



Northwest Multihull Association Newsletter

Builders, Racers,
and Cruisers
since 1967

Vol. 39/ No. 5

(psst... there are hyperlinks below)

May, 2006

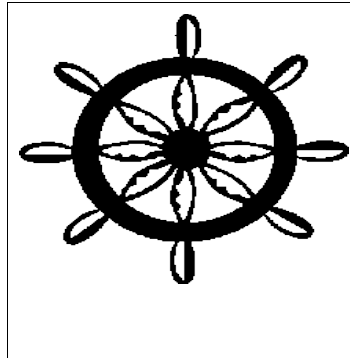
Commodore's Comments

Commodores Comments

Summer is finally here! We have planned several group adventures for this summers sailing season. You can find the dates for these events on the calendar, please make plans to attend I will be glad to see you there.

Last Tuesday I had the opportunity to accompany the my wife on our boat while Linda Adams walked Julie Miller, Diane Johnson , and Ann through boat handling and sail maneuvers for several hours. Martyn was also along and he too was told to speak only when asked and keep his hand off all of the strings. The girls wanted to be in control and figure out for themselves how things worked and what happened when they moved the tiller while motoring out of the slip and how the tell-tails on the sails responded to rudder inputs. They all took turns on the helm, raised and lowered the engine, dagger-board, rudder and sails. As the evening passed I could see the boat handling skills of all of them improving along with their self-confidence. Smiles appeared on everyone's faces as the evening progressed.

We watched the sunset behind the Olympics' the girls sailed back to Shilshoe Marina's "R" where Fast Company is currently living. After the boat was secure, the girls offered wine and cheese and other



snacks to the crew. Plans were made for the following Tuesday to continue their practicing with a coach (a man) aboard. Their plans include taking a boat by themselves to the Port Madison rendezvous.

As far as I am concerned these practice dates that our wives have made to learn about sailing and boat handling have been unprecedented and will benefit all of us. I will do all I can to insure that they get a chance to learn and enjoy their boat as much as their partners.

Wishing you Fair seas,

Wayne

Dock Talk and Other Scuttlebutt



Well, the women's sailing practices have been going great. We have been out on three different boats, in slightly different conditions. We have sailors of varied experience, but everyone learns things each time, and all are growing in confidence. We still have not settled on a name for our stalwart group and we should probably have a cheer, a handshake and a logo too!

One thing we do that the men don't seem to is eat and drink. There has been a gorgeous assortment of wines, juices, cheeses, crackers, fruit and other snacks. Most of us don't have time for dinner first and a hungry sailor, male or female, is a crabby sailor. We will never let that happen! We have lost one bottle of wine. It is rattling around on someone's boat. Whoever finds it will be it's new owner.

Another occasion for the girls to gather was at Swiftsure while the guys were out bashing through the Straits of Juan de Fuca. We walked and shopped and met us at

different restaurants for two lovely days. Robin Jacobson, Linda Adams and myself paid a visit to Carol McGarry on their newly acquired cabin cruiser that was their very comfortable hotel room for the weekend. We also spent some time with Kirstin DePillis and Elise Valsquire. All in all, it was a very sociable weekend. The weather was good too. I hear it rained cats and dogs in Seattle.

This was the first year that transponders were used on all the boats at Swiftsure. This was to keep close track of where they were all the time. They were supposed to update the chart with all their locations every three minutes. Well, they had a few bugs in their system. They didn't have enough computer horsepower and the whole system ran slowly. Plus, some of the transponders had problems too. For instance, Jude Stoller, on Mikika, spent the entire race on the Olympic Peninsula in the rain forest and, worse, Mike Wright, on Scooter, was off the west coast of Africa! Transponders are a terrific idea. Maybe next year we can keep track of these guys.

Last week my sister was visiting and we took a drive around the Olympic Peninsula. She is a John Wayne fan and when we saw a sign for the John Wayne Marina outside of Sequim, we took a hard right and had a look. She was thrilled to find a lot of John Wayne memorabilia. The place got it's name because Wayne donated the property. He used to keep his yacht Wild Goose there and planned on building a marina himself. After he died, the family donated the property to the port on the condition that they build a marina. They did and a nice little

marina it is too. It is a pretty, protected spot with all the amenities a marina needs. It also has a nice launch ramp that is free of overhead wires. I know our trimarans can be launched, as there were two of them at the docks. There was a C24 named Sea Puppy, owner unknown and an F27 named Tri-oomph. The owners were aboard and I spoke briefly with them, however, I failed to get their names. They are from the Lake Tahoe area, but their son lives here and they are going to keep the boat here for a while.

This is the last newsletter until September. Don't forget about our summer activities. We do an evening sail to Pt. Madison for a raft-up pot-luck dinner on Tues., June 20, the summer solstice and the longest evening of the year. Several boats are going and have room for a guest or two. If you would like to come along, give me a call, 206-297-1151. July 7, 8, and 9 will find us at Blake Island for a rendezvous with the Hobie club and International 3 meters. Aug. 12 through 26 is the dates of our Really Big Cruise to Desolation Sound. If you can join in for any part of that and want more info, call and talk to us. Sept. 15 will be our next meeting. It is usually show and tell for all the craziness people did during the summer. Do join us when you can and have a great summer.

