



BCMS NEWSLETTER

November 12, 2008

Aloha to all,

I returned from Oahu in the wee hours of November 11th to the cold and damp. It is a bit of a shock to the system. Reality finally sunk in this morning and I realized I had better start working on the newsletter. Our cat is back in Point Roberts probably feeling a bit lonely as the weather hasn't been the best and Stu has been working late hours 6 days a week. Hopefully, we'll have a sunny day or two before the month is over, so that we may bundle up and go for a sail.

Gaby Kerr
aka Stuart's ghost writer.

Swiftsure 2008, The Bad Kitty perspective
Another year; another Swiftsure
By Alec Mackenzie

We have a rule on *Bad Kitty*: when delivering the boat to a race event, DON'T BREAK THE BOAT!

BANG!

Only a few miles from homeport on the lower reaches of the Fraser River, *Bad Kitty* finds a large log in the confused meter-plus waves thrown up by wind and current. Unfortunately she 'finds' it at 11 knots with her partially immersed dagger boards, breaking one, and as it latter turns out, mortally wounding the other. This could be a problem, but with *Bad Kitty*, there is always "Plan B".

Ron Tomas and Bob Davis are on the first leg of the delivery, traveling to Winter Cove on Saturna Island to pick up Richard Woods, who, a couple of weeks earlier, foolishly agreed to come racing with us.

(See Richard's brief account of our race in his "Latest news" section: May –June 2008) <http://www.sailingcatamarans.com/>

Karl 'Snakes and Ladders'* Uthoff, *Bad Kitty's* owner, designer and builder has a 'boat yard' (or is it 'bone yard') at his summer cabin on Saturna Island, so Bob

and Ron stop in and drag a couple of old dagger boards out of the bushes and take them down to the dock.

Bright and early Friday morning, Bob, Richard and Ron set out for Victoria with the broken dagger board replaced. As they pull away from the dock Ron decides to check the other board. Whoops! Good call. Back to the Dock for another quick board replacement.



Bob, Richard, Alec and Ron

Favourable wind and current helps *Bad Kitty* on her way to Victoria Harbour in record time. Alec Joins the Crew for lunch in Victoria and an afternoon of talking story with the other sailors before breaking for a quick run to the food store to pick up an extra 87,000 food calories, just in case it turns into a long race.

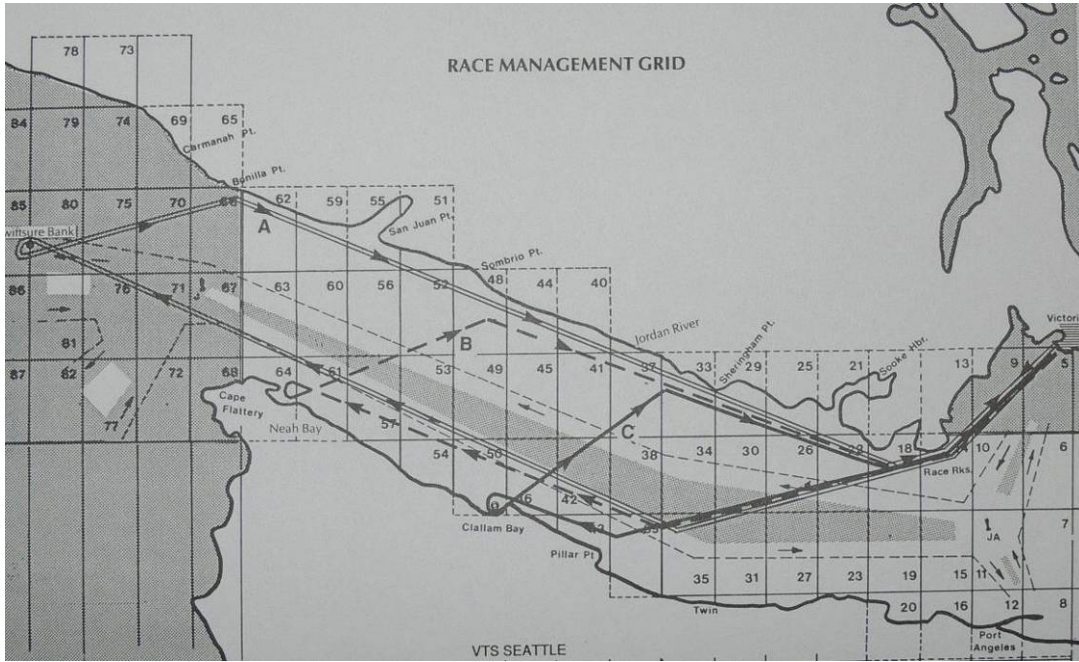
- *Snakes and Ladders: sometimes you get a break; sometimes things just break.*

Next, it is off to the Royal Victoria Yacht Club for an excellent Multihull division Dinner organized by John Green. The fleet is small this year with only seven boats registered for the Cape Flattery Multihull race and several more registered for the more gentlemanly Rosedale rocks race, whose primary objective seems to be that the participants be back in time for afternoon Tea at the Empress hotel. Even so, we manage to field more than 40 for dinner.

