



British Columbia Multihull Society

November 2013

Sauterelle Places First Place in Swiftsure Cape Flattery Race

Marg Green, S/V Sauterelle



Sauterelle approaching the inspection dock at midnight, only multihull to finish!

When John & I decided to race Swiftsure double handed we figured we would be questioned as to our sanity. When asked, we said that we have both been so busy in opposite directions that this would be the perfect opportunity to spend some quality time together. Little did we know just how Much time (officially 1 day, 14 hours, 40 minutes, and 19 seconds).

Truth be told, we always enjoy sailing and racing together. We feel comfortable and work quite efficiently as a team. It's interesting that when cruising we choose to sail in all conditions. John especially works

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hard to sail in our light summer airs and sailing is his passion. It's these skills he's developed which saw us persevere and stay the course until we crossed the finish line. At no time did we consider quitting. After all it was a race and one has to deal with the conditions you have.

We set our sights on getting to Neah Bay to round the mark for home before dark but soon realized that wasn't likely to happen what with the light wind. Instead we concentrated on keeping the boat moving in the right direction. This was our mantra for the whole race and that's what we did.

We lost sight of our competition by Clallam Bay. This happens during a distance race which leaves you questioning: "Who's ahead? Are we ahead? What are we doing wrong? Where is everyone?" You start having doubts and really just need to concentrate on doing what you need to do. We were surprised to see Dragonfly motoring back to Victoria (hint: means they had withdrawn). Then we speculated why? Equipment failure? Human problem? But, hey, now we knew we at least could get third finish which gave us renewed energy. We entertained each other with this thought until it was time for a hot supper. I took over the helm while John had his meal & a brief rest. Then it was my turn but I can't really sleep during the daylight so got up to watch the sunset. I stayed up to mostly consult with strategy, look for other boats and see what they were doing, and take over briefly for John to have a break. He keeps the boat always moving, tweaking sail trim and has a knack for sensing the wind. When I'm on the helm I really concentrate so as not to break the momentum. We rounded the mark just before midnight. Once we were onto a course across the straits I had a 2 hour sleep, waking once to tell him it sounded like kelp or something was stuck around the daggerboard. He pulled it up to clear it and back down (but not all the way as we found out later). John woke me to take over. He slept for an hour or so, but can't sleep longer once he hears the sound of me tacking. Once he was up we looked at our track on the GPS and saw, although constantly moving, we kept covering the same ground. (Clued in to the fact the daggerboard wasn't all the way down.) Once that was rectified we were able to make a little more

'Tis the Christmas Season once again.

*All are invited to the
BC Multi-Hull Christmas Party*

*Wayne & Wendy Carlson's Place
6556 Sunwood Drive, Delta*

December 7th, 5pm

This is a pot luck dinner and BYOB.
Please RSVP: members@bcms.bc.ca



headway. Little. It was 4 a.m and quite bright and there weren't many boats close by and certainly not any of our competition.

This was the last time either of us had sleep as we never really anticipated how much longer it would take. We kept looking for our competition and trying to gauge what other boats around us were doing, especially if they seemed to be moving better than us. We discussed many things: new sails (no!), more equipment (no!), summer cruising locally (yes!), when and where, and a trip to Australia to see our son. We had a hot breakfast and coffee, and then snacked throughout the day on muffins, nuts, and nutritional Edge bars. By the time we made it through Race Rocks with the tide we knew the finish was just around the corner. Each moment after that involved all our concentration to pick up and use every little puff of wind. Because we were only two we switched between using the jib and screecher. The spinnaker would only mean a lot of work putting it up and down and doesn't give much of an advantage in such fickle light conditions.

Poor John...I wouldn't let him leave the helm. I was counting on him getting us across the finish line. I really wasn't sure how much longer we could keep it up since we kept having our hopes go up and down with the slight breezes and contrary tide. I kept giving him muffins, tea, chocolate, Edge bars, anything I could to keep him focused and on track while also constantly changing sails hoping for that magical combination. By this time we heard over the radio as one more in our division withdrew. This gave us a brief surge of hope that maybe we could place second, followed by disappointment for our friends. Fatigue wasn't an option as we were determined to get this done. It is so difficult to distinguish the confusing lights as you approach Victoria. You are also looking for other boats, trying to distinguish what and where they are in proximity to you.

