

2013 Vacation Log – “Natasha”

West Coast of Vancouver Island

June 19th to July 24th 2013

Wednesday, June 19th Departure	Monday, July 1st Friendly Cove	Saturday, July 13th Ucluelet
Thursday, June 20th Oak Bay	Tuesday, July 2nd Hot Springs Cove	Sunday, July 14th Pipestem Inlet
Friday, June 21st Sooke	Wednesday, July 3rd West Whitepine Cove	Monday, July 15th Pipestem Inlet
Saturday, June 22nd Turtle Bay, Barkley Sound	Thursday, July 4th Ucluelet	Tuesday, July 16th Pinkereton Islands
Sunday, June 23rd Turtle Bay, Barkley Sound	Friday, July 5th Ucluelet	Wednesday, July 17th Port Alberni Yacht Club
Monday, June 24th Tofino	Saturday, July 6th Ucluelet	Thursday, July 18th Turtle Bay
Tuesday, June 25th Tofino	Sunday, July 7th Ucluelet	Friday, July 19th Ucluelet
Wednesday, June 26th Hot Springs Cove	Monday, July 8th Turtle Bay	Saturday, July 20th Turtle Bay
Thursday, June 27th Friendly Cove, Nootka Sound	Tuesday, July 9th Turtle Bay	Sunday, July 21st Turtle Bay
Friday, June 28th Tahsis	Wednesday, July 10th Jarvis Lagoon	Monday, July 22nd Bamfield
Saturday, June 29th Nachatlitz	Thursday, July 11th Port Alberni Yacht Club	Tuesday, July 23rd Victoria
Sunday, June 30th Mary Basin	Friday, July 12th Bamfield	Wednesday, July 24th Sidney & home

In this Document

- Distance measurements were taken from the chart plotter in nautical miles, distance covered over the ground, not necessarily the straight line distance between two points.
- Tides were taken from the nearest reference point and measured in meters.

The West Coast

On the west coast of Vancouver Island the presumptions are;

- The prevailing summer current runs from north to south at about one half to one full knot, unless a major storm surge reverses it temporarily;
- Flood tides run inland in all the inlets and bays, the larger the tide, the stronger the current near the entrance. The reverse is true for ebb tides. In a large tide swing the current is significant and must be taken into account when you drive a 5.5 knot boat. Even in minor tides, the ebb current against the prevailing westerly winds can create a significant short, steep sea that needs to be addressed in planning;
- In settled weather the prevailing winds are thermals generated by the inland land mass warming up and drawing cool air off the Pacific Ocean. The winds start up around 10 am as a gentle breeze and, within the hour (or less), are at 20 knots, always from the west to northwest. These winds die off as the sun slides towards the horizon. The overnight period is almost always calm. The unfortunate part of “settled weather” is that if the wind is strong enough it will drag the off-shore fog onto the coast, effectively eliminating all visibility and dropping the air temperature from pleasantly warm to cold and damp. This is most prevalent from the latter part of July through August (known locally as Fogust) and into September. The best cruising on the West Coast is May through the middle of July when the interior doesn’t get too hot;
- In unsettled weather (when a front comes through) the winds are from the southeast and usually bring rain. These winds will continue on through the night at whatever velocity the storm brings. These events are usually three days in length with the middle day being the wettest and windiest. However, if one front follows another there won’t be a break and the skies will continue to be cloudy with wind from the southeast. Some of these weather windows go on for days on end (rare in the summer), particularly when there is an upper level low settled in over the coast;
- The ocean swells are predominately from the northwest, but depend completely on the offshore winds (which may not match the winds along the coast!). Generally the winds within a mile or two of the coast are significantly lighter than those five mile out. These inshore winds also tend to curl in towards the land mass, becoming more westerly than northwesterly. Surface

generated waves are usually different than the ocean swells in direction. Close to land this can generate a very confused sea. It's a more comfortable passage four to five miles off shore;

- When planning a small boat trip from Victoria to Barkley Sound everything depends on weather and tides. On the outward journey the goal is to have a large ebb tide to boost progress by as much as two knots in Juan de Fuca Strait, with the hope that the westerly winds blowing against the current will remain minimal. Optimally, you hope for a bad weather front to come through with southeast winds which provides the ability to run downwind with the current. Of course, the bad weather will probably bring rain! At best you hope for no wind at all. In really good weather the thermally generated will make the passage nearly impossible when blowing at 25+ knots from the west. When that is forecast you plan for an overnight passage when winds are light to non-existent;
- On the return voyage plans are made for the opposite conditions, a large flood tide and the afternoon thermals. Racing whitecaps up Juan de Fuca Strait under a billowing spinnaker and sunny skies is a sail that's not soon forgotten. The planning point in both directions is the current at Race Passage at the eastern (Victoria) end of Juan de Fuca. Currents there can run up to 8+ knots in either direction and must be taken into account.
- The term "public dock" is used often in this log. In the past the federal government constructed and maintained a network of docks in many coastal communities. These were always bright red in color and were called "Government Docks". In recent years the federal government has divested itself of these docks and offered them to the community they were located in. The community is now responsible for maintenance. Most are no longer painted red and they are now referred to as "public docks". These docks are on a first come/ first serve basis with reservations not normally taken. There are few privately owned marinas on the west coast of Vancouver Island.

About The Boat

“Natasha”, named after our granddaughter, is a 1978 Islander Bahama 30 originally named “Folly”. She was sailed from San Diego to Victoria by her previous owner where Carey & I purchased her in 2003. We have been upgrading her ever since. She is probably better than new at this stage with the latest addition being a new Beta 20 diesel installation in 2012. See <http://islander36.org/maintain4b.html#> for a document about the engine installation, electrical upgrade and blister repair.



About Us

Carey & I have been actively cruising British Columbia waters for over 30 years. This west coast adventure was our 4th cruise to this spectacular area. We’ve sailed to Barkley Sound by way of Victoria on the south end of Vancouver Island three times, and once around the north end (circumnavigation). Our daughter, Nicky, grew up sailing with us. Now our granddaughter, Natasha, is following in her footsteps.



Wednesday	Sail to Oak Bay or Victoria at 1500hrs	Tides		Race Rocks			Juan de Fuca East		
June 19	27 nm	0823	0.9	0013	0413	-5.0	0523	0523	- 2.7
	.6 hrs. under power	1615	2.6	0828	1056	+3.6	1021	1245	+ 0.9
	5.5 hrs. under sail	1932	2.5	1433	1711	+2.5	1538	1822	- 1.1
				2036	2259	+2.0	2153	2325	+0.4

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1100hrs The start of the 2013 holidays! I'm leaving North Saanich Marina (Sidney) marina under sunny skies with the promise of a light SE breeze. The boat is all loaded up and feels a bit sluggish. But then I have enough food and booze aboard for more than a few weeks. There are about three dozen bottles of red wine aboard, in plastic bags for storage! That should do for part of the trip anyway! I'm single handed at the moment with plans to pick up Marc Pettigrew on Friday, June 21st in Sooke (the east entrance to Juan de Fuca Strait). Marc is an experienced sailor with time on a variety of boats. His passion is racing. Once aboard we're sailing as far northwest along the outside of Vancouver Island as time and weather permits. I'm hoping for as far north as the Brooke's Peninsula (Cape of Storms) before returning south to Ucluelet where Carey (wife) & Natasha (granddaughter) will arrive on Friday, July 5th. The girls are coming up from Victoria by bus and Marc will be going home from there. A couple of weeks in Barkley Sound with the girls before they go home from Ucluelet, and then I will get the boat home when weather permits. That's the plan anyway.

Carey & I hosted a small party with a group of friends last night. We sorted out who was going to take Trixi (our dog) for the time that Carey and Natasha were sailing with me in Barkley Sound. We also figured out where and when Marc was going to join me. We drank too much wine and generally had a good time.

This morning I finished the last of the groceries and loaded up the boat with ice and fresh/frozen supplies. I took the car home, said goodbye to Carey & Trixi, and walked back to the marina. The dinghy came off the rack and into the water, the boat prepared and I got underway at 1100hrs. The tide was still against me on a big flood until around 1600hrs but the wind and sunny skies are just too good to miss!



1130hrs The sails are up and it is a SE wind of all things, hard on the wind aimed for Sidney Channel. Sailing against the wind and current, but then I have all day!

1500hrs Abeam of Zero Rock in light showers and a westerly wind. So far it's been a great sail. I managed to make Sidney Channel on one long tack, hard on the wind with a 10 knot warm breeze over the deck. The sun was shining although there were thick clouds to the west with rain falling on the Peninsula. Once close to Sidney Channel the wind headed me and I had to tack back and forth against a one knot current. It took a while but I managed to get all the way through as the threatening clouds

stayed away. After clearing Sidney Channel the wind died as the clouds got closer. Rain was definitely in the works. The water was soon glassy smooth although I still managed about 1.5 knots on what was a light SE breeze over a flooding current. I could see Zero Rock and headed for it. As the afternoon progressed the clouds got closer and the wind stayed light.

1700hrs The real rain started shortly after the last entry. I got into full rain gear while skies cleared to the south east, rain falling from the west. The dodge kept me dry while Auto kept me on course. And as I approached 10 Mile Point and Baines Channel the wind shifted to a gusty westerly as the rain dissipated.

2130hrs Back on board after a very nice dinner at Peter & Michelle's. I'm tied up at Royal Victoria Yacht Club, taking advantage of the reciprocal privileges. After the last entry things got a bit hectic! The wind really picked up from the west and continued to be very gusty. Over on my ear one minute, then back upright the next. I put a reef in the main, going hard to windward. Peter called on my cell to say that he could see me from the house. Called again but I was too busy driving to answer. Into Baines Channel on a big ebb against the westerly. Not pretty. Still sailing though, crashing through the standing waves, green water over the bow, spray back into the cockpit. At one point I wanted to tack towards RVYC and, although the head sail backed, the boat was simply stopped by a standing wave. I was going backwards in the water although forward over the bottom. Got that sorted out and sailed into RVYC and found the reciprocal dock, tying up in very gusty conditions. Probably 20 knots across the deck. I cleaned up a bit and got organized. The phone call from Peter was to invite me to dinner. I checked in with the wharfinger at the Club and then Peter picked me up at the front door. Very nice steak dinner while we watched the RVYC Wednesday racers go by the front windows in the same gusty conditions. We had good discussion about anchorages in Barkley Sound. Peter and Michelle will be following me out to Barkley on their Beneteu 39 "Tula" this coming weekend. Peter is taking two paying passengers out to Barkley and Michelle will be joining him in about two weeks.

The forecast for tomorrow is for strong westerly winds and rain. I may be here for a day!

Thursday	Stay at RVYC due to weather	Tides		Race Rocks			Juan de Fuca East		
June20	0 nm	0119	3.2	0050	0457	-5.5	0101	0616	-3.0
		0904	0.5	0910	1145	+4.4	1052	1339	+1.5
	0 hrs. under power	1714	2.9	1531	1814	-2.8	1656	1938	-1.1
BACK TO TOP	0 hrs. under sail	2042	2.6	2149	2349	+1.9	2316	0039	+0.3

0900hrs Well, the strong winds have proven true. These westerly winds are gusting to 20 knots in here, 30 at Race Rocks. The rain has been downgraded to showers, one of those showers falling at the moment. I've checked with the wharfinger and I'm good to stay where I am for the moment unless something else comes up. I suspect not too many people will be moving out here today. The forecast for

Friday and Saturday is much more promising, calm winds tomorrow and then SE winds in Juan de Fuca on Saturday and Sunday, 10 to 15 knots. That would be a treat!

1745hrs A bit of a boring day in the wind and rain. I'm reading *Nightfall* by Isaac Asimov (again) and have most of it done in one day. Not a whole lot else to do today. The wind has not let up and it's been a fine, soaking rain most of the day. It's dry at the moment. I did walk over to the Oak Bay Police office and had a nice chat with the crew there again. Then to town to the old Blethering Place for lunch at about 1400hrs and a long walk back to the club in the rain. The boat continues to rock gently at the dock. At least the forecast is still good for getting to Sooke tomorrow.



2100hrs The light rain continues to fall as the wind eases. The skies are still completely clouded over but the forecast is still calling for clearing in the afternoon tomorrow (a slight delay from an earlier forecast of clearing in the morning). Now it's supposed to shower in the morning and the winds are supposed to be light from the SW. I have the alarm set for 0500hrs, take a shower up at the facilities and then hit the road at 0600hrs. Race Rocks is slack at 0954hrs and is about 12 miles away. That should give me enough time to sail if there is any wind. I should be in Sooke by 1130hrs (before the current changes in Juan de Fuca!).

Friday	Sooke	Dawn 0429	Tides	Race Rocks			Juan De Fuca East		
June 21	28 nm	Sunrise 0517	0158 3.3	0134	0543	-6.1	0154	0710	-3.4
		Sunset 2114	0948 .3	0954	1232	+5.0	1139	1428	+2.1
	2.4 hrs. under power	Dusk 2202	1803 3.1	1623	1925	-3.2	1759	2043	-1.3
	5 hrs. under sail		2147 2.8	2251	0038	+1.8	0021		
		Moon at 97%							
		Moonrise 1928 hrs					Juan de Fuca West		
		Moonset 0434 hrs					0625	-2.2	
		Get through Race Rocks before 1000 am, into Sooke by 1130 hrs.					1035	1324	+1.2
							1428	1840	-1.2

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Marc arrives around 1900hrs

0530hrs Sailing away from the dock at Royal Vic Yacht Club in a 10 knot SW breeze. I got up at 0430hrs and had a shower in the great facilities at the club, then back down to the boat to boil some water for coffee, prepare the boat and away I went. It's mostly cloudy this morning with the VHF

weather channel promising showers today, better tomorrow and Sunday. Winds are supposed to pick up to westerly 15 this afternoon, near calm for tomorrow morning. Perfect! There's a boat at anchor with its main up, perhaps following me?

0630hrs Clear of Oak Bay already, a three knot ebb in Baines Channel helping me along. A reef in the main went in early as the wind across the deck was up to 15 knots, hard on the wind. The sun is touching the snow on Hurricane Ridge across Juan de Fuca Strait. I can't see the boat behind me anymore.

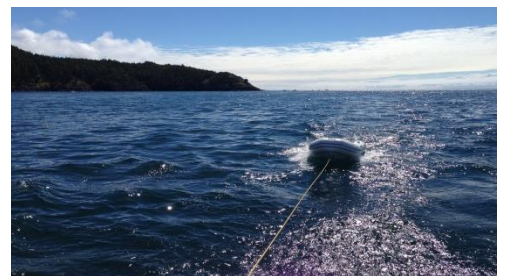
0700hrs Off the entrance to Victoria harbour already, nice current. Tacked past Trial Island and skirted past Clover Point in some sloppy conditions. The reef came back out of the main to get some more power as the wind eased. I can see three sailboats along the Westshore area, headed out Juan de Fuca like me. There are large freighters coming up behind me for the pilot boat. The clouds have closed in again and the wind a bit cold. Time for some coffee.



0815hrs The wind has gone real light off Albert Head, still five miles to reach Race Passage to windward. Tide changes at 1000hrs so I have to make some time. The engine is on.

0910hrs In Race Passage with the current still in my favour, the sails are back at work, hard on the wind in a very nice breeze from the west. The water is pretty smooth and we're making 5 knots through the water, 7knots over the bottom with the current.

1000hrs Into sunshine under clearing skies! The wind has become very light off Beechy Head and the tide has definitely turned against in very short order. The power is back on to make some headway. Lots of small sports boats out here, probably from Sooke and Beechy Bay marina, all fishing.



1100hrs Turned the corner into the Sooke Harbour entrance. The wind has come back up and I'm sailing again under sunny skies.

1200hrs Tied up at the Sooke Public Wharf. The sun is finally warming me up. The wharfinger, Linda, just came to greet me as she was on her way home for lunch, back at 1900hrs to collect. She only works half days. Lots of room at the dock although it's somewhat exposed to boat wake and chop. Nice view though.

The trip here after Beechy Head was a struggle against the current, hugging the shore under power to get out of the worst of it. There were many small sports fishers along the shore and I played dodge with them. The wind came back up for a while and I sailed into the entrance to the harbour and then, turning the corner past Wiffen Spit, was head to wind. The jib was rolled up and the power came back on. It's a bit tricky getting in here with all the shallows. It took me a bit to figure out where to go. A sail and power boat are anchored out near the spit, probably waiting for the tide to head out Juan de Fuca. They came out of Victoria Harbour and powered all the way here, passing me near Race Rocks.

Marc texted to say that his ride (Daryl) had fallen through and his alternate ride wouldn't get him here until 2000hrs. I went up to the market to get some fresh fruit and salads and then he texts me to say he will be here at 1700hrs. OK, we shall see!

2130hrs Marc showed up at 1730hrs. A quiet relaxing afternoon in the cockpit with a couple of drinks followed. We decided on a pork chop dinner with salad as the sun set over the hills to the west. The westerly wind eased a bit more and a full moon has come up over the eastern hills. It looks like it's going to be a good day for going west tomorrow. The forecast is for light winds from the west in the morning and most of the day. Here's hoping! The alarm is set for 0200hrs. We need to take advantage of the big ebb between 0254 and noon, try to get as far out of Juan de Fuca as we can.



Saturday	Turtle Island	Dawn 0429	Race Rocks			Juan de Fuca East		
June 22	70 nm	Sunrise 0518	0219	0630	-6.5	0142 +0.3		
		Sunset 2114	1040	1319	+5.4	0254	0805	-3.4
	10.4 hrs. under power	Dusk 2203	1710	2035	-3.8	1212	1513	+2.5
	3.6 hrs. under sail		2349			1852	2136	-1.5
		Moon at 100%						
		Moonrise 2032 hrs	Juan de Fuca West					
		Moonset 0540 hrs	0715 -2.3					
	If I haven't left the night before, get moving		1118 1312 +1.4					
	by 0200hrs to get out of Juan de Fuca by 1030 hrs. Potentially 14 hrs to Dodger Channel. Cape Bonilla (open ocean) 50 nm from Sooke, 8 hrs at 7 knots		1721 2033 -1.4					

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0230hrs We're up and ready to go, casting off the dock lines as the engine gets us away on a dead calm night under a full moon. Visibility is excellent. There are a few high clouds to the south. Not a soul is up this time of the morning. It's actually quite warm out, but then we're both fully dressed for the Artic!