Ann

(A certain bird told me that the Tuesday night women's sailing group aren't sure what to name themselves. Suggestions range from *Our Ladies of Immaculate Navigation* to *The Jibe Ho's*. - Kirby)

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Wish You Were Here

A Monthly Column on Cruising



[Click here for a great video](#)

Blake Island Rendezvous July 7-9

Problems with Customs by Mike Write

Still working on my Swiftsure write-up, but before getting that out I thought I should share my experience with Customs when bringing Scooter home on Sunday.

I want to stress that in general the Customs personnel I interacted with acted professionally but were very adamant about the mistakes I made and the consequences. At no time did it seem they were out to get me. That said here is my story so others can learn and not make the same mistakes.

As most of you know when we left Victoria, I was not really feeling well. Something about the decompression from the Swiftsure build-up and going from 14 hours on adrenaline to zero. Anyway, I knew Tom Muir could handle the boat going home and hoped to catch some sleep on the crossing. We had an uneventful crossing, sailing most of the way in a southerly with only the jib up. Doing an easy 6-7 knots, about Lopez Island the chop settled down and I agreed that Tom should hoist some main. I was still not feeling great and went back below and went back to sleep. Tom woke we up as we approached the dock at Washington Park near Anacortes.

First mistake and a big one. I did not call Customs 30 minutes before making the dock. The dock was rather crazy with Memorial Day fisherman so we concentrated on getting Scooter out of the water and on the trailer. This was mistake number two. After getting the boat broke down I realized that I had not called in to Customs. I figured no big deal, so sitting in the parking lot I called customs on the 800 number.

The officer who answered asked if I had a I-68 which I answered yes. He then asked about the crew. I said I had one crew and he had a passport. Now last year we were told only the skipper needed an I-68. He immediately informed me that by having an I-68 I knew the rules and should have known everyone must have an I-68. My response was I clearly did not understand the rules, I did not argue and asked what I should do. He indicated he was turning me over to Customs in Anacortes. I figured we were in for a long wait, I was wrong.

I contacted Customs at Anacortes and he took my I-68 and other information and Tom's passport number. I did not realize Tom's passport was expired, boy now the fun was starting. The customs officer explained he would be right out to check us in and wanted to know if we were at the dock. I of course said no, we were in the parking lot. This was not good he informed me.

After about 10 mins the armed Customs officer showed up. He was very polite and professional. I figured at worse Tom was going to jail, wrong. I immediately explained that I knew we had messed up and what did he need from us and want us to do. I did not try and argue my way out of the situation, I took a very passive/nonconfrontational approach. After all I was in the wrong. He first comment was since we broke the rules on failing to call in 30 minutes prior to docking, touching ground without checking in, and Tom not having an I-68 he had the right to confiscate Scooter and my truck and I would never see them again. He also had the right to impose a \$5000 fine. He clearly had my attention. Now most of you know Scooter is for sale, and it looked like we had a potential buyer who wanted to take possession on Thurs. I was wondering how I was going to explain to Wayne I no longer had the boat.

The officer then explained that he knew we were tired and returning from Swiftsure and would let me off we a verbal warning. However I would be placed in the database to watch and if it happened again I would lose the boat. We then talked about the race and our

trip home. He was a nice guy and clearly was doing his job to enforce the laws of the land. We ended our conversation with him repeating he had the right to confiscate the truck and boat and not to screw up again.

So here is what I learned.

1. If you are tired/sick stay another day in Victoria it is a great place with plenty of nice hotels. Customs requires your full attention, you can not afford to make mistakes and plead ignorance.

2. Everyone on board needs an I-68, no exceptions.

3. Call in 30 minutes before docking. Do not touch land before getting clearance.

4. Make sure all aboard know the rules, I was not aware that Tom had not been out the country on a personnel boat since the new rules went into effect. Everyone needs to understand the seriousness of the situation. Don't assume the crew understands the new rules.

5. The Customs officers while having some latitude are only doing the job the Government has tasked them to do. In general they are just like the rest of us, just trying to do a difficult job under trying conditions. Remember they did not enact the Laws they only enforce them.

6. Anacortes Customs can issue an I-68 at any time, we could have gotten Tom's before leaving on Thursday and made all our life easier.

All said it turned out ok, though I am not real happy about being on a Homeland Security Watch Data-

base, but as I have said many times, it is a different world we currently live in and we need to play by the new rules.

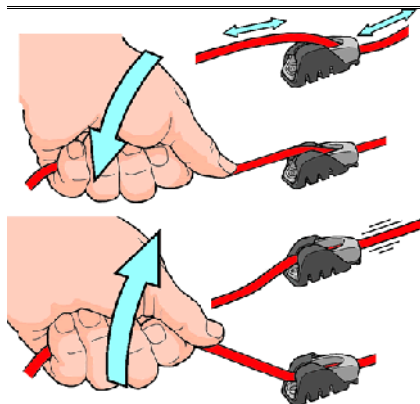
Mike, Scooter

Hey did I mention we won our race! How cool is that!

For those who are interested in cruising the Atlantic, this is the [ARC site](#).

How To Do It

A Monthly Column on Building and Technical Issues



Dave Clup of Outleader Kites To Speak in Seattle in Sept.

Dave Clup of Outleader Kites will be participating in this three day symposium, Sept. 28, 29 and 30, 2006, at the Center For Wooden Boats in Seattle, covering recent developments in kite sailing. Also speaking will be Peter Lynn of New Zealand, developer of the Kite Cat and Don Montague of Hawaii, who uses kites for adventure sailing in the Hawaiian Islands. Discussions will focus on lessons learned, safety and functionality, and current trends.

