



Two More F-27's Cross The Pacific to Hawaii

October 1990 - No. 44

Skipper Bob Dixon raced the F-27 SUPERFOX to a first place finish on corrected time in the recent San Francisco to Hawaii Solo Transpac.

Bob completed the race in an elapsed time of 13 days, 13 hours, just 27 hours behind the first boat to cross the line, a 43' foot racing trimaran sailed by Peter Hogg, and ahead of the 16 other boats in the race. SUPERFOX was the original prototype F-27 built by Corsair Marine in 1984. The race was uneventful by previous standards as the winds were light and Bob sailed a rhumbline course all the way to Hawaii.

Just days after the start of the single-handed race, two more sailors from Southern California, David Lawson and Corsair's Mike Michie, sailing David's F-27 MAALOX MOMENT, started the West Marine Pacific Cup (unofficially) with the rest of the fleet. Their goal was to break the previous two handed record of 10 days, 16 hours set in 1986 by a Santa Cruz 50.

MAALOX MOMENT completed the same course in 11 days, 5 hours, easily the first double-handed boat in, and 6th across the line overall. Only the fully crewed 50' - 70' sleds were in front, while the next Double-hander in was a Cal 40 in 13 days, 13 hours. Both David and Mike were disappointed that they missed the record by only 13 hours, but explained that the wind was unusually light and they only covered 60 miles the first day out of San Francisco. After that, they reeled off a steady 200 miles a day with a best day's run of 230 miles. There was no need fortunately, for any of their sponsor's products!

Three F-27's have now completed the trip to Hawaii. The first crossing was in July of 1987 during the Transpac race, when Corsair owner John Walton and Mark Robson sailed Mark's F-27 KILLER FROG. Their crossing time was 12 days, 4 hours.



Bob Dixon heading out of San Francisco Bay on his way to winning the Solo Trans Pac. Congratulations Bob!

CORSAIR NEWS:

The F-27 order backlog has now stretched out until June 1991, even though Corsair's current production rate is two per week. If you want your F-27 for next summer then you are advised to order now. There aren't too many left.

F-27 Changes: There have been several changes in the production F-27 the last few months. One change has been a switch to an Isomat mast. This was due to the capacity of Isomat to supply the quantity of masts required, and their quality reputation as the world's largest mast manufacturer. The old and new masts are interchangeable, only the two lower shrouds would need modification, due to a different attachment system to the mast.

Another change has been to the floats, where we have discontinued the 'seamless' construction, in favor of a join flange at deck level. This was mostly done for manufacturing reasons, the old style being very difficult to mass produce, without having quality problems. The new and old floats remain identical, with no change in performance. The slight extra drag of the flange is com-

pensated by the smoother keel line, and elimination of the full height bow cap.

The cabin floor is now fiberglass, and incorporates several large molded in storage compartments. The fwd. cabin floor is all seamless fiberglass and much cleaner looking. It would now be possible to fit a sit down shower into this area. The galley area now has an extra storage shelf, and the Utensil unit has become standard.

Safety Hint: Always maintain your Shroud tensioner blocks, particularly the cam cleats. Should one of these fail or slip then you could lose the top of the mast, particularly if the shrouds have been set-up too loose to start with. As an extra safety precaution it's a good idea to double cleat the Shroud tensioner line in one of the coaming cleats whenever possible.

F-27 Sales: if you are thinking of selling your F-27, contact Corsair Marine first. We have buyers waiting. Similarly for buyers, if you want a used F-27 let us know.

Zip Code Change: As of January 1st, Corsair Marine's zip code of 92011 will be changing to 91911, and Ian Farrier's will change from 92012 to 91912

Cruising California Style, down in Mexico's Baja.....

AVIA in Baja

by Hank & Eva Schroeder

Eva and I were sitting in our camper on a sandy beach near Puerto Escondido in Baja California Sur, looking through the dinette window at our brand new F-27, AVIA, anchored less than 100 feet off shore in three feet of water. For a month and a half we had been living our retirement dream. We would sail in the light Autumn winds when they came up, snorkel and SCUBA the rocky points when the water was calm and hike the canyons of the high mountains near the sea to dry out.

For years, Eva and I had been preparing for our form of trailer boating: that is, with a pick-up camper and multihull micro-cruiser. The boat would give us access to the pristine islands and coves for diving and exploring where few people had been before. The camper gives us a home base, mobility for easy provisioning and exploring areas away from the sea, a home among the denizens of the shore where we could be with people and share experiences and grow from their knowledge and be a contributing part of society. Here we were, face to face with the moment of truth, would it work? Could we do it?

Choosing the F-27 was probably the easiest major decision we ever made. Our first sail boat was a 24' trailerable Piver trimaran. The second was a high performance Stiletto 27 catamaran with spartan accommodation. One look at a finished F-27, a demonstration ride in strong winds on San Diego Bay and we knew it was everything we ever wanted in our retirement boat - and we are finding that Ian Farrier put a lot more into the boat than we ever knew about. It is strong, fast, easy to handle and a comfortable cruiser for two people.

AVIA trailed easily behind our 3/4 ton Chevy pickup truck with a 350 engine and



AVIA behind Hank and Eva's Camper on an Arizona road.

cabover camper. The 1100 miles from Phoenix to Puerto Escondido, just south of Loreto, went without incident.

