



British Columbia Multihull Society

January 2012

Happy New Year to all of you!

Heading back around the Pacific –eventually

Graham Shaw and Michelle Riedlinger, Lightfoot



In my mind, the sailing trip from Australia to Canada was an extension of a trip that started from Vancouver in 1979 when I turned left at Cape Flattery in a home built Cross 28 trimaran. That wonderful adventure led on to Mexico and across the South Pacific. Thirty years later, heading north from Australia into Asia, I felt like I was jumping back onboard a fuzzy dream I had almost let go.

Michelle had started to get enthusiastic about the cruising lifestyle on a trip up the Queensland coast in our 34 foot catamaran Lightfoot. “Let’s go in the Darwin to Ambon Rally and see Indonesia,” she suggested. I took no convincing and after that, carrying on to Canada all just seemed to make sense. My fond memories of deep inlets and spectacular waterfalls had somehow left off details about how short the summer can be.

Lightfoot had happily sailed thousands of miles in Australia and the South Pacific but had never

raced so instead of joining the popular Darwin to Ambon sailing rally with the other cruisers, we chose to enter the more serious race into Indonesia. As the designer of our boat, I was curious to find out what 600 ocean racing miles could teach us about the boat’s performance.

As the only cruiser competing against racers with carbon sails and seasoned racing crews,

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Presidents Report



Happy New Year's Everyone!

2011 came and went so quickly I'm sure 2012 won't be much different. The directors are in the process of its usual planning for the year. We will have the usual sail-ins and pub nights. We hope you will mark your calendars and plan on attending one if not all of the BCMS activities.

No excuses this year Peter. We want to see Mango on the water. Check out the events page of the website and our Facebook page to keep up to date. We are looking forward to the sailing season and hope everyone will try and make it to Browning this year for our first official event. We will have a

club hosted camp site just above the beach and ramp. It's always a good time.

See you on the water

Bob Davis,

BCMS President

VANCOUVER INTERNATIONAL
BOAT SHOW®

50TH
 ANNIVERSARY

Celebrating **50 years** as **Western Canada's premiere boat show**, the **Vancouver International Boat Show** is BC's largest showcase for the recreational boating industry. Taking place **February 8-12, 2012** at two all-new locations, including an in-water venue at the **Granville Island Maritime Market and Marina** and an indoor venue at the newly renovated **BC Place**, the 2012 Boat Show features the season's hottest new boats and boating products at the best deals of the year.

From fishing boats to sporting yachts, family-friendly entertainment and celebrity speakers, there's something for everyone—no matter your age, lifestyle or budget. The five-day show happens just once a year, so don't miss your chance to compare makes and models, secure insurance and financing and gear up with the latest accessories – all at one time. Visit www.vancouverboatshow.ca for more information.

A Return to Racing

By Rae Simpson, Mustang Sally

November 29, 2011, 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 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 gnarly 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 gybe 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 like minded sailors with stout hearts to help run a boat that is most competitive in heated up conditions.

Pub Nights @ *Rusty Anchor Pub*
Captain Cove Marina
 6100 Ferry Road, Ladner, BC @ 7:30 PM



January 17,
 February 21,
 March 20,
 April 17,
 June 19,
 September 18
 October 16
 November 20

Swiftsure 2012

John Green
 Swiftsure Steering Committee



Another year is coming around in the racing season, and Swiftsure has been a magnet for the multihull fleet for the past 15 years. We had rock stars like Steve Fossett and Randy Smythe here and the overall course record belongs to a multihull.

This year, there will be two races open to multihulls. The longest is the traditional race to Neah Bay (and back) and this is about 103 NM. It is theoretically possible to finish before dark, but for most of us this is an overnight race. We are given the second start so we don't have to weave through all the smaller boats, and only the boats going to Swiftsure Bank start ahead of us.

The other race for multihulls will be new this year. In response to a long questionnaire sent out to all

participants last year, we found that the majority of the inshore racers preferred to race only on Saturday, and to have prize giving and a party on Saturday night. We were getting less than 25% of registrants out for the Sunday race, so this has been scrapped. The inshore course this year will start in the usual place, but the course will be decided on race day much like at Cow Bay. This finish will be off Royal Victoria Yacht Club www.rvyc.bc.ca where there will be free moorage and a major party and prizes. This race is perfect for those who do not want to get wet and cold in the dark, and who want to sleep in a bed on Saturday night. The 24's, F27's, Muli 23's, Ospreys, small and large cruising cats, will all find a place here.

