

F32 Newsletter

LAST ISSUE

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The Journal of the Freedom 32 Sailing Yacht Club Vol. 2 No. 6 July/August 1988

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Out With the Old, In With the- Old?

LEASE TAKES OVER F32 WITH SEPTEMBER ISSUE

Promises More Regular Mailings,
Better Spelling, Less Murky
Technical Meandering

The next issue of F32 will feature a new Editor's name on the masthead, that of 5 year F32er John Lease. Owner of #32 Sans Souci, based in Wickford, RI, Lease resides with wife Renate and daughter Connie on New Road in Exeter, RI 02822 (RR#2, Box 334C, [401] 295-7817). Lease is already familiar to F32 readers as a contributor, and also as the Technical Editor of the Freedom Newsletter. Semi retired with a background in both the technical industries and the boat business, Lease currently consults on documentation and has other publishing associated business interests. He welcomes your articles and ideas, and at this moment in particular he welcomes your subscription checks. Please get 'em in! □

THIRD ANNUAL RENDEZVOUS ATTRACTS 55 ENTRANTS, 45 RACERS

JULY 15-18 EVENT FEATURED STRONG
WINDS, GREAT CAMADERIE

Freedom's Rendezvous was held at Newport this year, as was the first Rendezvous in 1986. This was a disappointment to some entrants, as the facilities at Block Island (last year) were superb, particularly if you brought kids with you. But Block is no longer available as the facilities are committed to other purposes. But there is nothing wrong with Newport; it is just yachting with turbo boost done to a disco beat, and it was at its steamy, rocking best in the sultry summer of '88. There are probably more pretty girls in Newport in summer than any other place in New England. They flock on the piers and bars and restaurants and discos, they pour in



RENDEZVOUS (cont p.3)

Yes, I know we're late,
but.....

1988 was the first time in 10 years that our boat stayed base in Marblehead all season, instead of spending July 4 to September moored in Maine. Your editor grasped the opportunity to install and fix a lot of things aboard her during the long summer evenings, and the 100-hour effort to get out F32 was much delayed. Sorry! □

John & Renate Lease; Sandi & Don Peaslee
aboard the Bay Queen

Subscriptions

F32 is published every odd numbered month for a total of 6 issues/year. Subscriptions are \$18.00/ per year; additional subscriptions mailed to crew (owner must pay) are \$15.00 per year. A subscription form is part of the last page of this newsletter; please supply data for crew subscriptions on a separate sheet.

The Freedom 32 Newsletter ("F32") was inspired by the interest demonstrated at the first Freedom Rendezvous held at Newport in June 1986, and by the obvious benefits that would be gained by the exchange of information between owners concerning the maintenance and operation of their boats. F32's prime mission is the publication, in detail, of information concerning the correction of deficiencies and the institution of improvements to F32s, and will rely primarily on reader supplied articles and information in this area. It will also carry articles on the operation of boat systems, the cruising and racing of F32s, social events, raftups, factory advisories, interviews, owner profiles, classified ads, and anything else deemed of specific interest to F32 owners and crews. All F32 author and editorial efforts are unpaid. Break-even revenues equal approximately 70 paid subscriptions, so your support as a subscriber is solicited and greatly appreciated. Direct operating costs include approximately 70 complimentary copies to be sent to major yachting magazines, Tillotson Pearson Corporation, and other organizations worth lobbying.

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FREEDOM 32 FOR SALE

1984 Freedom 32 ILLUSION for sale, hull #26. Equipped in 1988 for sol. offshore racing and extended cruising: 22 Spinlock rope clutches, 2 Schaefer 6 sheave line arrangers, Harken Big Boat blocks, traveler car and block modifications, genoa track, 80 amp alternator, dual isolators, 3 battery banks for 530 amp hours, with heavy duty switches, Rule 2000 bilge pump with alarm and auto/manual switch on expanded electrical panel at nav table; 6 coats Interlux epoxy barrier coat. Plus Autohelm 3000 with control panel below in companionway, Micrologic 5000 loran with remote readout, ICOM M80 VHF and Datamarine knot/log, wind machine, and depth sounder in double height pods mounted on pedestal. Ulmer Kolius main with 4 reef points, all double stitched, Bierig jib, new Thuerston light air genoa, Ulmer Kolius spinnaker, and riding sail. Shore power, hot/cold pressure water w/shower, 4 additional cabinets with shelves in main cabin, 3 drawers in sit down nav table, dish cabinet over galley sink, Wilcox Crittendon 51 JR head with china bowl and bronze base. In addition, assists have been added/designed for handicapped sailors. A stainless steel dodger frame has been added so a disabled person can go below and return on deck unassisted. A new helmsman's seat has been designed by Little Harbor yachts but is not yet complete (this will be completed if there is interest on the part of the buyer). 1988 Givens 8 man life raft with bracket, now mounted on deck, is extra. Asking \$69,000. Contact Pam Rickard, owner, (508) 250-1747

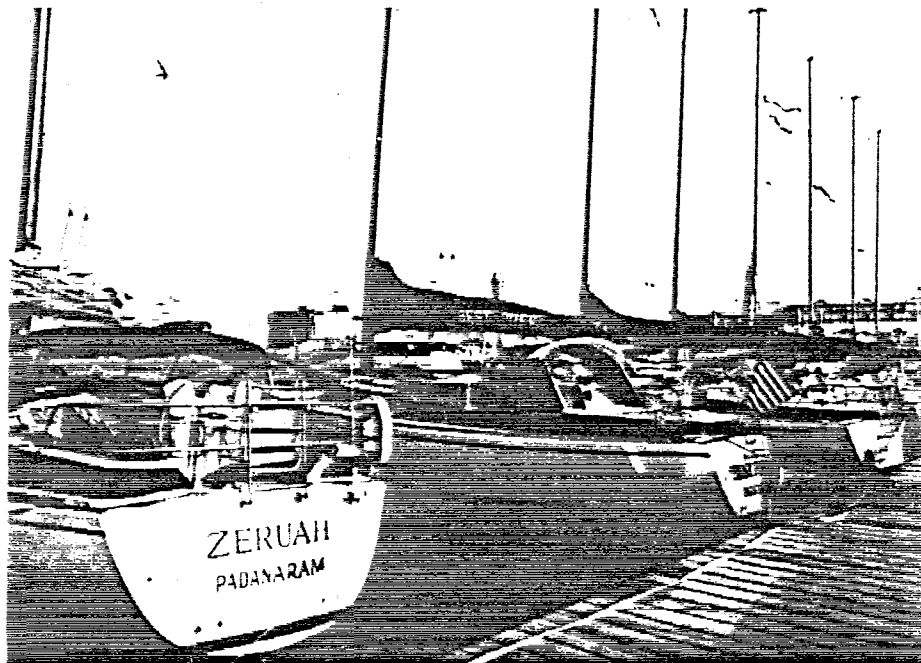
(Whew! This is probably the most thoroughly equipped F32 in the world.-Ed)

