



White Wolf in front of Lacey Falls on our Broughton Cruise. Thanks to Ken and Anne on Naida.

## Cruising is same, same – but different...

What a strange summer this had been! Our trip to the Broughtons with our intrepid leader, John Dixon, was full of reminders of what used to be. This was quite dispiriting as being on the boat, even doing boat jobs at the marina, had generally had such a sense of normalcy about it. The cruise really brought home how far reaching the effects of the pandemic have been and the impacts on even the most isolated places are depressingly visible.

Because our sailing bubble only got together for our 5:00 briefings, we were much more separate from our friends than would be normal. And although some harvests were shared we ate alone. There was nowhere to stock up on essentials (other than chips and dip!) as shelves were bare. Decades long traditions, like prawns at appie hour in Lagoon Cove, weren't happening – communal anything was cancelled.

What was the same – completely the same – was the feeling of being 'away' that I love. And the weather, of course. Predictably cold and wet with rejuvenating sunny hours here and there. And the wild beauty of it – the thick mists parting to briefly reveal myriad waterfalls before closing back up and obscuring the treeline. And whales blowing, ravens croaking, porpoises leaping – all that.

This newsletter recalls the GYC cruises we've enjoyed this year: **Liz and Lorraine** review Canada Day at Smuggler Cove – the first Covid cruise of the year and **John, Robert and Doug** all contributed to a comprehensive roundup of the Broughton flotilla's escapades. **Cristina and Andreas, John, Ken and Anne** and I took lots of photos – don't forget to enlarge them to see the details! Finally **Robert** tells a cautionary tale exposing a safety issue which few of us, fortunately, have had to confront. Make sure to take note and take action to be prepared if it happens to you.



Suzanne Walker, Editor S/V White Wolf

## A Message from our Commodore



### Dar Farrell, Commodore

It has not been an easy year – first COVID and now smoke. In spite of COVID, however, I think more people in our club sailed together than ever before. In fact, I think it was an amazing summer for keeping in touch with each other both while sailing and at home.

Continued p.2 Commodore's Message



# GULF SAILOR

## Executive Officers 2019

**Commodore:** Darlyne Farrell  
*SawLeeAh*

**Vice Com:** Chuck Spong  
*Windstrel*

**Fleet Captain:** Fred Bain  
*Koinonia*

**Staff Captain:** George Bamford  
*Somerset*

**Exec. Officer:** Pat Costa  
*Sparkle Plenty*

**Hon. Secretary:** Glen Mitchell  
*Tucana*

**Hon. Treasurer:** Martin Pengelly  
*Kailani*

**Hon. Signals Officer:** Andreas Truckenbrodt  
*Beautiful Day*

**Past Com:** John Dixon  
*Tantramar*

**Hon. Editor:** Suzanne Walker  
*White Wolf*  
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## Commodore's Message

Thanks to Robert, most of us became efficient and comfortable using WhatsApp. I say 'most of us' – I still need help. WhatsApp allowed us to find out where people were or where they were headed. It was also a way to get help and advice, like the name of a good mechanic in Lund, or just recently, about what to do when you are on the receiving end of a boat collision. It's also been invaluable to let boats close by know that you need help or a tow to somewhere.

Our first get together saw a good number of boats meet in Smuggler Cove for Canada Day. They were able to celebrate Phill Little's 80th birthday!!!

Following those celebrations John Dixon led a group that sailed and motored to and around the Broughtons. Rod and I did not join them but we were there for the send off in Squirrel Cove. We gathered on Dog Poo Island for drinking, eating, planning and greetings while keeping properly distanced and not sharing food. From stories I've heard, a great time was had by all.



And a month later there was a good representation from our club on BC day in Squirrel Cove. Once again we met on the island.

New ideas were tried and met with huge success. Our Dinghy Happy Hours will, I'm sure, become a tradition. With a large group it's hard to crowd into the cockpit of a boat but it's easy for everyone to get in their dinghy, take along their own snack and a drink, and form a circle. So you get to meet, talk, laugh, have a drink and eat all while keeping a safe distance and following the rules, including not sharing food. And any time the wind comes up and we float apart there's always someone who will start their engine and move us back together again.

Newcastle was different this year since we did not have our salmon barbecue. I think all of us missed that the most. There was a good turnout, however, about 42 people, including members and their families. We did keep track of all who attended as per Dr. Henry. We played some of the usual games: the Egg Toss and the Welly Toss (bring your own boot) and the Geocaching. Glen developed an intricate and lengthy treasure hunt. I think he'll be doing this again albeit with some tweaks. So, no large dinners but every evening we had happy hour where we met on the grass above the marina with our own drinks and food while distancing.

We have one more organized cruise this year: we'll be meeting at Telegraph Harbour on Thetis. We missed going to Thetis in May for our annual Victoria Day celebrations as it was early in the appearance of COVID and everything was shut down. The executive decided to make it a destination in September. Eleanor and Ron have graciously volunteered to arrange for our club to meet at a spot on the beach on Friday. Once again everyone has to bring their own drink and snack. Saturday we'll meet at the marina and partake in some games and visits. I encourage everyone to attend as it may be our last person-to-person get together this year.

The executive still has decisions to make before year end. One issue is discussing where, how and if we will have an awards ceremony. We have, sadly, cancelled the band. We have not yet cancelled the RVYC but will be making that decision soon. Andreas sent out a questionnaire and I hope you filled it out. He has also arranged to have the silver ship ballots sent out. Please remember to fill this in; there is still one more to come.

Congratulations to Bob Hamelin on his new boat, *Cormorant*.

I want to welcome our new members Julia and Paul. You will be able to meet them at Thetis.

I also encourage all of you who have not had a position on the executive to volunteer. It's a great way to contribute to our club and it helps to have new ideas and fresh thinking from those who have not participated on the executive before. Don't be shy – you will not be alone and there are many people you can turn to for advice.



