

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

Obiter Dictum

It has been 37 years since the matters narrated in this Log had transpired. But the words, the images and the memories of the sojourn still live within us, as perhaps many lesser experiences in our lives have vanished for all time.

The first mate records the happenings and her observations over a period of Six months, dating from May 1980 until November 1980, as we 'cruised' 'ATAVIST' northward from Oak harbor, Washington, through the inside passages to Southeast Alaska (the most distant points including Skagway and Glacier Bay)

The 'Skipper' rendered his own version of events in another writing titled: KNOTTED TWINE.

ATAVIST was purchased in 1973 from a fellow who had acquired her for \$10.00 and other considerations, in Seattle, with the intent to sail her to Australia. Dreams are the stuff of life.

ATAVIST was a Rawson 30, Hull #10, manufactured (1960) in Redmond Washington. She was rigged as a yawl, and was equipped with a Perkins 4-108 Diesel Engine.

We kept ATAVIST for 39 years, finally giving her to someone (a Canadian) who had a better chance of keeping her alive than we.

This record is being presented page by page as appearing in the actual log, simulating a handwritten format.

The intent is to add images (as time overshadows this effort) to the empty spaces, to hopefully add embellishments to the text. The whole may become segmented, as limited by the vagaries of Internet File Size.

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May 8th Oak Harbor—Thurs

Overcast Baro 1014

Log 403.1 0640 Cast off for Alaska! We have started. Atavist is running smoothly, the engine purrs steadily as we slip through the grey water. The dogs had a puzzled look at first, but soon settled into their comfortable corners outside by Louie. Hot oatmeal and orange juice for breakfast. I had to dig out the long Johns and gloves this AM. Naturally they were quite buried.

0814 off Strawberry Pt. Log 411.8

1007 Went through Deception Pass Log 422.7; 21 min early

1300 Arrive Blakely Log 438.5.

Jericho is here with Phyllis and Killer and Jody living abroad. Bob is in Portland. We waited almost three hours 'till Phyllis could be free to visit. She took us to the new college building up in the island. The ride was a kidney buster in an old jeep; she drove it pretty well. The research building is handcrafted by Gordon Somebody. It is just beautiful. He cut the lumber right on the island—beams and outside wood is adzed. He must dislike square things—the building is full of curves and rounded corners and edges. For outside door and window frames he cut rounds of logs and mortared them on top of each other.

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After this we saw the sights—the two lakes and the garbage dump! Then we went up to their house which now has a spiral stairs and kitchen built in. Still a lot to do and Phyllis seems to have lost her enthusiasm for getting it finished. She hates the idea of leaving the boat—in spite of all the advantages of a home. She distracts herself with a million jobs, help running the store varnish someone's deck (house), waxing someone's boat, maintaining the waterworks and on and on. We all had dinner together on Jericho—she fixed cheese omlets, I fried bacon and potatoes. We talked till we were all practically asleep then fell into bed. I didn't even do dishes.

—May 9th Blakley Island Friday Overcast Baro 1003

It rained some last night, but the weather is quiet this morning. 6:30 time to make coffee. We are going to slip away early without making a fuss. Breakfast underway.

Dishes were done underway—not bad.

0755 Log 438 leave Blakley

There is a breeze behind us today—much warmer than running into the wind. WE go 6 kn when the engine turns 1900 rpm.

1130 Log 460 Arrive Bedwell Harbor for customs. The barometer is still down, but the sun is out and it feels so good.

1210 Leave Bedwell. Things worked out well. Customs didn't close till noon and they just got the fishing stickers yesterday! Sunny!

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Log 476 1500 Arrive Ganges. We hit the bank at \$.17 exchange rate, the post office, the liquor store and an apple stand.

1530 Leave Ganges.

Log 480 1630 Arrive Selby Cove. Our first try anchoring was not successful, but the second felt good. The wind is coming up from the NW straight down Trincomali into Selby. It is so peaceful here with the motor off and only the wind and birds making noise. The dogs were more than glad to go ashore, they ran and ran chasing each other, playing games and running after seagulls. We stretched out on the grassy slope feeling good to be here in the quiet beautiful cove. Louie noticed that the bird sounds are different this time of year. More song birds are singing and the sea birds are hushed. Most of the noisy birds must be nesting elsewhere—there are no Bopnapart's Gulls nor Oldsquaws to keep things noisy. Bald Eagles are conspicuous sending shrill cries to the sky. We were too relaxed to go fishing and so we had cheese sandwiches for dinner. Just after dinner there was a beautiful sunset. Louie got the best shots with his telephoto. It's great to have light for so long. We went to bed about 10:00 and there was still twilight. The wind quieted and Atavist rode peacefully at anchor. Good night ⚓.

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955 509.6 0835

May 10, Sat. Selby Cove

Bright Sun Baro 1009↑

What a beautiful morning. We woke at 0630 as usual, but stayed in bed enjoying coffee and morning sounds of Selby Cove. One could easily get lazy living like this.

Log 480 0955 Up anchor and leave Selby. The northerly breeze is blowing (fresh) in our faces, but it is not really cold. Trinc is trying to build a chop with wind against tide.

Log 503.9 1430 Arrive Pirate's Cove. There are only a few boats in here so far, mostly sailboats. After the choppy ride we needed to putter a little. The dogs went ashore then we got our fishing stuff together to go catch dinner. It was a little difficult starting the seagull, but it finally went. Halfway out PC entrance the motor quit and wouldn't start again. Bummer! Louis was really upset—he had babied that motor and to have it quit before we even used it was a real insult. We started rowing. "Row to the reef," he said. So we did. It was about a mile. Well, then I had to put hooks on the jigs and Louie decided he wouldn't fish. OK, so we positioned ourselves and I put a line over and immediately caught a fish! In six feet of water! In 15 minutes I caught a total of three rock fish and a beautiful greenling—more than enough for dinner. So we rowed back, a little faster with the current.

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I felt all thumbs again cleaning the 1st fish, but it got better. Fresh fish and salad for dinner, what a treat. Even better, Louis thinks there was water in the gas and that is why the seagull didn't work. Feeling much better, Louie went visiting a Rawson anchored near us. It is a Canadian built model named "Winderkind 99." Bed felt so good we got some sun. The evening is peaceful and the stars are shining. Today was totally sunny and visibility was better than usual. We could see the spectacular Canadian Rockies all snow capped and rugged, and the peaks of Vancouver Island. Pirates Cove turned out to be a real circus with many boats anchored to close and a particularly noisy group next to us. We sipped some "Domestic" sherry before bed—not too bad but not good either.

May 11th Sunday Pirate's Cove Sunny Baro 1011

A beautiful calm morning, but no time to be lazy. After 1 cup of coffee Louie walked the dogs and I put things away.

0732 Log 504 Leave Pirate's Cove.

0835 going through Dodd Narrows—right on time. The air is cool, but calm—so far!

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*Log 518 1000 At Nanaimo entrance light. The straits are flat—hardly a breeze!
It is hazy, we can see Texada and the mountains on the other side, but Lasquati is barely
visible.*

*MC 304. CC 295 Later 305-310 Tide incoming
~1300 Log 534-536 Arrive Lasquiti.*

*What a beautiful passage! Louie put up main & #2 genoa for a gentle broad reach
all the way across. We ran the engine @ 1600. At Lasquiti the wind has died and it is
hot! Louie took his shirt off for a few, I dressed in shorts & tank top.*

*1430 Log 544.4 Arrive Scotty Bay. 140 miles in 4 days. We don't see the Lynch's
boat—maybe they are out since it is Mother's Day. We learned that they had gone to
Vancouver Island to meet their daughter at the airport—she had spent a week in Toronto.
Sheryl and Jim are the kids 17 & 16. Since they were due back tomorrow we set down to
wait. I took a quick dip in the bay to wash—tho it wasn't at all private. Chilly
water—we'll have to get used to that. Just after dinner a small white sailboat named
Mistral arrived and gave us the once over. Yes, it was Bill and Joanne! After dishes we
went up to their little cabin and visited the night away. Bill broke out a special bottle of
wine. Wow was it good—dry & mellow. We talked about everything under the sun. Louie
drank Rye with Bill & Joanne. Lots of laughs, stories and exploring of each other.*

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Bill's eyes are sparkling as he leaps into flights of fancy. His powerful laugh can be heard for miles. He and Louie share literature, art, and philosophy. Philosophy is where they diverge. Joanne is steady, intelligent, and interested in people. They are very fond of their children. We went on and on, not being able to say goodnight. Finally, at 3 AM we came back to the boat. It was a beautiful starlit night, and fish stirring in the water made phosphorescent "stars" below. Quickly to sleep.

May 12th Scotty Bay, Monday Overcast SE Wind 12 Kn

Up pretty late this morning. Louie made the coffee which tasted good and helped get the cobwebs out of my head. We enjoyed a leisurely breakfast of French toast but then decided to move the boat further into the bay, out of the swell. It is a good mud bottom and the anchor holds well. About 1:30 we went up to Bill and Joanne's. They offered to take us down island. At the mailbox, they received a letter from Louie sent on the 4th to tell them when we would arrive! One of the large families on the island is named Darwin. We stopped at a sawmill run (and built) by a young man named Carl. He can rough-saw lumber for the people on the island—it is a new facility. Then we went to see a wonderful log house machine shop.

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We visited Mr. John Collins who is the closest person on the island to self-sufficiency. He has nice pasture with a few cows, chickens, sheep and rabbits. He has a spectacular garden with vegetables and flowers. The house feels like a grandparents house. It is quite old with a kitchen and a pantry (probably an old kitchen) and a big room with an old oval dining table, a piano and couch. Off this main living space are a number of small bedrooms, and an enclosed porch. It was so homey one fell in love with it immediately. Mr. Collins also had several other visitors, Stephanie Darwin and Marlyn a\& Annie, 3 yrs. We all sat around the kitchen and had tea. Mr. Collins was originally from Texas. He has been on the island for 10 years and it seems to agree with him. He and Bill & Joanne are planning to race their sailboats around the island some day. We didn't meet Mrs. Collins. She is a school teacher near retirement. She must be a very busy woman.

Next we visited Stephanie & Carl's home. They were married about a year ago—his 2nd I guess. She has done wonders with their home. She is about 25 bright eyed and full of energy; and besides having a fantastic garden, she does fine needlework. There are beds of tulips, many in full bloom. Then, they had pigs! Huge ones. One sow had 9 piglets—boy were they cute.

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Finally we visited the neighbors Mike and Charlotte (Taylor?). Their children are Joy and Duane. They are such a sweet family. Their home is very nice also—more aesthetic outside than in. They served us homemade plum wine and after 1½ glasses I was a goner. Boy was it strong!

At home Joanne fixed baked salmon for dinner—what a treat. More wine—more talk and finally to bed ~12:30. Jack, a neighbor came to visit bringing Vodka.

Being with people so much tends to get on everyone's nerves so rather than wear out our welcome we decided not to bother them for a while the next day.

May 13th Scotty Bay, Tuesday

Overcast ~1017?

↗ A nice quiet morning—it's good to be on the boat. We were real lazy taking our time at everything. Eggs for breakfast. Louie read me some of his writing I enjoy it so much. The boat needed to be cleaned up so Louie attacked the outside and I did the inside. The sun came out, but the wind is blowing 12-16 kn. and occasionally gusting to 20 kn. About 4:00 we went over to the Lynch's. Bill had been called to teach that day. It seems to be something he enjoys, but he isn't certified though he has had a lot of experience. He taught for 6 weeks but was replaced by a certified woman.

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Joanne and I went over to the store at False Bay so I could pick up some milk. We saw Brother Richard, the local homosexual ex priest. The new Ferry was in. I got some milk and O-Henry bars then went on to the school. There are about 70 kids on the island. Louie & Bill rode trail bikes for a while. Joanne fixed a small turkey—potatoes & gravy and broccoli for dinner—rhubarb from Mr. Collins garden for dessert. Joanne cooks on a big wood stove. It's pretty tricky to time everything. It keeps the house warm. Mike and Duane came to visit just after dinner. He is such a funny fellow. Big—good natured. He gave Louie some tips on places to go towards Queen Charlotte. We are planning to sail with Bill & Joanne tomorrow so it's early to bed. Unfortunately it was difficult to find the dinghy in the dark, and the poor boat was high and dry on the rocks. Mutter "mutter" It is also starting to rain "grumble grumble." The alarm is set for 6:30 tomorrow. Goodnight.

May 14th Scotty Bay Wed Raining Bara 1016
Naturally, when you plan an outing it rains! Oh well. We kept trying to sleep the rain away but that didn't work. We got up wondering if Bill & Joanne still wanted to go. Oatmeal for breakfast. The rain is breaking up into showers. ~8:30 Bill & Joanne arrived. Louie helped them load.

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Log 544 0855 Leave Scotty Bay. Not much wind & threatening to rain. Both boats motored to the end of Texada and then set sail. We put up #2 genny and the wind promptly died. So Louie changed to the big genny but the wind died and we drifted off the end of Texada. Mistral moves much better in light air. We had toasted cheese sandwiches for lunch as we sat there and just as we finished a little breeze N or NW picked up. The rest of the day was spent tacking back & forth across Malaspina with hardly any wind at all. Finally, at 3:00 we started the engine & headed slowly to Hardy. Spectacular clouds were building over the mountains on both sides. Hardy was peaceful and empty! Log 567 ~1715 We anchored well and they tied alongside. There was a rain shower nearby complete with a rainbow! Then a squall hit blowing 12-15 kn for a short while. Tea-drinks and dinner. Joanne had turkey, potatoe salad and sourdough homemade bread. I had fixed a macaroni salad. Rhubarb for dessert. We're feeling pretty cozy and good. Louie put on Chopin for dinner music. Soon after dishes we went to bed. A few rain showers but the night is still.

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May 15 Hardy Island, Thursday Sunny Baro 1014

We woke to a pretty morning. Had coffee in bed as usual. Laddie was feeling really good this morning—he played with a big grin on his face. Over oatmeal we decided to go to Westview today. They would sail back over the top of Texada tomorrow. Louie and I went out for oysters after they left—nice low tide at noon!

1210 Log 567 Leave Hardy Island. Windy from the northwest today—a little chop building in Malaspina. Bill and Joanne were tired of beating so they said goodbye and turned to run with it to Pender.

1530 Log 585 Arrive Westview.

Just as we came in, Chandelle was getting gas at the gas dock. I called out to Doug Henry who recognized who we were after a little shouting. We got tied up and started settling in. Doug and Mary Henry came down about 4:00. They invited us to dinner and to do laundry etc. which we gratefully accepted. I took our oysters as a contribution and we went to their house with our dirty clothes. Doug and Mary were good company. We enjoyed visiting. They are so warm. Mary fixed a wonderful dinner of ½ chicken each with fresh vegetables and dips. They had chiffon cake with special whipped cream and fresh strawberries for dessert. Mary prepared a bath for me which felt fantastic. These folks are so easy to talk to and they think a lot of the folks. Doug's health is not real good. He had a detached retina which is healing but just before he sold his pharmacy, he had a heart infarction with very high blood pressure. He is strictly dieting now.

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1530 610 1230 678

1610 646

After the clothes were done ~11:00 we went back to the boat. Doug said he would come take us shopping in the morning. If it weren't for the Henry's we wouldn't stay at Westview. The docks are pretty ugly.

May 16th Westview—Friday

Overcast & windy SE

Baro ~1019

Doug Henry arrived right on schedule to take us shopping. We went to the shopping center where his store is located. I quickly shopped at a Safeway's then got bread at a little bakery nearby. That done we went back to the boat and said goodbye to Doug Henry. This weekend is a Canadian 3-day holiday (Canada Day) and the Henry's were planning an outing in Desolation.

We loaded up water and fuel and left Westview as quickly as possible—in fact almost too quickly. Nothing was put away and Malaspina was sloppy. We put up the main for stability and I tore around putting away groceries and water jugs as we bounced all over. It didn't take long for me to feel sickly. So I sat there trying to recover my stomach. Bitsy didn't get a pill, but she did just fine outside. After sleeping against Louie I felt better and by the time we reached the Ragged Islands (Copelands) I could fix lunch. The water got smoother as we rounded the point to Desolation. The sky was a kind of translucent grey giving the mountains around Tenedos an eerie cast.

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1530 Log 610 arrive Mink Island

We went into a cove on Mink island to anchor. The tide was out showing steep rocky sides to the cove. I anchored in ~60 feet of water on rocky bottom, but the anchor seemed to hold well. How peaceful it was. Not another boat around. There was a sweet little island in the cove for the dogs to walk on. They loved the grassy slopes and played together. There were wildflowers on the island also—one was a burst of tiny white flowers on a branching red stem, and the other was a club-shaped bunch of flowers on a camas like bulb. I tried casting my buzz bomb from Bill Lynch—caught a baby dogfish! Oh well. I went to the island to gather a few oysters and we had corn oyster stew for dinner—really good. The nights are staying light till 9:30 PM these days. So without other distraction we went to bed early and had a deep deep sleep. ↗

May 17th Mink Island—Saturday Bright and Sunny Baro 1024

What a beautiful morning! The water is so quiet! After breakfast we started out quietly slipping through the islands heading for Homfray channel which is extra distance, but we have never been that way before. Passing Laura Cove we saw Chandelle tucked inside with a view that wouldn't quit. Very few boats in all this water. The mountains rise straight out of the water reaching well over a mile high. Then we started to see snow-capped peaks each one more spectacular than the one before.

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We were burning film like mad feeling pretty heady with all that scenery. I hardly felt like going below to get lunch because I might miss something. I can't imagine going through here any faster than 6 kn. All day we wound around islands and peeked up inlets like Toba Inlet, then big Butte Inlet. Every angle had a new and interesting view. Coming into the Butte Inlet area, the water was alive with fish—they were jumping everywhere! I was trailing the Buzz Bomb but we were going too fast. Finally we came into the East entrance of Hole-in-the-Wall. This will be our take-off point tomorrow when we have to go through 3 rapids. We came to our anchorage, Florence Cove—a pretty spot with a beach with good mud bottom for anchoring.

1610 646 Arrive Florence Cove—hot & sunny.

We fiddled—had tea, took the dogs ashore, and then set out to catch some fish for dinner. Louie picked out a point with some rocks & we dinked over. The seagull worked! Well, this time Louie fished. In fact he caught a good size rock bass before his line even hit the bottom! Well, shoot, that was too easy! We kept catching fish with no trouble. I let a little one go, both of us caught a greenling. After keeping six fish we went back, cleaned our catch, and had fried fish for dinner. It tasted particularly good tonight. Dishes done—dogs walked, time for bed. 2 other boats anchored for the night, but they are far away.

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We had lots of sun today, our faces are burned and I wore shorts for a while so my legs are warm. I forgot to mention that on the South slopes many dogwoods can be seen in full bloom mixed with aspen and evergreen. Once a fishing boat went by with both poles out—crew was a woman enjoying the sunshine with both—out! There are large tidal changes these days—15 feet. We anchor close to the beach and then the beach disappears.

May 18th Sunday Florence Cove-overcast Baro 1019↓.

Up at 0600 this AM. We have to make the rapids by 0800. We hauled the anchor right at 0700 and started off. By the way, the water is spectacularly warm here. Boats were out fishing (commercial)—they waved as we went by. We went through Yuculta Rapids hardly knowing there were rapids right on the button. This place is alive with birds. A group of about 30 bald eagles were fishing, hitting the water with talons outstretched, some landing in the water and taking off with difficulty. I have never seen so many eagles at once! Then we went by Big Boy and Gillard and Dent Rapids which were slack as planned. The wind is cold and against us, but as we turn corners it gets better. Hot oatmeal for breakfast.

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There are a few more birds in this area than farther South, but still they are quiet. The most populated bird area so far were around the Gillard Rapids area. There seems to be a new kind of gull here with black tipped wings and very different call.

After a while we came to some water which looked swirly. It was the Green Point Rapids. The current was on the ebb which meant that water flows towards Queen Charlotte, or in other words we were running with it. Well, the rapids proved to be an exciting ride. They must have been running at least 4 kn with upwelling and whirlpools. We went on the edge of a large whirlpool with a good sized vortex. There was nothing we could do but ride it. One time our rear end felt like it fell into a hole. All in all we have been in as bad or worse in Deception. The water ran swiftly for many miles in Cordero Channel—we made good time to Forward Harbor where we were going to anchor. The last rapids just before Forward Hbr were Whirlpool Rapids. We had a bailout anchorage if we needed it to wait for the rapids, but they were quite slack so we went right through. Vancouver Island is quite close now.

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1230 Log 678 Arrive Forward Harbor. We gained 3 miles.

We had wonderful views of the Prince of Wales Range all covered with snow. Forward Harbor has a wide beach and muddy anchorage just inside. There is a big valley at the east end of a long channel with a view of a snow-capped mountain (?name) in the distance. Unfortunately there is a toxic shellfish warning out for near here—there are clams on the pebbly beach which I'd love to dig. Mussels too. There is definitely an algae bloom but it doesn't look red in here. Anyway we'll wait till the radio says OK. All through these islands there is a lot of logging going on. Many of the interesting anchorages have clear cuts on them. Logging camps are long portable "trailerhouses" on barges. Forward Harbor is not logged too badly though there is a boom in here waiting to be taken out. The sun disappeared behind translucent clouds. The weatherman says there is a storm coming. It's true that the barometer is falling. We can't get a good forecast in here—we get weather stations from Comox and Alert Bay on the same channel and one station interferes with the other so that we get a few words now and then depending on the swing of the boat. A couple fishing boats joined us at this anchorage although they anchored quite far away. A touch of Sherry (Drambuie) and off to sleep. No need to rush.

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Baro 1011

May 19th Forward Harbor Monday Rain, Windy SE

We awoke to the pattering of rain and the sound of wind gusting up. It was coming from the SE 10-14 kn which is the unprotected side of this anchorage. Even with chop the ride is not uncomfortable and we seem to be holding firm. The radio talks about gales outside so we decided to sit today catching up on things. Fried eggs for breakfast. The icebox isn't draining properly so Louie disconnected the tubing and got out a wad of hair and junk—successful, but not an easy job. The wind is less and the boat rides easier. We are listening to some tapes—sounds good.

Ha! It blew all day 6-12 kn steady with gusts 20-25 kn most all the time and occasional peaks of 30 mph! We seem to be holding firmly—I'm glad we didn't go out today, but one could wish for a better anchorage in a SE blow. Both of us spent the day writing letters with the wood stove going and the wind howling. Doggie walks were exciting getting on & off the bouncing boat and getting the dinghy off shore. Split pea soup for lunch. No fishing today so it's Rice a Roni, salad and beets for dinner. The dogs sat under the table all day!

A blue fishing boat "Harmony Isles" tried to anchor in here, but couldn't seem to get the anchor to hold. First they dragged down on us, set anchor and twice more dragged all the way. They finally gave up and tied to a log boom across the bay. We were sorry to lose their company.

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Tonight the barometer is steady at 1008. According to the weather report things are better up north so we should get some improvement tonight. The darned wind refuses to shift to SW where we would be more comfortable. We won't sleep too well tonight unless things get quieter.

May 20th Tuesday Forward Harbor Cloudy Baro 1006

We slept pretty well actually. Things quieted down around 11:00 and except for a good hard gust at 11:50 PM, all was quiet. This AM the clouds are broken with occasional blue patches and the wind is SE.

0907 Log 678 Leave Forward Harbor

Louie put up his tarp which should shelter him at the wheel. We set the jib which boosts us a little in gusts. Traveling with the wind is so much better than going into it—a bonus.

Johnstone Strait was quite calm with a light breeze from the SE which increased as time went on. We had about 12 miles in the strait with little shelter. One imagined what it was like in stormy weather. The sky was beautiful with clouds and patches of blue. Whales. We spotted killer whales—one big one and several smaller ones going down the straits. That is the closest I've been to them. They rolled a few times, spouting steam, then disappeared. Well, we were really enjoying the ride—the water was building up, but running with it was no strain.

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The jib plus motor pulled us along at 6½-7 kn. Suddenly the water flattened out and before we knew what happened we had a 25 kn wind against us! The poor sail slapped and beat something awful. Louie reved up the engine to keep going 6 kn and we wondered how long it would take us to get out of this stuff—no shelter till our channel. It took just 10 min. for the confused water to pile up and get nasty. Even at 2200 rpm we would slow down to 3 kn taking it on the nose. So Louie started cutting the waves at angles and we didn't lose speed as badly. The poor sail had to fend for itself. Bitsy was outside with us when this mess hit. She huddled by our feet, getting wet with salt spray hitting us in the face. Finally we ducked behind an island to face reefs and rocks so Louie went outside and around the island and then back into a more sheltered channel where the water was less furious. It rained a little, but what a relief to get out of Johnstone Strait!

We eased our way through green islands to Burial Cove—a small shallow cove which we shared with a fisherman. After lunch Louie and I went fishing. First we tried depths and got flounder. We kept 2 big ones and threw back small ones. Then I caught a huge dogfish which gave a good struggle. Too bad it wasn't a halibut.

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Then we tried by some rocks and Louie caught 2 nice sized rock fish on his green hoochie—my jig didn't catch anything. Well, that was enough fish for 2 dinners so we came back to clean fish & walk dogs. The seagull wouldn't quit & start again, but Louie got it to run though not happily.

On shore we walked around a little—it was muddy & marshy with beach grass clipped down like with a lawn mower. The dogs acted really strange. Back in the woods Louie saw some large animal droppings which he thought were bear. But this is an island?? East Craycroft I believe. Unhappily Louie stepped on a log and a branch tore a hole in his deck boots—sad lesson.

Back on the boat, duties done, we can finally relax and take in our surroundings. A friendly swallow (barn) perched on our boat several times, singing a delightful song full of exuberance for life. Animal sounds are the only noises we hear except for an occasional airplane. In the early evening hours, a loon came to visit. It floated in between our two boats—so calmly—scratching here, stretching there, finally tucking its head under its wing. It didn't seem to mind our moving around. Then Louie heard a crackle on shore and looked over to find a big black bear! It was a beautiful animal, lumbering down the beach grazing on grass. We watched him in awe as he made his way around the cove. Wonder if he will find the fish carcasses we left on shore.

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We are really in the wilderness! Animals respond differently to humans here—one has the feeling that they are less afraid. What a wonderful experience to be here.

↗ We are happy tonight with a wood fire making the boat cozy. There is hardly a breeze, nothing to keep us awake. Goodnight.

*May 21st Wednesday Burial Cove Sunny with a few clouds Baro 1009 rising(?)
Happy 8th anniversary.*

*No sound except birds singing. Our fisherman left sometime early in the morning.
1030 Log 704 Leave Burial Cove. The timing was perfect for going through
Chathana Channel, a rapids and shoal channel which has to be navigated with range
markers. There was a small community on Minstrel Island. We crossed Knight Inlet
which had views of magnificent mountains—very inviting. Then we went up Tribune
Channel around Gilford Island, rather out of the way, but on a nice day very scenic.
High mountains and rock faces rise out of the water. We putted along slowly—coming on
very few boats. As before, every turn had a new view of a mountain or range. The clouds
built up and we ran into showers from about 1:30 on. We had a choice of three anchorages
for the night, all close together. We peeked in the first two, but had been lured by
Calhoun to a little cove, Watson Cove, just a little further on.*

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Before we made it to Watson Cove we were faced with a grey wall which turned out to be a squall. All of a sudden the wind went from nothing to 32 kn against us (on the anemometer)! Atavist leaned over and the water fairly frothed. Louie turned the boat around and already there were whitecaps. In a few minutes we decided to make for Watson anyway—it was only about 1½ miles away. Now the wind was blowing a steady 20-22 kn and the water was swells—curses—not again! Then it started to rain! Well, Watson was tiny, facing the swells so it was not at all quiet and there was no beach at all! High sides dropped off to very deep water and with swells, made anchoring seem impossible. Here certainly was no place for doggies to go, so we went back to the 1st and most inviting anchorage Wahkana Bay on Guilford Is. It was quiet inside and one could just see snow capped mountains. Unfortunately, here too there were no beaches for the dogs. Also it was very deep. We picked a point with a rocky hillside and anchored right next to shore. 2 Stern ties kept the boat in position.

1700 Log 738 Anchor Wahkana Bay.

Not such a good anchoring job and not such a good place for dogs and it is raining. Oh well, it is calm in here. There is also water a little ways away.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

Louie had gathered some plantain at Burial Cove so I cooked it for a vegetable tonight—not bad with a little vinegar. Italian style fish on rice & salad completed the meal. We opened our anniversary cards from Cassandra, Mom & Dad & Grace. Nice thoughts. To bed with a few bird sounds & showers.

I think the water in Tribune Channel has a red cast, evidence of red tide I think. Red Tide has been confirmed, but they don't say where.

One of the things boaters hate most is to hear a bump in the night. At 0100 we felt a good bump. We tore out of bed, put a few things on, grabbed a light & went out to look. Ack—rocks right on our stern—one stern line was slack—we had shifted over to the rocks, the tide was about the same as when we anchored, but I had let out a couple feet of line for high tide. We didn't expect low tide at this time of night (wrong ref. station: Owen Bay instead of Alert Bay). Further, there was a huge log across our anchor line. Raining! I took up a little on the anchor line after Louie pushed off the log and we got dressed in our yellows. Louie went to shore and eased up the stern lines while I took up more anchor line—like 5 feet. We were practically over the anchor—really too close. I had been lazy and not set it farther out.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

In this new position we were away from the rocks—as long as it didn't get windy! I'm not confident about the anchor on rock. We went back to bed and lay awake for an hour—listening for every sound. It was raining and an owl started hooting softly. I got up at 2:30 to check—everything OK. The alarm was set for 5:00 AM so we finally did get some sleep.

When the alarm went off it was raining hard. We looked out the window—OK—went back to sleep. I checked around 6:00 outside and we were well away from the rocks. It must have happened because of the line I let out earlier! Damn. Louie didn't like this place anyway.

May 22, Thursday Wahkana Bay Raining Baro 1009↑

We slept in late this morning. Louie got brave to go outside and turn on the gas for coffee. Things feel better in the morning—we can always leave if wind came up. The doggies went to shore with Louie in the pouring rain—he found a better spot for them—he also found bear droppings!

1125 Log 738 Leave Wahkana Bay—the rain has eased some, light SE breeze. Baro up to 1011. It was a nice quiet run down to Shoal Harbor at this end of Guilford Island. Houses built on rafts are tucked into little coves. There is a combination of logging and fishing in these areas. Park your boat at your front door!

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

1016 1-3- 752

~1400 Log Arrive Shoal Hbr. Sprinkles

*There is quite a large settlement at the coast end of this bay. Some permanent houses, float houses and a logging operation. We tucked away in the west end so we didn't see much of the logging area. Good mud bottom—we are swinging free. Beautiful trees with lichen hanging in the branches like beards. There is a little island nearby with grass for the dogs. Louie noticed there are no more madrona trees around. The little island has a wonderful naivety of plants—plantain & goosetongue, grass, tall grey-green grass, wild roses, wild strawberries both starting to bloom, and other rock plants almost ready to flower—I need a wildflower book. The edible plant book is fun. I found Salad Greens (*saxifraga punctata*), but didn't collect enough to eat.*

While Louie walked the dogs I buzz bombed from the boat to catch crab bait. I caught a large sculpin, but wasn't ready for him so while I was getting a bucket he got away. So then I got serious about fishing and went out in the dinghy with the green hoochie. The bottom is muddy & very even depth and I couldn't catch mud. I got one baby greenling which had no business being out there and finally a good sized flounder. Dinner & crab bait! We had fish cakes for dinner & Louie set the trap at the west end of the cove. Pudding for dessert. This is a happy place—tho we could go hungry! An owl was hooting softly in the trees—gulls were fishing. There is a kingfisher in here. Goodnight.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

May 23rd Friday Shoal Harbour Raining & foggy Baro 1016

Slow drippy morning though we awoke at 0900. The fog drifts through tall trees—drip-drip-drip. ↗

Fried eggs & toast for breakfast. Louie got the crab trap—all it had was a big 20-ray starfish—shucks.

1030 Log 752 leave Shoal Harbor. I'm inside again with the dogs because it is drizzling outside. Patches of blue sky are always elsewhere.

We came upon big flocks of Western Grebes—handsome birds with black caps & long white necks. There was one red-necked grebe with them. Then we saw a family of eagles in a cove. Four young birds were awkward in flight and in landing. A crow came up and stole food from one of them. The eagle chased the crow, but to no avail. The parents were in trees nearby. Below, arctic loons were fishing.

1400 Log 771 Arrive Sullivan Bay. This is really a tiny place tucked back in a cove. There is a seaplane dock & boat dock at the fuel barge. There is a little post office-store building, but the store isn't open till June 1st. There are a few other little red buildings—one called a lodge which presumably was closed also, and a house. Everything floating in a -U-. It's fixed up to be cute.

Two girls were running the fuel dock while we were there. They know the seaplane pilots by 1st name. We bought diesel 19.6 imp gallons, and 1 gal kerosene. We filled water which was pretty low and hope it tastes good. Things are a lot smaller and more limited than we expected.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

1500 Leave Sullivan Bay. A rain shower started before we left S. Bay and although there was blue sky all around, it blew & poured on us. The water got very choppy in Wells Passage, probably some swells from the outside. We went into Tracey Harbor on North Broughton Island for anchorage—in pouring rain.

~1600 Log 778 arrive Tracey Harbor. There is a big logging operation in here with huge 2 story dormitory buildings. Fortunately all is quiet since it is Friday afternoon—all we hear is a generator over there. In our little cove there is a sunken burned out cabin on the beach with some old rusting out machinery next to it. Whose? How long has it been there? Louie set the crab pot just in back of us—this time in some eel grass.

Macaroni & cheese, stir fried plantain & cabbage salad for dinner—we ate lunch really late today.

Clouds finally went away tonight—a few foggy patches. The air is quite cold. The moon shines tonight. It is still twilight at 10:15! It was still light at 9:45. An eagle perched above us as I walked the dogs tonight. The moon & stars are out.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

May 24th Saturday Tracy Harbor Overcast Baro 1013

We slept till 8:00 this morning. We felt undecided as to what to do today till we listened to the weather. It sound very windy (NW) today with a chance of less wind tomorrow. There is lots to do on the boat so we decided to sit today and maybe go tomorrow. Louie checked batteries, bent the boom gallows with the come-along and generally fussed around. I brushed the dogs, trimmed their nails & flea powdered them. After lunch Louie took the drink & a reluctant seagull out fishing. I cleaned the boat—much needed with hair blowing all over. Laddie is shedding.

There is a grand banks tied up at the logging camp with 2 couples. The men keep checking their crab pot. Anyway they came over & said hi. They moor in La Conner & are headed for Alaska. They tried going out yesterday, but came back because it was rough. They said that the logging camp isn't in operation this year and that they usually run during the winter & shut down in the summer (??)

By the way, Louie got 2 x 3 inch crabs & a sculpin in the crab trap this AM. Nothing this PM. More fish for the trap because Louie was very successful fishing. He caught 4 good & large rock fish—2 meals worth easily!

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

I spent my time cooking lentils—to use up some celery which was going bad. Tried to kind of pan bread since we are almost out of break. It was ship biscuits—hot they were edible, cold they are a lethal weapon. The fish tasted great. Come to find out, the way they found out about red tide was when 3 people got sick & one died (G. Banks' story).

This is quite a pleasant place if you can ignore the generator a the logging camp. An eagle swooped down & took one of the fish carcasses Louie left for the animals. Crows really bug eagles & ravens. Young crows are out and about—screaming for food from Mama. We watched a kingfisher try to swallow a large fish he had caught in the cove. He flipped it every which way till it fit in his mouth and then he swallowed the whole thing! I tried to get water at a nearby stream but there was foam way up the falls so I didn't take any. Our Sullivan Bay water is very good. Sleepy tonight. The wind blew till almost 10:00. Goodnight.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

*May 25th Sunday Trace Harbor Cloudy Baro 1016
0825 Log 778 Leave Tracy Harbor*

Reluctantly up early this AM. Didn't drink too much coffee because of butterflies in the stomach. Last night there were 5 big power boats in the harbor—the biggest right in front of us (Dutch Treat—Seattle)—all were American boats. Louie walked the dogs then pulled up the crab pot—bonanza! Dungeness—6 large D crabs—one ♀ was rather small so we threw her back, 2 little ~3 inch rock crabs (threw back) and a big starfish. What a haul! Louie had an ear to ear grin on his face.

I took a bromine and gave the dogs each ½ in preparation for swells & rough water and off we went. It wasn't too bad going out around Lewis Rks. Visibility was about 4 miles. We turned the corner and pushed on against the wind. It was not easy going—slugging through it really wasn't wet. The sun tried to shine. A cruise ferry passed by. The wind kept picking up a couple Kn at a time. I took it for a while. We slugged through Richardson Channel between Ghost Is. and Jeanette Is., and the swells became really large. Then the sea went every which way. Louie decided to put on the jib—we were bounding around pretty badly. The wind was getting stronger and together with the swells we decided to go back a couple miles to Marsh Bay. Running with those swells wasn't easy either—the sail helped pull us. (Wind was 22 Kn on our nose.)

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

We anchored in a narrow finger where the wind was blowing less but still blowing 10-15 kn.

1007 813 7:35

We had some lunch then walked. I was afraid of dragging or hitting the wall next to us so got up every 10 min while Louie was exploring. It seemed like the gusts were less frequent so we thought we would try for an evening run. Louie was bothered by the fact that we turned back. He wondered if we should have or not. So we got all ready to go again. As soon as we rounded the corner, the wind read a steady 25 kn and the chop was shooting spray into the cockpit. Ugly. Oh well, we wanted to reanchor anyway so we went back in and this time anchored in the larger cove—lots of room to swing—good grab. I cleaned 3 crabs for dinner—had crab (Louie 1, me 2), lentils & raw cabbage. The crab took a while to eat—Doggies went to shore with Louie.

Early to bed tonight—sleepy—actually tired from the day's worries & decision making.

There are two young men in a big red sailboat who are scavenging logs from the beach and building a small boom. They don't seem to be bothered by the wind. There were some little mink (?) on the stony beach, which Laddie chased with glee. He wasn't as sure-footed and the little animals were.

Goodnight.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

May 26th Monday

Marsh Bay

Overcast & Foggy

Baro 1007↓

We were awake early, but reluctant to get up. It meant slogging again & we weren't real eager for that. The slight swell seems to hit us broadside—rock-rock—lying there thinking of what's ahead. The alarm was set for 6 and we were awake at 5:30. Coffee—walk doggies—butterflies & breakfast. I took a bromine & gave the dogs each ½ - - good thing for all of us.

0735 Log 813 Leave Mars Bay. Easy going at first, but then the swells picked up through Richardson Channel. I thought it would get better further on but there were still swells. There was little wind so we didn't have chop to contend with. Actually the boat rides the swells pretty well—they are spaced far apart. We made the headland which was strewn with rocks. Should we go inside or outside the rocks? Louie decided inside so we slugged our way through them—some of the swells were really huge! Swells broke over the rocks in bursts of green water and foam. It is enough to shake anyone's marbles. Then we turned the corner gong between 2 islands where the water quieted down somewhat. This lead us through a tiny pass—so very close to shore (that has 11 ft. of water at low tide). It was coming up to high tide so there was lots of water. Then we came over to Skull Cove.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

1030 Log 827.8. We anchored in the SW end in !25 ft of water. This is a charming though shallow cove—we could have ventured farther, but I like to swing on the anchor with lots of scope. The water both here & at Marsh Bay is so clear one can see the anchor in 20' of water or more. There are lots of little islets in the cove. One is grassy & Louie took the dogs to run on it. Meanwhile I baked an apple pudding on the kerosene heater! The heater heats a small pan 350-450° depending on how you position it! Double duty. After lunch Louie went to practice with the shotgun and I washed my hair. Boy does that feel good! I had solar heated & propane heated salt water.