On *Bad Kitty* we have two pre-race strategies we like to use depending on the circumstances. The *<get-blind-drunk on rum & Margaritas>* strategy wasn't going to work for this race because we couldn't find the free beverage dispensing taps; so we opted for plan 'B', stayed sober and went to bed. Besides, this seemed like a good idea since Karl was sitting this one out and we didn't want to do anything bad to the boat without him onboard to take the blame.

Saturday Morning dawned clear and quiet. We awoke sober and focused. The Weather forecast was too good to be true, calling for Easterlies of up to ten knots changing to Westerly's in the late afternoon and strengthening to ten to twenty knots in the evening. Even the tidal currents were going to play fair, offering us a favourable current of up to 4 knots at race passage, a couple of hours after the start. This was great, as we normally face more than 50 nautical miles of beating into strengthening westerly's and strong flood currents to get out to the western entrance of Juan de Fuca strait where our turning mark is set at Neah bay near Cape Flattery.

<North>



Pre-race preparations:



Dragonfly





Makika



Freda Mae & Bad Kitty

Our start was scheduled for 10:15 and we got away on time and in good position from the midpoint of the line. The promised easterlies were nowhere in sight and we found ourselves beating into about one knot of westerly wind. It was starting to look like a Driftsure instead of the Swiftsure. We kept on Starboard tack



Red shift heading out to the wind

staying out with *Redshift* (F9A) and *Makika* (F-25C) while *Dragonfly* (Formula 40) and *Blue Lightning* (F9AR) took a more inshore course. We thought there would be better winds and a more favourable current on the outside and we were right. As it turned out, this was the first of many good decisions we made. The weak west wind gradually veered to the North West, lifting us up to the course through Race Passage.



We passed through Race passage a couple of hours after the start, just a short distance behind *Makika* and *Redshift*. *Dragonfly* and *Blue Lightning* were now well behind and increased their distance by staying a little too close to shore in the Sooke area.

By now we had caught up to some of the big, fast monohulls that had started 10 minutes before us. Even in the almost non-existent wind we were able to creep past some 70 foot ULDBs. We worked every little lead of wind and watched the progress of all the boats around us for small indications that might help us choose the best path. Each time we made the call and committed, we seemed to gain a little on most of the boats around us. This level of success is unusual for *Bad Kitty* but we weren't complaining. Richard, our new crew member, deserves some of the credit.

Very gradually, the weak North Westerly filled in and then backed to the West. All the lead boats took this new wind over to the US side of Juan de Fuca strait, in the vicinity of Clallam Bay, staying well clear of the hole at Pillar Point. *Makika* led the way, followed by *Redshift* and *Bad Kitty*. We were now well ahead of *Dragonfly* and *Blue Lightning*. *Freda May (Corsair 31R)* was not in sight, but in a long geographic race like this, you learn to never count the competition out.

The tidal current was turning against us and from now on we would be fighting one to two knots of tidal current, more on the outside; less inshore. Both *Makika* and *Redshift* decided to take it to the shore at Clallam bay, presumably to take advantage of the reduction in adverse current and position themselves for the forecast South West winds expected to fill in over the Olympic Peninsula later in the day. At first this looked like a good move and they put a few minutes in the bank, but we were not convinced that inshore was the place to be. It can often get lighter along the shore so we made the call to cover our competitors from the outside.

Blue lightning and *Dragonfly* had crawled out of their holes and were making good time catching up to us in the gradually strengthening wind. *Blue lightning* followed the lead boats into the shore and *Dragonfly* stayed out with us. We carefully watched the progress of the inshore boats and checked with the few lead mono's sailing with us. It looked like we were making progress on the inshore boats, but a lot would depend on the wind shifts. We sailed *Bad Kitty* like a catamaran (which was a good thing since she *is* a catamaran). We sailed a little freer to the wind, going for more boat speed but giving up a few degrees of pointing ability. This would move our speed through the water up from 5 knots to 7 knots or more, easily improving our VMG.

As we worked up the US shore into the twilight, we kept getting headed on port tack, which favourably lifted the inshore boats, but the stronger offshore winds and weakening adverse current gave us a compensating advantage. You can imagine the lead boats surprise when we all showed up at the rounding mark within minutes of each other!

We rounded shortly after 23:00 hours on Saturday night, more than 12 hours after the start.

The race begins again....

Usually the wind dies in the evening out at the western entrance to Juan de Fuca strait while continuing to blow, often with ever increasing force, as you near Race Rocks 40 nautical miles back up the strait. So the real race is the race to the wind. Would we make it?