*Squirrel Cove where the GYC fleet met up a couple of times this summer.*



*Napkin on board SawLeeAh.  
So that's their secret!*

# GULF SAILOR

## Fleet Captain's Report



This may be our last person-to-person get together this year.



Fred Bain, Fleet Captain  
S/V Koinonia

**Our last get together starts with a stop-over in Clam Bay on Friday, the 25th.**

- Ron and Eleanor have arranged for the club assemble for appies on the shore near their home on Thetis on the Friday at 1700hrs. Due to COVID recommendations from the Provincial Health Office, appies and drinks need to be brought by each boat and no sharing will take place.

**On Saturday, the 26th, we should arrive at Telegraph Harbour around noon.**

...hopefully after a nice sail from Clam Bay.

- Much like our Newcastle Island cruise there will be a more limited agenda than last year due to the above health recommendations.
- On Saturday afternoon we could have another Bocce tournament (bring your Bocce balls if you have some).
- We have also planned for two other contests for Saturday: the Paper Airplane Toss and a Fender Toss.

**Please call Telegraph Harbour by Saturday September 19th to confirm your reservation 1-800-246-6011.**

A Visa or Master Card number and expiry date to hold your reservation. Payment will be collected on arrival.

**A 24 hour notice of cancellation is required to avoid being charged, 48 hours for groups.**

**You are requested to call in on VHF 66 when approaching the marina to be given your dock spot.**

### September @ Porlier

Day	Turns Time	Maximum Time	Knots
25	4:23 AM	8:00 AM	6.1
25	11:56 AM	3:15 PM	-3.8
25	6:30 PM	8:33 PM	2.4
25	10:54 PM	2:25 AM	-3.7
26	5:28 AM	9:13 AM	6.3
26	12:57 PM	4:25 PM	-4.5
26	7:32 PM	9:45 PM	2.9
27	12:22 AM	3:36 AM	-3.9
27	6:35 AM	10:15 AM	6.6
27	1:48 PM	5:20 PM	-5.0
27	8:20 PM	10:42 PM	3.6
28	1:31 AM	4:35 AM	-4.2
28	7:37 AM	11:11 AM	6.8
28	2:31 PM	6:03 PM	-5.3
28	9:00 PM	11:29 PM	4.4
29	2:25 AM	5:25 AM	-4.4



# GULF SAILOR

## Canada Day 2020 – Covid-style

It was a *Beautiful Day* when everyone began settling in at Smuggler Cove. Fortunately, there was no *Rogue Wave* to upset Norm and Gladys when they arrived.

Daily visits by *Sparkle Plenty* gave us *Perspective on Koinonia* (which, according to Wikipedia refers to communion or fellowship, joint participation – a very apt description of the GYC membership! Ed.). *Fast Forward* to July 1st when *Naida*, *Tantramar* and *Tucana* arrived. *Somerset* was a Trooper and kept *Kiwi Kruza Forever Young*. *Moondance* staked out the anchorage as the first boat in the cove. *Willpower* provided a *Renewal* of energy.

We were able to keep our required social distance during our two gatherings on a nearby island. The first was for appies and the second one was to celebrate Phill Little's 80th. Nancy brought a lovely cake, balloons, flags, tablecloth, wine and all things necessary to celebrate the birthday. The celebration began with Nick's reading of the following poem:



*There are two kinds of fairways in Phill's lively life:  
one green, the other deep;  
And steering straight down the middle of each  
is the course he likes to keep.  
So we'll raise a full glass to our mariner friend,  
and give thanks we are so matey;  
For though we know he has the wisdom of age,  
we can't believe the bugger's EIGHTY!*



Liz Reiniger  
S/V *Moondance*



Catherine had spotted a birthday card perfectly suited for the occasion -- The words, "Forever Young" stood out on the cover followed by "...ish" inside. Andreas presented Phill with a special bottle of champagne and card signed by everyone. He also added a bottle of champagne to be shared by all members.

George sang a little song he adapted to the tune Jack Was Every Inch A Sailor -- "Phil is every inch a sailor. Two score years he's been a member. The GYC can see his future will forever be forever young". A round of Happy Birthday followed.

Word had gotten out that July 1st is Deirdre Bain's birthday so Phill made a toast to Deirdre and a second round of Happy Birthday was sung.





# GULF SAILOR



Klaus trying out his Mast Mate.

Groups of hikers explored the trails to the western outlooks over the water. Others walked the other way to the road, enjoying a beaver dam, baby ducks, lily pads and moss covered trees. Lorraine photographed everything along the way.

Once settled, some members got out paddle boards, skiffs and kayaks for a meet and greet on the water. Others kicked back with a glass of wine to visit with neighbours rafted on either side or, in Klaus's case, tested out his new mast mate.

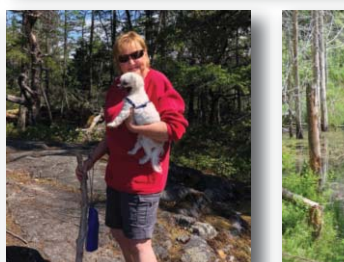
A second walk was scheduled for the morning of Canada Day but was delayed by an anchor tangle between *Beautiful Day* and a visiting nearby boat.



Fast Forward coming into the cove.



The weather was hot and sunny one day, cold and chilly the next. Some members like Pat and Rui, bottom left, visited with friends in their dinghy while many others assembled on the grass to catch up. A large group dinghied to shore before setting off in different directions.



A good July 1st was had by all. On July 2nd all boats departed for other destinations, some en route to the Broughtons.

*Moondance* proceeded to Pender Harbour to reprovision and were happy to discover *Perspective* there as well. We had several nice visits and walks and then went on to Keats with *Somerset*. The anchorage at Keats was iffy and we were getting too close to other boats so Klaus decided we would have a middle of the night moonlight cruise to Port Graves for more security.



