



CANADIAN WAYFARER ASSOCIATION

# CRUISING LIBRARY

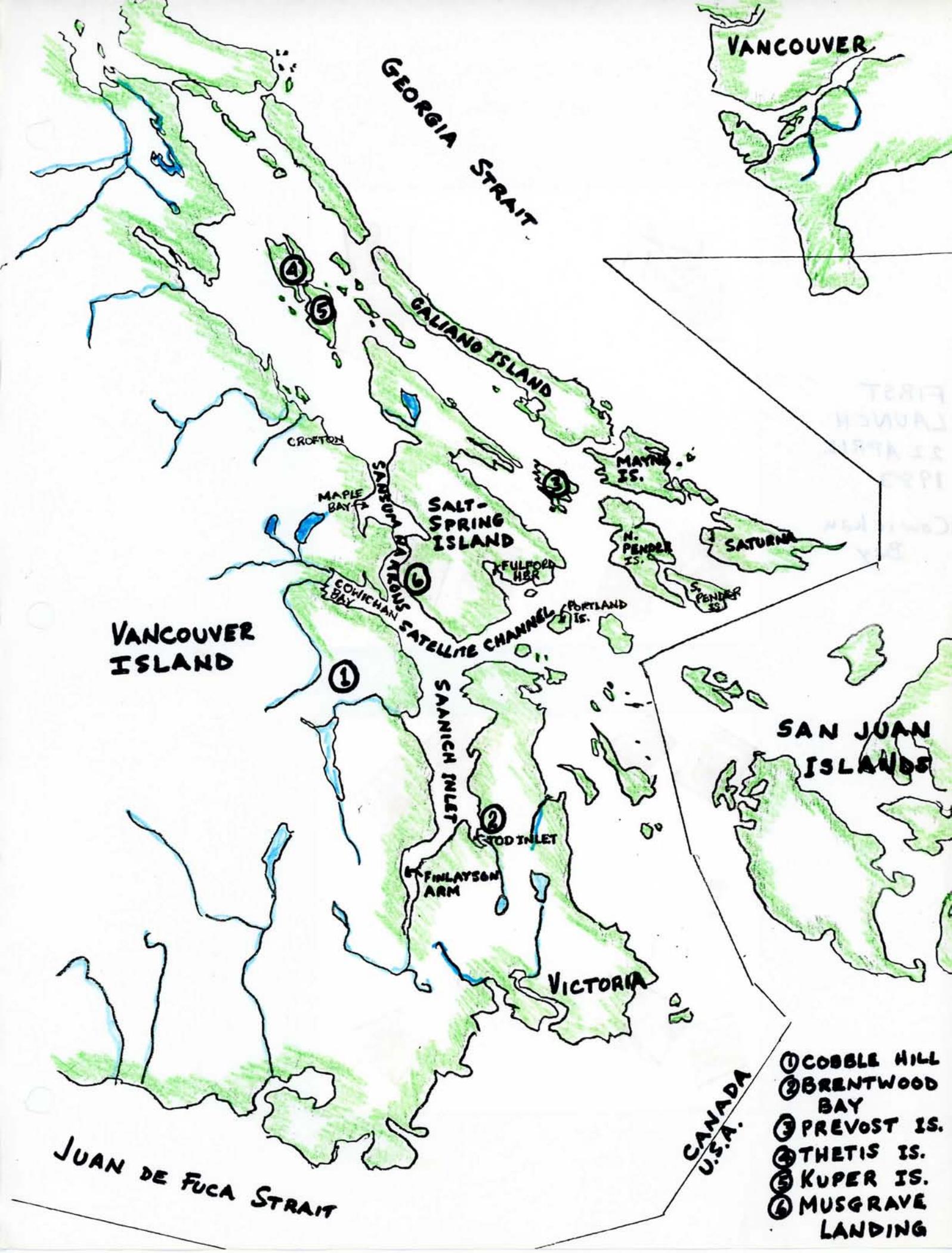
LOG GROUP: Western Canada

LOG TITLE: Wayfaring in the Gulf Islands - from the log of the Cobblewood

AUTHOR: Tony Balding & Betty Lording - W7493

DATE: 1983

This log was created in the hopes that it would inspire Don Davis to come out to the Gulf Islands.



VANCOUVER

GEORGIA STRAIT

GALIANO ISLAND

CROFTON

MAPLE BAY

SALT-SPRING ISLAND

MAYNO IS.

N. PENDER IS.

SATURN

S. PENDER IS.

KEULFOED HBR.

PORTLAND IS.

VANCOUVER ISLAND

①

SARUM HARBOR

COWICHAN BAY

SATELLITE CHANNEL

SAANICH INLET

②

STOD INLET

FINLAYSON ARM

VICTORIA

SAN JUAN ISLANDS

JUAN DE FUCA STRAIT

CANADA  
U.S.A.

- ① COBBLE HILL
- ② BRENTWOOD BAY
- ③ PREVOST IS.
- ④ THETIS IS.
- ⑤ KUPER IS.
- ⑥ MUSGRAVE LANDING

**FROM THE LOG OF THE COBBLEWOOD SPRING & SUMMER 1983**

**FRIDAY, APRIL 22**

We had just put the finishing touches on W7493 the night before. Everyone checked that the drain plugs were in before we trailered her down to the launching ramp at Cowichan Bay. It was a calm, still morning as we set off on our maiden voyage. The bay was like a mirror, reflecting the mountains without even a ripple. We had an experienced crew in the person of Wayne Moore. These were important factors since, up to that day, neither Tony nor I had ever sailed a boat before. But then we had never built one before either .... and here we were.



First Launch Cowichan Bay - April 22, 1983

The thrill of our first sail in a boat that we had built together left us in a state of elation which couldn't entirely be attributed to the homemade blackberry wine which had been used to christen the boat as well as to fortify the crew.

We ghosted away, much to the surprise of the more experienced sailors on the dock. There had been some talk that there wasn't enough wind for the launch. Well, we knew THAT much about Wayfarers. The ability to sail in light airs was one of the features, which had sold us on the boat when we had first seen Wayne's in July of the previous summer. Besides, there was plenty of wind for beginners like us.

We made a pilgrimage to Musgrave Landing, our favourite beach, three miles down Cowichan Bay and across the entrance to Sansum Narrows. We were mellowed by the jug of wine, the solemnity of the occasion and the stately progress of the COBBLEWOOD as she drifted slowly in the tide towards our destination.



Musgrave Landing



Margaret Dye preparing to leave "Our Bay" in July 1982 in Wayne Moore's W7310. Our old "Dolphin" is in the background

As we silently approached the peaceful bay, we regretted disturbing the pair of mergansers, which were its sole occupants. We could hear the stream, which last summer had been merely a trickle, rushing down the pebbled beach to the sea. We marveled at the brilliant green of the new maple leaves which hung in great swaths over the still bay. The lower leaves had yellowed where they had been dipped in the salt chuck at high tide. We sat quietly on the beach eating lunch, aware that we were missing one crew member. Margaret Dye had been with Wayne when we had met here nine months ago. It was she who had inspired us to build a Wayfarer. Before we left we took pictures to send to her in England.

Returning to Cowichan Bay we saw a long line of twenty or thirty wild swans feeding in the shallows along the deserted beach.

