



British Columbia Multihull Society

February 2012

Roy Mills latest project



Unless otherwise stated, the views expressed in this newsletter do not represent those of the B.C.M.S., the Directors or the Editor. Contents of the newsletter may be reproduced provided due credit is given to the British Columbia Multihull Society

Kayak sporting an outrigger with a Bruce foil

Roy Mills

Here is a kayak sporting an outrigger with a Bruce foil, which is hoped to balance well with a Laser sail. It is complete but did not get wet last year, got too much involved with the C Class platform. The thought was to see how it competes with local Lasers. I hope to find out this year. Continuing the Gilbert and Sullivan thread her name is "Little Buttercup" (a character in HMS Pinafore)

The rather odd looking attachment of the outrigger to the boat has two reasons. First I am not sure of the balance point of the outrigger plus Bruce foil to complement the Laser sail, so needed to be able to move it back and forth until I had the right position, Secondly the Bruce foil generates its balancing force by the effect of leeway acting on it. As I do not like leeway I thought it might be interesting to see if I could have the outrigger capable of angling 4 or 5 degrees either side of parallel to the kayak so that the foil could do its job without the whole boat having to make leeway. So the aft attachment is a pivot point and the forward attachment is a piece of track. It should, I hope, be self-adjusting because as it starts to feel leeway the board will cause the outrigger to pivot along the forward track a few degrees. I can lock it centrally too, so I can see if the idea has any merit or not.





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

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

Spear Fishing in the Tuamotu

By Rae Simpson, Mustang Sally

'Holy cow I got another one'. Red is reeling in big tropical fish. He is catching one every two or three minutes. He pulls them up to the transom, lifts them out of the water, then yanks the hook out with a pair of pliers and releases them back to the wild. No one in this world enjoys fishing as much as Red does. His excitement is contagious.

Red is amazed every time he gets a fish. Red could catch a hundred fish in a row and he would be just as happy and amazed on the hundredth fish as he is on the first one.

'Damn ciguatera', Red cursed. Ciguatera is the curse of south Pacific reef fishing. Any fish larger than about 12 inches can carry a poison that will screw up your co-ordination and can leave you in awful pain. Our three boats are anchored in 20 feet of aquamarine water at the beautiful coral reef atoll of Kauehi in the Tuamotu, French Polynesia. Fishing is easy but eating is fool hearty.

'Hey mates, let's take a run over to the Pacific side of the atoll and do some spear fishing. The Pacific side should be ciguatera free' – suggests Max. Max is a cookie cutter out-back Aussie. He is brash, fearless and full piss and vinegar. Max has been around boating and tropical fish for nearly 30 years, he has a million stories and can fix nearly anything.

'Yeah, right-on. Let's get started tomorrow morning early'. Red and Vic agree. Vic is out sailing around the world for his 55th Birthday. Two and a half years later he is 1/3 the way around. Not much of a fisherman, but he could swim like a dolphin and drink everyone else under the table.

'Hey that sounds like fun, how about I join you?' Karli asked. Karli is Red's fun loving, adventurous and ever positive girl friend. Karli is drop dead gorgeous, speaks with a southern California twang and had a smile that could stop a man in his tracks. Who could say no to those big brown eyes?

The next morning the foursome tumbles into the dingy loaded down with diving masks, fins, spear guns fuel and rum. With the water slopping over the transom, Red guns the 15 horse outboard and the overloaded dingy responds sluggishly. Powering across the picture perfect south Pacific lagoon, they are on the way for a great day of fishing and swimming.

After picking their way across the lagoon, dodging coral heads and pearl floats, they find a likely spot to cross the atoll. Landing on a golden sandy beach, the boys drag the dingy up high and dry and tuck her under the shade of a big palm tree.

Marching single file down the wild tropical jungle path, shaded by coconut palms the adventurers search for a trail to the other side. Soon the trail turns into a track, then a double track. Then a paved road. Then a wide landing strip paved with coral. They found the bloody airport.

'This is where the locals get a real laugh at the tourists' chuckles Red 'four people in swim suits with snorkeling gear and spear guns coming to the airport'. 'What about security? Can we get these spear guns through airport security?' Karli quips.