nd out of the countless shops of Thames Street and walk en echelon down the sidewalks, a medley of tanned limbs and short shorts and excited giggles: this is where the boys, the boats, the opportunities for adventure are; this is where it's AT. Bring money, and, preferably, your own parking place. Eye the Twelves, four together (count 'em) hard on the wind, each a piece of yachting history- Nvala, Gleam, Weatherly, American Eagle. Where else does a J-boat's mast tower over the tallest? Where else do transatlantic multihulls with huge racing numbers bob at temporary rest among the Pearsons and Catalinas? And there is Octopussy, 132' of sleek, sinister, 50 knot modernity crowned by a smoked plexiglass bridge like wrap-around shades, moving off sideways under reversed water jets and bow thruster as her uniformed crew eye the traffic and mutter into their handi-talkies. If you've not been to Newport in the summer you must come, and preferably during Rendezvous time. It is an experience you'll not approach anywhere else on earth.

The Rendezvous base was once again the Treadway Marina, and the usual learning experiences took place as skippers tried backing into the front berths, all occupied by F32s. The docking crew was very good and demonstrated on several occasions the technique of warping a boat around a piling to get her back into her slot. Breakfast and cocktails took place on a nice lawn area behind the hotel and facing the marina; it was all most pleasant as the weather cooperated, if a bit windy. On Saturday morning a brisk breeze across the slips made for exciting departures, and uncertainty as to who was in charge (apparently no one) resulted in the planned harbor parade taking place in bits as the yachts headed out for the race course near Gould Island, north of the Newport Bridge (see The Racing). Dinner Saturday evening was one of the best New England Shore Dinners we've

experienced (a lobster, corn, clams, boiled potatoes, sausage, etc) served in a large ex-warehouse on the water near the southern part of the Thames St. docks area.

Late Sunday afternoon our fine weather had started to desert us, and by the time the Bay Queen finally showed up at her pier it was starting to get dark and thick fog had been around for two hours. But the returned racers were ready to party, and the several hundred participants who filed aboard got right to it, fog or no fog. Bay Queen slowly circumnavigated the larger islands of Narragansett Bay while a protracted cocktail hour and an impressive buffet took place. The



Eight F32s form the "front line" at Newport's Treadway Marina

awards were presented after dessert, at which point we found that Indo had not only won her class but the Best Overall trophy too, resulting in a flock of "refrigerator pictures" being taken of each of the crew balancing the two big perpetual cups and the silver serving plate, with the big Swarovski binoculars around their necks.

Everett Pearson commented upon the state of the sailboat business in general (not very good), Freedom

THE RACING

After last year's problems of a yet-to-be-set mark and scoring errors, Freedom promised "professional race management" for 1988. But it was not forthcoming, and the racing was characterized by ineptness and lack of preparation by the race committee, coupled with an evident lack of recognition of the practical needs of many of the skippers and crews taking part in their "once a year" race for fun at the Rendezvous. The race information, passed out at the Saturday AM Skipper's Meeting, contained errors and omissions that had to be hand corrected, but remained unclear to many just the same. The instructions invoked the "720 Rule" and the "Around-the Ends Rule", which I'm sure weren't understood by most, and there was a fair bit of muttering about the instruction's invitation to acquire a Rules Book from USYRU- in a document passed out 3 hours before the first race.

Everett Pearson's magnificent F40 Black Duck, the race committee boat, attempted to anchor off the SE end of Gould Island, but couldn't, and had to ignominiously tie up to an enormous steel Navy mooring buoy nearby for the two days of racing. The buoy eventually did a number on Duck's beautiful black Imron, but at least there was no worry of the committee boat dragging. The anchoring problem caused the Saturday start to be delayed a half hour which added to the general confusion, as the RC boat flew the "General Recall" flag to indicate the delay. The building southwester that aggravated the anchoring problem was also creating "to reef or not to reef" questions within the minds of most skippers, as boats blasted back and forth along the start/finish line at hull speed. Meanwhile, Black Duck's crew attempted to address the issue of assuring that everyone knew what was going on, but without complete success. They sporadically manned the radio, particularly during the period after the "recall" signal was

hoisted, but frequently clear answers were not to be had. One Class D boat, inquiring about his start time, was told that "the start for the class ahead of theirs was their 5 minute warning", which wasn't true; the starts were ten minutes apart. Whether that boat started five minutes early is not known. Several skippers later observed that they were minutes late at the line because they simply couldn't figure out when they were supposed to be there.

The racing, though, was just marvellous, with 15-20 knots blowing up the bay, a beautiful day, and not

RACING (cont p.5)

RENDEZVOUS (from p.3)

(better), TPI (doing fine, especially Rampage, but labor availability down and costs rising due to Rhode Island's development boom luring workers away) He also mentioned that they had been required to build the Navy's batch of 44' sloops to ABS certification, and were shortly planning to provide ABS certification for new Freedoms.

