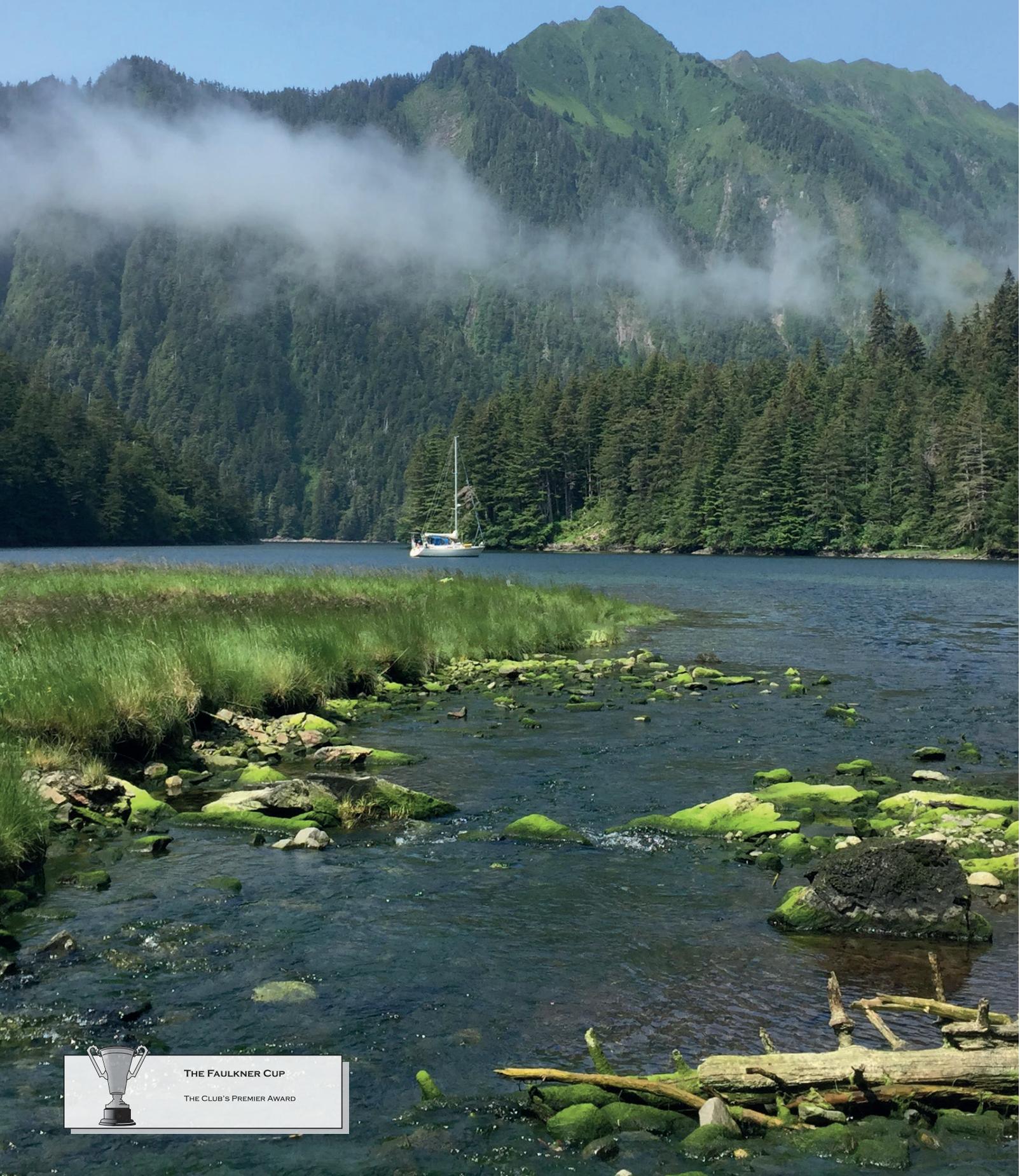


North to Alaska on *Chantey V*

Daragh Nagle

Chantey V Moody 376



THE FAULKNER CUP
THE CLUB'S PREMIER AWARD

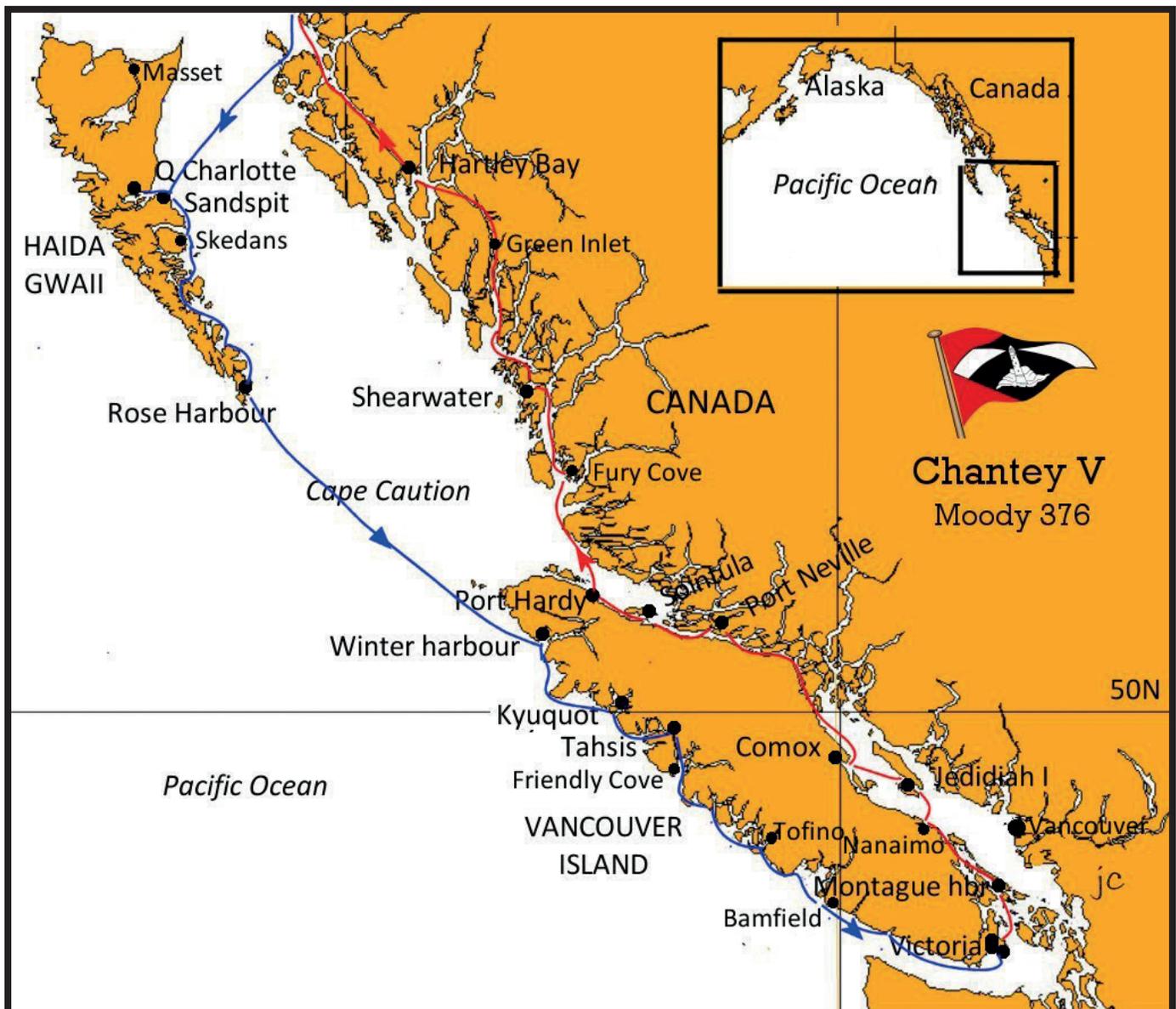
PLANS AND SETBACKS

Chantey V had become restless since returning from Hawaii in August 2016. Sure, there had been trips to the Gulf Islands and the San Juan's as well as a couple of rallies – but it was time for a good voyage. Skagway and Glacier Bay in South East Alaska would do nicely and a three-month commitment from the trusty crew of Cathryn and Georgie the Westie was negotiated for the summer of 2019. This coincided with a concurrent Ocean Cruising Club 'cruise in company' led by Mike and Anne Hartshorn on SV *Nimue*. It would also allow us to join the final legs of a 'Central Coast Cruise' organized by our own Royal Victoria Yacht Club. We decided that the Inside Passage route going North made sense given the late Spring, prevailing south east winds and an offshore return by way of Haida Gwaii (formerly known as the Queen Charlotte Islands) to take advantage of the typical north westerly summer weather pattern on the return.

OPPOSITE Chantey V at Puffin Bay, Alaska

