

## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

The following is a boating Journal scribed by the First Mate of ATAVIST during and comprising a 3 month circumnavigation of Vancouver Island conducted in the summer, June through August 1984.

As with the other writings (journals) included on this website, images will be added as time and space permit. Those include this journal, the 1982 Barkley Sound Journal, and the 1980 Alaska Trip.

Being part of the whole nautical experience, an additional writing, KNOTTED TWINE (to also be found on [pleasepassthetruth.org](http://pleasepassthetruth.org)) is added; that scribed by the Captain of ATAVIST, a semi-philosophical account of the Alaska Trip, with augmenting images included.

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*June 8, 1984 Friday*

*Partly sunny SW wind Baro 30.88 Slow Boat.*

*We're off! It's about time we say. Our nerves are in a jangle, things are not around nature yet – but we severed the chord.*

*Eugene was left behind on Monday noon. Our overloaded truck swayed up the highway while we felt badly for making it work so hard. A hose leaked coolant, otherwise it did just fine. We had a delightful visit with Frank and Kitty Reithel. They seemed glad for the company and twisted our arms to go out on Bryony for a sail. It was a pleasant day misty showers giving way to sunshine. The breeze was just right. Kitty put up sail after sail including the flying jib – a first for them. Kitty brought homemade sourdough pumpernickel sandwiches which were out of sight out there in the fresh air. Wednesday morning we continued the short distance to Oak Harbor.*

*Sunny day loading the boat. Louie let me pack food & clothes away first – a slow process interrupted many times with visits with friends. I goofed off too much didn't get finished before we went with Bob Tucker to Mi casita for Chile Reanos. Bob graciously treated us so we spent the rest of the evening visiting. It was a hard time for him in the midst of a divorce. Next day it blew. We were busy loading the boat still and what little determination for getting underway Thursday evaporated with the wind. It was a strong westerly off the Straits of Juan de Fuca. The anemometer read gusts to 37kn -42mph! We were glad to be not out in it. By evening the packing was done enough to cook dinner.*

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*Bob came over for our simple fare. We have been able to share Genny's friendship cake with the Reithels, Bob, and Ed. It seems appropriate. Nice shower tonight ↗*

*Friday morning turned out sunny and the wind had changed to SW. Louie said it quit blowing at 4 AM. What weather. We had coffee & pastry at Chris' Bakery with Bob then got ready to leave. We shoved off the dock ... Only Louie couldn't get the boat to go anywhere! We bounced (gently) off this boat and that thinking it was the current – but the boat wouldn't go anywhere. We headed back into the slip with no damage to ourselves nor anyone else and tried to figure out what was wrong. How frustrating! We wanted to leave by 8:30 to make slack water at Deception pass at 12:16 PM. I decided to go in and take a look. Because we were short on time I just put on a bathing suit and my hood and mask. Ha! Barnacles covered the prop – and they were good size too. Louie gave me a scraper and I took off what I could before getting too cold. After I dressed we shoved off – to make matters worse, my watch was 20 minutes slow.*

*Log 000 0920 leave Oak Harbor. Like I said our nerves were a little frazzled from the boat balking. The wind on our nose became a boost as Louie rounded buoy #2. We put up the #2 genny and gained a 1/2 to 3/4 kn. The boat started very slow with slime on the bottom. We went along smoother after a while. 12:30 we were under the bridge only 14 minutes late! Rosario was a bit lumpy with the SW wind but with the sail up the ride was OK. The doggies did fine. We went through Lopez pass, on up to Spencer Spit and over to Jones. Sprinkles came.*

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1630 we rounded the entrance to Jones. A buoy was free! There were mostly sailboats in the bay. Several had Alaska registration. The doggies had a ball on shore. They seem to be in good spirits. I found a large serrated knife which will be useful. Sprinkles. It is nice to relax after such a long day. We went 43.7 k miles. Egg rice & steamed broccoli for dinner with nectarines for dessert so we don't have to give them up to customs. It is daylight for a long time – easy to fix a late dinner and still get dishes done. Early to bed. It feels so good. Quiet tonight – a few birds. Goodnight Rain ⚡

June 9th Sat Sunny Jones Island Baro 30.79 No wind.

It was easy to wake up early since we went to bed early, but it wasn't easy to get out of bed in the chill of the morning. We are still getting used to the routine. Doggies out – breakfast etc. No anchor to pull! The park at Jones is improved. They now charge \$5 a night to tie up at the dock or \$3 to camp.

Log 0437 0800 Leave Jones Strong ebbing current – beautiful morning. Light winds. We hoisted the Canadian flag reaching Bedwell about 10:00. Louie did a great parking job. We did OK with the sealed potatoes but had to give up a couple apples and a bag of pears. Oh well – their list keeps getting longer. We bought fishing licenses \$20.00 each learning that so far there were no red tide bulletins. 10:30 off to Selby!

12:20 arrive at Selby – our good old Selby. We anchored in our usual spot – to the cry of seagulls. Fishing was next. The seagull (3hp) was true to form. It coughed and quit regularly as if there was water in the fuel or something blocking the fuel filter. With old jigs & hooks it took Louie about 10 min. to catch the first fish – an ~4 lb. snapper! We drifted again so that I could catch a fish Ha! Louie caught a little one and let it go. Then I caught bottom slowing our drift so Louie could catch a nice medium sized rock fish. Then it happened again. I caught bottom & Louie caught another fish!! Too Much!! I gave up. All of us including doggies went to shore to clean fish and to relax.

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*Louie brought me some angora goat fleece he found in the underbrush. As we were sitting on the grassy slope a little weasel (brown  $\bar{C}$  short ears) came along the beach. He got a whiff of the fish carcasses and tried hauling off a fish head. Then he spotted the dogs – thought better of dragging the fish across the beach and scurried into the rocks with his catch. Ravens with babies, sea gulls, and crows all got a feast – not to mention ourselves. A pair of song sparrows flitted in and out of driftwood on the beach. This is such a lovely place. We have been coming here for 10 years now. Tea time then dinner time. I cooked the big fish – it needed to be sliced in  $\frac{1}{2}$  so the pieces would cook better. Potatoes (which customs allowed us to keep) broccoli, and lemon pudding completed the dinner. In anticipation of ling cod tomorrow I pickled the rest of the fish. Abundance like almost no where else.*

*Louie played music for dinner and tonight we are enjoying the light and warmth of the kerosene lamp. A beautiful sunset coaxed us to load cameras and take pictures. What a day. No rain – little wind – partly sunny and partly cloudy – perfect. Eagles are here – they talk noisily from the tree tops. We are not going to Ganges because it is the weekend and banks are closed – no money, no buyee. Looks like Nanaimo. Anyway - that is later. Now is time for bed . Goodnight.*

*June 10<sup>th</sup> Selby Cove Overcast → sunny. Baro 30.85*

*Log ~ 66.8 moved to put it back to 000*

*1020 Leave Selby*

*We awoke to sprinkles, but they didn't last and clouds eventually gave way to sunshine – lots of it. This morning was quite a low tide 2.5 so I decided to go dig some steamers. In order to try something new I went over to the far beach at the cove entrance. I dug in two small sand and shell beaches and found very few steamers.*

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*There were lots of butter clams of which I took just 4 thinking we would fish for ling cod at Pirates Cove. Over an hour spent diffing netted only a light meal's worth of steamers. My back said stop so I gave up for this time.*

*Curlew came up rather easily with both of us hauling and we were off to the north. Hardly a breath of wind stirred and the sun burned off the morning clouds. It got hot and I indulged myself in shorts and sleeveless top.*

*Rather than go the usual route we went on the west side of Pylades. Then rather than going into Pirate's Cove we went into the long finger on the north side of Ruxton Is. It is much more private and to the weather looks good. The sun is almost too hot this afternoon. The doggies and I went ashore while Louie rested. It is wonderful here with all kinds of blooming wildflowers – stone crop, clovers, saxifrage – to name a few. The tide had just come in over hot rocks and sandy-shell ridges so I took a cooling wade which felt ever so good. The doggies like it here. It is much like Pirate's Cove with the sculptured sandstone and grassy slopes. There are several summer cottages around the cove. Right now there seems to be just one family here. Two big sailboats came in – they anchored quite a ways away.*

*Fried clams, noodles and fresh stir-fried veggies for dinner with lemon pudding for dessert. My first boat bath.*

*This evening has been enchanting. The air is so still you can see schools of fish feeding at the surface. A blue heron is sitting on a buoy crouched so low his chest is almost in the water. All of a sudden kersplash! I looked to see him climb out of the water with a shudder. I have yet to see him catch a fish.*

*All kinds of birds live here. Pidgeon Guillemots talk an almost cat-like language. Surf Scoters fly by with new babies in their flock. The gulls are very noisy here. An eagle sits patiently on a high snag. Shore birds twit and chatter. I saw chickadees & song sparrows & swallows & heard humming birds. Finally to make things complete, a kingfisher flew by.*

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*The sunset was beautiful with an orange afterglow. A tugboat pulling a log boom came by at dusk. For most of the day the Vancouver I's mountains were in the clouds. This evening they came out in bold silhouette – just think, Barkley is just on the other side. I feel more in tune with the boat and the water. There is less anxiety – you take things as they come – days like today that is easy to say – those first few days are very painful. Goodnight! ↗*

*June 11<sup>th</sup> Monday Ruxton Island*

*Calm sunny Baro 30.68*

*0800 Log 021 leave Ruxton.*

*The morning is beautiful sunshine and hardly a breeze. We got up early to show off for Dodd Narrows. It was rather crowded in the narrows with a log boom coming in, a sailboat going exactly the same speed as ourselves and practically on top of us plus a sailboat coming through the other way. On the Nanaimo side it got wider and choppier as we came closer to Nanaimo. NW. It is good not to be going out right now.*

*We found space at the dock no problem and amazingly enough who was on the finger next to us but Dave Miller in "Sea Swirl"! He had just come off the ways and was preparing to take leave for Victoria with his son David. We visited for a few minutes and then went about our business in town. We had quite a list: Bank – Kerosene Lamp (found at a great old fashioned hardware store named Johnson's), Burlap Bags (from Farmer's Coop), Beer, Hot Pads, Groceries, Plastic bucket and Post Office. We were positively pleased to find the small lamp since I had looked all over Oak Harbor without success.*

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*The store is classic with old stained brown paper wall & ceiling covers and cabinets with everything under the sun. There was hardly any room for people. The sun was hot, we were finished, the wind had quit blowing, so we headed off for Lasqueti.*

*The sun was hot with only enough breeze to keep the Genny full. We tried contacting the Nanaimo marine operator to call the Collins. At first we had no luck – was the radio working? The look in Louie's face was that ole sick stomach – look. But he kept trying and made contact. Then no answer for a while. About 4:30 I tried calling and Jean answered. She said they'd pick us up and would have dinner ready. 5:45 PM we went into Squitty which was quite empty. We tied up to Errol Tucker's "Freelance" so no one would tie to us – a good move it turned out. John came just as we got everything secured.*

*It was a lovely evening visiting with John & Jean. Suflaki for dinner. BBQed pork & lamb (marinated). Spanish casseroles and rice. Pumpkin pie for dessert. It is so nice to the Collins and the farm again. The doggies love running through the grass. John served excellent plum wine. John gave us the green truck keys and we went back to the boat around midnight. Spring on Lasqueti was wet and cold this year so everyone is late getting thins planted. Jean and John are working madly in theirs. They work very hard. Tired but happy. Squitty is bumpy for some reason, but it didn't matter, sleep came quickly. Goodnight.*



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*June 12<sup>th</sup> Tuesday Squitty Bay*

*Sunshine – warm – baro. 30.66*

*Summary. We spent until Thursday noon down on the south end. Time was filled with visits to people interspersed with visits with the Collins. I watched as Jean did the laundry – beautiful day to hang out the clothes to dry.*

*Tuesday – spent most of the time at Collins. At 2:30 PM Jean and I went with Aileen and Gloria to visit Betty Darwin.. Each person had some handiwork. I brought Louie's turkey story which Jean read aloud. They seemed to get a big kick out of it.. Everyone also brought goodies to eat. Betty had made some wonderful cheese balls with ground oats – really tasty. Jean brought along a controversial wood lots. She said she liked to bring something to read or discuss so that the weekly meeting wouldn't turn into a gossip session. Meanwhile Louie helped John repair water system pumps and to get the wine pump going. John fixed a spectacular dinner – He made a delicious clam soup with steamers, had pasta, fresh spinach and smoked pork chops besides.*

*Wednesday was a day for visiting. I went to see Stephanie Darwin. Dhe is sewing lovely comforters for \$200 each. I want one. Peter Janos came over. Craig McFeeley came over about beaver problems. At 2:00 we went to visit Gloria and Alex Kavadas for lunch. It was very nice. Gloria and I took a walk up the beach. Louie and Alex talked computers. And other things.*

*Then in the evening Aileen had everyone over for a steamer clam dinner – Jean didn't go. She seems to limit her social involvement. The steamers were wonderful. The conversation was less than bright as everyone was tired. John found a kitten (cat) tonight & brought it home.*

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*Sun June 17th 1110 Log 130 30.35*

*Thursday is the last day at the south end. Louie went over to Karl Darwin's mill to watch the production. Unfortunately he pitched in a bit of muscle power and wrecked his back. This he realized Friday. I went up with Craig McFeely (McFeeble - Bill Lynch) to see the property. It is a short walk from John's place. There is a swampy lagoon where the Collins get their water in the summer. Here is where the beavers have been busy blocking a culvert. Craig fixed up a Guillotine with spikes so that when the beaver chewed through a carrot the poor thing is chopped by the falling board. . We still do not know if the invention worked. (Author's Note: The device tripped alright, only hair was found on the tips of the spikes.) His place is a clearing in the trees with a rocky hill behind. He took me to the top where there is a wonderful view of Vancouver Island and the Straits.*

*It was difficult to say goodbye to John and Jean. John sent some homegrown potatoes and some garlic. Both Louie and I asked about next fall. John and Jean are planning a trip - sigh.*

*John waved us off at Squitty and we headed up island feeling good to be on the move. Then the weather took a nasty turn and it blew against us & rained as well. Louie's yellows came out for the first time. By the time we reached Scotty bay the showers were pretty much over.*

*We sat and had tea gathering up our strength to approach the Lynch's. We went up sans dogs or light not knowing what to expect. JoAnne & Bill welcomed us "of course you will stay to dinner". Joanne said she fixed baked salmon, potato salad and bean salad with homemade bread.*

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*We had a pleasant visit and went to the boat not too late. – (PS Actually we went over to Jack Hiltz. Played an Azimou game. Joan was really wound up). Jimmy will be fishing. Cheryl is doing construction work in Victoria & and is looking for a job. She has a new boyfriend who likes to do things.*

*Friday teaches this afternoon & then goes across to Parksville, so we went up late morning to visit. After Jo Anne left we spent some time with Bill then when he had a taxi run we went over to Mike and Charlotte's. It is comfortable at Mike and Charlotte's. They are such nice people. We ate too much. Steamers dipped in garlic butter, then fried oysters which Charlotte had shucked herself (1<sup>st</sup> time) with salad and biscuits. Fruit salad for dessert. Duane is about to go fishing and Joy is all excited about graduation. Charlotte was fashioning a graduation dress for her. Blossom is all painted & ready to go. These people work so hard. They were in Campbell River repairing and painting their rental and Charlotte's folks home.*

*Unfortunately they won't be able to go cruising with us. Mike is working in the boat yard until the boats can go fishing. After dinner Charlotte, all the doggies and I took a walk to Spring Bay by a woodsy path. We stopped and had tea with Mel and Rose Backs till dusk, then walked back. Charlotte has a touch of something like a flu' Not much energy for conversation, so off to the boat by 11:30*

*Saturday – we took our time getting up. Loui's back is really hurting him – I cleaned boat. After lunch we went over to the Taylor's. Charlotte isn't well. The tides are very low. I invited the Lynch's to dinner so I went over to the beach – shucked oysters. The Taylor's offered a shower so I took them up on it. They have a black reservoir which has a shower head on it. Once filled with warm water it makes a wonderful shower.*

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0950 157 Lu Westv.

Baro 30.80↓ Mon.

*Outdoors! The next door neighbor was working on his lot. The shower is screened from the Taylor's house. But not from the neighbor. I had a lovely shower & washed my hair — birds singing right next to me.*

*There was a mix-up as Bill and JoAnne came to Jack's to borrow a tank of propane; theirs had run out and the freezer thawed. JoAnne was very upset- Bill was guilty. Louie walks with a 45 degree list. I row out to the boat with the dogs. Find the boat locked (my suggestion), have to go find Louie for the keys — we miss each other somehow n& and both go back and forth — its 5:30 & I have to cook dinner. Things seemed to be falling apart, but we took hold, got dinner ready and waited. Corn oyster stew, cabbage salad & pickled fish. Bill and JoAnne were having their little crisis at home what with politics, drop-in company and telephone calls. Anyway, dinner went fine and they liked the oysters. We laughed and played Uno, JoAnne forgot her problems for a little while.*

*Sunday. Today is the day we leave. After breakfast we went up to say goodbye. Charlotte was still feeling badly — back or kidney pain — but anyway she brought us some jam and lettuce etc. from the garden as a send-off.*

*We went over to Bill and JoAnne's to say goodbye. It seemed we interrupted a heavy discussion. JoAnne sent me off with a can of salmon. We said goodbye.*

*And Were free!*

*We set off for Westview. The straits were a bit lumpy with the wind on our nose, but it was sunny and it felt good to be moving again. It is a long run up Texada. At the top the wind quit and we were in a lake with little fish boats. We saw 3 salmon landed in the time we went by. The docks at Westview were not too crowded. Louie slipped us in slick as a whistle. I called Doug and Mary*

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— they were home! They invited us to the house although they had a dinner engagement.

1015 log 189 Baro 30.70

*Lu. Redonda*

We visited until Doug and Mary had to leave. Then I did laundry and cooked dinner. They had a couple of fresh nice sized fish fillets which they had caught over the weekend. Louie and I both had baths & felt good. We talked a bit more when Doug and Mary came home. Then Doug took us back to the boat. He was hauling the boat out up at Lund in the morning to do a bottom job. It has been a full day. Blowing tonight.

We felt a bit depressed after leaving Lasqueti. Not because we were sad to go but because Bill and JoAnne are having *Hard* time. Their relationship isn't good and JoAnne wants to get away from Lasqueti. Bill wants to leave for different reasons. Our friendship suffers because they are unhappy. Fortunately we feel a warm bond with the Collins. Well - on with our trip.

Monday June 18<sup>th</sup>. Partly cloudy baro 30.80 ↓ Westview.

A breezy morning. We did shopping for a few things: ice, moorage, water, breakfast and doggies. \$4.20 for overnight.

0950 Log 157 Leave Westview. All of our social obligations have been taken care of. We are now starting our trip!!! It is blowing NW making for a lumpy breezy ride. Desolation is shrouded in clouds looking like it might rain, but not quite making it. The going gets better after Savory Islands & smooth at the Copelands. — lunch time. At least part of the Copelands is a marine park with a nice little anchorage which we haven't tried yet. Sarah Point. Time to try a little trolling. I rigged my new flasher — fancy hoochie and a red lure. Louie took us right off shore. Little fish were madly jumping forced up against the rocks by something below. Every once in a while we heard swish. Then I caught a

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salmon! I was jumping up and down I was so excited. It was a 4 ½ lb. Chinook – nice & fat --- long. We fished just a bit more and Louie caught a ling cod!

*With us Green Rapids 1300 0850 Log 224*

*Gillard Rap. 1015 Baro 30.64 Lv. Flor.*

No more fishing, time to go. We decided to spend the night at our little cove at the bottom end of East Redonda. It was wonderfully quiet there and we were alone. The cove was alive with schools of small anchovies. Not many seagulls flying around right now. We saw eagles everywhere. It is beautiful! I took doggies ashore & cleaned the salmon and ling. Louie is nursing his back. Cut myself - dumb. Salmon steak for dinner of course. Quiet night. I rubbed Louie's back with oil. We slept well.

*Tuesday June 19<sup>th</sup>. Redonda Cove Sunny Baro 30.70*

The mountains stand like sentinels – such a view. Louie went out and gathered oysters to take with us. We will try keeping them in the gunny sack a few days until we run out of fish to eat. Louie cut his hand on the oysters – what a pair! X

*This is such a relaxing place – sigh – we must move on.*

10:15 Log 189 Leave Redonda Cove. We slowly made our way close to Redonda Island on a sunny morning. I was taking pictures since I couldn't resist. We absorbed the images of beautiful mossy rocks, bright green lichen – pine – fir – juniper trees. There were eagles all along and an occasional kingfisher. Little fishies jumped against the rocks – feeding this time. There were several families of mergansers on the rocks along Homfray Channel. We passed a family of otters romping along a little cove. The water was still – crossing Toba Inlet. No other boats in sight. A breeze picked up at Raza Island.

Louie took us into The Yuculta Rapids to troll. No other boats were fishing. A couple were passing through. It was time we should have spent having tea, but I had suggested fishing. We didn't catch anything so we went to anchor in Florence Cove.

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*Unfortunately a boomer had put in a "Private Dock" in our cove so we anchored across the cove – no problem.*

*Ling cod for dinner. I think it tasted even better than the salmon steaks! Salad and fried potatoes to go wit it. Yum. One other boat anchored in the cove & quite a ways away.*

*When I took the doggies ashore a lovely Red-Breasted Sapsucker (or Red Headed Woodpecker) flew on a tree right next to us. Laddie got all excited thinking it was a squirrel.*

*Quiet for the most part tonight. Pretty sunset. From now on there will be daily challenge for a couple days. Louie is anticipating all the rapids. Goodby Desolation. Already there are no more Madrona trees.*

*Wednesday June 20<sup>th</sup> Florence Cove*

*Baro 30.64*

*We are up and ready for a 10:20 date with Gillard Rapids*

*0850 Log 224 Leave Florence Cove. A little tug is booming logs already. The Yucultas are a bit against us – it took quite a while to get through.*

*1015 We are in the Gillard Rapids near slack. Dent Rapids are going with us just a little – pretty good timing. The wind varies. It seems to be strong on the nose through each rapids. The mountains are showing beautifully – worth a few pictures.*

*1300 we are going through Green Pt. rapids at a fair clip but nothing like the 1<sup>st</sup> time. There were a few whirlpools on our stern. Crossing Lockborough Inlet the wind picked up. Then it blew harder and harder to get quite choppy before our turn into Wellbore Channel. Whirlpool Rapids were slack as we slipped into Forward Harbor. Another sailboat in our anchorage! We anchored to the side quite a ways out. Gusty NW wind kept the boat swinging but there was no fetch.*

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*It seems that the wind really blows up here —hard one way, then hard on the other..*

*I took the doggies ashore with a clam shovel & bucket. The low was an hour past. I tried several places but didn't find clams. I bet a lot of digging goes on here. I put back the 4 tiny steamers that I found. Someone told me 4-7 years to grow a clam.*

*I fixed a nice salmon dinner with tomato sauce and garlic sherry etc. - with rice it was yummy. Enough for two days. Talked to people in "Ragtime" (George and Kathy) They are going around too. In a month!*

*Louie and I tired after today. It was a long haul with a sore back. We went to bed even before it got dark. Breezy tonight.*

*Thursday June 21<sup>st</sup> Forward Harbor Baro 30.68 Cloudy.*

*Awake early this AM. It is supposed to blow NW today so we figured with an early start we might beat the wind. "Ragtime" left at 0600. We quickly did dogs & beds and got underway at 0630!*

*0630 Log 259 Leave Forward Harbor. The low (foggy) clouds are somewhat broken over Vancouver Island mountains. It is already windy. We beat our way up Sunderland Channel with the wind on our nose. Then we were in Johnstone Straits — a bad stretch of water. The wind was 10 -15 knots. Louie cranked the the boat RPM to 1900 and we made 5 KN. Hoping it wouldn't get worse we kept slugging. The miles went slowly, but they went 9 - 7 - 6 - 5... The Straits actually got better the more north we went. Finally we turned the corner and the wind was off our nose. I put up the Genny and we breezed along — feeling good that that stretch was done. Seals on the rocks at the corner.*

*Along the way, Atavist crossed the path of a family of Otters a mother & 3 young, swimming across the channel. They were so cute — they tumble all over each other like Laddie and Little Bit*



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*0915 Log 288 Lu. Burial Cove Baro 30.82 Oldy.*

*It is very pretty amongst these islands. White Shell Beaches Camp sites show for miles. We came to our favorite Burial Cove to find a new house built up into the trees and a family in the old houses with new buildings being built. There is an extensive garden in back of the old buildings. There is a sail-powerboat tied out.*

*After anchoring we had lunch. We feel elated to have accomplished this little feat. Louie is chilled so we pump hot chocolate into him and he started a fire in the wood stove. It is just great to be able to stop so early. We made up the bed and took a nap. ⚡. When we awoke the sun was shining and Ragtime was anchored next to us Stretch Yaum.*

*We decided to take the doggies & oysters ashore. We shucked the oysters, a perfect quart. They were nice and alive so that keeping them in the bag was a good way to go. I picked some good-looking goose tongue for dinner. When I was washing the oysters, purple shore crabs came out of the rocks to gobble up the tasty morsels. I wonder if they have tasted oyster before? One crawled right into my hand! Louie said 'I guess we forgot the scissors' So I ran back to the boat, grabbed the scissors, comb, beer & crackers and proceeded to give Louie a Burial Cove haircut. We knew we had been saving it (hair cut) for something.*

*Left over salmon & fresh goose tongue for dinner. Yummy.*

*Two float planes roared into the cove to deliver people and supplies to the homesteads... Notn exactly the quiet place it used to be.*

*We listened to Greek music before bed. Quiet night. Longest day of the year. Twilight lasts for a long time.*

*Friday June 22<sup>nd</sup>. Burial Cove. Cloudy Baro 30.82 ⚡*

*The wind is supposed to be with us today. It is difficult getting going this AM. Ragtime was gone at 5AM when I got up.*

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1010 Log 314 Lv. Waddington Rain Baro 30.66

*We didn't talk to them much so I don't know where they are headed besides Minstrel Island. The wind is almost on our nose until we turn into Chatham Channel. We put the Genny up. Current is against us Two big power boats had to pass us full bore while we were in the channel. It set up a lot of rolling in the current.*

*Saw a black bear on the beach of an island. Near Minstrel Island a big logging operation. We watched as a log truck hauled untrimmed logs (not very large) along the road – to get more logs & then dump them at the end of the road. It was interesting to see the claw work. There is so much logging going on up here – from Desolation northward it gets worse and worse. A clearcut which was new 4 years ago is still clear cut – just green rather than brown. They log like there are no tomorrows.*

*Ragtime is at Minstrel Island. On the other side of the island we decided to troll. I had my usual flasher & fancy hoochie. Louie had the big dodger and a red and white StuLee. A fisheries Avon was checking the little fish boats – they didn't check us. We skimmed down the islands, close to shore, going 3 knt with the wind behind us and the Genny up. Louie did a combination of sail-engine to keep the right speed. Louie caught a medium sized rock fish. We trolled and trolled. Then we crossed Knight Inlet to go into Spring Passage when Zing – Louie caught something. I carefully reeled in – the fish wanted to fight. We got up (still under sial mind you) and it was a nice Chinook about the same size as the one I caught. The landing did not go well. Louie took a pass at the fish but missed. The hook held. But then as I was trying to get it into position it shook free. *OH! Agh!* What a heartbreak – we lost it. Boy that really hurt. We went over in our minds .. if only .. ah. We fished for quite a bit longer through the little islands That open into the Queen Charlotte Strait to no avail.*

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$4 \frac{3}{4}$  to  $5 \frac{3}{4} = 2 \frac{3}{4}$  gal. fuel (11 liters)

We pulled in the lines and went towards our anchorage. The SE wind was gusty and had a bite. The wind seemed to collect on the mountains, then come roaring down on us. Atavist just happily sailed away. Spooky though. The anchorage I picked out is Waddington Bay in the Fox Island group. There are many small islands & rocks so Louie was going carefully with the chart. I got totally turned around.

