



TRAILERTRI

The Newsletter for all Farrier Designs

by Ian Farrier

February 1994 - No. 52

F-25A Kits To Be Available Soon?

Eight F-25As are now being built in Denver, and this may develop into a kit boat business. The project is being organized by Mike and Pam Guthrie, who built the first F-9A (Ms LEADING) to be launched in the U.S.A. However, the convenience of a smaller boat appealed for local lake sailing, as did the thought of some boat to boat competition. Mentioning this to a few friends around local Denver racing fleets soon resulted in eight very keen fellow builders.

Plans were purchased, but the thought of fairing eight hull sets raised the subject of molds. There are strict legal restrictions on building molds for a Farrier design, but these were resolved and work started.

Progress has been very good, and many of the molds are already finished. Some very advanced construction techniques are being used, including maintaining the F-25A's original monocoque structure, for an easily assembled, low cost, very light boat.

All eight initial boats will have epoxy carbon fiber hulls with a linear polyurethane finish. Most builders are enthusiastic racers, so these particular F-25As could be campaigned all over the country.

After the initial eight boats are completed, the molded F-25A hulls may become available to other builders, which will make it very easy to build an F-25A. For more information, contact Mike or Pam Guthrie at (303) 274 2259.

New Aft Cockpit F-31 Launched by OSTAC

OSTAC have now launched an aft cockpit version of the F-31 and it's a credit to OSTAC that they can produce a new model so quickly. There are many experienced multihull enthusiasts at OSTAC, and their close cooperation, initiative, and teamwork are a pleasure to work with.

Aft cockpit F-9As have been sailing for a while now, and have proven to be very practical. The longer main cabin allows plenty of room for a large separate marine head beside the daggerboard case, which is an attractive feature. The forward double berth can then extend further aft, becoming very large, while there are two quarter berths in the main cabin, which can be converted



Another F-25A Launched Stan and Sally Simankowicz's F-25A Kysall III was recently launched in Brisbane, Australia. Stan and Sally previously owned a Trailertri 720, and then a very well travelled Tramp. KYSALL III has the higher and extended cabin options, and thus offers a lot of room. Stan is the Marketing Director at OSTAC and Kysall III was built there as a custom project.

Photo by Mark Toia

to another very large double. Such a layout is very practical in colder climates by avoiding any need to go outside to access the aft cabin. OSTAC is building this new F-31 option strictly to my specifications, and it can be ordered through F-27 dealers.

The F-36 - It's coming!

The F-36 plans should be available in March or April 1994. The F-36 combines a very roomy and practical interior with outstanding performance, even superior to that already demonstrated by the F-27 and OSTAC F-31.

The larger cruising trimaran has long been neglected in favor of the catamaran, and even I considered bigger cats were the way to go for some time. However, closer examination has shown that a properly designed trimaran can provide excellent room, while easily outhandling and outperforming the equivalent cat or mono in all conditions, including light airs.

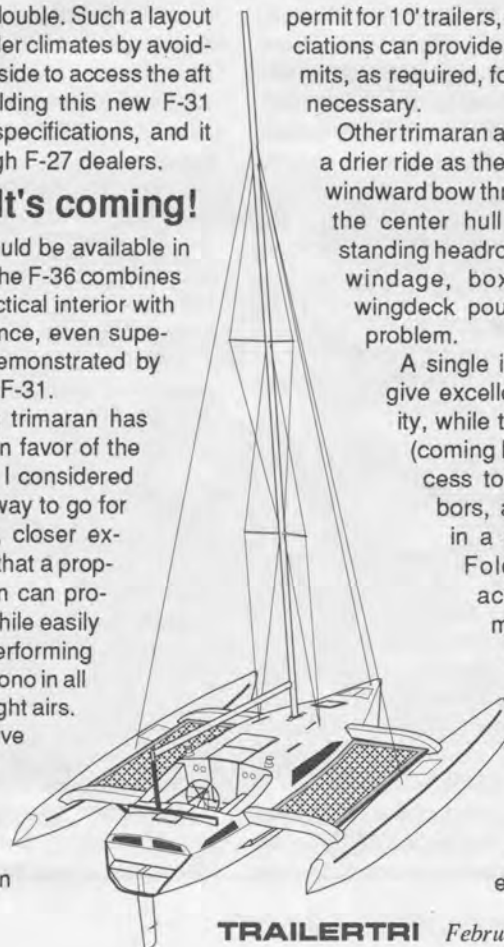
Demountability will give a trailerable beam of 10', greatly expanding cruising grounds. Most areas just require a simple written

