

Delivered-To: chuck@478364.487609
From: "Peter Jacobs" <prjacobs@telus.net>
To: <Undisclosed-Recipient:;@priv-edmwaa04.telusplanet.net;>
Subject: Day 1: Pedder Bay to Bedwell Harbour
Date: Tue, 27 May 2008 19:49:11 -0700
X-Mailer: Microsoft Outlook Express 6.00.2900.3138
X-NAS-Classification: 0
X-NAS-MessageID: 2850
X-NAS-Validation: {FCC2BF75-5D2A-430A-85FA-9AA78925C69B}

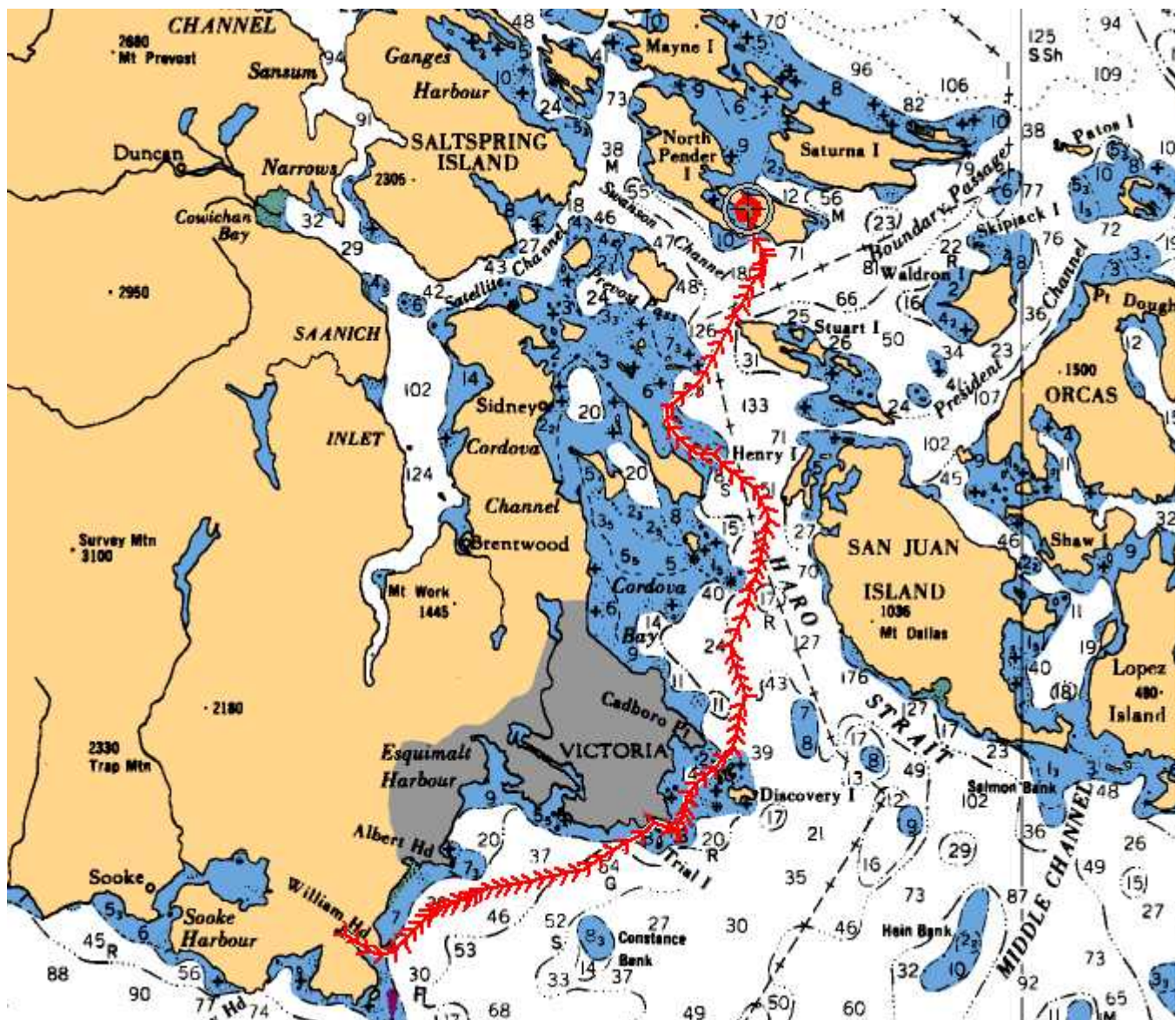
Hello all,

Once again I've ventured forth, for eighteen days, out onto the seas of the Inside Passage between Vancouver Island and Mainland BC.

The voyage is already over, but due to a total lack of internet access these messages have been delayed until my return.

If you don't want to receive these daily emails, about 18 in total, let me know. Otherwise, I'm happy to have you for an audience 😊

Day 1, 39 Nautical Miles



Departed Pedder Bay at about 9:30. The new prop I installed yesterday works well ... really digs in, but makes a different 'noise' than the old one. I find this somewhat disturbing, as I'm not keen for anything to go wrong during the journey.



Being in a bit of a mood all day with a headache didn't help ... it was one of those rare "what the h*ll am I doing this for" moments. Needless to say the boat performed flawlessly ... should I do as well!

A typical day on the water: some wind, some calm, and some really lumpy seas around Victoria/Trial Island. Then a very good sail with a following wind and current, all the way up between San Juan Island and the Saanich Peninsula. Initially I intended anchoring at Sidney Spit, but the wind was blowing and the lure of a new harbour was too strong, so I carried on to Bedwell Harbour on South Pender Island, arriving at 6 PM. I got the chance to try out my new anchor chain, all 100' of it, and hope I can get it up again tomorrow morning!



