



THE SPREADER

Newsletter of the Hollyburn Sailing Club

October 2009

Club Cruise to Keats Island



Photos of Toby Jesso and Matt Sluyter
by Richard Howard

Commodore's Log (October 2009)

Geetings Hollyburners – It's that time of the year again when we start to put things aquatic on the back burner and turn our attention to winter sports, raking up leaves, Halloween, Christmas shopping, and reflection on what a great summer it was. As you will see from the calendar some hardy folks keep going right through the winter, and it's something I can highly recommend: it is very satisfying – and certainly very bracing – to be out on the water with that wintry chill in the air. I know that kayaking in the winter is great, as you are kept warm and toasty while on the move. It's just that getting-in and getting-out bit that tests the character and causes tingles in the feet and the fingers. I imagine that being wet and cold in a stiff breeze aboard a dinghy certainly builds character! However it's nothing that a good mug of hot chocolate afterwards in the clubhouse won't cure!

You will notice from the calendar that there are some important social activities coming up and I would encourage all members to come down and take part.

- I will be laying a wreath on behalf of the club on Remembrance Day on 11th November, which in the past year or two has been a tad wet. I feel proud that the club is invited to commemorate such an important event for West Vancouver.
- On Saturday the 14th we will be having our Fall Cleanup and boat de-rigging, and there will be hot beverages and cookies for all who attend. This is a good occasion to see how much use the club has had over the summer, and to put things to bed before the winter rains and snow set in. But as stated above, we're lucky enough in Vancouver that we can indeed get out onto the water during the cooler months.
- The next big event is the Club AGM and Prize-giving on Sunday 22nd, which is preceded by a brunch and followed by the first event in the Shiny Hiney race series. The AGM is a good opportunity for members to hear how the Executive has fared in the past year, and to elect people to the new Executive. While I am happy to report that the majority of the people who served on the 2009 Executive have indicated that they are prepared to stand for re-election, it is always good to have some new blood on the Executive. If you feel you would like to make yourself available please do come to the AGM. The foundation on which the club is based is that great spirit of volunteerism, and the more hands on deck the better it is for the club.
- One of the social highlights of past years is the Carol Ships night, which is scheduled this year for Sunday 20th December. Please diarize that now, and come down to the club to enjoy some group singing and Christmas cheer.

By now you should have received your 2009 Yearbook. Please do take note of pages 8 and 10, reminding all members that the 2010 membership and storage fees are due by 31st January. It really helps the club if you are able to pay your fees early: not only will you pay HST after July, but it helps us a great deal if we are able to consolidate our member database early in the year. As with this year, we will offer an early payment discount. Reminders/invoices will go out in the next month.

This will be my last entry in the Commodore's log before I hand over the tiller at the AGM. It has been a great experience helping to steer the ship, and I couldn't have done it without the great crew I had on board. I will thank them personally and publicly at the AGM, but I do want to express in writing how much I've enjoyed working with the 2009 Exec: thank you all. And thank you, dear readers. It's been a watershed year with the introduction of our e-Spreader and I do hope you have enjoyed reading it in the electronic realm, and that you have found that it continues to be a good vehicle for communication in the club.

Best wishes, and have a great winter.
Steve Britten

Hollyburn Sailing Club—Outgoing Executive for 2009

Commodore	Steve Britten	Vice Commodore	Bud MacKenzie
Rear Commodore	Bernard Besseling	Treasurer	Paul Kissack
Minutes Secretary	Alistair Gray	Communications	Janeen Weir
Membership Sec.	Rob Jones	Hydrographer	Nick Parker
Co-Op Captain	Ian Darling	Spreader Editor	Steve Britten
Kayak Captain	Dave & Louise Park	Training Director	Bernard Besseling
Staff Captain	Barb Pichler	Race Team Officer	Adrian Passier
Past Commodore	Bernard Besseling	Head Sailing Instructor	Ethan Plato
Chain & Anchor Club	Bob Hough	Clubhouse Reservations	Julie Robinson

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Web: www.hollyburnsailingclub.ca. The Spreader is published by member-volunteers. This is your publication so please contribute by E-mailing Steve Britten at steveb@stpub.com or *The Spreader* editor at hsc_spreader@hotmail.com

2009 Events Calendar

November

8	Sunday	13:00	Fall Series #4, Remembrance Day Biathlon
11	Wednesday	11:00	Remembrance Day Wreath Laying
12	Thursday	19:30	Executive meeting
14	Saturday	09:00	Fall Cleanup, Boat De-rigging
22	Sunday	10:00	Brunch, Annual General Meeting, Club Prizegiving
		13:00	Shiny Hiney Series #1