Dancing followed for the next hour to an unexpectedly good band, and visibility had improved to a quarter mile or so when Bay Queen made her final approach through Newport Harbor docking around 10PM. With breakfast the next morning the Rendezvous would be over, and it been great fun, with exciting racing, excellent food, and stimulating, like-minded yachting company. It had also been characterized, as had the two Rendezvous before, with occasions where poor or nonexistent planning had caused confusion and frustration for participants, while making Freedom and TPI look less than professional in the eyes of some of their most qualified and likely prospects. Why it continues is a mystery to most participants, most of the problems appear fairly easy to avoid. Fortunately, the Rendezvous are well worth going to despite these shortcomings, and who knows?-perhaps some year they'll fool us and get it all right!

too much chop. 45 boats competed in 4 classes. The F32s were once again the most numerous, with 10 of us getting our own start- the only class to do Indolence, with its Marblehead crew aboard, elected not to reef, as an experiment on the cruise some days earlier indicated that pointing ability noticeably suffered. After the start we went upwind in company with Peter McCrea's Panacea, John Lease's Sans Souci, Al Pearlman's Sea Pearl II, Mel Teare's AWOL, and Paul Koch's Empress of Blandings, generally reading 6.2-6.5 knots, pointing 35-38 degrees apparent, in an apparent wind of 18-23 knots. The upwind ability of Sans Souci and AWOL was quite remarkable in view of their 4'11" keels, with little if any difference noted between them and the deep keel boats, and AWOL was in first spot contention until a gear failure put her out later in the race. I don't think anyone need feel bothered by buying a shoal draft F32. They're probably faster downwind, too.

By mid-race the skills and rail weight of Indo's experienced crew had started to leave their mark, despite an abortive attempt to carry the chute in a short reaching leg north of the Newport Bridge. This turned into an exciting, overpowered on-the-ear slog that was certainly slower than plain sail. At least we had the chute already up at the downwind turn that followed, which helped regain some of the time lost by overdoing things. A good lead was built up, and Indo finished with a two minute lead over Panacea, with Sea Pearl II coming in third. Most boats had fewer crew aboard than we, and the performance of some of them, despite the strong winds prevailing, was impressive indeed. McCrea and Teare stood out in this regard. Bermuda 1-2 veteran McCrea, ably assisted by friend Peggy Wood,

ttled hard on Saturday and beat several better ballasted boats for his 2nd place. And AWOL, short leaved, hung in like a terrier on Saturday until their vang let go (see Sidebar).

Sunday was another fine day with the

wind an important 3-4 knots lighter than Saturday; the weight advantage of Indo's numerous crew would not be so important. There were no reefed sails to be seen. Bostonian Henri Lion, Jr. had been a late starter the previous day but did not make the same mistake twice, adding a new combatant to what became an intense, see-saw battle for the lead, held at various times by Koch, Peaslee, and Henri's Best Puff, with McCrea heel nipping at every crossing and Pearlman not far behind. (AWOL, alas, elected not to race). The finish of this race was southwest of Rose Island, below the Newport Bridge. Best Puff, on starboard, crossed Indolence at the last mark before the finish line, forcing Indo to dip. Two boards later Henri tacked just upwind of us, and the two boats squared away nose to nose for the finish line a half mile away. Henri made an imposing sight at the wheel- broad brimmed, flat topped hat, walrus mustache, impressive height, imposing girth- as he drove Best Puff relentlessly ahead, despite Indo's preponderance of weight on the rail. There was nothing I could do. Puff crossed the line 13 seconds and 4 boat lengths ahead to the riotous acclaim of those on the committee boat- a well deserved win to a hotly contested race, and perhaps the closest finish of the weekend. McCrea was not far behind for 3rd, despite finishing behind Koch, who had inadvertently cut a mark. Al Pearlman completed the first batch of F32s to cross, for 4th place.

Indo's 1-2 finishes won the class for the 2 days (McCrea 2nd, Pearlman 3rd), and also won her the pair of superb Swarovski binoculars presented for Best Overall. Great was the joy in our camp! After being beaten (1986), then outfoxed and beaten (1987) by the crafty Frog, Patrick Mouligne, we were up for the win and delighted to achieve it. Its timing was a bit poetic, too, with the first race precipitating the creation of F32 and the third, held also at Newport, resulting in victory just prior to my stepping down as editor.

IT'S RE-UP TIME- AGAIN!

This issue of F32 marks the end of the second year of publication, and is the last presently paid issue for over half of our subscribers. F32 will be published for the next year under new editor John Lease (see article), and yours truly- while no longer worrying about the whole of every issue- will still be very much in evidence, with several articles planned, mainly on the technical subjects I like to write about. So F32 is very much alive, and a goodly number of folks have already resubscribed. If you haven't, we want you to very much- but we can't afford to chase subscriptions for months, as profitable, commercial publications do. So PLEASE get out the checkbook NOW and get it over with- if this issue was stamped "LAST ISSUE" it will be the last sent until a renewal is received. Same old price, eighteen bucks- and well worth it.

DO IT NOW!

RACING (from p.5)

As to the relative performance of Freedoms: In 1986, after starting 10 minutes behind the F36s in light air, Patrick was close behind the leading F36 at the finish (G.Mull), with Indo about 100 yards further back. Last year we sailed through all sorts of earlier starters, including F39s, 40s, and 44s. This year, with strong air both days, the F32s ended up halfway into the F44s, which started 10 minutes earlier. The sole F42 in that fleet, Gary Mull steering, did not impress the F44 pilots. We don't know how hard Gary was trying. The race results indicate that the F32 is probably the fastest Freedom for its size, and may be able to hold off the larger boats on the average race course (but probably not on an extended reach). The match suggested to most minds is of course F32 versus F36. It would be interesting to see the 3 best of each class pitted against each other on the same

course. Don't count on ever seeing it, though- the F32s can't really lose; and the 36s can't really win, so I could never blame Freedom for not wanting to do it. [

On the Subject of Overreaction, Overanalysis, and Paying Attention to Basic Lessons