More detailed planning followed with the aid of the excellent 'Exploring SE Alaska' and 'Exploring the North Coast of BC' by Don Douglass and Reanne Hemmingway Douglas resulting in a 2,500 NM itinerary with 70 legs to be completed in 90 days. Enthusiasm built as the departure date of 9 May approached and Cathy's sister Teresa signed up to join us as far as Port Hardy on the North of Vancouver Island. We also planned possible rendezvous with friends living in Northern BC and SE Alaska as we passed by.

A late Spring haul out was scheduled to ensure we had a slippery bottom and I wanted to drop the rudder to replace the shaft O rings which had been increasing the rate of leakage over the years. This was carried out expertly by Blackline Marine in Sidney BC with most of the 'grunt work' being done by myself. I also decided to have our Perkins 4-108 engine thoroughly checked over as the Inside Passage is notorious for requiring a lot of motoring. Alas, despite all the proactive maintenance the engine suffered a catastrophic failure on the trip home from the shipyard. With only a month before departure this was quite a setback. Fortunately, a



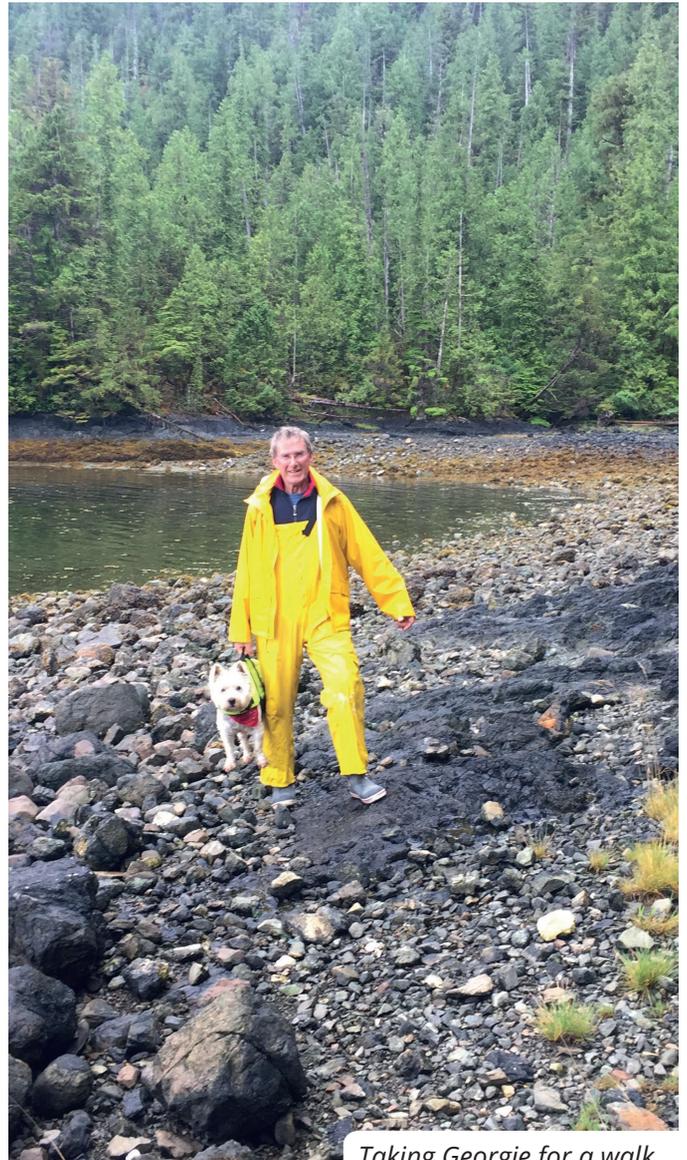
suitable Beta 38 was available from stock at Gartside Marine in Sidney and to make a long story short, I resumed the trip back to my Victoria base three weeks later with the new engine installed.