permit for 10' trailers, and trucking associations can provide all necessary permits, as required, for multiple states if necessary.

Other trimaran advantages include a drier ride as there is no immersed windward bow throwing back spray, the center hull easily gives full standing headroom, without a high windage, boxy, cabin, while wingdeck pounding is never a problem.

A single inboard diesel will give excellent maneuverability, while the folding version (coming later) will allow access to many small harbors, and easy docking in a standard 40' slip.

Folding will be achieved electro/mechanically, the complete procedure operable by one person in the cockpit. The folded float sides will be above water, eliminating any



An F-9A on Vancouver Island, Canada



The bright yellow aft cockpit F-9A REDSHIFT is showing her transom to many with some blinding speed around Vancouver Island. REDSHIFT won the 1993 Snake Island and Nanaimo Regatta, being helmed by Janine Bell with speeds of 20 knots and frequently flying two hulls!. Built and owned by Wayne Gorrie and Janine, RED SHIFT was built with strip planked foam, a new process that is showing a lot of promise. Initial launching weight was 2600lbs, and RED SHIFT floated with the bow knuckle clear of the water. The addition of the interior has now increased weight to 2700lbs, which is still excellent for a glass/foam boat. Finish is superb and Wayne and Janine are to be congratulated on an excellent job.

growth problems. For structural strength and peace of mind there are no pivot joints in the critical float to beam joins, nor are wires used for structurally critical members.

Interior has been designed with careful regard to ergonomics, for maximum comfort. Galley is roomy and practical, while a dinette will seat 5. Bathroom has a large separate shower, and both aft cockpit and aft cabin layouts are optional. A more detailed brochure is now available on request.

SAFETY ISSUES

Never forget that any multihull can be capsized. Just because F-27s have crossed the Atlantic, or F-31s have blitzed fleets in rough ocean racing off Australia does not mean they are immune from capsize.

Many racers are driving their boats to the limit, and with over 1000 Farrier designs now sailing, this is bound to result in the occasional capsize. Cruisers, sailing conservatively, have no reason to worry, but hard racers should always be prepared, and never take unnecessary risks offshore.

This does not apply just to multihulls, as three out of nine J-24 owners found recently when their boats capsized and sank while racing in a recent storm in New Jersey (Sailing - October 1993).

Few have also heard of the two ocean racing monohulls (39' IOR and 47' IMS) that capsized and sank with the loss of 14 lives

in the 1991 Japan - Guam race. Such monohull disasters seldom attract much press coverage (no photos), while, an unsinkable capsized multihull (photos are available) attracts a lot. There are then frequent safety criticisms of the unsinkable multihull (which usually saves its crew), while the lives lost in sinkings seem to get overlooked.

In fact, the multihull is proving to be a much safer boat for crews, and future anti-capsize systems, coupled with satellite position and communication devices, may make the sinkable boat too risky (for crews) to be acceptable offshore.

A multihull is like a car. Either can be rolled over by driving too fast for the conditions. Most avoid this possibility with simple common sense or proper precautions. It's also called seamanship. No one loads a car down with lead to make it too heavy and slow to roll over. The same principle applies to multihulls.

Fortunately, problems with any type of boat are rare, but never be complacent in bad weather, in any craft - slow down, reef as necessary, and use common sense.

