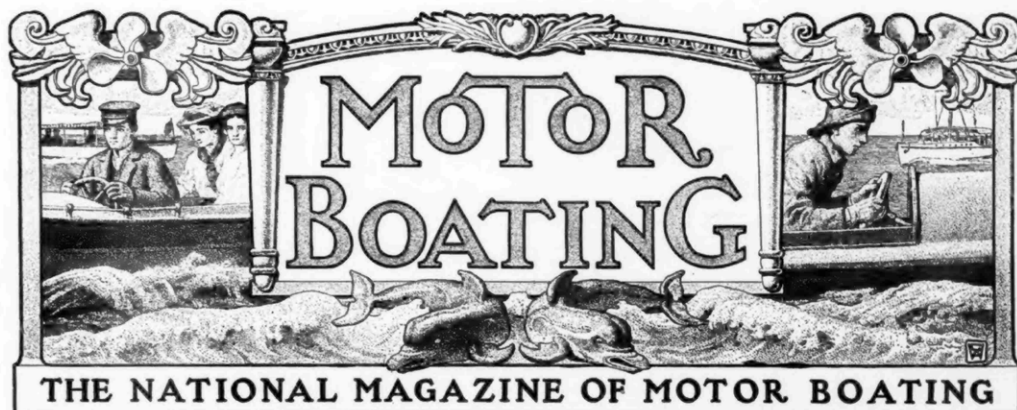




Cruising In British Columbia Waters.

Being the Account of an Unexpected Trip By One Who Was Kidnapped.
From Vancouver, B. C., Northwest Through the Strait of Georgia.

By Frank M. Foulser.

HOW did it happen? Well, I was kidnapped—that's all. I had no more intention of going on that cruise than you have at this minute. It was in Vancouver, B. C. I was there on business—chasing down the waterfront in search of a man whose ear it was necessary to gain. There was a neat, 40-foot, stock-pattern, trunk cabin Racine tied up to one of the wharves loading on the big, red, Imperial-gallon cans of gasoline. That's something, by the way, that you want to remember when you cruise in English waters. It takes six of Uncle Samuel's gallons to fill what Johnny Bull calls a five-gallon can. Furthermore, you should bear in mind that the smallest price you will be taxed for gasoline on the British Columbia side is 25 cents and from that up to 40 cents, while in Seattle the price runs from 15 to 22 cents per gallon. So even the advantage in size of the Imperial measure does not equalize the difference in the cost.

Now the minute I sighted that boat, which had a certain familiar look, I knew that I had no business dallying along the danger reefs of temptation. Every business instinct bristled with a warning culled from past experience. But the ability to appreciate a beautiful boat or yacht is "na a habet, but a guft," like my friend Lauder's explanation of Sandy's enjoyment of a "wee drappy." So defiantly I sauntered down "just to see the boys start out."

A moment later the familiar head of the skipper of Philistina, set off by the disreputable habiliments which he loves to don when once clear of the office and safe from the reproaches of his better half, precipitated itself into the cockpit from the cabin. He caught sight of me among the group of interested spectators.

"Well, don't stand there all day. Hurry up and throw your dunnage down. Then stand by the bow line and let's get out of here."

"But where are you going?" I asked, feeling my resolution beginning to waver.

"Now see here," floated back the reply, "that's none of your blankety-blank

business. You've sailed with me times enough to know better than to ask such a question."

I made a hasty mental calculation. "Oh, well," said I, yielding, "if that's the way you feel about it, I'll be ready to start in fifteen minutes."

The way in which business was despatched in the city of Vancouver during the next quarter of an hour caused some of those staid Brits to open their mouths and gasp. Meanwhile the rest of the crew of Philistina finished the loading of stores, obtained the necessary papers, and worked the "ship" out of the tortuous channel which leads to Coal Harbor and the anchorage of the Royal Vancouver Yacht Club. By the time they had the Canadian Pacific wharf abeam, I was on the end of it with such duds as I had, been able to annex in my whirlwind passage through the business section.

So we started—five of us, and Charley, the Japanese cook. There was "Fluff de Ruff," so named because of his head, which had been shaven as a preliminary precaution, giving him a convict-like appearance; then there was Larry the Duke, incog., Uncle Fred from Georgia, who, in spite of his years, enjoyed this his first motor boat cruise as keenly as any of the boys; and the captain, Miller Freeman, owner of Philistina, "out of Seattle, sir, and as good a ship as ever ploughed the main, sir." The writer was taken for ballast. It was 1:45 P. M. on Aug. 9th when we cleared from the C. P. R. dock, caught the first of the ebb tide out through the narrow channel which guards the main harbor of Vancouver, and laid a course SW. by W. $\frac{1}{4}$ W. out by Point Atkinson light.

It is surprising how much stuff we stowed away inside that boat. By actual weight, a ton or more of supplies was distributed by the crew during that first hour in the numerous lockers, drawers and handy places, which can be found on any of the Racine cruisers. We carried as an extra precaution, in addition to our regular 75-pound anchor, a 150-pound hook with about 50 fathom of



When Charley put the kettle on we all had tea.



The morning bath en route.

First lessons in the art of navigation.

new, inch and a half, 4-strand, soft-laid cable and 50 feet of chain. It pays to have plenty of good ground tackle.

There was a gentle southwesterly breeze blowing, enough to ruffle the sea just a trifle. The barometer read 29.8, but there was considerable smoke in the atmosphere. As we cleared the Narrows, which by the way, has a current heavy enough to stop any 8-mile launch that tries to breast it at full flow, we could see the outgoing tide following the shore to starboard in a broad ribbon-like swath of blue. The captain worked his way over and soon the difference in speed could be noted by comparison with the shore line, and the pieces of drift, of which there was a large quantity afloat.

