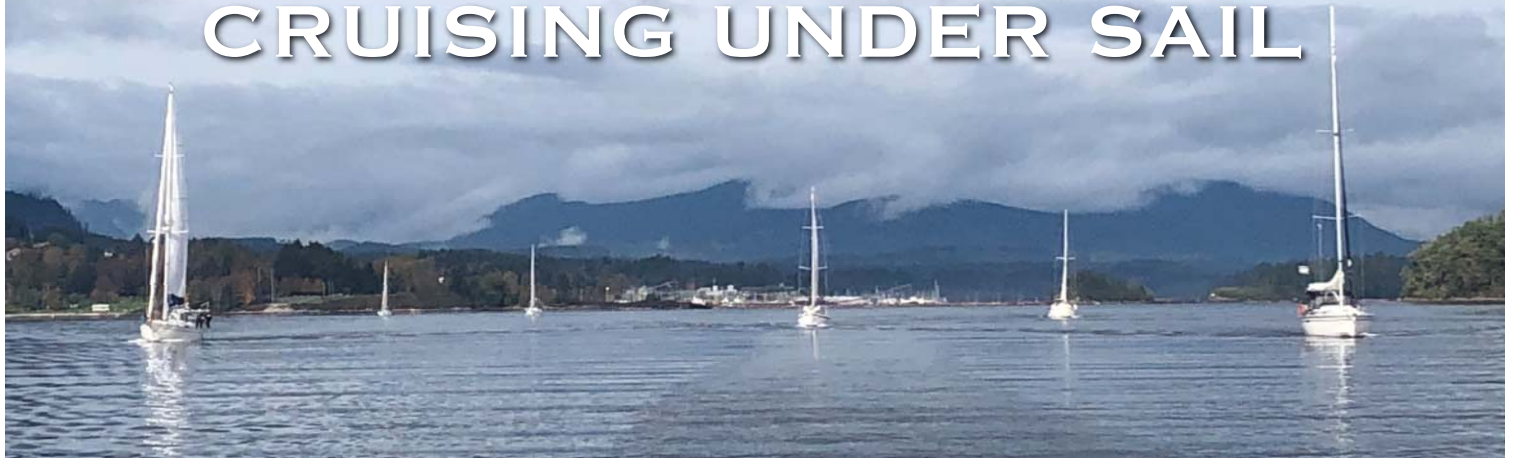




GULF SAILOR

CRUISING UNDER SAIL



Stag Cruise fleet leaving Ladysmith on a calm day en route to Genoa Bay. Thanks John Dixon.

GYC sailors not deterred by Covid or rain

As many of you already know, far from putting a crimp in our cruising activity, Covid actually spurred many of us on, resulting in thicker log books and full-up photo chips. Several of our group racked up more sailing days than ever before, ate more apples than ever before (floating around in dinghies), and enjoyed more watery sunsets than ever before. Glen logged 105 days, and John D. 82!! And lots of other members claim more than 50 boat sleeps.

Many of us made new friendships and deepened old ones, and didn't miss the crazy distancing contortions we had to go through on land. I would argue that when we were on the water it was (almost) like Covid wasn't happening. And despite having to contend with 'Dr. Henry rules' only two official cruises were actually cancelled – the rest went ahead with modifications. So yay us!

This Gulf Sailor reports on three of our cruises: **Robert** covers Newcastle events, **Liz and Lorraine** give us a picture of the Thetis Island September Cruise and both **John Dixon and Robert** reveal secrets of the Stag Cruise. As well, we revisit the Broughton Cruise in **Doug Macleod's** article about the Covid-affected Heriot Bay Inn on Quadra Island. As you know, many GYCers schmoozed before and after all these events and anchorage-hopped in small informal groups where much hiking went on, and the odd repair as well.

So despite predictions, it was actually a surprisingly busy sailing time for the GYC, except for VC **Chuck** who spent much of it on the hard attending to *Windstrel's* hull. And we did miss seeing each other at the Maritime Museum, but thanks largely to our Signals Officer, **Andreas**, virtual general meetings managed to bring us together for a couple of hours, if only on-screen. Not the same though.

Hope to see you there on Monday in any case!

Suzanne Walker, Editor *S/V White Wolf*



A Message from our Commodore



Dar Farrell, Commodore

Fall is here, evidenced by the rain, falling temperatures and clocks reverting to standard time. For most of us, sailing season has come to an end. I'm sure there's a few hardy members out there weathering the cold and the wet. I wish them fair winds and a boat that is warm and dry inside.

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
dandg@portal.ca

Commodore's Message

COVID remains a big part of our lives. This fall, following COVID guidelines, we had two successful cruises: the Thetis Cruise and the Stag Cruise, and we continue to hold virtual meetings, the next one this coming Monday, November 9. We'll have some interesting short presentations and I look forward to seeing everyone there. I'm looking forward to when we can congregate again as a group at the Maritime Museum.

Meanwhile, also because of COVID, we have unspent funds that the Executive is exploring options for. COVID has also changed the Silver Ship voting. Andreas is going to send out an electronic ballot to all the members. The advantage of this is that every member will have an opportunity to vote – not just the attendees at the meeting.

Awarding The Paddle has always been a fun part of our club activities. We plan to do this at our December virtual meeting. Put your thinking caps on and be ready to nominate someone for the paddle. It doesn't have to be a big thing, for example, it could be something like falling out of a boat, losing a dinghy, hanging your flag upside down or...? And if you think you've done something that makes you worthy of the paddle be ready to present your rebuttal (see p.3 for an example of last year's Paddle Defense). We will be asking for nominations and rebuttals at the December meeting and then we'll vote. It's a very prestigious award and one that definitely makes for the best stories.

John Dixon, our Past Commodore, has been working hard encouraging members to come forward and volunteer to be on the Executive. We continue looking for a Commodore and Secretary. Please think about this as it's fun to participate. Put your name forward.

Please everyone, welcome our new members: Harry Pratt and Cecilia Wong who have a C&C 30, *Sassy*, and Barry Van Leeuwen and mate Katherine Van Leeuwen, who sail *Feliner*, a CS 36 Merlin.

Once again, hope see you all at the virtual meeting on Monday, November 9th. Stay safe and be healthy.



Needlework Party at Conover Cove

During our sail from Montague Harbour to Conover Cove in up to 29 kts of wind, the leech tape of my foresail came off over a length of about 4m. The seam had opened up and I was concerned it would come off more and the unprotected edge of the sail might get damaged. So, the two days we spent in Conover Cove were just perfect for me to take out my Speedy Stitcher sewing awl (photo below) and re sew the leech tape, slowly but steadily. It worked very well and I could sail home.



