



BCMS NEWS

April, 2006

Letter from the President

by John Harker

The AGM went well and the new by laws were voted in with a couple of small amendments. A deep thank you to all the directors who stood in their positions and a warm welcome to our new social director Barry Taylor. Thanks to George for taking on the challenge as the news hound. The past three weeks have been exceptionally challenging but I did manage to get the head of the engine off and into the shop to be shaved. So if all goes well it should get back together soon. Probably not in time for the Semiahmoo Regatta but we should make it for sure for Browning. If I have my way she'll have a new paint job as well. Then again, with drywall and mudding the house, finishing the siding, putting the engine together, repairing the dodger and finding a newer van I won't be putting my hopes too high on the paint job. Regardless I hope everything goes well with all your boat preparations and we'll look forward to seeing everyone at Browning.

John

Membership

Membership stands at 82 currently, and the membership list has been amended to reflect this.

A note of interest - the Northwest Multihull Association newsletter is

available in PDF format at their website www.nwmultihull.org and clicking on newsletters on the main page.

Bronwen

April 19th 7:30 PM

Marine Parks Forever

Wednesday April 19th, again at the Coast Inn in Tsawwassen at 7.30pm
The address is 1665 - 56th St. in Tsawwassen (the main drag!!). - Steve MacDonald from Marine Parks Forever, a CBCYC endeavor, will be giving a presentation. I know many of you may have questions regarding donated monies, and whether the government (provincial or federal) steps in and takes over land bought by donations. In years past, BCMS has donated money to Marine Parks - lets attend the meeting, ask questions and see if we want to continue donating.

**2005 BCMS
Sail-In at
Browning Harbour**

North Pender Island, B.C.

Once again the BCMS is hosting the annual Multihull sail-in at Port Browning, Saturday May 20th through Monday

May 22nd. This is a great time to meet old friends, make new friends and get the 2006 sailing season off to a good start.

All are welcome – with or without Boats, BCMS Members or visitors.

- Sail-in on Saturday, meet on the boats, on shore and in the pub.
- Potluck Beach BBQ Saturday evening
- Sunday morning: No host breakfast in the restaurant followed by the skippers meeting
- Fun sailing race Sunday afternoon. Every (sail) boat is welcome, with courses and race ratings for all. Lots of prizes, no entrance fees. If you don't have a boat to race on, crew with someone else. This is a great way to meet new people and experience different boats.
- Sunday-evening Buffet Banquet at the Marina Restaurant (with the possible sale of Port Browning in the works we will advise members if this needs to change to a Barbeque on the beach. Or possibly a Raft up Pot Luck???MMMM????)
- Return home on Monday

The only cost for the whole weekend is the Sunday evening Buffet in the restaurant. We have a great buffet and award the race prizes. Price is about \$20 per person (adults), less for kids. Please plan on attending, as this is the highlight of the weekend and helps to support the whole event.

Transportation:

Come in your own boat: Anchor in the large bay or make arrangements with Port Browning for use of their dock

space: www.portbrowning.com/

Come on someone else's boat:

Contact one of the BCMS directors to arrange a ride with someone else.

Come on the really big boat:

www.bcferrries.com/ Ferry arrives/departs Otter bay on Pender Island. Check with your accommodations provider regarding Island transportation.

Accommodations:

Make arrangements for cabins or camping space directly with Port Browning
www.portbrowning.com/



Gizmo enjoying a beautiful day out at Sea. This is what Port Browning Sail-in is like. Come and Enjoy!!!

The Boatbuilder's Wife

By Tonnae K. Hennigan



We visited our new sailing catamaran today at her moorings on the Fraser River in Vancouver. I found myself inside the forward hull lockers unscrewing nuts, washers and backing plates and putting them back on; while my husband called instructions and held the screws tight from our dinghy outside the boat. I felt right at home, and relished “getting down and dirty” to do the job. Three years ago, such a task would have been unthinkable for me. These things were done by my husband, assisted by his buddies, if need be. Certainly not by me! How times have changed. I was press-ganged into the job because I couldn't resist the lure of having a shiny, new boat three times the size of our monohull that would give us more than twice the speed while providing comfortable, even luxurious, accommodations. Here's the story of a boatbuilder's wife, a boatbuilder's assistant.