It was about 2:45 when we passed Point Atkinson, that guards the southerly entrance of Howe's Sound and constitutes one of the boundary points of English Bay. That showed we were logging about 8 miles an hour, which is a trifle better than what Philistina with her 16 h. p. Racine can ordinarily do, as she is very heavy and beamy. A long line of flotsam, heading a turbulent muddy current directly across our bow, showed that the water had just commenced to flow out of Howe Sound. By altering our course a trifle to port, the skipper caught its favoring lift on our quarter. The wind having veered a bit more to the south'ard, we were commanded to hoist the sail, which we did, carrying it from the northerly end of Bowen Island nearly to Seechelt Light. Here at six o'clock the zephyr deserted us and we took down the sail. It was at this point that we came across our first school of whales, which so fascinated Charley the cook that heaven knows when we would have gotten supper if Larry, who was beginning to regain a decadent appetite, hadn't demanded the satisfaction of his carnal cravings.

The pursuit of the whale, by the way, is one of the most spectacular and interesting industries on Puget Sound and the adjacent waters. A motor boat constitutes a delightful method of watching every detail of whale harvesting. One can see the Indians of Neah Bay starting out in their canoes and watch them plunge their bladder-buoyed darts fearlessly into the black mass of pulpy flesh, or one can pursue the swift steamers armed with their high explosive guns that throw into the ugly carcass a shell which in its turn explodes, rending the tissues, fibre from fibre, till death ensues. A trip to any of the whaling stations is easily accomplished from Seattle or Vancouver by a good cruiser and one may stay as long as the inclination lasts, unhampered by schedule. While the motor boat does not as yet play an active part in the whale catching, it is already

a valuable accessory, and doubtless if some plan can be devised of effectually stopping the noise of the exhaust, which has proved the drawback hitherto in whale hunting with gasoline, the heavy duty type will be brought into use for this important pursuit.

When Charley finally recovered from his inspection of the whales and set up the table in the cockpit, we sat down to a meal fit for a king. But no palace ever possessed such glorious decorations as those which the setting sun was throwing upon the rocky prominence of the Trail Islands and further back upon the white painted village of the Seechelt Indians.

After the dishes were cleared away and pipes lit, we settled down to enjoy ourselves. As we drew near Welcome Pass, we met the tug Sea Lion heading out with a big tow of logs. Over the rail her crew waved us a friendly hail. A glass-cabin launch which had been following us for several hours finally sneaked up between us and the east shore of the pass. With the glasses I made out her name—Velma W. of Vancouver. Seeing how much better time she made against the flooding tide, we followed her lead and soon burst out of the pass into a rose-colored sea aflame with the thousand-tinted reflections of the opalescent clouds.

At this point an argument arose as to whether we should spend the night at Secret Cove or Buccaneer Bay. I was attracted by the name of the former, but the pirate blood in the skipper responded to the possibilities of the latter. We were then abreast of the upper end of the bigger Thormanby island. Apparently one might cut directly across into Buccanier Bay, which lies between the two Thormanbys. But the chart indicates a long shoal running out for half a mile, so we laid our course for the black spar buoy which marks the outermost point of the reef. Here one of those strange coincidences of navigation made itself manifest. As we slipped by the black buoy with a favoring tide that sent us along like a race horse, we could see Velma W., which had preceded us by less than half a mile and was now heading almost in the opposite direction, shooting up into the bay with an offset that was helping her almost as much as the tide we had with us. A moment later, and a few hundred yards to the westward, we caught it ourselves and before long found ourselves at our anchorage, after logging forty miles on the day's run, in a cosy little bight which was indicated by a man who rowed out to meet us. "Six fathom," shouted the crew, as the hook struck bottom. Over in the centre of the bay another forty-foot motor yacht, Ventura of Everett, Wash., lay tugging at her cable. Our volunteer pilot explained that the little cove in which we lay was sheltered from every breeze, always had plenty of water and was near a splendid spring. It was nearly high tide when we came in, so the two rocks which guard the entrance were not to be seen. If by any chance some of my readers should happen to want to make this anchorage without a pilot, let them remember to enter the smaller bay from the beach side.

After a hurried supper we started ashore to explore the beach which was lighted by the gleams of a dozen big fires of drift wood. There we sat and chatted with some of the campers, who were enthusiastic in their praises of the beautiful bathing beach and the fishing. Our efforts at conversa-



A glimpse of the Powell River.

NOVEMBER, 1909.

Cruising in British Columbia Waters

5

tion were sadly thwarted by the rehearsal of a Sunday-school boy band which struggled heroically if not consistently with melody—an uneven contest in which melody came out a sadly under dog. We returned, baffled, to the ship to find that Charley had thoughtfully hung out a riding light and prepared a half-ration of cocoa and sandwiches which, we unanimously voted, showed his true adaptability to seafaring ways. We retired promising one another to get up at 4 o'clock for the early start which the skipper ordered. The last thing I recall was wishing that a tidal wave would sweep landward and engulf the youthful trombone soloist who repeated with mournful insistence his efforts to assassinate that good old tune, "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep."

Next morning when I was awakened by a bat in the face from the skipper's watch cap, it was broad daylight. The ticking of a clock attracted my attention to the opposite wall where the hands of the ship's timepiece registered 6:30. Nothing was visible of Larry or Fluff save a heap of blankets, but a noise like the internal rumblings of a volcano denoted their attitude on the question of rising at 4 A. M. Even Charley from his bed on the floor of the cockpit looked up at me sleepily as I stepped over him in my scanty attire, yawned wistfully and slumbered back into Oriental dreamland. The captain and I stripped the canvas covering of the cockpit, got up the anchor, started the engine and headed out of the bay without arousing the sleepers. It was then that we saw the value of local knowledge, for Ventura and Velma lay listed over on their sides in what had been the middle of the bay when we entered the night before. Keeping in the middle channel, the skipper held his course well down by the westerly Thormanby until we were clear of the reef, then put her on a course W. by N. $\frac{1}{4}$ N. which eventually would bring us under the lee of Texada Island.

By this time Fluff had appeared on deck and was ordered to wash down decks and clean brass. Fluff has not been long enough at the game to know all the tricks of the trade. Hidden behind the dinghy, which was lashed up on deck, I watched him try for a bucket of water, using the loose end of one of the boat falls to secure the pail. A look of pained surprise swept over his countenance as with a rude jerk the rope was snatched from his hand, and only the fact of its being fast to the davit kept it from going by the board with Fluff attached. The skipper reversed the engine as the novice shamefacedly recovered the property—and he never made THAT mistake again.