By now it is completely dark and will stay that way for about four hours. We see a few small red, green or white navigation lights and try to determine which boats belong to which lights. We are looking at a mix of fast monos and multis. The tell-tale moan from a winch as someone eases a sheet or the occasional flash of light up the mast or on the sails will tell a lot about the size and type of boat. If we think we know the boat, we evaluate how they are doing in relation to us and in relation to their rating.

In light winds (we have yet to see ten knots, much less the forecast 15 to 20) it usually pays to stay away from the shores unless you are desperate and go looking for the cool Katabatic winds that sometimes flow out of the mountain valleys on clear early mornings. We still had sufficient wind to keep the boat moving and there was enough cloud cover to discourage a hunt for wind along either shore. Besides, we wanted to avoid the lighter shore winds that had delayed our competitors' arrival at the turning mark, so we decided to get back out into the strait and carry on towards the Canadian side. As a rule, the afternoon Westerly fills in stronger and earlier on the Canadian side, so we thought this would be a better place to be the next morning if the wind did die.

We sailed with our large asymmetric chute and kept the boat really hot, doing more than wind speed in the smooth ocean swells. Our speed would slow as we climbed the back of each swell and we would get it back as we ran down the face. These were not the huge ocean swells we sometimes get, but they felt good, nonetheless.

The wind began to lighten when we came within a few miles of the Canadian shore so we jibed away and ran down the strait keeping boat speed up. Sometimes we would almost lay the Race: at other times high by 40 degrees. We did not worry about the heading with tens of miles to go. We just focused on boat speed and our competitor's locations. We could see some go into the Canadian shore and we watched them die - too bad; so sad. We rapidly passed the last of the large, fast monos, sailing a much hotter apparent wind angle but only a few degrees off their course. Each time we jibed our progress showed us this was the right strategy.

We were now in 10 or 12 knots of wind and our boat speed was in the 12 to 14 knot range, pointing more or less straight home. Now this is more like it! As we

approached Race passage, the wind came more from behind, lifting us off our course. We decided to keep the boat hot and jibe our way down through the Race. A good strategy, but we made a big mistake. We took too long to complete our last jibe before entering the passage (we were getting a little lethargic). By the time we came out of the jibe we feared we were getting too close to the rocks and had to reach up to stay clear. The wind was not too strong and the water was quite flat, but we were getting a little excited when our speed climbed above twenty knots. *Bad Kitty's* raised bows (that's another story) handled the pressure beautifully, but we decided to dump the chute as a precaution when we hit 22 knots and still weren't completely sure where the rocks were. We knew Karl, the owner, would be upset if we sailed *Bad Kitty* onto the Rocks at 22 knots. Apparently, 10 knots is a more prudent rock-hitting speed.

With the chute down, things quieted right down and we sailed through the race using white sails at a sedate 10 or 12 knots. Once through, things got really wild with strong wind against tidal current, but we were still in a race so we hoisted the chute again for the eight-mile run to the finish. We remembered to take the 'great circle route' well low of the finish line as we always get lifted close to the finish. This takes a lot of conviction when you are reaching at 17 knots boat speed in rough seas, heading 30 degrees low of the line, but once again, it paid off.

By now daylight was returning and *Makika* appeared out of the gloom, upwind and behind us. We owe her about three minutes on corrected time so she is too close for comfort, but we hope our better position will pay off. We blow past the fastest mono in the race and approach the finish line doing 12 to 16 knots. We do our required radio call-in from 10 minutes out but we don't understand why the race committee sounds so blasé. Then up ahead silhouetted against the Harbour lights we see something...

At first we can't make it out. Who would be under headsails at 05:00 in the morning? Why aren't they moving? Then, with the early dawn illuminating the scene, it dawns on us. It is *Dragonfly*, becalmed a couple of hundred yards from the finish line, trying to claw her way past the Ogden point lighthouse. We do some hurried consulting and decide where we want to be when the wind stops and glide to a stop a hundred yards away.

The race begins, *again*.

We work with our reacher, looking for indications of wind. We are at the convergence of the Winds coming in through Juan de Fuca and down Georgia strait. Who is the guy who keeps putting the finish line in the middle of these wind holes?

We see a breath of wind coming in from the Northeast, behind *Dragonfly* and opposite the Southwest wind that brought us here. We get *Bad Kitty* moving first and glide through *Dragonfly's* lee about 50 yards away. Once past, we tuck up between her and the finish line and creep our way the rest of the distance. We

cross the line at 05:43:29, the first boat to cross from any of the divisions. *Dragonfly* crosses a minute later and *Makika*, watching the whole thing from behind, pulls a band of wind right up to the finish line a couple of minutes behind us, saving just over one minute to win our division on corrected time. *Bad Kitty* corrects out to second and *Red Shift* third.

The exciting finish



Nice Breeze for the late finishers!

