

# NEMA

NEW ENGLAND MULTIHULL ASSOCIATION

## SHIPPING UP TO BOSTON:



Jim Bourgoin Photo

### *Cruising with the Tall Ships*

by Dale Lincoln  
(with assistance from Capt. Christopher Morris)

Every year in the dead of winter we plan our "Cruising Sail" for the summer. With the Tall Ships stopping in Boston Harbor just after the 4th of July and having never sailed up to Boston, we decided this would be our trip. With that, Capt. Chris and I put out feelers at the NEMA banquet that we planned to make this sail. Many fellow sailors expressed an interest and it became our summer cruise destination.

Funding problems forced Boston's Mayor Menino to cancel the event's Parade of Sail and many other sailors lost interest! Chris and I decided we were still going. Capt. Bill Condon and his long-time love and cruising crew Liz Burns, and Capt. Jim Bourgoin

of Cape Coral, Florida were going as well. Only two boats were not the flotilla we had hoped for. But, so be it.

Our journey started in Plymouth Harbor. Chris and I were having "issues" with our boat, a Corsair Formula F-27 trimaran, *Silver Girl*, so our first launch this year was in the harbor on July 3rd. The launch went well and we picked up a mooring outside of the harbor. Bill Condon and crew had sailed up from Wareham on their Corsair F-31, *Trinity*, the day before and were stationed on a mooring nearby. We were fortunate

enough to witness Tall Ships *Peacemaker* and *Amistad* arriving in Plymouth for the 4th of July festivities before leaving for Boston.

On the evening of the 3rd, we were treated with a local Parade of Sail starting in the outer harbor where we were moored. All of the boats were decorated with lights and represented

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**NEMA Annual Dinner**  
**Saturday, February 13**  
**Speaker:**  
**Ben Hall: An Insider's View of**  
**America's Cup Multihulls**  
**Granite Links Golf Club, Quincy, MA**  
**(see page 2)**



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](http://www.nemasail.org)

See the website for membership application and meeting information.

## A Thankful Job

When I took on the NEMA Newsletter editor job one year ago, I received advice from many people. Some told me it is the most difficult job in NEMA, along with being race chairman. Others told me it would be a struggle to get enough material and that we should be looking to downsize the newsletter or do more "borrowing" from other sources. Mostly people warned me, with a look of grave foreboding in their eyes, that doing the newsletter is a thankless job.

I am pleased to report that over the last year my experiences have proved otherwise. While it does take some time to pull a newsletter together, I have the immediate gratification of seeing the newsletter taking form in front of my eyes. I have not had to struggle to get material for the Newsletter. In fact, I work with a backlog of articles that are all original material generated from NEMA members. Finally, the distribution of each issue is followed by emails from members expressing their appreciation for the quality and content of the Newsletter.

Over the last year, as the "Members' Newsletter", we have published almost 100 pages of material, including 24 major articles created by 18 different authors. The newsletter is brought together by a team of 10 guest editors, 4 proofreaders, and my wife, Amy, who does editing, proofreading and helps with the mailing.

I am looking forward to another year helping you tell your stories and bringing them to the members in a quality newsletter. If you haven't contributed to the NEMA Newsletter yet, this is your year. All of us stand ready to help and make sure your story is one that you will be proud to see in print. Join us. Be part of this "thankful job".

*Phil Babcock*



Amy Babcock Photo

### NEMA Annual Dinner, Feb 13, 2010, 6:00 PM

#### Ben Hall, Speaker An Insider's View of the America's Cup Multihulls

Ben Hall, from Hall Spars, will provide us with an insider's view of this year's boats for the America's Cup. Ben has been involved in the construction of, and sailed on, the 90' trimaran, BMW/Oracle, which will represent the U.S. in the upcoming America's Cup. Additionally, he has plenty of insight on Aling's 90' catamaran, which represents Switzerland. With any luck, the America's Cup racing will be over by our February 13<sup>th</sup> dinner and there will be some good video to see as well. BMW/Oracle is unusual in that it uses a rigid wing in the place of traditional sails. Not only did Ben participate in the development of this wing, he also has a lot of experience sailing with them as his was the only boat with a rigid sail at the 2008 A Cat Worlds, held in Florida. Ben races actively in the Bristol, RI, A Cat fleet, as well as around the world.

The dinner is \$45 per person and is being held on Saturday, February 13<sup>th</sup> from 6:00pm to approximately 10:00pm. The cocktail / social "hour" will begin at 6:00pm and dining will commence around 7:00.

Come meet Ben at the NEMA Annual Dinner and hear about his experiences. The Annual Dinner also features the 2009 NEMA Racing awards, a delicious buffet dinner and the year's best opportunity to schmooze with over 100 NEMA members.

Saturday February 13, 6:00 PM to 10:00 PM

Granite Links Golf Club, 100 Quarry Hills Drive, Quincy, MA 02169 (617-689-1900)

Reservation Deadline: Sunday, February 7 (\$5 late fee after 2/07/10)

Online Reservations: <http://www.nemasail.org/dinner/index.html>





## Tall Ships Cruise

(continued from page 1)

several themes. The most fascinating was the sailboat that sported NASCAR videos projected on their mainsail. There was a Viking themed boat as well with crew in costume and loud Viking-type opera arias blasting across the water. It was a wonderful spectacle to watch. Unfortunately, I was not very proficient with our new camera; my pictures are rather sad and don't do the ships justice.

For the 4th, we enjoyed a wonderful BBQ at the Plymouth Yacht Club with the crew and guests from *Trinity*. With full stomachs we all went to *Trinity* for libations and awaited the fireworks. Also due to lack of funding, the Plymouth council had voted to cancel the parade but not the fireworks. In our opinion watching the fireworks from a wide, floating, comfortable and stable platform such as an F-Boat is just the best! It was

a great display and we all enjoyed it immensely!

We left Plymouth Harbor in the morning to start our trek to Boston. The winds started out fairly strong, but diminished as we went along. It was exciting for us, as Capt. Chris and I had never sailed up this way before. Following *Trinity* as we both

made knots, we arrived at our destination and passed by Boston Light. Capt. Bill and Capt. Jim have sailed the Boston waters quite frequently and knew the perfect spot for all of us to drop anchor. Capt. Bill led us along the back side of Peddocks Island for our first night. With anchors down and away from a lee shore, we settled in for the night.