The genuine English bacon which Charley by this time had got ready for breakfast was, as the skipper expressed it, "not so bally bad, old chap." By the way, we found cornmeal mush with oranges sliced up in it, with a dash of maple syrup and a squirt from the tin cow, one of the most reliable cereal dishes any of us had ever tried in combination.

The wind, which had been a little south of east, now freshened and swung into the east, tearing off chunks of white cotton as it swept across to the entrance of Agamemnon Channel. The brisk, breezy, sunshiny morning was inspiring. After I had had the helm for a while I turned it over to Charley who had finished the breakfast things and now came asking some instruction in navigation. With the exception of



Wind vs. tide. Philistina at anchor in the Powell river, with her flags blowing forward.

trying to run the boat over the dry land across Texada Island the little Japanese quickly caught the knack of keeping a course.

By 9:30 we had come to Northeast Point, the extreme easterly point of the island. Texada is one of the biggest of the islands on the British Columbian coast and has on it some iron mines which are owned by Seattle capital. Its highest point is Mt. Shepherd at the southerly end. The waterway between it and the mainland is known as Malaspina Straits. The weather by this time had commenced to cloud up, so that we had to lay a compass course W. by N. $\frac{3}{4}$ N. in order to make Grief Point on the opposite side of the straits. After following this course for about an hour, I was pleased to see the clump of trees which stand well out on the end of Grief Point spit loom out of the fog directly in front of our forestay. We rounded the point, keeping well clear of obstruction and put her on the needle for Powell River. Half an hour later, although we could not see the river, we could hear it roar as it emptied its foaming burden into the bay. I hove the lead and we dropped anchor in eight fathoms.

"Well, Charley," said the skipper, "let's have a cold lunch and get ashore."

"Awright," was the response, "I make you combination sandweech." Straightway he set to work and with sardines, cold boiled eggs, onions, fried bacon and lettuce, he soon had a paste made which when spread on bread proved delicious. We drew lots to see who would go fishing and who would remain on shore. Uncle Fred, Charlie and I were elected to remain while the real fishermen attended to supplying the larder. I set the three of them ashore in the small boat and then proceeded up the trail to investigate the logging camp at the top of the hill. Here I found a saw-mill owned by a Mr.

McFeeley, who I learned later, is planning a pretentious motor yacht for cruising in these waters. The cottages of the men who worked in the mills were grouped in a cluster around the beginning of the trail which our boys had taken to Powell Lake. Most of the cottages, while unfinished, were very neat and tidy. Flowers bloomed gaily in their tiny yards or ran up on the porches. In front of one of them I made the acquaintance of a very precocious young lady—of two and a half years—who informed me that her home was in Seattle and that her father's occupation was "to work to buy her bread and butter." A little further on I came across a camp where two men and a feminine camper were engaged in cleaning some trout for the noonday meal.

"Fine fish you have there," I commented. "Did you catch them yourselves?"



Fishing at Campbell River. A 55-pound tyee, caught with the rod in 15 minutes.



What they did in a single evening on Campbell River.

One of the men looked at me suspiciously. "Who put you next?" he grunted. I disclaimed any prescience, whereupon he explained that for nearly two weeks they had fished with every kind of lure and caught nothing—while around them others had no difficulty in getting all kinds of sport. The hoodoo had gotten on their nerves but they were determined to stay and wear it out. I offered the use of the tender for a troll at the mouth of the river, an offer which they accepted with a grim forecast of the probable futility of the effort. So without even waiting for lunch they started.

Arriving back on the beach where the tender had been left, we discovered that Tuscora, owned by W. S. Chambers of Victoria, vice-president of the Pacific International Power Boat Association, was lying off the saw-mill landing. We boarded her for a chat. Tuscora is one of Schock's boats—at least her hull is. She cruises winter and summer wherever the whim of her owner sees fit to send her. Her excessive beam gives an astonishing amount of room, all of which is utilized with masterful ingenuity.

We started in to fish but the hoodoo still pursued us. For over two hours we trolled back and forth across the mouth of the river. One of the ill-fated Waltons got his tackle carried away by a big fellow, but that was all. In a leaky dug-out two boys paddled by us, and lifting up the rushes in the bow, showed proudly three big salmon. We landed in disgust and proceeded to interview the old hunter and trapper, whose shack on the point of land which half conceals the mouth of the river had attracted my curiosity.

We were listening eagerly to his stories of past experiences when, looking out to where the Philistina lay, I beheld a strange phenomenon. The wind had freshened to a point that set our little vessel bobbing merrily at her cable. Almost as if they were carved from wood, the stiff breeze held every flag straight out at right angles to its particular staff. At first I thought nothing of this until, glancing at the bow, I noticed that the cable was pulled taut with the

stern of Philistina pointed right into the eye of the wind. Just at that moment the skipper hallooed from the beach. He had returned, alarmed by the increased blow for the safety of our anchorage. For a moment he gazed bewitched at the spectacle, then he burst out with a profane preface—"Well, I'll write the Racine people to-morrow that they have the only boat that will lie up against a 12-knot breeze without an anchor." A partial explanation was forthcoming when we rowed up alongside and bucked the strong current from the mouth of the river, but even that seemed hardly enough to oppose the strength of the windage.

The skipper had come back empty handed. His excuse was that worrying about the boat had caused him to turn round before he got to the lake. At five, Fluff showed up with an air of disgust and three small trout. Larry saved the day, however, about an hour later with some 30 or more dark skinned prizes running up to eight inches. We emptied four of the red oil cans into the tank and got up anchor, pursued by the bullets of one of the millmen, who could not resist the sight of the red cans floating saucily on the water and blazed away merrily at them with a heavy calibre rifle, apparently regardless of the fact that we were well within range.

Charley fried the fish and the skipper piloted us under the lee of Harwood Island to enjoy them in tranquillity. There are a few and occasional excuses for gluttony. The first trout of the season served al fresco is one of them. We needed no excuse. A sprinkle of salt was the only condiment, fingers and teeth the only tools, but the way we ploughed through that big platter of golden, meal-covered tid-bits would have done credit to a camp of lumber jacks. "Larry," said Uncle Fred, after we had paused for breath, "you have some grease on your chin and cheeks way up to your eyes." "I know it," admitted the offender, "and I'm proud of it. That's the first meal I've enjoyed for the last six months."