Build To Plan!!

A common theme in my plans, and this Newsletter, but very important. There are many self appointed 'ex-

pers' with no previous experience in trimaran design or their loadings, who can make irresponsible changes without any idea of the potential consequences. Avoid such builders.

This was demonstrated by a recent visit to Europe where I inspected two F-9As built by a 'custom builder' in Germany. Many items had been left off, giving the owners numerous problems. Undersize rudder shafts had been used (1.5" instead of 2"), and the daggerboards were not built to specification. They all failed and the builder has not backed his work. Such unauthorized changes also represent a threat to my own reputation.

When it comes to quality of work, and reliability, it is the owner's responsibility to check on any builder's work and reputation. One particular builder who has been improperly advertising my designs, without authority, and is one I do not endorse, is Gunther Horstmann, of Multihull Yacht Services, Germany.

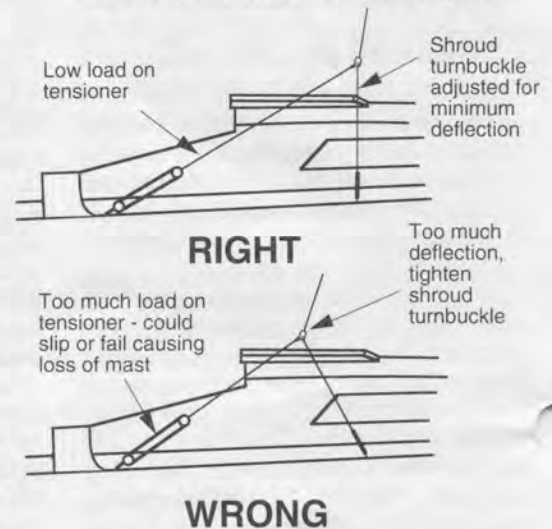
Fortunately there are many good custom builders who will build to plan, but be safe, insist that a relevant clause in this regard is included in your building contract, and continually check what the builder is doing. All changes are not bad, many can be very good and have become incorporated in the plans. I'm always in favor of such improvements - but be safe and call me first.

If you want a ready-built fully complete boat, then the safest and most economical way is to buy a production version.

SHROUD TENSIONERS:

When leaving the boat for any length of time with floats extended, the shroud tensioners should be let off. If not, the high tension could slowly bend the boat, due to 'creep' characteristics. This rule applies to all boats with adjustable backstays.

When initially setting up, shrouds must be adjusted to be just long enough to reach the chainplate. There will then only be a



small deflection when the tensioners are applied. Avoid the shrouds being too long as the resulting large deflection will put too much load on the tensioners, and this could put the mast at risk.

When sailing offshore, or for long periods, it is best and safest to fully tension the capshrouds with the turnbuckles. Also avoid over tensioning, to where the leeward cap shroud never becomes slack, as this can considerably increase loading on the beams. It is normal for leeward shrouds to slacken slightly.

Wintering in the Whitsundays

by Geoff Finegan

Enough of your laminar flow spinnaker poles, carbon fiber tiller extensions, computer optimized sail bags and square top boom vang - it's time to go cruising! Drifting over colorful coral gardens in a glass-off - champagne breakfast on a pure white beach - watching the tropical sun sink below the water on a balmy winter's evening. Now that's what cruising is all about!

It had been a busy twelve months. In May 92, we commenced construction of the prototype Farrier F-25A, in close consultation with designer Ian Farrier. The usual domestic and business imperatives imposed themselves on the timetable, and only a little behind time, our pride and joy was launched in April 93.

Race events and boat shows immediately demanded our time. This was after all a show boat. Ian Farrier flew to Brisbane for the launch and the first race. No dramatic first time win, but what a magnificent boat to sail, and what potential as soon as we learned how to drive it. Then a major boat show, magazine tests and all the rest of the hoopla. More races and this time, runs on the board. Four starts for three wins - this is more like it!