\*\*\*\*\*

Musgrave Landing is a very special place. It is close enough for a day sail yet it feels like a wilderness bay. It looks across the southern entrance to Sansum Narrows with its back to a steep hill crossed by logging roads which are seldom used. The landing itself has a small government dock and the tiny bay used to be used as a booming ground. It would have been full of log booms tied to the shore awaiting a tug to pick them up. Now it is empty and deep green. If you know where to look there is a massive eagle's nest at the top of a bare fir tree. If you study it through binoculars, some of the sticks appear to be the size of two-by-fours. It had been in use for many years.

We prefer to by-pass the landing itself and anchor in the next little bay to the north. Few people stop here, especially overnight. There is a hidden fresh water spring which serves as a cooler where it settles in a shallow pool. We have begun and ended almost every cruise here over the past four summers. I often wash my hair in the soft spring water after a week of swimming in the salt chuck. We call it "Our Bay". It has special significance to us because Miles Smeeton moored TZU HANG here before his wanderings in her.



"Our Bay"

This summer, during one of our rare stops at the dock, we met the owner of much of the surrounding land. He was proudly discussing the surveyor's flags with some developers, one of whom carelessly let a roll of blueprints fall open to show a patchwork of lots and access roads crisscrossing the hills and extending out from the shore in the long finger of a marina. Up to then we had believed this to be part of a government greenbelt for public use. We pointed out the eagle's nest in a rather pathetic attempt to stem the tide of progress, but we were promptly informed that there were plenty of those around. Eagles' nests, leaping forty-pound salmon and silence can't compete with money. Many had come here to be refreshed - by the water, the wildlife and the peacefulness. This time we left feeling sick at heart. It is months later as I write this yet I am still filled with a sense of frustration and sadness.

\*\*\*\*\*

## **SATURDAY, APRIL 23**

Since Wayne had gone back home to Parksville, we set off bravely alone the following morning. The day before had been so tranquil that we weren't quite prepared for the stiff breeze that greeted us as we left the launching ramp. Tony's parents, new to sailing but inspired by our example, had just bought a composite Wayfarer (W2032). They planned to join us on their maiden cruise.

We couldn't resist the temptation to race with them across the narrows. We couldn't see their crew but assumed that they had a good friend with them who would be at the helm, so we did our best to look good. It was only when we saw them sail gracefully into the overhanging boughs of the maple tree on the beach at Musgrave that we realised that they had left their experienced sailing friend on the dock. Apparently he had wanted to take them one step at a time but he hadn't counted on their determination to reach Musgrave with or without him.

After lunch ashore the folks headed home using their motor. The wind increased as it often does at mid-day and we sat on the beach waiting for it to die down. Eventually we decided to reduce sail and brave the waves (which were only intimidating because of our lack of experience). Since our sailmaker had omitted the reefing points we had asked for we decided to try it under genoa only. (We had been advised against purchasing a jib for our first suit of sails as the winds are often light on the coast. Now that we can reef, ours is a reasonable combination). We soon learned that we had chosen the wrong sail because we only succeeded in turning round and round. Of course, the incoming tide and the shifting winds in the bowl-shaped bay added to the challenge. Fortunately we didn't have a motor or we may have disgraced the Wayfaring community. As it was, we were in complete isolation turning large circles in that small bay with a few pulls on the oar each time the empty dock hove into view. We figured that since the sails were filling and the boat was moving, we must be "sailing", but we would definitely have to learn more about getting the boat to go where we wanted it to go. It appeared to be a lot like learning to play chess. It took an hour to learn and a lifetime to master.

Eventually, we rowed hard out toward the channel where we picked up a steady wind and a friendly tide which took us home. Since then we have often been caught in that bay, but now we are more likely to reef and row with one oar to combat the effect of the current.

\*\*\*\*\*

From this inauspicious beginning we progressed through two months of day sails to the point where we could head out with some confidence we would reach our destination and return - if the winds and tides co-operated. We learned something new each time and seldom made the same mistake twice. We studied books and were thankful that we had chosen such a forgiving boat.

\*\*\*\*\*



After two months of learning to sail without capsizing, we took her to Shawnigan Lake to learn how to right her.



Tony, thankful that it floats!

## MINIMUM GEAR CARRIED

### FORWARD COMPARTMENT

- 2 sleeping bags
- 2 blankets
- 2 air mattresses
- 2 complete changes of warm clothes
- 2 floater coats
- spare life jackets
- spare rain gear
- 2 rain ponchos
- bag of woolen toques, gloves
- towels
- 2 bathing suits
- beer, wine

### IN THE COCKPIT (Tied Down)

- cooler
- 2 gallons water
- large canvas boom tent,
- 4 battens
- anchor with 150 feet of rope
- sail bag, spinnaker
- 2 life jackets
- bilge pump
- multi-purpose bailing bucket
- 2 8'-9" oars
- 2 very large flotation rollers
- several fenders

### AFT COMPARTMENT

- double-burner Coleman stove
- rescue line, first aid kit
- charts, tide book cruising guide
- several novels, bird book
- fire extinguisher
- 2 litres of fuel
- coal oil lantern
- camera, binoculars, film,
- compass
- washing-up kit
- spare parts bag tool box
- tackle box and rod
- lead ball for extra anchor
- spare anchor rope
- hip waders
- small block and pulley
- several pots, cast iron frying pan, dishpan, detergent, etc.
- dishes
- charcoal, tin foil
- 2 rain suits
- 2 hand warmers
- matches, candles, large flashlight
- transistor radio for weather,
- news basic food for two for a week

Although sailing was new to us, we weren't new to the sea. Tony and I both canoed in the area and we had spent three summers roughing it aboard an old wooden power boat which was only seventeen feet long. We were familiar with the tides and wind conditions and had already discovered many sheltered bays and safe anchorages.