0400hrs Abeam of Sheringham light. A commercial freighters' navigation lights just dissolved into a fog bank off to port in the middle of the Strait, hard to tell how far away it is. We have about 1.5 knot of current with us and a light breeze against. What looked like a military vessel came up behind us and passed us about half an hour ago, the stern deck all lit up. It's quite choppy out. There is a hint of daylight towards the eastern horizon.

0530hrs At San Simon Point with no wind, the water is glassy smooth. The large fog bank is still about ½ a mile to port. The sun hasn't come over the mountains yet but it is daylight. We have the heater on inside as it's quite cold standing outside. The coffee is on!



0740hrs Off Port San Juan in flat water and pea soup fog. We don't have radar but obviously have a chart plotter right at the helm. There's not much to run into out here! We still have about 2 knots of current helping us along. The ocean swell has reached us and is about 3 feet high with a long duration. About an hour ago I put out the fish line over the stern with a green hoochie, trolling on the surface. There were no fish apparent on the depth sounder. Marc said he was going to put his head down and had gone below when the fish line spun out of the reel. I looked back and saw a fish jump on the flat water! I cut the throttle and put the engine into neutral! Marc scrambled back up into the cockpit and I started to reel in. The fish ended up being about a 5 lb Coho, fortunately into the net before the hook came out. Marc then cleaned it right in the cockpit while we motored on. From sea to icebox in about 20 minutes. Dinner tonight! I washed out the cockpit with a bucket, all while motoring in thick, thick fog. I can hear freighter whistles off to port. We're well out of the shipping lane!



0800hrs Motoring along with 2.5 knots of current. Marc has gone down for a nap and we're back in the clear again. We came out of the fog bank about 10 minutes after the last entry. Now the parade of four freighters to port is emerging from the fog as well. The swell height has increased somewhat and is getting a bit uncomfortable.

0920hrs Abeam of Carmanah Point in clear skies and calm water. The swells are still there but have eased a bit. Still have a 2 knot current with. The warmth of the sun is very welcome!

1200hrs At Pachena Point under sunny skies and flat water. I went down for about a 45 minute much needed nap a little while ago and feel much better! We came inshore from about 2 miles out to check out the hikers on the West Coast Trail and Tusiatic Falls. Also looking for whales which are known to feed here. And then we saw one half way to Pachena Point, a Humpback well inshore. There is a sailboat about two miles to port on a converging course, perhaps from the Columbia River?



1245hrs The engine is finally off, the sails are out in a very light southerly breeze, drifting hard on the wind abeam of Sea Bird Rocks, headed for Cape Beale. The converging sailboat also has their sails up, about a mile away. There is another sail boat powering well astern, also coming this way. The weather report tells us that Sheringham Point behind us now has 25 knots of westerly wind!

1400hrs That sail didn't last all that long before the wind died completely just short of Cape Beale. But we're passed that now and we're sailing again, on a reach with a nice southerly wind. The swells are minimal although still crashing against the rocks at the point. We're headed for Turtle Island. The other sail boat, Sashay from Vancouver, is headed into Bamfield under power.



1630hrs The anchor is down in a quite Turtle Bay. We have arrived, 14 hours after casting off the dock lines. Not a bad voyage at all! Just very tired! It was a very pleasant sail across from Cape Beale, hard on the wind in a 7 knot breeze, skirting Folger Island and across Imperial Beagle Channel. Marc fell sleep in the cockpit and missed the whole thing, even when I was adjusting the sails! We sailed into the waters on the east side of Effingham Island and the wind died. We were sort of ghosting along at close to zero knots, not really wanting to start the engine again, when we spotted a whale



spout close to shore. The engine idled us in to investigate and get some photos. The Humpback was right inshore along the cliffs, obviously feeding. Then it was a short sail/motor through the rock strewn waters around the back side of Turtle Island and into the anchorage. There is one other sailboat and one power boat in here.

Turtle Bay is a relatively large bay surrounded by low, forested Dodd, Willis and Turtle islands. The gaps between the islands offering narrow entrances to his protected anchorage. 30 ft of water over a mud bottom provide one of the most secure anchorages in the Broken Group of islands, part of Pacific Rim National Park. There are a number of kayaker's campsites scattered on the surrounding islands. To have just three sailboats here on our first night in Barkley Sound was a treat. It's going to be a great evening!



Sunday	Turtle Bay	Tides	0725	0.0
June 23	0 nm		1315	3.2
	0 hrs. under power		1920	1.3
BACK TO TOP	0 hrs. under sail			

1030hrs It's been a quite morning as the rain falls on deck. It's a light rain, but still wet. We haven't even had breakfast yet!

After arrival yesterday it was a very relaxing evening. The rum came out to be followed by some good wine and a very tasty salmon BBQ with rice and buns. A McGregor 26 came in along with a small powerboat; that was it for the night. The other sailboat was obviously a day-sail charter and left early in

the evening. As the evening settled in the brilliant sun eased to the west as the full moon rose above the trees to the east. We sent photos to Carey & Pam. A perfect evening! We finally crashed about 2230hrs with no plans for today. The weather forecast was for rain overnight and the following day.



I woke up a few times early in the morning although I didn't look at the clock, just rolled over and went back to sleep. I finally got up at 0830hrs, long after my usual early morning! I tidied up the boat and got water going for coffee. Marc was up soon afterwards while I updated the log with rain falling gently on the roof. Peter is on his way today in Juan de Fuca. He left a message on my cell phone indicating he left at 0200hrs this morning, meeting us here when he arrives. We aren't going anywhere today, just sit back and recover from yesterday, do some exploring. I've been here a few times, Marc has not.

1230hrs The salmon eggs-benedict brunch was great! We're both full to the gunnels! The rain has started in earnest again so we're inside. The tarp is up but the breeze is blowing the light drops under the fabric. We're the only boat left in here, expecting Peter to arrive aboard Tula some time before 1400hrs. He can power at 6.5 knots and with the 2 knot ebb should be here by then. He texted me at 0600hrs but that did not transmit until 1100hrs, probably near Port Renfrew where there is cell phone coverage. Humming birds are buzzing around, peaking underneath the tarp. I'm always amazed that they flourish out here, I don't see a whole lot of flowers on land. Yet when a boat arrives they seem to swarm about, inspecting everything. I brought a feeder out with me this time, I'd better load it up and hang it off the backstay. Marc & I were sitting in the cabin just before breakfast and one flew right into the cabin, hovered around for a few seconds, looked at Marc, then turned and looked at me, and then flew out. Neat!



Monday	Tofino	Tides	0120	3.9
June 24	35 nm		0813	-0.1
			1438	3.3
	.7 hrs. under power		2014	1.2
BACK TO TOP	5.5 hrs. under sail			

0700hrs It's raining hard with a very fine mist drifting horizontally in the SE wind that has just started up. It's not pretty out there. The tarp is still up and blowing around a bit, but it's just too nasty to go out there without my rain gear, and Marc is still asleep forward. The plan is to go to Ucluelet this morning, or if the conditions are good, then on to Tofino today. Time for showers & cubed ice.

Yesterday afternoon ended up being continuous rain, from light to heavy, but never stopping. There were promises of lighter clouds but those hints were soon covered up with more clouds. We read books, I updated the log, Marc took a nap, and Peter texted to say that he was almost in Bamfield at about 1400hrs. I called him on the radio and he came through loud and clear (only about 5 miles away). He said his guests wanted to see Bamfield and he needed fuel anyway so they were headed there, then would come over to Turtle Bay. They never did come and I haven't heard from them since. The village of Bamfield is shielded from the rest of Barkley Sound by a hill, effectively cutting off VHF communication. The hill also blocks cellular connections, the only tower servicing this area being in Ucluelet across the Sound. Two sailboats came into the bay and rafted up together at the far end. We enjoyed dinner inside at the table, the Newport heater glowing at our feet. The steaks with Caesar salad and fine wine was most welcome and we chatted into the evening until the port came out. No sitting outside last night!

0945hrs Marc has hauled the anchor and we're underway. The skies remain cloudy but the rain has stopped. There is a real threat off to the SW with a light SE wind freshening. The cockpit tarp went below, not quite dry, but not dripping wet either. I have not been able to raise Peter on the VHF yet.

1020hrs We're coming up to on the shallows and rocks leading to Ucluelet Harbour, 20 ft deep with lots of kelp around. About 2 miles to Amphitrite Point and then open ocean. The fishing line is out over the stern. The wind is on the beam at 10 knots with lighter spots, the spinnaker is up. We have rain showers coming in from the south.

1200hrs Coming up to Amphitrite Point, spinnaker is still up in variable 10 – 15 knots from the SE. The westerly swells are under a 2 ft chop from the southeast, a bit uncomfortable. The rain has come and gone, we missed a big shower astern. I called Peter on the VHF and he's sailing in Imperial Eagle Channel with his students. He couldn't get a signal at Bamfield last night (duh!). We're continuing on to Tofino. The skies actually look promising ahead.



1500hrs We're approaching Lenard Island under spinnaker. It's been a great ride! After rounding Amphitrite Point we carried the spinnaker on a very broad reach out into the Pacific under skies that



were clearing to the west. The SE was another matter, dark brooding clouds were marching across the horizon and headed our way. It seemed only a matter of time before we got another ugly shower. There was a nasty chop on top of the swells, but manageable. We averaged 6+ knots, at one point hitting 9.9 knots on one of the swells as we headed back in towards shore! Thankfully, the dark cloud passed to the west behind us and we didn't get any rain. We were 7 miles off shore when we giped back towards Lenard Island, another great reach all the way here. We spotted a few other

boats out in these waves, but no other sailboats. Lots of crab traps to avoid as we approached Templar Channel. As we approached Templar Channel the Coast Guard S&R vessel, Cape Calvert, came up behind us and followed us for a while. Marc brought in the fish line thinking that perhaps an inspection was coming up. Then the skipper called us on VHF and told us he had taken some good photos and that I should leave a card at the office in Tofino if I wanted copies! Very nice! So I took some photos of him as



well. We managed to sail right to the end of the channel and then, as we made the starboard turn into Tofino, lowered the spinnaker and main, and powered over to the fuel dock. I pumped 49 litres of diesel into the 77 litre tank, lots left. Also purchased two bags of cubed ice to go with the 2 blocks of homemade ice which are lasting quite nicely. This year I installed 1" of blue Styrofoam board on the inside of the icebox and created a thermal blanket to isolate the blocks from contact with articles in the icebox. The thermal blanket is made up of four layers of an aluminized emergency blanket glued together. We shall see how long those original blocks last. No need for more blocks at the moment.

Then it was off to the public wharf for a tie-up at the last remaining spot. A few sailboats are moored here, but it's mostly fish boats. The docks are as cluttered as they ever were. \$32.00 for the wharfing and then off to the showers one at a time (there is only one shower here). Tofino is a very nice town, but the docks are poorly managed, cluttered with derelicts and rarely used fish boats.

2100hrs After the last log entry I started laundry. While that was going we walked up to the Coast Guard station to leave a card. A short walk up the street to the Co-Op for some additional supplies

(\$82) for the next four days and then we ended up watching the last two periods of the Stanley Cup final at the Schooner Restaurant (Chicago beat Boston in the last few minutes of game six for the cup, and I lost the bet, paying for dinner!). Now we're back at the boat and almost ready for bed. Tomorrow is going to be another long day. The forecast is for strong SE winds in the morning, moderating in the late morning/afternoon. We're headed for Nootka Sound around the dangerous Estevan Point, if we can get there, probably later in the morning.

Tuesday	Tofino	Tides	0212	3.8
June 25	0 nm		0900	0.0
	0 hrs. under power		1524	3.4
BACK TO TOP	0 hrs. under sail		2108	1.2

0730hrs The wind is howling across the deck, the rigging is rattling overhead, it's blowing hard! As predicted, a SE front is moving through. Marc is just up and promising to buy me breakfast!

1100hrs The decision to stay another day has been made! The wind continues to gust up to 25 knots and the promise is for rain all day. There are breaks in the clouds at the moment and it looks not all that bad, but the approaching clouds don't look good. Two very deep depressions marching by the coast. The weather forecast is calling for eight foot swells from the SE with chop on top.

Breakfast at this little hole-in-the-wall was filling, but not much else. Eggs, ham and toast, for \$9.00. A bit expensive for what we got. It must be the "tourist town" mentality! There is not much going on other than those tourists moving around. The docks are at one end of Tofino with a very short, very steep grade road leading up to the town. They're building a stepped walkway down to the docks, but they are a long way from being finished. I received the photos from the Coast Guard cutter, Capt. Matahil Lawson, by way of e-mail. However, I can't download them because of the very slow internet connection. I flipped one of the photos to Pam & my sister Ena with a note about the Coast Guard having to come and rescue us. They replied almost immediately with concern! It's a joke people! The spinnaker is still up in the photo!



2330hrs It's a long hill out of the docks and a long walk to the Co-Op when the weather is miserable! The wind has picked up again and is howling from the SE. Rain has been off and on all day and is currently on. We just finished a very pleasant evening of listening to music along with a little wine. Not a spectacular day, but not bad either.

I managed to finally load the photos from the Coast Guard onto the computer. That took a long, long time. The photos were taken with a cell phone so the quality is not all there, but nice anyway. We walked up to the Co-Op a couple of times between showers to replenish supplies. We now have too much food on board. And then a fisherman on the dock offered us large pieces of Halibut fresh off the boat.....hard to decline. And it was free, so we had halibut and rice for dinner. Very filling and tasty as well. But we still have too much food on the boat! It's time for bed, a shower in the morning and we will be getting out of here tomorrow!



Wednesday	Hot Springs Cove	Tides	0304	3.7
June 26	30 nm		0946	0.1
	2.9 hrs. under power		1610	3.4
BACK TO TOP	4 hrs. under sail		2203	1.1

0945hrs Pulling away from the Tofino docks on a "0" tide. A large 90 foot fish boat just left and he went hard aground just outside the next finger, blocking our exit. He finally powered off the mud so he's out of our way. It looks like I left my hat in the washroom this morning after my shower. I went back to check but it's gone. Damn!! It was a favorite. It's cloudy out today (what a surprise!) but not as rainy as yesterday. The wind has eased considerably. The promise is for SE 10 – 15 with the wind easing towards noon, then picking up again late in the afternoon. Showers. There is an eight foot swell running outside at the moment and, with the predicted light winds, and having to sail downwind to reach our destination, it will be ugly out on the open water . We'll go inside behind Vargus Island in protected waters and see what open water looks like when we get to Hot Springs Cove this afternoon. The seas may have eased by then.

1130hrs We motored out Calmus Passage with a very light SE breeze over the stern. It picked up around Coomes Bank and we raised the main and pulled out the jib, running on a broad reach for Monks Island before the turn into Millar Channel. Marc had put the fish line out with his new lure for about 20 minutes when we got a hit! Of course, this happens moments after we rolled out the jib and the wind

picked up! I rolled the jib back in and feathered the main into the wind abeam of Monks Island while Marc brought the nice 7 lb Coho to the boat. Into the net and we had another one! Way too much food onboard! I rolled the jib back out and got on course to avoid the rocks while Marc prepared to clean the fish. A half hour later the debris was all sluiced out of the cockpit, the fileted Coho on ice. Back to serious sailing.

1800hrs Just after the last entry, right around Ahousat, the spinnaker went up and we managed to carry it right through Hayden Passage against a bit of a current. A 35+ ft sailboat powered past in the other direction. Once into Sheltered Inlet the wind virtually died and dark rain clouds threatened. Marc offered to make baked salmon-on-a-bun while I drove. A deal! The rain drummed over a flat sea as we powered towards Sidney Inlet. In the distance I saw a power boat come to a stop facing us, about a mile away. I could see tall fins and a spout. Orcas! I warned Marc as he was below cooking the salmon (which smelled very good!). But as we got closer the whales simply disappeared, went down and never came up. The power boat also left. We motored on and the fresh salmon buns were very tasty! Around the corner into Sidney Channel and the clouds lowered with no wind to speak of. With only 2.8 miles to go the motor stayed on. A couple of tour boats went screaming past, headed to Hot Springs Cove from Tofino. Even they were taking the inside route, so it must have been rough outside. There was white water crashing on the rocks near the point at Hot Springs Cove and as we got into the swells and chop the rain really started to thunder down. Lots of fun! Around the corner and into the protected waters of the cove. No pleasure boats tied to the dock, just tour boats, so there was lots of room. Straighten out the boat and dried things out as the rain came to a temporary stop.



Hot Springs Cove has, as its name implies, natural hot springs on the point of land protecting the narrow waterway which stretches inland for about a mile. There is a small First Nations village on the opposite shore from the public dock of Maquinna Provincial Park. The park includes a dock with room for plenty of moorage (no power or water). The head of the dock leads to a boardwalk trail to the springs. Over the years boaters have carved boat names and greetings into the planks of the boardwalk making for interesting reading on the 30 minute hike through the rain forest. There is now a change room and viewing area at the springs. The spring itself includes a small set of falls and three

usable pools. Those able to endure the 122 degree water at the falls are in for a great shower! The pools are very small and once the tour boats and aircraft start arriving, get very crowded. Most tour operators give their clients three hours to enjoy the hot springs. When three or four operators arrive at the same time it may be a long wait for your turn in the water! Those of us on boats wait for the last tour boat to leave (about 7pm), or hike up before the first aircraft arrives (about 9 am), and then we get the whole place to ourselves.

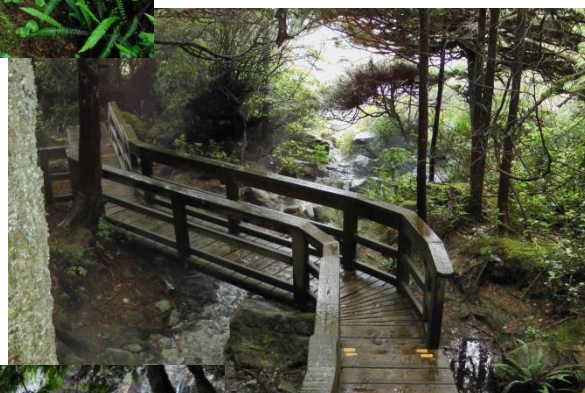


On this particular evening we had no intention of hiking up in the afternoon rain. A couple of beers and we were much more relaxed! Tour boats came and went, as did the rain! On and off showers all afternoon. Now it's almost dinner time but we're still full of lunch! Peanuts and a bit of rum & coke for now!