We pulled up the anchor and proceeded. Again the sea was gleaming with the iridescent reflections of the unimaginable sunset. Our wake scintillated with a thousand hues margined with a soft white border of foam. Suddenly almost under our bow a column of water shot high into the air and a second later the huge bulk of a monster blackfish parted the surface of the waters and disappeared with astonishing rapidity as he caught sight of us. It was all done so quickly that some of us only heard the swash—like a leviathan's sigh—as the blackfish sank. Evidently he went below to tell the other members of his school, for shortly on all sides, but at a respectful distance, spout upon spout revealed the curiosity of the odd-shaped monsters.

To starboard and astern the Indian village of Sliammon lay, deserted by its tenants who are always away at this season selling their baskets and fishing. On our port quarter Savary Island with its wonderful white cliffs—almost like the Palisades—drew the beams of the setting sun. This island has recently passed into private ownership and a cruising motor yacht will serve as ferry for the purchaser and his friends.

Just as it was growing dark, Philistina entered the harbor of Lund, a typical trading point on the mainland. There are several timber enterprises near here which contribute to the support of the little town.

(To be continued.)



Tied up to the logs at the mouth of the Campbell River.

Cruising In British Columbia Waters.

Being the Account of an Unexpected Trip By One Who Was Kidnapped.
From Vancouver, B. C., Northwest Through the Strait of Georgia.

By Frank M. Foulser.

(Continued from Motor Boating for November.)

WE went ashore soon after anchoring to see what the town of Lund had to offer in the way of the conveniences of civilization. Gasoline and supplies of all kinds may be obtained and a very competent boatbuilder has a machine shop remarkably well equipped for repairs of all kinds. The prices of provisions are rather high, and mixed drinks are not yet in vogue, but the climate must be very invigorating, judging from the enthusiastic log splitter on shore who kept us awake till nearly midnight. Larry was seized with a great admiration for the country that would produce a man who could work all day in a lumber camp, come home, milk the cows, eat two suppers, beat his wife and chop three cords of wood as a preliminary to a good night's rest. Alongside Tuscora, which had left us at Powell River, was entertaining the natives with a phonograph concert of grand opera. We turned in early, setting the alarm clock for 3:30, but I was awakened at midnight by the big gasoline mail boat which brings freight and passengers to Lund three times a week.

At 3:30 A. M., on Wednesday, Aug. 11th, the alarm clock went off with a bang. The skipper jumped and so did I, but the rest of the crew simply groaned and rolled over. It was still dark as the anchor came up over the side and we cautiously felt our way out of the harbor and headed for Baker Passage to get the advantage of the tide. This portion of the course calls for some little navigation, being dotted with submerged reefs, and subject to sudden heavy weather and swift, treacherous currents.

Daylight was just dawning as we rounded Tongue Point, a wonderfully beautiful projection of Hernando Island. Back of us the Selkirks were just being outlined against the sky, their saw-tooth serrations looming up in the wonderful blood-red light like scenery from the most vivid of Belasco's productions. Charlie was sleeping on the floor of the cockpit. From his starts and voluble exclamations every now and then, he must have been refighting the Japanese-Russian war. It was pretty chilly, so I started the blue flamed Primus and in a short time had some coffee and bread and butter ready for interior fortification. Although our destination was for Cape Mudge at the southerly extremity of the Valdez Islands, we had to lay a course almost due south to clear Reef Point which juts out from Cortes Island on the northerly side of Baker Passage.

As we cleared the Passage and worked out into the Straits of Georgia again, the breeze commenced to stiffen and by the time we got to Cape Mudge, the draft down the draw (as the Discovery Passage channel between Vancouver and Valdez Islands is called at this point), was something distinctly appreciable. Sweaters were extremely welcome. Here we came upon a fleet of Indian dugouts, whose owners were trolling for cohoes—a small, rather inferior salmon. Coming down the draw with their patched sails bellying and pulling them along on their flat runs with exhilarating speed, I almost envied their occupants. When the rest of the crew finally tumbled shamefacedly on deck they were surprised to see how near our destination—the famous Campbell River—we were. At seven o'clock we anchored off the Campbell River Hotel where there was already moored a fleet consisting of Bertha, an auxiliary yawl owned by Mr. J. P. Roberts, of

Vancouver, the motor cruiser New Zealand, one of the contestants in the Vancouver-Seattle race for 1909, and Swift Sure, a powerful looking glass-cabin launch.

The Campbell River is one of the most famous fishing places in the world. Hither some of the most enthusiastic of the big game fishermen make an annual pilgrimage from all over the globe. Their quarry is the tyee, royal chinook, spring, king, Sacramento or any other of half a dozen names which you may care to apply to the gigantic, silver-armored salmon which in this particular locality condescends to strike at a troll. Although during the three days our party stopped here, I saw any quantity of the big fellows captured, not one of our group succeeded in landing even a solitary coho. This I can only attribute to pure hoodoo, as at least two of our party were accomplished fishermen.

There are two hotels, and as soon as we had had breakfast Uncle Fred and I went ashore to investigate. Ever since we started Uncle Fred had been anxious to dig clams, and as the spurts of water from the tideless beach indicated an abundance of shellfish, he soon had a bucketful. I found the hotel infested by English looking individuals toggled out in knickerbockers and khaki. One of them—a Mr. Martin—who was spending his third season, had just captured a 55-pounder, of which I secured a snap-shot. We learned that there were some Seattle and other boats anchored in the mouth of the river itself about two miles further on, so we decided to join them.

