

The First Mate's Log Of A Sojourn To Barkley Sound

Summer 1982 to Barkley Sound

Aug 4 We're off on a gorgeous day 12:25

Baro 29.6↑

Log 000 The tide's out. 7 ½ - 8 ft. water at the slip. Breeze light and variable inside.

14:15 Log 9.9 At Strawberry Pt.

1645 Log 19.9 Leave Cornet bay because it is slack! Soon

19:45 Log 35.2 Arrive McKenzie Harbor (Lopez Is.)

What a wonderful beginning. After a leisurely morning of cleaning up & visiting with Pat and Dusty, we headed out. Louie instructed me on how to start the boat. The water is quiet and sun shines brightly. We see fish jumping here & there. Not many birds. When we reached Cornet Bay, we were very close to slack water (45 min) - so we looked for tomorrow's time of slack and it was lousy (4:30 AM or 11 AM. Oh Boy - let's go for it. So we caught a buoy - had a cup of tea and Grace's Zucchini bread and off we went under the Pass - 10 minutes early! We thought Rosario would be with us as we headed for the south end of Lopez Island, but it wasn't - course correction. Then in one place we seemed to stop making forward progress. Finally we started moving again, passing rocks with thousands of gulls and cormorants - phew - There were fishing boats galore next to Lopez - most of them were heading east to somewhere. Finally we reached Mackenzie Harbor - a nice large bay protected on all sides. We weren't alone - there were lots of sailboats in the north bay and 3 docks of fishing boats in the south bay. Good mud bottom - 20 ft.

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I was hungry – quickly fixed hamburger, broccoli, and for dinner. Andes mints for desert. Did dishes with the light on.

A great pumpkin moon came up over Lopez – full tonight. It was a peaceful night though I didn't sleep deeply, expecting a weather change. Awoke about 5 AM with wakes from fishing boats – a red glow in the east. Miss the doggies.. We have built-in habits, like don't step in the water dish – airplanes – good smells. On the other hand we can anchor far from and not have to worry about rowing the doggies.. The best thing today was that we followed our intuition and were game for going – even to a new place – I feel happy.

August 5 Thursday Broken Clouds Baro 29.6 Breeze light SE – weather up north OK on Id7.

We had a cup of coffee but were anxious to be on our way. Cold cereal for breakfast. Louie had me start the boat and take us out.

0835 Log 35.2 Leave Mackenzie Harbor.

The Straits are flat – no wind – broken overcast and the current is with us! We can see the Olympics through the haze and Mt Baker just barely.

Even though the current was with us, when we got to Trial Island we came almost to a standstill – strange currents forced us in towards the Island. He we started getting a variety of wakes from ships, tugs, and power boats.

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It seemed forever, but we finally reached the Victoria breakwater and slid into the inner harbor. Quite exciting! We tried anchoring – soft mud bottom. Louie stayed aboard to fend off while I went to the bank and post office, and bought my fishing license. When I returned we decided to tie a stern line to the dock, then a fellow on Valhalla (Morrison) suggested we could tie alongside him – so that is what we did. Nice people. – they have owned their ferro-cement boat for just a week. The wife is due to have a baby in November and they will live aboard in Vancouver. He is a lawyer. Louie was lucky. There is a general BC Government employees strike going on, and of course, the liquor stores were closed. Our neighbor suggested that some pubs are licensed to sell cases of beer (off sales, for a little extra). So Louie found a place & bought 2 12 pacs, before it was all gone. Almost a dry trip!

Dinner was great. Steak and mushrooms, fresh green beans & rice. Grace's Zucchini bread for dessert.

About 8:00 PM a group of 4 street musicians (buscar in Great Britain) started singing above the docks in front of the Empress Hotel. The lead fellow played guitar, harmonica, mandolin and fiddle. The woman played guitar and sang with a low husky voice. Another fellow played drums and another played guitar and sang with a higher pitched voice. They were quite good entertainment for the rest of the evening.

The overcast sky started breaking to blue. We left for bed 1 at 10:00 PM – at 3:00 AM, we could still hear the musical group singing, much wilder that time.

Not a breath of wind tonight.

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The Empress Hotel & Parliament Buildings were all lit – just like the postcards. Well – tomorrow is another day, goodnight.

August 6 Friday Victoria Sunny Baro 30.1↑

No wind right now.

We woke up at 6:45 to put on coffee. As we were sipping our cups in bed, the crew of the grand lady "Adventuress" from Seattle started moving about. The captain and counselors stood around supervising while the deck crew of young kids ~ In High age – spit and polished the topsides. It was a good distraction, but we had to rouse ourselves to get going and take advantage of the ebbing tide. (Also, lack of wind).

It is a beautifully sunny, tho hazy day.

0830 Log 64.1 Leave Victoria – headed for Race Rocks – we can just barely see across the straits and the high Olympics.

Victoria – Race Rocks ~ compass 200 – 220 to get over a little Race Rocks passage. CC 205-210 log ~ 73

11:30 Off Sooke. –We thought it was Becher Bay (confused by our large scale chart) Log 082.

Flat calm with receding fog – we decided to go the extra 35 miles to Port Renfrew.

We can imagine seeing the end of the WA side (??).

Sooke Sand spit has a light house at the end, then a channel. Then a bluff with grassy spots & farm buildings. The grassy is a good reference.

Log 090 Sherringham Pt. lighthouse, 1 green fl. 15 secs.

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Louie let me take the wheel for a while after lunch while he rested. It was a perfect day. Hazy sun and no wind with calm water. The current was against us though and time would not move. We kept pulling ourselves forward with the guts in our stomach. For every six miles on the log we gained less than five. Wind came up variously and then to stay - NW on the nose ~ 10 Kn. Not too bad Swells became definite around 9 I was glad for the bonine. Uphill seemed like up hill. A couple of boats passed us. "Mardo" from Tacoma was obviously headed for Port Renfrew. We were the slowest boat in the world! Finally we turned the corner to go the 3 miles into Renfrew. Swells grew as on a bar. The Vancouver (Island) terrain is lovely. Patches of cedar, fir, and spruce made a patchwork on the hillsides.

1955 Log 128.7 Arrive Port Renfrew (P.S. Port Renfrew is largely an Indian Reservation).

Well, Port Renfrew isn't much. The swells come right in (SW). Boats anchor in a suggestion of a cove with floats available, but nobody taking them because of the swell. We anchored near "Mardo"; Louie put out the stern anchor so we would ride the swells head-on. Both of us were pooped to say the least. So I warmed up a can of lima beans and ham and fixed a fresh salad - hot chocolate. The swells didn't set too well with me and I couldn't eat much, Louie was ravenous.

Another Bonine helped me through the dishes and we fell exhaustedly into bed. The wind had switched to off-land. High mountains were a beautiful backdrop to a long sandy beach.

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Swells broke with a roar that was hard to distinguish from the wind. Victoria seems a century away. Well, thanks to Bonine, I slept well; Louie less well I think. What will tomorrow bring?

*August 7 Saturday Port Renfrew Bright and Sunny Baro
29.96*

Oh, morning came too soon! 07:30 I made coffee and we ate cold cereal getting psyched to face the next leg. Louie retrieved the stern anchor – dug in well, and I pulled the forward anchor – also, in well (and not hooked on a cable thank goodness), and we were off! A beautiful day.

0838 Log 128.7 Leave Port Renfrew

Swells grew as we came closer to the ocean. We could see Cape Flattery, but fog was hiding distant points on the Canadian side (of Juan de Fuca Straits). We looked at each other, crossed our fingers and started out (toward Cape Beale). It was more lumpy than yesterday – rather frightening. At first we were around many small fishing boats, but left them as we bounced our way up the coast. Louie looked pale and I felt grim (not sick) as Atavist mounted each swell. Then it got a little better and the fog melted away ahead of us. Again we took one point at a time.