The pace of the last 15 months was starting to tell and there were some special friends to thank. We had in all our previous travels never been to Queensland's glorious Whitsunday Islands.

This is probably one of the world's finest cruising grounds, and until recently, one of the best kept secrets. It's all inside the Great Barrier Reef, well protected from the extremes of wave, if not wind. The islands are actually a drowned mountain range, covered in tropical vegetation, with lots of sandy beaches and fringing coral reefs. Safe anchorages abound, the water is piercingly clear and blue, and the winter temperatures are in the

low mid 20's C (high 70's F).

Airlie Beach, the stepping off point for the Whitsundays, is 1280Km north of Brisbane. Not a big hop by Australian standards. We hitched up the F-25 on her trailer and headed north after work on a cool Brisbane winter's evening. Next day was a leisurely run up the coast highway in blue skies and warmer conditions to Airlie beach.

A visit to the Whitsunday Sailing Club confirmed our worst fears - North Queensland hospitality is overwhelming. We were soon made honorary members of the Club, and invited to use all the facilities, including the trailer park, the car park, the boat ramp, and indeed everything else. A genuinely friendly club.

Now comes the crunch. The idea of our trip was to set up a base camp at Dugong Beach on Whitsunday Island. Two couples were to camp on the island while Margaret and I lived on the F-25. Non perishable food for 6 people for two weeks was required, along with a full load of refreshments, full water tanks (110 litres), extra fuel, camping gear for 4, telescope for star gazing, snorkeling and fishing gear, not to mention 6 sets of personal gear. The mountain of stores and equipment was quite impassable. I managed to de-materialize most of it into the various storage lockers, but the huge forward bunk was full of bedding and

baggage, and the cabin floor was piled high with camping gear. Hold your breath and launch - hmm, not too bad. But now for six not very small bodies, and a truly amazing happening. She doesn't sink. In fact, the ocean doesn't even make it up to the level of the aft (lower) cockpit. So another feature of Farrier designs is rediscovered - they are good cruising load carriers.

With the car and trailer behind us, and the Whitsunday Islands beckoning on the horizon, it's time to motor off and hoist the sails. The roller reefing Mylar mainsail with its luff feeder is a breeze. Our new crew soon allots itself roles. No chore is a problem. In fact, the skipper is firmly instructed to maintain his sitting position with the tiller extension and delegate. Ahh, the joys of cruising on an over crewed boat. The genoa is up and set in a flash, silence that noisy iron mizzen, and man, this is living!!

It's a reasonable run across to Whitsunday (about 18NM), but close reaching along at about 8 knots on a beautiful winter's day in about 10-12 knots of breeze, who cares? We pass just north of North Molle Island, and into the Whitsunday Passage proper. The size and mountainous nature of the islands surprise us. Somehow, we expected lower, flatter country and not so massive. The scenery is breathtaking, more than we imagined. Maybe it's the almost painfully blue sky. Maybe the clarity of the water. We crack another tinnie (open a beer) and debate the meaning of life.

A pod of about 20 dolphins appeared on our starboard quarter, sounding in unison. We watched enthralled. Then four of these most amazing of creatures broke away and resurfaced in the pressure wave off our bow. They sat there for some time, surfing along, right under our very noses. More meaning of life debates.

The breeze slowly drops out, the water glasses off, and we become a painted ship on a painted ocean. After a while (a long while) we get sick of it and anyway, we have to make camp before nightfall. So, it's crank up the iron mizzen again and make way for Dugong Beach, right at the bottom of a 3.4m (that's 11 feet) tide. Luckily, we only draw 12 inches with the board up, so we feel our way in and beach her.