UNDER WAY

The boat was provisioned, charts and guides loaded, plenty of cold weather clothing and we were off in sunshine to our first stop at Montague Harbour on Galiano Island. This is a favourite anchorage and a good opportunity to check our ground tackle before getting too far from home. Next day we timed our departure to catch the slack at Dodd Narrows on the way to Newcastle Island near Nanaimo, BC. Here we met OCC members Mike & Anne on *Nimue* as well as Steve and Vicky on *SV Tango* and had an impromptu raft up in the anchorage. We were treated to breakfast at the Coast Hotel by sister Mary who lives nearby – Nanaimo Port very kindly provides a three hour courtesy docking for visiting boats. This also allowed us enough time to check out the Annual Sale at the Harbour Chandler and update some of our safety equipment at a good price.

The next leg took us to remote Jedidiah Island followed by a good sail most of the way to Comox. Our sailor friends Dave and Sandy Turenne live here and we had an excellent meal together at the Blackfin pub. *Nimue* and *Tango* had arrived in the meantime and a discussion ensued on strategies to navigate Johnstone Strait with the fast-flowing Seymour Narrows some 40 NM to the north. We elected to make the 80 NM run through the slack all the way to Port Neville instead of making a stop at Campbell River as originally planned. This worked out well and the post slack ebb gave us a 3-knot assist most of the way. It did get a little unpleasant for the last hour as the wind picked up to 15 knots in opposition to the ebb and made a short choppy sea. We were very pleased to get a spot on their dock and get ashore to visit this small outpost. Georgie, the dog, was especially pleased as this leg had taken almost 12 hours and he had not figured out how to use his bamboo pee mat yet. He did eventually learn although taking Georgie ashore morning and evening became a pleasant daily routine that got us off the boat to stretch our legs.

Next day we carried on to historic Telegraph Cove and got a slip at the marina there. This hamlet is entirely on boardwalks and was the site of boat building and much lumber milling in the past. Much of the Sitka Spruce famously used in the production the WW11 De Havilland Mosquito came from here. On to Sointula on Malcolm Island with a lunch stop at Alert Bay on the way. Our long-time sailor friends Jim and Trish Bowen have built a house for themselves on Sointula and we were pleased to be the first dinner guests in their new home.



Taking Georgie for a walk

CAPE CAUTION

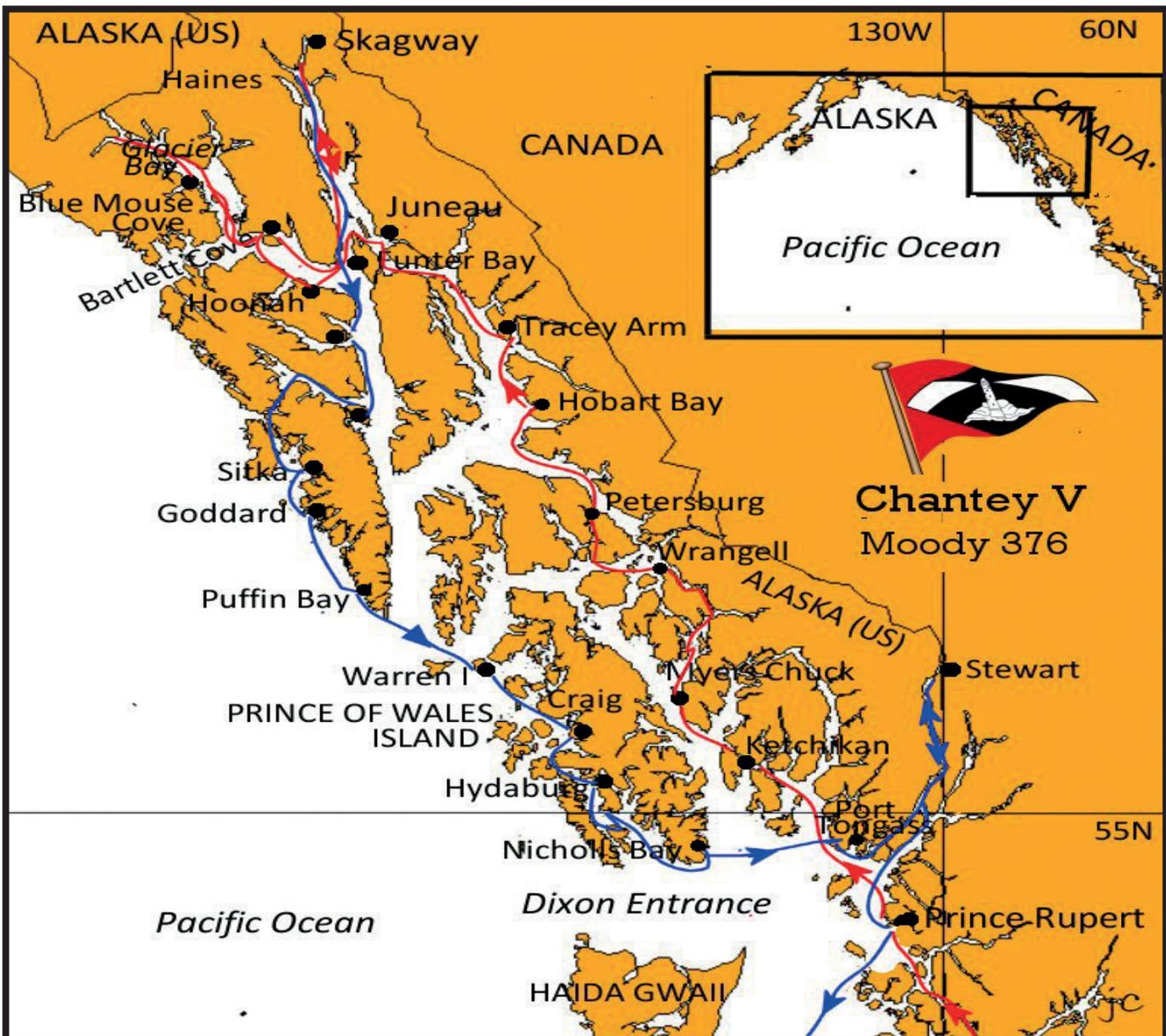
It was a short run to Port Hardy next day and we reconnected with *Nimue*, *Tango* and newest OCC arrival *SV Merlin*. Cathy's brother John joined the *Chantey V* crew here and we bid adieu to Teresa after a fine dinner at the Quarterdeck pub. We discussed the prospects for crossing the dreaded Cape Caution – lots to consider including wind direction, exposure to ocean swells and the wild card of strong tidal flood and ebb. We concluded that the forecast southerly wind trumped all other considerations and planned a first light departure. This worked out well and we had a good but roly sail up to Fury Cove anchorage for the night. The lovely shell beach here was pleasant for walking with a natural window on the ocean outside – hence the name. *Nimue* and *Tango* arrived a few hours later having decided to make a run for it as well.