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When it got rough, Louie headed further out to deeper water; that helped I think. We saw few boats and they were all going downhill - 2 or 3 sailboats. We thought, "do they know something we don't?" The Swiftsure Bank brought slightly larger swells we would go from chatty (how the weather was, no fog, no wind) to very quiet. About 1:00 PM we didn't seem to be making any headway again when we realized the next point was Pachena Point with a big lighthouse - that meant we were making fine progress - that the log read fine and we were actually a little ahead as if Juan de Fuca had given us a little boost. Boy, did that help our morale - we ate dry bread & hard candy for lunch, just to keep some blood sugar up - certainly no appetite in the swells. A 10 kn NW wind came up, but the water was OK. Actually the largest swells came just before Pachena Pt. at the end of the Swiftsure Bank. Louie had a good feeling for handling them bt this time - we were going to make it! But so much work. The weather was perfect for us - what about all those other conditions when people still go up & down the coast! Cape Beale ahead - oh boy. With the slight change in course, Louie put up the main. Attavist settled right down. How much better she likes to sail. I had a short stint at the wheel and it really wasn't so bad - steer as the boat moves. We were at least 2 - 3 miles out so we headed in gradually giving Cape Beale a wide berth. At first the rocks around Cape Beale were confusing - the channel shown on the chart was not obvious - then as we came closer, it became more clear.

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Mountains rimmed Barkley Sound, some with snow still – hundreds of rocky islands lay in the Sound with wind swept trees clinging to the rocky precipices. Wind and swells have carved great tunnels through the rocks to form caves and arches. Swells steadily decreased as we neared Bamfield, about 3 miles inside. We passed the BMS (Bamfield Marine Station) on the way up a side inlet to a little cove named Port desire. We anchored – the only large boat in the cove; we have arrived! ~ 4 PM Log 173.1

↗ Celebration was called for – even though tired.

Port desire has a small community around the cove with neat cottages and floats for small boats. The road comes here, and there is a launch ramp for trailerables. It soon became apparent that boats would buzz all around in and out, incessantly. They were, according to Louie, the “Mosquito Fleet”. Most boats slowed down very courteously when they came by us – of course, there were a few insecure fellows that had to go by full bore.

Promising ourselves better meals in the future we had macaroni & cheese and fresh salad for dinner. Bedtime came with needed and much deserved rest – quiet tonight. We talked about our passage – feeling lucky indeed for the good weather and understanding why not everyone comes out here. Goodnight.

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August 8 Sunday Port Desire Foggy Baro 29.90

What a difference in weather! It is thick out there – we were lucky to come when we did! We had a lazy morning, sipping coffee. Eggs for breakfast \bar{C} “toast”. I forgot my dutch oven pan – that is going to be a pain! We hope things clear so that we can anchor out away from this busy place.

11:25 Log 173.1 leave Port desire for Bamfield around the corner to see about gas.

It trued out that there was only one gas dock in Bamfield which wasn't open, but might at any time. People were stacked up waiting for fuel. We tied alongside a lovely sailboat named “Daedalus” with a Joe and Robin. These people had spent three years sailing to and from New Zealand and were now living in Port Alberni – they “still like each other”! The woman came down and started dispensing fuel – we took on 17.3 imperial gallons as well as water. After fueling up we cast off hoping to meet “Daedalus” again to hear some stories – who knows? We went out into the misty fog – there was a very protected anchorage at the top of Fleming Island ~ 3 miles from Bamfield. We had to pass through a rocky entrance (tight) and found the Bamfield Yacht Club – literally. So we continued on around the corner to a cove called Marble Cove, tucked between Tzartus Island and tiny Fly Island. Hot on our heels another sailboat headed for the same cove. We anchored just behind Fly Is. In 40 ft. good holding ground, tho probably rock (?). Obviously the other sailboat wanted to anchor where we were, but couldn't so he anchored very close by,- then took his dinghy over to a beach.

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We decided to go fishing for dinner and the fog started to burn away! Just outside our cove looked good for fishing, a kelpy point, so off we went. Louie caught a beautiful Ling Cod before I ever got my line in the water – that's dinner! We fished a little longer, I caught a little one, let it go, then a flounder, let it go, then a good sized rock fish. I tried letting another little one go, but it had come from too deep and floated with an expanded swim bladder. We had forgotten the fish when all of sudden an eagle swooped down and grabbed it only yards away from us! Then I thought I had a great fish – it turned out to be a large dogfish, all twisted and tangled in my line. Enough – back to fillet the fish.

Beaches are a little scarcer around these islands with rocks and trees reaching to the edge of the water. There is a nice beach in our cove – with shells! Big pink pieces of turban snails, pieces of abalone shell, rock oysters and the usual snails, clams & limpets.

While we were out fishing our neighbors moved further in the cove – closer to us. Now we could hear their dinner music playing and Louie was pissed off. He goaded me into doing jazzercise on the forward deck! I did the whole routine which should have been obnoxious enough for anybody. It appeared they got the message as we heard no more music that night.

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Dinner was great – fresh ling cod, potatoes & corn – oh that first taste of fish is just wonderful. We had leftovers for tomorrow's lunch. Fog tries to move in with cooling of the air. It breathes back and forth coming suddenly and leaving just as quickly. The fog finally won the evening and we watched the far hills disappear, then the closer islands with only a light on a rock blinking faithfully remaining in view.

It's been a full day, so different from yesterday. Quirt night

August 9 Monday Marble Cove Foggy

*X Today we can stay in the cove – it doesn't look very good outside anyway. It's not cold nor is it very wet – a nice soft day. I went dinking around the rocks looking for what is just below low tide. The water is so rich and full of life w- fishes of all shapes, anemones, tube worms, red and blue leather stars, *pisaster ocraceus*, chitons, kelp crabs, and an abundance of varieties of seaweed – I am trying to identify some – especially edible ones. After climbing over rocks & walking down beaches I returned for lunch – super sandwiches – and to take Louie out to dink around the other beaches.*

The beaches are lined with a thick (impassable) undergrowth of salal, huckleberry and thimble berry (blackberries). Most berries are not ripe yet – a few thimble berries are red.

We came to an inlet with grass and goose tongue! And ducks and ripe salal berries plump for the picking.

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Much of this area has been logged leaving behind slash and cedar trees. There might have been a burn here at some time, judging from the number of snags. Some cedar trees with many tops have 3 feet or greater trunks. This must be a wild place in the winter. A crude cabin sits on the Tzartus Island north side of the cove. I heard that marble taken somewhere around here was used for carving sculptures.

Dinner was wonderful, and it actually started clearing about 7:30 PM. We had fish chowder (snapper) and goose tongue with salal berries for dessert. We also finished Grace's Zucchini bread which was so good to the last drop.

Our neighbors left - we were a little sorry fro being so unfriendly to "Encounter" from Portland, but they were very impolite. Three other boats anchored here tonight, but they were clear across the cove.

It was warm sitting out tonight - a few stars are even showing. Oh Yes, last night we heard little animals squabbling over fish carcasses - crows worked on them during the day.

Tomorrow, weather permitting, we will go fishing for salmon. Meanwhile, A quiet goodnight.

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August 10 Tuesday Marble Cove Overcast Baro 29.80

Today looks good for fishing. After breakfast I put my gera together. We set out to fish the low tide.

0955 log 180.4 Leave Marble Cove. Well, you know how it is, you expect to catch a fish any minute, but nothing. Birds, jumping fish and all. We follow some small boats up the Chain Group and they weren't catching anything either. Then the weather got foul - windy with a threat of rain. So we pulled up and went over to Julia Passage where we planned to anchor behind the Alma Russel Islands. Dusty and Pat gave us the suggestion. It felt good to get out of the chop behind the shadow of the islands. The passage into Julia is practically microscopic. There is just enough room for a boat to go through - enough water - trees are very close. Just inside is a lovely cove with a stream and a float house. Daedalus was anchored there. We waved, but kept going to explore the passage. When we came back to anchor "Daedalus" was gone with his friend "Gatadraile" (or something) "Galadriel".

Dear Log - I have failed miserably to keep up. It is now Aug. 19th morning (and a beautiful one indeed) so I will try to write the main events.

We anchored in Julia and then went out bottom fishing in "Attadink". There were no really good places to fish. We caught a few little ones off points. I lost a medium one for Louie but he caught another. Had enough to throw a little one out to the eagle. It took a while, but he got it.

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It started raining – we had yellows on.

Had stuffed greenling for dinner with cracker cheese and bacon stuffing. I was going nuts hearing about oysters wrapped in bacon so I had to fix bacon. Quiet night.

August 11 Julia Passage Wed. Baro 29.81

↗ We will go fishing at Swale Rk. This AM. Louie took us out the tricky end of Julia Passage just fine.

Log 193.0 0840 leave Julia Anchorage.