The winds had shifted overnight and when we awoke in the morning, we digested another chapter from the "Book of Lies" (the NOAA weather report) while drinking hot coffee. We also found ourselves on a lee shore and from the report it would remain that way for the next couple of days. After a brief Captains' meeting we chose to motor over to the other side of the island. The weather was less than favorable, with lots of showers and chilly temps for July. We all had to dress

accordingly with layers and foulies.

Our new anchorage proved to be a great spot; we could see many of the Tall Ships arriving, even though they were directed by the Mayor of Boston not to transit to their berths until Tuesday

night in the dark. Much to our delight, the schooner *American Eagle* from Rockport, Maine, dropped anchor right behind our boats. It was fascinating to watch the crew drop their sails and set their anchor. This was a great photo opportunity and we took advantage of it! The crew was just as amazed with our boats as we were with theirs. Obviously there are not too many F-Boats up in Rockport.

The sun came out the next day, and we decided to do a harbor tour. We all



agreed to sail aboard *Trinity* for the day, leaving *Silver Girl* behind. Around the many islands we went, with Capt. Bill narrating what could have been a professional Boston Harbor Cruise and all of the crew taking turns helming or trimming sails. It was still cool temperatures for July, but at least the sun was out. We all had an excellent time and were much more knowledgeable about the history of Boston Harbor by the end. After our wonderful excursion around the islands and into the harbor, it was back to our anchorage at Peddocks. What an awesome education along with a great sail!

The doom and gloom weather returned the following day, but at least the rain held off throughout the night. Today was the day to see the ships! Suited up in foulies, we weighed anchor and headed in to the harbor on our respective boats. As it was a weekday, the boat traffic was not too bad and we had plenty of room to sail around the

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The Schooner *American Eagle*, anchored next to *Silvergirl*.

## Tall Ships Cruise

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harbor. Later, we found out that over the weekend they made all of the boats go in one side of the harbor and come out on the other, with no crossing back and forth allowed.

Bill, Liz and Jimmy headed over to the dock at the Boston Harbor Hotel to pick up Liz's daughter and her boyfriend. Chris and I motored around the Tall Ships to get pictures as we waited for *Trinity* to gather up her guests. With the rough water in the harbor, we were amazed to see a guy paddling around in a kayak with a giant stuffed animal lobster on the back. Jim got a great picture of the kayak next to one of the Tall Ships. It gives you a great feel for just how big these ships really are. *Trinity* went up one of the channels to view the ships at the docks. We were going to take *Silver Girl* in, but there was a huge tour boat coming out, with another one waiting to go in. One of the tour boats wanted Bill to move *Trinity* so he could turn around. Bill just put his boat 'in the corner pocket' and allowed the tour boats to maneuver around him before he exited the channel.

After some great motoring and sailing in the harbor, it was time for Bill to take his guests back. We all stopped at a dock in Rowes Wharf to run to a nearby Dunkin Donuts and 7-11 for a hot cup of coffee and some ice. The dockmaster



Kayaker vs. Tall Ship.



allowed us to tie up for the short amount of time without charging us. From there, sails went up and off we went. *Trinity* decided to make the run to Scituate for hot showers, but we knew we couldn't keep up while sailing shorthanded so Chris and I made our way back to Peddocks Island and anchored in the fog for the night. It was damp and chilly. Where was the summer weather?

The next morning was still foggy and chilly, but the plan was to sail over to Provincetown at the tip of Cape Cod. We cleared Boston Light by nine, set the coordinates, and had a mostly 'set it and forget it' sail over. If it wasn't for Minot's Light in the way, we wouldn't have changed tacks at all. Why did that light have to be in the way? The sun shown brighter the further away from Boston we got and things were starting to warm up. I think,

Jim Bourgoin Photo

as I put it, it was time to "get out of Dodge"! At last, we found summer!

Chris and I dropped anchor fairly close to shore. Bill, Liz and Jimmy found a spot a little further out in the harbor. I was somewhat jealous of their location, as they got what I referred to as "dinner and a show"! In the tradition of Pirates of the Caribbean, there's a local pirate ship boat ride for the kiddies, and the action took place about every hour just off *Trinity's* bow. We all watched and had a good laugh!

At this point, Chris and I were dying to take showers. In our rush to launch, we had forgotten to pack the solar shower. We checked around and found a marina that would let us use their showers. The *Trinity* crew wanted to go in for dinner. We told them that we'd shower, take our stuff back to the boat, and then meet them on the shore. When we got back from our showers, one of the oars to our dinghy was missing (as we were so close to the dock, we had opted to leave the motor on the boat and just row over). Chris was incredulous. Who would steal just one

oar? I noticed *Trinity's* dinghy a little way over, and calmly told Chris to check it. Sure enough, there was our oar. We grabbed it and decided that two can play this game, so we stole the seat cushion out of the inflatable. Good times!

Finally showered and CLEAN, we all met and headed over to the restaurant The Muse for an excellent dinner. Jimmy had the waitress flustered when he asked her after our meal if we could get the "Million Dollar Coffee" with the liquor on the side and to go. She looked at him; and you could tell, ever trying to be the great waitress that she was, she was thinking about how she could accommodate his request. It was too funny!

After our fine meal, we waddled our way back to the dock and our tenders. Bill quickly noticed that, "Hey, my seat cushion is missing!" Chris and I just started laughing and Jimmy knew that he had been had. We gave them back the

Jim Bourgoin Photo



Coast Guard Cutter Eagle.

Jim Bourgoin Photo

## Tall Ships Cruise

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cushion with a good laugh all around!

The next day Liz wanted to go climb the Pilgrim Memorial Tower. Having never done it myself, I thought this was a great idea. We dinghied over, made the trek up the hill, and climbed the tower. The weather was wonderful and it finally felt like summer! The view at the top is incredible and well worth the climb. Chris got some cool shots of *Silver Girl*

Cape Cod Canal. We arrived with great winds and motor-sailed all the way through. Jimmy has had issues going through the Canal in the past and he's had run-ins with the patrol. He swears they have his picture on a cork board somewhere, with a caption of "If you see this man.....". A hat-over-board drill in the middle



The *Trinity* crew enjoying the sunshine in Provincetown Harbor: Bill Condon, Liz Burns and Jim Bourgain (L to R).

