

## DESOLATION SOUND WEEK 4 PART 2 WATERFALLS



I have always wanted to sail up close to one of these kinds of waterfalls. I knew that even small falls like these generate their own wind so I knew the boat could be sailed past it. Also the cliff continues down several hundred feet so depth would be no problem. We sailed in close enough to get the decks wet and then made a circuit, Michael dropped me off in the dingy and he took a second pass. It was beautiful! There was enough wind falling off the mountain to keep the sails filled and push the boat past the waterfall.

We never tired of finding and sailing as close to a waterfall as we could. Some times there were waterfalls high up on the mountain and only a small creek or stream rushing out of the dense forest was evidence of their existence.







**A magnificent waterfall in Toba inlet. The wind would drop down the cliff and spread out**



**Our anchorage in Toba Inlet**

It was time to find a place to anchor. The coast for the most part has almost no bays, coves or even indents. Fortunately, this time of year the weather is pretty settled and though rain can be a common occurrence, the wind is usually not a problem. In the late evening and into the morning hours the cold air from the mountains flows out to the sea. As the sun warms the land the winds reverse. In Toba, because of all the snow, there really wasn't much of an inflow of air so the water could be very calm.



Michael looked at the chart and looked at the topography and suggested that certain streams might have deposited a lot of alluvial material so there was a chance that we could anchor up close to shore. Up Toba inlet where it makes a sharp bend to the east is Bram River and Bram Bay. This was the only place mentioned in the guide book. It was the site of an active logging operation with lots of float planes and helicopters coming and going. We were looking for a different overnight experience. We settled on the fourth stream south



**The log is 30 long**

from Bram River. 400 feet from shore the depth was close to 300 feet. 100 feet from shore it was around 200 feet deep. About 50 feet from shore it was 90 feet. I didn't think I could hope for a 5:1 scope in this anchorage. The depth sounder indicated sand, rocks and gravel so we chose the Bruce anchor. I paid out 200 feet of line over the stern which left the bow very close to shore and in about 10 feet of water at three quarter tide. The anchor was well dug in and I figured with the upward slope it was close to the angle of a 5:1 scope. There was a fairly strong breeze out of the canyon so we ran two lines to shore at a wide angle to ensure that we could not swing toward some rocks.

This place was grand. Huge boulders were perched on the cobbled shore. You could hear a small brook falling over the rocks and there was a sheer cliff that towered almost 3,000 above us. The course of the stream was not very long but extremely steep with several falls and patches of snow part way up its course. We could follow it only a short way up until we came to a fall with a huge 30 foot log lodged beneath the fall. While I was exploring, Michael went fishing for salmon off the boat. Uh, we had lentils and curry for dinner.



**Michael fishing for salmon**



**Green milky glacial melt**

By this point there was a change in water temperature to around 58° and the very fine glacial dust was suspended in the water causing it to have a milky green appearance. I rowed through this water along the shore to check out a larger stream a short distance up the coast. This stream had a couple of alpine lakes as a source so it was much larger than our little one. The power of the water as it tumbled over giant boulders was impressive. When I tossed in a tree stump and watched it get pounded to mulch in a short waterfall and whirlpool it was frightening. I was also feeling a bit uneasy by myself as I thought about what other large beast might take exception to me being on their turf. We had been warned about there being grizzlies. I wanted to see them, but not from land. I hopped back into the dinghy and headed back.