December

6	Sunday	13:00	Shiny Hiney Series #2
20	Sunday	18:30	Carol Ships Night

January

1	Friday	13:00	New Year's Day Race & Potluck lunch
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Club Cruise to Keats Island – Plumper Cove or Bust by Matt Sluyter

Dinghies:

Richard and Toby	/Mystere cat <i>Widowmaker</i>
Dan, Heather and Sarap	/Mirror 16
Ian and Tracy	/Enterprise
Matt and Peter/(Julie)	/Albacore, <i>TomTom</i>

Keel boats:

Bernard and Kathryn	/Bequia
David and Louise and Jack	/Sage
Deb and Marguerite	/Going

In the last article I wrote about cruising, Ian and I sailed *TomTom* across the Gulf to Silva Bay. At the end of that story I had written that the sailing had been uneventful but that next time could be different - that it probably would be different.....How true it was:

Floating, weightless, comfortable, no panic. These are thoughts that pass through my mind. We have just dumped *TomTom*, our Albacore off Collins point on Bowen Island. After a wild ride downwind in heavy seas, a botched jibe has left us swimming and it's time to assess the situation.

The weekend had begun quite differently on Friday morning as a gentle breeze propelled us out of Burrard Inlet and finally left us becalmed off the Paisley Islands. Although *TomTom* had got away from the club first, the Mirror 16 and the Mystere brought up what was left of the breeze and Dan suggested the Albacore with its 2hp Honda go back for Ian and Tracy and do some towing, as it was going to be dusk in a few hours and setting up camp in the dark is a drag. We found Ian and Tracy, still sailing on a breeze that no longer existed a few miles to the west; took them in tow and fell in behind *Bequia* as she played mother goose to the rest of the small craft.

We all arrived at Plumper Cove at dusk and found room on the docks for all the boats and plenty of space to camp on land. The park lands have become a little more grown than I remember but it's still a beautiful spot. There is no fresh water stream at this cove and the hand pump had been de-activated for the season, leaving us a little short on water. Bernard came to the rescue and shared what he had with us. Trust a man born between an ocean and a desert to have water when one born in a rainforest neglects to bring it.

Supper was the usual eclectic mix and after a few drinks, quite a few I think, Bernard brought out a guitar, and we had great fun singing and howling at the moon. I crawled off to my big empty tent, looking forward to the arrival of my family in the morning. David and Louise were fighting the ocean to get them all there.

Saturday dawned clear and windy, and after a post party-night brunch, Ian and I looked at the whitecap-flecked water between Keats and Gibsons, grinned at each other and agreed that it just had to be done. Albacores, Enterprises and Mirrors were all built to be sailed in extreme conditions, conditions we rarely if ever see here. So we knew it was a great chance to test our skill and an opportunity to learn. Some of the rest of the crowd piled onto *Bequia*, intent on motoring across. So for us this was like having the ski hill to ourselves. We had to beat up Shoal Channel in very gusty wind to gain the entrance to Gibsons Harbour, and I almost dumped it just inside the rock jetty. The water was so calm I forgot the wind a few meters up was just as strong. Ian gave me that look, the one that even with his sunglasses on I know says, "what the hell are you doing?" *Bequia* had a bit of excitement due to water in the gas and had to make sail quickly to regain control but got to the fuel dock where she picked up some clean fuel.

Modern marinas are poorly designed for sailing craft with their low HP and often limited maneuverability under power, but we did a decent job sailing in and after tying up located the others. An excuse was found to visit Grammas Pub for lunch. Back on the water our departure from Gibsons did not go too smoothly, learning, always learning, never a dull moment. Out in the channel we got what we had hoped for, a series of screaming broad reaches, one gust on top of another, driving the boat faster and faster. The bow wave was like cream flying everywhere - we have never had *TomTom* going this fast. Sadly Peter and Sarap had to leave us due to illness and took the ferry back to the city.

In our absence the other boats had arrived and told us stories of a very rough ride out of Vancouver with solid water right over the bow of David and Louise's boat, *Sage*. My wife, Julie, and 7 year old son had hitched a ride with them and now we were together again as we always are on these adventures. We seldom embark on trips of this nature unless it is as a family and now things were right again. Julie took us for a short hike over to the bible camp where apple trees were groaning under immense burdens of un-harvested fruit. Supper was combined with strategising about the weather forecast for Sunday and a pep talk given by me after several drinks (oh my poor wife) and off to bed.