You never know if you are going to get stuck somewhere when you should have taken advantage of the weather. I think one has to be psychologically prepared to beat out x-number of miles and then should rest. Tomorrow may bring fog—who knows?

There are birds here to keep us company. A pigeon guillemot, scotus, gulls (regular), kingfisher & an eagle. The trees are skimpy and look windblown. The whole island is quite low elevation.

All the streams in these parts have foam in the water and the water is brown (tea). There is lots of it but we shy away from it.

Sick to my stomach tonight—ugg. Why? Crab? Bonine? Goodnight.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

840 846 Baro 1018

May 27th, Tuesday

Overcast

Barometer rising.

No wind—let's go! We awoke late, scurried around to get up—walk dogs—eat a quick breakfast and get everything ready. I took a bonine and gave it to the dogs—but only shortly before we left. We had had a terrible night. swells from the little inlet kept the boat rocking all night. That's why we overslept till 0630!

0740 Log 830 Leave Skull Cove. In minutes we started feeling the swell. It just got worse & worse. Visibility was OK—we could see 4-8 miles. At each rock the swells seemed larger & more ferocious. I hadn't taken Bonine soon enough and started feeling sickly. Going below to pee finished me off—I really felt terrible. We had gone ~5½ miles (an eternity) when at Breman Rock the swells got sharp, close together and had curls on top. Louie made the decision to go back. I felt like a puddle—useless. So we ran with the NW swells for another eternity till we reached Skull Cove and again anchored. The swells were 8 ft "Moderate" swells. 2 other sailboats were coming up as we went back.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

Log 840 Back at Skull Cove. Feeling defeated—wondering if we would ever reach Alaska or if we were too chicken to go those ocean miles. Depressing. This was a low point on our trip. The ocean is fearful in the way it tosses you around and if I always get sick—chicken hearts. For most of the day, all we could see in front of our eyes was the swell. All we could think about was whether we could stand going through that again.

Louie became compulsively busy—he went to various streams to find water and so on. I made the bed and tried to go to sleep. Too bright, too many bad images.

Around 2:00 after a little lunch Louie suggested we poke around the area as long as we were here.

50 Log 840 we picked up the anchor and gently eased our way along Schooner Channel, a very narrow inlet that led to the entrance to Seymour Inlet.

Right at the entrance were Nakwato (?) Rapids—they run 10-15 km! It was high water slack when we were there so we drifted through going by Turtle Island with the names of many boats into Seymour Inlet which was all peaceful and softly green in partial sunshine. A real temptation. We went back through the rapids getting a shove from the current—it had already started running—then on to Treadwell Hbr. as a quiet anchorage.

As we went in we flushed some Canadian Geese! It is a quiet cove with a little beach for the dogs to run. There is a stream running right behind us. It is so quiet here. There is a seal in the cove which keeps fishies jumping.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

We saw herons and cormorants, Pickled (George's) fish, rice with plantain and zucchini for dinner. Some apple cake for dessert. Tired tonight, worried. The weather comes in but not too well. Louie put up the trysail & storm jib.

There are wonderful flowers here. I found more bunch berry and black lilies. Lots of wild celery was near the fresh water, but I'm still not sure what to do with it. Louie took pictures of the Pacific serviceberry (Skull Cove), bunch berry (Skull Cove) and black lily (Treadwell Hbr).

↗ To bed, needing reassurance, dreading tomorrow.

May 28 Wednesday Treadwell Hbr. overcast, foggy Baro 1018

We listened to the weather report 1st thing. There was a chance for more breeze today but it should get even windier in the next e days. The local places didn't report much wind. I felt waves of fear (?) or dread as I took an early bomine and went through the paces. We can save 4 ocean miles by going out the channel near Treadwell, Slingsby Channel, rather than going back to Skull Cove. The problem is when is the time to take it? We were warned by the coast pilot & our chart (Evergreen) that it is dangerous on the ebb and should be taken at slack water. But the tide and current may be at different times. That really worried me, not to mention the ocean. We did have a better rest and my stomach was well today.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

0850 Log 846 Leave Treadwell Hbr. Sure enough, although low tide was at ~0700 the water was still ebbing. We were prepared—sort of. On the way out Slingsby, what the ocean was like etc etc. He was quite reassuring that we had a good seagoing boat and that it was a matter of getting used to the ocean swells. He did say the swells were moderate—ugg. But no chop! Well, we reluctantly left their company (the Mrs. didn't like company—she went below & finally said in a harsh voice "we're drifting near the rocks") and went on down Slingsby Channel with the current.

Whammo—we were in the narrows with swirls & boils and a short steep swell. We tossed a bit, ringing the bell twice. "It's OK," I said, "it's only local." Louie looked sick. There was no turning so we kept going. And it got better! I kept saying to myself, "We're going to make it today" and Louie kept saying to himself "it's not dangerous." The swell was ~6-8 miles. We could see Cape Caution. So on and on we went, getting used to the motion of the boat and the rhythm of the swells. There are little sea birds for company which half swim & half fly over the water. Other boats are in view—company a long ways away. We made the Cape!!! Spirits rose.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

Now we had to take the swell more to the side. Still it was mainly a matter of getting used to it. We headed towards Egg Island to avoid N. & S. iron rocks and to stay in deep water. The swells are much worse over shoals. Cape Caution is shoal very far out and although we were about a mile off the Cape we could feel the increase in swell & chop. Once past the rocks we turned & ran with the swell to James Cove. (~~The rocks cause big breakers with the swell.~~) There is a splash of blue green water and white foam as each swell breaks on the rocks. Spectacular.

~1315 made Jones Cove. Log 869. This is a narrow cove quite protected from the swell by a rocky finger. Here we had lunch and decided to go on to Calvert Island—our last stretch of ocean—since it was a good day. Several people have told us about Jones as a good stopover when needed. Had lunch.

1340 Leave Jones Cove. We went behind Table Top Island then outside a whole area of rocks to deep water. A NW wind seemed to be coming up, but in open water it wasn't very strong. We could just see by Calvert Island 12 miles away. The going wasn't bad and we got closer and closer to Calvert Is. The foggy overcast tried lifting and we could see splashes of sun on the distant hills. About 3 miles off Calvert we came upon a dense concentration of large gulls, cormorants, loons and **muors [?]**—what a welcoming party. Sunshine! In the distance, snow-capped mountains started showing through the clouds.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

Behind Calvert Island we were out of the ocean—no more swells. There was a halibut fisherman pulling in his lines. I saw what looked like a flounder or halibut as well as a dogfish (?) and some smaller fish. I got out the buzz bomb and cameras! We went up to Safety Cove for an anchorage.

1715 Log 890 Arrive Safety Cove. There was a close call here. Luckily we were watching the depth sounder, because as we got towards the back of the cove the depth went from 50 ft to 5 ft in a minute! It stayed 5 ft for a seeming eternity—then 10→25 as Louie backed down & turned—phew! Then we had to anchor twice to get off the extensive mud flats. We were here! We did it! By the Cape and more!

There is a big government tug sitting here with big buoys out. We found out it is chartered by a group logging the island. In a while, fishing boats arrived tying 2 & 4 abreast. The nearest boat, "Falcon Rock" turned out to be a Canadian Fisheries boat. There was a fisheries person aboard to look over the logging operation. Apparently there is a nice stream in the cove where pink salmon come (or used to) to spawn and they don't want the loggers to wreck it.

The beach is not very good for doggies to run. I found a woodsy spot where Laddie chased a squirrel. High spirits in the sunshine. Company!

We had fried potatoes, bacon & lima beans for dinner—a celebration.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

Tonight twilight is bright even until 2030! A bright moon, almost full, crept over the high hills of Safety Cove. We feel good tonight full of new interest in things to come.
↗

May 29 Thursday Safety Cove Sunny! Baro 1021 Fog moving in but will not last.

A slow, relaxing cup of coffee this morning; for a change! Time to catch up in my log. Birds love it here. There is a small noisy gull which sounds much like the Bonaparts but doesn't have a black head. They fish by diving into the water—and squack [squawk?] a lot. Heron, loon and larger gulls are here too. I saw an eagle on a tree. Tide flats showing this AM.

As Louie took the dogs to the beach, the Captain of Falcon Rock hailed him and invited him aboard. They talked for quite a while. He did say we could jig for halibut up here. His crew was an engineer (who ran the boat) and a cook, and they were bringing a fisheries fellow from Dawson in River's Inlet to talk to the loggers. He asked if we had our license—in passing. Meanwhile I cooked some biscuits for lunch & had breakfast—brushed hair etc.

Some jerk came in with a wake & anchored on top of us Canadian.

1145 Log 890 Leave Safety Cove with a wave to our fisheries friends. It is beautifully sunny with good views of distant mountain ranges. NW wind making a little chop in Fitzhugh Sound.

May 29th - June 1st Pruth Bay

Roth Carlos Ph. # 254-3350 3331 E 3rd Ave. Vanc. B. C.

Tim Walters Ken Smith Happy Ours

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

Unbelievable, the wind is on our nose through three 90° turns ↓→← [this may need to be hand-inserted.]! Cool. Pisses Louie off.

1445 Log 907 Arrive Pruth Bay. We anchored in mud in good depth—there is no escaping the wind. There is a cabin at the end of this voce with a lean-to and a few "cars." Somebody has put a lot of effort to make this an attractive place to stop and camp. People are in the cabin.

After dinner we both went to shore to walk the dogs and to meet people. We first met Roth Carlos, a Phillipino who is a Canadian teacher. He and another teacher, Tim Walters, are with a group of 16 11th graders on a camping outing. In addition two kayakers Miko & Chio from Puerto Rico who were staying at the cabin. They are on their way to Glacier Bay. We sat and visited till after 1:00 AM—really interesting people. Late to bed, but happy in our new found friends.

May 30, Friday Pruth Bay Sunny

↗ A beautiful morning. Today we are going to walk over to the beach on the West side.

A trail starts right behind the cabin. After saying good morning, Laddie, Little Bit and we walked to the beach. Just back from the cabin is a carving in a tree of a face with lots of teeth—was done. Unfortunately, some time ago some logging was done nearby. The trail goes through some of the logging waste land—what a mess.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

The beach is beautiful! Marine fog comes and goes, playing colors on the water from aquamarine and deep blue in the sunshine to grey green in the shadow. The doggies loved it. Bitsy ran and ran and ran. We went crazy taking wildflower and beach pictures until we ran out of film—Just before the prettiest part! Most of the kids were on the beach—the girls sunbathing and the boys digging a fire pit. We stopped & talked to Tim for a long time. I talked to a couple of the boys—the girls seem more shy.

All of a sudden a mink ran across the beach right in front of us. Laddie saw him and needed no encouragement to chase after it. I thought it was great until Laddie caught up with the mink and there was a loud angry scuffle. I figured Laddie didn't know mink were mean so I ran off yelling at him, the boys ran with us whooping & hollering and Bitsy ran along in confused circles. The mink ran this way & that and seemed a little tired, but my commands got Laddie under control so the mink got away. Boy did Laddie enjoy that chase! Well, things calmed down a little and we were invited to have hot-dogs with the group. Being well past noon on a beautiful sunny windless day we were in no hurry to go back so we gratefully joined in.

Tim invited me to go snorkeling with him out by some rocks in the cove. I told him that I had the equipment, but had never gone diving. But it sounded so good I said I would go. We went back to the boat to get all my stuff then trekked back to the beach to change. Well, we went in. At first my mask kept filling with water which made me feel panic, but then I calmed down and with apprehension started swimming out to the rocks.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

One doesn't work very hard to swim with fins on, in fact you can't force it without getting cramps. The sandy bottom gradually disappeared with kelp reaching up from the bottom. In a while we came to the rocks. What a fantastic sight. Huge sea urchins were hanging on the rocks with various kinds of seaweeds and sea life. The predominant color on the rocks is pink from a kind of encrusting algae. We saw a few abalone on the rocks. Tim dove and scooped them into his bag with a big knife. We went around the rocks floating and diving. I dove a few times. On the outside of the rocks the swells became a regular motion. The motion plus the swaying of sand and kelp was making me feel seasick! Damn! Also, with no gloves, my hands were pretty cold and I was ready to go back. We piddled back going through more kelp and rocks and finally made it back to the beach. We were out ~1½ hrs. I was pooped. It was all I could do to get out of my suit and into clothes—everything was wet and sandy. But it was such a good experience to go out like that. I hope I will do it on my own sometime.

After visiting a while longer we went to the boat—with a bag full of abalone. But after today we were too tired to fix dinner so we had crackers & cheese and went to bed—a beautiful still night with a full moon.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

May 31, Saturday

Pruth Bay

Raining

Ha! Rain started this early morning. At first it came down hard then turned into a wet drizzle. Oh well, we are not in a hurry to go anywhere. The barometer is not too low. I made a bran muffin cake over the kerosene heater this AM. The bottom got slightly burned but otherwise it is really good. No bread or crackers today. I finished cleaning the abalone and cooked it in garlic butter for lunch. They said 1 min. each side but the large ones needed more than that. There were a couple scallops in with the abalone—boy were they good too! As I was fussing around Louie wrote letters. I couldn't concentrate.

The poor kids on shore got really wet tis AM. They were all drying out in the cabin. Last night a Father of one of the girls came in and anchored. He is one of the boats who transported them all to the voce. His name is Ken Smith on the "Happy Ours." We visited with him—a very congenial fellow—last night. He and Tim went out on a diving expedition in the rain.

A group of girls came out to "Happy Ours" with Tim to dry off. They invited us to join them for a steak dinner. Sure—good company.

It is interesting to watch the interaction between the kids today. They are restless and a little bored with the weather. We can begin to recognize individuals and feel their personalities.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

Good steaks with salad and a little bread. Ken brought up some red wine. We visited some more—Tim's feeling under the weather. I think they will be glad to get home tomorrow.

Last night the kids said there were thousands of squid in the bay—I was too tired to go after any. I'll look for them tonight, but the wind has come up and the air is cold.

Sleepy again tonight we say farewell to Roth Tim and Ken and the kids and go out to Atavist. This is the first night it is windy since we've been out. Goodnight.

June 1st, Sunday, Pruth Bay

Partly sunny—windy

This morning is sunny & partly cloudy and the wind is already blowing & gusting. We plan to go to Namu today, but my stomach is queasy with so much abalone and I want my bonine to take effect before we go. It's so windy I don't really like the idea of going out.

~1100 Log 907 leave Pruth Bay with the jib flying. The wind's behind us for a while. We decided to go the route which is 3 miles shorter, but exposed to the ocean swell, Hakai passage. When we got out in it the water was wild. The wind was blowing 20-25 kn from the West and there was chop on top of steep sharp swells. We were reaching with the jib which made the ride tolerable, but we did bounce around violently for a couple miles. After a while we got in the lee of some islands and the going was better. There is blue sky on the outside and heavy clouds on the inside ranges.

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1008 0800 926

~1500 970

We crossed Fitzhugh Sound on a reach with the wind still blowing hard. 97 was choppy and a little lumpy all the way across. Cold. WE seemed to make some southward leeway which made the trip a little longer. Finally we arrived at Namu. The docks were arranged [diagram goes here]

with only the width of the dock against the chop and swell. Consequently we rode like a hobby horse on a piece of the dock which was loosely tied to the rest so that it was free to swing. I would rather have anchored—we were tired from crossing, now all this bumping. The boat in front of us moved so we started walking Atavist forward where the dock itself bounced less. Then an old guy shouted at us that the same fellow would be back. So we went back to where we were hoping it would calm down. Meanwhile another fishing boat parked in front—Ha!—and the returning boat tied double to the boat behind. That incident left a bad taste, but we started talking to another old fisherman, Ian (McCloud?) on the Zodiac. He was a Scotsman—a seasoned fisherman and almost friendly. The same boat which anchored with us in burial cove “Leda 99” was just in front. It is owned by a big jolly fellow named George. We walked doggies, but there was hardly anyplace to walk them. All of Namu is on a boardwalk—no roads—no trails—just brush.

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The whole place is owned and run by the company B. C. Packers. They buy fish, freeze it and ship it off. They don't do any canning. There are private living quarters, dormitories, and common facilities. Flip and Ida said we must eat at the Commissary (called the cookhouse) and we found that they were serving roast turkey for \$6 each. The thought of cooking on a bouncing boat didn't appeal to me so we treated ourselves to a night out. The food was served cafeteria style with ample everything; Fresh bread, pastry, fruit and vegetables, besides roast turkey and spaghetti. Fishermen single employees and visitors eat there. It was amusing that the fishermen are very matter-of-fact about the meal. They eat then get up and leave. No leisurely chatting after dinner. We ate dinner with our two friends Ian and George. After dinner (5:15-6:00) we went back with time on our hands. Louie took a shower—free and I did one load of laundry—also free! In fact there was no charge for staying overnight! Sunset tonight. The wind died down as we had hoped, things were much more quiet. The moorage is full tonight. Many boats came in out of the blow. Well, we're tired so it felt good to hit the sleeping bags.

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June 2nd Monday

Namu

Sunny! Quiet

We enjoyed coffee in bed watching the fishing boats leaving. Some were selling their catch and taking on supplies while others were going out fishing.

There is lots of "stuff" to do today so first I started laundry. The machine in the Women's room was busy so I used the machine in the men's. Louie's nightshirt faded blue all over our long-Johns. It was a longer wait for the dryer, but finally my turn came. I was talking to a girl working at the cookhouse for the season while I was waiting. She lives there with her boyfriend. Then came the real treat—a nice shower—clean all over!

Louie came by and encouraged me to go over to the fresh fish area when they were unloading the boats. One boat had halibut and cod. Some of the halibut were over 100 lbs. They were monsters! Some boats were unloading salmon. All the fisher men say they aren't catching anything, but the fish buyers say they are already catching more than last year. The Canadian fishermen are rather cool to Americans—all about rules and regulations. Louie was given free ice—all he could carry!! He had fixed the ice box to hold crushed ice.

I did shopping at the store—by being careful I only spent \$30. We gassed up at the fuel dock—got water too. The wife of the gas dock man bakes fresh bread so I went up to their house. She had many loaves of WW bread which she had baked the night before. Bread \$1.50—it was worth it! She also sold pies for \$4.00—a bit much.

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Louie had not such a good experience getting propane. They overcharged him for 7 lbs left in the tank. We had used 2/3 of the tank in almost 4 weeks. It was good to find out how much we were using.

A hard luck fisherman caught Louie's ear and talked it off for a long time. We shared a beer, but wanted him to go away. Poor guy.

Dinner tonight was tacos. I bought some taco shells which have been in the way most of the trip. We've used 1/2 of them now. On good days I get really hungry. Also we had fresh salad and fresh bread.

It's quiet tonight. We met people from two brand new boats going home to Juneau. They were friendly. They have to make almost 500 miles in 5 days.

We walked the dogs in the twilight and ~10:30 went to bed. Quiet tonight.

Baro 1008

June 3rd Tuesday Namu Quiet, partly sunny

A cup of coffee, then it is time to leave Namu. 0800 Log 926 Leave Namu. We had hot oatmeal on the way. There is a breeze on our nose as usual. Louie gets so tired of it. However it is a lovely day and we feel like cruising. We went through Lama passage past a couple pretty light houses.

The government buildings are all white with red roofs. Current against us in Fisher Channel made us go a few extra N miles. Then we came upon the town of New Bella Bella. For a change, the wind came from behind! IT got warm and the sunshine came out. Bella Bella is an Indian town. The houses, situated on a hill with a terrific view, are painted every imaginable color. The town has a bright red school and looks quite

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prosperous. Old Bella Bella is right across the channel. It is mainly a gas dock and a few scattered houses. There is a store in there also.

Except for a clear cut above Bella Bella there doesn't seem to be a lot of logging in these parts. The hillsides look velvety with untouched forests! Mining is becoming common. We can see scars in some of the mountainsides which are made by the refuse of the mines. The trees are conifers, but of a different variety than further south. There is a lot of cedar—which is light green mixed with fir which is dark green. Some hills look mosaic with the light and dark patches.

Two gull-like gray birds flew by—they had long beaks. I think they were shearwaters. We looked straight out Milbank Sound to the ocean. There is a small piece of outside traversing to do some other day. The water was glossy as we came to Idol Pt. where quite a few boats were fishing, but just ahead we could see a dark line across the water—wind! Sure enough, it started blowing ~15 kn all of a sudden and then kept blowing SW (in our faces at the time) 10-15 kn.

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We were not far from our objective—2½ miles from Mouat Cove in Berry Inlet. Happy to find shelter we ducked into the cove. Inside we found an extensive float (1/2 rotten) to which we could tie-O—a good thing since the wind was blowing even inside the cove. It looked like the float was set up for fishermen with a couple of outhouses with distinct plumbing to the great flusher. There were a kind of sawhorse along the docks presumably for nets.

Louie and I tried our luck at fishing, but the wind was blowing so strongly we couldn't get the jigs on the bottom so we were forced to fish in the lee of a small island where it was too shallow. We caught baby ling cod, baby rock fish and a flounder—threw 5 back and kept 3 of the larger fish. Had fresh fish for dinner and some extra for tomorrow's lunch.

A fishing boat came into the cove and tied across the docks. Not friendly to us. Later a second fishing boat came in, repaired a pole then left again.

It quieted down tonight—some foggy marine clouds move across the sky in the opposite direction to high clouds. Both pick up different colors of the setting sun.

We still cannot pick up weather on the VHF.

Baro 1016

June 4th Wednesday Mouat Cove Sunny then marine fog

I slept very well last night—feeling refreshed. The fisherman left around 5 AM. Louie heard him. ⚓ We took a short leisurely time for coffee then it's up and on our way.

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0835 Log 970 Leave Mout Cove. Overcast but calm.

Only yesterday I had complained that no days were nice all day—there was some adversity each day ... how I wish. Well, today was one of those wonderful days with very little in the way of adversity.

First of all, Milbanke Sound was calm! A very slight swell was not even worth taking a pill. While we were out in the sound Louie spotted some Killer Whales! They surfaced and blew quite a long time, but far away. How great!

Around the corner and the swells came from behind. Just as we entered Finlayson Channel we picked up a little wind from behind! We put up the jib and ran the engine ~1700 RPM. Sunny.

There is an unusual shaped island rising out of the channel called Cone Island or "China Hat" Island that shelters an Indian town Klemtu. We didn't see the town. It was breezing 10-15 kn up the channel, good going for once. Finlayson is a long, straight channel that is about 25 miles long. At the end owe got some snorty winds at the points, then we turned into Friklesh Narrows along Sarah Island and left the wind and chop for a lovely ride. Snow-capped mountains appeared close at hand. The colors were very green today. Lots of gulls and eagles. The islands are made of mountains carved out by glaciers into deep bowls. Often there is a lake in the bowl with a snow-capped peak above and a waterfall to shore. Some of the rock in the mountains is very white—limestone?—it almost looks like patches of snow.

We picked up the wind again going across Tolmie Channel. Again it was from behind! The wind blew right along Graham Reach along Princess Royal Island. More snow-capped mountains

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1145 17.5 1014

We turned just enough corners into a little cove called Horsefly Cove—it's beautiful. Snow capped peaks above, little grassy islands alongside. The colors are something else. It took two tries at the anchor. We were on rock at first. The second time we hit mud and backed town to shore where we could hear a creek running. Louie stern tied—just right. It's warm, sunny. The first thing we did was jump out of all our clothes! ↗

I tried Buzz bombing, but needed to get more serious. The fishing wasn't good. I was again too windy to go into deep water and I threw back the little rock fish I caught. No sweat, potatoes au gratin, creamed blackeye peas and corn for dinner.

As I was fixing dinner some gulls chose to play around the boat: Mew gulls I think. They have amusing calls. There are lots of "shiner" fishies for them to eat.

Too bad, a huge party boat came into our little cove. Louie was on the grassy island with the dogs. They tooted hello and he gave them the finger—not just once. Well, they were anchoring for a long time—out in the deep part. Just as we were about to eat dinner two men from the party boat came over in their runabout to apologize for their intrusion. "We're sailors too—we know how you feel." And they forced a bottle of wine on us. "Yes we have to run one generator for our refrigeration." We didn't want to take the wine—but they left it on the boat and shoved off. They are going to charter the boat out of Juneau.

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The wine was French red dinner wine Château de Beaucastel which we had with our potatoes au gratin! It was too dry for my taste—however it threw a humorous light on the whole affair. Later a fishing boat came in and anchored next to us.

Foggy clouds collect on the mountain tops at sunset. It was a fun day—sleepy—goodnight.

P. S. We turned over 1000 today on the log!

—June 5th Horsefly Cove Thursday Baro 1014

The other boats left around 6 AM. The cove was ours once again. Good morning. We took our time this morning. Both Louie and I have sore throats—Louie had one yesterday too—diesel fumes or Namu crud?

We fussed around this AM—maybe reluctant to leave. Maybe we shouldn't have left. Louie went to shore and found some dry alder logs for firewood. He sawed some up and stored some logs on the boat. I fixed pancakes for breakfast—had to wash dishes after. All in all we got a late start.

1145 Log 17.5 Leave Horsefly Cove

Today we went through Graham and Frazer Reach. Again the wind was behind us. I took the helm and Louie put up the main and jib and we wing & winged with the engine at ~1650 RPM or less. It was beautiful in Graham Reach. Waterfall after waterfall with snow-capped mountains. Just before the end of Graham Reach, the wind switched to on our nose—so we dropped sail.

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Fraser Reach blew against us 16-18 kn with gusts above 20 kn. It clouded p and started raining on us! We went by Butedale—a pretty much abandoned town according to the charts. There was no shelter from the N wind in there and the place had a bunch of power boats trying to find somewhere to tie up. Not attractive. So we decided to slug on an additional 14 miles to Goat Harbor. It wasn't cold—we were dressed in yellows & wool. Lunch helped.

After ~1½ hours of slugging the clouds started breaking up. As we left Fraser Reach the wind even dropped some. Dark green and grey mountains were contrasted to powder blue sky and white clouds. It was spectacular beauty—awesome. We came to Goat Harbor needing refuge. Louie was getting more sick and we were tired from going against the weather. Log 055 ~1700

Goat Harbor was spectacular. A huge mountain with sheer drop-offs made walls on two sides. The harbor was a little over a mile long with a slight bend. It ended in a mudflat—however when we came in the tide was high and by the time we checked the depth we had 7 ft. of water under us! So we went back out and tried anchoring along the deeper shore. We drug the anchor with no luck. It takes a whole lot of energy to pull it in esp. when there is about 250 ft of lime & chain out. We tried out in the middle where there was likely to be mud-backing towards shore. The anchor finally grabbed and we were in ~40 ft of water (the anchor was in over 100'!)

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I didn't let out too much scope because the water was shoaling so fast and we needed some room for low tide.

Well, the wind blew down the cove making the boat bounce at anchor—but it was something we could live with. A river runs into the harbor.

As I took the dogs to shore, 4 Canada Geese flew out. The ground was marshy and I waded the dinghy to dry grass. Wonderful grass and flowers for the dogs.

[illustration goes here]

Goat Harbor is alive with birdlife. Gulls were constantly busy and eagles soared overhead. Song-birds sang from shore.

Two boats came in with people jigging like crazy. One came close enough and I asked them what they were fishing for. Cod, they said. One fellow proceeded to pull up a huge ling cod only a short way from the boat. while I was ashore with the dogs, Louie started jigging from the boat. By the time I got back he had caught a sculpin and a small long! He gave me his pole & lures and sent me out to catch fish. This is at 8:00 PM yet. Well I fished & caught a tom cod. Crumb. Then I hooked a big fish. It took a long time to reel in and just near the surface it started fighting and I lost it! Darn. I fished quite a while more and finally caught a small long. Fishing seemed to be better at the flood. Well, it was very late before the wind died down. This place is magnificent—so vast and alive. The stark beauty of the mountains makes one sit back and think. At the same time the place felt erie.

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We had oatmeal & eggs for dinner. Lemon & honey with Rum for Louie's cold.

Louie was feeling pretty crummy. After dishes I forced myself to go out and clean the 2 ling. A little boat came in and tried anchoring for hours. The 2 guys had been drinking and their radio was blaring.

2830 We went to bed needing sleep—hoping they wouldn't anchor on top of us. At 0130 we were awakened by gusts of wind—blowing off shore. The wind picked up and blew fiercely with howling sounds, beating rigging and wild excursions of movement on the anchor. One gust was 25-28 Kn. We seemed to be holding, but the little boat started drifting away. We tried to sleep, but instead lay shivering in our sleeping bags—worried. The wind itself was surprisingly warm and dry—one felt parched. Up and down in the bags, wishing time would go faster. It is hard to see if we are dragging in the dark. About 0230 the boat stopped swinging so much and we started feeling more sleepy than scared. I don't know what made me uneasy, but I got up again to try to see our position. It seemed we were closer to the rock cliffs on the right side of the cove. The noise of wind in the trees and waterfalls was louder. I didn't think we could swing this far over, but since we were never pushed to that side I didn't know. Yes, the rocks seem closer. I got Louie out of bed & got dressed. Louie wasn't sure in the dark, but he started the engine. I went up to check the anchor and it was straight down! We weren't hooked—we had dragged! Louie got dressed. We pulled up the anchor then slowly motored out to the center. There was nothing we could do now but motor on. Reanchoring would be impossible. [illustration goes here]

We had anchored on a steep slope and when the wind came from the opposite direction in gusts, it finally jerked us out.

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The clue that we were adrift was when the boat stopped swinging. We slowly went out of goat harbor, coming upon the little boat which had drifted almost all the way out. Louie tooted him with our air horn—it took several toots to wake them—we suggested they were drifting.

I dressed up in warm stuff and took over the boat. Louie had to go back to bed. We putted at ~4 kn out towards the direction we wanted to go. The ¼ moon was up—shining on the mountains silhouetted in the morning twilight. I had to admit it was beautiful.

June 6th Friday Goat Harbor Clear—Windy. Baro 1016

Log 055 Leave Goat Harbor

0400 Ursula Channel was choppy from the opposite direction from yesterday. Then we got in the lee of a large island. On both sides of the channel the mountains formed big bowls and wind blew out of each one. At 0400 it was light enough to make out the islands at 0430 one could see drift in the water. We went along quietly until we came to Wright Sound where the wind was blowing hard out of the north and it was really choppy. There were 3-4 miles to go across so we slugged it out. At a distance we could see a whole range of mountains—all rugged and white. I had to wake Louie to see them—he was sweating something terrible and still had a very sore throat. Our first possible anchorage was behind Promise Island, just ahead. Behind Promise Island we got out of the swells and things felt smoother. Promise Island was quite open and our second choice ~19 miles further looked more sheltered, more enclosed. So I decided to keep going.

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3 Alaska Cruise Ships were coming out of Grenville Channel. The channel is 45 miles long and we were heading for Lowe Inlet some 16 miles inside. The wind was coming from between the mountains on either side rather than straight up or straight down the channel. It was not bad at all. Some gusts were 25 close to 30 kn but they didn't last long and made only locally choppy water. The current was running against us all the way and we logged an extra 3 miles.

~1030 Log 94.5 made Lowe Inlet. We went to Nettle Basin on the inside. It was windy as we feared, but where is it not windy around here?!

Log 94.5 The first time anchoring was no good—very deep—hard to pull in. Frustrated and tired we finally decided where to try next and this time we approached the whole business more carefully. The basin is deep but even, we were in 120 feet. I let out till it hit bottom, let line out to ~200 ft then at first gently backed down, and finally set it with a hard back-down. It went well. We must have ~300-325 feet of line out—the most yet this trip—maybe ever.

Relieved and tired I walked the dogs then made some coddled eggs to eat. With the wind blowing 10-20 kn we tried to get some sleep. For the first time we are actually hot! The sky doesn't have a cloud in it.

~1600 We got up and had some tea. Slowly it got quieter and we could enjoy the birds. 9-10 Canadian geese were on shore. When one started cackling they all did—quite a noisy group. Mergansers and various ducks move in and out of the bay.

It got nice and still—sunny. Louie wanted to go see the lake. There is a spectacular waterfall entering the bay (not high but lots of water.) with a lake above.

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Linda D

0950 94.5 1018

We scrambled on the rocks and found a path up to the lake. Beautiful flowers are in bloom: yellow cup-shaped flower of the wild sweet potato (an edible root supposedly), bunch berry, shooting star, violets, Indian paintbrush and several "look-its." Little brown frogs are all over the rotted wood stumps & mossy wet places. The sun was getting low so when we made it to the lake we started back. Mosquitoes! Pooped after our efforts, we rested & had dinner—the ling cod caught in Goat Harbor. One fishing boat joined us overnight. All's quiet—all's beautiful.

June 7th Saturday

Lowe Inlet-Nettle Bay

Baro 1018 Sunny

It's a pretty morning, but it is hard to get going. Louie is still quite sick and I don't feel very well either. I planned to go fly fishing in the lake, but I kept fussing around till afternoon. By the time I got around to anything the wind started. This time it was from the opposite direction—we are in a good place for the switch—behind an island sheltered from most of the chop if not the wind.

Well—off I went. First I was going to try to buzz bomb by the falls by tying to a rock and casting out. It was rough in there because the wind was blowing against the current of the waterfall and it had a good long fetch. I finally managed to tie to a rock—all quite hectic and bouncy. The first cast ended in a tangle in my reel.

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By the time I got the tangle out and started to reel in the buzz bomb, but bomb got caught on a rock and wouldn't come loose. I jerked & flipped to no avail. I untied the dinghy from the rock and tried pulling at it from a different direction, but that didn't work either. The currents were tossing me around and I almost lost an oar! The only thing left to do was wrap the line around an oar and wait till something broke. Finally it let go—I lost the buzz bomb Bill Lynch gave us (he gave us 2). The wind was blowing really hard and I was worried about the boat dragging so I slowly rowed against the wind back to the boat. It was blowing ≥ 20 kn bringing a worry to the pit of my stomach, but we were fine. Louie was disappointed I didn't stick it out.

After a bit it quieted down and a power boat from Shelter Bay came in and anchored practically on top of us. With all that bay out there! So I left again. Since the tide was coming in I decided to do some jigging just to the side of the waterfalls by some rock. Eventually I caught the ugliest fish I had ever seen. It was big ~4 lbs and all head & gills green & grey in color. It looked like a giant sculpin. Oh well I kept it to find out what it was. Next I caught a small flounder which I let go.

Time a wasting, I went to the falls, tied up and hiked up to a second falls to fly fish. I wanted to use a wet fly at the base of the falls so I put on an old "Durchanek" wet fly. It had a slightly rusty head and broke the knot in short order. Then I tried an orange "caddis-like" fly and probably flipped him off.

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Next I fished some holes above the falls with one of Fred's coachmen. The fish went for it, but the fish were so little they couldn't take it. Finally I caught one tiny fish, but the jerk setting the hook jerked the fish against a rock and I never really saw it. Meanwhile the coachman lost the barb so I tried a light brown fuzzy fly. Nothing. Didn't lose the fly though.

It was getting late and I wanted to take a bath in the lake. The sun was going away. Boy my timing was bad today. So I went to the lake going in with a bar of soap. The lake was extremely shallow with a nice soft mud bottom. Ankle deep I took my bath in the cool water. The water was so soft it was hard to rinse off the soap. Boy did that feel good. Spirits revived I fished a little more in the lake on the way back. Nothing. I don't see any fish rising in this whole place.

Back at the boat—wind more quiet—I showed Louie my ugly fish. It turned out to be a fish called Cabezon. Skin divers usually spear them—an impt. fish according to the book and good to eat. So I filleted it. Lots of meat. We had fried cabezon and some plantain I had picked on shore. The fish was excellent! Great flavor. The plantain was terrible—bitter—just edible if one put on lots of olive oil & vinegar. Maybe earlier in the season it is less bitter. Everything we tried before must have been goose tongue—this was the 1st plantain and probably the last. Louie was a good sport.

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The character of our quiet cove had changed drastically while I was gone. A sailboat from Idaho had anchored too close on the other side of us. 3 more fishing boats—one with a screaming baby on it and a nice sailboat all anchored in the bay. The Idaho sailboat didn't really anchor according to Louie and when a little wind came up he dragged away. He never did set it—just let out more line. Some jerks took their dinghy & motor over and scared the geese away.

Tired tonight ready for the sack. Goodnight.

June 8th Sunday Lowe Inlet Sunny Baro 1018

0130 Louie woke up to a flashing strobe anchor light shining in the window. He jumped out of bed to see the Linda D about 10 feet away on a collision course. The night was still. We knew that they had anchored too close. Shouting didn't wake them so Louie blasted them with the air horn and the fellow finally came out mumbling. He was a "pain in the ass." It wasn't our part to move, but he thought we had a damn lot of line out. After considerable fussing around he backed down on his anchor and dragged it away. Back to bed feeling glad to have awakened when we did. Good 'ole light sleeper Louie!

0700 Sun in our eyes. I got up and made coffee. I feel much better today! Sore throat almost gone—rested. Louie is better, but his throat is off & on and he gets tired easily. I decided we could stay another day to give Louie a chance to rest.

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When I got back from doggie shore duty Louie said "Shall we go?" So I said OK and off we went!

0950 Log 94.5 Leave Nettle Bay. Wind & current against us in the channel, but I hugged shore and it wasn't too bad. Water floods in both ends and ebbs out both ends of Grenville Channel—in ~10 mi we would be in the middle in a big back where the water parted company & we would be going with it. Well around a bend, the wind died down, then came from behind us! It got bumpy for a while then died again only to breeze after that. Going down these narrow channels with mountains on both sides is like an episode in Lord of the Rings. You never know what to expect next and whatever it is, it is likely to be violent or uncomfortable. Still, these are strange and beautiful lands.

1430 Log 127 Arrive at Kremealon Inlet. The Poole's marked our chart for anchorage, bottom fish & crabs.

Just as we arrived we overtook a small sailboat which had anchored in Nettle Bay the previous night. She was a sweet boat named "Lissome" from Juneau. Louie—with his remarkable memory, remembered that boat by the way he putted all over the anchorage before anchoring. We had seen it in Pirates' Cove. We hailed him and he had indeed been in P Cove at the right time. He anchored behind Kremealon Island on the outside while we decided to fish off the island on Atavist. I caught a little tom cod over 200 ft deep. We came closer—then Louie made the catch of the trip. He caught an octopus and the octopus was holding a huge flounder and wouldn't let it go! That was all we needed! Whoopee!

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We peeked into the anchorage behind Krem. Is. and decided it looked OK—not really deep with a good mud bottom. Now I had my work cut out.

I took doggies & flounder to shore. On the way I visited Lissome and met Walter who had quite a story. Since we were in the recovering stage of illness I invited him for supper at 8:00.

Back at the boat I tackled the octopus. After a while I figured out how to skin it—finished 4 of 8 tentacles and just saved the other 4 to do later. No time to fix octopus, I just fried the large flounder, had mashed potatoes and fresh salad. Good dinner.

Walt had his boat built in Maine. He had lived in Alaska for 20 years, sold his house & built the boat. We don't know much about his family life except he has a couple of daughters, one in Colorado. Anyway, he singlehandedly brought the boat down the Atlantic and through the Gulf, had it trucked from Miss. to Seattle, then sailed up to here. He had only weekend sailed before. He was a civil engineer who at this time is at loose ends. He is more or less a loner, but seemed to enjoy the company.

Late to bed—at 23:30 there is still color of a sunset in the horizon! Land of the midnight sun.

We get Prince Rupert weather! No red tide warning. I wonder if it is OK now? We'll wait and ask at Prince Rupert. This little anchorage has a wonderful clam bed and the tides are getting really good. The range will be 16-22 feet soon—the springs!

Goodnight.

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June 9 Monday

Kremealon Inlet

Raining

Baro 1020!

