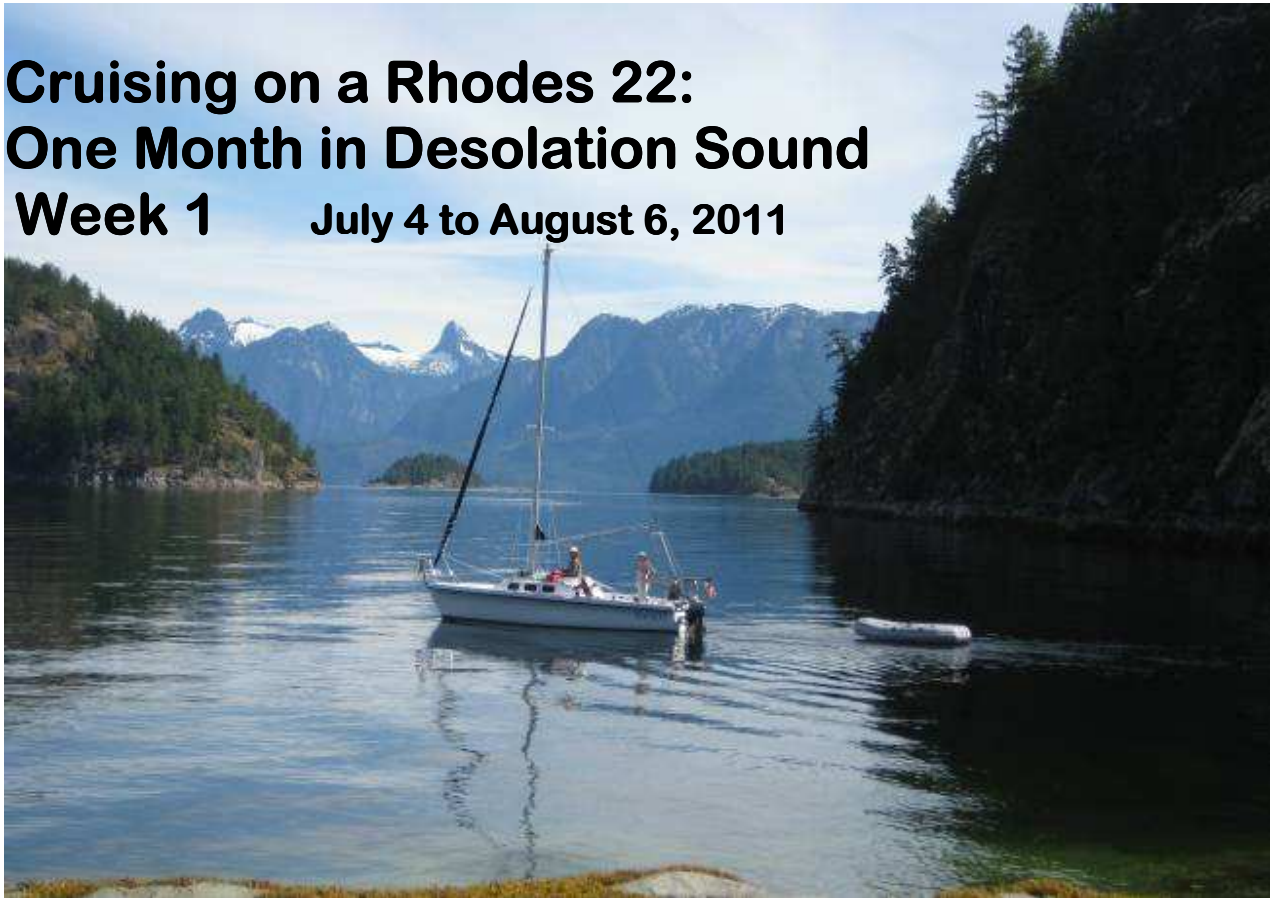






# **Cruising on a Rhodes 22: One Month in Desolation Sound Week 1      July 4 to August 6, 2011**



Having sailed several times in the San Juan and Gulf Islands, part of an area called I knew I wanted to see more of the Pacific Northwest which stretches from Washington State to Alaska. “Have Rhodes, Will Travel” should be on my business card. The boat was essentially ready for the trip; no special modifications or purchases had to be made as all the necessary additions had been completed for the previous trip to the San Juan Islands last year. The challenge was in the logistics and time. It would mean that I would have to be on boats almost the entire summer in four different countries, bummer.

I am a teacher and as soon as school was out on the 14<sup>th</sup> of June, I was headed the wrong direction, south, to Mexico. I had committed to work on my son’s 34-foot Coronado that he is restoring in the Mexican town of San Carlos on the Sea of Cortez. That first week was very much a working vacation. Up at dawn, work on the boat, eat tacos, take a siesta, get up to work ‘til dark, eat tacos, drink Negra Modelo, go to sleep, and repeat. A week later, I was back home in Southern Oregon. A week after that, I hooked up the Rhodes to my old ’96 F150 and headed up to my sister’s home in the city of Vancouver, British Columbia – a 12-hour drive north on Interstate 5.