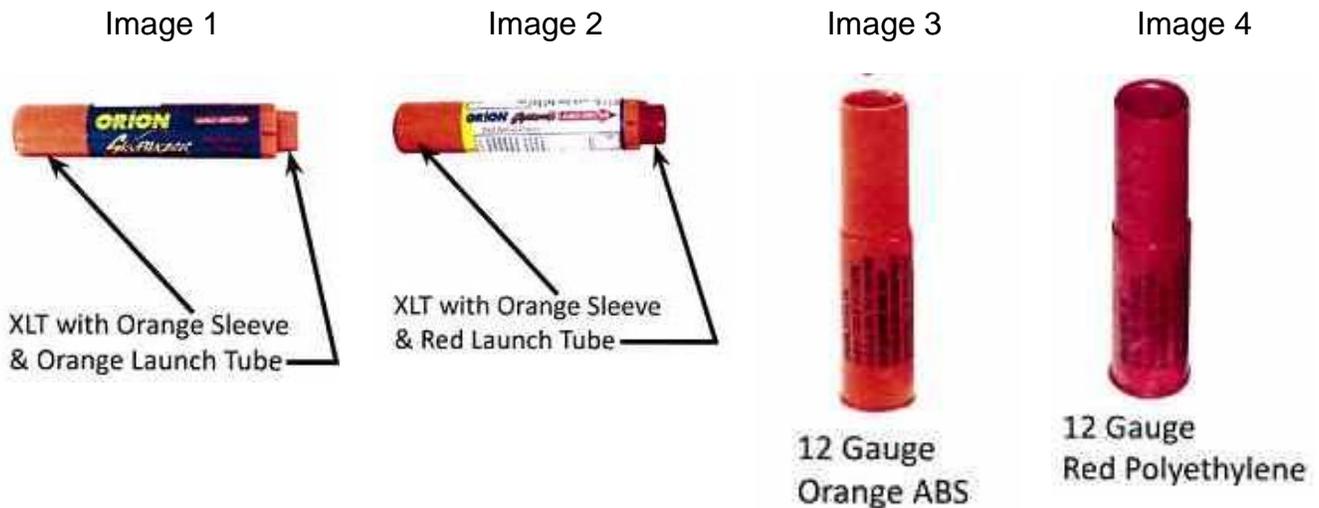
ATTENTION: Owners of Orion XLT and 12-Gauge Aerial Signals Notification of Product Replacement Program for Certain Un-Expired VDS

Orion Safety Products (Orion) manufactures and distributes a variety of aerial visual distress signals which are approved by the United States Coast Guard. Certain of such aerial signals are called "XLTs" and these are self-contained, hand launched signals. Certain other signals are 12-gauge signal systems comprised of a safety launcher (pistol style) and a plastic shell. The 12-gauge signals are found in a variety of different Orion kits. Prior to October 2008, Orion utilized orange ABS plastic in the manufacture of the XLTs and the 12-gauge shells. Recently, Orion has received notice of repeated product failures (signals failing to launch and/or ignite) related to these older XLTs and 12-gauge shells utilizing the orange ABS plastic.

Orion switched from orange ABS to red colored glass-filled polyethylene years ago due to the better strength, durability and ability to resist moisture vapor transmission of the glass-filled poly. The last XLTs which utilized orange ABS in the launch tube body will expire in December 2011. The last 12-gauge shells manufactured from the orange ABS plastic will expire in March 2012. To prevent any opportunity for a product failure in an emergency situation related to the orange ABS plastic, Orion is instituting this Signal Replacement Program.

The Signal Replacement Program is simple:

Step #1 Determine if you own an XLT with orange launch tube (Image #1) or an orange 12-gauge you have orange colored product (that looks like below pictures), read on.



Step #2: Looking at the "EXP. DATE" printed on your signals: (i) does your XLT expiration date fall between Nov 2011 and December 2011; or (ii) does your 12-gauge expiration date fall between Nov 2011 and March 2012? If not, your signals are not affected with this replacement program. If so, please read on.

Step #3: Now that we know you have the signals subject to this program, we want to send you a free replacement 4-pack of either our XLTs (Orion# 859) or 12-ga (Orion# 539) as the case may be. In Canada, please submit the information requested below either by email to Andre Gagnon at CIL Andre.Gagnon@cilexplosives.com or post Attn:Andre Gagnon, C-I-L/ORION, 533 Argenteuil, Lachute, QC , J8H-3Y2 or FAX: 450-566-0677

Voluntary Product Replacement Program Form

Name: _____

Address: _____ City: _____

Province: _____ Postal Code: _____ Daytime Phone: _____

Please include a photograph of the flares, clearly showing the EXP DATE and LOT#.

DO NOT SHIP SIGNALS BACK TO ORION, IT IS AGAINST THE LAW AND DANGEROUS.

For US boaters please use link: http://www.uscgboating.org/assets/1/workflow_staging/News/541.PDF

Heading back around the Pacific –eventually, cont'd from page 1

Michelle and I worked hard in the race and were exhausted but thrilled to finish in the middle of the fleet among much bigger (and fully crewed) racing boats. We won second place overall on handicap. This would be an exciting race for any dedicated multi-huller and we'd be happy to put members in touch with the organizers if people ever felt like crewing for this race.