We had the radio on channel 26 and could hear as boat after boat withdrew from the race. It was sad to hear knowing just how hard everyone, sailors and organizers alike, had worked to put on this amazing event. All did it with grace and often a big "Thanks . See you next year". One skipper called in to "Race Committee, Race Committee. This is Ridiculous, I mean this is" This was such a nice touch of levity. I wish I could remember the boat's name to recognize him for his humour.

We did finally make an exciting finish at 2350, squeaking ahead of two other boats by mere seconds.

It was such a treat to be greeted at the dock by the Inspection crew, Chair Vern Burkhardt and a bowl of hot soup. It was then that we heard we were the first and only finishers of our division. We were happy to be first and proud of ourselves for persevering.

We arrived back with a little extra food and water which would have been sufficient had we needed to stay out until Monday morning finish time of 0600. Would we have stayed out there until then? Probably.

Will we do it again? Ask me later. It's like child birth....as time goes on you forget the really bad parts!

MANGO 2013-LAUNCH AND SEA TRIALS

A FARRIER R9AXT, BUILT IN EPOXY/BALSA IN 1994

Peter Walford

Well, to start with, she is not Mango anymore. Please welcome her new name, Lotus. Then she isn't my boat anymore either, she is ours, as in the couple that is me and my wife Robin.

Somewhere during the 3 year refit, it became apparent that the best ideas emerging were a new fusion of her thinking with mine. Not that she knows a whole lot about sailing, as her subsequent boomswacking and later a bloody nose attested, but I am getting ahead of the story.



Lotus hit the water on September 14th; an effortless launch from the front hitch of our 4WD truck, just down the ramp and into the water. She floated high on her marks, Yahoo!, not too much weight added after all, despite all the many conveniences added to the interior. All that extra time spent on foam and honeycomb and carbon fiber paid off. We motored to the mooring, vacated that very morning by fellow islanders Alf and Kathleen aboard their 38 Wharram cat, bound for the Marquesas. They are in San Diego as this is being written.

But the next day, after an overnight rain that cleansed the dust off the decks, there was water below. The forward port crossarm, unbeknownst to me, was damaged. The

upper pivot arm socket was busted, and had been a long time, judging by the punky glass and rust around the stainless fasteners. This didn't get mentioned in the sale. Harrumph. After pulling the bolts and glassing from the inside, the boat was again dry after rain. Just couldn't sail it, because the keeper bolt was a quarter-inch shy of seating. With a jury rig of halyards and lines, I winched the arm into position, bolted her down and noted the location for the pivot. The next day I folded the boat in the water while tied alongside a big fish boat, the mast careened precariously within inches of entanglement of his masts, and under a tarp between squalls glassed the pin socket with carbon and epoxy with a heater to kick it off. The next day the crossarm bolted home and the weather promptly closed in with strong winds, fog, or rain for two weeks.



So it was almost three weeks later that we first sailed her- ghosting out with a soundless Farrier wake in the lightest of winds to a favourite picnic beach, enjoyed in the sun from the cockpit table, which serves double-duty as the galley table below, all four pounds of honeycomb and sixteenth-inch thick plywood skins.