Through the airport gate, over the berm, across the field, over the sun heated landing strip and down to the Pacific shore. 'Look at that!' Max cries. Miles and miles of red coral shelf spread left and right. Surf hammers the shoreline with thunderous booms.

The tide is out and the shelf of coral has only six to eighteen inches of water on it. Sometime in the past, really big waves must have tossed those huge heads of coral up on the reef. It is like some giant Poseidon of the sea rose up and flung the coral heads, scattering them like dandelion seeds.

'Let's go!' shouts Vic excitedly. Winding through the coral heads they work their way down on to the coral ledge. The surf is intimidating, hammering away on the coral ledge. 'There must be an easy way in' says Max, 'you look east, and I'll look west'.

Max is soon yelling, 'Here is the entrance.' He has found a deep channel worn into the coral shelf. The waves wash in and out of the channel. 'You gotta time it right, wait for the channel to fill, and then ride the out flow into deep water. Gathering round and looking doubtfully at the channel, Vic says 'Max, you are out of your mind. That coral will take the skin off your ass and you will come out looking like a bloody filleted barracuda.'

Vic and Max talk about the coasts of North America and Australia where fishermen are lost each year in big surf situations similar to this. An extra-large breaker comes roaring in, knocks the fishermen off their feet, then as the big wave washes back out to sea it carries the fisherman with it. 'But those poor shmucks are fully clothed' – Red says 'and they ain't got no snorkeling gear.' 'Yeah' – Vic agrees, and we are not those kind of fishermen anyway - we are spear fishing.' 'Yeah' says Max, 'and this water isn't cold enough to kill you.'

Look mates, I'll show you how its done.' Max waits for a wave to fill the channel with water, and then as the wave starts washing back out to sea he throws his body into the rushing water. Kicking and swimming hard to get beyond the coral ledge before the next breaker, he makes it easily, turns round laughing and shouts 'nothing to it mates, come on.'

Red shrugs and mumbles 'anything Max can do' and flings himself into the water. He is swiftly carried beyond the surf. 'I dunno' Karli says, 'I think I will wait here.' 'I dunno either' says Vic, 'those two are bloody crazy.' Red shouts from the water, 'Hey, the visibility is excellent – great diving - best yet.' 'See you' says Vic as he tosses his body into the outflow, swimming hard as a chunk of coral passes a foot below his chest.

The diving is awesome – world class. Visibility at 70 or 80 feet. Clear water, beautiful coral formations everywhere. A dive to the bottom proves the water deeper than it looks. Fish swim all around, big guys, little guys, and a small grey shark circling in the distance.

Max is after a grouper – or sea trout as the Aussies call it. Swimming up to within a few feet he releases the spear and nails it through the head. A quick swim back to shore, he tosses the fish to Karli and returns for more. Max picks off another one.

Red finds a grouper and is on its tail, he shoots but misses and the retrieval line breaks. Red dives hard to get down far enough to retrieve the spear. He reloads and he is hunting again. Max picks off another one, then Red gets one.

Swimming back to shore with the bounty, a shark does slow circles about 40 feet away. Soon he is joined by another. Then another. Soon four sharks are circling. 'Time to get out' Red says, swimming toward the inlet.

'Getting in was easy, let's see how this goes' Vic thinks to himself. Looking underwater behind, the sharks seem to be following. Smelling blood, they sense dinner. Above the water, a wave rolls in and picks everyone up and drops them on the coral shelf. Scrambling away from the breaker area, looking cautiously behind Vic thinks, 'that is easy enough'.

'Wow look at these fish', says Red, 'fan - tastick.' 'Not bad mate', says Max, 'and these blue bellies, they don't carry ciguatera, I think'. Should be a good feed tonight. Nothing like successful hunting to bring on that adrenalin buzzing camaraderie feeling.

Red says 'What do you think Karli? The diving is awesome. You should come for a dive these conditions are the best ever, we may never get to see water this clear again.' 'I donno guys, seems a little rough, what do you think, will it be OK for me?' Karli says thinking it over. 'Yeah yeah, it is easy', Max says. 'Come on, we will look out for you and we will feed the sharks this time. It will be fun.'

You want to feed the friggin sharks?' cries Vic astonished. 'Right, well we won't give 'em a good fish, just something we pick off the bottom, I've done it before, no problem.' Max says. 'Yeah, well sure, whatever.' Vic says skeptically.