I haven't been here since a brief visit with Ulla in 1971, in an overpowered 12' runabout. I can't say if much has changed as I don't recall much from the first visit 😊

The ship's log is so much simpler:

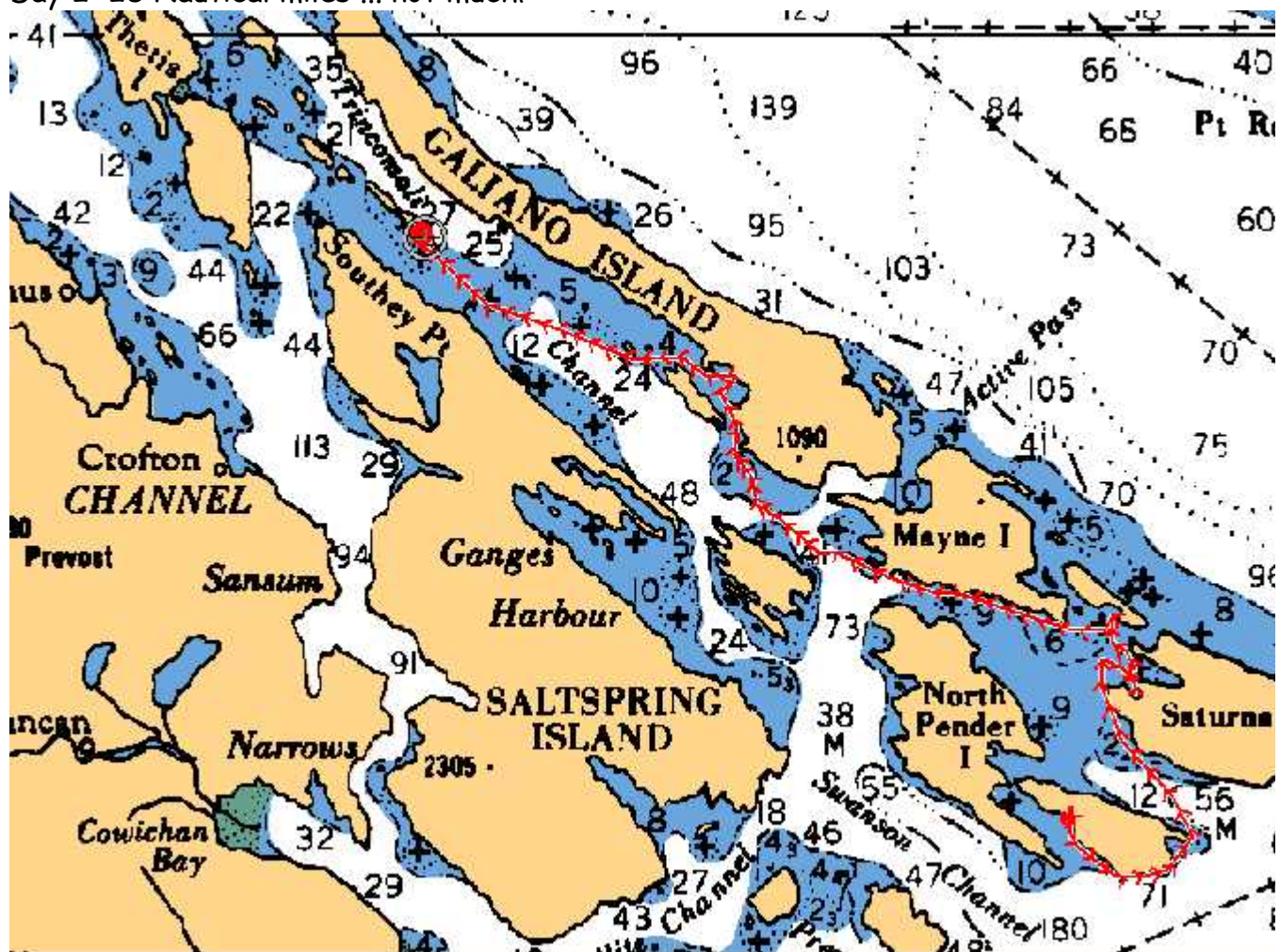
Depart at ... from ... Arrive at ... to ... 'x' engine hours ... 'x' nautical miles ... very "Mr. Spock"ish. I'm glad life's experiences are so much fuller!

Delivered-To: chuck@478364.487609
From: "Peter Jacobs" <prjacobs@telus.net>
To: <Undisclosed-Recipient:;@priv-edmwaa06.telusplanet.net;>
Subject: Day 2: Bedwell Harbour to Conover Cove.
Date: Tue, 27 May 2008 19:49:30 -0700
X-Mailer: Microsoft Outlook Express 6.00.2900.3138
X-NAS-Classification: 0
X-NAS-MessageID: 2851
X-NAS-Validation: {FCC2BF75-5D2A-430A-85FA-9AA78925C69B}

----- Original Message -----

From: [Peter Jacobs](#)
To: [Undisclosed-Recipient:;@priv-edmwaa06.telusplanet.net](#)
Sent: Tuesday, May 27, 2008 7:47 PM
Subject: Day 2: Bedwell Harbour to Conover Cove.

Day 2: 28 Nautical miles ... not much!



Woke up to a bright sunny day with not a ripple on the water.



After a breakfast of questionable oatmeal (I need to work on that one) I got the anchor chain up. It wasn't as difficult as I'd thought, so maybe that new winch (that I haven't bought yet) won't be needed.

Motored out of Bedwell Harbour and around the south tip of South Pender Island, then north up the west side of Saturna Island to visit the wreck of the Robertson II. She was a retired sail training schooner over 100' long that tried to take a short cut across a reef on a very high tide. And there she sits 😞

Not too much left except the hull, as you can see by the pictures.





By this time a nice breeze had sprung up, so the Diesel got a rest while Sin Tacha sailed herself up Navy Channel, and I prepared lunch, consisting of:
Bed of organic Romaine lettuce with grated cheddar cheese and raw carrot, celery chunks, two sliced boiled free range eggs, home-made tofu mayonnaise, and two slices of bread and butter. It was great, if I do say so myself 😊

I travel with the depth sounder alarm set to 30' ... just in case... It was a good thing, too, as I had missed a shallow area on the chart, and only when the alarm went off did I make a quick course correction (read: panic) to avoid doing the same thing as the Robertson II ! As you can see from the picture below, I have lots of good navigation info at all times, so there's little excuse for screwing up.



A short detour to check out Montague Harbour on Galiano Island,



and then a nice run up the east side of Saltspring Island to tonight's anchorage in Conover Cove on Wallace Island. There was only one other boat in the cove, so there was plenty of room to anchor.