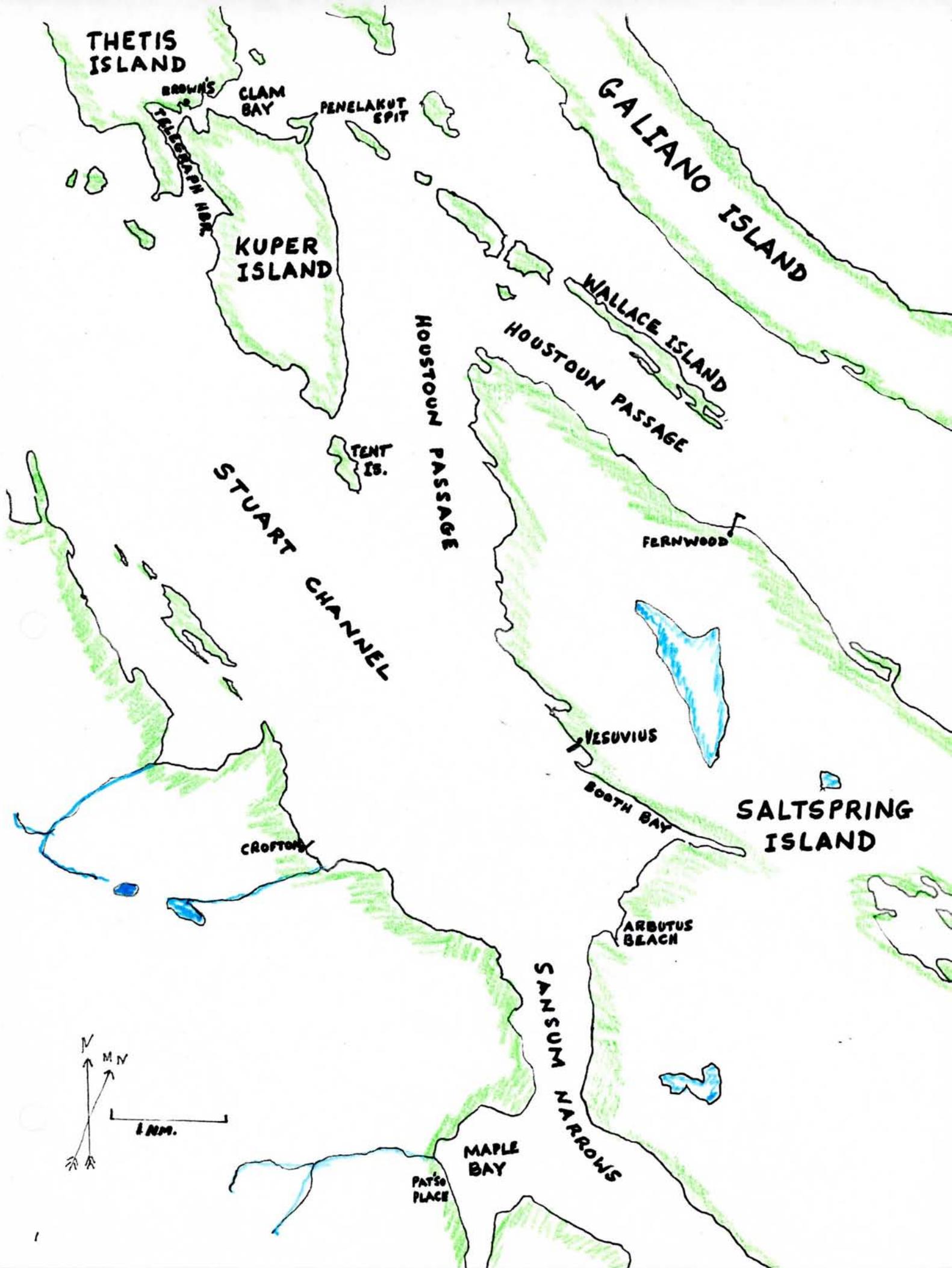
At first we were not quite sure of our range in an open dinghy, but soon discovered that we could still visit all the places we loved. The only difference was that we would spend more time getting there than we did with a motor boat. But then again ... getting there was more than half the fun. We were particularly pleased that we were not confined to Cowichan Bay, as I had feared. This explains the excitement and sense of accomplishment behind the factual information in the log as we sailed into each anchorage for the first time.

As indicated by the enclosed list of gear, we always carry safety, survival and navigational equipment aboard. Although we are always in sight of land it is not usually populated, so we prefer to be well supplied.

\*\*\*\*\*

#### **SATURDAY, JULY 9**

Up at 6am to get an early start. We hoped to go to Pender Island, a distance of about sixteen nautical miles. Wayne Moore would accompany us in Tony's parents W2032. In our enthusiasm we had neglected to check the tide tables and found that launching in a 3-foot tide was quite a challenge. We were off like a rocket but wisely decided to put in to Musgrave Landing as the wind was increasing and the tide was going against us down Satellite Channel. Besides, Wayne was singlehanded a borrowed boat so we didn't want to push too hard. We anchored fore and aft as usual (using a heavy lead weight as an extra anchor) and settled down under the boom tent after our brief journey to celebrate with lunch and a beer. Tony and I felt that this was an appropriate spot for our first overnight stay. Wayne took a quick spin out in the Narrows when the weather improved then we all had supper on the beach. I kept watch most of night and was rewarded for my vigilance by a fantastic display put on by the resident otters. A family of five was diving all around and under our boat outlined in brilliant bio-luminescence. The large school of herring they were chasing glowed like neon. I felt that Tony really shouldn't miss this unusual sight. Wasn't this one of the reasons that we were out here instead of snug at home in our waterbed? His appreciation of nature palls a little at two a.m. but he made a game effort to share my enthusiasm.



THETIS ISLAND

BROWNS

CLAM BAY

PENELAKUT SPIT

TELEGRAPH NECK

KUPER ISLAND

GALIANO ISLAND

WALLACE ISLAND

HOUSTON PASSAGE

HOUSTON PASSAGE

TENT IS.

STUART CHANNEL

FERNWOOD

VESUVIUS

BOOTH BAY

SALTSPRING ISLAND

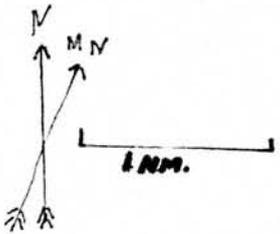
CROFTON

ARBUTUS BEACH

SANSUM NARROWS

MAPLE BAY

PAT'S PLACE



## SUNDAY, JULY 10

The morning dawned grey, calm and quiet .... a beautiful time to enjoy the West coast as long as you didn't want to sail anywhere. We glided along the western side of Saltspring on the morning tide heading south. When we tired of sneaking up on unsuspecting herons and bald eagles we decided to "row and tow". It was too quiet to start the motor on W2032 so Tony rowed while I held Wayne's tow rope and he sat there looking embarrassed. After a while we must have shamed him into towing us because he started his motor and took our line. We had set as our goal a restaurant about twelve nautical miles south on the Saanich Peninsula at Brentwood Bay. There we would be able to have the breakfast and coffee I had neglected to include in our rations because we had hoped to be at our friends' place on North Pender Island for breakfast. This long passage without the benefit of any wind was my first lesson in self-sufficiency. Just when Wayne felt that he couldn't stand the roar of the motor any longer, the wind came up so we began to sail. This was our second lesson of the day. Not all winds are favourable. We spent the next two hours tacking back and forth beating against the wind and contrary currents within sight of the restaurant.



By this time it had been raining for hours and we had given up the idea of showing Wayne Tod Inlet nearby. We finally squished into the restaurant and sat in a fog of our own making. The hamburger and coffee were worth the five hour trip.

Once we were dry and warm again we steeled ourselves for the return trip, but once we cleared the bay, the wind came from the south out of Finlayson Arm and promised us a long "downhill" run all the way home. This was the best and longest non-stop sail we had enjoyed so far. I took the helm for a while and raced Wayne

along. By afternoon it became apparent that we would be home far too soon on such a good day so we turned into one of the long beaches on Saltspring for a picnic just to make the adventure last. We hadn't made it to Pender Island but we had had an interesting trip.

\*\*\*\*\*

### **SATURDAY, JULY 16**

This time Tony and I were off to Thetis Island to visit friends, a journey of twelve nautical miles. (We don't warn our friends of our plans so as not to worry them if we don't make it). We trailered to Maple Bay from our home in Cobble Hill to avoid the strong currents in Sansum Narrows. The twenty minute drive saved us hours on the water and eliminated the careful timing of the tides necessary to pass through the narrows. This is one of the great advantages of a trailerable sailboat in these waters.



Out in the channel just north of Maple Bay, we were surprised to find that we had no difficulty keeping up with the larger yachts, but the biggest thrill was when we glided past a Bayfield 35 after the wind had died down. We kept going north as far as Tent Island when the Bayfield motored up and offered us a tow. They were intending to go to Telegraph Harbour, which meant that we could visit the Browns after all as planned. We were especially welcomed that evening as it happened to be Morag's birthday. She had expected to spend it alone because her husband, Ian, was working night shift as captain of the local ferry.