As we stemmed the strong current, the big salmon were jumping all around. The splash of a 60 or 70 pound fish jumping suddenly within a few feet of one's boat is rather startling. Just beyond an Indian graveyard, over the portal of which perched a huge carved bird—the totem of the tribe—we passed the yacht Minerva of the Royal Vancouver Yacht Club anchored, awaiting the turn of the tide to get into the river. It was too early to cross the bar which blocks the entrance, so we spent our time in watching the wonderful panorama of submarine life spread out beneath. The clearness of the water intensified everything. To an incredible depth were revealed wonderful growths—almost as marvellous as those of far-famed Catalina. Golden cod flashed in and out of the miniature forests of kelp; flounders

and sole big as monstrous platters scaled across the field of vision; shadowy black cod lurked in the dark places; muscular salmon propelled themselves with scarcely a visible effort of their broad tails through the marine highways. I baited a jig with a piece of clam and watched it sink down down to the sandy bottom. A lively cod darted from his hiding-place and grabbed the bait, fighting the barbed hook desperately all the way to the surface. With a single slash across the jugular Charlie ended its suffering. With quick, deft strokes of the sharp knife, he erased the back and side fins, slit the belly, stripped it clean and flung slices of the still twitching muscles into the waiting frying-pan. No complaint was registered that this particular fish was not fresh. By the time the skipper and Larry had returned from a brief row, lunch was on the table. The nectar from Uncle Fred's clams, the steamed clams themselves and the freshly caught fish constituted our repast.

The tide had by this time risen high enough for us to cross the bar and over we sailed while the trumpeter on the Minerva

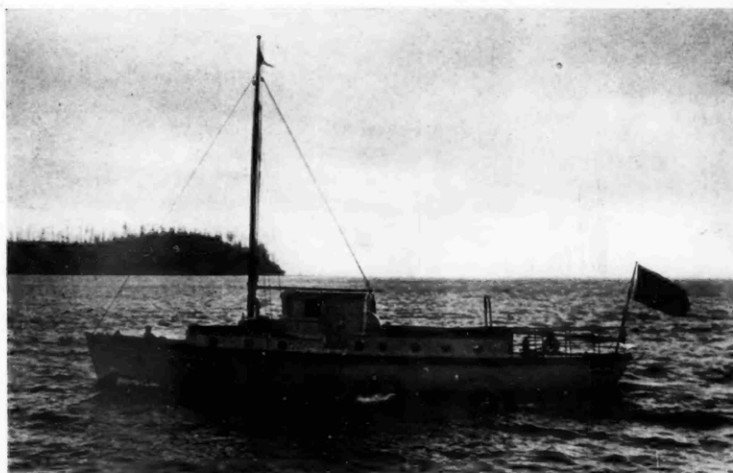


The Skipper goes aloft to reeve the throat halyard.

DECEMBER, 1909.

Cruising in British Columbia Waters.

11



Restless, of the Seattle Yacht Club, winner of the fourth prize in the Seattle-Vancouver Race of 1908.

played the Star-Spangled Banner in our honor, a bit of pleasant courtesy which we recognized by dipping the ensign and giving three "lusty British cheers." Inside we found the motor yacht Widgeon of Seattle and a yacht from Victoria. We tied up near them to a boom of logs which were awaiting the arrival of the next tug to tow them to Vancouver.

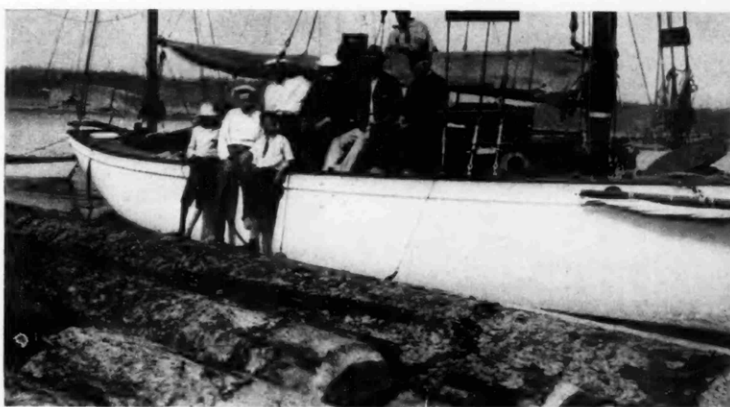
For the next three days we remained anchored here. Morning and night on the turn of the tide, some of us joined the fleet of rowboats which promenaded slowly back and forth across the mouth of the river. Most of them were stroked by professional guides who receive \$3 or \$4 a day for their services. In this sport we had no success, but in various trips up the river we fared better, the boys returning with nice messes of trout and tales of beautiful scenery. For the sake of those who come after us it might be well to relate our experience in the matter of fishing licenses. The skipper had been very particular to inquire in Vancouver what was necessary in this matter. He was told that it would be impossible to obtain any license to shoot in spite of the popular belief that a miner's license covering the shooting of game for food purposes can be taken out by anyone. As to fishing, he was informed that the only licenses necessary were those issued in consideration of five dollars by the Dominion government. These he procured, but shortly after we landed at the Campbell River we were boarded by an officious gentleman in a white and black blazer, who assured us that as a representative of the Provincial government he was there to collect \$5 from each of us before he would permit us to fish. As he seemed so absolutely certain that his was the only dyed-in-the-wool brand of licenses we came across, but ever since then we have been wondering.

Later Minerva came in, together with Bertha, and Skookum, a strongly built 35 footer owned by a Mr. Lane of Cowichan. The crew of Bertha made the best record in the matter of tyees. One of their catches for a single afternoon on two rods was a 56 pounder, a 40 pounder and three others weighing over 30 pounds each. It was aggravating. The depths of our degradation were struck when the skipper and Larry after three hours of fruitless trolling started after an Indian dugout whose owner they had bitterly watched pulling in fish after fish. The Indian saw them coming and started to paddle away. They rowed harder. Redman redoubled his efforts. Finally after a long stern chase they overhauled him and enquired what he would take for one of the smaller fish. "Me no sell,"

was the humiliating refusal which they met. Meanwhile I had secured a donation of a big fish and for some little time succeeded in palming it off as my own catch to the utter disgust of the others.

It rained most of the time we were there, so that most of my kodak pictures were spoiled. One day we visited the Indian village and returned laden with wonderfully woven baskets. Uncle Fred became afraid to go out and dig clams any more lest he be arrested for not carrying a clam digger's license. Our evenings were spent in long winded discussions on the Oriental question or the causes of the civil war or what influences values in real estate. One pleasant break in our daily routine was the visit of Mr. and Mrs. Wise of Victoria. These two good fellows—for Mrs. Wise is just as much of an outdoor enthusiast as her husband—have fished and hunted together for years. Recently they came out from England and took up motor boating as a pursuit. They spend the greater part of the year in their open 30 footer pitching their tent wherever the fancy seizes them or varying their out door existence by visits to the various coast or inland cities. Our first glimpse of Mrs. Wise was in a canoe shooting the big rapids of the upper river with an old Indian guide, who wanted to know if Mr. Wise was the only husband she had ever had. Rainier, a big 80-foot gasoline motor yacht, belonging to Andrew Hemmerich of Seattle, stopped in en route to Alaska, but only stayed a few hours while her guests went fishing. On Saturday, Aug. 14th, we decided to move on. Uncle Fred was compelled to leave us at this point and took the steamer back to Vancouver. Minerva, Widgeon and Bertha had already departed.