Andreas repairing his sail on the Stag Cruise. Watching him while he worked are Paul and Dennis from the Centennial Sailing Club.

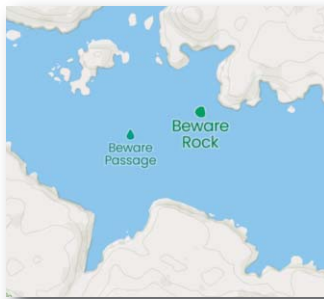
GULF SAILOR

A Beware Passage Incident

And a Paddle Defense for you all to consider. I think you will agree, after I tell my story, that I do not reach the criteria for such a prestigious award.

Damage to *SawLeeAh* did occur when we were travelling through a constricted part of Beware Passage in the northern part of the waterways between Vancouver Island and the Mainland. We were moving cautiously at reduced speed when a loud bang and lurch announced that we had made contact with a rocky bottom. We didn't know at the time, but later learned, that there were strange circumstances involved.

Some of you may find it hard to believe the facts underlying the event. It turned out that a Chinese company, Huawei, was conducting rock growth technology experiments in the area. Apparently the area we were in was particularly advantageous in mineral content, temperature and tidal currents to the chemical/biological conditions that their novel and rapid process relied upon. We had the ill fortune to strike a very young rock. But enough of that.



We found ourselves resting on the rock we had struck. Darlyne jumped in the dingy and motored away from the side of *SawLeeAh* with the spinnaker halyard in tow, trying to tilt the boat to reduce the draft and allow her to break free. The tide was falling and we were both feeling a sense of urgency. Try as she might, the tiny tug could not pull hard enough.

And now to the bright side of our circumstances. There was another aspect to the involvement of Huawei. I put out a call for help on the VHF and got an almost immediate response. There were two CIA power boats nearby, involved in surreptitiously monitoring the clandestine work of Huawei. They were cleverly disguised as pleasure yachts. One of them approached and Darlyne passed the spinnaker halyard to a female operative standing on the foredeck. She made the line fast to the bow. The agent at the helm, using both his engines, cleverly twitched his bow to one side, tilted *SawLeeAh*, and broke her free. We motored clear and were pleased to find that we were not taking on water.

We were to learn all this later when we found ourselves anchored near the two CIA boats in Squirrel Cove. Perhaps a coincidence, but one never knows. We were invited to visit and learned all about the underlying situation over a drink.

So, I'm sure you will agree that the rather complex and unusual circumstances of this grounding on a recently grown rock is quite different than a simple, stupid striking of a charted rock. So I am confident that this circumstance leaves me unqualified to receive the prestigious Paddle Award.



Rod Caple,
S/V *SawLeeAh*

Does Corroborating Evidence Preclude Receiving the 'Award'?

Do historical records hint at corroborating evidence that mysterious events have been occurring in the waters roundabout Beware Passage, that even resulted in the actual naming of this body of water by Captain Daniel Pender in 1860? Is his very ship depicted aground on the rocks there?

Rod may not have 'been allowed' to share as much as he knew about the covert rapid rock growth experiments in Beware Passage, but here is indisputable photographic evidence of pictographs (more than one) of boats foundering on the self-same rocky bits that even littered this passage many years ago. The exact significance of these images, dating from long ago, have been lost in the mists of time, but it is clear that these waters, are, indeed, perilous for the uninitiated – for whatever reason. Rod should not be awarded for repeating history and falling afoul of brand new rocks erupting in the area.



Robert Sinkus,
S/V *Reality*

This pictograph clearly shows more than one traditional square rigger winding up (literally) on the rocks! So the rocks were growing there even back then!

Thanks to Robert for pointing this out.



GULF SAILOR

Torpedoes and Treasure at Newcastle Island

Wed Sept 2 – Mon Sep 7, 2020. It had been three weeks since returning from up North, and I was missing the GYC crew.

We left False Creek at 8 am, I on *Reality* with **Ted Henriksen** aboard and **David Lyon** single-handing on *Zelda III*. The forecast was for NW winds to fill in nicely, but as we left English Bay, we had a gentle SE. Ted, with his great racing background, advised me NOT to head in a straight line for Nanaimo, but rather to head up to Roger Curtis on Bowen or Gower Pt off Gibsons. This was an old racing tactic that had served him well in many Jack and Jill races to Nanaimo and back (but we don't talk about racing in the GYC ;-). He also noticed that my mainsail foot was fully attached to the boom via a bolt rope and suggested I remove the rope to make it loose footed.

David had headed out in a straight line across the Strait, even though the SE could have let him point higher. Several times, the wind dropped, and David dutifully let me know that, as he was going less than 3 knots, he was turning on his iron Genny. The wind taunted us several times, but eventually the NW filled in and we started to really sail. Ted commented that my boat had a bunch of lines and that since she was sailing quite well, I didn't really need to use them all (but I still did). David was downwind and behind us, and even though his boat is 6' longer, Ted was sure we had him beat to Entrance Island. David kept his course though and as he got close to Gabriola, he tacked, eventually beating us in. On the docks and at the dinghy dock pub the next day, there was much discussion between Ted and David, who had raced each other many times in years past.

In conversation with some NYC members at the dock I was interested to learn a couple of things that I hadn't been aware of: 1) Newcastle had been relatively empty this year due to Covid, even on the long weekends, and 2) The official NYC Labour Day Cruise was a corn roast held further south on Thetis Island and in the past other clubs had been invited to join in.



Robert Sinkus,
S/V Reality



We made our way ashore for socially distant appies which repeated, per club tradition, each night at 5 pm. We found that **Glen** had been hard at work on his scavenger hunt. He had initially converted his pictures to black and white and gone to great effort to distort them as if they had been submerged for years. He discovered that made it too hard for us to determine what the clues were for (his sample question to us was for an object we had seen in over three different places, but none of us had a clue as to what it was, and so he went about adjusting his directions, and redoing all his pics. Glen put a lot of work into reworking the instructions and getting feedback from others, and rumour has it, even re-walked the course several times, only to find that he was unable to find one of his own treasures, and so had to re-adjust again.

Finally on Friday, he made the instructions available: *The Personal Journey of Captain Roberts Privateer* sending soft copy to

our WhatsApp Group, as well as giving out paper copies to those who needed them – he had even brought a printer with him to Newcastle for that purpose. What dedication!

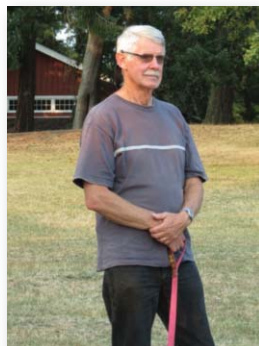
We were fortunate to get ferried over to Nanaimo both for groceries by Ken and Anne, and by Don for a men's trip to the Jewellery Store – also known as the Harbour Chandler – with a stopover for food on the way back.