# GULF SAILOR

## Sailing Flotilla to the Broughtons

John led a large group of enthusiastic GYCers up to the Broughtons. Herding cats might be easier but John kept his cool and his good humour to help make it a terrific cruise.

In the summer of 2019 I was fortunate to be included in a cruise to the Broughton Archipelago with another yacht club and it was an excellent experience. Over the winter I was remembering this and reasoned that the GYC should do something similar. To this end, I invited other members to join me with the expectation of maybe three or five participants. I am pleased to say that the numbers were impressive and in Cullen Harbour we were up to 13 boats! Along the way the numbers varied as some boats went one way, others went a different direction and a few headed south in an attempt to find drier weather. Some were forced to alter their plans due to mechanical issues and return to Vancouver or head to Port McNeil or Campbell River for repairs.

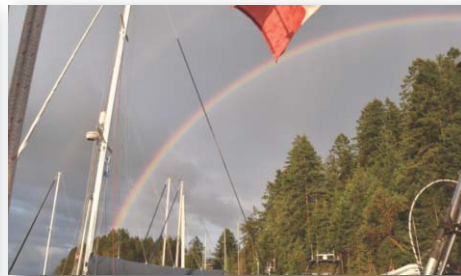
The actual "cruise" started in Smuggler Cove following the Canada Day rendezvous. In 2011 Roz Bell, Judy Crumlin and the ship's dog, Bailey, sailed to the Broughtons on *Aura*, a Coronado 25. For this intrepid voyage they received the Bill Penny Trophy. An account of their passage, written by Judy Crumlin, (see excerpt below) was published in the February 2012 *Gulf Sailor* and I have always used this as a guideline when heading to this area.



John Dixon,  
Past Commodore  
S/V Tantramar



First stop after Smuggler Cove, Van Anda, as big winds were expected. A beautiful rainbow augured the successful cruise to come. Photos by Cristina Pow (CP)



Following their route, the GYC fleet stopped in Sturt Bay, Squirrel Cove, Shoal Bay, Forward Harbour and Lagoon Cove.

John Dixon's Report continued on p.10

## Meanwhile, back in Vancouver...

With Buck gone, I was looking forward to my summer sailing and when I heard about John offering to lead a group of people to the Broughtons, I decided this would be the year to do it.

I was really glad to hear on WhatsApp that I wasn't the only one suffering a delayed departure, but I was anxious to leave and get back out on the boat where my spirit needed me to be. At last, almost a week after I had planned, I finally pulled away from the dock just before 8:00 and headed north.

The boating gods were with me and as I passed Gibsons, the current added to my boat speed. I got to Smuggler's in good time, met briefly with George and Lorraine who were heading south the next day, and carried onward to get closer to Squirrel. And then the sailing gods were with me too, and a nice SW wind pushed me northwards. With a fuel stop in Grief Pt (where I found I'd burned fuel at twice my normal rate!), I made it into Squirrel Cove before dark. I found a spot to anchor close in by the reversing rapids, dropped the hook prior to sunset at 9:20, went below and slept like a log.

I noticed that many members were concerned with my safety, and it felt nice inside to know so many people cared. I am so appreciative of being a part of the GYC, and that appreciation continued so many times throughout the trip.

Robert's Reflections continued on p.7



Robert Sinkus,  
S/V Reality

"I crewed for my sailing buddy and Staff Captain, Roz Bell, in her Coronado 25 *Aura*, plus her boat dog, Bailey.

After the fun at Smugglers, we met up with Geoff Stevenson, *Taeko 4*, Dr. Doug and Iris, *Kwinnum*, and Ian Peterson on his new boat, *Champagne*.

(I know we rag-boaters think that power boats are a move to 'the Dark Side' but his is gorgeous: spectacular galley and a walk round king sized bed! Wow!)

We rafted up in Squirrel Cove and left next morning for the Yucultas and Dent Rapids.

Got thru just fine and rafted up again at Shoal Bay on East Thurlow. Lovely sunshine for a walk in the forest, but the guys realised that the anchors were dragging, so we all dashed back to the boats. Ian took off and anchored in a less windy place, while Roz and I found a tiny spot at the dock. Geoff and Doug found their anchor lines were inter-twangled (*love that descriptive adjective, Ed.*), so they stayed put.

After a very windy night, we decided to take a day off before going to Blind Channel on West Thurlow. We'd meet with the others later on."

For the full account see *Gulf Sailor 2\_2012*



Roz Bell and Judy Crumlin accepting the Bill Penny Trophy for their epic voyage.



# GULF SAILOR

## A busy recovery day in Squirrel Cove

Robert's Reflections continued from p.6

The next day, I dove my boat, expecting to see growth on the prop and shaft to clean off to make her faster, but they were surprisingly clean. Ken and Anne very kindly provided me with a soft copy version of the CHS tide and current tables. The consensus from the GYC WhatsApp Community was that the CHS tables were the best (vs, say, Navionics, Garmin, etc.), especially when it counted.

Cristina came over on her paddle board and asked me about how things were going and later, she and Andreas gave me a dinghy ride to the start of our hike across to Von Donop where I hit John with a barrage of questions about the trip, and he patiently listened to and answered them all. Some of us decided to continue to the Von Donop Lagoon for a longer hike and I chose to go along. Well, John, Cristina and Andreas were hiking at a much faster pace than me, and it was all I could do to keep up with them. I really appreciated when Andreas paused periodically to "check his phone", giving me a chance to catch up.



*The stopover in Squirrel Cove was busy – a long hike to Von Donop, paddle boarding, a social hour on Dog Poo Island and peaceful sleeps! CP*

Upon our return I dove on *Reality* once again as I was worried about my zincs only to discover that one of the two was still there and in substantially good condition. I looked at my phone and saw there were now messages, including one from John that answered all the questions I'd asked him, and which he'd sent it before the hike. I then inflated my dinghy with my new manual pump (that as advertised, was almost as fast as an electric one). With the dinghy (and all the other stuff) out of my lazarette, I had access to do boat yoga to check on my diesel vent desiccant dehumidifier media which was pink, so I replaced the desiccant with fresh blue media.