We fished through some great anchovy or herring balls with green and gold hoochies. I put on my diver. At Swale Rk. we saw Nomad. They were drifting. When we came close enough to talk they told us their fan belt was broken on the big engine and their little seagull wouldn't start. Louie had a spare fan belt and Nomad 11 has the same engine as we, so he passed it over. They were too close to the rocks so we towed them to a little bay where Ed anchored and we rafted. Louie helped Ed fix the fan belt and they were all set. We visited, drug anchor, reanchored etc. The sun came out for a while, then went behind clouds. They gave us a small fish.

For dinner Ed barbequed a \$7 chicken which they had bought in Bamfield. I was hungry enough to eat a horse. We then went and anchored in their favorite cove on Nettle Island which I will call Indian Cove.

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A group of people are surveying old Indian sites in the Sound and this is the main camp. There is a cabin above the cove and then 8-10 tents out on a clamshell midden. A couple of the people came by in their Avon, one was a native person. They said that Indians tested for red tide by putting a piece of gill or siphon on the outside of their bottom lip. If it turned numb they wouldn't eat it. Since it is not a standard practice today it must not be very reliable! We played a fun game at the Gray's boat called Rummikub or Rumikub - a kind of numbers scrabble. Another quiet night.

August 12 Thurs Indian Cove

Up at 6AM to go fishing! Ed is helping me get rigged. 7:00 we went off. There is a whole bunch of boats fishing near Swale Rk. - it is tricky going. We are using Ed's deep six divers with green hoochies. Swell and blowing - no fish. We see other boats catch a fish. Mary caught a 28lb Chinook! They quit in the miserable weather, we made another pass, then quit ourselves. No fish.

Mary fixed buttermilk pancakes and bacon after we anchored.

It rained and rained buckets today. Louie put up the awning which helped. It was my turn to fix dinner but the Grays brought more food over.

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Ed made a wonderful New England fish chowder (he's from Maine), and he barbequed a piece of the 28lb. salmon! I marinated the salmon the Grays had given us. Quite a feast! It stopped raining just long enough for them to return to their boat. Quiet night.

Friday August 13th Indian Cove Broken overcast Baro 29.65

↗ Up early again to go fishing. This time Ed gave me a whole herring set up - so it's out for bear. Things didn't go well from the start - kelp galore. We tangled lines from another boat - it was lumpy and no luck fishing. Nomad11 wasn't catching anything plus Ed had lost his lead ball and some rigging yesterday and his downrigger wasn't working so he wanted to go over to Bamfield for gear. I asked for a couple loaves of bread. Then we lost a rig of gear - including one of the deep six divers and the white flasher and sexy red hoochie. Too bad. So I had Ed pick up a deep six for me in Bamfield. We finally gave up fishing and anchored back in Indian Cove. I had felt queasy out in the swell and was very tired so after breakfast Louie made up the bed and I slept for a couple of hours while he changed oil in the engine. Then I went out and took pictures of the camp. Then I gave Louie a haircut on shore - he looks nice. With little time left I took a quick bath by some warm rocks (sunny afternoon) and dressed as Nomad11 was anchoring.

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I volunteered to do dinner. Out fishing we didn't catch anything and I was feeling badly as well as queasy. A boat which had been trolling next to us had caught 4 small chinook and they came alongside asking whether we wanted a fish. We gratefully accepted a beautiful 3lb salmon!

Anyway, I fixed that for dinner with cabbage and mashed potatoes.

Dishes - Rummikub - to bed. Tired tonight.

Saturday August 14 Indian Cove Baro 29.98

6AM fishing again. It was not quite so lumpy today. But our luck wasn't any better. Something cut Louie's line just behind the deep six so we lost our Crocodile. Damn. We kept fishing but I didn't catch anything, Louie was frustrated with all the little boats so we finally quit. Mary had caught a pretty 4lb salmon.

After breakfast we decided to go with the Grays up to the Pinkerton Islands

1300 Log 219.2 Leave Indian Cove trolling the 3 miles towards the Pinkertons. Ed and Mary stopped at a rocky spot and picked up a few bottom fish in 5 minutes - for the crab trap, then took us around to their favorite anchorage.

It is wonderful here. Thousands of rocks and islands. We rafted in a small passageway next to a small lagoon. The islands have berries and a few oysters! Ed put out the crabtrap. Then we went in the dinks to an island with an abandoned cabin on it. The Broken Islands as well as the Pinkertons are a National Park with no private property.

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Then Louie and I went over to a grassy muddy beach in a very shallow bay. We saw a huge blackberry patch – almost ready, signs of bear, and little sandpiper birds picking up crustacea on the muddy beach. Quiet, nice. Then we took the dink through a maze of channels – very beautiful greens and inky water in the sunshine. A heron stood warily on some rocks as we paused to take his picture.

Tonight was Mary's night to cook. I took some pudding with huckleberries on top. She had fixed chili. We played rummikub and fended off mosquitoes – oh yes the crab trap. There were 2 Dungeness legal sized crabs in it. Dungeness spots are kept secret around here since there aren't very many. Mary cooked them up as we played. It is a clear wonderfully quiet evening. Goodnight

Sunday August 15th Pinkerton Islands Sunny Baro 30.0

A beautiful morning. We are going to do some fishing at Lyall Pt. before going into Pipestem Inlet. I rigged my own herring. Today there were 2 strikes – no fish, but 2 strikes. It is a gorgeous day. We can see mountains all around. It reminds us of our Alaska trip with mountains all around. At a distance we passed an iron mine works. Beside this huge structure was a beach with hundreds of campers – camper city.

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Up a short distance into Pipestem we came to a beautiful cove and rafted. A stream could be heard so I went and found water. It was a little difficult to get to, but there was a tiny stream cascading down a rock face with rotting tree stumps, moss and saxifrage flowers. There was a little chute of water perfect for filling jugs. The water tasted OK. Oysters grew in abundance here – the water is warm (big goopy jellyfish are floating around.) Louie and I dinked around while I picked huckleberries. There were more huckleberries here than I had ever seen. Around 3:00 we rowed out to a reefy point for oysters. Ed and Mary had gone bottom fishing, then joined us. This place is noted for oysters and Ed and Mary had eaten some the week before and we had heard the fellow from Galadriel mention them so there was no red tide worry. We shucked a container of oysters in no time. These are generally smaller oysters than we get in Desolation.

Louie set our crab pot in the cove. I fixed corn oyster stew and fried oysters for dinner. Also rice with beach asparagus and some kind of veggie. Mary gets sick with oysters so she ate the crab. Boy! Were those oysters good!! I haven't had oysters since the first part of our Alaska trip. Yummy Yummy – the best – sweet little treasures. Another quiet night.

*Monday August 16th Pipestem Inlet Bright and Sunny!
Baro 30.1*

↗ No fishing this morning, we can take our time getting up. Louie spotted a black bear right where our stern line was tied! We watched as he ambled around the cove sniffing at places we had been.

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The bear was so nonchalant about walking over logs and across rocks – graceful motions for such a large animal. He finally disappeared into the forest. Louie collected our crab pot. Get this – there were 47 little Dungeness crabs, 1 big Dungeness and 1 big rock crab in the pot! I cooked up the two big ones. I filled 5 jugs of water at the stream again – it's a wonderful place.

We slowly pattered up the Pipestem – trolled briefly. I caught a good size rock fish, Louie caught a little one too – crab bait – or shrimp bait as it turned out. There was a waterfall where people put down shrimp traps. Mary raised the pirate flag which was a signal she wanted to talk on the radio. She asked if we wanted to put down a shrimp trap. I said we didn't have enough line – she offered line – I still said no. Then I found out the whole matter had been suggested previously. OK – so I called back with our orange signal flag, said I changed my mind and they passed over a reel of line. We put down the trap as the wind was coming up. Then we sailed with the big Genny up to the end of the inlet. We anchored. There is a creek which empties into the end, building a bar which got shallow very fast. I rowed Mary and Louie to the end of the inlet and into the stream then back. We had our lunch right there. Ed and Mary left since they had only 6 ft. of water. It's blowing pretty well. After lunch we pulled up anchor, collected our shrimp pot with nothing in it and stopped back at the oyster reef where I disembarked by dinghy to get a bucket of oysters while Louie held the boat off.