The camping ground seems to be miles away, so we set up a portage system to unload about 10 tons of gear. Of course, as we're doing this the tide is coming in. There seems to be a basic



Geoff and Warren Finegan's SATISFACTION III Photo by Mark Toia

illogicality here - the longer we wait, the less the distance, but we don't have the time to wait. Eventually, all the shore gear is off, and the land-lubbers set up their camp. The sun sinks westward over the sea and the mountains, the food is delectable, the wine is cold and the company is congenial. All is well with the world - until the tide comes in. So far in that we cannot pull the boat in under the overhanging trees, and it's a bit of a droll affair to get back onboard. The winter water is wonderfully warm however, and it's a fitting end to a splendid first day in the Whitsundays.

The next day was earmarked for relaxation. A pleasant sail in light conditions up to Macona Inlet on Hook Island seemed to be in order. After lunch, the skipper indulged in a snooze, while the more enterprising of the crew attempted to convince some of the local fish to commit suicide. On the way back, we discovered again that it doesn't matter how many or how tech your sails are - no wind equals no go. The sheer beauty of the place continues to amaze us as we gently motor back to Dugong Beach.

Our rainforest campsite was in stark contrast to the openness of the ocean and the beach. That evening around the campfire brought out the rock wallabies and some huge goannas. Keeping them at a reasonable distance added interest to the proceedings. They have lost their fear of humans but as yet haven't overcome the zipper challenge, so the rations remained safely in the tent.

After a while in these islands, time loses it's sharp definition. We fished and explored Dugong Inlet one day, visited Hamilton Island Resort the next.

Finally we got around to Whitehaven beach. They don't lie. The white sand, blue sky and sea, the green tropical background, and the purity is almost unbelievable. The sheer size of the scene simply adds to the magnificence of nature at its very best. We nose up to the beach, and drop the pick onto the pure white sand. Discussions on the meaning of life seem pointless.

Next day, we had one of the laziest sails imaginable. A drifter on transparent blue water under an achingly blue sky. Reluctantly, later in the afternoon, we started the motor. Nara Inlet on Hook Island beckoned for the night, and friends were waiting there.

The next day gave us one of our best passages of the trip. A broad reach that lasted all the way to The Beak on the

A New F-9A in Florida



Brian Fookes F-9A has now launched his F-9A FLYING CARPET in Florida and writes:

"I congratulate you on an excellent design; as comprehensive a building package for the amateur cannot be found, and ease of building unparalleled."

mainland, just north of Shute Harbor. Twelve nautical miles in just on 50 minutes. Not bad for a trailer yacht in full cruising mode. We passed several large cruising yachts at a speed differential that was quite absurd.

This was our swan song. Time to fold our wings and perch SATISFACTION III back on her trailer. There is always a sadness in transmuting our graceful sailing machine into a land creature. It's like coming back to reality, but then, where is reality?

"BASS STRAIT AND RETURN"

by Terry Travers

The concept started simply enough: combining a desire to help families who have children suffering from life-threatening illnesses (I have four, young, healthy children), with a desire for adventure.

A converted monohull sailor from Tasmania, now resident in Queensland, I had ten Bass Strait crossings under my belt, and some experience sailing large multis in Queensland. The idea of sailing a small boat single-handed across Bass Strait - an open stretch of shallow water notorious for sudden gales and unpredictable weather -

appealed as a suitable challenge, with the added attraction of sailing up the east coast should time permit. On the way I would raise money for charities.

Distance and finances dictated that I buy a trailer-sailer. After investigation, the only boat I considered fast and safe enough was a Trailertri 720, but I was under no illusions as to the risks inherent in my journey.

Before leaving Mackay I sought practical advice from Trevor Wood of Batrosa Concrete Products, an experienced 680 sailor. Local shipwright Earl MacFarlane was engaged to inspect the boat for structural integrity. He secured the leading edge of the pop top with robust hinges to prevent it being lifted by breaking seas, beefed up the anchor cleat pad, and performed a myriad of small repairs.

I purchased a Sea Brake[®] drogue and chain for stern deployment, and acquired a Para-Anchor[®] (for bow deployment) courtesy of Alby McCracken. Magellan[®] provided a hand-held GPS which proved invaluable, and Autohelm[®] loaned me an additional ST1000.

