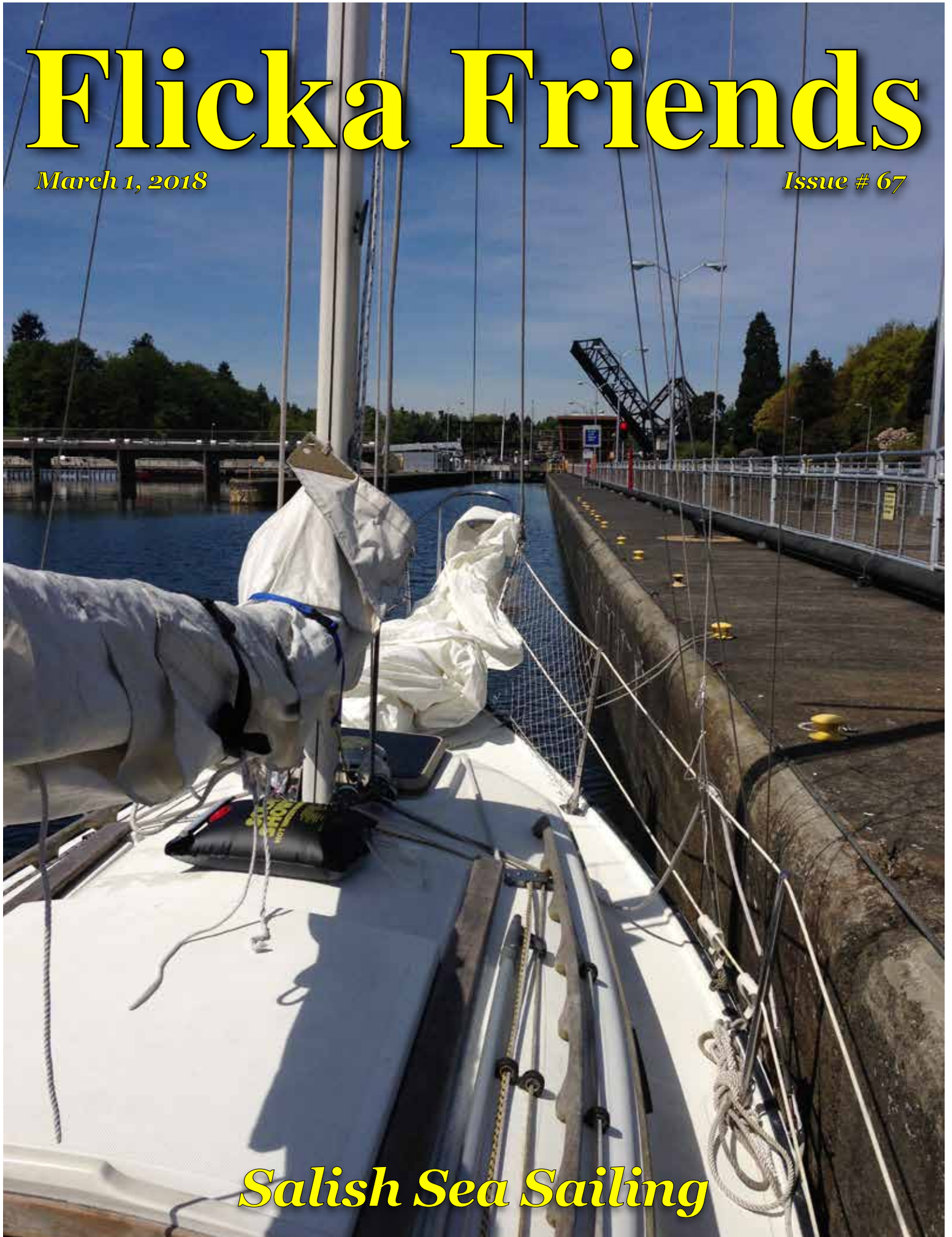


Flicka Friends

March 1, 2018

Issue # 67

Salish Sea Sailing



CONTENTS

Contents 2
 Locking to the Salish Sea 3
 Summers on **SAMPAGUITA** 3
 About Flicka Friends 3

Salish Sea Sailing

Josh Wheeler - s/y SAMPAGUITA

Sailing on the Salish Sea 4

1. *Port Madison* 4
2. *Mats Mats Bay* 5
3. *Port Townsend* 8
4. *Spencer Spit, Lopez Island* 9
5. *Blind Bay, Shaw Island* 10
6. *West Sound, Orcas Island* 12
7. *Friday Harbor, San Juan Island* ... 13
8. *Shallow Bay, Sucia Island* 15
9. *Shallow Bay, Sucia Island* 17
10. *Shallow Bay, Sucia Island* 18
11. *Annette Inlet* 21
12. *Pirate's Cove* 22
13. *Snug Cove* 25
14. *False Creek* 26
15. *False Creek* 29
16. *Bowen Island* 31
17. *Telegraph Harbor* 35
18. *Princess Bay* 36
19. *Shipyards Cove* 39
20. *Friday Harbor* 42
21. *Friday Harbor* 43
22. *Utsalady Bay* 43
23. *Kingston Cove* 45
24. *Seattle* 46

Summary Table 48
It is good to be small 49



Red sky at night from San Juan Island.
 Photo: Josh Wheeler © 2018

COVER

Waiting at the Ballard Locks to descend at the beginning of twenty-four days of sailing.
 Photo: Josh Wheeler © 2018

BACK COVER

The mainsail of s/y **SAMPAGUITA**.
 Photo: Josh Wheeler © 2018

Locking to the Salish Sea



Ready for twenty-four days on the Salish Sea.
 Photo: Josh Wheeler © 2018

Summers on SAMPAGUITA



Living aboard s/y **SAMPAGUITA** in Seattle.
Photo: Josh Wheeler © 2018



Waiting at the Ballard Locks, my entrance into the Salish Sea.
Photo: Josh Wheeler © 2018

ABOUT FLICKA FRIENDS

Flicka Friends is a newsletter that is written specifically for the people who own, crew aboard, or are interested in the Flicka, a twenty foot sailing vessel designed by Bruce P. Bingham.

Based on the Newport Boats of Block Island Sound, this little ship has been built from various materials since the 1970's. This includes Flickas constructed from plans obtained directly from Bruce's California office. About 400 sets of plans were sold. According to Bruce Bingham, many Flickas can be found in New Zealand, Australia, and Sweden.

A number of hulls were built by Nor'Star and some were completed by Westerly Marine. The total is roughly 20 Flickas. The manufacturer of the bulk of the class is Pacific Seacraft who built 434 hulls in California. OceanCraft Sailboats recently acquired the Flicka molds and will be building the Flicka in North Carolina.

Flicka Friends is published on a quarterly basis with regular issues being posted to the internet in March, June, September and December.

You can download the current issue as well as the back issues of Flicka Friends from the Flicka Home Page:

www.flicka20.com

More information about the Flicka 20 can be found on Facebook and the Flicka 20 Yahoo Group:

[Flicka 20 Facebook Group](#)

[Flicka 20 Yahoo Group](#)

Flicka Friends is always in need of articles and photographs about the Flicka 20 for publication. Please consider sending something for the next issue of the newsletter.

Editor: Tom Davison
flickafriends@syblueskies.com

ISSUE 67, VERSION 19.2
02/03/2018 - 13:46

Sailing in the Gulf Islands

Summers Aboard s/y SAMPAGUITA



SAMPAGUITA stern-ties to shore, a common anchoring technique in the Pacific Northwest.

Photo: Josh Wheeler © 2018

By Josh Wheeler
s/y SAMPAGUITA

1. June 6 - Port Madison

My name is Josh and I live aboard a Pacific Seacraft Flicka 20, s/y **SAMPAGUITA**, in the Washington Ship Canal in Ballard. Even better, I attempt to sail as much as time allows in the Pacific Northwest, which usually amounts to forty to fifty days a year.

This story is one of several from my Word Press blog. It memorializes the adventures and misadventures of these endeavors. I am by no means an expert and my foray into sailing has only been in the last 15 years, which I will say is the last third of my life. Boat ownership is half that.



2018 Summer Trip in the Salish Sea
aboard s/y SAMPAGUITA.

Day 1 got me off the dock and out the locks. There's rarely an early get away with the last minute prep and exiting the canal. This is not a problem though, as I find it nice to get clear of the dock and the city and get settled into the boat at a nearby spot. You wake up the next day and don't have any of both the mental and physical shore ties to escape from. It's just go time. Traditionally I have done this in Kingston, but the anchorage in Port Madison has become a favorite over the past couple of years. It's close, quiet, well protected and since one of my focuses was going to be anchoring on this trip, it was a very appropriate first stop.

I shared the anchorage with the elegant boat pictured below, *Irene*. Notice how calm the waters are in this anchorage. I didn't bother inflating the kayak that day and just stayed on the boat. This turned out to be a trend over the next few days on the way to Port Townsend and suited me fine.

Here's another view from the "front porch" with *Irene*, straight ahead. I did a few chores and had a nice meal and settled into one of the stack of library books I had checked out for the trip. Most of these were

s/y SAMPAGUITA - 2017 Trip

#	Day	Destination	Miles	Sail *	Motor *
1.	June 6	Port Madison	8.60	241	36
2.	June 7	Mats Mats Bay	29.53	902	133
3.	June 8	Port Townsend	15.90	381	30
4.	June 9	Spencer Spit	31.89	458	377
5.	June 10	Blind Bay	7.54	243	0
6.	June 11	West Bay	4.50	208	0
7.	June 12	Friday Harbor	14.74	323	30
8.	June 13	Sucia Inlet	19.67	445	12
9.	June 14	Sucia Island	0.00	0	0
10.	June 15	Sucia Island	0.00	0	0
11.	June 16	Annette Inlet	27.61	503	45
12.	June 17	Pirate's Cove	24.92	423	40
13.	June 18	Snug Cove	40.48	716	180
14.	June 19	False Creek	11.31	230	135
15.	June 20	False Creek	0.00	0	0
16.	June 21	Bowen Island	32.51	581	100
17.	June 22	Telegraph Harbor	39.23	678	365
18.	June 23	Princess Bay	27.09	619	210
19.	June 24	Shipyard Cove	25.26	546	180
20.	June 25	Friday Harbor	0.00	0	0
21.	June 26	Friday Harbor	0.00	0	0
22.	June 27	Utsalady Bay	40.60	746	540
23.	June 28	Kingston Cove	46.86	828	240
24.	June 29	Seattle	14.30	417	190
Total Miles			462.54	9,488	2,843
* Minutes			Hours	158.1	47.4

Trip Details	
Other Flickas Encountered	Four
Hours Traveled	158.13
Percent of Time with motor on	29.96%
Shortest Distance in one Day	4.50 Miles
Longest Distance in One Day	46.86 Miles
Average Distance Traveled Each Day	23.50
Average Distance for All Days	18.61
Average Speed	2.82 Knots
Traveling	19 Days
Lay Over	5 Days
Anchored	20 Evenings
Provisions Purchased On Trip	\$48.95
Fuel	\$27.86
Entertainment	\$92.87
Showers / Misc.	\$4.25
Total Cost	\$173.93

guide books, but a big read for me on this trip was One Island, One Ocean. It has some great photos in it and was easy to read in small segments before going asleep. It's geared more for the non-sailor and they were definitely pitching a message, yet I still found it quite interesting.

Day 1 Stats:

Trip Odometer (TO) 8.6NM
 Maximum Speed (MS) 5.7 knots,
 Moving Average (MA) 3.1 knots,
 Total Time (TT) 4 hours, 1 minute
 Anchor Depth (AD) 22ft,
 Rode 90ft
 Scope 4.1:1

Misc.: Lubed the sail tracks, put tell tales on the leech of the main.

2. June 7 - Mats Mats Bay



The second day took me from Port Madison to Mats Mats Bay. This was also my second time to this enclosed bay surrounded by hills. If you can avoid the rocks outside and follow the range markers through the narrow, doglegged channel, you will find a very protected anchorage inside. Don't worry; it gets a little less scary after the first time.

I got a 5:00 am start in an attempt to catch the full flush of the ebb. However, my plan required some wind, which didn't show up. Most folks would turn on the engine, but I held out. Did it pay off? I would say yes, but not by getting me to my destination quickly. I'll explain. At Apple Cove Point, the ebb turned to flood and the very light north wind had me slowly zigzagging back and forth with very little forward progress. Then I saw a whale surface in the distance. Ok, cool, it will need to resurface at some time, right? Sure enough, it surfaced about 100 yards behind me, startling me quite a bit. It was a humpback whale and when they exhale through their blowhole, it is quite loud. This whale continued to dive in the riptide off of Apple Cove Point for about 45 minutes while I went nowhere fast. I tried to get a good picture of the fluke, but alas, this was the best I came up with. Third image. So the whale watching was the pay off. Unfortunately, the sailing and the picture taking were not the finest.

Eventually the north wind picked up and I was able to get up around Point No Point, but the breeze was not found all that long. As I realized I was going to run out of daylight, I "motored up" to make sure I got into Mats Mats Bay before dark.

