

Chapter 5, Tofino to Bamfield

Wednesday, July 30

ady and friendWe left for Ucluelet after the morning net check-in. The seas were still running pretty high and the light breeze directly out of the south as we started. Later the winds shifted to more southwesterly and we were able to motor sail the last ten or twelve miles.

Ucluelet is even smaller than Tofino but the docks in the small craft harbor weren't full. We tied up and walked into town. It's about eight blocks long but a number of interesting sight including a twenty foot tall statue of a nude woman and eagle made entirely of stainless welding bead.



Thursday, July 31

It started raining before 7:00 and rained all day. We walked around a bit and had lunch at the Ukee Dog (hot dogs). It's a popular place to pay \$5.00 for a hot dog! We spent the afternoon and evening just watching movies and listening to the rain. Later in the day and evening it really rained hard.

Illustration 1: Ucluelet Lady

Friday, August 1

It rained a bit in the morning but finally cleared up. We picked up John Sillers and Rick Raymond off of the ferry from Port Alberni and then left for Joe's Bay in the Broken Group Islands. It was a pleasant, short sail over. The True Grace anchored and we rafted and we all spent the rest of the afternoon swapping stories.



Saturday, August 2

We had a lazy morning and moved over to Effingham Bay late morning. Donnie, John and I took a trail across the island to an ancient Indian village site. I

Illustration 2: Old long house?

found the old midden pile and what could have been the remains of an old long house. It was two huge cedar logs lying parallel to each other and about twenty feet apart.

Larry and I took the dingy out at Joe's to gather oysters and found the beach loaded with large ones. You couldn't take a step without stepping on one. We gathered a few and then stopped to talk to the folks we had seen earlier that were from the Parks Department. They were doing a scientific study of the estuary by marking off a one meter grid and digging and cataloging everything they found. They told us not to eat the oysters as there was red tide and we could die. The oysters were originally brought from Japan for



Illustration 3: Fresh clams anyone?



Illustration 4: Old fish trap dam

farming and had taken hold of the beaches. The native oysters are a lot smaller than these monsters. We also spotted an old Indian fish trap. The Indians would build a low dam of rock in an estuary with the top

of the dam just below the normal high tide. When the tide was high the fish would swim in and get trapped as the tide went out. The Indians would then just walk in and pick up the fish. Pretty smart, huh?

Sunday, August 3

We moved to the Port Alberni Yacht Club. It's a small facility on Robbers Channel. It has a narrow entrance and exit but very nice folks there. They have a floating clubhouse and a 300 foot long guest dock. They welcome all at \$1.00 per foot of boat length.



Illustration 5: Cave near Port Alberni Yacht Club



Illustration 6: Port Alberni Yacht Club

We spent the day walking the many trails and exploring the beach area. We found a small cave which we just had to explore but it didn't Figure : Cave entrance

go very far back into the cliff. There was evidence of a fire there sometime in the past and some low stalagmites and small stalactites.

Monday, August 4

We left the PAYC about 11:00 after the fog lifted. We led out with the TG following behind but as we exited thru the pass for some reason Byron read the channel markers wrong and went the

wrong way around one of the red ones and ended up in very shallow waters with many rocks. He finally realized his mistake and put the TG into reverse and backed out of the situation. After that they trolled for salmon for a while but didn't catch anything.

We pulled into Bamfield and stopped at the fuel dock. Just after we arrived a power boat arrived and the owner was very upset. He was in a salmon derby and had missed the first place fish and third place fish, or so he thought by checking in a few minutes too late. He had figured he had lost several hundred dollars in prize money. He was so upset that when he began to fuel his boat he put the fuel nozzle in one of his fishing rod holders instead of the fuel inlet. When he started up the flow it began to run into his cockpit. I yelled at him, got his attention finally, and he stopped. He just got out a bottle of liquid dish soap and squirted it all over the cockpit and turned on a water hose on it at the same time he turned on his bilge pump. Again he wasn't happy but he gave me a salmon for helping anyway! He finished fueling finally and we moved back to fuel up.