Gary Martin of Horizon Sails (Qld), who has sailed Bass Strait in a multi-hull, absolutely forbade me from leaving until he had built me a storm jib - a sail that was to bring me safely to port. Pains-Wessex provided a Res-Q-Sat[®] EPIRB and flares to use if the unthinkable happened.

Administration consumed so much of my time that I took my Trailertri 720 Children's Challenge '93 for its first and only trial sail just two weeks before towing it 3000 kilometers from Mackay to Melbourne. On arrival, Bass Strait and the adventure loomed ahead.

Departing from Hastings in Westernport at lunchtime on April 4th, the forecast was for 2 days of light to moderate northerlies. Under full main and No.1 I was bound for Devonport, 170 miles away on Tasmania's north coast.

Despite the failure of a brand new battery after just 13 hours, leaving me with no autopilots, the trip started like a dream. Sailing steadily through the night before a light following breeze, I watched the Aurora Australis playing across the sky during the wee hours of the morning before heaving to for a few hours rest.

The next day featured particularly pleasant broad reaching under full sail, interspersed with patches of calm. Hand steering with the Magellan[®] on my lap, I amused myself trying to determine from the changing ETA displayed on the screen, whether I would be able to make port that evening

before the yacht club closed.

Towards late afternoon, under a totally clear sky, the wind suddenly increased to 20+ knots, changing direction to the west. I took in a reef and changed down to the jib, thinking that perhaps the forecast front (maximum of 25 knots) had arrived early, although I could see none of the tell-tale clouds. The wind continued to increase, and the seas built quickly, until I was surfing down the waves at 12-13 knots.

Realizing that I could not safely do this alone all night, I tucked in the second reef and hanked on the storm jib. Once underway I looked back to see an angry wall of grey cloud marching over the horizon. Tying the main down completely, I knew I was in for a wild night. After checking the cabin gear was securely stowed, I fitted the storm boards, and hardened up as close as possible to the wind which had shifted further to the southwest.

The front arrived with a vengeance - oppressive grey cloud, driving rain, and winds well in excess of 30 knots. After about half an hour, the cloud thinned and I expected the wind to back and begin to ease, but it continued to build. With darkness falling I crawled to the bow and lashed down the storm jib, prepared the Para-Anchor®, chafe protection, and line; then heaved the chute hard into the sea to open it. As it disappeared over the wave crests into the gathering gloom, I pondered my fate.

Hanging to the parachute, the motion was surprisingly kindly, although the boat ranged back and forth across the wave faces. I did the only thing possible; went below, secured the hatch, and waited.

Peering out through the cabin windows I saw a world of grey - grey clouds over grey waves with grey spume blown off their tops. After a while my mind became dulled to the sound of the wind screaming through the rigging. Laying in my bunk, I tried unsuccessfully to sleep.

Sometime in the night the motion changed. The big waves approaching sounded like a train. Tucking my head under the sleeping bag as the waves rolled over the boat, I was showered by water forced under the hatch.

Waiting for a lull, I clipped on my harness and slipped out into the cockpit. The boat was beam-on to the waves, sliding sideways. A tail of rope was all that remained of the parachute. The cleat had held firm but the yawing motion sheared off the bow fitting, chafing through the exposed line. (A bridle to the float bows solves this problem.)

Too tired to do any more, I retired below again, leaving survival up to the boat. As she continued to be buffeted sideways through Bass Strait, waves regularly washed over her. Gear flew from one side of the

cabin to the other. Lying there I was not scared, more concerned that a capsize was imminent. I looked at the Res-Q-Sat® and thought, "What a hell of a nuisance it will be if I have to activate this thing. The critics will be able to point to 'another multihull going over'. But as the storm raged around me, I underestimated the seaworthiness of my little boat!

