

Lumina through the North West Passage

Pond Inlet to Beechey Island

Post 12

With the Parks Canada keen for us to get a permit to anchor in Tay Bay it seemed a good idea not to upset the locals. The permit included a presentation on the National Park which encompasses all of Bylot Island where we were intending to anchor, and also now big chunks of land on the mainland. The local peoples are also keen to limit traffic in Navy Board inlet, the channel we intended to follow so in the interests of future sailors it is good to comply. The presentation was very interesting covering the landscape, people and the work of the park and finished off with a bit on Polar Bear protection.



Part of a Narwhal on the beach

and on nothing would work. All the displays were working and it said it was engaged but nothing happened. I checked all the fuses and breakers and nothing was wrong so we returned to the dock as hand steering the passage would not be an option. After further checking I emailed the French company that makes them and straight away got a reply to try a software reset. Deep in the

With the wind a bit more favourable the following day we climbed up the hill behind the harbour to look out at the Narwhal hunts going on out at sea. It seems that the Narwhal is one of the deepest diving whales so when they dive they are down for a long time. Every now and then you would see the boats racing to a new location as an animal surfaced, however despite occasionally hearing shots they seem to have a sporting chance and most hunts seem unsuccessful.

Early on Wednesday we slipped out of the harbour, however the autopilot would not engage and despite turning it off



Seal being prepared. We were offered some fresh liver or chopped brain. Carol had the brain and I the liver. The liver tasted ok but the fresh blood didn't do anything for me!

menus I found it, did the reset and everything was fine.



Looking out for Narwhal hunters at Pond Inlet

So off we went again. The wind was very light so we motor sailed against a constant current. I had been watching it from the harbour over the last few days expecting it to change with the tide but no, it always was running in the same direction. At up to 2kn it was a serious pain and we had the engine on for 22hrs constantly. Eventually Tay Bay came into view and we anchored with a nice bit of shelter from the swell behind a rock outcrop just inside the entrance.

Arriving early morning we rested for a couple of days and left on the second evening as we were promised some easterly wind to help us down Lancaster Sound.

This was very welcome as the prevailing wind is from the west. Indeed after we entered the sound a light easterly picked up and this helped us on our way. With our proximity to the Magnetic North Pole somewhere not too far away the compass is pretty useless, and so is the electronic one for the autopilot. Therefore we have been using another mode that uses the wind direction as a reference. Although not perfect as when the wind gradually shifts, so does your heading, but certainly better than hand steering.



Fresher glacial water mixing with saltier water from Lancaster Sound at Tay Bay anchorage

Gradually over the following day the wind freshened as forecast and our plan was to get to Beechey Island before it got too strong. This worked—just, although had we been half an hour earlier would have been better because as we entered the bay there were some tremendous gusts of over 40kn. The eastern side of the bay is guarded by a headland called Cape Riley! And with the gusting wind we dropped the sail completely and motored the rest of the way in. With the wind now a constant 40kn and no visible shelter in the bay the anchor was dropped in about 7m of water close to the eastern shore. With plenty of room Carol gave it a healthy 8:1 scope (length of chain relative to the depth of water). Normally we would go 5:1 but with the wind uncertain and plenty of room we took worked on the theory that more is better than less, and chain in the anchor locker does nothing to help. At least where we were it was open to the wind coming over the low hills to the East so there was not so much gusting from different directions which you get if there are high hills all around.—Fjall wind the Norwegians call it.



Maybe our last view of the midnight sun—as we are now at the furthest north on this voyage and the days are getting shorter so as we go south the difference will be striking—in 6 weeks time we will be at the equinox