What an exciting finish to such an enjoyable race. We ate well, sailed well, and we did not get cold or wet. We dodged all the freighter traffic. Nothing broke.

We thought it was most gentlemanly of the *Dragonfly* crew to stop and let us pass them at the finish line. A few years ago we did the same for them in one leg of the VanIsle 360 race and I am sure they had waited all this time for an opportunity to return the favour.



I guess we can call it even now.

Photos by:

Flash in the Pan Photography - Randy Beveridge
<http://www.flashinthepanphotos.com>

Race slug trails available at:
<http://trackinfo.fistracking.com/2008sw/>

Full race results at:
<http://www.swiftsure.org/resources/file/FinalResults.pdf>

CBCYC SNSYC Sept. 27, 2008

Highlights of the Minutes from Glen MacDonald

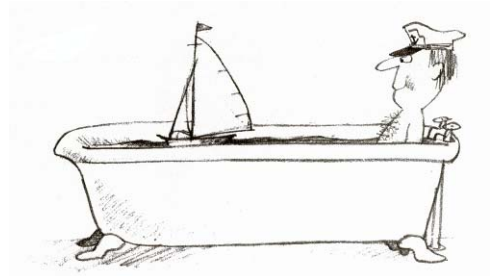
- Maple Bay: Local residents opposing expansion of mainly U.S. owned boat sheds
- Hardy Island: Owner of privately owned island objects to boats stern-tying. CBCYC proposes rings be installed below high tide line by B.C. government
- Pirates Cove: 10' of private dock extended into park. CBCYC to investigate.
- Wallace Island: MBYC asking for installation of host mooring buoys. (one in Conover Cove and one in Princess Cove)
- Point Atkinson Light needs structural repairs and paint. CCG considers light "non-operational" and has passed it to DFO. West van. YC has volunteered to paint it and Cloverdale Paint has donated paint.
- GLEANERS: Bands (6-24 persons) of South – east origin in trucks and skiffs dig for shellfish at low tide. The beaches are now devoid of shellfish and crustaceans. This takes place on weekends. Send report to : D'Amours, Denis [denis.damours@dfo-mpo.ca]
- Gulf Islands National Park Reserve: Preposing anchorage restrictions and visitors fees. CBYC trying to get a representative on their board.
 - Russel Is. Marine Park: Parks Canada has removed old caretaker. New people and program to highlight original Hawai'ian settlers.
 - Transport Canada says vessels under 400 GRT will be exempt from grey water regulations.

Next meeting Nov. 22, Tsawwassen

Welcome to New Members

Eric Pesty and Upma Ra sailing on Geneva

Adam Thorvaldson sailing on a MacGregor 26



PAYPAL

Just a reminder to everyone, PayPal is now available for members to pay their dues. Check the BCMS website for details.



**Pub night at Shelter Island September 08
Special Guest Roy Mills and family
Gilbert and Sullivan arrived to be taken apart and shipped to New Zealand**

BCMS EVENT UPDATE

**Pub Night, Tuesday, November 18, 2008
@ Rusty Anchor Pub
604-946-2727
Captain Cove Marina
6100 Ferry Road, Delta, BC**

BC Multihull Society Pot Luck Christmas Party



**Evening of Friday December 5
Tami & John Harker's home
4847 Georgia Street, Ladner, BC
604-940-7084**

**Salads and Dessert will be provided
If you have an extra special dessert you wish to bring along with your
appetizer or main dish, please feel free to share it with us**

FOR SALE

S/Y "SKANA STING" IS FOR SALE NOW

Details on web page:

<http://vancouver.en.craigslist.ca/boa/777945510.html> or
<http://members.shaw.ca/jepietrzak/Skana/>

Moustique for Sale

Moustique - 33ft. trimaran. Customized Rodriguez design. This boat was built and owned by Colin Smailes and is presently moored at Ward's Marina in South Surrey

Specifications:

- Launched in 1987
- Glass reinforced, epoxy sheathed, mahogany plywood construction
- Sleeps 4
- Sloop rigged with roller furling and set up for singlehanded sailing
- Single cylinder 11 hp diesel engine
- New dodger that can fully enclose the cockpit
- Electric anchor windlass
- Autopilot
- Eight foot inflatable dingy
- Dickinson diesel heater
- Three burner cook top
- Includes #1, #2, #3 genoas, main (with cover) and spinnaker
- The boat may remain at its current mooring space at Ward's Marina after sale Price: \$30,000 obo

Contact: Peter Smailes smailes@dccnet.com

Moonbird -28' cross tri

Colin Turner

604-921-5430

moonbirds_2003@hotmail.com

Thank you to:

Patrick Hunt of Victoria on his article in Pacific Yachting November 08 edition about his cat Abundance, a Lagoon 35. Maybe, as a result we will see more articles about multihulls in this magazine.

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