About 4 o'clock in the afternoon we slipped cable ourselves and headed across Discovery Passage to Quathiaska Cove, the site of a post-office and cannery. It was still raining when the anchor struck bottom, but we ducked between showers and made for shore. A boy on the wharf was catching dogfish. One of the Chinamen from the cannery came out just as the youngster landed a big female on the chunk of salmon he was using for bait. The Chinaman opened the fish and released seven little dogfish each of which wriggled happily away with its yolk sac floating behind like a miniature balloon. Fluff and I decided to walk across the island to the home of a friend. The way led through the woods—a comfortable wagon trail winding in and out among huge firs and ferns drenched with the rain. The smell of it was crisp and pungent. It was an exhilarating change after our week of salt water.



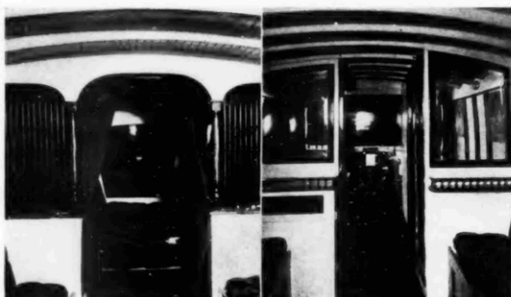
The crew of Minerva in the Campbell River, with "King Edward" (Mr. George Thompson of Vancouver) in the center.

Just as we arrived at the house a deluge struck the land. It rained in buckets. A creek which had been dry as we came across the island was flowing with a raging torrent on our return. Although our acquaintance was away, the other members of the family were at home. With true British hospitality they plied us with tea and cakes. When we came away Fluff bore a pail of eggs and a basket of vegetables, while under each of my arms rested a huge cake. As we passed a field of grain one of the boys who had volunteered to accompany us back, pointed out the ravages of the deer which had grown so bold as to actually be a nuisance.

"We will have to shoot one to-night," he said, "one that has been particularly annoying. Don't you want to watch us?"

The idea appealed to me, so after we had taken our load of welcome provisions to the boat, I returned with the boys. We went to bed in the loft of a work shop. It seemed as if I had slept scarcely a quarter of an hour when I was awakened by a tug at my wrist. I sat up and gazed around trying to accustom my eyes to the dim light of dawn. A figure stood silhouetted like a statue in the window. I caught the glint of light along a rifle barrel. He motioned to the other window. I crept over and looked out. A stag just in the velvet was feeding off the tender stalks of young wheat, pausing now and then to lift its head, scenting danger but not seeing it. Suddenly it turned to go. With a crash that awakened the echoes for miles around the 30-30 sent its message. The deer made two magnificent bounds, then sank into the covert. The metal capped bullet had exploded in its brain. We rushed out to cut its throat, heedless of the fact that our pajamas were poor protection against the rain drenched wheat. A cloud of mist rose above the field. Steam ascended from the blood that poured from the poor creature's wounds. It was not sport. I found myself shivering suddenly with cold and disgust. It was so different from hunting in its more favorable aspects. I went back to bed half ashamed.

About nine o'clock Philistina got under way with the turn of a favorable tide, and having rounded Cape Mudge, drew up alongside of the farm house where I had spent the night, and the crew signalled for me. The wind was breezing up very fresh, which made landing on the rocky, shallow beach a difficult matter. We took one of the boys with us as guide and with the wind pushing us along at good speed passed Heriot Bay and anchored in the innermost corner of Village Bay. It was two o'clock before we got dinner out of the way. Then all five of us climbed into the dinghy and rowed across the bay to a deserted flume which marked the



The forward sleeping compartment of the Philistina, where Fluff, Larry and the author found plenty of room to stow themselves without "sardining."

The engine room of the Philistina with a 16 h.p. Racine engine. Looking aft from the main cabin, the galley is to the left, the toilet to the right.

entrance of a river. Climbing along the flume and wading for about a mile upstream we came to Village Lake. Just before we got to the lake, we had to cross a dam. At the foot of this dam was a small but deep pool so full of salmon which had mounted the river to spawn that you could not have shot a bullet into it without killing two or three at least. They paid no attention, however, to a fly which Larry flirited temptingly across the surface. Fluff, wading upstream intent on lashing a rifle, lost his balance and sat down abruptly. Just as I started to snap-shot him a treacherous pebble proved my own undoing.

The lake is full of fish. We could see them jumping. The skipper hooked a monster but lost him through not having a net. Our volunteer guide told us tales of marvellous catches some of which we afterward corroborated. But again our hoodoo was with us. With the exception of a few small ones we were obliged to return empty handed.

Next morning I was awakened from my snug berth in the forward compartment to hear the rain pounding on the deck, but below everything was comfortable and warm. We took our morning plunge and found the water colder than usual. The skipper and I decided to stay aboard and overhaul the ship. The others were sent off fishing. Charlie amused himself by tying a hand line to the rail and pulling in an occasional rock cod. These he kept alive in an empty gasoline can—after the manner of the Japanese—changing the water at intervals. It was nearly dark before we had completed our self-appointed tasks. The fishing party returned with about 40 pretty trout, having seen a bear and three deer.