Before I left on my June trip, I set up some chafe gear on the bowsprit and on the bobstay. Practice had shown me that the anchor rode and anchor can rub on these places and the chafe gear is an effort to preserve both the line and the sprit. Through my trip, I found this to work



Day 1. Anchored in Port Madison.
Photo: Josh Wheeler © 2018



Day 1. A great front porch view of s/y **IRENE** in Port Madison.
Photo: Josh Wheeler © 2018



Day 2. Humpback Whale near Apple Cove Point.
Photo: Josh Wheeler © 2018



Day 2. Adding chafe protection on the bobstay.
Photo: Josh Wheeler © 2018



Day 2. More chafe protection on the bow sprit.
Photo: Josh Wheeler © 2018



Day 2. Anchor rode chafe from something on the sea floor.
Photo: Josh Wheeler © 2018



Day 3. Too rough to go ashore.
Photo: Josh Wheeler © 2018



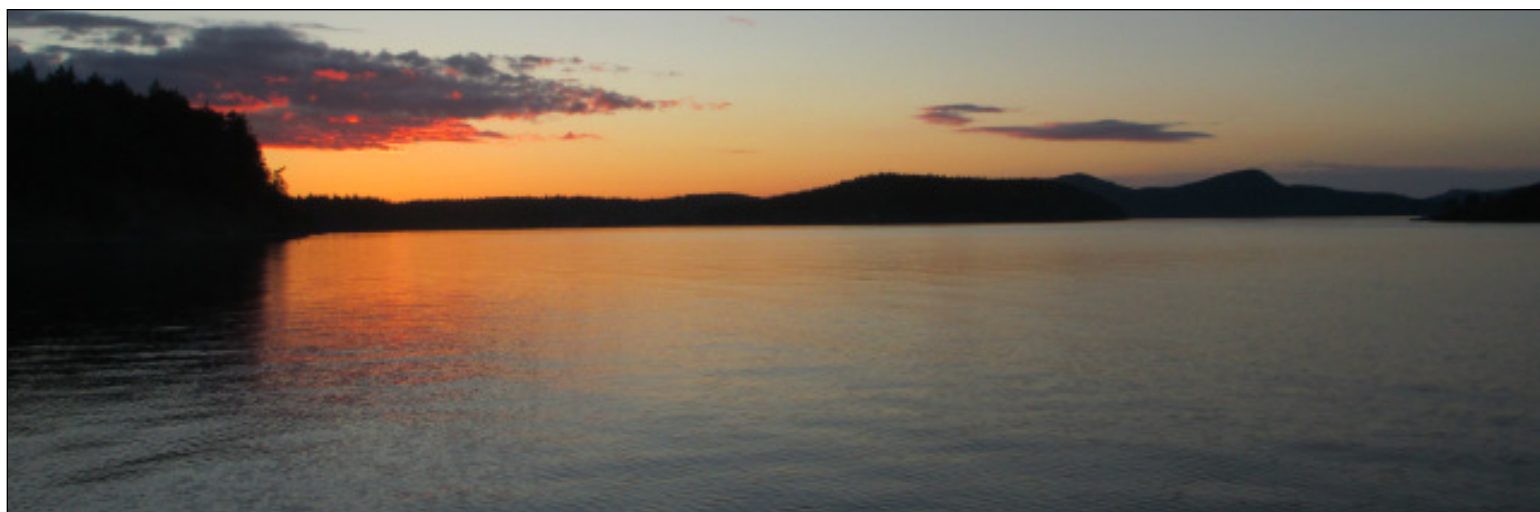
Day 3. The wind was 15-20 knots, time to move on.
Photo: Josh Wheeler © 2018



Day 4. Bird Rocks in the middle of the Rosario Strait.
Photo: Josh Wheeler © 2018



Day 4. Anchored at Spencer Spit, Lopez Island.
Photo: Josh Wheeler © 2018



Day 4. Sunset from the north side of Spencer Spit, Lopez Island.
Photo: Josh Wheeler © 2018

successfully. However, one drawback of Mats Mats Bay is that it is an old logging bay. This is actually true of many bays in the northwest.

You are never really sure if there isn't 100 year old logs or logging gear abandoned at the bottom of the bay to foul your anchor and chafe your anchor rode.

When I pulled up the anchor the next morning, I discovered that I had likely found some of this debris. The bottom 30ft of my anchor rode had some evidence of chafe. This is a good reason to have an all-chain rode.

One drawback of having such a small boat is that having 300ft of anchor chain is too much weight to carry that far forward in the bow. I have compromised with 30ft of chain and 270ft of 5/8" nylon line.

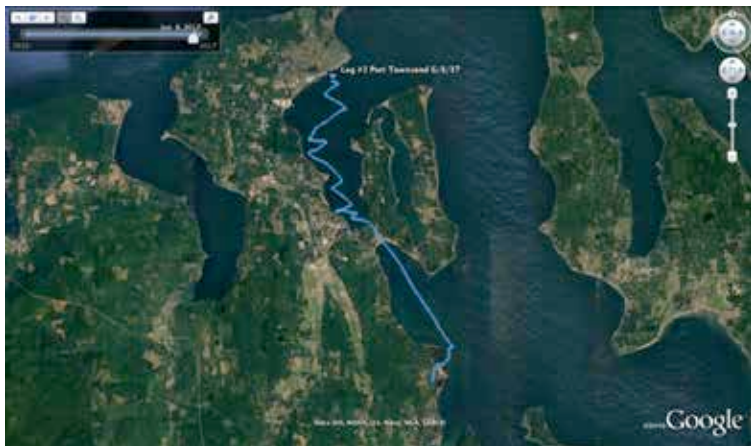
The line is a bit oversized to give an extra safety factor, which worked in this case. The chafe is not too bad so it is not a worry at this time and because it is on the end, I could always trim it off if I needed to. I had no further issues on the trip, but duly noted. Chafe is your enemy.

Day 2 Stats:

Trip Odometer (TO).....	29.53 NM
Maximum Speed (MS).....	5.4 knots,
Moving Average (MA).....	2.1 knots,
Total Time (TT).....	16 hours, 2 minutes
Anchor Depth (AD).....	18 feet
Rode	100ft
Scope	5.5:1

Misc. – Ran the Spinnaker lines for faster spinnaker set up, practiced light air sailing with success by adjusting the genoa twist with the car placement and the mainsail twist with the traveler placement. Spent a long, slow day in the sun.

3. June 8 - Port Townsend



On Day 3, I went from Mats Mats to Port Townsend via the Port Townsend Canal and Port Hadlock. I originally planned to take my time in leaving, but upon checking the current chart for the Port Townsend Canal, I realized it would change to a flood earlier than I originally expected.

The VHF weather forecast also said it would be blowing 20-25 knots from the South, which would have these two elements opposing. A strong wind blowing against a strong current means short and steep waves. I was also recalling a dock mate telling me his experience in these conditions in this canal. It was a story of anxiety, so I quickly got ready and weighed anchor in a race to make it through before the current changed.

Sure enough, the wind was blowing as predicted which put us into Small Craft Advisory territory. Technically, my 20ft boat is considered a small craft, but it is built well, so it's the inexperienced mariner part that applies most.

I do not have an anemometer on board, so I have learned to guess the wind strength by the feel of the boat and the sail I can carry.

I decided I would go straight to the second reef in the main sail, so I motored clear of the land, pointed into the wind, raised the sail, applied the reef points and then turned for the downwind sail.

The seas were running and my little boat will roll and yaw quite a bit, so just when I had the boat pointed in the right direction, BAM! The boom unexpectedly jibed across. I had not yet had a chance to rig the preventer or adjust the topping lift.

The reefed sail area is quite small, so the force was not so great and the boom missed my head on the way across. What got me was the slack line for the first reef point, which hadn't been applied because I went straight to the second reef.

It draped down below the boom in a loop and this went right across my face. I thought, "that's going to leave a mark" but was most thankful it didn't pull my eyewear off and send it overboard.

With all this action, there is no time to check for beauty so I rigged the preventer, lowered the topping lift, tidied up the lines, raised the motor and got the boat settled in for the run.

My efforts to beat the flood to the canal were in vain. I could see the standing waves but was committed by this point. I said, "I can do this, in fact, the wind is strong enough, I think I can even sail through this."

I did lower the outboard and start it for 'just in case,' aimed for the center of the channel and sailed into the canal. Our forward progress was pretty slow, oscillating between .5 and 2 knots, but the south entrance was where the big waves were and once through that, my confidence level increased.

The wind was still blowing in Port Hadlock and I did not want to be in the anchorage off of Port Townsend if the South wind was also there. I decided to anchor in the lee of Irondale as it looked like there was a little protection there and wait it out. I got the idea from another boat that I saw do this. Here I cooked some lunch and tidied up the boat from the mornings rush.

After a bit, I weighed anchor and sailed to Port Townsend. The wind direction had changed to the North, so it was a beat to windward to get there, however this is a favorable wind direction for anchoring in PT, where I planted the boat between the Boat Haven Marina and the Ferry Dock. I inflated the kayak with intentions of going ashore, but instead entertained guests whom came to me.

First was my friend Bob from Admiralty Ship Supply, who brought his skiff out with some libations, and then Thomas the Pirate who was in town as a spectator for the start of the R2AK, which coincidentally was earlier that day.

Day 3 Stats:

Trip Odometer (TO).....	15.91 NM
Maximum Speed(MS).....	6.4 knots,
Moving Average (MA).....	2.9 knots,
Total Time(TT).....	6 hours, 21 minutes
Anchor Depth (AD).....	22 feet
Rode	90ft
Scope	4.1:1

Misc. – Sailed in and out of anchorage at Irondale and into anchorage in Port Townsend.

4. June 9 - Spencer Spit, Lopez Island



I woke up with the intentions of going ashore, provisioning at the Safeway, getting some fuel, charging some electronics (phone, computer, camera, VHF) and buying Bob some beer.

But as I made tea, ate some breakfast, and did the dishes, the wind started to build from the South.

Port Townsend seems to have its own microclimate which doesn't correlate with any of the area weather forecasts, so especially as a non-local, it is difficult to predict what the conditions will be.

A South wind puts you on a lee shore in a marginal, unprotected anchorage. A great town with a crappy anchorage. The wind was maybe 15 - 20 knots which by itself is not a concern.

However there is enough fetch to get significant wave action and a disadvantage of a small boat is these waves have a negative effect on your comfort, realized by a pitching motion.

I could see some larger boats anchored nearby that clearly had a steadier motion. My anchor rode was taunt but the anchor was holding fine. I wasn't sure if conditions would worsen, so I was hesitant to leave the boat and go ashore.

I stuck it out for a couple of hours, before I was fed up with the motion and decided I was "outta here."

I figured if I started the outboard in these conditions, it would ventilate in the wave motion until I could get the boat moving, however, an advantage of a small boat is that I find it pretty easy and safe to sail the boat in and out of anchorages.

So, sail out of the anchorage is what I did, which is something I know owners of bigger boats would be hesitant to do. I relish it. Now the race was on to make it around Point Wilson before the ebb turned to flood.

If I missed that window, I might have to retreat to Port Townsend. This is the entrance of Admiralty Inlet and most of the water that floods into Puget Sound comes through this entrance and the currents can be enough to halt a small boats' progress.

Comparing the advantages and disadvantages of small boats to big boats was a common subject of ponderance on this trip. Its cliché, but every boat is a compromise.

I sailed out with one reef in the main and the working jib. Once confidently underway, I put a second reef in, only to be shaking it out by the time I was a couple miles out.

That damn microclimate. Once I reached Point Wilson, the wind was essentially non-existent and I had to motor up as the tide was just turning.

In fact, the Strait of Juan De Fuca was calm and I motor sailed the rest of the way to Spencer Spit. Some boaters would say that it was ideal Juan De Fuca crossing weather. I prefer some wind.

Bird Rocks, which are in the middle of Rosario Strait, have significance for me because one of the scariest moments of my boating career...so far... involved nearly hitting these rocks.

To boot, my friend Kim was on board so I had the responsibility of someone else's safety weighing on me.

It was four years ago and my first time crossing Rosario Strait and my first extended trip in **SAMPAGUITA**. I didn't expect the currents to be as strong as they were and due to this, my piloting was faulty.

It was a windy day so I had the sails up, but also had the motor running to make the unknown crossing.

The currents swept us down towards these rocks and I kept increasing the throttle on the engine, yet I could not seem to get the forward motion on the boat I needed.

I also recall almost changing course at the last moment, as it was feeling desperate, which in hindsight, I think would have been a terrible idea.

Ultimately, I believe what saved us was that the water current was forced around the rocks and carried us with it. I remember reaching back to ease off the throttle afterwards and realized it had been on full.

We were all in. It's also possible danger was not as close as it felt, but the experience and these rocks are firmly printed on my memory.

I arrived at Spencer Spit, a Washington State Marine Park, via Thatcher Pass that evening. Spencer Spit is on Lopez Island and I had reached the San Juan Archipelago. I very much like that word.

Rather than pick up a buoy, I opted to anchor. I chose the North side as the wind was predicted from the South.

I have included a picture of the many sunsets I was to see as well as a picture of **SAMPAGUITA** at anchor and a Washington State Ferry passing by.

Day 4 Stats:

Trip Odometer (TO)	31.89 NM
Maximum Speed (MS)	8.1 knots
Moving Average (MA)	4.2 knots
Total Time (TT)	7 hours, 38 minutes
Anchor Depth (AD)	?
Rode	?
Scope	?

Misc. – 377 min of motoring – ugh.

I now know I can pull the anchor up (no winch) by hand in 15 - 17 knots of wind with a pitching boat.

Sailed in and out of Port Townsend anchorage

5. June 10 - Blind Bay, Shaw Island



Day 5 began by doing the chores I meant to do in Port Townsend, such as gathering water, emptying the garbage, various boat tasks and exploring a bit. No Safeway, fuel, electricity or beer though, but they're all overrated.

It turns out Spencer Spit is one of the more popular marine parks. It was a Saturday and several boats came and went. There are several mooring buoys and also a slew of land based camping spots. Also, kayak rentals and guided tours.

I kept myself busy here until the mid-afternoon and then decided I would head over to Blind Bay, which is on the north side of Shaw Island.

A moderate S wind had been blowing all day, but wouldn't you know it, it let up once I was underway. I drifted and sailed in light wind until Harney Channel when the breeze filled in again. Then it was great sailing on a beam reach.

The rig was balanced, so there was no need to helm, and I was able to stand up on the cockpit seat with the breeze in my face. It was pretty awesome. This is what I am always striving for, but it requires consistent wind, which is usually pretty rare.

It gives me some relief from the helm and it's fun in a physics geek sort of way. It is also difficult to achieve in anything from a broad reach to running point of sail.

Some would say that a rig this balanced might be considered dangerous or inefficient. What if I fell overboard? Would it keep on sailing? Why don't you use an autopilot?

What about a windvane? Is the rudder working most efficiently and creating lift? Much of what helps this boat track well is the full keel beneath her and the barn door rudder behind. The rest is good rig design.

Good sail trim, which is on me, helps, but sloppy sail trim can be balanced too. To answer the questions:

- 1 If I fell overboard, let's remember that my boat is small. While I have been watching my weight with diet and exercise, I can still throw it around and use it to trim and steer the boat. If I fall overboard (because I'm standing on the cockpit seat with the wind in my face,) the boat will no longer be balanced and should round up into the wind and stall out....in theory. Let's call that a small boat advantage.

- 2 I don't use an autopilot because a) if I fall overboard it won't round up into the wind as previously mentioned and b) it takes electricity, which I do not have an abundance of on the boat. I go from being a slave to the helm, to a slave of electricity. The first is simpler and cheaper; the second goes down a road of complication and expense.
- 3 I have been studying windvane steering and it looks like the trim tab set up would be best for my boat. This will likely be a self-built or custom-built set up and we are not there yet. There is also some impracticality to using it for short stretches such as in Harney Channel. If we were on an ocean passage: bring it on. Oh yeah, this system will also leave me behind if I fall overboard.
- 4 Coincidentally, the large rudder sags a bit under its own weight when the boat heels over. Just about the 3 degrees you might want to create a little lift from the curve.

In the approach to Blind Bay, there are some rocks and an island that need to be negotiated and some tacking was in order as I was going straight into the wind.

We lived to tell about it and I picked my spot and set the anchor.

There were several boats on buoys as well as several at anchor, but it is quite spacious and well protected from the predicted south wind.

I had been choosing my destinations and anchorages as per the weather forecast for the whole trip, letting that decide where I should be rather than a set agenda. A great aspect of today was that I did not need to start the motor at all. Sail it out, sail it in.

It was early evening when I arrived and below is an unchoreographed and candid photo of the "veranda."

Homemade blackberry wine, Josefina's corn chips, hummus, carrots, grapes and other items. I'll let you guess about.

The string hanging down is attached to the camera and I didn't realize that was there when I took the photo. I never claimed to be good with a camera.