In the hours before dawn I dozed lightly. At first light I poked my head outside, and promptly pulled it back in. Two hours later conditions appeared to have eased. Pulling up the storm jib and the double-reefed main, I set off across the waves, as close-hauled as possible.

How do you estimate the size of a wave when you have to look up to its crest? I suppose they were still at least 6-7 meters. The boat rode sideways up the crests, flicking spray about as she flopped over onto the windward float to slide down their backs. In the conditions, progress to windward was slow. Sitting reassuringly in my lap, the GPS ran on its internal batteries, indicating course and direction to Devonport - directly into the wind. My main concern was being run down by the Seacat Ferry, a wave-piercing catamaran that travels at 35+ knots. (I later found out it didn't leave port because of the weather conditions.)

By early afternoon I spotted a Tasmanian mountain peak, but it was 20.00 hours on the 6th April before I was in sight of the coastline, just east of the Tamar River. For a few joyful minutes I mistook the Low Head light for the Mersey Bluff light, and eased sheets, reaching in at 9 knots. It took great mental strength to force myself to re-count

the flashes, and then turn away again to windward. Calls to the Tamar Port Authority on my hand-held VHF were not received.

Being intimately acquainted with the northern Tasmanian coast, I elected to carry on to Devonport, rather than heave to at sea or risk the Tamar entrance in the prevailing conditions, with its strong tides and dangerous reefs.

My mind craved sleep, but I forced myself on, aware that others would be waiting for word that I was safe. Dozing dangerously, I awoke just a couple of hundred meters off the rocks at West Head, before tacking along the coast through the long night. In close to shore the wind was lighter, but exhausted from steering all day I was not game to go forward and raise more sail.

Morning had broken when I finally cleared Point Sorell and spotted the Mersey Bluff at Devonport. With insufficient sail to make ground to windward, I took out one reef in the main, continuing with the storm jib. As the sun rose further, so did the wind, but the boat handled the sail combination well, shooting over the waves and footing fast along the troughs. It was midday, April 7th, when I finally eased sheets and surfed into the Mersey River, welcomed by my friend Joe Plapp exuberantly honking his car horn, after spending an anxious vigil looking seawards since my ETA 36 hours before. Having completed the first Bass Strait crossing in a Trailertri, I didn't realize just how tired I was until I heaved my stern line ashore - and followed it into the water.

Was I foolhardy? You be the judge. I believe the Trailertri, and my preparations, both stood the test. Would I do it again? I



*Terry Travers and his Trailertri 720 in Devonport, Tasmania, Australia.
Photo by courtesy of The Advocate newspaper*

did! The return journey of 120 miles to Wilson's Promontory (21 hours), was close hauled in NE headwinds up to 20 knots, using a single reefed main and jib. Accompanied by John Imms, the trip along the Prom to Port Welshpool was magnificent; full sail and glorious sunshine replaced by a smooth starlit night for our arrival.

After a number of setbacks, I had a glorious solo trip along the Queensland coast, overnighing in such beautiful anchorages as The Sandy Straits, Pancake Creek, Cape Capricorn, and Keswick Island. My motivation was a desire to assist suffering children. My reward was an adventure aboard one of the best little boats I have ever sailed.

As I paid my own expenses, all funds raised will be distributed amongst three children's charities: Camp Quality, Make-A-Wish Foundation, and Ronald McDonald's Children's Charities. Donations can be sent to Children's Challenge '93, P.O. Box 1, Walkerston, Qld. 4751, Australia.

RACE RESULTS

F-9A Wins S.O.M.R Series

Dean Snow's F-9A TRIDENT blitzed the fleet in this year's Southern Ocean Multihull Regatta, Victoria, Australia, to take fastest overall time and winning the trailerable yacht division, with Ed and Janet Eppel's F-9A STRANGE DAYS coming in second. Dean took line honors in three out of four races, beating some highly fancied racing machines.