Christopher Morris Photo

Christopher Morris Photo



The view from the top of the Pilgrim Memorial Tower (*Silver Girl* at center left and *Trinity* at center right).

and *Trinity* way down below in the harbor. After our workout, lunch was in order, followed by some window shopping at the well-varied shops. Liz wanted to clean out the cooler, so we had a great buffet dinner on *Trinity* that night!

Alas, it was now Sunday, and time to head back. We headed out in the morning, to make the 'flush' through the

of the canal on *Trinity* certainly supported this pattern! One of their land-based trucks followed us most of the way down after that.

As Bill was going back to his mooring in Wareham and Jimmy was staying at our house for a few more days

before returning to Florida, we had a short stop just near the end of the canal to transfer Jimmy to our boat. With Jimmy and his belongings on board, we sloshed through the washing machine wave action at the end of the canal and into Buzzards Bay. The seas were pretty rough most of the way as we continued to our mooring in Fairhaven. We hooked on to the ball late in the afternoon.

Considering we had sailed all the way from Provincetown to Fairhaven, we really made good time. Tired, wet and hungry, we closed up the boat and another cruise was complete.

For those who have never done it before, cruising around the islands of Boston Harbor is just wonderful. I'm sure for some of you this is old hat, but having never been there before, I couldn't get over what a great destination this made, and would recommend it to anyone looking for somewhere new to go. Chris and I look forward to another trip again to Boston sometime in the future. Now, the question is, where do we sail next summer?

*NEMA members Dale Lincoln and USCG Capt. Christopher Morris cruise their Formula F-27, Silver Girl, from their homeport of Fairhaven, MA.*

This article was edited by Sydney Miller.

Jim Bourgain Photo



Chris with Admiral Dale, aboard *Silvergirl*.



Jim Bourgain Photo

# Sailing *Aldora* from Asia . . .

# . . . to the Med.

by John Spier  
photos by John and Kerri Spier

*John and Kerri Spier were the invited speakers at the November 18, 2009, General Meeting at the Savin Hill Yacht Club in Dorchester, MA. They had last spoken to a NEMA audience about their travels a year earlier (see the Winter 2009 NEMA Newsletter). This year they brought the audience of 40+ members up-to-date on their continuing around-the-world voyage. The following is John's retelling of the presentation for the Newsletter.*

*Ed.*

**W**e are a couple in our forties who decided in around 2003 to sail around the world with our children. We are fortunate enough to have a successful carpentry business on Block Island which has allowed us to work part-time for the past five years, as well as a house which we can rent while we're sailing. We still need to work, so we've been doing this trip on the installment plan, about 7-8 months per year. Our first three legs took us from home to Malaysia via the Panama Canal, South America, the Pacific, Australia, and Indonesia. This article covers most

of our fourth year, the leg from Singapore to Suez.

We flew back to Malaysia just after Thanksgiving last Fall and rejoined our Outremer 45 catamaran *Aldora* where we had left her the previous summer, just east of Singapore. She was covered in green mold, had some barnacles on the bottom and a few corroded electrical connections, but a couple of weeks of work put her right. By mid-December we were headed north through the Malacca Straits, the beginning of what was to be a voyage of incredibly diverse experiences.

Rounding Singapore took us through some of the busiest shipping lanes on earth, but in daylight and with light tailwinds, it wasn't so bad. The Malacca Straits were also pretty congested, but we day-sailed it all, anchoring most nights and occasionally staying in Malaysia's incredible marinas. Malaysia is a country with first world amenities at third world prices, good food,

## ***Aldora in Thailand..***

friendly people, and minimal formalities. The marinas, mostly built during Asia's recent economic boom, have every luxury- pools, spas, saunas, gyms, wifi, newspaper delivery. . . , are staffed by cheerful and helpful people, and all for \$10-20 per night, even for a 45' cat! In one marina, we were handed the keys to a car, and asked to leave gas in the tank and \$20 in the ashtray- no questions, no paperwork.

By the end of the year we were in Thailand, which is also deserving of much more time than we were able to spend. Again, we enjoyed the food and the people very much, and were awed by



**Camel in Oman.**

**Aldora***(continued from previous page)*

the scenery, both above and below the water. You can get top-quality work done at a fraction of U.S. prices, and eat fabulous meals for a few dollars, but the best part of Thailand is the culture of unflinching politeness and respect. A country in which it's considered bad form to raise one's voice is very easy to love. Not to mention the beauty. I thought our 16-year-old son might jump ship... We met a number of ex-pats living on Asian-built multihulls; it was easy to see why they are still there!

We left Thailand in mid-January to cross the Indian Ocean. There are a lot of possible routes and stops for this crossing; we opted to break the trip just once in the Maldives. The first leg was very fast, with 20-25 knot winds on the quarter for most of the way. The 1600 miles took us about 9 days, with 1100 miles in one 5-day period, and our first ever 240-mile day. This is really flying for a fat overloaded double-handed cruising cat, especially since we reef down a bit at night! At these speeds, you never really relax, and you never stop hearing the roar of water from the scoops, but it's great fun putting that new pencil mark on the chart every morning.

**Aldora at Ras Terma, Eritrea.****Produce market in Yemen.**

We spent 4 lovely days at Uligan in the Maldives in company with about 30 other yachts. Notably, there were five cats in the fleet, and three of the five were registered in Rhode Island. Uligan is an island with no real harbor or airstrip, so its Muslim people live pretty much as they always have, with just a few modern amenities. The streets are sand and the women sweep them perfectly smooth and clean several times each day.

The second part of our crossing was very different; we never had less than 6 or more than 12 knots of wind, consistently just forward of the beam.

Essentially, we close reached on one tack for 1200 miles in perfectly flat water with clear skies and very little traffic. It was mostly moonless, so at night we spent our watches contemplating the Arabian sky, which really is purple. In daylight we lounged, fished, talked, read, played Scrabble, and ate good meals. Offshore sailing just doesn't get much better than that!

The piracy problem has cut way down on the

number of yachts heading for the Red Sea. Most of them seemed to end up in Salalah, Oman while we were there. The small harbor got very crowded, but every boat managed to get fueled, provisioned, and organized for our Gulf of Aden transit. We joined two other boats, a big cat and a fast mono, for an informal convoy.