As the forecasted wind began to rise, we hauled anchor and started reaching for home, at 6 then 10 then 15 then 18 knots of boat speed. The sheer stability and easy dry motion at this speed was unbelievable to me, after years of light boats with oversize rigs, the heaviest tri being 1600 pounds, the lightest 500 pounds. This was different, the hugely powerful carbon sails, pushing 3800 pounds of white-water eagerness while my wife helmed and I could have washed dishes down below. The sense of imminent catastrophe was missing. It

reminded me of a BMW motorcycle I had years ago – you'd look down and see that you were going 150 km an hour, and it felt like you were in your Lazy boy reading the paper. Smooth. I kept the leach of the main open until 15 knots, feeling that might be fast enough, and asked my wife, at this point revealing a different expression on her face than I had ever seen in 30 years of marriage, if she felt safe going a bit faster. "Sure", she said, pulling some hair tangles from her mouth, giving a Kamikaze shake to her head "Let's see what this baby will do..." At 18 knots we quit and ran down to the marina, there being no reef lines rigged as yet, and the wind still rising. Day 1 consensus about Lotus: Stoked

As I write this, tomorrow she comes out of the water, many late season sails with friends in the sea trials phase behind us. There is a winter "to do" list, but nothing installed has to be scrapped. It is, as the vernacular goes, All Good. The ideas have been vindicated. She keeps free of mustiness with the carefully worked out through-venting system, the interior is bright and light and spacious by day or night, the Dickenson propane heater revives frozen hands and feet before the sailing experience turns sour. The galley and all the interior spaces are



encompassing, protecting, grateful, and ergonomic. She will claw to windward under jib alone in 25 knots of wind, and will do continuous 360s if the jib sheet is slack and helm is cranked hard over.

The motor starts and raises just like it should, little resonance develops in the structure, and it consumes virtually no fuel, just like Ron said.



We have had much good luck. Canadian champion sailor and local Hornby artist Graham Herbert came out for a sail and diagnosed excess mast pre-bend as the source of wrinkles in the main, and figured that trimming the leach of the jib would get rid of the hook, now that the full-length battens are gone, and he will do it for me cheap... He should know, he was a pro sail maker in Sydney for years before retiring to race RC boats and paint on Hornby. Rob Uthoff brought up Karl's molds for the vertical dagger-board-style Farrier rudder, to give me a winter project that will

integrate better with my vision for the boat and probably be significantly lighter over the cassette rudder. Thanks again Rob. He entertained me during his visit with the upgrades he has put into GIZMO. I can hardly wait to see her at Browning in May.

There are some proposed structural modifications; the cockpit is small, and the top of the seat coamings slope so steeply that it is uncomfortable to sit on top of them for any length of time, unless you have a background as a stripper/pole dancer to achieve sufficient pelvic development. The aft end of the pit is also sloped, preventing anyone from sitting comfortably, while making a sketchy and possibly slippery unwanted slide down into the cockpit after boarding. Being the AXT version, you can't see over the cabin-top when sitting on the cockpit seats. Raise seats? Fat cushions?



Dunno. Also in the cockpit, there are 14 control lines on deck sliding their mischievous tails into the cockpit. That's a lot to keep in order, and monster spaghetti tangles are likely, under the worst imaginable conditions, to develop.

The forward nets are a perfect mixture of stretchy instability and boot-tangling cling. No part of the boat promises more expediency in getting rid of the Unwanted Crew Member. They have to go. Any suggestions for replacement from the BCMS membership will be gratefully received.

In terms of performance, now that a rudder upgrade has become affordable (the factory rudder is \$5000 from the Farrier store), I may get an over-length elliptical dagger board from Phil's Foils, as my sense of the balance of the boat is that the board is slightly small in area relative to the racing rig. Now that I have the Uthoff molds, the savings on the rudder make a board financially within reach; about \$1350 for the CNC core and I do the laminating and fairing/painting myself.



The Home Depot yard lights work great as cheap solar anchor lights, and the 9-dollar paint-roller telescoping extension is a better tiller extension when coupled to a stainless aircraft swivel than the "correct thing" with a rubber universal hinge from West Marine, which got dropped overboard anyway.



Oh yeah, the boomswacking...well, the recipe is to sail in a cockpit crowded with experienced sailors who are all used to being skipper, in strong winds. Then just start issuing conflicting orders while executing fast manoeuvres and don't tell the inexperienced wife exactly what is going on. It's just a matter of time after that. A boomswacking is bound to develop.