The little anchorage was wonderfully protected. It is tucked between islands – a lively place for wildlife. Some Indian commercial crabbers had traps in the cove. They checked them then left. Louie was tired after such a long tedious trolling. We had fried oysters and fried potatoes to cheer us up. Also fresh goose tongue. To top dinner off we had Tapioca Pudding.

Another large sailboat came in. It anchored quite a ways away. It started sprinkling. Louie is having trouble getting the diesel stove to work and he is frustrated. In between sprinkles I set the crab trap using the fish remains after fillets had been removed. The doggies like the little grassy spots – there isn't much of a place for them here. I found a lost bumper to add to our collection. An eagle has kept his eyes on us since we came in. We heard ducks quacking but didn't see them. Really a nice place. I wouldn't mind staying a while.

Tired tonight. Mostly quiet – now & then breezes. Louie's kerosene lantern is working as anchor light. I let out some scope so I could sleep well. Goodnight.

*Saturday June 23<sup>rd</sup>. Waddington Bay Sprinkles to Rain Baro 30.66*

Today would be a great one to set out, but we feel the need to take advantage of SW or SE winds. So we decided to leave - in the rain. Louie took the wheel in his rain gear – it was ugly for a couple hours.

*1010 Log 314 Leave Waddington Bay.*

## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

*cc 237 to Pt. Hardy*

*0800 Log 344 Baro 30.79*

*Lu. Tracy*

*We are on the low side of fuel so Louie is running the engine 16-1700 RPM.*

*We are trolling fishing lines but are keeping 5 kn.*

*Louie looked cold so I spelled him just after lunch.*

*It had stopped raining and was quite pleasant in Penphrase Channel. Then it started blowing down Kingcome Inlet when we turned the corner. Louie took in the fishing gear, put up the Genny and we had quite a little sail for a bit. Choppy! Each time you change direction or go around points the wind & water change. Soon it returned to a relaxing though wet ride. We passed by Sullivan Bay. Louie calculated we have enough fuel to Pt. Hardy. Finally – 5 PM we reached Tracey Harbor. We were going against the wind and rain - very chilly 2 miles.*

*The dock at the logging camp was free. But there seemed to be too much activity for a place that was supposed to be shut down. We went up to Big Bob's place and found a cat rather than a dog. Also all the pictures were gone. Someone was obviously living there. We went up to the mess hall. Smells of dinner. We talked to the cook. The camp has been running continuously since June. Bob has been gone for over a year now. Too bad. We left and anchored in our little cove behind a big power boat who had just come in.*

*It is really an ugly noisy place. A tug came in with a barge of machinery and they off loaded it with much clatter. A helicopter brought in a barrel, then landed briefly on the dock – where we had been tied up. Oh yes, the carved bear is still there, but it has been damaged and is missing its lower jaw I boiled the crab and cooked corn-oyster stew (no milk) for dinner at the same time Louie was working on the diesel stove – nerves! We are trying to dry things out a little. A spot of sun – everything outside. Rain – everything inside.*

## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

*Nerves are a little raw so after dishes, we went to bed. The boat was too warm and the bugs were biting. Both of us didn't sleep too well. We might be nervous about crossing the Straits.*

*Sunday June 24<sup>th</sup> Tracey Harbor Cloudy Baro 30.79*

*The weather report sounded good. We decided to cross over the water was to Port Hardy today.*

*0800 Log 344 Leave Tracey Harbor. It wasn't raining and it wasn't windy – in fact the water was at times glassy. The birds on Queen Charlotte Strait are wonderful. There were many Rhinoceros Auklets with horny beaks & and white eye accents, there was a pair of murrets and a single western grebe. i|2 way across I saw a dark small slender tern like bird with a white rump. From the bird book it is probably a Leach's Petrel. I put out the SteeLee to troll 5-6 knots. Of course, nothing happened. The Straits were unbelievable. There was hardly a breath of wind. The sky opened up to sunshine. You could see for miles. You could easily go wherever you wanted today – it would have perfect for rounding the cape – oh well – it was perfect for crossing the Straits. Finally we could see Cape Caution – I I didn't know if I would ever see that cape again. We could also see the end of Vancouver Island although Cape Scott is around to the west. A pod of dolphins or porpoises swam by at a distance. They were black with white on the dorsal fin. There was quite a hump between the body and the tail. They dove and we didn't see them again.*

*We had lunch just before coming into Port Hardy.*

*Louie stopped at the Imperial fuel dock. Diesel was nearly 6¢ cheaper there. We took on 116 liters fuel. We had something like 5 gallons left. Then we went over to the docks and parked right alongside the "For Commercial Boat Only" sign.*

*Louie topped off the propane tank – it took ~ 4 lbs. Propane is very handy as is ice. 14 lb. block for \$2.00.*

## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

1010 Log 373 Baro 30.64↓ Lu. Pt. Hardy

I walked up to town with the laundry and shopping list. The Laundromat had moved across the street. I found out a.st the bakery when I bought bread & goodies. Everything went in 1 load. Then I went looking around and found the Overwaite grocery store – lucky I did because it closed at 5PM and it was 4:15. Louie found me at the check out stand with his backpack. We went to the Laundromat, loaded the pack and he went to the boat while I wrote a letter waiting for the clothes to dry. We still need plastic bags for the cushions and the charts in the rain. Louie got ice.

Back at the dock I joined Louie who was visiting with George and Kathy on Ragtime. Kathy is a perky friendly young woman who showed me thri boat. It has windows up forward and a steering station inside. It is 32 ft. They have more beam, but a scrunched up bow; Nice head. Their main cabin is pretty roomy with a diesel heater installed. I still like our table where we can see outside. I said goodbye and went to the boat to put groceries away & cook dinner. Fish chowder and broccoli tonight with ginger cookies for dessert. It was pretty late bt the time dishes were done. Chilly tonight. We wrote for ½ hr. by kerosene lamp then gave up and went to bed. Quiet night. We slept well.

Monday June 25<sup>th</sup> Port hardy Baro 30.64↓ rapidly.

Overcast and calm. The forecast calls for SE winds not too strong today so that is our signal ro move up to Bull Harbor. We have done everything here except write letters so we jumped out of bed – Louie had the fire going and coffee on. We sat and wrote cards and letters. The warfinger was kind enough to take the letters to mail. Only \$ 3.69 for the overnight.

## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

*We had breakfast after talking to Kathy and George. They may come up to Bull harbor tonight, but I expect they will stay at Port Hardy. We will probably be laying over at Bull harbor for a day or more!*

*1010 Log 373 Leave Port Hardy 5 plastic bags.*

*The wind is picking up a bit as we leave Port Hardy. It is SE so we put up the Genny. Just as it was about to put up the main it started sprinkling so we left well enough alone.*

*Goletas Channel is grey. Vancouver Island is a series of bumps – its coast line is flat along the channel. The wind picks up a bit, then dies back. No more rain for the moment.*

*The Genny was no more use when we turned into Bull Harbor. It's beautiful here! Much more than we had expected. The SW side has rocky bluffs worn by winter seas into caves and strange formations. There is an island in the cove which looks as if it was once an Indian settlement with a typical clam shell midden appearance. There is a Coast Guard station down at the end of the harbor which is a narrow isthmus to the ocean beyond. We tied up on a wharf rather than anchor. During fishing season a big barge ties to here to service fish boats. Right now it is empty. There is no connection to the shore. The dock is built around 3 sets of 9 pilings and you can see from the rubbing that it must get rough. We tied to the shore side gaining a bit more protection from any wave action. There is wonderful sea life on the pilings, tube worms, and sea anemones, star fish and fish live here.*

*Since it was still early I wanted to do something – We decided to walk down to the station. A little ways (1/4 mile) from the Gout wharf with a CG Rescue Boat on the station. Louie, the doggies and I rowed down, then walked ~ 1 mile on a gravel road to the station. There are about 10 houses. A swamp which is dammed up is their water source.*

## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

|

10 ½ lb 32

It goes through a filtration plant before using. On the other side of the isthmus is a wonderful crescent beach. The top of the beach is covered with rolled stones, perfectly smooth and the lower beach is sand. We walked around until we came to a radio station on the point. We had come this far — we decided to visit the station. The people were very nice. They appreciate having visitors. We registered our vessel and the radioman showed us around. They do not gather weather information, but relay a teletype reading every few hrs. They also monitor many radio frequencies. What a view they have. Today over relatively calm water you could see Cape Caution, Calvert Island, Rivers Inlet area and the Pacific Ocean. The radioman did a broadcast while we were there. On the way back it started sprinkling — we humping along when we met Woofer, the station dog. He is very big black lab. — irish setter mix — the friendliest old fellow. Well Laddie was upset on the leash and even while I was carrying him. Turned out when free to run around they became good buddies — Laddie walked shoulder to shoulder totally ignoring Little Bit.

We met another radioman biking his way up the road. He introduced himself as John Traford and his wife Marge. John is a retired teacher —communications person who decided to work a little longer. They have been here in Bull Harbor for 2 years and love it here — as long as they get out once in a while to home which is in Vancouver. Their tour of duty is over July 7<sup>th</sup>. He invited us to come to visit them tomorrow. We got back to the dink. Louie told Woofer to go home. Woofer sat down and looked absolutely crushed. Louie said OK. Woofer you can come. Sweet animal. It was a heavy duty row back against the wind. A big sailboat had come in and tied directly across from us killing our view.



## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

*We planned to move the boat forward. When stepped out of the dink, the fellow greeted us in a most friendly way & offered us a drink! Well we accepted and this started a good friendship of sailboats waiting to go around Cape Scott. Just as we finishing our drinks "Ragtime" came into the harbor What fun!*

*Dinner was middle-eastern sandwiches, Hamburger and fresh Kaiser rolls.*

*Visited — made plans for tomorrow — then went to bed.*

### *Tuesday June 26<sup>th</sup> Bull Harbor*

*The weatherman's reports sounded very unpromising so we decided to wait. We need the rest anyway. After breakfast we visited. Since it was showery and not too windy in the harbor, Louie and I went fishing.*

*At first there wasn't much action — a few kindergarten fish which we put back. Then I changed to a green hoochie and caught a medium rock fish and a smallish canary rock fish. We caught several flounder, one of which was kept for bait & the others thrown back. The drift was not bad. Wind against tide. Louie kept going further towards the entrance. Then he started catching on the jig. First, a couple of greenlings — new moved out a bit. Louie kept losing hooks to something. He said in frustration he wished they would take it in the mouth. Then Whammo! His pole bent down to the water, he couldn't reel for a while. Fight, fight. Slowly he reeled up and we were both straining to see what it was — a ling! We had just one try to net him. By some miracle it ended up well in the net, the hook severed from the jig. Wow was that a big fish. Food for all. We went back to the boat and weighed & measured the monster. 10 ½ lbs, 32 inches of beautiful ugly fish.*

*Then John Trafford and his wife Marge came out for a visit. They are sailors too so they had to check out all the boats. It was a nice visit. The doggies enjoyed all the attention.*

## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

*Lindsey Michelle*

*We combined dinners tonight and ate together on the Lindsey Michelle's center cockpit which was enclosed in canvas. I cooked the ling, Kathy cooked a nice rice, and Ruth made a fresh salad. They had some crab also.*

*We ended the evening having a drink with Gordon, Hank and Ruth. Again plans were made for leaving in the morning. It all turned out today would have been OK for going. Hank is anxious.*

*I felt nervous about going out so didn't sleep well, silly me.*

*Wednesday June 27<sup>th</sup> Bull Harbor Rain Baro low 30.36 ↗*

*Well today there is no question about going. It is blowing a gale on the coast – we'll stay here another day. The day was full of visits to wash other's boats & coffee. John Trafford told us where the crabbing would good so yesterday PM Louie, Kathy and George went to set the 2 traps (ours & theirs) 60 ft behind the wind sock. I didn't get much done.*

*Louie went in the wind and was wet to get the pots and came back with crab! There must have been 30 crabs between them. We sorted big and little Dungeness and Rock (huge rock crabs) and kept them alive in the goodie bag.*

*I spent much of the afternoon by myself (& doggies) listening to Eddie Rabbit and writing in my log. Didn't get much done.*

*Dinner on Ragtime. Ruth cooked the crab, Kathy baked potatoes (!) and I fixed veggies stir fry. I feel just a bit of strain now. After dishes we went back to Ragtime and played Uno. We visited until midnight. The stars were out. Water was so high it touched the tree limbs. Phosphorescence shown with every drop in the water. Beautiful night. Cool.*

*Names and Addresses were exchanged – pictures to send later.*

## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

- 1. George McKay & Kathy Clackson "Ragtime"  
643 Robinson St. Cooper 32  
Coquitlam, BC V3Q 4E5*
- 2. Gordon McAninch Lindsey Michelle  
2051 Brethour Park Way Cooper Seabird 37  
Sidney BC V8L 1S3  
Crew Ruth and Hank*

*Thursday June 28<sup>th</sup> Bull Harbor Partly Sunny Baro 30.57*

*We listened to the weather – it didn't sound bad. Yes we will probably go today – we expected to go at noon to catch the bar at slack and then go to Fisherman's Cove just before the cape. We were sitting in bed reading. I decided to take a pill and gave Bitsy one too. Then George came in a flurry wanting to go against the flood. There was hardly any wind. .*

*We quickly mobilized getting ready to go in a panic. My stomach wall ajar. We ate breakfast, did doggies, crabs, canopy & waited for the 1 Hr. to have my pill take effect. Lindsey Michelle didn't wait – they left about a 1/2 hour before we did.*

*0950 Log 397 Leave Bull Harbor. George had given me his camera to take pictures of them under sail. I ran around doing this and that – not good in a swell.*

*We started into the bar with swells & overfalls and tons of kelp. I took pictures like crazy (hope they turn out – I didn't make many adjustment) through the rapids – not good for a queasy equilibrium. Dolphins on the bow! We passed the rough part, but then could make no more forward progress – the current was too swift. Then it happened – the prop fouled with kelp or something – the boat labored, vibrated & lost ground. It was raining.*

## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

*Louie got very upset. "This is a piece of insanity" he said. We were doing everything wrong because we were not making our own decisions! He was angry. I was so worried about the boat and was feeling queasy besides. Louie was for going back. We were there at max. flood! He revved up the engine to 21 1/2 Krpm. The kelp seemed to let go so we could hold our own. Miserable. I seriously questioned our ability to go to the West Coast. I talked to Louie about my feelings. He said he felt the prop was clear now and that the thing which had him upset was the fact that we were going along when he felt they were bad moves. "Ragtime" moved ahead of us — we were not moving forward going 6 kn. for 2 hrs. Finally at noon it eased and we started moving forward. We would have gone around Hope Island for all the time and distance. We put up the main — the jib was up already. Then Louie he said he would put up the big Genny! Which he did! We moved a little better with light winds catching up with Ragtime — who had shut off their motor and were sailing.*

*We motored & sailed along the end of Vancouver Island. Dropped the genny — put up the genny. Then we saw white water ahead. We dropped the genoa & and Louie bagged it quickly. All of a sudden it was blowing 20 kn on the nose. George reefed the main. We were losing so much way with the wind and chop. Louie decided to try tying a reef. With so much wind it took quite a while. Spray & slop. When I learned how to sail against the wind by tacking. The boat made 4 -5 kn and was nice and steady. What a difference the reef made! We reached Fisherman's Bay. Lindsey Michelle was at the Cape saying 8 ft. rollers 1 ft. chop.*

## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

*Martin and Donalda Smith Niagara (35) Tui Green Ladysmith BC*

*Ragtime wanted to keep going. We wanted to stop, it was getting so rough. I kept going because they said it was getting better - there was no heavier wind - just 20- 25 Kn! but the swell was getting larger. It was near max. ebb by the time we reached the cape. Louie was mad. He went below in frustration. I stubbornly kept going. The water was rough & confused. I was getting tired - toughened myself. Cold! Not sick now. Up - up - up - down & down. The chop wasn't bad but the swells were confused. Some tide rips made the tops turn white. Finally I made the corner (approx. 1600). - The swells were ¼ ed now off the starboard bow. "Ragtime" was almost out of sight. The ride started to ease with the new heading ~ 140° - 150°. It took forever to get around the Cape - we were easily 2 - 2 ½ miles off. Louie put up the jib and we could just fill it on our course. The boat felt easier. I started to feel sick again & asked Louie to take the wheel. After a while he got me another pill. I was exhausted & cold. I had to close my eyes most of the way down to Sea Otter Cove.*

*The rollers were breaking with huge crests on the rocks by Sea Otter Cove - quite beautiful in a way. We followed Ragtime into a tricky entrance between the rocks, the swell easing just at the right place. It was a narrow passage in but a quiet snug place once inside. We each tied to a large mooring buoy (~1830 log 444) with a boat in between.*

*We met Martin and Donny Smith of "Tui Green" in the next boat. They have spent most of May and June coming up the coast. They had bad weather in May but good weather in June.*

## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

*Kathy kindly invited us for dinner. She had baked a roast with potatoes & carrots. I was still a bit shakey but managed to eat something. We talked about the trip down – we logged 47 miles to make 35 thanks to the rapids [Note: Nawhitti Bar]. Saying goodbye to George and Kathy we knew they would leave in the morning.*

*We went over to Tui Green – to hear about good places to go. I was so tired I didn't remember much. We finally came to bed at 11:30 PM. It felt good to talk to them. They have had a good time and we have the feeling there is something to look forward to. Tired tonight. I'm glad we made the Cape.*

*Friday June 29<sup>th</sup> Sea Otter Cove Cloudy Baro – 30.7*

*When we woke Ragtime was gone. We learned from Donny that they had left around 0700. They circled us briefly went aground on the sand bar quite close to the mooring buoy.*

*About 1000 the weather deteriorated. The wind came up blowing 20K<sub>n</sub> and it started to rain. Louie got the doggies ashore without too much wet. At lunch time, when the weather didn't seem to match the outside conditions we decided to see if they had changed the report – we couldn't get the weather! We looked at each other feeling sick to our stomachs – not the radio!! We tried again in a few minutes – nothing. We listened on 16 and 06 for a bit – nothing. I decided to row over to Tui Green and see if they were getting the weather and to try calling Atavist on 16. It turned out that they were not getting the weather either. Louie answered on 16 and we felt much better. Donny invited us for tea so we went over in our rain gear, barely able to row the dinghy.*

*We had a pleasant visit. Their boat is nicely designed with head (walk through) and galley in the inside part of the boat near the companion way. Their sleeping quarters are aft in a double quarter berth. Forward of the galley which is on two sides of the narrow passage way. Donny can brace herself when cooking*

## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

*in adverse weather or under sail. They are rather die-hard sailors having a 3:1 or 4:1 ratio of sail to power. This time we took our charts and made notes on some of the anchorages. Donny served tea and fruit cake. Tea is good for a queasy stomach.*

*I gave them 1/2 of our ling cod for dinner. I had offered to cook dinner — they wisely said they would just accept the fish.*

*At dinner time there was a break in the rain. Louie took the doggies ashore for a nice long walk coming back with some beach-combed plastic floats — one very large black one (oriental). We had ling cod, fried potatoes and pea salad for dinner with music. Glad to get all the dishes washed. This is a leaky boat. The work around the cape must have opened up a leak in a forward chain plate — and the window by the stove leaks etc. All we need is a dry day to reseal things.*

*The wind settled just a bit so we could sleep. ⚡*

*Saturday June 30<sup>th</sup> Wind — Rain Sea Otter Cove 30.80 ↓ 30.6*

*Today is simply the pits. It is blowing a gale out there and raining besides. Poor doggies are going to have a long wait. It started at 3:30 AM this morning.*

*Except for Mouat Cove we haven't seen such weather. The winds just keep building. There is a 1 ft. chop right here in the cove. It is hard to concentrate on anything — one keeps watching the anemometer. By 1000 it was steady 25 — 30 gusting. Then at noon it was 30 — 40 gusting. Hopefully the peak winds were around 1300 at 44kn 50 mph for a little while. The water is crazy — white caps — an ugly green-grey color. We got breakfast down. Louie is keeping us warm. The diesel stove worked for a while then for some reason went out in a cloud of smoke.*

## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

*This isn't fun! The boat creaks as it strains against the mooring buoy. Thank goodness for the buoy. Thank goodness also for our thick line. I checked it at a time the rain was drenching. Imagine – this is summer and there isn't even a low going through (??) The wind hit new peaks around 3PM. A yawl on the next buoy lost its dinghy to the wind and waves. They came outside and connected an extra safety line to the mooring buoy. Guy Green's sail cover started blowing apart (they tied it down). Then we noticed that we had a loose line (radar reflector line) wrapping itself around the radio antenna on the mizzen mast. Louie suited up & went out in the howl, climbed part way up, then thought better of it. Then he bailed the dinghy. It was blowing 30 -40 kn. He tried climbing again but couldn't reach the offending line. Then all of a sudden the line was free – it had unwrapped itself! Louie got the boat hook and after a few ties caught the line. Whew. Our poor Canadian flag is shredded.*

*We are dripping in so many places so all there is to do is to keep ahead of the drips. Lunch was simple fare – I'm having trouble eating. Poor Doggies.*

*About 5 PM the wind started easing a little. When it got down to 20-25 Louie decided to take the dogs ashore. He again bailed the dinghy and rowed with much effort to shore. It was raining a drench. They were a wet, but relieved crew when they got back. Laddie was so grateful to Louie that he cuddled up next to him for a while.*

*About 7:30 the wind eased to 10-15 kn. The great dinghy rescue was happening next door. A fellow from a large sailboat in the next buoys up came over with his avon & and small outboard (with his dog). They made plans for a while then he and the girl went off to get the dinghy which we could see beached with our binocs.*



## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

*The tide was going out. — this bay is a large tide flat — so they ran out of water & walked the avon along. Then they reached the beach & dinghy — they dragged it out to the water so the girl could row. She rowed all the way back to the boat much relieved. They put the dink aboard. The hero and his dog waved goodbye and went home to the boat.*

*Pickled fish □ tomato and avocado, rice □ tomatoes & lima beans for dinner. At least the wind has lessened & and the doggies are fine.*

*I knitted & Louie read a P D James till dark. Getting the boat leak proof for overnight took some planning. We are very wet after the dogs and wet rain gear. The diesel stove is running well after balking in the wind. It sure helps keep the boat warm*

*Sleeping is not difficult. I felt very tired after bracing against the wind and boat motion all day. No great storms tonight.*