With a little encouragement, Karli jumps in. Timing it perfectly she is swept out away from the shore. The snorkeling is still fantastic, just like before. As they swim out into deeper water, two or three sharks take up position between them and the shore. One decides to come closer. Vic swims aggressively towards the shark and it moves slowly away.

Red and Max are oblivious. Buzzing on the hunting, they swim hard looking for sea trout. One swims lazily away, not recognizing Red and Max as predators. 'Wham' Max shoots him through the head. Red reacts with excitement, pounding Max on the arm. Now it is Red's turn and he is in hot pursuit of another fish. Red nails it with a shot through the body.

The sharks are getting interested. A half dozen are swimming more rapidly back and forth about 30 feet away. Max is surprised when he looks around and notices the sharks. The hair is standing up on the back of his neck as Max signals toward the beach.

'Wholly crap', Vic thinks, 'Loose the fish and let the sharks have them.' But, Red and Max are determined to take their trophies ashore. Max finds the channel and lets the waves pick him up and carry him shoreward. He disappears from view for a minute or so. Where the hell is he? As wave washes back he emerges, unsteadily getting to his feet as another breaker dumps him.

'Let's go' shouts Red, as he looks under water and sees the sharks circling 20 feet away. A big wave is moving toward shore and we move as a group to catch it. The wave picks us all up and throws us shoreward.

The air is knocked out of Vic's as he lands hard on a chunk of coral 30 feet short of the shelf. Grabbing onto the rough corral Vic holds on as the wave washes back seaward, trying to drag him with it. His spear gun is sucked out of his hand as he hangs on the coral. Vic sucks in a quick lungful of air just before the next breaker pummels him down and drags him across the corral. 'Jaysus H Cree lced – this ain't the way?' Vic curses as pain sears his hip and shins.

Max and Red are both on shore now, standing precariously as the wash of the water alternately pulls and pushes around their legs trying to topple them off balance. Red looks around and notices Karli in trouble. He tosses his fish on a chunk of coral and dives back in swimming toward Karli.

A three foot long shark has swam up on the shallow coral shelf and slashes for Max's fish. Max is momentarily startled then clubs the shark with the butt end of his spear gun.

Behind Vic, Karli screams as she is pounded by another breaker and loses her grip on the coral. The breaker carries Karli forward of Vic, then she is washed back seaward. Vic grabs her with one hand as she washes by and hangs on desperately to the coral with his other hand. Vic feels his left flipper being torn from his foot by the sea.

As the current eases Vic tries to stand up and another breaker pounds him and Karli flat into the corral. They hang on again in the powerful backwash, fingers screaming in pain as they force them to hold on to slight indentations in the coral. Vic's swim trunks are washed down over his ankles and out to sea.

A break between the waves gives Vic and Karli a chance to make it to their feet. Max grabs Karli's wrist and helps her shoreward. 'Vic – get out of the water' Max shouts – 'You are bleeding like a stuck pig' Vic looks down to see a sheet of bright red streaming down his leg. 'Chreeist!' he shouts, 'Double Chreeeist!' Another shark is up in the shallow water on the reef about 20 feet away.

'Let's go' shouts Vic, feeling the sharks after his naked ass. Bounding across the reef, Vic is out of the water in seconds. The sharks continue to swim about in the 2-3 foot water, foiled for the moment.

Red's trophy fish has wiggled from the coral perch where he stashed it. The sharks have it. They are tearing chunks out of the sea trout and create a torrent of white in the shallow water.

'Where is Red?' Karli shouts. Looking around, he is nowhere to be seen. 'The sharks must have got him' she wails. 'Wait a minute Karli, wait a minute,' Max soothes, 'he will be OK, I'll go back. I'll take a look for your shorts, flipper and spear too' Max grins at Vic.

'Forget that stuff' Vic says, 'Where the hell is Red'. Karli has a towel in her pack and passes it to Vic who presses it to his hip to slow the bleeding. 'Just a scratch' he says inspecting the wound.

Max walks back out to the entrance channel looking carefully in the water. As he approaches the surge knocks him on his ass. He gets up again and throws himself in the water. Max spots Red swimming slowly about 50 feet seaward. Between Max and Red are about a half a dozen good sized sharks.