The sail up to Shearwater was uneventful, the biggest dangers are the occasional large logs that appear in the water from time to time. Logs submerge more with time and can be hard to see – the worst being the dreaded deadheads which float vertically.

Shearwater, whilst a very small hamlet is very valuable as it's the only fuel and provisioning location in this area. We had a pleasant dinner at the marina restaurant with Michael and Anne from *Nimue*. We enjoyed a lie-in next day as our planned destination of Goat Cove was an easy 35-mile run. While we were underway we took a look ahead to the tides at Hickish Narrows and realized the timing of slack water would be problematic next day. We decided to bypass the narrows altogether by taking Tolmie Channel and extend our run to Green Inlet making it a 58-mile day. At 80 feet, Green Inlet was the first of many deep anchorages we would encounter, and put our 175 feet of chain and 100 feet of rode to the test. I caught a small codfish here while John took on the row ashore with Georgie for his evening stroll. A steak and chicken barbeque rounded out a great day.

Hartley Bay was another 46 miles through some beautifully forested fiords all the way. This First Nations village seemed deserted when we arrived. Not getting any response on the radio, we tied up at the first available side tie at their docks. It was raining steadily as we walked around the fully board walked

passages between the houses and community buildings. We met another Vancouver Islander Josh on *SV Next Chapter* who was also heading to Glacier Bay, Alaska. The very low tide next morning put crossing the bar at the harbour entrance into question. A local fisherman assured us that there was 'lots of water' despite the chart indication and sure enough we never saw less than 9 ft as we eased our way out. (*Chantey V* draws 5ft. 6in.). Our next challenge was timing the slack at Grenville Narrows which can run over six knots on the flood. Our new engine got a good workout overcoming the 2-knot adverse current and 20 knot headwinds to get us to the narrows in time for slack water. We carried on to Kumeleon Bay in quite rough conditions as we now had the wind opposing the strong ebb north. Another 80-foot-deep anchorage but we were happy to have it to ourselves and did not need to deploy a stern line. We were now within a day of Prince Rupert which is the last major port in Canada before SE Alaska. We had a mix of sailing and motoring in very fluky winds all the way. We encountered considerable commercial traffic as we approached this major container and bulk carrier port. There are excellent



marine supply stores here in consequence and we stocked up accordingly. We now had the second open ocean challenge at hand – the notorious Dixon Entrance. Forecast conditions were not good with strong NW winds and big seas. In fact, we waited four days here for a tolerable headwind that we could motor against. This allowed us time to make a day trip to the 130-year-old North Pacific Cannery at Port Edward, now a National Historic Site. We bid adieu to brother John who returned to Port Hardy by way of BC Ferries.

CROSSING DIXON ENTRANCE

As it turned out, we made very good time across the Dixon Entrance thanks to an unexpected westerly sailing breeze. We had obtained permission from US Customs and Border Protection to anchor overnight mid-way at Foggy Bay but we were able to complete the 82 miles to Ketchikan. We cleared in by cellphone as we had obtained the required US Cruising Permit before we departed Victoria. Ketchikan certainly lives up to its touristy reputation with as many as 5 large cruise ships in port at the same time, adding perhaps 12,000 visitors to the 3,000-resident population. Nevertheless, the boardwalk streets and restored pioneer day buildings have a charm that delight all. They have a good public transit system but we had

to modify a folding crate to accommodate Georgie to get him on board the bus!

A few days here was plenty and we were ready for the 35 mile sail up to Myers Chuck. This tiny village complete with a post office, is home to perhaps 25 residents. It is a well protected anchorage with an excellent public dock although you have to compete with local fishing boats for a spot to tie up. What we weren't expecting was to be awakened at midnight by a thump from one of them maneuvering in the dark! A flashlight examination of the hull did not detect any damage and we decided to let the matter go. Our route next day included a lunch stop at Anan Bay. The US Forest Service has built a boardwalk leading to a 'bear blind' to facilitate protected observation of bears feeding on the migrating salmon. It was too early in the season and all we got for our efforts was a pleasant walk. We carried on to Berg Bay and anchored for the night. The USFS have a simple but effective A frame cabin here mostly used by kayakers. Back on the boat I noticed some diesel in the bilge below the fuel tank, and traced it to a weeping joint at the tank sight glass. No possibility of redoing this without draining the tank so I made a temporary repair with rescue tape to hold it until we got home.