*Sunday July 1<sup>st</sup>. Sea Otter Cove Calm Overcast Baro 30.76↑*

### *CANADIAN INDEPENDENCE DAY*

*It is quiet this morning. Two sailboats and a fishing boat went out in spite of the weather forecast which promised more of the same.. It is foggy this AM. I took the doggies ashore while the going was good. The tide is going out & left the dinghy stranded in the mud. The doggies were relieved once again. Louie had coffee made & fires going when I got back. Ivy green is going to wait another day also. The Cape still sounds rough.*

*We busied ourselves drying things out and fixing leaks. The sun actually came out for a little while. With fires going it is toasty & peaceful spot. Louie is reading a book and I am mending the poor tattered Canadian flag.*

*It's was time to stretch our legs & walk around the beaches. Louie rowed us out to the island in the entrance to the cove. A kayaker had his camp set up on this island. In fact it was this same person who asked us for a ride to Winter Harbor.*

## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

*Todd Butler Kayak Levon Seattle 0745 Log 444 Baro 30.90 Lu Sea Otter*  
*He had come all the way from Seattle, rounded the cape and come down to Sea Otter Cove only to decide that the ocean was too much. He had been out six weeks. We couldn't say no, although we weren't sure where to put the kayak.*

*To continue, Louie & I walked around the little island. I can't help feeling a bit of uneasiness looking at the waves & surf knowing we will be facing the ocean plenty. Numerous floats – plastic, metal, and Styrofoam littered the beach. The wildflowers were wonderful around little fresh run offs – wild strawberries, paint brush, yarrow and some vegetable plant which looks like spinach. I'll bet it is edible. Abalone, turban, rock oyster, limpet, mussel, etc. shells on the beach. We went back to the dinghy. Sigh.*

*Arrangements were made with Todd the kayaker to call by radio (he had a hand-held VHF) at 7:00 to see if we were going. We left him in his cozy camp as the weather started to deteriorate. The row back was easier – with the current and the wind. I failed to mention, however, that when we were launching the dinghy in the swell, waves caught it. I didn't jump in when Louie said to and water went over my boots. Feeling dumb & uncoordinated already, my ego suffered some ridicule from the Captain.*

*As I was making tea and Louie was taking doggies ashore, Donny from Tuv Green asked us to dinner. What a nice thing to do. I wasn't sure what to fix. Also that gave us some more time to visit with these very nice people. I washed up my dishes in preparation for tomorrow and at 6:30 we went over for dinner. – in drizzle & 10-15 Kn wind.*

*Donny had cooked a chicken curry – with great rice. She was dressed velour evening dress and smelled good. Martin was dressed in a clean shirt too. I felt rather guilty in my old clothes. I brought our pickled fish with the extra tomato and avocado to eat with dinner. Dinner was great as was the visit – we really enjoy these people.*

## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

*They had white wine with dinner – another treat which I didn't indulge in too much because I had taken a pill (in case we left this Noon PM)*

*We toasted tomorrow – they to the north, we to the south. Bidding them a fond farewell, we went back to Atavist lying quietly on the bouy.*

*Early to bed. The coffee kept us especially Louie – awake for quite a while. Then at 1:30 AM the boat, with no wind to give it direction started to thump the buoy. Louie went out a couple of times to tend it while I went in and out of drugged sleep. Took a pill for tomorrow.*

*Monday July 2<sup>nd</sup>. Sea Otter Cove Cloudy No Fog Baro 30.90*

*We awoke with a start at 6:00 AM. Louie took dogs ashore as I made beds and got breakfast. Bitsy and I took pills (my 3<sup>rd</sup>). Weather seemed good – low swell & hardly any wind. We contacted Kayak Levon at 10 to 7. He needed !12 hr. to pack up. Meanwhile I made sandwiches for lunch & secured everything*

*Todd handed out quite a lot of wet packs to be put inside the boat. Then he & Louie lifted the 50 lb. (?) boat on to the port side. Louie tied it down – braced on the life line & cabin top. With goodbye to Martin and Donny we let go the buoy and headed out.*

*0745 Log 444 leave Sea Otter Cove*

*There was a swell abright, but not6 nearly as large as when we came in. We rolled and pitched so I decided to put up the main to catch any steadying wind there might be. With that we carried on. I didn't feel badly, but went below only when I really had to. The miles went slowly. The swell was coming from 2 directions so it was a little sloppy. Fish boats were out keeping us company as we went down the coast. Not bad. The sun actually came out. There were a few birds in the water – not many. We had to watch for drift. Todd was easy company. I took the wheel about ½ way down for a couple of hours.*

## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

*About noon we reached the corner to Quatsino Sound. We went outside Kains Island. Louie wanted to go into the interior of the sound and catch Winter Harbor on the way out. Swells rolled for a long ways down Quatsino. We ate our sandwiches going by rocks with breaking surf. Beautiful. Several miles in I decided to gear up for trolling. We had seen boats ahead fishing. I tried the usual and Todd put out a dodger and "hoochie". I never got a nibble. Todd somehow lost his dodger and lure – we don't know how. He put on another lure – nothing happened either. I was so sleepy I started dozing. No sense wasting time – we pulled up gear and went to Drake Island fishing (bottom) off a point just outside our anchorage Pamphlet Cove. Louie caught a quillback. Todd wanted to leave so we just quit fishing to go in and anchor. Another sailboat was anchored there! It was "Seashell" a couple from Friday Harbor own it. We finally got anchored and the couple came over in their motorized dinghy. We helped Todd load his kayak and said goodbye to him. He will go to Coal Harbor where a friend will pick him up. Actually we brought him to a good place. Seashell people stayed for tea – it was less than exhilarating. Louie wants to avoid interaction.*

*We had a nice fresh fish for dinner. It has been a long day and we are tired. The ocean feels so far away. Goodnight.*

*Tuesday July 3<sup>rd</sup> Pamphlet Cove Cloudy Baro 30.86↓*

*The stillness of this morning was disturbed only by biting no-see-ums. I killed an army of them. We were vey lazy this morning – coffee – reading – writing in bed. About (:30AM "Seashell" pulled up anchor and headed off for Coal Harbor.*

## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

*We decided to go to Winter Harbor instead as we had planned to do. After breakfast and pictures we decided to leave for Julian Cove. The anchor was very caught up in kelp which we had been circling all night. I had to cut it with a knife to free the line. Then we really had to haul on the anchor. It wouldn't budge. Oh Boy! So Louie ran up on it with the boat. It gave Whew!*

*1100 Log 484 Leave Pamphlet Cove. We slowly went over the top of Drake Island looking into Quatsino narrows. We could see a long ways down Neroutsos Inlet to Rumble Beach and the pulp mill at Port Alice. High sided mountains slide into the water in the inlet. Much clear cutting in these mountains as in the rest of Quatsino. With settlements up & down, Pt Alice and Coal Harbor just 15 miles from Port Hardy this is not at all the outback. There are not many boats however and we were the only boat in our beautiful anchorage, Julian Cove.*

*Both of us fell in love with this place as soon as we came in. We anchored on a little shelf on the west side, the cove ends in a large mud flat with several streams entering the water. A large marshy green tidal area made up that end of the cove — with fingers of fog moving up and down the sides. Wildflowers decorate the tops of the little rock islands.*

*We ate lunch, then took the old greenling fillets and put them in the crab trap — Loaded 7 water jugs and ourselves in the dinghy and rowed off for the marsh (C̄ dogs). It was low tide so we carried the dink to a relatively high spot near the stream bed.*

*Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*



3000  
WALTON



## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

*1:00 Log 484 Baro 30.86 Lu. Pamphlet*

*We tromped along the many streams through the marsh grass to find a lovely stream coming out of the trees. This is where we got fresh water and where I froze my butt taking a bath. Still it felt good to be clean. We tramped around some more – Louie saw a big bird in the bush – grouse? The skunk cabbage growing here is enormous and smelly. It reminds me of Tillamook. The inlet reminds us of the BC Coast up north. - We went back to the dink and rowed around the cove. Then we decided to go fishing for dinner. The afternoon wind was blowing up Quatsino as usual making it impossible to fish much outside. - We eaked our way out getting caught in the wind and close chop going on a very merry ride. Even though the drift was fast we started catching small – medium sized fish. We kept 5 – deciding not to fight it any more. We got back to the boat, put a few things away, had a hot chocolate when it started to rain! Shucks – the dogs haven't been ashore yet and we have to do the fish.. Louie dressed in yellows & took the fish to fillet. We waited on the dogs. The rain eased to a sprinkle. Louie went to fetch the crab trap set in ~ 30 ft. at ~ 1:30 and this was 6:00 PM; came back with 5 Dungeness & 1 rock – 2 Dungeness & the rock were legal size. We kept the two dung in the blue bag over the side. It had stopped raining when the doggies went ashore. – they still got wet from the grass – could have been worse.*

*We had cantonese fish with pineapple & tomato & beans. Pudding for dessert. Boy the air up here is ~ 100% humidity. Early to bed so we can start down to Winter Harbor in the morning.*

*Wednesday July 4<sup>th</sup> Julian Cove Overcast Baro 30.64↓*

*We were up early – Louie did doggies. I did bed & breakfast. It seems a shame to leave this beautiful Cove.*

## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

0855 Log 488 Baro 30.64↓ Lv. Julian Cove Main Log turned 0000.0

0855 Log 488 Leave Julian Cove We putted down Quatsino with the ebb. Whisps of fog played in the mountains, bright compared to the overcast sky of the inlet. We could see little fish jumping all over — feeding on insects above the still water. There were few birds — occasional eagles, a couple of herons, a murre & a murrelet here and there. All was calm until we got to the opening at Cliffe Point where we began to feel the swell. We expected the swell, but not a snotty S.Wester which all of a sudden blew up turning the water into a nasty chop complete with rain. We slowly made our way to teorner. After getting tossed around, running with it seemed easy — I held the chart inside so Louie could make his way into Winter Harbor — which wasn't windy, but was very wet.

We went to the Standard fuel dock — no one was around. So I went up to the store at the end of the dock. The woman at the store said the fuel lady was busy at the fish counting station. I walked over there and they were counting hundreds of salmon off a fish boat. They would help me when they were through. Turns out these people are BC Packers. There are other fish buyers in Winter Harbor - Prince Rupert & an independent outfit. Anyway we enjoyed watching the sorting. A couple of women from Canadian Fisheries were there keeping tab. There nice springs, coho, a few pinks and even a sockeye in the load. I was busy relearning to tell the fish apart asking the fisherman questions. This was 3 days catch. They were nicely cleaned and iced down. The fisherman, with a twinkle in his eye, asked if I'd like a fish. Was I pleased! He sorted through them and picked out a frim, very red 5-6 lb. silver! I held that fish beaming. The final tally was over \$3000 for that batch of fish.



## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

*0935 Log 509 Baro 30.90↑ Lu Winter Harbor Jan - ty - wee Fisherman*

*We asked for and received free ice from the fish company man. 3 buckets worth. It was raining torrents - oh well. We got fuel and water. Louie had trouble filling the tank because of too much pressure. The boat took quite a bit of water 35-30 gal I would guess (??)*

*That done we went & tied up at the gov't float. Noisy and wet. I stacked and filetted the fish to get it on ice. Wet wet wet! - leftovers I was planning for dinner became lunch since we had salmon for dinner.*

*We still had to do shopping so we again braved the rain to go up to the little store. There was a little of everything but not much of what I wanted. Still the bill came to \$ 20.00 with bread and hamburger. Still raining. We walked down to the little old post office to look at the book collection which we heard about from Donny. For a \$2.00 donation to the cripple children's fund we got 4 books. Louie is almost finished with his PD James mystery. The little old lady smoked and coughed in a damp atmosphere saturated with the smell of oil from her converted wood to oil stove. We wrote letters before dinner. At least the rain is getting less. Doggies took a walk.*

*Dinner was superb! What a fish! Every morsel tasted wonderful.*

*After dinner at 8 PM I called Lindsey Michelle. Gordon was just coming into the inlet up to Winter harbor. How exciting. I hurried to get my dishes done - almost finished when he arrived. He put the boat in a 37 ft. space. I had hot chocolate ready for him - he had faced that s'wester all afternoon.*

## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

*195° True 24 = 171° M 11 ½ m Morris Rocks to Solander*

*He accepted a couple of cheese sandwiches for dinner.*

*I decided to try the fisherman's shower. It had stopped raining. 9:30 PM I hustled over to find both showers empty. I jumped into the most promising looking one and had a wonderful shower – for fun! My hair felt so good. I made the shower sound so good Louie decided to take one. So we will leave Winter Harbor with dirty laundry but clean bodies. Slept well tonight.*

*Thursday July 5<sup>th</sup> Winter harbor Drizzle Baro 30.70↑*

*I took a pill at 8:00 We waited out the drizzle getting ready to go. Good cooperation the rain quit. My pill had 2 ½ hr to work – no trouble with sea sickness.*

*0935 Log 509 Leave Winter Harbor on the ebb. Lindsey Michelle will follow after getting fuel and water. All was fine out to Kaine Island. Then it got terribly lumpy. We were being tossed quite badly. I managed to raise the main which helped, but there was little wind. Finally at the other side of Quatsino it got better.. Then we went around Lawn Point- the description fits a point with green grass all the way out – no trees. But it was lumpy here also. We made the turn into Newton Entrance; we were running with the swell. Turning around Rugged Islands the swell was attenuated by the rocks and reefs. We carefully made our way into Klaskino Inlet. It is beautiful in here. Beautiful wooded green hills surround an anchorage of little islands behind the main Anchorage Island. There were 4 mooring buoys to choose from. We took the most inside one, closest to the little doggie beaches. "Lindsay Michelle" was not far behind. But we saw a fishing boat come in instead! Then came "Lindsey". I tried helping him catch the mooring buoy, it was not well done resulting in a potentially dangerous wrap of his line around my hand trying to hold the boat. It sobered me up.*

## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

*Lu. K 0930 Log 532 Baro 30.77*

*We knew we would only be here a day (if weather permitted). So after lunch instead of taking a nap we took the dink & seagull & doggies to a lovely beach. It was an old Indian midden site of the Kwakiutil judging from the clam shell banks. Around to the north was an extensive tide flat. The sea life washed up on the beach was very interesting : Leather starfish, snail shells, clam & geoduck shells to name a few. It was sunny! We felt like sitting in the sun to relax. Up in the woods was an Indian camp probably for drying fish or meat. The little old stove was almost rusted out. Poles marked out the shape of a lean to with nails at regular intervals along one pole. There was a table and some sawed off rounds for seats. The woods are deep with a mossy green floor sprouting ferns. There is a magical quality to this cove, maybe because it is so wooded. The point we were tramping and the mudflat we crossed in the dink are Indian Reservation. On the way back, around little islands we came upon another sailboat! It was called Diogenes II owned by Raymond Godshock, an Alberg 37. He is singlehanding around the island – thinking of sailing off shore.*

*Home for salmon dinner and an early bed. Tomorrow we want to go around the Cape. Quiet night but I didn't sleep well. Something (fleas from the camp) are biting me. I flea powdered the dogs so they are relieved. I felt itchy all night. It's raining tonight.*

*Friday July 6<sup>th</sup> Klaskino Inlet Cloudy Baro 30.77 ↗*

*We are up fairly early. A fishboat on another buoy went out early but came back and later another fishing boat came in and took the 4<sup>th</sup> buoy. The weather report which we barely get sounded not too bad. NW winds expected. The trouble was the 5 ft. then 6 ft seas at Quatsino.*

## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

I had taken a pill and given Bitsy one quite early. Louie felt like going. I rowed to the 2<sup>nd</sup> fishing boat to find out what it was like. Only a kid was awake and he woke up only once they were inside – no help. I was reluctant, but we finally decide to go. "Lindsey Michelle" would follow.

0930 Log 532 Leave Klaskino Inlet - fingers crossed. It was fine to the point then it started to get lumpy. We had our hands full getting through the rocks. Just past the point the depth sounder read 40', then 20', then 40' then 160'. We had gone over a finger of the point. Now it was 12 miles of slugging it out. The main was up and held us on a reach. I wished the jib was up too but I was afraid to go out on deck. So we settled for 5 – 5 ½ kn.

Solander stood as our target for many miles. When we finally arrived there were 4-5 boats fishing around the Cape. Then I saw a tufted puffin in the water. Closer to Solander there were hundreds of puffins flying around like bullets. Occasionally we also saw dusky shearwaters & murrelets with the puffins. Solander Island was a tremendous pointed rock home for thousands of birds. Its stark landscape belied the richness of wildlife around it. It was an experience.

Turning around Solander we went along the outside of Brooks Penn. Waves were more astern – sort of sloppy. The wind was giving up and the main started slating. This was the only time I felt at all queasy on today's passage. Once we made Clerk (?) Reef and turned again, the going got easy. Most of the swell was gone and a breeze picked up behind us. We ate lunch on this leg. Time went much faster now. The blue skies to the south turned to grey and rain threatened but held off. We were ripping along 6 ½ to 7 kn when came time to turn into Columbia Cove.

## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

*0850 Log 561 Baro 30.72↓ Lu. Columbia*

*There were three mooring buoys available at the cove. We took the one closest to beaches feeling very good. I helped Gordon again – this time he actually jumped off the boat onto the mooring buoy! The buoy tipped all over the place – I was on the wrong side to catch him. He held onto the boat and managed to pull himself aboard! I got the line passed it through the buoy & gave back to him.*

*Columbia Cove is a pretty place. Rain started just after we settle din. Gordon came over for salmon fillet dinner. We played Rummikub after since we were going to stay the next day. Quiet night.*

*Saturday July 7<sup>th</sup> Columbia Cove Light drizzle – Sunshine!*

*We lounged a bit this morning feeling good. Around 10:00 we got ready to go ashore – just after the last drizzle. The doggies went with us. The tide was going out as we rowed to the inside shallow part of the cove. Gordon rowed his dinghy as well. We beached the dinghy way up on the rocks and continued on foot. Good to have old boots because it was sand and mud. We walked & walked looking for red trail marks.*

*Finding the trail marker, we embarked on a day full of adventure and exercise! The trail was in the deep mossy woods – over roots & rocks and bogs. After ~ ½ mile we came out to a beautiful sandy beach – in sunshine! The doggies loved it. They ran & played in the sand as we beachcombed our way through the drift and along the sand. The swells are low today still the surf sounds like ocean.*

*Back behind the drift line we spotted the campfire of Judy Millicheap who was camping on her own out here until July 17<sup>th</sup>. We went over for a visit introducing ourselves. She made us coffee and we sat and talked. After a while she relaxed and talked about her experiences and about Lasqueti.*

## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

*She had a little garden started with lettuce, peas, green onions etc. She probably would be leaving before things grew up. Her collection of glass and plastic floats were interspersed with the vegetables. She had seen a cougar walk through quite near her camp. She talked to it like a kitty – it didn't bother her. The camp was quite simple with a fire, a covered box for her dishes, the tent with most everything in it and her clothesline with a wash hanging out. A large stream flows by the camp which was located in a depression behind the driftwood. Except for a few insect bites she seemed quite fit. Judy told us about a trail through the rocky outcropping that would lead us to another sandy beach. "A little tough going" she said. We set off to find the trail trying to remember directions. Easier said than done. We crossed the stream then looked up and down the point. "By some sort of tree" she had said. Finally I found it next to a spruce tree (I expected cedar). We started on the trail which led us through tall salal on the rocky outcropping, Indian paint brush, columbine, and other purple flowers grew on the rocky bluffs. We scrambled down rocks, then up rocks, then through the bush, the dogs making out the best they could. It was hard work in our yellows and gum boots. I got quite breathless climbing around. We were sweating and Bitsy kept looking for a cool spot to lay down in. The trail got very indistinct and difficult and we could see that there was lot left to cross. So we opted to going back. More thumping until we reached the beach once again. Such a nice beach! We walked clear to the other end. I found all kinds of tiny shells, scallops, jingle shells and 1 broken olive shell. Gordon asked about mussels, so we gathered a whole bag full to cook tonight. We trudged the woody trail – this time I was less prissy about the dogs, they were already muddy so they fended for themselves – quite well I might add. Bitsy is very smart about getting around, up over some difficult spots. Laddie hates to get dirty. We looked for an osprey nest which Judy told us about and thought we saw it – no activity however.*

## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

*But while we were rowing back to the boat we saw them. They were making osprey calls and seemed to have a nest across the cove. They were wonderful to watch. The adults, when fishing, could almost hover, the keersplash it hit the water to come up with a fish. What a treat.*

*Gordon had us aboard for a rum & coke before I went off to cook dinner. Hit the spot! We were soaked on the inside of our clothes from sweat.*

*A fisherman had given Gordon a small silver in Winter Harbor. So I cooked the fish and mussels for dinner. We hadn't had lunch so dinner tasted wonderful. The last of John's potatoes fried and frozen corn. ADM for dessert. Louie played music tonight, cheered up the cook. Late dishes time for bed. Two small sailboats came down Brooks Penn today and were anchored rafted in the cove. They were Americans – pretty noisy.*

*We listened to the ospreys this evening. Time for bed.*

*Sunday July 8<sup>th</sup> Columbia Cove Sunshine! No Rain Today baro 30.72*

*↗ What a beautiful morning. We are not anxious to leave this beautiful place. But it is time to go. I got the sails all ready this time. Ha! No wind. We slowly made our way.*

*0850 Log 561 Leave Columbia Cove. The ocean is like a lake. Blue sky, green mountains and blue water. We made our way over to Oleary Rocks where there was a Sea Lion colony. The water was deep around the rocks and Louie was able to get quite close. There were 2-3 big grey bulls and lots of smaller ones. Coming close bothered them and they dove into the water from the rocky perch. The rocks were home for many cormorants as well. We easily made our way the few miles into Battle Bay watching carefully for submerged rocks. Battle Bay was a very different sort of landscape. It is open to the SE. We were tucked behind an island – sort of a tight fit with Lindsey Michelle anchored to the side.*

## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

*We are anchored by 1030 which left us the rest of the day to explore our surroundings.*

*After an early lunch the three of us, 3 dogs, went out in the dink (C Seagull) around to the outside rocks and islands. We landed in an old Indian Village site on Acous Peninsula. The beach was gravelly and up a steep slope was a cleared grassy area. Wildflowers abound on the rocks. It was a perfect day – sunny with a NW breeze. We hiked back into woods behind the village site to look for the Totem pole reputed to be standing here. We found a little stream and a path which went nowhere. We back(ed) and tromped around the village noticing old boards, holes and interesting landscapes. There is some kind of nut or fruit tree planted in all of these Indian village sites. Then Gordon found the pole – just off the beach on the hill in some trees – marked on the beach. What a beautiful totem. It was old, not in perfect condition, but beautifully carved with bear (or wolf) figure on the bottom, whale above that, man above that and lizard (?) up to the top. The top was covered with growth of salal. Wonderful. Nearby there were large logs & boards which might have been part of a long house. The grass had sweet tips and was a pleasure to walk through. We checked the rocks for any sign of oyster (or sea otters) and all we found were mussels and gooseneck barnacles. We dug for steamers in the little beach finding only a few tiny clams. Not low enough tide.*

*Next we went to a little island with a beautiful sand-shell beach. It was now low tide so we tried again for clams – no luck. Lots of shell on the beach. On the south side of the island were rocky outcroppings with wonderful tidepools. We gazed into a round hole with a yellow sea slug, anemones, starfish in it.*

*On the way back I noticed a few abalone shells. I went to look at them when I saw some rather large bones in a bank.*



## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

*1020 Log 569 Lu. Battle*

*Human bones. I called Louie and he saw the skull above it. So this is a burial island! Inside the woods the ground was covered with old rotting boards. There were 3 more skulls sitting on the top of an old rotting canoe. The whole island took on a more somber feeling as we left for the boats.*

*I think I saw an oyster catcher on the outer rocks.*

*Tonight we had spaghetti with hamburger from Winter Harbor. Gordon came for dinner. We heard & saw a pair of Osprey. It was a beautiful evening. High tide was very high. All the beaches disappeared and drift logs floated. There is a rolling motion from the outside swell. It is at high tide and the boat insists on taking them abeam! What a day!*

*Monday July 9<sup>th</sup> battle Bay overcast Baro? ♂*

*We slowly get up not far to go today. After doggies and breakfast we decided to do a little trolling. On the Skirmish Rocks just outside the bay, the seagulls are going crazy. So I got tow trolling rigs together.*

*1020 Log 569 Leave Battle bay.*

*We just got both rigs out. I put Louie's on the wrong side so he turned the pole holder and I held mine on the other side, when Louie got a strike. I reeled in, stood ready with the net, and had quite a time of netting a large 7 lb. ling cod. The hook was in well and its teeth scraped the Krocodile (red & silver) so after the second try we netted him – a bloody mess. We cleaned up the mess and got ready to start trolling again. But where was my pole? I looked all around there was no pole to be seen anywhere! Oh me! It went overboard! I had this awful sick feeling in my stomach as I started to realize that my old trusty childhood pole was gone for good.*

## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

*I cried. There was nothing to do but rig up a spare pole. I put Louie's rebuilt reel on it and a small dodger & fancy hoochie and started fishing again. I had lost my big dodger and red & white SteeLee & 6 oz. weight. — not to mention rod and reel Oh Damn. I caught a little pink salmon with the new rod, just off the Bunsby Islands. Then Louie and I both caught a ling nice sized, and I caught a canary rock fish. Too much fish. It had showered but the weather got settled again when we decided to go over and drag bottom to see if by the remotest chance, we might catch a fishing pole. We drug bottom, we caught a fish we threw back, but no pole — It was hopeless. Then I caught a 6 lb. Cabezon — ugly fish. Too much fish. We reeled in and moved on to the Bunsbys.*

*The anchorage which sounded most interesting was on an outer island named Checkaklis Island. Part of this island is Indian Reservation. We slowly inched our way through rocks and kelp of the narrow channel which led to the anchorage. When we arrived we were impressed that the cove was so shallow. At one point we had just 5 ft. of water under us. (The chart was misleading and incomplete. We went out to where we had 20 -25 feet of water & anchored there. Lindsey Michelle anchored to the side. The anchorage was quite exposed to the SE and it didn't feel very good. I hated to leave since this was a good place to get to the outside.*

## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

*Louie, our hero, took the lead line into a little bay just inside some rocks and found that there was 25 ft. of water all over in there. Even better was that there was a narrow channel with enough water that a boat could go inside. So we decided to up anchor and go in. It was a lovely and well protected cove - lots of room for both boats.*

*Louie and I went to shore to clean all the fish. Doggies had a little room to sniff around. Then I looked and found there was no more ice in the cooler! Lindsey Michelle has a refrig - freezing compartment and we took the fish over to Gordon to keep. He had just taken a nap. We decided to row over and try to get on a beach on the outside.*

*There was a lovely grassy hillside on which a couple, who were kayaking out of Fair Harbor were camped. We tried not to disturb them & walked across the grass to an indent in the shore. It was a long cut into the island where the sea crashed between two cliffs. It felt all powerful to walk down into the cavern with smoothed gravel bottom to the water's edge. Few animals lived in this (schism) - only a few hardy limpets. The rock walls were smoothed with all the grinding and polishing. I felt very small in there. Next we climbed up a grassy promontory with an unbelievable view of rocks and reefs looking toward Brooks Penn. All of a sudden a little deer came into the clearing casually munching leaves and grass. The little thing was not afraid humans at all! We snapped pictures getting an indifferent look from the deer. Too much!*

## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

1030 Log 577 Baro 30.74 Lu. Check

*From the grassy slope we made our way to the rocky beach. Small tide pools were simply teeming with life, little sculpins, limpets, snails, anemones, and lots of hermit crabs. We sat and watched as the crabs, ill tempered as crabs are, battled one another for position or house. It was late, we had to go back for dinner.*

*We stopped to talk to the kayakers. They also remarked about the deer which had two fawns we didn't see. They also had seen sea otters; one played with their kayak and they were worried that they might get tipped over. We explored a small shallow channel coming back.*

*Back at the boat I fixed the little salmon and we ate the pickled fish which was primo, but had round worms in it. Gordon brought over some lettuce and we had fresh salad!*

*Late dishes tonight by light. Quiet night.*

*Tuesday July 10<sup>th</sup> Bunsby Islands Low Cloud ↗*

*Louie's tummy was upset. Raw fish? No fever. No rain today.*

*A slow start on a quiet morning. Sat on the boat writing.*

*After lunch we decided to dinghy (seagull) out to some outside islands — maybe to see some sea otters. We picked up Gordon & went out (C) dogs dodging rocks & kelp. A west wind had come up so we stayed inside the reefs. Landing on a promising island. It was easy to walk through low salal & moss to the outside to find piles of driftwood on a small shell beach. We climbed over logs, Louie found some floats and I found some goose tongue on the rocks. I found a plug lure — practically new.*

*We all climbed up to a high rocky perch and looked out over the rocks and reefs to the south. The sun was bright and the water was beautiful shades of blue. A 15-20 kn west wind made the sea whitecappy. We sat there watching oystercatchers! On the rocks! They twitter just like we remember*

## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

*from Blue Mouse Cove. Louie loves up on the rock. We came down did a bit more beachcombing. Then went back to the boat, feeling good about the day. Small power boats are over by the grassy slope. The kayakers are gone. The small power boaters (who were part of an education course out of Walter's Cove) left. It was quiet again.*

*Fried ling cod & mashed potatoes tonight. We will stay here for the early morning low tide to dig clams. Another quiet night.*

*Wednesday July 11<sup>th</sup> Cloudy No rain today! Baro 30.74↑*

*We woke up at 5:30, slept in til 6AM then got dressed and organized for clam digging. Louie still isn't feeling well, his stomach hurts. Lots of mud showing with a 1.0 ft. tide at 6:30. Gordon was not awake when we knocked on his boat – but it took him only 5 min. to dress in boots and yellows. We rowed over to near the little inlet in which Louie had found butter clam on the surface the night before. It was now dry and mucky. There has been considerable digging in some of this area – probably for geoduck since there are few shells around. In the inlet we had no trouble getting steamers – they were only inches from the surface. There were a few butters mixed in – not many. We dug plenty of steamers and had enough butters for a good meal. Louie found a strange worm which looked like the neck of a clam. I have to look that one up. I found a live small scallop on some rocks – lots of starfish & some rock crab. .*

*We launched the dinghy and went to the boats to clean up & have breakfast, take doggies ashore etc. Louie rested his tummy.*

*We decided to go look at the other anchorages in the Bunsbys – if we liked what we saw then stay, if not then move on. No fishing!*

## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

1030 log 577 Leave Cheekaklis Island and our wonderful little anchorage. Sigh. Louie picked his way back through the little passage – I saw a sea otter amongst some kelp. He didn't like the sound of the engine, ducked his head then looked out again. We went down Gay Passage. The first and most popular anchorage had boats in it. 3 power boats. The next anchorage looked exposed & uninviting after our little anchorage so we went on to Walter's Cove.

I put up the Main & Jib for a nice west wind on a reach. The sails steadied us giving us 1/2 -1 kn over the 1800 rpm engine. Louie again navigated inside rocks & reefs along Vancouver Island. The swell was attenuated by the reefs. We saw large sea caves under a starkly ugly clear cut. One of the outer islands had a hole (cave) through it. I think I saw a pair of sea otters dipping and diving but the chop was too great to get a good look. Lots of birds on the rocks.

The entry into Walter's Cove is really tricky – luckily it is marked well and we have a good harbor chart – Louie took us in no problem. It was a small Gout wharf and we were lucky that a large boat left giving us room to tie up – we thought Lindsey Michelle would have to go tie alongside when a girl moved her skiff & outboard so he got dock space as well.

My cooler was warm and unfortunately the plastic bag with cabezon had leaked. Both thte fish and the cooler stank! So I had a clean-up job to do. It turned out that no one really wanted to come here – I had misinterpreted comments – So Louie went over to the fuel dock & found we could get fuel, water & ice! After lunch I went up to the little store & bought bread and cookies.

## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

*The store has a little of everything (no fishing poles). The post office in the same building was open 6 days a week. There is an Indian Village, Kyuquot here as well as a fish buying company – fuel dock, hospital and other private docks. I asked if there were any weavers in the settlement. There are a couple people who are basket weavers. The girl at the store directed me to the house of Lucy who was a basket weaver. Unfortunately we won't have time to visit because we are moving to Dixie Cove 12 miles down the road.*

*We hovered around the fuel dock until some space became available. People seem friendly enough. We took 35 liters of fuel @ 53¢ a liter and ~ 25 gal of water. An English fellow had offered ice, but when we bought such little fuel he changed his tune a bit. He did get ice - so we filled the ice box to the brim.*

*Everyone in this cove owns outboards and they zoom back & forth endlessly. We really don't want to stay here.*

*Lindsey Michelle didn't get fuel or water and was waiting to follow us out. Louie led the way back through the rocks outside Amos Island, then through a short cut in the rocks. Lots of sitting on the bowsprit around here.*

*Now we entering Kyuquot Inlet. The clear cuts are terrible. Supposedly hand loggers. Cut off steep slopes right down to the shore. No consideration for aesthetics at all. Other hills and mountains are all wooded and green; quite beautiful. We poked our way along the shoreline. No more sea gulls – or even many diving birds. There are lots of eagles though. The feel of inlets is quite different from the coast. Louie was remarking about how much he responded to the coast environment.*

*We came into Dixie Cove feeling a little disappointed that there were old clear cuts even here.*

## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

*The cove was nice enough with an outer cove. We came on in to the inner cove — no other boats. Then we tried anchoring — soft bottom! We drug & drug then pulled up. & tried again — no luck. So Louie suggested tying to a little island which looked OK for doggies too. Once stern tied we all set. I went over and picked up the ling cod from Gordon's cooler — it was partially frozen — great.*

*Gordon came for dinner — he had been able to fix his seagull following Louie's advice. We had fish cakes & fresh salad with pudding for dessert. A seal kept us company.*

*Another boat came in. They had a bit of trouble anchoring, but settled for what they got with all chain. Then another boat came in — tried anchoring — then went to anchor in the outside cove.*

*Tonight is very quiet. Louie's tummy is a little better — we are crossing our fingers. It has been a long day — tired tonight.*

*Thursday July 12<sup>th</sup>. Dixie Cove Raining Baro 30.83*

*The rain started around 4 AM. So we slept in — then had 2 cups of coffee in bed. I am writing in my log & Louie is reading. Two bedraggled eagles came over to sit on snags right above the boat. They don't like being wet. Kingfishers are calling back & forth in the cove.*

*The rain stopped about noon. We had oatmeal at lunch time. I went rowing around the cove finding huckleberries and little streams. On the way to Lindsey Michelle a lady in the other sailboat called and invited us to tea. This is their 6<sup>th</sup> time around Vancouver Island! We decided to go visiting rather than move to another cove.*

*The people are Doreen and Stan Heaps on Tamar C. a Spencer 44 (Grey hull green topsides). These people live in Halifax Nova Scotia and come to the boat for 3 — 4 months.*



## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

*Doreen & Stan Heaps on Tamar C.*

*She is retired (teacher Univ.), and Stan, an applied mathematician, is working to set up a computer science program at the University. Doreen has made some biscuits which were delicious. We enjoyed walking through their boat – they had done the interior themselves. This was an adventuresome couple. They have been to the Queen Charlottes 3 times.*

*Back to the boat for Cantonese Ling Cod dinner. Our appetites, especially Gordon's are not what they should be with all those tea biscuits. Quiet night but I didn't sleep so well thinking about Rugged Pt; also tummy roiling.*

*Friday July <sup>13<sup>th</sup></sup> Dixie Cove Overcast No Rain Today but not moving Baro 30.88*

*Today looks right for adventure. We have coffee, breakfast, doggies, stern line, et al and we are ready to leave about 9:00. Gordon put up his dinghy and was also ready to go. Louie is not in a good mood.*

*0900 Log 600 (Baro 30.88) How's that for round numbers on Friday 13<sup>th</sup>? Leave Dixie Cove – Visibility is good on the water: clouds hide the mountain tops The water is like glass. It was only 6 miles to Rugged Pt. An open skiff passed going to the same place. We anchored in 20 ft in sand. The anchor bit hard this time. Lindsey Michelle Anchored close by. There are loons in here and zillions of small fish check out our anchor rode with Dixie Cove goodies on it. We got everything ready to go to the beach – the dogs, Gordon, Louie & and I in Attadink. Landing on low tide sandy beach with this weight was a wet proposition. Luckily Gordon had tall boots on. Rugged Pt. has a series of beaches then rocky fingers. We crossed a finger to the next beach which looked as if there was a trail. Besides the 4 people from the open skiff there were 4 – 5 kayakers on this beach picking up to leave.*

## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

0900 Log 600 Baro 30.88 Lu. Dixie

*They had made camp by a little cabin built in the woods with a privy and a woodshed. There was a well beaten trail there and with a ten minute walk we were on a small beach on the outside. We wanted to get to the large crescent beach so we scrambled on a trail over a rocky finger, skirted another promontory (low tide) and came out to a beautiful sandy beach. It was heaven. I looked for shells finding all kinds of delicate scallops, sand dollars, and slipper shells (some Birkenstocks). Bitsy kept me company. Louie, Gordon, and Laddie walked faster. The rock outcropping was most interesting – it was volcanic in origin with interesting lines & cracks. That is what makes the shark tooth reefs & rocks off shore. On the way back I found a fossil imprint in the rock. The large beach ended with these rocks. Here was another kayak camp – some people from Oregon and Idaho. Beyond, a river runs into the sea through an estuary. Louie walked that far. Gordon and I got as far as a rocky cliff with wildflowers on it & Oystercatchers.*

*All of this took quite a bit of time. We walked back hurriedly along the driftwood line thinking about the fact that the tide was in and we might have trouble getting back to our beach with the trail. We did. The 1<sup>st</sup> promontory which we had walked around was now an obstacle with no trail that we could find. We bushwhacked our way up only to find a sheer drop-off on the other side. Louie's lens dropped downhill so he had to go get it. So we all slowly worked our way down through the brush. Louie found his lens and we all made it to the beach. The next outcropping we had come by a trail - we could just get to the trail at the water's edge - up and over and woops – it didn't lead far enough in to the beach – it came out to the water!*

## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

*0900 Log 614 Lu. Dixie Baro 30.90*

*Louie worked his way along the rock & we followed. Poor doggies were slipping and feeling spooky. I was stuck with two dogs – afraid to brave one behind while I took the other ahead – Louie started back to help when his lens – same one – fell into the water! Louie jumped into get it – wet feet & clothes – was pissed off! Gordon and I managed with the dogs and we walked back through the woods to the dinghy. Gordon shared 2 chocolate bars with us for lunch. Louie had lost the jelly beans somewhere in the bush.*

*Back at the boat we relaxed a bit had tea. Louie stretched out after putting everything out to dry. Weather wise it had been a perfect day – bright and sunny this afternoon. Still the effect of Friday 13<sup>th</sup> was there.*

*I fixed all the butter clams for dinner – with noodles and carrots. They were really good. I was going to make pudding. Louie loves lemon. – I stirred & stirred and nothing happened! I looked at the box and it wasn't instant pudding – it was the kind you had to cook. – I added a couple of eggs & some sugar & cooked it – it got lumpy and scorched a bit. We ate some, but it wasn't very good. Sigh.*

*I was just finishing dishes when a wind came up on our unprotected side. It was a good 10 kn breeze from the wrong direction. We had read that it can be uncomfortable with ripping East winds, or whatever. So I proposed we go back to Dixie Cove. No one objected – it was 9:00 PM we had to move fast. We up anchored (it came easily pulling the wrong way) and left for Dixie. The sun set to the west – The wind turned out to be from the NW! It was probably just an evening breeze. Louie put out a stern line.*

## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

*Twilight dimmed – the stars came out. We had our running lights on. It was difficult to see the narrow channels into Dixie Cove. Louie wasted no time – he went for it at 6 kn. There were sailboats in the cove. We anchored in the same place & Louie put out a stern tie to the same tree. Gordon came in missing a crab pot by inches and anchored. He had been messing with radar – we showed up as a bright spot on his screen. Herb tea and bed time. What an adventure – we didn't have 10 min more light! Fri 13<sup>th</sup>! Goodnight.*

*Saturday July 14<sup>th</sup> Dixie Cove No Rain Today! Sunny Baro 30.9*

*We awoke to a beautiful morning – guess we'll move on down the road today. When Louie was walking the dogs at the little island he saw a merganser mother with 3 babies. After breakfast we were ready to leave.*

*0900 Log 614 Leave Dixie Cove. It was a little breezy with us! The swell was very low. Good going. Rugged Pt. was as pretty as ever. Louie picked his way through the rocks of Clear Passage. We could see birds but not too well. The wind came a little bit SW but the main managed to stay full and we made 5 ½ - 6 kn in the swell. I was like a takeoff and landing. Once we were clear of the rocks of Clear Passage we were in the open until we came to the rocks and reefs of Esperanza Inlet. There were thousands of birds out here, several kinds of gulls, cormorants, Pidgeon guillemots, murrelets, murrelets, auklets. We went past Peculiar Point with a large sea cave and down the Rolling Roadstead with the wind picking up behind us. Catala Island looked very interesting. Part was very flat and park-like with small gravelly beaches and rocky outcroppings. The middle of the island had a large sandbar – well beach combed.*

## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

*1055 Log 639 Baro 30.91 Leave Queen*

*The east end of the island had cliffs, caves, rocks.*

*We made our way into Queens Cove with a good stiff breeze. We rounded to drop the main, then anchored off an abandoned cabin, in good holding ground. I wasn't worried about the 10 – 12 knot wind. Gordon had a little trouble anchoring, but finally settled in. Later 2 more sailboats came in and anchored in line.*

*Louie rowed the doggies and me down to the IR end of the cove where there was a ruined dock and pier, some abandoned, wrecked houses and a number of sunken boats. There must have been more prosperous times for this place. Outside the cove is an Indian village with a prominent Church to one side. We learned that the children go to school in Campbell River coming home in the summer. We visited people in the Morning Wind from San Diego (via Hawaii) a nice older couple. Then we visited Gordon for a while. Louie had a couple of beer and I had some apple juice.*

*Steamer clams for dinner – yummy – with rice peas and pears from Gordon. Both. Mosquitoes by the droves inn here. It was a quiet night – the breeze switched but didn't amount to anything.*

*Sunday July 15<sup>th</sup> Queens No Rain Today! Sunny Baro 30.91*

*Good Morning! Bright and Sunny - X - Louie took the doggies out for a good long run so that I cleaned house. There was a raccoon on the beach digging for clams. The cove is glassy quiet. After breakfast I went over to a nearby stream and filled water jugs – nice clean good tasting water. Slow relaxed morning.*

*We wanted to visit Nuchatlitz village today.*

*1155 Log 639 Leave Queens Cove. A westerly wind has come up making a lot of chop in the channel. It is a beautiful sunny day.*

## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

*Lily Michaels Julia Smith*

*Soon we came to the entrance of Nuchatlitz. It is a serpentine path through rocks & islands. A local boat full of kids passed by us helping to lead the way in. There is an immense mud flat here. On a rise is an Indian village with about 7 houses and a small float. Louie did not want to anchor in front of the Indian village so we went back to another basin. The entrance was rock strewn. We kept poking our way in – me on the bow – going first one way around a rock then the other – getting swept in by the current. Gordon wasn't so lucky. He got over too far to one side, then got caught by the current. We madly waved him off but he kept coming. Boom Bang Crunch \*!#!\*! he hit a rock. By some luck he slid off it almost hitting rocks behind him Oh! Somehow he went over the reef without hitting again and made it into the cove. Poor Gordon. We anchored in a quiet spot. Gordon anchored too close. Oh Well Lunch! We sat feeling badly for Gordon but what can you do. We got mussels together – left the dogs behind, picked up Gordon and dinghied to the Indian village. There are also some nicely built house in the cove which are not Indian. Some are from the States. I learned later.*

*Some children met us at the dock with a bunch of questions. They were sweet kids. There was a baseball game going on. The village of Queens had come to play the village of Nuchatlitz. They had a nice field. We just came in and watched. There were lots of boys and girls with just one older man. There was a couple (American) from Seattle from a sailboat called Villela also in the village. The man was the umpire of the game. Turned out he talked too much – you wanted to avoid getting into a conversation.*

## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

Near the end of the end of the game I sat down to talk to two old folks. They were friendly enough, talking about baseball, water. Conversation was a little difficult as I had trouble understanding them. The woman was Julia Smith. Their problem is water & wolves according to them. A well is going to be drilled in the baseball field to help the water situation. They used to pipe water from a lake, under the bay to the village, but the gillnetters dragged it up anchoring there. Julia, in response to my question, told me there was an old woman in the village weaver. So I went with the lady from Vellila to the house of Lady Michaels. I felt awkward going in, introducing myself etc. - but Lily was there and she was willing to show her baskets. They were small intricate baskets with commercially colored grass. Each basket had a lid. They were designs of people in canoes, of whales, of whales eating a boat with people in it, and a larger basket had an eagle on it. The colors were quite nice and the twining was fine and intricate. The lids were especially intricate in shape. Lily did not speak English well. Her daughter or daughter-in-law translated a bit. But these people are a bit reserved with whites and do not talk a lot. Lily showed us how she wove on a partially completed basket. The stakes are of cedar strips cut to the same thickness. The grass is wound around it in 2 layers - natural under the color - so she was turning two strands around the stakes. I don't think I could do it myself at this point - I'd have to be shown hands-on. The Vellila lady took Lily's picture. We asked her where she sells her baskets - Lily said at the Nootka House in Thasis. The other lady asked if she would sell her basket to us. Lily said yes - \$45.00 for the most common size. Gulp. I was holding the smallest basket - she said \$25.00 for that one. I took it. \$25.00 was all that I had brought with me. I was so full of feelings I could not express. A couple of young men had been out hunting. They brought back a large seal with a slit throat. They had also brought back a little baby seal, maybe the dead one was its mother. The kids planned to keep the baby as a pet. They had done that before and it lived in the bay without swimming away. Some kids took it too far out and it did not come back. No one seemed responsible for it.

## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

*The town had 3 or 4 days roaming-around meat hanging from a porch and an old church in bad disrepair. Evidently a Catholic priest comes by now & then to give services. The youngest child seemed to be 2 months old and one woman is very pregnant. When the kids wanted to go swimming, they first jumped in from the gravel bar off the float. Most went in with what they were wearing. One rather good-looking young woman was remarkable because of the intensity with which she played baseball. It was a most interesting day.*

*We motored back to the boat and I fixed a steamer clam dinner for the three of us. Gordon called his wife to tell her he would be in Thasis the next day. She was relieved he would be getting his medicine and that he was OK.*

*It turned out we were anchored in a little channel with lots of current rushing by. It makes the strangest noises at the hull, like fishes sucking.*

*The 3 boys from Queens Cove waterskied through our cove this evening. The second time they smiled & waved. Full Day – Goodnight.*

*Monday July 16<sup>th</sup> Nuchatlitz Sunny No Rain Baro 30.92*

*We were waiting for the low tide ~ 9:30 so that the current won't be running so hard through the little pass. Louie went over it by dinghy and thinks there is enough water. Gorgon is ansy. He was up at 8:00AM ready for the go ahead. I don't know if he understood why we were waiting. Louie took the doggies on a long dinghy row. He found oysters on the beach! Humungous ones – for stew. He saw mackerel chasing schools of little fish as well – he could see the stripes of the mackerel. He saw sea cucumbers on the bottom. I found a float with the glasses so he went to pick it up. There was a raccoon on the beach digging clams. Meanwhile I saw a brown mink come down to the beach & carry away a carcass of something.*



## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

0745 Log 661 bars 30.80 Lu 30.76 Tues

*It certainly is an alive place. The boat stopped yawing so madly the current had slacked.*

*The time came to leave. Lindsey Michelle followed closely as we inched our way through. I was on the bow directing us around the rocks. There was enough water — just. I could read the crabs handwriting, bottom was so close! The smile on Gordon's face was worth a lot when we were in the clear. Louie navigated out of Nuchatlitz — outside we waved goodbye to Gordon and the two boats headed down the channel.*

*It wasn't long before a breeze came up behind us. And it was only a few minutes later it was a good stiff breeze. We were planning to visit the abandoned village of Ehatisaht where there is a beautiful totem. But the wind was blowing something fierce and another sailboat was anchored on the shelf with shallow water. So we stood off the front and took pictures. It was a remarkable totem standing 60 ft. tall.*

*We put up the jib and flew down Esperanza Inlet. This is a beautiful inlet — there is almost no logging in treed hills on the Mootka Island side — just beautiful, tall treed hills. The mountains have a velvety look. We saw Lindsey Michelle disappear toward Tahsis and we turned into Zeballos Inlet — the wind still at our back.*

*Zeballos is tucked beneath some high mountains on both sides of the channel. There is a road across the channel busy with log trucks. Noise and dirt! We slowly made our way into the boat basin — lots of fishing are in (Strong NW winds make rough seas and they can't fish) We were lucky to get a spot on the dock. Only one other sailboat in here. 3 big power boats are grouped together. It was hot in here out of the wind! We ate lunch — some cold leftovers & sandwiches. I started drinking water like a fish*

*I scouted town. It is quaint and not super prosperous. Monday is a bad day. Things close early and the liquor store is not open until Tues. PM. I bought most of the groceries at the General Store — on the way back.*

*Prices not bad considering*

## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

*We decided to stay tomorrow so we so that eases the pressure of getting everything done at once. The laundry and showers were in the Zeballos Hotel. I spent my afternoon doing laundry and slipping in a \$2.50 shower. Louie meanwhile was getting some ice from the fish buying company. He was going to take me out to dinner – so I felt unrushed. Louie took a shower just as I finished laundry (all the doggie throw-up towels & blanket clean!) He told me that while he was getting ice, a fellow working at the fish buying Co. gave him a salmon! Oh – good – I guess. Don't get to go out to dinner. It was a 5 lb. silver – good but must not as fresh as the one in Winter Harbor. It certainly felt good to be clean & and dinner was very easy once I got the fish cut up. What to do with the oysters? Salmon steak dinner.*