Waving to Red to keep his distance, Max loads the spear gun. It is a long shot but he lines up a mid-sized shark and lets fly. The spear plants firmly in the shark's side and blood starts to flow. Quickly taking his knife, he cuts the retrieval line and waves Red toward shore as he spots something and dives deep.

Swimming rapidly shoreward as the sharks frenzy - eating one of their own - Red and Max grab a wave and are carried up the reef. They stand up and are promptly knocked on their asses. They gain their feet on the second try and bound shoreward toward Vic and Karli.

'Sorry you had to miss the shark feeding' Max laughs, 'Crikee - the surf really came up fast. 'Nasty cut mate. Here are your shorts and fin. Now I lost a fin! Couldn't find the spear. Did you drop it right at the entrance?'

'Screw the spear, let's get the hell out of here.' Vic says. 'No hurry, one more try mate' Max says as he heads back over the reef. Vic and Red look at each other and shrug. 'I'll go too', says Red.

As they reach the entrance Max is quickly back in the water. Red is knocked hard on his ass. As he scrambles to regain his footing he goes down hard again. 'Screw it' says Red, limping back and rubbing his aching butt. Max re-appears shortly, 'Too rough in close' he says. 'Have to try and get it tomorrow.'

The trip back to the boats is uneventful. But Vic's bleeding couldn't be completely quenched. 'Great' says Vic, 'leave a trail of blood for the sharks to follow right to our boats!'

Just another day of fishing in a Tuamotu paradise.



For Sale

40 foot double spreader
aluminum mast from F9A complete with
standing rigging.

Call John Green at 250.544.4324

\$1000.00

Swiftsure 2012

John Green
Swiftsure Steering Committee



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

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

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

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

Friday May 25, Swiftsure Multihull dinner at RVYC

John Green
Rear Commodore, RVYC

Cost of around \$40 CDN each, same as before. I would like to see at least 40 folks sign up for it. More is better. Tim Knight has offered to help and may set up a PayPal account or something equivalent as I will not have time to collect on the docks as I have in the past. I have always prepaid the club (and the Empress when we did it there) and was occasionally stung when someone would change their mind.

Please reply to johgre@shaw.ca as soon as possible so I can confirm with the yacht club. Thanks, and I hope to see a big crowd.

Note: Only seven have replied so far, if too few sign up this event will be cancelled. Please confirm your attendance by March 31.

Racing Report

Ron Tomas

Sailing season is just around the corner. Now is the time to get all the little things done on the boat, so it will be ready for spring sailing. For some the “little things” can mean varnishing the teak trim around the companionway hatch, or cleaning the winches. For others that could mean “just” painting the mast, or rewiring the boat. Regardless, the important thing is to get it done or maybe just get it done enough to go out.

Here are some of the races for the 2012 season:

The Sidney North Saanich Yacht Club will be hosting
2012 Patos Island Classic Race
March 24 & 24
[Race Poster](#), [Notice of Race](#)
[Entry Form](#), [Patos Long & Short Course](#)
[Diagrams](#)

The [West Vancouver Yacht Club](#)
Presents the 44th Annual [Southern Straits](#)
April 6-8,2012,
The Long Course (132 NM) is open to boats
rated at 110 and lower
The Medium Course (91NM) is open to
boats rated from 25 to 150
The Short Course (64 NM) is open to boats
rated at 99 and higher

[The International Yacht Club of BC](#) is
holding the Semiamhoo Regatta April 28-29.
This always proves to a good time and there
is usually a very good turn out of multi's

[BCMS](#) Port Browning Sail In May 19-20.
Once again we will have a fun race on the
Sunday May 20.

The [Salt Spring Island Sailing Club](#) is
holding the Round Salt Spring Race May 19-
20. It is a 42 NM course that starts in
Ganges Harbour.

The [Royal Victoria Yacht Club](#)
is hosting the [Swiftsure International Yacht](#)
[Race](#) May 26-28.They have announced that
they are offering a Single and Double-
handed division if there is enough boats.
There is a multihull division again this year.
With a shorter “inshore” race as well as
going to Neah Bay. Great fun

The [False Creek Yacht Club](#) is hosting the
[Single Handed Race](#) June 2-3. Point Grey
Bell buoy to Snake Island. Overnight in
Nanaimo Yacht club, Return the 3rd.