The Drachen Foundation, a Seattle based, educational non-

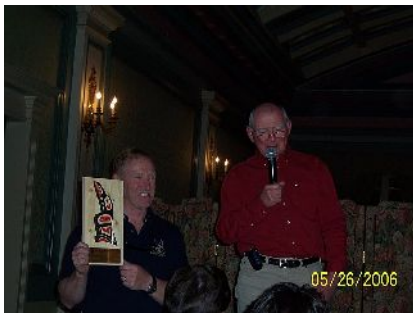
profit is organizing this event. The Foundation organizes and implements innovative educational projects using kites as the focal point and is particularly intrigued by developments in kit sailing. See www.drachen.org for more details.

There is a registration form available online. There appears to be no charge for the seminar, but they have t-shirts available for only \$10 and a dinner Friday night for \$20. It is ok to only attend part of this presentation. Check out the website for more details as the date draws near.

Pretty Hot Race Fleet

A Monthly Column on Racing

Swiftsure 2006



Pat McGarry being awarded at the multihull dinner by John Green

Swiftsure 2006 continued the grand tradition as rites of spring for the northwest boating community. This is truly not just a race but a rite of passage, a gathering of the tribes, and a great time to hot tub, shop, and go to museums while the boys are out playing. Dr John Green puts a tremendous amount of energy into making each Multihull Swiftsure more impressive than the last.

The View from F-25A Trimaran Scooter By Mike Write



Mike and crew at the finish.

Scooter is a self-built cedar strip Farrier F-25A trimaran launched in 2003. After taking 9 years to build the boat we have been slowly learning how to sail her to her full potential. This year was the first time Swiftsure had offered the 80nm short course option for multihulls so my crew and I jumped at the opportunity. We felt and still believe that the long course at 100nm was outside our abilities. We are a group of near 50 year olds on a small boat with no real galley and no heater. Our belief was mainly driven by the fact that while only 20nm longer those 20nm on the long course generally take 6 plus hours. This year it took one F-27 29 hours to do long course versus the 14 it took Scooter to do the short course, a big difference in terms of endurance

Scooter's crew consists of me the builder/owner/skipper Mike Wright, helmsman Les Valsquire and all around good guy Tom Muir. I had done the last two Swiftsure long courses as crew on the F-31R Optimus Prime, mainly doing the stuff on the front of the boat and some tactics. Tom and Les had sailed together for years, the coolest ride being the Formula

40 Tri Running with Scissors; both had multiple Swiftsure races under their belts. We had all sailed Scooter together on prior buoy races and Les and I had two handed the boat in numerous races. We all had experience driving the boat though Les was our primary driver. Overall Scooter has enjoyed mixed success on the race course with enough top three finishes to keep us interested.

For Swiftsure as our secret weapon we ordered a new carbon fiber jib with the instructions to the sail maker that our weakest point of sail was upwind in 8-12 knots, we simply could not hang with the F-27s we typically race against. The new jib cost us another 3 seconds on the rating,

but we thought it would be worth it.

Our strategy before the start, based on the predicted tides and currents, was to do everything we could to make Race Pass before 12:30. If we could not make that cut-off we planned to go outside early which would add 4 miles. If we could make the Pass in time we believed we might have a chance of breaking away from the pack.

Right off the line in 8-12 knots and flat water we knew the new jib was doing exactly what we had asked for. We were sailing higher and faster than the F-27s, C-28CC and hanging with the F-31R Moxie and F-9AX Saturelle. The GPS said we would make Race Pass at

12:05 so we concentrated on sailing high while it seemed the F-27s footed off for speed. Nearing Race Pass the F-27 Danger Zone tacked back and we passed 100 yards in front, big smiles on our faces. In past races Danger Zone with their Genoa had eaten our lunch in similar conditions. Our nearest competitor on the short course Fast Company was further back and trying to come up the outside lane.

Race Pass was tough, as we entered the Pass the wind started to die. It was 12:10 and we started to worry that with no wind and a building current we would be pushed back. We sailed in tight to shore then saw Cat Sass get some wind outside and went out with



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them. This allowed us to make the next point and escape the Pass. It looked to us that Moxie and Danger Zone just made it through when the gate slammed shut. Amazing how quickly the gate shut.

After the Pass we worked hard to make the next two points as the wind started to build. Around Sooke it looked like we could lay Pillar Point so we started out towards the middle watching Saturelle and Moxie work the beach. Les went down below for a nap and I took over driving. After a long hitch out we got a big header and tacked back to the Canadian side where it seemed Saturelle and Moxie were doing well on the beach. As the wind built Les came up from his nap and took over driving. We then played the beach up to about the Sheringham Light when we went across with Moxie to the US side. It looked like the lead multihulls were going across on a similar line.

At this point we were amazed we still hanging with Moxie. As we neared the south/outbound shipping lanes we encountered a rain cloud with more wind. Struggling to get a reef in the fun really picked up as a freighter altered course turning towards us. As we got the reef in we took the freighters stern much closer than we would have liked, hitting the wake at 12 knots of boat speed as we were footing off for Clallam Bay. Moxie at first seemed to be coming with us, we figured they did not realize we were doing the short course but they soon hardened up and we lost track of them. The tight reach with single reef and full jib was a hoot. Water everywhere, the typical fire hose ride we are all used too. At some point Tom

asked if he had thanked me yet for getting us all drysuits for the race. We concentrated on coming in above the mark to allow for the light and wind and tide to push us down to the mark.