And a photo *from* the "veranda." I thought I heard a live band playing when I was eating so afterwards I paddled the kayak out of the bay and across Harney Channel to the town of Orcas on Orcas Island.

By the time I arrived, there was no band, it was dark and a much like a ghost town: small town island living. I took a stroll and then paddled back with an incredible, rising full moon.

Day 5 Stats:

Trip Odometer (TO)	7.54 NM
Maximum Speed (MS)	5.4 knots
Moving Average (MA)	2.1 knots
Total Time (TT)	4 hours, 3 minutes
Anchor Depth (AD)	30'
Rode	130'
Scope	4:3:1

Misc. – scrubbed rudder zinc, checked oil, exercised, sussed anchor line chafe



Day 5. The veranda of my Flicka in Blind Bay.
Photo: Josh Wheeler © 2018



Day 5. A great sunset from Blind Bay looking at Orcas Island.
Photo: Josh Wheeler © 2018



Day 6. Anchored in West Sound, Orcas Island.
Photo: Josh Wheeler © 2018

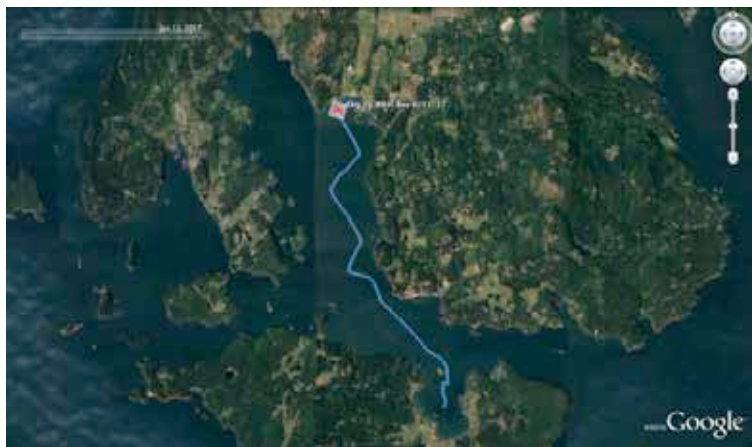


Day 6. West Sound and Blind Bay in the distance.
Photo: Josh Wheeler © 2018



Day 6. Looking west toward San Juan and Vancouver Islands.
Photo: Josh Wheeler © 2018

6. June 11 - West Bay, Orcas Island



On to West Sound, the middle inlet in the crab shaped Orcas Island in the faerie land of the San Juan Islands. A faerie land because the days have settled into the rhythm of cruising. We have shaken off the city and the routines of the 9 to 5, left the cars and trucks, the constant industrial and electrical dull roar of urban life, to the south.

A dull roar you often forget you are experiencing until you try to sit quietly in peace or in the present case, achieve escape velocity into the cruising life. I am still left with the contemplation that without this drudgery I may not be having this voyage, but that is too defeatist to dwell on, as I consider the 17 days ahead and the unknown adventures I will have.

I awoke at my leisure and lit the propane burner for breakfast. I still have fresh milk for the hot tea and grapes for the oatmeal as my half-gallon milk jug ice blocks were faring well in the ice chest. Amusingly, I am reminded of the urban dull roar as I reflect on the walk-in freezer at the 9 to 5, which allowed me this luxury.

This too shall pass, as ice melts as sure as the sun shines and my historic inclination to restock has never been strong. My diet and desires will change with the cruise, and what some will consider uncivilized suffering, I will consider simply as animal adaptation.

A review of the forecast on the VHF weather channel called for a light NW wind overnight, so West Sound would suit me fine. I prep for sailing in the usual way. I remove the sail covers, then the boom preventer which keeps the boom from wobbling around at anchor on my boom gallows free boat.

I unhitched the straps, which keep the halyards from slapping the mast, keeps the peace at night, and make sure all of the halyards and sheets are clear to run. Since my distances are short and in protected waters, I keep the kayak inflated and will tow it from the starboard aft cleat, so I check that it is secure and the painter is short.

Once under way I will lengthen the towline if under sail, or keep it short if I am under motor. While the polypropylene painter will float, the danger of it getting wrapped around the propeller is still very real and diligence is always necessary to avoid this unfortunate, inconvenient and potentially hazardous predicament.

I reset the portable GPS unit, a handheld Garmin device, so I can keep the days' stats and I start a new entry in the logbook. I don my life vest and after a moment of pause, checking the wind, which is light and from the south, and my surroundings; no strong currents, no nearby rocks and the other anchored boats are an adequate distance away, I decide with confidence that I will sail out of the anchorage.

I unclat the main sheet and hoist the main sail. I grab my gloves, move to the bow and pull off the two pieces of hose I have spiraled on the anchor rode for chafe protection. I pull in the line hand over hand and feed it into the hawse hole, removing any weed and mud and checking the line for wear as I go.

I know my progress automatically as the rode markers pass by and I can feel the chain and then the anchor come off the bottom. When the chain leaves the sea floor I know to move with intent, as we will be untethered soon and the boat adrift.

There is no need to rush, but distraction and daydreaming is to be avoided.

Once the anchor is up on the bow platform, the business of securing it with the pin and then with a piece of small stuff to keep it from wobbling is done with efficiency. Then it's back to the cockpit to sheet in the main, haul up and trim the jib and set our course.

A light NE wind is present and it will get me from point A to point B without having to start the engine for a second day in a row. In leaving (and in entering) Blind Bay, I keep Blind Island to the west of me.

There is a reef on the other side which is submerged at half tide and it is one of the ten most hit reefs in the San Juan Islands. Progress is slow for the first couple hours but the wind fills in as we get to the head of the sound.

I sailed into White Beach Bay to reconnoiter the anchorage. There is a marina with fuel, The Orcas Island Yacht Club dock which if you have reciprocal moorage, I can highly recommend. I do not have such privileges on this visit but I stayed there two years ago.

There is no fee, no electricity on the dock and no security but these are all easy to do without in this out-of-the-way hamlet. The OIYC has a clubhouse across the street, also with low security and showers and restrooms for guests.

To boot, there is a county dock with free daytime moorage right next door to the OIYC, but there is no overnight moorage at this county dock. I opted for a night on the hook, as that was a MO for this trip, settling in 40 feet of water with 160 feet of scope.

As I sailed up West Sound, I saw a mountain looming above the bay. I decided that if it was possible I would like to hike to the top. Is it private land? Is it a park? I stopped by the West Sound Cafe, which is just off the county dock and inquired.

The host was very helpful and they had trail maps on hand. It turns out there is a "butt buster" of a trail, as she put it, which is accessible about 1.5 miles down the road. "This is a hitch friendly island" she said, but I was set on the exercise.

The two-lane highway to the trailhead has no shoulder and is well traveled but I managed to survive both coming and going. The trailhead was easy to locate and the number of fearless deer I encountered was astounding.

She wasn't kidding about the "butt buster" trail and it was exactly what I had hoped for. My hike lasted 2-3 hours with great views from Overlook Peak and Ship Peak. You could view the San Juan Archipelago and beyond to the Olympic Peninsula in the States and Vancouver Island in Canada.

On my return, I stopped by the West Sound Cafe to thank the host for the incredible recommendation, did some stretches on the dock as the sun set and headed back to the boat to settle in for the evening, glowing from a very satisfying shore excursion.

Day 6 Stats:

Trip Odometer (TO).....	4.5 NM
Maximum Speed (MS)	4.4 knots
Moving Average (MA).....	1.5 knots
Total Time (TT).....	3 hours, 28 minutes
Anchor Depth (AD).....	40'
Rode	160'
Scope	3.25:1

Misc. – calm night, boat chores, good protection from a north wind, watch for seaweed on the bow roller as it may de-zinc the bronze

7. June 12 - Friday Harbor



Friday Harbor could be considered the main port and epicenter of the San Juan Islands and this was where I was headed on day seven. NOAA Weather Radio was calling for a Small Craft Advisory with winds building from the south in the evening and it would provide adequate shelter. It is a hub for transportation, tourism and commerce.

It is also where my friend, Jenevieve, was spending the summer. I would get my first shower in a week whether I needed it or not and I would restock my provisions, in particular, fresh foods. I might even be able to top off my fuel tanks and water tanks, charge up my electronics, empty the garbage and rinse down the boat.

Having had a satisfying adventure in West Sound the day before I was ready to move on. I awoke and awaited the breeze to pick up. The wait was short and about 9am I weighed the hook and sailed out of the anchorage. The south wind continued to build and it was quick work to tack down the Sound with minimal current. We were at the bottom of the tide with the flood increasing as I approached Wasp Passage.

This would mean I would have the current on my nose, but with the local geography, the wind was backing to the East and strong enough to carry me through, so I hoped. Wasp Passage is quite narrow and rock strewn, however the Washington State Ferry passes through here and it's at least 100 times my size, so why shouldn't I be able to do it? I decided it would be a good challenge.

Inevitably, previously said ferry did come through, but while I was just beginning the traverse and I had room and time to move to the edge of the channel. I was fine with this, because if all went well, I would be through before another one arrived. I gybed back and forth through the channel, as my boat does not like to run directly down wind.

The main sail blocks the wind from the jib and the boat will de-power, which is undesirable as the jib will flop around noisily and I needed to

keep the boat moving in order to push through the current. Half way through the pass there is a narrowing of the channel and the chart says "strong currents."

This would be the big test. Our progress was slowed but the aft wind held and once through we picked up both speed and room. I was expecting the wind to shift around to the nose at anytime as the aft wind was only so because of topography and I suspected that once we neared the western edge of Shaw Island, the island to our south, the southern wind would bend around its western corner.

It hit us head on. While this did happen, it happened later than I anticipated and I was in a good position to adjust to tacking and then it quickly backed around to the South as I exited the Pass. None too soon though, as Shirt Tail Reef, another of the SJI 10 most struck reefs was looming off to starboard.

Once in San Juan Channel I could breathe easier and able to make it down to Friday Harbor in three tacks going nearly hull speed. A Flicka 20, a heavy displacement boat, has a hull speed of about 6 knots, so that's as fast as I can hope to go, current aside.

Current will either add to or subtract from that depending on favor. Yes, I travel everywhere at a jogger's pace, at most. In reality it is usually more like a 3-3.5 knot average as hull speed is rarely achieved. Oh yeah, I also zigzag around and rarely get anywhere in a straight line. It's really a wonder I get anywhere at all.

I entered the Harbor on the South side of Brown Island to check out the anchorage in Shipyard Cove. I stayed here back in May and liked the location as it had more of a "local" flavor away from the Port where the ferries, the seaplanes and the main visitors marina was located.

I had moored here through 20 something mph winds in May that blow over the islands' saddle but you don't get any appreciable wave action. After sussing that, I changed my mind and decided to try the anchorage between Brown Island and the Port, just South of the WSF landing.

My rationale was this would be closer to the services I needed. I was on my 3rd day without a motor and the building wind and current were teaming up and funneling between Brown Island and the Port. I sussed the limited room, the wind and currents, my stubbornness against starting the motor and I made my move.

Boy, did I suck on the main stage at the Port of Friday Harbor. Single-handing, I am manning the anchor and the helm, and inconveniently, these are on opposite ends of the boat. The water was deeper than I first figured, so when I let out the initial length of anchor rode, it was not enough. Actually, so "not enough," that I am not even convinced the anchor hit the bottom.

With the sails up for maximum windage and the current pushing me back, I was seriously adrift, quickly off my mark and crowding other boats. I hustled back up to the bow and let out more anchor rode. Phew, the anchor caught! Still, I was way off my intended spot and very close to another boat. I would need to pull the anchor up and either try again or reassess.

Shoot! Time to start the motor and get safely out of this pickle. So I motored up and retrieved the anchor in front of the whole Port and anchorage. I knew I was being watched and I suppose I should have been embarrassed, but am not sure I was. Rather than be afraid to try, I gave it a go and ultimately did make it out unscathed.

However, my heart was beating a few beats faster so to settle down, I cruised back over to Shipyard Cove and pondered whether to anchor or get a slip in the Port marina. There are major convenience factors



Day 7. A Flicka at Friday Harbor: s/y **PINGOUIN**.
Photo: Josh Wheeler © 2018

Day 7. s/y **SAMPAGUITA** at Friday Harbor.
Photo: Josh Wheeler © 2018



Day 7. Sunset from Sucia Island.
Photo: Josh Wheeler © 2018

for the slip, but I don't want it to feel like defeat. Also, land and convenience are a "money suck" and I was having a great time without them. So I did the only rational thing, I flipped a coin. Heads, I anchor, tails, I get a slip. Tails it was, so off I go.

I stop and top off my fuel on the way. They have a new offering of ethanol free fuel. Score. Then I head over to the visitors moorage and as I pull in I see another Flicka 20 on the opposite side of the dock.

Duh, so I take the slip across from her, of course. I get tied in and go about my business of tidying up, topping off my water tanks, rinsing the boat off, charging up the electronics, taking a shower, emptying the garbage, checking out the Flicka across the way and generally living it up in this \$26.40 lap of luxury.

I have dinner with Jenevieve; check the wind speeds, which were in the low 20s, and plan the note I am going to write to the Flicka owner across the dock. It is a newer version and in great condition. I was admiring it earlier, taking pictures and comparing features and updates. I checked the serial number and it was the 3rd to last ever built. Dang! I wonder if they want to sell it?

Day 7 Stats:

Trip Odometer (TO)	14.74 NM
Maximum Speed (MS)	6.5 knots
Moving Average (MA)	3.0 knots
Total Time (TT)	5 hours, 23 minutes
Anchor Depth (AD)	N.A.
Rode	N.A.
Scope	N.A.

Misc: OK, after a week, I probably did need a shower.
 Motor time – 30min.

8. June 13 - Sucia Island - Shallow Bay



Making tea, eating oatmeal, doing dishes, writing in the log, rolling up the bedding, checking the weather, changing my underwear; these morning cruising rituals don't vary much from being in the home port. My first main task of the day would be to re-provision. The romance of island living is real but it is not without its costs. Most food is imported. If it is locally grown, its production and producers still rely heavily on imported goods.

My original plan was to go to King's Market up on Spring Street in downtown Friday Harbor due to convenience and familiarity; however, Jenevieve afforded me the local knowledge about The Marketplace, which while a little farther away, is a proper grocery store. I was up for the walk and the forced exercise, as a 20ft boat does

not offer much room to stretch out. It turned out to be an excellent and satisfying adventure.

I was able to fill up my backpack with delicious and fresh foods at the maximum value, with the big score being lamb steaks. On an island, seafood usually comes to mind, but the island of San Juan, where Friday Harbor is located, has a long tradition of sheep farming dating back to the Hudson Bay Company and pre-Pig days.

With my last main shore task finished, my provisions stored and check out from the marina approaching, I prepared for departure. A fair wind was blowing in the harbor, so I decided to revert to my engineless ways. Well, sort of. In the spirit of prudent caution, I did start the motor but just never engaged it. I raised the main, warped the boat off the dock, hopped on and sailed out of the marina.