With supper out of the way (I'll spare you the details, but it was a good one) I walked north up the Island to check out the anchorage in Princess Bay. Back at the boat I decided to move to the south of the dock area as there was a swell running into my first spot. As a result I had a very quiet peaceful sleep 😊

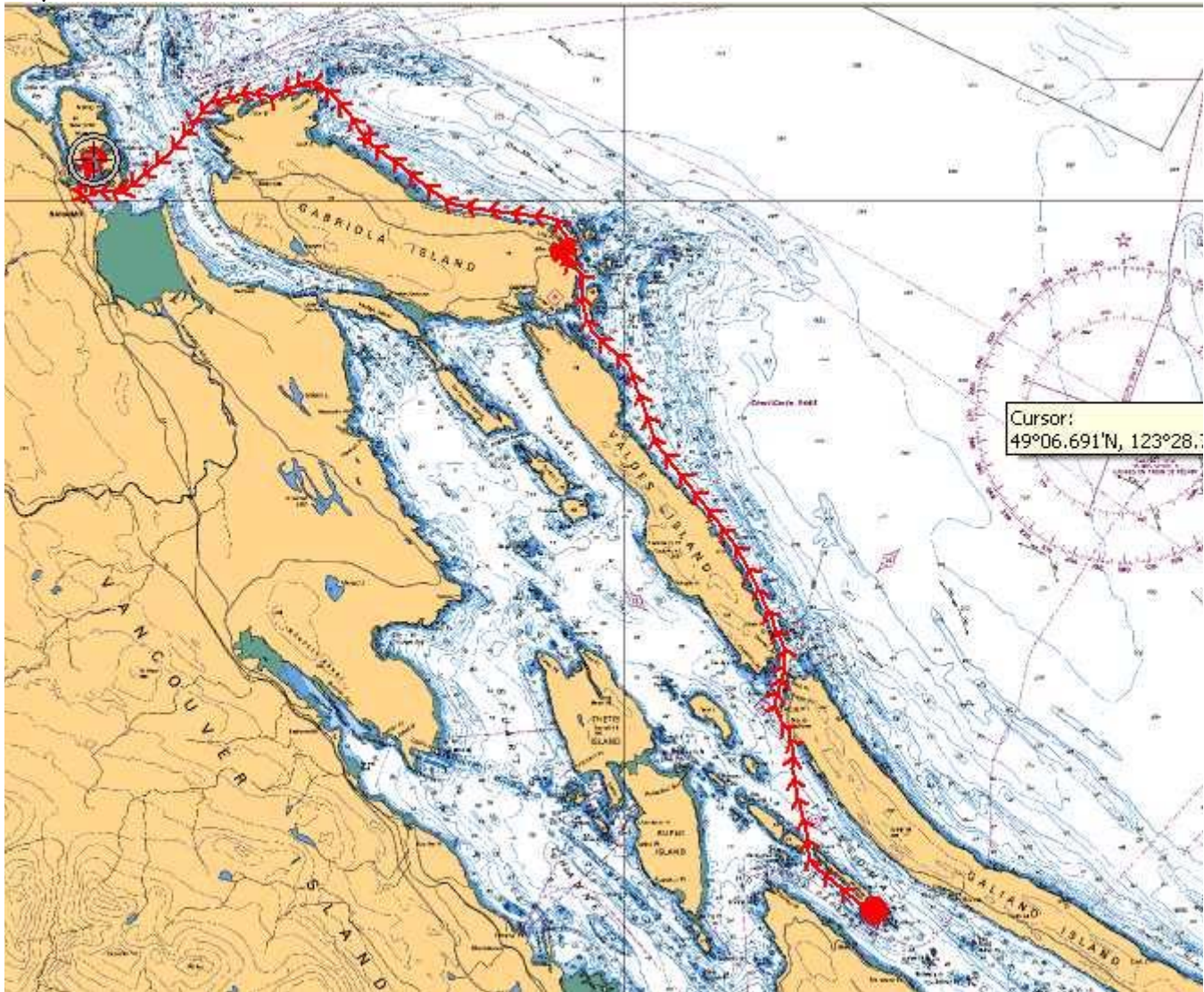
No virus found in this incoming message.

Checked by AVG.

Version: 7.5.524 / Virus Database: 269.24.1/1469 - Release Date: 27/05/2008 1:25 PM

Delivered-To: chuck@478364.487609
From: "Peter Jacobs" <prjacobs@telus.net>
To: <Undisclosed-Recipient:;@priv-edtnaa05.telusplanet.net;>
Subject: Day 3: Conover Cove to Newcastle Island (Nanaimo)
Date: Wed, 28 May 2008 22:28:05 -0700
X-Mailer: Microsoft Outlook Express 6.00.2900.3138
X-NAS-Classification: 0
X-NAS-MessageID: 2878
X-NAS-Validation: {FCC2BF75-5D2A-430A-85FA-9AA78925C69B}

Day 3: 30.4 Nautical miles



This morning I finally figured out what was making a bump-bump-bump sound through the night. It wasn't annoying enough to leave my nice warm cocoon, but just enough to wake me occasionally. I'd left a fender hanging over the side, and if I'd guessed that earlier ... well ... that's life.

After a less ambitious breakfast (cereal and banana) I weighed anchor and motored out

into Houston Passage, on the east side of Saltspring Island. No wind and calm seas ... ahh, motoring again 😞

I calculated it was safe to squeeze through the narrow pass at the north end of Wallace Island, into Trincomali Channel, but got quite a scare when the depth sounder showed only 4 feet of water. There must have been only a foot under the keel, and solid rock too. (Sin Tacha draws 4 feet, but the depth sounder is a foot below the water line, giving me a little grace in such situations). Needless to say, I was going *very* slowly!

Motored up the west coast of Galiano to Portlier Pass, then crawled through the Pass against a strong current, finally breaking out into the Straight of Georgia. There was still an opposing current, but by staying close to the east shore of Valdez Island I took advantage of a back eddy, giving me an extra knot of speed 😊

Being so close to the coast allowed me to sit back and look at all the houses / cottages along the shoreline ... and there were many! It amazed me how many different styles and sizes there were, all in various stages of completion. From what I could see there were no roads, no power, and no water supply. Many houses were up on stilts in front, as the entire shore was a sloping face of rock down to the water. Many places had big water cisterns under the house, and solar panels and wind generators on the roof. I didn't see a single motor vehicle, not even a roadway! People have done an amazing amount of work, seemingly all by hand. And there was no sign of any people there, so they must all be summer places. Verrrry interesting ... going to 'Google Earth' this area when I get back home!