There was some wind last night, but nothing to worry about. We got a good bite and plenty of scope 4 fishing boats as well as the 2 sailboats anchored here last night. By the time I woke up we were the only ones here.

Both Louie and I are tired today and rather congested. In fact he feels just lousy so we will sit tight & rest. I have to figure out what to do with the octopus.

Louie wrote letters, I am catching up the Log book and it rains & blows on. One fishing boat came back in just after noon. Lots of liquids today. "Stuff a cold" I think the old saying goes. The barometer just keeps rising—it never did drop with this weather.

It finally came time to fix the octopus—I fussed around for quite a while. Meanwhile something floated by from the fishing boat. I thought it was a float they lost so I put on yellows, took the dogs and went after it. Turned out it was a piece of garbage—a tank of Freon—which they had thrown overboard. I decided to take it back to them anyway, they had no business throwing it where other boats could run into it. They didn't take it back but I stayed and talked a while. They are prawn fisherpeople—a man & wife about 60 years old. He had fished for 40 years—she for 29 years with him. The last couple years they fished prawns—too much work they said. The boat is up for sale and this is their last season. The lady gave us a bag full of shrimp she had just cooked. More goodies to go with the octopus!

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

I cut 4 octopus tentacles into 3-4 inch lengths. Most pieces were cut in half lengthwise. Then I put them out on the fish board & pounded them with another board until they were supple. To cook I dipped them in egg, then Krusteez and fried in lots of oil. 11 to 1½ tentacles were sliced to bit sized chunks and made into a rice casserole. The fried octopus was really great. It had hardly any flavor. I wonder if it would have been sweeter yesterday? Goosetongue for dinner!

Dishes & time for bed. It blows a little, but not bad. Hope tomorrow is better.

June 10th Tuesday Kremealon Island Overcast

Roger's birthday.

This AM I feel pretty good, but Louie feels really badly. "Not like myself," is the way he put it. It worries me that he just gets worse. There would be medical help in Prince Rupert so I would like to take the boat over. Louie couldn't do anything. I putted around putting everything away dreading a very cold and uncomfortable trip—fear, worry.

0850 Log 127 we finally left Kremealon. It is a fun place if you aren't sick.

The going was not bad. A light NW wind turned into a 10-15 kn NW after a while, but the rough stretch didn't last too long. Chatham Sound was quite smooth. I was really pleased. Time passed so slowly. Louie peeked out once in a while, but had to stay inside. If only we could get to Prince Rupert!

It was a slow run against the tide into Prince Rupert but we finally made it. Now the problem was where to tie up?? Prince Rupert is a port for major shipping. We saw ships loading wheat and timber. Other ships were at anchor awaiting their turn.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

There is a big fishing fleet here, with major fish companies leasing boats. Everything seems oriented towards commercial enterprises. Finally, at the far end we came to a likely place to tie up. The Idaho boat "Double D" that had dragged anchor in Lowe Inlet was getting fueled.

~1500 Log 162 Arrive Prince Rupert. ~18,000 people. We found a place to tie up although there are mostly fishing boats here. We had a warm greeting. Walt was just across the dock with "Lissome" and a big ocean going sailboat "Erebus" said welcome. As it turned out, we probably took the spot "Double D" was in, but we didn't know it. "Erebus" people were Janet & Gary with Meg, their 10 mo old baby. The Idaho people have an apartment in Oak Harbor! They are waiting for a ship there. Their names are Dusty and Pat (new to the boat I think). Janet offered their folding bicycle if I wanted to use it for shopping. The stores are a little over a mile away in town. Dusty & Pat used them to go to the liquor store—I ate lunch, Louie visited. Gary is an E. engineer. He & Janet had enough saved to take off about 5 years. They hoped to deep water sail. But along came the baby and it was too hard to ocean cruise with a baby. They were in Alaska last year, California last winter, and were going back to Alaska this summer since they liked it so well. Meghan was born in Wrangel.

Gary offered to go to town with me so off we went. I had to get ice and thought how much easier things would be to carry on a bicycle so I did a good shopping and Gary worried about how to carry it all. He designed an extra cardboard basket and he got it all on! What a big help that was!

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

Back at the boats, Dusty & Pat invited everybody over for wine and we had a good visit. Luckily dinner was ready—octopus casserole.

This is a great place to walk the dogs—an unused railroad track full of grass and wildflowers. That is the nicest thing about these docks except that they don't charge for staying here! No facilities are offered. Water is a hose "miles" away which I never used. A sewer dumps right into the anchorage! Fishermen working on their boats dump everything right in the water!

I am really tired tonight. Hope we are better tomorrow.

June 11th Wednesday Prince Rupert Overcast Baro 1020

Everyone left early this AM. I feel lousy—did too much yesterday. Louie seems better—he is perky.

Louie took a walk in the AM while I wrote letters. There are good marine supply places—they aren't cheap. In the PM Louie & I walked up to town, stopping to buy some buzz bombs, hoochies and a scale.

We went to the Museum-Tourist Info Center. They called about Red Tide and apparently the whole coast is closed. We walked up to a mall where there is a fisheries exhibit, a rather nice gathering of old fishing stuff, and some movies of salmon fishing & life cycles. Nice people. I bought some sherry & Louie bought some Drambuie at the liquor store. I bought a few things at Safeways (till I was broke) then we went back to look at the museum. The local Indians are called the Tsimpseans and there are (totems stored) and other artifacts shown. The piece I found in Hotum Sound two years ago is a part of a mural.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

The walk back was tiring. Pork chops & broccoli on rice for dinner. Someone has a gas generator going and it makes a horrible racket. Fish boats jerk in and out—these guys are really crude. Louie is really tired from the day's activities.

Goodnight.

June 12th Thursday Prince Rupert Overcast

Louie is worse today and I don't feel so hot either. I started him on antibiotics—hope it works. We really didn't do anything today except rest and eat.

Around 1:00 PM we went over to the Esso fuel dock—our big outing for the day! Well, it was frustrating. The dock was full with 2 boats just taking their time. One guy was changing his oil! We sat out and waited our turn. Finally a boat left and we tied up. It was terribly bouncy from wakes, and dirty! I filled jugs with water after getting the hose from some Indians cleaning salmon. The old 1-arm captain asked me if I wanted a fish. Um—er—really? Sure—sure I'd like a fish! He handed me a cleaned 5½ lb sockeye salmon! I couldn't believe it. After filling water we left—in better spirits with the gift of a salmon!

We tied up in a new spot, further away from the noise. I cut up the salmon—not too good at it. 5 steaks and 2 large fillets. I'm glad we have ice. The "cheeks" and tail were cooked in a wonderful soup for lunch. For dinner we had 4 wonderfully fried steaks with rice and fresh salad.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

The tides are extremely low right now. Tomorrow AM is a 1.0 which is -2.0 in American tides. The range is 22-23 ft! If we are up to it, we would like to go to Dundas Island leaving Prince Rupert via Venn Channel rather than go all the way around the outside. There is very little water in Venn to begin with—now with these low tides it is worse. Other people's opinions vary as to whether or not to take that passage. We would have to start very early or after the low (8:45 AM) had recovered by a couple of hours. Anyway we went to bed relatively early, but didn't sleep too well. The sun came out for a bit this evening. The locals say it rains all the time here. Officially they get 91 inches of ppt.

It is a real bummer being sick—my throat was sore again today—moving up to the nose. Louie might be responding to the antibiotic.

June 13th Friday (the 13th!) Prince Rupert Overcast Baro 1019

Good visibility—no fog.

I woke at 5 AM and forced myself out to make coffee—got dressed & woke Louie. He didn't know how he felt. I gave him a dirty look and said, "one more day in this place & you'll drive me crazy! I'll walk the dogs in this place & you decide whether or not to get up." He got up.

0610 Log 163 Leave Prince Rupert—no wind yet, but rain in the offing.

Venn passage was a challenge! There are several dog-legs and some really shallow places. Louie slowly worked through it. The shallowest part was 8 ft. in the 1st 1/3 but we had 9 ft at the end. We entered the passage at 0650 and were about an hour going through.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

Once we got oriented outside, Chatham Sound was flat! Hardly any swell. We had a 20 mile run in open water. It seemed we were hardly moving. My 1/2 bonine & early hours were getting to me until Splash and Splash—porpoise! They were all around, rolling and splashing. Several picked up the boat and played alongside. They were so fast and smooth moving. Hopefully Louie got some pictures—it was wonderful. Then Louie took the wheel so that I could go up forward to watch. There were now 4 regulars with an occasional 5th. They would zigzag in front of the boat or dive down one side and streak across to the other: Then there was one which stayed longer than the rest. They are tailored looking, black above with a curved white underside. We picked them up right at Holliday Island off Dundas Island. It had started raining, but it didn't dampen our spirits ... till later. There were several boats trolling right here and out into the ocean there were lots of boats. We went all the way dark into Brundridge Inlet to anchor in a quiet side cove. Bugs! Biting bugs! We put up netting and stayed inside except for walking the dogs. Repellent helped.

I cooked one salmon fillet the way Ida showed me. It was quite strong in ginger and sherry, but Louie really liked it—me too. I still feel sleepy even though I slept for 2 hours. Quiet tonight. This would be a lovely place except for the bugs. There are lots of birds. A loon called out in a mournful warbling tone; Canada geese flew by; there is a kingfisher somewhere nearby. On shore Laddie sniffed up a mink—I caught him in hot pursuit and even saw the mink. Laddie was a real butt after that. Peaceful. Louie seems better. Goodnight. P.S. Not a bad Friday the 13th.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

June 14th, Saturday

Brundige Inlet

Raining

Baro 1021

We slept well and didn't awaken till after 7:00. I fixed coffee. The rain is gentle and there is no wind. ⚡ We just relaxed for a change. Much better than Prince Rupert. All of a sudden Louie said, "Shall we go?" I had assumed that since we were so relaxed and that it was getting late that we would stay today—although I wasn't looking forward to the bugs and no wind meant good traveling. OK—we went.

0920 Log 202 Leave Brundige Inlet

We are leaving at low tide (a 1.3 or so). There was one shallow spot coming in so I watched from the bowsprit—luckily. Bottom popped right up and Louie stopped and backed off just in time. Further towards center we were able to go through. On the way out, by the Gnarled Islands, we came to some more porpoise. A few ran with us for a short time—I tried taking pictures, but they are so fast and my 135 was too large. Out in Dixon Entrance the water was calm with a low westerly swell—hardly anything. It was great. I saw a whale at a distance lolling on the top of the water.

Green Pt Lighthouse showed from a distance as we slowly and steadily made our way across. It started to drizzle.

Somewhere out there we crossed the border into Alaska. We did it!

We picked a tuck-away cove fairly close by to anchor. It took good charts to get in because there were rocks all around and the entrance was narrow.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

~1400 Log 227 Arrive Foggy Bay. This little cove is snug and pretty, with grassy sides and small trees. There was one large boat—very quiet—anchored in there and later two fishing boats tied to it. One other fishing boat anchored for the night. Louie brought back a wonderful bouquet of wildflowers from shore.

We are in Alaska!

Tonight I smothered the salmon fillet with mustard and ketchup and baked in my propane oven with scalloped potatoes. The oven worked very well—thermostat was right on. Dinner was delicious.

I was keeping my eye on some underwater rocks as the tide went out. We had anchored well, but I was worried that with the wrong swing & wind we might hit them. My concern worried Louie so he made me decide what I wanted to do. I thought we would sleep better if we anchored out a little farther. So we pulled up a well set anchor and tried in a different place—drag. We tried again—drag. Frustrated now we tried again—drag. Louie was about to throw me overboard! We tried again and this time we got a good grab—finally after an hour of messing around. We were in a good place now. Agh. Quiet night. Even though sunset is at 10:20 PM I was doing dishes at dark. Big mosquitoes came at dusk, but we foiled them with our netting. Louie seems better—he is taking control of things, a good sign. He is on antibiotics.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

June 15th, Sunday Foggy Bay Rain—but breaking up 1027↑

↗ With the sprinkles, we just lay in bed relaxing and watching the tide go out. The fishermen are going slowly also. We decided to go ahead—who knows to where.

1125 Log 227 Leave Foggy Bay. It is a relatively nice day with interesting clouds, clearing in the distance and hardly any wind. There is a gentle breeze on a close reach so I put up the jib. It probably helps 1/2 kn. All day we were far away from land—lots of water. The mountains tease us as they show some snow at the base, but are cloud covered at the top. One group of mountains gathered enough clouds to rain. We just got a sprinkle. On to Ketchikan. The information on charts and coast pilot don't really tell us where to go—where Customs is. So we went into the 1st boat basin, Thomas Basin, when we got to town.

As soon as we went into the basin we saw Dusty & Pat in "DD" and Gary & Janet in "Erebus" (named after a mt. in Antarctica). Gary pointed us to a slip next to him and we had arrived! We visited for a while; Janet was making bread and didn't visit—Pat came over. Customs was a few blocks away—you go to them. They were closed Sunday. Only one small grocery store—a Japanese chain called Tatsuda. Ice was at the liquor store. Laundry was conveniently at the top of the boat basin.

I was going to have a simple early dinner so that we could visit with people. They were leaving Monday. So I started making Salmon salad and cheese salad. Suddenly there was a knock on our boat—we were in somebody's slip and they had just arrived back after several days. Mumble grumble. What to do. We went out & took a slip a little further down, hoping they wouldn't come and kick us out.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

As we got settled, a man (Ranier?) and his 2 sons came over to visit. They had come from Seattle in 1½ weeks in their new (to them) Valiant 40 named "Starship." They visited for 45 min. Back to dinner prep ... Dusty & Pat came over for a visit. It was all good fun and we finally ate dinner at 9:30 PM! Ketchikan is pretty noisy—Louisiana Pacific has a big spruce mill right next to the basin, and not too private—lots of gawking fishermen.

We were in the old part of town with a number of taverns—the famous one being the Shamrock. I walked by with the dogs and heard wham, slam, and a girl yell, "keep your fucking hands off my ..?..!" Yeh. A good doggie walking place was behind the Christian Center building, right across the street from the Shamrock.

It has been a long day and it feels good to go to bed.

June 16th Monday Ketchikan Raining Baro 1021

It is raining—wet rain. We fussed around then Louie donned his yellows for a walk to the Customs office. No problem. He bought our fishing license--\$30! I walked the dogs at the end of the rain. "Erebus" has gone but "DD" is still here. We went over and visited a few minutes. The problem is that the post office is at the other end of town ~3½ miles away. They plan to tie up at the Bar Harbor anchorage and walk the ~1½ mi. from there. Louie decided to take the bus down while I was doing laundry. We said goodbye to Pat and Dusty and they went north. I went to the laundromat for 2½ hrs for \$2.50 = 2 loads wash & dry. Showers are \$1.75 here! for 8 min! I'll pass thanks.

Louie came by with 3 blocks of ice. He had walked all the way back from the post office! It was worth it—2 letters, one from George in Washington DC and one from Mom. Really good to get mail. They had visited the kids—Cassandra has moved to Tualatin—good to know.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

We went to get coffee, but they closed early so no luck. Then we went to the grocery store and spent \$'s. Fried chicken, vegies and mashed potatoes with after dinner mints. I haven't seen much of town yet. We will stay one more day if the weather is rainy. The air is different tonight though—clear & cold. Oh yes, the sun came out this afternoon. We moved the boat to the transient tie up in case the owner of the ship came back. No charge for tie-up. Water available.

The mill is running tonight—very noisy. It is 11:30 PM and it is very light and we're not too sleepy. Not a good night's sleep.

Ketchikan is known for its 160 inches of rain.

"Ketchikan sneakers" = red rubber boots!

June 17th Tuesday Ketchikan Partly cloudy Baro 1023

Hey—it looks like it might be a good day. Louie isn't feeling great—it may be his disease, or the antibiotic, or the sawdust from the spruce mill. Anyway we decided to leave for Bhem (?) Canal. This will be a round trip and we could go N or S. The tide is ebbing and the wind seems to want to blow from the N. So we turned South.

0935 Log 262 Leave Ketchikan. Wrong—wind is from the south on our nose. Massive clouds stand above the mountains with clear places between. The air is cool in the shadow of the clouds.

The sun! Clouds are slowly melting away as we enter Bhem Canal. Ahead are snow capped peaks. Again it seems we are hardly moving—there is so much water and the visibility is excellent—one can see for miles and miles. We see green trees, grey granite, blue water, white clouds, blue sky. The wind behind us picked up a bit.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

We put up the jib to cruise along. Lots of pictures. We came upon a very interesting rock called Eddystone Rk. It stands 230 ft high with sheer cliffs and a few trees. Around it lies a low beach. From a distance it looks like a ship.

We decided to anchor at Manzanita Bay—well into Bhem Canal—50 miles, a long day for us.

We tried fishing at the tip of Manzanita Island and other points in ~200-250 ft of water. I caught an ugly cabezon and Louie caught a small greenling-like fish which isn't identified in the book.

[fish illustration goes here]

We gave up finally and went in to the bay to anchor. There is a mooring buoy in the bay, but the chart, even though large scale, is confusing as to how deep it is and whether or not it is too near a rock. We anchored in a quiet cove in ~120 ft of water. The first time we weren't successful. It seems any more that we have to make several tries before we are in. The bottom shoals very quickly—even with the anchor where it was, we pulled back to 35 ft. of water.

After tea I took the dogs ashore & cleaned the fish. Crab bait! Louie set the crab pot out by the mooring buoy at the edge of eel grass.

Rice-a-roni with fish in it & Harvard beets for a late dinner—not inspiring. But this is a beautiful cove; with trees close by and snow capped mts in the distance. Quiet tonight, still light out at 11:30! Goodnight. Sore throat again.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

June 18th Wednesday Manzanita Bay Sunny! Baro 1024

What a beautiful morning. Sun is in the trees and the birds are singing.

The area including Walker Cove and Rudyerd Bay are a national monument (?) called Misty Fjords. There is a tourist business where people are flown in to Manzanita Bay and then taken to the area on a boat named "Misty Fjords." Two planes came in this AM and the boat left ~8:00.

After breakfast we picked up the anchor (not an easy job—out of shape!) and went to the mooring buoy where we tied until Louie picked up the crab trap. There were many little ones and one big male over 7 inches.

~0930 Log 313 Leave Manzanita Bay. The scenery is incredible. We went back down to Rudyerd Bay where there is a granite face thousands of feet high coming right down to the water. Snow capped mountains rise above the anchorage called Punchbowl cove. There is a lake above the cove—it would be a good hike except forest service people are chain sawing to clear the trail. We talked to a large green sailboat named "Mia" from Orcas. From here we went on up to Walker Cove. The clouds came rolling in just as we left Rudyerd Bay and never went away. There are waterfalls all over, draining snow capped mountain ranges. For fun Louie wanted to show me the boat could do 7½ kn. He revved the engine up to 2800 RPM and smoke was pouring out. Mia was just ahead of us and they made a quick turn around to see if we were OK. Embarrassed, we said we were fine—just playing around {{blush}}.

Walker cove, even with no sun, was just spectacular. It is also a fjord with mountains rising with steep cliffs. A little spooky. Snap snap went the cameras. We got in to the anchorage where there were 4 other boats, one Canadian party boat who took on passengers all afternoon from airplanes (American lawyers).

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

1500 Log 343 Arrive Walker Cove.

There is a large grassy "beach" here with grass 2-3 ft high. The doggies didn't like it much. Not much wildlife that is visible signs of bear in the woods Louie said; a few diving birds & gulls—eagles.

I cooked the crab from Manzanita for dinner with a salad. Yum and no stomach ache.

Bugs galore in the evening doggie walk. It is very light tonight. There is a breeze which comes & goes. We are well anchored, but I am reminded of Goat Harbor with mountains all around. Goodnight. Music tonight.

June 19th Thursday Walker Cove Sunny! Baro 1020↓

What a beautiful morning! The mountains are shining bright, hardly a cloud in the sky. We got up early to take pictures, then had coffee back in bed.

↗ The big party boat had left early. Mia then left, then 2 powerboat friends of theirs. We were alone, but planned to leave also. Louie doesn't like the closed in feeling you get here. [illustration here] Friday June 20th

horsefly which met with Louie's leather cap.

1020 Log 343 Leave Walker Cove.

We putted along, taking more pictures as we went. There are some clouds today, but they aren't increasing—it's beautiful. As we went by the Chickamin River (Bay) the water turned 1st light green then milky green. The river affected the color and clarity of the water for miles. More birdlife in this bay. Seals were sunning themselves on the rocks of Channel Island.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

Louie chose to anchor in Fitzgibbon Cove, one that needed care going in—according to the charts. Actually there was plenty of water and we anchored at the tip of a little cove in 80 ft of water. As we were coming in a little hummingbird rested on the lifeline near where I was sitting on the bowsprit. A chirp and he was gone.

1520 Log 371 Arrive Fitzgibbon Cove. Sunny!

What a view. At the front of the cove there are now-capped Mt. peaks 4,000 ft high!

I felt really grungy—I mean awful. And I didn't smell much better. My main objective was to take a fresh water bath and wash my hair. There was a good sized stream coming into the cove which I spotted coming in so while Louie went fishing, I went bathing. It was wonderful. The sunshine was warm but not hot with a breeze. There were small holes where I could get into calf-deep water—cool. Desperation makes you grit your teeth so I finally sat in the stream and had a good wash. I looked back just in time to see a powerboat coming! I ran for my towel and waited while the two powerboats which had been in Walker Cove putted slowly by. Poooh on them I wasn't going to wreck a good bath so I went back to my business and washed my hair. While waiting for Louie I lay in the sun and felt good.

Louie didn't have such a good time. He caught 4 little flounder and one "bullhead" so came back with nothing. The powerboats had caused a good wake so he gave them a provocative gesture.

Well, we have a little crab meat and fresh bean sprouts so I made a chop suey with rice and Chinese noodles with a carrot-raisin salad. Doggies love it on shore here—there is a little grassy point on which they can play. This is really a mice spot. Music tonight—instruments.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

Most hillsides are wooded—virgin forest I suppose. The scars on hillsides come from great rockfalls and landslides. Sometimes you see places where the wind must have blown down a section of trees. Cedar & Spruce near the water with some true fir (I believe). Fjords are not good places to catch bottom fish we guess. There is hardly any kelp around (a lot less drift logs too). Oh well. Salmon fishing is closed in most of Behm Canal. Goodnight.

June 20th Friday Fitzgibbon Cove Sunny! Baro 1015↓

↗ It is a beautifully sunny, cloudless morning. We feel mellow and take our time with coffee. Eggs & toast for breakfast as we air out sleeping bags. The powerboats finally left after doing a lot of banging. We read that just around the corner, in Barrroughs's Inlet at the mouth of the _____ and _____ Rivers is an area of abundant wildlife so we decided to go see what it was like.

1100 Log 371 Leave Fitzgibbon Cove. This is shorts weather—at least for a while. Unfortunately the most wildlife we saw were wild seals and very wild horseflies. The water turned a whitish brown color and so thick you couldn't see 6 inches! There are great tidal flat-marsh areas associated with these rivers—we had to be cautious. A workboat was tied to the mooring buoy. We came alongside to talk. They were part of a logging operation up river and had been there since mid March. There weren't many birds around and we were in 7 ft (14 ft) of water so we decided to move on.

P.S. Just as we were leaving Fitzgibbon Cove, a bright yellow helicopter circled us. A man inside was waving at us. Boy, that worried me—something wrong at home? The pilot landed the helicopter on a small piece of rock near us and Louie jumped in the dinghy and went over to meet them. It turned out they were lost! They were trying to find the U river and thought they were too far north. Louie showed them where they were and off they went. Wild.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

We continued on through Behm Canal with the wind blowing ~15 kn against us. It was beautifully sunny with mountains everywhere we looked. We wanted to get fuel at Bell Is. Resort so that we would not have to go to Ketchikan. So we stopped by there—no fuel; Hotsprings, swimming pool if you want to spend your money. We went on without tying up.

Turning the corner a bit at Hassler Island we had a reaching breeze so Louie put up the jib. I was trailing a Coho fly because I saw a fellow catch a salmon at Bell Island. No luck. We came in a long way into Shrimp Bay with the smaller Klu Bay as an anchorage. From Hassler Island on there were large areas of clear cut logging operations. Besides this, going in to Shrimp Bay, there was a large area which had burned a long time ago. There is a good crop of new trees growing, but they are still very tiny. Charred and white sentinel logs are standing to remind us of the forest which used to be. Even with the sunshine this is a rather depressing place. Logging roads come into both Shrimp Bay and Klu Bay.

There was a mooring buoy free for the taking so we decided to tie up. It was huge. The top comes practically up to the rail—steel, rough in 80 ft. of water. The problem with this mooring buoy is that when there is no wind to blow you off, you bump up against it. I tried a long tether, but the buoy bumped along the side of the boat roughing up the paint, so I tried a short tether which seemed to work better—it bumped the anchor and bowsprit.

1815 Log 410 Arrive Klu Bay. When the log said 404 we cheered the 1000 mile mark!

Louie went out to Shrimp Bay to fish while I cooked dinner—tunafish tonight—actually our 1st can of tuna. He liked Fitzgibbon Cove better than here.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

Louie is really in a bad mood today—he wants to chuck it all and go home. He feels nothing but insults. He caught a “bullhead” for shrimp bait, but not for eating. It is still blowing tonight and the barometer is dropping to 1010.

At 10:00 PM Louie & I went out to the bay to set the shrimp pot. He had worked out quite a lot of line by tying things together. He set it ~225 feet by guess—we were drifting in the wind so it was hard to tell.

Dishes done at 11:30—still light. We were still awake at midnight and you could read your watch. I don't know if it ever gets really dark—we can see the ½ moon, but haven't seen stars for a long time. Well, I hope for a cheerier day tomorrow—clouds are moving in and the weather report (loud & clear here) says clouds tomorrow with rain coming.

June 21st Saturday Shrimp Bay 1st day of Summer Cloudy Baro 1013

The sun shone at 0700, but clouds are moving in. So long sun. We just slept in this morning. We finally get to stay in one place more than one night. Louie got up and rowed the doggies over to the logging road and took them for a good long walk. Meanwhile I got up and cleaned the boat—to beat the rain. French toast for brunch. Louie went out to check the shrimp pot—yes shrimp!! There were about 25 shrimp with 5 really big ones 3 large ~3 tiny and the rest medium. Hurray. Our 1st shrimping success. While I cooked the shrimp Louie went out to get some fish—something must feed on the shrimp. I tried buzz bombing from the boat and caught a flounder.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

Louie came back with a big quillback! Dinner. He had fished for a long time catching nothing and just before giving up he put on a gold flecked hoochie. That (plus a new spot) did it. Only 2 more shrimp. He put the trap in deeper water and for part of the time it might not have been on the bottom.

The water temperature in this little bay is very warm so we measured it. ~6 ft down it is 61½°; 6 inches down it is 63° F! (?? Poor circulation)

I managed to make dinner into a project. I tried to wrap stuff in the seaweed. It turns out that rehydrating the seaweed makes it easier to lay out—but with all the rips it is a mess. It did keep well dried and between 2 paper towels. So I put thin cut raw fish, onion & a little rice in several layers of seaweed—tried to roll it and simmer in wine-soy sauce-ginger sauce. IT was OK—a bit salty. I do like seaweed. Other than that we had fried fresh fish, salad, rice and prawns with pudding for dessert. What a feast.

I took doggies over to the logging road—~10 min now. The rock is interesting—very crystalline granite with chips of mica. I tried starting the seagull to go back—it started right off, but quit in no time. So we rowed back. It turns out you have to do something to turn on the gas. Better luck next time.

Bed felt good. It is darker tonight with the clouds. Goodnight.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

June 22 Sunday Shrimp Bay (Klu Bay) Raining Baro 1007↓

↗ The expected rain is here. We have the canopy up so we have a little extra dry space. Coffee—relaxed—nowhere to go. The wind is blowing SE. Today is my day to go off to the lake to fly fish. Not knowing what to expect, I lay in bed dreaming of catching big trout. Between 10:30 and 11:00 I got it together to go. Louie took me over to the trail. In fact he walked in with me as far as the lake (Orchard Lake—large ~5 mi long). The trail was pretty good ~1 mile mostly up hill—huff puff and abruptly ended at the lake with nowhere to walk and fish. He left me to my own devices.

I tried to find a trail over to the falls, but couldn't find one and I didn't want to get lost. [Lake/bay illustration goes here]

Back a ways was another trail which went to "Plenty Cutthroat Cabin." I hiked that trail not knowing how far it was to the cabin or lake. It was ~1½ miles further with the trail quite well tagged—up & down. This is a great way to go through the forest. I finally came to the cabin—a very nice tiny cabin which had beds for 6 people and a table & wood stove, and counter space for cooking. There was lots of wood to split & some kindling—a nice wood stove. There were a few supplies—candles, matches, aluminum foil, toothpicks, comet and so on. The reading material was great—a girlie magazine & a boating magazine. At least it was dry. There was an aluminum rowboat 12-14 ft long on a ways for people to use. I decided I could get it down, but I wasn't sure about getting it back up—oh well, I'll try.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

After a sandwich I took off for the boat leaving stuff I didn't want to get wet in the cabin. The boat had a plug which didn't want to go in—that's nice. I tried putting it in from underneath then pushed the boat into the water. Once in the water, the boat leaked through the plug like there was nothing to stop it. Oh Brother. I beached the rear end and fiddled with the plug some more. I finally got it in so that it hardly leaked at all.

[cabin/boat illustration goes here]

There was a soggy milk carton for a bailer so off we went to fish. To make a long story short, I fly fished by some rocks and caught a little ~6 inch cutthroat trout on a coachman. I suspected that bigger fish were deeper so I rigged up a flasher—split shot—big fly to troll with. I went very slowly around the lake. It wasn't far to the end of the 1st trail by water. One of the oars was broken and you had to be careful with it—the boat rowed like a tub & eggbeater. After trolling a long time I decided to go back to the falls exit place & fly fish. But then the wind came up making chop and blowing me around. I got over then and tied to a stump & fly fished. I caught one little ~5 inch cutthroat and lost a larger one. I put him back too then noticed my time was all gone. I told Louie I'd meet him at 5:30. And it was 4:30.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

Hustling back against the wind was frustrating because the boat simply didn't row that well. I did get back and managed to get the boat most of the way up the skids—tied it down—threw my things together and started on the trail—hurry, hurry. There was a fork in the trail I hadn't seen before, and both trails were tagged. I took the right hand one that went uphill. It was improved just like the one I had come in on, but things looked different. Soon things looked really different—it was the wrong trail—but it went somewhere and I had gone downhill a lot and didn't want to go back. I could hear Louie in the dinghy—5:15.

The trail got worse & worse. It went through a landslide region & there were no tags—Oh boy to get lost now would be a bummer. I kept on the "trail" till it got a little better—then it came out on Shrimp Bay—not by the falls. I screamed to Louie wondering what would happen if he went up the other trail. With the noise of the seagull & the falls there was little chance of his hearing me. I saw him & shouted & waved—crum he went the other way. I saw him again & shouted & waved. This time he came over & picked me up—whew. I was tired & wet—it had rained most all day—a d really glad to see Louie.

Louie's day wasn't so successful. There weren't any shrimp in the trap (3-2 small, 1 large). A fishing boat which was anchored in Shrimp Bay came over to talk to Louie. He was a black cod fisherman out of Ketchikan on a holiday. He said most of the shrimp are fished out in the winter.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

Our first catch must have been a lucky one. He caught trout last night in a pool at the split of the falls. He had 7 shrimp traps out in really deep water (~360 ft). On learning about the trout success, Louie went back up to the lake to find me. I was already gone so he came back down. Too bad.

It felt good to get back to the boat to get dry and something hot to drink. Eggs, bacon & fried potatoes for dinner—pretty cheery with the wood stove going & music on—Grand Canyon Suite.

There is wildlife here if you stay long enough and are quiet enough. Up at the lake a deer came to browse and didn't seem to mind my being there. Of course there were land birds—a wren, towhee, and sparrow. And I saw a mouse scurrying along a rock. Then when we were coming back to the boat after our misadventures, we saw two black bear eating grass across the bay. They were over there for about an hour before they wandered back into the trees. Otherwise we have seen a few gulls, ducks, eagle, kingfisher, hummingbird, swallows, crows, ravens, and can hear thrushes singing (at 11:PM) and song sparrows. Oh yes there was a loon when we came in—and a couple diving birds. Still, there is not the abundance of creatures we expected.

Raining still with the barometer 1006 steady. Rain is forecast for the future—the low is stationary. Time to go to bed—goodnight. Yawn X

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

June 23 Monday Shrimp Bay Cloudy Baro 1008 (?)

We decided to stay another day—hurrray. I get to go fly fishing again. This time I will go up between the falls to the junction of the 2 streams that the fisherman talked about. I fussed around and finally got in my yellows to go. Louie played taxi again. We got to a place that rose up steeply—like a drainage stream and we scrambled up and up. There was no trail tho we could see tracks that the fisherman family had made once in a while. After a bit we came to the right place. Lots of bugs but I have bug juice.

[illustration goes here]

Louie left me—we agreed to meet at 5:30 again. So I put on one of Fred's coachmen, sat down on the rocky point and fished the rapid & pool where I just knew there would be fish. Nothing. But the sun was coming out. Since it was a bright sky, I tried a black fly—still nothing. I tried downstream but couldn't really cast out with trees & bank in the way. So I went back, ate my sandwich and thought about it. Next I tried an orange caddis (tied back). Bingo! A fish just where I knew there would be fish. It was a large, beautiful cutthroat trout and he had really taken that fly. I was so excited. I knew Louie would be pleased. So I fished there some more and caught a small one. After yesterday, I kept the small one—chow. They were going for the fly wet. No more action so I decided to go across to the sandspit—wet crossing. There were wonderful flowers on the spit—columbine (bright orange) and white elephant ears orchids, buttercups and pretty pink "look-its."

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

I went over and sat on a log while fishing a ripple. Action! I caught a fish—it was still flipping in the bag when another one got on! They would take the fly as it went downstream through the ripple into the pool below. There would be a long dry spell, then another fish. After 6 fish I moved over to the far bank to where there were deep pools. Fish took the same fly wet and dry. Boy, that fly was getting battered. It caught a few tree branches too, but I still have the orange part of the fly. I put a couple 8-9 inches back and a little one back because we had plenty to eat. The colors of trees, moss and lichen were wonderful. The deep pools had dark green algae—they were beautiful. I saw a little grey water dipper, a mouse, an eagle, and gulls. Mostly I concentrated on fishing and making my sore back as comfortable as possible (from pulling up the aluminum boat yesterday). What a day! Only one rain shower—otherwise sunshine & puffy clouds. I cleaned the fish and put them on a forked stick to carry through the woods. With a few misgivings I found my way back to the pickup spot and there was Louie coming in the dink. He was pleased. I fairly bubbled over telling him about my experiences.

His first shrimp pot pull only had a couple—we checked it again and there were 15 small shrimp in it. Good for a treat. On the way back to the boat we saw 2 black bear—a Mother and her cub. They were eating grass at the place where I came out of the “lost” trail yesterday.

Louie had a good day. He took the dogs for a long walk and had brought back lots of wildflowers. They were sitting on the table. He had gone over to Klam creek to get water. It was dry and sunny.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

The trout were cooked by coating them with flour then frying ~6-7 min a side in oil and butter with a little seasoning salt sprinkled on. Oh boy were they wonderful. Delicious! What a treat. Louie managed 4 and I could eat only 3. The big ones were the best. It is feast or famine—trout and shrimp what a feast.

We want to get to bed early tonight so we can get an early start tomorrow. The canopy came down—dry and things were put away in preparation for departure. Shrimp bay is not spectacular, but when you become intimate with it you feel very good about its wildness.

Hard to sleep—all wound up and it is light tonight. Goodnight.

June 24th Tuesday Shrimp Bay Sunny Baro 1014

Louie was up and about at 0600.

0645 Log 410 Leave Shrimp Bay. The water is calm. We picked up the shrimp trap—7 medium to big ones. Louie putted at 1600 RPM and 5 kn to conserve fuel—he is a little worried. As soon as a breeze came up we put up the big genny—then the main. The winds were fickle & variable and we put the genny up and down a dozen times. At least it wasn't blowing in our faces. We saw some boats fishing so I took out my fishing stuff & fished with small flasher & gold specked hoochie. It must have been near the surface—all I caught was focus.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

Turning into Tongass Narrows we had the wind on our tail. Louie put the genny wing & wing and shut off the motor. At first we ghosted along 4 kn—not bad—but then the wind picked up and we were doing 5-6 kn! We were sailing! What a sail it was—exhilarating. By the time we got to Ketchikan we were doing 6½-7 kn! Then we had to take the sails down and get to the gas docks. It turned out that the wind was blowing 20-25 kn as a funnel down the narrows. The gas docks were busy and we had to stand off. Louie was worried about running out of fuel—what a mess that would be. After 30 min struggling with the wind, one spot opened up at the standard station. We made it. She took 34.4 gal of fuel! We only had 0.6 gal left! How lucky can you get (Louie wore his green shirt). We were very low on water also. Whew. Feeling much better we found a slip at Thomas Basin and hoped the owners wouldn't come to claim it.

I ran off to the coffee shop to get 2 lbs fresh coffee. Mocha Java & Guatemala Antigua. Oh boy. Then I did a load of laundry and rushed over to the Tatsuda Market. \$28 in my backpack & 1 bag! Dinner was thrown together. Louie got ice. We are ready to go if the mood strikes us in the morning.

Louie is sleepy and relieved. Bed feels good, but it sure is noisy around here. The wind quieted finally. What will tomorrow bring?

Log 452 Arrive Ketchikan (~1430)

June 25th Wednesday Sunny—clouds coming Baro 1012

Goodmorning. Just one cup of coffee and we get underway for the other basin—Bar Harbor. It is much easier to walk to the post office from there. We tied up and took the dogs with us.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

Mail! We got letters from Grace, the folks, Ginny and Dave. I was really tickled. I mailed cards & letters.

Then we continued on to Totem Bight where we anchored and went ashore to look at the totem poles. They are very nice—imaginative. One was a bear pole with a bar sitting on top and foot prints going up the pole. There was a building, built by CCC around 1938, which was a replica of a clan house. 4 totems and a fire pit were inside—a nice, solid structure. Raven, eagle, bear, frogs, whales, fish & people were the images on the poles. An older looking pole is set at an angle rather than straight up, I don't know why.

Back aboard we head northward—against a building wind.

1730 Log 490 Arrive Meyers Chuck. This is a quaint village with houses perched atop rocks all around. The Petersburg Fish Trading company buys & freezes fish here so this is a fishing boat center. There is a store—and a building which says fireworks. The docks are full of fishing boats & runabouts. Houses are built on pilings and most of them are quite old and very functional (rather than beautiful). Lots of kids here—and they all run around in skiffs with motors—adults do too. Boats & seaplanes are the only transportation—there are no roads. A path runs behind by the houses up to the store. It feels a little like Lasqueti—individual and a little lusty. A fishing sailboat from Seattle near us decided to go evening fishing. "Do you want a fish?" he yelled. "Sure" I said. They often catch little ones which they can't sell. I want to catch a salmon so badly—I doubt if anything I put together will work.

We had a good famine dinner of egg-rice & fresh broccoli and cheese.

A breeze is blowing 10-15 kn tonight. I have my old uneasy feeling. The sunset was interesting tonight—it moves west and north as it sets. The ball shone between two rocks to the horizon. We watched until it was down.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

The fishing sailboat came back ~10:00 and they sold some fish, but they didn't offer us any. Sigh.

To bed with a glass of Sherry and Drambuie to calm the nerves. The anchor is doing just fine.

June 26th Thursday Meyer's Chuck Foggy—Partly Sunny Baro 1013

I was awakened by a seaplane roaring out of the bay—wild dreams. Time for coffee. ⚡ We just relaxed & watched the morning happenings of Meyer's Chuck. Breakfast and then we're off.