Once outside, I shut the motor down, raised the jib and was on my way to Sucia Island, one of the northern most islands in the San Juan's and one of Washington State's most popular marine parks. The weather forecast was calling for a storm to come in with strong south winds in a couple of days, so my plan was to go to Shallow Bay on the west side of Sucia Island where I would have good protection, hunker down and ride it out. Seeing as I had never been there, this was still theory, but you have to give these things a go if you are going to spread our wings.

Once out of Friday Harbor and in San Juan Channel, the wind became fickle. I suspect this was due to topography and microclimates and not nature's personal joke on me. If it was personal, two other sailboats were paying the price too. I changed out the jib for the genoa and we intermittently ghosted along with a bit of help from the flood current, which had just turned, with time passing in the way it does on a sailboat.

The scenery barely changes and you constantly make small adjustments in the effort to maximize the little wind you are getting. Under these circumstances, time seems to drag, until you realize that it hasn't. It's something I have not gotten completely used to. It is so easy to get hungry or dehydrated because you think since you are going nowhere, that time too is standing still. I have to consciously take drinks of water and eat so that I don't find myself in a bad space from neglect.

As I approached Jones Island I considered pulling into its north bay or heading over to Deer Harbor because of the lack of progress. Then I thought that I might possibly get some fair current if I went through Spring Passage between Jones and Orcas Island. In the grand scheme of the Salish Sea, the floodwaters are moving from the Strait of Juan de Fuca to the Strait of Georgia and the San Juan Islands are in the way.

The main channels flow on the east and the west sides of the islands and the tide fills into the islands from all directions. This fill-in current was now inhibiting me from getting north and the wind was not being a big help. If I could get far enough north to get in the sweep of the tide in the northerly direction then the light winds and current would both be favorable and we might get somewhere.

The Spring Passage tactic worked as the piled up water pushed north around Orcas Island. The wind from the west varied from on the beam and the stern, which kept me moving to the northeast.

As I reached the top of Orcas Island, the wind filled in from the southeast and with the genoa still up, the sailing became quite brisk. If this held, it looked as if I would make it just in time for the sunset. I had heard Shallow Bay was an optimal place for viewing such celestial events. It was a long day and I still had the reef to the west of Little



Day 9. Fossil Bay, Sucia Island during a storm.
Photo: Josh Wheeler © 2018



Day 9. **SAMPAGUITA** anchored in Fossil Bay during a storm.
Photo: Josh Wheeler © 2018



Day 9. A fossil from Fossil Bay on Sucia Island.
Photo: Josh Wheeler © 2018



Day 9. Another fossil embedded in the rocks of Sucia Island.
Photo: Josh Wheeler © 2018



Day 11. My first Canadian anchorage: Annette Inlet.
Photo: Josh Wheeler © 2018



Day 11. Another sunset from Annette Inlet.
Photo: Josh Wheeler © 2018

Sucia Island to avoid. The tide was high and it was covered, but I could see the tide rips and upwelling.

You are never quite certain what the depths are and where the current will sweep you. The SE wind was optimal for this pilotage and the challenge was to stay as close to the rhumb line as possible without going over the reef. Using the handheld GPS unit, I kept the boat going due north along a specific longitudinal reading, until I had reached a target latitude, where I could comfortably continue northeast to Shallow Bay. The entrance to Shallow Bay is buoyed and narrow, but I was able to sail close hauled straight in and after a few short tacks, drop the anchor just to the south of the WSP mooring buoys in about 18 feet of water and let out 90 feet of scope.

Day 8 Stats:

Trip Odometer (TO)	19.67 NM
Maximum Speed (MS)	6.9 knots
Moving Average (MA)	2.7 knots
Total Time (TT)	7 hours, 25 minutes
Anchor Depth (AD)	18'
Rode	90'
Scope	5:1

Misc.: Left a note for the owner of s/y **PINGOUIN**, the Flicka at Friday Harbor; Lamb steaks and sunset for dinner; worked to get the right combination of small line on the top pintle and gudgeon of the rudder to keep it from "clunking" from the wave action at anchor. Engine time – 12min, idle only.

9. June 14 - Sucia Island - Fossil Bay Hike



I highly recommend a visit to Sucia Island. This is my first time and am glad I finally made it. Its location on the northern border of the San Juan's has been a deterrent for me in earlier trips as it was not in route to my previous destinations.

I also read that there can be up to 700 boats here which is usually not the density I am looking for. June is early in the season, it is mid week, the weather forecast may be a deterrent and curiosity has won out over stubbornness.

I first went ashore and took a hike over to Fossil Bay, which is the southern most bay on the horseshoe shaped island. This is the more popular moorage location and presently the center of the services, such as water, restrooms, docks, pavilions, and campsites to provide you with all of your civilized needs.

In my feign at being civilized, I was sussing out where the closest water and outhouses were. There is an outhouse right there in Shallow Bay

but the closest water is over in Fossil Bay. My ventures first took me up on to the bluffs which provided some good exercise and I great view for my lunch of cheese and hard boiled eggs.

I don't think very highly of my ability to hardboil eggs, which is laughable as it is basically boiling water.

However, it is the rinsing technique, which makes them easy to peel. On a boat with limited water supply and hand pump, the amount of cold water necessary to rinse and cool the eggs quick enough to separate them from their shells is impractical.

I suppose dipping them in the sea is a possible solution that I have yet to act upon. For now, we'll add this to the small boat disadvantages.

I did notice that the crows were opportunistic on a kayaker's unguarded provisions and it has been my observations that this is quite a common occurrence in Washington State Parks.

Crows are smart and they quickly learn that bright packaging can mean tasty treats. I learned to guard against this several years ago during canoe trips to Vashon and Blake Island in Puget Sound. Twelve-cent ramen can have million dollar packaging to a crow.

As I came down off the bluffs and got over my tunnel vision for exercise, I read some of the interpretive signage that the park offers.

It explained the different geological eras that the island included, and that the southern most strip of land, which I was just hiking on, was 70 million years old. This is in comparison to the rest of the island, which has rock that is 50 million years old.

The earth has been folded and lifted here and this is why different ages of the earth are exposed. The older area of land incorporates Fossil Bay, aptly named for the fossils that can be seen in the walls and on the ground due to it being covered by a sea 70 million years ago.

This got me excited because fossils are cool, and thinking about life 70 million years ago compared to now sends you down a heady philosophical trail that can get you pretty high.

Since the tide was out, my exploration of the best part was possible. This sent me back out on foot along the inside shore of Fossil Bay. With the tide out, the fossils were not at all difficult to locate and it was pretty awesome and I got quite excited about it all. We all know that when we hold a rock it is likely millions of years old.

To put a specific number on it is even headier. It took quite a bit to resist the temptation of taking one, which of course would be illegal and unethical. Luckily, I have a small boat with limited stowage to keep me honest. We'll call that a small boat advantage.

After my back and forth hikes, I filled up my water jugs from the tap and headed back to the boat. I was thinking about anchoring the boat a bit further into the the southern part of Shallow Bay in preparation for the incoming weather and this was finally decided by Cliff and his family who picked up the buoy that I had originally anchored relatively close to.

They were up from Portland and chartered a sailboat out of Bellingham for a week or so. They had stopped in Shallow Bay for the night, before they were headed off to the Canadian Gulf Islands the next day.

I did some lead line depth sounding and some tidal height figuring in the kayak and then moved the boat (by motor) into a new location, one hopefully that would tuck me in a little better from the predicted SE winds.

While anchoring etiquette follows a “first arrival” protocol, this doesn’t apply to permanent moorings in the State Park. I chose to anchor rather than pick up a mooring buoy because:

- a) I do not know the integrity of the mooring buoy set up, while I do know the integrity of my own ground tackle, (I have read stories about boats adrift attached to a WSP mooring buoy) and,
- b) Mooring buoys cost a fee to use but I have already invested in my own ground tackle. It does not cost a fee to anchor within the State Park and the more I anchor, the more value I get out of my investment.

I also want to test my gear and my choices in the upcoming weather. Don’t get me wrong, supporting the WSP program is a great thing, but another angle is, as a resident of Seattle I pay local taxes for services I’ll never use, so I see it as a trade off.

In the eve, I take another hike on the north side of the island and do some wildlife viewing from the kayak in the bay. Herons, otters and eagles top the list. The sun is setting and on my way back I swing by Cliff’s boat and he invites me aboard for a Scotch.

While not typically a Scotch drinker, I suspect it will be good Scotch so I accept and he and his family and I chat about boats (of course), border crossings, dentistry and the game, Magic: the Gathering.

The last comes from the unfortunate and inevitable question of what do I do for money. If you don’t know the game already, I find it nearly impossible for people, especially older people, to comprehend what it is.

Personally, I prefer questions like “what is it you do when you are not sailing?” so that lives are not defined by what is done for money, which for many people, is whatever they have to. It opens up the question to more personal interests and passions.

You’re odds of getting more interesting and excited answers from people increases and if they decide to talk about their job that is their call. Not so coincidentally, this is a technique I use while talking to clients at my, would you guess, job.

Shallow Bay, being, well, shallow, lends itself to warming in the summer sun, and is a good spot for bioluminescence. This is caused by tiny organisms in the water that when agitated, give off a glow. On my kayak trip back to the Flicka from Cliff’s boat, moving through the water easily set it off as did swimming fish. Pretty much anything moving in the water will.

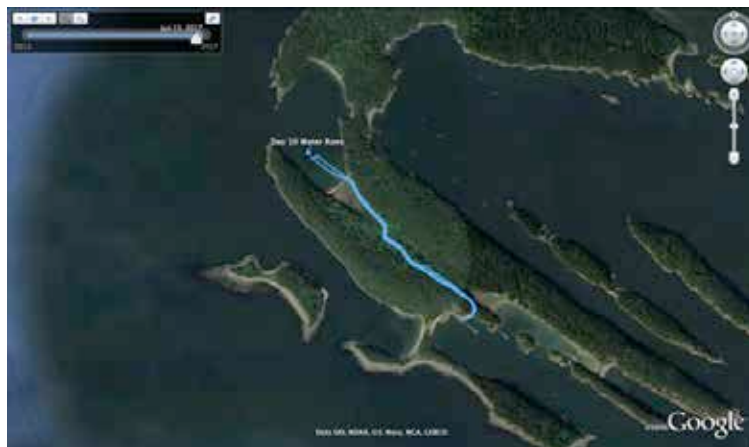
I have heard of people seeing it in their boat heads when flushing too. The warmer the water, the more you will see. The most extraordinary bioluminescence experience I have witnessed was in Mosquito Bay on the island of Vieques in Puerto Rico.

You can rent a kayak and a ride out to the bay and it is like being in water that is on fire. Incredible. If you are ever there, GO.

Day 9 Stats:

Trip Odometer (TO)	0.00 NM
Maximum Speed (MS)	0.0 knots
Moving Average (MA)	0.0 knots
Total Time (TT)	0 hours, 0 minutes
Anchor Depth (AD)	?
Rode	?
Scope	?

10. June 15 - Sucia Island - Fossil Bay



I awoke the next morning to increasing wind. The maximum wind was supposed to be around noonish with wind up to 30-40mph. My plan was to stay on the boat and ride it out while keeping an eye on the anchor, doing boat chores, reading and napping. The least successful of these was napping, but this is not surprising as that would mean I was relaxed about the anchor part, which was the most important chore.

I sewed my mainsail cover whose stitching was rotting out from sun, mildew, age and the fact that when I sewed it before I used whatever thread I had available with the machine I borrowed, which was totally not the kind of thread you should chose for the application. This time I used a wax thread for whipping line and hand sewed it with a sail stitching needle. It will likely outlast the cover now.

I boiled all the eggs I had as my next stop was intending to be Canada and they don’t want uncooked eggs brought in from the US due to avian influenza.

Also I used the pressure cooker and cooked up about 3 pounds of potatoes, another thing British Columbia specifically doesn’t want imported uncooked. I did some dishes, tidied up and adjusted the riding sail on the stern of the boat.

This is a small handmade sail that I have attached to one of the backstays and its purpose is to help mitigate my boat “sailing ” at anchor. Due to what I believe includes a high bow, a low stern, a nylon anchor rode, currents and whatever other windage factors that come into play.

My Flicka won’t sit steadily with the bow into the wind while at anchor. This means she is constantly moving in a back and forth motion across the wind. The riding sail adds a bit more windage area to the back of the boat and helps to mitigate this, acting like a weather vane.

This work in progress is not entirely effective for its purpose but helps in keeping me from napping and making sure I don’t get too comfortable and lapse in giving **SAMPAGUITA** all the attention she deserves and demands.

The wind is gusty, but the anchorage was a good choice, I have out plenty of scope and the boat, while going back and forth, is still firmly rooted to the seafloor. After hours of chores and worrying about the boat, I get cabin fever and decide to head to the shore.

I go to the south side of the island and check what the weather looks like there and top up on my water. I have plenty, but I can’t help but top up while I can so that I never feel like I have to make a stop



Day 12. Sailing wing and wing on the way to Pirate's Cove.
Photo: Josh Wheeler © 2018



Day 12. You line up the arrow and the cross to navigate.
Photo: Josh Wheeler © 2018



Day 12. The treasure chest at Pirate's Cove.
Photo: Josh Wheeler © 2018



Day 12. Whittled wood for my stern-tie system.
Photo: Josh Wheeler © 2018



Day 12. A stern-tie setup for my Flicka.
Photo: Josh Wheeler © 2018



12. A light rain falling in Pirate's Cove.
Photo: Josh Wheeler © 2018



12. There stern-tie system in use in Pirate's Cove.
Photo: Josh Wheeler © 2018

somewhere to get water. Its's a "get while the getting's good" philosophy.

I do this with gasoline too, which I call "fuel anxiety." The pictures show that I made a good anchorage choice, though I have found that I never get good pictures which represent wave action very well. The boats at the Fossil Bay dock were pitching pretty good and the wind was driving with spray and rain. I certainly wouldn't want to be docked or anchored there, however I would have survived with much discomfort.

Earlier, I watched Cliff and his family motor out across Boundary Pass on their way to South Pender Island which was quite exposed to wind and waves. They had a 40ft (or so) sailboat, but they didn't raise the sails at all to steady the boat and I could see them rolling back and forth, in an extreme fashion.

As helmsman, Cliff was probably alright, but I felt for his crew who were definitely holding on tight (anyone would) with white knuckles and the odds were high that someone was getting sick too.

Day 10 Stats:

Trip Odometer (TO)	31.89 NM
Maximum Speed (MS)	8.1 knots
Moving Average (MA)	4.2 knots
Total Time (TT)	7 hours, 38 minutes
Anchor Depth (AD)	15'
Rode	130'
Scope	8.6:1

11. June 16 -Annette Inlet



O Canada! I left Sucia in a nice SE breeze, sailing off the anchor and out of Shallow Bay. The wind was fitful in the bay, as to be expected, because it provided good protection from the SE, but once clear, progress was great. Fair winds as they say.