The Escondido area is perfect for trailer boats. Fuel, food and services are available in nearby Loreto and there are many protected coves on the mainland and the many nearby islands. The coves often go deep into the shore between rocky headlands with a sandy beach deep inside.

After launching at the ramp at Escondido, Eva and I spent five weeks getting acquainted with our new F-27 and enjoying the leisurely pace of life on a hot, tropical beach nearby. The conditions were ideal. The winds were seldom strong enough to raise white caps in the channel along Danzante. There was often an off-shore breeze in the early morning and a stronger breeze from the east in the mid afternoon. Although we had somewhat similar boats for many years before, we had always had a crew along, our kids or friends. Now it was just the two of us, and we had to learn to work together and to do procedures neither had done alone before. We practiced anchoring in many different situations: fore and aft in narrow coves, on rocky reefs near protruding rocks, over shallow sand bars. Sail handling was easy, even in a twenty knot wind off the south shore of Isla Carmen. So far we could do it and we were loving it!

At first, we were alone on the beach except for the seagulls and local Mexican fisherman. It was far too hot in late September for any sane Gringo to be in the area. The water was a perfect temperature for

swimming, and the wing nets on the boat were always pleasantly cool for sleeping. As the season wore on, the beach gradually filled with a succession of rather permanent and 'just passing through' characters. For many years this particular beach has been a favorite stopping place for our long time friends and camping buddies. They are fascinating people who call sea shells by their Latin names and scrape the bottoms of 600' deep channels with hand dredges for rare and unusual specimens and then spend hours arguing with each other about their identification.

The permanent residents are those who spend several months each year on the same beach. They know all about each other, the Mexican fishermen and their families, how to get things done through the local bureaucracy and where to get good drinking water. They are strong people, capable and self sufficient. They are people with the gumption to get out and do something new and different. It is rewarding to exchange stories with them, and particularly to hear about their experiences in this area or tales of their life as a sea captain or mountain climber or big city masseur. They can tell you all about the distant paradises you have dreamed of visiting - and horror stories galore of storms and wrecks and bandits and bad roads and currently, the most popular theme, the rape of the environment. Fascinating indeed, and not to be found when you are all alone in a secluded cove on a distant island.

Near the end of October our shell pick-

What's What?

What are Trailertris and Tramps? Trailertris are designs by Ian Farrier for amateur builders and for an information package on these designs send US\$5 to Ian Farrier, P.O. Box 7362, Chula Vista, CA 92012.

The Tramp was the first production Trailertri, a 19' day sailer/overnight camper, and developed in Australia. A Mk II version is now being built by OSTAC in Brisbane, Australia.

The F-27 has developed from these designs, and represents the 'state of the art' in trailable multihulls. All use the same patented Farrier folding system.

ing friends departed the beach for Phoenix, so we prepared for our first extended cruise with just the two of us. There was no doubt about where we were going. Since our first trip to Puerto Escondido in 1979, we had dreamed of exploring the watery Highway One leading south to La Paz, and each year we wistfully watched the big yachts pouring out of the harbor in October and heading south. This ocean highway runs between the Baja shore and islands with the musical names of Carmen, Dazante, Los Candeleros, Monserrate, Santa Cruz, San Diego, San Jose, San Francisco, and finally Espiritu Santo, just north of La Paz and all in the Sea of Cortez (Gulf of California).

A great thing about this roadless stretch of coastline are all the nice anchorages spaced at seven to twenty mile intervals. The boat people we talked to mentioned most often the names of Agua Verde, Puerto Los Gatos, Nopolo, San Evaristo, San Francisco and Espiritu Santo. We practically committed to memory the descriptions of these anchorages presented in "Charlie's Charts" and "Baja California Cruising notes". Even the light winds we had experienced for the last several weeks would push the speedy F-27 over the longest leg with time to spare. We never considered motoring. The eight gallons of fuel would be saved for anchoring and emergencies.

Early in the morning of Oct 30 we too headed south. The gentle offshore breeze held all morning and put us into Agua Verde by 1:30 p.m. The twenty mile trip was often punctuated by the flat "splat!" of a somersaulting ray. A loafing shark fin stitched the water.

Agua Verde is a spacious bay with 5 inviting anchorages, giving the sailor a good choice depending on the wind. It is a tropical South Seas setting with a shady backbay filled with palm trees. Pangas line the beach and behind it all the majestic Sierra Gigante mountains overlook the scene. We picked the southwestern cove, one bend around the rocks from the fishing village. With the daggerboard and rudder up, AVIA coasted to a stop near the beach in two feet of water. Patra, our dog, was not yet boat trained. She couldn't wait for the anchoring procedure but leaped overboard and madly paddled the few feet to shore. She ran around sniffing everything. The roosting pelicans and egrets ignored her dash as long as possible, then easily flapped away.

There were caves and niches in the cliffs. Cardon cactus and Palo Blanco trees covered the hills up to the skyline. We watched the setting sun light the reddish granite hills and green desert gully. To avoid the stinging jejenes we moved away from shore and used no lights after dark.



SOJOURN to BAJA

by Don Schmidtke

WINDRIFT, a Trilertri 720 (built by Don) was really in her element in the Sea of Cortez. The last part of June this year, my wife Caroline and I trailed the 450 miles from Lakeside, near San Diego to Bahia de los Angeles in Baja California, Mexico.