*The wind died down, it was a quiet night. I slept like a log.*

*No Rain AM cloud cleared rapidly*

*--- Tuesday July 17<sup>th</sup> Zeballos Sunny Baro 30.76*

*Just after waking we heard a helicopter land in the parking lot next to the boat basin. Louie learned when he walked the dogs that B.C. Hydro would be putting in poles on the mountainside that Zeballos would be connected to BC Hydro power. Unfortunately the residents of Zeballos don't want it. They do fine with generators which BC Hydro provides & and they are concerned about the brown outs that occur on Vancouver Island. Well, they are getting power anyway.*

*It seems that Zeballos provides free moorage, free ice, free fish and free entertainment (more on that later) what more could you ask? The helicopter was noisy, but it was fun to watch. Most of the work was done by helicopter.*

*3 girls struck a conversation with Louie. They were prospectors who panned for gold in streams for a mining company. One girl from Manitoba seemed especially interested in boats.*

*We wrote letters, took pictures of the helicopter and tried to keep cool. Went up to the store for fresh bread which was a good move as it was really fresh. The two loaves I bought at Walters Cove were both mouldy.*

## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

*Wrote letters. Louie topped off the ice. Noisy helicopter. The wind is from the opposite direction today. Cleared out mold, and chlorox this afternoon.*

*Louie took me out to dinner! To the harbor Host, the fancy restaurant in Zerbillos. It is right next to the boat basin in a trailer. One energetic woman did most all of the work. Louie had a nice large pork chop and I had a beef stroganoff (overdone roast in a dark gravy – I found ½ mushroom in it). We had a nice salad, some toasted garlic bread & ice cream with dinner – all for \$25*

*After dinner came the entertainment. The boats tied across the dock belonged to some quite drunk fisherman. Well, a wife, Bertha, and a hand, Bill, were musically inclined, though drunk. Bertha had a piercing country voice, words didn't matter much. Bill is a musician, no doubt he could be quite good. He had a character face – skinny & toothless. Bertha (big) bossed him around & loved it. I got drawn in to their merry making. The fishermen came down – Jim and Martin (Bertha's husband). Their boats looked in the same condition as the men. After a while, ugly Jim had his hands all over me and Martin, with a smashed nose, kept him off. I made an escape when it got too tight, setting by Bertha. All I wanted was to hear Bill play some real songs. Jim pissed on the dolphin in plain view. Later Bill did the same, only behind the dolphin. A class act, this one. Jim bugged me again so I did a little dance with him & made my final get away. They hassled each other a bit, then finally went to bed.*

*At 2AM we heard Bertha's piercing voice. "Don't do it, please! If you ever loved me, don't do it. It seemed that Martin had been beat up and he wanted revenge.*

## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

*0920 Log 694 Baro 30.54 Lu. Ewin*

*Their son said "Don't worry, Mom, I got the gun!" Martha and Bill went off in their boat (the engine hummed like a kitten – surprising since the boat looked awful). We tried to sleep – people were walking up and down the dock. Then at 3AM he came back on our side, had trouble turning, and banged Atavist's bow and finally tied up. Bertha talked some more, then all was quiet again. It was up[setting] to get banged by a drunk fisherman – we didn't want any confrontation so we stayed below. Actually no harm was done. Not much sleep tonight – it is hot.*

*Wednesday July 18<sup>th</sup> Zeballos Sunny Baro 30.80 No Rain*

*We are up early to get out of here! Also we want to beat the wind. Just before we left Bill and Jim invited us to breakfast (their language when I wasn't around was amazing). We were happy to decline & said goodbye.*

*0745 Log 661 Leave Zeballos. Whew! What a wild & wooly place! We were glad to be on our way – and the breeze was with us! The town of Esperanza looked inviting at the entrance to Tahsis Narrows. The Narrows were quite beautiful with rocky walls & green trees. The channel snaked around. Before the end of the Narrows a bay opened with a small cove. Louie took the boat over to investigate the possibility of anchoring here. The anchorage looked all rocky plus there would be wakes from boats going by – but then we saw wild splashing in the water. Gulls were also going crazy. We saw bait fish. They were medium sized herring-like fish which swam with the gills open. There so many that the water turned dark. Then huge schools swam in a circle forming a ball. Mackerel dashed through these balls causing havoc. They would chase the small fish against the rocks. Then eat them in a fury of splashing.*

## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

*The terrified little fish jumped out of the water, some upon the rocks. A fisherman in Zeballos told us you could catch Mackerel with a buzz bomb so we got out my pole and buzzed through the boat. I caught a Mackerel – it swamlike crazy – a good little chase. Once on board-we got a good look at it. It has a little tuna fish tail with beautiful bluish green stripe sand a side which flashes silver. It has a large eye and long narrow head. We decided to tryit and I fished until I caught another one. The balls of herring were really something. We decided to continue on and I set up the buzz bomb to troll a bit.*

*Since e would be in line with Tahsis, I gave Lindsey Michelle a call. He didn't answer, but just as we turned the corner we saw him coming down the inlet. I called again & and he was on 68. He had had a 40 kn. Wind one night, but he got supplies, laundry and crew! He said he bought us a chicken which was frozen. Our problem was that we had three days worth of food I thanked & said no thanks just yet. We followed Lindsey Michelle down the channel. He was going to Santa Gertrudis Cove; we were following up a suggestion of Denny and Martin – to anchor at the bottom of Bodega Island.*

*The wind was blowing pretty well down the channel – we had the jib up. When we came to the bottom of Bodega Island we found a tuck away cove which was protected by rocks and small islands all around. There was a small beach on the Bodega side. There was a huge logging camp in operation just outside and most of the hillsides have been logged. We anchored so that a breeze would blow from one side, then the other and we never felt the full force. We took doggies to the beach & and to our surprise found oysters there! Oh!, by the way, a deer was on the beach as we came in. There was a grassy spot on a knoll in the shade and Louie took a nap there. I joined him, it was so relaxing – be nice the wind would quit – we could hear it blow through the trees on a little island across from us. ↗*

*Corn oyster stew tonight (Nuchatlitz oysters) yummy.*

*The wind finally quit tonight 7 good sleep. Gulls.*

## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

0850 Log 696 Baro 30.82 Lu. Tuttle Cove

No Rain Today

- Tuesday July 19<sup>th</sup> Bodega Anchorage. Sunny Baro 30.89

We got weather from Neah Bay – cannot get Tofino in here. Oh well, the weather seems fine for sure. We are lazy and slow about getting up. Louie took the doggies for a long dinghy ride and came back with news of clams & oysters in a pocket on one of the little rocks. So we donned boots & shovels & went to see what we could find. Oh Boy, this time the oysters were smaller and the steamers were small, but tick. We dug, putting back the small butters and keeping the maya clams which were with the steamers – a chowder to come! Then Louie picked up a bunch of oysters. Food for three days! It was so fun.

We reluctantly got ready to go down the road. Louie went into the anchorage that Denny and Martin probably meant, but it was so clear cut, it was not inviting. Then we went into a narrow inlet right next to it which was pretty, but still not quite right. So we headed down the road. The wind switched! It blew quite hard on our nose as we went down Strange Island in Kendrick Channel – lots of logging of Nootka Island. We made our way over to the Spanish Pilot Group of small islands surrounding Bligh Island, hoping to find shelter. The wind was blowing pretty well through all the channels. We saw some seals and rock & gulls & eagles. The Bligh anchorages we had picked from the chart did not look so good when we got there. We needed to get out of the wind. We found a relatively quiet indentation which was sheltered by island across the way. It was a pretty spot with steep-sided rock walls – pine & scrubby trees clinging to their rocky base, and some mossy rocks to the side. There was an almost submerged rock to the one side – Louie slowly pulled in, then had trouble turning in the tight space. We had to try anchoring twice, in rock, and the 2<sup>nd</sup> time held. Louie quickly put out a stern line to keep us from swinging. After lunch, the doggies & Captain & crew went up to the mossy rocks. It was breezy, but there was a good view, and had a choice sun or shade. There were abalone shells on the moss! The doggies & I went up and down picking them up. There must be abalone in those steep-sided rocks, but what animal catches them?

## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

*Louie fell asleep with his head on my lap – so nice on the mossy rock, soft as a mattress. We went back for dinner, the wind was still blowing strongly. The boat feels a bit of a reflected swell & chop so is always in motion. We had fried fillet of salmon for dinner. As soon as the dishes were done Louie suggested moving into the anchorage in Ewin Inlet, only 2 miles away. The feeling is if one of us feels uncomfortable about a spot (i. e. Rugged Point) then we move. So we picked up the stern line and started off for a hopefully more protected anchorage. Ewin Inlet was rough with swell and wind waves, but they were behind us so it wasn't bad. Way back inside was a nice anchorage – except for the hand-logging of the hillsides. We anchored 2 times to get it right. We were tired and called it a night. It was quiet in here at least. Someone has an oyster lease here & is building a small float house.*

*We ended a long busy day with a scrabble game! I won for once. Quiet night.*

*No Rain Baro 30.84*

*- Friday July 20<sup>th</sup> Erwin Inlet Sunny after morning foggy clouds. We didn't hurry this morning but we did want to get out before the wind started.*

*0920 Log 694 Leave Ewin Inlet. Going out was easy and pretty. A bit of a breeze was coming up. We went by our mossy rock. Around the next corner was a small inlet that we had not tried yesterday. Louie was game to go in. OK So we slowly went in since the cove was not well charted. It was small with a dogleg which kept you out of the wind. Ha! We crept in and just around the corner was a float cabin – that seemed the only place to go in this cove – so we tied up at the float. A sign on the cabin said this was Tuttle Cove named after an old fisherman. And a fishing society owned the cabin. It was a nice set-up. The cabin had table, big ice chest and stove – no bunks. On shore there was a privy, smoke house and a shower. Water was piped from a stream to the float as well as to the shower. The cove had resident eagles & kingfishers. As small wind waves came in and make hollow slaps in the rocky cliffs – we like it here.*

*Louie and I took the dink to look around the rocks. It was shallow in the back of the cove with eel grass.*

## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

*Living within the grass were hundreds of pretty fishes. There were two color phases – the shape was a bit like psichlids. There were black ones and the majority were greenish with gold vertical stripes. There were small anchovie like fish here too. We would see rock crab, moon snails, and tons of clams on the bottom. There was a little lake on the chart just upstream so we decided to go find it. With our old boots on, we scrambled up the stream rock – to rock – over logs, through the mud. It was discouraging because every bend was more scramble. We about quit, but went just a little farther and there it was!~ A little lake. We found it! There was even a convenient log reaching out to deep water with branches to crawl back up on the log. We dropped our clothes, took the soap & towels & went in – cool, not cold. It took quite a while & lots of persuasion to get Louie in, he dove. What a shock. We had a nice bath – quick since a breeze was blowing and the sun was behind a few clouds. Refreshing! The ~ 1/2 mile scramble back seemed easier and we were ready for lunch.*

*In the afternoon I felt like hanging around the boat and Louie felt like doing more exploring. So he took Attadink with the Seagull and headed out for the outer islands. He finally came back between 6:30 and 7:00 (I started worrying at 6:00 PM) with his finds. He had combed every islet for abalone shells and brought back tons of them, and he had an orange cushion we can abuse in the rain, and a hauser of at least six lines braided with a loop sliced in the end. It took Louie hours working it out of the logs ~ 25 feet long. And it weighed a ton! He had worked up a sweat on that one. I was so glad when he came back – I had started thinking all sorts of things.*



## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

1000 Log 703 Baro 30.70 ↓ 30.60 Lu St. Gertrudis

Dinner was almost ready when he got home. Salmon marinara. We had just finished dishes when Louie said Uh-Oh. A little power boat was coming in. He tied to the side of the dock. He was part of the fish society from Bellingham via Gold River (of all places). Another smaller power boat came in and tied to the other side of the dock. There were six men in all, out for a week's fishing. They said we could stay the night OK. And we watched them set up their camp. They had brought a lot of stuff with them — including blocks of ice. They forgot to bring a few things like everyone does — like their spare cooler. That meant they had some extra ice and it was on the dock melting! I couldn't stand it since we were out of ice. So I asked them if it was extra and he said we could have a couple of blocks. I offered to pay him for it but he wouldn't take any money. Hurray! 2 blocks of cold ice! We sat & talked to the guys as they were preparing a cold dinner. One fellow was chief cook. 2 of the men had not been here before. One old guy was so excited he could hardly stand it. They had brought (nearly forgotten) a Honda generator so they had electric lights. They offered food. Louie had a rum and coke with ice cubes. We ate a couple pieces of cantaloupe Yum! (The cook gave us a whole cantaloupe!) Unfortunately it was really cold this evening & Louie got chilled. Late to bed. | Goodnight.

- Saturday July 21<sup>st</sup> Tuttle Cove Fog & Sun No Rain Today Baro 30.82

The would-be fishermen were not up too early this morning. The little boat went out first. The others were an hr. or so after. Finally we got some privacy. We didn't stay long after breakfast.

0850 Log 676 Leave Tuttle Cove. It was a fun place. We decided to troll for a while since we didn't have far to go. Out in the swell and cold wind.

## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

*Today there are traces of fog here and there – it does not impede visibility today. No takers for our lures. On the other side we went by the old site of Nootka where there was a pilchard rendering plant. The plant is close to gone – some rusty tanks are hidden in the bush. Now an old Pier is a Fish Buying Company trying to lure fishermen with rooms, moorage, tackle & fair prices. The Company's buildings are trailers of a former logging camp. Nootka lives.*

*We ducked through a pass where there was wind coming to Santa Gertrudis cove. There were two parts in which to anchor – a small boat was in the west and larger cove so we entered the north, rockier part. Crab pots had been set in the most favorable spot – I didn't like it so we went to the west cove. We anchored just off the beach in 20 ft. The air today is very cool..*

*We hzd lunch & then took a nap in the sun, lulled by the boat swaying to the swell which slips in here. We finally decided to go to shore and look for a trail which would lead to a large lake.*

*Louie looked one way, I looked the other – all we could see were beat down places probably camp sites. The rest turned into brambles. After yesterday we weren't up to bushwhacking, so we almost gave up when Louie followed his nose and found the trail. It was easy, taking us through deep dark forest with huge cedar & hemlock trees. In a short distance we were at the lake. This lake was large – and because it was cool & windy and there wasn't a convenient log in the sun we decided not to get wet. The water was warm. We watched the edge of the water finding little fishies, water skippers, little beetle-like bugs which swam rapidly in circles on top of the water, and a mud puppy. Burr – time to get back and get warm.*

## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

*On our cove we watched as a family of 5 eagles, 2 adults & 3 young, fished for food in the cove. We saw one adult catch a good sized fish – the little ones were not so successful.*

*Back at the boat we spotted some mackerel in the cove – so that is what the eagles are catching. The mackerel were chasing little fish around the cove. There were lots of mackerel in two large schools which would swim near the boat periodically. Louie buzz-bombed two of them just to feel them play on the line – we let them go. The cove is really quite nice – so alive.*

*The little boat left and a fisheries boat came in. It seemed he lost one of his two propellers. He went out after dinner to check the little fishing boats – he didn't check us.*

*Tonight I cleaned the mya clams, it made so little. When they were all done – we could have kept more. I ground them with some onion and made clam chowder. Boy was it good! Oh! There was no extra so we couldn't pig out. We'll have to do this again. (clam chowder) Tired tonight. Goodnight  
Wind tonight ~ 1:30 AM*

*Sunday July 22<sup>nd</sup> No Rain Today. St. Gertrudis Cove. We slowly putted up to Friendly Cove.*

*There was hardly a breeze – the ocean looked wonderful. Lots of little boats were at the point fishing. It seemed a shame to waste a day like this.*

## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

*1020 Log 733 Baro 30.50 Lu. Rac.*

Louie said "should we go for it?" I said lets do it. So Pt. Estevan here we come! I rushed around putting things away and getting the sails ready. We'll have to visit Friendly Cove some other time. There was just enough breeze to fill the main & jib. It was lovely. The swell was NW and seemed OK I didn't take a pill so I had my fingers crossed. It was fine! Bitsy didn't quite make it.

Off the point are the Percy Rocks forcing you out 1 1/2 miles. Then we turned toward Estevan. There was a little bay (Homais Cove) tucked behind the rocks. Louie was interested in walking the beach behind it — we thought a lunch stop if it was out of the swell. We crept up — most of the swell was gone. But it looked very shallow and we worried about getting too close — it didn't look good so we turned and went out. Oh well, we tried! Meanwhile a whale was fishing nearby. It was brownish in color with white patches — no dorsal fin and a splotchy tail which did not look at all like a humpback — it was rounder. I think it was a grey whale. It spouted and dove, spouted and dove. Lots of birds out here — arctic terns and phalaropes. We continued around Pt. Estevan with an increasing breeze continuing into Hesquiat Harbor — it was a reach — close haul. Atavist really started to sail. Louie turned off the engine and Atavist leaned into 6 -7 knots. We had such a good time going all then way in ~ 5 miles under sail. The harbor is full of crab pots — commercial strings — strings of them. Louie threaded our way through and with me on the bow we entered Rae Basin — a pretty place if one could ignore the terrible clear cuts on the hillsides rising above the water. Another sailboat (we had seen Telemachus in Dixie Cpue) was anchored in there. We worked our way in avoiding the very shallow part, and anchored.

## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

*Two loons were in the bay & a merganser with babies. The air was almost still in here and it was hot! We slipped into shorts & stayed below to keep cool. We were high, having done the Cape and sailing – what a day!*

*Steamers for dinner. Lots of little fish in here – of course eagles & and I heard a heron. It was standing on the dock looking for little fishies when I saw two huge dogfish. Wow!, I'm not swimming in here. Lots to do tomorrow. Louie took the doggies out for a row and met a young couple living in a little shack nearby. They are geologists who are working at a gold drilling operation up at the lake. They told Louie of a farm which had a history – that the people there would probably welcome visitors. Lots to do here – beaches, lake, farm ' we're glad we didn't pass it by. Stars were out tonight. Weather doesn't come in here. We could get Newport & Coos Bay & Olympia, but not Tofino. We're easy. Goodnight.*

*-Monday July 23<sup>rd</sup> Rae Basin (No Rain Today) Sunny Baro 30.64↑*

*Its going to be a nice day. We had eggs and toast for breakfast. The trouble was that the eggs were mouldy even on the inside. Too bad. We finally got everything together including the dogs and we went off to find the farm in the outer bay. We saw some ruined buildings and a boardwalk which is where the farm was to be. We beached in the sand and then went up to the boardwalk – looking at the ruins with rusty pieces of equipment.*

## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

*The boardwalk had warnings of "No Trespassing, Bridge Out" taken in stride. The walk went through lovely woods with a stream full of huge skunk cabbage – it looked almost tropical. We came to a road and across the road was the farm. I think Donny and Martin had mentioned the place. An old woman, Mrs. Arthur Rae (Cougar Annie) (40 of 62 cougars shot), had lived there for years. She had 5 husbands and 13-14 children there. Stories have it that she shot two of her husbands and buried them under the rhododendrons! The people must have been very industrious – they had cleared acres out of forest and planted it with flower beds. The old lady sold her plants and flowers – hardly a weed – irrigation ditches & water systems. The old lady was 96 – the people all around looked in upon her. Unfortunately, a granddaughter or niece decided to take her to an old folk's hospital in Port Alberni – against the old lady's wishes. They say she hasn't spoken a word since. She sold the farm to a fellow named Peter Buckland whom we met ... but first. There was a gate among what remained of the flower beds. Louie stayed there while I went up to the house & knocked at the door – no answer. I went around to the side & knocked – I heard a growly "God-dammit" and backed off. I went back & regrouped with Louie. Friendly Hah. We tried again with Louie as backup – no response at all. Discouraged, went back to the boardwalk – heard a vehicle & went to investigate. A car was on a side-road. Again we approached the house, knocked, no response. Oh well, we tried. We walked out to the side road & looked at some of the garden – lilies and all sorts of flowers were blooming out from the weeds. Then another vehicle arrived and we met Peter Buckland owner. Peter took us to another building – the cookhouse where we met Mary, the cook.*

## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

*Peter found a hot spot in the hills for which he has a mining claim. He has lots of mining claims all over and owns quite a lot of property around here. He leased a mining option to Drill Corp. who was test drilling the spot right now. Peter gets paid for the time the mining company is interested in it. So the geologists, Genny and David? were working for the same company, and 4 young guys were drillers – 2 drill at night & 2 drill in the daytime. The guy who said – “God-dammit” was a night driller who had just gone to bed. Peter showed us around the garden and picked me a bouquet of lilies of the Incas – Wonderfully cheerful orange flowers with maroon stripes. He plans to pipe water from the lake over to a turbine to generate electricity. There is a small lake, Rae lake, which is quite near the farm.*

*Peter invited Louie and I to go up to the mine site with him, he said it involved a climb up the hills. I decided to wait with the dogs at Hesquiak Lake. We drove down to the lake where there was a dock. Peter retrieved a leaky canoe and suggested that we could all go. So the two men, myself and the two dogs piled into the canoe which leaked as we went. Peter paddled along the shore for quite a ways. My toes were screaming. He stopped to bail once. We startled a mother merganser with young. She took her babies across the lake. There were two small outboards at the beach site for the Geologists and the drillers. We started up the trail. There was a lovely stream alongside with a carpet of ferns and rotting logs. We went up and up. Peter said was the easy part! At a particularly steep place, we stopped to rest.*

## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

*Peter is a youngish restless rich man with many schemes for making money. He has the rights to take wood off the lumbered hills. He was in touch with Lawrence Fisher on Lasqueti because Peter was interested in making buttons – and umbrella handles with his wood. These schemes are on the side burner while the gold mining is going on. We started up again and the trail, it got steep, muddy – rocky, scrambly. We came to a water pump sending water from the creek up to the drill. Peter showed us the white crystalline rock in which the gold was found. The rock is rare barium compound found few places. It contains iron pyrite, arsenic pyrites, lead (galena) as well as small bits of gold. The average assay that they were getting was .3 - .9 oz. of gold per ton of ore which they considered good. One spot assayed 5 oz./ton which was really good. We went up higher, now climbing over roots & logs and finally we had to walk on suspended logs to the drill site. The doggies did quite well – they will really sleep well tonight. When we got up to the geologists they had a spayed female puppy (7 month coyote). They mentioned that she was quite sick with tape worms. Great! We bring our dogs up here to get tape worms! We kept the dogs apart as Peter talked to Genny & ? - they were building a new drilling platform. . Then we went higher up to the drill. There were two guys working the drill, getting core samples from various angles. The cores would be placed in carefully numbered boxes. We watched for a while – they gave us earplugs. It was hot with bugs. Finally we worked our way back down. Much faster downhill . My knees felt like rubber at the bottom. We all got back in the canoe and Peter paddled us back, I helped against the wind at the end. What a day! Peter and Mary had invited us to a salmon BarB Q tonight so we had a few hours to clean up and rest. Peter took us back to the farm where we went to the dinghy. The night drillers were bathing on the beach & we talked to them for a while.*

*Back at the boat we stretched a bit, then got ready to go to the lake for a bath. The dinghy could go most of the way to the short outlet stream. We walked over to the dock to jump in.*



## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

*The lake was quite chilly. To my surprise Louie dove in. My turn. We had a quick bath then went back to the boat. Refreshing! I made a cole slaw for the picnic for 8 people.*

*Close to 7 they came in Peter's aluminum boat with twin outboards to pick us up. Mary, the drillers & food would come later. We zoomed out to a nice sandy beach. He got the boat - back end to - quite close to the beach. The beach was warm and the water felt good on bare feet until the sand fleas started nipping. The others came after Louie & the geologist started a fire. They cooked three salmon by ① split salmon & put skin side down on grill ② after it cooks a while pour on top some rum & put on some brown sugar. ③ Then spread green alder leaves & branches on top of the fire to smoke. The fire got a little hot, but it was delicious. They also baked potatoes in foil and corn on the cob roasted in the husks after soaking in sea water 24 hours (??) & sour dough bread. It all tasted very good. It was getting dark. (Louie & ? had done most of the cooking over the fire. They quickly gathered up their stuff. Peter took off his clothes & waded out to the boat (up to the armpits) We zoomed back to the rock at the farm & and landed the drillers - then they took us home and it was all over. What a day.*

*Peaceful at the boat - nice to be home. Goodnight.*

*Tuesday Rae Basin July 24<sup>th</sup> No Rain Today Sunny Baro 30.80*

*It is a nice sunny morning. We are satisfied with our stay, but in no great hurry to leave. There were things to put away after yesterday's activities including the dishes.*

*1020 Log 733 leave Rae Basin There was a bit of a breeze, nothing serious - but just around the corner we saw it fog. We knew it would*

## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

happen sooner or later. Luckily we can anchor anywhere out here. We went on until we hit the edge of the fog — we went in to 25 ft. off the same beach we had the picnic on last night. In time the fog simply melted away. We didn't have far to go today anyway.

1120 start again. Louie suggested trolling out here, so when we got past the kelp on the Hesquiat Bar I put out a deeper line 10 oz. - flasher — fancy hoochie, and a shallow 4 Oz. small dodger — little anchovie & green Stee Lee. It wasn't long, Louie had a bite on the deep line. While we were getting our act together it wham bamed off and away went the fancy hoochie — it was undoubtedly a dogfish — cut right through the line. Nothing more happened for hours even though there were lots of birds on the water — even a tufted puffin. We went through an area where something was madly feeding on small fishies besides the birds — we saw fins in the water. We fished through the balls, not catching anything. Then we went over one I could see the dogfish madly feeding. We didn't want to catch those, so we gave up. There was no wind — sails were down — and there was a NW lump, we finally decided to give it up.