I guided the boat through the islets just north of Waldren Island and dodged a couple freighters heading across Boundary Pass.

This is the strip of water that separates the US San Juan Islands from the Canadian Gulf Islands and is a major shipping channel. Beautiful skies and clear visibility made it a safe crossing. I headed to Bedwell Harbor in South Pender Island, a Canadian customs check in station.

This will be the third time that I have used this station so its old hat for me and I decide to see if I could sail up to the customs dock. There are already three boats on the dock as it was a busy day.

I make it into the dock area, but the winds, blocked by the surrounding bluffs, become variable and unpredictable, so at the last moment I

lower the motor and start it up. The landing required a quick burst of reverse to stick and and I hopped off and secured the lines.

Canadian customs check-in has always been a fairly easy affair on my boat. When you land your crew can get off the boat to help with the lines(I have no crew) and then they are supposed to get back on the boat. Only the captain (that's me) is allowed to leave the boat with everyones passports, info (only mine) and ships papers and proceed.

You go to a designated check in station (I'm there already) and you pick up one of the telephones marked for this purpose.

It automatically dials Ottawa and connects you to an agent. They ask a few questions. I can tell I am in there data base already by the brevity.

- Who you are?
- How many people on board, your purpose?
- How long you plan to stay?
- Do you have any alcohol on board?
- What is your boats registration number?
- Am I bringing in any live plants or animals?
- The answers are short and correct.

The conversation lasted about a minute and then: "Enjoy your stay."

There is always the possibility they will ask you to wait while officials come out and meet with you. The officials may be there already or they may need to come in from who knows where by skiff.

I have never had this happen on my boat. In fact, if there are officials there already, they will tell you to use the phone process and Ottawa will inform them if they need to speak with you. Its all very awkwardly simple.

So, after my one-minute phone conversation, I hop back on the boat, start the motor and pull off the dock. I have the sails up in no time and beat my way out of the harbor. I go through a strange lull in the breeze where I am bounced around in the rip and chop while trying to prepare and eat a lunch of cheese sandwiches. The wind fills in and I broad reach my way up Swanson Channel with the jib and a reefed main at 4.5-5 knots.

It is Friday, so I consider going to Ganges on Salt Spring Island as I have heard from multiple sources that they have a great Saturday Farmer's Market. I think it through and decide against it because:

- a) the wind is blowing good from the south and the anchorage there is very open from that direction so I am likely to be exposed to a bit of chop and discomfort.
- b) I do not want to stay in a marina and I prefer to not be in the crowds.
- c) I do not need provisions at this time and since I do not gravitate toward the shopping experience, the utility and entertainment is lost on me.

I decide I will give Annette Inlet on Prevost Island a go. It looks well protected and shallow. The entrance has a couple of difficult to see obstructions to look out for but the tide is on the rise so I am feeling confident. I am not bold enough to sail into this narrow and shallow inlet, so I start the motor at its entrance.

There are a few boats in the inlet already but I easily find a place of my own and I anchor in about 15 ft of water and put out 70 ft of scope. The kayak is in tow so after I go through my post sail routine, I go for a paddle to the head of the inlet observing the geese and herons and getting some exercise. There are a couple more boats anchored further

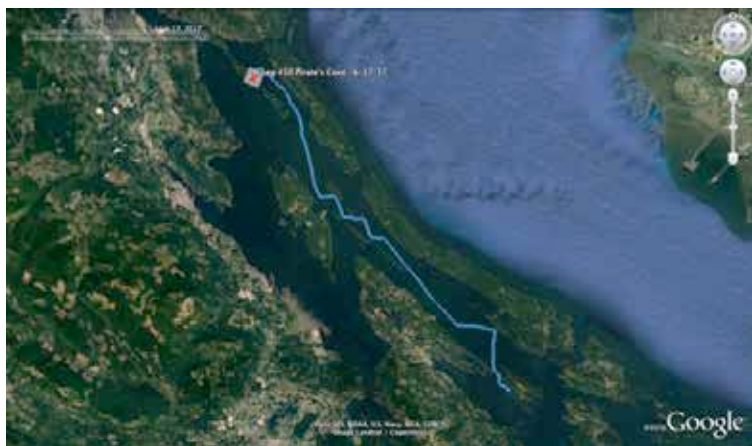
in that can't be seen from the Flicka, so my spot is both good and as good as it gets. Another boat comes in while I am out and there are a total of 6 boats for the night.

Day 11 Stats:

Trip Odometer (TO).....	27.61 NM
Maximum Speed (MS)	6.3 knots
Moving Average (MA).....	3.6 knots
Total Time (TT).....	8 hours, 23 minutes
Anchor Depth (AD)	15'
Rode	70'
Scope	4.6:1

Misc: Motor Time – 45mins (A little bit at the customs dock and getting into Annette Inlet)

12. June 17 - Pirate Cove



Sorry, no Johnny Depp stories. I left Annette Inlet with a subtle south wind and I jibed out into Trincomali Channel.

The tide was ebbing, which was not favorable for my direction, but the wind was adequate to make good headway. I was not sure where I was destined on this day, as there are lots of options in the Gulf Islands.

I have been through here several times before. The downside is I have seen much of it, the upside is the anchorages and possibilities are not a mystery. I wanted to go to a new spot, but knew I could seek shelter in an old one if necessary. I would wait and see how the wind behaved before I settled on where to go.

The sun was out and the south wind continued to build. After two long legs in Trincomali Channel, I decided I would try wing and wing. The wind needs to hit a certain velocity before this works well with my boat, otherwise the going is slow, the steering is tedious and the sails are floppy.

It has to do with the apparent and you want the sails to breathe, which is to have the wind overflow from the main and spill into the jib.

Then the boat will go at a steady 4 knots and more. The advantage is I can sail dead downwind in a straight line. The disadvantage is it takes every bit of my concentration; all of the time, to make sure that no accidental jibes happen and you keep both sails full.

I rig a preventer, which is a line connecting the boom to the sail track on the same side of the boat. This prevents the boom from suddenly swinging across the boat if the wind catches the backside of the sail.

If it weren't to take my head off on the way across, it can put shock loads on the hardware and attachments from the uncontrolled sweep.

It also keeps the main sail from pumping, which is caused by the boom moving up and down from wind gusts and rolling seas, which changes the sail shape, causes the sail to chafe on the shrouds, causes weather helm and slows the boat down. It doesn't however; keep the boat on course, which is up to the helmsman.

There are a couple of below the water obstructions in the middle of Trincomali Channel, chiefly, Governor's Rock and Victoria Shoal, but these have buoys marking them and my path goes near them, but not over them.

When sailing wing and wing, you don't have much directional option unless you flip a sail over for a broad reach, which means a 30-degree course change in order to keep the sails full.

The south wind continued to build while on wing and wing and the boat was going at nearly hull speed.

To boot, the ebbing tide and opposing wind were building up a choppy sea. I was very exciting and very intense. No snacks or ducking down below for a moment as the helm needed constant attention.

However, the heading was straight where I wanted to go, so I was making the most of it. I kept asking myself if I should reef, which is usually a sign that you should, but I was holding off with a balance of fear, speed and hunger.

I had decided the wind would likely hold through the day and getting to Pirate's Cove became a solid destination unless it built so much I chickened out and ducked in somewhere for protection.

There were large ships at anchor inside the Islands off of Porlier Pass and I decided to avoid them by heading to the west side of Hall and Reid Islands. In prep for this, I ended the wing and wing and moved to broad reaching.

I put a reef in the main as the wind had built to the point of discomfort. I increased the length of the kayak painter so that it rode a little better in the waves, I was towing it, and once behind Hall Island, I put the second reef in the main and the boat seemed to like this.

Ironically, once beyond Reid Island, the wind began to let up a bit and I broad reached back across Trincomali Channel, headed to Pylades Channel. I needed to shake out the reefs to keep the boat moving.

I was happy to have a bit of respite from the wind, but the cost is a slower moving boat which can mean going from a joggers pace to a walkers pace. This does matter and the slower pace can double your ETA.

After some more wing and wing with wind that was barely strong enough, I cruised up Pylades Channel and made my final approach to Pirate's Cove.

I don't know how Pirate's Cove got its name but it has a tricky entrance between submerged reefs. As you approach the entrance, you need to line up the range, a painted arrow and a painted X you see on shore.

These do not seem like official navigation aids, but it is correct and you best mind it coming and going.

Once to an undefined point between the parallel reefs, you make a 90-degree port turn and then aim for the center of the entrance buoys. Once through the buoys you are generally OK and then you find a spot to anchor and preferably stern tie.

The cove is small so a stern tie gives more room for others and guides say that the holding in the center of the cove is not so good. With the



Day 13. **SAMPAGUITA** and the view from Snug Harbor on Gabriola Island in the Gulf Islands.
Photo: Josh Wheeler © 2018



Day 13. The **Queen of Capilano** travels to the mainland regularly. The propeller sound resonated through your boat.
Photo: Josh Wheeler © 2018



Day 14. Looking east toward Vancouver, BC.
Photo: Josh Wheeler © 2018



Day 14. Looking back at Howe Sound.
Photo: Josh Wheeler © 2018



Day 15. The dock at Granville Market.
Photo: Josh Wheeler © 2018



Day 15. The dock at Granville Market.
Photo: Josh Wheeler © 2018



Day 15. New anchoring technique: engine security.
Photo: Josh Wheeler © 2018



Day 15. A bicycle lock for tender security.
Photo: Josh Wheeler © 2018

13. June 18 - Snug Cove, Bowen Island

ride I had earlier in the day, I wasn't going to chance that. A stern tie line, which is a line you attach to the back of your boat and then take ashore.

On shore you attach it to a tree, or in this case, to iron rings in the bank set for just this purpose by the Canadian Provincial Marine Parks, and then back to your stern. Thus the name: stern tie. This, in opposition to the anchor you set off your bow, keeps your boat positioned in one spot.

Otherwise, with just an anchor off the bow, your boat could swing in a full circle depending on wind and current. A stern tie keeps you from both swinging into undesirable, immovable, hard objects, and other boats. More boats can squeeze into the same anchorage, so it is a polite thing to do too.

I was excited to try out my new stern tie creation as well. Many folks keep their stern line in a spool permanently attached to; you guessed it, the stern of their boats. My small boat has limited room for a permanent installation, especially considering that it is 300 feet of line. I keep my spool, which was an empty freebie from Fisheries Supply, stowed below the v-berth.

While it takes a little forethought to use, I do not use it often, and it keeps the polypropylene (because it floats) line out of the sun's UV radiation and is one of those small boat consequences.

I whittled a piece of wood to fit in the top of my sheet winches and then I put the spool on that. This allows me to get in the kayak and paddle with the line to the shore as the spool turns and lets out the line.

While the invention works like a charm, it took a few tries to judge the distances, get the anchor rode length right and keep the line untwisted. I used most of the 300ft of line.

You take the line ashore and back, so that when you are ready to leave, you do not need to go ashore, but rather untie one end and pull it through while still on the boat. You use a floating line so that:

- 1) It can be seen, so other boats know it is there, and
- 2) It is less likely to get caught in your motors propeller when you leave.

Once settled in, I took a hike on the trails in the small Provincial Marine Park, stock up on water from the well and eat some dinner. The water comes from a hand pump like my neighbor had in the 70s in rural upstate NY and the trails, while short, go over some rugged rocky terrain.

There is a Pirate's chest full of children's toys by the Park sign and a light rain kept the air fresh and cool.

Day 12 Stats:

Trip Odometer (TO).....	24.92 NM
Maximum Speed (MS)	6.4 knots
Moving Average (MA).....	3.9 knots
Total Time (TT).....	7 hours, 3 minutes
Anchor Depth (AD).....	20'
Rode	70'
Scope	3.5:1
SL.....	280'

Misc. – Motored into Pirates cove and then had motor idling a bit while I fussed with the stern line.

Wind likely went to 15-20 knots on trip.



We weighed anchor at 9:50am after breakfast, more water runs and boat chores. The stern tie came off without a hitch and the handle I attached to the spool for cranking in the line worked well.

Once the stern tie was safely aboard, I deflated the kayak, as towing it across the Straight of Georgia should only be done in settled whether. The south wind was blowing pretty good so I wasn't going to chance the painter separating on the Straight.

The Straight of Georgia with a good wind can be a lot of fun, or a nightmare, depending on how you interpret it. There can be a lot of current in the Straight and if a strong wind opposes it, big, steep waves will occur. The fetch should be 100 miles. Crossing it is not being taken lightly.

This would be my fifth time crossing it and I have seen conditions from 20 knots to a dead calm. Personally, I prefer some wind as the boat and I like to sail better than we like to motor. It's good experience as it can be one of the bigger challenges of the inside passage.

I left Pirate's Cove using the same range that I obeyed on the way in, but it was a little trickier as the wind was blowing from behind and the range was observed from behind.

It is typically easier to maneuver a boat when heading into the wind and current and as you can imagine, easier to keep a range lined up when it is in front of you instead of behind you. I wasn't particularly pleased on how it went, however, I didn't hit anything, and so it was a success.

Once out of Pirates Cove, I traveled east over Pylades Channel, as my plan was to go through Gabriola Passage. I have never used this pass before, but like most of the major passes in and out of the Gulf Islands, it is safest to travel near slack water.

Currents can hit up to 8 knots on a spring tide. There were some tugs putting together a log boom, headed in my direction and my timing was right on, so I started the motor and got the jump on them. To have not gotten in before them would have meant a wait, stronger current and more possibility for debris in the water.

I met some boats coming the other way and they may have had to wait out the tugs, as the narrow spot of the pass would not have allowed that kind of 2-way traffic. On the Straight side, there are some reefs to mind on the exit as well as the offshore rocks, Gabriola Reefs. It seemed as this would be easy at first, but I soon realized, not so much.

The flood was stronger than I expected and I believe the Frazier River freshet was pushing me north, plus the wind was out of the south. All

three forces were pushing me north, in the direction of the reef, but I tacked a couple of times and used a little iron wind to just be sure. After that excitement, the wind steadily diminished as I crossed the Straight until there was not enough wind to keep the sails full in the still roly seas.

My original destination was intended to be False Creek in Vancouver, however the strong forces that drove me north put an end to that idea. I motored for a little bit, getting my bearings and trying to figure out where to go. The air was hazy and the Straight of Georgia is about 20 miles wide, so piloting can be a bit tricky. You can see land, but “which land is it?”

I motored in the Vancouver direction until the seas settled a little and I realized that I was picking up some outflow wind from Howe Sound. Howe Sound is the fjord just north of Vancouver and it has its own weather patterns and forecast.

Thermal winds play a big part in its weather and in this instance there was an outflow that I was feeling. I thought, “maybe I can make Vancouver after all,” but alas, this was wishful thinking. As I approached Vancouver the wind both slowed and backed as I moved out of the airflow.

So I tacked over and decided to stay in the wind and see if I could make it to Snug Harbor, on Bowen Island, just inside Howe Sound. I had been to Snug Harbor on a previous trip and I knew there was a possible anchorage and a government dock.