We stayed for 2 weeks during which time we anchored in 8 different bays and spent 10 days in the water. Most of the anchorages were only 6 to 8 miles apart but Puerto Refugio was about 35 miles away. The weather was HOT! Fortunately, the wind blew 13-15 knots on 8 of the 10 days. The sail back from Refugio was in 15-18 knots plus a one knot adverse current- all against us! With the wind right on the nose we really got wet! Of course the water was 78 degrees F. and the sky clear, so the sail was a blast.

Bahia de los Angeles is very remote with most of the locals being fisherman. Some of the 20 ft fishing skiffs are also used for tourist sight seeing of the barren islands. There are over a dozen islands within 20 miles, some only half a mile across, but some are large. Isla de la Guarda is 40 miles long. We spent several days on shore seeing the village.

The drive back home was anticlimactic in that we were unable to buy gas until we were down to 2 gallons. The roads are narrow and in need of repair, but hard surfaced all the way.

The cruise was a rewarding experience and there are still 700 miles of the Sea of Cortez coastline with many interesting islands and coves to explore.

Before sunup the next morning a good offshore breeze sent us wing-on-wing on our way. It was a sparkling day and once clear of the land, a stronger wind sent AVIA sizzling through the water. Then we saw the porpoises, possibly hundreds of them, a jolly, jumping, rollicking mob. They kept pace with us swimming in all directions under the boat. As suddenly as they came, they left. With a deep sigh Eva said " Oh, how I wish they would stay with us." Whereupon, one last lone ranger gave a farewell salute with a mighty leap in front of the boat coming down with a huge splash. The sheer exuberance of the porpoise and the flying boat was marvellous.

The wind held and by mid-morning we had covered the 15 miles to Puerto Los Gatos. It is a beautiful cove with a headland

of fluted and sculptured red sandstone on the north, huge sand dunes on the west and a rugged, black rock point of San Telmo on the south. Behind all this is a postcard setting of jagged peaks, rising tier after tier to the sky. We promised ourselves we would stop here on the return trip, and continued south. The coastline here is colorful and magnificent. It reminded us of rafting down the Colorado River and looking up at the walls of the Grand Canyon.

From Los Gatos it is 15 miles to Nopolo and another 7 miles to San Evaristo. In the early afternoon the wind dropped and we were a long way from both. Although the days are shorter this time of year, we were confident the usual strong easterly afternoon breeze would come up in time to get us at least to Nopolo before dark. It did not

happen, and we were to find that the wind patterns change drastically from area to area. Still, being good sailors we ghosted along with barely enough wind to maintain steerage. A large yacht with sails neatly furled motored alongside and graciously checked to see we were really okay.

By the time we reached the north end of the San Jose Channel, it was dark. Nopolo should be nearby, just south of the rocky promontory called Punta Nopolo. The shore was a forbidding black and we dare not approach it. The starlight was bright enough for us to make out the land masses and stay in the middle of the channel.

It helped too, when we got a fix on the glow from La Paz, 50 miles away. There were two solar powered lights on San Jose, but neither were shown on any of our charts. It was a long and slow but mysteriously beautiful night. A big moon came up over the island about midnight and helped to light our way. Fast moving lights of pangas crossed our path and more mysterious phosphorescence lighted dark moving shapes in the water. At dawn all the imagined problems vanished. Isla San Francisco was about five miles ahead, so we figured we had sailed a good three miles beyond San Evaristo during the night. Without a second thought we joyfully fired up the motor and raced toward the highly touted anchorage on the south side of the island. Along the way we passed rocky shoals with sea lions yelping invita-

tions to swim with them and a magnificent sea eagle nest atop a white rock pinnacle.

The longest white sand beach we had seen on any island appeared on the south side of San Francisco. It is crescent shaped and faces southwest. Before we even dropped anchor in the green shallows Patra told us that after twenty-four hours on the boat she really wanted to hit the beach. The water in the crescent is clear and full of life. Pink waving sea plumes and colonies of

winds. The sandy bottom fell off sharply, so we anchored very close to the pangas tied to the shore. We were less than 100 yards from the houses on shore and got a close view of the early morning preparations for living and fishing. The natives were friendly and many came out to admire the F-27 - and ask for candy and .22 cartridges.

The next day we made Puerto Los Gatos in plenty of time to snorkel around holes and clefts in the red sandstone walls and over the rocky reef. From there with good wind, no wind and four hours of motoring it was home to our camper. Again, we found we could do it and we loved it.

Our idyllic beach was changing; not so much the beach as the residents, the Gringos who spend the winters here year after year. They were pulling their rigs off the exposed beach and nestling them amongst the mangroves and desert shrubs. The weather was still mild and warm, but it was nearing the middle of



Anchored in the Waiting Room of Puerto Escondido with wind gusts of over 60 knots

garden eels were clearly visible on the sandy bottom under the boat. Squadrons of pelicans were hitting the water for sardines close to shore. Egrets followed along on the beach to snatch fish scared on to the sand. Local fishermen stopped here early in the morning to net bait for the day. The food chain here was in full swing.