As we approached Clallam Bay the wind started to die. As the wind was dying we took the opportunity to heat up another hot backpacker meal (our second of the day) and refill the thermos with hot water. The rounding was uneventful at 2 knots at about 7pm. The crew on the mark boat let us know we were first to round.

As the spinnaker was still stowed below and the stove was on we held off on the hoist. This allowed us to reach back out the wind under jib. Once the meal was eaten we got the spinnaker up and started the run to race rocks in a building wind and 2-4 foot chop. Periodically I would go below to listen to the weather channel, indications were there was NW 16 knots at Sheringham and SW13 at Race Pass, not they typical conditions. We pushed hard while we still had light, sailing with an apparent wind angle of 80 degrees (much hotter than usual, but still heading right straight to Race Pass). We seemed to have a consistent over the ground speed of 12-14 knots (we have no instruments other than the GPS). About 30 minutes out of Clallam Bay we saw the first short course monohull, the Melges 30 but no sight of Fast Company.

The GPS indicated we were going to hit Race Pass at 10:30 pm, about the time of the max current against us. We discussed slowing down as there were lots of logs and debris in the water and agreed that once we could no lon-

ger see the logs we would go deep and slow to 7 knots on the GPS. About 5 nm out we passed Water Strider the Gemini 105 and third competitor on the short course, to our amazement we were 50 nm ahead of them. We commented on their drive to keep going, the chop being up the ride did not look like fun. Scooter was handling the chop incredibly well, never stuffing once on the 30 nm run to the Pass.

About 9:30 we started slowing down, going a little deeper. Our concern was not hitting a log and damaging the boat but hitting a log and throwing one of us off the boat. Like a lot of multihull sailors we believe it is safer to not be tied to the boat if we capsize. We all put on our strobe lights and had a hot cup of tea and energy bar to eat. We hit our first log just as we neared the pass. We learned later it took a nice bite out of the foam crushable area in front of the structural bulkhead, just as designed no damage to the primary structure.

We arrived at Race Pass at 10:30 in dying winds, where we finally did our first gybe. It was an amazing run. With me watching the GPS we worked our way through the Pass at 4 knots over the bottom with 4 knots of current against us. It was very dark as we went through and thankfully very flat.

Rounding the corner we were concerned we would get the usual increase in velocity but thought it would last less than a mile so we keep the spinnaker up. In fact we had a nice easy first mile or two. As we neared the Victoria we keep getting gusts with the associated increase in speed and also several bumps from debris we could not see. We decided then to drop the

spinnaker and finish under main and jib doing about 6 knots over the bottom.

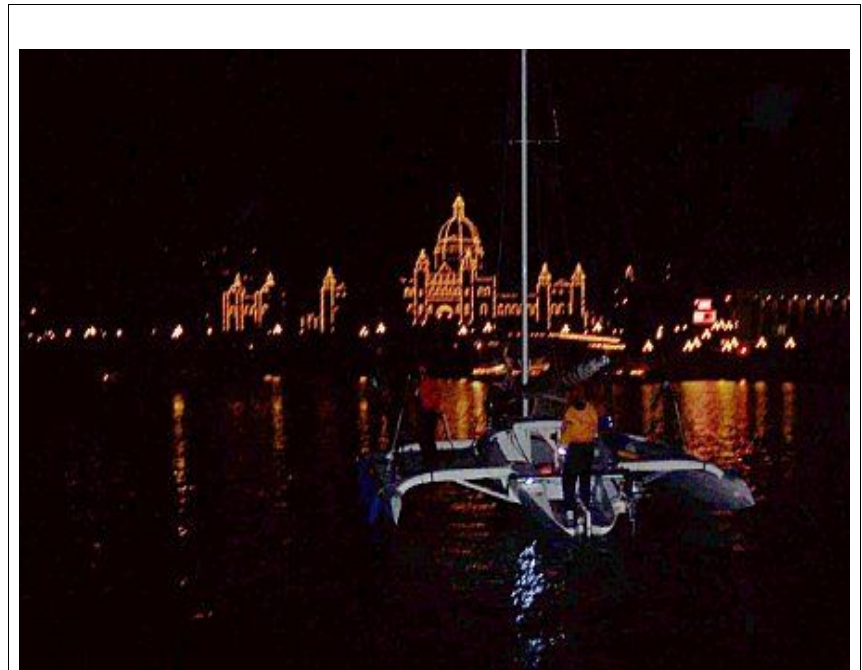
Just as we approached the breakwater the cruise ships started to come out. Oh boy, all three came out as we tried to plot a path to the finish. The Melges 30 had pushed hard the whole run and was catching us; we could see their running lights as we entered the harbor. We finished at 12:19, 5 minutes in front of the Melges to take first home.

We cleared the safety inspection with no violations and had our first interview as first home boat. The best part of finishing was releasing our necks from the drysuits; it just feels so good to be free of the latex seal. We got Scooter tied up and went into town to try and find a beer. Not being into the nightclub scene we gave up and put the boat away and then did an interview with the local radio station. The women reporter was amazed we had built the boat and sailed it so fast. Les and Tom were then off to their hotel and our friend Linda (whose husband Martyn was the skipper on the F-27 Cuttlefish) offered me a bed for the night. I collapsed in the bed at 2AM happy in what we had accomplished wondering how it was going on the long course.