On the following morning it was still cloudy, but as the barometer showed a break, the skipper ordered sail made. We got so early a start that after traversing Sutil Channel and ducking under the lee of Breton Island, we arrived at Heriot Bay and found the launch Restless of the Seattle Yacht Club, her crew still asleep. Restless is one of the most consistent cruisers in these waters. She is about 47 feet over all and has a 20 h. p. San Francisco Standard. Her owner is Dr. Gordon, a retired physician who spends most of his time on his island in the San Juan group. As the skipper's father-in-law was one of the party on Restless, we stopped to make arrangements to meet farther on. Back of Restless was lying Macumba, another contestant of the long distance race, owned by C. G. Seymour-Bagot and designed in the East. We landed our guest on Macumba and started on our way as Restless is a much heavier powered and faster craft than Philistina. We had breakfast en route. It was Charlie who discovered that the water in our tanks was getting low so it was decided to make a stop on the way back at Lund. I believe that I have not explained that we had concluded at Village Bay not to extend our trip to Alaska, as we had originally thought of doing, both on account of the unsettled weather and the time necessary for the trip. The excessive price of gasoline on the Canadian side and our failure to ship enough at the start to last out both a fishing trip and the long run added to the difficulties. For American motor boats contemplating the run to the various Alaskan ports, the best plan is to ship a drum (which can be bought in Seattle at 15 cents a gallon) to Ketchikan by steamer. This decision to turn back was no reflection, however, upon the ability of a boat like Philistina to make the trip, as it had frequently been accomplished by Racine stock models of even smaller measurements.

We arrived in Lund about 10 o'clock and received the priv-



The auxiliary yawl Bertha, of the Royal Vancouver Yacht Club.

DECEMBER, 1909.

Cruising in British Columbia Waters.

13

ileges of dockage and water without compensation. On this stop we took time to see a little more of the town by daylight and visited the shop of a boatbuilder by the name of Osborne, the complete equipment of which, so far from the centres of the motor boat craze, had aroused our surprise before. Suddenly one of our party descried a boat coming through Baker Passage, so we hurried back, rightly surmising it to be Restless. By the time that Philistina had poked her nose out of the harbor Restless was directly abeam and two miles off shore. Apparently they failed to see us though I wigwagged a hail, for they held straight to their course. We watched them until they dwindled to a tiny speck on the horizon and finally disappeared altogether around the lee of an island. As the wind was favoring, the skipper ordered on the canvas, which we found just about equalized the heavy current we had to buck down the east coast of Texada Island. At seven o'clock we again found ourselves at Buccaneer Bay. That night we played our first game of "stud" by the aid of the extension lights, first having enclosed the cockpit in its canvas covering.

The next day we spent at Buccaneer Bay bracing up for our return to civilization. Changing over the spark coil occupied the skipper and myself for some time, as this was the first time either of us had been called upon to do it ourselves. It was the first occasion we had had to touch the engine during the entire trip of something like 700 miles—counting the preliminary run to Vancouver. I should be ashamed to say just how long it took us to shift that coil, but when we got through we knew much more about wiring than when we started. The rest of the day was spent just loafing. Hoo-hoo, a sturdy glass-cabin launch from Vancouver, lay alongside of us. Her crew consisted of two young married couples. We visited back and forth, rowed round in the dinghy, fished, landed on the beach, played in the sand and went swimming.

In spite of the fact that all of the ship's clocks had run down, we got a splendidly early start next morning and rounding the end of the little Thormanby, squared away in the mist for the entrance to Nanaimo on the other side of the Gulf of Georgia. Like the Straits of Juan de Fuca, fifteen minutes sometimes suffices to kick up in the gulf as nasty a sea as you want to meet, so everything was lashed in readiness, especially as the breeze was freshening from the northeast. Owing to the skipper's foresight, however, we covered the thirty miles in good time, meeting the steamer City of Nanaimo just starting on her daily run to Vancouver. Winding through the northerly channel, back of Newcastle Island, we came into the harbor and tied up back of the city docks in a little arm of the bay where a number of motor boats were lying.

After a late breakfast, Larry, Fluff and I went ashore. We had not taken the precaution to change our working togs for shoregoing clothes. People stared at us as we passed as if we were pirates or a circus parade. A clerk in a grocery store took one look at Larry's face. Even for his English sense of humor the strain was too great and he exploded into an unmistakable chuckle.

"What's the matter with you?" asked Larry, a trifle indignantly.

"Oh, I say sir—really you know, sir—ahem—tee-hee, tee-hee. Well if you will pardon me, sir," he managed to splutter, "your beard is very 'umorous-looking, sir—really quite grotesque—if I may say so, sir."

"Well, why in hell didn't you say so in the first place?" commented Larry without rancor, "instead of standing there wringing your hands and letting it out in chunks."

"Oh, very good, very good, sir," guffawed the clerk, thinking this a specimen of American humor. I dragged Larry away from international complications. The whaling station was not open, but we caught a glimpse of the old block house and other points of interest in the quaint little fishing city, before we returned to the boat. It was nearly noon before we got under way, passing some of the forerunners of the herring fleet which assembles here by the hundreds during the run. Just at the entrance of Dodds Narrows the tug Sea Lion with its tow of logs waited a chance to slip through. A minute later Philistina was in the passage way between the two islands, barely wide enough for even two fair sized motor boats to pass. The sun shining down the perspective of the two converging shore lines lit up the scene like the overhead lighting of a well hung picture in an exhibition. Some Indians were tacking back and forth across the channel, barely holding their own against the current. On the chart, a little indentation that marked Evering Bay appealed to us as a lunching spot. On arriving there, we found the shore pre-empted by a Sunday-school picnic so we dropped anchor outside.

From Evering Bay we took a little turn up the arm which leads to the city of Ladysmith on Vancouver Island—a famous coaling centre, but as no one wanted to go on shore to visit the mines we decided to make Cowichan that night.

