



Set Me Free!

Day 3 had us up for an awesome breakfast at Roche harbor. Around 11am we took off headed for Poets Cove across the boarder in Canada.

First though we needed to pick up the crab pots that were left all night. Against my better judgment I decided to pick them up in the big boat while leaving the harbor. My crab pot buoy setup consists of a main buoy, and an orange trailer buoy to make finding and hooking the buoy easier. Of course the wind was blowing making snagging the buoys a little difficult. We got the first one fine but the wind blew us right over the second one. Thinking it would pop up somewhere we waited to spot the buoy before I put the engine in gear. Drifting quickly toward shore, time was running out with no buoy in sight! 20' on the depth sounder told me it was time to set the prop in motion. Just as it went in gear I heard something under the boat. I quickly took it out of gear to assess the situation. Looking off the back of the swim step I could faintly see a line in the water. Using the boat hook I grabbed the line and I was able to pull the pot up. The other end however, the one with the buoys attached was still stuck under the boat. It was time to throw on a lifejacket, get out on the swim step and see if it could be untangled. While we continued to drift toward shore, now 16' deep, I was able

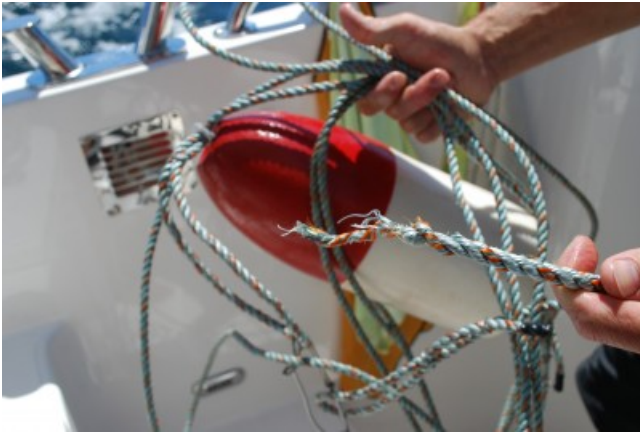
reach down under the swim step and untangle the pot line from the ladder mounted to the underside of the swim step. I pulled up the main buoy but the end attached to the trailer buoy was cut and the orange buoy was nowhere in sight. No time now, 12' on the depth sounder and drifting fast. As we turned around away from land the orange buoy popped up from somewhere. No chance of picking it up as it was drifting fast toward land. So thankful for that line cutter installed on my prop shaft!

All of Marty's praying that we don't catch crab (he doesn't want them to get killed) resulted in 4 large keepers! We had a smooth crossing across Haro Strait into Canadian waters. Poets Cove is a port of entry but before you can tie up at the resort you must dock at the dedicated government docks to clear customs. Entry into Canada is super easy, just pick up the phone at the head of the dock and answer a few questions. All went well so we moved about 100 yards to our slip that night at Poets Cove.

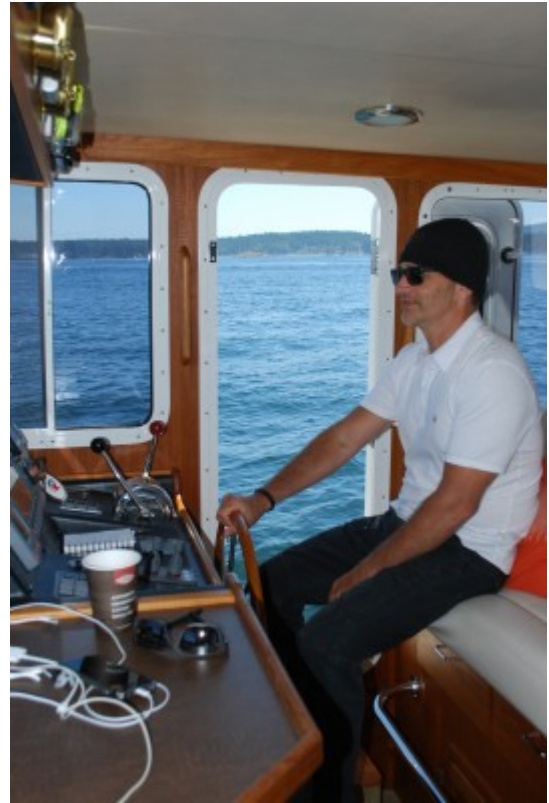
A little swimming in their kid crazed, cesspool along with some hot tubbin had us quickly over at their pub for a late lunch and beer. Scott went out for a sunset kayak cruise while Marty and I got dinner ready. Marty had to hide in the boat while Scott and I killed, cleaned and cooked the crab. They sure were tasty!



Scott with his catch



The cut line



Capitan Marty



Turn Point on Stewart
Island



Cookin Crab



Poets Cove



Where's Your Legs?

Day 2. After a great night at Sucia we were off to Roche Harbor on San Juan Island. A short 3-hour cruise and we were tied up at the docks next to a grouchy old guy with a

beautiful Flemming 55. He stared us down while pulling in to our slip then proceeded to tell the dockhands to tell us to turn our radar off before we even had the boat tied up. I understand the possible radiation effect of radar but 30 seconds, really? The dockhands just kind of laughed and explained to me how much of a pain this guy has been, complaining about everything since he got there. Later he even explained to me how to tie my dinghy up so it didn't float close to him.

With the dinghy in the water we were off to set the crab pots, then back to play some Bocce Ball. It was a close match between Scott and I, but I did come out victorious! You can't visit Roach with out a hike (walk) to the Mausoleum, then the sculpture park.

It was a lively evening with Mr. Grouchy next to us, super drunk dude across the dock and a huge wedding going on with great music. The cannon and Colors were also fun as always.

One word of caution; If your walking down the dock and see one of those little dogs with super short legs on the bow of a boat, (Corgi I think) never say to the dog, in a high pitched voice, "where's your legs, where's your legs". There just may be a man on the back of the boat (the owner) who has a prosthetic leg. Good thing he didn't hear me!





A Different Start

This year our big family boating trip is going to start off a little different. The plan is to get the boat further north for a jump off point closer to Desolation Sound, our northern most cruising grounds for the next 3 weeks.

To accomplish this, our family trip is starting off as guys only trip. Two friends; Marty, a vegetarian from Long Beach CA “city boy” and Scott who shoots/hooks just about anything for food, will join me for a 5 day adventure up to Nanaimo BC.

Once we arrive in Nanaimo Julie and the kids will floatplane

in while the guys do the same back to Seattle.

Our trip started off with the 3 of us arriving at the boat around 8pm on July 25th to pack it up and stay the night for a 5:30am departure. You would have thought the world was ending with the amount of food we were able to pack on the boat.

With a 5:11am departure we were off for Sucia Island in the San Juans. It was a beautiful morning with the sunrise over Mt Rainier. We had a smooth although long (12 hour) cruise up the inside route via Swinomish Channel. Our plan was to take Admiralty Inlet into Juan De Fuca Strait to save a little time but gale force winds were forecasted in the afternoon so we avoided that route.

On a Friday night at 5pm we were lucky enough to get a buoy after dropping 2 crab pots at the entrance to Echo Bay. We took the dinghy to shore for a little hike then picked up the pots for one keeper. Getting Marty out on a hike in the wilderness was fun, but from now on for his sake we'll just call it a "walk".



Leaving Tacoma



Early morning up Colvos
Passage



Seattle in the distance



Marty and Scott