Mike

Hi All, Cuttlefish here... More Swiftsure

We came off the line exactly when and where we wanted to and set course for Race Passage. We have a new main and discovered that it is so flat that we couldn't get the power we normally do. I didn't realize that we needed to



Victorious, Scooter Prepares To Dock, 1st Back To Victoria Overall!!

open it up and we sailed lower and slower than I am used to.

Race Passage turned into a potential nightmare and at one point we had 5 boats off our port hip and all on port tack, none of which were more than 4 feet apart and we were tacking within 18 inches of the rocks in the back eddies. After the 5th try I cried uncle and called for a peel off to go around Race Rocks. I looked back and it looked like a flight of geese following us. It took 3 hours to go around and get back to the point where we had the west point of Race Passage on the beam.

We wanted to get back into shore but saw a distinct current line between us and opted for the zone nearer the middle. The short chop continued to punish us as we would accelerate and drive into a wave and slow. We just didn't

seem to have the power to muscle through. The current was 2-4 knots against us and the haul to Sherringham Light was pretty painful.

As we passed Clallam Bay, it was suggested we call Race Committee and ask if we could change to the short course as we saw Fast Company (Tri) and Moxie and another tri up ahead. We had a marvelous crew and everyone could handle all aspects of the boat individually as through out the weekend there was never a single sharp or angry word.

It was just slow. The boat performed as we have come to expect and it was generally agreed that the Wallas heater/stove was to be protected at all costs (grin). We had simply rotated around the boat in various positions with everyone sharing the driving, trim, sleeping (naps really) and lookout chores.

If someone got cold they went below. We self regulated, seeming to recognize when the edge was gone and passing the helm to the next set of willing hands and eyes. Looking back I realize that the race would have been different if I had recognized the trim problems in the main and make no excuses, I goofed.

We left Clallam Bay behind in the late afternoon and the next part was one of my favorites. Johnny was driving as it was starting to get dark and he was fretting because he was afraid he couldn't read the telltales. I had Vince bring up a foot long LED torch that just illuminated the telltale area and he was as happy as could be, occasionally muttering about the telltales being hard to see. He was looking at the red telltale and I thought, wait until we tack the boat and you are looking for the green one. He actually groaned when we tacked the boat and I told him to look at the top of the mast. I have an illuminated the fly with a single LED and as we trimmed the sails by feel he drove by keeping the tail of the arrow one span off the index pointers. It was great.

It was the first time Vince or Johnny had really sailed at night and it was fun for me to explain the strange patterns of lights, how to tell if a boat is approaching, which side they will pass and when to ignore the occasional horn that honked. All this was accompanied by the drone of heavy diesel engines, ferries, tugs with barges and even a cruise ship or two which in all fairness was quite a distance behind and to the side of us. We discovered that Vince couldn't see red from green until we were somewhat close but I pointed out that he had a good

indication or how far away they were and we still had plenty of room. The phosphorescence was incredible with the nets sparkling and I am sure the gang thought I had lost it when I started patting and slapping the spinnaker bag and running my hands over the nets. OK, so I think it is neat. By the way, it was about here that the cruise ships that plagued Scooter passed us.

We rounded the Neah Bay mark at about 0220 Sunday morning and hoisted the chute. The jibes were very smooth and we were making very good progress when we sailed over a giant magnet that attracted fiberglass. For three hours we sailed hard, struggling to make 1.0?1.1?1.3 knots and all the while we were in a 1-1.5 knot current. For three hours we stayed within a 120 foot circle. We had heard the calls about Cat Sass and all exchanged looks as someone wondered if it was possible to flip a boat in no wind. It was sure different than where we were. It was 1030 when we layed Clallam Bay once again on the beam.

The run from Clallam Bay was fun as we carried first full main and spinnaker and then reefed the main. I had some waypoints in the Garmin Plotter and when we were about 2 miles from Race Passage we opted to go to the jib and lose the chute. Two miles later I realized it was the wrong waypoint and we still had 4 1/2 miles to go. The passage through Race Passage was about as anticlimactic as any part of the race. The water was dead flat, running with the wind and 6+ knots of current. We showed a ground speed of 17 knots with main and jib.

The final run to the finish is a blur but we had good wind and a fast reach. There was a big sled that had been reeling us in for the previous 10 miles. We saw then change to a smaller chute and were reaching up hard, pole against the head stay. Johnny and Andy really wanted to re-hoist the chute and beat them in and they forced me?

Crossed the line at 18-20 knots, water climbing straight up the bow and atomizing on the chain plates at 1542 (1/4 to 4 in the afternoon). About 29 and a half hours.

My deep appreciation to Andy Robinson (Skipper of Drum F27), Vince Depillis (skipper "Big" Freda Mae F31R), Johnny Ohta (Right hand on "Big" Freda Mae). We are all closer friends and better sailors.