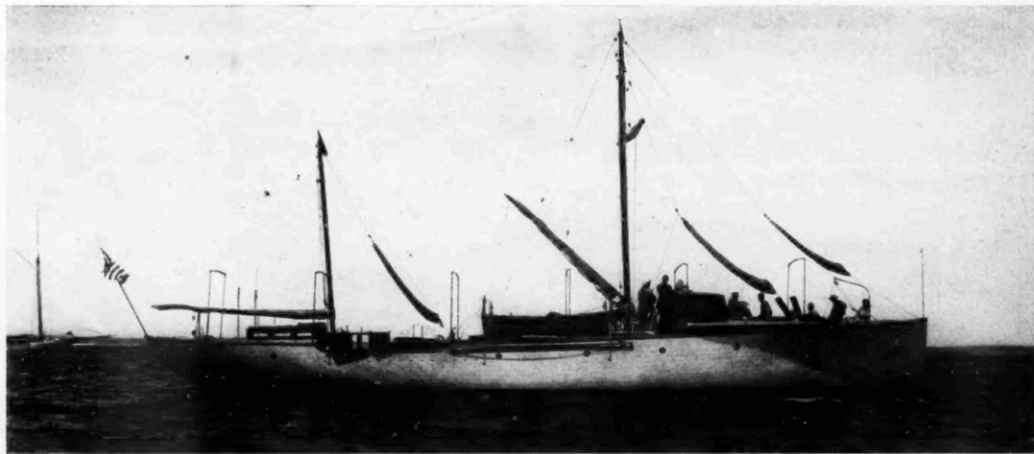
Having been placed in command of the vessel, I stationed Fluff at the helm with a few general instructions on steering a course by the chart. About an hour later, happening to glance up, I saw to my horror that we were almost on a reef extending out from a rocky island. The end of the reef was marked with a black spar buoy. Looking on the map I found it clearly indicated.

"Fluff," I said sternly, pointing with an accusing finger to where the buoy was marked on the map, "how could you pass inside of that when I particularly warned you to leave all buoys on the shore side."

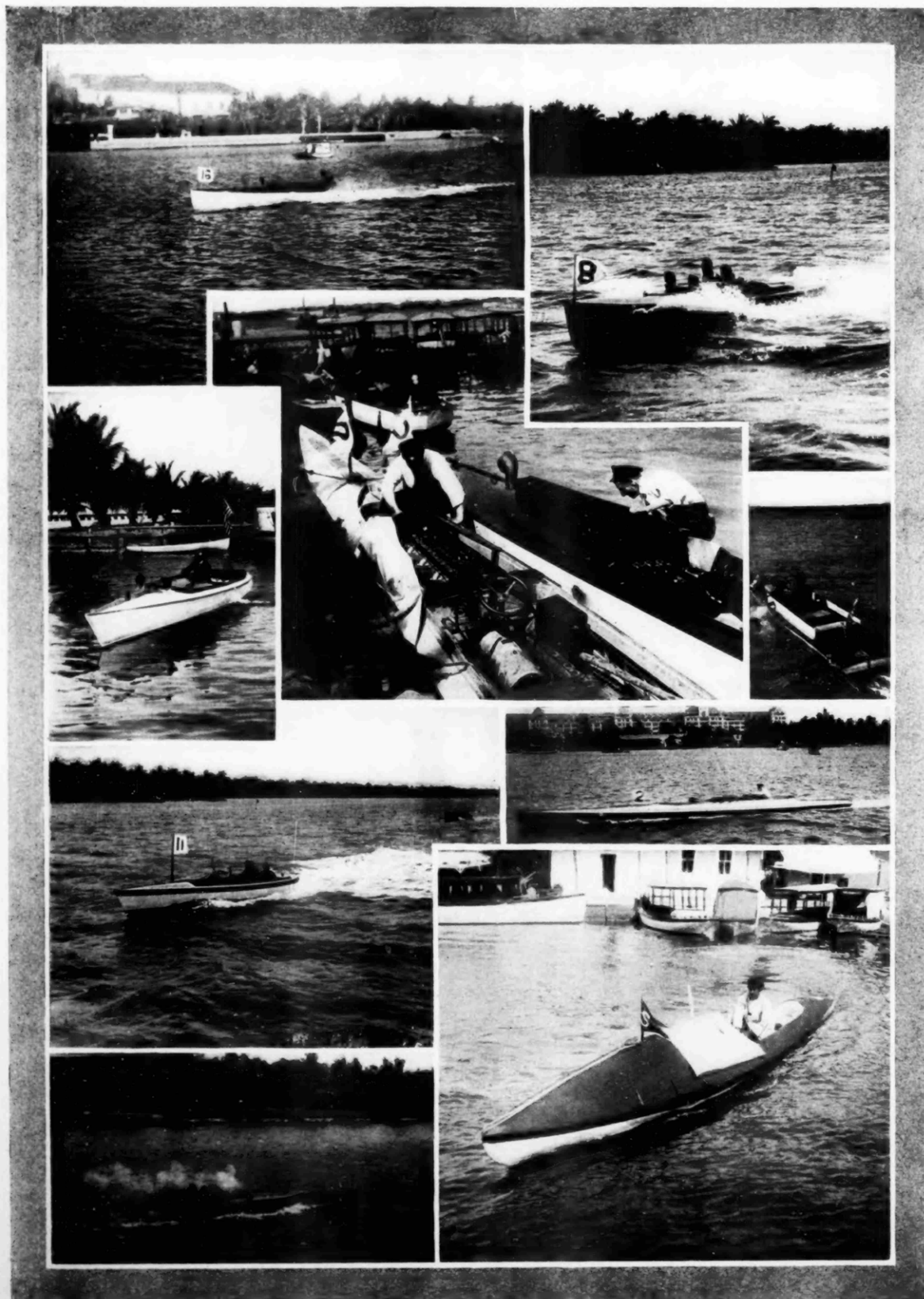
Fluff scratched his head and gazed hypnotically at my finger. "Is that a buoy?" he asked naively. "Do you know, I thought it was a fly speck?" After that I had to take the helm.

As we approached the entrance to Sansum Narrows, the wind drew down off the mountains to the water's edge. It was odd that under the very lee of the highest cliff no shelter could be found. The course through Sansum Narrows is very confusing if one has never piloted a boat through before. It winds in and out of the mountains in the most desultory manner, luring the inexperienced navigator into blind pockets or sending him on a merry chase around obscure headlands. It was nearly six o'clock before we had unraveled our way, and I must confess to one slight deviation from the path, which

(Continued on page 62.)



Sepoy, a 75-footer owned by Willoughby H. Stuart, Jr., of Swampscott, Mass. She was designed by W. Starling Burgess and has two 4-cylinder Joyce engines.



The races at Palm Beach have become a prominent fixture in the motor boating year and they always bring out a large number of craft of characteristic construction. Rivalry is keen between local designers and builders and those of the North.