We got another ride with Ken and Anne over to the Dinghy Dock Pub, where David Lyon and I sat outside with Glen and

Ted Henriksen, and were joined by Ted's partner, Dee. Ken and Anne sat inside with Klaus and Liz.

Somehow Thursday and Friday was so busy as more of the club arrived that I didn't get near enough time with so many of you. I really realized how much I

value the wonderful connections within the club, even more so after spending several weeks in Covid isolation.



GULF SAILOR

Here is the back story to Glen's treasure hunt followed by the first page of 'The Log', an incredible piece of work that took untold hours to create and then fine-tune. Wow Glen! Loud applause from us all.

Newcastle Island Treasure Hunt

Some time ago, the Dread Pirate Roberts made a trip to Newcastle Island and decided it was a wonderful place to hide some of his treasure.

Knowing that it would be years before he returned, he created a log of his travel on the island and a record of where he hid the treasure. This log was illustrated with incredibly detailed diagrams showing where to turn and how to find the treasure. This log was recently discovered by divers on the wreck of the Janet Cowan, on the west coast of Vancouver Island. The Janet Cowan was a 2497 ton Barque out of Cape Town that foundered in 1896. It is likely that the Dread Pirate Roberts had captured this vessel to transport his loot.

Unfortunately, The log has been damaged by its emersion in sea water and only fragments of the illustrations remain. Also only some of the notes have survived. I have painstakingly enlarged and copied the illustrations and put them with a copy of the remaining notes. I believe that someone with a keen eye for detail will be able to recognize the fragments of the pictures. The pictures are rather unique and wandering about the Island following the notes in the log should prove entertaining and yield all the clues needed to complete the logs directions to the treasure.

There are some illustrations that don't seem to lead to the treasure but are included for their artistic value. Finding where and what these are will be a great archaeological bonus!

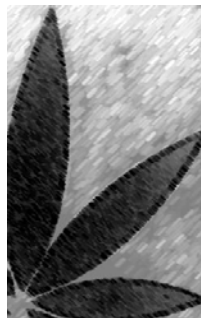
There will be prizes for finding the treasure. But don't stop there. The best prize is for whoever finds the **treasure** and **all** the **bonus items**.

The pictures and log notes will be emailed to participants on Saturday. For Covid's sake, please limit your search party to the crew you came with. I will have a few paper copies of the log notes and images for those who desire them. The downside to the paper images is that you can't enlarge them on your phone or tablet.

Here is a sample image for you to find.

Cheers

Happy Treasure Hunting



GULF SAILOR

Here's page 1 (of 5!) of Glen's fantastic log, the source of clues for the Treasure Hunt.

PERSONAL JOURNAL OF CAPTAIN ROBERTS PRIVATEER

I am writing this journal for the benefit of my heirs although it may prove to be invaluable as an aid-de-memoir in my declining years.

If you are reading this without authorization – May the curse of Mary Mallone and her nine blind illegitimate children chase you so far over the hills of Damnation that the Lord himself can't find you with a telescope!

If you are reading this with my blessing – May you live long and fruitful lives with many days sailing with the wind and visiting pleasant shores.

Having accumulated a full cargo of precious metals and much jewelry and adornments I find myself needing a safe place to cache said booty for future leaner times. Therefore without further ado I have anchored in a well-protected bay at one of the most beautiful islands in the Northwest.

Upon landing the Captains Gig I was immediately captured by the striking boldness of:

(1) _____

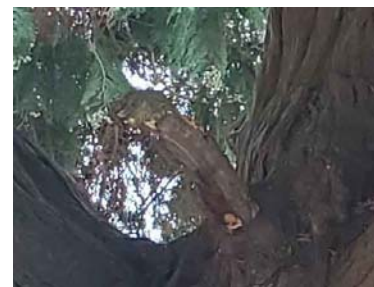
It looks like it would be easy to fasten to the bow of a ship. I decided that it would make a fine figurehead and to simplify the directions to my treasure cache, I will designate it as the **Bow of the Island** and give instructions referencing it. (Port, Starboard, Aft, Forward.)

Wandering about from there, my eye was drawn to "la horquilla del diablo", where I found a finger pointing to guide my way:

(2) _____

Following the pointing finger, I passed such a huge snakeskin that I knew my treasure will be well protected and prayed that I would be able avoid such creatures while hiding my loot:

(3) _____



GULF SAILOR



Glen put a huge amount of energy and effort into a Treasure Hunt. He even headed up to Newcastle three or four days early to prepare it and print out game sheets onboard Tucana.

On Friday, at socially distant appies, Glen handed out sheets for his Treasure Hunt, Dee of Lady Dane (left), got off to an early start, but most waited for Saturday, going off in groups at their own pace. Many of the GYC crew gathered and collaborated in groups on the hunt for the Dread Pirate Robert's lost treasure. This was an extensive treasure hunt that took most people two days and a lot of walking and really getting to see parts of the island and trails we might not have otherwise noticed. Thanks Glen for doing such a great job and putting so much effort into making it a wonderful experience, and for finding a way to share how you see the world when you are out there hiking (I always miss so much).

Unfortunately our fleet took a few hits – torpedo hits that is!!! Saturday had a change of plans. After being such a great success last year, unfortunately there was no Bocce this year as our dear Chuck's *Windstrel*, with full Bocce gear aboard, was torpedoed by enemy 'Anti-bocce' subs. The torpedo went up his raw water intake before detonating in his water pump, so his impeller exploded – although into many pieces to feed his heat exchanger for some time to come. Fortunately his hull survived intact and we look forward to seeing him again soon.



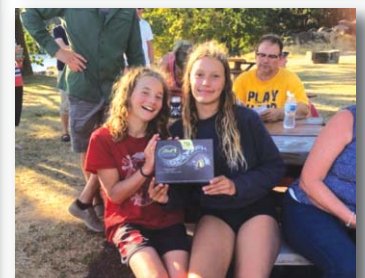
be hit by one of the few surviving torpedoes from the now famous Bocce attack which saw some jetsam, jumping clear out of the water and right into *Koinonia's* exhaust, making its way up the hose, and landing in the water muffler where it blew up, causing much smoke in the cabin, and also forcing their premature return to home port for repairs. In Fred's own words: "*Koinonia* left Lions Bay at 0845 and turned around at 0910 due to elevated engine temperature, strange noise in rear and smoke under rear deck...We found the muffler melted. Water and exhaust gushed out." Happy to report it's all been fixed now.