Though we did not want to spend the night at the logging facility we did want to check it out. We left late in the morning and moved up the coast a short distance and could see something we hadn't seen in a long time; horizontal land. A large river, the Bram, flowed out of a big "U" shaped glacial valley. There were huge old log booms chained together, with several curious but timid seals on them. There was also a floating dock made from massive trees. A dirt road and large fuel tank



**Log booms at Bram River logging camp**



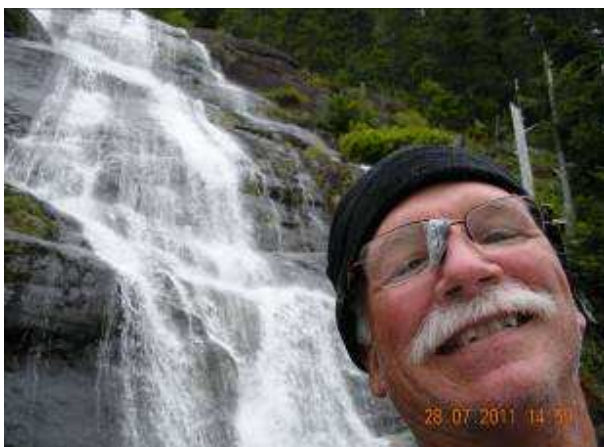
were the only things we could easily see. We followed an old road and noticed lots of tasty berry bushes and could not see very far....hmmm sounds like grizzly bear country. Wanting to make sure I could see if I had to run, I pulled my glasses off to clean them. They literally broke in half and the lenses fell out, I couldn't see a thing. Michael didn't help matters by saying that there would be no problem, if a bear came along now, he could easily out run me in my myopic condition. Thanks Michael.



**Mmm, tasty bear food**



**“Sittin’ by the dock of the bay.....”**



**Mmm, tasty bear food, nerd flavor**

I resembled the Planters peanut guy. One lens fit back into part of a frame so I could see, sort of. But with the monocle, because of my type of vision problem, everything was in double. Great! Now there would be two bears! We got back on the main road and a short time later a pickup truck drove up and Michael and the forestry engineer had an interesting conversation. The company is primarily a helicopter operation and it is easy to see why in that terrain. We headed back to the dock and I sat around and waited while Michael the “engineer” fixed my glasses. The results were not what I expected. However his alternative “elegant” solution was a strap of duct tape with two cut outs just slightly smaller than my lenses. He would then

put a second layer on the first and then wrap my head in a sort of mask. All

I needed to do was wear my underwear on the outside of my jeans and; Voila! Duct Tape Man! It was then time to leave before the next float plane was due to fly the engineer back home for the weekend.



A short sail along an actual sand beach and we headed back down Toba Inlet. We could see another nice water fall and decided to check it out. On the way we passed several small ones too. As was par, the depth was plenty deep even when Michael could reach out and touch the waterfall which we approached bow to. The air around these waterfalls is colder, fresher, and there is an intangible quality about the atmosphere, yeah, I really like waterfalls!



**Some of the water falls we saw, note the depth of 217 feet a boat length or two from the falls. Enlarge for water temp.**