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That done we went on into the Pinkerton anchorage. Nomad11 rafted on our anchor this time. Another beautiful evening. Mary had crab again. Louie put our trap out. We played our "last night" of rummikub (I came from behind to win – noses out of joint) and said goodbys. They plan to go fishing off Swale Rk. in the AM. Quiet night. We'll go fishing too.

Tuesday August 17th Pinkerton Islands Baro 30.1

Up at 6 again. It is a beautiful clear morning. Ed and Mary were eager to get out fishing. They cast off at 6:30 while we were making up the bed. They must have caught some crab – Louie picked up our pot and we had two large Dungeness, a huge rock crab, 2 other keeper rock crabs and some small ones! I kept the 2 Dungeness and 1 big rock crab. Soon we were off for Swale Rk. It was a very low tide this AM, still we went through the narrow pass rather than outside. A friendly local fellow asked if we had ever done it before – we said 1st time, so he warned us to keep a bit to the right. He was so right (Ed had said stay in the middle) – we went through just fine but saw lots of bottom.

The fishing was lousy – kelp and seaweed filled the water so that we kept having to reel in to get it off our gear. My reel is shot – all this heavy-duty trolling did it in. Nomad11 said they were going to go fishing by Effingham, we wanted to go into the broken Islands so we bid farewell and were suddenly, and happily alone.

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A word about cruising with other people. One should limit it to 3 days – we were about 3 days too long. It was very nice to go to Pipestem and the Pinkertons, but personalities were wearing on each other. Ed seemed to get a kick out of goading Louie. Louie didn't take anything without giving it back. There was lots of room for philosophical disagreement. It was boat maneuvers however which actually made anger flare. Several times Ed forced us into very awkward positions – and Louie didn't budge willingly. So there were good times and not such good times. There is a sudden sense of freedom now – we do like to be on our own.

Louie keeps saying "What do you want to do, it's your vacation."

So we made a lunch stop at Hand Island. This island has several sandy beaches (small) that looked inviting. We anchored quite a ways out where there was also a sailboat and fishing boat. We had breakfast and I cleaned and cooked the crab. Finally I went off in the dink to find a beach. The nearest beach was covered with people. The beach around the corner was also. So I rowed to the far beach for privacy. Beachcombing on the sand and rocks produced more turbin shells, slipper shell, limpet, a broken abalone, snails and small clams.

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There was a trail on the beach so I followed it a short ways to another driftwood choked beach facing north. I was glad to have come over here because there was much more to find. The sun was warm and the sandy beach inviting. I jumped out of my clothes and with a bar of soap dipped in the water. I was enjoying the heck out of the water and sand when I felt something sticking to me – there was! Not so little sand fleas were sticking and biting me! I knocked them off but they came right back on. It didn't take long to finish my bath and I ran out of the water – the nerve! They actually drew blood in a few places. I got dressed, picked up my shells and rowed back to the boat. After a sandwich we decided to go for a sail.

The wind was up and there was all sorts of room to sail in David Channel. We didn't even turn on the engine to pull up anchor. It was a romping sail – reaches and pointing into the wind we had 20min. tacks. Atavist loves to sail under #2 genny and main. Naturally we put the rail in making 4-6 kn the whole time. The wind was 12-20kn. Mostly 15kn. It got quite blowzy for a while. We turned and had a run down to our anchorage on Turtle Island. A fine sail. It took some getting used to. I haven't really sailed for a long time.

Nowhere was really out of the wind so we anchored in a little cove facing the wind.

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Louie shucked some oysters for his dinner and I had mostly crab, but a few oysters. I tried fixing bulgur wheat not knowing what proportions to use or how long to cook it. It was too mushy so I added more – we had bulgur coming out our ears! The usual kingfisher was in this cove, but it got dark too soon to look around. Another sailboat came in but thoughtfully anchored far away. We are happy. The wind died down at 8PM and it is supposed to be beautiful again tomorrow. It has been a full day.

Wednesday August 18th Turtle Island Sunny

↗ Another beautiful morning. We awoke early but relaxed with coffee. The morning tide is very low – our cove looks like a mud hole. Today we decided to go to town. Go early to beat the wind, sail back. OK. So with breakfast underway we set off for Ucluelet. 0800 Log 266.6 Leave Turtle Island

It was about 12 miles to town – the water a low swell from the ocean. Birds. Kelp showed where rocks and reefs were. We found our way in to the commercial vessel dock which was empty. Nobody seemed to mind that we were there. It was a bit of a walk to town – warm. We made two trips. 1st stop the Ucluelet Bakery to get some sweets to eat. Then in the same square was the laundromat. For \$2.75 we did 2 loads, wrote letters and postcards – then went down to the post office passing the liquor store on the way.

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Got a bottle of wine and some Lambs Navy Rum for Louie and Bob Tucker. We went back to the boat via the bakery. Next trip we dumped garbage, went grocery shopping at the Co-Op. Ice was 10lb for \$1.25 so Louie carried 30lbs of ice in a box. We stopped for a wonderful ice cream cone before going back to the boat. By now it was close to 3PM. We went to the Esso dock to get fuel and mostly water. It took 38 liters after our trolling.

1515 Log 278 leave Ucluelet

The town seemed friendly enough. It had a cute curio shop called the "Wreckage" full of all sorts of goodies. There were a few gift shops, flowers in big round concrete block planters and smelly garbage cans along the street. It was expensive, but not nearly as expensive as Bamfield we understand. Because of the ice I didn't take time to look for fishing gear.

Just outside of town we put up the main and genny. We decided to anchor off Effingham Island tonight so took a course on the ocean side of the islands. Louie keeps insisting that I handle the boat under sail for the experience (good for him). I really want to, but at the time I feel chicken. After a few minutes it feels better. The wind was not quite as strong 10-15kn and we were reaching most of the way. The swells were pretty big. Turning into Coaster Channel we unexpectedly jibed - a few bruises and a headache for the 1st Mate.

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Reaching Effingham we saw Nomad11 anchored in front of Gilbert Island, a cozy 1-boat anchorage. There was a beach with campers in that cove. We passed close by to say hello, but nobody was on deck so we continued on into Effingham. There were 7 or 8 boats anchored in the "good" spot marked on our chart so we went more in the open bay. The bottom was good, I was content to bounce gently. Anyway at 8PM the wind stopped blowing. Louie shucked the rest of the oysters and we had a feast.

The evening was gorgeous. The sky lit up to a bright orange at sunset. The glow lasted for nearly an hour. Eagles, kingfishers, everloving crows could be heard. And after dark the stars came out - the big dipper, Polaris, Cassiopeia and finally the little dipper. A couple satellites crossed the sky - no mosquitoes! Then the night sounds could be heard. Fishies feeding and owls - 3 or 4 of them calling back and forth. I reluctantly went to bed feeling enchanted.

*Thursday August 19 Effingham Island Sunny Baro
29.94*

Grace's Birthday.

A beautiful morning - slow starting with coffee. I tried to catch up the log book. Finally up we studied our charts to decide where to go next. One by one the sailboats from the other harbor left. I decided that an anchorage behind Wower Island looked good so we went the 3 miles to our new anchorage.

1045 Log 288.7 Leave Effingham.

The First Mate's Log Of A Sojourn To Barkley Sound

The new anchorage is picturesque and we were anxious to look around. So we got in the dink and Louie rowed us around the south end of the island. Trees are amazing as they struggle to grow on these wind-swept rocks. Numerous snags suggest that after many years of persevering, they gave up. Was it too dry? Or too cold? On an incoming tide the dinghy can go through tiny channels amongst the rocks and islands. In one channel we saw 6-7inch long mussels. Clam shells were abundant on the sandy bottom and indeed at a low tide clams squirted all over. The ocean was right in front of us as Louie rowed into the swell. Beaches were covered with white driftwood. He rowed on. We came to a rock - to go on the right would be shorter, but as we came near, the swell and surge around the rock was frightening. Backing off, we went between some rocks going up and down like a ride at a fairgrounds. It soon became clear that we better get out of there as the swell action became more violent. We did, just in time. With another look at the rock, discretion became the rule and we went around the other side. A seal came close by. It was a mottled tan one, he blinked and went away. Louie rowed quite a ways out near some outer rocks. We didn't see any sea lions on them. On the way back we beachcombed a driftwood beach. It is sad to see wreckage from boats.