Fair winds,
Martyn Adams Skipper
Cuttlefish F27

Swiftsure from Danger Zone by Jim Thompson



Jim Discovers That Canada Requires 4 Current Flares, Not 3

After sailing on Cuttlefish, an F-27 in 2005 I decided to do the 2006 race in my F-27 DangerZone. I was hoping it would be another windy racelike 2005 and not a dreaded Driftsure year that I have heard many stories of. I set out in January getting the boat ready with

all of the additional gear required for a category one race, checking out places to launch the boat from and getting my paperwork to get the boat from the US to Canada and back. I had my normal crew Tom Speer and Kirby Jacobson lined up for the race. Then about three weeks before the race Tom was informed by his company that he would have to be in Kansas the week before the race for testing of the project he has been working on for Boeing and would not be back in time for the race. I had met a sailor from the Netherlands, Martin Lossie on Kirby's boat the week before who seemed knowledgeable about sailing. He had only sailed on a Multihull once but had a Fastnet race under his belt so I knew he could handle a longer race so I invited him along

Two weeks out I started checking all of the weather forecasts. All of the different forecasts were showing what was shaping up to be a Driftsure. With a week to go the forecasts were still looking dim. I was beginning to wonder if I had made a good decision to do the race and especially in deciding on the long course instead of the new shorter course which I had helped to get added to the course selections. Then with 5 days to go the forecasts began to come around. By Thursday night when I left with the boat for the drive up to John Wayne marina in Sequim where I planned to launch the forecast was looking much better.

When I woke up Friday morning the forecast was for light winds building though the day to 15 knots out of the west. Kirby met me at 0730 and we soon headed across to Victoria in light winds and a following current. The wind slowly built to about 8 to 10 knots

and we were averaging 8 to 9.5 knots over the ground getting us to Victoria about 1200. The reception by the Swiftsure committee was excellent and Customs was quickly cleared. We were one of the last Multihull's to show up so we ended up rafted three out, but I did not mind this as it made for an easy departure on Saturday morning to the start. Once again the Swiftsure committee was well organized for sign in. This left time to get stuff to the room and take care of a few last minute items on the boat before the skippers meeting and the Multihull dinner at the Empress hotel. John Green of the BC Multihull Association set up an excellent reception and dinner to get everyone in the mood for the race.

Saturday morning dawned cloudy with some rain. However, most importantly there was a nice breeze in the harbor. After a good breakfast we were one of the first boats to head out to the start line. Upon exiting from the harbor we could tell that the wind appeared to be in the 5 to 10 knot range all the way to Race Rocks. This was important as the tide would be starting to become a flood tide by 1215. The last important piece to come together would be the race committee getting the start line set and the starts off on time. Much to our relief the race committee came on the radio with 10 minutes to go to the warning for the first start indicating the race would start on time. It was now up to us to get the boat up and moving and make it though Race Passage before the current became too strong to get though with the lighter winds.

We set up behind the committee boat a Canadian Navy ship so that we entered the start area just after

the first start since we were in the second start. We took a quick sight on the line and sailed toward the pin end. I felt that the committee boat end was favored but it appeared that all of the large monohulls and most of the Multihull's wanted that end as well. I decided to go for a mid line start. This enabled us to be on the line at the gun at speed and in clean air. This began the long drag race to Race Passage. The other two F-27's, the F-25a and several of the F-31's/F-9's seemed to point higher than us but we seemed to have boat speed. We slowly pulled away from the other F-27's and stayed pretty even with the F-25a and several F-31's/F-9's. Just before Race Passage the F-25a passed just in front of us with another F-31 and we had an F-31 almost even with us. I had been told that there was a counter current that ran along the shoreline so we began the process of short tacking from rock to rock along the shore. This seemed to work as we kept moving along despite the current starting to rapidly increase. We crossed tacks several times with Moxie an F-31 as we both played the shore. About two miles past Race Rocks I looked back to see that we were one of the last boats to get though the passage before the current make it impossible. Two to the boats we saw behind us was the other two F-27's who had failed to get though. It looked like most of the fleet was lined up at a stop light that was not changing any time soon.

We continue to work our way up the coast for several more miles until we tacked into a big counter current that was really moving us along. However, the quick ride soon came to an end at a large island where the counter current

turned into a whirlpool with no wind. Soon there was several boats all stuck in the same large whirlpool. One large monohull even dropped its anchor for a short time to keep from being swept out into the current back to Race Passage. After about 15 minutes the wind filled in again and we escaped the confines of the trap. From here to Sheringham Pt the wind slowly built into the 10 to 14 range allowing us to change to the jib and point higher and go faster. I thought about tacking on up the Canadian side past Sheringham Pt but with several monohull on my windward hip I decided to continue on over to the US side. This was the biggest mistake we made in the race. We were several miles out and west of Clallam Bay when we heard on the radio that Scooter had round the Clallam Bay mark. By this time the wind was going away and we had switched to the large jib. We were all thinking what the race committee would think if we called in to switch to the short course.

As we continue our way up the coast the wind got lighter and lighter. Shortly after dark we could see the flashing yellow light. It seemed so close yet it seemed to take forever to get to it. The last two miles into the mark was a maze of running lights both sailing and commercial traffic. It seemed that every tug or ship coming down the strait was coming out us. Several times we changed course just to have the ship change course at us. Finally after almost 15 hours we rounded the mark and started home. All evening I had been listening to the weather forecast on the VHF that kept predicting the wind was going to fill in. We never got this wind until we were almost back even with Clal-

lam Bay. We had been sailing in mostly 3 to 5 knots of wind from Clallam Bay to Neah Bay and back to Clallam Bay. By Sheringham Pt we were back into 6 to 10 knots of wind. About 7 miles from Race Passage the wind was up to 12 to 16 knots and the boat was starting to move. About this time someone said Spirit of Emu was coming up behind. I looked around and sure enough there was this big winged thing coming at us at speed. We opted to continue jibing along the shore as they continued out.