Lunch time found Sin Tacha at Silva Bay on the south end of Gabriola Island. I dropped the hook and made some delicious deviled egg open-faced sandwiches, then had a nice long nap in the cockpit.



Eating has to be one of the highlights of boating, as everything seems to taste better out on the water. Ulla has taught me some cooking basics, and I'm doing OK, by my standards ... at least I haven't poisoned myself yet!



Back to motoring up the east coast of Gabriola Island, quite a change from last year, when it was so rough I had to turn back and take the inside passage route. (Well, I didn't *have* to turn back, but I made the smart choice for a change.)



By two o'clock a following breeze had freshened enough to hoist all sail and at last the motor was shut off, allowing peace and quiet to reign again. Yes, I'd rather be sailing, even at only three knots.

The breeze held all the way to Nanaimo Harbour, where I took advantage of the free courtesy 3 hour parking. I also took advantage of their showers (2 minutes for \$1 ... and yes you *can* get clean in 2 minutes ... clean enough, anyway). There were several prawn fishing boats sorting their catch so I bought a pound of fresh (read: almost still alive) prawns for dinner.



The fisher asked if I knew how to cook them. When I said 'No', he gave me explicit instructions on what to do, and sent me up to Thrifty Foods to get all the necessary ingredients for garlic sautéed prawns. I cooked them up and served them on a bed of rice, discovering a half pound was more than enough for one meal. Guess what's for lunch tomorrow! And yes, they were well worth the cleanup afterwards 😊

While in the harbour I fueled up (13 liters) and filled the water tank, then headed over to Newcastle Island Public Dock to tie up for the night.

Newcastle Island, in the 1920's and 30's, was world famous for producing huge sandstone grinding wheels for the early pulp mills of North America. These babies are about 4 feet in diameter and 2 feet thick.



They used a monster hole saw, vertically, to cut the rough stones, then 'lightly blasted' them (is there such a thing?) to break them out of the hole.



They must have wrecked a fair number of them, as the quarry looks like a giant's playground ... huge stone wheels littered around. When I saw them the comic strip "BC" came to mind!



Tomorrow, weather cooperating, I'll cross the 'Big Pond' (Straight of Georgia) over to the mainland. It's about a 30 mile trip across open water. Should be fun!

Delivered-To: chuck@478364.487609
 From: "Peter Jacobs" <prjacobs@telus.net>
 To: <Undisclosed-Recipient:;@priv-edtnaa03.telusplanet.net;>
 Subject: Day 4: Newcastle Island to Bargain Bay.
 Date: Thu, 29 May 2008 18:15:18 -0700
 X-Mailer: Microsoft Outlook Express 6.00.2900.3138
 X-NAS-Classification: 0
 X-NAS-MessageID: 2905
 X-NAS-Validation: {FCC2BF75-5D2A-430A-85FA-9AA78925C69B}

Day 4: 32.5 Nautical miles.



After a quiet night, got up to a cool and overcast day with winds from the NW. I decided to take a short cut between Newcastle Island and Protection Island. The chart showed that ominous green/gray color meaning dry land at lowest tides. However, there was a

seven foot tide (still rising to eight before dropping) so I decided to risk it. No problem. I could see bottom most of the way through and it looked like smooth rock!

Out into the Straight of Georgia I hoisted the jib and flew along close-hauled at six knots through moderately heavy seas. After getting away from the shore a mile or two the wind steadied and I raised a double-reefed main to help the jib along, and hooked up the Navik windvane to take care of steering.



It was a rough ride, but the boat seemed happy so I left her alone to do her thing and caught up on some reading ... and of course, eating 😊



Later, nearing the opposite shore, the sun came out and the wind backed to the west, faithfully followed by the windvane ... I didn't trim a sail the whole way across!

Heading north along the Sunshine Coast the winds were quite fickle, so the last couple of hours were spent using the 'iron wind'. I checked out Smuggler Cove, which looked very inviting,



but it was too early to end the day's voyage, so I carried on to a spot just behind Pender Harbour called Bargain Bay, (couldn't pass that one up!). I dropped the hook in a secluded little cove surrounded by houses, roads, private docks, and nice yachts.