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Back at the boat we explored the north side of the island. Here small sculptured islands guard a small passageway to the sea. The NW wind must blow ferociously through here – the trees are dwarfed and bent away from the sea. Another sailboat had anchored over here. He has a great view but is not as protected as we are. We don't even see each other. (Aside – these people were at the gas dock in Ucluelet at the same time we were. They motor-sailed back going faster in their Dufour than our slow boat. Anyway they ended up in Effingham as we did, now they were down here as we are). They are in a nice little cove, Louie would have anchored there if it were free. Behind rocky cliffs (on Wower Island) in deep cracks where sun hardly ever shines grow maiden-hair ferns hanging gracefully from the rocks.

Our stomachs said it was past lunch time so we came back and ate lunch. The afternoon wind started later today, but blew 15kn in our cove. Good thing Louie stern tied the boat to hold our position. Happy after lunch & we got sleepy and took a nap - ...ah such a life.

At dinner time we wanted to call Grace to say happy birthday. But we couldn't raise the marine operator on Channel 26 or 24. It is ridiculous because the station is on top of a mountain only 12 miles away! I called Nomad11 as a radio check. They were on Nettle Island and could hear us fine. Ed said he lost a very large fish under his boat, Mary had caught a 6lb salmon. Too bad he lost it.

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We next tried calling the Coast Guard and couldn't get them either. Louie was upset. The radio receives just fine, but doesn't transmit worth beans. An expensive lesson. One feels a bit insecure knowing they can't reach the Coast Guard.

Dinner was less cheery than planned. Cheese sandwiches and beer. Some of my bread has gone bad – a day too late. We hope Grace will know that we would have called if we could. She should get mail soon.

Dishes in the dark. Louie sprayed me with water so I confessed that I had been sneaky and ate his pepperoncini and he didn't know it. But things went downhill again when he went to spray me with water from the frying pan and the pan broke and hit me instead. Oh well, the only thing to do is go to bed!

A few clouds were visible to the south, the wind didn't quit at 8PM and the sunset was not as red – all suggest a change in the air. Nothing untoward is forecast so we went to sleep with ears open. About 2AM we awoke to a rocking boat. High tide was very high and swell was coming into our cove. It was hot since the wind had stopped blowing, the sound of water lapping at rocks and tree limbs kept Louie awake for a while. The rocking stopped when the tide dropped below the sandbar protecting our cove. To sleep, to dream.

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Friday August 20th Wower Island Sunny Baro 29.98

Low tide - clams squirting - sea lettuce on the rocks. Clouds and some fog to the south, clear skies to the north. No rush, take in the morning. Kingfishers and crows chatter endlessly.

This morning had a very low tide and we are stern tied next to some steep faced rocks so it was handy to harvest some green sea lettuce and red porphyria. In fact there were all kinds of algae - many which I had never seen before. There was some white, encrusting soft stuff, and some green polyp sea weed. Also there was something (probably an animal) like clear polyps with a bright neon tube looped through it. It lived in clusters, like fingers, and didn't squirt. The sea life was fascinating looking into the water at the rocks and through seaweed. Snails, kelp and rock crab, starfish, tube worms, sea cucumbers, anemone and little fishies (oh yes, a keyhole limpet). Then I rowed to a little "island" which at low tide wasn't an island at all. It is amazing to see the plants which grow in such a harsh environment. This little bit of rock had an arrangement of dwarf hemlock, cedar and spruce trees; salal and huckleberries, yarrow, wild strawberry, grass and goosetongue. Next I went up into the deep dark woods which had a carpet of needles and smelled damp. The woods didn't go very far before it was blocked by dense salal. Finally I went to the inlet where we had rowed out to the ocean yesterday. Now it was sandy with exposed giant mussels. A wonderful sandy tidepool was near by with tons of hermit crabs and huge starfish. It was all so wonderful I wanted to show Louie, so he came with me and we did the whole thing over again.

The First Mate's Log Of A Sojourn To Barkley Sound

Back at the boat I had breakfast when Louie noticed fog! I knew something different was going to happen today with the weather. And just when we were going to see the sealions. We pulled up anchor, secured things and started out to the ocean. Fog was coming and going as we slowly made our way into the swell. The islands close by were clear so we continued out. Boy it was sloppy. We tossed this way and that. There were 2 kayaks out there! No sea lions at the point, but they were close because you could smell them. They were out on rocks just a little farther out. Naturally they were against the sun, but the silhouettes of the big ones were magnificent. They started bellowing their objection to intruders. A little further around the rock you could see dozens of them big and small – and oh how the boat rocked and rolled! Louie got as close as he considered safe. On the big ones, the front half looked fuzzy and the back half looked shiny (wet?). One big cruiser was quite blonde. I hope some of the pictures turn out well. Enough of this, we headed back in. The fog was following us. What an upper to see those big mammals. Louie did good!

Boy, as fast as we came in the fog came behind us; thick cozy stuff it was. It sat right down on the water. You could see the tops of islands in bright sun, but the bottom was obscured.

1130 Log 291 leave Wower Island

We went through the middle of the broken islands with a chart on our lap – it would be so easy to become disoriented here. We made a lunch stop at a small island named Keith Island which was the site of an abandoned Indian village.

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It was a lovely spot with little coves and sand bars. The surveyors had been here clearing brush. There was a large clam shell midden with grass, berries and thistles growing on it. In the recent underbrush were 4 corner posts, probably once part of a communal building. Here and there were boards on the ground. In the woods were all sorts of paths, some holes and areas likely to be campsites under huge trees. I got carried away following paths and had to beat my way out. On one beach the rocks were formed to be perfect boat launching sites. It was all very sad to think of a culture gone by, and we were presumptuous whites trying to imagine what it was like. It is sad because it is gone.

Off again to Pipestem cove – just ahead of the fog. Pipestem Inlet was bright and sunny and our cove was free! We anchored and stern tied. Louie got out the ladder, took off his clothes (4:30PM) (oh yes, he measured the water temperature – 69°F) ^^Kersplash!^^ in he dove. We rubbed him down with ivory detg. And in he went again. I followed close on his heels. How invigorating! We were clean. Louie swam for a long time – he really loves warm water. I fixed dinner – lentil soup with sea lettuce (yum) toasted cheese sandwiches and broccoli. Louie went out fishing for something to put in the crabtrap. He came back just before dark empty handed – oh well, tomorrow is another day.

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Around dinner time another sailboat came in and anchored. We were sorely disappointed not to have the cove to ourselves. The other boat is called "Impatience" WN. With an older couple on board. They were very quiet.

Bugs weren't too bad this evening so we could enjoy the sunset and twilight. Twinkling stars came out a few at a time. An owl called in this very cove – a number of times – what a thrill. It has been a full day and we are ready for sleep. Peaceful night. Happy

Saturday August 21st Pipestem Inlet Foggy Baro 30.14

Foggy as we expected. However in here the fog is off the water so we can see islands.

♠ Coffee – low tide for oysters this AM! So after breakfast we got things together and went out to the oyster reef. Before long we had a quart of oysters – it took me nearly as long to wash them. By the time I had washed oysters, a whole school of fish were getting fat on the oyster tidbits. A sculpin hovered close by. The fish will be busy because pieces of oyster fell into a piece of stringy algae. Louie tried putting some large oysters in the cup of our crabpot – who knows if crab like to eat oysters??

After a quick lunch we put fishing gear in the dink and we motored off to a likely fishing spot. Well, it was a good spot. In a few minutes Louie caught a baby ling cod. We had a couple more in no time. Then Louie found an even better hole and caught the "monster of the deep".

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His shiny new jig caught a huge rock cod. It weighed out to 5 lbs! That was the largest fish of that type I had ever seen – all mouth and stomach! Then he caught a couple lb. red snapper (with black tipped tail). After 6 fish total the bite stopped (thank goodness) and we didn't catch any more. Crab bait and food besides. Thank goodness for ice. Feast or famine.

I pickled half the fillets – the rest went on ice.

Kersplash – Louie went in with 68.57 water and chilly air. I finished the fish and went in as he came out. How nice to have your very own cove to swim in. I swam more today, it felt good. No big jellyfish in the cove today (yesterday either), just a medium sized medusa.

Dinner tonight was especially good. We had carrot and raisin salad, rice made with chicken stock, and fresh fried oysters; chocolate pudding was for dessert. Groan.