In the middle of all this, Andreas offered me a dinghy ride to our socially distant appie hour on Dog Poo Island but I wanted to get the work done and an hour later, when I finally dinghied over to the island, our lot were departing. Dar gave me a big virtual hug and she and Rod informed me that *SawLeeAh* would be headed south as it looked like her battery bank wasn't holding a charge.

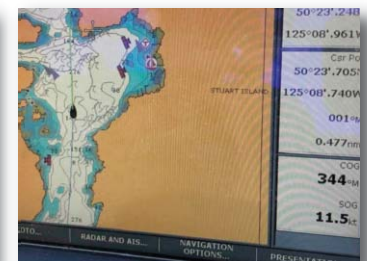
I dinghied by *Beautiful Day* to thank Andreas and Cristina, and they graciously gave me oysters to cook for dinner. Then, saying hi to Pat and Rui, they offered to cook the oysters for me and before I knew it, they were sharing their oyster dinner and wine with me! And we had a lovely conversation, while Rui kept apologising for what, to me, were wonderfully cooked oysters that were DELICIOUS!

## Glen and I off early the next morning!

Sunday I left with Glen at 6:30, a half hour early so we wouldn't hold up the flotilla. The Yacultas had some minor whirlies, and Gillard Pass was smooth with fast speed over ground riding the ebb. Approaching Dent, a Huge Power boat was approaching from the opposite direction. I adjusted course to starboard, and he adjusted – still headed towards me. When he finally altered course and turned to miss me, he slammed both myself and Glen with his 3 foot wake, right as we were going down Dent Rapids. That was the hardest part.



*Glassy and smooth through the rapids with Beautiful Day speeding like a powerboat at 11.5 knts! CP.*



Robert's Reflections continued on p.8



# GULF SAILOR

## Meanwhile, *White Wolf* tries to catch up to the Broughton group ...

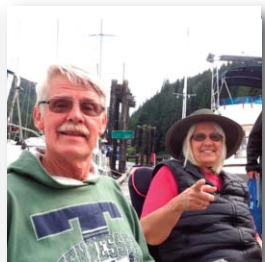
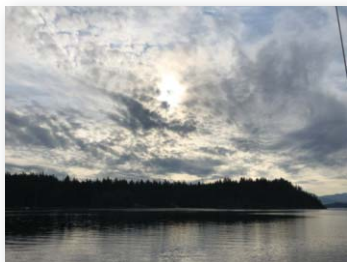
Like Robert, our plans *gang aft agley'd* before we'd even left the dock too! After loading up and just about to turn on the engine, we discovered the cooler wasn't cooling. So...after the previous day's unloading the fridge, loading the car, unloading the car, loading the cooler we had to do everything in the reverse and then take apart the cooler AND take a ferry home. We were incredibly lucky to find someone who took pity on us and offered to look at it that evening (call for his name if you're interested). Meanwhile at home, unloading car, loading fridge back up, etc. etc. Doing all in reverse the next day after cooler repair guy repaired it. Return to boat, hunt for a refrigerant leak – can't find one. Cross fingers it will keep working.

Finally depart the following morning and reach Sturt Bay after a long day motor sailing all the way. And then on to Squirrel the next day where we had a nice visit with *SawLeeAh* who were having battery problems and so heading home early. We left, too, after a night's good rest, and met up with *Willpower* and *Jewell II* at Surge Narrows before carrying on to Shoal Bay together.



Suzanne Walker,  
S/V *White Wolf*

Suzanne's Notes continued on p.9



The weather was changing – brilliant blue skies had given way to high cirrus overnight. We arrived in time for the our first route planning meeting. SW.



A challenging climb up the river bed and then on to the Gold Mine. Rewarding views from the top was worth the extra Voltaren needed afterwards! CP.



A short hike to a lovely beach and playtime for Maddie and Fred. SW Looking north to the top end of Forward Harbour with all the fleet at anchor. CP

I got back in time for the group hike across to Bessborough Bay where the water, although brown, was nice – much warmer than at Squirrel Cove. After the hike, Don took me for a ride in his tender, and we took our time to really explore and see the shore of Forward Harbour.

We had a shore side appie hour and planning session: John talked about Root Point at the entrance to Havannah Channel and the clam gardens there, the transits/ranges in Chatham Channel, and what to expect at blowhole.

Robert's Reflections continued from p.7

## Shoal Bay to Forward Harbour

Departed Shoal Bay at 7:45 with Glen as the rains stopped and turned to sunshine. We rode the Green point rapids down the centre of the tongue – as Don said “letting me know what it felt to be going fast like a power boater.” Pulled into Douglas Bay near the mouth of Forward Harbour and anchored. I went in the dinghy straight up to the head of Forward Harbour, and saw a black bear on the shore who looked at me, and then decided to be shy and scamper up into the woods.



Naida, Koinonia, Beautiful Day, Willpower, Renewal, White Wolf, Sparkle Plenty, Reality, Tantramar, Boqueron, and Jewel in Douglas Bay.



# GULF SAILOR

## Onwards up Johnstone Strait to Havannah Channel and Lagoon Cove...



Ominous clouds but no wind, then a nice breeze, then a pod of dolphins across our path just past Broken Islands! To a very quiet Lagoon Cove. SW.



Alas, no prawns for appie hour like the old days. Anne and Ken untangle their prawn trap lines to catch their own. Old GYC burgee. Meeting place. SW

Suzanne's Notes continued from p.8

## Picking up the story in Kwatsi Bay where good and bad things happened



'When we got to Kwatsi Bay the weather really socked in and so decided to stay for a couple of nights. Two totally unexpected things happened there: the *best* thing occurred at our evening planning session when Anka, the charming owner of the marina, appeared with two beautiful loaves of bread and a pound of butter!!!

