John Shuttleworth
1991	Everett Pearson
1992	Mike Plant
1994	Jan Gougeon, <i>Pocket Rocket</i>
1995	Cam Lewis <i>Commodore Explorer</i>
1996	Gino Morelli
1997	John Shuttleworth
1998	Randy Smythe
1999	Nigel Irens
2000	Pete Melvin
2001	Roger Hatfield
2003	Yann Penfornis
2004	Rich Wilson
2005	Christian Février
2006	Lia Ditton

TOT: The Downside

By Ted Grossbart

As you probably know, the NEMA-North racing circuit ran a trial of Time-on-Time scoring this past season. In the last Newsletter, Jeff Schreiber provided a very thoughtful and articulate exposition of the theoretical and practical advantages of TOT over our current Time-on-Distance system. As is understandable for any advocate, he did not spell out the downsides (See www.nemasail.org/pdf/Winter06.pdf).

The Race Committee will be deciding shortly whether all the circuits will change to TOT, so it is important that all racers be up to speed on both the pro's and con's, consider them carefully, and then provide feedback to the Race Committee.

Here's another view of the experiment with TOT:

TRANSPARENCY: Under our present TOD system it is pretty easy at a mark rounding or at the finish to do a bit of mental math and know how you are doing against the competition. This is far from true under TOT, where a calculator, continuous timer, and some math ability is needed.

Another route is to prepare a pre-computed table or graph for your boat against every competitor and keep a continuous countdown timer.

This also takes some serious doing, and in our experience this summer, was not always accurate enough to do the job. In practice without a person dedicated to this task, updates at marks are not possible, and we often had to wait until the event awards dinner to know who won the race.

RESULTS: What was the bottom line? TOT scoring changed only ONE race's results. Five races had closer time intervals under TOT, two had closer intervals with TOD. So after all the discussions, theories, software modifications, meetings with local Race Committees, and all the whooha, the actual, real-life impact



Ted Grossbart won the NEMA North trophy this year with his custom 32 cat, *Rosebud*.

of TOT on placings was minimal.

The Make-a-Wish Regatta, (not included in the experiment) was actually scored under TOD, because you can't score a pursuit race with TOT.

This race had the single closest finish in the entire history of NEMA-North, a one second interval between the first and second boats.

I strongly agree with the view that the worst possible situation is when any particular boat on any particular day is doomed to poor results regardless of how brilliantly they sail. The one race where TOT did change the outcome shines light on that danger and hints at what I feel is the single largest problem with TOT. Consider:

FAST BOAT, NO WIND: If the wind dies during a race, a fast boat sits motionless along with a slow boat-- but the TOT clock keeps running.

The fast boats' chance to sail to their ratings vanishes minute by minute. The Schooner Race was the one instance in which our last season's results changed from TOD to TOT scoring. In this race, the fastest boat went from first under TOD to last under TOT. The wind was very fluky and variable, but not even the worst case of periods of

no wind. This is TOT's Achilles heel. IF THE WIND DIES COMPLETELY DURING A RACE, TOT PROGRESSIVELY DOOMS THE FASTER BOATS.

The classic response to this critique is that, in theory, there is a point in a very high speed race where this situation reverses and the slower boats are similarly up against a wall. If a race were fast enough, in theory, the slow boat would now be the one totally unable to sail to her rating under TOT. The idea that this situation balances out the fast boat's fate in the no wind case is dubious. In practice, even in some very fast races, our fastest boat never got up into the range of average speed where this factor was in play. But even suppose that this high average speed case were to occur, and that it did so often enough to balance out the no wind cases over the course of a season. As my mother used to say, "Two wrongs don't make a right." Both situations make for bad racing.

Another response to this critique is that, in theory, there is a point where if the wind goes light or dies for a very long period of time, then the race will be over the time limit and it will be thrown out.

The fast boats are then saved from an unfair drubbing. In practice, on the NEMA-North circuit, the maximum time limit has never been reached. Some breeze typically fills in at some point.

Another argument for TOT is that many monohull fleets are now using it with the new IRC system. The reality is that the monohull community has been flailing around for years, trying different systems to deal with plummeting race registration. If we followed them and ran with the monohull, we would be doing many things differently. For openers, we would have thrown out our skipper handicap system years ago.

The second part of the article sketches out a Utopian vision of the NEMA system and ratings when combined with TOT. I would like to take

exception to two points:

1. The article envisions a situation in which TOT "sailed to's" are used to mechanically adjust ratings for the future. This is not going to happen under TOT or TOD because it is the RC's position, based on long experience, that "sailed to's" are best used in a nuanced way with breakdowns and major tactical blunders factored in. Even in this form, they are only one very useful source of data and have to take their place with other data. Again this proposed automatic system is great in theory, but has not proven out in practice.

2. The article states, "Using the ratings provided at the beginning of the 2005 season, 2 of the 6 boats won 6 of the 7 races. Using the adjusted ratings 5 of the 6 boats would have won at least one of the seven races." Now this sounds really appealing. Isn't the whole purpose of the ratings to give each boat a fair shot a winning? But the argument is disingenuous--what it is really affirming is that hindsight is 20-20. The "adjustment" is based on knowing the results!

If we knew at the beginning of the season what we now know at the end of the season, of course we could do a better job of leveling the playing field. If we

could do this sort of "adjustment" with our last year's stock market investments, we would each have a new boat and could buy NEMA a solid gold clubhouse.

I agree there is a strong case that TOT has definite theoretical advantages. It is a more mathematically elegant system. But in my actual experience of the NEMA-North TOT experiment, it was cumbersome, made minimal difference in the actual race finish order, and is potentially grossly unfair to faster boats if there are periods of no wind.

Jeff Schreiber has been a greatly valued member of the North Shore fleet. He is just the sort of skipper for whom we have to keep racing interesting and fun. The frustration he details in the article needs to be addressed. I would argue this is better done by continuing rating adjustments under our current TOD system, than by shifting to TOT.

Depending on your venue, rating, and racing style, your view of the importance of these TOT downsides will probably vary. Mull it over and contact Bill Heaton (wheaton@earthlink.net) as soon as possible with your thoughts and conclusions.

— Ted Grossbart
ted@grossbart.com

Port Jefferson Harbor Cup

This is not a NEMA trophy race, but could be a lot of fun for multihuller's in the Long Island Sound region.

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Harbor Cup: June 10, First Warning: 1400 hrs

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Did you remember to renew your membership?

If you didn't then this will be your last newsletter. (To check your membership status, look at the address label on the back cover and see if the member code contains "06".)

If you can't find your membership renewal form, you can download one from www.nemasail.org or contact Wayne Allen at 20knots@comcast.net.

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Omohundro mast sections for sale. Two pieces (35'5" and 7'1"). Located in Newport RI. Pictures posted on www.nemasail.org/memberspage.html. Also have a 13'3" x 4.5' diam carbon fiber boom section. Price is best 'reasonable' offer. Email Jepskimrg@cox.net. More pictures available upon request.

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