There was no need to go farther south. This area has everything; beautiful water, excellent diving and snorkeling, sea lions, coral gardens, a large tidal lagoon, fishing village, and it is far enough from the big city to be relatively unspoiled. Two days were spent leisurely exploring. Then a check of our fresh water supply indicated it was time to head for home.

The return trip was a real pleasure with good winds during the day and safe anchorages each night. We sailed into San Evaristo and found it truly is an excellent, all weather anchorage. It is also accessible by very primitive road now, but someday it could be a marvelous base for exploring the nearby islands and dramatic Baja shore. We passed by Nopolo as a place to spend the night in favor of the bight on the southern side of Punta Nopolo which appeared to offer much better protection from the prevailing north

November and the strong, colder north winds were overdue. The beach faces due north, and if caught in a really strong wind with AVIA anchored close offshore we could be in a very undesirable leeshore situation. As a precaution, we carefully checked the immediate vicinity for protected anchorages, and found the closest to be behind the high hill on the western side of Ensenada Blanca, about a mile away. The best, of course, was about five miles to the north in the Waiting Room at Puerto Escondido snuggled up close to the mangroves.

The north wind arrived early in the morning of November 15. At first light we headed for the boat in our Metzler dinghy. It took two attempts to get through the surf and some hard rowing into the wind to get there. Once on board the situation didn't look bad at all. We reasoned the first north wind of the season probably wouldn't get very strong or last very long, so we opted for the nearby Ensenada Blanca. The anchorage left much to be desired. The waves slanted around the hill and came in from the east and broke over a shallow sand bar just a few feet ahead of the boat. The wind circled around the hill and struck the boat from the west and held it broadside against

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the breaking surf. It was not dangerous, just very uncomfortable. We made one futile attempt to leave the area and go to Escondido, but by that time the wind had risen to a steady 35 knots, so we rounded back into the lee of the hill.

Here's where the F-27 features of shallow draft and light weight really paid off. By setting a bow anchor about a hundred feet into the waves and a stern anchor into the wind near the shore we were able to position the boat with the bow into the waves and over a small channel between sand bars which gave us about two feet under the boat at low tide. Here we stayed in relative comfort and safety for three days, until the wind subsided enough for us to sail north into the Waiting Room.

Anchoring in open water has long been a concern to me, and I got a lesson the easy way - it could have been disastrous. I went overboard for the F-27 and got the biggest Danforth anchor which would fit in the anchor well for the primary anchor and a 12# plow as a back up. The Danforth held in the sandy bottom conditions so common throughout the Gulf under all weather conditions. It is a T2500, with 2500 pounds of holding power for only 13 pounds weight. All it took to get it into the anchor well was to cut 3/4 inch off each end of the stock.

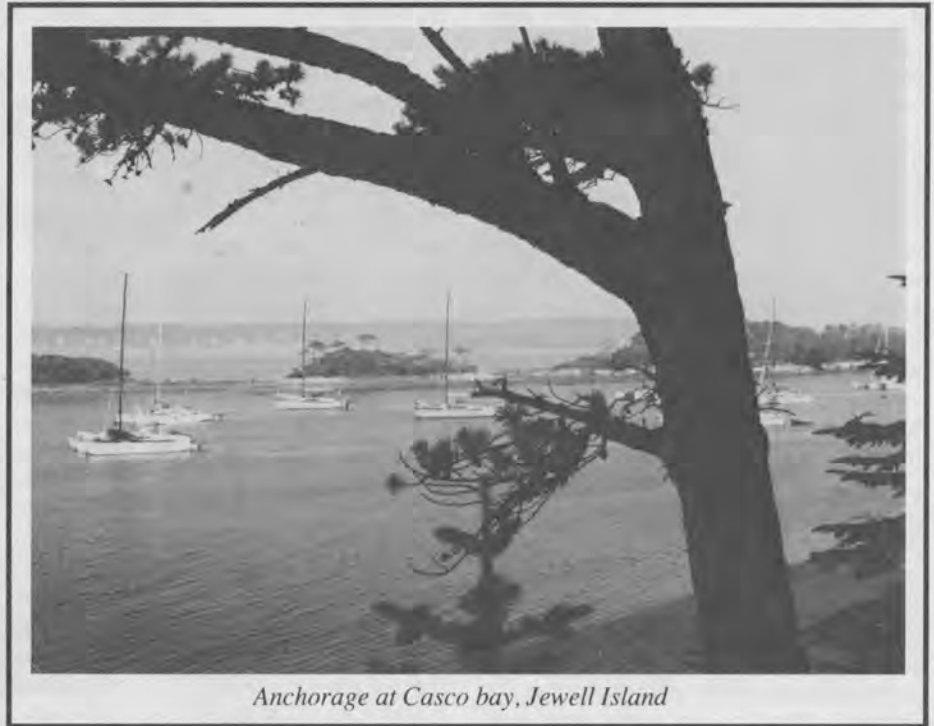
But, for the lesson. In late November, AVIA was anchored for five days in the Waiting Room at Puerto Escondido waiting for the north wind to subside enough to get the boat on the trailer and out of the water. The wind had been blowing at 25 to 35 knots with gusts to well over 30 knots. The Danforth was set in four fathoms of water with 25 feet of chain and 180 feet of line out. It did not budge.

