

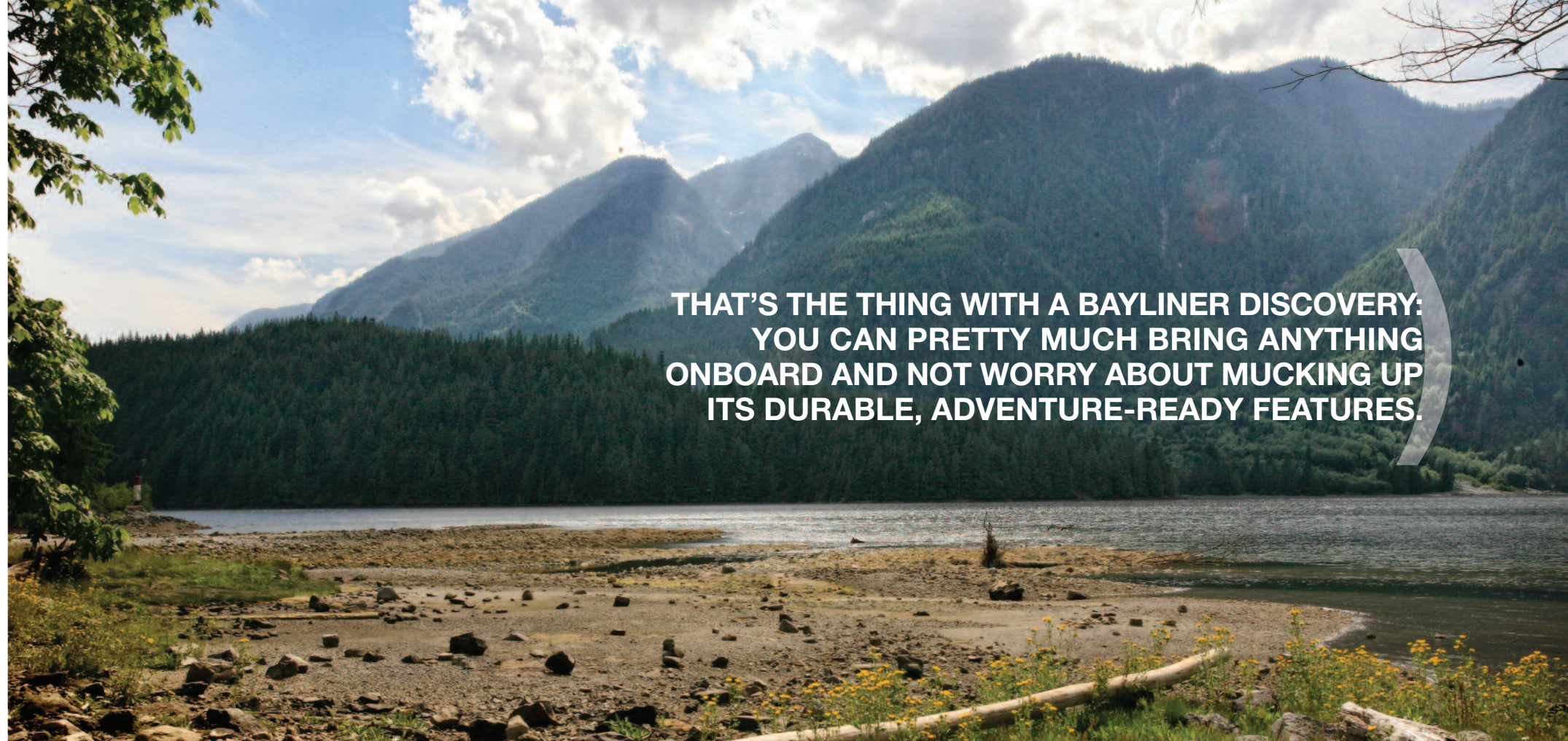
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vancouver maneuver



A Discovery 192 Cuddy delivers
an all-access pass to adventure, Canadian style





THAT'S THE THING WITH A BAYLINER DISCOVERY:
YOU CAN PRETTY MUCH BRING ANYTHING
ONBOARD AND NOT WORRY ABOUT MUCKING UP
ITS DURABLE, ADVENTURE-READY FEATURES.

WHETHER YOU'RE AFTER
CAMPING, A FRESHWATER
SWIM OR JUST SOME GOOD
OLD-FASHIONED RELAXATION,
A CRUISE UP INDIAN ARM
WILL HAPPILY OBLIGE.

A city dweller's MORNING CUP OF JOE IS OFTEN SERVED WITH A SIDE OF GRIDLOCK.