Our 'Pirate Alley' trip was uneventful, if stressful. The light air persisted, this time mostly from dead astern, so we

**Sam Spier landing a big one in Eritrea.**

motored for most of 6 days. It's very hard to maintain convoy positions for 600 miles, but we managed with very little friction. I'm not sure we made each other safer, but we all felt better, and none of us got hijacked. We arrived safely in Aden, Yemen, a place with a bad reputation but which we really enjoyed. We had been warned that our hulls would get oil-covered in the harbor and our pockets would get picked in town, but we didn't have any problems. We

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**Aldora***(continued from page 7)***Marsas in Fijab, Sudan.**

found it dirt poor, but teeming with life, steeped in history, and very friendly.

In a typical trade-wind circumnavigation, the Red Sea is the first leg where consistent headwinds are encountered. We worried about this a lot, but once there, we took it easy and ended up doing very little beating to windward. Patience is the key; we spent days at a time anchored and waiting for breaks in the northerlies. When the winds dropped below 15 knots or moved aft, we would sail; when it was calm we would motor; and whenever we got a tailwind, we made tracks as fast and as far as we could go! It took us two months and 1600 miles to make 1200 miles across the Red Sea, with less than 200 engine hours.

The weather windows and anchorages tend to compress the northbound boats into small fleets and so we often found ourselves sailing in company. For many of the cruising boats traveling along with us, *Aldora* was a real surprise. In the typical short steep sea conditions, we could often sail to windward faster than they could motor. We used comparatively little fuel, and I know we opened some other sailors' minds to the capabilities of a good multihull.

Some of our Red Sea anchorages were really special. On the Eritrean coast, we spent 4 days tucked between islands where we could walk on different beaches every day, covered with beautiful shells and empty of footprints. In the protected harbor at Suakin, Sudan,

we experienced a culture not too far removed from the Stone Age. We bought our provisions in open markets, threading our way through throngs of camels, goats, donkeys, veiled women and turbaned men wearing swords

and daggers. Further north, we anchored in khors and marsas where the water was so clear that we seemed to be floating on air. Finally in Egypt, we found ourselves back in civilization of sorts; here we found the first restaurants, supermarkets, and running water in over 2,000 miles.

We had a love/hate relationship with Egypt; as my daughter said, "It'll certainly be a once-in-lifetime experience." The culture of bribery, baksheesh and blatant dishonesty was very hard to stomach, but every day, some Egyptian people would surprise us with random acts of kindness and generosity. Seeing the well-preserved remnants of 6,000 years of culture in the Nile Valley is truly awe-inspiring; we would never have

wanted to miss Luxor, the Valley of the Kings, the Temple at Karnak, the Great Pyramids and Sphinx, or countless other places that we experienced.

The Suez Canal is one of the milestones of the maritime world. As a feat of engineering, it's not as impressive as the Panama Canal, nor as picturesque. But a closer look at the hundred miles or so of ditch through the desert, and an appreciation of its role in history and in the world's commerce, makes the transit a momentous experience. Besides, it's a long way around Africa, the other choice!

Leaving the Suez at Port Said and entering the Mediterranean Sea was, for us, a transition back from the foreign to the familiar. Even though Cyprus, Turkey and Greece are new countries for us, we feel that we are almost home. We are in what is called the 'cradle of Western civilization,' and it feels good! We'll spend the summer crossing to the Canary Islands, where we'll leave *Aldora* until it is time next year to cross the Atlantic and come home.

*When not sailing the world, NEMA members John and Kerri Spier and their three children live on Block Island, just steps away from the Great Salt Pond.*

This article was edited by Jesse Deupree.

**John, Sally, Kerri, Dave and Sam at the Great Pyramids of Giza.**



# About Time

by Spencer Merz

I am struck by the fresh generation of writers as they describe in our newsletter the ageless wonder of sailing these wonderful waters. "Editor Phil" asked me to scribble a note on people's love for the sea. I fear I have no special qualification to comment: so many writers have examined the relationship of man and the sea which has in most cases evolved from a place of work to a place of pleasure and escape.

Recently, I came across a badly water stained early edition of *Cruising New England Waters* by Duncan and Ware dating from just after World War II. The rocks, shoals, and indelible experiences of coastal New England sailing were as they are today, but navigating was done by radio beacons from coastal lighthouses and by buoy hopping, with dead reckoning and sextant for the more courageous. The current *Eldridge Tide and Pilot Book* was never far away and the foghorn was at hand in the cockpit. It was around 1972 that my oldest son and I built a 27' Wharram cat during his senior year in high school, and our very first visits to Fisher's Island, Block Island, Cuttyhunk, Martha's Vineyard, and Nantucket were by this boat.

As I sit here safely landlocked for my annual week in Chatham I recall his solo trip from the Boston area to nearby Harwichport before setting off to college. His educational trip continued through medical school and eventually to southern California, where he has kept a cruising sailboat in Marina del Rey for over 15 years. His most stalwart crew member is his youngest daughter, now 17, who makes the one or two annual trips to Catalina Island with her father, often accompanied by her grandfather. So it goes on, and on, and on. May it ever be so!

Two thousand years ago the Mediterranean was the connective between the known lands of our world and was utilized as a waterway for cargo and people drawn from Africa, Greece, and the Roman Empire. In the last two centuries wind-driven craft gave the common laborer the choice of being worked and starved to near-death on the farm or at sea, while those of a literary bent put pencil to paper and left work that is still read by many. At the end of a book describing the last of the Cape Horners, these weighing in at 5,000 tons and more, someone looking out to the sail-less sea, now populated only by steam-driven vessels, remarked on "all that wind going to waste." Today we reclaim some of that wind for our own pleasure at sea as well as to generate a bit of electric power on land.

It is easy now to overlook the terror of storms encountered offshore, all before the advent of waterproof foul weather gear, back when only the captain and perhaps first mate knew the use of the sextant and where storms would rage for days on end and the only power to pump the bilges was the crew, subsisting on wet and often rotten maggot-infested food with no means of making a fire. Time then was calculated by a spring-wound clock. We now can know our position anywhere on the high seas and along the coast within a few yards in alphanumeric terms or on an electronically displayed chart, and we can call for assistance by cell phone or VHF. We can go a-sailing for an afternoon or for a few days and step ashore dry and well fed.