The *worst* thing was when Glen discovered that BOTH of his engine mounts had sheared off and he only had one spare.

There ensued much searching of tool boxes and hard-to-reach places to find anything that would work to jury-rig a repair. But no such luck. By virtue of forward planning and clever transom design, Glen managed to get all the way back to Vancouver with just the wind and his trusty outboard to get there. Incredibly, he got the bits he needed, made the necessary repairs and got back up to Desolation without skipping a beat. Impressive role modelling Glen!



Suzanne Walker,  
S/V White Wolf



July 10th "I am safely moored in Echo Bay." July 11th: "Rain. Rain. Rain. Heading south now." July 13th: "Moored at Gorge Harbour. Going to the pool." July 16th: Tucana had a hard sail against the wind and tide from Plumper Cove but I am docked at Milltown Marina Now. Parts are on the way."



Somewhat rickety docks but a nice sheltered area for distanced appie eating. The surprise loaves. Andreas finding good wifi near the office. CP and SW.



# GULF SAILOR

## John picks up the story at Lacey Falls

We spent a very rainy two nights in Kwatsi Bay. One of the benefits wet weather brings is the magnificent cascade of water over Lacey Falls. It was spectacular and we all tried to capture images of each other's boats with Lacey Falls in the background. Some succeeded.

John Dixon's Report continued from p.6



John Dixon,  
S/V Tantramar

The core group of cruisers were in the Broughtons for 16 days and the Tantramar log indicates that it rained on 11 of those days.

Most days started off wet but would improve to cloudy or bright sky and there were a few days of sunshine as well. This is typical Broughton summer weather and we were fortunate to avoid any real fog.



Having arrived in the Broughtons the exploring began along with fishing, prawning and bear spotting. I believe everyone that put a hook or trap in water did well and most saw bears.



Left above: great shot of the Lacey Falls in Tribune Channel. JD. Above: Willpower KB (left) and Naida. CP and JD.



GYC raft-up in Simoom Sound. This area is great for bear spotting but less so for those wanting to safely hike in the woods. In Mackenzie Bay, we waited in our dinghys while Mr Bruin turned over enough rocks to have his fill before finally moving along back into the woods. We had a short walk in a different direction towards Shawl Bay. JD SW



After more torrential rain and another drying out day we headed for Cullen Harbour under brighter skies that excited the dolphins as much as it did us.



# GULF SAILOR

Everyone saw lots of dolphins and whales – mostly humpbacks. I had a very close encounter with one when sailing in Fife Sound. As I neared shore in a nice breeze and was preparing to tack, I heard an unfamiliar noise. I thought “#@\$, I don’t need some problem right now.” Sure enough, about one boat-length off the bow was a huge humpback whale that had clearly seen *Tantramar*, spouted and was sounding.



Above: Not John’s actual whale – these were taken by Andreas.

Far left: Boqueron visited Echo Bay en route to join the others in Cullen Harbour. SW. Sparkle Plenty sailing up Fife Sound. JD



After Simoom Sound everyone gathered at Cullen Harbour, and a couple of boats joined the group. Most of the fleet later headed to Turnbull Cove, Drury Inlet, a very deserted Sullivan Bay, rock infested Laura Cove, bombproof Lady Boot Cove, a

rather open Spout Islet then midden rich Mound Island. We spent two nights in most of these places.

One thing that was evident this year was the lack of other cruising boats. Due to Covid19 there are no American vessels in our waters and the marinas must be suffering. Sullivan Bay has moorage for up to 80 boats and when we were there we saw only eight. Seven were GYC boats. In Kwatsi Bay our number was nine with only one other boat. Some boats went to Echo Bay and reported similar numbers. Needless to say, any marina we visited was glad to see the GYC.



Sullivan Bay, like all the other marinas, was suffering from the lack of cruising boats. CP

case and provisioned carefully before leaving town. There was also no Billy Proctor. He is recovering from surgery and not greeting boaters at his museum as he normally does. Apparently he is doing well but “not buying any green bananas” (his words).

I believe somewhere in the GYC constitution is the requirement to have a “meeting” every day at 17:00 when cruising. This we adhered to, be it on shore, on foredecks, in a dinghy raft-up or on a marina dock. Social distancing was definitely observed although as time passed we became our own little bubble. The “agenda” would normally include discussions regarding the day’s events, a bit of local history and the next day’s destination.

Because of so few boats the marinas that have provisioning opportunities have very little on offer and many shelves were bare. Some frozen food, a few canned or dried items and a bit of junk food was all that was available. The normal “appie hour” offered by most marinas was absent and pig roasts were not available at Echo Bay. We all knew this was going to be the



Meeting in the sunshine in Sullivan Bay (above). John was a most conscientious ‘leader’, calling the ‘meeting’ to order, making sure everyone was informed about the next day’s itinerary, often filling us in on interesting historical tidbits about our new surroundings. Below he describes the size of the fish he caught on his detour to Cullen Harbour (and the ones that got away!), all while enforcing safe distancing. Robert epitomizes our laid back meeting etiquette.



As we quit the Broughtons the group found its way to Forward Harbour then Thurston Bay, Campbell River and on to Desolation Sound. Many thanks to *Beautiful Day*, *Boqueron*, *Christie Cove*, *Jewell II* (not a member yet), *Karavia*, *Koinonia*, *Kwinnum*, *Naida*, *Reality*, *Renewal*, *Snap Shot*, *Sparkle Plenty*, *Tucana*, *White Wolf* and *Willpower* for joining. I think the cruise was a great success!



# GULF SAILOR

## But wait! There's more!

Companionship, happy hours, bears, whales, dolphins, soaring mountains, cascading waterfalls, exciting sails, cold, rain, fog, would I go again? I'm already making plans.