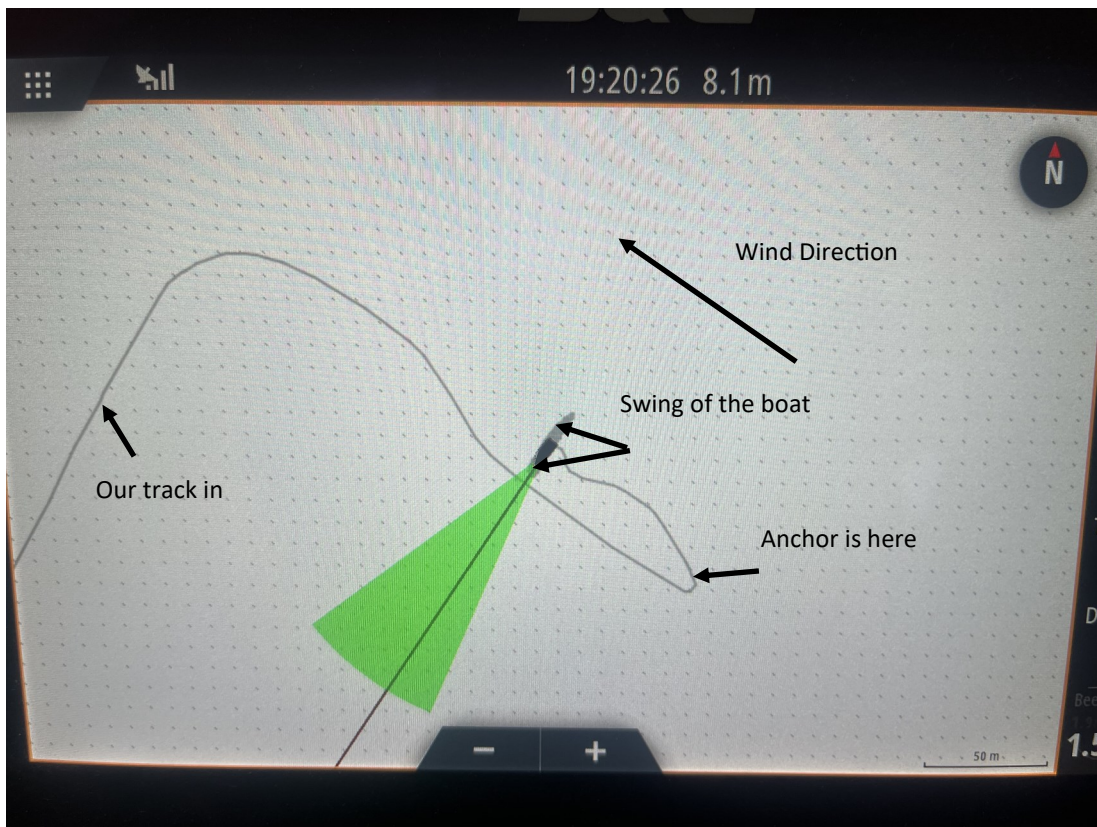
Out towards the entrance you could see the williwaws (little torndados) forming in the lee of the higher land of Cape Riley, and then further out to sea it was just white spray—we had got in just in time.



Looking out towards Cape Riley from Lumina at anchor in 40kn

Having had two nights of broken sleep as we took turns doing watches we both managed to get some rest and finally had breakfast at about noon. Interestingly, despite not getting any phone signal, our phones had decided that we must lose another hour so now we are 6hrs behind you back in England and also theoretically 1/4 of the way round the world.

As the wind had got up so quickly as we were coming into the anchorage I did not have time to do anything with the wind turbine, normally it would be tied off if we were expecting very high winds. As it was going round like a mad



So, we came in, headed up into the wind and towards the beach until the water got shallow enough, then dropped the anchor and slid back till the chain is taught. What you don't want to see is a gradual zigzag backwards indicating that the anchor is not holding. The green shading shows the area covered by the forward looking sonar if you were going forward

thing I didn't fancy getting near it at the time, however a few hours later it is going even madder, seems to be free wheeling so either a fuse had gone of something burnt out as it now is making no power and has no load on it. The other casualty has been one of our 4 solar panels. Probably during one of the 70kn periods 8 bolts had been ripped through the frame and it had peeled off, landing on the others and

amazingly not breaking anything. It was being held just by one cable and I managed to get it down and put it away for further investigation and maybe reinstallation later.

So as I finish this off it's the afternoon, still blowing around 45kn but the anchor has held admirably and we are not yawing about too much. Outside the little Guillemots are still out and somehow seem to be able to swim against the wind, bobbing in and out of the breaking waves all around. I did see a couple trying to fly but they could not make much headway.

The other main bird we see a lot out here are the fulmars. There are two types, northern and the others (cant remember right now) The ones we normally see in Scotland are quite white whereas the northern ones are grey with some being quite dark. When we went to Svalbard there seemed to be a fairly sharp demarcation between Norway and Svalbard, but here they are quite mixed with both sorts around all the time. They are very inquisitive birds and fly over to check the boat out, maybe thinking we may be a fishing boat, but it is always as if they are trying not to make it obvious they have come to have a look. Sometimes they will circle several times using the draught from the sails to aid their gliding over the waves.

On land there are occasional snow geese, although we have not got close to any. All these birds migrate south for the winter only coming up here to breed.

With the advent of Starlink it has made doing watches all night more interesting as now one can endlessly scroll through cat videos and also correspond with other people easily. A few years ago a couple of youngish lads were doing their boat up at Rudders boatyard, Neyland where we were. They had just been round Britain, made a few videos on YouTube to keep their mother happy and got back and

thought “we can just about make this work, why not just carry on around the world” So that’s what they did. Now having been as far as New Zealand and now just left Fiji, I emailed them to comment on one of their latest creations. Anyway, I can now say that I have Arrived, as they mentioned my blogs in their latest video so fame at last!

So if you want to see the Sailing Brothers , two lads from Barry who gave up their jobs as Asda delivery drivers for a sailing life, search for them on YouTube or click [here](#)

With any luck we should be able to get ashore tomorrow and check out the historic site that this place is as this is where the Franklin Expedition to find the North West Passage spent their first winter. But guess what? More history later!

All the best

Tim and Carol

For more daily banter join the WhatsApp group—let me know if you want adding

[Website with all the old blogs](#)