It was a beautiful sunny day, the day after New Year's, and we were in the boat shed, applying the final exterior paint to our boat. And as my husband put it, “How many couples do you think are boatbuilding on a day that's really still part of the Christmas holidays?”—the thought being that we two are unique, and special. We had devoted almost every week night and every weekend

for a year and a half to working on our new getaway vessel. Each Friday night before our weekly dinner out, we felt compelled to put in at least three hours to earn the treat. We figured we had definitely set ourselves apart from the masses and the herd instinct—along with the shared ‘flus, shopping frenzies, media-driven judgments and mass hysteria over national and international silliness.

It all began in 1996, when Garrett started with the Chinese torture, dripping into my unsuspecting and highly prejudiced mind detailed explanations of the irrefutable advantages of multihulls—a slow but persistent process of sedition. By the end of the year, I was ripe for a boat revolution but hadn't considered the possibility of buying another boat seriously. We had acquired as our 25-foot Northern monohull for a song, and Garrett had made extensive renovations, improving her safety, comfort and solo-sailing capabilities tremendously. More space, speed and conveniences would be nice; but even to move up to an older, 30-foot Catalina we were looking at a debt of about \$30,000. No thanks.

Meanwhile, unbeknownst to me, Garrett had been looking at multihull designs he could build quickly without spending a fortune. Slowly, the drawings and specs came out, along with Chris White's book *Cruising Multihulls* and a video on Derek Kelsall's designs. But building our own multihull suddenly seemed possible when Garrett got the study plans of Richard Woods' newest design, the Gypsy—a 28-foot cruising catamaran. According to Woods, who designs and builds in Plymouth, England, it could be built in 1,200 hours for about \$12,000 Cdn. As Garrett had tripled the value of our monohull with his ingenious improvements, we calculated that even if materials were a little more expensive for us than they were for a

professional builder with years of contacts and sources, we could build the Gypsy for only slightly more than what we could get for *Wave Dancer*, and we could handle the extra cost as we went along. As it turned out—no surprise to anyone who’s ever built a boat—we would spend almost three times what we expected. But eventually we would launch a beautiful yellow and white cat with more than three times the space of our last boat and more privacy than a 50-foot monohull. One of the beauties of the Gypsy is its three separate living spaces—the cuddy cabin and two hulls. Thus, the head, placed amidships in the starboard hull with Garrett’s “workshop” forward and a spacious berth aft, offers complete privacy from the cuddy with the galley and saloon-cum-double bed, and the port “bedroom hull” with its two roomy berths.

SMALL BEGINNINGS

The rubber hit the road in February, 1997. Living in central Vancouver in a small “view with a suite attached” fits our land-based needs just fine, but you can’t exactly embark on a major construction project on your roof deck! The neighbours might object. So we rented a nearby garage and Garrett began sawing, drilling, mixing epoxy, filling, sanding and coating to build the cuddy cabin, nacelle, rudders and cockpit.

Now, almost two years later, I viewed my job as boatbuilder’s assistant as relatively easy and undemanding. I measured, mixed and strained the System Three paint for the Lemmer turbine sprayer and, while Garrett sprayed it on, I cleaned the measuring cups, stir sticks, strainer and containers, and prepared the next batch. No, I was not a “sissy wife” doing typical Suzy-homemaker type jobs. My tasks since we had moved our base to a large tubular shelter we built in a boatyard 30 minutes from our downtown Vancouver home included mixing resin and epoxy; wetting out roving

and matting; filling umpteen screw holes; meticulously painting the underside of the cuddy cabin and the interiors; hand and power-sanding; and filling, sanding, filling, sanding endless pinholes while applying primer. Added to that was the never-ending tidying that kept our workspace sane and made it so much easier to tackle the jobs.

AM I CRAZY?

Three years ago, I would never have believed I would spend over 900 hours helping my husband build a boat. I was not a “handyman” woman. I could just barely handle a hammer and a basic screwdriver. No mechanical inclinations whatsoever. Even *after* two years of boatbuilding I still had problems connecting several long extension cords. (“Hmmm... lemese...this end goes to *what* end???”) At home there was a clear delineation of duties: I did the grocery shopping, prepared food, cleaned, decorated, and lusted after new furniture and renovations; Garrett maintained and improved our sailboat and home. We own our condominium; and have a new kitchen, bathroom and refinished hardwood floors thanks to his engineering capability, know-how and attitude of “If a thing’s worth doing it’s worth doing well and as quickly as possible.” He doesn’t mess around or get distracted. Until a project is complete, he puts his total energy into it and works long hours on it. So you can appreciate that once the boatbuilding started in earnest, according to average standards, we didn’t have much of a life. But the way I see it, we had a much better life.

