



WOOF !

On our way back to the boat we stopped to say hi to a fellow American Tug owner who just anchored. He just bought one of only two American Tug 52's built to date. This is the largest boat they build and I was hoping to get a look at it. The owners invited us over after dinner, and we quickly accepted. We BBQ'd stake and roasted potatoes for an awesome dinner then headed out in the dinghy for some quick fishing before heading to the big boat. We had a great evening with the new owners and their boat was beautiful. They had just caught a bunch of prawns that they generously shared with us. I am defiantly bringing a prawn trap next time we're in Canada, they were incredible! The kids had a lot of fun roasting marshmallows on the back of their boat over a propane cooker. When they were done and the cooker was off but we still smelled propane. John, the owner of the boat checked the cooker several times making sure it was off, but the smell kept coming. We traced it down to the BBQ mounted close to the cooker. After lifting the lid and sniffing inside, it was defiantly coming from that. The gas had been left on to the BBQ while using it earlier in the day. John shut the gas off and left the lid open. I looked away thinking he would just let it air out. Then the Fire Marshall Bill moment came. In what I'm sure was a complete lapse in judgment, John decided to use an open flame (AKA a lighter) to check and see if the

propane was gone. All I remember was a huge fireball out of the corner of my eye followed by a loud W00F and the smell of burning hair permeating the air. Luckily everyone was OK, although a little freaked out. Eyebrows are ok, but his hands are silky smooth.