One interesting thing we saw on the way were huge natural caves in rocks & cliffs. We have read that the Indians of the Hesquiat Band used to use these as burial caves. They have since removed the skeletons & artifacts due to vandalism. We stood off one of the caves in Hesquiat Harbor, but couldn't see much except it was huge.

Finally we entered Hot Springs Cove. Only one big sailboat and 1 fishing boat were on the dock, but we took 1 of 5 mooring buoys. Louie was feeling anti-social so I took the dogs ashore and visited the cute little store. It had a wonderful selection of books. I bought two as well as some onions & eggs. The girl didn't have fresh bread but said she would tomorrow night.

## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

*She had some of her homespun in a basket – she showed me her wheel which was made by a fellow on Saltspring – similar idea as the Louet.*

*There is an Indian village farther into the cove with lots of new houses. The girl at the store, Blythe Bailey, said they aren't a friendly group, so I certainly wasn't going visiting. She said in 1964 when Alaska had a big earthquake, there was a tidal wave in here wiping out an Indian village at the end of the bay. The new site is financed by the govt and they have a stipend as well. We decided not to go to the Hot Springs tonight.*

*Fried oysters for dinner. These are Bodega Is. Oysters, it seems a long time ago that we were there. Fog wants to settle in among the hills. Goodnight.*

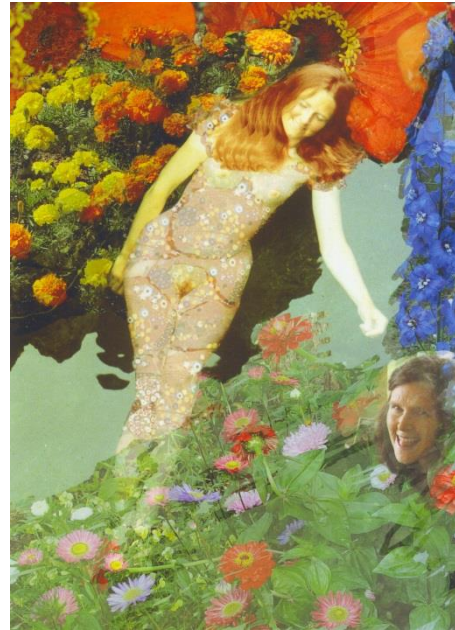
*Wednesday Hot Springs Cove July 25<sup>th</sup> Sunny → cloudy (Rain) Baro 30.6*

*The wind started early today. When Louie came back from walking the doggies he suggested we move to the dock. I had the same thought – it was getting out here. We moved in and tied on the inside end. The fishermen in the boat just opposite said something like it gets shallow there at low tide. He opened by asking how much do you draw? So we went to the other side which was a lot choppiest. It dawned on Louie that we were being hassled - we went back to where we were originally. Louie was pissed off at the guy figuring he was an anti-American and was giving us a bad time. So we had breakfast in a stew. I was watching the wind and sky and it looked like rain, although what little weather report we got said NW winds.*

*So we decided to go to the hot springs early rather than late. The path to the hot springs, 30 -35 min. walk from the dock, was made of rickety boardwalk. One day someone was really ambitious with the labor of love. You had to watch your step closely so as not trip or fall down. The fog horn at the point has an awful moan which sounds like a wolf howl. Fishing boats were starting to come in. The wind is SE – the weatherman was wrong today!*

## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

*We finally reached the hot springs coming out of a hole in a rock, steaming, but not too sulphurous. We followed the little stream to a steaming waterfall and there were pools of hot water between two high rocks finally going out to sea. The pool at the lowest end was supposed to be the least hot. It was pretty hot! Louie went in first, soaping down, then rinsing. He didn't stay in very long since it was so hot. I went in after. You would melt if you stayed too long. What a sensation tho – out here in the rock in your skin – fresh air – pretty nice. I just barely could finish washing my hair it got so*



*hot. We dressed feeling a little wobbly in the legs & looked around. The wind was blowing, the horn was blowing. There are campsites at the point. We counted two sites of campers (4 & 2) luckily not at the hot springs where we were. Out towards the point it was really windy. The water is grey & white. Fish boats are pouring in. We felt good. There was a lightness to our step as we walked back.*

*Fishboats were stacked 3-4 abreast- no one had tied on to us yet.*

*A big 50 ft. old wood boat came in and tied behind us at the seaplane landing spot. He off loaded a dozen tourists to the hot springs for \$45 a head. They would leave at 4PM. On our way back we had passed a kayak family as well as some fishermen all going to the hot springs. It must be a circus there. We were lucky to have gone when we did. Then it started raining. We had lunch.*

*Louie and I went to the little float store and looked at books some more. One book, Coast Of Many Faces has a picture of Lily Michaels doing her weaving. Louie bought the book for my birthday! I am so happy.*

*Looked at books – wrote letters – wrote log – drank tea, and the afternoon passed. Wet doggie walk.*

## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

*I was wondering what we were going to have for dinner the hand from the "unfriendly" boat offered us a cod he caught that day. We said sure! And Louie filleted us dinner. It has been a long time (Bunsbys) since we have had white fish. After dinner I took them some ADMs as thanks for the fish.*

*They are having trouble with their boat. Diesel from a fuel tank is leaking into their fish hold, getting into the ice. It is a big problem.*

*The rain stopped this evening – very cloudy though. We went to bed at dusk. 5 sailboats travelling together are in.*

*Thursday July 26<sup>th</sup> Hot Springs Cove No Rain Cloudy Wind SW→W  
↗*

*The fishermen all (most) stayed in today. I guess it is still pretty windy & lumpy out there although it isn't windy in here. After breakfast and when the store finally opened I went to see about bread. It was supposed to come in last night but didn't. Then the supply boat "Solander" went down to the Indian village, but didn't stop here. Blythe was pissed off. She had promised all the fishermen that there would be bread. Finally she offered Kim, a Korean fisherman some frozen bread. He bought one loaf, I bought the other. I'm glad I bought eggs when I did – she has no more eggs either.*

*P.S. I forgot to write: This morning while we were having coffee in bed, a fisherman kept walking by and looking in the boat. Louie stared back at him. Finally he knocked and asked to have a word with Louie. He had a leak of transmission fluid in his engine and wondered if Louie had some of the same kind. It was red. Yes Louis had some and gave him a can. The man offered to pay him. Louie refused & said people have done things for us. A few minutes later the man came back with a lovely salmon.*

## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

*We were out of ice. Louie asked the diesel guys who would be dumping their ice if he could have some from the top. So not only did we get a fish, we got some (smelly) ice. And the happy fisherman, who said "Bon Appetite" was able to go fishing & away he went.*

*We felt pretty relaxed today. The weather was not so nice and since Louie gave that man some oil, the ice seemed to be broken with the fishermen. One by one, they came by to chat. The doggies got brushed. Louie took a liking to one young fellow in particular and spent a lot of time talking to him.*

*Salmon steaks for dinner, really god fish!*

*A sailboat asked to tie alongside. He was at the other dock, 3 abreast and it was choppy. Louie reluctantly said he guessed so. So they came alongside in their C & C 37ft., from Seattle. It was a family Ned, a contractor, his wife Kirsten, 2 boys, 18 & 15 and a girl (Anne)12. They were actually a quiet & considerate family. They had come down from Friendly Cove today and had a rough time of it. They were really pushing with long legs and no stopping to see anything. Ned offered Louie a beer.*

*Fishermen are visiting each other tonight. One boat with the largest crowd has a Trivial Pursuit game going and somehow they betting on it. The boat with the diesel in the bilge pumped it into the water so everywhere there is a film of smelly diesel. The weather sounds good for tomorrow – the sky came out this evening.*

*Friday July 27<sup>th</sup> Hot Springs Cove, No Rain Cloudy>Sunny  
Baro↑*

*The fishing boats went out this AM at 5:00 or earlier. Only a couple were left. It was fun listening to them. We were lazy in bed. The neighbors were up. After breakfast Louie found out that Ned Kirsten & Anne were going to go to the Hot Springs. So I asked if I could go along.*

## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

*I took a swim suit because Anne was along. We hiked the trail, and when we got there it was cool & breezy – I wondered if it was worth it. There was a man in the regular pool. Ned went into a bottom one. I was easing into the far pool when the fellow said there was a small 1 person pool down by the water which was a little cooler. So I went down there. What a feeling – You were right down on the water. The swells came surging in – almost to my pool, but not quite. Heaven. Then Ned came by to take a dip in water. That looked like fun so when I got hot I tried it. (Not so cold as I would have expected) The getting back in the hot pool was a real sensation. I went back to the big pool to wash off the salt. Blythe & her boyfriend came in. They had been waiting. We talked a little bit then I went & dressed just in time to go back with Ned etc. The hot springs were again a good experience.*

*We walked back and got ready to leave. The 4 sailboats had left.*

*Left Hot Springs Cove. There was a little lump outside but it wasn't bad. The fog had lifted. We had all of 3 miles to go today. Wamtaugh (Pacific Yachting) had talked about coves on Flores Island. We checked out the first one – it was roilly in there & too shallow to anchor behind any protection. Too bad – it was interesting. So we went off to the next cove, first one side, then deciding on the other side to anchor. This cove on Flores Island is unnamed on the chart. I will call it CoHo cove – the reason will become obvious.*

## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

11:45 Log759 Euro 30.88 Lu Young Cove

The first order of business was to go exploring by dinghy. Louie, the dogs, and I piled in and with a fair amount of Seagull sputtering, Louie took us on the inside shallow passage to the cove we had passed by, then on the outside to a beach we had seen coming in. It was tricky landing not to mention going through the rocks & seaweed to get there. Once on the beach it turned out to be a garbage pit. Louie said it turned his stomach so we left. We went to the small beach on the 1<sup>st</sup> cove. It was relatively clean and had interesting rock. On the way back we went outside an island where there were caves in the rock cliff. Kelp – seals – surge – rocks. Close to our anchorage the gulls were busy – salmon were jumping out of the water – big ones! ~ An Indian was fishing with spinning reel at the entrance to the cove and we went over slowly and asked him what kind of salmon were jumping. "CoHo" he said. There are schools of baby herring working their way out to sea. Oh Boy! The place was alive with seals dogfish, salmon, all taking their fill on the herring. I decided to quickly fix dinner, then go fishing from the dinghy.

We had a delicious piece of Hot Springs Cove Salmon for dinner with lima beans and potatoes. Dishes done we gathered up the gear and went fishing. I put the crocodile and good flasher with 3 or 4 oz. weight on Louie's line. I tried everything under the sun, hoochie, little fish, Tom Mack, ha. We both caught huge dogfish at the same time – really big buggers. Luckily we didn't lose the lines and luckily we had the fish bonker along. (I had caught a greenling earlier.) We trolled & trolled with fish jumping all around, how frustrating! The place is really alive in the evening. Little fish are jumping everywhere in the cove. An osprey flew by with white wings & hawk-head. The gulls were going crazy. We kept trolling. It was chilly once the sun went behind the hills. Then Louie caught



## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

*a fish!! It came in so easily at first we were afraid nothing was on, but there was.*

*Louie let the fish run when it wanted. Finally we could see it – a salmon. First try netting didn't succeed. A dogfish was under it. And it was hooked well and Louie let it run. The second time we got it. Hooray! Our very own CoHo! We had been fishing for 2 hrs. Louie was running along a drift line when he caught it – quite far outside the cove. It weighed 4 lbs. Before dark I gutted & descaled the fish, putting it on the little bit of ice that was left. We were so happy. The gear had to wait until morning, it was time for bed. What a full day today was. We are the only boat in this lovely cove. Goodnight – very quiet.*

*Saturday CoHo Cove July 28<sup>th</sup> AM Fog → Sunshine No Rain Baro 30.82*  
*✂ We took our time this morning enjoying this place. Fish are still around – not quite so many it seems. Eagles hover. I played around with my fishing gear – something I really enjoy doing. I can't even go fishing now. We are going to have to eat the fish quickly (low on ice). A power boat which muscled in on the Indian fellow yesterday (& caught five fish mooching) is back today. The Indian fellow is back also. Trolling. Only Indians & sportsmen can fish these inside waters. Finally we are ready to move on.*

*12:15 Log 755 leave CoHo Cove. We don't have far to go. We moved up Sidney Inlet with the jib 4 miles to Young Cove (Bay) This is a long cove (bay) with some protecting rocks on one side. The wind blows off the land rather than down the cove so is not so strong. We anchored in the south side near a small stream. It is a pretty place – quite open with hills all around. Saw a mink walking the rocks. We ate lunch, then decided to go look around with the Seagull & and without the dogs.*

## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

*There aren't as many balls of fish in here as in CoHo, still there are quite a few. Kingfishers & eagles live here. Not far from the boat is an inlet where a large river comes in. The river is actually the outlet for a large lake, Cecelia lake, part of which is only 1/4 to 1/2 mile away. We went up the inlet – stream as far as the dinghy would go, then beached it on a small island. We walked through fairly open woods in the direction of the lake. The river had rapids & pools – who knows, it might have had trout in it. We were almost ready to give up; we've seen lakes before and the going was getting harder – and we were worried about stranding the dinghy since we had come at high tide. Then I started following – yes it is! – a path. It was a trail to the lake. We were led under tree roots, over logs, around steep bends, until we came to the lake! The trail kept going to the larger part of the lake. We were content with the small lake. A convenient log reached out to the sunshine, so we balanced, taking our clothes off, to try the water. Hmn – not bad. Once in the water, it was pretty good, even. I went in first, Louie finally got in, he was surprised that it was so comfortable. This is the warmest water this trip. We walked- swam out to a sand bar where the water was shallow and warm in the sun. A breeze was blowing keeping the air cool. Dragon flies were buzzing around the water – one landed on me. Tiny fishies swam around my legs. Totally unafraid. We went back & soaped down. Refreshing. Back at the dinghy the tide did indeed leave it a bit stranded. Thanks to sunny, dry weather wet boots and socks dry quickly. We felt good after our bath. 6 or 7 ducks flew by. ↗*

*We had a row at dinner. I cooked the last of the Hot Springs Salmon, Louie expected the new salmon. I cooked 2 steaks of the new salmon as well. Sigh, sometimes it is hard to manage it all.*

## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

*1:00 log 761 Baro 30.88 Lu Coyote Cove*

*Loons call from somewhere — It is time to rest. Quiet to tonight once the breeze died down. Goodnight.*

*Sunday, July 29<sup>th</sup> Young Bay No Rain Foggy → Sunny Baro 30.88*

*We awoke all of a sudden. Louie said its almost low tide! 0810 This is 0.1 in the Canadian tables which is -2.9 American- the lowest tide of the trip. We jumped out of bed, dresses quickly, grabbed shovels, boots and buskets and rowed over to a spot we had picked out yesterday because there were oysters! The clam digging was not easy. The beach had obviously been dug before. The terrible part is that many clams must have been buried too deep because there was many more duds than clams. With about 1 hr. digging we had plenty of steamers and about 20 mya clams (large ones too) for chowder. We picked a bucket of oysters, and there was food for three days. Fun. Fog turned to sunshine while we were digging.*

*Finally we had coffee, made beds, and had breakfast. We startled a heron standing fishing on a mudflat near the boat. Actually, this is quite a nice place. There are grassy — mossy rocks for the dogs to climb up on. There used to be a fish reduction plant here and there was a cement foundation for something like a dock on the island. There is a huge rusting boiler on the beach along with a few remaining ruins. The streams of fish are a more immediate presence which the birds delight in. Last night before bed, just at dusk, the fishies were feeding on insects — slurping the surface and jumping out of the water. It sounded like rain. 6 — 11 seagulls (mew gulls) came in the bay and started catching fish.*

## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

*They swooped & dove hardly ever resting on the water. Hardly a sound was made while they were fishing. Later they started scolding each other. It was a sight.*

*We have all of one mile to go today to the next cove.*

*1145 log 759 leave Young Bay*

*There was a narrow pass into Coyote Cove (named after PNW writer Watmough's boat by himself) Then a quite large bay opened up. Quite a breeze is blowing and it blows down the entire cove except for one side. We chose to anchor in the end of the cove in the breeze because it looked more interesting. Rather than sit in the boat listening to the wind, Louie and I explored the cove by dinghy and Seagull. A little lagoon next to us is supposed to lead to a small lake, but the underbrush is so thick it is impossible to get through. These rocky & steep shores have sparse trees allowing light for salal, huckleberry, salmonberry. We went around the whole bay looking at oysters & fishies & beautiful old growth trees. The trees spiritually move me. I think of Emily Carr who painted trees as I see them; blue green fir & spruce, yellow green cedar with boughs hanging down – ancient yet ageless. This cove seems less lively than Young Bay - fewer little fish of the herring variety – lots of eel grass fish and other smaller kinds. As we were going around a little sailboat came into the cove. They anchored in the quiet spot.*

*It was quite windy on our spot – and difficult for doggies. They had to be boosted up on a steep rock – but once they got there they had soft moss & lichen to play in. ↗*

## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

*1030 Log 763 Baro 30.72 L<sup>o</sup> Holmes Inlet cove*

*No more ice. I cooked the two fillets of Louie's salmon. We ate more than half – the remainder will be tomorrow's lunch.*

*Finally the wind calmed down – much easier on the senses. I took the crabpot out with the salmon head & tail. Then I dinked around looking at fishies in the still water. Some were slurping making that rain sound. Nice evening. Cool.*

*Kingfishers & crows are the main noises in this cove.*

*Monday July 30<sup>th</sup> Coyote Cove Fog → Sun No Rain Baro 30.85*

*We had a relaxed cup of coffee and then went to check what the beaches were like at low tide (.2 this AM). The beach was loaded with steamers, small butters galore and horse clams. We had fun finding horse clam necks & then digging them right at the low tide line. One was really huge. I kept 3 for chowder, put one back. We dug a bunch of small butters and called it enough. After breakfast it was time to leave. The fog cleared all of a sudden.*

*1100 Log 761 leave Coyote Cove. We are going up a few miles to Holmes Inlet to check out an anchorage behind some islands. It looks tricky, but we'll see. It was a very pleasant ride. The islands were low & rocky with oysters in all the nooks and bays. Trees were sparse with moss & lichen. One cove was a small one completely surrounded with trees down to the water. Rocky hills rose above - no logging here. The trees were so close and tall it made the cove almost dark – certainly quiet in here except for a slight gurgling of a stream. We were satisfied.*

*After anchoring Louie & I went out in the dinghy & Seagull to go see Pretty Girl Cove at the end of the Inlet. Several streams come in here and there is a huge grassy mud flat typical of heads of inlets. We went up one of the rivers. Wouah – out flew a mama merganser – two medium young swam away. Further in we flushed another mama merganser leaving 7 tiny babies to fend for themselves.*

## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

*The little ones hid in nooks and crannies of rocks until we swept by and they high-tailed it at full speed. We went in quite far making a landing on a grass bank. The grass is quite tall, but there are trails in it – leading to someone's bedding place under a tree, probably a bear. Louie suggested the blue-green grass might be good for weaving, so I gathered a bunch to dry – excited to be gathering. We boarded our dink and went back to the boat. Within the cove I filled 2 empty water jugs from the little stream. The water doesn't taste quite as good as Young bay water - the creek was small and ran fairly slowly. My gathering instincts were aroused so I decided to collect some black encrusting lichen from the granite rock. It took considerable patience to collect this stuff. I lost most of it in the breeze.*

*Then I faced a challenge of clam chowder! It took 2 hrs. to clean all the clams. Dipping horseclam necks in boiling water helped peel the small ones, but not the big ones – that was pure scrape & fingernail devastation. The big myas were harder to peel also. I used the last of the potatoes. The proportion of clams to potatoes was still very high, and though tasty, we couldn't eat a whole lot. Louie is reacting to the clams with indigestion.*

*By the time the dishes were done It was time for bed. Fog came early tonight. The cove though pretty. Was dark and not at all lively with wildlife. We won't stay tomorrow.*

*Thursday July 31<sup>st</sup> Tuck Away Cove Fog → Sun No Rain Today Baro 30.72*

*The fog cleared a bit earlier this morning. We got ready to go out the inlet, no sure to where.*

*1030 Log 763 Leave Holmes Inlet. The breeze against us was just getting started and is building fast.*

*We went to Riley Cove and didn't like it – very windy & no good place to anchor.*

## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

*We went on to Steamer Cove to find shelter. There is a large lumber camp at Steamer Cove and the hillsides are clear cut. Too bad, because the view from here is quite nice. There was no getting out of the wind – blowing 10 – 15 knots down the clear cuts right into the cove. The anchor bit well, so we were fine. Actually the openness of this place feels good after being enclosed last night. So we decided to stay.*

*After lunch Louie & the doggies went off to find a logging road. I stayed on the boat to clean out the diesel smelling ice box – swept floors and rugs & washed some mold away. Louie climbed a peak and could see Estevan Point, and a large lake below them. It was a good exercise for them all.*

*Louie had tuna fish for dinner to cater to his stomach. I had some butter clam & left over chowder. My stomach reacted to something – unrefrigerated clam chowder? Anyway I was glad to be alive the next day.*

*There are lots of crows here It finally calmed down around bedtime and was a quiet night.*

*Wednesday August 1<sup>st</sup> Steamer Cove No Rain Sunshine Baro 30.69*

*This morning is different, it isn't foggy. Nice & still in here – Louie played with a rock crab while taking doggies ashore. I got ready to go fishing.*

*0920 Log 770 Leave Steamer Cove We didn't see much sign of fish jumping, but Hayden Pass was supposed to be good fishing. We saw one salmon jump but our lines were dead in the water. I tried several lures to no avail. Hayden Pass was nice with gulls & eagles. Lots of eagles around here. We went through just before slack and started down Flores Island. Not much wind today – good visibility. We decided to give up fishing and not push our luck with the wind. It was only 4 -5 miles down to Matilda Inlet and Ahouset.*

## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

*0920 Log 770 Baro 30.69 Lv. Steamer Cove*

*We are almost out of bread so I planned to stop at the general store then go anchor in Matilda Inlet where there was a warm springs and a beach after a 25 min. trail. There was space for us - no problem. A 33 ft. Truant named Villerty was in front of us with a young couple aboard, Bill & Shelly (?) They were eager to talk. We also met Peter on a huge wood ketch "Shaman" and another fellow Godfrey who had a steel boat on the ways. Godfrey was an artist adventurer who was carving a sign for the Ahousest General Store in trade for an antique 1 cylinder Easthope engine. He wanted to show everyone his engine, sign, and boat, which was a bit of a shambles. He had built the boat himself. Louie thinks the store owner, Hughie, got the better part of the deal.*

*Peter Dickensen has a family - wife - Elizabeth - daughter Robin (4) and son Andrew (6 mos). They live aboard 'Shaman' and were planning to leave for San Francisco in the morning. They are English and hoped to make it over to England eventually. (started in Victoria) Peter had worked in this area and come to see it once again before leaving.*

*Up at the store there was no bread! Store owner, Hughie, said the Solander was due at 7 tonight. Not again. Now what do we do. Louie is fit to be tied to have to wait for bread Hughie is a Mike Taylor.*

*Vellicity left for a cove with the warning that the warm springs were not so great and that the beach was disappointing. Mud & Mud. What to do. We sat & had coffee with Peter & Elizabeth. I really like them.*

*I asked Hughie (who sold Louie chip ice for \$3.00) if there were any weavers in the Indian Village of Marktosis just across the channel.*



## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

*Yes, he said - 2 women are weavers and he gave me their names. Then, later he tried calling one of them for me - no answer. Then Peter said he would try calling for me if I wanted to go over. He did catch one lady and he said I would come over for a visit in a few minutes (it is now 5 PM!) Louie reluctantly went along with the plan. We took Atavist on the basis of local knowledge. Watmaugh had warned against going in there with anything larger than a dinghy. No problem.*

*Lena Jumbo (carl) met us at the docks. She was a very pleasant woman about 50. She talked quite easily about her health problems as we alked up to the house. The house was quite large, but a total mess. Her husband was out fishing, she explained, and she had been baking bread today. She showed me her only work at the house - a partially completed Maquinna or Nootka Whaling hat! It was almost finished and was beautiful. Color was traditional blue design on natural grass background **Drawings** She had designs of long boats with harpooners and whales (with teeth) plus nice bands of designs **Drawing** This hat will fetch a price of \$450 - 500. She showed me her forms for baskets - nesting round ones, and larger oval ones. She also does cigarette lighter cases for \$35. Her baskets go for \$45 to \$200. Lena showed me her grass and cedar bark, how she splits it and thins it with fingernail and needle. She also uses raffia as well as grass for some things. They collect cedar bark - the inner bark - in May. The house had lots of pictures of family & Jesus & other Christian motifs. Louie was looking at pictures when his eyes fell on ....21 loaves of bread standing up on the freezer!! Yes Indeed she had been baking - since 4:30 AM. Yes! She would be interested in selling the bread - \$1.75 each. I happily bought 2 loaves.*

## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

*0900 Log 784 30.77 Lv. Ahouset*

*What luck! I picked out some scraps of cedar bark & raffia and she showed me how to start (double cross on top of each other – 8 stakes) and I tried to learn the weaving twist without the complication of a pattern. Leader goes under, follower goes over and twists clockwise around, becoming leader (?) or remaining follower (?). Work is done on the right side – the hat was being done without a form. Lena called and took us to the old lady weaver, Jessie Webster & husband Peter Webster. As we left we passed by the Catholic Church which Lena attends. She said there is also a Protestant Church and they attend each other's services – one in the AM, one in PM. It seems to be an important part of her life.*

*We met Peter Webster on the way to his house. This home is beautifully clean with Jessie working on a basket – almost finished – in the corner. She had a Maguina hat with the same blue design of the walrus and whales, but different border designs. Her basket was a combination of close twining with sections of wide cedar stakes. The top was finished by braided handles 3 layers of twining with colorful designs and two layers of wide stakes & plain weave. Nice basket. Jessie did not speak English easily so we mainly spent time talking to Peter Webster. There was an Indian delegation sent to Ottawa to meet with the ministers of gov't, called the First Ministers Conference. Peter was one of the delegates. He took, as a gift to Prime Minister Trudeau, a Maguina hat woven by Jessie. He had a video tape of the event where he led the singing of prayers for the opening ceremonies, wearing costume of cedar bark capes & headbands. The video was very goodm Except some of it had been ruined by granddaughter playing with the machine.*

## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

*Peter Webster is the author of a small book. "As Far As I Know" We hope to get a copy in Uclulet. He is also the singer in the movie "The Owl Cried My Name (?). It was getting late so we had to say goodbye. Peter is a linguist and he is trying to standardize a phonetic way of writing down their language. This man is 73-75 years old and is highly motivated and energetic. A big man, he walks with a cane. He seemed sad and a bit quieter as we were leaving – I wonder why? I feel it is that it is too bad to have such superficial contacts with these people. I don't mean a patronage, but feel that it comes off that way. I think of so many things I wanted to talk about after we had left. These people were warm and friendly – all one could ask being strangers of a different culture – Nuu – Chah – Nulth.*

*We hurried back to the boat to get back to Ahouset before dark. Fishermen from the village were coming to sell fish and get gas for the morning. Always full speed. The buzz of activity and motion was at the peak from 9 to 10 PM. Drove Louie Nuts! I bought two loaves of bread – also \$1.75 at the store since Solander had come in. We had cheese sandwiches & homemade bread for a very late dinner. What a day it turned out to be! We went to bed and slept well – Goodnight!*

*Thursday August 2<sup>nd</sup> Ahouset Sunny No Rain Baro 30.77*

*Fishing boats were going out very early, hardly woke us up. We did hear Shaman's engine. I got up & dressed to see if Peter & Elizabeth were really going to leave. Yup! They were shoving off. Louie came up and we wished them a safe journey. Wow, they will be out to sea for 5 to 6 days. Today is to be a good day for starters.*

*We got up - had breakfast and left also. Going down to the beach and warm springs di not appeal to Louie. I got my fishing gear ready once again and when we reached Clifford Pt. (hot spot, according to Peter – Green & Blue Hoochie).*

## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

*We trolled south in light winds, working our way to a bunch of birds who were no longer active once we got there.*

*1130 Log 795 Bars 30.79 30.88 Lv. Little Whitepine Cove*

*My line hit bottom in only 20 feet of water! Many sandbars here. We turned working around crab pots and trolled back to the point & around the island at the pt. No Luck. In fact our luck was so bad that the one boat that Louie didn't want to see – Seashell – showed up to fish there also! We suddenly quit fishing, making a hasty retreat while Seashell was still fishing.*

*We went to a cove called Little Whitepine Cove or West.....(which Watmaugh had raved about) to find – yes, a protected cove, but almost all clear cut! Vellicity was still anchored here – they decided to stay & visit. We anchored close to a doggie beach and had lunch. I had last night's dishes to do – Louie took a nap. Then Bill and Shelly came over for a visit and we spent the afternoon visiting. What to do tomorrow was a main topic of discussion. To go to Tofino or not to go to Tofino. Then Seashell came in to the cove and anchored practically on top of us. They brought their drinks and came over for a visit. It was not so bad this time. They didn't catch a fish either. Louie went out fishing in the cove, caught the tail of a dogfish.*

*Time for dinner. Shelly invited us over for coffee after dinner. I walked the doggies which was tricky here at high tide – very small island, while Louie shucked oysters for dinner.*

*The oysters tasted great – unfortunately Louie had trouble digesting them – maybe these shellfish have something in them not good for us! We won't eat any more – too bad.*

*After dishes we went over with some pudding for dessert. It was nice visiting. Shelly is a computer programmer with the City of Vancouver and Bill is an artist doing watercolor. He built the interior of their boat. And did a nice job. They live aboard at a Marina in Vancouver.*

## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

*We got back on the late side. The air was totally still. Little fishies were jumping still. In fact the phosphorescence was astounding. You could see fish at various depths darting every which way. Occasionally there were large general glowing areas – dogfish(?). What a sight. Quiet tonight – but we worried about the oysters we had eaten, so we stayed awake for a while.*

*Friday August 3<sup>rd</sup> West Whitepine Cove No Rain Sun → Sunny Baro 30.85*

*The morning started mostly sunny but turned cloudy. There was a slow low pressure system north of us. "Velocity" left for Tofino at 9:30. We had to decide. Louie felt badly for not having explored this cove yesterday – instead yaked all day. We don't have charts for East Clayoquot Sound and Louie wants to stay clear of Tofino over the holidays – what to do? Finally I decided inside myself that if it was OK to stay we had ice and bread, what more do you need? Louie was happy. We decided to go find a logging road with the doggies. As we were rowing to shore "Seashell" pulled up anchor and left us alone. With a very little scrambling we were able to reach a road. In the process we disturbed 5 herons wading on the mudflat. Turning left we walked through forest – an old cut site I guess. Stream after stream crossed the road. We came to a spur and turned left following the road around our bay to new clearcuts where the hills were full of fireweed. Bear shit dotted the way – some was quite fresh. These open clearcuts are full of berries. They also have plants with obvious mutations polyploid fireweed and pigment variegated bushy plant – have they sprayed something on these clearcuts? Little fox sparrows & stellar jays scold as we walk along. There are many kinds grass and flowers – bunchberry, pearly everlasting etc. An abandoned trailer set in rock quarry – all vandalized. It had been a nice small trailer at one time. We had enough of clearcuts & walked back to the woods.*

## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

*There were pine trees here with nice long cones. The catface range rises above us. We walked through a boggy area with skunk cabbage. The doggies liked the hike a lot. The going was easy and there were no great hills to climb. We made our way back through the rubble to the tide flat disturbing the herons again.*

*It is quite cloudy now and the breeze is SE. We need to go fishing for dinner. So after lunch we loaded up Seagull and fishing gear and headed off for the points outside the cove. We found not too deep water and a bottom that went from mud to reef. Louie caught a nice small copper rock fish after we had been fishing quite a while. I caught a couple more. Louie wanted a big one – Louie got a big one and was happy. That is two days worth of fish easy, so we quit fishing. I played around with the green buzz bomb and I caught one of those bass fish (orange) which Louie doesn't like – we put him back – I decided to troll the buzz bomb back, and put out a krockodile, flasher, & 3oz. out for Louie. We weren't serious – just feeling rather satisfied when it happened. A salmon – a big salmon took the buzz bomb. The fish leapt out of the water – I couldn't believe it was attached to my line! Twice more it jumped as I slowly reeled it in. Louie kept encouraging me to let it tire itself out. I reeled – it took line – I reeled some more. Ww were going to have a problem with drifting on the rocks – if it took too much longer. The salmon literally towed the dinghy. We could see it, it was huge. Finally we brought it up. Louie made a good dive with the net and we had ourselves a beautiful silver coho!! On the way to the boat we put the live rockfish back in the water – only one became eagle food for a young eagle, who swooped down twice before he caught it.*

## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

*The coho weighed 11 lbs. (Louie still holds the record of 12 lbs.) and was 29 inches long. — very wide. I cleaned it with pleasure, it was a female. Glad we have ice.*

*Nice salmon steak for dinner — a very rich and tasty fish. Lots of food to eat before the ice melts.*

*Another American noisy sailboat anchored in the cove this afternoon, two young guys went out fishing with a bottle of wine, while the two women sat on the boat with their wine reading and knitting.*

*This cove really is quite nice. Lots of birds — gulls, eagles, kingfishers, herons, crows & ravens. We even saw loons on the outside. Of course I am feeling very good about the salmon. Sweet Dreams ⚡*

*Saturday August 4<sup>th</sup> West Whitepine Cove Cloudy No Rain Baro 30.74 ↓*

*Cloudy this morning but peaceful. The "American Marinero" left. We were lazy no hurry. ⚡ I had to restock oatmeal, brown sugar, coffee, and cans of vegetables from up forward. With that done I said "Let's Go" so we lifted the anchor to move ~ 3 miles to the next cove.*

*1130 Log 795 leave Little Whitepine Cove. There is only a slight breeze today. We were headed for a cove in Bowden Bay. Watmaugh mentioned one just behind Clifford Pt. We investigated it, it was nice with a stream and the trees were spectacular, but it did feel dark and enclosed. Louie wanted to see if we could find our way into a rock strewn anchorage just north of Bowden Cove. I watched from the bowsprit as we serpentine our way around rocks to get in. Inside there was 25 ft. of water all around. This cove looks well protected with all the little islets out front. It is more open than the other cove and still has trees all around. A group of gulls live here, mew gulls. Eagles are close by are loons.*

## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

*Little diving birds follow fishies in, they are so quiet you hardly know they are here. There is a dingy inlet just behind us where there is a good sized stream. Kingfishers zoom up and down chasing each other. Yes, it is a nice place. Little fishies are always jumping – occasionally there is a big splash.*

*After a huge salmon steak lunch Louie set out to find a logging road. In while he came back, Mr. Poirot found two ways to a road plus a stream. The doggies and I jumped into the dinghy and we all went off for a walk. With only a little scramble we reached the road & turned south. After a ways we crossed the stream which empties into our cove. It has a high waterfall so it cannot be a salmon stream. The road goes through woods rather than clearcuts as far as we walked – they have just built many parts of the road. The mess are trees knocked down to build the road and rubble from blasting. We walked up and up and up only to find the end of the road – there was a little view of Catface mountains and the water around Vargas Island & little Monk Island. We walked up every road – none had views – no clearcuts! Then we came back and walk a ways the other direction. There were huge trees this way – maybe worth coming back. Laddie went after a squirrel.*

*Back at the boat – I put off dinner for a while by going to get water. It was a slippery scramble but the water was worth it – very sweet.*

*It was difficult facing salmon again – too much all at once. But we must finish it while we have ice. I made a lemon white sauce to put over the top to help us eat it – and didn't cook rice tonight. We did quite well.*

*We sat with a light for a while tonight after a spectacular sunset. We can see the Matilda Inlet light flash. The mountains variously come and go in the clouds. The barometer has dropped quite a bit, so the low is finally moving. Lots of No-See-Ums! They are getting in somehow. Well it is a quiet night. Goodnight.*

*Louie heard an owl. Later he heard a death scrunch of some animal (gull?).*



## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

*Sunday August 5<sup>th</sup> Poirot Cove (Catface Cove) Cloudy Rain Baro 30.52*

*It is raining — it started in the night. We are in a good spot for a rainy day — nice cove and islets to look at, mountains coming and going in the clouds and fog. Louie is reading, and I am writing in the log. By late morning it had slowed down enough to take doggies out. By noon the rain pretty much stopped.*

*After lunch Louie suggested we go for a dinghy ride. We poked in all the nooks & crannies of Bowden Bay. The next cove east is the site of the 'clam mariculture' project — probably by some men of Marketosis (?). There is also a beach where there must have been a settlement, but it is overgrown with thimbleberry, rose, and salmonberry. A big poplar tree stands to one side, a clue that someone was living there once upon a time. There were broken pieces of glass of many colors on the beach. Then we went cove hopping, skirting rocks, and squeezing through narrow places. We went all around the other cove looking at the immense trees which line the shore. Great cedars of large girth, many tops, stand half dead. It was an enjoyable afternoon in spite of a sputtering seagull. 2 eagles guard the stream of this cove.*

*The day simply went fast. The clouds persist and we did get some sprinkles while we were out. Tonight the barometer is on its way up — the low is finally moving. Cantonese salmon for dinner.*

*The seagulls are amusing. There are anywhere from 7 to 12 gulls gathered in a group. They get excited at low tide. They like to sun themselves on the low rocks. As the tide comes in their perch becomes smaller & smaller. 6 gulls tried crowding themselves on a tiny dry spot. The young ones don't even get to try. They catch some of the tiny fish which are always present somewhere in the cove.*

## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

*The sunset was a subtle coloration of the edges of distant clouds. Nothing like last night. It wants to clear up tonight – stars are showing. We tried light again tonight with the same disastrous results: No-See-Ums galore. We couldn't do anything for killing the bugs so we went to bed. Goodnight.*

*Monday August 6<sup>th</sup> Canadian Holiday Catface Cove Raining Baro 30.80*

*Yes, another elapsed morning. The rain quit early and there are promises of sunshine to come. We are content to read, write letters etc. today. So far so good on the gas. The morning was uneventful tho breezier than yesterday. Laddie's face is swollen (bee sting?)*

*After lunch with puffy white & grey cumulous clouds in the sky and some sunshine, we decided to go for a walk. The doggies will be glad to get off the boat & we all need exercise. Today we walked north east – the opposite direction to the last time. The road took us through tall trees with the sweet smell of forest in the summer. We came to a spur & couldn't pass it by. It went up hill but had no view & dead ended. Continuing on our main road, we finally came to a huge clearcut. We again turned to walk on to a side road which took us high into an old clearcut. Louie heard a noise – it was a black bear not too far away – running up the hillside through the brush away from us humans. He was a big fellow and very black. We continued on for a ways coming to a spot overlooking Little Whitepine Cove from quite high up. We started back because rain was threatening. It was a relief to get back to our woods. We rested under the tall trees, then went on to the boat, just as the first sprinkles arrived. We treated ourselves to a rum & coke, feeling quite good.*

*Macaroni – cream style corn – Ortega peppers & salmon casserole tonight. It tasted better than it sounds. The weatherman says windy tonight. We reset our anchor the way the wind has been blowing, for peace of mind. We can use the lamp tonight because of the wind – fewer bugs. Breezes tonight – nothing heavy. No stars, some rain. Goodnight.*

## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

*Tuesday August 7<sup>th</sup> Catface Cove Rain & Cloud Baro 30.82*

*↗ The wind, in all its mystery, has switched back to the direction we originally set the anchor. The rain is slowing down, but it is grey outside. Coffee is good.*

*Louie is ready to go to Tofino. We get ready to leave. Yellows.*

*1010 Log 800 Leave Catface Cove – sadly. At first things were just dandy. It wasn't raining and the wind was actually going down the inlet, soft air, OK visibility. Then a "wave" of weather hit. It started blowing SE and raining hard at Monk's Islets. The visibility got so bad Louie wanted to anchor. There wasn't much of a place. We were headed to anchor behind a point when things cleared up a bit and we could see it was less windy ahead. So we kept going and sure enough it did get better. We had to watch the chart closely. There are so many sandbars all over this area.*

*Coming into Tofino was a real kick. The log became totally fouled with eel grass from the shallows. The current was quite strong as we expected, and another wave of weather started coming through. The marks were clear, not confusing, but the current through Deadman's Passage was really something. When we reached Tofino, it was raining and blowing, the current was pretty strong and the gov't wharf was full of fishing boats. Someone in an outboard came by and asked if we needed a place to stay – "follow me". At the same time we were coming in, two Tolly? Crafts were coming in. One was very pushy, practically running over us to reach the marina before we did. Louie gave him the whatfors by zig-zigzagging. What a butt, that powerboater. As it was, he took the inside slip and we got the outside at a tiny marina. The other powerboat tied behind us.*

## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

*We got settled in and had a latish lunch. The people running the marina were very helpful & accommodating. The place has been open for only 3 weeks. For \$8 tie up fee we got free showers and laundry. Pretty good I'd say. And boy do I need a shower! We decided to do shopping first. The marina people offered to drive us the 6 blocks or so – we said maybe they could pick us up after shopping. OK! So Louie got some beer, I did a large shopping and we got 4 blocks of ice. The lady came to pick us up. I stayed behind to buy bread at the bakeries and to look for a few things I couldn't find at the store – which was busy busy the day after a holiday. It rained on me. When I got back Louie was gone with the propane tank. He came back wet & no propane!~ The station had had an electrical short and we would have to wait until it was fixed. Propane before 18 lbs. after 31 lbs. We must have nearly 1/3 tank left (??)! Well, we were conservative.*

*Louie and I were having a hard time today. It just didn't seem to get any better – Louie went*

*I started a laundry & then dinner. Louie took the propane to fill once again. I had a nice shower, all the water you could want. My hair loved it. We had a wonderful dinner, finally. Rib steak, new potatoes & fresh carrots. Bakery brownie for dessert. I did dishes with light. Tomorrow we will get water & fuel. Louie bought the chart for Meares Is and lower Clayoquot Sound. We decided to spend tomorrow up in Meares Is. Louie talked to the fellow who is the chairman of the Save Meares From Clearcutting Committee. It si a big issue here. MacM& Bloedel is scheduled to start in the fall. Meares is a wonderfully timbered island – refreshing after all the clearcuts we have been looking at. This fellow also knew Peter Webster and actually was the editor of his book. Enough for today. We went to bed.*

## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

1029 log 812 bars 30.75 Lu. Tofino

38 inches behind flasher

*Wednesday August 8<sup>th</sup> Tofino Sunshine No Rain. Barp 30.75 Louie*

*I forgot to write last night called the Prichards to talk to Jan. They are planning to join us sometime around the 18<sup>th</sup>. There will be 4 people including Lisa and Laurie. Later I was able to reach George & Lotte. Lotte was very confused by the name "Atavist". George was very excited to hear from us and is planning to join us at Ucluelet at 1PM August 23<sup>rd</sup>. It was an upper to talk to him.*

*↗ August 9<sup>th</sup> We are pretty relaxed in the fog this morning We did enjoy coffee This cove does not have an abundance of little fishies but there are birds here... Crows, Ravens, Robins, kingfishers and eagles. In fact, there is an eagle's nest at the point built between 2-3 cedar tops which is occupied by a baby eagle not quite ready to fly. It squawks a lot as do the adults.*

*I went to collect the crab pot. Only one large rock crab and 4 tiny Dungeness crabs in it. I kept the rock crab for dinner.*

*It was time to get started. The fog was lifting, there were patches of blue and a breeze had come up. Louie wanted to catch the shallows near high water slack.*

*Aug (?) We dumped the last garbage and got ready to get fuel. The Chevron Station had some room for us. We took on fuel & lots of water – the water tastes OK, nothing great. Finally we left Tofino. Louie had to pick our way through hundreds of crab traps set right in the channel. It was bad enough navigating the shoals.*

*1020 Log 812 Leave Tofino. It was a short distance to our anchorage at Meares Island. Oyster lease in the anchorage! Someone has extensive oyster works on this side.*

## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

*We carefully picked our way through the floats to an inner anchorage which was roomy enough for 1 boat. Well, her we are. We ate lunch and decided to go fishing for crab bait. We will have spaghetti for dinner. The deepest part of this whole place is at a little island about 1 ½ mi. back. So we took the seagull and tried to fish there. The wind was blowing up the inlet and our drift along the island was very fast. There was only a short distance where the bottom was rock rather than mud. The only fish we caught were baby rockfish. We threw them back until it became clear that we weren't going to catch anything else. Then we kept as few for crab bait. Wee it was rather a waste of time. The seagull ran out of fuel right at the cove.*

*Spaghetti and cole slaw for dinner. It tasted pretty good.*

*The young men who work the oyster lease came in their boat called "Hit n Miss". And it looked that way. We thought they were going to anchor in our cove, but they came to get some floats and left. The cove was ours once again. There are thousands of white jellyfish in here. When they touch the top of the water it looks like rain.*

*The water in the cove was deeper than I expected. I had to try at setting the crabpot several times before I found a place shallow enough to allow for the tide change.*

*Quiet night. The fog is coming in this evening at the same time as there is pink color in the clouds. Subtle goodnight.*

*Thursday August 9<sup>th</sup> Meares Island Fog → Sunshine Baro 30.64*

*[See Previous Page] We waited for the fog to clear and then went on to Tofino tying to the Gov't dock with the fishing boats.*

*I went up to the bakeries and visited the little museum. At the museum I saw a few very nice woven baskets & partial Maquinna hats. These were small but very intricate flat "coaster" pieces. One actually had fluted edges. — Both had intricate designs. The rest of the museum had old pieces of 'junk' from early settlers & shipwrecks. There were a few Indian artifacts and old pictures. Finally there was a bug-eaten shell collection.*

## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

1130 Log 816 baro 30.64 Lv. Meares

Ian McLeod "Zodiac" Gordon Jones "Leda" Duncan

Ian MacLeod

420 Arbutus Ave.

Duncan BC

792 192

"748-8428"

I met a fisherman named Gary; he came down to the boat (ostensibly) to look at weaving. Actually it turned out he was on pot, and was putting the make on me, telling me he was (promiscuous). Uch.

The best thing that happened all day was that "Zodiac" came in. We remembered this fisherman from Namu on our Alaska trip. We had met he and his buddy going and coming. Ian McLeod & Gordon Jones were their names. I went over to say hello. Louie was talking to a fellow who single handed from the South Seas & Hawaii. After I introduced myself Ian started to remember us.. He is day-fishing out of Tofino this year. Gordon is not with him because he doesn't like the west coast. He fished up north. The last few years they have been fishing the Queen Charlottes. Ian is full of good stories. After dinner (confused) Louie went and visited him. His nephew is his hand. Well, that was pretty exciting.

We are getting psyched up for tomorrow — things are stowed and pretty well ready. Today when the fog cleared it started blowing NW — it would have been a good day to go probably — a little lumpy we heard. We slept quite well tonight.

## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

1145 Log 821.6 Baro 30.50 30.55 Lu. Tofino

*Friday August 10<sup>th</sup> Tofino Fog → late sun No Rain Baro 30.50 30.55*

*Up at 6 to take a pill and to give Bitsy one. It is foggy. I am quite nervous this morning. We heard the fishing boats leave between 4 AM - 5 AM. The fog rose just a bit at 9:00 The South Sea Sailor left with his woman crew — her boyfriend not too pleased with her going off with this handsome sailor. The fog returned even thicker. We are nervous & waiting. The weatherman said it would blow a good one NW, but the local wind was definitely SE. Finally at 1145 the fog started lifting — we got the 1150 weather & local and there was some visibility out there.*

*1145 Log 821.6 Leave Tofino. We had to fight the current going out. Louie took us straight out. The swells are broken so are not bad for quite a ways out. I put up the main which made the boat ride much better. Lots of birds out here and Louie saw a porpoise. I saw a puffin — murrres — gulls — murrelets & diving birds and phalaropes (outside). The wind was SE 10 -15 and there was a fair lump, but it wasn't trouble.*

*The problem was that we didn't know what to expect. The weatherman was obviously wrong. The fog was not about to burn off except for the inside. Crum — Louie is taking it hard in the stomach. The miles are going slowly.*

*About 10 miles out the sea was getting choppy, such that the boat was stopped on every 3 or four waves.*



## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

*We were down to 3 – 4 kn. It was 1:30 and we could see the fog fairly thick on the southern points of land. Worried that the trip would take too long in the chop and that the fog would close us at the Amphitrite, Louie decided to turn back. It was a tough decision. We went back in the company of another sailboat coming up the coast: angry at the weather and especially at the weatherman for doing us in.*

*Ian came to visit a while We got to visit the people who had come up the coast at the same time.*

*Fried chicken for dinner. Tonight at 2:30 some drunk Indian boys came over to the harbor making noise and boarded other people's boats lifting whatever was loose. I watched them for an hour – they bumped into our boat when their engine wouldn't start – Finally the fishermen were rousing and I relaxed & went back to sleep.*

*Saturday August 11<sup>th</sup> Tofino Cloudy Baro 30.58*

*Louie woke me at 6AM to take my pill. I wondered if I should wait until later, but took it anyway. – Bitsy got a pill since she was so glassy-eyed yesterday. The weather is better – we waited for the latest local weather update and there was visibility – so we left, eating breakfast under way.*

*0840 Log 841.6 Leave Tofino – with pleasure. The swell is even lower today. There is a definite SE breeze, not too bad. Louie keeps the main full by small tacks. Lots of birds again. Louie saw a porpoise. We hit more chop at Long Beach like the last time. This time we kept going. I was able to call Ian on Zodiac, clear as a bell. He could see us along the shore.*

*We are 1/2 way! I think we'll make it! Long Beach took forever to get by – probably some current holding us back. We spotted a deadhead on our course. Also we came across a bright orange Coast Guard float – buoy. They are studying currents off the Coast. The currents, like the fishermen know, runs westward toward the top of Vancouver Island.*

## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

*0840 Log 841.6 Baro 30.58 Lv. Tofino*

*The sky wants to clear – there is a break here & there in the foggy sky. Visibility is good. We can see the Ucluelet fishing fleet off the sound – I counted nearly 50 boats visible. Amphitrite is visible. We are a little nervous going in for the first time with all those rocks. 3 fishing boats went in ahead of us.*

*We are in! Ucluelet Harbor is busy with traffic. We are not in the mood to go to town so we stopped in an outer bay where BC Packers fish buying company is situated. There was a float for fishing boats to tie to – no one was on it so we tied up and celebrated our arrival. Since it was only 2:30 PM we decided to continue to Wower Island. There was only a bit of a breeze and the sun came out! People are very serious about fishing out here. We were hoping our spot would be available. Thousands of birds on the rocks all take off together on some secret signal.*

*There was a big sailboat off to the side, but our spot is available. We anchored (rather close) and stern tied. Ah – to relax. Happy to be here. There is a bit of rocking here and a SE breeze came up in the evening – but it is comfortable. Goodnight.*

*Sunday August 12<sup>th</sup> Wower Island V Cloudy SE wind.*

*We wake fairly early. The weather was threatening looking so Louie turned the radio on at 7:30 AM. We heard that there was urgent traffic for Atavist – twice. Our blood turned cold. What was it we wondered as we tried to organize our thoughts into action. Louie called the Coast Guard on Ch 26 – they came on loud and clear. Yes there was a call from Leon Nawrocki. We called home through Ch 26 since we couldn't get through the radio channel. Rocki answered and told me in a voice of pain that George had died on Saturday! I wish with all my heart that it isn't true.*

## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

Our trip was interrupted by some very sad news indeed. The First Mate's employer died suddenly from a heart attack on August 11, 1984. He was 56 years of age. He was in the process of completing a scuba diving certification, regaled in full equipment. He was with his instructor at Woahink Lake near Florence Oregon, about to descend when he was stricken.