Perhaps the sea lures us because we need to escape a regimented life if only for a short time and even if we wear Gore-tex and navigate by GPS instead of compass and sextant. For some it is a stronger drive entirely. A French sailor of my acquaintance is unable to contemplate any sort of work ashore and even in his middle years spends most of his nights sleeping on a boat. He started out racing, first coastal and then offshore, and now is building a boat to explore the

Antarctic. He is not the only person with this drive to leave behind the shore and its regimentation and safety, though most of us are tethered more closely to the land while wishing to be on the water.

It is how we conduct ourselves aboard a boat of any size that determines our benefits and those of the people we choose to bring with us. It is more than the boat, the GPS, the *Eldridge* or the *Reed's Almanac*, more than the weather, more than the size of the boat. We are raised first to respect education and the accompanying monetary rewards, only later to appreciate life close to nature, be it on a mountain or on the sea, by which time we have fallen prey to the skill of the advertising writer and a door has closed.

There are exceptions: one rainy afternoon I stood on the town pier on the French island of St. Pierre and took a line from a somewhat bedraggled-looking cruiser flying a tri-color as she made her landing. The steel hull was not yacht-like in appearance; there was netting rigged alongside the lifelines, and the captain stood at the helm as his wife made things fast. They had decided to make their big cruise while they had the opportunity, left their native France with child and visited the south of Europe and many islands before working their way up the East coast of the U.S. and heading back home, their party now increased in number by one. They were to spend a few days on St. Pierre before heading back to France. They had been voyaging for about a year. This type of escape is not for everyone of course, but I envied these people the courage to make this big step.

Each of us has a dream, and many of these dreams remain unrealized. But as sailors, we know we can escape even for short periods on a medium that connects the entire world.

*Spencer has sailed the East Coast of the U.S. from Newfoundland to the Bahamas as well as multiple trips to Bermuda.*

This article was edited by Andrew Houlding.

# An Adventure at the Off Soundings Fall Regatta

by Ed Sinofsky

One of the things I like about racing on the NEMA circuit is the informality of the procedure. If you show up on the Vineyard for the Black Dog Dash you can register on the morning of the race with a penalty of \$10 and be happily welcomed to the fleet. Not so for the more formal Off Soundings organization! When my application and check was received on the 1st of September for a September 12th race, I was promptly informed that *GlowBoat* would not be racing in the event, as the deadline for admission had been the 23rd of August.

guy to be with, both on and off the race course. *Triceratops* was being stored on her trailer at The Multihull Source, so Charles met me there to drag her to Stonington. The forecast was for 25+ knots and I was very happy not to be sailing down on *GlowBoat*, but instead to be on a bigger boat for the 20-mile passage to Greenport on Gardiners Bay (and especially for the ensuing racing).

We trailered *Triceratops* down to the Barn Island launch ramp (nicest launch ramp ever) with no problem, but we soon heard from Jon that he would be delayed due to a flat tire. We set up as much as

into Stonington Harbor. *Milagro*, his beautiful tricked out F-9A, was docked right next to the house - boy am I jealous of that setup! After a cocktail at their house and some hot food for Jon, Mladia mentioned that there is always a weird vibe from this race as someone they knew, Chris, died after a capsized on the way back from the race. That spooked me out a little, I must say. They kindly offered to bunk us at a nearby apartment they own which was great, because *Triceratops* is not the most comfortable spot for three men to sleep.

When morning arrived, we awoke to the sound of wind, but no rain. Our other two crew were Jon's cute little dog, Sweetie, and Phil Tepfer of Sailproud.com (someone Jon met online). We had breakfast at the traditional "Yellow House" for coffee and sandwiches. There were some other sailors dining there and when we mentioned the predicted high winds, Jon quipped that Off Soundings never cancels for too

Judy Cox Stock Racing Photo



I felt like an idiot, but quickly scoped out a ride on one of the other F boats racing. I continue to enjoy getting coached on sailing these boats and looked forward to sailing with someone else with more experience. Luckily, Jon Alvord from *Triceratops*, an F31 trimaran, needed some crew, and I quickly signed on for the trip. I did last year's Fall Off Soundings with Jon, but did this year's Spring Off Soundings series to Block Island on our little Corsair/F24 tri, *GlowBoat*.

My other new NEMA friend, Charles Badoian joined us, too. I love sailing with Charles. He crewed for me at this year's Black Dog Dash, and is an all around fun

we could ahead of Jon's arrival, but stopped short of actually raising the mast. We then went to say hi to Dennis Neuman, who lives nearby right on Stonington Harbor, then had some dinner at a neat little pub, the "Dog Watch".

When we got back to the boat, Jon had arrived, the mast was up and we helped him pin it. It was dark at that point and Jon had his car headlights aimed at the lower part of the boat. We motored around to Stonington in 2-3 ft of water in the dark...the adventure had begun.

Dennis Neumann had a mooring saved for us replete with dinghy. We dinghied ashore and were welcomed by Dennis and Mladia at their very cool, cozy home on a tiny finger that juts out

much wind. One of the other guys, who turned out to be Rod Johnstone of J Boat fame, disagreed, saying they had cancelled in the past.

We went down to the boat and Jon put on his drysuit. I put on my wetsuit with full foulies over them and rubber windsurfing boots. Phil arrived in shorts and a vest as the rain started to pelt us. Charles offered to lend Phil some foulies, and put on Lori Alvord's drysuit, and off we went. Just before we left we learned that the race had indeed been cancelled due to severe weather, and the boats were instructed to follow the committee boat to Gardiners Bay, on Long Island. It was blowing upper 20's to lower 30's

## Fall Off Soundings

(continued from previous page)

from the northeast with a wave pattern that had been building for a few days - the temperature was upper 50's. We took our time getting going, and I saw Jon take a few seasickness pills before he put in a deep double reef. I didn't think anything about that at the time, but I should have

There are two ways to get out to Gardiners Island. One way is to the east of Fishers Island through a tiny channel, and the other way is to the North, leaving Fishers Island to the west. That's the way I would have gone, but Jon decided to get right into the adventure and take the east channel. We put the jib up and blasted off, immediately surging into the high teens. I joined Jon out on the windward net - we were also now surfing at high speed down 10 foot waves and I started to feel queasy. I took

*Triceratops* was roaring off toward Montauk. Charles was getting what he described as a "nasal enema" from the white water on the leeward rail. Then BANG! - over we crashed into an accidental gybe. The temporary shroud was severely tested but held. We gybed back and Charles, hero of the day, finished the job. As he climbed back into the cockpit, WOOSH! his auto inflation life vest triggered. We all had a laugh at this and gybed over to head west, South of Fishers. Had we sailed on the other gybe north of Fishers we might have lost the rig. We were ok for the time being, and I was starting to feel better.