### **SUNDAY, JULY 17**

Headed home at 8 a.m. in a changeable wind along the cliffs of Kuper Island which is an Indian Reserve. We could see by the smoke of Crofton pulp mill that there was a northwester blowing along the hills but it faded away and left us becalmed in the middle of Stuart Channel on another sweltering afternoon. We took turns rowing for several hours until we reached Arbutus Beach just south of Booth Bay on Saltspring. This is one of the

few beaches we had discovered locally that was usually warm enough for swimming as Gulf Island waters are generally cold. We put up the canopy and dozed and swam until sunset. Just as we closed the boom tent up for the night, a nasty circular wind blew up. It billowed out the tent first from one side then the other and made flattened swirls on the water. After a few hours of this it died down as quickly as it began and we were left to fall asleep in peace.

### **MONDAY, JULY 18**

These were the days we were thankful that Tony is his own boss and I am a part-time teacher. While most of the world went to work, we sailed home along the channel to Maple Bay again. Although we appeared to be sailing quite nicely, the tide was against us, so each busy tack left us at a parallel spot on the opposite shore. We finally gave up and rowed once again in the cool morning sunshine. We reached Maple Bay by ten a.m.

\*\*\*\*\*

We rely on an excellent set of four folding large-scale charts called STRAIT OF GEORGIA, SMALL CRAFT CHART, GULF ISLANDS VICTORIA TO NANAIMO HARBOUR #3310. These large-scale charts are invaluable for the gunk-holing that we do. We also use a Small Craft Guide book (B.C.). Both are published by the Hydrographic Distribution Office, P.O. BOX 8080, 1675 Russell Rd., Ottawa, Ont. K1G 3H6. The guide book gives useful information about services available in harbours and accompanies the charts by giving a description of all the hazards and landmarks.

\*\*\*\*\*

### **FRIDAY, JULY 29**

Launched from Bayview Marina at two p.m. The strong current off the breakwater swept us along and justified our intentionally late start. It took five long tacks to reach Cape Keppel at the southern tip of Saltspring. We knew that this next stretch of Satellite Channel was always tricky. We had spent hours idling back and forth, rowing, gaining a little ground then drifting back. For this reason we had established alternate destinations - a necessity in these waters if you don't carry a motor. Besides, it suited our laid-back style of cruising.

Depending on the wind and tide we would either end up in Fulford Harbour to ferret out another Wayfarer that we had heard about or we would continue on across the major ferry route to Princess Margaret Marine Park (formerly Portland Island). As our final tack found us closer to this island we decided to head across

the ferry paths. We were getting pretty confident about timing this manoeuvre, but this time we had to circle twice to time the crossing of their great wakes. Judging by the curve of the wakes, I think they had gone out of their way to check out the little dinghy, or perhaps they had misjudged our speed. This detour was not unusual but we had lost time and by now I was getting anxious to settle into the little bay behind the Tortoise Islets. We sailed quietly in amongst the big yachts just at cocktail hour. We raised the boom, put up the canopy and had a light supper and a beer before we zippered on the sides of the tent and snuggled down for the night. We couldn't help noticing the surreptitious glances we were getting from nearby sailors.



Boats at anchor-  
Princess Margaret  
Marine Park

### **SATURDAY, JULY 30**

We were disappointed to find that the wreck marked on the chart turned out at low tide to be a mere shell of a hull, not much longer than the Wayfarer. Then off at eight a.m. through the breakfasting yachters who were catching the morning sun on their decks. They waved and encouraged us as we headed out to Prevost Passage. Tony spotted some oyster catchers on one of the islets as we slipped quietly by. We had a good steady wind on a long broad reach into Boundary Pass. Just as we were wondering which side of the U.S./Canadian border we were on, Tony pointed out a large dark form rolling just ahead off our bow. We were told later that it was likely a minke whale as they are loners and don't travel in pods as the more common killer whales (orcas) do. I have yet to see my first killer whale but they are frequently sighted in these waters. Just north of the entrance to Bedwell Harbour on North Pender Island the wind died but the sea was confused and sloppy. The sails slatted annoyingly and for the first time we found that we had difficulty making any

progress rowing. By studying the charts more closely later, we realised that there are two reefs here of ten and sixteen fathoms in an area of forty and sixty fathoms. We had found the same underwater reef and confused sea conditions off Russell Island at the entrance to Fulford Harbour.

We took a few more lusty pulls on the oars and finally reached the winds, which were funneling out of the pass between the two Penders. They hit us like a blast and we were suddenly into half a dozen breathtaking tacks from one side of the busy harbour entrance to the other. Fortunately, most of the powerboats, fishboats and motoring sailboats(!) were considerate of our headlong flight. Meanwhile I prayed that AIR B.C. wouldn't choose this time to taxi to the South Pender customs breakwater. Once we were into the inner harbour we stayed on the north side where there was less traffic but the gusty winds were inconsistent in strength although they maintained their direction just off the starboard bow.

We now had time to decide whether we would row up the forty-foot wide man-made channel between the two islands at slack tide or attempt to row against the tide in the hope that there would be less traffic. We checked that we would clear the wooden bridge comfortably. This was the channel where Wayne had broken an oar as he was rowing furiously through it the previous summer. It was noon; slack tide wasn't until 2:35 p.m. and there was a great pub at Port Browning on the other side, so...we opted to row on through against the current. Such is the way great decisions are made at sea. It was not too difficult until just under the bridge where the channel narrowed but at least we weren't having to contend with speedboats. We collapsed on the beach at Shark Cove to catch our breath. Tony had worked up a sweat rowing but I was exhausted from worrying. When we finally reached Port Browning, we discovered much to our disgust that the wind was blowing down the bay from the direction of the pub. So we took advantage of it to head out into Plumper Sound and on up to Hope Bay where our friends, the Turners, live. Ted is a harpsichord maker, artist and craftsman and as a former owner of a thirty-foot ketch he was interested in our wooden Wayfarer. On our way we were hailed by a fellow in a passing sailboat who recognized our boat as the one he had watched being built last winter in Cobble Hill. He had thought that we would probably spend the summer in Cowichan Bay so we were pleased that he found us so far from home.

As we tacked up Plumper Sound on a hot afternoon, we came dangerously close to another delightful pub on Saturna Island that we had discovered the summer before. But reason prevailed, (Tony's reason being that we were supposed to be going to Hope Bay). So we continued up to Colston Cove just north of Hope Bay. This is known locally as Bricky Bay because a barge loaded with

bricks had foundered there years ago leaving the beach strewn ' with rust coloured bricks. It is sheltered from the ferry wash by some low islets. From here we could scramble up a cliff to Ted and Helena's house. Now, one of the only disadvantages we have found in owning a cruising dinghy is that we don't have another dinghy to row ashore in from our anchorages. This was brought home to us when the Turners invited us to a party that evening. Without a dinghy we were unable to anchor at a suitable depth for the tide. This was not a good beach to leave the boat ashore on and besides; the tide was coming in right to the logs. So, we declined and had a steak dinner on the hibachi instead.



As it was a calm evening we decided to row back to Hope Bay where we could use the public dock in the morning. We had already put up the canopy so Tony had to row while I steered and drank my coffee. In the sheltered estuary behind the dock we saw a beautiful black Chinese junk with large black eyes painted on the bow. The owner of the CHINA CLOUD leaned over the rail and asked us if we lived aboard. He seemed delighted that anyone would spend a week aboard a sixteen foot dinghy. We were equally impressed with his live aboard arrangements. He and his wife had built the incredible junk on Lasqueti Island and had chosen the design because he, too, wanted a flat-bottomed boat that would take the ground in shallow bays. We felt we had a lot in common but circumstances didn't allow a visit. We hope to meet him again in some quiet cove.



