



British Columbia Multihull Society

August 2018

AN UNEXPECTED ADVENTURE ...

Wayne Carlson

"It's a dangerous business, Frodo, going out your door. You step onto the road, and if you don't keep your feet, there's no knowing where you might be swept off to."

— J.R.R. Tolkien, The Lord of the Rings

All good stories have an element of adventure, foolishness, larceny, treachery, kindness, and of course a happy ending...

It was a long, slow and lumpy but uneventful sail/motor up from Crescent Beach to Newcastle Island. The boat felt very sluggish, motoring at 6 knots when we normally motor at 8. Damn barnacles, we planned on beaching the boat in the shallows between Protection and Newcastle Island the next day to scrub the bottom.



We pulled up to the dock, offloaded our camping gear together with Kate and Ian on the dock. Kate and Ian lugged all our multitude of bags up to our camping spot.

A tour around the harbour didn't turn up any free Park mooring buoys. Last year I was advised by a boater on a private mooring buoy that the adjacent mooring buoy to them never had a boat on it in the last 5 years. Last year, we had used the same buoy and so we thought we would use it again this year (foolishness as we will see later). We tied up to the mooring buoy, went to shore setup our tents, and get our stuff sorted.



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Once our camp site was organized we hopped in the dingy to the Dingy Dock Pub dock. A short stroll along the beach and we came to Pepperdine's, who graciously organized the Pizza Night at their house on Protection Island. It was a great evening talking with everyone.

The evening ended, we clambered back into the dingy and back to Newcastle Island for the night. We arrived back at the camp site to find that we had been vandalized and robbed by 4 footed bandits wearing a mask (larceny). Lesson, don't leave food in your tent, ever! The racoons were having a party in our tent with the chips, and other snacks while we were gone. We cleaned up the mess as best we could, stitched up the tent netting. We had just laid down when we heard growling and hissing just outside the tent. I got up and chased the little buggers off. They scampered up the trees and gave me the finger. This process continued until about 2 in the morning. The overall score: Wayne 0 Racoons 13.



Pub Nights @ River House Pub

Please note the new location,
5825 60th Avenue, Delta
<http://www.riverhousegroup.com/>
 7:30 pm

September 18, 2018
 October 16, 2018
 November 20, 2018



Breakfast was planned for on the boat the next morning, when we were walking down the ramp to the dingy, looking over where the boat should be...nothing...my heart stopped... Scanning the harbour we see the boat perched on top of the rocks next to the Dingy Dock Pub...my first thought was for Stuart with all his troubles...he doesn't need this...I was thinking the worst...

We climbed in the Dingy and took the very painfully slow ride over to the shore where the boat was suspended on the rocks. A quick survey and no gaping holes were visible...ok maybe not so bad. The property owner just above the boat had very kindly tied the boat to a tree to keep it from moving. The forensic team went to work and looked at the mooring line. It had been cut and did not break (treachery). As Stuart would say "there are assholes in the world".



The wind was still blowing the boat towards the Dingy Dock Pub so I walked an anchor just across the reef from the back corner to

keep the boat from moving once it was floating. We took the opportunity to scrap the barnacles off the bottom. Lots of barnacles and lots of scrapping. Mark Coulter, Alec Mackenzie, came over and helped. Great to have friends (kindness). The thick layer barnacles seemed to have cushioned the boat on the rocks. No visible damage apparent. Continued scrapping until tide floated boat.



The day time tide was not nearly as high as the midnight tide so the bow of one hull was not floating free. As Alec Mackenzie says, "give me a lever". Big flat piece of driftwood and a rock and the boat moved gently back. Several more lifts and the boat was floating...hell yeah...

Rae and Sharon Simpson arrived and asked if they could help. They used their dingy like a tug and pushed the boat side ways to keep

from drifting sideways (no dagger boards or rudders in the shallow water.) The operation was a success up until we tried to pull up the anchor. It was stuck, of course it was...



We passed the anchor rode to Rae and Sharon and took Flying Kiwi and temporarily rafted to Bad Kitty. Rae tried pulling from multiple directions and no luck the anchor was stuck fast. Alec the intrepid free diver jumped in the water and in less than

a minute had the anchor free. It was stuck under a ledge. Again, shows that it is great to have friends.

A fire ban was in place so briquette barbeque was out of the question. Ken Pepperdine resurrected his tired gas



barbeque and was able to bring that with propane over to Newcastle and save the day. Another fine meal with lots of great company. The fireworks were spectacular as usual, thanks to the Nanaimo Marine Festival.