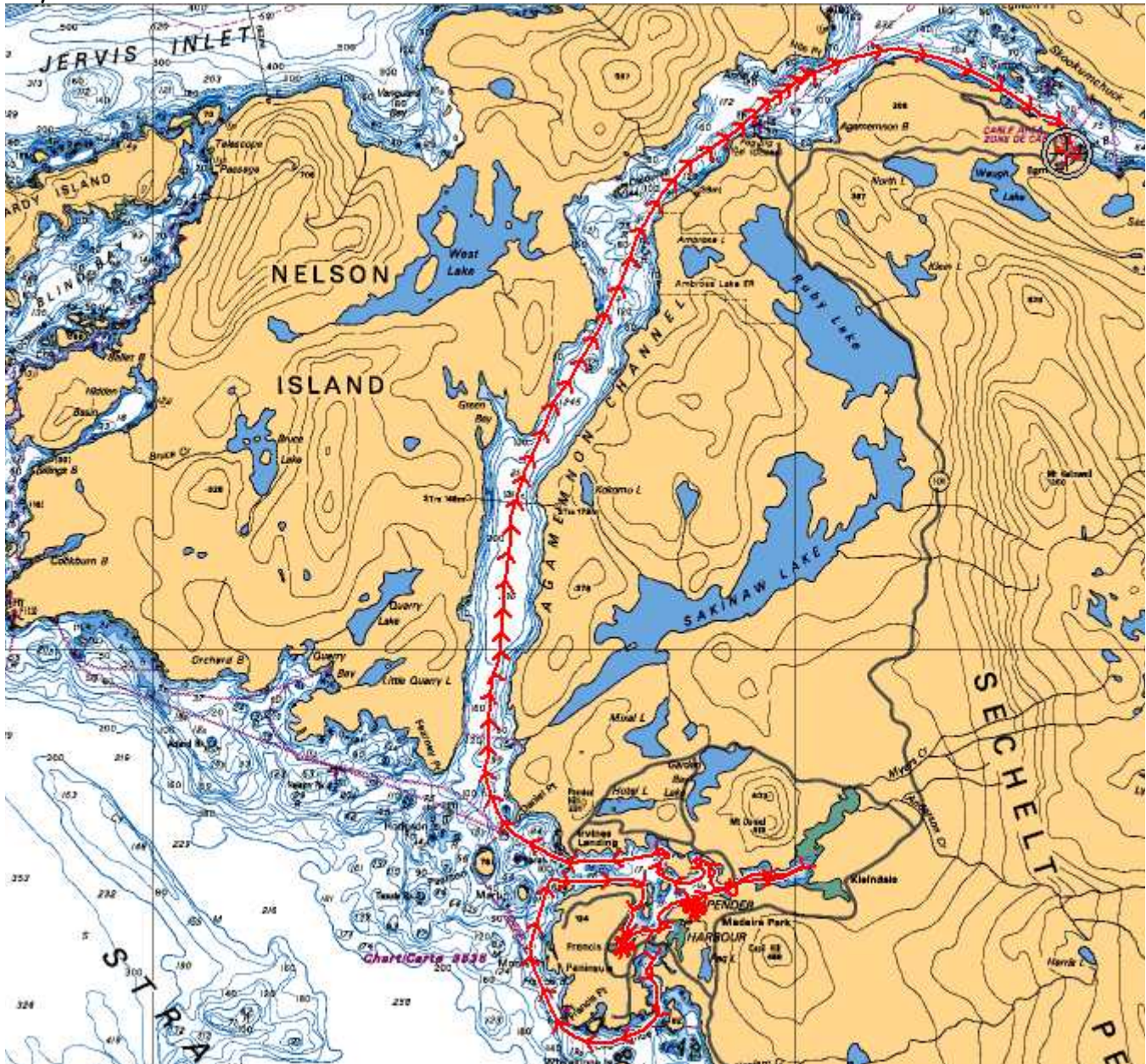


This was the best sailing day to date ... I'm really glad the boat has a dodger that kept me dry on the crossing. There always seems to be lots of wind on Georgia, either blowing from the southeast, or the northwest. If you're going from side to side, either way is OK. I spent the entire crossing close-hauled on the port tack. Later, when at anchor, I discovered a small quantity of water had leaked in somewhere around the port side chainplates. I guess the rigging was under quite a strain, even though I'd reduced sail to keep the angle of heel down. One more maintenance item for the list.

Bargain Bay is a very sheltered anchorage and I had another peaceful and secure night.

Delivered-To: chuck@478364.487609
From: "Peter Jacobs" <prjacobs@telus.net>
To: <Undisclosed-Recipient:;@priv-edtnaa06.telusplanet.net;>
Subject: Day 5: Bargain Bay to Egmont
Date: Fri, 30 May 2008 22:28:49 -0700
X-Mailer: Microsoft Outlook Express 6.00.2900.3138
X-NAS-Classification: 0
X-NAS-MessageID: 2922
X-NAS-Validation: {FCC2BF75-5D2A-430A-85FA-9AA78925C69B}

Day 5: 24 Nautical miles



Underway at 9, I cruised around Francis Peninsula to Pender Harbour, an amazing labyrinth of coves and passages covered with some very beautiful homes, old and new.







There was every conceivable kind of water craft moored there, and several marinas.



I docked at one closest to shopping and used my free hour parking to stock up on fresh bread, veggies, rum.

After a simple lunch of cheese, bread, and tea I continued my tour of the harbour, then headed back into Malaspina Strait. The wind was light and from the south so I raised the jib and ran up to the entrance at Agamemnon Channel, the route up to my target destination, Princess Louisa Inlet. Running up the Channel I experimented with using the 150 drifter and the 100 jib poled out on opposite sides. This worked very well, giving me 4 knots in light air. Not too sure if I'd like to try it in heavier weather ... too much sail!

At Skookumchuck Narrows (love these names!) I turned southeast and cruised into the public dock at Egmont, arriving about 5:30 PM.





All afternoon my laptop had been crashing and I suspect an overheating CPU. Bummer, as all my charts, tide tables, log, etc. rely on it's operation 😞

On the advice of "Del Shannon" (famous for his 60's song 'Runaway') I blew out the area around the cooling fan to dislodge any dust. "Del" was working on a prawn fishing boat nearby and gave a pretty good rendition of the song, until he realized he had an appreciative audience across the dock.