As you may have noted earlier in this log, George was scheduled to join us on August 23<sup>rd</sup>. The First Mate left Ucluelet on the morning of August 13, 1984 to travel to Eugene, Oregon.

Charline wrote what follows to George's wife, Lotte.

*Time has passed. I could not write about George for a long time, but as you know very well, the process of grieving is healing process.*

*I will copy what I wrote in the journal I kept on our sailing trip around Vancouver Island. I had returned to Louie and the boat on the West Coast after the Memorial Service & Wake.*

*In thinking about George. I still wonder where he got all that energy. He must have known, somehow, that to get the most out of life he had to work hard and play hard.*

*George was a person who had the wonderful ability to relate to you at your own level making you feel comfortable, and you felt you knew him. At the Memorial service when friends talked of their experiences with George, I learned to appreciate here was a person whose life was a tapestry of many complexities & interactions of which I know only a small part. You must be the only one who was able to know in all the various aspects of his interests and emotions.*

*I think George would be pleased to know the direction of the Zebrafish project has taken. The course is not exactly as he himself would have plotted, but Zebrafish are going in a very positive direction. For example, he would have been elated at Karen Larsen's success at producing monoclonal antibodies, specific to Zebrafish eye proteins. And he would be proud that 5 labs are making a joint effort to work on Zebrafish development, with prospects for funding.*



*It is entirely possible the U of O will become known as a center of study with Zebrafish and will have a facility to supply precious strains to other labs around the world.*

*I sometimes wonder how I was so fortunate to have worked with George all those years. I miss him, but no longer feel angry. We had to find a way to carry on our lives. It was possible to do so. His memory will always be a joy to me.*

## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

While the First Mate was absent, the Captain tied up to a mooring buoy in the inlet harbor, upon which Ucluelet fronted. He remained there for a week until Charline returned. He spent some of his time with the dogs on the other side of the inlet opposite Ucluelet, walking along the roads and ruins of an abandoned lumber mill. We had the place to ourselves. At the boat he had the company of another lonely boat tied to another buoy some distance in front of him. The name of the little green cabin cruiser was PDQ.

*1550 Log 938 Baro 30.68 Lu Pipestem*

*Louie had 3 bouquets of beautiful flowers for me. Touching.*

*I returned to Ucluelet Sunday August 19<sup>th</sup> evening with Denny, Jan, Heidi, Lisa, and Laurie. Louie was there to meet us. We spent Monday – fishing Mackerel, lunch at Gibraltar Island (too many people) and overnight at Nettle Island (Barkley Sound). The next day we sailed back to Ucluelet on Denny's birthday (Aug 21st) – had crab, birthday cake, picnic on Long Beach before they left for Nanaimo. We stayed overnight on the mooring buoy. Luckily the weather was good (a bit foggy) for their stay.*

*Wednesday August 22<sup>nd</sup> Ucluelet. Baro ~ 30.7*

*We had to stop for fuel – water, a few groceries bread & ice before leaving Ucluelet. The kid (Adam aged 9) from the ice cream store helped me carry down our ice cream cones. He was a lonely kid – very busy.*

*~ 1130 Log 923 Leave Ucluelet. There is a NW wind, not too heavy. We trolled for a bit outside Ucluelet. Louie caught a rockfish, a small chinook (~ 3 lbs)! and a ling cod!! We saved the rockfish for crab bait. Saw a whale spout.*

*We put up the sails and ran down the north side of Barkley Sound until we ran out of wind near Toquart Bay. We went on in to Pipestem Inlet where our usual anchorage was waiting for us. The water was warm! We stripped & went swimming (bathing) in reasonably warm water 66-68 ° F It felt good. Louie even enjoyed the water. We cleaned the fish while walking the doggies, having salmon steaks & a piece of ling cod for dinner.*

*Little fish have taken up residence in the cove – smallest on top, larger in the deeper water. Kingfishers are noisy when one spies another's success. Eagles drift back & forth over head. Chickadees flit from tree to tree in a noisy bustle of energy. The quiet of this place is overwhelming. Early to bed – sweet sleep Loons Owl.*

## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

1125 Log 944 Baro Lu. Pinkertons

*Thursday August 23<sup>rd</sup>. Pipestem Inlet Foggy Baro 30.68*

*This is a slow morning – no need to rush. You hate leaving such a nice anchorage. I am spending today thinking of George. He was supposed to have joined us. The fog is slow to move. We waited for the afternoon low tide to gather oysters to carry in a bag for later. Finally we decided to move on.*

*August 23, 1984*

*We are anchored in a quiet place today. Pipestem Inlet. It is where I want to be because my thoughts are full of George. He was to join us today. This is one of the places we would have brought him for sure. He would have enjoyed the oysters – we might have caught shrimp. Today the cove is quiet. Foggy low clouds hang over the hills giving everything a soft touch. A stream trickles in the back of the cove, tall cedar trees frame its edges. Birds carry out their routines – gulls, herons, eagles, kingfishers crows and chickadees. An occasional boat slides by the quiet islands. We are taking in the quiet, gathering energy reserves for the hard trek home.*

*What awaits us there? Certainly a different life than when we left. George was my rock at the lab. He was the joy in returning. Now I feel underpinned. In my dreams and waking he came to me. I was too emotional and upset to hear clearly what he was saying. But I think he was telling me to keep things going – he was counting on it – he would be behind me. If only I could do that much even in face of all the politics. The burden is not only on my own shoulders – it is a shared burden among those who love George. It will be a time to fight and I am preparing for battle here at Pipestem Inlet.*

*Death has changed life. We cling to each other for comfort. But George's life changed life also, and much for the better. His personal warmth and generosity were lessons by example which I needed to learn. I trusted him to be critical of my thinking and thereby learned in the process to think more critically myself. I hope he knew how steadfastly loyal I was to him. I hope that knowledge gave him some comfort.*

*I am a small person in George's life – one of many. He is a large person in my life.*

*1550 Log 938 Leave Pipestem. We are not going far – only to the Pinkertons There is a bit of a breeze and the fog has lifted showing clouds & sun.*

*We went to our usual place, but the anchor dragged. Louie suggested a little bay just next door so we went in there and found a nice anchorage. This one feels rolly but is well protected. Again, peace and quiet. After a dinner of ling cod we set the crab pot back in the other cove and went by dinghy through the maze of channels surrounding the cove. A heron, the mark of the Pinkertons, fished in nearby rocks. Nice Evening. Goodnight*

## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

*Friday August 24<sup>th</sup> Pinkertons Sunny Baro 30.62*

*The sky cleared last night. Today is a beautifully sunny day. Again, we are not in a hurry to leave. It is so peaceful here. We checked the crab pot – only rock crab, but big ones! I kept 3 and got rid of the smelly bait (mackerel & cod). After clean up it was time to go.*

*1125 Log 944 Lv. Pinkertons. Louie wanted to try Julia Passage again – this time going North. The entrance is very shallow – there was plenty of water at high tide.*

*The passage was charming at high tide in the sunshine with the wind behind us. A number of float houses line the passage – some of them are support outposts for fishermen in runabouts.*

*The top end of Julia Passage is even more narrow than I remembered. The dinghy went through sideways in the current. We picked up wind on the outside. Louie wanted to explore around the corner in Effingham Inlet. First we saw a nice little cove which was quite well protected from the wind – but there was another hook a bit farther. When we saw it, we fell in love with the 2<sup>nd</sup> cove and decided to stay the night. Tight anchoring.*

*This cove has its own little islets & beach inside. Kingfishers are busy catching the small fish roaming the shallow waters. In order not to fall asleep Louie took me out to fish for shrimp trap bait. There is a deep channel just across the inlet from this anchorage. I caught two nice sized fish right away, like immediately, then nothing more. Louie kept me over good bottom, maybe it was the seal. We filleted the fish, then took the carcasses & our new shrimp line on a reel Louie devised in the dink out to the 52 fathom hole (if he guessed right) The pot took lots of line - how much was anyone's guess – later calculations suggested we had over 300 ft. Anyway, it was on the bottom so we went back to have dinner, this time salmon fillets.*

*Louie fished from the boat with the Sting Zelda and succeeded in catching a dogfish which I dispatched. Enough for another day. Goodnight.*

## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

*Saturday August 25<sup>th</sup> Effingham Inlet Fog → Pt. Sun Baro 30.71*

✧ "Good Morning & happy Birthday Charlie" said Louie. We slowly awake to the routines of the day. The fog moved in but by the time we were ready to move it had lifted enough.

1040 Log 951 Leave Effingham Inlet – a special place. We gathered in the pot which contained only 3 shrimp -1 which was edible size. Oh Well – we threw them back in the water wondering what their chance would be not to be eaten on the way down. The trap was muddy – even on top, so we suspected it was sideways in the mud.

Next we rigged lines for trolling. I tried every combination and all we caught was kelp & bottom. Sigh. We spent about 3 hours fishing. The fog was coming & going. As we turned down the chain of islands toward Marble Cove it got thick. All we could see were the rocks next to us. We made the turn into nothingness knowing that the cove was less than a mile away. Just as we reached the big island who should come out in their dinghy? – none other than Eli & Joan of "Seashell"! They came over for a visit & tea. They had been in Port Alberni for a week to fix their transmission.

Marble Cove was very pretty otherwise. Bonaparte Gulls livened the place up. Lots of little fish swim by the boat. I tried Stinging & Louie Buzzing or vice versa to no avail. Louie saw a large Coho jump out of the water close to our anchorage.

Fish chowder for dinner. Louie produced a birthday card from Mom & Dad – they (mom) always remember (s).

We feel nervous about tomorrow . The weather report is not that good. Whp knows?

I took the doggies with me to buzz bomb the cove. Saw 2 salmon jump outside – no nibbles except for no-see-ums on me (doggies Too). Did catch alittle rock fish when I let the sting hit the bottom. Beautiful sunset tonight.

*Sunday August 26<sup>th</sup> Marble Cove Fog Baro 30.58 ↓*

What to do? The weatherman says terrible things are going to happen, but we only ½ way believe him. The barometer is falling. The 7:45 weather update sounds slightly better for today – not tomorrow. If we stay it will probably be for 2 days at least, and the tides are getting worse as far as current in Juan de Fuca goes.

## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

*Still no visibility and the prospect of 20 kn S to SW doesn't sound good. So we stay today in spite of taking a pill.*

*The ocean leg is long – we leave early or not at all, so finally the decision was irrevocable.*

*I decided to cook & house clean. Louie decided to go fishing. Fog → Fog & drizzle → rain as the day progressed. No winds yet. 1730 still no wind Baro 30.52. Louie caught a nice blue ling cod – getting quite wet what with filleting et al. I cooked skillet brownie – cake on top of the stove. Good cake. I also fixed soup mix soup with split peas, lentils, barley, etc. It was for our trip but we decided to eat it now & save bread.*

*So I have caught up the log, done some reading as has Louie. There is a toasty fire in the stove which is keeping us warm & dry. The doggies have been flea powdered so they don't even have fleas to scratch. What will tomorrow bring?*

*The day ended with the fog lifting celebrated by a glorious sunset. The high clouds are mackerel & horse tails – turning wonderful hues of fiery orange to soft pink. We went to bed on a clam night with some hope of getting out tomorrow. I took a pill.*

*Monday August 27<sup>th</sup> Marble Cove sunny Windy Baro 30.45 ↑*

*The early morning weather report was better than the 7:30 report. It was calling for 15-25 kn NW with gusts to 30. Too much. The problem is can you believe them? Anyway the breeze came up at 2AM - woke me up – and there is a breeze < 10 kn outside this AM. Unfortunately I made the beds before we decided to wait another day so we wouldn't go back to bed.*

*I read the book "Growing Up" by William Russel which Genny loaned me – good book – the first I've read on the trip. Louie is reading also. The wind did come up quite a bit – I would guess 15-20 NW. It created a real roll in our anchorage although we were well protected from the wind.*



## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

*I had taken a pill this AM so I am fighting off sleep. It is clear & sunny and hardly any boats are out. Seagull – left around 9 AM for Bamfield.*

*By late afternoon I was tired of rolling, wanting to anchor somewhere else in the cove. Louie was reluctant to move so we stayed. It was OK. I started knitting. We had Louie's ling cod for dinner & brownie etc. Waiting is so hard. You worry about what it will be like out there tomorrow with the swells built up by today's wind etc. etc. Nerves.*

*The wind dropped to below 10 tonight & we aren't rolling so badly. The wind comes from strange directions now & then. Oh Well – tired tonight so to bed early. At least we are dry today! The barometer really came up today explaining the wind. We are thinking positively for tomorrow. Goodnight.*

*Tuesday August 28 Marble Cove Overcast – high fog Baro 30.83*

*We woke up every ½ hour – 15 min since 4AM because we are so psyched today. Groan - up at 6AM Louie took the dogs and I made beds and breakfast. We dressed in long Johns. I took a pill at 5AM, gave ½ to Bitsy and at 6 ½ to Laddie. The forecast said NW 10 – 20 with small craft in Juan de Fuca. The local weathers were from 11PM last night! Oh well we are ready to go!*

*0700 Log 962 Leave marble Cove. There is enough visibility though it looks like drizzle ahead. No wind yet – the swell is present even this far in. Sails are ready to go. We went down the island chain watching the little kicker boats fish in the swell. Nervous stomachs. At the outside island we picked up a wind SE! What is going on? I put up the main which helped steady us. The wind built to 15 kn SE. I went to listen to the weather again – it is about 9:00 by now. Same forecast and no local weathers.*

## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

0700 Log 762 Baro 30.83 Lu. Marble Cove

Louie suggested calling Tofino CG on 26. So I did and asked if they had any changes in the forecast since we were experiencing SE winds. No change. They did give me the 8:00 local for Cape Beale which was SE 12. Well, who can you trust? What can you go by? We are mad! Salt spray hits us in the face as Atavist bucks into it with the swell on the aft quarter. What to do? How hard will it blow SE? No luck No how. I called 26 again to get local for Pachena E 10. Now the locals are on the weather channel they told us. I took the wheel for a while. I wanted to keep going and something told me it wasn't going to get worse. Who knows it might even switch to SW or W or even NW?? Now we had to slug against the current – it took forever to get to Pachena. We had to tack to keep the sail full – wind dropped to E 10 at Pachena. The wind got lighter but remained E on the nose all day. A sailboat larger than ourselves passed us; under power also. Lets keep going. I can't stand the thought of waiting out another day. Besides tomorrow's forecast, for whatever its worth, is to be southerly. We kept going & going losing miles in the current.

When we reached Carmanah Light Louie said lets go to Neah Bay. I said he was crazy. We went to Neah Bay – only 4 miles farther. With large swells SW & W on the beam we picked up a slight westerly breeze. We were sailing. Louie lowered the throttle and let the boat go.

We were doing just fine the right amount of breeze when we looked back & there some Coast Guard men in an inflatable coming towards us. They wanted to gboard so we idles the throttle and kept sailing a steady course ~ 4 kn. They came alongside transferring 2 young shorthaired men with a briefcase to Atavist. I kept steady on course as Louie answered their questions. They checked life jackets, pollution plaque, flares, fire extng and asked if you had a gas or diesel engine – ownership & registration.

## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

*Our flares expired March '84 (the incorrigible flare expirer strikes again -50 lashes with a wet droodle) Oops! We will get a letter to which we must respond with a letter saying we have new flares & a copy of the receipt (Geeze forking keereistuh). It took them them the looonnnngggeesssttt time to fill out the forms. (By the way, they carried .45 cannons on their hips). I was so tired & wanted to get anchored. When they were finished the little boat came alongside and they stepped off. It was a new experience. They are doing every boat they can in the area. (chickenshit). I didn't relish the experience, however – being tired – (Louie Too). 5:00 PM we went into Neah Bay and temporarily tied at a marina. Louie called customs and found we could clear tonight so we went over to the Coast Guard station, tied to the Commander's boat ("Tricky"), and cleared customs easily. I had peeled my Vancouver Island potatoes quickly to cook for dinner – he didn't even ask for them – or apples either. The Coast Guard man who was clearing us was chatty. (he'll go to the brig for that one). We were able to walk the doggies in a grassy spot. Poor babies had a ~ 10hr wait. We also got jug water for dishes. Then we anchored fairly near the station so Louie could take the dogs to the breakwater in the AM. At last we are here! It was a 55 km mile day. Dinner was fried oysters (Pipestem shucked in Marble Cove) etc. & lots of mashed potatoes.*

*Time for bed It has been a long day and we are as happy to be here rather than in Barkley Sound.*

*Tonight about 3AM the CG got a call – someone going on the rocks – so in 10 minutes a boat left. Later in the night we were hit sideways by a ship's wake which rolled us so hard the flowers fell over & water spilled on the floor. Louie woke up cursing on that one (well you know how it is). There were more wakes not exactly a great place. (Sigh) "Lissome" came in with "Annie" which we had seen in Ucluelet. Turned out Walt had just sold the boat.*

## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

*Wednesday, August 29<sup>th</sup> Neah Bay Sunny Baro 30.87*

*We woke up about 7:00 this morning not knowing when we would be going. There is nothing between Neah Bay and Pt. Angeles except Clallum Bay only 15 miles down the road. We didn't want to go to Sooke because of fog potential and wind at Sherringham Pt. The weatherman promised light winds westerly in J de F & sunshine. So Louie walked the doggies and we had breakfast underway.*

*0800 Log 016.7 Leave Neah Bay. We are going to try to make Pt. Angeles today and if not ....? We will go 10 miles on 10 miles off – until we reach something. The Straits are hard against us until 2 PM – nothing to do about that. Anyway we are off and the breeze is from ... the East! How disappointing- curses – we hate weathermen. The wind was not bad but very chilly, good to have long Johns on.*

*10 miles at 19-20 kts was 1 hr. 45 min – not bad switching. The scenery on this side was rather nice. – sail and seal rocks The point at Clallum Bay (current the worst). Pillar Rock a little farther on. Then the wind picked up to 10 -12 kn against us – just the when the current was letting go. Again curses. Luckily on my stint the wind had died down. Getting tired at 50 – 60 miles.*

*Port Angeles is behind a humungous spit which you have to go around before coming in. A huge ship is anchored inside. Louie had to practically force me to steer the right course it was so out of the way. Finally we rounded the spit and went back the 2+ miles to the marina. It was quite full – we looked for a place to tie up – nothing on the transient side. We went down slips thinking they might be transient also – someone directed us to one to which the owner was hauled out. Tricky getting in. It is 8:00 – 11 hours is a long day. We made 63-64 kn miles today. The log was fouled at least 1 mile's worth. Poor doggies were glad to get ashore.*

## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

*0930 Log 079 Baro 30.77 Lu. Port Angeles*

*"Annie" who had also anchored in Neah Bay last night came in just behind us. Dave the owner was also the builder of the beautiful glass & wood Sprague 33. He is a boat builder by trade. A young man in his 30's he is so good at his building that he can almost write his own ticket. He and his crew – a young woman whose name we didn't get were quite friendly. They came from Bamfield the same time we came from marble Cove – only they were enough behind us to get rained upon. They had friends in Port Angeles – live-aboards just a boat away. After talking & letting down, complaining about the wind, the weatherman etc. I finally cooked dinner. We had what was left of the ling cod with rice and lima beans.*

*Very tired tonight. We slept quite well until 3AM when Roger, a security man, stomped loudly on the dock taking names & numbers of transient boats and woke me up.*

*I keep wishing on a star to get us home safely.*

*Louie called Reithels to say we would probably be in Hadlock tomorrow*

*Thursday August 30<sup>th</sup> Port Angeles Sunny Baro 30.77*

*↗ Good Morning and snuggle. The worst really is over. I feel much more relaxed about the remainder of the trip even if it will be long days.*

*The weather report sounded good – light winds, maybe even westerlies. Ha! Don't believe that.*

*We talked a while to Dave & troops and Dave showed us his boat. It is beautifully worked with yellow cedar. Well, it is 37 miles not counting current so we had better shove off!*

*0930 Log 079 Lu Port Angeles. It was hard to know how to play the currents which were strong.*

## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

*1005 Log 124 Baro 30.71 Lu. Hadlock*

*We got all excited because a west wind came up in the harbor. We put up the sails and the wind almost died. Finally outside, it essentially did quit. Least it wasn't against us. The current held us off of New Dungeness for 2 hours – we went 20 miles to go 15. Finally the current eased and we started making headway. By the time we reached Pt. Wilson the current was moving in our favor and we flew through tide rips glad to be going with it for a change. Large ships passed us fairly close by because the shipping lanes come close to shore. Their wakes were hardly noticeable which surprised me. We made our way to Reithel's marina and tied up in an empty slip. It was 5zpm after 45 miles = 8 extra current miles.*

*Louie tried calling Reithel's right away – busy line (party phone). The doggies were greatly relieved to run in the grassy area. Whew. I wonder what goes through their minds – they probably take it as it comes. Louie got frustrated after ½ hr. of busy phone so I tried for a while and also got frustrated. Finally I called the operator for assistance which Louie had already done – but having waited 50 min did the trick & he put me through. Frank came right out as we quickly changed clothes.*

*What a wonderful warm reception from the Reithels! A cousin (Kitty) was visiting from Connecticut. We talked and talked. Kitty served a delicious dinner of glazed pork, then home grown beans and home grown potatoes. We had a good appetite – it wasn't fish! We talked beside a little fire in the fireplace until midnight. It was a good time.*

*Louie drove their truck beck to the boat. It will be a short sleep but a sound one – it is very quiet here.*

*Friday August 31<sup>st</sup> Hadlock Overcast Baro 30.71*

*We were up at 6AM to go to Reithel's for breakfast arriving at 7:30 instead of 8:00 as planned. Kitty had made a wonderful coffee cake & also had melon and rye bread toast. The house and yard all have good feeling about it. They live a simple but meaningful life. We enjoyed conversation very much with them. They took us out to the boat. Carol was very enthusiastic about our boat and travels even though she was a rather bossy person.*

## *Circumnavigating Vancouver Island First Mate's Log*

*1005 Log 124 Leave Hadlock. We knew we would have current, but it must have been nearly 5 kn through the Hadlock channel. Louie fired the Perkins up to 2400 rpm! We just barely made our way through and past the dredge in the mid channel. Frank, Kitty, and Carol waved us through from a little park. Whew. But that was only the beginning of fighting our way today. Admiralty was strong against us. Then we lost visibility as fog and drizzle came our way. We took every back eddy we could find, but there were other places we just sat and ate the miles. It took us so long to reach Pt No Pt that the fog cleared and we had visibility again. It is going to be a long day. There were hundreds of little & big boats fishing Pt. No Pt. I even could smell cigar smoke in the air. Louie took us very close to the beach to get as much advantage as possible. We crossed Admiralty right at maximum ebb, then had to fight the currents around the end of Whidbey. A fisherman hailed us wanting to identify some fish they caught. We stopped, I looked it up—they were rat fish. Too bad. At the end of Whidbey we picked up wind on the nose! It was supposed to be southerly—light today. Our luck—no—luck is holding firm. The wind quit after 5 miles. Lots of wakes otherwise a nice run. At Penn Cove a 10 kn north wind started blowing—a final thumb in the nose! We are arriving in Oak Harbor as I write this. It is 7:00 PM and we are glad to be here. Terns & puffins even greeted us at #2 buoy. 53 miles today.*

*Louie put it this way. We have circumnavigated Whidbey Island. While we were at it we went around Vancouver Island. The circle is closed Log ends 177*