Then we noticed that a big aluminum slug and the boltrope at the head of the sail had pulled out of the mast groove and two carbon battens had snapped. We gybed again heading south and were greeted by a thunder squall off of Plum Island. Gusts near 40 knots drove pelting rain at us which, combined with

disabling the motor. With the much-needed help of GPS we finally made Greenport harbor where we had a few tense moments wondering if the main would come down. John started the motor, spun the boat into the wind behind a stone jetty and the main begrudgingly was furled. We all made it safely into the marina where the monohulls had already arrived (Andy got a tow for the last trip into the dock). I think we were all thrilled to get in, and we very quickly shared a very foamy gallon of Cape Cod Beer that I had brought.

The Off Soundings Regatta always throws great parties. The party in Greenport was about a 10-minute walk from the marina where we tied up. They mixed the drinks by filling big jugs equipped with spigots on the bottom with bottles of liquor and mixers. Rain gear was the fashion of the day. Reports of winds that were clocked to 38 knots quickly made their way through the



Judy Cox Stock Racing Photo

two of the seasickness tablets and went into the cockpit to observe the horizon behind the boat for a while.

Jon looked up at the rig and saw a big problem; while rigging in the dark we had inadvertently wrapped the cap shroud around the forestay. If we jibed, the synthetic shroud would probably lose the chafe battle with the stainless forestay and we could lose the rig. At the direction of Jon, Charles went into action. First: attach spinnaker halyard as a backup shroud. Second: release the fouled shroud and bring it forward around the forestay to clear it. Third: bring the shroud back and refasten to the boat. All the while this was happening,

monster seas, limited visibility. We could see far enough to make visual contact with Andy Houlding on *Skeddadle* and Dennis Neumann on *Milagro*. We were all sailing with reefed mains only at this point. Then the "BOOM" of thunder simultaneously with a lightning flash told us that lightning was very, very close. Jon and Phil both thought *Skeddadle* had been hit or suffered a near miss. Danny Shapiro, crewing with Andy on *Skeddadle* later said that he smelled ozone, which means they had been very close to a lightning arc. Andy then spun around, and had trouble getting the boat to run back downwind. He started the motor to help bear off, but it caught a line

crowd. The wind still howled, and harrowing stories of the trip over could be heard everywhere. The multihull crews from NEMA kinda hunkered around together. We met up with Steve Gross, owner of *Falcor* (45' Chris White trimaran) and introduced him around. Steve and his two crew had sailed up from New Jersey for the race. They made the F boat crowd jealous with tales of running hot water and cushions to sleep on. I knew the party was near its end when I saw a younger guy fumble a Dark and Stormy (Goslings rum and ginger beer) from the spigot and miss his cup.

continued on page 14

# The Buzzards Bay Getaway

In early August of 2009, NEMA had their annual cruise, the "Buzzards Bay Getaway", organized by Cruising Chairman Ken Levitt. This cruise went from Buzzards Bay, MA, to Cuttyhunk Island, MA, to Block Island, RI, and on to Long Island and the eastern end of Connecticut. Along the way, boats joined and departed, with a peak of 9 boats at Block Island. The following are two perspectives on the cruise.

Ed.

## Fun Times on the NEMA Cruise

by Ronnie and Arnie Gould

MA, we sailed to Cuttyhunk, then to Block Island for 4 nights for a plunk and play. We next went into the West Passage up the Narragansett Bay to Allen Harbor, RI. From there we day sailed to Prudence Island. We returned to our homeport via Fogland, RI, and Cuttyhunk.

Every passage was a different experience given the conditions. When we sailed up the West Passage after crossing Block Island

Sound we had very low winds, only 6

knots or less from the SE. We sat out on the nets doing 4 knots, flew the screacher and were able to control it with our hands rather than the winches. It was a 30-mile run with overcast skies and sometimes drizzle, but we were enjoying sailing our big windsurfer. Are we nuts? No, we're F-boat owners!

The next day came with clearing, brisk NW winds blowing 15-20 knots. We took some guests

for a sail from Allen Harbor to Prudence Island for lunch. The waters were flat in the Bay and we were thrilled by the steady performance of the boat. Heading home after our lunch, we put a reef in the main and were moving along at over 10 knots upwind, tacking our way back to harbor. Really, what other boat can deliver on the fun factor at such opposite extremes in the wind?

It was a great cruise! We're looking forward to getting out there again.

*Arnie and Ronnie Gould are NEMA members who sail the waters off Southeast Massachusetts and Rhode Island on their increasingly cruise-equipped F-31, Freebird. They are currently cruising in Florida, exploring the southeast coast.*

*more pictures on page 14*

### The raft-up at Cuttyhunk.

What was fun about the NEMA southern cruise this summer? Lots! Getting together with NEMA members from eight boats rafted up at Cuttyhunk island, MA, on the first day was a blast. The socializing continued at Block Island, RI, where we spent up to 4 nights together playing, eating, drinking, swimming and rescuing overboard keys before the bulk of the group went on their different paths. But, the stand out fun was sharing the love of our F-boats' sailing performance. As always, there was a lot of conversation about our boats and our adventures on them.

So here is the summary of why we had so much fun sailing Freebird, our aft cockpit 31 that is decked out for cruising. We sailed over 140 miles in ten days. From our homeport of South Dartmouth,



*Socializing on Ship O' Fools at Block Island.*

Photo Courtesy of the Coulds



Phil Babcock Photo

## Buzzards Bay Getaway

(continued from previous page)

# A Day on the Great Salt Pond

by Phil Babcock

I poke my head out of the hatch. The sun has already risen. It hovers as a fuzzy, glowing ball above the mast of one of the NEMA fleet's trimarans, trying to burn the morning fog off. There is a long-legged bird walking knee-deep along the shore, looking for breakfast, with the elegant houses along the shore acting as a backdrop.