The [Nanaimo Yacht Club](#) is hosting the [SIN](#)
[Regatta 2012](#) June 29 to July 1
Get there Friday for Registration and have
complimentary beverages. Saturday
complimentary breakfast, Racing, BBQ.
Sunday complimentary breakfast, and
MORE Racing, Awards

The [Maple Bay Yacht Club](#) is hosting the
Vendee Salt Spring 2012, July 6,7,8
Hosted by Ganges Start

The Cowichan Bay Sailing Association is
hosting the annual [Cowichan Bay Regatta](#)
August 4,5. Don't Miss it. The Best Multihull
racing around,

[BCMS](#) Sail in
September 1,2
TBA

BC Multihull Society Annual General Meeting Saturday May 19, 2012

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

Agenda will include:

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

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

Also, if you have not renewed your membership for 2012 please do so before the meeting. You can pay either by PayPal on the BCMS website:

[BCMS Join Us](#) or use the application form on the website and mail a cheque.

2011 / 2012 Directors list

President	Bob Davis	bob.davis@telus.net	604 583-9396
Past President	John Harker	mjharker@telus.net	604 940-7084
Vice President J	amie McKerrow	jmckerrow@dccnet.com	604 596-1721
Secretary	Bob Davis	bob.davis@telus.net	604 583-9396
Newsletter	Wayne Carlson	wsc5968@gmail.com	604 590-5876
Library	Stuart Kerr	sgkerr@telus.net	604 534-7120
Publicity	Alec Mackenzie	alec8@shaw.ca	604 538-0917
Racing / Sailing	Ron Tomas	rtomas@telus.net	604 542-2732
Member-at-Large	Bob Harris	buckman@infinet.net	
Treasurer	Marlene Mackenzie	alec8@shaw.ca	604 538-0917
Social -	Vacant -	directors@bcms.bc.ca	
Membership	Stuart Kerr	sgkerr@telus.net	604 534-7120
Website	Bob Davis	bob.davis@telus.net	604 583-9396
	Marlene Mackenzie	alec8@shaw.ca	604 538-0917

Non Directors

C.B.C.Y.C. (Vancouver Island Rep.)	Gary Astill	gastill@shaw.ca	250-390-3957
C.B.C.Y.C. (Mainland Rep.)	Glen McDonald		604 940-8621



Donate a minimum of \$10 to:

**Marine Parks Forever Society and
BC Parks' Park Enhancement Fund**

and receive your very own

BC MARINE PARKS GUIDE

The Official Guide to BC's Coastal Marine Parks
(original cost \$21.95)



All proceeds go towards the development and enhancement of the BC marine parks system.

See your local chandler or yacht club for a copy.





OFFICE OF **BOATING SAFETY**
BUREAU DE LA **SÉCURITÉ NAUTIQUE**

Important Notice Regarding Pleasure Craft Sewage Discharge

May 5th, 2012 - The 5 year phase in period for black water holding tank requirements comes to an end. You must be in compliance by this date!

In most areas the discharge of raw sewage (black water) is prohibited.

According to the *Regulations for the Prevention of Pollution from Ships and for Dangerous Chemicals*:

- Untreated sewage may be discharged not less than three nautical miles from shore.
- Treated sewage may be discharged not less than one nautical mile from shore.
- Discharge of untreated sewage is prohibited in inland waters.

Schedule 4 of the regulations sets out designated sewage areas where the discharge of raw sewage is prohibited. These areas include:

- Shuswap Lake
- Mara Lake
- Okanagan Lake
- Christina Lake
- Stuart Lake
- Smuggler Cove
- Horsefly Lake
- Kalamalka Lake
- Carrington Bay
- Manson's Landing
- Prideaux Haven
- Squirrel Cove
- Pilot Bay, Kootenay Lake
- Pilot Bay, Gabriola Island
- Cortes Bay
- Montague Harbour
- Roscoe Bay

The *Contraventions Act* fine for "discharging a prescribed pollutant" is \$250.

**For further information on the regulations
or requirements for the discharge of sewage:
contact the Office of Boating Safety at 604-666-2681
www.boatingsafety.gc.ca**