**SUNDAY, JULY 31**

We picked up Ted to give him a sail around the northern tip of Pender Island to Port Washington. From there we had one long sparkling tack across Swanson Channel to Beaver Point on Saltspring. I took the helm and enjoyed the challenge of angling across the white-capped waves. A few short tacks to clear Eleanor Point then off on the longest, fastest, most scenic run ever with the wind steady behind us all the way along the shore of Saltspring from Fulford Harbour to Musgrave Island. Just as we were about to turn the corner at Cape Keppel we saw an amazing mirage ahead of us. The boats that were out in Satellite Channel opposite Mill Bay were mirrored on another sea a hundred feet or so up on the mountain behind.

It is interesting to note how the wind often changes direction from one channel to another. This time it came down Finlayson Arm to follow us as we turned up into Satellite Channel. I laid on my back across the thwart and watched as the panorama of Saltspring's wilderness beaches sped past just beyond my outstretched toes. We had started at Hope Bay at ten a.m. and it was seven p.m. as we slipped around the point into Musgrave Landing.

\*\*\*\*\*

This was the anniversary of our first sighting of a Wayfarer on this day in 1982. In the intervening year, we had bought our kit, built W7493, learned how to sail and then formed a partnership with Wayne Moore to buy the kit-building business from Chris Blencowe when he had considered moving back to England. In the spring, between day sails, we had built a five hundred square foot workshop on our back lot and set up the new business. It had been an eventful year and we had a lot to be thankful for as we sat on the beach where it had all begun admiring the sunset.



Wayland Marine of Cobblewood,  
from left to right:  
Wayne Moore,  
Anne Moore (Wayne's mother),  
Tony Balding,  
Betty Lording (Tony's wife)

**FRIDAY, AUGUST 5**

Borrowed Tony's parent's spinnaker to use on a circumnavigation of Salt spring along with Wayne in W7310.

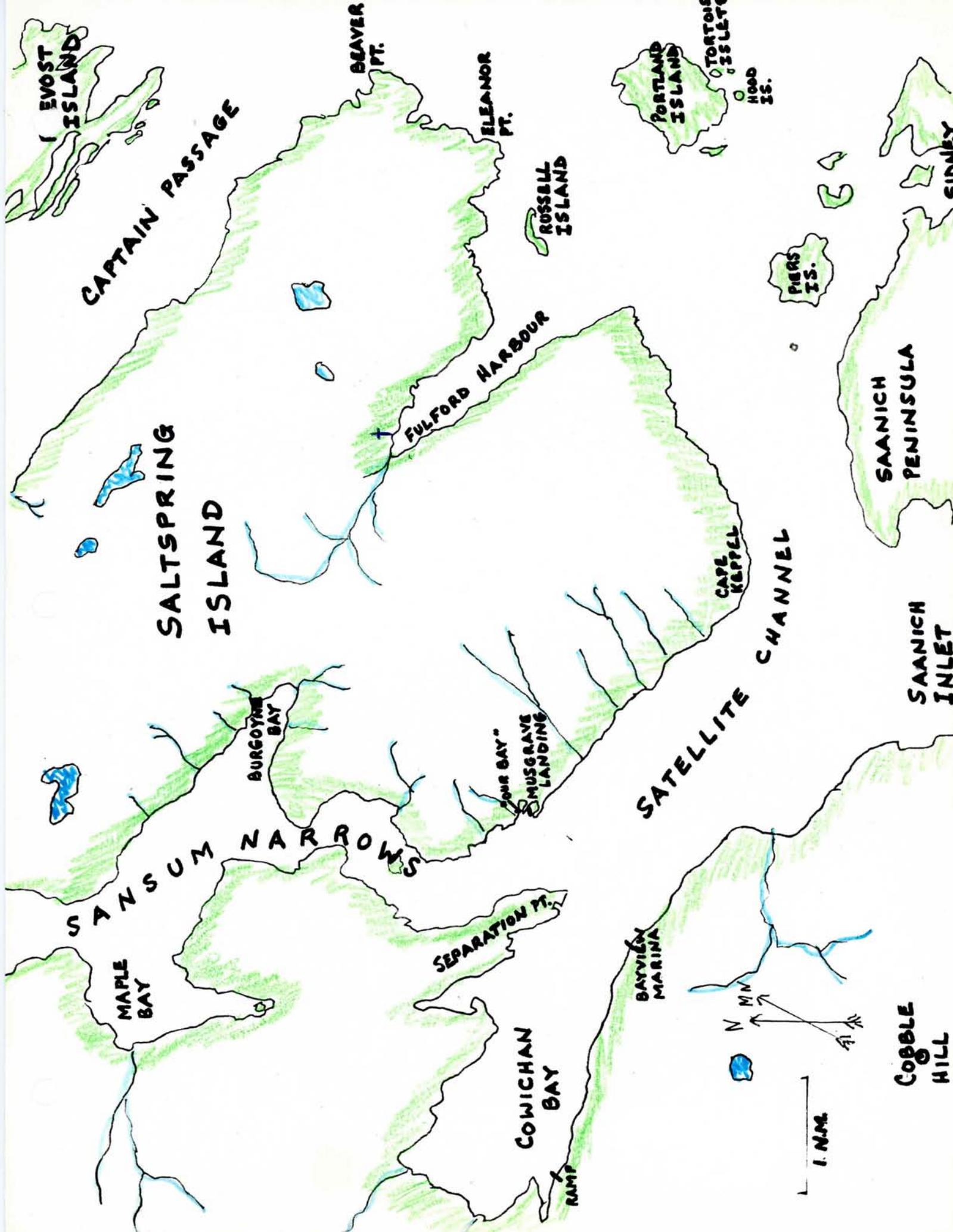
Off in a light following breeze out of Bayview Marina at the mouth of Cowichan Bay at 9:30 a.m. Tried the spinnaker until it threatened to drag us ashore then off in a steadily increasing wind to the southern tip of Saltspring. Wayne hadn't caught up with us, as he was single handing again and had reefed, so we took shelter in a tiny bay off the tip of Saanich Peninsula. We lay on the floorboards to warm up and dry off a little. By the time Wayne arrived the wind had lessened to the point that we didn't need to reef. Wayne's boat is much lighter since we are considered the mother ship and he sailed circles around us as we bucked the tide up past Fulford Harbour all afternoon while he dashed in and out of several bays on Princess Margaret Island. We finally got a good following wind going up Captain Passage and used the spinnaker to good advantage although it kept us busy. We headed for one of our favourite anchorages in the long finger of Annette Inlet on Prevost Island. Here we tried sailing by the main alone and found it better for visibility and manoeuvring while tacking in a narrow channel.



Wayne's Wayfarer with Saltspring Island in the background showing one of the beautiful western-facing "sunset" beaches.



Annette Inlet



EVOST ISLAND

BEAVER PT.

ELEANOR PT.

PORTLAND ISLAND

TORTOISE ISLETS  
HOOD IS.

CAPTAIN PASSAGE

RUSSELL ISLAND

FULFORD HARBOUR

SALTSRING ISLAND

CAPE KEMP

SAANICH PENINSULA

SAANICH INLET

SATELLITE CHANNEL

BURGOYNE BAY

FOUR BAY  
MUSGRAVE LANDING

SAN SUM NARROWS

MAPLE BAY

SEPARATION PT.

