

Chapter Three: Cape Scott to Zeballos

Friday, July 11, 2008

When we awoke it was still, no wind at all. We got up at 6:30 to prepare to leave at 7:45 per the previous evening's discussion and agreements. One other boat left about 7:00. We pulled anchor and left as planned and headed out to cross the famous Nawhitti Bar. We had made contingency plans for taking the inshore route that stays near the island and bypasses the "bar" area but it was pretty tame with only two foot high swells and little wind waves. We had planned the crossing for high slack tide but the current was still against us when we got there. Again, we can't read a tide table it seems! We were motoring along at 5.5 knots over ground and as soon as we came up to the underwater cliff that marks the real start of the bar our speed dropped to four knots. There was a little bit of wave action with the wind at five knots from the northwest. We crossed and turned toward Cape Scott. We let out the Genoa in an attempt to steady the boat from the two foot swell. It worked somewhat. As we neared Cape Scott the seas became quite lumpy and confused but as soon as we turned southeast it settled down. We poled out the Genoa and sailed directly downwind for the last five miles.



Illustration 1: Our first Black Bear

The entrance into Sea Otter Cove is very narrow, winding, and shallow. You could see rocks and kelp quite clearly on all sides. We made good use of the fact that kelp marks the shallows and stayed away from

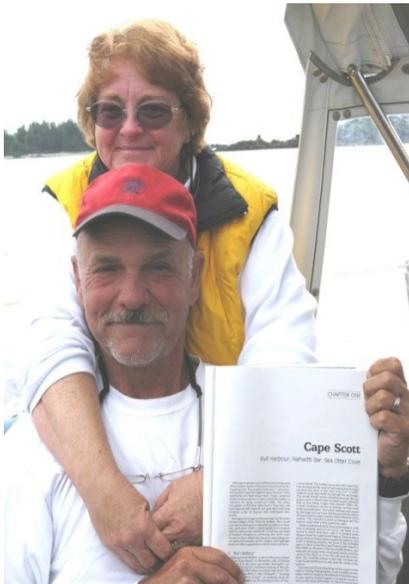


Illustration 3: We made it around

them even if at times it was just a few feet away. We snuck in at a dead slow speed and tied to an anchor buoy.



Illustration 2: A mooring float

It's one of the heavy hurricane types of buoys that the Canadians are so fond of in this area. It appears that it would truly take a hurricane to blow one off of its anchor but we did, in fact, see one laying on its side on the beach nearby. Oh well we'll take what we can get at this point.

The *True Grace* came in soon after and rafted to us. Byron said his depth alarm was going off almost all the way in. We broke out the Sandeman Port wine that we

were saving since last January and all toasted our successful rounding to the west side of the island. As we were sitting in the cockpit we saw our first Black Bear on the beach. It was foraging for something to eat by turning over rocks in search of small crabs and such.

Saturday, July 12, 2008

Byron checked in with the Great Northern Boaters Net at 8:00 and heard from Earl that Gail and Maggie had gotten home safely. We then left on the high tide which made it considerably better getting thru the entrance than yesterday.

We sailed with the light wind wing-on-wing for a couple of hours and then put away the main and motor sailed with the Genoa poled out the rest of the way to the turn back north into Winter Harbour. It's a very small village with one small store, a one room library, and a post office that is open three days a week.



Illustration 4: A toast to successful rounding of Cape Scott



Illustration 5: Winter Harbour Post Office

eating them as they floated on their backs. It made quiet a loud crunching sound, sort of like eating crushed ice. I got some good pictures and even a short video of one of them.

Sunday, July 13

We had a lazy morning. All of the fishing boats were gone from the dock when we finally got up and stuck our heads out. I managed to connect with the SSB radio and sent and received some email. Later we left

Byron reported earlier that he saw a whale breach about 300 yards off of their starboard bow but we didn't see it as we were 1000 yards astern of them at the time. As they neared Winter Harbour they slowed down and trolled. Larry caught a big salmon which they cleaned and cut into steaks and we barbecued two of them for dinner that evening. We tied up to the government dock.

