



British Columbia Multihull Society

December 2011

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Merry Christmas,

Hope to see everyone who can make it at the BCMS Christmas Party, December 3, 2011 @ 5:00 PM. Contact a BCMS director for the address.



Pub Nights @ *Rusty Anchor Pub*
Captain Cove Marina
6100 Ferry Road, Ladner, BC @ 7:30 PM
January 17, 2012
See you there!

BCMS Members attend AC 45 San Diego

Photo's courtesy of Alec & Marlene Mackenzie







A Return to Racing

By Rae Simpson

I used to be an avid sailboat racer. Racing teaches sailing and it stimulates wonderful camaraderie with likeminded folks. But our offshore adventures from 2005 through 2007 had changed my ideas of sailing fun. On our return to home waters everything seemed small and confined. Most racing events didn't tweak my interest. Going out for a few hours to go tick tack toe around some arbitrary marks felt a bit small after crossing an ocean. My passion for the round the buoys racing had faded.



Even so, fond memories motivated me to come out to the regattas that offered distance sailing. In October this year – I startled myself with the realization that Mustang Sally was not getting off the dock much. I was working too much and messing around on boats too little. What the heck is the use of having a boat if you don't sail it?

The IYC's Myron Terry Regatta is one of my all time favorites. It is a laid back distance race that usually has awesome Indian summer weather and great camaraderie. It also happens to be the first sail boat race I ever did – back in 1988 or so. I convinced Sharon –to join me in double handing the Myron Terry again.

The Saturday of the race dawned beautiful bright blue skies. But the dreaded - to us - fewer than 5 knots of wind conditions prevailed. We ghosted across the start and chased the puffs down the course. After three tough hours and two shortenings of the race course, we were 300 meters from the finish, 30 minutes to time limit, zero forward speed, zero current and not a puff of wind in sight. DNF

A few weeks later I received notification that the IYC was going to rerun the Myron Terry Regatta. OK, let's try again. I called up a few sailing buddies and Dennis and Chuck

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committed. We had not practiced together in years but we should be good for the laid back Myron Terry rerun.

We cut the lines at Pt. Roberts for the sail to White Rock at 7:00 AM. We tucked a reef in as we hit the rough water over Point Roberts shoal and arrived White Rock an hour and a half before race time with winds dropping from 25s to 15s.

I missed the start count down completely as the three of us scrambled to shake the reef, pull off the dodger, finish our coffees and croissants and keep the boat in control. I looked around for Silver Wings. Her skipper, Terry Willy is a good racer and never misses a start. I locked onto Silver Wings stern and chased him across the start line within 15 seconds of the horn.



Mustang Sally likes it. She is galloping upwind in 15 knots of breeze doing 7.5 knots. We lose an eighth of a mile to Silver Wings on the upwind leg, but start closing the gap on the reaching legs. The wind is just barely ahead of the beam and strengthening as we reach westward across the bay. Silver Wings and Mustang Sally are pulling away from the fleet.

We have a problem though. I don't know where the west most turning mark "H" is located. I watch the wind back slightly as we reach across the bay with Silver Wings showing the way. I am thinking about the next time around. It is a beam to close reach, but the spinnaker should add a knot or two without too much leeway. We can climb a few more degrees to windward before launch, and - if we can launch clean we will gain a couple of knots on Silver Wings. Lull him into a false sense of security this leg, and then we should have a chance to take him on this leg next time around. That is the plan.

The wind is heating up, 20-25. The mono-hulls are broaching and spilling wind. A few boats tuck in reefs but Sally just keeps going faster. We are stable with both hulls in the water right where I like them. The waves are small. Do we need a reef – naw! The wind in the rigging and the noise of the boat rushing through the water creates quite a din and we need to yell to communicate.