We attempted to anchor Flying Kiwi in the harbour but the Danforth anchor needed too much scope to stick well enough. After several unsuccessful attempts we asked Mark Coulter to raft up to Albatross. I was able to get a better night's sleep.



Our, Wendy and Wayne's, plan following Newcastle was to sail over to the Sunshine Coast, Smugglers Cove Marine Park with Tim Poustie, Mia Halonen and Topi Lindgren on Paudine. Topi had never sailed on a racing cat before so he came on Flying Kiwi and Wendy went in comfort on Paudine. Flying Kiwi sustained 9 knots with frequent 10 to 12 knots on beat towards the Half Moon Bay. We started 45 degrees off our bearing but as we got closer to the wind shifted so we got lifted. One tack across the strait!

The wind died in Welcome Passage so we motor sailed the remaining few miles. Turned right just past Grant Island in to the narrow entrance to Smugglers Cove. A beautiful anchorage! Based on the advice from Graham Shaw on Lightfoot (aka Strait to the Pool Room of R2AK fame) we went right to back of Smugglers cove. We found two stern tie points in the



shallowest part of the cove. We anchored in less than 10 feet of water at mid-tide, set the stern tie line. Threw the dingy in the water and went to shore. Topi and I hiked to the point to watch for Paudine coming in. Half way along the trail we wished we had brought water. It was a hot thirsty day.



Paudine arrived and dropped anchor...let the relaxation begin... Don't be fooled by the sign on shore that indicates an outhouse is close by, looks like they removed the closest one. The outhouse is 1 km hike down the trail next to the parking lot.

The next day we had spent some time up the mast for work on Paudine to straighten the wind indicator which was bent at 90 degrees, fix some burnt out bulbs and a few other miscellaneous chores.



Flying Kiwi's wind indicator was broken in half during the winter by some overweight wayward bird. The replacement has a spike sticking up from the middle to hopefully prevent a repeat. Another trip up Flying Kiwi's mast and it was soon fixed... I find it surprising how many times you look up the mast to a non-existing wind indicator, especially when sailing down wind.

I put on the snorkel and mask and got in the water to check Flying Kiwi for damage done from the time on the rocks. Didn't find much in the

way of damage but still needed more barnacle removal. Spent a hour and a half scraping and cleaning with Scotch-brite pad. A very good workout, holding on to the boat while scraping. I was tired and a bit hypothermic when I climbed out. The warm sun soon took warmed me up.



Water was so clear you could see right to the bottom.

Very quiet pleasant anchorage with the water like glass at times.





We spent two nights at Smugglers Cove then packed up the boat for the trip to False Creek. Topi was heading to Vancouver so we gave him a lift. It was a pleasant spinnaker run at 8 knots

most of the way. Topi had never been on a cat flying a spinnaker. What? No pole! When we gybed he said, "That was sure easy". Yes, Topi, it is easy! Same with the spinnaker take down.



We dropped Topi off at Granville Island and said our goodbyes.



We anchored in False Creek next to Lightfoot. Once we had the dingy in the water we asked Graham to join us for dinner. A quick motor over to Granville Island to a pub for dinner, everyone knows how I like to drink... Graham showed us the local recreation center where showers are available. A short walk behind Granville Island market.

The lights of the city are beautiful at night, a great way to spend the last night on the boat. We had an early start the next morning. Once out of the Burrard Inlet we freed the reacher and had a nice reach up to Sand Heads. The seas were short and choppy from the river

mouth, glad to have the reacher up and not motoring. We kept the speed up through the waves, a bit wet but another hot day so no worries.



This was the first time for just Wendy and I on the boat alone. Good experience for Wendy and time for a few lessons. We practiced a pseudo-man-over-board drill with Wendy on the helm under motor. I told her I just fallen over-board, what would she do? She said “slow down motor”. She was across the boat from the motor. I told her to do that. She said “Ok, hold the tiller while I go to the other side”. I said, “I can’t, I am not on the boat”. She slowed the boat down, the said “I am going to turn around”. She did that flawlessly. A big loop. We had been working on other things like starting the motor, forward, reverse, neutral. Next time out we will do a fender over board drill to make it more real.

We pulled into the dock and Wendy jumped off the boat with the dock line in hand. We had arrived home and we were still talking, all in all a good vacation. What an adventure! Thanks again to Stuart for the use of the boat!