There were two sea otters pulling clams off of one of the pilings and taking them a few feet away and



Illustration 6: A sea otter having lunch

for Quatsino Sound and stopped at a little Cove named after someone named “Julian”. Probably the niece or nephew of someone important. It was a beautiful little hole surrounded about 350 degrees with trees, a little meadow and a stream. Donnie, Larry and I took our dingy over to a log raft that seemed to have been there for some time and walked ashore and up to an area that had been logged recently. I found two steel “log dogs” and took them for souvenirs. We motor-sailed up the Sound. We also spotted a small power boat on the shore that looked like it had been washed ashore during a pretty high wind as it was well above the beach area.



Illustration 7: A logged area near Julian Cove

After another delicious salmon dinner we all were sitting in the *True Grace* cockpit and realized we were dragging anchor. Not badly you understand but enough that we needed to reset before we could be comfortable for the night. We broke up our raft and both anchored further out in the cove.

Monday, July 14

We hoisted anchor after the morning check-in with the radio net and took off for North Harbour which is just inside the mouth of Quatsino Sound. We trolled for about an hour but didn't catch anything. I don't think I had the right lure and was probably going too fast also. We went into Winter Harbour and fueled up and went back to North Harbor and dropped anchor. It was pretty windy where we were and we weren't all that comfortable. At about 6 pm we listened to the weather on the VHF and gale force winds were forecast for the evening so we decided to go back onto Winter Harbour to the dock. We motored past Byron and Larry and told them what we were doing but they seemed unconcerned and stayed where they were. On the way in we saw a mother black bear and two cubs and another two solitary



Illustration 8: A boat that had seen better times



Illustration 9: Log raft bears on the beach. We also figured out how to get the HF radio email working and sent out several to the friends and family. That will be a big help for the rest of the trip.

Tuesday, July 15

We left at 7:00 and went by and connected with *True Grace* and took off for Anchor Island in Klaskino Inlet. We saw another bear on the beach just outside of Winter Harbour. The wind was very light in the early hours but built to 15 to 25 by late morning. We decided to bypass Anchor Island and go on to Klaskish Basin which was another six miles. It's a very narrow entrance to a well protected bay with hurricane buoys. We spent the afternoon doing small jobs aboard and then had a group dinner aboard *Panacea*. We retired early as we're planning a very early departure in the morning for the rounding of Brooks Peninsula.

We were up at 5:00 to listen to the weather forecast. The winds were forecast to be 30 knots off of Brooks Peninsula so we went back to bed. We were up again at 8:00 for the morning radio net. Earl came in real clear so we went up frequency 10K to talk to him but he couldn't hear us. Later we both let go of the mooring pin and went out; us to send and receive email and the *True Grace* to fish. We got thru on the email easily and came back in to the mooring pin. *True Grace* came back a bit later without any fish.



Illustration 10: Bear with cubs

The rest of the day was spent reading, napping, and doing small chores. The forecast for tomorrow and Friday is for gale force winds so we will probably just sit here until Saturday. The email is working well and Byron finally got his working by making sure his batteries are fully charged. He was real tickled about that but it may mean his batteries need replacement which is pretty expensive.

Thursday, July 17

We stayed put on the pin all day. The sky was overcast and the wind from the east all morning. It blew pretty hard. The sky started to clear about noon and was cleared off by 5:00 pm when the wind shifted to the west in a matter of minutes.

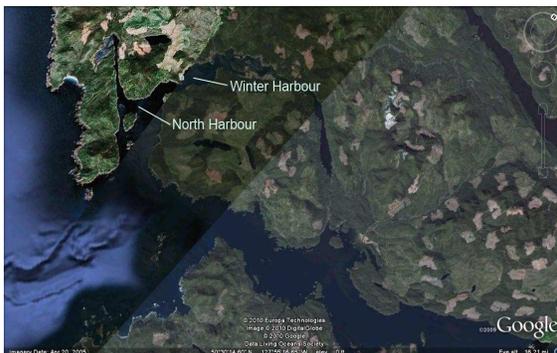


Illustration 11: Winter Harbor and area

Friday July 18

We spent another day at Klaskish. After checking the weather forecast several times it looks like tomorrow is the day we go.