One of the things noticed at the Rendezvous, about halfway through the first race, was that we were carrying a very noticeable mainsail luff going to weather while the boats around us did not exhibit any luffing at all to speak of. The reason was not mainsail trim; we were as tight in as most of the boats, nor was it jib trim, as ours was in no tighter than the norm. And it appeared, particularly on Sunday, that our boat speed was nothing to rave about; this was conclusively demonstrated by Henri Lion on our stretch run that afternoon (see story). Convinced that Indo's four year old Doyle mainsail needed recutting, I met with Doyle's people aboard the boat the following week to look the sail over and try to squeeze my job into their busy midsummer rework and repair schedule. After listening to my estimate of what was required and appearing a bit doubtful as to whether such major surgery was called for, Doyle's John Kelly looked hard at the main, then uncleated the boom outhaul and gave it a good yank. The mainsail changed shape before my very eyes, followed by the deep red of embarrassment enveloping my face. It was clear that after ignoring this important control for years it was time to shape up! Gone was the luffing; the main now looked remarkably like Peter's, and Henri's, and Mel's. Even more shaming was the fact that I had gotten a good laugh at the March meeting in 1987 during Hale Walcoff's sail trim presentation; I was talking about adjusting the outhaul and I made some crack about it being "that rope that you cleat in the spring, right?". Clearly, I got the laugh, but I didn't get the message. I've got it NOW, though! □

Suggestions for Future Rendezvous

(F32 does not really enjoy beefing about the way Rendezvous are run. The following suggestions are offered as possible constructive changes to the way things have been done, and we hope they are given consideration by Freedom) - Ed.

- Gear the races towards the skipper who has never raced before. It will make a successful start and completion of the race far more likely for him, and will disadvantage the experienced people not one wit. The operative rule for race planning and management should be KISS (*Keep It Simple, Stupid !*).

- Select the course in the morning, before the Skipper's Meeting. It's more important to select the course in advance than it is to wait and try to select perfect upwind and downwind legs, and it eliminates the confusion new racers have trying to read the committee boat's course signals.

- At the meeting, chart the race course on a big, easy to read presentation board. Trace the course around the marks with a colored felt-tip. Suggest to skippers that they trace the course on their own race charts.

- Forget the modified Olympic courses, etc. They're too hard to remember and too easy to forget on the course. And for beginners they're absolutely unnecessary. The best course is probably "once around". The most complex instruction should be "twice around".

- Postponements are one of the banes of KISS race planning. Get the committee boat and any portable marks in place, signal halyards tested, cannon loaded, etc., at least 30 minutes prior to the first warning gun, so that events will happen at the times promised. Lack of comprehension of postponement periods caused most of the late starts this year.

- Put a SAVVY committee member full time on the radio from 30 minutes prior to warning to the end of the last race. Any questions concerning the marks, courses, start times, racing rules, etc. should be answered.

- Proof read the race instructions. Are there errors? Are all obvious matters of importance addressed?

(All the above, of course, flies in the face of one hundred years of race committee/competitors antagonism and game playing, in which skippers are expected to memorize and be responsible for a plethora of race rules and conventions, the contravention of which can cause penalties or disqualification of a time consuming, expensive racing effort. The race committee meanwhile torments them with 19th century flag signals, too-small letter boards, unintelligible shouted instructions, confusing signal sequences, and ambiguous race circulars. Perhaps it's the System; perhaps it's the Establishment- but who the hell needs it at a *Rendezvous*?)

PLUS: Provide a map to any function not held at the Rendezvous base. Make sure a cognizant Freedom person is there in advance to confirm to registrants that they're in the right place, and that the event is going to happen.

Keeping An Eye On It Can Avoid Problems

The most highly loaded line on a Freedom is the boom vang. Highly desirable for maintaining sail shape on a conventional mainsail, the vang is an absolute necessity for controlling the powerful, fully battened Freedom main with its enormous roach. With very little basic leverage against the powerful sail forces trying to lift the boom, the vang relies on the power provided by its four part tackle to haul the boom down, and upon the strength of its constituent parts and attachment points to maintain control of the boom without breaking under hard conditions.

For those who have not experienced a vang failure in strong air (I hope you haven't), it's pretty scary. The boom leaps upward and the roach starts to flog with terrific effect. The mast shakes unbelievably, along with the boat and one's nerves. First aid is to immediately get on the wind, if you can safely go in that direction, and sheet the main down hard to stop the flogging. Then fix the vang, if possible. The boat can be sailed close hauled or on a close reach with the vang inoperative by keeping the traveler under the boom, so that the boom is pulled right down, controlling the leech. If repair is not possible and the course is reaching or downwind the main must be dropped and the engine or jib resorted to.

Indolence has had three vang failures. In the first, the vang shackle at the mast base backed out and had to be reinstalled. Two years later it happened again in building wind and sea with the chute up, and we destroyed the chute in the resulting chaos. This year we saw a new 5/23" 7X19 vang pigtail snap in two as we crossed a power boat wake. Breaking strength: 2400 lbs.

Two vangs broke that I know of at the Rendezvous. Mel Teare had a Harken block as part of his vang system; the shackle fitting ripped right out of it (breaking strength 2500-3000 lbs. I have not heard of the factory installed Schaefer failing). Most spectacular was the experience of a nearby F40, just converted by the factory from wishbones to battened sails. In this case the vang boss literally ripped out of the cast aluminum partners ring to which all the blocks are shackled at the base of the mast. Probably the ring, which was new (?), was defective. The resulting mast shake snapped the masthead strobe light right off into the sea (all we'd ever lost was the burgee pole).

Proper vanging is very important to the performance of any full batten Freedom. Observation of most of the boats at the Rendezvous showed them to be undervangd- when viewed along the boom from a distance the appearance of the sails tended to "blossom" towards the top. The winning boats didn't look this way; they had a fair curve from foot to mast truck. With the stock vang it's necessary to tension up when close hauled (main sheet doing all the actual vanging at this point), as the vang tackle does not offer enough leverage to accomplish adequate tightening when off the wind except in very light air. Aboard Indo we have a four part vang on 3" Harken blocks which is led aft to the cockpit, where it can be winched. The winch is nearly always required to get the tension we feel is necessary, and we have to be careful, as the combination of tackle and winch not only provides adequate vanging power but is surely enough to tear itself apart if overdone.

