

The question was clear: Should we find HysteriCal shelter for the night, or press on to Malibu Rapids, hoping to arrive with the next slack tide?

On July 28th, a friend and I set off from the boat ramp at Vanier Park in a moderate easterly wind that propelled us past the freighters in English Bay to the southeasterly that would then send our vessel around Bowen Island. The night was spent at the dock of Plumper Cove Marine Provincial Park under a starless sky. Rising early, the following day would see us sail to Nelson Island anchoring opposite Earls Cove. Throughout the day the wind strengthened, with a strong southeasterly that had us flying across the water by the time we passed Sechelt - Welcome Passage as just that.

We picked up my wife and son at Egmont and tacked for about four hours up Jervis Inlet and then motored the remaining distance to Chatterbox Falls in a still wind. Morning brought partially sunny conditions, with clearing in the afternoon. We enjoyed the morning, with some of us hiking up a rough trail to another waterfall. At 11:00am we motored to MacMillan Island, tied up to the float, swam, kayaked and hiked the short trail system. We approached the Malibu Rapids in the late afternoon, about an hour before slack. The incoming tide was still running a little strong and we waited for another 15 minutes watching as several motorboats passed. As we began our approach to the S-shaped narrows, I spotted a mast moving towards the narrows on the flooding tide; the deck obscured by the point of land. I quickly gave way turning back into the large eddy behind the point. A few minutes later, allowing time for any following vessels to approach, we traversed the narrows. The evening was spent in a small cove with bow and stern lines tied to steel rings set in the granite. The Princess Louisa International Society is raising funds to purchase and transfer additional lands to be included into the Provincial Marine Park.

Again without wind, we motored back to Egmont to the arranged moorage and drove back to Vancouver. On July 4th, I returned to Egmont and provided a lift to a couple from Langdale to Earls Cove, who were on their way to Savary Island to pick up a sailboat, sight unseen, and sail back to Ladner. I spent the rest of the day tacking though Jervis Inlet and anchoring between Copper and Hardy islands. The following morning was still and I motored past Harwood Island with a stop at Vananda on Texada Island. A westerly picked up as I was approaching Savary Island and I sailed the last stretch, anchoring near the community dock. Ashore, I walked to the "Heart of Savary", an area that the Savary Island Land Trust has protected from development. It was a beautiful walk along the southern beach and trails through the forest to connect back to the road. After dinner, I motored over to Copeland Islands Marine Park and anchored for the evening in a bay with three other larger sailboats. The morning brought heavy rain as I motored to Lund to moore for several days while I returned to Vancouver.

On July 10th, my wife and I travelled to Lund and set off for Desolation Sound. A moderate southeasterly took us near West Redonda and we motored to Roscoe Bay Provincial Park. I checked out Black Lake via the trail at the end of the cove. We were fascinated by the concentration of Moon jellies in the cove. Near sunset the jellies began dimpling the surface of the cove. An information board posted the extensive research of

D. Albert into the behaviours of the jellies and the reasons for the exceptional concentration. The following morning we sailed across Desolation Sound and whereas Roscoe Bay was populated by mostly sailboats, Prideaux Haven had far more motorboats. We pulled up our prawn trap on our way to Tenedo's Bay and were rewarded with several spot prawns that were soon fried in butter. The morning brought very light wind, showers, and a gorgeous rainbow as we mostly motored back to Lund and returned to Vancouver.

I made one more return to Lund on July 17th and sailed back to Vancouver, anchoring in Hidden Basin and docking at Plumper Cove Marine Provincial Park for the evenings. South of Powell River, a squall tore the jib. While furling the jib, a sheet tangled at the base of the forestay. The wind began to pull out the centre of the furled jib and it began to luff violently. I was unable to refurl the sail, or go forward until I found shelter in a small cove on Texada Island. Ironically, the best sailing of the entire trip was from Howe Sound to Vanier Park on July 20th with a westerly wind under sunny conditions.