Dean contributed his success particularly to the F-9A's outstanding windward ability in rough conditions. Overall corrected win went to Philip Day's Command 10 DEJA VUE (formerly NEW MAN) the first win for a Command 10.

Thailand's King's Cup Regatta won by F-9A

Dr. Rachot Kanjanavanit's F-9A CEDAR SWAN won the 1993 King's Cup in Thailand, taking line honors in most races. The King's Cup Regatta is the premier race in South East Asia and it was also a clean sweep for Farrier designs. On corrected time Phil Holcomb's F-24 VIVACHE was second, Rungsee Ratanaprakarn's F-9A third, and Trevor Whalley's F-27 4th.

F-31 Wins in Italian Regatta

Dr. Vanni Gori reports that he won his

An F-9A in Oregon

OSTAC PTY. LTD.

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 Northgate Qld 4013 Ph (07) 267 0111
 P.O. Box 146 Fax (07) 267 0802
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Rich Richmond's aft cockpit F-9A TRI DREAMIN, built by Shaw Boats in Aberdeen Washington. Photo by Frank Chjarron

Trailertri Assoc. of Qld., 189 Collingwood Rd., Birkdale, Q4159, Australia. Ph (7) 207 4610

An F-31 in Switzerland

Since April 1993 I am the proud owner of an F-31 built by OSTAC. The name of our boat is KIWI (sail no 11). The boat is absolutely fantastic.

We are living on a small lake in Switzerland and my boat is on a buoy in front of my house.

In June we participated in the regatta of Geneva named Bol D'OR. There were 554 boats and it is the biggest regatta in Europe. We got 25th place finishing between racing tris and cats.

With Best Regards
Mario Calderari

Allergy Problems?

Fred Shell writes to point out that some allergy problems may be caused by latex gloves, not epoxy vapors. This can be quite common with people who wear latex gloves many hours a day. Solution is to switch to another type such as nitrile or vinyl. Epoxy may not be the problem at all.

NEWSLETTER FREQUENCY

Apologies for this late Newsletter but current commitments have grown enormously, with production boats, new designs, and servicing current plans.

There is less and less time to do the Newsletter and future frequency will continue to vary. The US\$6 (\$8 foreign) subscription covers four issues (4 to 8 pages) with no guarantee of frequency. The average has been around 3 per year, but it is getting harder to accomplish this.

F-31 Charter: Steve Halter now has an OSTAC F-31 available for charter, and this can be booked through the Finish Line in Florida, Ph. (407) 692-4048.

For Sale: Trailertri 720, professionally built, launched 92, W.E.S.T® & Awlgrip, Roller Main w. battens, 150 Roller genoa, 6 Yamaha, Trailer, (owner building F-9A) (508) 368-8831, Mass.

OSTAC F-31: as new, extensively equipped, owner moving up to an F-36, Ph. (313) 356-7100, located in Florida.

FARRIER MARINE,
P.O. Box 40675, Bellevue, WA 98015-4675, U.S.A.

class in the 1993 Giraglia Regatta in Italy with his OSTAC F-31. Dr. Gori finished one hour ahead of a 48' Catana catamaran, the other multihulls having retired as the wind reached 35 knots.

OSTAC TRIUMPH Sets New Record in Great Bay Race

Fred Gan's F-31 OSTAC TRIUMPH continues with good performances, setting a new race record in Brisbane's Great Bay Race. Conditions were once again very rough, and the F-31 left a high quality fleet of mostly bigger multihulls in her wake.

OSTAC TRIUMPH finished doing a steady 17.5 knots, with her old rival Mad Dog's Tip Truck (Grainger MTB 920) some ten minutes behind.

Trailertri Australian Nationals

The 1994 Nationals will be held in Redcliffe (near Brisbane) from September 24th to October 1st.

Looks to be a great event and be open to all types of cruising/trailerable multihulls, as well as Farrier designs. Could be 70 plus multihull yachts of all types taking part. For more details contact: The Secretary,