I call for the smaller kite to be rigged. ‘Come on guys – we can handle it.’ The autopilot is steering on the reaching legs to free up an extra set of hands. We run the lines and tie them to the kite double checking that they are rigged correctly and are set to go. A perfect jibe at the green can onto the reaching leg! I steer a higher course to give us room to reach off. The autopilot is back on as we close reach 500 meters toward the windward side of the course. A quick check of the sheets and guys. ‘OK guys –lets launch’. Dennis hauls away on the halyard. Chuck is ready to trim.

What the hell? The skipper did not cleat off the guy! It is running free. I dive for the end and cleat it off with a foot of line to spare. It is a long grind to bring it back in. The sound of the snapping spinnaker and the threat of possible rips grates on my nerves. We can’t be scaring Silver Wings much but half way down the leg we get it together and gain our extra speed.

I try and fake Silver Wings into going high, so I can drop down and use the extra power in the kite to punch past his wind shadow. Up we go to a close reach. The kite is breaking on the edge and I’m doing downwind dodges to fill it again. I sail back up to the point of breaking pushing the kite past its limits. As Silver Wings pulls to windward to block us, I dodge down to a broad reach sailing for speed and try to pass. Ah crap – we are nearly at the mark.

‘OK, guys – take down drill’. Chuck smoothly rolls out the jib. Dennis goes forward to the spinnaker halyard. ‘Ready mates?’ I blow the guy as they shout ready. Chuck starts hauling in the chute and I cross the boat to help him. ‘What the hell?’ It is not coming down. Scanning the bow, I see the guy has fouled in the gib furler. ‘Shite!’ “H” mark rolls by to port – we can’t turn with the spinnaker guys and sheets splayed across the starboard side of the boat. Chuck runs to the bow and starts yanking on the guy. It seems like forever and I start counting, 10 more seconds until knife time.

‘Knife’ I shout – but he can’t hear me over the din of the flapping sails. ‘KNIFE’, I scream. Suddenly Chuck pulls the line free, we grin at each other then run aft to haul in the thrashing sail. The sail snaps the 18 foot WIFI antenna. The broken end tears through the spinnaker as we haul it in. Minimal damage – sort it later. Throw the whole wet mess of lines and sail in a pile in the cockpit then back to sailing.

We lost at least a hundred meters in that narley mess, but Silver Wings had trouble rounding as well. ‘Let’s go guys’ – we get our heads back in the race, tack the boat and trim her for the close reach to the next mark. One more jibe and we are on a broad reach to the finish. I look longingly at the mass of wet blue spinnaker and tangled lines lying on the cockpit floor. Not enough time to sort it and launch. Silver Wings crosses the finish line 20 seconds ahead of us.

We tuck a reef in and romp across the bay back to Point Roberts moving at 8-9 knots through the wind, rain and waves. It is all comfort and warmth inside the salon with the Espar pumping out the BTUs. We happily munch pizza and guzzle beer as the autopilot and wind powers us home. It's been a great day of sailing and we are all stoked at finishing second across the line. A rare and treasured thing for a big cruising cat.

Turns out we won the regatta by being the fastest boat on corrected time. But for two or three coulda, woulda, shouldas, we coulda been first across the line. Feels pretty good and this is the lift I needed to turn Mustang Sally loose for some more racing. Now I need to find a few likeminded sailors with stout hearts to help run a boat that is most competitive in heated up conditions.

Classifieds

Bumble Bee is a slightly modified Harris 33'. The modifications were add to both ends increasing the 'J' and straightening the bow profile and on the rear to make allowance for the aft cabin. Total length 35'. She is moored at the Vancouver Rowing Club.

Bob Harris has said she is one of his nicest boats. She is unidirectional glass over PVC closed



cell foam. The deck is balsa core. The original diesel was replaced 3 years ago with a 20hp Volvo and at the same time the the prop shaft and prop were also replaced. There is hot and cold water, shower, a holding tank plumbed to go directly overboard or into the tank. If you are at all

interested E-mail Warren Denny at wsbumblebee@gmail.com for more information. I have a complete photo record of the construction and would entertain offers in the area of 40K.



Bumble Bee For Sale



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REMINDER

The BCMS PO box is no longer in service.

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