

# Another Oar, Sail & Motor to the Camp

(Posted September 10, 2013)

**"BoB"** at rest at the Camp



**"BoB"** is a 1976 DRASCOMBE Scaffie, sailing vessel of 4.9M OA, 175Kg, of moulded FRP, with a standing lugsail, a pair of 9'6" hatchet-bladed oars, and a TOHATSU 3.5HP 2-stroke motor.

She has a newly built rudder of shaped marine-ply to replace the old fibre-glass moulding, and her cockpit exactly fits my \$39.99 pop-up tent. I find this, combined with a sleeping mat, and some camping accessories provides me a very adequate and comfortable base for sleeping/cooking and so on.

### Mittelnach Island and the dawn chorus



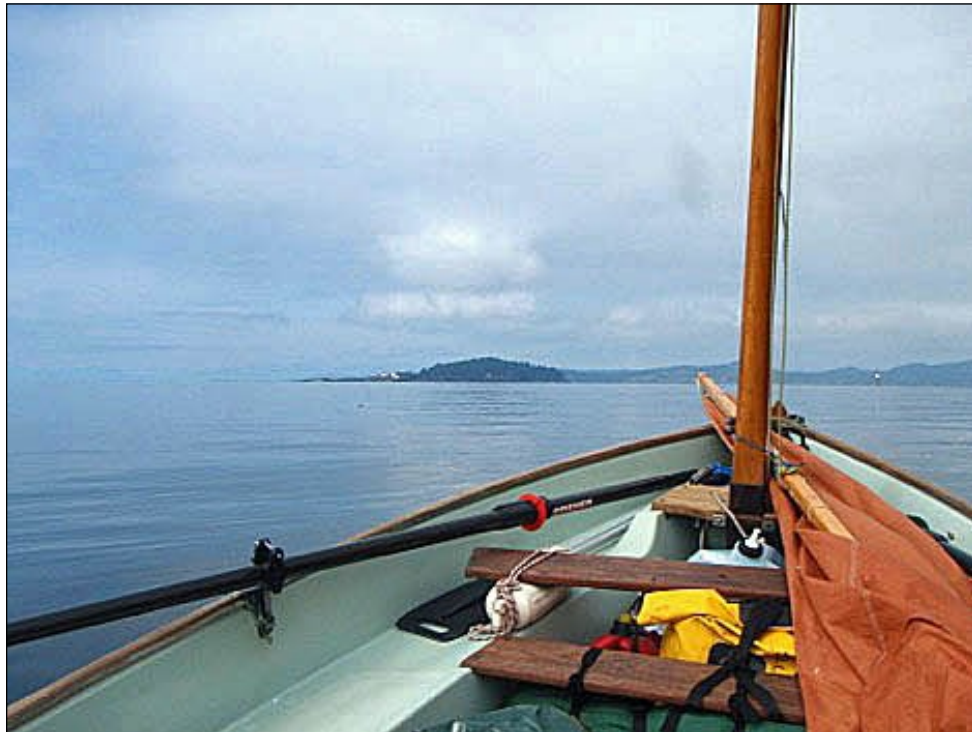
Steady traffic means the passage to Maurelle in a small, unlit boat, is dictated by the hours of daylight, the influence of tides and currents, the weather and physical stress. This last trip, in mid-September, was constrained by the hours of daylight - 12h 49m (*dawn at 0644 and dusk at 1933, as opposed to 16h 12m or 0507 and 2119 in June, when I last made this trip*), temperatures ran 16C at day, and a cool 8.5C at night (*June was 19C~15C*). Heavy dews are a problem. The winds in June often blow from the SE, less so in September when NW is more the norm and unpredictable when in the transition phase.

### Late afternoon en route to Pender Harbour



**This time I launched at Granville Island which is further away from the Strait than Horseshoe Bay, but I had hopes that this would allow me an easier transit into the Strait - last time exiting Howe Sound was very difficult. This was validated, but slower. I scraped into Roberts Creek at dusk but found "happy" park visitors were whooping it up...and I do mean whooping, all night...very annoying, and due to an error on my part the boat was moored such that one side was cocked up. The resulting musculoskeletal aches are a reminder not to do that again.**

### **Approaching Merry Island Lighthouse**



**The temperature was fine throughout, winds were brisk, but it proved hard to get going due to these brisk NW winds and the resulting chop; which did not settle down until after 0930. Staying dry is very desirable but difficult in these conditions, not to mention the fact that I could hardly make headway.**

**Mr. Tohatsu bravely answered the call of duty and behaved impeccably throughout. At the end of the day the need to find a sheltered spot to rest was paramount, further reducing the available hours. When I went in June the dew was insignificant, but in September more like a wet mist and 40% cooler than in June. I removed a whole cup of water from inside the tent off Fleetwood on the 2nd morning, the rest of it had soaked into my sleeping bag.**

But, I'm getting ahead of myself. The need for more gasoline raised its head as we typically carry only two 5Li cans, and I detoured into Pender Harbour at 1600 for extra supplies.

Anchored by a flat rock in Fleetwood Bay  
(*Fleetwood is the name of a local gravel quarry, now disused*)



Crossing PLI at 1800 was unremarkable and I spent the night amongst a herd of sea lions, attached to a large rock in Fleetwood Bay. That morning started well and this continued all the way to Mittelnach Island (*a curious name, not German, but from an abo language*); which is now a sanctuary for glaucose gulls and some fascinating wildlife. This was as far as I could get, Heriot Bay being beyond my wherewithal. The island was the high spot of the entire trip - the abos named it for its naturally deceptive appearance which means that as one draws near, the island seems to recede. The island has a perfect natural harbour in which I anchored. But first, I thought, I would visit the sanctuary and I was shocked to be greeted by a pair of tough old birds, Liz and Anne, "from Wales" who proceeded to tell me about all the things I could not do; which included staying the night. Once we got through this difficult introductory period I discovered that they are the last of this year's weekly volunteers, lovely to talk to and since Mittelnach Island is literally as far from anywhere solid as one can get definitely deserving respect and some careful character building. We agreed that me at anchor

could not be compared to camping and I was relieved when they acquiesced and so I enjoyed a very comfortable night in one of the most beautiful spots I have ever visited - surrounded by gulls, cormorants, and sea lions afloat in calm and protected waters - bliss.

**Not a pretty sight**



Foolishly, I left at 0830 and spent a miserable hour getting sodden and nowhere. Passing through the tidal split at Rebecca Spit and into Heriot Bay was accomplished without difficulty once the seas calmed. A few green veggies and other supplies were resourced in Heriot Bay's supermarket and from there it is a mere 19Km to the Camp.

This last leg is straight up Hoskyn Channel, accomplished with dependable aid of Mr. Tohatsu, and a welcome respite after a long day.

## Arrival at the Camp



This is a trip that can be done again and again...

This following list captures the geographical features one encounters:

- (1) The launching place.
- (2) Entering the Strait of Georgia (*now named the Salish Sea*).
- (3) First night.
- (4) Crossing the Mouth of Princess Louisa Inlet.
- (5) Second night.
- (6) Approaching the N tip of Texada Island & Algerine Passage.
- (7) Course for Mittelnach Island, or continue towards Lund in very protected waters and adding a full day to the voyage.
- (8) Third night.
- (9) Entering Hoskyn Channel.
- (10) Arrival camp.

**Dinner of noodles, egg and sausage**



**Distance as the crow flies:**

**Day 1 43 Km**

**Day 2 64 Km**

**Day 3 59 Km**

**Day 4 42 Km**

Mittelnach Island Harbour, "BoB" in the mid-ground

