

Mrs. G. Ritchie, a long time resident of the island, related this story of a July day in 1930. In those days, she used to camp with her husband and son in a small shake-roofed tent at Walker Hook.

On a warm July morning, the Ritchies were relaxing outside their tent, gazing across the peaceful inlet preparing for another beautiful but uneventful day. It was low tide and the rocky reef facing them across the inlet stood out in sharp relief.

A shock of recognition jarred the trio out of their relaxed lethargy as they became aware of a small tug seemingly stranded on the rocks. A quick check with the binoculars confirmed their impression. The tug was high and dry. But it was not alone. A second boat was stranded on the other side of the reef and behind them both was a boom of logs.

The two men immediately rowed over to investigate and offer help. ~~The tugs~~ They found the tugs lashed together with a bridle rope. Thus balanced, straining against each other, the two boats were kept from completely heeling over. The boom behind them, now free, drifted aimlessly.

Two very embarrassed captains explained that they had left their respective wheels to green deckhands.

It took most of the day to round up the drifting logs but it was time well used as they waited for the tide to refloat the Crest and the KINGFISHER Kingfisher, as the boats were named. Both tugs survived to float again and give their service to the coastal trade, with skippers wiser for the experience. For the onlookers, it was a day to remember, for the sailors, a day to forget.