Weeks later, in a related incident, another GYC boat would

Back to Newcastle: On Saturday, many of the GYC crew gathered and collaborated in groups on the hunt for the Dread Pirate Robert's lost treasure. This was an extensive treasure hunt that took most people two days and a lot of walking and really getting to see parts of the island and trails we might not have otherwise noticed. Thanks Glen for doing such a great job putting so much effort into making it a wonderful experience, and for finding a way to share how you see the world when you are out there hiking (I always miss so much).

Sunday started off with the **Geo-Cache** walk, laid out by **George Bamford** ahead of time. Numerous groups entered, but finally it was our own Boss, the Don and leader of the Prawning capo himself, **Prawn Don Mcleod** and our two newest members, **Paul Wagner** and **Julia Hanson**, who scored top marks, perhaps aided by their recent boating courses, which just goes to prove my theory that Don is awesome. (Don't punch me for that Don ;-)



The Egg Toss cracked a few people up, including Dee, above, whose egg splattered most dramatically. In the end Vivian and Teo of the Vandergaag crew with their egg-cellent technique. Watch out for these two – I know we are looking forward to more egg-citing things from them in the future!

GULF SAILOR

The sun shone (as it did the whole weekend for us, and the rest of the Sunday Games began.



Martin Pengelly had a strong foothold as he flung his way into first place in the Men's Welly Toss (sadly no pic of his winning toss), while **Deirdre Bain**, below left, used her feminine wiles to fling her wily welly the farthest of all the women.



But I know that it was a fix, because the real winners of the treasure hunt are ALL of us in the GYC, and the real treasure we have is in the camaraderie, friendships, and great times together. It might not be gold doubloons, but it's priceless all the same!

Monday we were blessed with fresh winds that started strong and eased to 19 knots on the starboard quarter and a nice broad reach with small waves to surf for those who headed home. I got off to an early start, leaving just ahead of David, and whereas he had smoked me on the sail into Newcastle (when I thought I should outpoint him), *Reality* just settled into the wind, and went like a banshee (when I thought he would be way faster than me).

But we never race in the GYC. We are a cruising club.



As part of the social distancing and club responsibility, Jane Pengelly went and took down all the relevant info for each of the many boats in the club. This was a big job this year as we had 25 boats. Our 23 member boats were: *Beautiful Day*, *Boqueron*, *Contender*, *Fast Forward* (on her final cruise with the club), *Forever Young*, *Hale Kai* (an Ericson 29: new members **Julia Hanson** and **Paul Wagner** who joined the club at Newcastle), *Kailani*, *Kewao*, *Koinonia*, *Kwinnum*, *Lady Dane*, *Moondance*, *Naida*, *Perspective*, *Reality*, *Renewal*, *Rogue Wave*, *SawLeeAh*, *Somerset*, *Sparkle Plenty*, *Tucana*, *Willpower*, *Zelda III*.

The two guest boats: *Excalibur* with Ron and Eleanor's children and grandchildren aboard, and future members: *Sassy*, a C&C 30, who were invited by Glen and officially joined the club at Thetis).



Some of the fleet on the sunny docks: *Fast Forward*, *Reality*, *Naida*, *SawLeeAh*, *Lady Dane* and *Rogue Wave*.

GULF SAILOR

September Cruise to Telegraph Harbour



Boats anchored in Clam Bay and sailors mustered on shore at Ron and Eleanor's special beach for appies.

Friday evening arrived with some clouds but beautiful light shone through. Ron and Eleanor hosted a gathering on the shore of Clam Bay on Thetis Island. The boats that were there were *Moondance*, *Naida*, *Reality* and *Tucana*. Paul and Julia of *Hale Kai* were also there, on *Reality*, while their boat is being repaired. Lorraine, George and Don MacLeod were there having

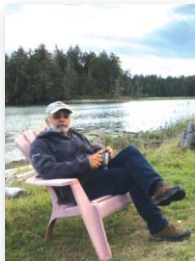
secured moorage at the marina. Joining us too was Bob Hamelin on his new Nordic Tug *Cormorant* – he had docked with *Somerset* and *Boqueron*. We all felt Kellay's absence, but it was so nice to have Bob with us again and to learn of his summer excursions on the water. *SawLeeAh* pulled into Telegraph in darkness later that evening.



Liz Reiniger
S/V *Moondance*



After anchoring in Clam Bay everyone clambered into dinghys and headed to the spit near Ron and Eleanor's home. Glen finding room; Robert offering a piggyback to avoid wet feet; Klaus and Liz coming ashore; *Cormorant* sitting pretty back at the dock in Telegraph Harbour Marina.



Saturday was a bit drizzly but later gave us some sunshine. We welcomed Bruce and Adele on *Perspective* early on Saturday morning. *Christie Cove*, *Sparkle Plenty*, *Tantramar* and *Beautiful Day* all arrived late in the day after a choppy and blustery crossing of the Gulf. Eleanor, our nature guide, had originally planned a group trail walk but wet weather created muddy, slippery conditions. Instead, she led us on a road walk to the southeast shore of Thetis where we enjoyed a scenic view of Hudson Island and boats entering the harbour north of Penelakut.

Sunday's walk was on the trail with Ron and Eleanor leading.



GULF SAILOR



On our return we found others heavily involved in a boat repair. Members of Tiddly Cove Yacht Club had docked their C&C 30, *Sassy*, at Telegraph and were experiencing difficulties with their anchor roller. Glen Mitchell knew them from his days as Commodore of the Tiddly Club and he introduced them to our club members. Our eager-to-help group hauled out various boat tools and set to work on *Sassy's* roller.

The anchor roller wasn't square so the line kept jumping out of the track. Bolts were also rusted. New holes were made but in the process a drill bit broke off and became stuck. Don and Ron went to retrieve additional tools from Ron's shop. Alas, the bit remained stubbornly lodged.



By Sunday morning a few boats had departed leaving a quiet dock. Again the remaining group went for a walk and played two games in the afternoon – toss the bean bag into the hole and another game thanks to Bruce and Adele. And afterwards we celebrated happy hour again.

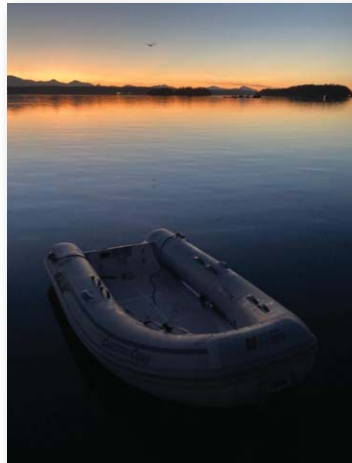
Dar addressed the assembled sailors and then we played a few games, and enjoyed drinks and music brought by Bruce and Adele.



Happy hour both days on the deck protected from the elements. Lots of camaraderie and conversations!!