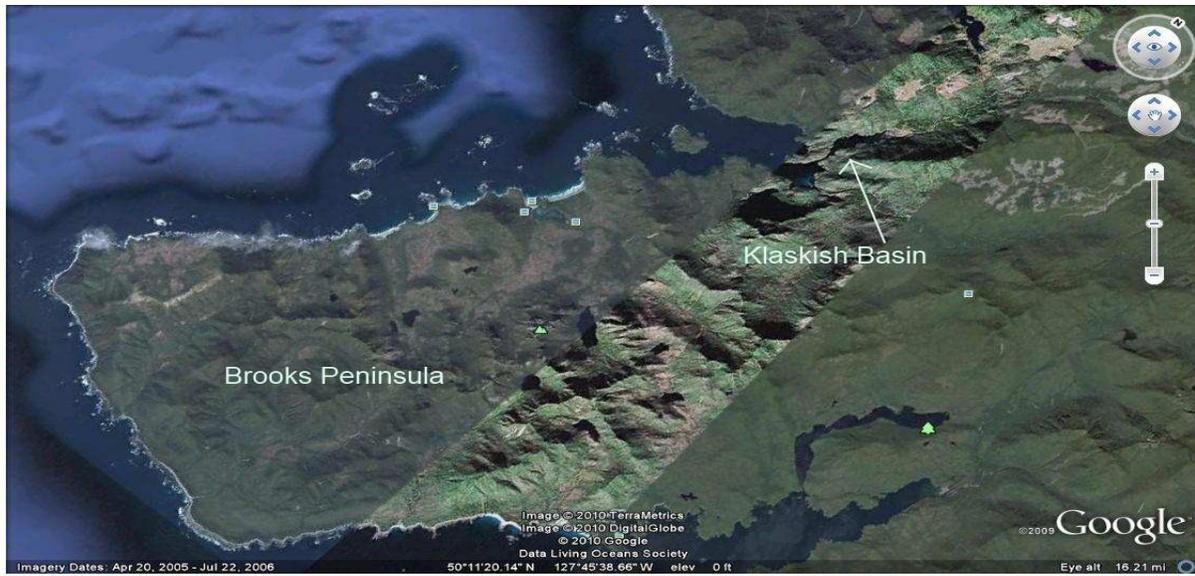


Illustration 12: Brooks Peninsula

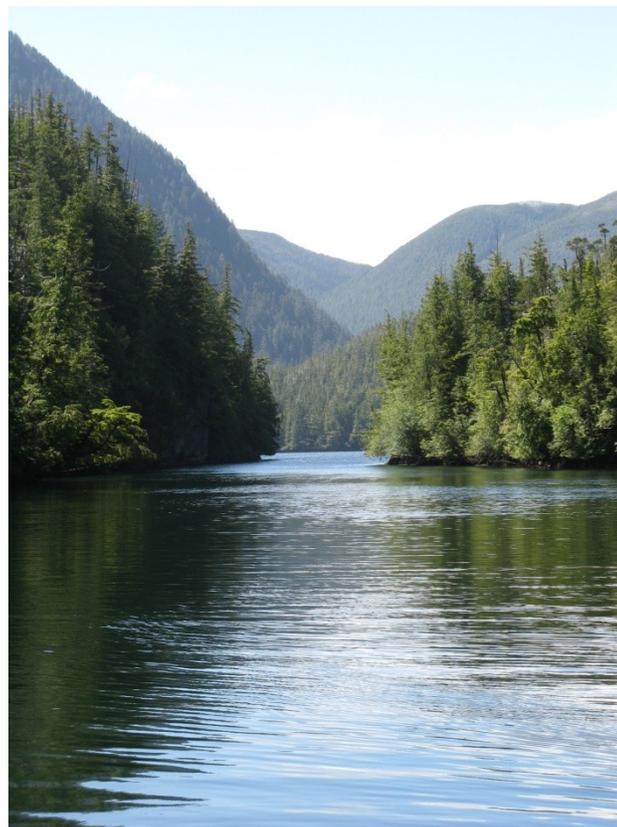


Illustration 13: Entrance to Klaskish Basin