Vancouverites, though, are treated to shoreline views on three sides of the city and mountain panoramas everywhere else. Beautiful, sure, but it's also Vancouver's choose-your-own-adventure accessibility that earns it fame. The third-largest metropolitan area of Canada is frequently ranked as one of the most livable cities in the world. Opportunity knocks in the form of recreation, and the minute my plane touches down, I want a piece of the action. Turns out my friend Grant Drummond has access to a Discovery 192 Cuddy for the day. Test drive, eh?

Grant prepares the 192 at Deep Cove North Shore Marina's launch ramp, and I ask whether he minds if I grab some gear out of my rental SUV to stow onboard for our journey. "Sure," he says, "I'll give you a hand." I pass him a mountain bike I had rented

on a whim, a tent, sleeping bag, backpack... Just a few things. The 192's cuddy has plenty of room to stash stuff out of the way, and we are able to tie the bike up against the gunnel.

We maneuver out of Burrard Inlet, Grant manning the helm while pointing at different sights. "Do you like beer?" he asks. I shoot him a strange look, as the sun hasn't even reached high noon yet. "The Guinness family built that bridge," he explains with a laugh. Indeed, in 1932, the folks of Irish stout fame purchased more than 4,000 acres of land on Vancouver's North Shore and needed a route to access it. Lions Gate Bridge, officially known as First Narrows Bridge—but named for a pair of overlooking peaks, West and East Lion—was the result. In addition to its famed bridges, Vancouver's modern architecture sparkles in the distance, but when we round the corner and head north up Indian Arm, the only things scraping the sky are the nearly impassible and snow-dusted mountains that rise more than 4,000 feet on each side of the 12-mile fjord.

Much of Indian Arm's shores are protected. Plus, the rugged terrain beyond and its lack of crossings and roads have prevented folks from developing the area. But they've certainly developed ways to enjoy it. We pass a crew lounging on a sailboat and then some fishermen working a salmon hookup. At this point, I've booted Grant from the helm of the 192, which handles magnificently as he directs me on a course winding

around rocky islands and a scattering of Vancouverites who glide across the sea. "Now why didn't we bring those?" I ask Grant, noticing how we could have easily strapped kayaks to the extended swim platform or even fit them into the roomy cockpit. That's the thing with a Bayliner Discovery: You can pretty much bring anything onboard and not worry about mucking up its durable, adventure-ready features.

Beneath a granite cliff, the kayaks create orange and yellow hatch marks on a narrow beach. "Where are they?" I ask my trusty tour guide. "Hiking, climbing maybe," Grant says. "Over there is a really great spot for cliff jumping," he adds, raising an eyebrow. My philosophy is to watch other things fall rather than do so myself, so from the options Grant presents I select a dip at Granite Falls.

Sure, I could choose to sit still and enjoy Vancouver-area beauty; in fact when we tie up to the floating dock, someone is doing just that—catching some sun and refueling with an energy bar. But even louder than the glacial water rushing over granite, this place roars with all sorts of recreational possibilities. Our swim in the pool at the bottom of the falls proves refreshing—albeit a bit nippy. I dry off on a rock, and it is then that I notice the view that stopped Mr. Clif Bar in his tracks. A glittery mist rises off the western mountain hemlock, western red cedar and Douglas fir that slope up Indian Arm's western shore. Sunlight twinkles on the inlet's calm surface, and despite how close we are to the city—without a single boater or kayaker near the fjord's northern terminus—I get the welcome feeling I'm miles from nowhere.

This is exactly when Grant takes the fine opportunity to tell me about the legend of the sea serpent. The legend, or legends rather, are captured in native rock art found on the fjord's vaulting cliffs, created by the Squamish and Tsleil-Waututh Nations. According to one tale, a serpent once stretched across the inlet, preventing anyone from entering. Just such a work of art happens to be accessible on our route back, tucked

inside a cave. Amazingly, Grant nudges the bow of the 192 right up to the base so I can step inside and have a look. "It's a really durable boat," he says when I look back at him in disbelief. With flashlight in hand, I slowly creep my way through the opening. A narrow passageway leads farther back, but strange shadows, a noise and then Grant calling from the water—asking if I can hear the serpent—cause me to chicken out.

Back onboard, we head to North Big Twin Island, a small granite landmass where the park service has set up rustic camping sites and maintains outhouses.

"Some people kayak and camp out here all summer," Grant says. "That's the coveted spot." He shows me a wooden platform surrounded by trees that overlooks the water. "I'm surprised it's not taken now," he adds.

Grant smiles and reminds me of my tent and sleeping bag tucked in the cuddy. He mentions something about picking me back up tomorrow when he gets off of work. "You know," I say looking at him a bit sheepishly while thinking about the sea serpent, "that bridge you showed me, it just really makes me want a Guinness." **17**