On Monday everyone was leaving for home or on to new anchorages more sailing. Quite a few boats took off for Princess Cove on Wallace Island and enjoyed dinghy appie hour again.



Beautiful sunset and moonrise shots from Chris Stangroom in Princess Cove.

GULF SAILOR

The Charming Heriot Bay Inn

My friend Bob and I arrived in Heriot Bay on Quadra Island after cruising with the GYC in the Broughton Archipelago. We found a beautiful inn from a bygone era.

My friend Bob and I arrived in Heriot Bay on Quadra Island after cruising with the Gulf Yacht Club flotilla in the Broughton Archipelago. Never having tied up here before we looked forward to discovering the charms of this long-established community. What we found was a beautiful inn from a bygone era, run by hard-working staff dedicated to keeping the traditions of this unique, one hundred-year-old institution, alive.



The demure, white-sided, blue-roofed, Heriot Bay Inn, is surrounded by lush green deciduous trees. A broad lawn stretches from the front entrance to the bay's shore. It's easy to imagine splendidly dressed, genteel guests, from a century ago, sipping tea and exchanging gossip on the grass. Movement would be slow and there would be plenty of time for idle pursuits. The inn's interior still retains an old-world character. The lobby and reception area, richly finished in dark wood, are a small compared to modern hotels but that only adds to the charm. The welcoming staff range from teenagers to workers nearing the end of their careers. The people and the building create a warmth that makes visitors feel that they are stepping into someone's home. They don't build hotels like this anymore.



Quirky shingle siding made out of old LPs!

with live music and most years you needed to come early to get a seat. When we arrived, most pub patrons were sitting on

the lawn, due to social distancing, leaving the inside of the pub almost empty.

A young woman greeted us with a warm, relaxed smile and took our beer and food order. It had been a hot day and we were happy to sip our cool lagers and chat about the cruise to the Broughtons in my 32 foot sailboat, *Willpower*. We had experienced glorious scenery, encountered black bears, humpback whales and Pacific white-sided dolphins, enjoyed a spirited sail down Johnstone Strait and appreciated the camaraderie of other Gulf Yacht Club sailors. We nursed our beers and recounted adventures for over an hour but no burgers arrived.

Eventually, the pub manager, who had been buzzing around the pub, serving drinks and collecting empties, approached our table. "Sorry about the wait. The chef's wife is having a baby and he's away," he told us. "The four cooks aren't able keep up. We just can't get enough good help." Bob and I had no choice but to have another beer and chat with the manager. He explained that several years ago a group of locals, including many employees, formed a co-op and purchased the inn. It was up for sale and they feared the beautiful old institution would fall into the hands of a developer. "We're the hub of things for this part of the island. A lot of locals and people from outlying places, like Read Island, depend on us."



View from the lawn: a bilge-keeler at low tide beside the slipway.

The only other patrons inside the pub were a boisterous half a dozen men at a corner table. They appeared to be in their sixties or seventies, dressed in working clothes, with shaggy hair and beards. I got the impression that work and life had been hard on them. Voices rose as they competed to make a point, tapping the table for emphasis. Laughter frequently erupted and rolled across the floor to our table. The pub manager called each one by name as he took their orders for more beers.



*Doug MacLeod,
S/V Willpower*

GULF SAILOR

One of the group left the table and walked past us, taking slow deliberate steps on his way outside for a smoke. Despite the warm evening, he wore a blue fleece and grubby jeans with frayed cuffs and numerous small holes. His face was the colour of tofu. "He doesn't look healthy," confided Bob after the man had moved by.

The next morning, as I walked up from my boat at the marina to the inn, I saw the same man, sitting on an electric mobility scooter, having a smoke with several other men I recognized from the pub last night. They lounged on benches at the edge of the inn's lawn, looking over the bay and marina. Quiet comments passed among them before they fell into silence and returned their gaze to the water. They looked as though they had lived on Quadra Island for a long time. I tried to imagine them in their prime as productive workers. Perhaps they had provided an essential service on the island or they may have been a little wild and caused some trouble in their day. Now, the inn's grounds provided these men with a beautiful spot to gather and enjoy one another's company.



Heriot Bay Inn from the slightly rickety, but very friendly, docks.

Two evenings later Bob and I returned to the pub, joined by my brother-in-law, Bill, who had been sailing with us in the Broughtons on his boat. My sister Joan, who had just arrived that day by car, also joined us. Joan and Bill live in Victoria. COVID 19 had prevented me from seeing my sister for six months and we were all looking forward to reconnecting over beer, burgers and good conversation on the pub's outdoor deck.

The beer arrived right away but no one seemed interested in taking our food order. From our visit to the pub two evenings before Bob and I knew to expect friendly, not speedy service. We were hungry so I flagged down the server as she darted past our table.

"I can take your order but the kitchen is really busy and they won't let me put it in for another fifteen minutes." Our young server looked downcast, her previously relaxed and welcoming smile replaced by a perplexed frown. "Maybe I should come back later?"

Sensing the server's discomfort, my sister replied, "That's okay. There's no rush."

The server dashed away.

A few minutes after our unsuccessful attempt to order the pub manager, appeared at our table. "I better put your request in now," he said. "The kitchen has been slammed with orders. It could take a while." There were signs of unease under his smile.

"Can we order now too?" A couple at a table nearby, who had arrived before us, piped up.

Food ordered, we continued to chat and enjoy one another's company but as the evening wore on, our hunger grew. Once again, we had no choice but to call for more beer and wait.

"Bing." My mobile phone sounded, indicating that I had received a WhatsApp text. Boating friends, Pat, Roy, Suzanne and Miles were at the dining room in a separate section of the inn. Pat texted, "We still have no food!" This was not an encouraging message.

Half an hour later the manager was once again standing in front of our table, grimacing. His smile had vanished. "The kitchen has collapsed," he said.

"Collapsed?" replied Joan.

"Collapsed." The manager dropped his hands, illustrating the point.

"Will it be another half hour?" my sister asked, hopefully.

"Nah," he shook his head, looking even more serious.

"An hour?"

"Nah," he continued to shake his head.

"An hour and a half?"

"Never," said the manager, now looking morose.

We stared at one another, finding it hard to digest the news that there would be no supper. My brother-in-law, Bill broke the tension. "No worries, I've got frozen hamburger patties on the boat." The manager looked relieved.



Lucky diners, Roy and Pat, got dinner before the big collapse.

Further lightening the moment, I asked, "should we order breakfast now?" We all laughed, including the manager.

We left, assuring the still embarrassed manager, that he and his staff were doing a great job under difficult circumstances and promised to return next season for those hamburgers.