The sixth day was ideal, with only gentle, fluky winds. We prepared the boat for moving, started the outboard and raised the anchor. The hair-raising part was that the anchor came up before the chain! The fluky winds had wrapped the line around the crown of the Danforth and it pulled free of the bottom with no extra effort. I shuddered to speculate on the fate of the F-27 if it had been left unattended when the strong winds started up again later that same day.

AVIA went docilely onto the trailer and was easily derigged and prepared for trailering. For nearly three months Eva and I had lived our retirement dream and it worked for us. We did it, and we loved it. We were the envy of all the yachties in the area as we headed home straight into the wind at 55 miles an hour.

Ref: BAJA CALIFORNIA CRUISING NOTES, Vern Jones, Sixth Ed. 1987 CHARLIE'S CHARTS, The Western Coast of Mexico, Charles E. Wood, 1986.

Cruising New England Style in Maine.....



Anchorage at Casco bay, Jewell Island

MAINE SUMMER CRUISE A GREAT SUCCESS

by John Cleary

Between 35 and 50 sailors participated in the four SAIL MAINE 1990 events/dinners between July 18th and July 24th. Two boats joined NEMA (New England Multihull Association) just to participate in this cruise: Al Copertino and Sandy Brewer with their Condor 30, and John and Linda Garson in their Cross 32. The total number of boats which appeared on the scene at one time or another were 18 of which 11 were F-27s.

Of the others, four were catamarans: two MacGregor 36s, Paul Paquin's New Maldives 32, and Tom and Evelyn LaMer's Seawind 26. Although Evelyn was unable to join us until the last night, Tom educated the rest of us on just how Ohioans decorate a boat's immediate surroundings . . . tether two floating, two-foot inflatable pink flamingos that move with every ripple and puff of wind. (It was a wonder why they were not shot by an over anxious ex-civil Maine defense guard.)

During Wednesday, July 18th, when this cruise officially began with an absolutely delicious barbecue in Casco Bay on Jewell Island, the temperatures across the bay climbed into the low 90's. The hazy sunset and a beautiful location overlooking all our vessels (and Tom's turkeys), made our first gathering an instant success. A strong breeze kept the mosquitoes under cover. Name tags and "creative" hats helped

to break the "ice" between those of us who were meeting for the first time. My yellow labrador, Moose, broke up any remaining "ice." His over zealous anti-litter campaign of cleaning up any crumbs falling on the forest floor required physical restraint from cleaning everyone's plate before they had a chance to do the very same thing. (Moose was rewarded, nevertheless, when none of us could handle any more food beyond three helpings.) Ralph Pears, who adeptly organized this first event, awarded Al Copertino first prize for the most creative hat: a replica of a trimaran constructed from the center of old paper towels rolls. F-27 owner Tony Cabot was awarded an oversized, plastic dog bone for the least creative hat. (Moose suddenly lost his appetite.)

Two days of balmy weather, light winds, and plenty of islands separated us from our next gathering. Most traveled individually or in small groups of two boats. Tom LaMer and his crew ventured to Monegan Island arriving minutes before our second dinner.

We could not have picked a better time to come inside for our "formal" sit-down dinner. A small cold front with thunder and rain made the warmth of the Craghair Hotel an absolute delight that evening. Wine, candlelight, and sensational food left no one in need during that evening. The high noise level of conversation was constant. The

Craignair serving crew bestowed Katie Coupe of Plymouth, N.H., with all honors as the classiest dressed, in her daring, dangling black dress with an eight-foot purple boa. Paul Abendroth from Ohio was awarded the most creative in his red chiffon bow tie. Other than drooling over Katie, however, it was Bill Marterer of Santa Fe, N.M., crewing for Larry Smith out of Brooklyn, N.Y., who showed us all how to "party." The Craignair staff officially recognized Bill as the "weirdest" when he wore his SOS life vest as underwear over his tights. (I guess Maine really is still a few years, or twenty, behind the West Coast's latest trends.) The rain stopped just before we tried to find our boats; that is, snaking our dinghies in the dark through seaweed and rocks.

Our swollen eyes and stomachs were greeted next morning by crystal clear blue sky. As most boats shoved off early (before ten o'clock), the F-27 WHISPERINGS crew decided to swim in the local granite quarry before setting sail. Again, two days of beautiful sunshine, light winds, many islands and passages brought us together for our third gathering. As harbor seals welcomed our arrival to the Blue Hill Harbor, F-27 owners Kitty and Tom Clements put on a spectacular show for us all. Their house, sitting well above the harbor for beautiful

view, blew our minds. Plenty of liquid refreshments and barbecued skinless breasts of chicken, smothered under mayonnaise and melted cheese, then blew our palates. Pasta, fresh salad greens, and ice cream popsicles were endless. (We all knew that it could not get any better than this.) They even offered a fresh water pool for swimming and plenty of grass for the children, and Moose, to run.

Tony Cabot kicked-off the story contest with a Mainer's point of view watching one of our NEMA trimarans actually perform a harrowing three-point landing, at 20 knots, in the narrow Damaris cove inlet with its spinnaker flying the skipper's wife off its bow. The crew of WHISPERINGS then performed a skit about mutiny running rampant among its crew during this cruise. (The wine consumed before dinner eliminated their stage fright and, unfortunately, their concern about the audience understanding of their plot. At least they had a good time, while others stared in disbelief.) Jane Guild related how whales chased herself and her husband Ken as they crossed the Gulf Stream in their F-27. Lastly, George Litwin demonstrated enthusiastically how a poor navy (i.e., our U.S. Coast Guard) trains for battle-readiness by employing sound effects rather than ammunition. We all were exhausted from laughing. Kitty and her crew decided that all stories tied for first place.