Thursday	Friendly Cove	Tides	0357	3.4
June 27 th	30nm		1031	0.3
	3.3 hrs. under power		1657	3.4
BACK TO TOP	4 hrs. under sail		2301	1.1

0745hrs The rain continues to pound down on the cabin roof as the boat sways gently at the dock. All is still quiet forward, but then there isn't a whole lot to do at the moment anyway. I woke up early, heard the rain, and rolled over for another hour of escape.

Last night didn't amount to much, just showers and more showers. Every time I dried out a small portion of the cockpit to sit outside the rain started to fall again. I got into a book, Marc read all the classified in back of the July edition of Pacific Yachting. Locals came to the dock to trudge up to the springs for baths, returning after dark. Never did have dinner last night, devoured the Girl Guide cookies that I bought at the Co-Op. We ended up fighting mosquitos all evening, who would have thought! We couldn't figure out where they were coming in but I had a revelation after I climbed into bed at 2330hrs, the forward vent! The exhaust fan is turned off and the mosquitos simply fly down the vent! The swells crashing into the shore near the entrance diminished greatly as the evening wore on and are still very low this morning. Marc wants to hike up to the springs this morning before the crowds arrive.



1100hrs Back from the hot springs, still in the rain. The board walk is as it has been for the past number of years. At least it's easy to walk with lots of stairs and names to read on the planks. The trail has been improved somewhat in the last four years and seems easier to walk. We left the boat at 0830hrs to beat the crowd of the first tour boats. It was raining, but we expected to get wet anyway! We heard the first boat go by just before we got to the springs so we had half an hour of peace. Very nice, no-one there. The pools seem to get smaller every time I visit them. With a very low tide all the pools were accessible, just very small. We relaxed in the hot water for a while and I got out just as the first tourist arrived. More arrived very shortly thereafter! Marc came out and we spotted a hump-back whale close inshore, feeding. We waited a while as more people arrived from different boats and watched the whale troll back and forth in the kelp beds. At least by this time the drizzle had mostly stopped. By the time we left there must have been about 30 people in the pools area. More were met on the board walk on the way back to the boat. Even in the rain it's busy here. It's still raining now, a very fine mist that just won't stop falling! I figure 1300hrs will be the decision time to leave or stay another day. Tomorrow also has showers in the forecast. It's supposed to be SE 10 – 14 off Nootka Island at the moment in light rain and mist. Tomorrow isn't supposed to be much better.

1830hrs At anchor in Friendly Cove, alone and stable! That was an ugly trip! We cast off from the dock at 1245hrs and raised the main as we motored out of the inlet into a gusty 15 – 20 knot southwest headwind, straight in from the open ocean. As soon as we were clear of Barney Reef we turned to starboard a few degrees and rolled out the jib. Crashing seas and gusty winds from just forward of the beam. We both were all decked out in foul weather gear and life jackets, the boat ready. We put the bottom board in the companion way after we broached on a breaking SW swell and chop. We were soon doing 6+ knots in a very confused sea. Corkscrew wouldn't begin to describe it! That, and the shoreline soon fading into the mist, had us relying on the GPS chart plotter for a compass course to steer. It always felt that we were heading straight out to sea, not paralleling the coast. A weird sensation. Some of the westerly swells were around 7 – 8 feet tall, the size of rolling hills. And there was a cross 3 – 4 foot chop from the south over top of it all! About 2.5hrs of sailing on a broad reach in ever lighting conditions had us abeam of Estevan Point rolling violently. Just about then I really had to use the head! Knowing that I would likely get sick below decks in those confused seas. I took a bucket with me. The sickness was confirmed before I could get back on deck. For the next hour I was pretty useless! I was on the leeward side at the stern corner with the heaves! Nice! Fortunately, Marc was able to deal with the situation and managed the boat.

Once we turned towards Nootka Sound the light winds ended up directly astern, not too good for sailing in those conditions. The engine went on to expedite our run to the Sound. Of course we couldn't see diddly squat! Low clouds and mist all around, we may as well have been out in the middle of the Pacific. At least it wasn't raining! For a while there the clouds lifted briefly and we could see out to the western horizon but nothing back to shore, then it closed back in again. We were down to about ½ mile visibility when I called Tofino Traffic to learn if there was any commercial traffic we should be worried about. There wasn't. Soon after, the fog parted and we could make out Estevan Point on the stern starboard quarter. Nice to confirm that land was still where it should be. Within about half an hour the skies overhead were almost clear, the heat of the sun most welcome! Not that it was cold, it

certainly wasn't. A low fog bank appeared to the NW as we approached Nootka Sound, the wind also switching to the port side from the west. We powered on with the seas much calmer and me feeling much, much better. By 1800hrs we were rolling up the jib as we turned the corner into Friendly Cove. The anchor went down in the empty bay (one fish boat, not occupied) and cleaned up the boat. A couple of rum & cokes to relax. It was a long, ugly passage, but we're here, past one of the most dangerous points of land on the west coast. Estevan Point is a very low point of land and deceptive, even when conditions are clear. With its prevailing southerly current and extended reefs more than one boat has come to grief when pushed into the reefs by strong westerly winds. Certainly not the best way to get around this corner, but probably better than head to wind in a 40 knot northwesterly!



Dinner of fresh salmon with Caesar Salad was very tasty in the heated cabin. That low cloud bank did roll in and now covers the sky. A game of cribbage soon followed and now we're sitting around with our wine and chocolate. The lights of the Coast Guard station are all that break the darkness. The world is good again!



Friday	Tahsis	Tides	0452	3.2
June 28 th	20 nm		1118	0.6
	4 hrs. under power		1745	3.3
BACK TO TOP	0 hrs. under sail			

1100hrs The rain continues to pound down as the breakfast dishes are put away and the heater is on. Will it ever stop?! Nothing much is happening in Friendly Cove this morning, no action anywhere. Very light wind reported all along the coast with a promise of better conditions tomorrow. There is a low stalled just off the coast. Always good news! I didn't wake up until 0945hrs this morning! Marc was up before me!! I rolled over once sometime in the morning and heard the rain, back to sleep. Breakfast was pancakes with orange juice, the dishes just being put away. I checked the engine oil and water (topped off on the water) as the engine temperature was up yesterday. Interestingly enough, although the prop ran very well in forward all the way here, when I put it in reverse it vibrated like crazy. I moved from forward to reverse a few times and it became much smoother and some kelp floated away to the stern. I suspect that kelp got wrapped around the leg, possibly plugging the cooling holes a bit. We will see today. The hope of getting to the bottom of the Brooks Peninsula on this trip is out the window I think. The weather delays have not left us enough time to get that far north. We'll see how far we can get with the remaining time. Today I think we'll head in to Tahsis, just to have somewhere to go in this crappy weather! Its 20 miles inland and we'll take advantage of the big flood (once the rain eases up a bit!).

Tahsis was an industrious sawmill town in its heyday, nestled at the head of a long, narrow inlet amidst towering green mountains. On my first visit in 1991 the sawmill was in full production and the town very active. Since then the sawmill was sold to an off-shore interest and moved. All that remains now is a huge concrete pad on the waterfront where the buildings and machinery used to stand. The town is a shadow of its former self and is desperately trying to re-invent itself as a sport fishing destination. But because of its gravel road isolation its' been a hard sell with limited success. There is only one marina with somewhat limited space, catering mostly to the sports fishing crowd. It's not much of a cruising destination.

2345hrs Yes, it's that late already! It's been a long, wet day. The rain has continued to fall without fail all day long. The inside of the boat is beginning to stink!

This morning we climbed into our rain gear, pulled the anchor, and were away by noon. The water was flat with hardly a ripple. Although there were a few small power boats out near the headland fishing, no other boats were in sight. We started the long power up the inlet to Tahsis with the fish line over the stern. And it rained. The clouds lowered to the water with surrealistic formations of mist, mountains and water. Quite pretty actually, but very wet. We had the heat going inside and then watched the flame dwindle as the propane ran out! Yikes, I didn't think we had used that much! Good thing we were going into a town where we could get some. Good thing we made



hot chocolate before we ran out! And no fish on the line either. I radioed ahead to Westview Marina to see if space was available. It was. They even had someone at the dock to direct us in when we arrived. Nice. We plugged in and got the heat going with the small ceramic heater, just to dry the boat out a bit.



Westview Marina offered us a vehicle to run into town, but no-one knew where it was! The hardware store closed at 1700hrs and it was now 1630hrs, so John (one of the owners) gave me a ride into town where I had the propane tank refilled. And the rain continued to fall. The marina had a Friday night BBQ on the docks with live entertainment. Tents were all set up on a large patio on the barge and people were already gathering with drinks in hand. This is a recreational fishing marina with plenty of boats in. We decided to dry off aboard, have some appetizers and then go have a drink up at the entertainment, a young lady guitarist from Esparanza. We walked up and there was a guy with a guitar singing (and none-to-well) as a warm-up act. Marc had gone to use the facilities and when he came out, called me over. The “warm-up” act was his former boss at ProCom in Sidney! What were the chances! As the split was not amicable, back to the boat we went! No need to start a fight this far from home. So we spent the evening on the boat, listening to the young lady sing in the distance. Now it’s time to hit the sack, the wine and port are being felt. The rain gear is hanging in the boat to dry, we’ll leave the heat on with the hatch open, see if that will dry them out.



Saturday	Nachatlitz	Tides	0552	2.9
June 29 th	23 nm		1206	0.9
BACK TO TOP	2.1 hrs. under power		1836	3.3
	2.5 hrs. under sail			

0730hrs There are breaks in the clouds, there is sunshine in the air! Could it be! I've heard all sorts of power boats leaving this morning, obviously the fishing crowd leaving for the coast. I'm just up now and Marc is still sawing logs. It looks like it may be a dry day! We have lots to do this morning. Organize the boat to figure out our supplies, dump some garbage, get some groceries (it will probably be the last re-supply place before Ucluelet next Friday), have showers and hit the road. We'll head out to Nachatlitz today, with some fishing on the way. This is partly back down Tahsis Inlet the way we came in, then turning west through Tahsis Narrows and into Esperanza Inlet which leads back out to the open ocean. It would be nice to see some sun and dry out the boat a bit! I found the leak up on the starboard side at the forward bulkhead again, at the chain-plates. I'll have to seal it again once the deck dries out.



2300hrs At anchor in Nachatlitz, wine and chocolate at hand. We're just in from the cockpit where the skies have lowered somewhat, but the air has been still all evening. It's been pretty well a perfect day!

This morning we skipped breakfast to get showers (free, the young man at the counter this morning didn't think he should charge us!) and organize the boat. A list was made up and I got the missing keys for the Nissan Pathfinder from the office. We drove the short distance to the only store in town to find that we were the only customers as well. There was a small, three table café at the entrance and the proprietor was sitting there. Then, through another door at the back of the café and into the actual store. But not much of a store! The old guy was surly and unhelpful. Plenty of canned and boxed goods, but very little fresh stuff. We got what we could, including some bottled beer and another bottle of rum, and then back to the boat. That cost us just over \$100.00 and barely filled two small bags! Not a good re-supply place! Everyone here must drive the gravel road to Gold River to shop.

Anyway we filled the water tank and sun shower bag, purchase four bags of home-made ice cubes (they don't have blocks, not cruising oriented), and then over to the fuel dock for 22 liters of diesel. That was all we needed. By 1100hrs we powering away from Westview Marina over glassy water in the sunshine, headed for Tahsis Narrows and Esperanza Inlet. An inflow breeze started up soon after we left and Marc went below to cook up pancakes for bunch. A very welcome and



tasty breakfast was had in the cockpit as the breeze rapidly turned into a cool 15 knot wind with a chop as we neared Tahsis Narrows! The sunny skies, of course, generated the inflow thermal winds and a



dead calm can turn into a 20+ knot wind in no time at all. We turned the corner into the Narrows just on time, we could see the shore to shore whitecaps behind us in Tahsis Inlet. The Narrows are surrounded by 1,000 ft+ mountains which protect it from the inflow winds. Under beautiful, warm sunny skies we motored past Ceepeecee, a former fish packer community that is all but abandoned, and then Esperanza itself.

The settlement of Esperanza came into view on the starboard side, colorful roofs and houses. Plenty of buildings have gone up since Carey and I were last here in 1991. Esperanza is a religious community fairly well cut off from the civilized world. There is a small dock with moorage space available and the local residents were very friendly from what I recall. In the sunshine it all looked very pretty.



The temperature climbed until we were in T shirts and shorts. We were trolling at this point, idling along at 2 knots with a lure and weight to get down to all the fish that were visible on the sounder. Not much luck at all. When Marc pulled up the line he found a herring size salmon hooked! No wonder we hadn't caught anything else! We powered over to Steamer Point, the entrance to Esperanza Inlet, where there was a fish farm. Huge structures spread out on the water, no-one around.



We could see whitecaps on the water ahead, the thermal inflow wind was blowing up the inlet. We raised a reefed main and rolled out the genoa. Off sailing we went, hard on the



wind, rail in the water, 9+ miles to go to get to the entrance to Nachatlitz. We tacked back and forth across the Inlet, in moderate to strong winds, getting headed and then getting lifted, against a persistent flood. Marc was still dragging a silver and red spinner on the surface and at one point a bald eagle came down and was just about to pick it off the water when it decided better! Good thing; that would have been ugly. We reached Flower Point, the eastern entrance to Nachatlitz Bay and took in the sails, motoring through

the rock infested entrance to this bay in gusty westerly winds at 1530hrs. There were a pair of rafted power boats at one end of the bay. Kind of a disappointment, I was hoping for solitude here. But there is

lots of room in here and we dropped the anchor in 39 feet of water, letting out 200 feet of rode. The forward hatch was cranked open and the breeze dried out the interior. Marc dragged his sleeping bag up on deck to dry it out although the wind threatened to blow it over the side. By 1600hrs we were sitting in the sunshine enjoying ice cold beers with lime and peanuts, exploring the bay with our eyes as the warm wind spun the boat.

The bay is pretty well as I remember it. The single, derelict house is still standing on the abandoned First Nations reserve to seaward, the surrounding grass waist high. There a number of private houses in here as well now, more than the one house that was here before. The main bay itself is a good $\frac{3}{4}$ mile long and half a mile wide with one small islet in the middle. The west is open to the Pacific Ocean over a series of low islets and reefs that protect the bay. From the boat we could see the rollers crashing on the rocks in the distance. We fired up the outboard on the dinghy for some exploration, finding an entire

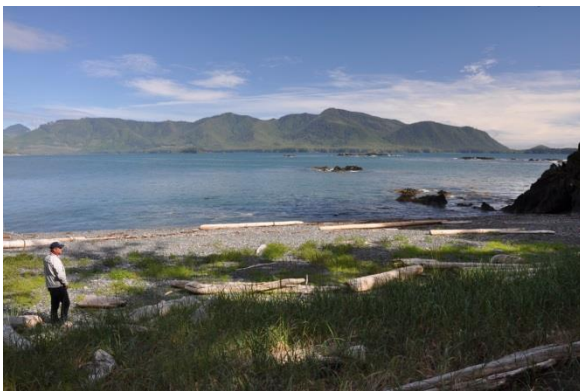


network of narrow water ways at the far end of the bay, winding ever deeper into the island till we almost reached Nachatlitz Inlet (which is quite separate from Nachatlitz Bay!). Along these narrow water ways were scattered individual homes and cottages, all with their own dock, some with boats moored. This is about as remote a lifestyle as one could imagine.

There is no power available and most of these homes had solar panels mounted on posts somewhere near the house. We came across a resident working on his dock and he pointed us in the direction of the end of that particular reach, telling us there was a trail to the beach on the Nachatlitz Inlet side. We motored over to where a white rowing skiff was beached, found the "trail" and fought our way through dense brush to a gravel beach facing Nachatlitz Inlet and Lord Island. Very pretty in the sunshine. Not much in the way of surf, but then the beach is fairly well



protected inside the Inlet. We tried to find the adjoining beach that faces the more open ocean side but the underbrush was just too dense. We fought our way back to the dinghy and motored back over the still waters. I dropped Marc off at the boat and then went for a walk on the reserve once again. It was sort of a melancholy moment as it's been a lot of years since I was last here, and it's possible I'll ever get back here again.



Marc had rum & cokes ready when I got back and it was time to relax. We prepared our steak & potato dinner as clouds started to develop right over our heads. The wind had eased considerably and was now just a gentle breeze. There was a family of otters that came and went around the boat, curious eyes exploring us while we stared back, rolling on their backs and crunching down on whatever they had dug up from the bottom. Dinner was at about 2100hrs and very tasty. It is incredibly quiet out now with the wind but a whisper and just the low rumble of surf breaking outside on the reefs. Wonderful. A quick cleanup and we were back up in the cockpit with the wind completely still and variations of grey clouds scattered across the sky. A hint of a sunset was the orange traces in the low clouds. Now we're back inside with low heat on to chase the dampness out of the air. Marc wants another chance to beat me at a game of Cribbage. Good luck!

Sunday	Mary Basin	Tides	0109	1.1
June 30 th	13 nm		0700	2.7
	1.5 hrs. under power		1259	1.1
BACK TO TOP	2 hrs. under sail		1930	3.2

0730hrs Awoke to the sound of rain on the roof, again! I can see large patches of blue sky though, so maybe it's not as bad as it sounds. The kettle is on and it's time to update the log again. We'll probably head over to Mary Basin today, up at the head of Nachatlitz Inlet. Do a little fishing along the way. It's not that we're short of food, but fresh salmon would be nice again.

2110hrs Simon and Garfunkel are cooing Frank Lloyd Wright on the stereo, Marc is reading the guide books and charts for tomorrow's destination, and I'm updating the log. The skies are totally clear now with a very light westerly breeze not even rippling the waters of Mary Basin. It's flat as far as the eye can see. A perfect evening. But to start this morning....

The rain didn't last all that long and it looked like the clouds were trying to break up. Because of last night's late dinner we decided not to have breakfast, granola bars instead. I did some boat maintenance, things like the dodger support pulling apart, sealing the deck leak at the stays, and putting a lanyard on my one remaining hat! I even emptied out the bilge (again). I don't know how that water is getting into the bilge. It's fresh so there must be a leak near the top of the water tank. Water appears in the bilge only when we're heeled over a lot, like yesterday's sail. I washed the cabin sole of all the debris we've tracked in over the last few days, there's so much moisture in the air that the sole is always wet! Then it was into the dinghy for another exploration of the entrance side of this bay. We motored around for a while, into a whole string of neat bays and passages. It started and stopped sprinkling a couple of times, not a big deal as not much water fell (the seat cushions were in the cockpit and everything open on the boat!).