The bloody nose? Well, very similar, put The Wife on the helm, don't tell her to change sides during the tack (we experienced sailors all know to do this,

right, so it doesn't get mentioned, it's assumed, right?), and then get the hot sheet monkey to really rapidly pull in the sheet in a fast tack, and when elbow meets nose, blood ensues.

Oh well, blood sweat, and tears. Every birth, animate or inanimate, entails them. Fortunately, she is resilient and I have perfected The Apology, over 30 years, to a very high form of communication, especially if repeated multiple times, with a minimum of 3. Besides, these things were my fault, so the apology comes easier. Nonetheless, the Walford's and Lotus are undeterred and off to a vigorous start,, and when we visit Cam McCannell on Dreamweaver in la Cruz in the bay of Banderas this January, we will be homing in just how long till we too are alongside, in Lotus, noses healed and Kamikaze spirits running high.

Building Long Load

November 2013 "One Year After"

Margaret Dulat & Brian Phillips

We bought an unfinished Buhler 31' trimaran one year ago. It was soaking wet. The spot we took it to was infested with blackberry bushes and had an old frame for a boat shed.

Over the last year we have put a new cover on the boat shed, put a vapor barrier floor down, got some shelving and most importantly, a large wood stove in the boat shed. We also cut a lot of blackberry bushes down and created a large area of lawn, making the encroachment of blackberries easier to fend off.



We live in a condo in North Van. and our boat shed is in south Aldergrove. When we got the boat we also had a fairly large storage locker in North Van. in which we kept tools and lots of cool little broken projects. In May we moved the storage locker to the boat shed, which took a weekend of moving and another 8 or 9 days of organization and shelf-building at the boat shed. But now we have all our tools in one place, one hour on the #1 highway from our house.

As to the actual boat building, we started by moving one of the ama shells in next to the main hull. The ama shells, as you can see in the pictures, does not have a deck or transom. They also do not have a finished top edge. So our first boat construction job was to put a top edge on one ama so we had a place to start our deck construction from. The way we got the amas, they were like pea pods that had been split and the peas taken out of. We had to make cradles and then cut a number of 1 x 2s of various lengths and jam them in to spread the sides until we came up with a shape we liked (we have no plans for this boat).



Safety first and I don't like to be itchy



Our first attempts at this process had a less than desirable outcome. But Margaret did get to use the jig saw. Since the first cut, we have borrowed a laser level, which we are using to mark a new top edge. We also started on finishing the hatches. One of our goals was not to put any more wood into the boat. So we decided to use foam blocks and glass for hatch coamings. So we started gluing down 3/8ths x 1 divynycell 80 foam to make a 4-thick laminate around the hatches.

Most of the above work was completed by the end of May this year, just before a major surgery Brian had, which brought the boat work to a halt until the end of August. We have slowly been ramping up progress where we have almost completed the aft hatch, are on our way to finishing the window cut-outs, established our mast location and dagger board trunk location, our head location, also leveled the boat, and cleaned and organized the boat shed 3 or 4 times.

The day we decided to get this project we also joined the British Columbia Multihull Society (BCMS) and we have really enjoyed the club activities over the year. Pub nights are great. The



Daggerboard trunk from Tiga - maybe it'll work

Christmas party and the sail-ins at Port Browning have been very inspiring. We'd like to thank everybody in the club. This is a great group of people and we

have also enjoyed sailing on so many different boats this past year.

Check out BCMS News @ www.bcms.bc.ca



September 2013 Sail-in



Manitou at the start line, light winds



Richard Woods latest design



Good friends, good times



A great time at September 2013 sail-in, fun race and dinner!



Pub Nights @ *Rusty Anchor Pub*

Captain Cove Marina

6100 Ferry Road, Ladner, BC @ 7:30 PM



November 18, 2013
 January 21, 2013
 February 18, 2014
 March 18, 2014
 April 15, 2014
 June 17, 2014
 September 16, 2014
 October 21, 2014
 November 18, 2014

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