I motored out of Sturt Bay and pointed *Willpower's* bow north towards Malaspina Strait. Bright sunlight danced on the water and warmed the back of my neck. *Tantramar* and *Tucana* were ahead; other boats from the Gulf Yacht Club flotilla, *Beautiful Day*, *Naida* and *Koinonia* were behind me, just leaving the Texada Island Sailing Club docks. After an hour, a freshening breeze buffed my head and shoulders. I cut the engine and set my sails, wing on wing. With the engine's racket banished, *Willpower* whispered through rippling water. To my stern, a



spinnaker billowed from *Beautiful Day's* bow. Dark red stripes contrasted with a white background, lit by morning sun. Small white crests formed on the waves as a fair wind strengthened and we ran towards our destination. Familiar sights slid by, Harwood Island, Mystery Reef, its rocks poking above the surface like black teeth ready to tear out a way-

ward hull, Savary Island, Lund and finally the entrance to Thulin Passage. Our flotilla was bound for Squirrel Cove in Desolation Sound and beyond to the Broughton Archipelago.

I left the flotilla on their second day at Squirrel Cove and detoured to Quadra Island to pick up my friend Bob in Drew Harbour. He had crewed for me in the past and it was reassuring to have him aboard once again. He can diagnose and correct any boat problem from a cantankerous alternator to a plugged fuel filter. As Bob and I departed Drew Harbour to rejoin the flotilla we wondered what sights and adventures awaited us in this exotic archipelago of 200 islands wedged against the coast mountains of British Columbia.



Bob, Doug and Bill at appie hour.



there is a sombre mystique.

The Broughton Archipelago is beautiful: steep-sided fiords, white mountain peaks against blue skies, waterfalls gushing down rock faces. Even in the rain, when clouds creep down the hillsides and the sea is grey,

Our first stop after Drew Harbour, on route to the Broughtons, was Shoal Bay on East Thurlow Island. "It's one of my favourite places," said John, the flotilla leader. "I have many favourite places up here."

It's easy to share John's enthusiasm. From the Shoal Bay dock, we enjoyed views of Cordero Channel and the snow-capped peaks at the head of Phillips Arm. We waited in line with GYC boats, manoeuvring close to shore to experience Lacey Falls in Tribune Channel. White water sprung from the green timbered slope and tumbled 75 metres down a granite face to the water. Our clanging diesel engine could not drown out the fall's thunder. At Kwatsi Bay, the flotilla nestled on the dock, below high grey cliffs, dotted by waterfalls that fill the air with their roar.

The Broughton Archipelago is sprinkled with small, funky, marinas run by spirited, independent people. The couple who run Shoal Bay, Mark and Cynthia, have worked hard to create a gem in this remote corner of the British Columbia coast. Despite the isolation, there are showers, wi-fi and even a tiny pub that looks more like a house that would be at home in an alpine village. On the afternoon we arrived, Cynthia, wearing a broad straw hat and a loose cotton shirt, was working in her garden growing fresh vegetables that were available for sale to boaters.

Kwatsi Bay Marina reflects the hardy spirit of the person who runs it. It consists of one long dock with room for about a dozen boats. There are no facilities. As Bob and I approached, we were unsure that it was even a marina at all, thinking it might be a salmon farm, but a lone figure on the dock waved us in. Anka, a slim athletic woman in her fifties runs the place on her own while her husband isolates in their cabin because of Covid. They raised their children in this remote spot and as they've moved away now, the couple lives most of the year in Sointula, returning to Kwatsi during the cruising season. During happy hour, Anka placed two loaves of fresh-baked bread on the table. The bread was warm and soft. A perfect treat on a cold rainy day.



Doug MacLeod,  
S/V *Willpower*



A bit 'rustic' but super friendly.



# GULF SAILOR

Mosquitos were the most common wildlife we encountered at the beginning of the trip and they were plentiful. One bright sunny morning in O'Brien Bay the flotilla met a black bear. It was ambling along a beach at low tide, turning over rocks and enjoying a meal of tiny crustaceans. Normally the bear would have carried out the search in quiet isolation but that morning its solitude was broken when ten dinghies buzzed into the bay,



like a motorcycle gang invading a small town. We had planned to walk along the short path that leads to Kingcome Inlet but seeing that the beach was occupied by this potentially hostile local resident, we decided to delay and lay off the shore in our dinghies. The bear glanced at us then continued sauntering along in search of food. Invaders would need to wait until it finished lunch. Eventually the bear strolled into the trees and we went ashore. Many of our party were nervous and hesitant to take the trail so by some unstated consensus I found myself

at the head of our expedition. Two dozen friends followed, trepidation on their faces as I led the way through the bush, clapping my hands to announce our presence.



*Doug changing out of hiking boots.*

Sea mammals provided the greatest delight but their appearance was not always convenient. Jaimie and Rick in *Renewal*, Bill in *Jewel II* and Bob and I in *Willpower* were running Yuculta Rapids, Gillard Passage and Dent Rapids as low slack tide approached. Huge volumes of water gush through these tidal passages making them dangerous when the current is running. After transiting the Yuculta Rapids on the last of the ebb, we pushed our throttles forward, anxious to make Dent Rapids before the flood became too strong. Timing was tight but it looked as though we were going to make it. We were about 200 metres from Gillard Passage when we saw a whale spout blow in the air, followed by several others. Normally this would be thrilling but a pod of a half dozen Humpback Whales, milling at the entrance to the passage, blocked our way. It was reckless and against the law to motor through them so we had no choice but to circle at a distance and hope they would disperse. I checked my watch. The current was already switching to flood at Dent. Fortu-



nately, after we made two or three wide circles, the pod moved on. We entered the two-hundred and fifty-meter wide Gillard Passage, transiting it in only a few minutes.