Juneau from Mt Roberts

A short run to Wrangell next morning where we made a phone call to CBP upon arrival. Even though we were cleared into the US there are a number of designated ports requiring a phone check in. They seldom if ever come down to the boat for an actual inspection but it's a \$5,000 fine if you are found non compliant. The 40-mile passage to Petersburg included Wrangell Narrows, which require careful planning to transit at slack and also arrive at Petersburg as the tide turns. Get it wrong and you may find yourself trying to maneuver with up to 4 knots flowing through the docks at the height of flood and ebb. This fishing town celebrates its Norwegian heritage proudly in its buildings and has a Viking longboat displayed in the town centre.

“ This walk was going well until we saw bear paw prints in the sand which caused us to worry despite our can of bear spray at the ready”

We carried on to the well sheltered Hobart Bay next day and tied up to a very dilapidated dock with a freeboard of two inches at most. It accommodated our dock chairs nicely for a sundowner and we were happy to be spared the anchoring and dinghy deployment ritual. A dawn departure was called for next day as the minus 3-foot tide would make the entrance marginal. As a result, we arrived at our destination of Tracey Arm quite early, and crossed paths with fellow OCC members on MV *Castaway* as they were departing. We encountered our first large iceberg – about the size of a bus - just outside the Arm with a couple of eagles perched on it. As it was a clear sunny day, we decided to continue all the way into the Sawyer Glacier. What an amazing sight! There were increasing amounts of bergy bits as we motored up the Arm until finally, we stopped the engine about 500 feet from the glacier face. We listened for the sounds of the ice calving and were alert for any resulting waves that have been known to swamp small boats. I captured a large chunk of ice off our swim platform and we enjoyed chilled drinks with our lunch. Another four hours and we were back at the anchorage at Tracey Arm entrance.

We were now within 45 miles of Juneau where we planned to stay a week and visit with long time friends that live there. Juneau is the capital of Alaska and has several excellent museums. Of course, with up to five cruise ships at a time it can get pretty crowded. Considering the economic benefits combined with the excited joy of the visitors, we have come to accept that this industry is an overall positive. Imagine trying to find a place to dock or anchor if every two passengers had arrived with their own boat as we did. Another highlight was the gondola ride 2,000 feet to the top of nearby Mt. Roberts. The Juneau-Douglas bridge has a clearance of 51ft so we needed to pass under it at a half tide.

Even though this gave us a 5ft margin it is always nerve wracking watching the mast pass under what visually looks like a sure collision. While here we called the NPFS at Glacier Bay and we lucky enough to get a permit to visit the following week. This meant adjusting our itinerary and visiting Skagway afterwards instead of before with some consequent backtracking. We made excellent time to Hoonah, a small fishing town within three hours of the park entrance. We met our friends Tony and Coryn Gooch on MV *Nordic Saga* here and shared an evening meal. They had just spent a week in the park and briefed us on some of the good anchorages they had found.

GLACIER BAY NATIONAL PARK

We traveled to the NPFS office at Bartlett Cove and took the required park orientation. Making the most of the three hours dock time allowance we had showers and got some laundry done. We had an excellent dinner at the nearby Lodge before moving on to our anchor. Next morning, we sailed up to Blue Mouse Cove for the night and then into Reid Inlet which has a long accessible shoreline all the way to the face of Reid Glacier. This walk was going well until we saw bear paw prints in the sand which caused us to worry despite our can of bear spray at the ready. In the meantime, our boat speed instrument had stopped working. A withdrawal of the transducer revealed a family of about 40 'crawlers' had taken up residence and stopped the paddle turning. A necessary eviction followed and normal boat speed indication resumed.

Next day we set out to tour the Lamplugh and Margerie Glaciers. These enormous sheets of ice come right down to the water and once again the highlight is silently drifting amongst the bergy bits and listening to the calving ice splash into the water. It was pretty foggy most of the day but we enjoyed the experience none the less. We rounded out the day with barbequed steaks back at Reid Inlet anchored in front of that glacier. We retraced our route back towards Bartlett Cove this time favouring the east side of Glacier Bay. Johnston Cove was a very picturesque lunch hook stop and we were entertained by a pair of whales bashing the water with their flukes – possibly part of their fishing technique. We once again availed of the Glacier Bay Lodge for dinner before returning to our anchor spot in Bartlett Cove.

Now back to our original programming, with a sail up the Lynn Canal to Skagway with anchorage stops at Funter Bay and William Henry Bay. At this latter stop we were rejoined by *Nimue* and *Tango* and we exchanged stories of our latest adventures with sundowners hosted on *Nimue*. While there we were entertained by a grizzly bear foraging on the beach where we had been walking a few hours earlier. The



White Pass Railroad at Bennet Lake

south winds persisted and allowed us sail most of the way up to picturesque Haines where we stayed for a couple of nights, and then on to Skagway. We really enjoyed these towns with their rich frontier history and their heyday as the access point to the Klondike Gold Rush. The White Pass Railroad is still in operation – it's almost entirely devoted to tourism now – and we took the all-day trip to Bennet Lake and Carcross, Yukon. We would highly recommend this trip through awesome scenery that makes the most of the period railcars with observation platforms on each end. We got off the boat for a couple of days at the Westmark Hotel in Skagway. Experience has taught me that periodic shore leave is still an effective way to maintain crew morale!