COWICHAN BAY

BAYVIEW MARINA

COBBLE HILL

1 N.M.



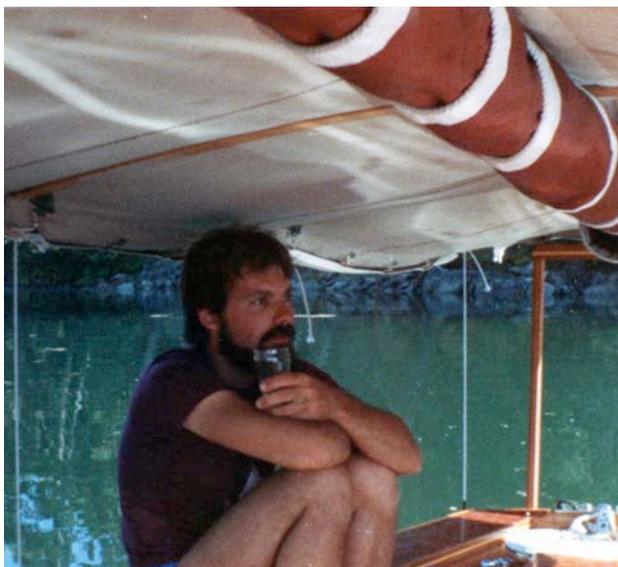
## **SATURDAY, AUGUST 6**

Off to Wallace Island on a quiet grey morning. The weather forecast was for slowly deteriorating conditions and we were a long way from home so we decided against a trip over to Montague Marine Park. Caught in a strong rip tide for a few hours off Long Harbour and then away up the eastern shore of Saltspring in improving weather. Wayne dashed over to Montague and up the coast of Galiano, while we lumbered along towards the government dock at Fernwood. Wayne had offered to share the gear, but since we usually travel alone we prefer to practice sailing fully provisioned. The dock at Fernwood is a long arm reaching out into the strong current without any shelter from the surrounding land. It was usually deserted but as we sailed in we were met by about a dozen people who were curious about the Wayfarer. Several kayakers, a woman cyclist who had met Wayne in Victoria the previous summer, as well as a few loungers on the dock all asked questions. As I walked up to the store I met a fellow from Maple Bay who had circumnavigated Saltspring in an Enterprise a few years before. He and his wife were amazed at the stability of the Wayfarer in comparison. It was a relief to get back out into the quiet waters of Houston Passage. As a matter of fact, this was the first time in four trips that there wasn't a small gale blowing in this channel. We coasted up to Princess Cove on Wallace Island then sailed quietly down the long narrow inlet past rafts of noisy powerboaters to the shallow head of the bay for an afternoon of swimming. A fellow rowed over to inquire as to what manner of boat we had and spent an hour talking while his punt slowly sank under him. Left our boat anchored and used Wayne's as a dinghy to visit some people who were building a cabin and planning to live all winter on this rather isolated island.

## **SUNDAY, AUGUST 7**

Off in the morning on a short hop to Thetis Island. We left the canopy up to dry in the sun as we rowed slowly down the inlet past the now quiet powerboats and yachts. Friendly inquiries as to whether we had a piano aboard, references to the African Queen and one mother who called her children to "come and see how boats looked in Grandfather's day" made us aware that we must have looked quite unusual. As we tacked past the northern tip of Saltspring we could look far back down Houston Passage to see Navy Channel in the distance. On the other side of Saltspring we could see all the way down to the mists of Sansum Narrows where we hoped to be on our trip home the next day. Several Indian women digging clams on Penelakut Spit gave us a friendly wave as we sailed by. We whooshed in to Clam Bay in a brisk high noon wind and weaved among the anchored boats. We had

lunch in the shallows under the canopy while we waited for the narrow man-made channel to fill enough to row through to the Brown's dock. It was a real challenge to row against the tide again, this time with the wind catching the canopy, but we soon reached the little mud-banked haven of "THE RUINS" as it is called on the local chart. This anchorage dries at low tide but it is so peaceful that we consider it a refuge from the world. The large mudflat bays on either side of the channel attract herons, kingfishers, eagles, gulls and ducks of all kinds. As well, the Browns are wonderful hosts. We consider ourselves very fortunate to have such good friends who just happen to live by the water. We made a pot luck dinner, enjoyed the luxuries of life ashore including hot water and flush toilets then slipped back down to the dock by moonlight to spend an absolutely silent night afloat in a sea of mud. I had to have faith that the tide would return.



Wayne at "The Ruins"  
Thetis Island



At dawn looking  
towards Clam  
Bay from the  
Browns'  
anchorage

### **MONDAY, AUGUST 8**

After much discussion about prevailing winds and tides we decided to flow with the morning tide through the "cut" back into Clam Bay and on down to Vesuvius pub for lunch. Wayne caught a back eddy by following the beach but we tacked back and forth for ages in a strong tide rip off the Spit. No amount of rowing seemed to help until we got free and then off on a lazy sail down the centre of the channel between Kuper and Saltspring (which is also called Houston Passage). Shamed a 28 foot C and C into putting up his sails after we passed him as he motored sleepily along. Raced him for a while, wishing we weren't carrying a hundred pounds of gear, then turned into the dock at Vesuvius for a welcome beer and a hamburger. We sat on the porch and watched the big east coast schooner ROBERTSON II sail by. We left early hoping to catch up with her going through the first part of Sansum Narrows, but we hadn't counted on the force of the wind coming out of Booth Bay which knocked us flat in a hurry. We dropped the jib as we were still not sure about reefing while under way and had a good wet thrash all the way through the long channel trying to avoid the ROBERTSON II which was heeled over despite its huge size (130'). I laughed to think that the captain of the ROBERTSON II was probably telling his novice crew that if they screwed up he would put them to sea in that wet little dinghy down there with the red sail. We turned into Maple Bay with the rollers following us out of Burgoyne Bay and had the fastest surf imaginable onto the beach near the government dock.



Pat's Place  
Maple Bay

Here was another welcome "yacht club". If Pat Clarke was home she would leave her patio umbrella up to signal us. This day she rushed me up to a hot bath and a cup of tea. I couldn't tell if my shaking and shivering was from nerves or the wind on my wet clothes. Another potluck supper here then down to the boats to sleep amid civilization for a change.

## **TUESDAY, AUGUST 9**



Headed off in a gentle wind to time the tide just right for the narrowest part of Sansum Narrows just to the south of Maple Bay. Even though I had worried frequently about this congested stretch with its fishermen jigging, trawlers circling, shifting winds and tide rips, we had a marvelously peaceful sail right through and were almost sorry to be finished our cruise so early in the day.

It was a temptation to spend the last night at Musgrave as we usually did, but commitments were calling us home. It was certainly hard to head into Cowichan Bay so early on a perfect sailing day after five days at sea.

\*\*\*\*\*

### **WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 17**

After a spell of rainy weather, we took advantage of the first sun to head off for another cruise. This time we took a naturalist friend of ours, Aileen Harmon, who was originally from Banff. We went directly over to Musgrave Landing because she had known Miles Smeeton and wanted to see the place where he had farmed on Saltspring Island. We had a wonderful picnic with fresh produce from her garden and our blackberry wine. Aileen slept on the beach under the cedar tree and had the coffee on by the time we woke up.