We were greeted like royalty on arrival, and during our time in Indonesia we were

spoiled by the Indonesian people. We wondered how we had lived so long as Indonesia's neighbors yet knew so little of the country. We worked hard to learn some of the language and although we made minimal real progress, we got by with lots of laughing, pointing, and smiling.



The best thing about trying was the way we entertained the Indonesian people with our attempts. Apparently our finest efforts to communicate were hilarious and somehow we felt included in the joke. The archipelago of over 18,000 islands is immense. We dived in some of the richest underwater environments on the planet and clambered through ancient forests, amazing caves, and up rivers and spectacular live volcanoes. We shared many feasts, celebrations and dance events where the people seemed generous and

joyful despite having little to live on - and even less in the way of possessions. Eventually we arrived in Bali, which was like being on holiday from our holiday. The Balinese people have

adapted so well to making a living from Western tourism that English is common and it is comparatively easy to get around and take care of the essentials of living and provisioning.



After being humbled by the seriously quick cats in the race, we felt fast again when we rejoined the cruising fleet. South East Asia is known for calms and it gave us great pleasure to sail in light airs alongside mono-hull cruisers who were motoring - and complaining of no wind. Most of the cruisers were planning their stops around the availability of fuel and buying it hundreds of gallons at a time. We occasionally carried a five

gallon can up to a service station.

We had a memorable week on the Kumai River in Kalimantan, where we took a river boat upstream to country full of crocodiles, monkeys and orangutans. The shrinking orangutan

habitat there is under threat from human encroachment – mining, forestry and palm plantations have vastly reduced the native forest.

Many displaced or orphaned orangutans have ended up in refuges where they interact regularly with humans. We were amazed with the human-like emotional expression of the orangutans and their apparent



understanding and curiosity. We could imagine time on a different scale as we thought about evolution and how we

shared so much with these animals. Travelling in this part of the world, each region had its own local language and many customs that kept us careful not to accidentally cause offense – especially in headhunter territory. In the constant change it was often a comfort to go below and feel at home in our own bed with our familiar things around us.

In Thailand we played host to friends from home and enjoyed spectacular scenery, fine food and the easy life with many other tourists before heading south around Singapore and toward Malaysian Borneo and the Philippines. Singapore was the beginning of about 3000 miles of beating to windward. We chose the safest time - the season of the Northeast Monsoon - to cross the area around the Philippines known as Typhoon Alley. Because of the short season of relative safety we had to keep moving to cover the distance. Thankfully, there were many wonderful places to stop and despite hard going against wind and currents, most passages were short and we avoided some of the strongest winds.

Perhaps because of the headwinds (and maybe the pirate stories) cruising boats became rare on this leg of the voyage. The fewer the cruisers, the more enthusiastic the welcome we experienced (an unfortunate reflection).

After a glorious time visiting Palawan and Coron in the Philippines we received news of a building typhoon coming our way and we headed for Puerto Galera - a typhoon sanctuary named for its popularity with the Spanish galleon fleet. We kept battling winds that built to over 40 knots and with our smallest sails up we continued to make just enough windward progress to

eventually arrive safely in the harbor. We were lucky that this typhoon veered away and the threat – and our fear – evaporated. Unfortunately, the hard push to get to safety had stressed the rigging and we spied a single broken strand of wire in a cap shroud. With the Pacific crossing still ahead of us, we decided to replace all of Lightfoot's rigging wires. Since arriving in the Philippines we had become almost used to the custom of greasing palms to get things



done. It had been a minor annoyance and the amounts were small. However, importing new wire with the typhoon season building raised the stakes. We felt helpless when corrupt officials held our goods to ransom. They seemed to sense our need and there was nowhere to turn. We emptied our pockets to each official in turn and felt lucky to get the wire at all.

While we waited in town, we got to know several of the larger than life characters who had settled there and we were coached in playing pool and we raced dinghies with the local kids at the sailing club. It was a fine time in a wonderful harbor.

With the typhoon season still building, we got underway as soon as we could and after another hard beat and a night on the parachute, we arrived in May in the beautiful tropical islands of the Okinawa Group, Japan.

The next segment of the trip was through Japan - getting ready for the long cold crossing of the North Pacific.

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Notice

BC Multihull Society Annual General Meeting Saturday May 19, 2012

As part of our May Long Weekend Sail-In, the Annual General Meeting of the British Columbia Multihull Society will be held at 20:00 hours on the beach or nearby facilities at Port Browning, North Pender Island on Saturday May 19, 2012

Agenda will include:

- Report to Members
- Budget Approval
- Financial Statements
- Election of Officers

All members of the Society in good standing are encouraged to attend.

Also, if you have not renewed your membership for 2012 please do so before the meeting. You can pay either by PayPal on the BCMS website: [BCMS Join Us](#) or use the application form on the website and mail a cheque.

Banque Populaire V has just broken the Jules Verne Trophy record



29,002 miles covered in 45d 13h 42m 53s for an average speed of 26.5kts!

One of the most incredible sailing efforts ever - let the champagne flow!

Great photo by Christophe Launay