0955 Log 490 Leave Meyer's Chuck. It is lumpy out in Clarence Strait with the wind against us—but not enough to make the lump. The wind must have been blowing all night. (NOV) We got out to a reef and fishing boats were trolling—so I decided to get out my stuff and give it a try again. Before fishing the captain called for main & #2 genny as we turned the corner at the reef. It certainly helped stabilize the boat. Now for fishing. Louie slowed to 4 kn (sails alone did only 2 kn). ~1100 I caught a fish! "I think I might have a fish" I said, afraid to even utter those words. Louie stopped & went for the net as I reeled in. Jerk Jerk it really did seem like a fish—not real big. If only I could see it, I thought. There was the flasher—no—yes! a salmon!! Louie netted it and it jumped out of the net. HE got it for good the next time. I jumped up and down—"a fish, a fish." It had a black mouth—a chinook ~4 lb 22 inches—not a legal 28 incher, but I wasn't about to throw it back! All three sides of the hook were fixed in its mouth—and there was a herring in its throat besides! I caught it with the Abe & Al White with pink stripe flasher, 20 oz weight, gold flecked hoochie, and trolling at 4 kn. My jinx is over—finally a salmon.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

Then it was time to clean up. He had flipped blood everywhere. We ended up putting him in a burlap sack since it didn't fit in the bucket. I spent the rest of the morning cleaning & cutting up the fish—4 steaks and 2 fillets. There was some roe in it which I saved for fishing and I made soup out of the tail & liver. I ate the liver, but it isn't my favorite. Pooped after all that excitement.

Clouds were thickening to the west and we were getting a good boost from behind. Only the genny was up at this point. Still a good sail.

We were a little worried that it might be windy in the cove we chose to anchor—Frosty Bay. Well, when we turned the corner to go in it was just beautiful. There were several dozen gulls on little rocks & flying-diving birds—eagle. What a neat place. We anchored over by a green patch—it really grabbed. It was breezy now and then—but was well protected. Unfortunately as I was reading the depth sounders, I twisted one switch too much and broke our deep sounder. Bummer. Louie took it all apart, found the broken piece and spent two hours making a new piece. I felt terrible. I walked the dogs just as it started to rain. We had a soft and drizzly evening. On shore was evidence that at one time someone had lived there. A rusty old pipe came out of a tiny drainage stream and there were pieces of a cast-iron wood stove lying on the ground. Louie got the depth sounder working. Whew. He's a wonder.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

Wonderful salmon steaks & fresh salad for dinner. This salmon tastes more like "salmon." Good, but not as good as sockeye. We wrote letters this evening—we've been some good times lately.

It is a little breezy tonight, but certainly not bad. I am not worried and plan to sleep well. Louie aid it blew down the mt. a little around 3 AM. He never sleeps the whole night through. Raining.

June 27 Friday Frosty Bay Cloudy Baro 1017

The tide is way out tis AM exposing a nice sandy beach—clams are begging to be taken, but we aren't taking clams. Oatmeal breakfast and then we're off.

0940 Log 515 Leave Frosty Bay. We putted along seeing more birds than usual. Whole flocks of scotus fly by. The water is whitish brown again—many rivers coming in. We went the long scenic route—tho you cannot see the mountain tops for the clouds—just peeps of snowy sides. We went through Blake Channel—an intimate look at Alaska's wildness with waterfalls streaming from hilltops. The hills are veluety treed up to the tree line which is obviously lower now. At the end of Blake Channel is Berg Bay where it was so beautiful we decided to stay. Nearby is Aaron Creek—a marshland for wild animals. Large mountains loom nearby, but we can't really see them. There is one mountain above us which has sharp ridges and high green meadows, snow patches and waterfalls—lovely with patches of sunshine. There is a small A-Frame Forest Service Cabin in the bay. Louie's description for it is Spartan. About 4:30 the weather came up with south winds and rain—so much for doing anything. Nap time.

1330 Log 537 arrive Berg Bay.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

We wrote letters and had wonderful marinated salmon for dinner. One unexpected problem is an infestation of "no-see-ums." There are millions! They go right through the window screen—luckily we have good netting for the door—still they come through they are so thick. Taking the dogs ashore tonight was no fun for sure on the dogs.

The bugs made it less than a peaceful night—they bite.

June 28 Saturday Berg Bay Raining Baro 1023!

It's raining—no hurry to get up this AM. Louie braved the bugs to turn on the gas. There are lots of them inside. I don't know how they got in. We spent part of the morning squishing them. With bugs under control ↗ we relaxed and enjoyed our coffee then breakfast. Finally the rain let up a bit and Louie took the dogs ashore.

1115 Log 537 Leave Berg Bay. The log is not working. It is on 0 and won't go around—probably something stuck on it. We backed down, but that didn't work. Shucks. A little ways out it started to work and we backed down a couple more times. Now at 1900 RPM we do 5¾ kn which seems about right—maybe there is still something causing friction.

The clouds, mountains, spits of sunlight and areas of showers are just beautiful. I went inside & wrote a note when Louie shouted down "Whales!" We were in the Narrows of Eastern Passage—a narrow channel, but sure enough there was a killer whale coming towards us. Louie slowed down & we got cameras ready, but he went underwater and didn't resurface. That was the closest we have been to a whale!

Around the corner the sun came out! The mountains have big puffy clouds and patches of blue sky & sunshine make things breathtakingly beautiful. We picked up a finder.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

There was a mine of some sort on one of the hills. Stacks of pipe glistened in the sun.

The sun didn't last long. Thick maritime clouds filled in the sky. After a quick lunch I tried fishing—with all my good stuff—nothing. We are next to the Stikene River—a major Alaskan river—and it should have been good fishing. I would think. Oh well.

Then we went on in to Wrangell. The harbor was full of boats. We tried to find a place to tie up—but things were full. A sailboat from Orcas, the "Penobscot" said we could tie alongside. They are very friendly people and quite accommodating. After chatting, and then some tea, we took the dogs ashore. I took shopping money just in case the stores were open. There are two large grocery stores and I quickly shopped as they were closing. Prices are better here than Ketchikan—more competition. Then we walked around town—it is less touristy feeling. Most buildings are fairly new because there was a big fire in 1951 that burned much of the town. The harbor is a real mess as most are—it is quite disgusting at low tide.

There is a little island in the middle of the harbor which has totems and a clan house. These carvings look different from the ones at Totem Bight. Interesting. The doggies had a good run.

Chopped steak and corn on the cob for dinner. We will probably leave tomorrow.

We were lucky today as far as rain goes. We seemed to go between showers. Cool. Mountain gases suggested that it might be very scenic. It is very light out in spite of clouds. Another noisy city.

Wrangell gets less rain ~82 inches. The population is ~3150.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

June 29th Sunday Wrangell Cloudy Baro 1021

I woke several times last night—I don't know why. It is hard to figure out where you are sometimes. At 0330 it is dark out. Mercury lights were shining outside. I kept thinking insects were biting me—my bites were just itching.

Awoke & had coffee. Up at 0800 in case the "Penobscot" wanted to leave early. We ended up visiting with them—sitting out the low tide when both boats were almost sitting on the bottom—then leaving at the same time.

1030 Log 557 Leave Wrangell. No wind—current.

1800 Log 598 Arrive Petersburg

There was some considerable current against us on the way to the narrows, but Louie had the current in the narrows figured out just right. We met an Alaska ferry just going into (Malaspina) Wrangell Narrows before it got narrow—and another (Columbia) just before Petersburg. I'm glad we didn't meet one inside because it really is narrow in parts. The sun almost came out—then went behind clouds again. Some snow peaks here and there. I was fishing most of the way to the narrows and inside. In the middle the chart said salmon fishing—so I got out my good stuff. "Penobscot" got in front of us and then slowed down for fishing. We had to slow to 2 kn and my stuff caught bottom. Zing went the line—my thumb was smoking! Louie turned us around and we retrieved everything. After that I was just catching weeds. Discouraged, I quit fishing.

The hills around Petersburg are beautiful. They are tall and deeply cut by glaciers—green meadows on top.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

A little sun peeked out occasionally to turn on colors. They call Petersburg "Little Norway"—it does feel European.

The second boat basin had sailboat masts, so we headed there—sure enough that was the city docks. Lots of boats were out so we took a slip hoping the owners wouldn't be back for a while.

Petersburg is small—we walked through most of the town with the dogs. They are organized—less shabby than Wrangell—the docks are clean. The small business district was closed down. Town teenagers were restlessly walking the streets. One group were throwing firecrackers—the dogs started freaking out. Back to the boat for cheese sandwiches. They were good. I am in a funky mood, but Louie's spirits seem OK. It is quieter here than Wrangell. I visited the "Penobscot"—the captain was buzz bombing and had caught a large cod (Tom cod?) and something he called Pollock. I would have fished, but I didn't want to mess with cleaning it—so I went home to bed.

3 AM the big boat next to us roared out—the guys were drunk. They put their boat up on the grid.

June 30th Monday Petersburg—partly sunny! Baro 1021

Boy—it just might be sunny today! We finally got moving. After breakfast Louie went off in the dink to get propane. I went off to get ice and a few groceries. They didn't have milk nor bread! Ice was \$3.15 per block!! I bought two, but felt sick. No 25 lb leader. The propane tank took 13 lbs (7 left). We are using it at the usual rate of a tank in 6 wks.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

Then Louie went to get beer and I buzz bombed—caught 2 cod and 1 “Pollock.” Now—what to do with them. I put them in a bucket and we left for the fuel dock. We had to wait as usual—but got in—rather clumsily due to current. It took 17 gal and I put on water (it doesn't taste very good). Then when we tried to leave, the current got us again and drove us up against some pilings—barnacles. We finally pushed our way off—feeling a little shaken. Atavist got just a few scratches—nothing serious. Louie was beginning to have one of those days.

1145 Log 499 Leave Petersburg

The mountains were showing in the sunshine—with puffy clouds sitting on just the top. We could see glaciers running down the sides of the mountains—all broken and blue. The mountains are rugged with sharp pinnacles and ridges—beautiful—we burned film on scenery today.

When we turned into Thomas Bay, we had to go through some shoals (marked). There was a strong current line and on this line were hundreds of birds—Bonaparte's gulls, terns, auks, cormorants and other diving birds. The gulls would bug the auks, hanging around getting extra fish. Dolphins were feeding back and forth across the line. What a lively place. I started trolling with my heavy duty stuff but didn't catch anything. As we went in further, all of a sudden we could see the Baird Glacier—coming practically to the water! It was beautiful. The water was turning milky—then brown and thick. A real glacier!

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

We went in to Sunny Cove—a short distance from the glacier. And it was scenic. A big snowy finger of a mountain at the end of the cove. We anchored in a little indentation near the entrance—a good place for dogs—in 140 ft of water—we swung too close to the rocks as Louie was trying to stern tie. So we reanchored further out & stern tied—not easy. The dogs had a good run on a rocky outcropping that had moss & heather. They ran & ran. Some kind of animal leaves shell-filled droppings the size of a medium sized dog. ?

Then Louie and I took the dink to the glacier. Ha! To begin with, there was a stiff breeze off the glacier making the water choppy. Second, we were going against the tide and glacier run-off so it was slow going. The water is whitish brown and looks like a slurry of silt. We saw our first iceberg! A small piece of ice all sparkly—probably about the size of the dinghy. This place is alive. There are seals all over and lots of birds—terns and gulls—diving birds. How do they see the fish! You can't see 2 inches in the water. What looks like sticks floating by are actually pieces of dirty ice. The water is cold. Seals would look at us—1/3 out of the water. They were standing on the bottom! The shoals are tremendous. We ran the dinghy across a rivers inlet and as far as we could until it hit bottom. Then we rowed and rowed making inchward progress till the dinghy beached. Louie got out and waded—I took off boots & socks & waded to get the dinghy in. Silt oozed through my toes—squishy.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

The tide was going out so we weren't worried about the dinghy, but the glacier was at least a mile away. In addition we were on the wrong side of a run-off stream which looked pretty deep. We never got to the glacier. So we had to content ourselves with taking pictures from our little beach—after all that struggle. Wind was still blowing down the glacier—bum. Ice chunks floated by in the stream. The strap on Louie's camera bag broke depositing the bag in the silt. Yuck. Back to the dink, we had to carry it over to the stream since the tide went out. Laundering it in the stream worked well and we drifted out with the stream until it got shallow and we had to row again. Then it was deep enough for the motor. Just trying to clean things up—the cold water made my hands ache—my feet were numb. Seals again stood on the bottom staring at us. The ride back was much faster and I was glad to get back. I felt spooky—the rough dinghy ride, the strange cold water—the wind—the silt flats and signs that weather was moving in, all made me uneasy.

I don't know what to expect of the elements—extreme beauty and extreme forces.

Now I had to figure out what to do with the cod. Poor Louie had suffered the sight & smell of my cleaning the fish under his nose—that plus his childhood memories provided a real barrier. I boiled it 15 min in salty water with onions, celery, garlic & allspice. Then I drained it and made a white sauce—put the “deboned” and deskinning fish back in the sauce. This was served over potatoes with boiled cabbage. He ate it as an obligation, but it didn't cheer him up any. Every little thing added to his misery. For one thing, anchoring & stern tying is tricky with a large tidal range. We just had 12 ft range, but it was enough to put us too close to the rocks. I fidgeted and adjusted and generally felt anxious until low tide ~10:15 PM.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

Glad to go to bed tonight. The radio says a low will go through tomorrow. Rain likely.

Strange dreams. Thank goodness it is quiet out tonight.

July 1st Tuesday Scenery Cove Cloudy Baro 1012↓1010

Up early to get off so we can go out with the tide as far as possible. Weather is coming in. We briefly saw a translucent sun which soon went behind rain clouds.

0720 Log 621 Leave Sunny Cove. Rain, no wind. It is pretty cold today—you can see your breath. Louie is at the wheel dressed in yellows. Visibility is only about 4 miles depending on how much rain there is. We often think of being home—routine is so safe. Out here you can get to feeling insecure with all the unknowns ahead of you.

Out by the same shoal area where the birds were yesterday, were more birds today—thousands of black diving birds and lots of gulls—some big ones too. It is a crazy alive place. Dolphins.

Time is going slowly today. Louie saw salmon & dolphins.

1540 Log 669 Arrive Hobart Bay. Raining.

As soon as we arrived Louie put up the canopy—it is such a big help when it is raining. Wet stuff can stay outside and still have a chance to dry. The kerosene heater has been going since ~11:00 to take away the chill. I kept pumping Louie with hot stuff to get him warm while underway.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

After walking doggies I decided to buzz bomb for flounder for dinner. I caught one then Louie talked me into going fishing out by the entrance. So if we went in our yellows in the drizzle. No luck in the first place—we went out farther where there were rocks and kelp. Something was playing with our lures—then whammo—a big fish. In 5 min we caught 3 of those feisty fish and decided we better quit. Turns out they were very large kelp greenling—they were long bodied and the color of kelp ~2½ lbs. We filleted them on the rocks then came home. IT was a late, but grand dinner—more than we could eat in just 1 fish. I pickled one fish using George's recipe—we have ice.

The birds around here are varied and plentiful—an alive place. On the way back to the boat we surprised a mother Merganser and a chick. They took to the water and really scooted. Seals were all over—mothers with pups close to them. There were loons majestically swimming about the cove. Other birds around are little auklets, crows (great congregations of them), kingfisher, eagles, gulls—a few, and a thrust.

Tired tonight after a long 48-mile day. Louie can hardly keep awake till I finish dishes. The weather doesn't reach us here—we can hear some static & talk but very few words. Goodnight in snug bay. Sprinkles.

P.S. I made a batch of brownies on the kerosene heater—underway. It took ~1½ hrs to cook, but it is really good.

July 2nd Wednesday Hobart Bay Partly cloudy Baro 1013

The sun in my face awoke me! What a good sleep. We decided we could be lazy this morning and rest today—hurray. We would enjoy coffee more, but the Petersburg water doesn't taste very good. The sun and clouds are competing today—we are just lazy. ↗

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

Eggs for breakfast—almost noon. The tide was a -2 ft and the water really emptied out of here. There is an extensive mud flat, then the bottom drops off. We were anchored in 80 feet—in the middle of the cove, but we still had to take in some scope to stay floating.

I wanted to set the crab pot today and Louie suggested we could take the boat over to the main Hobart Bay where our chart shows King & Dungeness crabs. So we pulled up the anchor and went over. On the way we saw two rocks, exposed by the low tide, at the entrance to Hobart Bay—in the middle of the passage! Nice to know where they are—we don't have a large scale chart of this bay. Where should we set the trap was the problem. A huge tide flat was exposed which went from nothing to 280 ft deep in no time. We sat trying to figure out what to do. Meanwhile, we saw hundreds of little sandpiper-like birds all flying in unison—there were also lots of gulls and an eagle on the tide flats. Ducks were diving at the edge of the mud. Finally we decided to add more line and set it beyond the slope. I put the flounder & cod heads (very ripe) in for bait, then tangled some monofilament on the outside. We set it in ~250 ft of water. I sure hope it was worth the trouble. We will check it tomorrow AM.

It is a beautiful day. Blue sky—puffy clouds and sunshine. At 2 PM it is breezing from S or W. It would have been a good day to sail—but we are resting. At least things can dry out!

Back at the old anchorite we clean up and stock up on stores—packed away like flour, sugar, vinegar etc. I tried fixing the greenling in marinade—like salmon. The fish dehydrated considerably and was not as good this way as salmon. Rice, fresh salad & brownies for dessert.

The afternoon breeze quieted—it is peaceful and beautiful here. An evening thrush is singing somewhere on shore.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

I visited the nearby waterfall with the doggies. They were so good to stay in the dinghy while I scrambled to fill a couple jugs. I found some blueberries but had nothing to put them in—so I ate them. There were a couple sweet ones—pucker. Well, the water is sweet and good. Even the dogs like it better than Petersburg water.

When we came back to anchor, there was a congregation of 8-10 eagles on the mudflats near the boat, working over a carcass of some sort. There were 4 immatures and a group of adults or semi-adults who had a real pecking order worked out. Only one bird at a time could have the carcass. Occasionally the adult would tolerate a young bird alongside. It was a scream to watch them walk in the mud. They would jump as much as possible otherwise they would walk slowly lifting their feet high. They certainly looked humble; rather like vultures.

A lone Canada Goose came in tonight, landing on the mudflat. Wonder why it is alone?

July 3 Hobart Bay Sunny with a few high clouds 1012

Looks like a good day. Early start.

0830 Log 681 Leave Hobart Bay. We have to pick up the crab pot so we made the run into the main bay. It is so beautiful this AM. The mountains are showing clearly. Well, our pot was where we left it, but all we caught was a 3-inch female "king?" and a large snail. The shell was lovely and very worth keeping.

The outside was rather lumpy—a combination of current and NW winds overnight I guess. It got a little better out farther. Whales!

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

There were a couple of whales quite close on our starboard side. Louie took pictures. There were not killer whales. People said later that they were probably grey whales. More whales all around! One quite far away was a huge bugger—very dark in color. They would roll about three times, then dive, with their flukes rising out of the water. The big one stood on his nose and beat the water with tremendous splashes—nine times! What a thrill to see.

The wind came up with chop—cold—against us but it didn't last too long.

We were following a couple of ships and fishing boats with our glasses, but couldn't quite make them out. The ships were beautiful white and they were staying close together. Then they seemed to keel over at quite an angle—I looked again through the glasses—they were icebergs! In fact most of the "fishing boats" were icebergs. Soon we saw smaller closer ones. They were coming out of Endicott and Tracy arms, both of which have glaciers coming down to the water. The shapes of the bergs are sculptural. We came close to one giant that was colored white-powder blue-deep blue. Slowly and carefully Louie circled the berg as we took pictures. We will be seeing many more icebergs, but this first one was thrilling.

We found our anchorage, Sanford Cove, right on the S. side of Endicott arm. The water was like glass, we could see for miles, and mountains rose on both sides—beautiful, rugged mountains. Today is perfectly clear and warm! We are so lucky to have a day like this right now where the mountains are so beautiful. One particular mountain, Mt. Sundream, 6,700 ft high, has a beautiful blue glacier coming down the side. It doesn't reach the water, but is very conspicuous. The mountain itself is a rugged, beautiful shape.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

Log 714 Arrive Sanford Cove. The cove itself is quite deep, but down the S-west side we found a good spot to anchor in 70 feet. Icebergs are right in the cove! One was going by the boat—a small one—so I grabbed the dishpans—ice pick-hammer and screwdriver and went after it.

The \$3.15 for a block of ice still burns me. Here was free ice floating by! I chose an overhanging piece and started hacking away. There was soft granular ice on the outside, but harder ice inside. The ice is sharp and hard on knuckles. With two tubs full I rowed back to the boat and filled the icebox.

The beach is composed of round grey stones and coarse sand. The dogs walk funny on stones. Actually beachcombing was rather uninteresting.

In the warm sun, the bait in the crabpot was rather smelly. So I was commissioned to go set the crabpot. Just inside the cove was ~200-225 ft deep so I set it much to the relief of our noses. On shore was a stream coming into the cove—I rowed in as far as possible—then walked. The stream meanders along a flats with tall grass and round stones. I decided to take a bath—even without soap. Cool—but it feels so good.

Back at the boat we just relaxed and felt good. ⚡ We had pickled fish tonight—with lima beans. I made a super salad with lettuce, onion, green peppers, limas, olives, pepperoncini peppers, noodles, and pickled fish—so good. Louie just loves lima beans!

The weatherman talks of clouds tomorrow—at least today was simply wonderful. A small powerboat came in and anchored well into the cove. You can hear boats miles away—only 3 went by.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

Oh yes—there are hundreds of birds in Endicott Arm. Lots of little diving birds—murrelets I think. There are various gulls—Bonapart's, and large gulls. An occasional cormorant was diving by icebergs and eagles would sit perched atop the icebergs. One simply doesn't feel alone here with all the icebergs floating by. Getting run down by one is a concern and we keep a watchful eye.

We have to decide whether or not to go to an offshoot of Endicott Arm—Ford's Terror—or not. One of the really beautiful pictures in our Alaska Chart book was taken there. The narrows going into the fjord can be taken at high water slack. The problem is knowing when high water slack is. Nothing we have gives the proper information. Well, it means an early start so early to bed—the sun hasn't even set! Goodnight.

July 4th Friday Sanford Cove Sunny Baro 1008

The alarm went off at 5 AM! Oh, we don't want to get up. The sky is bright, but the sun isn't over the mountains yet.

0605 Log 714 Leave Sanford Cove. WE grabbed the crabpot—this time a 4 inch female "king" and nothing else—oh well. Off to Fords Terror. It is 12 miles or so to the narrows—all the time we are wondering if it is worth the trouble sine we didn't know when slack is. High tide is 0700. We were figuring slack was 1-2 hrs after that.

{{Note: High water Slack is 45 min. after high tide in Fords Terror.}}

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

At 8:15 we arrived (Woods Spit) at the narrows—it didn't look bad, but it was running out. We decided to try it. The Calhoun book illustrated how to take the narrows so off we went. Icebergs even in here! Lots of gulls too. It was really running! We weren't making much headway—pushed sideways. Louie turned it up to 2300 RPM—smoking a bit, but we were making forward progress. Slowly we gained way, but we knew the current would get worse in time. Water was rushing by the stones on the beach—rather frightening. We made it! It was spectacular in there—I tried taking pictures with shaking hands. Sheer walls of rock carved by rockfalls stood above us. Waterfalls laced down rock faces or flowed in deep crevasses. After ~4 miles in the fiord we came to the division between two arms—the NE arm was recommended for anchorage. There were three power boats anchored by a big sand spit at the beginning of the NE arm. They had set shrimp pots at the beginning of the West arm. We decided to set our pot in the same general area ~225-250 ft deep—same old smelly bait. There is a second narrows to enter the NE arm. It became really shallow as we crept in with the fathometer. At 13 feet we decided not to chance it not knowing how shallow it actually did get. So we turned and ran with the current over to where the power boats were rafted—hating to impose on them but not knowing what else to do. We read good depth ~70 ft. The powerboat people were friendly enough.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

They came over in a whaler runabout and told us it was a good anchorage—so we set anchor—just in time not to be too close to the spit. What a scenic spot! It is a cross between Walker Cove and the Punchbowl. Waterfalls were everywhere except close by.

After lunch Louie & the dogs went ashore while I cleaned the very dirty boat. Louie came back with a huge red berry—salmonberry (only red) as it turned out. So he went back with a bowl to pick berries. The sun was great—shorts weather. As we were looking over some charts, a bee stung my ankle! We laid out in the sun for a while. I finally found enough energy to wash off the decks because the crab bait drippings had oozed over the deck. Then I took the dogs ashore and brushed them—they really felt good. Bitsy and Laddy ran and ran and played with each other. I went over to the power boats in the dinghy to say hello and to find out something about Juneau (tie up-shopping etc.). They were very friendly and invited us for cocktails. So we brushed our hair and changed a few clothes and went over to visit. A nice group of people.

Shirley and Doug on the "Skulpin" a Downaster ~40. He is an architect.

Marilyn and Bill—traveling with Shirley & Doug—he also works for the state.

Thelma and Newt on the "Gadget," a 1929 Blanchard design grand old lady—a beautiful classic boat in tip-top condition.

Peter and (?) were traveling with Newt & Thelma. She has a fabric store. He is in business.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

Allison and George—daughter & son-in-law of Neut & Thelma and their friends who flew in by seaplane, Deb & Mark, really nice kids.

Later Bill & Carol (?) on another Tolly, joined the group. It was all good company. We had gin & tonic with ice! Neut started trap shooting off the bow. Peter and his wife are very good—the rest hit and miss. George had some firecrackers which he launched from the bow. Poor doggies had to suffer for the evening.

Shirley invited us for dinner. They had a great shrimp harvest. I went back, checked the dogs and brought what was left of the pickled fish and the bowl of luscious berries that Louie had picked—all pretty salmon & red. They had lots of shrimp with sauces, wonderful salads and bread. After dinner Neut rounded up people to go check the shrimp pots—I went along. We ran out of gas—changed tanks, then the motor wouldn't start. It was getting along towards midnight when we finally got going and the traps relocated. (They had drifted into the bay—set too deep.) They pulled our trap—shrimp! We had 18-20 really large shrimp—the others did not have many.

Thelma fixed us coffee and we sat around and talked a while longer. They gave us all the shrimp collected that night. I took off the heads and put the tails on ice for tomorrow. We got to bed ~2 AM. We can see only a few stars—the sky still has light. The snow capped mountains glow eerily in the light. What a fine 4th of July.

July 5th Saturday Ford's Terror Partly sunny Baro 1008

We decided not to leave today so we could sleep in. It is sunny with a few clouds and a little breezier today.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

We tried jigging & buzz bombing for bait for the crab rings, but didn't catch a thing—not even a nibble! There are terns around who dive into the water after an acrobatic flight—beautiful slender birds. There is a kingfisher on a bank quite far away who very noisily defends his territory. We see a lone eagle now and then, but there are surprisingly few in here. Oh—Peter, Bill and a couple other people went through the current into the NE arm and saw Mt. Goats. They chased the goats off a beach!

We went with George & Mark to pick berries—they made like Mt. goats, climbing the steep sides. Louie wouldn't hold on the rock and when I ran out of hand holds I decided my life was worth more than ego—or view.

So I worried about Louie till I saw him safely down. He had picked mountain berries. We waited while Deb climbed the great rockslide & came back. Horseflies were biting. We filled the bowl to heaping with berries. After lunch just after slack Louie decided to take me on a water collecting expedition. The closest waterfalls were on the other side of the rapids in the NE arm. The going was great—and it was a beautiful waterfall. We filled jugs and then headed back. The seagull was balking—missing to almost quitting. When we got in the current we were almost stopped in our tracks—even going backwards for a while. The motor sputtering at this time didn't help much—but we finally made it. Hard earned water.

George had set some crab rings just off the boats yesterday and caught a too small female king crab which he put back. Louie put shrimp heads in mosquito netting and attached it to our rings—found some extra line, and set our crab rings out—who knows.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

I went and visited Sandy & Marty mostly. "Sculpin" had left this AM. They all wanted George's pickled fish recipe. Sandy is an energetic youthful lady. She works for the legislature in winter—has her own business as "girl Friday" in spring, and goes fishing in the Sandy Gagle in Summer. Their two children—Girl 20, Boy? younger—have left home now. She was very helpful in telling us where to go in Juneau.

Tonight we have to get to bed earlier to go out the narrows tomorrow morning. We had a wonderful shrimp dinner—the kids brought back another 18 shrimp from our trap so we had a good feed.

Newt's evening check didn't net many shrimp—they put some bait in our trap and reset it! How very nice.

Tired tonight—glad to go to bed. Clouds came and the wind never really settled down, although it wasn't strong.

July 6th, Sunday Ford's Terror Cloudy Baro 1017↑

With a rising barometer we get worse weather it seems. We got everything done this AM including breakfast in time to leave. The two Tollys had left last night to join "Sculpin" in Tracy Arm. Gadget was leaving with us.

0900 Log 734 Leave Ford's Terror. Our shrimp trap only had 10 tiny shrimp—I dumped what was left of the bait.

Misty clouds hang on the mountains creating a totally different feeling from when we came in—more pictures. Louie nestled the boat almost inside one crevice. We followed "Gadget" out the narrows at 10:15 on the button. We had a little boost of an ebb, but things were basically slack. In slack water the kelp rises to the surface marking the channel—we didn't see kelp going in! With the sand spit and kelp I understand it is a rather frightening experience to go through.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

"Gadget turned up towards the glacier—we were undecided.

The glacier was 12 miles out of the way—against the wind and tide. Going out we would have both with us. We decided since we would be seeing more glaciers and since the mountains were in the clouds we would go on out. I put up the main and #2 genny. But Louie really wanted to go see the glacier—so we turned around and started in. We met "Gadget" coming out. They had been stopped by too much ice—they would just see the end of the glacier. We decided to at least see the glacier so we weaved our way between the icebergs until it got quite thick. Then we spotted an ice floe with a group of seals stretched out—pictures! We putted up to the seals until they slid into the water and then found more seals further in—and on it went until we were ~½ mile from the end of the glacier. The face was ragged and beautifully blue. It was freezing cold in there and the ice was getting thicker so we didn't go in any farther. On the way out we had to pick our way between bergs again—the rink went over a couple. It is the small ones that cause trouble.

Naturally the wind had died down by the time we got out. The sun was losing the game to fog on the mts. Louie looked up and saw a tremendous splash. A large high chunk on a huge iceberg had fallen off. The wake was like that from a large boat far away with long swells. I wouldn't have expected so much wake.

We went to Sanford cove and anchored in the same place. Three power boats were anchored inside the cove. Just before reaching Sanford we picked a good size iceberg and I went to it to get icebox ice. What fun!

It's getting foggy—hope tomorrow isn't closed in.

Louie tried calling Juneau Marine Operator, but couldn't reach them. Note: I am writing this on July 18th, falling far behind in my log.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

July 7th Monday, Sanford Cove Overcast Baro 1011↓

Log 777.7 Leave Sanford Cove after a quiet night for Taken Harbor just 17 miles from Juneau. It is overcast and almost drizzly. At least the wind isn't blowing against us.

The wind came up behind us, but we were so close to the anchorage it seemed too much work to put up the sails so we motored all the way.

Log 810 1530 Arrive Taken. We had a nice anchorage in good bottom. There is a state float in the bay and everyone else is tying up rather than anchoring. People say that is the way it is done around here.

Louie and I went fishing in the dink off the entrance where there was some kelp. We caught tiny kelp greenling in two color phases (male & female). We threw the first ones back thinking they would get bigger but then didn't. We kept 3 and threw back two Irish Lord sculpins that I caught—rather colorful fish with green and pink.

It started raining just as we came back to the boat so I didn't even clean the fish—crab bait—or halibut bait. We found out later that there are good crabs in Taken.

July 8th Tuesday Taken Harbor Foggy Baro 1011↓

We took our time getting up hoping the fog would lift.

1010 Log 810 leave Taken Harbor. We can see just far enough to keep going. A little wind would be helpful. It got better later on.

In the Taken Inlet were literally hundreds of fishing boats—mostly gill netters—fishing off islands and up the inlet. We watched them pull their nets as Louie carefully picked a path through them.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

We saw salmon coming in on the nets in quite good numbers in one case. The boats would make a pull, then go to a larger fish buying boat to sell or weigh in the fish—then go back out and set their nets again.

When we came to the entrance of Gastineau Channel we drifted off Marmion Island to fish for halibut. I had rigged the greenling with hooks & sinkers so we fished with bait on the bottom. The current was ebbing, but there was a stiff wind in the opposite direction to which the boat responded. The lines drifted quite badly. Between sprinkles the sun actually came out briefly. Well, we couldn't stay long—off we went to Douglas.

Log 831 arrive Douglas Basin. We took a slip which wasn't for transients, but the transient space was taken by what looks like semi-permanent boats. The charge is only \$2 a day.

Douglas turned out to be a good place to stay, as Sandy had advised. There is a baseball & soccer grounds across the street with lots of room for doggies. Only a short distance away is the "washiteria" where they have washing machines & a shower! After checking bus schedules to Juneau (Whimpy Rose), right across the channel, we took up laundry & enjoyed showers. Shower \$1 Machine \$1. Boy did the shower feel good!

Louie & the dogs watch some baseball games while I put things away & got dinner.

At night Juneau is aglow. We can see cruise ships in the harbor at high tide—all lit up. Douglas is quiet.

July 9th Wednesday Douglas Basin Overcast

Up and about to catch the bus to Juneau. It is really convenient transportation for \$.25.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

At first we simply hiked around the streets of residential Juneau on the hillside. Juneau is built between the channel and two mountains Mt Roberts & Mt Juneau. We saw Sandy and Marty's house—very nice with a fantastic view. Most of the houses are fairly old but well cared for. Some sidewalks are a flight of stairs going up the hill. We visited the new million \$ state building. There are some fine totems and a grand pipe organ in there. On the way downtown we were hailed. A fellow on the boat "Raccoon 99" whom we had seen in Namu recognized us. We chatted a while. He is a bank examiner—one of three in Alaska.

A sandwich, VS and Twinkie were lunch—we ate in the marine park getting our fill of tourists. Gold panning!

We stopped at a bookstore—flower, whale & story books. The local hardware store had some fishing supplies—I got a pole holder and Louie replaced my buzz bomb, silly guy. Louie had had enough—claustrophobia. So we walked on to the museum. There were some very interesting and well done exhibits. There was an eagle tree, otherwise almost no natural history. Getting tired. We bought sweet things at a bakery as well as bread and then I went shopping at the Foodland market. We saw Debbie at the store. Unfortunately I missed the bus and we had to wait 1 hr. for the next. Back in Douglas I put things away while Louie watched baseball. The doggies were sure glad to see us.

What to eat? Some kids were fishing off the dock and were catching Dolly Varden trout—big ones! They didn't want to sell the trout, but when they caught a big starry flounder they asked if I wanted to buy it. OK--\$1.75 or \$1.50? So I filleted the flounder and cooked it for dinner.

Tired, but wound up tonight. Juneau is an appealing city. It is expensive, but wages are high. A woman I met in the laundromat was a union part time painter and makes \$12.50 an hour!

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

There are lots of young people—it seems a good place for young people to come. Energy. Juneau Douglas was good to us. (Wed. is a good day to shop. Everything comes up n barge from Seattle Mon & Tues.)

July 10th Thursday Douglas Overcast with clearing Baro 1013

Tired, but it is time to be on our way. Not much wind.

1000 Log 831 Leave Douglas, at low tide. The current will be with us going north. Wind every which way.

Louie figured out a way to attach the pole holder so I put out a line as we were going—no luck.

At the top of Douglas Island, lots of people were fishing, so I put out 2 lines. Some people who had been friendly to us in Douglas were out fishing. The fellow had something on his line and was reeling for all he was worth. He said he thought it was a halibut, but it got away. Meanwhile my line got tangled with one of theirs. We both thought we had big fish. Blush.

The sky was clearing giving us a peek at the famous Mendenhal glacier. We were headed for 7-harbor to anchor, but it was sunny and flat calm in Lynn Canal so we decided to go on another 3 hrs to Boat Hbr. It was beautiful, with the mountains becoming more & more spectacular. We saw a number of glaciers in the mts.

Log 883 Arrive Boat Hbr. There is a narrows to get into the basin and we hit it at low slack. We crept through the rocks—only ~100 ft wide at one place. Out front I could see kelp and the bottom.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

There were two other boats in here so we anchored in the NE indent. An owl was calling softly. There is a dandy beach for the dogs. Interesting rocks. After dinner some guys camping on shore with a small power boat decided to waterski. Naturally they had to go by us a number of times. People!

Happy to be underway again. This cove is spectacularly beautiful with snow capped mountains. Clouds coming tonight. ⚓

July 11th Boat Harbor Cloudy Windy Friday

We probably should be going today, but we feel like staying longer. The sailboat left. There is a stiff southeast wind and we aren't well protected, but the anchor is in well.

Louie tried fishing while I wrote postcards. He had a hard time with wind and current, but he caught a bunch of small greenling and a cod (bait). He laboriously filleted 4 or 5 of the little greenling. By now the old halibut bait is really awful—I had to get the hooks out—stink! Anyway I managed to get it in the crab pot. Louie gave me instructions on how to run the seagull and I set the pot one "bay" over where a stream comes in. My first time to run the seagull! The wind blows ~15 kn making a good chop.

I fried the fish in tempura batter for dinner. A person could just about starve in here. Nothing in the crab pot.

There are lots of birds in here today—maybe because of the weather. Maybe tomorrow will be better.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

July 12th Boat Harbor Cloudy, Windy Saturday

The weather just wasn't very good. We missed low slack so we stayed in Boat Hbr. Choppy.

Louie braved the chop and retrieved the crab pot. There were a couple of little ones. Desperate for food, I cooked them. The ice is low.

At 1500 we decided to take advantage of high slack and move 6 miles to William Henry Bay, a better anchorage for S. winds and an easier place to get out of when you want.

Log 890 Arrive W.H. Bay. There is another sailboat anchored here—we anchored in the middle—rather far from shore.

This is a pretty bay. Green-topped hills rise steeply from the water. Several streams enter the bay. It is alive with birds. Louie started jigging while I took doggies ashore. He caught a bunch of flounder & cod and they were all excited about something. When I got back to the boat Louie said they had caught a large halibut! We went over to see their catch—a 75 lb fish!! They had had some trouble landing it, but by the time we got there it was subdued. The men started cutting it up. They gave us a 15 lb chunk! These people hope to take their boat down to Mexico.

On the way back to the boat we checked the crab pot set just in back of the boat with fresh fish. We caught a 7 inch Tanner crab—with long legs! Feast or famine! So I cleaned and cut up the halibut, cooked the Tanner crab adding it to the Dungeness on ice, and pickled a chunk of fish as well as cook halibut steak for dinner. It was really good, but we ate too much. Halibut is rather oily fish.

Tired tonight and glad to go to bed—but happy to be able to try halibut & crab.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

July 13th Sunday William Henry Bay Foggy & drizzly 1010

Ugg, fog today. The other sailboat had left early to catch some tide & beat the wind.

A little power boat with 3 men which had anchored here last night came alongside and grabbed on, bumping all over. We were still in bed. They had trouble with their big engine and wanted to make T-harbor ~24 miles. We were slow to think what to do. They asked us to try to call Juneau so they could contact someone there, but we couldn't reach Juneau. They decided to put along with their small outboard.

After they left Louie made a call to anyone on channel 16. A tugboat, "Sigrid H" responded and after that a fishing boat responded. They couldn't see anything in the fog. We decided to leave when the tide turned to our favor.