Shortly before Race Passage Icon caught and slowly passed us. Shortly after ICON passing us the wind picked up to 15 to 20 knots and DangerZone came alive. At Race Passage Icon was about a quarter of a mile ahead of us. However, soon we were pointing higher and going faster. I always love seeing the large expensive monohulls with lots of crew hanging on for their life in power reaches especially when they have a nice round up. By this stage we were doing 15 to 20 knots with the wind abeam. Most of the way to Victoria I was driving with the spinnaker powered up, the lee float submerged to the deck flange and the center hull just skimming the surface to just starting to lift. I used the main a lot. In some cases I was allowing it to invert to windward with seemed to help the heeling moment. In the really strong blasts I would also turn down a little. My main concern coming into Victoria was that the Coho was also coming in. I was afraid that we would both arrive at the harbor entrance at the same time with them slowing down and DangerZone still trying to do 20 knots to the finish. The wind died down just enough for them to pass in front and out of my way.

We quickly got the sails down and motored into the inspection station which was well run. During the inspection I discovered that even though I had 6 flares only three were current and I was supposed to have 4. The inspector indicated that the race committee would probably protest me and filled out a lot of paperwork. At this stage I did not care as I knew we had had a good race and a good time. It was at this stage that we heard that Cat Sass had pitched poled in Race Passage a couple of hours later. I was said to hear this but happy to hear that all the crew had quickly been picked up. Later that evening we learned that the boat had been saved and had little structural damage.

We had a slow and uneventful trip back to John Wayne Marina on Monday with no wind and the current against us. I knew that we had sailed a good race overall with only a few mistakes. However, it was not until I got home Monday afternoon that I learned we had corrected 1st in Division and 3rd of the Multihull's. I would like to thank my crew for hanging in there though the light stuff. I would especially like to thank John Green whose effects with the race organizers and setting up the Multihull dinner really make the weekend what it is for the Multihull family. I definitely plan on doing the race again next year. Whether it will be on my boat or as crew time will tell. Swiftsure with its many changing conditions is always a race to come back to year after year because no two will ever be the same.

Jim

Tri-Island Three, Blake Island



Linda Adams says they were just five seconds ahead of Fast company.

By Martin Adams

A very well earned congratulations to Will, John and Don on Sibling Rivalry.

We had you, we lost you, we got hosed by you, we had you again and you snookered us again at the end!

A second congratulation is in order to Starry Nights for first to finish.

The weather at the start had North 3-8 at West Point, 0 at Alki and South 5 at Pt Robinson...otherwise known as...Hughh? With a fairly strong tide from the South, we were struggling to get set for the 5th start 6 boat multihull division. Linda finally advised that we should start the motor as we had 5 minutes to the warning and motor to a better location. SYC is pretty loose in regards to the staging area around the start

line and true to form we had a dozen boats in the way. As I turned to open the motor well, we

heard the loud hailer announce that the next start would be Class 5. OK, no motor! We are 7-8 minutes FROM the start line, so we may have trouble just making the start within the 5 minute qualifying window. A few well directed bellows on my part and a slow tack to starboard got us there in clear air and as far west as we wanted and only 2 1/2 minutes late. Up goes the chute and we settle into a long pleasant ride south. We had decided that the best pressure was as far west as possible and Linda aggressively drove the boat high and hot and the 2 minute late start seemed to disappear in the first few minutes.

We carefully planned every jibe to advance us tactically and every one went nearly perfectly. Mike Wright is great as a teammate and we all work well together, each having complete confidence in each other to do what is needed at the right time. We determined to live or die by our decisions and several times found ourselves in a distinct minority of boats. By Rich Passage we were distinctly in the lead and had passed nearly every boat in two of the classes that started before us. We had just ducked Kilo and were forming a plan about which way to round the Island. We decided to put up a bit of a smoke screen and carried one tack deep into Rich Passage, wondering if any of the multis behind would think we were going counterclockwise. It looked pretty flat on the west side and we jibed back to the east and at the south end of the island, stopped...as in stopped.

We watched as what looked like the whole fleet including someone's hat and a water bottle passed us. There was a huge back eddy

right on the shore that just ripped up the SW side of the island. By the way, "Ripped" is a highly technical and equally highly relative sailing term usually meaning, "We should be there and not here.". We missed the signs and sailed out of it into the counterclockwise prevailing current. The current subtracted from what little wind we had while inshore, it added to it. You had to be careful not to run aground as Spirit of Emu discovered and DSQ when they powered off the shore. No damage done I hope but we lost their presence as they retired. It was a painfully slow process as we crept around the west side and watched as Sibling commenced to bury us.

We had a chat with Wayne, Mark and Gay (Mark's Wife) on Fast Company as we sat not 50 feet apart. We opted to tack east and struggle for more wind and although we found it, we also had more adverse current, so by the red Buoy off Presidents Pt (?), we were really hosed. We looked at Sibling and realized there was too little distance left to try to reel them in, continuing as we were. We saw several boats go left around Blakely Rocks and we figured there would be both a favorable shift and tide relief. As we went past the red Buoy, we tried to do an Erickson trick and with Linda calling "ready to fend off", missed it by 4-5 feet. Yike, that current was strong! As we tacked we saw Sibling also tack and hoped they were far enough out to be sailing directly into the current. We got our hoped for...err planned for...lift and actually found a few 10ths of favorable current as we worked the west shore aggressively. You know there is a big reef over there, just north of where

the ferry goes in? We had plenty of depth but I was a bit tense.