The wind was good, but dead ahead, and I did not have the tides on my side, so progress was very slow. I had expected to have some tidal help but I had it wrong. There may have also been some heavy fresh water outflow too, from Howe sound, as we were in the middle of the June mountain snow melt.

In fact, there was a regular Securite on the VHF channel 16 from the Coast Guard warning mariners about the heavy amount of debris in the Straight of Georgia from the Frazier River runoff due to the heavy snows they had this winter. I can confirm it to be true. I was on the constant look out and often adjusting course to avoid floating logs and debris when I was on the east side of the Straight.

I was running out of light, so I wanted to get into a port, especially with the debris around, so I finally gave in and motored into Snug Harbor. It turns out the favorable side of the government dock was still reserved for winter moorage, so I ended up on the ferry side of the dock. You are exposed to a bit more turbulence from the ferry wash but it was manageable and for \$8US, expectations need to be low.

The anchorage did not look too promising as there were a lot of permanent boats in there and I did not have the kayak inflated. Inflating the kayak is a good half hour production and I had my mind set on having a beer at the local pub and using their internet connection for some modern world communications.

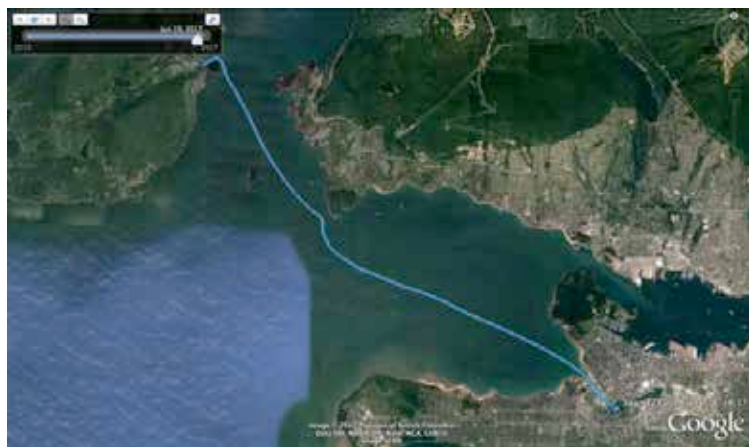
I got the boat settled on the dock, paid my fee and headed to the pub. After my beer and internet, I headed back to the boat, tidied up and settled in for the night. It had been a 12-hour day of boating, which was long for this trip so far.

Day 13 Stats:

Trip Odometer (TO).....	40.40 NM
Maximum Speed (MS)	6.6 knots
Moving Average (MA).....	3.5 knots
Total Time (TT).....	11 hours, 54 minutes

Misc. : Motor time – 180mins, govt. dock moorage – \$12CAN, Beer and Internet – \$8 CAN

14. June 19 - False Creek, Vancouver



The morning was overcast and I awoke with a vision of Vancouver. I noticed there was a woman who seemed to be living aboard one boat and three men on another at the Govt. dock, so I thought to myself, “they must shower somewhere.”

So I asked the woman and it turns out there are showers for the Govt. dock in Snug Cove. Who’d of thought? In Canada, the Govt. dock is a fairly common thing.

Often fishing vessels use them, but in Bowen Island it is more used by folks coming over from the mainland on day trips to go to the Union Steamship Company Marina Resort, local restaurants tchotchke shops, and by water taxis.

You pay by the honor system and it’s very economical with no amenities. For the head, you use the one provided nearby for public use and the ferry passengers.

It turns out the shower was actually at the Resort, by the laundry room, but separate from the facilities they have for their marina customers. It was rather nice so I enjoyed the hot water and my once a week shower.

I did some other chores and made ready to leave. As I was about to push-off, the ferry, the Queen of Capilano, came into the cove. It seemed prudent to wait for it to leave so as not to be subject to the prop wash that it was making and to not interfere with their operation.

After it left, I started the motor but realized that I still needed the wash to settle down as it makes a tremendous amount of unpredictable swirling currents in the cove.

While waiting, a Tollycraft with no fewer than 7 aboard comes into the Cove and was going to pull up to the dock on the opposite side. They saw me and asked if it was all right to dock there.

In hindsight, I really wish I had said yes, but instead I explained that I wasn’t sure and that the signage said it was reserved for winter moorage a couple more days.

So they aborted that spot and came over to my side. I said to them that they needed to wait until the ferry wash settled down, as I was doing, but they apparently did not understand. They made their approach and the current had its way with them. This became my problem because the current carried their boat uncontrollably into mine.

I was in a bit of an uncompromising position as I was on the dock with my bow line in my hand when this happened. The many crew managed to fend off for the most part with only their rub rail making



Day 15. The Vancouver skyline with mountains in the distance.
Photo: Josh Wheeler © 2018



Day 16. A Flicka 20 in Vancouver.
Photo: Josh Wheeler © 2018



Day 15. A beautiful day exploring False Creek in Vancouver.
Photo: Josh Wheeler © 2018



Day 16. Ugh. Damage to starboard upper rigging.
Photo: Josh Wheeler © 2018



Day 16. Another Flicka Friend in Vancouver.
Photo: Josh Wheeler © 2018

contact with my port side stanchion and hull. That annoyed me and I emphatically expressed that it was imperative that they do not hit my outboard on the way in. My wordage at the time was much different.

They managed to get to the dock without any further contact and I tied back up and inspected for damage and decided there wasn't any and to not take further action concerning liability. There were apologies and lots of playing dumb on their end and they asked if they could help me in my departure.

My words said, "In light of what just happened I would very much prefer to do it myself." My tone said "I don't like you very much right now and I trust you even less."

I got off the dock without further incident and motored out of the cove. Once out, there was an outflow breeze from Howe Sound and I raised the jib and the main and broad reached toward Vancouver.

Once to Point Atkinson though, I started to lose the outflow and the wind became light and variable.

I made it around the point but I could see how you might want to give it a wider berth, as the currents here tend to push you in its direction. I tried to work the boat the best I could in that light air, but finally gave in and motored through English Bay.

I wanted to get into False Creek and secure an anchoring spot and permit before it was too late in the day.

Previously, I have been to False Creek and have gotten an anchoring permit before. Vancouver has implemented an anchoring permit system in an effort to keep live-aboards with unseaworthy boats from permanently mooring within the Creek.

The permit is free and allows you to anchor 14 days out of the month in False Creek. Each month you can get a new permit.

For the rest of the time, you must go elsewhere, which for the live-aboards appears to be out in English Bay near the entrance to the Creek. I assure you, that is a very exposed place to anchor and at times, terribly so.

The gist is that if your boat can't move, it would be considered unseaworthy and subject to a fine of \$500 and/or impounding. This is the state of affairs and it creates quite a dynamic in the Creek. Once you observe it for a couple of days it is all very easy to understand.

The guidebooks explain that you must go to Stamps Landing to get your permit, yet the boating magazine 48 North had a current advertisement saying that there are three locations to get your permit. Go directly to Stamps Landing.

False Creek Fuels is one of the faux locations. I stopped there first as I wanted to top up on fuel and was told I could get one at the Boaters' Welcoming Center.

After refueling I went to the Center, which also was on my way to the anchoring spot and the nice gentleman said I would have to go to Stamps Landing.

They were the only ones to give out permits. He stated that I didn't really need one as it was really meant for the live-aboards and that the City wanted me to be able to anchor here and visit.

Without the Permit System, the live-aboards would monopolize the anchorage and visiting boats would not have room to anchor. While I did not inquire what a slip at a marina would cost, I suspect it to be a turn off to some thrifty Canadians (and myself.)

I moved on to where I wanted to anchor and found a spot on the edge of the field. This was luck and strategy.

Luck because there was a place for me, strategy because I wanted to be on the edge so as not to be completely surrounded by other anchoring and swinging boats.

Once anchored and set, I pumped up the kayak and paddled over to Stamps Landing to get my permit. I had intended to play by the rules and get the permit as I "had no plan with the man" and it seemed prudent to do so.

Seeing as I was only going to be there a couple of days, I really believe I did not need to have one and it appeared like many others did not bother. Still, it was free and easy enough. It is easy to tell the live-aboards from the tourists.

The live-aboards have boats that don't look like they are sailed often or ever (sailed, as in used to travel, whether sailboat or powerboat), and the tourists do.

Because they do not travel, these aspects of the boat are typically neglected and this can be easily observed. If you are not investing in your boat, living at anchor is very low rent.

I locked up the boat, used an anchor chain to lock the outboard to the boat, figured out a way to lock the dinghy up and paddled ashore. Vancouver is notorious for vehicle break ins, so I figure that boats could also be subject to this. False Creek is surrounded by a park.

This park provided public space, green space, bike and pedestrian lanes, water taxi docks and there are places to tie up your dinghy for free too.

Tennis courts, monuments, historical information, benches and other curiosities are abundant.

The Creek is surrounded by marinas and houseboats and very little heavy industry. It appears to be well enjoyed by the inhabitants of the city on a summer day and gives the city a very European and progressive feel.

At least in the park, in venturing out of the green space, it reminded me of Seattle and any other urban area, a money suck with noise and pollution and everyone on their cell phone running the rat race.

Impressive, if you find those things impressive. I managed to escape the streets unscathed physically and financially, realizing it had nothing to offer me on this trip and retreated back to the green space and the Creek.

I paddled back to the boat and locked up the kayak. I checked that the anchor was doing as I expected, enjoyed the sunset, turned on the anchor light, ate some grub and watched the "circus" from the comfort of my own tiny, traveling, floating home.

Day 14 Stats:

Trip Odometer (TO)	11.31 NM
Maximum Speed (MS)	6.1 knots
Moving Average (MA)	3.4 knots
Total Time (TT)	11 hours, 54 minutes
Anchor Depth	18 feet
Anchor Rode	80 feet
Scope	4.4:1

Misc.: 135mins of motor time, refueled, sussed locking up operations, reminded to not trust others and their boats.

15. June 20 - False Creek, Vancouver



Day 15 was spent as a leisure day in False Creek. It was at this time that I really considered the international past time of “the boaters’ gaze,” which in False Creek is at its extreme. Most boaters do the gaze whether they accept it or not. Boaters being outdoor folk by nature, the cockpit of a boat, which I’ll stylistically call the veranda for now, is typically an open viewing platform for the surrounding world to see as well as to see the surrounding world. The nature of the veranda lends itself to watching other boaters in particular.

We, and I’ll use we because I observe this in other boaters too, watch boaters dock and undock, set and weigh their anchors, flake their sales and come and go in their dinghies. We watch them make repairs, set out their drying, shake out their rugs, eat their dinner, drink their drinks and an endless number of things that can be done while outside in the open air rather than in the cramped quarters of the boat.

We question or applaud their intent, pass judgment on their skills, critique their boats and have a running commentary with our crew (or ourselves.)

We wonder, “What’s he doing over there?,” “What will this lead to?,” “Why in the world?,” or “Isn’t that clever.” We even watch them watching their neighbors knowing all along we are someone’s neighbor too. It goes with the territory of the small world, relaxed lifestyle of boating, and a tradition easily upheld.

One sub-category of the “boaters’ gaze” is the “anchor stare.” While much of the gaze is simply observational and passive, the anchor stare is one of participation. We watch someone come into the anchorage and we are on alert.

Are they sailing in or motoring in, is it a big boat or little boat, are they younger or older, where will they decide to drop the hook? As they choose their spot, the closer they are to us the keener we are to observe and participate.

If we don’t see them come in because we are down below, we might hear a motor near us or more telling, the sound of an anchor chain through a bow roller, and we are quick to pop our heads up and assess the situation.

Are they *really* going to anchor there, will our swinging circles intersect, how will they lie to the wind, will they drag down upon us, what kind of rode do they have, who’s on board, do they look experienced?

We give the “anchor stare,” letting them know we are assessing the situation and the longer and harder we stare is a measure of our questioning and apprehension.

Etiquette is that any new boats arriving to an anchorage are to respect the space of already anchored boats. This can have many dynamics and nuances, both for the new arrivals and the already present. I may not like your loud parties, your screaming children, your barking dog, your music and your generator but these are emotional considerations that I can bear with if imposed upon me.

The most important and most stare worthy for me is that I have room to swing appropriately. I have a small boat so my rode is 25’ of chain with the remainder nylon line. I would love all chain, but my boat might trim and handle ridiculously with another 230 lbs. in the bow.

Therefore, physics and safety dictate I need to let out more rode than an all chain set up. A Flicka has a high bow and with the nylon rode, she tends to sail around at anchor rather than hold steady with the bow to the wind. Add to this a full keel heavily influenced by water current and you have a boat that needs a little stretching room.

Furthermore, with a bowsprit off the front and an outboard off the back, which are vital (and expensive) appendages for the boats successful operation and structural integrity, combined with a significant dose of the owner’s anxiety and paranoia, it’s in my best interest that I have enough space. When I arrive at an anchorage I take all of these elements into consideration in choosing my spot. The troubling part is that later arrivals often do not. Etiquette is not law, and in our over populated world, space is at a premium. You can ask someone to reconsider their anchoring choices, but they do not have to.

In False Creek, the anchor stare is in full force and proof it is an *international* boaters past time. Due to the overcrowded anchorage and the obvious clash of interests between live-aboards and visitors vying for the same space, this is not a peaceful anchorage. The locals will tell you the False Creek norm for scope is 2:1.

This is compared to a generally accepted norm of 3:1 for chain and 5:1 for nylon rode in settled weather everywhere else. The 2:1 scope is to provide more room for more boats and regardless of whether you agree with this, you will be anchored next to with the assumption that, if you are not at 2:1, you should be.

The day before, I gazed while one fellow came in from Gabriola Island on a very salty looking boat of about 28 ft. I liked the boat very much and I told him so. He then told me it was constructed in the 1940’s, he bought it sight unseen from New Zealand on eBay and had it shipped over to Canada where he rebuilt it.

Wow. I left it at that and will leave it to the reader to decide whether that would be something they would consider. First, he circled next to me but finally settled on a spot downwind and another anchored boat away. Good by me, however, when the owner of a 40 foot ketch returned to his boat in his dinghy and saw how close the 28 footer was to him, he said clear as day, “Hey, don’t you think you are kind of close?”

There were some other discernible words exchanged and the 28 footer weighed its anchor and then returned to my vicinity and anchored close to me, all be it, not as close to me as he had been to the 40 footer. *Really?* was what came to mind.

I had chosen a spot on the edge of the field to minimize being surrounded by boats, but as more and more boats arrived, the anchorage filled up, and I knew I would not be able to hope them all away.