HOMeward BOUND

Back to Haines again where I picked up a freon recharge kit at an auto parts store in hopes of revitalizing our ailing fridge. Alas, it had the wrong connection for our system. We made the long run down the Lynn Canal and stopped at Funter Bay where *Tango* had agreed to wait for us. Steve had the required tools to get the fridge working properly again. We bid adieu here as they were Glacier Bay bound whilst we were headed to Sitka by way of Tenakee Springs and Appleton Cove. Both of these stops were unremarkable unless you count the hordes of large black deer flies that invaded our cockpit there. It was so bad you could not keep up with the swatter and I had to resort to vacuuming them up and releasing them afterwards.

Sitka lived up to its reputation as a great city which was formerly the capital of Alaska and the administrative centre for the Russians when they were the dominant power in Alaska. We spent 3 days here and barely scratched the surface with visits to the Russian Bishop's house and Castle Hill. We also experienced our first taste of thick SE Alaska fog and we were very glad of our investment in our new Raymarine Quantum radar a few years ago. We carried on south under another low clearance bridge requiring a careful eye on the tide. A nice sailing breeze persisted for the 22-mile run to Goddard Hot Springs, or so we thought. First the iPad Navionics charting app began to act strangely with information boxes misplaced on the screen. A call to their technical support was answered and the resolution was to download the app again. Fortunately, we were still within cellphone data range and the problem was solved. While this was going on, I noticed the auto pilot had stopped steering the boat. An inspection revealed that the linear drive motor had inexplicably disconnected from the tiller arm. It screwed back in easily enough and resumed working perfectly. A call into Jason at Anchor Marine Electric confirmed that no further action was needed other than keeping an eye on it. We resumed our sail to Goddard very relieved to have resolved two serious issues so easily. Goddard Hot Springs has a small rocky anchorage in front of it and a long soak with the boat in view was wonderfully restorative.

We pressed on south offshore Prince of Wales Island, anchoring at Whale Bay and Puffin Bay before clearing Cape Decision and sailing on to Warren Island. The



Sitka

beautiful white sandy beach here looked great after so many rocky and inaccessible shorelines and we could hardly wait to get ashore. The surf was unexpectedly big and we almost broached the dinghy on the beach. Once Georgie and Cathy were unloaded, I relaunched again with difficulty and sought a better tie up at the side of the bay. The 2-foot surge made this untenable as well so I had no choice but abandon this plan and just hang on and wait. I was surprised to see Cathy leaving the beach so quickly – it turned out that they had encountered a pack of wolves soon after I had dropped them off and had to back away to the waters edge to escape. So much for the sandy beach of Warren Island!

FOG

We woke up next morning enveloped in thick fog. Proceeding cautiously with our eyes glued to the radar and AIS, we went all the way to Craig some 35 miles to the southeast. We have learned to use the radar display directly in such conditions and not with the chart overlay as the sometimes very faint echoes of small boats can be obscured by chart details. It was nice to be at a dock again and we made full use of the showers, laundry and local grocery store to restock the boat. The Shelter Bay Fishing Lodge proved a lucky discovery where we enjoyed a first-class meal. More fog the next day but not nearly as bad and soon we were racing to make the slack at Tlevak Narrows which are midway to Hydaberg. This mostly Tlingit nation village has a thriving totem pole carving shed which was easily the most impressive on

the noise and we had deliberately chosen to be in remote anchorages for the Fourth of July celebrations to avoid them. Happily, the kids supply of firecrackers soon ran out and tranquility was restored.

Rain overnight gave the boat a much-needed freshwater rinse to get rid of the salt from the Rain overnight gave the boat a much-needed freshwater rinse to get rid of the salt from the canvass and deck. We motor sailed down the Sukwan Channel to the Dixon Entrance and had a brief taste of open ocean with 6-foot swells as we made our way to Nicholls Bay. We had chosen this anchorage as it was the last shelter before crossing to our next destination of Port Tongass some 50 miles to the east across the top of Dixon Entrance. We departed at first light fully expecting a rough ride – but no -the winds were light and we had to motor across flat seas most of the way. Port Tongass proved to be a pretty but worrisome anchorage with the sounds of our chain dragging over rocks most of the night.

We must have been very tired as we slept through the alarm that I had set for first light. We got underway in sunshine with a wall of fog just west of us over the ocean. A few hours later we crossed a finger of Canadian waters and successfully made a cellphone call to Canadian Customs despite the weak signal. We were lucky enough to get cleared in at this distance which meant we could go directly to Stewart, BC without the 150-mile round trip to the official port of entry at Prince Rupert. We transited the Pearse Canal under motor and then turned north up the Portland Canal with gradually increasing winds out



Salmon Glacier at 4000ft

of the south. Despite the name this in actuality is an 85-mile long steep sided fiord that few sailboats take on. No problem getting there but the return into the strong southerly is another matter altogether. We anchored at Ford Cove for a 65-mile day. We shared it with some fishermen who kindly gave us three large Dungeness crabs to have with our supper. With only 20 miles remaining to Stewart we treated ourselves to a lie-in. Our friends Doug and Marlene were waiting at their dock to take our lines. After a coffee and boat tour they drove us to their summer home in Stewart. This comprises a large double drive through shop with a two-bedroom home attached alongside. This shop is the ultimate 'man-cave' and stores their 34ft Boston Whaler, two quads, two snowmobiles along with miscellaneous runabouts, bikes etc. You get the idea! We had a wonderful evening with the indoor BBQ while catching up on old times.