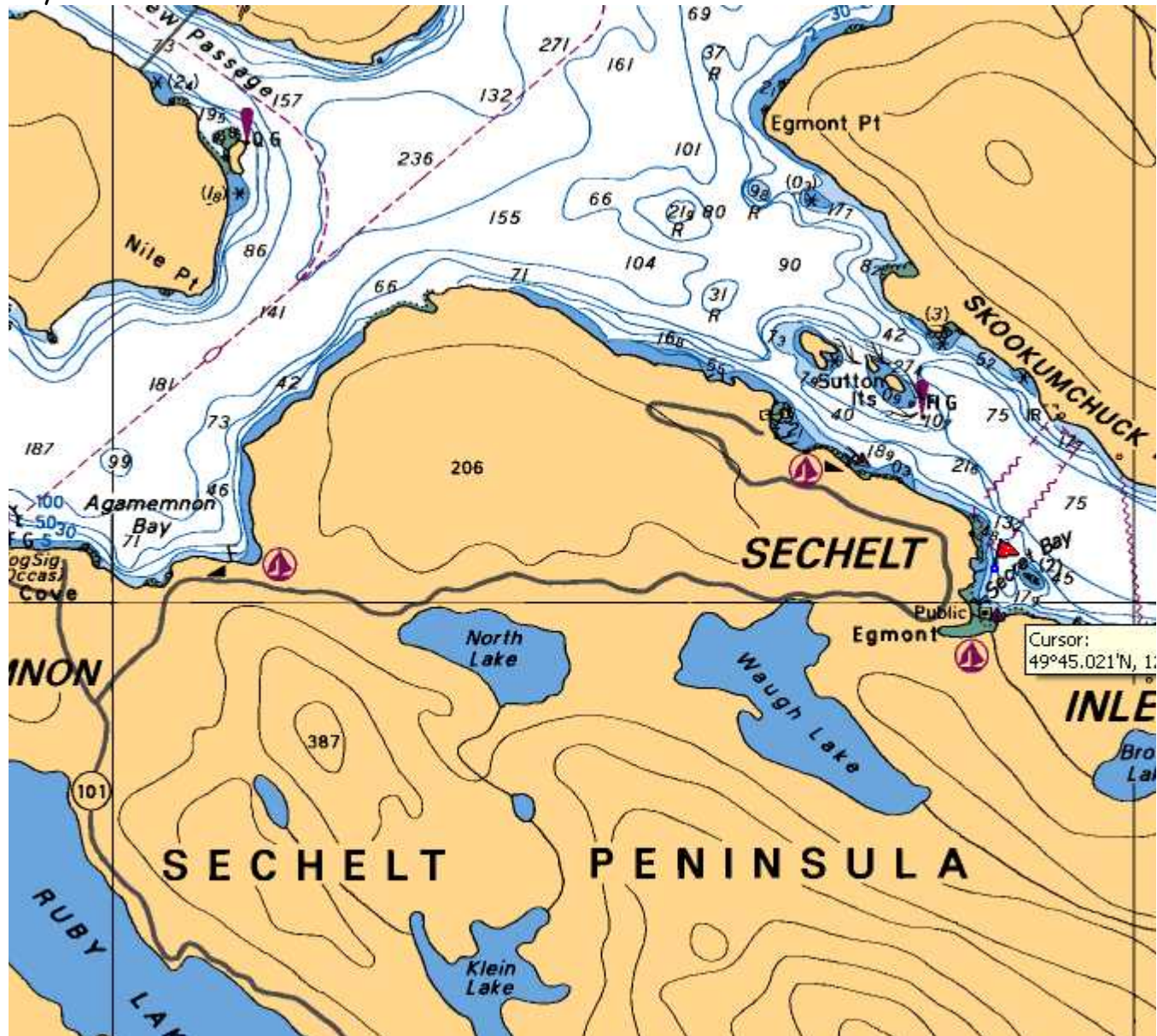
http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=_yIaelSVhyM&feature=related



I guess leaving a small Diesel running aboard the prawn boat all night was his revenge 😊
In spite of that, and a 24/7 rock crushing operation two miles across the bay, I slept like a baby. Being tied to a dock does wonders for ones sleep.

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From: "Peter Jacobs" <prjacobs@telus.net>
To: <Undisclosed-Recipient:;@priv-edtnaa03.telusplanet.net;>
Subject: Day 6: Egmont to Egmont :-(
Date: Sat, 31 May 2008 22:36:18 -0700
X-Mailer: Microsoft Outlook Express 6.00.2900.3138
X-NAS-Classification: 0
X-NAS-MessageID: 2933
X-NAS-Validation: {FCC2BF75-5D2A-430A-85FA-9AA78925C69B}

Day 6: 0 Nautical miles.



Woke up early (yes, the small Diesel was still running) to the pitter patter of rain on the cabin top. Got up for a potty break and switched on the VHF weather channel, then slid back into a nice warm sleeping bag to listen to the forecast. Seems like rain is the order of the day, and tomorrow morning, too. After that, sunshine is promised 😊



After the morning routine and a good breakfast I asked myself if I really wanted to motor for eight hours in the rain, then run Malibu Rapids into Princess Louisa Inlet. No!

That was easy.

So I spent the rest of the day reading, eating, messing with my laptop (which seems ... knock on wood.... to be running for more than five minutes before freezing) and ... did I mention eating?



It's been pretty cool sleeping at night. I have a mediocre quality sleeping bag, and usually dress in a couple of layers and warm socks before turning in. Also, I have a blanket on top. Not just any blanket, but one my Grandfather made a gazillion years ago. He shorn the sheep, processed and spun the wool, and wove the thing on a home-made loom. It's got a two inch checkerboard pattern in black and white, and it must be two layers thick, as each square is white on one side and black on the other. The colours are natural wool, from white sheep and black sheep. The thing weighs about a ton, and is really warm. Eat your heart out, Linus!

While having supper a large tug boat docked alongside. It belongs to Ocean Aggregates (La Farge) and hauls gravel from the crushing plant across the bay to Vancouver. Talking with the skipper revealed a fellow sailor (Benetau 11.1m) who has aspirations for offshore cruising at retirement. We chatted for a while, but my plea to turn off the rock crushing plant for the night was in vain 😊
I slept well anyway.



I went over to the fuel dock, but decided water was the only thing I needed, after reading the sign on the door declaring the minimum fillup to be \$25 !