At least he was still downwind and I determined I would be all right. The downwind part would be the important part, because the next day,



Day 17. Looking west to Vancouver Island with a double-reef.
Photo: Josh Wheeler © 2018



Day 17. Thetis Island to the left, Vancouver Island to right.
Photo: Josh Wheeler © 2018



Day 17. Looking east toward the mainland. The island behind the anchored ships in Trincomali Channel is Valdez Island.
Photo: Josh Wheeler © 2018



Day 17. Anchored at the end of the Cut.
Photo: Josh Wheeler © 2018



Day 17. Looking south down Telegraph Harbour.
Photo: Josh Wheeler © 2018

when the afternoon wind picked up from the north, the 28 footer dragged clear across the anchorage to within 40 feet of the riprap shoreline where the anchor must have finally reset. The fellow was obviously not on board.

My sympathies were for the boat, so I paddled over, but it was all locked up and there wasn't much I could do to help at the time. The fellow finally returned to, of course, not find his boat where he had left it. Now, anyone and everyone can drag anchor at some time, but this poor fellow became a leper of the anchorage on that day.

When he weighed anchor, it looked as if he got a plank jammed in his Danforth anchor, which likely caused the problem. There was a particular boat that arrived earlier in the day (a live-aboard as evident by the planters about the deck of the boat and the wadded up sail) that the 28 footer barely missed in its dragging course. The couple aboard were hard-core "anchor starers" and they gave him hell when he attempted to re-anchor in the same spot as before. They were very vocal about their distrust of him and his anchoring.

This was fine by me too and I let them do the dirty work. I watched them staring at everyone who came into the anchorage the rest of the day, meanwhile, the 28 footer finally found a spot on the other side of the anchorage.

It may be hard to believe but I did not spend all day gazing and staring. In the AM I took a paddle in the kayak and headed out to English Bay. I ate a snack; window shopped at the Maritime Museum, and checked out the boats tenuously at anchor there.

It's a good bit of exercise to get out there against the north breeze but an easy ride back. It's fun to check out all of the boats and shoreline attractions. I guess it is just another form of the boaters' gaze.

Back on the boat, I did some chores and ate lunch. I tightened some of the bolts on the stern pulpit, as they seemed a little loose, I think due to using the pulpit as a handle for getting in and out of the kayak. I took note of this and have revised my technique. Getting tools for the job means moving some items stored on the settee, like water jugs and pots and pans, so I could access the storage underneath.

This quickly creates a bit of chaos on the boat. The small boat disadvantage is that you always need to move something in order to get to something. The small boat advantage is that due to the minimalism, it is easy to tidy up afterwards.

During this chore, Simon, a local Flicka owner who saw me anchored out when riding his bike shore side visited me. Simon is a young Englishman who immigrated to Vancouver to work in the flourishing film business and bought his Flicka from someone in Seattle a couple of year's prior. He came by on his inflatable stand up paddle board with his dog. Unfortunately, I do not recall the name of his Flicka or the name of his dog.

His boat is also a 1985 so we were able to compare features, layouts and modifications and talk about our travels with the boats. This easily turned into a lengthy and enjoyable meeting and he invited me over to check out his Flicka.

After he left, I finished up the boat chores and tidied up and paddled over to Stamps Landing where he was docked. We have the same hull with vastly different features. I have an outboard with no head; he has an inboard with an installed head. He has a dodger, radar, roller furling and an anchor windlass. I have none of those.

His previous boats owner invested quite a bit of money into his boat while my Flicka has had little modification since its initial build. Still,

they are clearly the same boat in the era with, in my opinion, the coolest oval portholes of all Flickas.

I took leave from Simon in time enough to get to the Granville Island Public Market. I wanted to get some provisions as I was running low on fresh food and was planning on leaving the next day.

I had decided I'd had enough of the False Creek anchor show and the urban lifestyle of Vancouver was reminding me too much of Seattle.

Simon had mentioned there was a grocer a few blocks inland that might offer quality goods for a more competitive price but I found the market suited me fine.

The produce was fresh, picking up some carrots, broccoli, bell peppers, grapes and the like, all satisfactorily in my budget. I also picked up some codfish for the evenings supper. The Granville Public Market is like the Pike's Place of Vancouver and provides a large number of shops selling a variety of foods and artisan wares, as well as a variety of wares and artisan foods.

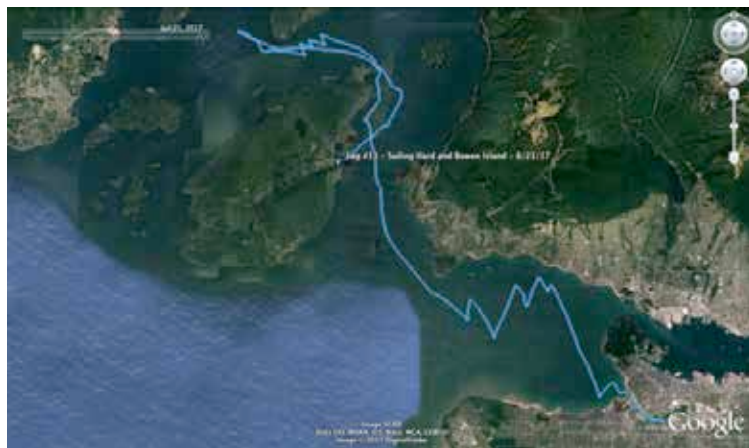
It's nice to be able to kayak to the store and they have temporary moorage for shoppers. Still, I locked my tender up while I was there as I have limited trust for leaving gear unattended in Vancouver.

Back at the boat I fixed supper while I watched another boat anchor awkwardly close to me. I mentioned it but he didn't seem to care what I thought, locked up his boat and took off in his dinghy never for me to see him again. This was followed by a huge mega-yacht who temporarily anchored in order to take a moment to secure their tender.

The hard-core "anchor starers" I mentioned earlier were in disbelief at this maneuver. This large yacht had threaded the needle in the anchorage and was actively using its thrusters to hold the line.

Once I realized it was not permanent, I relaxed and was ultimately impressed by the finesse. The rest of the evening remained peaceful and uneventful and all the boats stayed where they were supposed to and the way they were supposed to.

16. June 21 Bowen Island



It was a beautiful day the morning I left False Creek. The wind was forecast from the northwest and I decided to go up to Howe Sound.

This would mean a bit of beating until I got out beyond Point Atkinson where I would hopefully be able to catch the thermals up the Sound.

I had set my destination for Port Graves, which is the middle inlet on the south side of Gambier Island. I had fantasies about climbing

Mount Artaban on the island and getting some good exercise and a great view.

I weighed anchor at 9:15am and headed over to Heather Civic Marina. The slip next to Simon's Flicka was temporarily vacant, due to his neighbors' boat was being hauled out.

He offered that I stop by on my way out and fill up on my water tanks. I had decided to take him up on it and took the opportunity to offload my garbage too. I captured a few photos of the sisters together.

I then motored on through and out of False Creek. When I reached English Bay the northwest breeze was blowing, upwards of 15 knots. I raised the main and the working jib and began my beat to Point Atkinson.

After a couple of short tacks, the wind continued to build to about 17 knots (yes, I am guessing here, as wind speed is "by feel" for me,) and I sensed I should put in a reef, so I followed through.

This made the boat feel more comfortable as the seas in the bay began to build impressively. The fetch coming down the Strait of Georgia into English Bay is about 37 nautical miles for a northwest breeze and the waves rolling in showed it.

As I was reefing I could see several small boats in the anchorage hauling in their anchors and making a run for the Creek. I certainly would have too with the dramatic pitching and rolling that was going on. It was a "hold on!" anchorage by this point.

I made a long tack across English Bay with the wind and waves continuing to build. It was exhilarating. There were only a few other sailboats out and I was certainly the smallest. There was some freighter and tug traffic to add to the dynamic.

Some of these were anchored, while others were on the move. Every wind and wave event in a new place brings a new experience unlike any other experience you have previously been in. Heady, right!

The boat was doing a great job. I just had to move some lines here and there, push and pull a little bit on the tiller and hold on, tangled in the joy of doing it and the fear of breaking something. I feel confident in the boat, so this is really about me.

It wasn't long before I was considering putting a second reef in the main and the only hesitation was finding the right moment in the seas to do it. With waves this large (how large? gee I don't know, 4-8 feet?) and the boat rolling and bobbing, I wanted to make sure the boat was powered up enough to maintain speed and maneuverability in order to get up and over the waves.

Reefing too early is not much better than reefing too late. I chose my time on the port tack as that felt like the better side in relation to the waves. Rarely are conditions acting with symmetry on the boat and there usually is a better tack for both making headway and, in this case, adding a reef.

Most of my lines are rigged back to the cockpit, but I do need to go on deck to adjust the tack of the sail. It is a very quick job that only takes seconds, but it does mean de-powering the main in order to bring the sail down. This will take the boat a bit more beam-on to the waves.

I got the second reef in and wouldn't you know, not long after the wind settled down a bit. I actually had to hurry and shake out a reef going around Port Atkinson because there was a tug (no tow) coming in the other direction and I needed to be able to maneuver around it. This, happened while the tide was pushing me towards the Point. Note to self, give Atkinson Point a wide berth henceforth.

Going around the Point and headed up Howe Sound, the wind fell back to our port quarter. The thermal in-flow had not kicked in yet here so I had a bit of time to tidy up the cabin, brush my teeth, and eat a little something.

The cabin was secured for most days of sailing, but today's was a little beyond my preparation. Some water jugs fell to the cabin sole from the settee (one was leaking) and a few clothes had fallen from the shelf onto the v-berth.

The fire extinguishers went a little awry and the guidebooks were sliding around on the navigation table. The last of which is also the two-burner propane stove covered with a cutting board: a disadvantage of a small boat.

As I approached the top of Bowen Island, the wind continued to decrease until the sails were flopping. No need to wait too long though, as once around the top, the thermals kicked in and it turned into a beat again as I worked my way to Port Graves.

I hadn't expected this sort of wind, but in hindsight, I see how that was my oversight. 20-25 knots of thermal winds were rushing up behind Bowen Island and then up Howe Sound.

While I had known there would be thermal winds, I did not have the experience and the local knowledge of the particular patterns. This created some short and choppy waves, which made it a wet experience on the Flicka.

With the sailing and wind intense as I approached Port Graves, I questioned whether I really wanted to chance going into the Port. The wind and waves were streaming straight into the inlet and I considered whether I might not like the conditions once inside. If I needed to exit, the wind and waves would make it quite uncomfortable.

So I decided to retreat back to Snug Cove. It had been a very intense day of sailing, however I was not going to make my goal and I was not going to get to the top of the mountain.

I had not read the conditions very well and so my ETA's were poorly judged. The day was getting on and I was hungry and tired. Hard solo sailing doesn't leave much time for eating.

Time passes in an odd way on a small boat, traveling at a joggers pace in a zigzag, the scenery changing very slowly. Time seems to crawl until you realize you have been doing it for hours. Refueling and rehydrating get neglected.

This is poor planning as it is easier to maintain refreshment than to play catch up. I had a vision of the pub, with internet, a burger and a beer. That's just like hiking to the top of a mountain, right?

I arrived in Snug Cove as the **Queen of Capilano**, the ferry from the mainland, was taking on passengers. I wanted to wait until the boat was long gone as the ferry created much turbulence from the prop wash and the wind was blowing quite strong off the dock.

I asked a boat owner already on the government dock to move his boat down a bit to make some room for me.

After this, there was just enough room for the Flicka to fit (a small boat advantage) and he also offered to help me land. I circled about and waited my chance.

Once the wash appeared to settle down, I made my approach. It didn't bring me close enough with the strong wind, so I aborted the move and circled out again.



Day 18. Looking south toward Baynes Peak from the Sansum Narrows.
Photo: Josh Wheeler © 2018



Day 18. Looking south toward Baynes Peak from the Sansum Narrows.
Photo: Josh Wheeler © 2018



Day 18. The Narrow Bit.
Photo: Josh Wheeler © 2018



Day 18. Looking back with tide rips to the right.
Photo: Josh Wheeler © 2018



Day 18. Looking south, almost through.
Photo: Josh Wheeler © 2018



Day 18. Princess Bay and **SAMPAGUITA** from the dock.
Photo: Josh Wheeler © 2018



Day 19. Sunrise in Princess Bay.
Photo: Josh Wheeler © 2018

This first move seemed to confirm the turbulence was well gone so I made another approach. This second move brought me up along side a powerboat that I was aiming to dock in front of.

I was doing between .5-1 knot when the boat began moving sideways into the powerboat.

My best guess is there was some lingering turbulence and my second best guess was a backwind or negative air pressure created by the breeze around the power boat. Either way, my boat went sideways into the powerboat.

Unfortunately for the Flicka and me, the powerboat had very high rub rails, which lined up much better with my stanchions and rigging than with my hull. I tried to fend off, but the forces were too great.

The terrible screeching sound I heard was ominous and heart wrenching and I could not identify at the moment what caused it, the power boat or the Flicka.

After the contact I was able to get the boat into the spot and get her tied up and to inspect for damage.

The other boat appeared to be fine. Its high, sharp angled rub rail protected it as it was supposed to, however **SAMPAGUITA** fared a little worse.

The slight scratches on the stanchions were cosmetic and they were not pristine before. However, the starboard main shroud had a bent swage fitting.

This was the horrible screeching sound. I was instantly both amazed and alarmed at the force required to do this damage. Upon closer inspection, the chain plate also was bent slightly inward in the process.

The lateral pointed load on the swage had maxed out the stretch of the wire until the stainless steel swage and chain plate were the most giving pieces of the rigging.

My heart sank. It was my own fault and I quickly began to think about what I should have done different and the trip and how this would affect it. I very much needed to eat and step away for a moment.

I followed through at the pub, used the long-lost Internet, ate a hamburger and drank a beer. These were all a success, so at least I had that going for me.

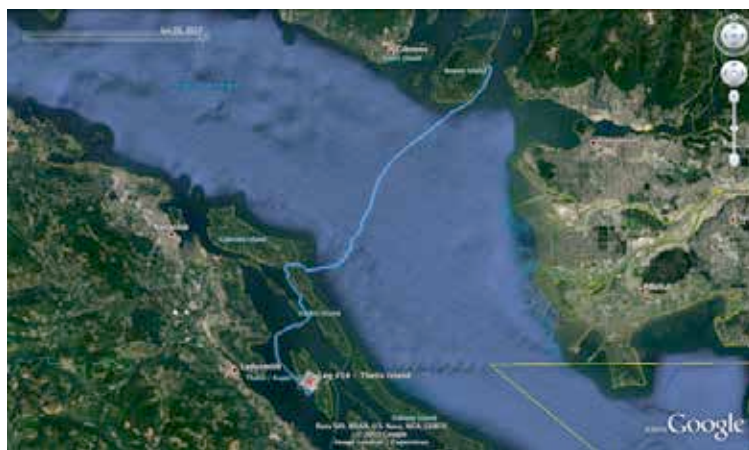
Back at the dock I spoke to the woman who had given me the shower tip three days previously. We swapped sailing stories and debated the merits of the Vancouver Anchoring Permit system. I finally settled down enough to get to sleep.

Day 16 Stats:

Trip Odometer (TO)	32.51 NM
Maximum Speed (MS)	7.2 knots
Moving Average (MA)	3.7 knots
Total Time (TT)	9 hours, 41 minutes
Anchor Depth (AD)	N.A.
Rode	N.A.
Scope	N.A.