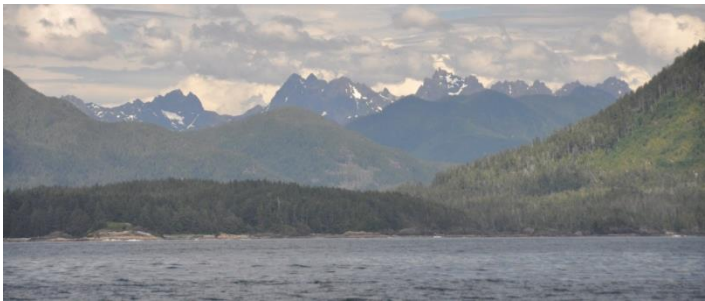


Back to the boat and by 1230hrs we had the anchor up and motoring slowly towards the entrance. It was an almost "0" tide and all the reefs and rocks were very apparent. We managed to get out of the entrance without hitting anything and, once into the open, it was time for some serious fishing. Marc rigged the flasher, weight and lure onto the line and we started trolling around the tip of Flower Islet headed towards Blind Reef. The weather was spectacular

with a light westerly breeze and clearing skies. We could feel the warmth of the sun. Lots of fish on the finder, but nothing on the hook. The engine was turned off and I sailed under jib at 2 knots while Marc tended the fish rod. We lost the entire rig on a hump that came up from the bottom to 20 ft. Damn! Into deeper water and on a slow sail towards Blind Reef we managed to net a very nice 6 – 7lb Coho. Of course, the salmon managed to get the line tangled in the rudder before we landed it. Nicely done! The wind lightened and we turned the motor back on, making the run straight downwind in Nachatlitz Inlet towards Fitz Island and the approach to Mary Basin.



Nachatlitz Inlet is a wide "V" shaped inlet running into Vancouver Island about 5 miles before Lord Island separates it from Mary Basin. It's a long way in! Marc was down to shorts and a "t" shirt, it had turned that warm. The wind picked up a bit and the jib was rolled out again, a very pleasant downwind reach along the shore of Nootka Island at 3 knots on a flood current, past the small isolated sandy beaches and sea caves. A very nice way to spend the afternoon.



By about 1600hrs we were in past Lord Island, still under jib, at low speed. The anchor went down under sail and we soon had the boat ship-shape. Marc cleaned the salmon and I cleaned up the cockpit when he was done. Dinner tonight! The first rum & coke soon followed. Very tasty as the skies continued to clear, bit by bit. We loaded up the dinghy with the motor and cameras and toured off towards the sounds of waterfalls at the head of Mary Basin. Quite the falls! I took some good video and photos and we meandered back to the boat the long way through Little Lord Island. The second rum & cokes tasted even better. Dinner of barbecued salmon with a spinach dip sauce, ribs and baked bread was enjoyed in the sunny cockpit. The wine was spectacular! It simply doesn't get any better than this!! Clean-up was a snap as the sun set over the Sophea Range and the wind died. Now it's 2130hrs and the mosquito coil is out to ward off the hunters. There isn't a cloud in the sky, the stars are brilliant pinpoints in the sky. It's a perfect evening on the water.



Monday	Friendly Cove	Tides	0218	1.0
July 1 st	36 nm		0817	2.5
	2.7 hrs. under power		1358	1.4
BACK TO TOP	4.5 hrs. under sail		2025	3.2

0745hrs A somewhat foggy morning! I'm just awake, Marc's still up in the v-berth. It's not particularly cold, just a very low cloud base in a light westerly wind. I'm pretty sure it will burn off this morning as the sun heats up. Last night we ended up looking for planets and stars using our cell phones as darkness fell. Would you believe that all the planets are on the sunny side of the world! Not a single one will be visible for quite a while! Unfortunate. Then I went looking for the mosquito netting for the main hatch (not that there are many mosquitoes here!) and I couldn't find it in the full quarterberth. But I did find my long lost hat! It was buried under stuff against the hull! Very nice!



Now it's time to get the hot water going for coffee and dry out the cockpit. The salmon Eggs-Benedict is going to be very good this morning! The plan for the day is to sail south towards Nootka Sound. I hate to leave this place after only a day but time and distance march on towards the weekend. Carey & Natasha will be in Ucluelet on Friday and Marc needs to go home from there. My goal of reaching Columbia Cove (about 40 miles north of here) won't be happening this year.

2315hrs All warmed up and fed again, anchored back in Friendly Cove. Marc is off to bed, not feeling well at all. It's been a long day!

Marc woke up with a cold this morning and wasn't really feeling up to breakfast. I gave him one of my allergy Benedrils and that just knocked him for a loop! He went back to bed for the morning! I read my book while listening to distant chainsaws up in the forest. I serched through binoculars but couldn't find where they were actively logging. I could hear the saw, even at idle, then the creak and fall of the trees. Kind of neat. I went out for another tour in the dinghy and tried to get to the falls again. The tide had fallen far enough that the water was far too shallow for the dinghy. I could have walked to the falls! I got back to the boat and read for a while longer in the warm sun. Not a ripple on the water. I was going to check the weather channel on the portable VHF only to find the battery was dead. I put that back on the charger.

Eventually Marc woke up and at 1230hrs we had a late brunch of smokies in buns. Very tasty and very filling. As the weather was near perfect with sunny skies and a light westerly we decided to hit the road. The anchor was dragged up out of 25ft of water and we started to power to the entrance to Mary Basin. As we got near the entrance the wind suddenly picked up and the fog rolled in over the

hills! By the time we got to the entrance it was on the nose at 20+ knots with fog swirling around, visibility down to near zero. Not good! We turned around and motored back to where we'd been anchored, waiting for the weather to do something else. Marc went down for another nap and I continued with my book.

At around 1500hrs the wind had eased considerably and the fog was no longer rolling over the hills of Lord Island to the west. I checked the lighthouse reports and the indication was that the weather was following the forecast, the fog was lifting along the coast. Time to go! I woke Marc up and by 1530hrs we were again motoring towards the entrance of Mary Basin. There was still a fog bank out in Nachatlitz Inlet but it was lifting as we approached. It's about five miles out to Ferrier Point, a long way against the 15 knot wind, the flooding tide, the chop and the long swells that were rolling in. Once past Ferrier Point at 1630hrs we were able to bear off and raise the main and roll out the genoa. Of course, once

we did that the wind lightened considerably and we were on a very broad reach in light air and choppy, confused seas for the first half hour. Not all that pleasant until we were offshore a bit more and the wind picked up. Then the waves smoothed out into the big rollers from the west and the wind increased to about 20 knots over the starboard quarter. The skies were swept with low, scuttling clouds with fog



banks covering most of the horizon. Visibility was limited to about 2 miles at the most. Every once in a while the sun would peak through for a moment or two, glistening off the waves marching up from astern. I was doing the driving and looking up at some of the larger ones, so they must have been in the 7 – 8ft range. We had just giped in towards Banjo Reef when we both saw a whale breaching in the far distance off the starboard bow. We thought it was anyway, a bit too far away to tell for certain in the misty conditions. But we got closer, and the whale was obviously travelling on a reciprocal course.

Suddenly it was close, almost too close! It was performing complete breeches within a ¼ mile of our beam as we went by! Spectacular! I managed to get a fair amount on video as well! Then it was back to the hum-drum of driving the boat through the waves again. A second gibe near Banjo Reef and back out into the deep grey yonder, the wind on our quarter until we could lay Nootka Sound on a single tack. The wind started lightening as we approached the shore, the waves lowering behind the headland. Although the fog was lifting



somewhat, the air seemed to be getting colder, and we were tired. We powered the last half hour when our speed dropped below 5 knots under sail, past a few small sport boats fishing near the headland, and rounded into Friendly Cove, dropping the anchor at 2100hrs. The heat went on full blast! Two 35+ foot sailboats are in here, rafted up near the entrance. Otherwise it is quiet. The sunset was quite spectacular with glorious shades of red in a mostly cloudy sky. The pasta and bread dinner was filling and hot, just

right for 2200hrs, a glass of wine in hand. Now it's time for bed as the boat rolls gently in the surge coming into the anchorage.



Tuesday	Hot Springs Cove	Tides	0324	1.0
July 2 nd	31 nm		0935	2.5
	.6 hrs. under power		1502	1.5
BACK TO TOP	4.5 hrs. under sail		2120	3.2

0800hs Slept well, despite thinking that I had fallen asleep at the wheel while still trying to get in here late at night. Kept waking up thinking I was lost and still underway! Marc didn't help much by talking in his sleep. I think I even answered him once!

This morning the usual low clouds cover the sky, not a breath of wind on the water. Everything is damp again, the salt on the windows covered in moisture. It's not particularly cold, but very damp. We'll have to figure out where we want to go today based on the weather reports later in the morning. The goal would be Sidney Inlet or, if the wind is good, perhaps down to Tofino. We want to be in Ucluelet for Thursday afternoon. Marc is going to be on the 1100hrs bus back to Victoria on the Friday morning. And Thursday in the Broken Group would be a good way to end this part of the trip. Sounds like Marc is waking up so it's time for coffee.

2330hrs It's been a long, great day! The wind is finally subsiding and the boat is silent on the dock at Hot Springs Cove. One other boat with us on the dock tonight, and they went to bed a long time ago. Earlier this morning, after Marc settled into the cockpit with his coffee, we watched the Coast Guard SAR boat leave in a rush. We turned on the VHF to discover that a Nootka Air float plane had crashed in Barcester Bay, about 3 miles from here. The three people on board were, as reported by a very calm kayaker, rescued from the wreckage and in good condition. Other than that we know nothing about the incident. By 1030hrs we had the mainsail up in Friendly Cove and were motoring out to see

what the winds would bring us. I didn't know what our destination would be, Hot Springs Cove, up Sidney Channel, or Tofino. The skies were still part cloudy with patches of blue sky showing, a light westerly wind ruffling the waters. We got into the open ocean and were able to lay the line to Estevan Point on a close reach in 12 – 15 knots. The skies were clearing, the water was blue. Perfect! We



watched a Coast Guard cutter steam up behind us, obviously going to the float plane wreck. As we sailed towards Estevan Point the skies cleared further and the rising wind backed to allow a better reach in the



mounting seas. With the prevailing current pushing us towards the low headland to port the backing wind was most welcome in that it allowed us to reach a little higher, a bit more of a safety cushion. A single sailboat passed us inbound to Nootka, hard on the wind with poorly adjusted sails. I took some photos and tried to raise him without success. By the time we got to Estevan Point the wind had

strengthened to about 20 knots. What a ride! Once around the point and well out to sea (seven miles) we giped back in towards the shore, trying to reach Hot Springs Cove on one tack. The wind strengthened to 20 -25 with gusts to 30. The dinghy followed us faithfully although I was worried about a swamp or rollover in the mounting seas. I should have deflated it and stored it below! Eventually we made it into Hot Springs Cove at 1515hrs to find the docks empty. A bit of a surprise! We tied up on the inside and organized the boat. There were a few tour boats tied up so we decided to wait a while before heading up to the



baths (we both needed one!). Tour boats came and went, as did float planes. Eventually at 1830hrs we

decided it was time to go. The half hour hike on the board walk saw the last of the tourists on their way out. Arrival at the springs found a young couple enjoying the falls, no one in the pools. The young lady, eventually determined to be French, was well endowed and didn't have a bathing suit top! The hot water was most welcome and refreshing, the shampoo and soap a wonderful refresher (despite the signs indicating no soaps to be used in the pools!). The walk back seemed to take forever and, after a rum & coke, the last of the salmon from yesterday was put on the barbeque. The wind was still whistling through the rigging and it took a while for the salmon to cook, the briquettes fighting the cold wind. A most anticipated dinner of salmon with rice was served on the cabin table with the heater warming out feet. Darkness has slowly enveloped the docks with the wind dying rapidly. All is quiet as the lights of the distant First Nations village glimmer at the far end of the cove. Time for bed!



Wednesday	West Whitepine Cove	Tides	0435	0.9
July 3 rd	27 nm		1044	2.6
	2.5 hrs. under power		1605	1.6
BACK TO TOP	6 hrs. under sail		2212	3.2

2330hrs There is no moon out tonight and I'm hoping to stay up long enough to see the Milky Way, but my eyes are getting sleepy. It's been a very pleasant day with "Natasha" now motionless on the mirrored waters of West Whitepine Cove just off Millar Channel. I've never been here before and it's almost like being in Desolation Sound. Distant tall mountains surround this cove and the silence is breathtaking.

Early this morning I heard the power boat get ready for departure. It's not like they were being particularly quiet about it. The diesels were running and shouted commands from the bridge to the deckhands (?), what more could you want at 0630 when the people next door (us!) were obviously still asleep. I checked the clock and went back to sleep. Marc slept right through the whole exercise.

I next awoke at 0800hrs and figured it was time to get up! Absolutely calm outside with clear blue skies and the sun just peaking over the mountains. There were no other boats at the dock, no-one

moving anywhere. I eventually put the hot water on and enjoyed a hot cup of coffee in the sunny cockpit, drinking in the scenery and quiet solitude. I took a stroll along the dock noticing plenty of perch feeding at the base of the pilings along with huge schools of countless bait fish streaming by in the crystal clear water. A perfect morning!

The first tour boat showed up at about 1000hrs while Marc was creating an egg omelet out of leftovers in the cooler. Very tasty! More tour boats piled in and within an hour there were more than 20 people headed for the hot springs. Good luck!

By 1130 we had cast off and were on our way out of Hot Springs Cove, cruising by the springs looking for the Humpback who seemed to reside here. We didn't see him/her as we powered out into the low SW swells and light winds. We had decided to do a bit of fishing on the way out. The line went out and we trolling along the steep shore. There were lots of fish on the finder, not so many on the hook! We trolled back and forth for an hour, coming across a young humpback whale feeding inshore no more than 50 yards from the boat. No luck with the salmon except for one that we hooked and threw back as too small.



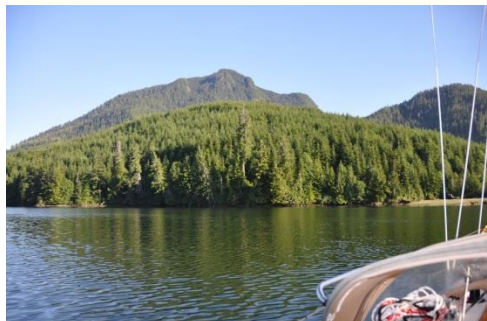
Eventually we gave up, raising the main and rolling out the genoa in a rising inflow wind in Sidney Channel. We drifted downwind for Sheltered Inlet and Hayden Pass. A very pleasant sail in variable winds to Hayden Pass as tour boats continued to stream past, running from Tofino to Hot Springs Cove. We had managed to score VHF channels from one of the operators yesterday (18a north of Tofino, 74a south of Ucluelet) so we listened in on their conversation about weather conditions and whale locations. They were running inside because seas were running high on the outside, hence our decision to go the inside route ourselves. Although wind was expected to rise later in the afternoon it was very light when we left Hot Springs Cove and powering in open ocean in those conditions would not have been pleasant.



We managed to sail most of the way through the short and narrow Hayden Pass with the wind dying just on the Millar Channel side. Inflow wind in Millar Channel was meeting inflow wind in Shelter Inlet, no wind where they met. We had to power up to the next wind line where the jib was rolled out again. From there to our anchorage we tacked through the lifts and headers, mostly 10 knots on the nose under sunny skies and warm winds. Marc even went for a nap on the coach roof as I sailed to windward. The skies were blue, the seas were rippled and the mountains tall and green. It's

doesn't get any better than that! I even managed to get a phone connection while under sail just out of Ahousat. I called Carey to let her know where we were and had about 100 e-mails load in as well! The girls are eagerly awaiting Friday for the trip out here.

It took a while in the dying winds but we managed to sail all the way to West Whitepine Cove where the anchor finally went down at 1900hrs. The cove is quite small and very sheltered. There were three other boats in here, almost crowded! (Not really, lots and lots of room to swing!). The sun was still an hour or so from setting behind the hills to the west so were relaxed with drinks and snacks. A most pleasing afternoon! The rest of the evening was taken up with a barbequed rib dinner, wine, chocolate and good company as the sun set over the western mountains and dew dropped onto the deck. We were hoping to stay up late enough to see the milky way in all its' glory, but now it's time for bed as Marc has already passed me and is in the v-berth. It's midnight already!



Thursday	Ucluelet	Tides	0519	0.7
July 4 th	47 nm		1140	2.7
	3.6 hrs. under power		1659	1.6
Back to Top	4.5 hrs. under sail		2259	3.2

0745hrs Crows are screaming in the trees as low clouds drift by overhead. There is blue sky just above with sun pouring down onto the green mountains that surround this bay. A hint of a breeze is rippling the water. We need to get going a bit earlier today, I'd like to be on the way by 1000hrs at the latest. We have a long way to go today and I want to get out of Millar Channel and close to the ocean before the afternoon thermals bring strong inflow winds.. No doubt the wind will be from the NW at 30 knots off Tofino today, lighter in the morning, heavier in the late afternoon. The dodger is going to come down and the dinghy stored below for this trip. I don't want to have to worry about it over the stern as we sail the 30 miles from Tofino to Ucluelet. I calculate 2 hrs to Tofino from here, and then 4 hrs down to Amphitrite Point and the protected waters of Ucluelet Harbour. If all goes well we should be there by 1600hrs, just in time to get a beer & burger on the foredeck of the Canadian Princes in the harbour.

2230hrs Tucked into a closed boat with the electric heat on, tied to the dock at Ucluelet, figuring out how to send photos from the laptop to Marc's phone. The computer won't recognize his phone so we have to do it the hard way! But back to the morning of the rockin' sail!

After coffee this morning I was all set up to make egg muffins only to discover that we were out of propane! I had used the last on the morning coffee. At least that was a good thing! I always suspected that the young lady in Tahsis didn't know how to fill a fiberglass tank and didn't fill it up all the way. Oh well, granola bars for breakfast and then the task of preparing the boat for heavy seas. The dodger came down for storage in the v-berth. The dinghy was deflated and shoved into the main cabin where it just fits on the port side. The decks were cleared of any unnecessary stuff and the anchor was hauled out of 60ft of water (I need a windlass!). We quietly motored to the entrance of this beautifully quiet bay with the sun streaming onto the magically green hills. We found a light inflow wind in Millar Channel, right on the nose. The fish line went back onto the water, trolling at the surface, as we powered on to make time. At Monk Rock (where we caught a salmon on the way up the coast) we slowed to a crawl and trolled back and forth hoping for another one. No luck, and we continued on to Tofino, planning on getting into the open ocean between Vargas and Wickaninnish Islands. I had cell phone coverage as we neared Tofino and I made some calls to Waypoint Marine and Allbay Chandlery, looking for a replacement propane sniffer sensor that wasn't working anymore. Allbay had one in stock and I called Carey and asked her to pick it up for the trip out tomorrow.