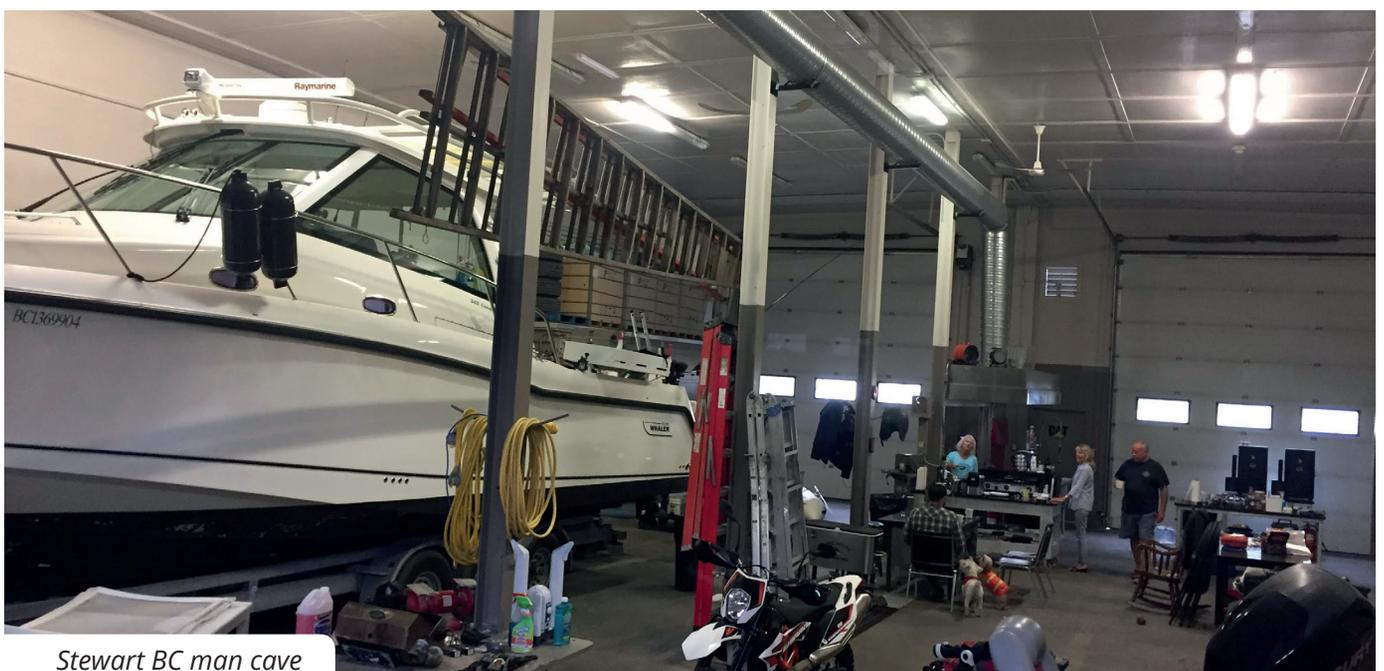
Next day we drove via Hyder, Alaska up a mountain road to the site of the now abandoned Grand Duc mine site. This road took us past the Salmon Glacier with an astounding view at the 4,000 ft elevation viewpoint. Alas, the two days here went by quickly and we resumed our voyage south, anchoring overnight at Whiskey Cove on our way to Prince Rupert. We docked at the Prince Rupert Yacht Club

once again and picked up some boat parts we had arranged to be shipped there. There was quite a line up at the fuel dock apparently due to an imminent fishery opening.

HAIDA GWAII

We decided to cross Hecate Strait directly to Haida Gwaii as the usual 2-day passage route would have exposed us to a gale forecast for the following day. It was 90 miles so a predawn departure was required to ensure a daylight arrival at Sandspit. The trip went very well despite the long day and we were tied up a little after 6 pm. We were happy to rest an extra day here as the gales howled out on the Strait. An easy two-hour motor took us to the Queen Charlotte City docks where we planned to leave the boat for a few days. We had booked a car to tour the north of the island and had reserved a two day stay at the Copper Beech House in Masset. This is owned and operated by writer Susan Musgrave and contains an extensive art and literature collection collected over several generations. Certainly, the house along with the interesting guests made it the highlight of our visit to Haida Gwaii.

We returned to the boat and sailed south into the Gwaii Haanas National Park, which is limited to



Stewart BC man cave



Brady's Beach

access by boat and float plane only. We had taken the mandatory orientation in Sidney earlier this year and could proceed directly to the first village at Skedans. Anchoring proved to be marginal at all the village sites and unfortunately the Parks mooring buoys are no longer available. This meant fairly long dinghy rides to get to the villages from the nearest decent anchorages. Our plan to visit all the Haida Longhouse village sites was thwarted by a succession of gales but we got a good sense of their history from the ones we did get to. Anthony Island on the South West corner was the most impressive with many totems still standing despite the ravages of time and weather. Our last stop was at Rose Harbour which was one of the largest Pacific coastal whaling stations in the first half of the last century. Many artifacts still remain and we looked at a fascinating pictorial history at one of the homes there. There is only one year-round resident here with perhaps another dozen in residence for the summer only. We enjoyed a lovely dinner at one of the homes hosting a group of kayakers which was very welcome after a week spent on board in rainy anchorages.

We had been monitoring the weather closely on VHF and with the aid of our deLorme InReach satellite communicator. It was 170 miles of open ocean to Vancouver Island and we needed a good forecast for the day and a half trip. We resolved to leave on the backside of the next frontal system that typically leaves a westerly wind in its wake. This worked out well from a sailing and wind standpoint but not much for the sea conditions. The 6 to 9ft waves with a 7 second period were with us for 12 hours before finally settling down. The wind veered north and put us very deeply downwind but our Walder boom brake did an outstanding job of taming the main. We arrived into Winter Harbour at 1530 the next day happy with some of the best sailing of the entire trip.

WEST COAST VANCOUVER ISLAND

Winter Harbour was also the rendezvous point for our Royal Victoria Yacht Club's summer cruise for those boats returning to Victoria via the West Coast of the Island. Shortly after docking we spotted the burgee of MV *Tanguay* with Brian and Barb Dodsworth aboard. We refueled and re-provisioned at the marina followed by drinks on *Tanguay*. There is no cellphone service in Winter Harbour but we did

find a café with wifi via satellite. This made weather planning a lot easier – we have been using the Predict Wind service for some time now. I should point out that there is good VHF Marine Weather service along most of the coast but we find longer range passage planning so much easier with the on line weather resources. Next day we set out together bound for Klaskish Bay. We arrived first and anchored in quite strong gusts to 25 knots but were holding well. *Tanguay* arrived an hour later and after one look at the situation they decided to check out nearby Klaskish Basin. They reported perfectly calm conditions so we picked up and followed them around. What a difference! We celebrated our new discovery with a happy hour on *Chantey V*.