An encounter with a pod of about three dozen Pacific White-sided Dolphins in Simoom Sound was our most exciting contact with cetaceans. The pod dashed by in a wild column, a boat length from us, leaping in the air, water streaming off their backs, sunlight sparkling in the spray. Water around them bubbled and churned like a fast-moving river. Sailors of old believed that dolphin sightings were good omens. We shouted with joy and pumped our hands in the air to salute them. Following an unidentified leader, they looked like a high-school track team on a run. After passing us, the dolphin column rounded a headland into McIntosh Bay and disappeared. We continued quietly on our way, keeping a sharp eye for more sea mammals in the hope that we could again enjoy their company



Every afternoon at 5:00, rain or shine, on rocky islands, pebble beaches, docks, dinghy rafts or on boat decks, members of the Gulf Yacht Club's Broughton flotilla gathered for happy hour. We practiced social distancing, but as usual, stories were told, plans shared and advice given. Experienced Broughton cruisers shared their favourite anchorages. We talked about the best times to transit rapids or the dangers of Johnstone Strait in a big Northwester during an ebb tide. We caught up on each others' lives ashore, family and friends. Gulf Yacht Club sailors always enjoy one another's company and never run out of things to talk about. Happy hours bubbled with stories and the laughter got louder as the gathering went on.

John usually held a meeting during happy hour and attempted to conduct business. Conversations continued to percolate after he called for order and several times the meeting broke down as small groups commented on plans or told stories among themselves. John values participatory democracy and soldiered on, encouraging the group to consider the next destination. He shared information on the distance to anchorages and the pros and cons of each one. Slowly, with John's patient urging, a consensus would emerge. John also filled us in on local characters and retold jokes he had picked-up on previous cruises. The jokes were told well and he'll tell them again if you ask him.



# GULF SAILOR



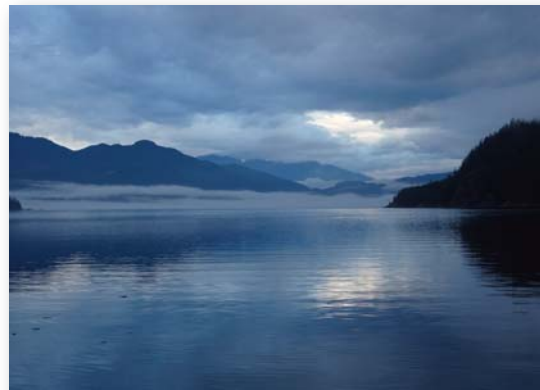
Bill on *Jewel II* and Miles and Suzanne on *White Wolf*.

At 6:00 am, Bob and I weighed anchor in Small Inlet and headed for the Lower Rapids in Okisollo Channel in time to catch slack water at 8:00. As we motored out of the anchorage, we discovered that the alternator was not charging. I felt a stab of anxiety. Then Suzanne came over the VHF. "We have fog out here." My anxiety spiked higher. Transiting a set of rapids for the first time always makes me nervous but to do so in the fog on a boat that is not equipped with radar was an even scarier proposition. "We'll wait for you to catch up and go through together," Suzanne offered. My heart rate eased. Suzanne organized us into a line, led by radar equipped *Jewel II*, followed by *Sparkle Plenty*, then ourselves in *Willpower* and finally *White Wolf*, also with radar, bringing up the rear.

The fog drifted silently and at times showed signs of clearing, giving us false hope, only to thicken again. I zipped up my jacket against the cold moist air and shivered. *Willpower*



*White Wolf* leaving Small Inlet



"We've got fog out here!"

stern. We heard Bill on the radio, attempting to hail a vessel transiting Okisollo in the opposite direction to us. Peering into the fog, we waited for the oncoming boat to ghost by but she remained invisible. Her wake rolled out of the mist to bump against our hull. Time seemed to stand still but our transit of the Lower and Upper Rapids was only 20 minutes. Half an hour later, as we motored into the Octopus Islands, the fog began to ease. By the time we dropped the anchor in Waiatt Bay the sky was blue and a summer sun warmed our spirits.

In the Broughton Archipelago skippers need to rely on one another when things go wrong. Two of our fleet experienced mechanical breakdowns that would have spelled disaster far away from a marine mechanic but with the support of other sailors and a healthy dose of ingenuity, they made it through the crisis. Glen, on *Tucana*, had his engine mounts break on the passage to Kwatsi Bay. Determined to avoid defeat he attacked the problem at the dock. Other skippers provided advice and threw open their toolboxes, offering parts but in the end Glen was unsuccessful. Disappointed but not defeated, he motored back to Vancouver, using an outboard engine, where he fixed the problem and resumed cruising. Robert, on *Reality*, went through not one, but two, impellers and was towed to Mound Island by Fred and Deirdre on *Koinonia*. Eventually Robert got underway by rerouting engine water with an extra, plumbed in, pump supplied by Ken and Anne on *Naida*.

When John announced his plan to sail to the Broughton Archipelago, inviting anyone interested to join him, he had hoped for three or four companions. In the end, over a dozen boats participated in the flotilla cruise. In addition to those already mentioned, *Boqueron*, *Christie Cove*, *Karavia*, *Snapshot* and *Kwinnum* joined the fleet. We mainly sailed and moored together but boats joined the



*Willpower* catching up. It's hard to see them in the pictures because it was hard to see them full stop! On the right we're all in a row.

seemed suspended between calm grey water and dense white mist. *Sparkle Plenty* remained visible, as we crept behind her but we strained to keep *Jewel II* in sight. Her bow continually pushed into fog and several times the mist closed behind her

flotilla cruise late or left early to continue farther up the coast or return home. Some separated from the group to anchor in a favourite bay or spend a night at a marina. We have John's vision and leadership to thank for a wonderful adventure.



# GULF SAILOR

## How to Make a Splash with your Friends

Dinghy reboarding – or not – as the case may be, or rather, was. Here's a cautionary tale from Robert's adventures in the Broughton's. Take steps to avoid and/or have a plan.