## Week 1 (July 3 to July 6)



I met my brother-in-law Pat in Vancouver the morning of July 3<sup>rd</sup>. We continued north to Horseshoe Bay where we caught the Ferry across Howe Sound. An hour's drive brought us to the ferry that took us to Saltry Bay. From there we drove perhaps an hour and a half to Lund. According to the "Lund-ites" and the monument they erected, this is where the world's longest highway, the

**The ferry arrives**

Pan-American Highway begins. It heads south to Chile and the tip of South America almost 10,000 miles away. We, on the other hand, were headed north to Desolation Sound.

The weather was great and the Ferries were full. It is amazing how they can pack on all the cars, trucks,



**Distant waterfalls**

wonderful waterfalls cascading hundreds of feet down the impossibly steep mountains.



**Enosis packed in nice and snug**

boats and motorcycles in such a small space. Crossing the sounds was a great appetizer for what was to come. We could see the snow capped mountains and



We arrived too late to put in, so we climbed aboard and slept on the boat. The next morning July 4<sup>th</sup> we had a look at the small town and then got the boat ready to launch.



**Up early to set up the boat**

we had to tie up two boats out from the dock. It took a bit of leg work to get to ashore.

By late morning we had taken care of storing the trailer and truck, and were ready to start the trip. With little wind we started the trip under motor; a harbinger of things to come. Unfortunately, it didn't want to idle, but ran okay at high speed.