GULF SAILOR

Centennial Sailing Club Stag Cruise

Every year for 43 years the Centennial Sailing Club (CSC) has organized a "Stag Cruise" and, as in 2019, they invited appropriately gendered GYC members to join them.

This event is always in the late fall and I learned that the date is determined by the harvest schedule on a Prairie farm owned by one of their members who likes to be in attendance.

This year the CSC had three boats attending and the GYC had six! *Beautiful Day*, *Naida*, *Perspective*, *Reality*, *Tantramar* and *Tucana* represented our club. All of us except *Perspective* sailed single-handed.



Most of our fleet left Vancouver on Saturday, October 17th with the destination being Pages Marina in Silva Bay. Sailing across the strait was uneventful with west then northwest breeze of about 8 to 15 Knts.

Apparently the CSC has a similar tradition to the GYC in that there is an appie hour every day at 17:00 and this is something we respected. At these gatherings we would select a destination for the next day. Unfortunately for Bruce and Ron on *Perspective* we decided to head to Ladysmith on Sunday. They had just come from there and that is home port for *Perspective*. Oh well.

Following a wet and windy night in Silva Bay was a cold and misty morning. The sailing in Pylades and Stuart Channels was pretty good with a variable southeast breeze on our way to Ladysmith. That night we found our way to the Fox & Hound Pub.

Our next destination was Genoa Bay and in no useful breeze we motored all the way. Unfortunately, the excellent Genoa Bay
En route to Genoa Bay; and then to empty docks at Montague Harbour.



Café was closed so we were on our own for dinner. Following a bit of a walk up the side of Mount Zouhalem we located the house on Saltspring Road rumoured to have a 40 ft sailboat suspended from the living room ceiling. The owners weren't home and we couldn't actually see in so can't confirm its existence.

From Genoa Bay we made our way around the south and east sides of Saltspring Island and tied up at the dock in Montague Harbour. There was only one other boat at the dock and none at the mooring buoys, very unlike the summer.



Leaving Montague Harbour and heading north in Trincomali Channel on Wednesday morning we found strong breeze with gusts to 27, right on the bow. The sailing was excellent but I sure could have done with that second reef in the main. Rob on *Reality* had all his reefs in and that actually means he didn't hoist the main. Our destination was Conover Cove on Wallace Island and there were already four boats at the dock when we arrived. Our numbers were down to seven boats by then and fortunately we were all able to squeeze in and raft.



John Dixon,
S/V Tantramar

GULF SAILOR



A family commitment meant I had to leave for home the next day. The others remained at Conover Cove and the fleet dispersed on Friday.



Taking over the dock in Conover Cove. Great walk to Chivers Point.



The CSC Stag Cruise is a really good event and this is because we are a like minded group that enjoys sailing and socializing. We are fortunate to have friends in the CYC who invite us along. In order to keep everything balanced in these politically correct times the CSC also has a "Doe Cruise" which is held in the spring. Any interested ladies?

YOUR CLUB



**NEEDS
YOU**

Help Steer the Club Next Year

We still have a few positions on the GYC executive that need to be filled for next year. Remember: our club is run by volunteers and **WITHOUT THEM IT WOULD NOT EXIST.**

Anyone who has volunteered for the executive can tell you they were reluctant to get involved but found it enjoyable and fulfilling once committed. There is a certain satisfaction in helping guide the club and organize activities. Most folks enjoy it so much they stay on for multiple roles. So, whether you have held a position in the past or have never done so, please consider this as an opportunity.



John Dixon,
S/V *Tantramar*

Staff Captain:

This position organizes the general meetings including guest speakers and member presentations and also participates in executive decisions. Since meetings will be virtual for the foreseeable future, there is an opportunity to use your creativity to engage others and enjoy the camaraderie.

Commodore:

Everyone takes on this job reluctantly and then finds it fun and rewarding. Some even stay for two terms. The Commodore leads the executive and chairs both the executive and general meetings. Don't be scared!

Please check with John Dixon at stellaryachts@gmail.com or 604-765-5299 for further information.



*Peter Irwin's suggestion to the club:
Social distancing members of the Gulf Yacht Club might want to hoist this new flag to tell all and sundry that they are doing their part to "stop the spread".*

GULF SAILOR

My Stag Cruise 2020

Thanks to John Dixon for coordinating the GYC side of the cruise and to Dennis, Bill and Paul of the Centennial Sailing Club for inviting us to join them.

We all made reservations at Silva Bay ahead of time, and it was a good thing we did, as the marina was almost filled with winter boats – leaving a number of the mooring balls empty.

Glen and Andreas got a head start: Glen sailed *Tucana* over to Newcastle on Friday, and Andreas to Silva Bay at the VRC dock on *Beautiful Day*. The rest of our crew headed out Saturday morning. After several trips of getting a nice early start from the dock, I lost time packing food from home to *Reality*, and departed about an hour later than planned, so that after rounding Q 62, I was able to see Ken way ahead to the south, and the three CSC boats, also well ahead, to the north.

I later learned that Ken had gotten splashed with a rather large wave depositing lots of water into *Naida's* cockpit as he was leaving the North Arm facing wind over current. On the way over, I saw the spout and surfacing body of a humpback in the distance. I turned south to get a better look but only managed to see the tail as she sounded.

Despite starting at different times from different locations, five of the boats arrived close to each other. All were well behind John on *Tantramar*, who, true to form, always seems to get to our destination well before the rest of us. Bruce Shuh had already arrived on *Perspective* from Ladysmith, picking up Ron along the way. Annaliese was helpful at the dock, and Gloria Hatfield, the owner of Pages marina, was as friendly and gracious as always. Our total fleet was nine boats made up of six GYC boats, and three from the Centennial Sailing Club. We called into Ladysmith Marina for the next day's reservations to find their office wasn't open.

Saturday night it rained, pelting down hard on our boats, while we were snug and warm and dry inside. By morning, the rain had stopped, but there was a thick fog. By 10 it looked like it was burning off, and we headed out through the shortcut to Gabriola pass. I optimistically put out my jib early on, and had some nice strong winds add to my speed over water.



Beautiful Day on a not so beautiful day.

I did the same, and saw that on the other side of Ruxton Passage, *Perspective* had raised her's too. At first the heavy fog resulted in water dripping from the sails, but by the time we had sailed to the entrance to Ladysmith Harbour, the sun had come

out long enough for the canvas to be dry enough for the ticklers to fly.

One of the staff at Ladysmith was on hand to register us. For dinner we went up to the Fox and Hounds Pub, for good food, drink and company, although our group of 10 was broken up into two tables, one of six and one of four. Our table got to talking about how it could be nice to have a cruise next year to Barkley Sound and the Broken Group Islands.