Now that *Light Wave* is launched and we have been cruising on her for 52 days, I recall those glory days of building with a pang of nostalgia, just like empty-nesters who look back fondly on their early years of struggling and sacrificing to house and feed their kids. The fact that we actually created a cruising catamaran with our own four

hands seems to both of us a miraculous accomplishment, as in fact it was, considering the time it took and the fact that we both had full-time jobs and other commitments. I am still amazed at what I learned and the skills I developed. I now know how to use a hammer and power screwdriver. Not only do I fix things myself, when we visit friends I actually head straight for the workshop to snoop around and examine the tools.

Garett put in most of the 3,500 hours it took to build our vessel to his exacting standards. I hate to take any credit, but I'm sure my constant reminders (a.k.a. nagging)—“I don't want a home-made looking boat!”—had a big influence on this. I contributed 900 of those hours, and friends an aggregate of 100 when we sought objective opinions or needed help in turning over the hulls, aligning the components or joining the cuddy cabin to the hulls.



REWARDS

I've gained tremendous confidence in my ability to tackle mechanical jobs that had always before seemed insurmountable. Now I know I can do it myself, or find out how and do it, and that assuredness is reflected in my mental and physical well-being. But a most unexpected benefit has been the effect on our marriage. My mate and I worked closely for 24 months, with one worthwhile objective. Starting work on

a boat after a hard day's work is a challenge for anyone, but Garett always found it much easier to get down to it when I was with him, even if I didn't do as much as he did. Many times I'd arrive at the shop to find him working away in a rather ho-hum fashion, but within an hour he'd be moving around energetically measuring, screwing, sanding or painting. The synergy generated simply by my being there in the shop with him—mixing epoxy or paint, painting the interior, underside, or sliding hatches, going for last-minute supplies, or running and fetching—provided the extra oomph and boost to energy that he needed. If Garett had had to do it all alone, we both agree it would have taken a lot more than an extra 900 hours or one year's time that I put in, as he just wouldn't have had the same impetus to keep at it. So, I gave him my support and also my (*extremely admirable*) efforts to learn something I had no inclination whatsoever to learn, in addition to the physical tasks I accomplished. Our marriage is stronger as a result, our mutual respect greater.

So, here we are, having enjoyed our vessel for a year, getting ready to go on a 10-day cruise to Desolation Sound before school gets out. Our first winter of weekend cruising with *Light Wave* on the mild West Coast introduced us to the beauties of a well-equipped catamaran. cruise on the mild West Coast. Now that I don't have to “go below” to get warm or prepare food, I find I enjoy sailing even more. I have yet get to seasick, something which was a fairly regular occurrence on rough days in our monohull. The almost 360° view from inside our cozy cuddy cabin, warmed by a lovely catalytic heater, is something a sailor would never expect; and on days when I'm not up to braving the elements it's just lovely to sit in the saloon by the heater reading or watching the sea and sky backed by our coastal mountains or Gulf Islands through

the forward windows. *Light Wave* offers a powerboat's panorama and comfort with a sailboat's low-cost and relatively quiet driving force. As the winter winds drive up the West Coast, we experience the sheer joy of speed, and now look forward to trying a new/used spinnaker on our sail north in the lighter summer winds. We haven't put any electrical "perks" on *Light Wave* yet—we don't have a knot meter, depth sounder or GPS—but through dead-reckoning, watching our wake, and gleefully comparing ourselves with monohulls and even the occasional multihull that eat our dust, we know we're flying. It's wonderful.

But best of all is the sense of accomplishment and pride of ownership we experience every time we sight our pretty vessel neatly tied to the dock at the foot a street in the upper-class Vancouver "horse district" called Southlands. Palatial houses on a small island lie across the rivulet from her moorings; while horse paddocks and a grassy meadow form the land boundary. This seems fitting: the gracious homes provide a magazine-cover backdrop to our beautiful vessel; the horses offer good company, cadging the occasional apple or carrot when we pull in to unload provisions; while the meadows and untamed surroundings somehow suit a vessel built to capitalize on the forces of nature.