**Motel Enosis, Lund B.C.**

Launching the boat was easy with the good ramp. The dock was so crowded



**Lund harbor with the snow covered mountains of Vancouver Island in back**



**Leaving Lund for Desolation Sound**

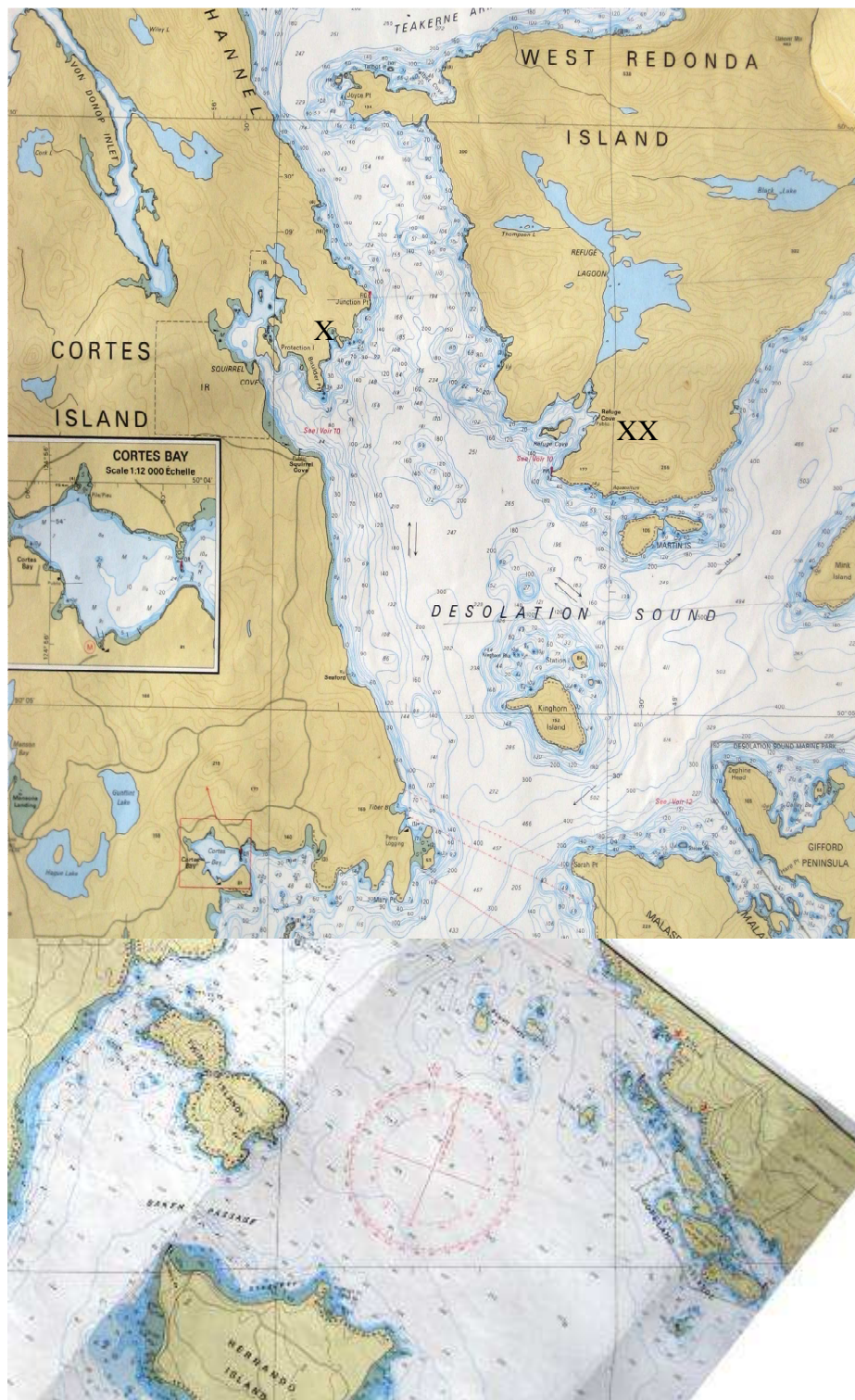


**Our eventual goal was to follow the passages through the islands to the mountains**



**We sailed through this group of small islands called the Copelands to our first anchorage**





**A collage of charts: For scale, the Copeland islands in the SE corner cover about 2 miles. Lund, off the chart, is SE along the coast another few miles and Cortes Island is to the west. Just to the east of the “Cortes Island” label was our first night’s anchorage, marked with an “X”. To the east and a bit south on West Redonda Island is Refuge cove, marked with “XX”. (That is not the night life rating!) Note: to see the chart better you can “view” at 200% for more detail.**

Our first night's anchorage was in a small cove on the NE point of Cortes Island by Junction Point. There was just an abandoned cabin and our boat. We went ashore and explored and savored the beauty and isolation. There was a vastness to the views and there were tiny surprises in the tide pools and on land.



**The perfect first night's anchorage**



**Beautiful lichens on a granite rock**



**Dingy ashore among the drift wood**

The purpose of these first three days was to familiarize Pat with the boat and review the unique skills necessary to have a good and safe time on my Rhodes. He also learned where everything was.....doesn't mean he would remember. I let him do most of the sailing and anchoring so he was quite comfortable by the third day when I left for Baltimore.





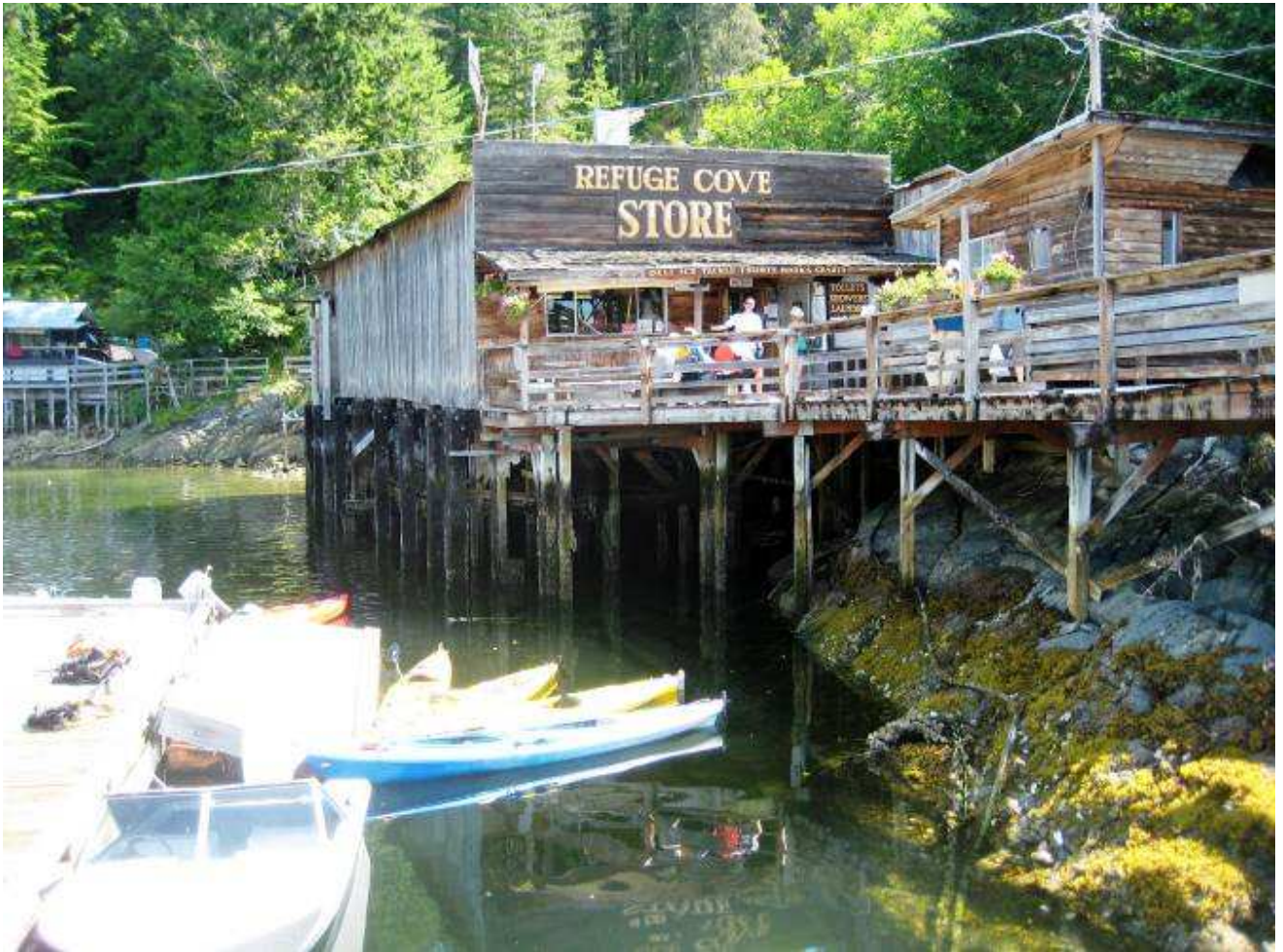
**Taking in the solitude and enjoying the peace**