We made an early start next day to take advantage of calm conditions forecast for rounding the dreaded Brooks Peninsula. The forecast was accurate and we were able to transit inside Solander Island and Cape Cook – a fairly rare treat. We also had the opportunity to observe first hand what a sea worthy craft the Nordic Tug 32 is as she rode the big swells effortlessly. We navigated our way into Kyuquot Harbour and got dockage on the First Nations side of the Harbour. The folks here were very hospitable and we enjoyed a walking tour of the village. Once again, the lack of cell coverage had us hunting for wifi which we eventually found at The Java Coffee shop. They also offered excellent apple pie and ice-cream which we enjoyed as well. Our study of the weather forecast convinced us to move on the next day whilst *Tanguay* decided to wait out the next frontal passage and enjoy the locality. We reluctantly parted ways having shared a delightful few days together.

The 40-mile trip to Tahsis began well enough with good visibility for the serpentine departure from Kyuquot while fishing lodge boats whizzed by us at great speed. A few hours into the trip the rain began and gradually increased until it was coming down in torrents. It stayed with us all the way and made docking at Westview Marina not much fun. It continued to rain all evening and night and we later learned that the days rainfall of 66 mm was the normal average for the entire month! This marina gets full marks for effort with Margaritaville tunes and Tiki Bar decorations somehow creating a festive atmosphere despite the weather. Another nice touch



Hydaberg Totem Poles

is the loan car they provide free to allow patrons to go shopping or simply have a quick tour around the town.

A brighter day prevailed for the next leg to Friendly Cove and we got a good view of the MV *Uchuck III* as she passed us in the Tsowin Narrows. This former US Minesweeper of 135 feet has had her wooden hull refurbished to provide passenger and freight services to the remote communities on the west coast. We anchored in Friendly Cove and went ashore to tour the old church and lighthouse here. The church has two stained glass windows gifted by the Spanish Government to recognize the historic meeting of George Vancouver and Juan Francisco de la Bodega y Quadra at this place in 1792.

The forecast of a good northwesterly to take us to Hot Springs Cove failed to materialize but what we did get was thick fog for the last two hours of the trip. Despite our careful lookout, use of our foghorn and study of the radar, we had a near miss with a departing sailboat as we entered the cove. Once inside we were greeted with a blue sky and managed to get one of the scarce dockside slips. This would

make the 2 km trek to the Hot Springs a lot easier. It was wonderfully invigorating to soak in these rocky pools of mineral laden water once most of the tour boats left at 17.00. We carried on to Tofino next day for our new crew -sister Mary – who would be joining us for the rest of the trip home. Once again, we were lucky enough to get one of the two slips available at the Tofino public docks which would greatly simplify boarding for Mary and her luggage. Tofino is a popular surfing town and has a vibrant atmosphere with lots of young people everywhere. We enjoyed a good dinner at the Shed restaurant and a movie later at the local theatre.

Ucluelet is just 25 miles to the south and an easy morning sail followed by motoring the last few miles to the centrally located public docks. We hiked down the Wild Coast Trail to the Amphitrite Point lighthouse and enjoyed the spectacular views that greet you on every turn. A bit exhausting, so we had to resort to the towns one and only taxi to get back to the boat. Another home cooked meal aboard rounded out an excellent day. We carried on south to the Broken Island Group – an archipelago of



Wild Coast Trail Ucluelet



Homeward bound on Lynn Canal

exceptional beauty with lots of good anchorages. We chose one close to Lucky Creek which has a waterfall 2 kms upstream and access is navigable by dinghy at half tide or higher. We were a little early and touched bottom a few times on the way in. We climbed the rocks alongside the falls and were rewarded with a beautiful scene with the rocky creek above the falls. Alas it was too cold for us to swim but some hardier folks with wet suits made the plunge.

I woke up to birthday wishes next day along with a bottle of Paddy whiskey spirited on board by Mary. Another gift was permission to troll fish all the way to our next stop at Bamfield. The trolling speed for salmon is around 2 knots which is quite difficult to maintain on our Moody, and we seldom have the luxury of the time to move so slowly. After 4 hours without a bite even I had enough so we pulled up the line and docked at Bamfield. This is another village with a continuously boarded waterfront which is very charming and a favourite of ours. We hiked to nearby Brady's Beach for some lunch accompanied by a couple of beers. It was my birthday after all!

We had clear skies and good visibility for our departure to Port Renfrew. We hoisted our main optimistically but the wind never amounted to a

sailing breeze. What we did get was another wall of fog chasing us and eventually enveloping us such that visibility was down to a quarter mile. By now we were quite adept at reading the radar screen and were gratified to be able to discern quite small fishing boats in the 16 to 20 ft range. We got a good slip at the new Pacific Gateway Marina whose location almost mid way to Victoria is a welcome development on this coast. They have a first-rate restaurant as well which we took full advantage of. All that remained was the final 60-mile leg back to Victoria. The forecast strong wind warning failed to materialize until we were all the way to Sooke and even then, it was hardly strong. Still, it allowed us to sail the remaining 20 miles home and it was a good note to finish the voyage on. Sister Teresa was patiently waiting to catch lines for us as we arrived back at our slip at the Royal Victoria Yacht Club. It had been 95 days since we left here in May and this was the 67th leg. We had travelled 2,683 miles on the round trip to Skagway Alaska and back again. *Chantey V* had once again taken us safely and comfortably on a significant journey with relatively few problems along the way.