0950 Log 890 Leave William Henry Bay. Foggy, but just enough visibility. As the day progressed the wind picked up from SE and visibility improved. We had ~4 ft swells behind us. The mountains didn't show—it rained quite a bit. At one point we jibed (1st mate's responsibility) and broke the preventer!

Main & Genny up. The engine was running ~1700 RPM. There were some places where the swell increased, then, near Haines where a river flows into the channel, we not only had a good swell, but a strong current against us. Slugging. A AK ferry passed just as we rounded battery pt. We took down the wet sails and entered Haines boat basin. As we tied up a fellow was there who shouted "Welcome to Haines." After greeting us and telling us where things were—he gave us a paper—with a map—he offered to drive us around and even to take us up to his house for showers! Too much! We said we first wanted to eat lunch, walk the dogs, and put things away, but would then enjoy visiting.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

He was back in 45 minutes—and took us up to his home. His name is Don McKay, a semi-retired MD from Puyallup, Wn. His wife Shirley and daughter Tammy were at home. They have been here for just a year. They came up on their sailboat as a cruise, fell in love with the place, and decided to stay. He had an unfortunate thing happen, though. This spring as he was bringing his boat up top Haines, it caught fire and burned—sunk—at Kelsey Bay (Vancouver Is) on May 19th. We were in a blow in Forward Harbor that day. Uninsured boat. They still feel very badly and he is not sure if he will get another boat or not.

Anyway, this explained his rather overwhelming greeting. I accepted the offer of a shower. Shirley is quite in a strange sort of way. She may not be happy here. Every once in a while she snaps into bright eyes and smile, but then returns to a kind of daze. Tammy is an eager cute kid. She is in high school. They have 7 kids—2 girls, 5 boys. I took the 4 nice halibut steaks for them, but knowing if we were to stay for dinner or not. Evidently not.

Don then took us to some crafts places where local professional artists do prints & carvings. There is a large native arts center which we never did visit. They are carving totem poles now. An old army post, Fort Seward is near the boat basin with well built and well kept buildings. Some are private living quarters, one is a hotel, and one part is for the native cultural center. Everything costs.

Home late. I fixed some halibut for dinner and then we went to bed. Many fishing boats are out—down at Taku Inlet since fishing is closed in their area—not enough salmon coming in. Evidently few cruising boats come into Haines—it is out of the way and Lynn Canal is famous for being rough. Thus there is empty space on the transient dock.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

July 14th Monday Cloudy Haines

We slept in this morning, yesterday was a lot of work. Everyone makes a fuss over the dogs. There is a really good place for them to run—a grassy field near the Presbyterian church. There are lots of beautiful wildflower weeds along the roadside.

This morning I met Mary. She and her husband Manuell and their friend Verne were strolling on the dock. We all started visiting. Mary spotted a bird fly out of the water on to the dock. It was very awkward and nothing like we had seen before. I got the glasses and saw that it looked like a tropical cockatoo! Mary went up to it slowly. I came after with some bread. It would let us come quite close. With Mary on one side and me on the other the bird came close enough for me to catch it. Now—what to do? We asked around if it was anyone's bird—no. Then we met the captain of the "J C Clark," a shrimp boat. His wife had a bird cage and she took the bird and tried to find the owners. It turned out they found the family who had lost the cockatiel (Grey with topnotch & orange & yellow markings) several days ago. This lady and the captain were sorry to see the bird go—they really liked it. They had a tragedy this spring, their only son was lost at sea with three other kids in a storm in May.

Mary invited us over to see their sailboat. "Kim" is an old fishing boat which they bought for \$1. She had a hole in the side. Manuell has slowly been rebuilding it. They don't have much money so they make things themselves and buy things second hand. Mary is 50. She came to Alaska with her sister when she was 22. They were just travelling, but they really liked Haines, found jobs and stayed. Then Mary met Manuell. Manuell is 70—a prospector from Wisconsin who has been in AK most of his life. He prospected on his own, then for a company. They have a daughter, 22, named Molly and a new grandson. Mary has an artistic touch and is quite an independent and spirited lady. We get along so well—no age gap. I really like her. I invited them for a halibut dinner and then we went off to do errands.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

The harbormaster (a little rooster) told us that the boat basin in Skagway was closed for rebuilding and that they didn't want boats coming in for 2 weeks. That put quite a wrinkle in our plans. So we spent the afternoon trying to figure out the best way to go to Skagway. It is 15 miles by water, but 360 miles by road! Renting a car would have been the most fun—but it would have cost around \$300!

To make a long story short, we decided to take the Wed AM (4 AM our time) ferry to Skagway and return that afternoon on the ferry. No ferry on Tuesday. A shuttle bus meets every ferry—even at that time of the AM! I bought some new fishing lures & herring jigs. Then we went to the post office and were handed 3 letters! One from George, one from Dave and one from Grace. It was good to hear from home.

Mary, Manuell and Verne came for dinner. Mary brought a fresh salad and some custard for dessert. I had cut the halibut into steak size pieces and dipped it in egg-milk then cracker crumbs. It was a good dinner with good company. Verne is from Minn and is the father of a friend of Mary's. He is 63 and is a fun old fellow. He and Manuell get to telling stories so there is no lack of conversation. Mary helped with dishes, then offered to take us with them as they drove around to show Verne the sights.

These are just the kind of people I wanted to meet in Alaska—they are genuine. Happy tonight.

July 15th Tuesday Haines Cloudy with drizzle

Normally they have good weather in Haines—so they say. We haven't really been able to see the mountains here except for glimpses.

A cruise-a-home boat offered to take us to Skagway at 8 AM. We weren't out of bed yet and we had made plans so we said no—oh well.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

Mary fixed up a hot dogs picnic lunch and she took us to Chilkootee lake. There is a campground at the lake and we got a picnic table. Blueberries were all around. They had to go find wood, then the men built a nice fire and we roasted hotdogs. Really good.

Fish were jumping all over in the lake, and Manuell said that the ones which turned sideways were sockeye salmon! We dug through Mary's green VW and she came up with a lure & sinker. I had found a few feet of leader so we got a branch and tried fishing—ha ha. It was fun though. Then we went to the other side of town to visit a little sawmill. The blade was run by a VW engine. Two kids no more than 16-17 were running the machine. It was fascinating to see lumber come out of a log. By the way, the dogs came with us on all this. Bitsy didn't get carsick! She did fall in the lake.

We went back to the house and had coffee and visited. Their home is not fancy, but very homey and comfortable. Mary has lots of antiques—she collects things—although she gives so much away—she is a soft touch. We talked until quite late—and we had to get to bed so we could arise at 3 AM so we finally said goodbye. Had a sandwich for dinner.

Manuell has lost vision in the central part of his eyes—evidently there is scar tissue and nothing can be done. He can see quite clearly from the side but it is difficult to read and focus. His night vision is best.

The doggies had quite a day. Mary has a cat—a big yellow male called Puggy Paws. Poor thing was displaced by the dogs and wasn't happy about it.

July 16th Wednesday Haines Cloudy & windy

We were up at 3 AM—time to walk the dogs and have a quick cup of coffee then hike yep to town to meet the bus. It was late by 10 min—we were worried that it left us. It cost \$2.75 each to ride the bus 5 miles to the ferry. What a racket.

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That time of the morning we couldn't complain. We got window seats on the ferry, The Malaspina. It cost \$28 for both ways for the two of us—not bad.

The wind came up from the south and really blew, even that early in the morning. The mountains were clouded in. The ride took just 45 min landing us in Skagway at 5:30 AM their time. We had had coffee and pastry on the ferry so we walked around a bit. Finally we came to the Northern Lights Inn—a small restaurant which was very busy and less expensive than the others. Louie felt like breakfast so we had Louie—bacon, eggs, toast & hash browns; me—2 pancakes. Mostly we people watched. After breakfast we went to see about renting a car to drive up the highway a ways. We had to wait until 8:00 (Nukon time 9:00 our time) for the girl to come to rent cars only to find out that all the Hertz cars were reserved. So we went next door to National Car Rental. They had cars—cheaper—but they required a credit card as a deposit! Neither one of us has a credit card. The manager came in—a really nice lady who bent the rules and took a cash deposit plus allowing us a ½ day rate of \$9! (Hertz wanted \$22) and 18 ¢ a mile. We got a bright yellow Chevette which only had 700 miles on it, but had bad brakes and lots of rattles. So off we went up the highway. The road very soon turned to gravel—it is gravel all the way to Whitehorse. The highway follows the railroad route quite closely. About 3000 feet we got into the clouds and had nothing but fog from then on.

Occasionally we could see the prostrate evergreens and heather amongst innumerable small lakes. We stopped to take a closer look at the alpine wildflowers. As we were admiring the white heather bells and other colorful flowers, a solitary bird sang a song so sweet it make your heart cry out. Heady with the fresh cold air, we continued back down the mountain. The Canadian border was only a short ways out of Skagway but we never did come to the customs station.

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There was a considerable difference in the sophistication of the gravel road between the US section and Canadian sections—it is a new road which is closed in the winter.

A second side trip was the road to Dyea and the head of the Chilkoot trail. This was another gravel—less improved—road that followed the bays to the ghost town of Dyea—a gold rush town. There were a couple of fallen down buildings on the road and that was it. I suppose if you hiked around you would have seen other evidence of a town. We went to the Slide Cemetery which had graves dated 1898-1900 when there was a concentration of ~30,000 people in gold rush days. Some graves were children only a year or so old. The cemetery was in a quiet, out-of-the-way, woodsy place. At the river was the sign for the head of the Chilkoot trail—reminding us of Dave Hagen's slide show. Back in Skagway we visited the town's historical cemetery where famous Jackson "Soapy" Smith was buried. He was a colorful tough guy who finally was killed in a shootout which killed both men. Louie filled the car with gas (\$4.40) and we checked in to National.

A tour bus had just one passenger. The guide was dutifully taking the lady to all the sights.

Horrors?? Louie lost his Olympus normal lens. It was gone—left along the road somewhere. We had to turn the car in because the office was closing for a special event and it might not open before the ferry left. Shucks—that takes all the fun out of our day. The lens was simply gone.

We walked down to the theatre in time to get seats to watch a free special show. The Russian Cruise Ship, "Odessa," had come into port after our ferry. Evidently Skagway was the only port in S.E. which would allow her to tie up. So for good International Relations the Russian Crew and band put on a performance of Russian songs & dances. The people were in costumes and they were a wonderfully animated spirited group. The audience was wildly enthusiastic.

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The songs were both modern and classical and the dancing was folk dances from different regions. Russian music is strongly rhythmic and the band—piano, sax, guitar and drums—was very good. The performance was 1 hr. long and was over just in time for us to catch the ferry back to Haines. The problem of getting back to the boat was solved when a cheerful Mary greeted us at the ferry!

She asked us over for dinner—I said yes on the condition that we could have the pickled halibut which was just right. It was a lovely dinner with a fresh salad, her own home grown potatoes, and lambs quarter with the fish. She had home grown strawberries with ice cream for dessert. We visited until quite late in spite of getting up so early. We wanted to leave Thurs. weather permitting, but? The bed feels so good! There was an earthquake while we were visiting at Mary's.

By the way, the doggies did just fine waiting on the boat all day. Of course they were glad to run around.

July 17th Thursday Haines Cloudy, but not windy

We were too tired to leave today, even though it is a good day for travelling—instead we got busy doing things that needed catching up.

When Louie was going up to settle accounts with the harbor master he found out that a young fisherman was selling some pink salmon for \$1.25 so he came back to tell me. I went over to buy one when I learned he also had sockeye. So I bought a 5 lb sockeye at \$1.30 a lb—oh boy salmon again! I spent a good amt of time cutting it into 4 steaks and 2 fillets. We kept it on ice I had bought yesterday. Then I went up and did laundry while Louie changed the oil & fuel filter which required the long process of bleeding the lines. I went to the post office for the last time—no more mail.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

We visited Mary and Manuell on their boat again. She offered us baths which I accepted. We went over and had wonderful baths—conversation—and Mary played guitar & banjo and we sang songs. I like Mary so much. It seems that the more we are together, the better it feels. After a blueberry dessert, we reluctantly said goodbye and thanked them for all their kindness.

July 18th Friday Haines Mostly clear 1018↓

The mountains are showing today, and the light wind is from the north!

0705 Log 926 Leave Haines

We can see all the mountains we couldn't see before—quite spectacular. The air is strangely lighted and hazy as if to say "this is a temporary respite from cloudy weather." It was a calm passage with lots of picture taking as we ran with the tide. Clouds started building again in the afternoon and we could see only parts of the beautiful mountains from boat harbor.

1330 Log 961 Arrive Boat Harbor. This time we anchored in the SE cove and naturally the north wind blew! Oh well. The log has been acting strangely and the boat seems really draggy—so I took the opportunity of good weather to suit up in my wet suit and go down to check things. There was a scummy algae growth over the hull. The propeller had a little weed growing on it—it is a bit etched where the growth is. I had to take the scotch bright to that stubborn stuff.

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The log looked fine—nothing was growing on it (??). Then I started scrubbing the bottom with a soft bristled brush. It was frustrating holding breaths and trying to make progress—one has no leverage and there was a strong current to fight.

I cleaned within reaching distance most of the way around and was too tired to go on. I didn't get cold thanks to the suit. Too pooped to sit up, I fell asleep for a couple of hours.

Sockeye salmon steaks for dinner. It doesn't matter if we can't catch fish in here.

July 19th Saturday Boat Harbor Overcast 1007

↗ It is windy already this AM—strongly from the north. We were too sleepy to make it out with high water slack and we knew it would be rough outside—still, it may be windier in this bay than in Lynn Canal and the wind is with us! Indecision plagued us all morning. Should we or shouldn't we. Let's decide for good—no. OK let's do something useful. I feel so stuck in this place. We read and I started catching up in the log. Way behind!

Louie brought me beautiful wildflowers—3 vases of different types.

Two powerboats came in and anchored in the more protected NE cove.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

Then the wind started becoming intermittent. It must be time for it to switch. Let's go while the going is good!

1435 Log 961 Leave Boat Harbor. It is just past low water slack. The current is not too strong against us. We will be going against the current. We put up Main & genny to stabilize the ride, but the wind lasted about 5 minutes and was indeed switching. We had to go ~30 miles with nothing in between so I felt a little hysterical about a wind switch. The problem was not wind, but fog due to drizzle. Visibility in drizzle wasn't very good, but we were near land when it came over us and Louie toughed it out. We were headed for Funter Bay on Admiralty Island, but it was so calm with good-enough visibility that we decided to cross over to Couvenden Island—this leaves a short trip to Hoonah.

Grass of Parnassus, Scotch Bells, Yarrow, Coastal paintbrush (yellow), Monkshood, fireweed, Arctic daisy.

~1930 Log 991 Arrive Couvenden Island. There was a float—full of boats all of which we recognized (Sanford Cove, Haines) and we went all the way back to anchor between islands. As soon as we had anchored, it began to rain—wet doggies. At least we made some good out of the day. We enjoyed a late sockeye (soy sauce etc) dinner & happily went to bed. I really slept well with the boat gently rocking.

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July 20th Sunday Couvenden Island 1011

It is a little breezy this morning, we don't have to hurry unduly.

1005 Log 991 Leave Couvenden Is. I put up main and genny as we went out against the wind. The water—an extension of Chatham Strait—was already pretty choppy. Fortunately we were going with it after turning the corner. Good speed. The wind died down slowly but surely as we got closer to Hoonah.

Fish were jumping—nets were out—as we approached the Hoonah shore. I couldn't stand it and trolled starting just beyond Sisters Island—oh yes and porpoises played at our bow (Dall porpoise—white on the dorsal fin & tail—unlike the Dundas porpoises.) It is great to have the pole holder. At Pt. Sophia, just before arriving at Hoonah is a bay where you could see salmon jumping constantly and seals going after them. Herring balls were abundant and the birds were going crazy also. I put out two lines, trying first this, then that to no avail. It was drizzling steadily now. Finally I gave up and said let's troll on in to Hoonah where we can have lunch. Fish were jumping even in there—everywhere! All of a sudden my pole (Louie's green actually) jerked very positively. "I've got one" I yelled, and started reeling in. It wasn't too hard and soon we saw a beautiful big salmon. Landing it was another problem. Louie had to make several sweeps with the net—almost getting it, but not quite. He got it and heaved it aboard. It was the largest fish I have ever caught—a Silver Salmon. It was 28 inches and weighed 9 lbs. Whoopee! We pulled in the other line and went on in to Hoonah. The boat "basin" is a small dock where fishing boats are tied up 4-5 abreast. We tied to a huge old work boat which looked rather permanent. A ~30 ft Chris Craft fishing boat was already tied to this same boat.

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Hoonah is an Indian village and except for the large Seiners doesn't seem very well off. The street was solid mud so rather than walking the dogs in the mud where there are lots of big dogs, Louie insisted they be rowed across the harbor to a little island. He was right. The little island had an old cemetery with some totems and a cemetery for old fishing boats. I cleaned the salmon while Louie went up to find and visit _____, an Indian engraver and wood carver whom he had promised someone in Oak Harbor he would visit. The poor man has rheumatoid arthritis and is quite crippled. There was a lady on the boat in front of us whose husband was away at the time. They are school teachers at far outposts and Indian villages. That's well and good, but she started running her generator at the bow of our boat—and ran it constantly until after we went to bed. It drove me nuts. She was watching TV.

In the late afternoon, our two kayak friends Mike and Chio from Perth Bay arrived! We didn't talk much but they made it this far.

For dinner we had the last of the sockeye and the first of the silver. Both are really good—sockeye is still the best, then silver coho, then chinook king. Late dinner—tired. It rained all night

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July 21st Monday Hoonah Drizzle 1017

We learned that during the night someone—probably a kid—took one of the kayaks. Mike and Chio found it overturned on the beach. Their tent was floating in the water and their stove was missing. It was drizzling and they looked really depressed. Hoonah does not impress us as a happy town—things seem dreary, depressed, and dirty. There seems to be little pride. I must say a fisherman greeted us warmly as we came in.

We cast off to tie up at the gas dock to get least supplies for a couple weeks—bread & milk mostly. Yesterday Louie got >40 lbs of chipped ice free from the icehouse so we could keep our fish cold. We had to wait to get fuel. The dock was on tall pilings and had nothing but pilings to tie up to. Louie snuggled us in—not once, but twice. We topped up fuel and water and then said goodbye to Hoonah.

1105 Log 011 Leave Hoonah.

The wind was blowing from the east so we set main and genny and had a beautiful reach for a few minutes. Away by the time I put up the mizzen the wind had almost died.

I caught yesterday's salmon going 3 kn on my new-sure-to-catch-a-dumb-silver lure, a Krocodile (5/8 oz red with reflecting scales and no flasher). So I trolled it at 6 kn all the way with no luck.

By the time we reached Pt. Gustavus the wind had switched and was blowing against us. Gut at the same time, the sky was clearing and the sun occasionally shone. Louie radioed Bartlett Cove Park Service for our permit to come into Glacier Bay. It was done just like that. As we came into Bartlett Cove, we saw some humpbacks.

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There were many boats anchored in the cove. There is a large lodge with 56 rooms for visitors—boat tours and airplane tours were available. We could smell Halibut in the restaurant. The cove was also filled with hundreds of crab pots. We expected a few permanent anchors and were confused—picked up one and decided it was a crabpot.

~1600 Log 038 Arrive Bartlett Cove

Soon after we anchored, "Tyche" Judy's former boat, arrived. We yelled over that we knew Judy.

Oh for a dry boat. Everything which was wet was hung out to dry in the sun and breeze.

We took the dogs and went to visit the lodge, then on ~1/2 mile or so to visit the Park Headquarters. Sally was very cordial and helpful in telling us about anchorages and conditions in Glacier Bay. We talked about all kinds of things. They emphasize research on the whale issue. They haven't turned anyone away yet. Fewer boaters are coming because of the fuel situation. No one knows why whales didn't come in last year. Lots of wildflowers on our walk back—swallows, rainbow. There were some huge halibut on the dock.

While rowing back to the boat we were hailed by the Tyche people (Art & Dottie) to share a glass of wine. We visited with them until quite late—they went ahead and ate dinner. I felt quite sick from the sine when we finally went back to the boat. Plus I had to make dinner and it was really late. Boy was I out of sorts!

We finally got to bed—I felt better with food. Boats anchored practically oh top of us—just like Pirate's Cove. It started raining just as we got back to the boat—fortunately we got everything in before they got wet.

Well, we are officially in Glacier Bay.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

July 22nd Bartlett Cove Tuesday Sunny 1011↓

The mountains show up beautifully this morning. Clouds from the east are moving steadily westward. We aren't early-risers this morning, but early enough to have the tide with us for a ways.

Sally had warned us about strong currents and tide rips going into Glacier Bay alongside the Beardslee Islands. We figured we were close to slack with the tide with us and not much of a range so we should be OK.

0905 Log 038 Leave Bartlett Cove—Calm.

We had just eaten breakfast when we started feeling a swell. This continued getting rougher and rougher. These were the rips and they were very extensive. I put up the genny, but it didn't do much good. It got better for a while, but ahead we could see some sizable rips. We were tossed around a bit—not too bad—they just lasted for so long. Then a stiff wind came up against us to produce chop and chill. The sail went down, then up as the angles changed slightly—slugging & spray. The wind chopped back which meant we didn't make very good time in the chop. I spotted whales twice. Louie saw porpoises. The wind was coming from every which way. The clouds had caught us and were covering the sky in grey gloom. We kept looking NW where the sky was blue and sunny. We at least were able to see the mountain ranges around Glacier Bay—a real treat.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

At last, in the lee of marble islands, things became more relaxed. Hundreds of birds live on and around the islands. I saw a puffin fly by. We arrived in north Sandy Cove just before rain.

~1320 Log 060 Here are hundreds of birds in here. Huge flocks of Phalarope (Northern) drift in the tide lines. Families of Pidgeon Guillemots dunk their heads in the water to look for fishies. Bonapart's Gulls cry and holler along with the familiar sound of Glaucous Winged Gulls and Mew Gulls. Crows and Ravens make a racket from shore. Murrelets dive in pairs making sweet cheeping calls. This place is so alive!

Louie put up the canopy and I took doggies to shore trying to beat the rain. Then we sat back and enjoyed the bird sounds. This cove is well protected from all directions. We anchored in about 100 ft of water just in an indent off the little island. It has a wonderful gravel-sandy beach for the dogs to run. The Pooles' said king crab here so I put out the rings with a ripe Pollock & Salmon head for bait ~120 ft deep.

In the late afternoon we all went for a walk on the little island. There are mussels & clams here—too bad—PSP? The rocks are wonderful—various kinds of sandstone (?), shale, marble in ribbon layers, dolomite and a little coarse jasper. Most snail shells were broken. We walked until a rocky outcrop prevented us from going farther. There were lovely sedums on the rocks. We saw lots of beach strawberry plants, but no strawberries. Also all the ripe salmonberries were gone. Bear droppings were scattered all along the beach so the berries were probably taken by bear. We walked back just beyond the dinghy and when we turned around to the dinghy, there was a black bear trying to get into the dinghy! I kept the dogs and Louie approached the bear trying to shout it away.

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The bear was not in the least distracted. So he tried throwing rocks—the bear didn't budge. Louie got more aggressive when the bear started chewing on things and it backed off a bit. Louie grabbed an oar in case he needed it. That bear came back to the dinghy—really curious and not at all afraid. Louie got his camera out of the dinghy and started taking pictures! I could have died. Then Louie slid the dinghy on the rocks down to the water. This noise scared the bear and he ran off to the woods. I ran to the dinghy with a dog under each arm and we launched ourselves in the water. That bear had chewed the wood on the dink and Louie's yellows had tooth marks tho there were no holes.

Wow—what an experience. The bear came back to the beach and munched goose tongue and sniffed around. Then he walked right into the water and swam across the channel to the mainland—probably ~ 1/2 mile.

Salmon in ketchup & mustard for dinner. It has been quite a day. Louie checked the crab pot—a couple little King crabs.

It started raining. Fog obscured the high hills around us. Two other sailboats are anchored here tonight. They are over by the end of the little bay. Trees are spruce on the mountains—they rise steeply ending in jagged peaks. At high altitudes they are covered by green "meadow." Rain all night.

[illustration of N. Sandy Cove]

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

July 23rd Wednesday N. Sandy Cove Raining-Fog 1008

Louie got up at 6:00 AM and said he was going out to check the crab pit! Sleepily I said I would make coffee—but not get up. HE brought back a King Crab!! It was most likely a male—7¾ inches across weighing 6 lbs. The leg span on it was 40 inches! Luckily it was a docile creature as it sat in the cockpit while we had coffee. I planned my strategy for cooking the crab—it took two batches with the legs broken in ½. Oh Boy king crab for dinner. We still have good ice.

↗ Since it is pouring we decided to stay put for the day. Lots to do. Louie read and I wrote in my log. Nothing happened during the rain. The sailboats slowly left after noonish. They were going south. Well, it rained for 24 hours and then tapered off in the late afternoon. Louie wanted some exercise so he went fishing in the cove for a couple hours.

When he came back, he brought home a 3 lb halibut! Too much. A king crab and a halibut, both firsts, caught on the same day. Louie's a hero.

We had king crab for dinner—it is delicious. I hope we catch another one some day.

Our friend, the black bear, came back to the beach on the little island. He grazed on goose tongue again—it must be a tasty crop. Then he left. Louie walked the dogs with one eye out for the bear.

A fog is settling in tonight—hope it is better tomorrow. The barometer is rising in leaps. Goodnight.

P.S. An old wood power boat came in—“Ginger”—and anchored this evening. It is noisy with radio-talking and motors. Why can't people listen to the birds?

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

July 24th Thursday N. Sandy Cove Broken with fog patches Baro 1021

There are patches of blue sky to the north. Oh boy. This morning as we are having coffee we look out the window and see two beautiful snow-capped mountains, Mt. La Perouse (twin peak) and Mt. Crillon. They are both in the sunshine with clouds circling their middle.

0945 Log 060 Leave N. Sandy Cove—we really liked this place.

Naturally the wind is against us. It is variable however, and not too strong.

We went by beautiful Casement Glacier. It does not come down to the water. This whole area is a strange landscape. Low hills are lateral and terminal moraines built of silt and rolled glacial stones. They are deeply eroded by weather which produces a sharp desert-like landscape. There are few trees growing on the moraines, and the mountains are sheer having been scraped down to bare rock.

We went into Muir Inlet and saw McBride and Riggs glaciers. McBride has a striking medial moraine and a rugged, colorful face. The water looks quite shoal at the face of the glacier and we didn't approach too closely. There is quite a lot of icebergs in the inlet. They are mostly small ones with a few large bergs, many of them dirty with silt and gravel. We worked our way up to Riggs Glacier. This one has a long face on the water. There is a sand spit in front of part of it. We remember the slide show which Dave Hagen put on of these glaciers. They look very much like his pictures. We turned off the engine and drifted some distance away from the face of Riggs. Sure enough, we saw and heard ice fall off the glacier.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

The falling and cracking ice makes a tremendous noise like thunder. First you see it (if you're lucky) then you hear it. The glacier frequently creaks and groans with no obvious ice falling. We decided not to try to reach Muir Glacier. The channel is packed with ice and it would be a real job getting through it.

"Tyche" came along and drifted near us. They are travelling fast. They did the entire other side yesterday in the rain and fog. How miserable.

I went to a good sized iceberg to gather ice for my icebox. This time I used the hatchet and simply hacked ice into the dinghy. It was faster that way. There was a strong current around the iceberg; probably we feel both meltwater and tide. Just as I finished and started rowing away from the iceberg, it creaked and suddenly one whole end fell off—I scooted away. Then the whole thing rolled over! The side I was working on went to the bottom. Thankful for the timing of events, I went back to the boat with my ice and filled the icebox.

The landscape near the glaciers is almost totally barren stone. One can tell the old glacial paths which have vegetation from the more recently exposed land which is barren.

We motored with the genny up to Goose Cove to anchor. This is just a tiny inlet with a bit of a cove inside. The depth sounder was on as we slowly inched our way along. The channel became very narrow and shallow. At 10-15 ft we turned around wondering where to anchor. Just then a park service boat came in and told us how shallow it was in the pass. "Oh about 5 feet in just a ways. There is a rock in there too!" So we anchored where most sailboats do—in the inlet.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

The peak has two floating houses (1-room) and a fuel float in the cove. Dave and Corin were occupying one house. They invited us to come over for tea &/or beer so we went over after walking the dogs. There was a family of river otter working around the shore of the cove, two adults and two babies. Their chatter was in sweet cheeps, almost like a bird. Their chocolate brown bodies were very long with square whiskered heads. This was the first time Dave and Corin had seen the babies. We visited for a while—they are nice kids. We left our address in case Corin comes to the U of O. While we were visiting, three sailboats came to anchor in the small inlet! Two boats from San Francisco tied together—right on top of us! The other boat "Cat's Paw" left, then came back and stern tied to be out of the way. Darn, now I am worried about getting hit at night. David told us that the wind up there almost always blows from the north off the glaciers no matter what it is doing down south. New Bird—Greater Yellow Legs.

The salmon wasn't nearly as good as fresh tonight—in spite of ice. Maybe the problem is the way I fixed it—dill & lemon juice.

To bed after a full day. I was up & down all night.

July 25th Friday Goose Cove Partly Sunny 1019

We slept in a little this AM. The two San Francisco boats left very early to catch the ebb. We left for Wachusett Cove to see Carroll (?) Glacier.

0940 Log 093 Leave Goose Cove. What little wind there is is on our nose, of course. The sky is broken to the north giving us glimpses of mountains. The landscape again became barren. There is not much ice in this inlet and some of the bergs are very dirty. Well inside, some ice floes had seals "sunning" themselves. We tried going up to one batch, but they had pups and were very shy. This place is even more barren than Muir Inlet. Rock and gravel and ice in a rugged terrain showed buff and sometimes red colors.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

A low glacier called Plateau glacier runs alongside the inlet. We saw just a small part of it since a large lateral moraine and some ridges separated us from the glacier. There were run-off streams and waterfalls coming in the inlet. Finally we came to the end where we could see the glacier. It was covered with dirt all around. It must not be very active which would explain the lack of icebergs.

Just then a whole face fell in the water with a thunderous roar, exposing a new deep blue surface. We could see the shock wave in the pool at the front of the glacier. As other glaciers, this one had a sand spit off to the side. It was getting more and more shallow so we set anchor in a terrific current. A river comes out alongside this glacier producing a great sand flats of rolled stones and silt. We had lunch listening to the moans & groans from the glacier. The sun actually came out and it was warm. After lunch we took the dinghy over to the river sand spit. Mew gulls yelled at us and strafed overhead. There were large sink holes in the mud. These were probably caused by buried chunks of ice melting, creating a hole. There were tree trunks jutting out of the silt and stone even though there are no trees around for miles. These must be the "petrified" forests of thousands of years ago that John Muir talked about. The wood looks more pithy, but is still tough. There were animal tracks in the silt—wolf? or small bear? The stones had some iron, some quartz, but was mostly "rock."

About 3 PM we left that "desolate" place which still had wildlife—birds and seals. The first plant that grows in the rock and silt is fireweed. One can see clumps of magenta in the crevices here and there, stating again the long process of plant succession. There is such a mixture of old and new. Time scales are intermixed. The glacial terrain is "new" in a geological sense—the rock is old. The petrified forests were old and the fireweed new. Streams wash newly made sand and stone from old mountains. Life cycles.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

Since the tide was with us we passed by Goose Cove and went to an anchorage at Tlingit Pt. This anchorage is very exposed to the south, but our chart puts an anchor there. We tucked away nicely in front of a gravelly beach and had egg-rice for dinner. Louie went fishing without luck. There is a small island just past the point which is covered with birds and they are very noisy. Whole flocks of oyster catchers fly by screaming their heads off. It seems to be a nice place.

After dinner, as I was doing dishes a "wake" started. But it was no wake—it was a terrific swell which as best as we can guess came from tide rips on an incoming tide. The boat bounced violently, luckily we were taking it head-on. It kept up and I was getting worried. Behind us waves crashed on rocks and gravel. Louie was caught on the beach with the dogs. He finally made it aboard. I was shaking. A small power boat also anchored here decided it was too rough and they left. We couldn't get anywhere before dark—it was already 11:00 PM. What to do? How long would it last? Louie suggested we could anchor further in the cove away from the rocks—I thought that was a great idea. So we reanchored and the swell got better. We were comfortable and secure enough to go to sleep. The boat seemed to rock gently all night.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

July 26th Saturday Tlingit Pt. Foggy 1020

↗ Oh brother—now fog. The fog seemed to come and go. In drizzle visibility was very poor. The boat was rocking gently—nothing uncomfortable, but we expected swells when the tide started flooding in full force. So when it cleared enough to move we started.

1030 Log 132 Leave Tlingit Pt. We didn't have good visibility for long. Fog and drizzle settled in and all we could see was the land next to us. Louie toughed it out alone when it got wet. I stayed "warm" and dry inside. Finally it started clearing and Louie crossed the channel to Blue Mouse Cove.

Log 144 Arrive Blue Mouse Cove. The little power boat which had left Tlingit last night was anchored here. We anchored in the next indentation, glad to be in quiet protected water.

It wasn't raining. Louie set out the crab rings and then went off in the next bay fishing. I wrote Joey, Alex and Vicente a story about Curlew, the anchor. It rained on him. He came back with a little crab bait ... and a 6 lb halibut! Then he checked the crab pot and there were several king crabs in it. The big one jumped out before he got to the top. Louie tried to grab him, but it got away. Wow king crab are here. Some spots had tanner crabs, closer to the boat had king crabs. We got one crab over 7 inches, but we put it back thinking it was a female. Turns out it was a male. ♀s are really quite different.

The pickled fish aren't ready till tomorrow so it is fresh halibut tonight. 6 lbs is enough for 3 or 4 meals.

There are quite a few birds in this cove. P. Guillemot, Scotus, Murrelets, Ducks & geese, oystercatchers, sandpipers of some kind, and onshore birds.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

The sky broke open just before sunset showing spectacular mountains and sunlit clouds. There is one very high mountain of which we saw only the top, briefly.

Slept well tonight. S. Francisco sailboats in here tonight.

July 27th, Sunday Blue Mouse Cove Foggy 1018↓

Today is foggy and drizzly again. We enjoy it here so we decided since we can't see anything that we will stay put. Louie went out to check the crab trap at 6 AM. He told me to stay asleep. The trap was stripped clean of bait—every last fish bone. So he added bait and reset it, hopped back in bed and went to sleep. ⚡ We finally got up and he made another crab trap run. This time we caught a big male (and had a small female to compare it to). I cooked him up—it was a good full hard shelled crab.

I had bought ½ gal. of milk in Hoonah since that is all they had. It was sour when I opened it. So I had to do something with all that milk. We had pancakes for breakfast. I made tapioca pudding—which curdled a bit on cooking, but tasted good. Then I made skillet brownies on the kerosene heater. That plus cracking the king crab (1 ♂ crab = ~< 1 qt container of meat) filled my day.

Louie mainly read "A Distant Mirror" by Barbara Tuchman. The other day he tried to get the time tick on the Cassette radio and the radio didn't work—it was absolutely dead. Luckily the tape playing part was OK. Today he tackled the problem. After a while he said "No I've really done it. I broke the machine. I'll bet it doesn't work at all." He thought he had broken a component. He tried it and the radio worked. The look on his face was priceless. The tape worked also. He turned it off, then on, and it still worked. Hurray for Louie. I believe he can fix anything.

Tonight we had an elegant meal. King crab on lettuce & radishes, dipped in lemon butter, lima beans, noodles, and pickled fish; tapioca pudding for dessert.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

The sky broke as a breeze came up tonight. It is not quite as spectacular as last night. The barometer is down to 1013 and there is a bit of breeze and bounce to the water. We are relaxed and ready for sleep. Goodnight.

July 28th Monday Blue Mouse Cove Rain Wind & Fog 1012↓

We bounced around a little last night. A swell reaches us indirectly from outside. A weather front is supposed to go through today—it is certainly lousy weather.

We stayed in bed reading, this morning, listening to the rain and feeling generally lazy. It got quite windy. Finally Louie got brave enough to walk the dogs—a wet business. The kerosene heater keeps us warm.

We skipped breakfast and had egg sandwiches for lunch. The weather station is just static. We quietly read & Louie wrote letters all day. The big event of my day was walking the dogs in the late afternoon. There was a large swell and the boat was rocking constantly. On shore I had to worry about the dinghy getting banged so we didn't linger. The anchor is holding fine (we are pulling opposite the set) in 10 kn with higher gusts. Outside we can see the water is rough.

Halibut in tomato-pineapple sauce for dinner. We weren't very hungry from inactivity. At this rate we won't get to see the glaciers even.

Fog cleared a little in the evening, but no blue sky and no sun. The weather is supposed to be crummy for the next couple days—and who knows how much longer. What a bummer. The wind is restless tonight. The boat gently rocks in the swell.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

July 29th Tuesday Blue Mouse Cove Rain, Wind, Fog 1009

The wind blows in fitful gusts followed by rain. There is very little visibility so we settle back in bed again. I finished "The Starship and the Canoe" by Ken Brower. Louie is fit to be tied.

The wind and rain is not quite so bad today—what to do? We know it will be bad again tomorrow. Should we move?; North or South? We have all but given up on seeing glaciers in the West arm.

I wrote letters. Louie read his book after a very late start. I thought we might leave so Bitsy and I had ½ pill each. We didn't leave. Louie called the ranger station—he couldn't reach Bartlett Cove, but Dave in ARETE answered. Dave reinforced the gloomy weather situation and said we were in as good a place as any to sit out the weather. And there were King crab around here.

The wood stove is burning today—the air is so much better than when the kerosene stove is going. We were getting low on wood so Louie went to the beach to scavenge wood. He came back with the dinghy loaded. Then he brought back a small log which he stored as long pieces up forward.

As the low passed over, the sky opened up—just a bit. There was sun on the boat for 2 minutes, but there was sun here and there all evening. The wind switched to SW.

Steamed halibut with cheese sauce, lentil soup with beach greens, and beans for dinner. Brownies for dessert.

8 kayaks of 15 people paddled through our inlet and made camp on a far beach. They are a colorful group.

Calm before the storm tonight. Sometime during the night it started blowing. It blew all night in gusts. We slept.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

July 30th Wednesday Blue Mouse Cove Raining 1005½

It is raining cats & dogs. The wind has quieted and we sleep in late this morning. It is hard to shake our dreams. The barometer is as low as it has ever been this whole trip. The kayakers are breaking camp and are getting ready to move on—in the pouring rain. We can't get weather well enough to know what to expect tomorrow.

It blew and rained all day. Miserable. Poor dogs had wet walks to shore—and brief. Nothing to do but stay inside and try to keep dry. I worked on the Curlew story. We have a nice fire going in the wood stove.

About 2 PM a small open boat came across the cove towards us. It was two people in a rowboat with a tiny outboard which didn't work very well. They were wet and miserable. I invited them to come aboard and get warm if not dry. They were Lucy and Paul from Seattle. They had launched their rowboat somewhere beyond Cape Caution and rowed to Alaska with another couple in another boat. They had parted ways with the other boat in Skaagway to come to Glacier Bay. They got tows most of the way. Like us, here in the park they experienced mostly bad weather. In Seattle they live on a houseboat. Lucy is a RN doing research with U of W on Herpes. Paul is a nurse, also who quit his job to come on this trip. Those poor people were dripping wet. We visited and they warmed up with hot chocolate & munchies. Then they set up camp in the cove and waited out the rain.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

The mountains hardly bothered clearing tonight. Louie tried reaching "Arcté" by radio, but he couldn't raise them.

Tonight we had fish chowder—the last of the halibut. Ice is all gone—the timing was pretty good.

It blew 115 kn most of the night starting at 11:30 PM. I didn't sleep well because it was blowing opposite our set. Yawn—this awful weather!