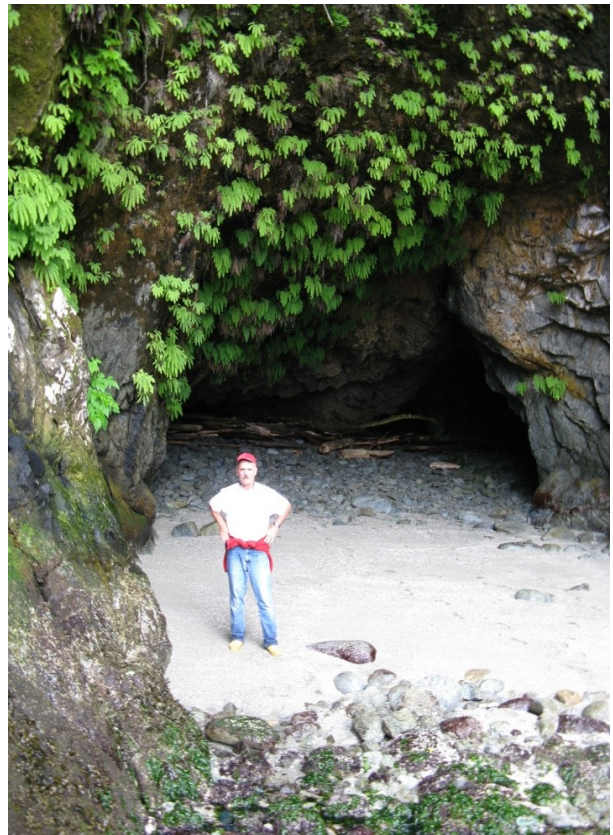


Illustration 7: Cave entrance just off of the beach

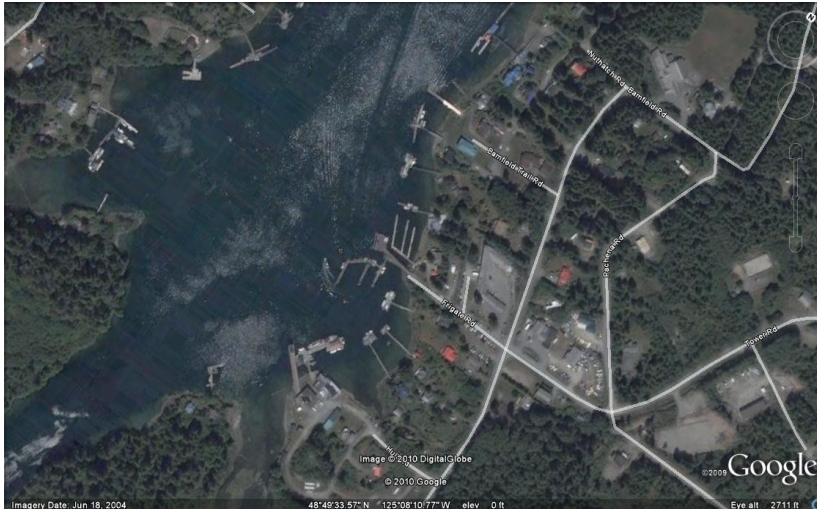


Illustration 8: Bamfield east shore

After fueling we moved to the public dock and stayed there at \$1.29 per meter. Bamfield is located on both sides of an inlet with no roads between the two sides. The side we were on had a small grocery, pub, and liquor store but not much else. We had part of the fresh salmon for dinner.

Monday, August 4

The *True Grace* left very early to go up the Strait of Juan Defuca to Port Renfro. We got up at 7:00 and made coffee. I was just starting my first cup and Donnie was starting a batch of pancakes when I heard a loud moan and someone crying out “I broke my leg!” I ran up the steps just as John Sillers called out my name. The old fellow in the little troller “*Little Abe*” had fallen on the dock ramp and broken his lower left tibia. I ran over and called Donnie to bring a pillow and blanket. John went to call 911. I tried to make Abe comfortable until help arrived. In the interim another boater called the Coast Guard and they arrived a few minutes later and after stabilizing him carefully took him on a 4 wheel Gator to the nurses station. Abe had asked me to shut off his engine, turnoff the power switch and take his fish fillets to



Illustration 9: Coast Guard boat after leaving us

the marine store and ask them to freeze them. I also locked up his boat and took the key to the Marine store.

The Coast Guard took Abe to Port Alberni via cutter. I really felt sorry for the old gentleman as he seemed to be rather independent and now he was in a real fix and would be for some time.

We left for home a few minutes later. As we were going out of the channel toward Cape Beale, one of the fast response Coast Guard boats came zooming up behind us and asked where the key to *Little Abe* was. I explained to them that I had left it with the Marine store clerk and they quickly turned and zoomed back towards Bamfield.