Rain and fog greeted us next morning, and most of our group remained at anchor. A few pushed on toward Southwest Harbor in poor visibility. Although the rain stopped for the second day, the fog continued. Deadreckoning, Loran, and good old "potato" navigation brought most participants to the fourth and last dinner. A few crews decided to park their boats and rent/borrow vehicles to make the last, short leg. Spirits were still high as crews on the last gathering of boats visited each other before Paul Emple hailed us all to come ashore. I wondered if Paul knew how high the standard of entertainment for this cruise had risen. These previous three events would be tough acts to follow.

That was exactly what Susan and Paul did. Our convoy of crews were greeted by a lobster salad that knocked our socks off! It was lobster galore with everything else to boot. Big soft couches welcomed our tired, cold bodies. By then everyone knew each other well. Stories and laughter abound. Bill Schultz and family, from California, who joined us for our last gala affair, entertained us with West Coast F-27 sailing achievements (possibly, "stories?"). Larry Smith and Bill Marterer continued to show us how to party by walking away with the "King

Seaweed" and "Prince Clam" honors in their elaborate costumes. Kathy O'Neil of Cambridge, MA, was crowned as "Queen Seaweed" because she grabbed some on her way ashore and wore it in her hair. John Cleary was awarded the Paul Emple Coveted "Cup" for organizing this cruise. (The "Cup" is often used by football players to protect some other body parts than their noses.) By the end of the evening, no one was offended by Kathy's new pervasive "salty" perfume, nor were they anxious to return to their boats. They had to be pried from their comfort.

Although I am not sure how all eventually returned home, a few of us shared rides to retrieve our vehicles and trailers. Fog continued to plague the entire New England coast for the next five days. This was unfortunate because we visually missed the most beautiful of the Maine coastline. However, SAIL MAINE 1990 was basically very successful because we had such beautiful weather at the beginning of our cruise that no one became discouraged enough to abandon it at its end. I sincerely thank Ralph Pears, Kitty and Tom Clements, Susan and Paul for their unbelievable support. Carl Rich of Falmouth, ME, and Phil Andrews of Brewer, ME, assisted me in gathering information about launching sites. Lastly, I thank all the participants who came long distances trusting my promises of "sandy beaches, palm trees, and mermaids."

The only negative criticisms of SAIL MAINE 1990, which I now pass on to any prospective cruise organizer, is my assumption of at least 5-10 knots of wind every day to cover 40 nautical miles during two days between destinations. Without that wind those distances then became too demanding, and we often had to use our motors. Secondly, I should have issued the announcement of this cruise before the Christmas holidays, so those who work in large organizations could schedule their vacations to coincide with the cruise dates. Therefore, I am announcing now the proposed **SAIL LAKE WINNEPEG 1991** for next July. (Please phone me at (207) 967-2416 if interested.)

All of the participants enjoyed their Maine sailing. The rocky coastline and lobster buoys were not so formidable. Yes, it is possible to sail and navigate in the fog, especially in a group.

Note: Old "Popeye" Bill Doelger, veteran sailor of the OSTAR and Bermuda races, defines 'potato navigation' as a sack of potatoes for the purpose of throwing one potato per time ahead into the fog. Simple. If you hear a splash, continue. If you do not, stop.

For Information on the F-27

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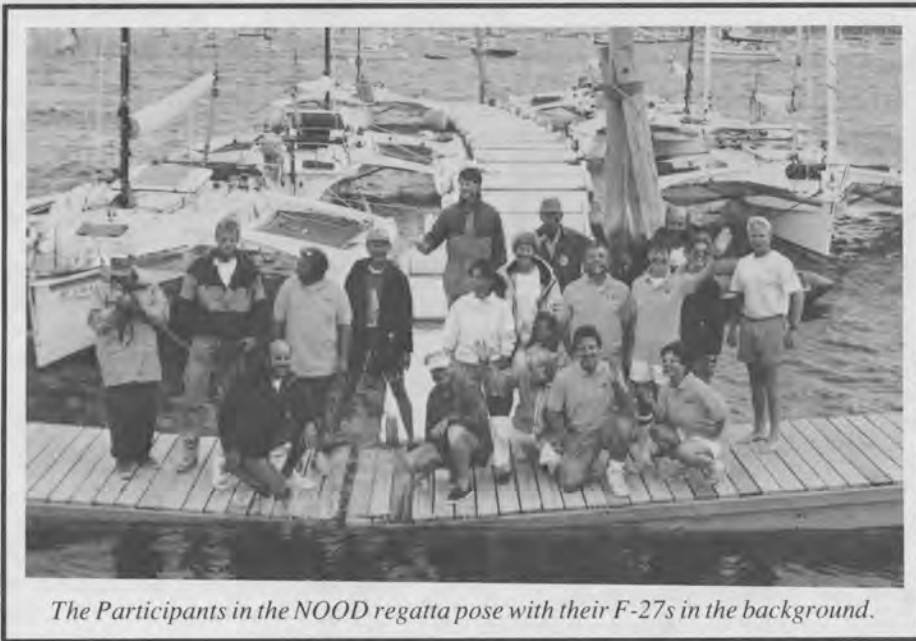
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The Participants in the NOOD regatta pose with their F-27s in the background.