Bill on *Merriment* from the CSC had commented that his sail was sticking on the way up and down. I found a can of Sailkote, and he was impressed with how much easier it was to raise and drop. Ken needed to have internet, so decided we would head to Genoa Bay for Monday afternoon. We called in for reservations Monday morning, and learned the staff would be gone shortly for the day, but let us know where there would be spots waiting for us on the dock.

Monday, we motored through the sunshine down through Sansum Narrows in the bright sun, with none of the forecasted wind to sail on. Glen left us as he sailed *Tucana* back to Vancouver. By Crofton there was enough wind to lightly fill the sails while under power. I checked at the mill for the sea lions I had seen on the outer floats in years gone by, but they were nowhere to be seen.

Just before the entrance to Genoa Bay, a sea lion surfaced and looked at me, and with a little jump out of the water dove down out of sight.

I was impressed with two boats from the CSC: Paul, our leader, on *Yola*, a Cal 2-30, and Dennis on *Rare Times*, an Ericson 30, who entered the slipway, and then turned their boats 180 degrees to face outwards as they docked.

The crew went for a hike up Mount Tzouhalem, led by Andreas. I understand that right where the trail got steep, there was a stand-off with ravenous wolverines, a sasquatch, and a dragon, so they wisely turned around and returned to the marina instead of making it all the way up to the peak. My knee was bothering me, so I stayed in port, and then socialized with my friend Gretchen Moyer who lives 20 minutes from the marina. We had met many years ago at Roscoe Bay in Desolation Sound, one of our favourite places in the world. Unfortunately their boat is up for sale, and it sounds like their boating is drawing to a close.



Robert Sinkus,
S/V Reality



View of Cowichan Bay (but no sasquatches).

GULF SAILOR

Tuesday, under wonderful sunshine and no winds, we headed to our next destination: Montague. Ken was greeted by a sea lion as he left Genoa Bay. I split off a little to the south to visit friends on Piers Island and then made my way to the Montague Park dock where Andreas and Ken had grabbed a mooring ball, thoughtfully leaving me a spot on the dock. I arrived near the end of the 5 pm appie hour and trip planning session. I learned they had all hiked around Gray peninsula, and had planned to go to Conover Cove on Wallace Island which many of the crew had been looking forward to.

Also on the dock was a Bill Garden designed 42 foot trawler: *Seascope* with a friendly couple, Simon and Sunny, and their even friendlier border collie, Maxine (although she might have first been attracted to the salmon and steak I was barbecuing). It was nice to pet an affectionate dog again. Turned out they were also headed to Conover Cove.



Wednesday morning, *Perspective*, with Bruce and Ron aboard, bid adieu with an early start as they had commitments at home. I was the last to leave the dock, with Ken following me out before turning back into Montague to raise his main in calm conditions. The winds were strong, and I remembered that Ted had told me that in strong winds, just sailing under jib could be just as quick with much less to worry about. I took off the sail cover, but left the main tied to the boom. Part of me

wanted to try the third reef, but it turned out I had made a good call.

The Conover Cove dock already had four boats docked including *Seascope* who graciously allowed *Tantramar*, *Beautiful Day* and *Naida* to raft up to her. Our remaining four boats were rafted two deep on the other side. Some people commented with disdain that a generator was running on the dock, but I was happy as this let me run mine without "creating extra noise". I also heard that all the sailboats seemed to be low on battery power because the fall sunshine was resulting in much less power going into their solar panels. I was glad to have my generator for the off-season power.

We decided to go for a hike, with the CSC boys headed to Panther Point to the SE, and the GYC'ers NW to Chivers Point. It was all I could do to keep up

with them, and made a mental note that I really need to get in better shape to keep up with Ken, Andreas and John. John was a wealth of knowledge describing structures, and sharing a lot of the history of the island. At Chivers Point, we saw platforms for the kayakers to tent on, and made our way to the easternmost tip, where we could still see the strong NW winds blowing. The view was lovely, and we were all taken by the extremely short grass that looked like a manicured golf course.



View to the northwest from Chivers Point.

We also discussed the wisdom of transiting between Wallace and the Secretary Islands. We could see the rocks in the middle that would be hidden at a higher tide. On the way back, we noticed a sign that Tent Island (3 n. miles away just south of Penekalut/Kuper Island) was now closed to the public as there had been numerous incidents of out of control fires that needed crews to go and put them out. It was kind of sad that people would have been so thoughtless to have wrecked it for others.

Back at the dock, the decision was for all of us to stay except for John who had to get back to Vancouver the next day. Ken shared some delicious hot pizza with me. I was talking with *Seascope* who had asked for help getting us the pictures he had taken of our fleet.

Also, it turned out he had rounded the island and had suggestions should we do such a cruise, so after dinner, I went to his boat and took many notes, and he loaned me a chart atlas and guide book to refer to. I also learned that their Gardner engine had only 40,000 hours on it – only halfway to the 80,000 mark when they apparently need their first overhaul. Quite an impressive engine life!

Thursday morning, John headed for home, and *Seascope* continued north on their way up to the Broughtons. Another boat left – so Andreas and Ken were both moored directly to the dock. This time we headed south on our hike to Panther Point. We first walked to the eastern of the two points, and spied an eagle



Rafting up to *Seascope* in Conover Cove.

perched on a tree, and then noticed it fly to the SW point on a tree with a large eagle nest, so we also ended up hiking back

GULF SAILOR

there to have a better look at the nest, and then to the southern point at the entrance to Conover Cove. This time there was no "Golf Course grass", but we were struck by how calm the waters were today compared with the day before.



CSC boys, left to right: Bill (Merri-ment), Denis (Rare Times) and Paul (Yola). John and Robert seated behind.

We learned that the CSC boys take turns cooking for each other, AND the cook doesn't do the dishes – a very civilized arrangement – something for future non-Covid cruise considerations. The CSC boys were looking at the weather and leaning towards staying at Conover, or going up to either Wakes Cove or Silva Bay. Andreas

was interested in heading to Newcastle, and Ken and I decided we would join him. In the middle of the dark night, it had gotten quite cold, and I saw Andreas out on the back of his boat. Apparently his 12 year old battery bank had a much reduced capacity and had drawn low enough that it wasn't able to initialize his hydronic heater's ignition. So I think he had a pretty chilly night. I was grateful that my cabin heater was working well.

Timing was right for both high tide to get over the entrance to Conover Cove, and to get to Dodd's Narrows at a good time, and we headed out Friday, saying goodbye to our fellow CSC sailors. It was quite foggy/rainy, with a strong tailwind giving us good speed to Dodd's while motor sailing under jib. At one point with *Naida's* AIS indicating that she was 0.75 nautical miles away, I could barely make out her sails. The rains were so bad that my right croc (winds were from the starboard quarter), filled with water several times and I found myself tilting my foot to drain it. I was glad I was in shorts and no socks, but it was chilly enough that I did deploy a hood over my balaclava. As *Beautiful Day* and *Naida* went through Dodd's, I saw many sea lions including several with fish in their mouths. It was really cool to see so many of them there.