Up early the next morning, we decided to head across the strait to Refuge Cove to take in the sites, pick up some drinking water and work on the motor at dock to see if we could get the motor running reliably. It was a short sail across to West Redonda Island and the very small settlement of Refuge Cove. It is a "Co-op" of about 80 acres owned by around 40 families. There are several small stores and a marina owned by the Co-op. The winds were great (well, for Desolation sound, 8 kts.) We sailed from our anchorage to Refuge Cove and since the winds were holding and the motor very questionable, sailed to the dock and tied up. With the IMF it is sooo easy!



**Tied up at the dock at Refuge Cove**





**The old fashioned general store,” you can get most anything you want....”**



**Some of the homes of Refuge Cove**



**Post Office and art studio**



Unfortunately, the motor was not in a cooperative mode, so I sailed off the dock made a circuit and swung by the fuel dock to pick up Pat, the photographer. By the way, he took most of these great pictures as he was the designated ship's photographer and he has a real talent.



**Ready to sail off the dock**



**A nervous catamaran owner watches**



**Ready to let out more jib and head down wind to get Pat**

As all of you know, the Rhodes is such a sweet sailing boat and so maneuverable, that it is easy to do *almost* anything you would do under power you can do under sail.



Our next destination was to Galley Bay part of Desolation Sound Marine Park just north of Gifford Peninsula, we took a roundabout course tacking about in the sound. We headed out of the cove and then turned south to sail between Kinghorn Island and Station Island. We took extra precautions to avoid Kinghorn rock and still came too close for comfort. The currents are quite strong with the 12 foot tides, deep water (depths on the charts are in meters) and narrow passes. This was a good lesson to learn early in the trip.





Galley bay is protected by one island at low tide and two islands at high tide. The larger western island is joined by an isthmus which is bright white because of the thousands of oyster shells. Since it is a marine park most of these shells have live oysters in them, a very interesting sight. As we rowed ashore there were clumps of starfish in a sort of echinoderm orgy. We also saw bald eagles (more restrained) every day we went sailing, usually far off but sometimes quite close.



**Looking south to the boat in Galley bay, low tide**



**Oyster Beds**



**Starfish in Bed**



**One of a pair of bald eagles**





**That evening looking north at high tide. The Oyster beds are now 12 feet under**

The days were warm, in the upper 70's and light winds, or none. In the evenings the temperature would drop to the low to mid 50's so the pop top enclosure was used every evening. The mosquitoes were more of an annoyance than a real problem. Keeping score of how many intruders into the cabin we each killed helped pass the time. Usually there was a heavy dew so it wasn't practical to sleep out, that and the mosquitoes.

The next morning and our last day of sailing; or on that day, motoring, was a beautiful and bright day. The motor worked, sort of, as it did not like to idle or even run at low throttle. It seemed that it would flood and we suspected the float valve was stuck. We were headed through the Copeland Islands on the inside passage to Lund, not far down the coast. Pat and I would drive the truck back to Vancouver and I would take the bus across the boarder to Seattle to fly out to Baltimore for some Chesapeake sailing, the first time in 15 years after sailing on the bay for almost 25 years. Pat would spend the next two weeks sailing Desolation sound, then I would return and sail for a week with a friend of my sisters, and then another week with pat.

One thing that everyone who sailed on Enosis greatly enjoyed were the many different types of water craft and the people we met on them. In no particular order, here are a few of the many we saw. Sometimes the boat caught our eye or the setting and often it was both.















**I saved the best photo for last!**