F-27's in Newport Regatta

Owners from as far away as Maryland gathered in Newport, R.I. last month to participate in the National Offshore One Design (NOOD) Regatta, sponsored by Audi and Sailing World. This regatta drew over 120 boats in 10 one design classes, including J-44's, J-35's, Soverel 33's and other notable monohull classes. For many classes this was their national championship. For the F-27 class this was a breakthrough as it was the first time multihulls had been able to gain a start in such a notable regatta.

Participants included Tony Cabot, Julie Repenning and Walter Hatch, Peter Collins, George Litwin and Kathy Lusk Brooke, Steve Carlebach, Bob and Marge Ware, Greg and Debbie Harding, and John Cleary. Seven of the boats docked together at the Museum of Yachting on Fort Adams, folded out, and so owners were able to meet one another and share their experiences and hints on racing the F-27. Some of the boats had not raced very much so this was a welcome introduction.

The weather was typical Newport - so foggy on Friday that both races were cancelled, then it blew about 20 knots on Saturday for some exciting sailing! The class had agreed that only working sails would be used, and that was all that was really needed on the short windward-leeward courses. Going downwind was thrilling as the waves were perfect for surfing, and some boats were having so much fun passing the J-35's (which were under full spinnaker!) that they missed the leeward mark!

Sunday it blew 25-30 knots and only 3 F-27's went out to race. The race committee ran the first race, and cancelled the second due to the conditions.

The racing was good, the parties each night were fun, and the camaraderie was excellent. When it was all over, Tony Cabot took first place, John Cleary second, and Greg Harding third. Each took home several nice trophies, shirts, and hats.

Much hard work went into getting the F-27's into the NOOD and arranging the dock space. Many thanks go to Tony Cabot and John Cleary for their efforts! Don't miss the November Issue of Sailing World which has a great 2 page shot of Julie and Walter's F-27 "Klingon Warrior". *Dave Hahn*

F-27s Racing in Japan

Double-handed racing is a recent addition to the racing diary in Japan, and this year's Double-handed Hatsushima Race was only the second time the race has been run. It is 46 miles long, organized by the Nippon Ocean Racing Club (NORC), starting and finishing at Zushi Marina in Sagami Bay, after rounding Hatsushima Island anti-clockwise. NORC now permit us to compete in their races.

I had campaigned my F-27 FOLLOW ME in some previous races, but for this race we planned to get "class racing" started, with two F-27's entered. (Although we have ten F-27's in Japan, they are separated by hundreds of miles in a country which does not permit trailering). The second F-27 was arranged by borrowing VIVE LA MERE, from her owner Dr. Nomura, and press ganging an Australian friend, Craig Escot

(Eski) into skippering the boat. Eski had only sailed on an F-27 for a couple of hours before the race. Crew on VIVE LA MERE was Ken Ichimi, and on FOLLOW ME, Masataka Nomura.

The start was in light downwind conditions and 44 spinnakers broke out simultaneously. One drew ahead almost immediately - Eski on VIVE LE MERE. He had managed a clear start while we had got caught in dirty air. It took us half an hour to break clear whereupon the two F-27's, in single file and separated by 400 yards, left the 42 monohulls behind.

Ten miles short of the island, the stern light ahead of us suddenly changed course as VIVE LE MERE gybed and cut across our bow going to starboard. Then the light vanished. On FOLLOW ME we were not sure whether this was to save their battery power, or merely a typical Tasmanian ploy of covering one's tracks! Meanwhile we went onto a dead run to round the island, speed dropping from 8-9 knots to six. We rounded the island first, but the period of dead running had allowed the top monohulls to close up.

Once round the island it was a straight beat home. The wind picked up a bit to 15 knots true, so that we considered changing down to jib, but quickly dropped again. We kept close to the shortest course and were approaching the finish line when we saw a masthead light gliding along the shoreline from starboard and a Baltic 43 beat us over the line by five minutes. They had located the 2-knot Kuro-shio current and ridden this back. Third home was the 53 foot Swan, followed by VIVE LE MERE.

Sailing back, I reflected that although we had missed first home, it is better to be beaten on navigation errors than boat speed. Eski reflected on the joys of not having a lead keel to tow around, and we all plotted tactics for the next race! *Sackville Currie*

TRAILERTRIS AND TRAMPS GET TOGETHER

During the Australian National Trailerable Multihull Regatta held off Stradbroke Island, over Easter this year (1990), the Trailertri and Tramp owners present, formally adopted a set of Class Rules and elected a committee to administer them.

The Class rules will insure continued competitive racing for the many Trailertris and Tramps built over the last decade.

Over the last several years, the Association has been proud to have developed a Rating System, Measurement Manual, Class Rules, Class Constitution and has commissioned a computer program to make

Yes, You Can Ski Behind an F-27



Henry Meilman, of Baltimore, shows how it is done. Henry reports that he was able to pull the skier (Phil Buescher) up from a standing start. Who needs a Power boat!

life simple at our regattas. The computer program is available to other yachting groups and has among other things, the ability to calculate boat ratings and race results, using the Olympic or Alternate Scoring Systems.