By 1300hrs we were approaching the open Pacific and could see the wind line ahead, out beyond the shadow of Vargas Island. We put up the main up as the wind finally filled in on the back side of Lenard Island. The genoa soon followed and we were off and sailing into the ocean blue! No big seas yet and the wind lighter than expected. The reefed main we had started with soon came out, we needed more power. The wind direction indicated a long reach out into the ocean and a shorter reach back into



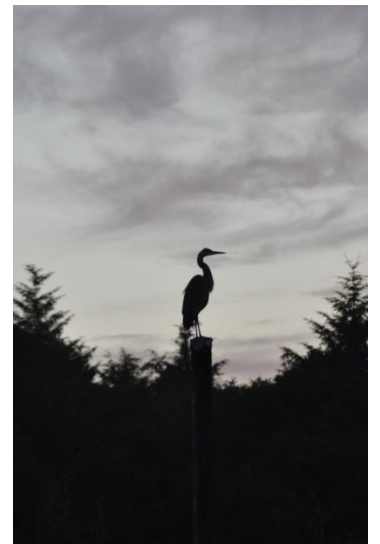
Amphrotrite Point, just to keep the wind on the beam. That wind soon picked up as we started to roll down some pretty impressive west coast swells. We were starting to look up at them as they barrelled in on the stern quarter. Awesome and a bit frightening at the same time, expecting one to break just as it reached the boat. The view from the top of the crest was impressive, the view from the valley somewhat intimidating. Driving took a fair amount of energy and concentration. We continued to roll south at impressive speeds, assisted by the half knot prevailing

southbound current. We managed 10.2 knots on one of the waves but averaged 6 – 7 knots most of the time. About five miles off shore we threw in a gibe and headed back in. That was a bit too early and we had to do another set as we were still too far north to make Amphrotrite Point. The gibes were a bit tricky with that much wind. We rolled up the genoa, carefully giped the main, and then rolled out the

genoa again. The skies were a brilliant blue and the waters a deep blue with white crests. Just fantastic off-shore sailing! Closer and closer to Amphrotrite Point, but seeming to take forever. It's sort of a strange setting, you want to reach your destination and protected waters, but you don't want the sail to end either. When we finally rounded into the channel with the white lighthouse of Amphrotrite Point on the port side and the massive waves crashing against the rocks and reefs to starboard we almost collided with a Humpback whale. It surfaced in the waves to port, very close and crossing our bow! Marc did a quick round up into the heavy winds and no collision resulted. No idea where the whale went! We sailed around the corner and into the calm waters of Ucluelet Harbour. The sails went down and we motored up the long inlet into the town docks.



I let Carey know that we were safely out of the rough water and back tied to a dock. She was happy, probably more worried than I had been. We re-inflating the dinghy and generally tidying up the boat back to a presentable condition. A refreshing beer to wash away the salt while we discussed the sail, and then off to have a beer and burger for dinner at the Canadian Princess pub at the head of the dock! Very tasty & filling, a just reward for the great sail. Then it was back to the boat to start this file downloading stuff. Now its 2300hrs and the photos are all saved along with the video downloaded to the laptop. Time for a pillow!



Friday	Ucluelet	Tides	0605	0.6
July 5 th	0 nm		1227	2.8
	0 hrs. under power		1747	1.6
BACK TO TOP	0 hrs. under sail		2343	3.3

2200hrs Almost time for bed already! Carey is bedded down in the v-berth and Natasha is soon to follow. The girls sleep up in the v-berth while on the boat, they can have “girl” chats as they drift off into slumber land. I have a cold and am full of drugs and will get my bed ready in the main cabin shortly. It’s been a busy day!

This morning Marc & I got up at the usual time in the usual way, me first. I grabbed all the laundry and headed up to the facilities at the head of the dock. New machines and an unoccupied laundry room, two loads went in. Kevin, the wharfinger, was already at work at 0700hrs after being here till 2000hrs last night. He tells me he works under contract and so has to make money while he can. As there was no propane on the boat we had no coffee. I took the garbage up to the dumpster and started organizing the inside of the boat once Marc was up. We walked up to Matteson’s, a local fixture on the main street, for breakfast. And what a breakfast it was! Way too much to eat! And very tasty to boot! Matteson’s has a well-deserved reputation! With that out of the way Marc got packed and ready to go for an 1105hrs departure on the bus. I helped walk his stuff up to the bus depot and we said our good



byes. I was on the way back to the boat when Peter & Michelle aboard “Tula” called on the cell phone and said they were at the fuel dock on the way in. They were here within the hour and docked next to “Natasha”. Peter had a reluctant kicker that refused to start. He borrowed a dock cart and took it up to a repair shop within walking distance.

The public dock at Ucluelet is a very large facility located at the north end of the “village” and is run by a private contractor. Kevin doesn’t monitor a VHF channel like most other marina operators, but does carry his cell phone while out on the docks. The marina guide lists that phone number and Kevin is most helpful in finding an empty spot. Ucluelet is a fishing/lumber town, quite different from the touristy Tofino up the coast. People here are very friendly and down-to-earth. The town is spread out along the harbour waterfront with the “main street” a continuation of the approach highway. The centre of the commercial district is within an easy walk of the docks.



I continued to reorganize the boat, dragging all of Carey's and Natasha's stuff out from storage under the v-berth and making up the bed. I purchased one block and two bags of ice to top off the icebox. My original two big blocks are almost gone, but that's been more than two weeks! The extra insulation and ice blanket has worked wonders! Then it was off to the Co-Op gas station for a propane fill-up, about four blocks away. Now the propane tank is full, the young lady who filled it knew what she was doing. Back to town to pick up some white wine and gin for Carey, and find a bank for a \$100 bill for Natasha's report card (a bit of a tradition when she gets "As" on her report card). That was enough walking for a while!

By then it was almost 1350hrs and time for the Tofino Bus to arrive. Back up to the bus depot to greet the girls. They arrived about 15 minutes late and we walked back down to the boat, trading stories about the last two weeks. The rest of the afternoon was a blur of talking, meeting people and sitting in the warm sunshine. My cold was getting worse and I was very tired. With very limited groceries aboard we ended up walking up to the Canadian Princess for dinner. We ate way too much and were back down here by 2000hrs. I showed the girls the video of the breaching whale from a few days ago and the waves from yesterday, and that was it for the day, time for bed! At least the wind didn't pick up this afternoon so it stayed nice and warm on the docks. Good thing we came down the coast yesterday! We would have had to motor in that slop if Marc and I had traveled today.



Saturday	Ucluelet	Tides	0645	0.6
July 6 th	0 nm		1307	2.8
	0 hrs. under power		1829	1.6
BACK TO TOP	0 hrs. under sail			

0830hrs The quiet time before everyone wakes up. The coffee is on and tastes very good on my sore throat. Peter is out on the docks filling water tanks aboard "Tula", getting ready for a noon departure to cross Barkley Sound to Bamfield. He and Michelle are meeting up with some Blue Water

cruising friends. It's cloudy out this morning, as usual, with the sun visible through breaks the low ceiling. It should burn off before noon if the past has been any indication. And it's not that we're going anywhere today anyway, it's shopping day for the girls.

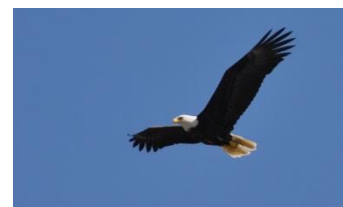
2200hrs And a shopping day it was....not that there is a lot of shopping to be had in a town like Ucluelet! After a light breakfast of scrambled eggs (nothing much else in the boat!) we walked up to the Co-Op to get groceries for tonight and tomorrow morning. I humped that down to the boat and then spent some time washing the barbeque out along with the rest of the boat, getting rid of two weeks' worth of accumulated salt and dirt. That took the better part of a couple of hours while Carey &



Natasha visited shops and the Ucluelet Aquarium. Natasha liked the aquarium, she was able to handle almost all the live exhibits. The rest of the afternoon was spent watching boats come and go under sunny skies and light westerly winds. Cruisers were coming and going, and the charter fishing boats



were returning with huge salmon and halibut catches after their early morning departures. The Canadian Princess tour boats were also drifting in and out with passengers up on the foredecks. There were deer on the shore and bald eagles picking fish out of the harbour water. I finished my Jeffery Archer book while relaxing in the cockpit, enjoying the sights and sounds of the west coast community. Dinner



was steak and baked potatoes once the barbeque briquettes heated up. It was all very tasty although I still don't have much of an appetite, this cold is beating me down. We all went for a walk along the foreshore after dinner and then a game of cribbage with Natasha in the cockpit as the sun eased towards the horizon and that rounds out the day. Nothing much was done but we seemed busy all the time. A perfect vacation day.

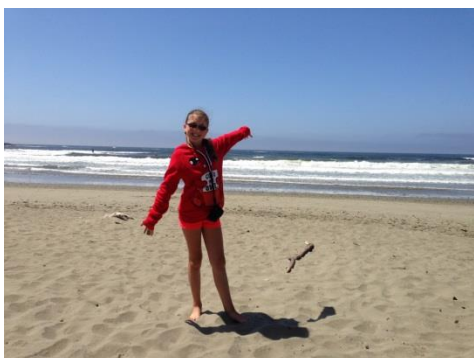


Sunday	Ucluelet	Tides	0022	3.3
July 7 th	0 nm		0720	0.5
	0 hrs. under power		1342	2.9
BACK TO TOP	0 hrs. under sail		1906	1.5

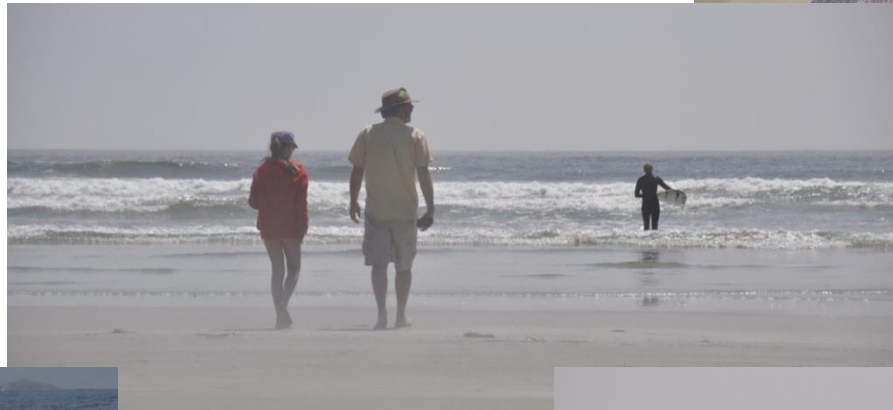
0800hrs There were enough boats leaving at first light (real early!) there couldn't be any boats left in the basin! One after the other they rumbled by our corner of the marina, headed out for Sunday morning fishing. And there is a persistent southerly wind blowing, causing the flag halyard to rattle the rigging right above my head. Somewhat annoying! The skies are cloudy this morning with a forecast for sunshine later again. The plan today is to rent a car and head up to Long Beach and Tofino with the girls. Natasha has never seen the open ocean waves or Tofino so this will be her first time. I made a reservation for the car yesterday and have to call Budget this morning to arrange a pick-up for the car, probably just after 0900hrs when they open. The only car rental agency near here is Budget, and they are located at Tofino Airport, a good 40 minute drive north of here. At least they are nice enough to come and pick me up!

2210hrs In out of the cool falling dew outside. The wind is completely still and, although it's nice in the cockpit, it is getting chilly. Natasha is watching me update the log on the laptop, Carey is getting ready for bed. It's been a busy day!

After this mornings' entry (and cup of coffee) I phoned Budget and arranged a pick-up at the head of the dock. That only took 15 minutes (he was already in the area) and I was on my way with Bob, up to Tofino Airport. I'd never been to the airport before and didn't realize that it's such a small operation! A gravel road yet! Anyway, I got the car (Chrysler 200) and headed back to Ucluelet. I was back by 1000hrs to make breakfast for the girls. Then it was groceries up at the Co Op while we had the car. That was all stowed away by noon (much easier by car), and it was off to Long Beach. I stopped for the required park-use and parking permit (\$18.00) and, wouldn't you believe it, they were checking for permits at the first beach. It must be Sunday in the summer! The Wikininnish Beach was busy with surfers although there wasn't that great a wave action. Plenty of people on the beach already, tourists and locals both.



Natasha had fun in the sun, sand and surf. The view was spectacular! But was that water ever cold on the feet! All the surfers had complete wet suits on, the only way to survive in that water temperature. I carved Natasha's name in the sand while Natasha did the same with mine. A few cartwheels by the gymnast and we were on our way to Long Beach, the next beach up the chain. There were even more people on this beach! It's not that it's crowded, but we usually come here in the late fall or early spring when the beaches are deserted! Natasha and Carey went wading along the breaking waves and Carey got bit by something in the water that drew blood, just wading in a few inches! Great beach though and much more "family" oriented than Wikininnish. We found a log to sit up against and watched the sparkling blue waves crash against the golden sand under a warm sun. Perfect beach weather!



As the afternoon sped by we drove the rest of the way up to Tofino to do a bit of "shopping". Certainly not much going on there and we were soon on our way back down the highway to Ucluelet. We stopped at the boat to relax with a drink and I had a shower (and shaved off the goatee I had been growing for the past two weeks, which the girls detested the moment they saw it!). No one noticed it missing until we got to Black Rock Resort for dinner!

The Black Rock is a deluxe resort on the ocean side of Ucluelet, well away from town and right on the ocean. Carey & I drove up here one year to celebrate New Year's Eve and enjoyed a great night of festivities. The views are breathtaking and the food excellent. On this visit Carey had the oysters, I had the poached salmon (which came with some clams) and Natasha had the halibut fingers and fries. Carey asked Natasha if she wanted to try a clam. Sure she would! Well, it was hilarious! She didn't want to swallow it, didn't want to spit it out, and had tears running down her cheeks! She eventually swallowed it, but not without a lot of faces! Funny! Not something she is going to repeat soon!



Back down to the boat and we read the Sunday paper (finally got up here from Victoria), caught up on the Quebec train wreck and the San Francisco air crash. There was even a story about the couple on their large cruiser who were caught at Canada Customs in Bedwell Harbour in the Gulf Islands. We were there that weekend watching Customs officials walk away with wheel barrows full of liquor. The morning paper reported that they were simply cruising from Seattle to Alaska through Canadian waters and were fined \$5,000 for their troubles, all the liquor confiscated. Ouch!

And now the boat is quiet again with the girls in bed. I won't be far behind. I've taken my cold and back medicine and will be passed out shortly. Tomorrow I need to take the car back to Budget after getting a few last minute items from the Co Op along with some ice. Then we should finally be out of here by noon. Been tied to a dock long enough!

Monday	Turtle Bay	Tides	0059	3.3
July 8 th	8 nm		0753	0.5
	1 hrs. under power		1943	1.5
BACK TO TOP	2 hrs. under sail			

It's already 2100hrs and we've been chased into the cabin by the cool, foggy air that has just settled over Turtle Bay in the Broken Group, Barkley Sound. We were hoping to see the stars tonight but I don't think that's going to work out at all. But to start with this morning.....

I woke up at 0700 this morning after a solid night sleep. I heard the boats going out again but stayed in bed until 0730. A quick cup of coffee and then up to the Co Op with the rental car for the last minute items. Co Op actually has ice that's better than what everyone else sells, it's solid cubes instead of the hollow ones that everyone else had. Then it was up to the airport to get rid of the car and the ride back, just in time to greet Carey & Nicky on their way to the showers. I used the computer to pay a few

household bills and check on e-mails, then took the garbage out and got the boat ready for travel. The girls finished, daisy fresh, and we had cinnamon buns heated up on the stove-top for breakfast.

By 1100hrs we were finally away from the docks under cloudy skies and a SE breeze. Ucluelet Harbour is a long one, it took us about 45 minutes to power out! Once out of the harbour we were hard on the light southerly breeze over a low swell, aimed at the Turtle Bay group of islands in the Broken Group of islands, part of the Pacific Rim National Park. The fishing line went over the side while under sail in hopes of catching dinner. About half way to the islands I spotted whale spouts a long way off the port bow! It looked like three humpbacks feeding on the Sargison Bank in Loudoun Channel. I rolled in the genoa and we slowly drifted closer under mainsail, pulling in the fish line as we went. Suddenly we were almost too close! From out of nowhere one of the massive animals surfaced within 50ft of our starboard side on a parallel course! Natasha was thrilled, Carey was frightened! Way too close for her! After shooting some video and taking photos I altered course to windward and pulled out the genoa, we were back to sailing with the fish line over the side again.



The trip continued as a very pleasant, light airs sail to one of the entrances to the anchorage where the sails were finally doused. The sun had come out by then and the low mist had cleared. Everything was beautiful again. We motored a short distance into the anchorage to find 3 boats already here, all sailboats. The boat was soon ready for relaxing and the dinghy ready for Natasha. She went for a couple of rows around the bay to burn off youthful energy, racing herself between boats with powerful strokes of the oars. She hadn't forgotten



much from previous trips. Kayakers paddled back and forth through the islands, different groups with different destinations. A game of cribbage in the cockpit, a plate of appetizers under a warm sun and light breeze, what could get better!? The briquettes were eventually lit and



the pork chops prepared (no salmon today!). Dinner was served in the cockpit as the sun fell towards the trees to the west. We have since retired to the inside for hot chocolate and chocolate chip cookies!

Tuesday	Turtle Bay	Tides	0135	3.3
July 9 th	0 nm		0824	0.5
	0 hrs. under power		1447	3.0
Back to Top	0 hrs. under sail		2019	1.4

2230hrs Natasha has just slipped into bed with Carey after a very nice little chat with me in the darkness of the cabin. Carey usually goes to be a bit earlier and it's too cold to sit outside, so we have these little chats in the cabin with soft music and the oil lamp burning. She certainly has a wide variety of topics she wants information on! Last night it was Adolf Hitler and the two world wars! (Huh??) Another time it was earthquakes. A very curious mind.