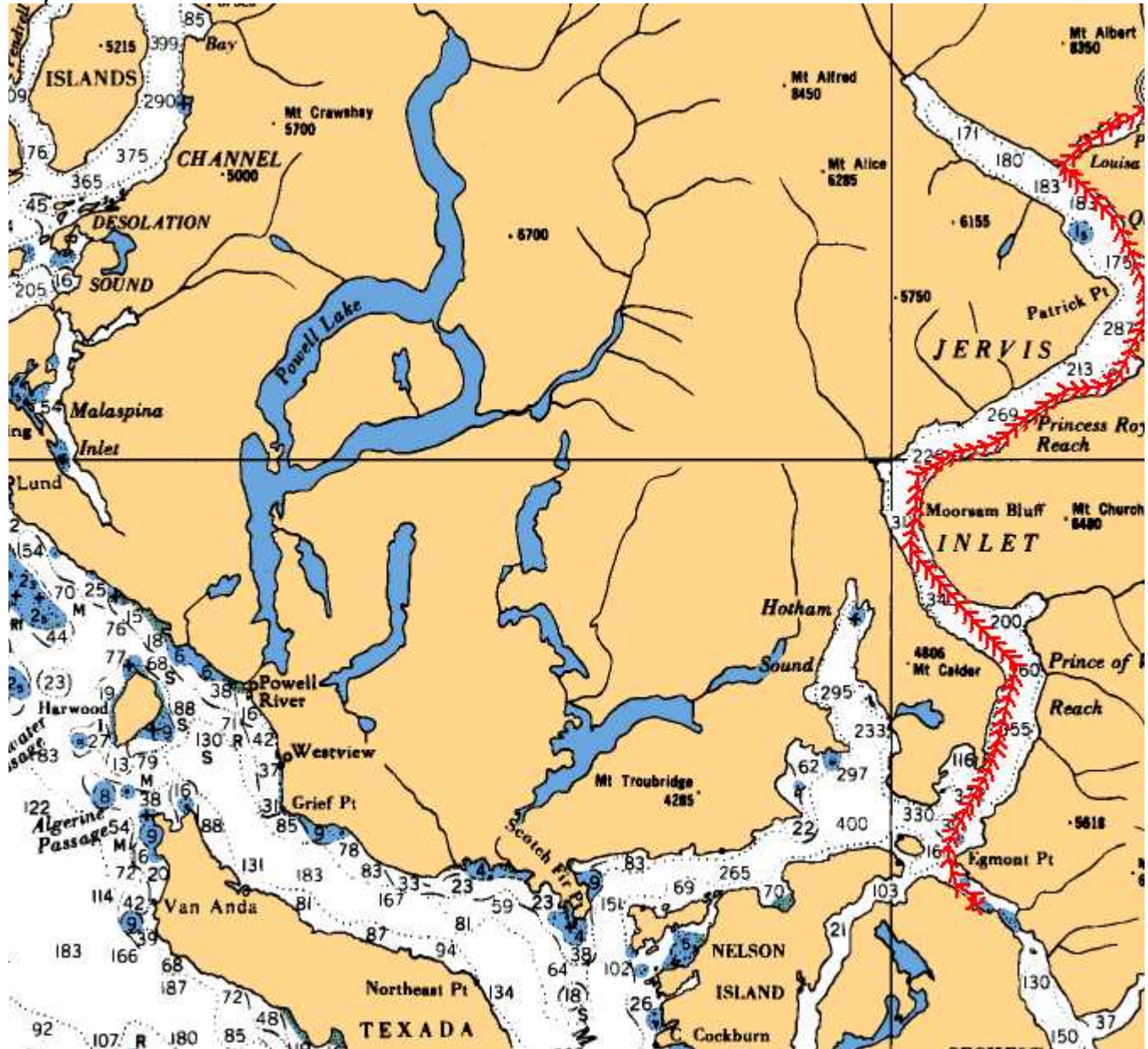


There was another amusing sign there, also:



Delivered-To: chuck@478364.487609
From: "Peter Jacobs" <prjacobs@telus.net>
To: <Undisclosed-Recipient:;@priv-edtnaa05.telusplanet.net;>
Subject: Day 7: Egmont to Chatter Box Falls.
Date: Sun, 1 Jun 2008 22:49:27 -0700
X-Mailer: Microsoft Outlook Express 6.00.2900.3138
X-NAS-Classification: 0
X-NAS-MessageID: 2949
X-NAS-Validation: {FCC2BF75-5D2A-430A-85FA-9AA78925C69B}

Day 7: 37 Nautical miles.



I did the unheard of and got up at 6am. This time I'd let the oatmeal soak overnight, so it was a more palatable feed. Still overcast and drizzling, but I had faith in the forecast and got underway by 7.



Twisting and turning up the various reaches of Jervis Inlet there was a steady headwind. As I had to be at Malibu Rapids (near the end of the journey) between 3 and 3:30, I refrained from tacking the whole way there and settled down to listening to the motor for several hours.



At each turn in the Inlet the winds lessened, until near the end I was motoring in a dead calm, my wake spreading out behind me in a generous 'V'.



The scenery was spectacular beyond the ability of mere words to describe ... Nature at it's finest, with wispy mist covered mountain tops still bearing a trace of snow, and cascading waterfalls, too numerous to count, falling thousands of almost vertical feet to spew into the Inlet. The further north I got the narrower the Inlet, and the higher the mountains.



I arrived at the 'turn off' to Princess Louisa Inlet about the same time as two other sailboats, one from Poole, England, and the other from Kelsey Bay, up Island. There is a private lodge there, right at the Rapids.

Not sure if I was too early to go through the pass (currents up to nine knots), I dodged around and let the GB boat go first. They made it OK so I followed, with the Kelsey Bay boat close behind. Ah, safety in numbers 😊



A two mile trip up the Inlet brought us to Chatterbox Falls, a spectacular (there's that word again) waterfall spilling right into the head of the Inlet where the park and dock is located.