The National Trailertri and Tramp committee members are available to discuss any matters pertaining to the Class or the Rules and they are as follows:

Bob Forster (Brisbane), Class handicapper (and developer of the Rating System), is also Trailertri 720 representative. Ph. (07) 3414546.

Chris Nelson (Sydney), is the Tramp representative, Ph. (02) 5240278.

Kevin Murray (Sydney), 1990 National Trailertri Champion, and is the co-ordinator for the 1991 National Championships. Ph. (02) 9976078.

Martin Kilpatrick (Canberra), represents Trailertri 680s, Ph. (06) 2886424.

One of the main aims of the National Body is to promote Trailerable Multihulls as a group. We believe the more multis we can gather at the one site for an event, the more chance we have of publicity and increasing numbers. We will always try to include a General Trailerable Multi division at each of our National Championships.

The NSW Trailertri/Tramp Association will host the 1991 Trailertri National Championships from **September 29 to October 4** on beautiful Lake Macquarie from the Wangi Sailing Club. For further information on this or copies of the Trailertri/Tramp National Association Class Rules, contact one of the above or write to: The Trailertri/Tramp National Body, c/o Martin Kilpatrick, 41 Burinjuck Crescent, DUFFY ACT 2611

LETTERS

Dear Ian and Alicia,

We have moved, lock, stock and F-27 MITI PAOPAO (Samoan for Dream Canoe) to Saipan. While not willing to swear to it, I do think that we have the first F-27 to sail south of Japan. When we have had some time to get some sailing experience in the area we will write and let you know of our experiences in sailing in the tropical western Pacific. To date because of job pressures we have only been able to get in a couple of day sails and one overnigher to a small island in the lagoon here.

As you may have heard, one of the people here has gone out with me on a daysail and was so impressed that he is looking into building a Trailertri. What impressed him was that after the wind died down and we were sailing at 8 knots to windward, rather than the 13 to 15 that we had been, he thought we were nearly standing still. Such is the beauty, smoothness and impressive speed of the F-27.

Our thanks to you for designing and building such a beautiful boat. As I said before, it is absolutely perfect for us.

John Wise, Saipan.

Dear Ian,

Just want to thank you for building the best sailboat in the world. I've been sailing multihulls and some monos since I was 14 years old. I'm 34 now and can't imagine sailing anything else but an F-27.

My wife and I won the local Daulphin Island Race sailing our boat named "JUST DO IT!". . . Well, we did it alright! Our

nearest competitor was forty six (46) minutes behind us on corrected time. The race had 386 boats with 36 multihulls. It is the third largest single course race in the nation. Approximately 25 miles long, from Mobile, Alabama to Daulphin Island with live bands on the Island and a great party. This was my first time to race the boat, needless to say we were quite excited taking first place. The winds were 30-35 knots on the nose the whole way. We sailed with full main and jib in 3-4 foot chop. A hairy ride, but the boat performed great, beating just about every boat to the finish line. We've had the boat up to 24.3 kts. on Lake Pontchartrain in New Orleans with our nine month old daughter asleep on the port seat down below. Not many boats can do that!" Thanks again for a great boat.

Mark Milam, Louisiana

New Multihull Book: An excellent new book is "The Cruising Multihull" by Chris White, Discusses all aspects of multihulls, and how they differ from monohulls. Highly recommended if you are thinking of getting a multihull, or even if you already have one.

For Sale:

TRAMP, 1984, (Australia) Spinnaker, new genoa, 6HP outboard and trailer in top condition, cushions, bimini cabin, cockpit pockets, dash shelf, 3 winches, sumlog, racing rig etc. A\$12,900 neg. Call Darwin (089) 813 679 or write Alan Langworthy, 10 Seale St., Fannie Bay, NT 0820

Trailertri 720, W.E.S.T. construction, New 8HP extra long shaft Suzuki, F-27 roller furling boom, full batten main, very complete custom interior and exterior, Dual axle trailer, and much more - a mini F-27. Building larger Farrier design, \$22,500, Don Schmidtke, Ph. (619) 443-2422.

Buccaneer 33 Crowther tri, Airex hulls, sound ocean cruiser, \$30,000 or trade for an Ian Farrier Trailertri, Lee Hardy, 1255 Culver Rd., Orlando, FL (407) 281-4999

Loran, Micrologic Explorer HP, used only two races, has 2 extra notch filters, New \$700, asking \$475. (619) 464-7889

Wanted: F-27, willing to trade 1987 Ericson 32, fully equipped with new Universal Diesel, Loran etc. 65K to 70K value. Contact Dennis Connor, Ph. (619) 279-7979

Interested in Farrier Designs?

If you are further interested in the F-27 or another Farrier design, then the best way to keep up to date with the latest developments is to subscribe to this Newsletter. You don't have to be an owner or builder.

The **TRAILERTRI** Newsletter is compiled and published by Ian and Alicia Farrier and subscription (air mail) for 4 issues (4-8 pages and usually over 1 year) is US\$6, A\$10, NZ\$12, with all other foreign US\$8. Checks are accepted in all above currencies. Send to:

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