Examination of the vang attachment at the mast base reveals that the load on the shackle is sideways, particularly when running. This isn't very good, as the load eventually bends the shackle pin, while also elongating the hole in the partners ring. Twice we have had the pin bend so badly that it could neither be removed or tightened. This always happened after it had unscrewed itself about halfway, due, I think, to the slight rocking moment created under load by the boom moving up and down. Whatever it is, the "untwisting" load was great enough to defeat the Loctite that we had assembled the last shackle with! The hacksaw is required to remove a bent up shackle. New ones of adequate throat diameter are not easy to find, so it's a smart spare to pack aboard.

As you've probably perceived, "proper" vang-ing is notably harder on the gear than the vang tension casually carried by the majority of boats, and Indo has probably experienced more wear and tear than most because she has been pushed in this regard. In view of the importance of the vang to the rig's design, and the enormous loads it has to cope with, it would be nice to see the partners ring redesigned so that the vang boss is thicker, with the shackle boss replaced by a ball recess cast into the underside of the boss, with a hole about half the ball size through which a pin attached to the ball would protrude, attached to the vang tackle. This "ball joint" would distribute the load nicely into the boss, pivot to stay lined up perfectly with the vang at any conceivable operating angle, eliminate any bending of components, and be easily lubricated. Alternatively, a vertical pin securing a tang in a horizontal slot would also work, but the tang would have to be bent up to the vang, and there would be friction and bending involved.

Indo's crew has become quite conscious of keeping the mainsail leech telltales streaming back, and we find that giving the vang a tweak one way or the other is the best way to effect this, particularly when reaching. It has been a boon to be able to work this control with ease, from the cockpit. The winchable mainsheet, winchable traveler and winchable vang create an environment that encourages the proper controlling of the main, as it is so much easier than the stock arrangement. Next year the boom outhaul and Cunningham controls will also join us in the cockpit, and we will really be able to loll around, fiddling with ropes. Pass me a Heinekin, will you, Charles?

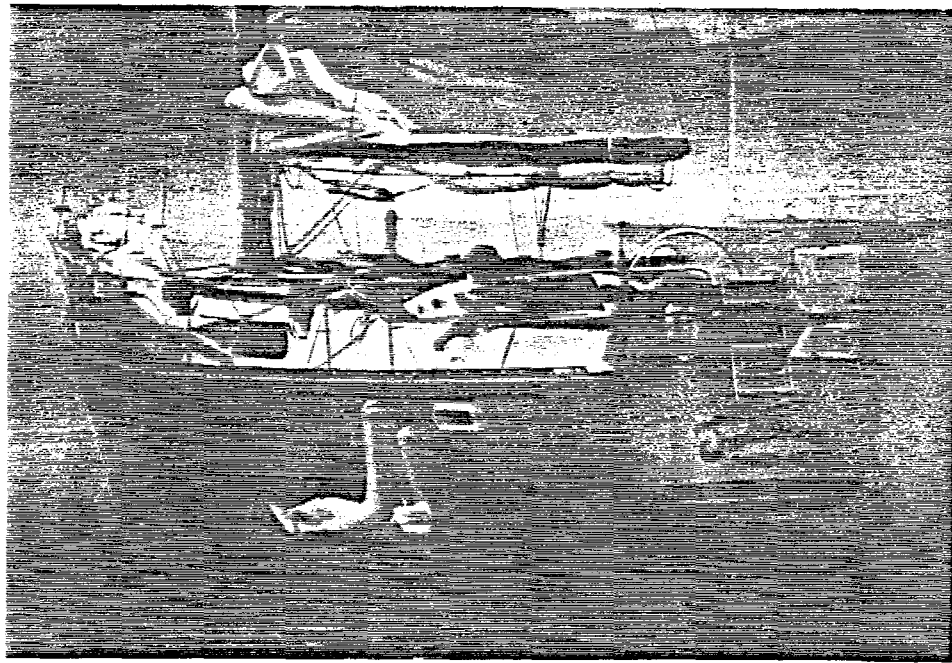
F32 gets around!- in this case to the multinational yacht harbor at Split, Yugoslavia, which we visited this spring. There were yachts from at least twelve different countries, but few, alas, from Yugoslavia. Our hotel is in the background.



Island Hoppers Try Out Block, Fisher's, and Shelter-
And Find Charm Well Worth Revisiting

After putting in a fair bit of time in the planning, Ian Morrison had to withdraw for personal and business reasons from the Long Island Cruise. Meanwhile, John Lease had agreed to step in and do what he could to keep things going, but this all happened pretty late in the game, and many people had already made other plans. Nonetheless, Saturday, July 9 found three boats marshalling off Jamestown in Narragansett Bay, intent upon taking advantage of the flexibility inherent in small groups to make the best possible use of the coming six days preceding the Rendezvous. And that we did. The players were Sans Souci, with F32 editor-elect John and Renate Lease; AWOL, with Mel and Jeanne Teare, and Indolence, with friends Monica and John Fraser accompanying Sandi and me for the first few days. Leeward Lee had planned to come, but the plans of LeeAnn Johnston and Louis Hafken had to be changed when a late launch left their craft not yet ready to travel. The fourth boat in our group, Zeruah, was meeting us at Block Island, our first stop, as owners Harold and Eileen Horwitz and Jay and Carol Marlin were sailing to Block I. that day from Padanaram in Buzzard's Bay, and the Jamestown start would have added miles onto what was already a long, upwind sailing day for them.

The cruise plan, based roughly on Ian's original homework plus some 'ideas of Lease', was to work up the Sound with Shelter Island, NY as the ultimate goal prior to turning back towards Newport. Because the group was small we were able to make all decisions on a day by day basis, as there were no slip or restaurant reservations to be observed. With only four boats to consider, small harbors unsuitable to accomodate a larger fleet could also be considered. It was all rather like cruising on one's own, but with an amiable togetherness and sociability that promoted fun without pressure.