This is our last evening in Pipestem. "Impatience" had come back at dinner time, but they were quiet. We braved the bugs for a while to listen to night sounds of the perfectly still evening. A raven could be heard clear across the other side of the inlet. A pair of bats darted about catching bugs at dusk. Crazy sounding ducks quacked back and forth – probably they lived up by a nearby lake. Quiet night. Goodnight

*Sunday August 22nd Pipestem Inlet Sunny Wisps of fog
Baro 30.04*

↗ This morning is sunny

The cove is pretty muddy at low tide – lots of clams and oysters. On the way to get water I saw moon snail egg cases just below low tide.

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Well, the creek had even less water now. It took forever to fill 5 jugs. Finally I dipped one jug in a tiny pool of water to fill other jugs. What I needed was a piece of hose to catch water in places I couldn't get the jug. Patiently I filled all jugs, determined to have the water.

The crabpot was so full of fish and fish heads so crab were sticking to the outside! However we didn't do so well, 18 little Dungeness. I put it back till we were ready to go since it was nearly low tide and an incoming tide is supposed to be good for crabbing.

I gathered the stern line just as "Impatience" took up its anchor and waved goodbye. Louie feels sad about leaving here – the sun is warm and the cove is once again ours. With mts. rising around us it feels very much like a spot on the way to Alaska. And such warm water! Well, we pulled up anchor and picked up the crab pot – already 15 little dung. in it – and slowly ghosted back towards the Broken Islands.

1105 Log 306 leave Pipestem Inlet.

Our destination was Jarvis Island – a little cove that looked good as we passed by the other day. Dufour was anchored there.

We passed "Impatience" which was sailing in a nice breeze. The breeze didn't last long. Off Hand Island (sandy beach with sand fleas) we saw the strangest thing. Salmon were jumping out of the water – a whole bunch in a group. There must have been something under there eating them. I ran and put out a Tom-Mack to no avail.

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The little anchorage was free – a pretty place with two small bays with an island blocking the westerly entrance. There is a beach on our side with grass and drainage holes. There are signs of wildlife at the grassy spot, matted down grass looked like a slide between the woods and a little channel, otter? Crows yelled at me indignantly as I poked around. In the woods was a small low stream and what looked like an old camp site with pieces of an old wooden box and a dry hole in the ground. As we came in, a loon was drifting in the entrance. He was very calm and didn't leave as we anchored & stern tied in the middle between the bays. We have a wonderful view out to the bluff at Ucluelet.

The water looked inviting but was definitely colder than Pipestem. The afternoon breeze came up- not so strong today (we heard it was a NW gale in Georgia Straits). I decided to pick a warm rock and wash my hair and bathe. It is so fun being by oneself in a cove. I found a sheltered spot and inched my way into the water. Hair done, I went swimming briefly. Then I dried off & drifted in the sun laying in the dinghy. Yum.

Back at the boat the outgoing tide vs. west wind set up a wave action and Atavist was bouncing in jerks. We have the anchor vs. stern tie rather tight and the boat moves in an uneasy motion. This would not be the best anchorage in a blowy day.

Dinner was good again. Cantonese fish \bar{C} tomatoes & pineapple on rice with lima beans. Very tasty.

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We braved bugs again. I rowed out to the little bay on the North side. Rocks trap air as the tide goes in & out and they hum – long slow eerie sounds. Clams on the beach made bird-like chirping noises and a pine squirrel chewed me out but good. Kingfishers & herons squawk now and then. I got a brief glance at a little olive colored flit bird – you hear them in the woods, but you usually can't see them.

Crabpot had a lot of rock crab – 2 keepers – feisty little buggers.

This evening the sky turned red-orange-pink. The mountain range is clear in silhouette. A sliver of moon is showing tonight. A heron pair flew around the cove when it was nearly dark.

Time for bed again 9:30 - 10 pm Goodnight.

Monday August 23rd Jarvis Island. Sunny Baro 29.92

No fog again. I hope this weather holds as we look towards the trip back. Two more nights in the Sound. It was a restless night as the boat rocked and jerked. I feel bitchy today – first time since we've been out. Hang in there: To be efficient I went out and checked the crabpot – 15 rock crab two really big ones. I kept the new ones, cleaned the pot and put back the two from last night which were just barely alive. After breakfast I cooked the crab. We still have a sliver of ice. While that was going on Louie fit the storm jib & trysail to the boat – our thoughts are towards the trip back. Eventually we were ready to leave – Goodbye Broken Group.

Log 313 Leave Jarvis slowly. We put up the Genny to sail with the breeze.

The First Mate's Log Of A Sojourn To Barkley Sound

We stopped for a late lunch at Holford Bay. It isn't a good anchorage because the swell comes, but it was an interesting place to visit. We rowed up to a gravelly beach where a stream came in. It seems to be a camp site with flat places for tents, a lean-to cook shelter and a chair. There were jaw bones of some creature with actual teeth all over the beach. The teeth look like they have enamel? Fish or mammal? Saw a big vulture, and seagulls circling overhead. Rowing back against the wind and swell wasn't so fun. Up anchor and off again - to where we are not sure. We came over to checkout Link Island. It seemed adequately protected, however not much water - a tricky anchorage. We had to set twice when it took hold. Then to keep ourselves from swinging into the rocks, Louie stern anchored, twice. We ended up with 19 ft. of water total and expected an 8 ft. drop by 11 PM. Just enough. This is a beautiful place. Green trees dip their branches to the water. Rocky outcroppings have veins of marble. The trees have more variety here - pine, cedar, fir, spruce and hemlock. There is a kind of ivy growing among the salal bushes. The place is alive with lots of anchovies and seagulls. The Bonapart gulls sit in the water quietly. When they see a little fish jump in front of it, it hunkers down almost flat to the water then leaps out to hopefully catch a fish. More often than not he misses and has to go through the whole process again. Kingfishers and a sweet kind of sparrow are noisy here. An eagle called from somewhere.

I dinked around and picked some goosetongue for dinner. Unfortunately the goosetongue is a little bitter this time of year.

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Dinner was another first. Corn oyster stew used up the Pipestem oysters – yummy. I had a rock crab which was the best I've tested so far! Stuffed! ADM for dessert.

The evening was still with just enough bugs to be annoying. But this is a busy place at night. A heron sits on a rock until after dark. All of a sudden there was a horrible screeching out on the beach. It was too dark to see – probably a mink in mortal combat. Later we heard several mink yelling at each other.

Tonight we are a bit concerned by the low tide at 11 PM. We went to bed hearing all kinds of bump noises – once it was a piece of driftwood bumping us. Two fishing boats came in at 10 PM and stood outside the anchorage with the motors running. They were anchored out there and stayed the night.

We dsisn't sleep very well. I woke at 4 AM and heard the wind & bump bump – I was glad when dawn came. Turns out the bump was the lead of the lifesaving marker which was bumping the rail – oh yawn

Well happy birthday Ulysses. Hope we'll all be together to have a mutual celebration.

Tuesday August 24th Link Island Sunny Hot Baro 29.90

Yes it is a new day. We both like it here. What is the special charm of a place? I saw a little mink at the water's edge, shaking himself – he went in! Later I saw him run up to the woods with his prize – probably a crab. Even later we heard a couple of mink fighting. Bad tempered little beasties. Birds are noisy this morning. An eagle called from nearby. The kingfisher fished for his breakfast in the little cove while I cooked eggs & toast for our breakfast.

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It is interesting that most wakes miss us here, things are shaped just right I guess. Little boats are busy fishing in the channel= in search of the wily chinook – we've pretty much given up.

It is actually hot today – few clothes are in order. Ha! Time for a dip to cool off! It was cool in the water! ↗

We hated to leave, but we must.

1225 log 324 leave Link island. Louie took us around the island, very rugged. Then we meandered down through the inside rocks and islands, a goodly amount of chartwork. Louie is pretty good at it. The westerly breeze is cool. Hurray! Our spot in Marble Cove is free. We joyfully anchored and took in the cove. Only! 1 small boat across the way. We need to fish for dinner so after lunch we went out – Louie reluctantly rowing. It wasn't so easy. I caught a ling but we lost out netting it. Finally I caught a medium sized snapper – better than nothing. Then Louie caught a large ling – its all over. We left the snapper floating for the eagle since the ling was more than enough. As Louie was cleaning his fish and I was cleaning house, we both saw a very large salmon (~ 20 lb.) jump clear out of the water in the cove behind the boat. I ran for the buzz bomb, but at the same time I heard something about the "Double D". I had tried calling them earlier, but got Mary Gray instead, they were on the other side of Tzartus. They hadn't done much fishing and we were still friends.