Going past Jack Point – where we turn west towards Nanaimo, there were again a smaller number of sea lions swimming around in the water.

We made it to Newcastle, and were all side by side. We warmed up on *Naida* with coffee and tea, and especially Andreas's delicious brownies. I was happy to discover that the bathrooms and pay showers were open, and the can and bottle recycling bin was open, although the garbage cans by the dock were locked with cables.

It was another cold night, and I felt for Andreas with his heater limitations. Saturday morning, we went for a walk past the top of Protection Island. There was slippery frost on the dock and also on the little footbridge. The view across the Strait was quite spectacular with the early season snow-capped mountains on the mainland. We stopped on the gangway to the dock and watched as five river otters swam towards and below us, and then on the other side, with several of them

catching fish. Since Andreas has an open transom, and has had otters make a huge mess of his cockpit, he wasn't nearly as enamored with them as I was.

Strong winds were forecast for Ken and my crossing to Plumper Cove, so we headed out, saying goodbye to Andreas who was still thinking of staying a few days longer at Newcastle. Out in the Strait, I found a way to adjust my wind speed indicator which seemed to be registering high, and got it to match close to Ken's. We sailed on a nice beam reach, hoping the strong winds would come, but a little over halfway across, the winds started to die down. Ken passed me, so I set up the gennaker for her first deployment this trip. Unfortunately the winds continued to die – eventually down to 3 knots, so it was time to motor over to Keats.

There were several boats at the dock, but not too busy. A power boat arrived coming quite close to the rock off the end of the dock, and despite making several attempts to dock, decided they didn't want our help. Then a Nordic Tug left and immediately returned to the dock, as a sailboat arrived. We helped the sailboat with her lines, and it turned out the skipper Ed was good friends with the person who was the co-owner of a sailboat at Milltown Marina with Ken's son. He had returned several years back from offshore travelling, and ignored all his guests to talk for some time with Ken and me, but I really suspect that he was quite enamored with *Naida* – even noticing her prism. After dark he and his friends (including his crew, the couple on the Nordic tug, and a couple who had sea kayaked over from Langdale) had a fire on the beach and I joined them. It was nice to be by a warm fire. Eventually I called it a night and slept warm and happy on *Reality*.

Sunday morning, Ken and I went for a walk on the trail around Plumper Cove Marine Park. I realized that he had been going slowly for us before as I huffed and puffed to keep up with him. We said goodbye to Ed and his friends who were cooking breakfast on the dock. The forecast was for strong out-flow winds from Howe Sound, and strong NE winds in the Strait. So of course there were light winds from the SW. after passing North of Worlcombe Island before Cape Roger Curtis, *Naida* and *Reality* diverged paths. I heard the Centennial boys on the VHF, but I couldn't hear them clearly enough to tell if they were crossing that day or perhaps staying in Wakes Cover or Silva Bay. On the AIS, as *Naida* got farther away, a familiar boat was approaching from Queen Charlotte Channel in the north, *Christie Cove*. The timing worked out that Ragnar and Christie with Cam and Maryanna, got into False Creek at the same time as me and we all waved to one another. A nice sense of community created a wonderful end to a great cruise. The hot bath when I got home felt great. We also learned that Andreas had also decided to return home instead of having another shivering night before he replaces his batteries.

Big Thanks to John for coordinating this cruise, and the Centennial Sailing Club – Dennis and Bill – and especially to Paul Stanley for setting it up and sharing his wisdom of off season destinations.

GULF SAILOR



Minutes

of the Virtual General Meeting,
October 5, 2020

The meeting was called to order at 19:40 hrs by Commodore Darlyne Farrell.

- Commodore welcomed four new members.
 - Julia Hanson and Paul Wagner who have an Ericson 29, *Hale Kai*
 - Cecilia Wong and Harry Pratt who have a C&C 30, *Sassy*

The Minutes of the previous General Meeting June 8th, approved by Suzanne Walker and Chris Stangroom.

Business arising from the Minutes of the previous meeting

- None reported.

REPORTS OF OFFICERS:

Executive Officer –

- 15 Members present.
- Contact Pat to return your trophy if applicable.
- Name tags and burgees will be mailed to new members.

Treasurer –

- \$4,221 in Savings and \$11,442 in chequing
- There has been no 50/50 this year so Martin moved that we donate \$300 to the Disabled Sailors. Seconded by Chris Stangroom
- There was some discussion regarding what to do with the \$\$ not spent this year. This issue was referred back to the executive.

Secretary – Glen absent

- 67 active members, 4 associate members, 4 non-active members, total of 79 members.
- An updated PDF of the Roster has been sent to all members.

Fleet Captain –

- The club really came together to make a great year of sailing.

Staff Captain –

- Next virtual meeting Monday November 9
- We'll ask members to share their boat challenges during the summer.

Vice Commodore –

- Dinner has been cancelled at the RVYC. They will return our deposit. The RVYC has been rebooked for November 20, 2021. The awards ceremony has been postponed.
- The executive is continuing to explore insurance for officers of our club

Signals Officer –

- Although we had fewer meetings, we had more activity on the water.
- The new members will be added to the email list..

Council of BC Yacht Clubs –

- There has been little progress with the stern tie

Executive Officers Present:

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

Absent:

Hon. Secretary	Glen Mitchell
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program. Visibility of stern ties will be improved.

- Marine Parks forever wants to buy Ballenas Island for 1.7 million; They are donating 50,000 to help with the purchase.

Past Commodore –

- We still need volunteers for: Commodore, Secretary and Staff Captain.

Gulf Sailor Editor –

- Another news letter will be sent out. Will ask for members to write about boat problems they had which were resolved or not and with pictures if possible.

Commodore –

- Although the awards ceremony is being postponed it is not cancelled. We need suggestions for the paddle. This does not have to be a serious error, in fact a funny error is even better.

Business Arising from the Reports –

- None.

NEW BUSINESS –

- Robert reported that Ken and Anne would like us to look into a group MMSI number for the club.
- Andreas reported that The Centennial Sailing Club is having a Stag Cruise and our members have been invited to join them. It will start on Oct 17. An email will be sent out.
- We want to encourage members to attend our Virtual general meeting and are looking for suggestions. One suggestion was that we have a draw for a gift yet to be determined. We would appreciate any and all suggestions.
- A final ballot for the silver ship will be sent out.

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

Meeting adjourned 20.40 hrs.

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