John Kinyon feeds the swans at West Harbor,
Fisher's Island, New York

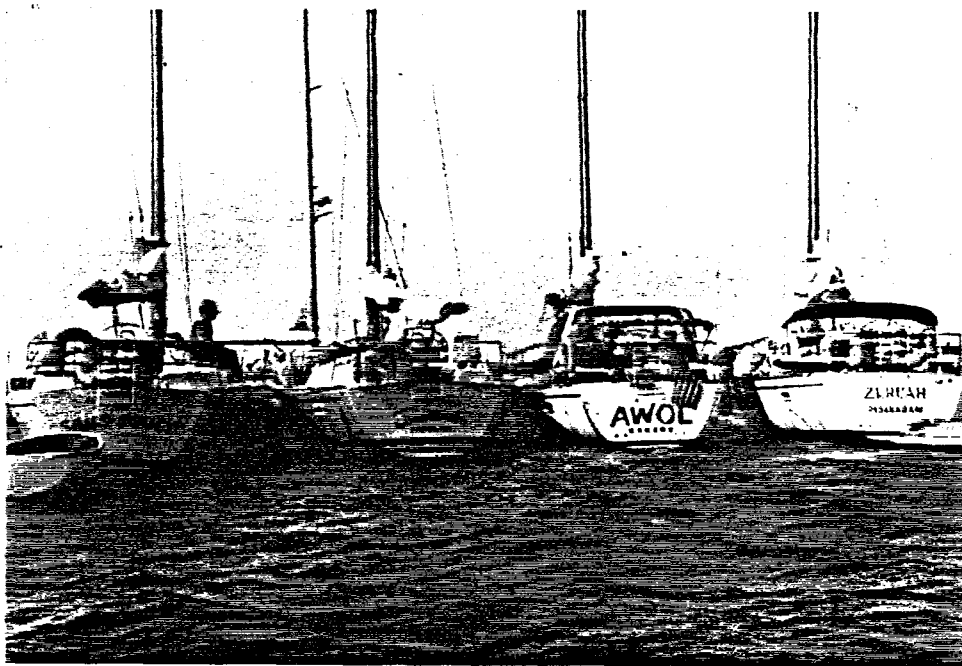
-Photo by Jay Marlin

Saturday afternoon was a bit grey for our start for Block I, and the southwester was blowing hard enough that all three boats eventually reefed as they sportingly commenced the long, lumpy beat against the tide to Block, still 20 NM away to the southwest. Time went by, Sandi

headed below to lie down, and after taking note of our slow progress towards Point Judith I reached for the diesel in order to tighten our course into a motor sail, close hauled, for the big sea buoy marking the end of the bar extending northward from the island. It was soon clear that the others decided to do the same, and some time later we bore off past the buoy for a snappy reach down into the Salt Pond entrance, with the sound of the engine gratefully silenced. The sail to Block- often windy, frequently lumpy, and sometimes cold- was the only crummy sail of the trip; everything got better from there on.

Once inside the Salt Pond Mel Teare produced a 15 kilogram Bruce anchor, and we eventually had all four boats on it, as Zeruah had arrived from Padanaram in the meantime. After the boats were properly secured Zeruah's crew dressed and headed off into New Shoreham on the marina launch for dinner at the Manassas (which they later reported was a disappointment). Those remaining convened aboard Indolence for the first of a string of daily cocktail hours that were an immediate success. These Happy Hours, convivial but not immoderate, immediately became a highlight of the cruise. A different boat entertained the other three each each day; there was room aboard for everyone, the conversation was wonderful, and it was a great way to get acquainted.

It blew fairly hard that night, and the next morning a big Bristol that had been behind us showed up anchored to weather. We're pretty sure that he must have moved up after everyone had turned in. But we're not positive, and the bearings on other yachts taken before retiring were not conclusive one way or the other. The very idea of that enormous raft dragging by another boat, with the luck not to hit it, is enough to pucker one's drawstring. At any rate, nobody appeared to be anxious to put that many F32s on one anchor overnight again.



The four boat F32 raftup at the Salt Pond, Block Island. John Lease gams with John Fraser

Sunday dawned nice but blowy, and after talking to a couple of arriving skippers about conditions outside the group decided to stay for the day and have some fun. Sandi's nephew John Kinyon was attempting to join us, having just arrived in NYC from Spain, and there were communication problems much better addressed if we were near a phone, so we took a slip for the night. The raft broke up,

with boats seeking their own moorings, or anchoring out. During this time we discovered Passion (#13, Timber Point, NY) on a mooring with owners Dave and Diane Amodio and their son Dusty aboard. They had been cruising for a couple of weeks and were now basing themselves at Block for some R&R. We rafted with Passion upon our return to Block some days later.

The afternoon turned out blue skyed and beautiful, and after a swim at Crescent Beach we walked into town with the Frasers and made dinner reservations at the lovely old Atlantic House, one of the many big Victorian frame hotels that are enjoying a renaissance of interest and appeal. The Atlantic sits on one of the island's highest points and has a view that doesn't stop, from Martha's Vineyard in the east, along the southern shore of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, and then to the Connecticut and Long Island shores towards New York. Dinner out that evening was excellent and the ladies observed that it would be a fine idea to continue the practice for the rest of the cruise.

On Monday AWOL, Sans Souci and Zeruah preceded us to Fisher's Island, as we had to await the arrival of Sandi's nephew, who was flying over from Westerly. We got away from the marina about ten, and noted on the way out that the F32's 12'3" beam exceeded the distance between the two pilings we had backed through so intensely the day before, spreading them apart slightly as we pulled out into the harbor. Conditions outside the breakwater were foggy, about a half mile visibility, wind SW at 6-7 knots. With the prospect of a light air close reach for the Watch Hill Passage before us it was clearly time to bend on our 285 square foot, 205% genoa and give chase to the yachts ahead. Their hour's head start was made up before we were much over halfway across, and Indo had to endure several uncouth and jealous comments as we sailed past the others to leeward following their appearance out of the fog a few minutes earlier. The Passage was made amidst some confusion over the radio concerning buoy identifications and conflicting loran positions. But we all arrived at Fisher's lovely West Harbor intact, were directed by a friendly boatman to moorings that no one requested any money for, and immediately established the first order of business: who was doing Happy Hour?