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Fair winds & Godspeed." She said when they learned it was our last day.

(Notes in Margin: Aug 26 0730 Log 328 Baro 29.72 Lu Marble

1630 Log 378 A7 Anchor Wood's Nose.)

A little later, I tried "Double D" again since I had heard the name on the radio. Instead I got "Wanderer \bar{V} " who was a power boat travelling with Pat and Dusty. They were in Bamfield and said that Pat and Dusty were due in any time. They are an Oak Harbor boat - Mary butted into the conversation saying how many Oak Harbor boats were in the sound this year and bragging that they had been there since July etc. etc. That pissed me off. After they were through I signed out and started dinner. Then DD called Wanderer & Wanderer told them about us, they called us, suggesting they might want to come over to Marble Cove., so they both decided to come. We invited DD to have dinner (lots of ling cod). I had fixed fish marinara. We cleaned up the boat a bit and waited. On the radio again DD to W 5 about going through Robinson Passage - Mary cut in again and said "Oh!, don't go through there. It's a rock pile." We kept our peace, even though we had come that way. About 7:30 PM they came around the corner. Dusty put out an anchor & and came alongside nose to stern, then Wanderer \bar{V} tied to the outside (of) them. Wanderer \bar{V} is a LaFever ~ 34 (I think). These people had already been to Alaska in June & July.

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They are Lee and Bob Whitelaw (sp) and to sim it up, they are all nice people. We had wind on DD with a few snacks, talking till 8 PM. I felt dizzy from wine and no dinner. Pat brought over spaghetti and salad and we had that with fish marinara and carrots. Pudding for dessert. Too much too late.

Louie and I did dishes before bed. Quiet night. Oh yes, we decided to stay with DD and WS tomorrow.

August 25 Wednesday Marble Cove Sunny.

Everyone slept in this AM. Some visiting after breakfast. Then we all decided to go in dinks exploring the caves & tunnels in the rocks nearby. Pat came \bar{C} with us.. We took cameras & went to the outside of Fry Is. First, then over to Robinson Pass where the Grand-daddy was. It was exciting to go right up to the caves in the swell. On the other side of the big arch was a sandy beach, part of a wrecked barge, and some interesting rock formations. Dusty and Lee were ashore - Bob stayed with the dinghy. Louie landed Pat and I on the beach - got grounded in the swell and for his trouble had a wave come up over the transom wetting him down. I waded in and pushed him off. Pat & I explored shore. The rocks are very light with stones ground round and smooth by the surf: Pink and white granite with some jasper here & there. The cliff (sic) above us was made of this stone. The wreck was massive pieces of barge. Good sized trees were used to make it. Out on the rocks were wonderful colorful tidepools with sculpins and anemones, green grasses & red algae. On the beach I found a prize - an olive shell. Where did it come from? Pat and I joined Dusty and Lee on a rock pinnacle. Back to the dinks from the rock.

The First Mate's Log Of A Sojourn To Barkley Sound

Our Seagull was balky after being splashed. We followed Bob as he explored Robinson Channel and the Port Alberni Yacht Club buildings. Fog had been working its way into the sound all morning. Now it was getting close. We went back to the boats. The Seagull ran out of fuel just 20 ft. from the boat! We had gone quite a long ways. Lunch in the sun – while it lasted – dried shoes as much as possible – then the fog came & cooled things off. This PM Louie visited Bob with our Alaska book to get new anchorages & fishing spots. Pat came over and I showed her my Navajo rug. She really did appreciate it – she had done some needlepoint work in Navajo design. Also Dusty has a couple of rugs. Meanwhile Dusty took his dink out to the point fishing. So Pat and I went out to try our luck. It was pretty lumpy outside – it made me a little uneasy. Pat is an experienced fisherperson and I couldn't help much because of the chop and swells. The fish really weren't biting. I lost a hook to a dogfish & caught another. We fished for an 1 1/2 hr. At last I caught a little flounder, then a little ling cod. Something for Dusty to eat anyway.

We warmed up with tea on Wanderer V – with avocado soaked in a sauce (brown sugar & rum boiled just a bit [tastes a little like Kahlua]) – interesting. The best was their homemade thuringer. Bob is an ex-Navy & Boeing flyer. They have a 5 acre place ?? north of Seattle but Louie thinks they live in Oak Harbor now.

We had left overs – I was glad not to have to cook. Pat and Dusty had the ling cod. After dishes we came over to DD to phone Grace. The call went through just fine.

The First Mate's Log Of A Sojourn To Barkley Sound

We told her we would possibly be a couple days late due to weather & not to worry. She sounded fine. We said goodnight to Pat and Dusty. They kind of wanted us to stay tomorrow to go fishing with them – it depended on the weather report. It was a good thing we didn't go today. The winds were SE – it was sloppy and there was fog – Who knows what tomorrow will bring. Anyway, it was satisfying to be in Barkley Sound on my birthday.

August 26th Thursday Marble Cove Overcast Baro 29.72

Up early to listen to the weather – SE light switching NW visibility a couple miles. I figured we better go. Breakfast (pill) & ready. Said goodbye to Dusty, Bob & Lee & started off.

1730 Log 328 leave Marble Cove. It is overcast but not cold – no wind yet. Visibility deteriorated as we went out. We could just make out Cape Beale – we went on the outside of the chain of islands. The ocean wasn't bad – a somewhat mixed up low swell. Drizzle. We stretched our eyes trying to get oriented & to get a course. We saw Seabird Rks. Quite a bit later we saw Pachena light. The fog horn at Pachena blasted us right off our seats! There is tension in the back of our necks. No wind. We were running on compass and eventually depth sounder. Unfortunately Louie had made a 10° error in figuring our course – we came to the buoy (day marker) of Nitnat River – so we knew just where we were & readjusted our course to get around Carmanah Pt. and even more inpt. to stay off Bonilla Pt. by now we could see points quite well. The foghorn was not blowing at Carmanah. More relaxed now. P.S. We saw wonderful things on the ocean – Louie saw some whales, porpoise, puffin, lots of birds, fish jumping. I love the ocean.

The First Mate's Log Of A Sojourn To Barkley Sound

We turned the corner at Renfrew feeling pretty good. A small NW breeze picked up just 4 miles from the entrance so we didn't bother with a sail. Louie wanted to check out a little bite(bight) he had read about on the SE side. Sure enough there was a little tuck-a-way cove behind some rocks called Wood's Nose (because it looked like a person's nose with the eyes & forehead covered with trees) There is kelp in here, but it got a good set with the anchor in 15 ft. of water. Louie put out the stern anchor to keep us into the constant small swell. It is much better than down at Renfrew and not so far from the entrance. A brief spot of sunshine. Feeling good, we had some hot chocolate. Louie started a fire in the wood stove then went to explore the beach. Cheese sandwiches & pickled fish for dinner - Louie picked me some thimble berries so I tried making a shortcake in my frying pan with sour dough starter instead of milk & \bar{C} brown sugar & thimbleberries on top. Well - it really didn't taste so good. I think my shortening is rancid.

I took another Bonine - Boy did that put me to sleep. Louie was wound up & didn't sleep at all well. Our stern anchor isn't quite at the right angle so we roll a bit. Well we keep going tomorrow?

A dragger fishing boat saw us, came in, & anchored practically on top of us, we watched for a while as they forked fish into a keeper bin or tossed other wanted varieties overboard. Lots of waste. Draggers are considered the lowest by fishermen. They wreck the bottom wherever they drag.

The First Mate's Log Of A Sojourn To Barkley Sound

August 27th Friday Port Renfrew Overcast Baro 29.78

Up early \overline{C} - my last pill. I feel groggy. Breakfast and then we were off.

0720 Log 378 Leave Port Renfrew. Visibility was OK for a while, but eventually we were on compass & depth sounder in drizzle. It got quite thick this time. Somehow just knowing we had time, and that we wouldn't run into everything etc, made it a less tense experience this time. Actually it was good practice to use compass - depth sounder. Thank goodness Louie was able to make our depth sounder work.

