

Beach-combing

by Paul Demontigny

As a beach comber with a timber mark I have always respected a rope to shore and have never untied one to get what someone else had tied.

I found a log over a year and a half ago. I waited till this winter knowing the only way I would get it was to wait for a king tide with a huge sea. After going out to try over half a dozen times, I finally saw mother nature had moved it. I went out during a 5 meter sea with a 13 foot tide but it was still too dangerous. I tried but with a meter wave coming in at me I let go and left it again.

I went back the next day with my bro to stay on my boat and I went in to shore. Finally I had it in tow, which was not easy and a little scary but I finally had it. I had tied it to the mooring buoy behind Helby. Because of the north east wind and my small motor I would not have been able to get it in to Bamfield. Unfortunately, mother nature had other ideas, a big sea and south east wind that evening, the log dragged the mooring buoy on the rocks.

I went back and jacked the log up last weekend, blocked it and got it ready for this weekend's tide to get it, it was all ready to go. But unfortunately a boat could just hook up and take it one tug and it would go after they untied it. I had it tied to the tree thinking it would be waiting for me. As a beach comber I have my hammer but I never stamped it because I know the rules.

Jake if you know who took it, your relative's brand-new mooring buoy was taken as well. I was going to re-position it because I was responsible for it moving, now I feel responsible for its disappearance.

Losing a log with a value of 3 grand sucks, but what really sucks is the effort I went through to get it to where it was finally mine. So I thought.

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