Anchoring and mooring

Alec Mackenzie

This Summer has seen a few interesting anchoring and mooring situations.

At the BCMS Newcastle sail-in in July it was Flying Kiwi's turn to be tested by the anchoring and mooring gods. She arrived at Mark Bay later than planned on Friday – just in time for the Pizza party at the Peperdines. There were no park buoys open so Kiwi took a private mooring that has always been empty in past years. After the party, the Kiwi crew camped on Newcastle Island, only to find Flying Kiwi high and dry on the rocks near the dinghy dock pub the next morning.

It was soon discovered that Kiwi's mooring line had been cleanly cut by a very sharp knife and left to drift sometime near midnight (high tide).

Luckily there were no waves and light winds, so no sign of damage to the hulls. Upon closer inspection a further benefit was discovered: A solid layer of large barnacles completely covered the hulls and protected all contact points with the rocks. This could also explain the slow trip over.

The next high tide was Saturday afternoon and with some help from other multihullers (most notably Ray from Mustang Sally who has his own stories to tell about this incident), Flying Kiwi was kedged off on the high tide.

This led to part 2 of the adventure. Wayne took Flying Kiwi out to anchor in a large open area off the beach. He repeatedly tried to set the large steel Danforth anchor but no such luck, even with a scope of more than three to one. This is just not a practical anchor design for short scope anchorages (just about everywhere in BC)

The final solution was a raft-up to Albatross.

The good news to come out of this experience? Flying Kiwi had a nice clean bottom for their cruise after the sail-in!

Anchors

After this incident I was going to recommend Stu get a good sized Bruce anchor as an alternative to his Danforth because the Bruce typically sets well on relatively short scope and works on a wide range of bottom types.

But then this happened to me:

We had been well anchored in Waiatt Bay (Octopus Islands). I always set my anchor hard with a strong engine reverse and in this instance, the anchor had set well. When I tried to raise the anchor I could not break it free by hand so had to use some engine thrust with the anchor line pulled up vertical to break the anchor out. Once free, I was still unable to raise the anchor – it was clearly attached to something very heavy. I was able to slowly winch the anchor to the

surface and this is what I found:



This rock was loose in the jaws of the Bruce, but too heavy and awkward to lift out. I finally secured the anchor trip-line eye to a boat cleat using a spare line. I then lowered the anchor chain to drop the anchor stock enough for the rock to simply roll out.

My Bruce anchor occasionally finds a round rock while anchoring, which prevents a proper set because the anchor is unable to dig in. A simple reset always worked, so no big deal. In this case I think this rock must have been buried in the mud, so the anchor was already fully set when it found the rock.

I still like my Bruce because it has worked well for me for many years and is easy to handle. Part of the trick was to pick a sufficiently large anchor, paired with adequate chain. In my case both got heavier over the years until I finally stopped dragging.

Everyone who anchors has had anchoring problems. This drives a healthy discussion among



boaters about which anchor systems are 'best,' and among inventors trying to design better anchors.

Coincidentally, Jerzy was demonstrating his new anchor design to the BCMS members at the BBQ dinner on the Saturday night after Flying Kiwi's adventures. He says his preliminary tests look very good. He demonstrated the new anchor by dragging it across the dried grass at the picnic table and its multiple sharp teeth seemed to cut into the hard ground well. Jerzy says this design is self cleaning so does not get fouled with weed and will always present sharp flukes to the sea bottom no matter how it sits or moves. Doesn't look like it would be bothered by large round rocks either!

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Hmmm. I think I know someone who may be looking for a new anchor....

North Pender Island, Port Browning Sail-in

September 1st to the 3rd 2018

Be there for the massive raft up!

BCMS turns 50 next year!



We are looking for ideas to help celebrate our clubs Golden Anniversary next year. One of the things on the list so far is we are planning on attending the Vancouver Boat Show with a table to recruit new members. Your participation will make this a memorable event.

This September long weekend sail-in will be a “don’t miss event”. We are planning on recreating the giant raft up from years gone by. We plan on having this picture on display with the old picture at the Vancouver Boat Show.

So sail, motor, row, pole, tow or just drag your boat to make history and be in the picture!



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Secretary	Bob Davis	bob.davis@telus.net	604 583-9396
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Social -			
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Website	Margaret Dulat	mdulat@gmail.com	

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