This morning I woke to the sound of humming birds hovering noisily in the cabin, three of them at one time! We generally sleep with the main hatch open when at anchor and so it's wide open to the birds. I don't know quite where the humming birds come from around here but they do visit frequently! It was cloudy again with low, fog like clouds hanging over the anchorage. Eventually everyone was up by 0930hr, not exactly warm out, but not freezing either. We had a simple breakfast of boiled eggs, cereal (Natasha), toasted English muffins and fruit in the cockpit. The skies lightened and the air turned warmer. It was time for me to do some maintenance on the boat and adjustments were made along with a few other minor items. The Yamaha on the dinghy in anticipation of exploring the anchorage. We heard from Peter and Michelle on "Tula" that they are going to meet us tomorrow night at Jarvis Island. They were in Bamfield tonight for the music concerts that goes on all week (<http://www.musicbythesea.ca/>). This is an internationally acclaimed music festival held each year at a purpose built auditorium in Bamfield. I had looked at attending this event but the costs are prohibitive, and Carey wasn't really interested in classical music anyway.

By 1300hrs we were exploring the various arms of this anchorage, scooting out through the narrower passages and around the smaller islets as the sun burned through the clouds. A light breeze rippled the water. Very pretty country with kayakers everywhere. The clear blue skies certainly help! We checked out the



campsite at the north-east corner of Dodd Island. Most of the kayakers there were sounding



somewhat foreign. We completed the tour of the bay and got back to the boat as the cool wind picked up. The sun was warm though. It was only supposed to hit 18c (65f) today, and the wind

was the reason. The rest of the afternoon was taken up by lounging around in the sun, reading a James Patterson book (Cat & Mouse) and doing generally nothing. Boats drifted in and boats drifted out. There are 13 in here now, it's almost crowded by west coast standards! Dinner was simple, hamburger patties with pasta and baked bread. Tasty and filling. We're going to go salmon fishing tomorrow! Carey said she could smell propane again (I still have my cold, can't smell a thing) and the replacement propane sniffer started to beep so I went to investigate. Sure enough, one of the hoses downstream from the regulator had come loose! Not good! But it was a simple fix, just tighten. I suspect it's been loose since I forced the tank back into position in the rain at Tahsis. Yikes! I need to be a bit more careful!



The fog hasn't rolled in like last night, but the wind hasn't stopped either, so eventually we moved inside. Another pleasant day on the water. Now it's close to midnight (I was reading for a while) and time for bed.

Wednesday	Jarvis Island	Tides	0211	3.3
July 10 th	4 nm		0845	0.5
	1.3 hrs. under power		1518	3.0
BACK TO TOP	0 hrs. under sail		2057	1.4

0900hrs I'm just hearing noises up forward, it must be getting close to wake-up time! It's a repeat of yesterday morning although the humming birds did not come into the boat this morning. I was ready with the video camera but no luck. It's a bit chilly this morning with low clouds. They should burn off by noon. We shall see. Carey is making an omelet this morning, I'm feeling hungry already. The sky is actually lightening earlier this morning and the coffee is good. Another day begins.

2200hrs And it has been a good day. It's almost time for bed, the girls are just gone and I have a few chapters to finish in my Alex Cross book. Then it's lights-out for me as well. Peter and Michelle went below quite a while ago as it was a cold evening in the cockpit. The cool westerly just never let up once it began around 1300hrs.



After a deliciously filling omelets this morning we raised anchor around noon and slowly motored out of Turtle Bay, wandering over to Jarvis at trolling speed. Of course, other than two rock fish, we didn't catch anything on the 4 miles from Turtle Bay to Jarvis Bay. Flat water and cloudy skies with just a hint of clearing to the west. The warmth of the sun took a long time to arrive, and was most welcome when it did.

Jarvis Bay is a very small body of water surrounded by Jarvis and Jaques Islands. Although there are gaps between the islands, one of them dries at low tide leaving only one very restrictive entrance. It's narrow, shallow, and has a large submerged rock half way along the channel. There are two dog-legs to navigate before entering the central lagoon. Although large in surface water, there is only a small area in the middle of the bay that's deep enough to anchor, the rest is shallow and rock strewn. But if you're the only boat here the place is magical! We were lucky today as there was no-one else here. We dropped the hook in the middle and I got the sun shower ready with a little added boiled water. That, as usual, felt oh-so-good! A bit of clean-up and all was good with the world again.

Peter and Michelle were on their way from Ucluelet where they had picked up their dead outboard. The mechanic reported terminal corrosion through the block! No more outboard for their dinghy on this trip! They arrived around 1530hrs with the wind now gusting to 20 knots in here. They reported a rocking downwind sail here. I suggested they raft up, simply lower their anchor ahead of us and drift back. Peter though it would be better to raft up and then take the anchor in the dinghy. That's what we did, although he had real difficulties rafting up! Then, using our dinghy I took his anchor and

“all chain” rode out and dropped it. Ugly mess! Anyway, we’re not moving anywhere tonight, the wind is easing already. We caught up with each other’s adventures over the past weeks and enjoyed drinks and



chips in the cockpit. As the evening progressed Peter and Michelle disappear below decks. We had chicken on the barbeque and, although we’d rather have eaten in the cockpit, we put the table up inside because of the wind. Very tasty as usual. Michelle came out into the cockpit for a bit but we never saw Peter again(?). And that’s where I sit now, almost time to make up my bed and get some sleep.



Thursday	Port Alberni	Tides	0249	3.2
July 11 th	Yacht Club		0924	0.6
	9 nm		1551	3.0
	.7 hrs. under power		2137	1.3
Back to Top	1.5 hrs. under sail			

0700hrs A beautiful, sunny morning with just a hint of a westerly breeze! Finally! The first beautiful sunny morning with the girls aboard! All is still quiet except the humming birds out in the cockpit. Things are just as quiet next door, no sign of life yet. This promises to be a spectacular day! We’re headed over to the Port Alberni Yacht Club today if all goes well.

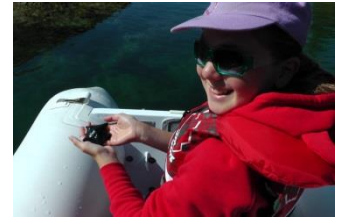


2200hrs Another day already done! It’s about time for bed again, everyone is yawning and ready for it. We’re tied securely to the docks at the PAYC with “Tula” right astern of us. The sun has long since gone down and it’s cold outside. Hot chocolate and cookies with Natasha are almost done and Carey’s in the v-berth already.

This morning was one of those mornings that every morning should be. Although there was a very light breeze wafting across the water, it wasn’t cold. The skies were blue and the sun warm. After my log entry I went for a long row with my coffee and cameras before anyone else woke up. I was surprised to see deer on the island, I wondered about their source of water. This group of islands is fairly small and flat with no streams or ponds that I’m aware of. Out of the tops of the trees ospreys were busy diving into the water. No kayakers, no human noise. Very nice.



The crews eventually woke up and Natasha made us egg muffins all by herself (with a little guidance!). It was her first attempt at cooking anything and she was careful and attentive. Very tasty. Then it was off to explore the underwater life in the lagoon. She found all sorts of stuff to be fascinated with while I rowed close to the rocks along the shore. She then went off by herself, following Peter around the lagoon. That took her the rest of the morning.



By 1130hrs the wind had freshened a bit and I was ready to get underway. The tide was rising from very low and the entrance to this place was barely passable. Peter wasn't so sure and wanted to wait till later in the afternoon when the tide was a bit higher. We were ready to give it a try. We cast off the rafting lines and raised our anchor. Peter & Michelle soon following. We just took it easy, slowly motoring towards the dog-leg entrance, carefully avoiding the submerged (but very visible at low tide) rock near the entrance. It was a bit nerve racking but not a problem. Once outside the fish line went over the side again as we drifted towards Imperial Eagle Channel on a light but gusty broad reach. Tula was doing the same but was quite a ways behind us.



Imperial Eagle Channel is the major waterway penetrating Barkley Sound from the open ocean to the Port Alberni Inlet. The channel is about six miles across with the Broken Group (and Pacific Rim National Park) on the western side, the Deer Group of islands on the eastern side. As we approached the open water we could see the whitecaps ahead, there was obviously more wind out there in the Channel! The fish line came in and was put away. Out we went and we were soon sailing along on a broad reach at hull speed. Peter and Michelle were so far behind on "Tula" that I tacked back on a close reach, just so we could sail across together. Then it was off and running again as the wind picked up to a solid 20 knots. The skies were blue and the whitecaps



were dancing on the sparkling water. We soon left "Tula" far behind again, obviously not sailing as efficiently as we were! Natasha thought it was great, Carey was in her usual fearful mood. I needed to do a couple of gibes to line up the entrance to Robber Passage but after the first one the jib stayed rolled away and we ran downwind with just the main up.

The Port Alberni Yacht Club (PAYC) has an outstation on Fleming Island in Robber Passage, our destination for the day. The entrance to Robber Passage is protected from the open waters of Imperial Eagle Channel by shallow reefs and the bluffs of the island. As we approached in the 4ft chop with low swells I decided to sail in under main alone. It was safer than climbing onto the cabin top to douse the main. Peter called on the VHF with concern in his voice, wondering if we had a problem getting the main down as we were so close to the island. I looked back to where he was about a mile behind us and he

was motoring with the sails furled (roller furling main) already! I advised him that I was planning on sailing in, which caused him further concern. But there was no problem sailing in at hull speed under just the main. Once into the channel and behind the protection of the Fleming Island bluffs the seas flattened and the wind eased considerably. It was easy wrestling the main down. Boaters already at the PAYC docks were helpful in getting us tied up in the gusty conditions, and then we all helped “Tula” in as well.

The Port Alberni Yacht Club outstation is just that, an outstation in the middle of nowhere. There is a small clubhouse on a substantial float with a ramp to the foreshore. The clubhouse is for members only, but we always manage to get invited in with drinks in hand. The club owns a few acres at the point of Fleming Island at Robber Passage with a couple of small, sandy beaches. Members have cut trails through the thick underbrush over the years to access the point and beaches. Very nicely done. There is a small bunkhouse for those club members not wishing to sleep aboard (or guests) and the whole operation is powered by a diesel generator in a sound containing building not too far away. There is power and water at the dock, but the generator is turned off in the evening and is not running if no club members are present. A friend of ours from Sidney usually comes here every summer and acts as the “unofficial” greeter/host for the club. He had not arrived yet. There is a shower house built onto the docks with unlimited water for a paltry \$2. Very welcome! A great place to visit





The rest of the afternoon drifted by comfortably with hikes and enjoying new company. Peter & Michelle invited us over for a fresh salmon dinner as the evening approached. They were obviously having more luck with their fish line than we were! Then a board game of Pirates into the evening. Dinner was excellent although the board game was sort of boring considering it was so nice outside. That sort of thing is a rainy day game. Now we're back aboard our little boat and ready for bed.

Friday	Bamfield	Tides	0328	3.1
July 12 th	4 nm		0957	0.7
	1 hrs. under power		1625	3.1
Back to Top	0 hrs. under sail		2220	1.3

0730hrs Sounds like someone has a portable generator going on somewhere on the dock, probably the large boat at the end, working on his projects. Nice for this time in the morning. Peter has his Espar going so there isn't much in the way of a peaceful morning. It's cloudy and cool again this morning. The plan is to cross Trevor Channel and head for the village of Bamfield today. We're running out of wine and hot chocolate!

2030hrs Finally sent the little one off to bed, following Carey into the v-berth. She is just an Eveready bunny, tired but won't quit! We are tied to the public dock at Bamfield and in the warmth of the heated cabin. It's cold out tonight! But it didn't start getting that way until the sun fell below the trees and the cool breeze refused to die. The dodger was nice for a while, but then it got just too cold.

This morning we pulled out of the PAYC after great hot showers. The facilities are still very good and the members just as friendly as always. All the boats at the docks were gone, including Peter and Michelle who were headed to Bamfield for fuel and then on to Dodger Channel in preparation for the trip back to Victoria and home tomorrow. We carefully steered through the south end of Robber Passage after the RCMP patrol vessel "Inkster" drifted through in the opposite direction. It's almost identical to our passing five years ago, the same vessel in the same place going in the same direction! What are the chances! Although there was a hint of the wind to come from the west, we powered the 3.5 miles to Bamfield just to charge up the batteries.



Rounding Aguilar Point into Bamfield Harbour we could see new construction at the Coast Guard station. Apparently the Coast Guard is expanding the rough water inflatable training facility here, construction that is probably very welcome in this economically challenged community. Bamfield is a split town with the majority of residence living on the Mills Peninsula side, the west side of the harbour. There is no connecting road to the "mainland" side, the east side of the community. Everyone uses boats for transportation from one side to the other, or the



office. Not much else!

bright yellow water taxi. The west side has some partially developed "roads" behind the waterfront houses and commercial enterprises. There are a few pick-up trucks and ATVs to transport goods, but most people saunter the wooden boardwalk along the shore. The Coast Guard station is supplemented with a general store, a closed and dilapidated Inn and a post



Further up the inlet we motored to an almost empty public dock. We tied up to the inside of the docks and, after securing the boat, the girls walked up to the general store to have a look. It's been five years since we were last here and we had heard that the long-time proprietor had recently passed away. Carey wanted to see what was still available and reported back that the store was as it used to be, stocking a limited variety of common goods. Friday was fresh produce delivery day from the coastal freighter and that vessel had not arrived yet (not like we needed a lot of groceries!)



As the afternoon progressed we hiked along the rudimentary roads to Brady Beach, about 30 minutes away across the peninsula. Brady Beach is one of the most photographed beaches on the west coast with its rocky spires separating golden sand. The sparkling blue waters and sunny skies were a perfect backdrop to a very pleasant afternoon on the sand. Natasha and I built a sandcastle as the tide rose, and then she did all her gymnastics routines on the beach, getting soaked in the surf and sand. Not all that many people on the beach today and not a single boat went by in Trevor Channel. There wasn't much in the way of wind and nary a whitecap on the water.



Peter called while we had cell phone service on that side of the peninsula (Bamfield has no cell phone coverage) to report that his transmission didn't work anymore. They were anchored in Dodger Channel in anticipation of the long sail to Victoria tomorrow and couldn't get reverse when they were setting the anchor. I advised him of what to look for and, quite a while later, he called to report that his transmission cable had broken. He had made arrangements with a shop in Ucluelet to get it fixed on Monday.

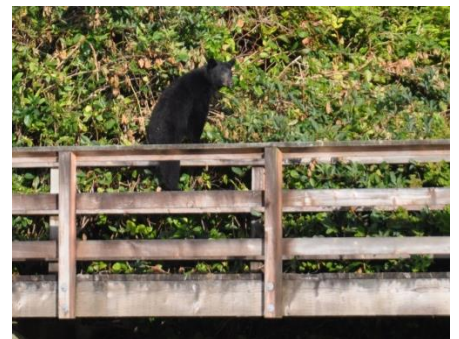
We hiked back towards Bamfield, stopping at the General Store for ice cream in waffle cones! Then it was back down to the boat with the day almost over already. Dinner was a hot plate of Natchos in the cockpit as water taxis cruised back and forth (the music festival is on). The sun eased towards the trees and the air cooled off. No other boats had come into the docks while we were away to the beach and there is only one other visiting boat, a large power boat. Even the wharfinger reported that it's been very quiet so far this year. Tomorrow we head back to Ucluelet for laundry and supplies before carrying on to the second half of our vacation in Barkley Sound. It's up early (for the girls) so we can make the three hour transit before the westerly winds hit us on the nose!



Saturday	Ucluelet	Tides	0411	2.9
July 13 th	19 nm		1031	0.8
	3.5 hrs. under power		1702	3.1
BACK TO TOP	0 hrs. under sail		2308	1.2

2330hrs Tied to the dock at Ucluelet again (we seem to be spending a lot of time here!). My e-mails finally loaded up (all 90) and I was able to send the “bear on the boardwalk” photo to Peter as requested.

This morning we were slowly powering out of Bamfield Harbour over a glassy sea when Carey spotted a black bear walking along the wooden board walk near the houses! I managed to get one good photo before the bear climbed over the railing and ambled back into the woods between two houses! This is the wild west coast after all!



We were soon out into the open water with a fish line over the stern, no wind to speak of with cloudy skies and a hint of pending sunshine. A seemingly normal morning around here. There was very little wind on the crossing of Imperial Eagle Channel, and no fish either. Into the Broken Group near Effingham and out at Benson Island near Sail Rock, a route I haven't taken in the past. Normally I would have transited between Lovett and Owens Islands, a fairly clear passage. However, if a westerly had sprung up while headed to Ucluelet from that channel it would have been right on the nose. The route I selected would have been a close reach and we would not have had to tack to Ucluelet. As it turned out there was a low swell but no wind to speak of. We saw the spouts of three whales to starboard but they were pulling away from us.



Peter left a message to say that they would be in Ucluelet at the repair dock until Monday, with a hint that we should join him there. As the repair dock is adjacent to a fish processing plant that works on weekends I didn't want to spend a day listening to all the machinery. We carried on to the public dock, tying up to the same finger as last time at about noon. We got the laundry going right away and we walked up to the Co-Op to pick up supplies for the next week. It took all of the afternoon to get all of that done, humping it all from the store to the boat! Once the laundry was finished the girls went up to town to have another look around while I was able to relax with a book at the boat. By 1700hrs we were all at the boat and relaxing with drinks (we bought fixings for a Shirley Temple for Natasha!). Boats came and went, although there are very few sailboats around. Peter and Michelle walked down from the repair dock and we had a short conversation about the control cables. Discussion revolved around the weather window for the 70+ nautical mile sail to Victoria. Winds for the early part of next week are predicted to be fairly strong. Peter indicated that they will probably stick around Barkley Sound until that settles down a bit. We ended up with sausages and pasta for dinner as the sun slid behind the trees and the temperature dropped. Carey went to bed early and Natasha & I walked up to the head of the dock to take some nighttime photos of the marina.



The plan for tomorrow is a re-load of the propane tank in the morning, then hit the open ocean early in the afternoon when the wind starts up. Our destination is Pipestem Inlet at the far eastern end of Barkley Sound, about as far from the open ocean as you can get and still be in Barkley. It should be a great downwind sail if the wind cooperates!