P.S. AM weather from Juneau sounded encouraging for Sat.

July 31 Thursday Blue Mouse Cove Overcast with Showers 1003 1/2

The wind eased. This morning the sky was cloudy but not foggy. The weather has to get better.

↗ The wind was still blowing outside. Now—what to do?? Louie built a cozy fire and the doggies had a good walk. I set the crab rings with the halibut head bait. Then I went to visit Paul & Lucy on shore. They were a lot more cheerful today. Lucy needs to get to Juneau by Sunday to catch an airplane back to Seattle to her job.

Meanwhile, Louie, in trying to get out to renew our permit and to find out about the weather got in touch with a different park service boat. This fellow said it was supposed to blow SE again today and Blue Mouse was a good place to be. Then he said that the park had stopped issuing permits and that we should head for Bartlett when the weather permitted. Why? No answers. This touched Louie's paranoia.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

When we were in N Sandy Cove, the park service (unknown to us) work boat, "Ginger" anchored across the way. It had a noisy group with outboards, radios, shouts, and someone who was blowing a kelp horn. This bothered us since we were enjoying listening to the birds. So Louie shouted "Blow it out your ass!" Not just once. They heard and stopped being quite so noisy. Now, Louie figured they were getting back at us for the language used. Of course! Why not!

I went to the little stream in Lucy & Paul's cove and got water in the jugs so as not to use so much from the tank. Lucy met me with some books—good ones Herman Hesse, & Agatha Christie—which they had finished. I told them the story and that we would probably head for Bartlett tomorrow—Lucy wanted a ride.

When I went back to the boat I checked the crab trap. A good sized king! It was not legal size—shucks. Just then the park service boat came over to Atavist—oh boy. His name was Jim on "Circe" (or something like that). He politely ignored the crab in the dinghy and talked to us about the weather & park ruling. He himself didn't know why they had stopped issuing permits because he has poor radio reception also. He was on his way to Bartlett Cove. He said the weather wasn't too bad outside—around the "corner" was just a 2 ft swell, on chop. He suggested we "go for it" on our last permit day and then we would be coming out—weather permitting. He was so nice. We thanked him and he went to talk to Lucy & Paul. Lucy got a ride with him to Bartlett Cove.

We picked things up, had something to eat, grabbed the crab rinds and shoved off.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

1615 Log 144 Leave Blue Mouse Cove—except—we couldn't retrieve the anchor! Poor Curlew. Actually it was the line which was caught somehow. It jerked up a ways and then wouldn't budge. Louie and I both with all our strength couldn't move it. Louie backed the boat—nothing. Then, with the line tied to the cleat, he pushed forward very hard. Something gave. We hauled it up—line, chain, and anchor intact. The line was badly chafed. WE must have wrapped around a big rock. Much relieved, and wondering if there was a message in all this, we headed north.

Visibility was not very good, but it improved because more wind came up and swell & chop. We had up the Genny which helped pull us along—the boat hull is terribly slow according to the log. The clouds were mixing, and there was a brief spot of weak sunshine on us and on surrounding hills. Glaciers were showing their ribbons of ice on the mountainsides—we couldn't see very high. Then we came to Reid Glacier, a large blue-white glacier which comes right down to the water. It was beautiful and spooky. We slowly entered Reid inlet and went over to the anchorage behind a big sand spit.

~1830 Log 160 Arrive Reid Inlet.

We anchored in 60 ft—good grab tho the mud was soft at first. Then the wind started blowing down the glacier and ~1½ miles down the inlet onto us. In no time there was a good chop from 15-20 kn steady wind. We had some tea and tried getting used to the wind.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

The tide was going out and it happened that we had anchored too close—fathometer said 20 ft. So we didn't know whether we had dragged or what. We reanchored a little further out—the anchor had not dragged—it was in very well.

That done, Louie had the challenging job of getting the dogs to shore. Going in was fun—coming out was a tedious, bouncy and rather wet business. Meanwhile, I cooked our king crab which I had been keeping alive with buckets of water. He was intermediate between the 1st soft shell one and the 2nd hard shell one—it was food.

We wished the wind would let up so we could both go to sleep. And slowly, but surely it did get quiet. Thanks. We could hear waterfalls coming down off high mountains and we once in a while could hear the glacier creak and groan.

The kayakers who had come through Blue Mouse Cove were camped on the southern spit of the inlet—with bright blue and orange tents. There was someone camped on the spit on our side also.

The glacier shines with a white-blue light in the twilight. It has been a full day—good to go to bed. It doesn't look too hopeful that we will see the big glaciers tomorrow—Tan is all fogged in.

I awoke with cracks of the glacier. It is calm tonight, but it is still hard to sleep thinking of the glacier and the wind.

This place is cold. You can see your breath inside the boat. Louie measured the water temperature which was 41° F. There aren't very many icebergs in this inlet. Evidently Reid is not real active. It's holding its own though.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

August 1st Friday—Reid Inlet Clouds-Fog-Drizzle 1005↑

Awake with the sound of the glacier and rain. Later a large boat went by outside—it sounded like it was right on top of us. The weather is lousy again and we are for getting out of here.

Louie took doggies ashore—Bitsy loves running on the hillside. I fixed breakfast. Then we got underway to round up an iceberg. We found a fairly large one—handy.

Paul Rerucha, Lucy Reid

—Open Rowboat

3146 Portage Bay Pl E.

Seattle, WA 98102

325-4170

Log 160 ~1000

I pulled a 30-40 lb chunk off the top of the burg where it was just sitting as well as some other chunks. I had more ice than I could use finally. Then we left Reid in the fog.

At first there was a bit of north breeze, then a swell from the south, then it started blowing SE and got nasty. The canopy shed some rain, but it was a cold, miserable plough job back to Blue Mouse Cove. We reanchored about the same only a little farther out. It blew and drizzled the rest of the day. Luckily at 1:00 PM our time we turned on Juneau AM and got the marine forecast. That pesky low was still around but things were to improve tomorrow. Not one word with sunshine in it.

I went ashore to collect some mussels (since Paul was still alive) and to say hello to Paul who was still camped in the cove. He came over to the boat and we visited the rest of the afternoon with a cozy fire going.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

Tuna & rice for dinner—I never did get brave enough to eat the mussels. The boat was rocking due to SW swell at high tide and I quite lost my appetite as well as my patience. I'm sick of this rotten weather! The barometer is going up, though. Things got better—to the point of a breeze out of the north by bedtime!

When Louie was ashore with the dogs—he whistled to me and said there was a whale in the cove. He and Paul were watching it. I heard it blow 3 times and saw it once. Louie thinks it was probably a humpback! Right in the cove.

This cove is so alive—Canada Geese live here right now as well as many scotus & gulls and P. Guillemots. The harbor porpoises have cruised back and forth around the boat—feeding I guess—several times. There are also a couple of seals who watch us.

I slept well tonight.

Today, Aug. 1st we officially started our southward journey.

August 2nd Saturday Blue Mouse Cove Sun! 1014

We awoke to the view of beautiful mountains lit by morning sunshine! It was hard to believe, but there it was. We sat in bed drinking coffee and letting the sun shine on our faces. The clouds played with a lovely snow-capped mountain (which one?) which we could see for the first time. The clouds look unstable though.

Time to shove off.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

0910 Log 174 Leave Blue Mouse Cove. We waved goodbye to Paul and headed south. No wind. It looks rather gloomy to the south—fog & rain. To the north the mountains show white glaciers in the sun with only their tops covered with clouds. Inviting except we are bound to head south now. Three big cruise ships went by. Is the park open again? We look forward to getting some answers in Bartlett Cove from the park service.

As you move south there are subtle changes. Cottonwoods stand tall, then spruce mixes in, getting thicker with every mile. Phalaropes appeared again and eagles. So did fog and drizzle. The geese seem to be moving in flocks in a generally s'ward direction.

The passage with the current was fast and we decided to stop outside Bartlett Cove to fish for halibut—all that ice and nothing to keep cold. We drifted catching bottom several times—it felt like big fish. Then a park service boat came over to us as we were repositioning. Mike, whom we had met earlier was there, and two other fellows—Clarence, the chief honcho started drilling us about rules—a new emergency set of rules had been inflicted while we were out of touch—no engines during flood—we were too close to shore etc. We were “those people whose permits had expired.” He gave us a couple of alternatives. We could anchor or go to Bartlett Cove. Just then the lodge boat Glacier Bay Explorer went up the bay—on the flood! Well, we felt hassled by the experience and it was unfair to regulate only some boats. So we went to Bartlett Cove and on up to the headquarters to talk it out.

(Chuck Juraz) researcher of Humpback whales.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

We talked to Don Chase (?) for 2 hours. He talked about things like honoring prior contracts (Cruise Ships & Lodge Boats). Still feeling disgruntled we went back to the boat, had a quick dinner so that we could go to the evening park service program at 9:00.

Something that did work well was that Denny sent Louie's lens—right away, and Jim Luce (?) had picked it up and delivered it to headquarters. With the lens was more film and some homemade treats from Jan ... a care package of raisin cookies!! That was the sweetest thing. They tasted great. Louie replied by mail.

The program was presented by Kim. He read a Just-So story of How the Whale Got His Throat—very well done. Then he PR'd a bit to the lodge people (guests) and showed some slides—some were really beautiful pictures. What would Glacier Bay be without the glaciers? Certainly not the unique place that it is now in terms of plants and wildlife.

We met the people in the sailboat "Cat's Paw." Jim & Kathy and their friend Sandy attended the program also. They were interesting people—Louie & Jim talked the night away. They are a young couple who lives aboard in Ketchikan in a small community of live-aboards. Kathy is outgoing and has a strong personality. Sandy is more shy. She lives in Anchorage.

It was a full day today—full of mixed feelings. Bed feels good, goodnight.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

August 3rd Sunday Bartlett Cove Overcast → Rain, Wind 1013

We were too slow getting up this morning. A weather front blew through—fiercely for a short time.

1245 203 1013

Then it rained. Poor doggies had to wait out breakfast before going ashore. When Louie was bringing them back, the "Cat's Paw" was pulling up anchor so he went over to say goodbye. They were going over for water and then were leaving for Hoonah.

Louie & I looked at each other—"let's go and get out of here" we said. We left the canopy up to shed rain—it rides 20 kn winds pretty well. WE will just catch the last of the ebb out of Bartlett Cove to switch from E to W in Icy Strait.

1245 Log 203 Leave Bartlett Cove & leave Glacier Bay.

It wasn't too bad going—we were psychologically prepared for wind & rain. We put up the genny at Pt. Gustavus on a reach and, indeed, the wind was from the west in Icy Strait although the swell came from both directions. "Cat's Paw" started some time after us, but he goes faster. The wind dropped as we went down the strait—not too bad.

At Pt. Adolphus, on the south side of Icy Strait, we saw a humpback glowing near shore. Ha! We should call Bartlett Cove and tell them to come round up this vagrant whale!

When we came close to Hoonah, near Halibut Island, I started to do some serious trolling. I had fixed up my new Abe & Al flasher (white) with some reflecting material and put a white hoochie at the end—not too much wt ~7 oz. The other pole had the Krocodile.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

Whammo! The pole holder came off and the green pole started overboard. Louie grabbed, missed, then grabbed again. He caught and saved his fishing pole. I reeled it in with a funny jerking motion on the top—I thought it was the flasher. IT was a fish! Louie ran for the net—we were scrambling and tripping over everything. It was a spirited fish—it jumped out of the water, but stayed hooked. Then it jumped again and fell back into the net! We caught a fish! It was a bloody mess and the fish had all three hooks in him. It turned out to be a Chinook—5½ lbs ~26 inches. Not quite legal, but badly hurt—and we were hungry. We trolled a little more without any more strikes. “Cat’s Paw” was fishing too. He gave up trolling and was drifting near the cannery. WE saw them catch 2 good sized halibut! One was 9 lb and the other was 15 lbs.

The fishing boats were pouring out of Hoonah—there was a trolling opening tomorrow. Therefore there was lots of room at the dock—we had planned to anchor, but “Cat’s Paw” had tied up so we went in behind them. I had a fish to clean—in Hoonah again. Louie visited and went to buy beer. I was a little out of sorts being left to cook & clean. Sandy came over to visit after I had gone over to see their boat and be friendly. Kathy gave us some halibut—they had quite a lot.

Late dinner, but good; salmon steaks, rice & cabbage. I never did get to walk through Hoonah. Bed feels good and it is a chunk out of our southward journey. Kids were playing on the dock till very late tonight.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

August 4th Monday Hoonah Foggy → Sun! 1018

Kids were noisy early this AM. Oh boy, the weather looks better. We got our act together. "Cat's Paw" went for fuel first, we followed after he was finished. It is pretty tricky tying up to pilings—dirty things.

0940 271 1021 1022

We took on fuel & water and Louie bought 5 gal of kerosene. We went over to the dock and tied while I went to the store for supplies. They were out of most everything (since the fishermen just left and the barge hadn't come in yet). No milk—no choice of bread etc. Well, I spent less money that way. Louie got a bag of ice cubes free from the liquor store—that topped off our ice. We waved goodbye to "Cat's Paw," they are going to Auk Bay today—we are going south.

1150 Log 232 Leave Hoonah—fog. The fog seemed to burn off just as we reached it—suddenly everything was clear and sunny. There was no wind. Louie had taken down our fairly dry canopy so we could enjoy the sunshine. Tentatively we took off one layer of clothes after another. Vit D! We rounded Pt. Augusta and entered Chatham Strait picking up a breeze from the north—up went the genny. We her been going against the current all day. The wind and swell kept picking up. Looking north the water in the strait looks blue-black = wind. Just off Iyoukeen Cove we saw two humpback whales blowing and rolling ~6-10 times then diving only to repeat the whole ritual again. Eventually we passed quite close. We tried to get pictures, but it was against the sun and at the end of our film. We came to Freshwater Bay and anchored (2x) in Paulof Hbr.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

This is a rather pretty place with green trees and a large salmon stream coming in. There is a constant small swell coming in from the Bay.

There is a logging operation in the hills behind and airplanes continually flew over. One plane landed in our cove, let a fellow off for 5 min., landed again to pick him up. We decided he may be checking the stream for logging impacts.

Louie is in a bad mood tonight. He yelled at the dogs & yelled at me. Then, when he tried fishing (fish were jumping in the stream), his reel broke! Still, we had a tasty dinner and the boat was quiet. The strangest thing is that there are hardly any birds here—an eagle, a sandpiper-like bird and an occasional gull are all the birds we saw. Oh well—goodnight.

August 5th Paulof Harbor Sunshine! Tuesday 1021

It is beautiful outside—just beautiful. There is fog out in the strait—maybe it will go away by the time we get there.

0940 Log 271 Leave Paulof Harbor. We decided to skip Tenakee Springs and to go down to Angoon today. The strait was already a little choppy. Fog got thick for a while, then thinned. We could see just enough now and then. I put up the genny, then, when the wind became more steady we turned and put up the main. Sailing made the ride over ~3 ft swell more comfortable, plus it was giving us a boost. Slowly as we progressed down and across the straits, the wind inched upwards. We were having a good sail!

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

Outside of Angoon it was blowing 20 kn and the seas were up to 4 ft. Angoon looked uninteresting with chop and swell rolling into town, so we decided to try to find an anchorage behind Killisnoo Island, two miles south where the ferry terminal is. At the point of the island we got into tidal effects such that the waves increased to at least 6 feet. Louie shut off the motor and we sailed 6-6½ kn going over some exciting swells. I tried taking pictures. We had to jibe to turn the corner—a tricky move in this water. We carefully transferred the boom and the maneuver went well. Then we rode the swell along the back of the island with gusty wind, wondering where on earth we were going to anchor. Well, we rounded the end of the island, saw the ferry terminal and a big sailboat anchored and tied to dolphins in a tiny cove. We wandered and wondered. The people on the sailboat invited us to tie alongside—we didn't want to bother them, but there seemed no other choice so we did tie alongside. Well—these were people we had seen in Myers Chuck. They had trouble anchoring—now we know it was because a crew member had lost their good anchor! He didn't tie it right. They are Jay and Deloris (?) Levan. Deloris remembered us from Prince Rupert also (??) Maybe it wasn't us. We told them we had come to look up a couple whom Flip & Ida had met and enjoyed while they were in Angoon. It turned out these were the parents of the people we wanted to meet! Such a coincidence!! Furthermore, they were going to walk over to where they were building a house ~ a mile away. So we tied everything down and joined them on their walk.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

Jay and Mary Levan (30 & 28) are very busy people. Besides building a house, they are the fish buyers in Angoon. They buy for a Petersburg company for a commission on amt. of fish. Most of "their" fishermen are Hand Trollers. They established the business because there were no fish buyers anywhere in the area. They have been very active in the town where whites are a 5% minority. Mary had served a year as city administrator and for 4 years trying to get money for building a museum. She got the money, they are ready to start building, but there is political trouble with the town elders who hate or do not trust whites. She was just in the process of deciding to resign. The elders were inciting others to distrust and Mary was really hurt. The Indians (Tlingits) themselves seem to have no ability to organize and plan constructively. They have been the recipients of a federal dole and there is incredible waste with little sign of improvement. They go through constant and traditional infighting and clan feuds. For example, they got federal money to build a well equipped machine shop. This was to employ half the manpower of the community and teach skills etc. But as soon as it was built, the feds had no more to do with it—there was no plan for management or responsibility. So the building sits there unused, precision machines have rusted to the point where they are useless, thousands of dollars of small tools have been stolen, and slowly but surely the building is breaking down. Louie could hardly stand it.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

Their new log house is far from finished, but they have come quite a ways. They have a big redwood (?) cistern to collect water. Angoon only gets 30 inches a year! They will mostly burn wood with a couple of fireplaces and a wood cooking stove. Their bedroom is upstairs—really nice—and there is a loft over the living room. The kitchen is most complete. She has a small refrigerator which runs off a generator or a 12V battery. Evidently the house has come a long ways since Flip & Ida were there.

Mary has her BA in archeology. Her father was for many years the secretary of agriculture in Wisconsin. So her political knowhow comes from her Dad. She works in Juneau for a state legislator on particular issues (Jan→May) in the winter to bring in a little more money. Jay is a native Alaskan. He loves to fish and hunt. Jay took us, with our laundry and shampoo, over to the fish buying float—a new station supplied by Petersburg. Because it was rough, not many boats were fishing today so business was slow. Jay fixed popcorn and gave out free pop to the fishermen and to friends. He said they would have had beer except Angoon is a dry town. A few salmon came in on Indian boats—I learned to tell the difference between Chinook and Coho and pink. Then a troller came in with ~400 lbs of salmon—all nicely iced down. The fellow's name was Gordon. He had formerly been partners with Jay and that association didn't work out. He and Jay are on speaking terms still, but are not good buddies. Jay feels that Gordon still insinuates himself in Jay's personal life—house-building, friends.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

Later in the evening Gordon brought us ½ a ½ gallon of ice cream—a rare and expensive treat in Angoon. Louie and I took showers and then I did one load of wash. We feel much better for all that. Then a #7 named Dennis came in with 800 lbs of salmon! That was a lot of fish. His wife, Andrea, is Indian. She is pretty organized and keeps their boat spotless. They have a house in town, but while they are fishing they live on the boat. They trap fur animals in the winter. Last winter their boat sunk at the fish float. They had a lot of expenses getting it fixed, including a new engine—it was insured. Today, after 2½ days fishing, they earned ~\$1200. After Jay finished at the fish float we went over and visited with them. Later, Sergi, a Russian Jewish anthropologist friend of Jay's, came over also. It seems that the white people are adopted into different Indian clans. Jay is a Dog Salmon—others are Raven and so on. The clan is matrilineal and people of the same clan are not supposed to marry. In the old days, your son would be taught to hunt & fish by the maternal uncle (same clan). That uncle would call the child son. Actually the child was to live with and be raised by the uncle. Thus the culture is not organized around the nuclear family. Children are shared as are material goods. There is less of a possessive sense. Evidently that is still true today (less possessive). If you have something which you are not using and someone else needs it, he takes it. You probably have to ask for it back. Taken too far, it is on the thin edge of theft.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

About 1 AM we went back to the boat. Tomorrow Jay and Sergi are going to climb a mountain and hunt deer. (Sergi with his camera rather than a gun.)

Dennis gave us an undersized chinook so when we got to the boat I had to ice it down. We finally got to bed, planning to stay at least one more day.

August 6 Wednesday Killisnoo Island Sunshine! 1022

Another beautiful day, not a cloud in the sky. We needed a good breakfast since we had only had popcorn and ice cream for dinner. So I fixed oatmeal, egg and bread. Yum. Louie got busy taking apart his reel while I was doing dishes—a tedious business. There is already a brisk north wind this AM causing a swell to come in the cove and the boat was constantly rocking. He cursed and swore every time things fell apart. The dogs and I hardly breathed. But he fixed it! It works!! Amazing. I wanted to take advantage of the sunshine to dry the rugs, air the boat, and do a little cleaning. It took time, but it was worth getting dry.

Finally we got ourselves together to go visit with Mary. This time Louie and I (and dogs) walked up island through the woods. This island used to hold the highest population in Alaska! The old town is all defunct and grown over by woods. At the East end of the island is an old cemetery. Some graves have fences built around. Some of the headstones had Russian words on them. The walk through the wood was really nice. We passed through several lots with the beginnings of cabins at various stages overlooking the water. One fellow owns most of the island and he is subdividing it and is selling lots. He is working on a "resort" over by the boat.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

We reached the house and visited with Mary for 3 hours. Then she had to get ready for work. Jay Sr. was to pick her up—he also went to help her with the business. We all went back around the island in the skiff. They have 3 dogs themselves. One old big dog and a younger lab mix are theirs. The old dog went with Mary. The other two romped around the island and met us at the boats.

We had tea and visited with Doloris—we went over to see her boat—a Coronado—big, roomy and plastic. They did bring it up the coast from Calif. She gave us some homemade bread & black currant jelly. Then we had chinook salmon steaks for dinner. The fish from Dennis must have been several days old—it was quite soft and tasted like store-bought salmon.

I got in a big argument with Louie over not being able to set the table—actually an accumulation of things I guess. He left the table and took off. I felt terrible. When he came back I reheated his dinner and we made up. Somehow the act of getting mad or crying made me feel better inside. I was disappointed not to be able to see Angoon.

The sunset tonight was really spectacular. High clouds came in from the NW and the sky was orange-red-pink taupe. Tomorrow is another day.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

August 7 Thursday Killisnoo Island Sun, high clouds 1023

Sun again this morning. I dreamed I was touched by the fluke of a whale—later I was dancing with it—a strange dream. We saw several humpback whales come right in Rootznahoo Inlet while we were at the fish float. One rolled over and showed a big white flipper. Jay said when I was in the shower a whale came out of the water with its mouth open. This is the most action we've seen since Stephen's Passage. The fishermen are adamant that the reason whales don't go into Glacier Bay is that there is no food for them. Salmon don't go in either.

We left without waking anyone

0915 Log 301 Leave Anagoon.

Chatham Strait was flat calm. We were running out of sunshine into marine low clouds and fog as we entered Peril Straits. The wind came up against us and blew 16-18 kn with chop. Gradually that got a little better as we went inside. There is a lot of clear cutting on Chickagof Island particularly, but on Baranof also. A tiny lumber town is tucked away at the bottom of treed hills. Every time we go around a corner or across a bay the wind seems to switch. It blew on our nose >20 kn in Deadman's Reach and also started raining. The barometer is 1024. ↓

Louie kept slugging for 46 miles until we reached Deep Bay—our anchorage. WE tucked in behind an island in a nice quiet spot. Occasional gusts would reach us, but the boat didn't strain. It was a good thing. I don't think the anchor was in too solidly—rocky.

So—we got wet again. It is surprising how quickly the rugs & walls get wet after being dry—due to leaks and condensation. At least there is less dirt.

Mummy halibut tonight—cracker crumbs & egg coating. Sleepy tonight.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

August 8th Friday Deep Bay Cloudy—drizzle & rain 1020↓

Today is 3 completed months on the water. Time passes more quickly when we are on the move. We are prepared for running in miserable weather today because the weather report for tomorrow sounds worse. Sergius narrows is slack around 11:30 and is only 3 miles away so we could take our time this morning over coffee. ↗

1040 Log 348 Leave Deep Bay. A huge Alaska ferry overtook and passed us just before the narrows. The current was against us still at the beginning of the narrows, but became slack and maybe a little with us at the other end. Not bad—right on time. Outside Peril Strait we could feel the ocean swell. It was breezy but not bad. The trouble is that it was foggy and you looked out to a blanket of white straining to see the next buoy or point of land. Boats came by regularly to show the way and after a couple miles we were out of the swell. Fog always lifted just enough for us to see our way. We went buoy to buoy through narrow Neva Strait, then through the fog in Olga Strait. Outside Olga St. we had just 10 miles to go. We were behind little islands most of the way—no swell. Visibility came & went as we went along. Just outside Sitka Louie tried calling the harbormaster to find out where to tie up. Turns out the harbormaster has CB not VHF. So we came into town. Louie was in a strange mood. The 1st docks said no transients. The downtown docks (ANB) were jammed with fishing boats 5 and 6 deep.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

So we went under the bridge over to the new, fancy, and quite empty Crescent Harbor where signs clearly said No Transients. Our mood was beginning to darken. We temporarily tied to a float and Louie went to call the harbormaster. First the phone didn't work, then he had the wrong number from the dock—then he got the harbormaster. We were directed to the 1st basin and to take a slip. So off we went—sure enough there was enough room and we tied up.

Log 384 Arrive Sitka.

The doggies were glad to stop—not such a good place for walking them. Only a few boats away was the familiar California boat Azurelight (lost mast). They were rafted with Brigadoon in Goose Cove—too close to us. Anyway, in a dull moment, Tom fiddled with his Perkins engine where he shouldn't have. He broke some very important part and had to send to Seattle for it. Some kids had shot out all the runway lights at the airport and planes couldn't land in the fog. So Joan & Tom had been in Sitka for a week and were pretty tired of waiting.

Marinated Salmon for dinner. Louie put up the Canopy. There is a lot of boat and plane traffic. This basin gets plenty wakes since they only have a floating breakwater. Noisy but snug we settled in for the night.

Weather report—the high pressure ridge persists. Winds SW 15 kn switching to SE 15 kn. Rain.

Actually I feel happy that we made our destination. We are in Sitka—next to the ocean!

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

August 9th Saturday Sitka Foggy 1024

We were up and walking to town to reach the post office between 10:30-12:30 to check for mail. No mail—I checked twice. Shucks—haven't heard from the folks all summer. What now? We started wandering through town to St. Michaels Russian Orthodox Church. We peeked in through the doors since there was a service going on in a little side room. There were lots of icons and ornamentation. It smelled like strange incense. The church had a main room with chairs set well back from the altar. Then off to the side were several side rooms—for various services I suppose. Next we walked over to the Convention center building near Crescent Harbor. We got information on how late the various places were open, & that the New Archangel Dancers were performing Sun—at 10:30. There was a small museum and an art exhibit—local artists selling their paintings, photographs, batiks etc in the building.

Hungry now, we went to Col. Sanders and had hamburgers & fries--\$6! Feeling better with full stomachs we went on to the Sheldon Jackson Museum where Mary Levan had worked 4 years ago. It was a delightful museum full of Indian artifacts. We took our time. There were no cruise ships nor tour buses there today so we didn't have to compete for space. There were also some Russian artifacts. Sheldon Jackson was a missionary. Mary related that he confiscated a lot of things from the Indians as heathen. Luckily he kept it and labeled it with which group & year. Thus the museum has a fine exhibit. There is a Sheldon Jackson College (community) using old military buildings.

The sun is coming out! We are dressed in yellows & boots and are beginning to strip down.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

Next we went to the Sitka National Park (Monument?) where there is a cultural center and a totem pole park. The cultural center is a new building with rooms for various crafts—bead work & sewing, woodwork, and jewelry & engraving. Local Indians can work here to learn as well as to produce artistic works. There is an auditorium where we saw a short historical slide show, and a historical exhibit telling about the battles between the Russians (Baranof) and Tlingit Indians (frog clan). The walk through the totem park was really nice—a super jogging trail which was being used by runners. On the trail we met Putnam—1st mate of "Malibu." It was amazing—Louie recognized him as the man who had brought us some wine in Horsefly Cove. He said "don't I know you?—Horsefly Cove." !! I'll never get over his memory. Sure enough that was the fellow—and he did remember us finally. He has had personal problems with the skipper of the "Malibu" and is quitting the ship. That ship was chartered by some company for 1/4 million dollars for the summer. They go between Juneau & Sitka.

We headed home with tired feet, legs & backs. It was certainly a full day. After tea I went up to the store for some groceries—we were out of milk, mints & cookies! Louie visited with Joan & Tom. They got their part today.

Fish chowder for dinner. It was really late. Louie was over having a drink—I had too much for 2 people so I invited them over for dinner. We had only just enough. Joan brought canned fruit for dessert and we had a good time. They hope to get their part tomorrow.

Time for bed. The weather is supposed to be good tomorrow. Today was certainly a treat.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

August 10th Sunday

Sitka

Sunny!

1023

Boy what a beautiful morning. We can see volcanic Mt. Edgecombe clearly, there is no fog. We got up and out in time to walk to town for the dancers \$2 each. Most of the crowd was from a cruise ship anchored outside—which is why the dances were being put on. We were right in front except for some reserved seats. Louie started the rumor that the king & queen of Sitka were to be seated there. The rumor kept being passed along amongst the town people. It was so funny. The dancers are women of Sitka who get together and dance for fun. They don't get paid—the money goes to send students abroad or something. The costumes were bright, the dancing a little awkward. They only went for 30 min and were short one person. They were OK, but didn't compare to the crew of the "Odessa."

I wanted to do some shopping for gifts so Louie left me downtown while he went to get ice. I looked in this place and that place without much luck—it was such a tourist trap. Most stores closed at 12:30 when the cruise ship left so that ended my misery. Anything nice cost many \$ and everything else was crummy. I didn't do very well. Oh well, the sun is shining brightly and it is warm outside—I walked back to the boat. Azurelight is gone—as they had hoped. Louie was off somewhere so I fussed around the boat—dressed in shorts & sun top! Louie had gone to the bakery—2 miles down the road!! What a sweetheart. He bought yummy cinnamon rolls and 3 loaves of bread. I couldn't get over it. Then I went off to do some laundry and shopping. The laundromat was the pits—almost 1/2 the machines were broken and the place was filthy. I talked to people we had met—and some others so the time passed quickly.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

Dinner was fried chicken tonight—with frozen green beans. After dinner mints taste wonderful. Louie took the canopy down—things are put away—we are ready to leave tomorrow. There was a glowing sunset tonight—the air is still and it is warm. People are working on their boats or coming back from the weekend outing. Noisy—but happy summer noise. Goodnight.

August 11th, Monday Sitka Sunny! ~1015

Good morning to a nice bright morning. We have to get to the post office to check for mail & to mail our cards & letters. So at 9:30 we walked to town—no mail. I left home as a forwarding address. We walked back looking over the gas-dock situation. Boats are stacked up waiting for fuel and to unload fish. It is going to be a real circus.

We cast off and got in line at the standard station. There were boats at the ANB docks that we knew—"Ocean Home," an Oregon boat which had just broken a pole—I talked to the 1st mate at the laundry. "Good News" (not in Namu) was there, but no one was on board to answer our hails. "Alonia" was another case where I had talked to the people at the laundry—they were going fishing. We finally got fuel & water—it took us 7 min.

Log 384 ~1100 Leave Sitka—calm for a while. We can see everything we missed in the fog before. Little green islands stand out of the blue water. The sky is very blue. A fog bank lies off the coast as a dark line. The wind picked up on our nose at Olga & Neva Straits. Salisbury Sound (?) was windy and choppy with increasing ocean swells. We plugged along. No one had pills today—we didn't really need any.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

Wind driven spray was the worst we had to contend with. At least we were going with the current today.

Louie turned in the by now considerable swell to run into Kakul Strait. The current was against us and against the wind—a little rough. Slowly we made headway and passed through the straits. There was time to wait for Sergius Narrows slack water so we ducked out of the wind in Schultz Cove anchoring temporarily in soft bottom. The Coast Guard boat, which we had passed, then passed us etc all day, was standing off the outside of the cove. A tugboat "Calumet" was moving a log boom inside the cove. I started dinner then walked the dogs. We ate dinner and did dishes by 7:00 when we left for the narrows. Slack water was at 7:38, we started in at 7:30 and finished ~7:40. A coast guard crew was working on one of the lights in the narrows—changing the number from 7 to 9. The buoys are mixed up in Peril Strait and they are working on it. When we were in Sitka we passed close to the Coast Guard boat "Woodrush." It came to the narrows, picked up its crew and passed us again waving. Also tugs Calumet and Sampson (chug a chug) passed us & waved. We were in good spirits with all that company. And the wind, what little there was, came from behind. The evening was beautiful and clear. High mare's tails whisked across the sky.

We went to Poison Cove and tied up to a log boom—our first time. It's really fun to walk on the logs. We were in 130 ft. of water. This cove wouldn't be a good anchorage. There are lots of logs stored here. Gulls and murelets are noisily fishing at low tide—it is peaceful.

We are relaxed—jigged a little watching evening set. Then a powerboat came and tied up two logs behind us. Their kids ran the crab trap out in their outboard dinghy and so on. So much for peace. We went to bed.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

Today we passed the 2000 mile mark of the trip. Thoughts again turn towards home.

Quiet night.

August 12th Tuesday Poison Cove Sunny 1011↓1010

Another beautiful morning. This morning there are puffy white clouds in the sky, all orange tinted with the rising sun. We slept well last night and were slow to rise. After walking doggies & breakfast we set out for the rest of Peril Strait.

1015 Log 427 Leave Poison Cove. The wind comes in fits on our nose. Some places are flat calm, others choppy—that pretty well describes most of the day. The eastern end of the Straits was choppy with wind on our nose slowing us down to 5½ kn. The current was against us until ~2 PM so progress was slow. I tried bucktailing for a couple hours—no luck.

We passed anchorages to make for the entrance to Peril St. hoping that the wind would be holding from the north. We got out there with the genny up and the wind switched to SE—just like that. In a matter of 10-15 minutes it was really rough. Curses. The choice was Sitkoh Bay, exposed to the SE or to go back behind some islands on the south shore. I wanted to go back because the S. shore offered better protection from the swell & chop. Hating to lose those hard won miles, Louie turned around. We chose to duck behind Eva Islands—not a marked anchorage, but it is closer to the straits and we can see what it is like out there. At least there isn't much swell. The anchor bumped then took hold. Rock (?) This place is alive with gulls, ducks and diving birds. I took the doggies to shore before the rain.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

Louie started jigging from the boat. In 1 min. he caught a small flounder—then 2 sculpins. Just before I left he caught a big flounder—eating size! That saved us from hot dogs tonight. On shore I found a huckleberry bush with lots of berries on it—dessert!

Louie took the dink out a ways to fish for halibut. The wind and current conspired against him so he came back. Meanwhile the wind had switched, blowing from the West down the strait into us. The tide was going out and rocks were showing here & there so we finally decided to reanchor on the other side of the bay—it would offer a little more protection from the strait. We got a good bite this time and felt more secure. Louie played music while I fixed dinner. It helped to drown out the sound of the wind blowing 10-20 kn in gusts—the opposite way I set the anchor—of course.

Things settled down in the late evening. The boat rocked a bit all night—we didn't sleep too well.

Then at 5:00 AM the wind came up again blowing SE 15-22 kn. We swung this way and that as well as bouncing up and down. Guess we stay here today. ⚡ The wind settled down and we fell asleep.

August 13th Wednesday Eva Islands Partly Sunny 1012↑

We were surprised to wake up to sunshine and blue sky. There are clouds all around—pretty ones. At 9:00 we listened to Juneau AM—they had the marine weather forecast—great! We don't get weather in here. It sounds rough S winds 20 kn. Tomorrow doesn't sound much better. Anyway a high pressure system is coming and we will stay put for today. ⚡

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

Clouds rapidly closed in and it started raining. Eggs for breakfast. Doggies had to wait until it stopped raining so hard. With the wind coming from every which way, Louie decided to go out in the dink and try fishing again. I saw salmon jumping with the incoming tide so I decided to buzz bomb. I caught a 5 lb halibut—my 1st one! The Louie came back after 1 hr. It was getting rough out there—he made a scowl. Then I saw two big snapper in the dinghy—bright red big ones! 4 lbs & 3½ lbs. Plus he had a quillback! Boy are we in fish now. Luckily we have some ice. We went to shore and filleted the fish; the crab pot had ~12 tiny shrimp! No crab but 1 tiny. By dinnertime the rough stuff was bouncing the boat around uncomfortably. Louie decided to put out the stern anchor so we wouldn't get the swell broadside—it was tricky getting the boat around, but it worked and the little anchor held just fine. What a relief!

Snapper for dinner—yum. We had leftovers for tomorrow's lunch = fish sandwiches. Shrimp were the best yet, very tasty.

2 flocks of Canada Geese flew by the cove. Wonder what tomorrow's weather will bring. It is fun listening to chatter on the radio—we get hints about what it is like outside.

Good night.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

August 14th Thursday Eua Islands Overcast—not foggy 1008

Well, we decided to try it—seemed quite still in the morning light.

0945 Log 465 Leave Eua Island & Peril Straits

Louie tied the stern anchor line to some floats, let it go, pulled up the main anchor, then went back for the little anchor over the bow. It worked!

We cut in back of the rocks & islands around the point to save some miles—the chart said it was OK. We will be traveling against the tide most all day. There are several places along Baranof Island where we can duck in if necessary. This is a beautiful island—heavily wooded with steep cliffs and sharp ridges.

Just ahead Louie spotted a whale spout—I ran for my camera. We didn't see it for a while, then he was quite close to us. The behavior was different than we had ever seen—no clear hump or dive—just some whale showing with a kind of sideways spout. It must be a humpback doing a bubble net! Sure enough, he was swimming on his side, then he rolled over and dove. We were pretty close—hope I got a picture!

A little later we saw porpoises (harbor) feeding—not the friendly type. Then Louie spotted a pocket of water “boiling” with fish in a feeding frenzy. I ran for my pole as he circled the fish. We could see their dorsal fins above the water—they were not very long—maybe Pollock (?). By the time I got my line in they were gone.

1500 Log 495 We have arrived at Baranof Warm Springs bay. The wind was picking up a little, but I think it calmed down later.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

The community of Baranof is at the head of a beautiful cove. A tremendous waterfall comes in very close by. There is a state dock and there was lots of room—we tied up and checked out the bath situation. There are warm sulfur springs here and the owners of the store and bathhouse offer a hot sulfur bath in a tub for \$2 each. We decided to try it. The water temperature was just perfect and the tubs were deep. Sulfur water continuously runs in the tub and a siphon determines the level. Each bath had a private room. We had the bathhouse to ourselves. It was great! Finally you got too hot and had to get out (I was reading). My muscles had absolutely no strength. I could hardly stand up at first. There is a lake at the head of the falls. We took a hike along the trail—boardwalk which went up to the lake. There were wild blueberries all along the trail and we stopped often to eat berries. Then we came to some warm springs. One spring was a steaming pool with bubbles coming up from the bottom—it smelled very strongly of sulfur. It seemed that blueberries near the warm springs tasted the best.

The lake was only ½ mile from the store. We stopped long enough to say hello and to take a few pictures—then moved on because of the bugs. If we are weathered in tomorrow I will go fly fishing at the outlet stream. The lake is a beautiful blue-green color—the sun is trying to come out.

The store—with a few expensive supplies—is owned run by a family who live in Baranof. We met the mother, Alice, when we first arrived. She had fallen and hurt her wrist—not broken, but some blood vessels did break. She was flying out (to Sitka?) to see a doctor. Boy, accidents are expensive out here.