The Great Salt Pond on Block Island is starting to wake up. A voice rings out over the morning stillness. "Andiamo ... Andiamo!" Aldo is maneuvering his Boston Whaler among the anchored boats, selling his goods from his bakery: muffins, sticky buns, coffee. Across his transom it reads "I Gotta No Change".

As the fog burns off, a young, enterprising brother and sister, no more than 13 or 14 years old, go from boat-to-boat, collecting garbage for \$1 a bag. The day starts to warm and dinghies migrate toward the dinghy beach. Their occupants head across the isthmus to the ocean beach, or head into town for lunch, a frozen lemonade, or to rent bikes or mopeds for exploring the island. Two girls practice a dance routine on the bow deck of a cruiser, pausing every now and



### Aldo's Song



then to see if their show has attracted an audience. A large yacht, with only uniformed crew visible on the decks, moves slowly down the channel, appearing uncertain of where to anchor its over 100-foot hull. A large jet ski moves among the boats; it is the harbor master and his 10-year old granddaughter working their way through the pond and out the cut.

Boats pick up anchor and head out of the pond

into the fog bank still surrounding the island. They are quickly replaced by other boats emerging from the fog, maneuvering through the boats and dropping anchor. Stern-rail barbeques are fired up as dinner approaches, the smells wafting across the pond. Aldo's call wafts across the pond as he makes his dinner rounds, offering a very tasty spinach and sausage calzone. NEMA members are converging on the Triceratops and Ship-O'-Fools raft for a

pot luck dinner.

As the sun sets, the local yacht clubs fire their canons and boat horns blare. The cacophony is enhanced by Ronnie Gould on her hand-made conch horn and Jon Alvord on his traditional shofar. The full moon rises between the masts. Thus ends another summer day on the pond.

*Phil Babcock is the NEMA Newsletter Editor. He and his wife Amy sail on their Corsair F-24 Mk II, "Sunshine Girl".*

Both Buzzards Bay Getaway articles were edited by Amy Babcock.



## Buzzards Bay Getaway

(continued from page 12)



Arnie Gould, Jon and Lori Alvord (L to R) at Block Island.

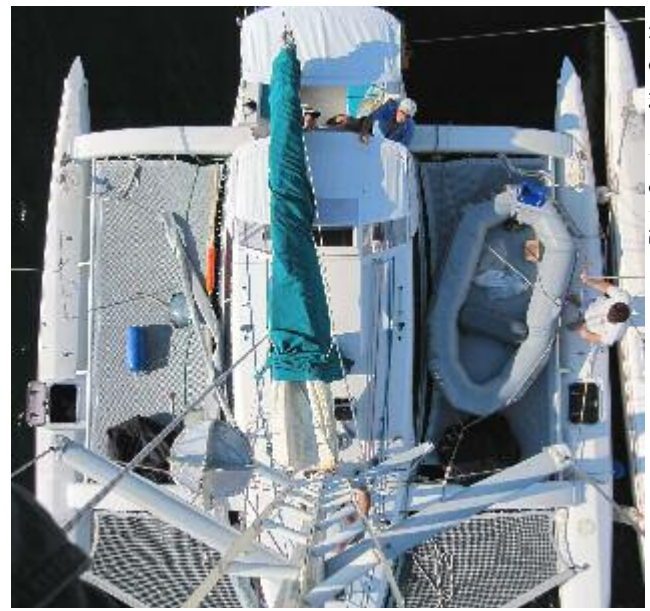


Photo Courtesy of the Goulds

Ronnie and Arnie Gould (L to R) under the bimini on Freebird.

## Fall Off Soundings

(continued from page 11)

From there we had a reservation for fourteen at Claudio's Restaurant, right near the marina. Every NEMA participant at the race was at the table that evening for some good food, good friends, and even a couple of toasts. The wind was finally starting to die down, but it was still raining, and we found our way back to the boat to try to get comfortable for the night.

The morning dawned dreary with much less wind, still from the northeast. After a quick breakfast at a little NY deli near the marina we returned to ready the boat for the day race in Gardiners Bay. Jon and I hacked together some battens for Triceratops' big main. Then we headed off and watched the entire monohull fleet start ahead of us

I personally like to see the high tech racing monos maneuvering around. There were 5 NEMA boats on the line. The course was a windward leeward with about 5 mile legs. There were to be 2 laps around, with the finish back in Greenport. The first upwind leg saw pretty equal speed among the top 4 boats. *Falcor* tried to use their screacher upwind initially, and I don't think it worked too well. The speed of *Milagro* with their canting rig and *Blue Moon*

(F25C) in moderate conditions continues to amaze me. Racing was very close up to the top mark with *Milagro* first around, *Triceratops* right behind, closely followed by *Blue Moon*. We had a great spinnaker set, and passed *Milagro* instantly. We then proceeded to pass almost the entire monohull fleet by zig zagging down the course at 13-15 knots at an angle about 10 degrees tighter to the wind than they could manage. Jon had just bought a new Randy Smyth spinnaker and we were really flying with it. I trimmed the chute until I heard the line groan on the winch as it powered up, and I would tell Jon to drive down - this seemed to really work well and we stretched out our lead over the multihull fleet.

We had a super clean rounding at the leeward mark as Charles gathered up the chute while I trimmed in the jib. There were only a handful of monohulls ahead of us at this point. The thrill of passing an entire fleet of racing monohulls on a fast multihull, skipping along at 14 knots, is something all NEMA members should experience.

We tacked to the left as the breeze dropped, mostly to find a clear lane and avoid the dirty air from the leading monohulls. When we tacked over for the mark it looked like we were a mile to weather of the entire fleet. We brought Sweetie out onto the nets for the end of

the race and had a laugh watching the dog bark at the bow wave, and then run for shelter behind Jon. The race had been shortened and we saw the committee boat at the windward mark. We crossed the line and got the gun with Sweetie triumphantly posing on the float. The wind continued to drop, and the current was ripping - boats now needed several attempts to cross the finish line in the light wind and high current.