Sunday	Pipestem Inlet	Tides	0459	2.8
July 14 th	17 nm		1110	1.0
	.9 hrs. under power		1743	3.1
BACK TO TOP	3 hrs. under sail			

2330hrs Natasha is just climbing into the v-berth after a midnight row around the bay. We're anchored in Pipestem Inlet, all by ourselves, with not a ripple in the water. A perfect evening. But back to this morning.....

The usual collection of commercial and sport fishing boats geared up early this morning despite the fact that it was a Sunday morning (again!). I woke up at 0600hrs to the sound of guys talking on the docks and dragging gear into their boats. Ah, the fishing community! Not much appreciation for anything but the fishing community! At least it looked sunny out already. I finally got up at 0700hrs to wipe down the dew in the cockpit and enjoy a coffee in the cockpit before the morning rush. Carey & Natasha were up by 0800 and a quick and simple breakfast of pancakes followed morning tea. The girls went for showers while I topped the propane tank at the Co-Op. Only three pounds required so it wasn't all that empty. Carey managed to step on the plastic sun shower nozzle, shattering the fitting. The girls walked up to the Co-Op for one last shopping trip (hoping to find a replacement nozzle) I took a shower and filled the water tank up.

By 1100hrs we were ready for the road and pulled away from the dock, headed for the fuel dock for diesel and ice. The fuel tank took 33.84 liters and the ice box took two blocks and two bags of ice.



Fully loaded we headed out of the harbour and into the ocean swells and wind. The swells were from the west at about 4ft with a SW 3ft chop on top, about 15 knots of wind from the west. The sails were raised and we enjoyed a nice broad reach into the open blue, headed southeast across the mouth of Barkley Sound while avoiding all the rocks and islets that guard the entrance to Ucluelet Harbour. A gibe 45 minutes later and an opposite reach in Loudoun Channel towards the distant Bryant Islands. The sun

was out, the skies a sparkling blue and a smattering of whitecaps chased our wake. A wonderful three hour sail with a series of gibes to get us up into the Pipestem area. Once abeam of Lyall Point the swells virtually disappeared and the wind eased. Now it was more like sailing in the Gulf Islands with rippled water and warmer temperatures. We drifted by Mayne Bay, around Harris Point and into Pipestem Inlet.

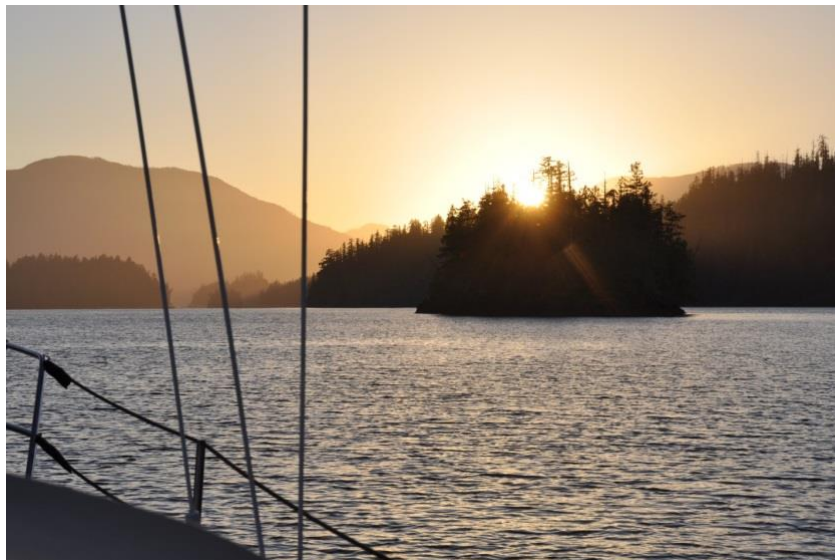


It was a bit of a riddle getting into this anchorage as neither the cruising guides nor the chart was clear about which indent was the preferred “Cataract Cove” (a local name, not on the charts). We counted two sailboats in small coves along the shore before we found the anchorage we wanted, 30ft of water with room to swing. I put out 210ft of rode and tied the stern line to a tree ashore. The bow was now pointed into the waters exposed to any northerly wind coming from Toquart Bay, the longest fetch. A light, refreshing breeze ruffled the water as the afternoon temperature soared. Perfect vacation weather.

Pipestem Inlet is a long, narrow fiord that runs inland from Toquart Bay at the most inland part of Barkley Sound. Towering, steep-to-shore mountains keep the winds very light and trap the sun's heat, quite a change from the cool windswept outer coast. The water temperature (65f) reflected the lack of horizontal movement, even in the largest tides. It's like being in Desolation Sound!



Natasha and I went for a short row but, as we're staying here tomorrow, I figured we would put the outboard on in the morning for some serious exploring. We relaxed in the cockpit and enjoyed cheese & crackers with an ice cold beer (or Shirley Temple, as the case may be). Dinner was a salad with chicken wings on the barbeque at 2000hrs as the sun dipped towards the mountain tops to the west. A very pleasant evening as no cold wind chased the warmth away. Carey was in bed by 2200hrs and, after hot chocolate and cookies, I talked Natasha into a late night row to see the bioluminescence in the water. She had not seen that before and was nicely surprised. The stars were also spectacular! It was one of those special moments that end all too quickly. Now it's time for bed.



Monday	Pipestem Inlet	Tides	0003	1.2
July 15 th	0 nm		0556	2.6
	0 hrs. under power		1829	3.2
BACK TO TOP	0 hrs. under sail			

2330hrs Just a wonderful vacation day! And what a day. Didn't do much of anything all day, like it should be! This morning the sun finally started drying the cockpit dew as it came up over the trees astern of us at about 0730hrs. I was up at 0700hrs, making coffee, and then wiped down the cockpit dew to dry things out. I was reading "Good Bye, Mickey Mouse" by Len Deighton in the warm sunshine, not a ripple on the water, not a civilized sound to be heard. The girls finally got up around 0900hrs. I enjoyed another cup with Carey while Natasha pattered around inside getting ready for the day. She is not a morning person, that girl. Breakfast was Eggs Benedict at the cockpit table in the sun. A glorious start to the day.



When that was all cleaned up and out of the way I put the outboard on the dinghy and we went for a tour of a very pretty "hidden" lagoon just up the inlet. Across to the other side to find Lucky Creek, a creek identified in the cruising guides but not specifically identified on the charts. It's not that we could have gone up the creek to find the falls anyway, the guide book says the tide has to be high enough to get over the gravel entrance, but I wanted to find it for later in the afternoon. But we couldn't find it! We came back across the inlet and back to the boat in time to find a powerboat had joined us at Cataract Cove. The sun was hot enough and the light breeze warm enough that we put the small tarp up to get some shade. It was reaching 28.5c (83f) inside the boat! I relaxed with my book, Natasha played with the iPad and Carey watched the scenery during the afternoon. And the flies! These were big flies with striped green eyes, buzzing by at incredible speeds. And they bite! Actually, not as bad as it sounds. I managed to swat a few and Natasha took them as pets! She had fun playing with them until they expired. Sick girl! By 1600hrs, just after an American flagged Catalina 34 cautiously entered the anchorage - toured around - anchored - and then powered away again, we got back in the dinghy and motored to where I guessed the chart said Lucky Creek



should be. It's actually a long way by slow dinghy and it's a good thing the wind was light with almost no chop on the water. The tide was high enough that we could get across the gravel and shell bar and into the creek itself. Then a long motor up the creek, like something out of the everglades. We finally made it to the falls and found another dinghy already there, the people just getting ready to leave. Good thing they were there, it would have been difficult to find the unmarked trail up the slope to the top of the falls and the ponds. And what a steep trail it was! Carey was not even tempted to climb up the vertical trail. She stayed with the dinghy. Natasha and I climbed up, pulling ourselves up with tree roots and branches and found the ponds and rest of the falls at the top. Very pretty. Lots of photos and video. The water was a bit too cold for me but Natasha stripped down and took a bath in one of the small ponds. Again, very pretty. She had never had the opportunity to skinny-dip so here was her chance! Then it was the climb back down to the dinghy and the long motor home, arriving just after 1800hr. Almost late for cocktail hour!



It was rib night and the barbeque was lit early for the slow cook. We enjoyed the evening in the cockpit, waiting for the ribs and enjoying our drinks. It remained very warm until the sun set, then it was back into clothes as the air cooled off. The ribs were good. Carey went to bed at 2200hrs and Natasha and I stayed up until just now. We went for a row in the moonlight again to watch the stars, satellites and bioluminescence in the water. The hot chocolate and



chocolate chip cookies in the darkness of the cockpit was a treat again. It's too bad children have to grow up so fast!

Tuesday	Pinkerton Islands	Tides	0104	1.1
July 16 th	7 nm		0705	2.5
	1.5 hrs. under power		1245	1.3
BACK TO TOP	0 hrs. under sail		1922	3.2

0800hrs I haven't been able to stop coughing this morning, the tail end of Marc's cold. I hear noise in the forward cabin, the girls are coming to life. It's another spectacular sunny morning and it's time to dry out the cockpit and enjoy my coffee. We're off to the Pinkerton Islands this morning when breakfast is finished. I have to haul up 210ft of anchor rode and get the weeds off the stern line before we can go. Ah, life is tough on a boat!

2200hrs We're all tired early tonight and Natasha has followed Carey to the v-berth. It is absolutely calm outside tonight after a spectacular sunset. Plenty of photos were taken!

This morning Natasha made us egg muffins again, and very well done I might add. I let go the stern line and pulled us over top of the anchor to get some of the bright sunlight out of the galley. With her limited visibility the sun was causing her some difficulty in seeing what she was doing. Breakfast in the warmth of the sun was delicious and the dishes soon cleared.



Once the boat was organized we were ready for the road. I pulled up the rest of the anchor and we were underway. I left the stern line drag in the water to try and get some of the weed off. Another beautiful morning as we motored out of Pipestem towards the Pinkerton Islands all of 7 miles away. There was a light westerly breeze but not nearly enough to think about sailing (and we needed to charge up the batteries anyway). We heard from Peter and Michelle that they were on their way home at 0500hrs this morning with a forecast of light SE winds in the strait. The weather app on the iPhone and the VHF weather channel were both calling for light winds during the day all along the coast.



It took us all of an hour to get around the corner and into the Pinkerton Islands, a series of small islets that provide a host of small, well protected anchorages. Although not a provincial or national park, there are only two or three summer cabins within the group and those are mostly unoccupied. There are numerous coves and lagoons to explore by dinghy.



There was a large power and a small sailboat in the anchorage we wanted, but there was lots of room for us. And shortly after we arrived at 1100hrs they left! We had the place to ourselves. The big sun tent went up as it looked like it was going to get hot. The skies were clear and there was very little wind. We relaxed for a while and then went on a tour of the islands in the dinghy. Lots of anchorages and we found two more boats tucked away unseen. There was a small house



on a float in one of the bays with two large lagoons behind it. This whole place is a kayakers' paradise, but no kayakers today.



High clouds started to drift in from the south as the afternoon progressed and around 1600hrs a wind picked up. The clouds kept the heat of the sun at bay even though the temperature was up around 79f in the cabin again! Natasha worked on Carey's hair with lots of imagination and skill while I read "The Time Traveller's Wife". We eventually took showers up on deck, ah so refreshing after a hot day! Then it was a quiet evening with a barbequed steak and baked potato dinner in the evening heat. No dew fell and it remained warm out as a spectacular sunset closed off the day. But I guess it's been too many late evenings watching the stars come out because we're all tired tonight. An early evening.

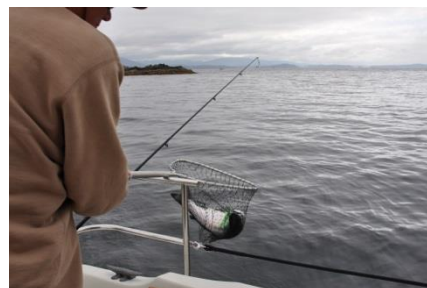


Wednesday	Port Alberni	Tides	0212	1.0
July 17 th	Yacht Club		0829	2.5
	7 nm		1348	1.5
	1.5 hrs. under power		2020	3.3
BACK TO TOP	1.5 hrs. under sail			

0830hrs I'm awake after a troublesome night. The kettle is on as a light rain falls on the cabin top. The first morning of rain with the girls aboard! Of course, they're still asleep up forward. But then I wouldn't expect them to be up just yet. We were all awake for some time last night as the wind started to blow in the dark. Not a whole lot, but enough to get me up and dressed to watch our motion across the bay. There had been one peal of thunder earlier and a threat of rain. I could hear the wind blowing on the tree tops and waves crashing on the shore outside the anchorage, but nothing really got in and disturbed us. But you just never know. The plan today is to return to the Port Alberni Yacht Club to see if Gary has arrived yet. We'll try some fishing along the way.

2200hrs The girls are in bed after a long day and even longer night. We're all tired and Natasha has just joined Carey up in the v-berth. We're tied up at the Port Alberni Yacht Club docks and secure for the night. Not that the weather has shown any indication of causing a problem tonight, it's still solidly overcast with a very light westerly breeze. We should be able to catch up on some lost sleep tonight.

This morning we had a simple breakfast of boiled eggs and English muffins, Natasha went with cereal and yogurt. By 1100hrs we were pulling up the anchor (buried nicely!!) and slowly made our way out of the Pinkertons by a route that showed a lot of rocks and reefs. The overcast was solid with some hints of sunshine to the west. A very light westerly breeze was on the nose as we steered towards the back of Nettles Island with a fish line dragging on the surface over the stern. As we approached Swale Rock I decided to go a bit deeper, get a little more serious about fishing. The sounder showed lots of fish at about the 20 ft depth. Although there was no wind behind Nettles Island I could see a wind line ahead in Imperial Eagle Channel. There were a group of sports fishers on the Imperial Eagle Channel side of the rock, bobbing in the waves where I suppose the fishing was better. We were trolling nicely along the shore of Nettles Island, Natasha holding the rod over the stern. I had just decided to raise the main in anticipation of the freshening breeze ahead when we got a hit on the line! The main wasn't fully raised yet and the line was zipping out of the reel. I left the main half raised and shifted the idling engine into neutral to kill way. I expected that I had contacted the bottom with the hook and was not anxious to lose more gear! When I grabbed the rod there was definite movement on the line! It took a while, and with great care, we managed to land an 8 – 10lb Sockeye into the net. Natasha was thrilled. Carey and Natasha both looked the other way when I bonked it on the head a few times. I left it on the lazerette at the back of the cockpit as it was only a short sail to the Yacht Club where there were proper cleaning facilities. Then it was navigating around Swale Rock (we drifted very close while landing the fish!) and then sailing on a very nice SW breeze across the Channel to the entrance to Robber Passage. We sent iPhone photos to Marc, Peter and Michelle!



I recognized Gary Rosa's boat tied to the dock at the PAYC and he was at the dock to greet us. Gary is a friend from Sidney who sails out to the PAYC every some to act as "unofficial custodian" of the club for the summer. He was late this year due to cataract surgery early in the summer, but he was here now! We caught up in our summers so far and then it was time to clean the fish. I had Natasha hold the fish for a photo and then used the club facilities to clean it. Natasha was not impressed with what had to be done to prepare a fish for dinner! But it went very well and we ended up with more fish than we could ever eat in two days!



Later in the afternoon we went for a dinghy ride to the sea caves near the western entrance to Robber Passage. Unfortunately the tide was too low to row through. Back at the club we socialized with the yacht club group till dinner time, then put half the salmon on the barbeque with rice on the stove. It took a while but by 2000hrs we had a very filling dinner in the cabin with the heater on. It had never warmed up much today with the cool breeze, but the dinner in a warm cabin was delicious! I saved some cooked salmon for breakfast in the morning and, after cleaning up, Natasha and I went back over to the caves to row through on the high tide. Neat! Now it's after 2200hrs and getting to bed time. All is quiet on the docks and sleep is enticing.

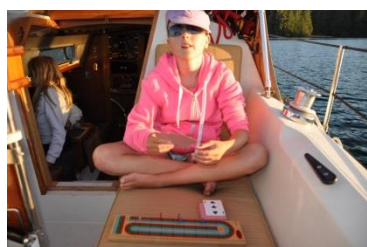


Thursday	Turtle Bay	Tides	0322	0.8
July 18 th	9 nm		0949	2.6
	.9 hrs. under power		1459	1.6
BACK TO TOP	2 hrs. under sail		2122	3.4

0800hrs The world outside is just starting to come alive. The forepeak is even showing signs of life (but not up just yet!). The skies are cloudy this morning although the weather gurus are talking sun this afternoon. No wind just yet either. We will see what today brings. We're headed for Turtle Island again today so that we're closer to Ucluelet for tomorrow. The girls are headed home soon. The wind is supposed to pick up from the west as this small front clears the area and the high returns.

2245hrs We're just in from a cool cockpit, a ¾ moon hanging in the clear skies over Turtle Bay. I had a very pleasant late evening in the cockpit with Natasha, cuddled under blankets with hot chocolate and cookies. Carey went to bed a while ago. The wind has finally died completely and the water is still. The anchored boats are at rest. Natasha is changing into PJs now and getting ready for bed. The fireplace is on to give some welcome heat to the cabin. It's been another long vacation day!

This morning we had salmon eggs Benedict at the cockpit table under cloudy skies. Gary wandered over with a cup of coffee for a visit and by 1030hrs we were itching to go. Carey wanted to get across the Imperial Eagle Channel before the wind picked up! We said our goodbyes and motored out of Robber Passage into a very flat Channel. There was a very light westerly and the sails were up and drawing as soon as we were clear of the rocks. Hard on the wind all the way across in about 5 – 10 knots of breeze. We ended up at Nettles Island and tacked along the shore headed for Effingham to clear all the rocks and islands. The wind started to pick up and so, to keep the peace aboard, I elected to motor through a shortcut between Weibe and Dempster Islands



directly to Turtle Island. That was a very pleasant diversion in increasingly gusty conditions. We hadn't been through this channel before and it looks like the whole area would be a good anchorage except for the water being too deep. Where it's shallow enough, it's exposed to the westerly wind with a reasonable fetch. That's probably why no-one is anchored there. We motored into Turtle Bay by 1330hrs to find four sailboats already anchored. Nice and quiet. Natasha did Carey's hair again and I continued with my book.