The fog lifted at Jordan River and things got better up to Pt. No Pt. & Sherringham Pt. The current has been with us today and we got a little boost. At Sooke we debated going in or continuing. I thought it would be a good idea to do the Sooke channel while we could see what we were doing - fairly tricky. Besides, we needed bread. Sooke has two good ranges which get you around the spit - you go amazingly close to the spit as you turn the corner.. Then once well inside you pick up red spar buoys and follow them around the next turn. There were quite a few fishing boats tied up to the docks. The gillnet season is over down here - We heard there were even more boats yesterday. Lots of room for us at the dock. We tied up avoiding people's crab traps on the dock! Arrived ~ 1:30 PM. The docks are a circus. People were everywhere catching crab. Few pleasure boats were in here. We had lunch, then I asked the woman in the boat next door about stores, garbage etc. No water, but a bakery & large store are ~ 1 mile walk.

The First Mate's Log Of A Sojourn To Barkley Sound

So I got my pack & garbage and went off to find the bakery. The houses all had their flowers & little gardens. Some had more elaborate greenhouses. One group of homes had fruit trees with apple & pears. One place even had chickens. All the yards looked well kept. Quite English I'd say. A few good blackberries on the way. I found the bakery. My sea legs made me feel almost sick as I was trying to choose what goodies to buy. 3 loaves of bread 1 dz cookies & some turnovers. Louie needed gum so I continued on till I found the chain store and bought fruit, cabbage, gum & more goodies from the store's bakery. Back to the boat I fixed tea. Good thing Louie stayed watching the boat, some kid crawled right on and looked inside. Anyway, we got to know the people across the dock in their Ontario 32 - the "Kindou" They are Pat and Tom, Kindra, & Doug Doyle. They are from Calgary, but keep their boat in Sydney. They have a 13 hour drive to get to the boat! This is their 4th year on it & they said they come Sooke way because there are fewer people. They are a very nice family with sweet kids. Kindra spent the day crabbing (with chicken backs) and she ended up with ~ 10 crab. They had 7 at dinner time and gave us one - all cooked!

Tonight we had spaghetti & pea salad. I had crab on top of everything. We spent the evening with Pat & Tom in "Kindou" with coffee and a bakery strudel.

The First Mate's Log Of A Sojourn To Barkley Sound

Then "Impatience" came in. They had come all the way from Barkley Sound today - 14 hours. No sailing but the water was flat. Evidentially the wife doesn't like the boat or cruising. She met the boat at Ucluelet and probably made him go back sooner than he wanted. She is afraid of getting trapped in Barkley. They had started out 3 days in a row. Anyway he had singlehanded the boat up and back to Alaska. She met him in Petersburg & went to Sitka and flew home from Sitka. He is discouraged & tired of it, he plans to sell the boat. Too bad.

'Tis a beautiful evening - drizzle now & then, but broken clouds too. There is a glow & reflection from Victoria over Sooke Harbor. Lovely. A few stars tonight. The water has phosphorescent sparklers of its own. Goodnight.

August 28th Saturday Sooke Overcast Baro 29.88↑

Up early again. Louie made coffee this AM & roused me out. Breakfast finished, we slipped away from Sooke, leaving the other two boats sleeping.

0720 Log 411.6 Leave Sooke We want to get moving before fog moves in. Fog is thick out in the Straits and to the west, but to the east there is good visibility. Misty. Fishermen cover the points - specifically to Becher Sound. This morning is just beautiful - Olympic mountains majestically show through the clouds.

The day just smiled on us as the sunshine made its way through the clouds. We went flying through Race Rocks passage with a good boost from the current. I would sure hate to go against it through here. The long miles between Race Rocks and San Juan Island slowly passed.

The First Mate's Log Of A Sojourn To Barkley Sound

We had a little breeze for a few minutes – I ran up the jib – then it was gone. The breeze, if anything, blew on our nose after that. We could see San Juan Island, but Cattle Point sticks way out there into nothingness. We were not very confident of our course – Louie steered ~ 055 which was just fine. The sun felt warm – shorts temperature! Louie had the wheel all day so I caught up on my log.

American Camp on SJ island has lots of rabbits. We were joking about the rabbits, when they are not preoccupied with procreation, they are kept busy mowing the grass. Cattle Pt. light had a horn. It was close to slack when we through the pass at cattle Pt., but we still had the current with us. Things were going well today! We made our way to Friday Harbor amongst a sudden overwhelming presence of other boats! It was a quick reminder why we don't come out here in August. Of course today is Sat. also. Louie saw a whale very close to Friday Harbor!

Friday Harbor was a zoo. A million boats are in there. What a difference from Sooke. Pat and Tom were mentioning that the # of boats drops radically west of Victoria. Anyway, wakes left the boats tied to the dock swinging and banging. The customs dock was full. We made a quick decision to anchor and Louie dinghyed in to clear customs. Even being anchored was nerve wracking after a while due to the wakes. We had a quick lunch (~3 PM) and then got out of there! Where next? Maybe Spencer Spit.

The First Mate's Log Of A Sojourn To Barkley Sound

On the way out of SJ Island we saw a whale. I will have to look it up at home, but it showed all black head then as it rolled had a small hooked fin on its back. Killer (female)? Or Sei Whale? I saw a group of rhinoceros auklets – there are more kinds of birds around this area. Well, when we got to Spencer Spit there were close to 100 boats anchored there! So we decided to go down near Lopez Pass to get away from the crowd. There is a small crescent beach on Decatur which I have always looked at with interest. I said I wanted to anchor there – only 1 other boat, and from all signs it should be a quiet night. After such a long day and the FH experience our nerves were shot so while anchoring I wanted to set against the south wind and the boat had turned west. Tempers flared but, we did get well anchored and finally sat quietly. Louie said he was sorry. I wouldn't stay mad at him so all was well again. We sat and enjoyed the late afternoon. Two other sailboats anchored here, but it wasn't crowded.

Tired this evening. I copped out and opened a can of corned beef hash with lima beans & fresh cabbage. Apple turnovers for dessert. Canned hash leaves a lot to be desired.

There is a bright moon tonight. A lady came down to the crescent beach with a little dog. She picked up garbage up & down the beach while the little dog swam for sticks in the water – he was a cute little thing. The beach is posted – probably no fires or something – they probably come down to check and make sure. Chilly tonight – good for sleeping. We crapped out about 9:15 PM! ah – the sack. Poor Louie sure needs a good rest. Perfectly quiet night.

The First Mate's Log Of A Sojourn To Barkley Sound

*August 29th Sunday Decatur Island Pt. Cloudy Baro
29.82*

↗ Sleep in this morning – feels so good. We had a relaxed cup of coffee. The came breakfast while the little bit of fog burned off. Rosario even cleared up.

0950 Log 461.8p Leave Decatur Island. We motored across the quiet water noting possible anchorages for the future. The little spot behind the rocks at Lopez pass where we had planned to anchor was filled with 7 or 8 boats! We were better off where we were. Herons flew back & forth, lots of young Bonapart Gulls were around. Some small fish in the water. The water is definitely cold.

Lopez Pass was against us. Louie took the shortcut between the rocks, but boy was it running through there! At least 4 kn. You could see it flow downhill. We made it foot by foot. Then we over to the other side & caught the back eddies which squirted us out. Rosario was full of fishing boats. Not only that, the fishermen have simply tossed out all their garbage – Plastic & floating bottles are the worst. So Rosario is glassy, but busy from all the wakes. The log has a piece of something on it which shows ~ 1/2 kn. Less than it should. Deception pass was exciting ~ 2 hr before slack – the current with us. On the west side it was rippy – then we “shot-the-gut”. Not too many whirlpools on the E side, we sure were moving.

The First Mate's Log Of A Sojourn To Barkley Sound

Atavist & the captain looked calm. Clouds are coming in – we could get some rain. No rain! We seemed to be making good progress all along the Shagit. Hardly a breeze was felt – partially sunny – wakes galore. I had the wheel for a while. Next to nothing from the west 0 – 7 as we came down to Oak Harbor. Fuel 22.6 gallons Diesel. Log 492.2 (+1 ½ mi.)

Well, its over and now it is time for reflection. Both of us feel this is an A#1 trip. Things have gone without a hitch. There.