During the Broughton's trip this summer, a group of us went dinghy touring north of our lovely anchorage in Drury Inlet at Sutherland Bay, into Actress Passage towards Actaeon Sound.

I brought my trusty dinghy out with the 6 hp motor that I knew well from years of cruising in it with Buck – my 60 pound dog who used to sit in the center of the bow. So I really knew what the dinghy could handle after being out a number of times in adverse conditions.

I came up behind Jon and Janet from *Snapshot*, my dinghy rolling back and forth as I crossed each of their "wake waves". What I didn't realize was that having Buck sit in the center when I was on the side tube had a significant stabilizing effect but that was now gone. Suddenly, the dinghy went from gently rolling on the waves to rolling up to near vertical. My thought was that if it flipped, I'd have to replace the engine, so I kicked it flat, knowing this would eject me. The engine kill lanyard did its job, and I was laughing at the silliness, as my PFD inflated and I surfaced.

The other dinghies came around towards me, and Don and Laura Mcleod came by in their luxury dinghy. Don helped me to board his boat, telling me to step up on his engine's fin but with an inflated PFD in the way, this was not nearly as easy as I expected, and Don was also pulling me up hard to help get me, soaking wet, and my water filled gear, safely aboard. I noticed that as we did this, his transom dropped to within an inch above the water. And my mind started thinking.

The group decided it was about time to head back for our 5pm planning session, and I had enough time to rearm the PFD, but my mind was still thinking.



Robert Sinkus,  
*S/V Reality*



I was thinking: what would I have done if I had flipped while alone? How would I have reboarded? Given that Don had to haul me up, could I get aboard under my own steam? And even if I could climb up on my own engine fin, I'm guessing that my transom would have dropped below the water level and swamped.

Someone mentioned that Phil and Nancy make a point each year of getting back into their dinghy alone, and this sounded like a smart idea.

Much later, in Pendrell Sound, I was swimming in the warm water and thought: I'll try using my dinghy's stern line and see if I can pull myself up over the very buoyant bow. First try to pull myself didn't work, so I tied a loop in the line for my foot and almost make it, but was too low in the water. I tied in a second loop and easily climbed up and boarded over the bow.

I'm sure this would work even if I was wearing fully soaked clothes, but I might have to deflate the PFD first. I'm also now thinking that I should do a dry run (pun intended) where I try to climb up the fin with clothes fully soaked, and see what happens. Even if water comes over the transom, the dinghy should remain afloat and empty when I start moving forward. But that test may have to wait until next summer.



Getting back aboard is hard to do!



# GULF SAILOR



## Minutes

of the Virtual General Meeting,  
June 8, 2020

The meeting was called to order at 19:34 hrs by Commodore Darlyne Farrell.

- Commodore comments and welcome.
- No new members or guests were introduced.

The Minutes of the previous General Meeting were not available.

**Business arising from the Minutes of the previous meeting**

- None reported.

### REPORTS OF OFFICERS:

#### Executive Officer –

- 19 Members present. New burgees are available if needed.

#### Treasurer –

- The GIC has \$4122.00 and the Chequing account has \$11,191.00. We have spent about \$1800 less at this time compared to last year.
- Looking for Ideas about what to do with the excess.

#### Secretary –

- No report (no changes).

#### Fleet Captain –

- Sailpast was a success. Thanks to Don on Boqueron for the cannon start. 23 boats attended and 19 continued to Port Graves. The Dingy Raft-Up was successful.
- The Canada Day Cruise will be on June 30th to July 2nd at Smuggler Cove. There are no planned activities and members are reminded to keep to Covid 19 recommended physical distancing. John Dixon on Tantramar will be leading a flotilla to the Broughtons after.
- BC Day South is a rendezvous at Montague Harbour.
- BC Day North is a rendezvous at Squirrel Cove.

#### Staff Captain –

- A pub night or backyard get-together is a possibility in September.
- Presentations for Oct and Nov are lined up but waiting for B.C. Health recommendations before confirmation.

#### Vice Commodore –

- The DJ search is a catch 22 as we need to hear them before deciding but they are not allowed to play. We have decided to stay with the existing band for the dance. Will talk to them about selections for the play list. The executive will be looking at 2-3 quotes for Yacht Club Directors and Officers Insurance at the next meeting on the 17th. It was a good sail and enjoyed the Sailpast.

#### Signals Officer –

- No report.

#### Council of BC Yacht Clubs –

- No report.

#### Executive Officers Present:

Commodore	Darlyne Farrell
Vice-Commodore	Chuck Spong
Fleet Captain	Fred Bain
Staff Captain	George Bamford
Hon. Secretary	Glen Mitchell
Hon. Treasurer	Martin Pengelly
Signals Officer	Andreas Truckenbrodt
Executive Officer	Pat Costa
Past Commodore	John Dixon

#### Absent:

#### Past Commodore –

- Great weekend good Sailpast. Pat will bring burgees to Smuggler Cove. John encourages all members to use WhatsApp to keep in touch. After Smuggler Cove on June 30th to the July 2nd John will lead boats to the Broughtons. Please advise him if you are going.

#### Gulf Sailor Editor –

- Will be at Smuggler on the 29th and will try to reserve a zone for our boats. (Norm advised that there are squatters in the cabin at Smuggler.) Suzie will do a small report on the Sailpast but needs input by the 19th. The Mystery Cruise needs commitment from members – details are on-going.

#### Commodore –

- The Sailpast on Saturday was an amazing honor. Port Graves was wonderful and really fun. Thanks to everyone.

#### Business Arising from the Reports –

- None.

#### NEW BUSINESS –

- Nancy says thanks for the wine.

**Motion to Adjourn** by Robert Sinkus and seconded by Chris Stangroom.

**Meeting adjourned** 20.04 hrs.

**Minutes prepared** and respectfully submitted by Glen Mitchell, Hon. Secretary, S/V Tucana.