Tuesday dawned foggy once again, and the



Happy Hour: Mel Teare, John Fraser, Eileen Horwitz, Harold Horwitz, Carol Marlin, Jay Marlin, Jeanne Teare, Sandi Peaslee, Monica Fraser, Renate Lease, John Lease, Don Peaslee

group's decision was to have another lay day- which at quiet, pretty Fisher's is an easy thing to talk oneself into. After feeding the swans in the morning we all went ashore at one time or another, with the Horwitzes, Marlins, and Peaslees walking up to make dinner reservations at the homey Pequot Inn, the island's only restaurant. In the course of going ashore we had been met at the dock by a friendly black dog of the Labradorish persuasion who accompanied us on the mile or so walk to the inn that afternoon. Upon arriving at the Pequot she was met by a couple of her buddies, and they all ended up having a wonderful time mock-dog fighting for about 20 minutes on the floor of the inn's bar area. This was all taken without particular notice or bother by the bartender and the 8 or 9 patrons there, who evidently found it completely normal and part of the scene. Battle over, the dogs came over to us for back and belly rubs, and then went sniffing off on their next mission. It was all completely charming, and the kind of thing that could only occur in a place where people are at ease with each other, and the letter of the law isn't worried about if the common weal appears to be satisfied.

Our guests had to return home and made reservations on the afternoon ferry for New London. We swam in the clean harbor waters after their departure, and later joined our friends at the Pequot for dinner, escorted once again by the friendly Lab. It was very warm, they were out of half their entrees, and the young waitress became more flustered as each new shortage was discovered. But we all eventually dined, and fairly well- and who was in a big hurry, anyway?

Wednesday morning the group split, as both AWOL and Sans Souci wanted to get back towards Newport, with Lease scheduled to pick up Kathy and Paul Reidel, their F29-owning (and F32 subscribing) guests from Michigan, arriving Friday for their second Rendezvous. Meanwhile Zeruah and Indolence smelled opportunity. After nearly writing off Shelter Island because of the short time remaining, we were now looking at a wind that had gone from its usual SW into SE, plus a fair tide through Plum Gut into Gardiner's Bay, with a close reach indicated for Shelter I. It was not to be missed, and we bade Mel, Jeanne, Renate and John a good trip until our reunion at Newport on Friday. The currents in the Race were not remotely in the direction foretold by the tables, which remains a mystery, but they were no particular trouble either. Plum Gut ran strong in our direction as predicted, and we started a spanking reach across Gardiner's Bay for Shelter I. As we neared the SE end of Shelter the wind went flat and things got very warm, so we both anchored off a convenient beach and had a refreshing swim in water of a most agreeable temperature, if a bit weedy.

In mid afternoon we were under way again, and so was the wind. This was fortunate, as the game plan called for a near complete circumnavigation of Shelter I. to Dering Harbor on its NW side, which was still about 16 NM away. To say that the sail turned out to be idyllic is not exaggerating. The waters of Peconic Bay and the channels around Shelter I. were completely flat, with a solid 10-12 knot breeze across them. Not only that, the breeze tended to bend around the changes in our course, so that we never once had to beat. With absolutely no motion, the yacht would hold its course and heel angle for minutes at a time without the wheel being moved, the only

sound the hiss of the bow wave as we carved through the still water at 6 knots. The scenery was beautiful: immaculate houses, perfect lawns, stunning gardens in full bloom, as only a caring attitude, hard work, and green money can create. We were definitely in New York.

Dering Harbor was classy and quiet. Zeruah's crew dined there at the Shelter Island Yacht Club; we dined aboard as there was food that had to be eaten. The boats from the Wednesday evening race came in and moored as we finished cocktails in the cockpit. The lights of Greenport started winking on across the bay. We shall definitely return to Shelter Island.

Thursday was foggy but once outside of Gardiner's Bay there is nothing to hit 'till Block Island, so both boats concentrated their piloting on the twisting route from Dering Harbor into Gardiner's Bay and then across it. Anomalies soon appeared, as our loran course disagreed badly with the DR and seemed to be taking us onto shoals. Zeruah's loran readings were then used; these soon found us looking at a small island looming out of the fog, 15 degrees off our proper course. Again, the compass appeared correct in retrospect, and we scrapped both lorans for the moment in favor of careful DR, which brought us some hours later out of the fog dead onto the Salt Pond entrance breakwater at Block Island. Indo's loran proved to be off about 1.2 NM to the east. Zeruah's wasn't that bad, but it certainly wasn't good enough. We have since cleaned up the RF ground cable connection and our Apelco 6000 is back in the ball park, but no better than that. The reach over in the fog was splendid, steered all the way by Sandi's (ex) landlubber nephew, John Kinyon.

The Amodios invited us to raft to them that evening and we were grateful for the offer, for there was not a mooring to be found. They elected to extend the cocktail hour with the Zeruah crew while John, Sandi, and I dinghied off to "Dirty Dick's", a famous Block I. restaurant, for dinner. "Dick's" served us fine seafood at more modest prices than we had become used to, and while putt-ing back out in the dinghy we resolved to once again visit Crescent Beach in the morning for a last swim in that delightful water. Crescent Beach lies very close to the harbor but is on the east side of the island, separated from the harbor by a narrow strip of land. We got to it easily the next morning by dingying in past "Dirty Dick's" back door to the other side of a small, shallow salt pond, where there is a tiny landing place near a path leading to the road that runs by the beach. It was warm and sunny, and we spent a fine half day on the sand before bidding the Amodios goodbye and sailing in company with Zeruah off to the action and excitement of the Rendezvous.

And that was how the 1988 Cruise ended. Indo and Zeruah reached across from Block Island past Point Judith to the Brenton Reef Tower, where the diesel was started as the breeze died in order to get into the Treadway and get tied up- because now they were doing Happy Hour!