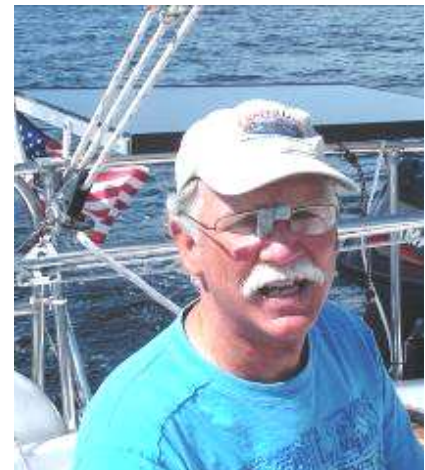




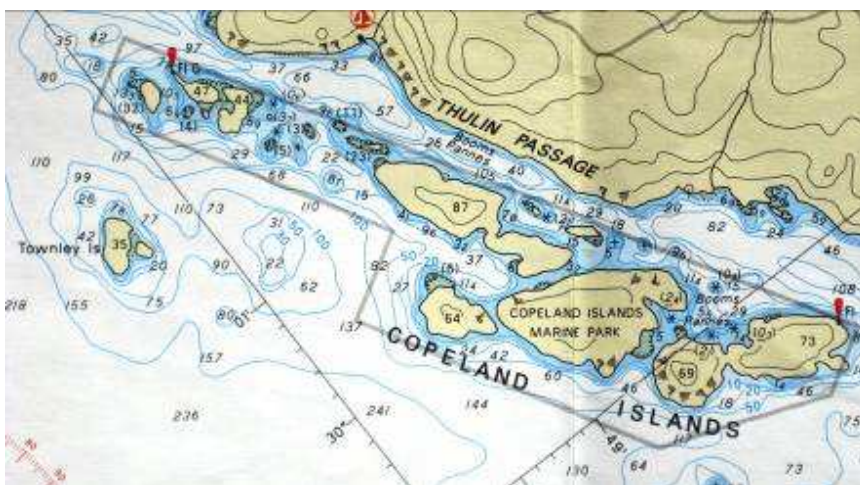
**Butler Point Provincial Park**

We were headed back down Toba Inlet to the narrows that separate East Redonda from West Redonda. Just a short distance down and to the west of the passage at Butler Point, was a little provincial park composed of several small sheltering islands and a snug cove. This was to be our anchorage for the evening. It is a popular anchorage since it is the last good shelter before heading up Toba Inlet or Pryce Channel. After passing a lot of anchored and rafted up boats we went to the head of the cove and avoiding several submerged rocks anchored and ran a line ashore. Within a short time it began to rain. After an hour it stopped and we fixed dinner. The glasses fix did not last long so

Michael came up with the new and improved Manley-Nerdly version. He said I would blend in with all the Canadians as one of their fashion categories is wilderness nerdish.



**The new and improved nerd glasses**



**Copeland Islands**

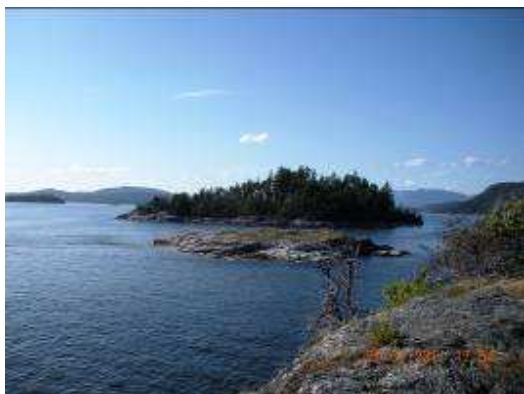


We left under motor for our last evening on board. I had enjoyed the Copeland Island and we decided to moor in a small cove on the SE of the westernmost island with navigation light on it.



**Copeland Island cove**

We anchored essentially in the same spot as the first time I was here with my sister and her husband. We did not have it all to ourselves as two small trawlers came in and rafted up 50 yards to the south of us. They were very quiet and did not run any generators, thank goodness.



**Looking NW from Copeland Is.**

The next island to the west and the last in the Copeland group did not have a suitable anchorage but would be a fun island to camp out on I think, you would have it all to yourself.



**Burled drift wood, Copeland Is.**



Michael jumped into the water with his wetsuit on and explored the cove. Meanwhile I went ashore on the island just to the south of our position and wandered around checking things out. I did find a large mound called a midden where over the centuries the Native Americans (First Nations in Canada) threw their clam and mussel shells. At low tide there were huge beds of oysters, clams and mussels on the island. Michael came over to where the dinghy was and we wandered around the island



**A Madrone, my favorite kind of tree in the NW**



**A lieu with a view, Copeland Islands**



**Michael on the last night, Copeland Is.**

together. The last time I was here there were a lot of Kayakers camped out on this island, but this time there were none. There are several nice campsites and even an outhouse. Along the southern shore there was a small beach full of drift wood. We rowed around a bit and finally made it back to the boat at sundown. It was the perfect place to spend this last night. Lund was only a short distance away and we would arrive in plenty of time for Michael to get an early start home. I would be meeting my brother-in-law, Pat the next day for one more week of great sailing experiences and beauty. Little did I know what we would get ourselves into.