

...taining sound. A  
oller then towed them the  
ext 25 miles to Coal Harbor  
here a local resident offered  
replacement for their oil  
cooler which had ceased to  
unction several days earlier in  
D to 55 knot winds shortly after  
ounding Cape Scott.

But their problems weren't  
ver. The next morning, after  
unning under power for about  
n hour, Fred noticed the prop  
wasn't turning.

"What's the matter now,  
Fred?" asked Peg, with her  
inevitable question. And they  
alled back to Coal Harbor for  
elp. Diagnosis there was that  
ne drive plate had disintegrated.  
The plate looks like an  
utomotive clutch plate and  
unctions as a vibration damp-  
ner between the diesel engine  
and the transmission. A new  
ne was found in Vancouver  
nd two days later a young  
echanic and Fred installed  
e repaired transmission.

"Those of you who have  
orked in the bilges of a boat  
nderstand the frustrations,  
ood, sweat, and yes, almost  
ars that it took to bolt up a

50-pound gear box in the vee  
ection of a sailboat's bilge,"  
red wrote. "The test gear  
sted out OK and we sailed  
orth once again.

"The sail down and out of  
uatsino Sound was most  
easant. The heave of the  
cean swell was dampened by  
e steady press of the wind in  
ur sails as we crossed Brooks  
ay under sunny skies. Then  
e we raised Cape Cook on the  
estern end of Brooks Penin-  
ala, it started all over again.  
ncreasing wind was marked  
y threatening clouds. By the  
me we could see the white  
reakers off Cape Cook we  
ere tacking, rail awash,  
nder a single reef. The main

"Our next destination was  
Kyuquot Sound and the course  
lay through a real rock patch.  
The Canadian Sailing Direc-  
tions offered less than com-  
plete confidence by remarking  
that most of the rocks would  
show as breakers. With little or  
no wind next morning we  
motored forth with the mizzen  
to act as a steadying sail in the  
heavy swell.

"With only about three more  
miles to go through the rock  
patch, Peg stuck her head up  
the companionway and said, 'I  
smell steam' and of course  
asked, 'What's the matter now,  
Fred?' A glance at the gauge  
confirmed. I chopped the  
engine immediately and ran  
forward to hoist sail while Peg  
took the helm and sheets. The  
mizzen kept us luffing until the  
sails were trimmed to catch  
the breeze which just came up,  
and just in time to claw our  
way from rocks that were  
spouting geysers 50 feet into  
the air from surf. I didn't know  
if the anchor would hold in  
that, but I readied it anyway."

The Hoepplers finally found  
an anchorage and Fred dis-  
covered that the salt water  
pump had cracked across a  
bolt hole and the pump was  
hanging by the second bolt.  
"After talking to the pump in  
sail fashion for five minutes,  
the idea came that maybe I  
could put a flat washer over the  
cracked portion, line up the  
base and heave down on the  
bolt. I did, it worked and we  
motored cautiously into Wal-  
ters Cove and secured to the  
wharf.

"We celebrated our ap-  
parently lucky repair when  
Peg baked a chocolate cake  
and invited two soggy and  
disheartened trollers to share  
cake and coffee with us. We  
spent the balance of the  
evening discussing things to  
see during the rest of the  
voyage. Kyouquot Sound, here  
we come."

"It was really no surprise to  
us that as soon as we cleared  
the protection of Nootka Sound  
the barometer began to fall,  
the swell started to build, the

wind came in from southeast  
and the rain fell. Halfway to  
Estevan Point we tucked in the  
first reef; an hour later the  
second reef. Breakers were  
showing two miles off shore in  
the now Force 7 wind—a  
moderate gale. As darkness  
fell, the rain pelted so hard it  
knocked down the white caps.  
The powerful 18-mile light off  
Estevan Point, 125-feet high,  
could only be seen occasionally  
five miles offshore. Finally,  
with a bit of help from the  
engine, the light began to drift  
aft and we were able to bear off  
a little for the reach into  
Hesquiat and Boat Basin. After  
the nine-knot sail around sev-  
eral breaking shoals to our  
anchorage, Peg, serving up a  
ration of neat rum, noticed  
little concentric ripples on the  
surface of the liquid in my cup.  
'What's the matter now,  
Fred?' she asked. 'Oh, noth-  
ing,' I replied, 'It must be a  
little motion by the wind.'"

The Hoepplers actually had  
sunshine and calm weather,  
met some fascinating people,  
caught some fish and went to  
the fabled Hot Springs.

"Once the private spa of  
local Indians and fishermen,  
the slightly sulphurous-smell-  
ing waters are frequently the  
object of floatplane tourist  
charters from nearby Tofino.  
The path was constructed of  
planks and corduroy-laid logs  
and led for about a mile to the  
spring. The water flushes from  
the ground and cascades to the  
saltchuck through a series of  
small waterfalls and rock  
basins, some large enough for  
four to six persons. When we

after a bit, another pool  
appears more attractive either  
because of temperature or  
otherwise, one could shift and  
meet new companions. I was,  
however, under some con-  
straint to stay where I was."

The Hoepplers ran into one  
more storm and fog before the  
end of the trip, but by then  
were so used to it, they weren't  
phased.

"Forty great days out of  
Mitchell Bay. A tremendous  
experience. Beautiful country.  
We are agreed however, that  
the most lasting memories will  
be of the wonderful people we  
met enroute.

"I sat silently looking out our  
window.

"'What's the matter now,  
Fred?' Peg asked.

"'Let's go again,' I said."



Fred and Peg Hoeppler and their sailing vessel Mariana