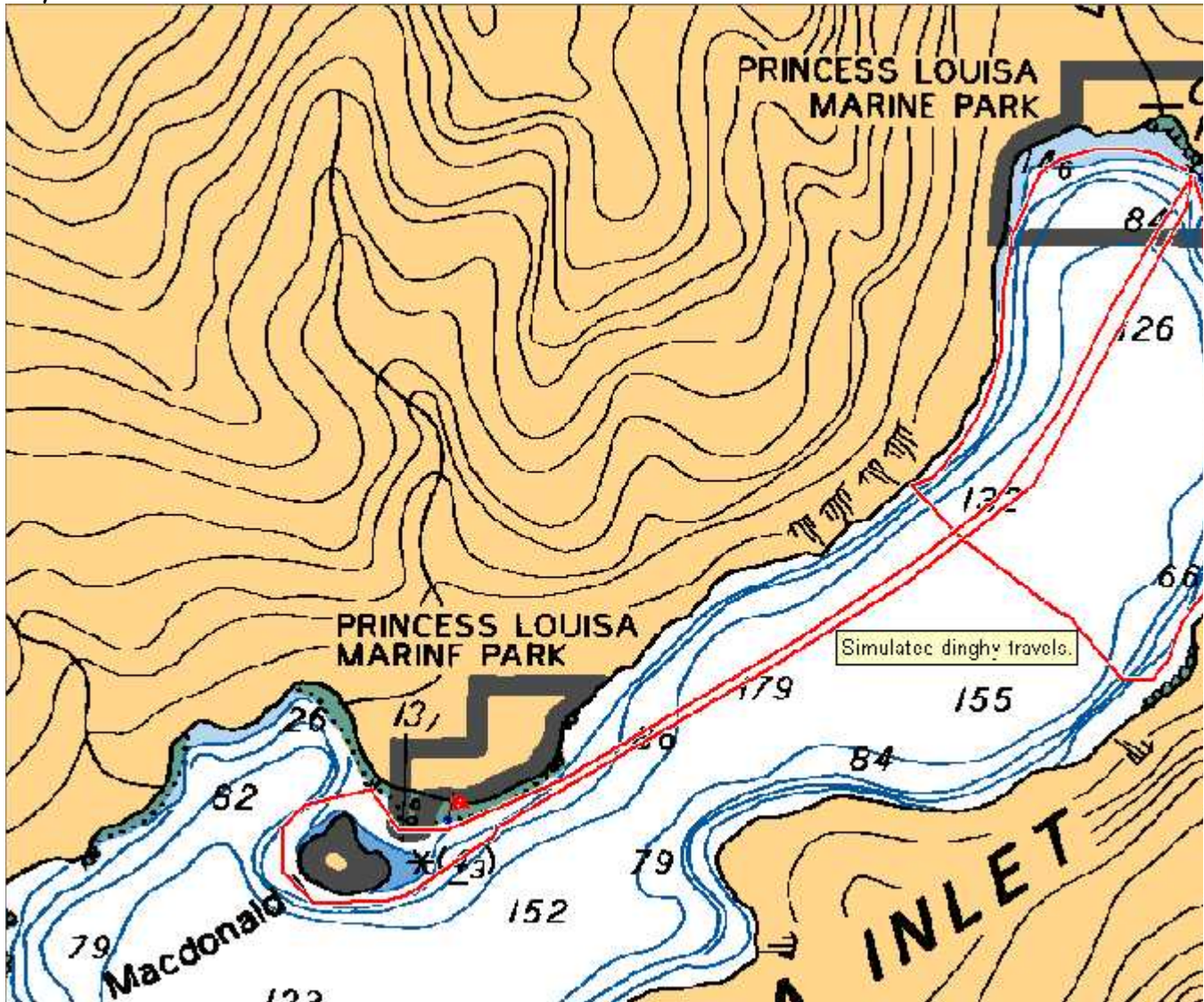
There is a very long dock where one can tie up, or there are various places to anchor. I chose the dock, as did the other two boats, joining two more boats that were already there ... and all of us sailboats 😊



I did a brief hike around to find washrooms, and then to the base of the falls. Tomorrow I *might* do the two hour hike up to an abandoned trapper's cabin ... then again I may go only part way ... 😊 Must remember to take lots of food!

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From: "Peter Jacobs" <prjacobs@telus.net>
To: <Undisclosed-Recipient:;@priv-edtnaa04.telusplanet.net;>
Subject: Day 8 & 9 at Chatterbox falls.
Date: Mon, 2 Jun 2008 16:14:29 -0700
X-Mailer: Microsoft Outlook Express 6.00.2900.3138
X-NAS-Classification: 0
X-NAS-MessageID: 2873
X-NAS-Validation: {FCC2BF75-5D2A-430A-85FA-9AA78925C69B}

Day 8:



The mountains are so high on either side of the Inlet it takes the sun until 10 am to appear on the water. When it does, it is warm and very welcome!



I spent most of the morning talking with the other six sailors here, then headed off in the dinghy, rowing a couple of miles around the shoreline taking pictures of ... you guessed it: more waterfalls! The Inlet was like a sheet of glass.



Several curious seals popped up occasionally to see who was disturbing their sanctuary, while pairs of seagulls flew back and forth from a huge rock face and down to the water.

After a late lunch and a snooze in the warm sun I decided to check my prop, as yesterday I had hit something with a bang that seemed to slow the boat down afterwards. I also had to throttle down a bit to ease a vibration that had simultaneously appeared. I used my waterproof camera & case to take several pictures, laying on the dock and aiming the camera roughly where I thought the prop should be. It was there alright, with a large ball of very stringy seaweed tightly wrapped around it.



Fortunately I was with friends 😊 In no time we had run a line from my masthead over to the boat from Poole, UK, opposite me on the dock, and winched my boat over at about a fifteen degree angle. Then six people stood on Sin Tacha's bow to raise the stern, while I lay in a borrowed inflatable dinghy and worked the weeds loose with a boathook. I've never met such a tenacious ball of seaweed!

Luckily for me this was our Plan "B". Plan "A" had involved me donning a borrowed wet suit three sizes too small and going over the side in flippers and mask to do the dirty business. There was much talk of showering under the waterfall afterward, and hot rums for all to fend off any possibility of hypothermia. I could just imagine myself floating around on the surface of the water, buoyed by the wet suit, trying to drag myself under the boat to cut away the offending weeds. Not a pretty picture! About this time (3:30) the sun slid behind the peaks and the temperature dropped a few degrees.

Anyway, it kept everyone entertained for the rest of the afternoon, and on successful completion we declared a "Happy Hour" and sat around swapping tales and snacking for the rest of the afternoon.

Day 9:

Up again to bright sunshine and glass-calm waters.

Two of the cruisers, Ken and Betsy aboard their Cape Dory 28, were tied up behind me.

Ken invited me along on a dinghy cruise over to the marine park called MacDonald Island.



The park also includes some acreage on the mainland, and there are several mooring buoys in the channel for visiting boats. We cruised up there in his little outboard-powered inflatable, at a very leisurely rate, enjoying ... you guessed it ... more waterfalls!



At the park we wandered around, looking at some cabins that belong to the private resort at Malibu Rapids, then wandering out to the point overlooking the channel. There was lots of evidence of recent bear visits, so we kept a weather eye ... just in case.



Also, there was an amazing outhouse sans hole!



Back at the boat I had a late lunch and made some preparations for tomorrow's departure. Ken and Betsy invited me for supper, and kindly offered to leave out the chicken from the recipe when I explained that not only was I a VegaTarian, but also a vegetarian! I used my solar shower to have a nice hot wash ... what a treat ... the simple things that give such pleasure when out cruising.

Ken and Betsy are retired, and very well traveled. Over dinner and much wine we had very lively conversations on everything from musical entertainment in London, to the looming crisis in the US.

I've posted a few more pictures of Princess Louisa Inlet at <http://picasaweb.google.com/pjacobs55/ChatterboxFalls>