As we headed back to Stonington under power, I turned to Jon and said that I probably had a better time sailing with him than I would have had on *GlowBoat*. He smiled and agreed. Yes, Mladia Neumann was right - there is a weird vibe at Fall Off Soundings.

Corrected time results.

- 1) *Triceratops*
- 2) *Blue Moon*
- 3) *Falcor*
- 4) *Milagro*
- 5) *Skeddadle*

*Ed Sinofsky is the NEMA treasurer, and sails and races his Corsair F24/II "GlowBoat" from Cape Cod. If not playing with his tri, he is probably windsurfing. Ed is an active windsurfing team rider for KAsails of Australia.*

This article was edited by Tom Cox.

# Errata:

**W**ell, I have finally arrived in the publishing world. The last issue went out with a few mistakes. All of the errors are totally mine (I really mean it), and I apologize for any confusion they may have caused.  
Phil Babcock

In the Fall 2009 issue, in the article about the capsizing of *Pocket Rocket*, there was an anecdote about Jan Gougeon's adventures racing *Pocket Rocket*. Jan read a draft of the story and sent in a clarification, which Les Moore sent me to include in his article. In particular it corrected an assertion that Jan had capsized five times in a race and still won. I forgot to update the article with this correct information, so here is the letter from Jan Gougeon to Les Moore regarding Jan's racing of the G-32 *Pocket Rocket*.

Hi Les,

*A nice job of writing up the capsizing and how you got her back up. It's great to have good friends when something like that happens, [and] that you and Pocket Rocket got out of the thing with not much damage.*

*I did capsize Pocket Rocket in a local, long distance race, Bay City to Tawas, [which is] about 50 miles, and still [won], but I never capsized in the Port Huron to Mackinaw solo races. I always sailed her off-shore a little more conservative[ly].*

*Another interesting fact: I don't know of anyone capsizing with a full load of ballast on the windward side. The boat can heel at an impressive angle with full ballast and still come back. ...*

*Cheers for now.  
Jan*

For the eagle-eyed readers, you may have noticed a person named "Ted Grossular" show up in the Fall 2009 issue with his wife Rose Grossular on the porch of Ted Grossbart's house for the NEMA North Picnic. Mr. Grossular appears to have raced Ted Grossbart's

Audra in the Buzzard's Bay regatta, and did not do as well as Ted Grossbart did racing the same boat in the Black Dog Dash. Mr. Grossular also seems to have replaced Ted Grossbart as a Director-at-Large on our masthead on page 2. Confused yet?

In fact, Grossular and Grossbart are the same person – I goofed up with the spell checker and changed a few instances of Grossbart to Grossular (which seems to be a real word).

Ted Grossbart wrote me to congratulate me on cloning him, and assigning the clone to the boring NEMA Director work and any race that doesn't go well. My apologies to Rose Grossbart, too.

**F**inally, I inadvertently left out a "For Sale" ad by Ken Levitt. It is in this issue, right here:

## Opportunity Sought

### Wanted: Cruising Trimaran sailing opportunities.

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

## FOR SALE / RENT

### Sails & Rig For Sale.

Original equipment from my 1999, 39' Greene trimaran SCOUT.

- 52' Metalmast spar /Antal track with standing rigging.
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- Tom Egan. 772-283-6883; [tegan2@maine.rr.com](mailto:tegan2@maine.rr.com)

### 1998 UK Asymmetric Spinnaker for a F24 Mk II.

Moderately used for 6 years. It has a storage/launch bag and 2-50' sheets. \$500. Contact Phil Babcock, [babcock@draper.com](mailto:babcock@draper.com).

### 36' NEWICK TRIMARAN KETCH, WHITE WINGS

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### 1973 Hobie 16 and Trailex aluminum trailer

\$860. Needs cleanup, trampoline, tires, nuts and bolts, etc.. All other parts are original. There is a minor hull repair needed under the front lip on one of the hulls. Was disassembled and stored for years. Located in Mansfield, MA. E-Mail me at [kseksk@aol.com](mailto:kseksk@aol.com)

## FOR SALE / RENT

More details on these items can be found at [nemasail.org/memberspage.html#sale](http://nemasail.org/memberspage.html#sale)

### Marine Plywood:

4' x 8', 1" thick. Original cost approx. \$100. Any reasonable offer accepted. Contact: Richard Bryan, 617-293-4059, [ribryan@rcn.com](mailto:ribryan@rcn.com)

### NEREUS (formerly Zachery D.), a Warren 27

(her overall length is nearly 29') is a racing boat with some comforts (seats), yet she remains light. Built of composite and wood, she was completed in 1999. Sale includes all running rigging, a jib roller-furler (to be sold without jib), and two custom tillers with extensions and two winches, and a Yamaha 8 hp long-shaft outboard. Extensively refitted during the 05/07 seasons. \$30,000 US. May be seen in Salem Harbor by appointment. Mayer Spivack 781-631-1932 or [mayer@alum.mit.edu](mailto:mayer@alum.mit.edu).

### Val trimaran components.

Newick Val design 29' LWL. 32' LOA. Three hulls, two decks, two cross-arms. Production (third set) components built with tri-axial glass and vinyl ester resin. Imron painted with bottom paint. Wing deck dagger-board trunk installed. Mast, boom, and dagger-board mold. Plan set included. \$8.5k or bo. Richard Seskevich (cell 978-798-0009); [Ksesk@aol.com](mailto:Ksesk@aol.com)



### Corsair F-27, 2003 w/trailer.

Set up as Ultimate Cruiser. Everything you want in a cruising tri and more. Located in MA. See <http://www.vetspet.com/f27> for full details and current price. Ken Levitt, 508-295-3542

### 41' Maine Cat 2006

Hull #12, 2-29 hp Yanmars, screacher, windlass, 4 solar panels, refrig & freezer, Garmin 3210 color chartplotter & radar, autopilot, oven/stove combo, dinghy w/ob and more. Beautifully maintained. Performance and comfort. lightly used in charter. May stay in charter if desired. \$430,000. Call Maine Cat 1-888-832-228

### 1997 Warren 35 trailerable trimaran, Veloce.

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### Mast & Mainsail For Sale.

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

### 1999 39' Greene trimaran SCOUT.

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



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Ben Hall: An Insider's View of  
America's Cup Multihulls  
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(see page 2)

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