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Her husband is fishing. HE wants to buy a newer boat—theirs is 1914 boat in not such good condition. Her young 11 or 12 year old daughter was left to run the store and bathhouse. We talked to her a while. She is a cute red-head who doesn't mind freckles—although she doesn't have many. She goes to school by correspondence. Her manner of speaking is very adult—she hardly has any contact with kids. I mailed Ulysses' birthday card from here.

Let's see—halibut for dinner tonight. Boy is it good halibut. I think all the fish from Peril Straits taste so good because the water is so fresh.

There are only ~5 fishing boats and the Arctic Tern, an old couple on a big cement sailboat who are planning to live in Baranof this winter. We hear about Baranof HS on the radio quite a bit so it is popular with the fishermen.

Quiet tonight except for the sound of the waterfall. Good night. Richard's Birthday.

August 15th Friday Baranof Warm Springs Sunny! 1010

Oh boy sunshine. What a beautiful morning (at 0700). By 0800 we can see that there is thick fog outside and it is trying to come in here. Most of the fishing boats had left very early. One boat, "Genesee 1" went out into the fog. We heard him say it was pea soup and he came back in. Too bad, it could be such a beautiful day. We waited around for a while. When the fog seemed to be burning off a bit, We started. It was still foggy in the Straits (Chatham). It was right on the water—you could see sun above. "Genesee 1" called us and said it was foggy on the other side too.

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Now we had to make a decision. I said "go back," Louie said "let's try it" so we tried it. The fog came & went, burning off just enough for us to see what we needed to see. Strange stuff, fog. It can come and go quick as a wink.

0945 Log 495 Leave Baranof

We were running against the current so the going was slow, especially around Pt. Gardner. Fishies were jumping so we started trolling—3-4 kn once around the point. Then, in the distance, I saw several large splashes, like a small boat running through chop. That's what I thought it was, but there was no chop. The water was actually quite calm. It was humpback whales breaching! They were a long ways off in a large group of 15-20 animals all spread out in Fredrick Sound. With glasses trained on spouts, I saw one fly through the air and land with a splash. They were really putting on a show. Soon they stopped and just continued to swim SW towards Chatham Strait.

Later I saw one tail-lob 3-4 times. Wow. A little boat was tagging along with the most active whales.

It looked like the wind was starting to pick up just before we got to our anchorage, Chapin Cove on Admiralty Island, so we reeled in without a nibble. With fish on ice we weren't too hungry. All morning we could see weather moving in from the SW. It arrived.

So we went on in to the cove. I was wondering how protected it would be. The barometer has been dropping this PM.

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Turns out the cove is extremely well protected. There is a long entrance and then it narrows down. Inside it looks like a lake—all still and protected by hills around—it might be windy in a N wind, but even though it is a south shore, it is very protected by a hook. The hills were logged some time ago—20 years is a guess. It seems to have spruce & cedar growing back with some alder. There is a rock above us with a hole all the way through—I thought it was a patch of snow.

Louie put up the canopy and I walked the dogs then got some water out of a nearby creek. Before the rain! By the way, we had to anchor twice to get a good hold. We wanted to be ready for the inevitable.

It came. Soon the rain started and we settled in to enjoy the weather. It rained, but didn't blow. A few fish are jumping and there is a little murrelet which hangs around the boat. Gulls sit on shore at low tide and on a log at high tide. On shore there are thimbleberries! But I was pretty timid about doing after them because Jim in "Cat's Paw" said there were brown bear in here. I saw some droppings & a lot of trampled bushes—no bear. Tempura fried halibut tonight—yum still. I pickled the snapper with George's recipe.

We got the weather ~1930 on Channel 16→22 via a coast guard report. Continuous weather (01) doesn't come in at all. A storm is expected. We may have to stay here a couple of days. That's OK, I feel like reading. I am reading Tisha a true story abt a school teacher who comes to Alaska—a love story written by Robert Specht. Louie finished the 14th century by Barbara Tuckman—good going!

We feel good tonight, nice and secure. ⚡ Good night.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

August 16th Saturday Chapin Bay Rain 1005↓

Boy did it rain last night and it is still raining. We sat in bed and read our books from Paul & Lucy. Louie is reading his 1st Agatha Christie called "Curtain." I started one called "The Boomerang Clue."

The weather sounds terrible. Boats trying to run in it are having a hard time—especially by Pt. Gardner. We get hardly a breeze, but lots of rain in our tuckaway.

Scrambled eggs & canned salty bacon for brunch. The bacon was disappointing.

That about does it for today. We listened to the troubles of a fellow across the way on "Albatross." He had three engines and all are broken down. He has parts in Kake 24 miles away, but needs a tow. No tow in this weather. He had some funnies to say. Ex. "I haven't eaten red meat since Christ was a Corporal."

Fish goulash tonight—it didn't particularly mix well with Boston baked beans—I'm not an inspired cook when I'm reading.

The barometer dropped out to 1000! The weather report called it something like intense frontal activity with gale warnings for outside waters. A light breeze came along in the late afternoon—that is all. But it rained so hard it filled up the dinghy.

Not much wildlife activity today. A kingfisher landed on our spreader and a few seals swam by.

The weather doesn't sound too good for tomorrow—we'll see. To bed dearly—it is getting dark by 9:30 on cloudy days.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

August 17th, Sunday

Chapin Bay

Sun?!!

1003↑

Hard to believe, but the sky is partly open. In a while the sun came out. Just after 7 AM I jumped up and turned on 16 for weather—it came ~7:15. It didn't sound too good with small craft warnings and all that. Tomorrow is supposed to be even windier. The report was mumbled by someone who "still had a toothbrush in his mouth" (a Louie quote) so it was hard to catch. Someone asked Ketchikan CG for a repeat on their area—the hint—Petersburg → south has NW winds to 15 north of Petersburg was to have South winds to 20. Louie was up for poking our noses out. Fog came and shifted around in the bay as we prepared to leave.

0855 Log 518 Leave Chapin Bay.

We stuck our nose out—humm—not bad. We started off. A small swell came every which way—it didn't amount to much. There was no wind. Every mile we thanked whomever that the wind wasn't in our face. We reached the point across the sound and the going was still good. Louie started fishing the bucktail. The sun came and went as clouds seemed to form instantaneously. They were generally moving out of the NW. Then it got glassy calm.

Lo-Ho—there was a whale ahead—it went by very close to us on the shore side. It rolled & dove several times and didn't show flukes—is it a Minke? We also saw a sea lion (?) swimming down the Sound.

Ahead we saw a little breeze—which way? Behind us! Unbelievable. I put up the genny—then no wind—dropped it. At 1500 we came to our intended anchorage. 22 miles ahead is Petersburg and the water is good—let's go for it.

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The wind came up behind us again. Genny up. This time it stayed—with a fluke here & there. The mountains are playing peek-a-boo with the clouds. At times it has been hot in the sun, at times cool in the breeze. Three little icebergs drifted by! Probably they are from La Conte glacier east of Petersburg.

Lots more (actually a dozen) icebergs—we could see La Conte.

1900 Log 578 Arrive Petersburg

Things went bad, then worse for me just before we reached Petersburg. Louie & I had had a heated discussion about his not letting me share the burden of the helm. He decided he wanted to clean up some boat messes—cameras, clothes, etc. so he gave the wheel to me ~4 miles from Petersburg. Well, a big rusty tub overtook & passed me making a good wake which I didn't take too well. We rolled and things moved around—a container of old oil, not enclosed, but in a paper bag spilled and oil oozed over the cockpit. Dumb Laddie, alarmed by the wake, came tearing out through the oil and spread it everywhere. I tried to control the boat, pick up the oil bag & control Laddie. I haven't been so furious since I don't know when. I couldn't do anything right after that. Louie took the boat and we settled into cleaning it all up.

Petersburg was smelly! The cannery was going full tilt. Millions of seagulls feasted off the discarded fish heads. We picked a slip hoping the owner wouldn't return while we were there.

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The harbor was particularly empty—all the fishing boats were out. It is late in the season and there are threats of closing the trolling season real soon. Fishermen are very unhappy because fishing hasn't been good. I think they are likely to take more chances with the weather trying to make good—not a favorable situation. There are hardly any outside pleasure boats here. Everyone must be going back ahead of us.

It has been a long day. We did 60 miles today getting the most out of favorable weather.

Hot dogs tonight—different.

Back to noise & wakes. The dogs don't particularly like towns & noise.

Louie got ice from the cannery—just as I ran out!

Tired tonight. Goodnight.

August 18th Monday Petersburg Broken → cloudy 1013

Lazy this morning. Wrangell narrows is good either late tonight or early tomorrow. From the weather report tomorrow sounds better so we have the whole day in Petersburg.

After breakfast Louie went in the dink to get propane. Strange—we were in town Sun-Mon last time too. I cleaned the boat trying to beat the rain. Then it started raining—fine & misty after Louie got back. It took 16 lbs of propane. Then we went to the standard dock to get fuel (and better water we hope). A fishing boat jockeyed us around so we had to stand off and wait in the rain. Glad to get that done. We were sopping wet. After lunch blue skies and big white clouds appeared and it rained no more.

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I went shopping & poking around the stores for gifts. It was better than Sitka. I found Archies—a bakery-butcher shop store. Happily I bought 3 loaves of bread and some goodies. It was really fresh—still warm bread. Louie got beer & cigars.

After walking the dogs I decided to fish for herring. Another old gentleman was having good success so I watched him. For the longest time I couldn't catch any and he was pulling them in right & left. Then I got the hang of it and started catching 2 at a time. It was really fun. Then Louie came over and started catching them. We must have had ~16 herring by the time we stopped.!

Louie made a radio telephone call to Grace. After quite a wait the connection was made! She was home!! How good to talk to her. She sounded fine—of course she said she was fine. The kids haven't been in touch too well. Cassandra called 3 weeks ago. She had come down to Eugene. Grace said the summer has been cool down there.

For dinner we had steak—red meat. Had to chew actually. Time to get to bed. It is early rising tomorrow. We set the alarm for 6 AM.

August 19th Tuesday Petersburg Overcast 1016↑

Ugg—it's hard to get up. Breakfast under way.

0720 Log 578 Leave Petersburg. It is quiet this morning—few boats are out. Louie has it planned so that we catch the flood going in—slack—and the ebb going out. The wind is from the south, but is not very strong at the moment.

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We passed two logging operations and saw them dump a load of logs in the water. We only passed 3-4 boats plus a tug with a barge in the narrows—no cruise ship or ferries!

To the southwest the sun is trying to peak out. Not much wind in Summer Strait. We saw a porpoise coming out of the narrows.

1100 Log 598 at Pt. Alexander. Slow boat.

Going through Snow Passage there were lots of fishing boats—1st gill netters, then trollers. I tried trolling herring at 5½ kn, but it was quickly torn off. Then I trolled the Krocodile, not even a nibble—we slowed down to 3-4 kn for just 15 min.

Soon after lunch we were hit by showers and SW wind.

Right at the narrowest part of Snow Passage we came upon a humpback whale feeding amongst all the trolling boats. He was very close. Louie got pictures I hope. He dove just in front of us, then came up right behind us—very close. Boy was he big. We could see the white on the bottom of his flukes! Then it rained & got nasty.

I put up the genny on a reach to our anchorage about 7 miles away. For the little amount of wind there was sure a lot of chop. On the way across a Dall porpoise—all alone—played at the bow. It's very amusing to watch—what signals him to leave?

We made our way to Kindergarden (Bay) on Etolin Island. The Coast Pilot calls it the best anchorage in the area. We were recommended to go there by a fellow in Petersburg. He & his wife & spunky cat live aboard their sailboat. I had talked to them when we were in Petersburg before.

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We anchored behind a couple of protecting islands in 45 feet of water. Strong grab. Swells from Stikine Strait came around both sides of the island so the boat rocked a lot. There was a nice beach for the dogs to run but there were no water birds. A stream fed into the cove.

Pickled fish and the remaining hot dogs for dinner with macaroni au gratin and beets.

Louie decided to get some exercise after dinner so he started zigging off the boat. Ist he caught a strickipus. Then he caught something which hit hard, a really big tug. Then it took the hook. What was it?? He jigged some more and caught something else which tugged hard also—unfortunately he lost it. By now I finished dishes and it was getting dark. I put herring down and he decided to go out in the dink. Just as he was leaving I caught something—a medium & spunky rockfish. In a few minutes Louie had two more little rockfish! Dinner for tomorrow. We had to fillet them on the bow with deck lights—both of us just wanted to go to bed. The fillets went on ice.

There was a beautiful sunset tonight. The sky is trying to clear and we can see stars as well as a moon glow. Happy Birthday, Grace.

I was vaguely uneasy for no good reason. That plus the boat rocking makes for dreams. Goodnight.

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August 20, Wednesday

Kindergarden Bay

Overcast 1026!

The weather report for today sounds good—cloudy with occasional showers; Wind light & variable—NW to 15 kn. Actually it sounds like yesterday morning's report, but they were wrong about the wind. We could see that a breeze was starting early ~8 AM so we prepared to leave.

0850 Log 625 Leave Kindergarden Bay. Again the boat seems slow. Now we are wondering if the metal in the log is corroded. At first the wind was W-SW on our nose—very light. Then it practically died. There was a breeze on our beam so I put up main & genny. I guess the wind switched to behind 5½ kn because there is no wind at all on the boat.

I started trailing a bucktail. We picked up a whole group of porpoises! They played for a long time, bursting through the water three abreast. What fun. We saw many porpoises after that, probably feeding. They were dashing through the water making splashes.

At Onslow Pt. across Ernest Sound from Meyers Chuck Louie suggested we could start trolling. I got out my white flasher with white hoochie for Louie and I tried trailing herring. The herring were too soft or something because they tore off and things got twisted. I changed rigs as we sailed 3 kn for a short ways. I took the white flasher with 6 oz and Louie the pink stripe Abe & Al with gold flecked hoochie & 20 oz—light for Coho and heavier for chinook. We fishes for a long time slowly heading along the reef to Meyers Chuck. I thought I had a strike, but no fish. Just before giving up and heading in, I caught a fish! It came in easy at first, but then was full of fight. I played it to tire it out so we could land it. Louie was ready with the net and with one big swoop in it came—a silver!

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He was 7¾ lbs ~27 inches long—a for sure silver. Boy were we happy. Clean up—Louie had dropped the sails in the middle of all the excitement so we put ourselves away and went on into Meyers Chuck. Our first anchoring try met with soft bottom, but the second time it held well—we were in. The fishing sailboat which had been here before was still here. They remembered us. As they went out to fish he yelled “maybe we can get you that fish I promised you last time.” I said not to because we “picked one up on the in.” Ha—pretty casual sounding!

Salmon steaks for dinner. They are wonderful. I ate too much.

Several boats came in tonight. One Spencer 44 named “Undine” anchored too close to us. Soon a float plane arrived & tied up leaving a girl passenger so there were two couples aboard. Louie talked to one fellow who owned a Rawson, “Thistledown” in Ketchikan. They were bringing the boat from Petersburg to Ketchikan for a doctor owner.

August 21, Thursday

Meyers Chuck

Partly Sunny

1026

I didn't sleep too well—don't know why, it was a quiet night. The “Undine” left at 0800 we are ready an hour later—breakfast on the way. The weatherman says north winds.

0915 Log 662 Leave Meyers Chuck. Well, it must have been blowing overnight because Clarence Strait was lumpy. We bounded, twisted and turned. I felt unsettled, to say the least, n getting breakfast and putting things away.

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Sure enough, the wind switched from SW → W → NW so we put up the sails. At first there was hardly any wind, then it got breezy and choppy. Louie had a large following sea to handle. Inside the Narrows the swell decreased and I managed lunch. We pulled into Bar Harbor finding what looked like transient moorage. It was tricky to get into and there was just enough room when someone yelled that we were in his slip. It was a small sailboat. We were prepared to leave when he said that starting tomorrow he would be going out for several days, so if we could tie to us overnight we could stay there. Grateful, we tied ourselves and his boat up to us.

Kathy and Jim of Cat's Paw were just a few boats away. They were skimping around trying to get off to Anchorage by the 1 PM ferry tomorrow. Ketch → Skaqway then to Anchorage by their VW camper bus. Jim took me downtown to get some coffee from "Coffee Confections." Everything else is handy in Bar Harbor area. It is quieter than Thomas Basin, but there are lots of wakes. Fishing boats (cleaner & better cared for than Thomas Basin) constantly came and went.

After a rockfish dinner & dishes, we visited with Jim & Kathy (Chorey) as they were finishing up on things. I made some rum kai mainas for us without ice and without osterizer. Pretty good. The lab gave Louie some excellent rum—smooth.

Finally to bed. It is dark & late. Goodnight.

Today was Aunt Lucile's birthday.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

Log 697 Arrive Ketchikan

Today was sunny in the AM, mostly cloudy in PM, winds NW → W'ish.

August 22. Friday Ketchikan Cloudy 1010

Today promises showers as a quick low sweeps through. Yesterday was partly sunny at least. We lingered over coffee. I was writing letters to mail today. After breakfast I walked over to the post office to mail letters and my film to George. Boy, I hope they don't x-ray it. I wrote "Do Not X-Ray" on the package. Then I asked for general delivery mil—just in case. Three letters! One from Dave, one from Fed, and one from Flip Wingrove!! Boy, this time Louie will be happy. Then I went to the hospital to discreetly take a shower (Kathy's recommendation). I found the shower all right—undressed & started washing when someone turned off the lights! Well, I knew where everything was so I just continued washing. Then someone came in and turned on the lights. After I finished and was almost dressed, an older lady came in and asked where I worked. I said "down south." She said, "you mean you don't work here?" "No." Then she said "You aren't supposed to be using the shower, you know." Silence. As she left she remonstrated "don't come here and use this shower again." I said I wouldn't which is probably a true statement. Oh well, other than feeling embarrassed there was no damage done. And I feel so good after having the shower & washing my hair. On to the boat & letters.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

We said goodbye to Jim & Kathy. I guess Louie helped them load some stuff.

We read letters over coffee. They were all great letters.

Next I wanted to do some gift shopping in the art stores. Kathy had strongly recommended to go there. I went to the nearby Scanlon's then got a ride to the downtown Scanlon's where they display art done by local artists—originals and prints.

I looked through a lot of stuff. Much was very expensive—prints were \$40-60 and some higher. There was one picture which really grabbed me. I kept looking at it, but tried to concentrate on what I was there for—gifts. But I really loved that one picture—a charcoal drawing of a tern. It embodied many of the things I feel about Alaska—a wild kind of freedom and a force. It is a powerful picture. I knew it was too expensive—\$290, but I also knew I would be haunted if I left it there. So, I paid \$100 down and will pay the balance when I get home. They will then send me the picture. I was shaking for having made that decision. It means a lot to me.

Afterwards I found two prints \$15 & \$30 which I liked—they were embossed: gifts for Grace & Ginny & Joe. Well, I was out of money so happily walked the two miles to the boat. I have now seen Ketchikan except for Creek Street.

After another drink I took the laundry—started them washing, then drying and went shopping. I bought almost more than I could carry. My pack was so heavy it bruised my back. Torture.

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Then it was back to the laundromat to get my clothes. It was all I could do to put things away and cook dinner. (Marinated salmon). Late tonight again, but we got a lot accomplished. Louie got some ice so we are ready to go tomorrow. Goodnight.

August 25th Saturday Ketchikan Partly cloudy 1013

Today promises to be a nice one with winds out of the NW! (or West). ⚡ After coffee, Louie tried calling Ulysses on the radio. He got the Varsity House, but Ulysses wasn't there. I guess he was with Barbara.

0930 Log 697 Leave Ketchikan. Spots of sunshine shown on town and the surrounding hills. Deer Mt. hardly has any snow left. We were off. Before long the winds switched around to W → NW. We put up main & genny. Outside the enclosed channels it got fairly lumpy. At Mary Is. you could feel swell going opposite to the chop.

We decided to anchor in a new place—Kah Nufs where the fishing was probably good, but the water was rough, so we went on into the cove through a narrow (rocky) channel. We anchored as much out of the swell as possible.

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This is a pretty place—an old Indian settlement site. Fish—yes salmon—were jumping all around us. We were anchored at the mouth of a stream and fish were very lively there. After getting settled (nice beach for doggies & very interesting rocks), I took some lures and tried trolling from the dinghy. It was warm—no wind in there. Most of the place was very shallow and all I caught was bottom and seaweed. I tried fishing for herring since it looked like that is what the fish were feeding on. No luck.

Louie was casting from the boat. He had bought a new reel in Ketchikan because his is really broken. After a while he got a tangle you wouldn't believe. He tried working it out with no luck—new line! All he could do was cut it and start over.

The weather sounds good for a crossing tomorrow. We will be glad to get Dixon Entrance out of the way.

Fried salmon fillet for dinner—yum.

Quiet & restful night—goodnight. There were some big rain storms in front and to the side of us. We lucked out and only felt a few sprinkles.

August 24th Sunday Kah Shakes Cove Partly Sunny 1026

Sounds good for today. We got up and ready. I took a pill and gave each dog ½ pill.

0840 Log 729 Leave Kah Shakes Cove—just after low tide. All the rocks are visible. There are ~20 ft ranges in these parts.

The water was lumpy, but not bad. I put up main & genny—good for better stability. There are lots of fishing boats down at the point. They roll around too. The wind switched so I had to take down the genny. The main did OK.

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It seemed like forever to get to the lighthouse—then the crossing. The water got better and better as we went, swells became more regular. The sun came out!

~1400 we reached Dundas Island. I took down our Alaska flag and raised the Canadian flag.

Louie said "Shall we fish?" Sure! I put the crocodile and 4 oz on his line—I had the white hoochie & white flasher & 6 oz on mine. I fished deeper. It didn't take long when Louie caught "a piece of kelp" which turned out to be a 5 lb pink salmon! Fresh fish tonight. We fished some more. Louie caught another one. This time it was a 3½ lb pink. Time to quit fishing! He had to land the big fish by himself since the dinghy was in the way and lines were crossed. He had to play the fish to tire him so that he could net him. Both times the hooks came out in the net. Oh boy! Louie's first official salmon.

We anchored at the NE point of Dundas at Holiday Island. We found a little hook. It took 2 tries to get enough water for the large tides. Then we took the fish ashore to clean. I made Louie do one so he would get the experience. He was mad because he didn't do a perfect job.

Fresh pink salmon for dinner—our 4th kind of salmon. It tasted pretty good although it has less flavor than the others. Canned it stinks.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

Another fishing boat anchored in here this evening. We get boat wakes which is too bad. While ashore cleaning fish, the teapot fell off the counter and broke. It was from the wake of a fishing boat which cut the reef. Ferry wakes were bad also.

It has been a full day. Tired tonight.

Full Moon tonight. It was beautiful rising behind a treed point of Dundas Island.

August 25 Monday Dundas Island Rain 1011

In the middle of the night we started to bounce. Louie woke up at 11:30 PM and stayed awake. I woke up at 1:30 and stayed awake. It was horrible. In the dark, the swell, and later the wind seemed ominous. We sure weren't very protected. Wind blew 10-15 kn. I know the anchor grabbed well—we didn't exactly pull the way we set it though. When it seemed not to get any worse we fell into an uneasy sleep till 6:00 AM. I kept jumping up and checking. Another fishing boat had anchored here in the middle of the night. By 6:00 we were alone. The tide was very low this AM and rocks started showing up on both sides. I felt very uncomfortable with rocks so near and such little water under us so we donned our rain gear and reset the anchor farther out.

↗ Louie was so sweet. He tried to make up for the miserable weather. We got settled in for a rainy day.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

Then the wind came up again, stronger and from the east—our unprotected side. Soon whitecaps were rolling at us and we had to move. Getting on our rain gear again, we went around the point to find shelter. The wind simply followed us around—whitecaps. About 4 miles along we found a quiet anchorage behind some islands. The cove didn't have a name so we named it Murder Cove for reasons which I will explain. It turned out that swell reached all the way into our cove making it pretty uncomfortable sometimes. But we were protected so it didn't matter. It poured all day with no let-up. Louie finally braved the wet and walked the dogs. They had waited all day until 4 PM.

There were lots of boats fishing at Dundas—Trollers, gill netters and seiners. The seiners were there in high numbers in their huge boats. They were fishing all the way into our cove. In fact a seiner, "Freeland" was moving around the cove. We anchored and he got upset. We were where he wanted to set his net. So he did anyway. He made a big circle, rapidly setting out the huge ¼ mile-long net—right across our bow. As he took in the net to make the purse, the boat drifted back towards us. We were able to watch the operation from a very close position. They closed the purse beating a "plumbers friend" where the net was open so that the fish wouldn't go through.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

Something didn't go quite right and the whole net almost got away from them. One of the fellows jumped over the side & grabbed it, he was being held from falling in the water by two other fellows. "Get the ---- gaff" he screamed. It was obviously very heavy. He saved it! They slowly got the "fish heavy" net aboard. They were all grinning because they thought they had a ton of fish. Their grins turned off when they found a huge rusty tank full of water and lots of kelp in their net. Still, they got lots of fish too. They kept throwing unfriendly remarks our way like "you sure picked a bad place to anchor, fellow" or "we might have drifted down on you during that set." (They had missed us only by a few feet.) They kept suggesting that Brundige was a great anchorage. Pushy. We held our ground. Finally they messed around and let their boat drift down on us. It was close enough that we were ready to fend off. "Oh," he said sounding surprised "I wasn't watching too well." Ha! Louie said "I guess you showed me."

Meanwhile, a gill netter had set his net off to the right of us. Old Freeland wanted to fish over there now. He paced up and down the guy's net, sent a tender on the back side eventually forcing him to move. But the gill netter had his day. He brought in his net ever so slowly, picking out every bit of seaweed. Also he drifted out so he closed off the anchorage (bay) and Freeland was outside. Unfortunately the gill netter didn't have many fish so Freeland took off.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

Another fishing boat anchored near us. I was trying to buzz bomb some fish without luck (not that we needed any). He was so nice, he offered me a fish. We didn't take it since we had so much.

In the evening the swell got so bad that Louie set out the stern anchor—that helped a lot. Fishing boats were now coming in to anchor; yes even Freeland!

I opened my birthday cards from Cassandra and Grace. They were cheery reminders of home. Actually, today was a thoroughly rotten day. Dinner was pretty good and things cheered up as the water quieted for the evening. We slept well tonight.

August 26 Tuesday Dundas Island drizzle & fog 1013

Today is supposed to have light winds → partly sunny & a little rain. Let's go to Rupert! It is the kind of fog that lets you see a mile or two.

1020 Log 768 Leave Murder Cove. Visibility improved. It didn't rain much and the water was fine. Eventually the wind came enough from the west so that we could put up the genny and maintain 6 kn. I had taken a pill for swell—I probably wouldn't have needed it. I don't much like this passage—just miles of water and not much to see. Near the S. end we did get some ocean swell.

This time we approached Venn Passage at high tide.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

The water is full of drift logs & garbage. It is an obstacle course. Louie got mad when I waved him around drift. Just at the entrance buoy at Venn Passage, we went through some drift which got caught in the prop & log—we could hear the engine change pitch. Louie stopped & backed off—the log is pretty jammed and we're not sure about the prop. The current was against us in Venn Passage. Lots of fishing boats were going through. Current roiled & boiled at the east end. We could see Prince Rupert.

We went to the place which said Customs on the chart. Luckily there was a space at the fishing boat docks. There was no official customs tie-up. In fact the customs listed on the chart were ferry customs, quite different. Louie had to make a phone call and we waited for the official to come down.

The customs person was a lady—dressed in uniform and quite efficient. She liked the dogs. Then we were off to the other basin. It was pretty full. We took the outside spot where you are hit by wakes. At least it is quite private. Boats kept coming in & they started stacking up.

Louie went to visit a young Un couple, Bruce & Carrie. They had been fishing #7 in Alaska on their new sailboat—he built it in three years. It is a 25 ft green & varnished wood boat—very pretty. The trouble was that I fixed dinner & no Louie. I was pretty mad about a lot of things and I couldn't even yell at him. He had invited Bruce & Carrie over so we got through dinner & in the middle of dishes they arrived. It was fun visiting with them. I fixed Carrie & myself Kai mainas.

Late to bed—yawn. I'm really tired. Goodnight.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

August 27 Wednesday

Prince Rupert

Overcast

1016

Today is a new day, but it started off in a rather unsettling manner. At 5 AM I heard footsteps on the cabin & deck. It took me a little while to figure out where I was. Then I saw a pair of legs through the window. I thought it was Louie, but he was in bed! We jumped up to look out (after I got Louie awake), but we didn't see anyone. We don't seem to be missing anything, but how spooky! It all seems unreal to me now. Louie didn't hear it except the door rattled. Crazy!

Now we were uneasy to leave the boat alone so we planned to do our errands separately. After breakfast I planned to get in my wetsuit and check the prop & log—yes even in the sewer water.

Before I could get going, a big seiner put his rear end up to the end of the dock in preparation for pulling his nets down the dock & on board. They were a rough and raunchy crew—swearing & blowing snot out of their noses. I hoped they would get through & leave so I waited, but it turned out they started mending holes in their net.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

Well, I wanted to do other things today so I put on the wetsuit (went on pretty easily) and did my thing. The seiners enjoyed it. There were only a few blades of eel grass on the prop so it seemed OK. The log was really wrapped up in eel grass so I cleared it hoping that would solve the problem. The bottom is pretty cruddy with an algae slime. I'll certainly have to scrub it when we get to some clean water & a protected cove. I was finished in 10 min. Not bad.

Louie left for town for ice & beer after lunch. I house cleaned. A big 47 ft sailboat "Starbird" asked to tie up to us—want could I say. They were from near Tacoma—they know Don McKay. They are blue water sailors—an older couple—who had harbor hopped up the Gulf of Alaska. Louie finally came back—with 30 lbs of ice! He was wet from the meltwater and quite upset. There is a Canadian beer strike! and he forgot to buy cigars. And then he came back to find a monstrous boat (with generator) tied on one side and the seiners on the other—he was fit to be tied. I left for town to do gift shopping & grocery shopping. The "Starbird" people walked in with me. I went all over looking for gifts for Joey, Vicente & the lab.

Finally that was done by 6:00 PM when I walked over to Safeways. It closed at 6:00 PM! Boy was I upset. I promised to get Louie some cigars so I raced back up-town to find an open store—finally found some. Then I remembered Cassandra's birthday card—back to the store.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

Then I gloomily walked back to the boat. Bad day. Except that we don't have enough bread I could have skipped shopping.

Back at the boat, Louie had adjusted to the situation. He was talking to the "Starbird" captain—that fellow was rather stuffy—mostly he was talking to the seiners. He was what they call a "nail" holding the net while the crew made repairs. The sun was trying to come out. The seiners finally finished their repairs. The net is ~1/4 mile long and a used one is worth \$30,000. The seiners get one day open a week to fishing—it seems very fuel costly to operate that way. The boat has to make lots of money per trip to make it pay—\$3-5,000. No wonder they are so pushy. They are also restricted to fishing near shore. After all, we felt happily friendly towards the seiners—they seemed more cheery as the day went on too.

Fish chowder finished our Pink salmon. Tonight's sunset was shared with an old couple from Prince Rupert who think the town is getting too big and full of an undesirable element (Indians).

The harbor is now absolutely full of boats—stacked 2 and 3 deep. We are lucky to be on the outside so we will be able to get out.

Hope for a better night's sleep tonight.

During dinner the seiner "cook" came by and knocked on the boat. He had an 8 lb halibut for us!! It was for services rendered by the "nail" he said. How sweet! That is the second time we were given a fish in Prince Rupert. We steaked & filleted the fish and then went to bed.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

August 28, Thursday

Prince Rupert

Overcast

1018

Weather is supposed to go downhill this afternoon. Too bad we can't leave early. I need to do shopping & the stores don't open till 9:00 AM. Then we have to get fuel & water.

8:30 AM I went off to town. I got there before the store opened. I got really fresh bread from the bakery. Some was still warm from the ovens. Hoped to get a ride back to save time, but not much traffic was going my way & nobody stopped. I am too timid about sticking my thumb out there.

We left just as soon as I got back. Louie had dumped the water and we luckily got a tie up at the Gulf station because the fuel docks were otherwise full of huge boats. It didn't take long and we were off—dodging drift logs again.

1045 Log 805 Leave Prince Rupert

There is a south breeze, but not bad & the sun is out for the moment. Chatham Sound was calm. We went against the currents a good part of the way. We don't know if the log is right or not—if so we are really slow—4½ kn.

Beside Kennedy Island it started getting windy. Louie was up for anchoring in a new place behind Lewis Island. Poole's had marked that anchorage.

Louie really didn't like it. It was large and not well protected from any direction—a low is coming and we need some sort of protection.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

Too bad—we lost time & tide. We went back out and continued on. Louie and I had had a calm discussion of my “problems” yesterday morning. As a result, I feel much better and I took the wheel for a couple hours while Louie made gestures to the wind god. Once into Grenville it wasn't too bad and we made Kumealon Island.

“Monarch” was anchored there. this is the same boat we met here in June—the shrimp boat with the old couple who wanted to retire. After taking the dogs to shore, I went over & talked to them. They remembered us, but thought it was last year. (Louie also recognized them in Rupert yesterday.) They have sold the boat to a Prince Rupert sailboater “Wellachin” who was tired of blue water sailing and the cruising life & wanted to get into fishing. He simply handed them a check! They didn't fish in July & Aug and are here to show them how to fish shrimp & prawns. The “Monarch” people are from Westview and they know Doug & Mary Henry very well. Small world.

After a lengthy conversation I went back to the boat when a sailing rowboat came by. He asked if he could tie up to us because the tidal range was so great his anchor didn't work well. Louie had been looking forward to privacy, but what can you do? So he tied to the stern standing off behind the dinghy. He had built his boat—a beauty—smaller than Paul & Lucy's. He didn't know Paul & Lucy.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

We have just enough water at tonight's low tide.

Yummy halibut steaks for dinner—they are not as fresh as when we catch it ourselves.

The wind came up tonight ~10 kn with rain. All is well & we slept pretty well. Goodnight.

August 29th, Friday *Kumealon Island* *Stormy* *1015*

We can relax this morning—there is no doubt about our staying here with the bad weather. The row boater left at 7:00 AM. We relaxed & enjoyed the wind & rain. ↗ I took up a little scope for the low tide then took doggies ashore. Just after that the wind increased to SE 15-20 kn. Eggs & toast for breakfast.

"Monarch" went out, but they came back at noon. The other fishing boat left around 11 o'clock.

It was blowing 15-20 kn SE all day long. The water was even cappy. The boat is riding well.

I rather enjoyed our day off. I baked an apple pudding cake on the kerosene heater and read the first book in the Chronicles of Narnia. It is a children's fantasy, but really fun. Louie did a little writing & reading. Time passed quickly. "Monarch" came back & tied up to "Welhachin." Just before getting dinner I decided to take over some cake. I finally raised them. Fred came out, chatted, and gave me a whole bag of shrimp! They had planned to do that the whole time. The "Welhachin" captain invited us over for liquor after dinner.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

Fred and Teddy Dorsee

"Monarch" Shrimp Boat

4014 Manitoba Ave

Powell River 485-4077

I quickly fixed dinner Halibut Stk, broccoli & noodles, then Louie went over to visit while I cleaned up. About 9:00 PM he came back and picked me up. We had Drambuie. Bruce & Joan Bennett (?) are from Prince Rupert. He is a teacher—vice principal who has quite teaching and has his fingers in a lot of pots. Their boat was built in Greece and they sailed it back (Olympic Adventurer). They have sailed to Hawaii & back. He is tired of the cruising life and wants to get back into fishing. It was quite a coincidence—they had us sign their guest book. "Tyche" had visited (Art & Dottie) as had Paul & Lucy. In fact these were the people who had towed the rowboats to above Cape Caution! Small world. We said goodnight ~10:30 and came back to the boat to find that the Dogs (Laddie) Had Eaten the Apple Cake! Poor Louie never got a second piece. They had ~1/3 of the cake. Darn dogs. My fault for leaving it on the table.

I cooked shrimp while Louie made the beds. The wind has calmed down quite a bit, but it is still blowing to 15 kn. Goodnight.

The sun tried to come out a few times in the late afternoon with a few patches of blue. It clouded up again later.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

August 30th Saturday

Kumealon Is.

Drizzle

1017

Today is better than yesterday and better than tomorrow sounds, so we will travel today.

Maybe, if lucky, we will catch some NW winds they are predicting. Monarch crew went fishing.

0950 Log 846 Leave Kumealon Island. There is no wind yet and we are going against the tide. Wet. The wind came up against us, but it was not strong. Going through the Klewnuggit intersection was not bad, then, when the channel narrowed down, the current became very strong against us. I took the wheel for the last 10 or so miles. The current was so strong it made a swell & rips on the side. At one point we were hardly making forward progress at all! Louie cranked the engine up to 2100. Drizzle. It was a slug fest for sure. We logged 35 miles and it is 27 by the chart!

Fish are jumping in the channel. When we finally turned the corner into Lowe Inlet our thoughts turned to fishing. I decided to wait and fish by the falls. WE anchored in the same place as before—in 140 ft of water. It is quiet and pleasant in here. We ate lunch and then I went fishing—trolling the crocodile by rowing. Meanwhile a power boat (all men) came in and fished the falls too. Although I didn't catch anything, I saw salmon trying to jump the falls. Some were big silvers, some were small pinks. Many leapt out of the water at a bad angle and slammed against the rocks. They have to struggle so hard. On very high tides the falls is 3-5 ft high and they have a chance.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

Oh yes, out in the channel we saw porpoises speed by. They were running with the current moving very fast.

We had shrimp, tempura fried halibut, salad & rice for dinner. As is our custom, we have 2 after-dinner mints. It gets dark really early so we went to bed at 9:00 PM!

There are many birds around here now, tho we didn't hear any geese. Bonaparte's gulls & larger gulls, phalaropes, scotus, eagles, kingfisher and sandpiper.

The sun almost came out this afternoon. Although the weather is more calm than June, there is also less sunshine. It is good for the nerves to have a sense where you are going. We cannot get the weather any more. Neither VHF nor AM. We're on our own again.

Quiet night. 3 Fishing boats tied together close by. They are swinging on two anchors (?). Goodnight.

August 31, Sunday Lowe Inlet Partly cloudy → rain 1017↓

I woke up at 7 AM and Louie said—there's blue sky out there, it might get sunny. Shall we shove off after I take the doggies ashore? I groaned and tried to go back to sleep. But it was pretty good out—calm, not much fog and a chance for sunshine, so I put on the coffee & Louie walked the dogs. Things seemed more reasonable with a cup of coffee.

0745 Log 881 Leave Lowe Inlet.

This time we are moving with the tide! It feels much better. No wind and Grenville Channel is calm and peaceful as we cut through the water.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

A whole crowd of boats passed us along the way, finally leaving us alone again. Fish were jumping all along the channel. After breakfast I put the cut-plug out with no luck. Outside Grenville I took the wheel across Wright Sound and through McKay Reach. Then Louie took it for Fraser Reach. It was calm through McKay and as if by magic we were still going with the current. But as soon as we turned the corner it started to blow—and shortly after, to rain. Fraser Reach is ugly again!

In Write Sound & McKay Reach there were lots of porpoises rolling. There may have been a small shale also (??) Small boats are everywhere fishing. I wonder where they come from. It is Labor Day weekend.

The trees have changed now. There is still hemlock and an occasional spruce, but now there are several kinds of cedar, more alder, and maybe some fir. The forest colors vary from dark blue green to cedar yellow to lichen "sunshine."