The question became one of when to tack across to the east side and I was emphatic that we did not want to end up south of West Point. When we finally tacked we laid the finish from 5 miles out which was good and bad. We were rhumb lining it and as we were sailing upwind into current the apparent wind lessened as the current built. I thought the wind was just lightening. We caught everyone and then watched as they rocketed up the shore and we just plodded along.

Woulda, coulda, shoulda...the mantra of racing.

Well done all. Martin

The View from Sibling Rivalry

The Markens

Port tack a wiiiiide tri? That's what we had to do at the start. We had hardly any speed on, but luckily for us neither did Emu. We tacked rather than getting swept across the line. An Olson 30 was right on the line at OUR start, and we had to go below him. I called over "You're taking away our options.." but they didn't seem to care much. Once they noticed Emu they got out of the way! So, a bit late for the start but not too bad.

Cuttlefish was to weather and proceeded to roll us. I was looking for the cable they were hooked on but came to the conclusion that they were just sailing better than us. (Maybe the new sails, smooth bottom and better looking skipper had something to do with it...)

By the time we had Blake Island on the bow, Cuttlefish was a blur

ahead. "Ha!" we thought. "Got them just

where we want them - ahead!" As it happened, the rest of the multi fleet was in our vicinity, in the channel.

We sailed in close to the marina at Blake, and found that it hurt our position a bit. Bad current probably. A bit later Emu was well inside, going fast. Up ahead we could see Cuttlefish stalling out, well south of Blake. (Funny thing is that was where we planned on going.) Instead we saw that the boats hugging the shore where doing well, after a dead spot. Into the dead spot we went. No more than five feet from Shoot the Moon, we finally got breeze, and plenty of positive current. Woohoo - off we went. The current was about 3 knots, judging by the fishing bouey we hit. All this time Emu was way inshore, and unfortunately ran out of water. Hope there wasn't damage!

The beat up the west side of Blake was challenging, but that's where the breeze turned out to be. The boats outside didn't fair as well, and we lucked out. North of Blake the wind died and it looked very grim. Thoughts of bailing out crossed our minds (except Dad who never quits). Then, to the north, a wind line.

The beat north was a bit of a brain tease. With Cuttlefish heading west and Fast Company going east, we

tried to cover both. We finally realized that we couldn't cover both sides of the Sound and committed to Magnolia. While beating up the middle we had about 1.5

knots against. (Once I looked at the GPS)

It was pretty cool watching Dangereaux and Starry Nights duking it out to weather near the finish. We elected to go inshore a bit since there was more breeze there. It turned out for us as we had breeze right to the finish - just barely.

Our lessons from the race:

1. Never give up the ship.
2. Don't try to cover both sides of Puget Sound!

The series was a blast. We had all wind ranges; a bit too much, not enough. Tactics where important, as well as a dose of good luck. Thanks to DadMarken and Johnbro for putting up with my multiple simultaneous instructions that sometimes contained a verb. Those guys are a blast to sail with, and also show up for family gatherings!

It's so very cool to be sailing with today's multi fleet. The competition has never been better!

Cheers,
Will
Sibling Rivalry



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About Us

NWMA meets the third Friday of every month, September through June. Doors open at 6:00 pm for an informal no host dinner, usually pizza., socializing and sea stories. The business meeting runs from 7 to 7:45, there is a 15 minute break, followed by the program at 8 pm.

All are welcome, please join us!

Membership Information and Application

The small print!!

*NWMA meets ten times a year, Sept. through June. Summer brings rendezvous and other fun.

*Membership benefits include discounts of up to 40% at some suppliers, use of club library, the newsletter, rendezvous, free classified ads in this newsletter, fascinating monthly meetings and access to a group of interesting and experienced multihull builders and sailors.

*Regular club membership cost is \$60 per year (Sept. through Aug.).

*First time members pay only \$30 for the first year!

*A subscription is included with NWMA membership.

Membership Application

Cut this out, fill it out, and mail with your check to NWMA, 2442 NW Market St., PMB 513, Seattle, WA 98107

Name(s) _____

Mailing address _____

City, State, Zip _____

Phone _____ or _____

Boat Name _____ Make/ Mfg _____

Boat Type _____ Length _____ Beam _____

Boat Location _____ Sail # _____ Rating _____

E-mail address _____

Please circle interests:

Cruising, Racing, Design/Building, Sailing Skills, Rendezvous, Boat show/Promotion, Opening Day, Repairs, Crew, Crew Needed

New Member? Yes No

Where did you hear about NWMA?

Should we withhold your telephone and/or address from the club roster?

Yes No

This information is for club use only, and is not sold or distributed in any way

Contributions to this newsletter are always welcome. Please send submissions and ideas to Kirby at earth2kirby@yahoo.com

Northwest Multihull Association Newsletter

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June 14, 2006

<i>NWMA</i>	<i>Events</i>	<i>Calendar</i>
<i>June</i>		
16	Friday	Regular Meeting
20	Tuesday	Solstice sail to Port Madison
<i>July</i>		
7-9	WkEnd	Blake Island Multihull/ Beach Cat Rendezvous
<i>August</i>		
13-26	2 Week	Club Cruise to Desolation Sound
<i>September</i>		
15	Friday	Regular Meeting – Show and Tell
<i>October</i>		
20	Friday	Regular Meeting
<i>November</i>		
17	Friday	Regular Meeting
<i>December</i>		
15	Friday	Holiday Potluck