### **THURSDAY, AUGUST 18**

I had spent a damp night after I discovered a leak in our water jug. Aileen went off up the cliff to track the deer that had crashed through last night as we sat by the campfire. We took her back to Bayview Marina and continued south on a beautiful morning. We kept our options open in case the wind built up. As we tacked toward Princess Margaret Island we were sure we would spend the night there, but as we neared Fulford Harbour on the next tack we would plan supper at the pub. Finally, as we rowed across the ferry route within sight of the beach at Princess Margaret a mere wisp of a breeze came up and we decided to head all the way back across Satellite Channel to Fulford (a distance of almost four miles), as we hadn't managed to get there all summer. Of course as soon as we committed ourselves to this, the wind died down and we rowed all the way across the calm waters on a peaceful evening as the sun set. Someone kindly offered us a tow as we entered the harbour but fortunately we refused as a gentle breeze came up soon after and wafted us silently along giving us plenty of time to observe the shoreline. We anchored near the government dock at 8:30 p.m. after a twelve hour sail. We had planned this to be a short hop from Musgrave to Fulford with just time to dry our sleeping bags in the sun. Nevertheless it was one of our most relaxing days afloat.

### **FRIDAY, AUGUST 19**

Spent a lazy day tied to the dock, reading and eating ice cream cones in the sun. In the evening we walked along to see the old church, which stands at the head of the harbour. We were disappointed to discover that it had been renovated by using some modern plastic "rocks" tinted pink, orange and green which a member of the congregation had invented and kindly donated. I guess they couldn't refuse, but the result was a desecration as far as we were concerned. Even the stained glass window had been "rocked" in.

### **SATURDAY, AUGUST 20**

Had a delicious breakfast of homemade french toast at "Nan's" in Fulford then off down to the harbour ahead of the ferry. Had a brisk but dry sail across to Princess Margaret. Got a bit of a shock when we dinged our centreboard on a rock in the passage inside Hood Island. We had forgotten that the tide was lower than on our previous trip through here. Slightly chastened by the experience, we dutifully rounded Hood Island on the outside despite the wind and tidal currents which we had tried to avoid. Spent the afternoon anchored in a little bay behind the Tortoise Islets, people-watching as it was a busy summer weekend. Decided to spend the night ashore just to prove it could be done comfortably.

### **SUNDAY, AUGUST 21**

We woke up high and dry as planned but hadn't expected the 9.1 foot tide at 11p.m. which almost refloated us. It is very difficult to judge where each tide will reach on different beaches.

Went for a long walk around the east coast of the island admiring the sculptured sandstone formations that are such a feature on many of the Gulf Islands. Returned via the sheep and deer trails that crisscross the undeveloped parkland. Met several interesting people on the beach during the long sunny afternoon. One couple was fascinated by the Wayfarer because they were cruising with their toddler on a Drascombe Lugger with a tent which they set up ashore. They were envious of our ability to sail to windward and also to sleep aboard, while I admired their stamina to cruise and camp with a young child. We walked with them across the island to the bay where they were camped to compare boats. Later we met a fellow from Port Townsend, Washington with his family who kindly offered us a place to stay if we decided to go to the Port Townsend Boat Show next fall. His enthusiastic manner reminded us of John Denver.

Later, we washed our hair in the icy water of the well in the centre of the island.

Then we heard a man tell his friend that ours was the dinghy he had seen in this very bay earlier in the summer. These people had put up a cabin in the time it took him to pour a drink aboard his yacht! When he had looked back at us, we were settled for the night.

Finally I was about to answer yet another set-of enquiries when I recognized an old friend from Vancouver who had come in aboard his renovated old rum runner which he and wife live on now in Sidney. They invited us for drinks and we were amazed at the ease with which we went from being campers on the beach to being part of the sophisticated crowd afloat.

Princess Margaret is one of our favourite islands. It is unpopulated, undeveloped and inaccessible except by private boat yet it has a country charm because of the trails and the ruins of an estate.



## **MONDAY, AUGUST 22**

Off around the northern tip of the Saanich Peninsula and down Saanich Inlet to Brentwood Bay. When we found ourselves in a flat calm in the middle of the inlet we raised the boom by partially reefing to prepare for rowing once again. Then we realized it was too hot to row and we were in no hurry so we stretched out on the floorboards and opened a beer. All of a sudden we saw that we were sailing silently along despite the fact that it was still dead calm. We had invented the technique

of "mutilating the main" when caught in the "humdrums". It sure beat rowing. The baggy sail filled and we ghosted past several other boats into the bay. After a delicious dinner at the Inn we headed over to Tod Inlet for the night. We anchored off Butchart Gardens in the silent steep-sided bay and aroused the curiosity of neighbouring yachts as we raised the tent then settled on the bow to read the evening paper and have a drink. This Inlet is also threatened by a massive "world-class" development. It's unfortunate that people don't realise that the wilderness alone is "world-class", but then there is no profit in free scenery.

## **TUESDAY, AUGUST 23**

Home again in a stiff following wind that got so strong that we surfed the last few miles. We dropped the sails just before we reached the marina because we didn't think we could execute a sharp turn to port into a crowded marina with a brisk wind and a five knot tide. As it was, we didn't even need to row the last hundred yards...we could probably have come home under bare poles.

\*\*\*\*\*



\*\*\*\*\*

Here my log ends abruptly. We had come home reluctantly after six days with the assurance that we would go out again, but weather and commitments ashore kept the COBBLEWOOD high and dry in the back yard. This week she sailed again in our imaginations as we read the log and studied the charts once more.



\*\*\*\*\*

From the log of the COBBLEWOOD W7493

Tony Balding & Betty Lording  
Box 33  
Cobble Hill B.C.  
V0R 1L0

## **Addendum to "WAYFARING IN B.C.'S GULF ISLANDS"**

**By Tony Balding and Betty Lording**

It was a still evening in the little estuary of Hope Bay on North Pender Island. My husband and I spoke quietly as we rowed our dinghy around a marvelous Chinese junk with laughing eyes painted on her jet-black bow. Suddenly her owner appeared on deck and leaned over the rail. "Hey, do you two live aboard?" he asked in amazement.

We had been so fascinated with his live-aboard arrangements that we were oblivious to the fact that we must have looked quite unusual ourselves. We had been living aboard our sixteen foot dinghy for almost a week by then. That evening we looked even more strange because we had decided to change anchorages after we had raised the boom tent for the night. As it was calm, we simply lifted the bow and stern flaps for better visibility and stuck the oars out under the sides of the tent. I sat at the stern to steer while drinking my coffee and Tony pulled lazily on the oars. Discovering the beautifully crafted junk in the next bay was just one of the many delights of our cruise. Her owner, Alan Farrell, of Lasqueti Island, told us that he had decided to build a junk because its flat bottom allowed it to take the ground in shallow bays where he liked to anchor. We realized then that we had something in common.

The previous summer, we had been dreaming of trading our faithful little powerboat for a sailboat, but we hadn't wanted to trade our favourite wilderness coves for the crowded anchorages preferred by most keelboat owners. We were also afraid that the acquisition of a galley and a head would mean that we would spend all our time aboard, as others seem to do. We enjoy being close to the water's edge, cooking ashore and beachcombing. Here in the Gulf Islands, there are miles of unpopulated beaches and secluded bays to explore, yet the majority of yachts seem to dash frantically from one crowded marina to another, motoring the moment the wind becomes unfavourable.

On July 30, 1982, while lying on our favourite beach sheltered by a low cedar bow, we had discussed at length the merits of ketches and cutters as they hurried past on their way through Sansum Narrows, We eventually decided to let our sailboat come to us as so many good things in our life had done. Within the hour, a beautiful dark green dinghy slipped into the bay. Her tan sails hung slack in the drizzle and the wet mahogany decks glowed as a yellow-slickered figure rowed steadily towards the beach at our feet. A sprightly lady leaped from the bow with a large bunch of broccoli in her hand. "Is this beach private?" she asked politely as Tony went down the beach to greet them. Although we had been impressed with the lines of the little sloop, we assumed that there would be little else but broccoli aboard such a small open boat, so we

invited them to share our steak dinner which was sizzling on the hibachi. Over a bottle of our homemade blackberry wine, we discovered that they were fully equipped for a week-long cruise. Since everything was carefully stowed away, our first impression could be forgiven. During the long evening's discussion we realized that this was indeed "our" boat. The fact that she had found us so quickly made us even more certain.