The skies cleared and the wind picked up. Good thing the wind wasn't too cold and the sun was warm. I even dozed off in the cockpit for a while. Natasha found the iPad and watched Mary Poppins. The sailing is starting to grow thin with her I think. By 1830hrs the barbeque was lit and we got ready for the rest of Sammy the salmon for dinner. Pasta and Bernese sauce completed the meal. Two nights of salmon was a bit much and, although it tasted very good, we're looking forward to something else tomorrow night. As the sun fell to the horizon the wind eased considerably. Plenty of other sailboats drifted into the anchorage and tonight we have 13 boats in here with us. It's not crowded by Gulf Islands standards, but it is for Barkley Sound! Popcorn was popped on the stove and Natasha & I enjoyed getting it stuck in our teeth. All is quite now and it's time for bed. We want to get to Ucluelet tomorrow before the big winds start at around 1100.

Friday	Ucluelet	Tides	0428	0.6
July 19 th	11 nm		1057	2.7
	2 hrs. under power		1611	1.6
BACK TO TOP	0 hrs. under sail		2223	3.5

2300hrs Just finished burning a photo disk for Natasha to take home, most of the photos taken during the last two weeks. She had to help me edit what she wanted on the disk, some hard decisions

had to be made as she is a bit of a packrat and wanted to keep them all! But it's finally done and she is off to bed. It's been a bit of a long, cool day and we are tied up at the Ucluelet public docks again. The clouds never did break today.

This morning we had the anchor hauled by 0900hrs, squeezing between Dodd & Willis Island, through the narrow cut. Although not a 0 tide it was pretty shallow with the thinnest water at about 9ft. Once into the open it was motoring through a mist and fog with not a whole lot of visibility. Fortunately, it was only 8 miles so we arrived to a busy dock by 1100hrs. The laundry was soon finished as more and more boats drifted in and the lineup for the laundry increased. I washed out the barbeque and cockpit, getting rid of the last of the salmon odor. Eventually boats were rafted three deep on the dock, most of them sailboats from all over the west coast. Showers were very welcome and tickets for tomorrow's bus trip purchased. I will do groceries tomorrow after the girls are on their way. The rest of the afternoon was taken up with wandering around the town and relaxing in the cockpit. One last game of Cribbage for Natasha and "real" food at the Canadian Princess for dinner. Tomorrow the girls head home and I'm on my own for a while.



Saturday	Turtle Island	Tides	0528	0.3
July 20 th	11 nm		1155	2.9
	1 hrs. under power		1716	1.5
BACK TO TOP	2.5 hrs. under sail		2322	3.7

2100hrs In from a cool night at anchor in Turtle Bay (again) with a scattering of 14 other boats. "Beyond the Stars" is the last boat with its' main engine still running, charging up something or other. All the other gensets have finally ground to a halt. There isn't a ripple on the water tonight with a solid grey overcast sky. But then the sun never did come out today, just like yesterday. Not exactly summer weather!

This morning we were all up by 0730hrs so that I could wash the remainder of the clothes and bed sheets. That was all done by 0930hrs and we tramped up to Matterson's for a big breakfast. Carey and Natasha shared, the breakfasts are that big! Natasha did a very good job of cleaning up her plate! The bus ended up being mostly empty. The girls bade farewell and were gone. I continued on to the Co-Op for some additional groceries, organized the boat and was gone from the dock by 1230hrs. Very light winds in the harbour forced me to motored the considerable length to the harbour entrance where I found a very light southerly breeze, just enough to ripple the water and fill the sails. A long, leisurely sail towards Turtle Bay with whales spouting and tour boat hovering along the way. I managed to sail to the entrance of this bay where the wind died and, at 1600hrs, I powered into a busy bay. Some of the same boats from Thursday were still here, some were new, some were from Ucluelet last night. I got the anchor to dig in and then organized the interior of the boat. All the girls stuff went into the back of the quarter berth and out of the way. Stuff that wasn't needed any more was stored away where it wouldn't be in the way. I read a book for a while with a rum & coke, exchanging iPhone messages with Natasha about their trip home. Hot dogs were dinner, not that I really had an appetite anyway. I went for a long row in the flat calm, just to get some exercise. Now a fine mist is falling and the heater is on. I will do some computer work this evening, sorting photos and video. We'll see where we go tomorrow, if anywhere.



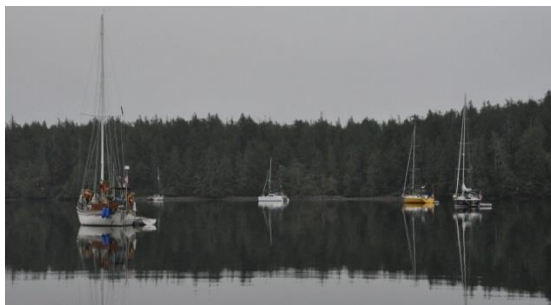
Sunday	Turtle Island	Tides	0621	0.1
July 21 th	0 nm		1246	3.1
	0 hrs. under power		1815	1.3
Back to Top	0 hrs. under sail			

2100hrs A bit of a do-nothing day at Turtle Bay! The sun never did come out today and the wind never did blow, all contrary to the weather gurus again. No point in going to motor around out there. The forecast remains for gale force westerly's under sunny skies after the morning cloud has burned off, lighter winds near the coast south of Tofino. It's been that forecast for three days. Current conditions are about 12 knots off the coast, not quite a gale! Here's hoping for a bit more wind and clearer skies for going home!

This morning I finally got up at 0730hrs after a restless sleep. Lots of dreams. A quick breakfast of toasted sticky buns and I got to work polishing all the indoor brass and then cleaning and waxing the bottom portion of the cockpit. That took up the rest of the morning as boats came and went. I think I have just enough wax to finish the top half of the cockpit tomorrow morning. I read a book for a while (I'm pretty sure I read it before, a long time ago) and then moved the boat to the other end of the anchorage. A number of larger power boats came in and anchored at my



end, close to me. Generators started up immediately and would have run all day. I moved. Then had a nap in the afternoon, woken up by Natasha's eye drop alarm on my phone at 1700hrs! I didn't think I'd slept that long! Dinner was a steak and bun, quick and simple. I went for a row in the shallow waters



between Dodd and Turtle Islands and then read again until now. It's a bit chilly out and I've got the heat on again tonight. The choices tomorrow will be to sail up to Effingham Island, to Dodger Channel on King Edward Island, or go into Bamfield. I need to prepare the boat for the long sail to Victoria on Sunday and a dock would be preferable to deflate the dinghy. But I'd rather be at anchor for the last night on the west coast. We'll see tomorrow.

Monday	Bamfield	Tides	0017	3.8
July 22 nd	10 nm		0710	0.0
	1.2 hrs. under power		1332	3.3
Back to Top	2 hrs. under sail		1910	1.2

2045hrs The last day on the west coast and tied to the dock at Bamfield. The dinghy is in the cabin with me, the dodger on the port settee. The spinnaker lines are in place and the boat is ready for the long trip home. It's actually clear out at the moment, foggy clouds hovering over the hills to the east, and it's cooling down quickly. The electric heater is on and warming my feet. There are two sailboats tied to the public docks with me, also headed Victoria way in the morning, a Scepter 36 called "Paradox" and a Saber 37 called "Toon-Town". The Scepter is from Anacortes, the Saber from Mayne Island. Both are planning a 0500hrs departure with Sooke as a destination. The weather report is for strong winds in the afternoon, but they have been proven consistently wrong all week. I suspect that there will be fog in the morning, burning off near noon by which time I will be near Port Renfrew for the change to flood. I should reach Sooke by 1900hrs if all goes well. Hopefully there will be some wind!

This morning I got up at 0700hrs to the usual low overcast and almost non-existent wind. After coffee and a breakfast muffin I waxed the upper half of the cockpit. That looks much better. By 1300hrs it didn't look like the weather was going to break to anything else so I raised the anchor and motored out of Turtle Bay for the last time. The batteries certainly needed charging! Down to 77%, the lowest they have ever been. Once into Imperial Eagle Channel there was a very light southerly breeze and the sails were pulled out and raised, sailing hard on the wind for the Deer Group and the gap for Bamfield. A very slow but pleasant sail across the Channel and into the harbour to tie up at the dock again. The clouds even broke for a while and it was warm again. I found a client of mine, Neil Watson on "Bella Maria", at the private docks just up the harbour and sort of surprised him! He had two guests on board along with his significant other and they had just arrived after leaving Sooke at 0400hrs this



morning. I gave him all the latest information on the changes within the Sound, including the bus schedule out of Ucluelet for his guests on Wednesday. Then I spent time getting the boat ready and talking to the other guys getting their boats ready. We shall see what tomorrow brings! The evening forecast is for strong westerlies in the eastern end of Juan de Fuca with fog patches dissipating by noon.



Tuesday Victoria		Tides		Race Rocks			Juan de Fuca East		
July 23		0430	1.9	0351	0755	-6.6	0125	0317	+0.7
Dawn 0500hrs		1038	3.2	1156	1512	+5.2	0457	0942	-3.4
Sunrise 0544 hrs		1743	0.9	1813	2211	-4.9	1322	1623	+3.0
Sunset 2056 hrs		0015	2.7				1953	2234	-1.9
Dusk 2140hrs									
	96 nm								
Moon			9.4 hrs. under power						
Moonrise 2116hrs			6 hrs. under sail						
Moonset 0820hrs									
BACK TO TOP	Full								

0430hrs Up before the alarm (as usual) and dressed in thermals (and anything else I can get into!), put hot water on for a first cup of coffee and then fill the thermos. There is a dense fog covering the harbour, I can just see the lights on the other side. No wind.

0445hrs Cast off as the GPS warms up to pinpoint my location. The people on “Paradox” are up, the lights on. No sign of life on “Toon Town” yet. Quietly idle away from the dock in the darkness.

0515hrs Battling a three foot chop coming in overtop of a SW swell in Trevor Channel as dawn breaks. I haven’t seen any land yet, the fog is too thick, and it’s really difficult holding a straight course in this slop. The boat pounds into some of the steeper waves, rattling the rigging. The outgoing ebb tide is running against the incoming waves causing short, steep chop. There is no wind here but I have to assume there is some off-shore to churn up these waves. The ebbing current is boosting me along against the waves.



Hopefully this will smooth out once around Cape Beal.

0700hrs The first sighting of land! It's Pachena Point lighthouse through a break in the fog. I passed Seabird Rocks and never did see them. It was ugly around Cape Beal, rough with a significant swell and cross chop. It's become a bit easier now as I am running with the swells after the turn to the south east.

1230hrs Abeam of Port San Juan with the spinnaker up in the fog, the engine finally off. There is enough of a breeze from the SW that I can fly it on a broad reach towards the shipping separation lanes in the middle of Juan de Fuca. There are plenty of sports fishers out here from Port Renfrew, running around in the ¼ mile visibility. It's not that I can see them all, but I have passed enough that there must be a lot out here. So far the visibility has ranged from half a mile to less than a quarter mile. I haven't seen much. It's not all that cold out though and the skies are fairly bright, just no visible sun.



1330hrs I just heard from "Toon Town" on the VHF that area WH, a military exercise area, is active with the US Coast Guard doing live fire tests. That area is not listed on my electronic chart so I had a look at the paper one. It covers a huge area on the Canadian side of the traffic separation lanes, leaving just a narrow passage along the shore! To take that passage would mean a whole series of short gibes or running straight downwind. Neither are a good option. I called the U.S. Coast Guard on 22A to ask if the live-fire exercise was still on considering the fog conditions. The operator wouldn't answer, simply saying the area was closed to traffic and the exercise was still scheduled. He obviously doesn't know! I giped the spinnaker to get back closer to the beach, but I'm not out of WH. I'll stay out of the middle of the area, but won't avoid the edges. It's highly unlikely that the exercise is going ahead with these conditions. They won't be able to see where the shots land and, if they can't, what's the point of the exercise?

1430hrs Spinnaker takedown at San Simon Pt! The last gibe was taking me to the beach and the wind has risen substantially. I wasn't going to risk another gibe to head back out into the strait. I pulled the spinnaker down into the cockpit and shoved it into the cabin (which is quite a mess by now!). The jib is now pulling nicely, hull speed.



1800hrs A long series of gibes to work downwind with the main and jib. I'm just into Race Passage on the last of the flood. There are indications of the beginnings of the ebb, back eddies are clearly visible on both sides of my course down the middle. It's been a pretty good sail so far this afternoon (other than the ever-present fog!). Speeds up to 8 knots through the water with a 2 knot current helping me along. Almost ran into the beach at Jordan River, didn't realize I was that close to the beach, not paying attention. I saw the blue bridge materialize out of the fog at the same time as the depth alarm went off. Gibe! I came in close at Otter Point too, but just to be able to reach off instead of running downwind. I can see the last headland, Cudlip Point ahead, emerging from the fog.



1940hrs I'm just in past the breakwater at Victoria harbour. That was a pretty ugly sail from Race Passage to here! A southwest swell (?) and a westerly chop combined to kick the boat around all the way to the harbour. As violent as I've had in years! Plenty of ebb current as well, slowing me down even more than the bashing against the seas. Not pretty! About the ugliest combination I have ever seen here. But I made it! The skies cleared the moment I changed course at Race Passage. The massive fog bank was being blown straight up Juan de Fuca and once I turned the corner at Race Passage I was in the clear. The fog bank stretches as far as I can see into Rosario Strait. Nice!

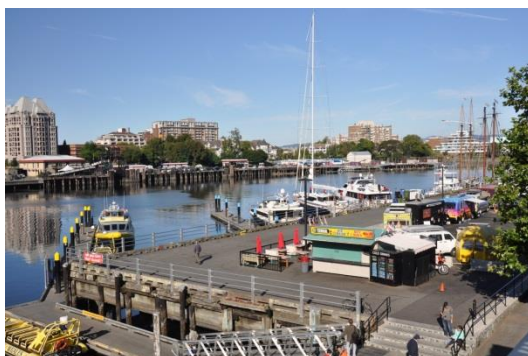


2230hrs The boat is all cleaned up, the dinghy inflated and in the water, and the dodger back on deck. The cabin is back to normal. I'm tied to the docks in front of the Empress Hotel. My face is on fire! Not a lot of sun today with all the fog, but I guess the fog wasn't very deep! The nightly street entertainment on the causeway has finished and things are getting quiet. Time for some sleep!



Wednesday	Home	Fulford Tides	0529	3.1	Baynes Channel	0108	0245	+1.2
July 24 th	25 nm		1233	0.4		0440	0830	-4.7
	2 hrs. under power		2008	3.4		1225	1555	+3.9
BACK TO TOP	4 hrs. under sail					1840	2240	-3.9

0730hrs The skies are clear and the warm sun has cleared the spires of the Empress Hotel, life is good! Coffee in the cockpit is very nice with the city just waking up. The usual downtown noises abound, but it's not really offensive just yet. I spoke to Carey last night and she is coming into Victoria to join me for breakfast later this morning. The tide doesn't change to a flood until early this afternoon so there's no great rush to get out of here. I have to wait for the current to start flooding past Trial Island and Baynes Channel.



1800hrs Secured to the home port docks. An interesting day if nothing else. Now the real clean-up begins!

At 0900hrs this morning I went to find the harbour authority office (hard to find) and paid moorage and got the codes for the showers. And the showers were very nice too! Carey arrived just before 1100hrs and we walked up to Milestones for lunch. Very filling as the hordes of tourists started to gather on the causeway. There is a busker's festival on this week, hence the unusual number of street entertainers all over the downtown core. The docks at the Empress are very quiet for this time of the year, not even half full! I wonder where all the boats are?

By 1230 I was ready for departure, intending to get to Baynes Channel right around the tide changed to flood. I walked the boat back out to the end of the dock with the engine running, casting off and jumping aboard. And then the engine died! And wouldn't restart!! Fortunately, I was still within reach of the dock and so, with the help of a light breeze, I drifted back to the dock and tied up again. Investigation revealed a fuel starvation problem, but not at the filters (which were clear). Something was plugging up the end of the fuel pickup inside the tank. I tried to blow the obstruction back into the tank but without success. My lungs were just not strong enough. I tried using the dinghy air pump, but that didn't work either. I needed a shot of compressed air but I didn't have a compressor and didn't

want to spend another day in Victoria waiting for mechanic help. The only immediate solution was to provide the engine with an alternate fuel supply. I took the water taxi over to the fuel dock, which was across the harbour, purchased a two gallon gas can filled it with 9 liters of diesel. It was a long walk back to the boat around the perimeter of the harbour as the water taxi wouldn't take me and the fuel tank. It took a bit to re-plumb the fuel and return lines and then the engine started and ran. An hour after my first attempt I was powering out of the harbour.

Out at Ogden Point yesterday's confused seas were still causing all sorts of grief! The fog bank in Juan de Fuca Strait was off in the distance to starboard but not approaching the shore. A moderate southerly wind had me on a beam reach for Clover Point at hull speed. A nice little sail until I approached Enterprise Channel where the wind just died. And there was lots of flood current to cause whirl pools and standing waves on the approach to Baynes Channel. The flood carried me through to Haro Strait where there was a hint of breeze over the stern. Up went the spinnaker and it was a nice sail downwind all the way to Sidney Channel. There the wind simply evaporated and the engine came on. The current was flooding at about 2 knots for the remaining 4 miles to home. I organized the boat while Auto drove. By 1830hrs I was tied up at my slip again, the end of another vacation!



Epilogue

How did this trip compare with previous vacations out to the west coast? It was a pretty fair example considering the weather, wind, and wave conditions. The first two weeks were plagued by foul weather, but we were hoping for that to assist us in getting north along the coast. What wasn't expected was the ferocity of the weather fronts coming through. They were unseasonably intense. With lighter southeast winds we could have travelled further north. Once the weather did settle we encountered persistent overnight and morning low clouds, unusual for that time of year. However, the weather in the rest of British Columbia was unseasonably hot and sunny in July. It was more like August and as a result the stronger inflow winds dragged the cloudy/foggy weather from offshore.

The sailing was typical west coast when the wind did pipe up from the right direction; fabulous! It doesn't get any better than rolling down swells at hull speed under sunny skies! And if open ocean sailing got tiresome (or too rough) we could almost always duck into protected waters.

Would we do this again? Yes, in a heartbeat. The tough part of going out to the west coast is the long haul to Barkley Sound from Victoria, and then the beating to weather if the wind is strong from the north west. In 1991 we circumnavigated Vancouver Island by sailing up the inside in a counter clockwise direction. It's much more comfortable running downwind along the outside of the Island than getting north from the bottom. That may well be a project for a future year. In the meantime, we haven't been to Desolation Sound in 5 years, and the Broughton Islands just north of that are also inviting. Too many places, not enough time!