After a couple miserable hours we reached Buttedale. There are lots of buildings here, many falling down. One store looks in use. It is called the Canadian Fish Co or something. We finally figured out where to tie up, on a square float—quite disconnected from shore, which had 40 ft of water. We tied to some rickety wood cleats and settled for some tang tea. Then it started raining seriously. During a lull I tried taking the dogs ashore. High tide left little room to move around. They were not happy—and it started to pour on us.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

It rained heavily from then on. We stayed inside. First three fishing boats came in, then 5 more and all evening more & more. An Indian boat tied alongside us, and another fellow alongside him. This went on well after dark, but we couldn't see out any more for the boats. At midnight I heard an anchor clanking—evidently two boats were bumping nose-to-tail. This float we were on had almost nothing to tie to. We were lucky being the first ones on—we got the choice spot. I don't know what time boats started engines & were leaving. It seemed the middle of the night. It was a long night.

September 1 Monday (Labor Day) Buttedale Raining 1002

Well, the low came. Trees and mountains are hidden in mist and fog. By 7:00 AM only 3 fishing boats were left. We slowly woke up \nearrow and had coffee—wondering what to do today. It seemed calm out there and it was hardly raining so Louie was up for leaving. I wanted to visit the store, but that was hardly reason for staying, so we started off—breakfast underway.

0945 Log 926 Leave Buttedale. At first it was pleasant enough—just lots of boat wakes. However as soon as we turned the corner after 2 miles, it started blowing—and got steadily worse. By now we were wishing we were still in Buttedale. IT was 20 kn on our nose and raining torrents.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

Louie wanted to anchor in Khutzte Inlet to get out of it. There is no good anchorage in there, but it looked quieter. The water seemed a little better ahead though, and the wind came in gusts. Yes-no-yes. We turned & turned again—Louie decided to go the 10 miserable miles farther. And it was miserable although the water was a little less rough. Rain & wind, wind & rain—wet.

Finally we came to Green Inlet and our Horsefly Cove. It was beautiful in there. There was hardly any wind and the islands & trees were so welcoming. The anchor grabbed and we were finished. After lunch and drying off, the clouds began to break up a little—with a spot of blue sky above us. For 5 delicious minutes we had sunshine on our faces—the cove looked enchanted. Then it clouded over again. The doggies got to walk on their little grassy island while I tried to disguise the old halibut—some had to be thrown away because it smelled off. That finishes the halibut.

At dusk two boats came in to anchor. One was a fishing boat which stayed way out, the other was a monstrous blue cement ketch named "Agape" (US boat). They had some difficulty anchoring.

Early to bed again tonight in the rain. I slept very well, Louie didn't for some reason.

I love this cove. If it were up to me (in an irresponsible time) I would stay here for many days—I might even get stuck here. For being such a miserable day, it ended pretty well. I wonder what tomorrow will be like.

Baro has risen from 1002 to 1005 by tonight.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

September 2, Tuesday

Horsefly Cove

Cloudy

1010↑

It had rained hard most of the night, but stopped by 7:00 when I woke up. We had coffee and I was happily reading book #4 of Narnia when Louie got up and took the dogs ashore. When he came back he said "let's go."

So we pulled up the anchor (well set) and off we went.

0900 Log 946 Leave horsefly cove. Graham reach had light and variable winds, the water was calm. The clouds were puffy and trying to break up—a spot of blue here, a spot of sun there. The current was with us as we went through Heikish narrows and down Finlayson Channel. We were concerned about Finlayson because it is a long stretch of water and we know it can blow ... it was flat calm! We ghosted along through drift logs & seaweed. Lots of birds kept us company. At one point fish were jumping like crazy—I ran for my pole and we slowed down for a little while—but no luck. The sun came out and it was warm. Big showery clouds rose above the mountains—the showers missed us. The weather seemed to fall in our favor for a change. Our hopes were tentatively high. We turned into Jackson Passage—yup we hit it at slack & were going with it for a while. It was beautiful with tiny treed islets, cascading small waterfalls and green trees. There were lots of kingfishers along this passage—and we saw gulls & eagles.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

At the eastern end is Jackson Narrows with 16 ft of water and not much room on either side as you take an S-shaped course through. I could see clam shells, sand and seaweed most of the way through—a little spooky. Rescue Bay looked like a good anchorage on our charts so that is where we planned to anchor. The actual bay was larger and more open than we expected, but it looked quite protected. We anchored in 70 feet—good bite.

Well we were feeling pretty good. We try so hard to keep the boat dry inside. Yesterday's 100% humidity didn't help so I started opening up to air out. When I went into the head, there was water running on the floor! I had forgotten to close the intake valve when I used it!! Damn—water all over—shit. We sopped it up as fast as possible. I pumped the head out, that was so stupid. So I spent a good long time trying to get things dry again. Luckily it had just started running over and there wasn't too much water outside.

After cleaning up that fiasco, I took the dogs ashore & then Louie went fishing. I cleaned house. Before long Louie came back—it had sprinkled, but that was hardly enough to make him quit. He had caught two large quillbacks! Fresh fish for dinner. It tasted pretty good too.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

Meanwhile two really huge and ugly power boats came in and anchored—nearby of course—things were going downhill. Pornographic boats.

After dinner Louie took the dogs ashore—then not five minutes later it started to rain. It poured & poured easily for 30 min. Poor Louie & the dogs got soaking wet. We weren't doing very well in the keep-dry department—that's for sure.

Well, now it is time to go to bed. We can sleep to the tune of a noisy generator. Goodnight.

September 3rd Wednesday Rescue Bay Stormy 1010

Today is Cassandra's Birthday (19th). Happy birthday kid.

Unfortunately for us it is a day very much like Aug. 25th—miserable. We awoke to a penetrating greyness. The grey lost all contrast as it started raining. We had no choice but to stay put today. Poor doggies had to wait again for a shore trip. Louie would get all dressed in his yellows and that would be a sign for it to rain harder. We were occupied and it wasn't so terrible to have a day at anchor, it was just demoralizing, especially as we think of crossing Queen Charlotte. I baked an apple pudding cake & wrote letters. Time passed quickly enough. We hear on the radio that it is pretty rough outside and it will get worse before better—the weatherman put out gale warnings for somewhere. It rained torrents. We were sopping up condensation drips all day.

The two big uglies (from Tacoma) stayed the day. Later a Canadian fisheries boat came in and anchored. "Surge Rock"

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

Just as the clouds started to take some shape, the wind started blowing. It blew fiercely all late afternoon & evening 15-22 kn. We held well but I can never concentrate well on anything when it blows like that and we lost our appetites.

We had rockfish to use so I fixed it in a really tasty way: fried small pieces dredged in flour. Then near the end I added onion, garlic, green pepper and tomato—sauté a bit, then added a sauce of wine, lemon juice and soy sauce with corn starch. Yummy with rice & lima beans. We got our appetites back and the wind only gusts to 20—it was 10-15 steadily.

It is dark by 8:30 PM—I need light to do dishes. Louie always wants to go to bed after dishes. I stay up another ½ - 1 hr and read or write letters. It didn't stop blowing tonight, but we held well today so we can relax about that. It didn't rain much tonight. The doggies are satisfied, they got their trips to shore.

We had a candle on the cake tonight to remember Cassandra. Days like today make you wish you were home. I need exercise so badly!

Louie dreamed of Manuel and a laundromat tonight. Manuel had been collecting all the lost clothing but he gave Louie his own underwear which Louie had (or someone) forgotten. I dreamed we were in an altogether different anchorage—one we have never been to. I got up & looked out and made some comment to Louie about two masts then gave up and laid down again—I never really woke up, but I woke him up. Night!

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

September 4th Thursday Rescue Bay Cloudy 1015↑↓

I woke at 7 AM but it was still quite dark so I went back to sleep. The wind was still blowing a bit and it rained a little. At 8:00 things looked slightly better and the barometer was up from yesterday. According to boat talk on the radio it wasn't too bad at this time though the weatherman forecasts another gale somewhere. We decided we should go at least the 22 miles to Moutat Cove—then see how it was.

1010 Log 977 Leave Rescue Bay. The anchor was well dug in! The first part of our trip down Mathieson Channel is good. A gentle warm breeze is on our nose, the water is calm. We are running with the current on this leg.

We went through channels with misty Helmut Island on our port side. It started to rain lightly and a breeze picked up. The two big power boats had stopped and looked like they were going to anchor in Cackle Bay. We could see waves breaking on rocks and against cliffs. It was time to go through Percival Narrows. We were going with it luckily. It was a pretty wild ride. A big swell from Milbanke Sound was going against the current generating some fierce rips—it was no worse than Glacier Bay rips and it lasted a short time. The thing that impressed me was the grey-black color of the water. Louie threaded our way between rocks in the considerable swell. Did the big boats want to go through this?

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

Next we went through Reid Passage which is narrow, but marked. Out the other side were more rocks & islands, but before we knew it we were at Ivory Island and were turning the corner into Seaforth Channel. Here the swell increased and there was a southerly wind. We could see our landmark through the mist and went into Berry Inlet and Mouat Cove. Where were the docks?! They were all gone—not a trace of them remained. Oh good grief. We anchored behind the island at the NE side of the cove since that side is the only one we knew anything about. In our swing we came to a 10 ft place so we knew we had to stern anchor so we wouldn't swing into shallow water. So Louie set the stern anchor—fine. He then decided to go catch dinner in the dink & seagull.

I stayed behind & scalloped some potatoes on the heater & read my Chronicles. I had just started book 6 and it was more scary than the others. It was raining hard by this time and the wind started blowing. There was more talk of gales on the radio. It got quite late and Louie wasn't back yet. I started to imagine that he might be in trouble and I would never know it. "Oh, Louie, come home." I kept saying over & over. He finally came around the corner. In my relief I should have given him a warm greeting, instead I gulped & said I was so worried. He had quite an assortment of fish, and he had thrown many little ones back. There was a baby ling cod, a kelp greenling (dark with blue spots, very pretty), a small quillback and a dark smooth coppery rock fish.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

With the wind coming up and not knowing what kind of bottom we were anchored in I was uneasy so Louie suggested we could set the second anchor off the bow. Even though it was quite a lot of trouble we decided to do it. With talk of gales and not knowing how much protection we would get from the island between us and the ocean as far as the ferocity of the winds Louie set it and we pulled it in hard. It is the first time we have ever set two bow anchors. Then we had to clean the fish—finally we had dinner. The wind seemed to calm down after setting our 3rd anchor—of course.

The barometer is falling quite fast. It was 1005 when we went to bed. It got very dark tonight. Goodnight.

The night or rather morning of September 5th—0000

I awoke when Louie reached over me to shine the light on the anemometer—it was blowing! He had been awake since 11:30 listening to the wind. It was the kind of sound that (prevents) you from going back to sleep; the wind was getting stronger. At first the wind came in sudden gusts—sometimes blowing 30 kn. The gusts were of short duration and the boat held well. It was so dark. Nothing could be seen outside, it was black out. If we were dragging we wouldn't know it. A 10 kn wind doesn't make any sound, but 15 kn and over howls through the rigging. 30 kn wind makes an alarming sound. Sitting out a storm tied up in Oak Harbor is a different thing than being at anchor all by yourself. We wished we were tied up in some safe place like Namu or Bella Bella.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

Time passed slowly. The gusts increased to 40 kn! This was horrible. I kept my hand on the penlight to see how hard the wind was blowing—tension. Around 2:30 AM we took some really hard gusts that made the boat lean. At this point the wood pieces holding the canopy started falling out. We got up & Louie dressed and went outside to tie things down. The canopy was basically doing very well. The wind was ferocious. By this time all my muscles were shaking—trembling. It helped to have the light on and to talk to one another for a few minutes. We went back to bed. It was so good to have both anchors on the bow. I didn't know what kind of bottom it was, but I feared sand or rock by the way the anchor dug in. We still seemed to be holding.

I lay there refusing to think morbid thoughts such as dragging on to the rocks behind us—or meeting some untimely end. I felt alone in the sense that fishermen seemed to keep track of each other, but no one knew we were here, we had no buddy. I felt angry that the storm could keep going for such a long time—why didn't it stop and let us go to sleep. Around 3:00 AM the wind seemed to be blowing less hard. It was longer between gusts of 30 kn. Also it was trying to rain in fits and starts, a good sign I thought. But the barometer wouldn't go up →1002.

Then the wind changed. Gusts of 20-25 kn were sustained rather than of short duration, the direction might have changed a little (??) because the stern anchor seemed to be working harder. I started trembling again as I watched the wind climb to 35, then 40 kn. It was fierce. The whole outdoors was in a frenzy; wind trying to tear everything apart, howling in the trees and driving the rain with a thunderous roar. We both felt fear. Feebly I said "I wish it would stop." My pen light started to go dim. By now we could tell how hard it was blowing by the sound it made. The wind peaked at 42-44 kn.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

By 4:00 AM it was faintly light outside. I could see the outline of our protecting island and it stayed in the same place, we were holding. Bless Curlew and his pals oystercatcher (out front) and phalarope (the stern anchor). My nerves were reacting in the usual style—I had to go to the can a hundred times and my stomach was fairly churned up, but held OK. I had a sickening thought that the genny sail bag was not tied down. The sail might work its way out of the bag and start flailing in the wind—worries—a flaw due to oversight. I thought about how careful one must be not to get lazy and put yourselves in danger due to lack of attending to something.

By 5:30 the winds seemed to be a steady 20-25 kn with occasional gusts to 30 kn spaced farther apart. Somehow we knew the worst was over—we fell asleep.

September 5th Friday Mouat Cove Raining ~1004

At 0800 I awoke. I sat up and looked out. The wind had stopped blowing! We were in our same spot, the anchors had held! We were safe!! What a feeling of joy.

RAM—buckets and buckets of rain came down steadily drenching everything. We finally got out of bed—I was finishing book #6 of Narnia, Louie started writing letters. Poor doggies had to wait. But it never let up. Finally Louie went out and carefully climbed in our dinghy—it was over 1/2 full of water. Water was over the top of the wood center boards. He bailed with a bucket in order to make some progress. We had to bail out the dinghy several times today.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

I was out of jug water so I put out dishpans under canopy drips—in no time I had 7 gallons of water. Fish sandwiches tonight. I'm not a very inspired cook being rather sick of fish.

At least it is quiet tonight, even if it is still raining. We hope for a better day tomorrow.

September 6th Saturday Mouat Cove Overcast 1006

Good morning. It is cloudy, but not raining. The barometer is moving up although not rapidly—that is probably a good sign. Up and away early this AM. Louie put Phalarope on floats, then we pulled in Oystercatcher, then Curlew. Then we went back for Phalarope. It worked out pretty slick and didn't take too long.

0815 Log 999.9 Leave Mouat Cove. Seaforth Channel had swells still and was a bit windy from the west. I was below fixing breakfast and didn't feel very good bouncing around. However, it got better past Idol Pt and even better at Bella Bella. There were still many boats tied up at old Bella Bella. We were going with the current on the Milbanke side of Bella Bella, slightly against it in Lama Passage, but with it again going down Fitzhugh Sound. The wind, when there was any at all, was W-NW! Beautiful. To the west was a large blue opening in the clouds—promise of sunshine to come!

The trip to Namu was 37 miles this time and it seemed much shorter. Did current make that much difference? We reached Namu in the late afternoon so we went to the fuel docks first.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

We had to wait our turn as usual ~15 min. One fellow was obviously trying to make us wait—the fat slob. He must hate Americans. We got fuel & water. I went to get bread, but she was closed. We learned she would have more tomorrow. Namu was up to the gills in fishing boats. The gill net and seiner fleet were in waiting for their next opening Mon night. Both only get to fish 1 or maybe 2 days out of the week. We were lucky to find a spot available—on the outside, but it doesn't seem windy. A gentleman (Oregon boat) met us and took a line. Then our old friends George from "Leda" and Ian (?) of "Zodiac" came by. They remembered us and gave us a hearty greeting! What fun. So we made it to Namu. Turns out it was a good thing we weren't in Namu during the blow. It was full of boats here, and the wind blew 60 kn. The floats are secured only by cable—not pilings—I guess the floats were moving around, practically squishing boats in between. They said it was a bad time. Poor old George was anchored over by Pruth bay and his anchor didn't hold. So he had to go out in it all by himself and get reset—it was hard for him. He has his black lab Julie with him this trip. Leda & Zodiac have been fishing Hakai Pass & outside Calvert Island all summer. They have done quite well. Ian seems pleased. They will be going back to Duncan and Tofino in a week or so.

There is a beer strike! No Canadian beer. Too bad. The post office is closed and there are no dryers so I can't do laundry. It looks like we will have to go to Port Hardy. I got some supplies at the store.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

Tonight is steak night at the Commissary. Louie is taking me out to dinner! We went over and were near the end of the line. The sun shone on us as we stood there—beautiful. A river runs out from a lake right by the cookhouse. It is high and was running very hard from all the rain. This may be the last “steak-night” at Namu. The season is coming to an end. There was considerable grumbling by the cooks—it seems they had expected to serve 50 and there were 150 people for dinner! The fishermen are a crude bunch. To get their money's worth they pig out on everything and then throw it away. The cooks were running short and they were pretty upset with the fishermen. We had dinner with a young gillnet couple. I was the last person finished.

After dinner we took a 5 min walk up the boardwalk to see the lake. It was beautiful up there at sunset. Puffy clouds were turning colors above the deep green hills. the lake was very high, almost over the boardwalk. Spawners (sockeye & silvers) were jumping. A couple guys were fishing off the boardwalk. One caught a lovely brown trout—he gave it to me as he had no way of cooking it. They encouraged us to go to the movie. It was a Clint Eastwood (Louie's favorite) and Shirley McLaine “Two Mules for Sister Sarah.” So we decided to go. The rec. hall was dim and depressing inside. Quite a few people were there—most of them smoking. The movie was dim, rather out of focus and parts were lost, but it was a fun evening. Louie took a shower before bed, then we fell in the sack. It was a full day. I saw a great blue heron here.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

September 7th Namu Sunday Foggy 1022

We awoke to a foggy morning. There is no good reason to stay here another night since we can't do laundry, so we wanted to finish up chores this AM. I went to the Bake Shop by boardwalk. It was a nice hike. She had really fresh (baked that AM) wheat bread and I bought 3 loaves. She had heard that there had been 1½ ft of rain in the storms. I think that is on the high side, but there certainly was lots of rain. I bought a few more supplies at the store. Louie couldn't get ice since everything was shut down Sat PM & Sun.

I took a good shower & washed my hair. Duties done, we prepared to leave. Ian came and told us some stories. He is a lot more talkative than the 1st time we met him. He attended U of W in languages. He likes to carve wood—quite an accomplished fellow.

1225 Log 037 Leave Namu. The fog is hanging around in Fitzhugh, but it seems to burn away in front of us. We headed for Finn Bay on George's recommendation. The water was flat until we felt some swell coming through Hakai Pass. Then it was flat again. We went close by Adenbroke Island with a light station. It was hard to decide what to do. The water was so beautiful we were tempted to go on—but Jones was really too far. We had met the people from the two Oregon power boats and they were friendly—they were going to Goose Bay at the head of Rivers Inlet—we could meet them and be with company if the weather turned bad. Louie called them on the VHF. They were just anchoring. We decided to go the 9 mi farther to Goose Bay. Soon we started feeling sell from Queen Charlotte Sound. It was rather choppy swell that tossed us around. We had to go against considerable current at the mouth of Rivers Inlet.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

It took forever to get across. We picked up a wind behind us so I put up the genny and we rode better & made better time. It also gave me something to think about besides my stomach. We got in the lee of some small islands and then entered Goose Bay. There is a small community with a float & probably fuel for fishing boats. We were going to the very end of Goose Bay—a couple miles. We waited and waited to see the other boats, but they couldn't be seen. It was a strange feeling to be going all the way in here and then maybe not finding them. There they were, anchored behind a little island. They had expected to tie up to floats at an old cannery just across the bay, but the floats had been taken away. We were going to anchor, but they were getting ready for us to tie alongside. What fun. We tied alongside "Impromptu" and on the other side was "Zuerida." It was on the late side so I started dinner while Louie tried to find a spot for the doggies—it was either steep rocks or mudflat.

There really are geese here in Goose Bay. The water was calm and beautiful. Spaghetti for dinner—yummy! After dinner we went over to "Zuerida" and visited with our hosts. Don & Sodee on "Impromptu" were an older couple. Don is a retired architect. Howard & Virginia on "Zuerida" were younger. Howard is an architect from Portland. He designed several OCE campus buildings including the student union. They were wonderfully warm people with a good exchange of stories. They had also been to Alaska. Don was optimistic about crossing Queen Charlotte tomorrow. We were more skeptical because the weather report was so-so. We went to bed feeling very secure. A good day. Goodnight.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

September 8th Monday Goose Bay Sunny 1029!

The weather report has changed, it sounds like a good day. We got up and quickly had breakfast after a leisurely coffee. Louie walked the dogs. There really was no rush if it were foggy outside. We were the first boat to leave.

0850 Log 072 Leave Goose Bay. It is very pretty in here in the morning sunshine. The doggies & I had a pill for the swell. Louie went between the little islands in order to stay out of the swell as much as possible. Also, the current was less strong against us. Then we went between some rocks on the point. The swell wasn't bad and there was hardly any wind. In fact there was a fog bank just ahead of us while the point stayed clear. There were lots of small open power boats fishing the point. Where did they come from? We saw false Egg Island and _____ Island before the fog enveloped us. We were on a course 170-180 which should bring us to Egg Island, but when we lost sight of islands it got rather spooky. "Impromptu," with radar, and Zuerida following behind were just in back of us. Several fishing boats were going by and we occasionally saw a sailboat. Then it got really thick and we could no longer see the fishing boats and had difficulty seeing "1" & "2." They were going faster than we were and passed us leaving us alone in the fog. What an awful feeling. We should have been near Table Island but we couldn't see anything. There was hardly a swell and no wind at all. Louie thought he could see a rock in a bright spot—we altered course and headed towards it with the idea of anchoring behind Table Island until the fog cleared.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

Then Don on "Impromptu" called us. HE said "Keep the faith and your course. We are 1/2 mile off Egg Island in the bright sunshine!" It was hard to believe but we turned back to 170 and, sure enough, a few minutes we could see—Egg Island not 1/2 mile away! In the sunshine! Wow! So on we went. At this point we decided since the water was so good that we should make a long day of it and go over to Port Hardy. Cape Caution was passed several miles away. The other sailboat which had also been waiting for fog to lift was called "Pacific Trader" a ~28 ft dark green & varnish topped boat owned by Dan Hope & wife from Port Townsend. They were coming back via Sitka from Hawaii! They wanted to go up the East side of Z. C Straits so we told them about Skull Cove.

The whole crossing was in good water. There were angry looking clouds to the north sending fingers of high clouds into an otherwise blue sky. The mountains shone on both sides of the straits. Louie kept the helm until we reached Pine Island, then I took it for a couple hours. We went by "Impromptu" & "Zuerida" in God's Pocket in Christie Pass. They tooted us and Louie talked to them on the radio.

Finally, against a stiff breeze, we reached Port Hardy. There were lots of gill net boats going out so we came in so there was plenty of space. We tied with mostly fish boats though we really weren't supposed to.

We visited an older fisherman named Charles Adams on the troller "Midway Island," a beautiful boat he built himself. He fishes in the Pacific—ZC Sound to Hecate Strait. He seems to feel he has done quite well this year. He came over & visited & marked our charts with some anchorages.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

It was a late dinner of macaroni & cheese. It has been a long day—56 miles—but we did the crossing!! We can start to relax, big Mama Vancouver Island is protecting us. Happy. Goodnight.

September 9th Tuesday Port Hardy Foggy → Sunny ~1027

It will be another nice day if the fog burns off. Our fisherman friend left early this morning. We slept in because we earned it yesterday. ↗ There is lots to do today so better get started. Louie & I walked into town (~1 mile) with the laundry. We found the laundromat next to the taxi & bookstore. Wash 2x 60¢ dry 75¢. There was a fancier laundromat across the street—no matter, this one was clean. Louie got books & cigars & went to get beer while I went shopping. I talked the floor manager out of some really fresh bread. Prices are better than Namu & Alaska on most things, still they are high. By the time I got back to the laundromat Louie had folded all the clothes. So we arranged for a taxi. Louie went and bought 40 lb. ice, and we were ready to go. Just then a fellow to whom Louie had been talking asked if we needed a ride—so we cancelled the taxi and went back to the boat in his van. He is a miner—actually he teaches people to drive the heavy equipment. After lunch Louie went to the post office and to get some sherry while I started cleaning the boat. ~2:00 PM the fog burned off and there was bright sunshine. I first cleaned the floors, then dug into the cupboards—wet & moldy! Any cardboard was molding—labels on plastic or glass containers were molding—I scrubbed walls & storage jars with detz & chlorox & mold-away.

We had tacos tonight. I finished the taco shells after 4 months! Louie visited with some people on the dock.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

Port Hardy was a nice enough town. It was pretty clean—not too many services. WE paid \$3.30 a night for tying up. The people here are friendly. Tired tonight. Goodnight.

September 10th Wednesday Port Hardy Foggy 1020↓

Yes, another foggy morning—rather drizzly today. We hope it will burn off before long so we can cross. We went over to the fuel dock to top off fuel & water, then went out slowly to troll until the fog cleared. There is no fog in the inlet, but outside it is thick.

0930 Log 128 Leave Port Hardy. Fishing boats are also waiting for the fog to clear. The gill net fleet is coming back in after 24 hrs fishing. We trolled the points with little action. I caught a tiny chinook (shaker) and didn't even know it. The fog moved slowly out into the straits away from land. Fish boats started heading for Alert Bay. We started across towards Wells Passage hoping the fog would burn off, it was ~12:30 PM. The fog didn't burn off, but got thicker and thicker. It was strange—we could see land behind us—for miles, but see nothing ahead of us. At times the fog closed in on us. Louie had guessed a course to reach the Numas Islands—we didn't do our homework. We were getting more & more nervous as time went on. We had main & genny up and were making 6½ - 7 kn with a fair amount of wind. We finally spotted some rocks—the fog was lifting a bit. Louie had hit the Numas Islands on the nose! From here we could just see the headlands. Feeling better I fixed lunch. Then Louie said "let's troll." We fished coming into Well's Passage and meandered outside some islands. There were a "million" birds in a feeding frenzy so we went over to where they were. Whammo!

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

I had a real heavy strike which took line. Well, sadly we weren't ready for a fish—the net was below, the genny was up, the dinghy managed to get across my line. I felt the fish for a little while then didn't. When I reeled it in there was no fish & the hook was gone—bitten through. The hoochie was still on. It was probably a pretty big fish—too bad. Louie felt worse than I did. I put a new hook on and fished again, and it wasn't long before I had another fish! It was a 4³/₄ lb silver—no complaints! We fished going inside through uncomfortable rips & swells, but didn't catch anything more. Oh boy, another salmon—#7 on Abe & Al (pink & white) with a gold flecked hoochie & 20 oz weight.

The water eased as we went inside. Bits of sun were pecking out of the cloud making Tracy look peaceful and inviting. A big sailboat "Clipper de Haro" was tied to one float so we went over to the logging camp and tied to that float. We were met by the famous caretaker of Tracy Harbor, Bob Jones. It was incredible. He greeted us and invited us up for a spaghetti dinner—the other sailboat couple were coming. We thought of our fish but could hardly refuse. So we quickly walked doggies—very easy—and I cleaned the fish and put it on ice. Then we went up to Bob's house. He had pictures of all the boats which had visited him this year—and a guest log. The other couple, Don & Loraine were there. It was a good dinner with spaghetti & sauce, meatballs, garlic bread, and for dessert cream puffs and chocolate eclairs filled with real whipped cream! Bob Had made them himself. After dishes we went over to another building & played poker pool. The guys were drinking Rye & water and were feeling pretty cheery. After that we went to another building and played a bunch of games of shuffleboard. It was really fun—and it was 3:00 AM when we came back to the boat!!

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

About Bob. He is a flyer, married—a devil-may-care sort of person who had dabbled in business, photography, records, and sign painting. His wife teaches mathematics in Squamish where they both live. He took this job thinking it would only be for a summer a year ago, but the company—McMillan-Bloedel didn't come in last winter. So he stayed through most of the winter and then again this summer. He seems to enjoy it when boats come in—it is his way of having fun. He gets to go out now & then. Most of what he needs is in the big camp kitchen freezer & cooler. He doesn't get supplies too often. He chain smokes & drinks a lot. This is a very fancy logging cam—worth \$2 million. Men have individual rooms in the bunkhouse, foremen have fancier rooms. There is a rec hall—pool, snooker & ping pong tables; poker tables & the shuffleboard game. There are two big diesel engines that are the light plant, plus an Onan generator which wasn't working (quiet). He drove a couple company pickups—Dodge '74's. Well, it was almost too much.

Finally, Goodnight.

September 11th Thursday Tracy Harbor Cloudy

We slept in quite late this morning, not feeling too bad. Guess we won't be going anywhere today. I figured I would try scrubbing the bottom today. I went up and asked Bob if he had a long handled brush—he did. It was perfect. I scrubbed from the dinghy—sure hope it helps. I don't really want to get the wet suite wet. Louie said leave it at scrubbing—OK.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

After lunch I took a shower! Then I offered my salmon to Bob for dinner with Don & Loraine & all. He thought that was a good idea and he would bake the fish. It was a relaxing day for sure. We went up for dinner. Loraine was sick with a flu bug she picked up at Alert Bay—we crossed our fingers. So it was the three of us. Just as dinner was ready we had some visitors. People from the "Nina B" came ashore and stopped to visit—pictures, etc. These people had been fishing #7 on their big power boat, in Alaska, off Prince of Whales. They knew the Pooles.

Meanwhile the salmon was ruined—overcooked & dry. We had potatoes with onions and creamed peas with it. After dishes we sat and visited with Bob. He shared his booze with Louie and he talked about himself. We called it a night ~12:30 AM—early to bed. Ha.

September 12th Friday Tracy Harbor Overcast → sunny

↗ We were pretty relaxed getting up this morning. After all, we wanted to relax once we arrived at this end. Once we got up I did a little more housecleaning—mold I missed and windows. The boat is pretty clean & almost dry. The poor bird book is having a hard time drying out.

Bob offered to take us for a drive on the island. The early logging was a huge expanse of clear cut, plus there had been a big fire last year. It was a wasteland with a view. The roads are rough and one wonders how the trucks can take it.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

There was some nice cedar on the island and we went by Tracy lake which is the water source for the camp—cutthroat trout and bears. Back at camp he showed us the men's quarters, the kitchen and the light plant. It looked like the men were planning to come back, they left their wall decorations up (playboy) and a few had carved pieces of furniture. One room would be plastered with girls and another decorated with a picture of a trout and a wilderness map. I invited Bob for dinner, but told him the menu would be salmon salad & crab—he declined. Oh yes, Louie had set the crab pot with salmon heads and today caught a bunch of rock crab—no Dungeness. I cooked up four of the largest crab.

Louie hates crab. He never wants to catch it again—messy. I gave some to Bob, and enjoyed mine a lot.

Louie went up to the house after dinner—he & Bob went to get Don to play pool. I did dishes and popped some popcorn then joined them. I played better this time—got a few good shots and won 2 games. Louie won 1 game, but Bob was the undisputed winner. Tonight we didn't drag it out because we want to leave for sure tomorrow.

September 13th Saturday Tracy Harbor High fog → Sun 1017

We had a leisurely coffee and then got ready to go. After saying goodbye to Bob we shoved off.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

1015 Log 163 Leave Tracy Harbor. There is a light breeze the water is quite calm. The trees & rocks with caps of colored lichen are just beautiful. Sometimes the water was perfectly flat calm. We ghosted along high knobby mountains. If cruising were always like this! We saw 5 powerboats and 2 sailboats most of the day. Occasionally we would get a breeze on our nose—not bad at all. Just past Shoal bay the birds were active, so we started trolling. Nothing. We came to the area where Queen Charlotte Strait ends. There are hundreds of tiny treed islands to wind through—beautiful. High clouds make the sun warm and cool alternatively. Just at the entrance to Knight Inlet we started trolling again. Louie made a circle where some birds were feeding. I thought he got tangled, his pole acted strangely. Finally he reeled in to check it—he had a rock fish! Brother. We fished across Knight when Whammo! Louie had one. We were ready with the net this time—it was a big silver. Oh boy ... we've got to land it. It leapt out of the water once, then we netted it—hooray! It was an 11½ lb silver—nice big body. We quit fishing. It had taken the hook very well, but it had caused a loop in the stainless leader. The leader broke when it was straightened! Well, we are especially pleased to have a second chance at a salmon after what we did to the previous one. Salmon steak for dinner.

Just a mile or so away was our anchorage. Mamalilaculla on Village Island, an abandoned Indian village. There used to be a float there, now there is a high decaying pier, but no float. We anchored behind some rocks. It was just beautiful in there. The water was calm and smooth, the green trees standing above blue water. We rowed over to some grassy rocks to clean the fish and walk the dogs. I made 8 steaks from that fish plus there is a meal of tail section.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

Everything would have been just perfect if it had not been for the weather report. They were calling for N-NW gales in J Straits & 2C Straits. It was already blowing at Egg Island. It was hard to believe that it could blow here—everything was so calm & peaceful. A couple fish boats came in. Louie asked them about anchoring here—they said it was protected—what to do? Better to be safe than sorry. After dinner Louie put out oystercatcher—getting dark and then he put out Phalarope so as not to tangle the other two. Grumble—all this done with deck lights. It was a beautiful sunset. We went to sleep secure but uneasy—waking often to find it perfectly calm outside. There are a million stars out tonight—cool. Goodnight.

September 14th Sunday Mamalilaculla Sun 1019

Everything is moist from condensation, inside & out. We cuddled in our bags until it got a little warmer. The fishermen left before light. Sunshine shown between high clouds slowly drying the place. Today we plan to go through Beware passage—full of rocks & islets. Our charts have been very reliable so we are trusting them as well as our captain.

1030 Log 199 Leave Mamalilaculla after picking up all the anchors. We putted along with a view of the village from a distance. There are lots of anchorages in the passage. Canadian charts are such a large scale it seems to take no time at all to get where we are going. Beware rocks were easy. The last part of the pass was more difficult with submerged rocks. Kelp seems to lay over rocks so we made our way carefully & slowly. All of a sudden we were at our destination, the Village of Karlukwees. Mike Taylor had recommended this spot saying there were still some totems here.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

We had gone just 7 miles. A power boat was tied to the float, the village was abandoned, and the only totem in sight was a broken one on the ban. There was room to tie on the rather defunct float so Louie eased her in. In a few minutes the people from the powerboat came up in their dinghy. They looked none too friendly. Louie apologized for disturbing their peace, but said that a fellow Canadian had recommended that we stop here. The fellow said that they charge \$1 per foot to tie here. We weren't quite sure how to take that until he grinned & started a conversation. Evidently the Chief had visited the village the day before and spent time talking to them. The people moved out just 8 years ago so the children could go to school in Alert Bay. The houses were now quite broken down. There once was a church, a school, and about 10-15 houses. Now it was all covered over with blackberries and brush. After lunch we went with Gersham "Gersh" and Bea Harwood to pick blackberries and plums. Louie took the gun and some shells because a bear also comes for plums and blackberries. The fruit was by a very broken down house. the whole village was built on a mound of clam shells & ash. The beach was white with clam shells. It was dangerous for the dogs, though, because the beach was littered with broken glass—broken porcelain—and rusty this and that. Actually it was pretty to see all the different colors of glass—blue, purple, green, clear etc. We sat on the beach in the sun for a while talking. Back at the boat we sat in the sun and did some reading. Then Gersh came over to visit. He was very interested in the Indian ways of preserving fish and berries.

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

Gersh is from the Guernsey Islands off the coast of France. He is, unbelievably, 69—he looks 50. He's proud of that—in a nice way—his body is all tan & of a medium build. He has a cute moustache under his nose. He has been boating all his life. This last year they lived the winter in Turnbull which is near the area we are in (North & east of Tracey). They are heading to Sidney where they will live in a trailer—for Bea's health's sake. Gersh enjoys photography, loves fish and seafood, and makes his own delicious wine. He has been married to Bea just two years I found out from Bea. She is a tiny thin woman just full of spark. A widow Bea: 2 children, Gersh: 3 children. She is easy to talk to. They can jars & jars of salmon, fruit, make their own bread and know where all the good fruit trees are. They canned plums today. Bea found out that she had a bad heart & high blood pressure which is the reason they are going to live in Sidney this winter. Philosophically they are much like ourselves when it comes to news & crowds. This explains why they weren't too happy when the sailboat came in. Bea is always busy. She is knitting baby things in her spare time. They are in no hurry to reach Sidney as long as this good weather holds.

Louie and I went up to the village to look around the houses. It was so sad to see it all broken down and abandoned. Gersh said this was one of the nicest villages. The chief's house is the only one still used. At one point I thought I heard the bear—I probably did. Louie found some lovely flowers blooming beside one of the houses. So singularly beautiful.

On the way back I handed Bea some mint. We started visiting. Then the men came & we all had some of Gersh's wine—really really good. It was cherry with good flavor and just the right dryness. I didn't get home to cook dinner until 10:00 PM! Oh well, we feel we still haven't begun to exhaust our conversation with these really fine people

Bea and Gersham Harwood

7390 West Saanich Rd Lot 41

The First Mate's Log Of A sailboat Sojourn To Southeast Alaska

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Their trailer is in the Cooper Indian Reserve.

P.S. We saw dolphins fishing on the way to Karlukwees today. It surprises us that they are so far south.

This log is Continued

in

Book 99

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September 15th Monday Karlukwees Sunny 1020

It looks like it will be another beautiful day – sunny and damp. We wake and have coffee

After breakfast we visited with Gersh and Bea. They were ready to go, but no one could really say goodbye. Finally, after exchanging pictures and addresses they left. We left soon after since we wanted to make slack water in Chatham Channel.

1220 Log 206 Leave Karlukwees. The water is calm and the birds noisy. Herons are common now – I saw a wounded one which must have had a brush with a folded eagle. We eased along beautifully through peaceful water. We hit Chatham on the nose, the very minute 1450.

Burial cove looked too pretty to pass by. This time we tied to a small float – there was 15 ft. water under us and the tides are not at all extreme right now. Peace and quiet. Sunshine and love.

↗ I really like this place. The small islands are beautiful in the sun. A ways away are white clamshell beaches marking old Indian campsites. We didn't see the local bear in person, although there were signs of him right on the little float. We did see two black cubs coming into Chatham Channel. It is so quiet here you can hear birds for miles. We heard loons and a hawk or eagle, saw a pair of ducks and could hear the songs of many land birds. I saw a yellow warbler when I was walking around the abandoned homestead. The "shop", separate from the house, has a sign which says, "The Palace Flophouse & Grille; Canadian and American Cuisine."

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The place is quite wrecked. There were a few apple trees outside, but the only apples were way out of reach on the tops of the trees. The blackberries were rather moldy, but I found some nice mint. Lots of signs of bear.

Salmon steak again for dinner. It still tastes good. It gets dark so early now there is little to do but go to bed. The long hours in bed make for strange dreams. I would rather stay up longer. Goodnight.

September 16th Tuesday Burial Cove Foggy Clouds 1018

The fog is on the mountain tops, not on the water so we are encouraged to move along. Breakfast first – then off we go.

0940 log 223 Leave Burial Cove. The log must have some weed on it because it is not reading correctly. Through the misty mountains we go to Johnstone Strait. The wind is on our noses, but will be going with us as soon as we turn into the Straits. On one of the unbroken Islands is a black bear. Et its behavior, it is about to take a swim.

Genny up – now turned into Johnstone. We are going with the wind and against the tide. The Strait is a little choppy, not bad. Up ahead there is a light place in the fog – clearing?! Lots of gill netters and seiners are fishing off both shores of Johnstone. I think some were fishing all night from the radio talk. We dodge bright orange balls marking nets. Seinners are sure aggressive

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