It took two and a half years—a long time, some would say. But the time would have passed anyway, and look what we've got to show for it: an attractive, seaworthy boat that gives us the space and safety we need to enjoy cruising in comfort and occasionally take friends along on day-trips to the islands on idyllic, sunny summer days; a getaway vessel that provides the speed of a powerboat with the grace and cost-savings of a sailboat; a decided increase in our net worth; a deeper, truer bond in our marriage; a lifestyle of living in greater

harmony with nature—with the wind, waves, tides and currents; a vessel that is such a joy to sail that she beckons us like a Siren out beyond the confines and craziness of the city to find that incomparable, priceless peace only a cruising sailor can know.

Carlie

Semiahmoo Regatta ***April 29th, 30th***

The Multihull sailing season starts with the International Semiahmoo Regatta at White Rock, BC on April 29th to 30th, 2006. This is the eighth year of the Regatta and more and more boats are entering every year. All classes of sailboats are welcome and great viewing of the race is available to spectators from the White Rock Pier. If enough Multihulls are entered, the BCMS Sailing Committee will arrange for a get together either Friday or Saturday night. If you are interested,

e-mail alec@arguscontrols.com. For more information on the regatta, visit their web site at

www.interyachtclub.com

Social Sail-In

July 8-9th, Mark Bay, Newcastle Island Opposite Nanaimo

This is a new sail-in for the BCMS that we would like to make an annual event.

We thought it was time that we all had a chance to meet up during our summer vacations. Hope you can all make it. The great thing about this get together is that you don't have to get there by boat or even have a boat in the water to participate. More details of this event will be posted in next month's newsletter.

C.B.C.Y.C:

- The coast guard has stated that visiting boats are not required to fly a courtesy flag while in foreign country
- No concrete blocks for permanent mooring boys
- Money for marine parks is 1/3 provincial, 1/3 tax benefit and 1/3 third party donations
- Thrifty Foods has green card which takes 2 to 3 % of the purchases and donates to marine parks.
- Fish farms have to only pay a \$2000 aquaculture debris bond.
- False Creek will have a Vancouver Police kiosk at the yacht club. Staying longer than 8 hours requires a check in.
- The Vancouver Harbor debris will no longer be collected. The storage area is full. The Fraser debris trap will no longer be run due to lack of money


www.cbcyachtclubs.ca

Glen McDonald

Letter from the Editor



What a month!!! augh!#**!!!! March came in like a Lion and left like a Lion in our life. The seas have begun to calm down a bit but it has certainly been interesting the past bit. The good news is that the boys got the engine out of the boat and it is in the shop. Whoo hoo!!! We might make it to Browning after all. I could sure use it. My daughter longs for it and I'm sure between the two of us we can keep John focused off the house long enough to get "KO'AH" at least over there, if not cleaned up a bit. NO RATS THIS YEAR!!!!!! Yeh!!!!!! For two years in a row we have dealt with those pesky little varmints and I for one am extremely glad that they did not occupy the boat this winter. The smell alone is enough to keep you land locked. Thank you to everyone who came out at the AGM. No huge changes but a few unexpected ones and it's nice to have some new blood in the executive. I still don't have anyone itching to do the news letter. MMMM? Too bad. I could sure use the help. If any of you think of a column you would like to put in please let me know. I was thinking!!!

 **Island News** by **John Green** has a nice ring to it. Or **Northern News** by **Peter Helenius** would be catchy. MMMM? What do you think fellows?? If anyone is planning to go cruising with the Northwest Multihull Association Members let me know and I would love to have an article about that. How about **Building and building?** what about **Racing in Swiftsure** or the **Saltspring Island Race**. Hey and there is always the **Semiahmoo Adventure**. Anyways, just some thoughts to start your thinking. If you haven't written an article before there is no time like the

present and if you're good at it you have absolutely no excuse. Hope to see everyone at Browning. Cheers, Tami

Library News

We have some new books added to the library collection. The following books were recently donated: Kindergarten of Celestial Navigation, BC Pilot Volume 1, The Nautical Almanac 1972, Piloting and Seamanship, plus several charts and my favorite book title GPS for DUMMIES. So call or e mail me its lonely at the library.

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For all you boat and Cat Lovers

“Cats were often kept on board ships to bring good luck. If a sailor was approached by the ship's cat it meant good luck, but if the cat only came halfway, it meant bad luck would befall the sailor.”

2005 Directors List

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*“At times our lives
seem like that of a
tranquil island in a sea
of chaos. The battle is to
keep this sea of chaos at
bay and not let it wash
us away into utter
chaos.”*

Sanjeeva Ananthan

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