We learned that the enthusiastic little lady was Margaret Dye, the English co-author of two books about dinghy-cruising. The boat which had taken our fancy was a "Wayfarer". The quiet fellow with Margaret was Wayne Moore, a local man, who had built his dinghy from a kit the previous winter and sailed her single-handed across Georgia Strait from Vancouver. He had offered to take Margaret cruising in the Gulf Islands when she had completed her promotional tour in Victoria. Dinghy cruising is not for everybody and she had felt that discussing the idea with affluent yachtsmen wasn't as effective as setting an example for others. Besides, she would rather be sailing! Here on a lonely beach she had met kindred souls. Even the setting was auspicious. We were in the very bay at Musgrave Landing where Miles Smeeton had moored TZU HANG years before.

Margaret explained that the Wayfarer had been designed by Ian Proctor in 1957 for cruising off the South Devon coast. He had drawn on his experience as a designer of racing boats to create a fast, roomy, stable craft which was trailerable as well as being economical to build with the new marine plywoods.

She is sixteen feet long with a six foot beam. The hull is double chined and draws less than six inches with the centreboard raised. Two exceptional features are her six inch wide side decks and the two large watertight compartments fore and aft for storage and buoyancy. He also included a triangle of single-celled neoprene in the head of the mainsail to prevent her from turning turtle. He called his new boat a Wayfarer to emphasize her unique cruising capabilities.

She has certainly lived up to her name! Frank Dye has sailed W48 from Scotland to Iceland, to the Faeroes and also to Norway. He weathered a force nine gale at one time. Geoff Heath of South Thomaston, Maine, sailed up the coast of Labrador to near the mouth of Hudson's Bay. Others have sailed from England to Europe and through the canals to the Mediterranean. In Canada, an active cruising association sails in the Great Lakes. Wayfarer associations promote races all over North America, Scandinavia, Europe and Greece.

We were reassured by the Wayfarer's reputation although we had no desire to race, nor were we about to circumnavigate Vancouver Island since at this time we didn't even know how to sail. We knew

we had found a boat that would let us make all the usual beginner's mistakes without disastrous consequences.

Undaunted by our total lack of experience in boat building, we purchased a kit in October of 1982. We were encouraged by Wayne's successful building experience and inspired by Margaret's enthusiastic letters, which referred to our chance meeting at Musgrave Landing as yet another example of "Wayfarer magic".

The boat was built on a jig to ensure accuracy. The kit was made of Bruynzeel mahogany plywood and used the West epoxy system. During the winter, many experienced sailing friends dropped by our tiny boat shed to marvel at the Wayfarer's design, but we had to take their word that she would be fast. We turned her over one day in February and removed the remaining pieces of the jig from the cockpit. That evening we stretched out on the floorboards amid the chaos and dreamed of warm summer evenings in "our" bay.

We launched the COBBLEWOOD on a windless day in April and realized at once that we had forgotten how pretty she would look in the water. During the spring we learned how to sail - by trial and error. Fortunately, the boat was forgiving and the weather was generally favourable. We seldom made the same mistake twice but we always managed to learn something new. We were the only sailors we knew who sat on the beach all afternoon waiting for the wind to die down so that we could get home!

One day Tony took our teenage daughter for a sail in Cowichan Bay. The wind became strong and the sky turned black. They decided to make a dash for home with water streaming over the bow and both of them sitting as far out on the side deck as they could manage without hiking straps. As they careened to a halt at the launching ramp, a by-stander expressed envy at their good luck in having such an exhilarating sail and begged Tony to take him out at once. He couldn't believe that Tony was a complete novice whose knees were still shaking with relief at being on dry land again. Driving home they both realized that the wind had indeed been strong as there were large trees and power lines down.

Although our extensive reading about the Wayfarer's feats had given us faith in the boat's stability, we felt we must be sure our own abilities as crew matched hers. We read more about heavy weather techniques and belatedly practiced reefing. Since then we have encountered many stiff breezes with confidence.

Most of our sailing to this time had been on the sea, but during an unseasonable heat wave last May we took three friends to nearby Quamichan lake for a day of sailing and swimming. There was plenty of room aboard for five of us and the boat remained steady as we stood on the decks to dive. Since then we have had two children and four adults aboard in comfort, but our favourite times are when we

stock up for a week and head for the Gulf Islands which surround Saltspring Island.

The large watertight compartments in the bow and stern hold most of our gear except for a few items that we tie down under the foredeck. As you can see by the accompanying list, we believe in being prepared for most emergencies and try to be independent even though we are traveling in sheltered waters within sight of land.

We generally anchor fore and aft in sheltered bays but occasionally we use the large fenders we carry under the side benches to roll the boat up a sandy beach. We don't find this as restful as sleeping while rocking gently on the waves, but it might come in handy some stormy night.

Vern Hope, a former Royal Navy sailmaker who lives in Nanaimo, designed a delightfully quaint canvas boom tent with removable side panels. On hot afternoons we put up the canopy with its four long battens resting across the raised boom and sit elegantly sipping cool drinks in its shade. People frequently refer to the "African Queen" as they pass and one mother called her children to "come and see what boats looked like in Grandad's day."

As the evening dew falls we attach the tent sides, usually leaving an end flap off to enjoy the twilight. Then we zip it all up and remove the rear side benches to make room for our sleeping bags. We snuggle into bed on either side of the centreboard to read by the light of the lantern.

On rainy days we can sit comfortably on the side decks because the high tent allows sitting headroom. The benches form a table or small sleeping platform when placed across the centreboard case and all our gear is within easy reach.

We choose not to carry a motor. The only time it is necessary to row is in a dead calm. Besides, with long oars this becomes pleasant exercise rather than a chore. We have even discovered a way of "mutilating the main"(sic), which results in a gentle sail in no wind at all. One still afternoon when we were caught in the "humdrums" we raised the stern end of the boom by partially reefing to make headroom for rowing. We then decided that it was too hot to row and settled down to enjoy a beer. We suddenly realized that the baggy mainsail had filled and we were ghosting along in a dead calm.

In all we spent twenty nights aboard the COBBLEWOOD this past summer. Our longest cruise was six days. From the first time we saw a Wayfarer we felt it would be the answer to our needs. After a wonderful slimmer of day sailing and cruising we discovered that she performs even better than we had anticipated. We have a boat that will take us anywhere a yacht would go - and a few places it wouldn't.

# wayland marine of cobblewood

Dec. 6, 1983.

Dear Mr. Netherton,

We thoroughly enjoyed borrowing the logs last winter and wanted to add our contribution to the Western Anthology. It wasn't meant to be so long but it was so much fun "being there" again that it just grew. As it was, we left out several trips.

I believe you keep a copy on file and lend out a xerox copy. If so, we would like to have it sent to us first and we will add another set of coloured prints - after all, a picture is worth a thousand words! I'm sure that the photographs won't print.

You may consider this for the competition or use any excerpts you wish for the Whiffle.

Sincerely,  
Betty Loring.

~~copy~~  
copy back  
sent Jan 84  
30 Jan 84  
& copy of  
library catalog  
Feb 84