□

LETTERS

Dear Don:

Off Ludington, MI 6-17-88

After reading all the information about the engine overheat problem I finally took action. Stormalong is hull #98 with engine driven refrigeration (holding plate) and the standard hot water tank. Prior to making changes any engine speed above 2500 rpm resulted in the alarm sounding, and it would generally go off at 2300 rpm if the refrigeration compressor was engaged.

1. I installed a ball shutoff valve in the hot water line from the engine to the tank. But the valve position made no difference, as the alarm went off as usual.

2. Inspection of the engine heat exchanger showed it to be apparently clean. I ran some auto radiator cleaner through it, and replaced the coolant with new ethylene glycol.* We then experienced 3200 rpm for several hours and no alarm. Eureka! The ball valve was left wide open (maximum flow of engine coolant through the tank coils).

The Freedom Newsletter is very nice, but the last issue requested us to join the association- with no dollar amount stated! No blank checks will be sent!

We wait for each issue of F32 with bated breath. Keep it up!

John Finch
12519 168th Ave
Grand Haven, MI 49417

P.S.- 6-20-88: Disregard conclusion! Further experience shows we can only run at 2800 without alarming. Changing heater valve setting has no effect. Believe overall cooling is marginal. Could fresh water have different heat transfer capability so more heat exchanger is needed? Lake Michigan is now at about 50-60 dgees F.

Has anyone had trouble with the solenoid valve for the propane? Or the regulators? I have had intermittent "no flow" despite everything bench testing OK. Believe valve is NG.

John

* Straight, or 50-50? Also, see comments on this problem in the "recap" article in this issue - Ed.

Two closely spaced letters follow from our Caribbean Traveler, Will Chesnut:

Puerto Rico, June 10

Freedom is presently in Puerto Rico and just about ready to leave for the Virgins, and then work my way back to Venezuela.

I ordered the fuel tank pickup assembly to install in my tank, but unfortunately the kit has not arrived. So I will continue with the jerry cans. I was informed by Abu Dai (F32 #1, Bruz & Ann Roettger) that you can use polishing compound on the windows for cleaning them up. Mine went from very foggy to very clean after using the compound. I continue to have leaky windows; it seems that they usually open up on a long and rough passage. I have used both 5200 and clear silicone. Last year I had to replace the boat's batteries, as they werer rapidly losing their capacity.

LETTERS (cont p.16)

Our thanks for a very informative two years of F32.

Will Chesnut

Puerto Rico, June 27

I have now lived aboard the past two years and cruised 9000 miles during this time, with 987 miles done single handed (although not always by choice). Freedom has been in the Caribbean since March 1987 and has held up really well against the adverse conditions of the sun and inadequate fresh water for proper scrub downs. I compound the topsides at least yearly and also wax 2 or 3 times a year. The hull was compounded two years ago and then waxed during haulout in Venezuela last February. The teak was cleaned and 3-4 coats of Semco sealer brushed on 2 years ago; I now put on a coat of Semco every 2 or 3 months. This has maintained the teak quite well.

I had some of the yellow spots in the gel coat of the deck and cockpit, which I discussed with TPI during the Rendezvous at Newport in 1986. They power buffed the topsides using rubbing compound. This removed all the yellow streaks and made the gel coat sparkle like new (thus I still compound it yearly). At that time TPI thought the yellow was caused by inadequate removal of the mold release agent, aggravated by the sun. I have had no problems since.

The screws holding the shaft strut to the hull worked loose after a few months. Since the fairing putty around the strut was knocked loose by the vibration, exposing the heads of the screws, I periodically went over the side with a large Phillips screwdriver and tightened them up. At the last haulout I tightened all the screws from below and then notched them with a punch to prevent them loosening (the screw's flat head is dimpled with a center punch several times around its periphery, where it contacts the strut. This creates an interference to twist, keeping the screw from turning-Ed.). So far it has held (6 months), and I didn't have to go through the battery box.

The fuel tank pickup kit arrived, and I now have it installed. The kit cost all of \$10.60 and took only two hours to put it in. It is aft and slightly inboard of the big access plug, 12" from the starboard side of the tank. I did have to cut off about 1" from the supplied pickup pipe as it was too long. You have to drill a 13/16" hole in the tank for the pipe flange, and 5 small holes for the self tapping screws securing the flange. It was a bit tricky to prevent any of the metal filings from falling into the tank, but I held a large cup inside the tank under the drill with one hand, working through the open access plug, and operated the drill with the other hand.

So hopefully I now have much better than an apparent 10 gallon fuel tank, but will continue to keep it filled up as much as possible.

I am soon to be heading back down the islands and to Venezuela. I would have been gone but my depth finder died again (3rd time in 3 years) so I'm waiting to get that fixed. I can't recommend the Signet 1000 system.

After four years of cruising and a nasty, wet beat back from Venezuela to St. Croix last March, I finally had a dodger and life

line weather cloths installed, with the boat name on the cloths in 12" high letters. Paul, there is no charge for all this free Freedom advertising throughout the Caribbean, but I would hope to have some special consideration next year when I talk to you about the F42.

Will Chesnut

(F32 considers the rank pickup installation well proved out from the tests conducted by Kurt Spaugh last year. We look forward nonetheless to Will's confirmation of its effectiveness during his Venezuela passage- Ed.).



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(SEE ALSO THE AD FOR PAM
RICKARD'S SUPER-EQUIPPED
F32 ON PAGE 2)

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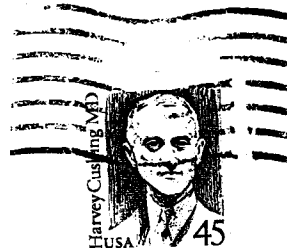
DAN GOIKE, HOME PHONE: (517) 339-9549
WORK PHONE: (517) 885-9598

Boat is located outside of Detroit. Dan's address is 1631 Lake Drive #49, Haslett MI 48840



Coming up (still) in F32: we ARE going to write about Sir John Oakeley's "F33" (the British F32), and we ARE going to write about spinnaker techniques, the Bierig jib, and- (whisper)- genoas! Don't miss them- if your subscription is up, get your renewal in NOW, as the next issue of F32 is nipping on the heels of this one!

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7/88

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