Sunday dawned calmer, at least locally but out in the Gulf it was still blowing. *TomTom*, with my wife as replacement crew (in borrowed wetsuit) and our son, Thomas, at the helm, motored out through Shoal Channel with Dan's Mirror 16 and the Enterprise in tow. The big cat tacked lazily back and forth behind us as we all made our way out towards the lumpy water dancing on the horizon. With very little instruction Thomas learned to follow a compass course on our way out to the straight. Kids really are amazing learners. Once out of the lee of Gower Point, we realized what we were in for, as the seas quickly built up to 1 metre or more and the breeze freshened to an honest 20 knots. This is fun sailing when there are two yahoos in the boat and you are racing or blasting around out in the bay, but as Dan Campbell pointed out, in this case he could see it was going to be more hard work than fun, and he and Heather decided to turn back. By a combination of sailing and being towed by *Sage*, they arrived home later that afternoon.

The Albacore, the Enterprise and the Mystere cracked on. Off Cape Roger Curtis, Richard and Toby passed us as they went blasting off towards Jericho in the far distance. Not long after that, after some incredibly fast downwind sailing and several uneventful jibes, we blew it, off the mouth of Howe Sound. I don't like to dwell on the negative in these situations as it only holds you back from future adventures. But I would be a fool if I didn't look for mistakes and try to learn from them. Our son was not properly dressed to go for a dunk in the ocean: skinny little guys get cold fast. So he now has a good wet suit with gloves and boots. This should make mum's life easier too, for although she is as at home afloat as on land, it's very hard to deal with sailing the boat while you are worried about your child's safety. That's just natural. We lost a bunch of gear that I had neglected to stow properly including Julie's wallet, and my bargain priced Atlantis water proof radio wasn't such a bargain.

When we flipped, Ian and Tracy lost sight of us and with great difficulty due to the conditions, called the Coast Guard on the cell. A large Grand Banks cruiser coming down on us from the West also called and stood by as we got *TomTom* on her feet. I hung onto the bow and made a sea anchor of myself, thereby keeping *TomTom's* transom away from the breaking waves as Julie got our son back in and bucketed out the "bathtub". To get the boat upright we had to drop the main and now running under jib alone at a walking pace, we could all relax and get sorted out. Coast Guard arrived and gave us some warm packs and a blanket for Thomas and lent us a radio, so we could inform their station of our progress up the harbour. At one point the flair of the cutter's bow was above my right shoulder as I held up my hand above and behind me to receive the spare radio. They really know how to handle that boat and would have given us more assistance if we had wanted it, but we have always done our best to get ourselves out of the messes we've found ourselves in. Having worked as a team, Julie and I were proud of having accomplished a self rescue with no needed assistance from others and were elated at having come through one of the worst mishaps that could beset us. Our little boy especially impressed us with his resilience. We found that while we had been busy getting sorted out, our friends had been worrying about us, and we are sorry for that. Thanks Bob for fussing over my family and for the hot chocolate. Warm showers and good friends awaited us at Hollyburn.

One last lesson learned: always leave a change of clothes at the club! In dire need of some hot food we walked into McDonalds like a family of castaways in borrowed clothes and no shoes. Did we care? After such great adventure, not really. See you on the water.

Dinghy Guy

Years ago, when the world was in black and white, the old guys were not old and the club was young, there was a Halloween party at the club. The day dawned grey, foggy and damp and never improved. By nightfall all you could hear was the choir of foghorns in the bay and occasional muted motor as drivers crept around the town. Well the old guys figured this was a perfect time to hatch some mischief. The plan was to launch two sabots, paddle out into the fog, moor one sabot at the edge of visibility with a jack-o-lantern hanging from the mast (after all, one needs a white light at the masthead if one is at anchor at night) They would use the second boat to get back. Then wait and watch the reaction from the partygoers.



So taking one of the carved pumpkins they rigged a candle lantern inside the pumpkin, then using a series of lines and bungee cord they rigged a way to suspend the pumpkin high up one mast. Together they paddled out and anchored in about 20 feet of water, fired up the candle lantern and hoisted it all up. It looked perfect, but alas they were too far from shore in the thick fog. So haul up the anchor, paddle the flotilla closer until they were in about 10 feet of water. This took some time but they got it done. The orange glow up in the air swaying on the waves was just the effect they wanted and they could hear people in the club. Time to get back! One old guy starts to clamber into the other sabot, the boat swayed back and forth, faintly they heard "what is that light over there?" from the club and then it all goes bad, very bad. The pumpkin was a bit rotten, the swaying caused it to fall, crashing onto both of them and covering them in hot rotten pumpkin bits. With the pumpkin weight gone the bungee cord whips the candle lantern around and flings it onto the sabots. Fire loose on wooden boats is not good, but our chaps are quick, they had the presence of mind to flip the sabot to put out the fire. The balcony full of people all agreed that the strange light in the fog, followed by weird screams and muffled thumps in the dark, then the ooze covered monsters from the black lagoon coming out of the fog and surf made it the best Halloween party ever.