Misc.; Think twice more. Secure items better for more range of motion. Predict weather patterns better. Don't break your boat.

17. June 22 - Telegraph Harbor, Thetis Island



Crossing the Strait of Georgia became my main prerogative, so I decided to wake up early and see if there was a weather window.

I had interest in crossing in more settled weather with the uncertainty of the shroud. This was a bit of an attitude change. I couldn't ignore the Strait.

Thermals can build in the afternoon to 20 and 30 knots. It was the June Frazier River freshet after a high precipitation winter and there was debris in the water.

A window early in the morning would be the best bet and sooner rather than later. I was on the back half of my trip and if strong winds rolled in, I could be trapped on the east side.

I woke for the 4am Environment Canada update. Environment Canada is the Canadian version of NOAA Weather Radio that broadcasts on the VHF weather channels. The forecast agreed with crossing if I left immediately.

It would likely be a 6-hour crossing, with the expectation I would motor most of the way. The predictions of days ahead were of less optimum conditions so I decided to hit it. I started the motor at 4:53 am.

I left Snug Cove, following Queen Charlotte Channel to the Strait of Georgia. Winds were light in the beginning with moderate seas, though beamish. I raised the main with one reef and we made good time, but both the wind and seas increased over the next few hours.

Our relation to the wind was good for the main sail, but the beamish wave angle as per my heading were making the boat roll. It was even more so as the waves increased.

My heading was 240 degrees magnetic toward Silva Bay, or at least I hoped. The Strait is just large enough to challenge my pilotage on several occasions. There is often a haze and the distance is such that the curve of the earth plays a role and you can't actually see the opposite shoreline, most of which I have little recognition of anyway.

As the seas increased, I felt a need to change my heading more to the south. I cracked off to about 220 degrees magnetic. There was an ebb tide and a NW wind putting our current and wind in agreement and that was good, though increasing our southing. This extra southing started about halfway across.

This caused me to miss Silva Bay and by the time I knew where I was, it would have meant heading up wind, against the current to make good. This had little going for it. The location tip-off was the Thrasher

Rock Marker, which is part of the Gabriola Reef, south of where I wanted to enter Silva Bay.

This was a point of anxiety though not an unfamiliar one. I was never certain of my position the entire crossing until I recognized and comprehended Thrasher Rock. I was practicing steering by magnetic heading and I was unfamiliar with the look of the land.

I experienced this area on the outward leg and I accepted that this was my new approach. With effort and time, I located all of my markers and buoys and used the handheld GPS to help tune my approach. My reasoning came up with two options.

Option one would be to try to make it through Gabriola Passage in time to beat the tide or to approach Silva Bay from the protected waters to its south. I decided the first with the second as the back up plan.

I knew I was not going to catch the tide through the passage, so it was all about getting through before the current became so strong as to stop forward motion. It looked like I could make it within the first hour. Maybe.

The flood tide moves north through the Gulf Islands into the Strait of Georgia. So a flood tide in Gabriola Passage was flowing into the Strait and against the Flicka's direction.

This slowed my progress and by the time I got to the bottle neck I had the throttle wide open on the outboard and we made about .5 to 1 knot over ground. That puts the current at 5 knots.

Once beyond the bottleneck we increased speed and I believed we would make it. If you recall my outward leg, there is a log boom area just inside the pass in Pylades Channel.

I was just entering the Channel from the Passage when to my alarm there was a deadhead about 8 ft to my port beam, floating one foot below the surface of the murky water.

If in my path, I would never have seen the deadhead before striking it. It was 10:30am.

The day had blossomed into sunshine and I had made it across the Strait and was safely inside the Gulf Islands.

At 10:58 am I turned the motor off after 6 hours of the dull roar. I then had a good following breeze from the NW, so I gybed my way through the islands.

I kept the main sail double reefed until I reached the entrance to Telegraph Harbor. The sheltered waters of the Gulf Islands put me at ease with the rig and I felt I needed to get my mojo back.

My final approaches to Telegraph Harbor had me threading the needle through the rocks and dodging the ferry. I had shaken out the reefs and was using the flooding tide.

I finally got tucked into the harbor and dropped the anchor. It's a tight spot because there are many boats on buoys, shallow depths and there was one other boat anchored when I arrived.

I found a good spot off the south end of the Telegraph Harbor Marina with enough room to swing and great shelter from any wind and waves.

It was about 5:30pm by the time I had the boat tidied up for the evening. I made a salad from the Granville Market produce, read One Island, One Ocean, about the Around the Americas trip and fell asleep early.

I woke up in the middle of the night to check the anchor and the lay of the boats. The view of the stars and universe was amazing.

Day 17 Stats:

Trip Odometer (TO)	39.23 NM
Maximum Speed (MS)	7.1 knots
Moving Average (MA)	3.1 knots
Total Time (TT)	11 hours, 18 minutes
Anchor Depth (AD)	20'
Rode	75'
Scope	3.75:1

Misc.: Used 2.25 gallons of fuel, Motor on 6 hours, 5 minutes
Amazing stars.

18. June 23 - Princess Bay, Portland Island



I made another early start from Telegraph Harbor. My plan was to catch the ebb tide down through Sansum Narrows, on the west side of Salt Spring Island. In combination with a north breeze, this should get me down to the Southern Gulf Islands and possibly to the San Juan's.

I had never been through Samsun Narrows and I felt like it could be a shortcut with favorable tidal currents of 3 knots. Making it to the San Juan's was a lofty goal that would depend on optimum sailing conditions and a motor. I'd need to consider going through customs and anchoring too.

At 5:30am, I weighed the anchor in Telegraph Harbor and started my drift out. I say drift because the sun was up but the wind was not. I had the main and jib raised and the only draw I was getting in the sails was from the airflow caused by my fraction of a knot drift.

I tacked a few times and gybed once to stay in the narrow channel and avoid buoyed boats. The scene was kind of ridiculous, but the idea of starting the motor on the quiet and peaceful morning was unappealing too. I stubbornly held out for the breeze that I was sure was going to set in anytime from the north.

I worked the sails for any air movement I could harness to get into Stuart Channel. I was putting quite a bit of effort into getting the most out of the light and variable winds and getting little reward.

So I boiled some eggs, I ate some salad; I drank some tea and watch the world (at least Canada) go by at a snail's pace.

I still had the ebb tide but that was not going to last beyond noon. At this rate I was not going to make the San Juan's and I was beginning to doubt I would even make it through Sansum Narrows.

Finally about 10am the north wind filled in. It was maybe 10 knots? This was enough to set me on my way. I wanted to put the genoa up,



Day 19. Kayakers and campers.
Photo: Josh Wheeler © 2018



Day 19. Looking north.
Photo: Josh Wheeler © 2018



Day 19. The mountains in the distance are on the mainland of British Columbia.
Photo: Josh Wheeler © 2018



Day 19. Leaving Princess Bay after paddling around the entire island.
Photo: Photographer © 2015



Day 20. This may be the closest you can get to the Orcas.
Photo: Josh Wheeler © 2018



Day 20. Southern Resident Orcas off of Lime Kiln State Park.
Photo: Josh Wheeler © 2018



Day 20. The Orcas parade show goes on and on...
Photo: Josh Wheeler © 2018



Day 20. Line of whale watching boats in the distance.
Photo: Josh Wheeler © 2018



Day 20. Kayakers and Orcas
Photo: Josh Wheeler © 2018



Day 20. Mother and baby Orcas.
Photo: Josh Wheeler © 2018

but decided against it with the uncertain shroud. I would have to settle with the main and the working jib.

The narrowest part of Samsun Narrows is brief, but the full channel as it winds through the gap between Salt Spring Island and Vancouver Island is several miles (nautical? kilometers?) long. This results in elevated tidal currents along its length, which can be a 1-4 knot boost over the distance.

Of course, it can be 1-4 knots against too. The four and a half hours lost waiting for the wind to appear would prove to be significant. I will confess that had I turned the motor on in the beginning and taken full advantage of the tidal cycle.

I would have likely arrived at Portland Island having run the motor less time than I eventually did. The motor is such a bore to me that I make these choices.

But for now, I still had a favorable tide and wind so I wished myself along as fast as possible. I gybed my way through the channel with the good following wind, which was winding through the channel too. I heard the rig creak a few times and this got my attention, but kept on.

As I approached the narrow part of the channel, the swirling currents kept me on my guard. I mentally went through the steps of lowering the motor and getting it started.

The whirlpools wanted to set me toward the rocks or the shore and it was difficult to tell which way the current was truly flowing.

The wind was still pushing me south and out of the swirling clutches of current, but my progress was slowing and I could see that the wind was diminishing the farther down the strait I went.

I thought I was going to be able to sail all the way through the channel, but alas, it was not to be. The wind became light and the current adverse. I gybed back and forth a few times to see if I could work my way through, but while the flood tide was picking up, the wind was not. I gave in and started the motor.

It was about 12:40pm and I escaped the grips of the Narrows, but had an afternoon of heading straight into a 1-2 knot flood tide with plenty of sunshine, but no wind.

This is Satellite Channel that feeds Saanich Inlet and the Sansum Narrows and I could see that with a following tide, one could make great progress and, at least under motor, and easily make the trip to or from the northern gulf islands in a day.

I spent the next three and a half hours motoring against the tide to Princess Bay on Portland Island. Portland Island is part of the Gulf Islands National Park Reserve and I arrived to a nearly full anchorage.

I thought one boat was leaving, but they were just reanchoring. I was faked out by another boat starting its motor, but maybe to charge its batteries. I finally found a spot that I was satisfied with and I dropped the hook in 18 feet of water at about mid tide.

In the process of grabbing my lead line to check the depth, I knocked the anchor rode chafe guard into the bay. It is just a spiral cut piece of hose, so nothing fancy and I had extra hose to make a replacement.

However, I didn't like the idea that I had just lost plastic tubing into the Park Reserve and if the chafe guard had been returned to its proper storage place, it would not have fallen in.

I tidied up the boat, made a new chafe guard and thought it through. With water levels at 18 feet and rising, I could not really see the

bottom of the bay, but tomorrow at about 9 am the tide will be low and the water level should be around 12 feet.

Maybe I can formulate a plan of retrieval for that time. If conditions permit, I will be able to see the bottom, locate the hose and have the correct sized tools to fish it out.

A few more boats entered the anchorage and found spots either on the fringes or stern tied to the shore. While I was happy with how I was set.

I saw a bit of reanchoring going on and anchors coming up with lots of weeds on them. I inflated the kayak for the first time since False Creek and headed ashore.

There is a dinghy/ranger dock in the bay and there are well-marked trails intersecting the Island. The island has a long and interesting history of being inhabited, evident by the 3000-year-old midden beach and the more recent 100-year-old orchard planted by Hawaiians.

After a couple of loops and 2-3 miles I headed back to the dinghy and the Flicka. I ate dinner and did some reading. The night was beautiful and you could see the bioluminescence in the bay when you disturbed the water.

The clear skies meant the stars and the Milky Way were in full view. This was my last night in Canada for this trip. I was moving forward and would head to Friday Harbor to regroup.

Day 18 Stats:

Trip Odometer (TO)	27.09 NM
Maximum Speed (MS)	5.6 knots
Moving Average (MA)	2.6 knots
Total Time (TT)	10 hours, 44 minutes
Anchor Depth (AD)	18'
Rode	75'
Scope	4.1:1

Misc.: Motor time – 210min., some mosquitos, the anchorage so-so, trails are good and the Island is interesting, popular as it is a quick overnight or day trip from Sidney.

19. June 24 - Shipyard Cove



I awoke at sunrise and prepared to paddle the kayak around Portland Island. It would be good exercise and a way to use time before the 9am low tide, when I was going to attempt a retrieval of the anchor rode chafe guard I dropped overboard the previous day. I saw a neighboring boater returning from a similar exploit, but with a hard shell kayak. I would make a counterclockwise circumnavigation with the hope I would get some favorable tide on the way back.

The waters around the island are reef strewn and the current flows dramatically through these reefs. This makes them unpredictable.

There was also a challenge to stay in water that was deep enough for the kayak. While the kayak only needs a few inches of water depth, the paddles need considerably more.

The reefs are a bit jagged; so keeping the PVC inflatable off of these was a priority. It was a great work out physically and mentally to weave through the reefs and currents, especially along the northeast side of the island.

When I got to the northern most point, I pulled ashore onto a beach just east of Royal Cove. I took some photos and used the outhouse. The outhouse was the nicest smelling outhouse I have ever been in; in true Canadian style of practicality and simplicity.

They had a composting toilet with a box of fresh-cut wood chips to the side that you sprinkled on your business when you are done. The dominant aroma was this box of wood chips. If only all outhouses could smell this nice.

I suspect that this island is easy to service by the parks department due to its proximity to Sidney and this style outhouse is not yet a norm in all Canadian parks.

There were also some campers in this cove as there was an official campsite located here. These folks had travelled in by kayak, which is a very common mode of exploration in both the Canadian Gulf Islands and the American San Juan Islands.

I continued on around to the west of the island. I arrived back to Princess Bay in time to plan my attempt at retrieving the chafe guard.

I did not know exactly where I had dropped it but I knew it was likely within a 50 foot radius of the boat. I was going to use the kayak and paddle the bay in a grid pattern.

I started with my best guess and quickly located it. The water was clear and shallow at this time and the white piece of hose contrasted well enough against the mud bottom. I used the lead line with a fender buoy to mark the spot, which at first worked well enough.

However, the hose wasn't far from where the boat was and the breeze and current kept swinging the boat around at anchor and into my buoy. This wanted to drag it off the mark and the line eventually got caught between the rudder and keel.

For a chafe guard retrieval tool, I took a jib pole and extended it out and then duct taped an extended boat hook to this. Now I had one 14-foot long rigid pole.

A big challenge was keeping the kayak in the correct spot. Any force, be it wind, current, or movement of the pole through the water, wanted to push me off target.

Another challenge was to correctly judge where the hose was and not be fooled by the water's refraction. I found that the poles also needed to fill with water for without this, they had too much buoyancy.

After about seven tries, I was able to snag the hose and I brought it to the surface with a sense of achievement. Next, was to use the same pole to unsnag the lead line from the rudder and finally to drain the poles of the water.

The plan and procedure worked about as good as I could hope for and I had the satisfaction of not littering, not losing the boats gear and successfully creating and completing a rescue operation.

To boot, I gave the elderly couple in the boat next to me a chance to "anchor gaze" while I was at it. "What is he doing over there?"

I prepped to leave in hopes that I could play the current into the San Juan Islands. I weighed anchor at 10:30am and motored out of Princess Bay. I quickly got the main and jib up and shut the motor down at 10:38am.

I had a brief sail until the wind faded at the Canadian edge of Haro Strait. I started the motor and continued across the Strait. Haro Strait is the main channel for tidal flow in and out of the Canadian Gulf Islands.

It is the Strait that separates the American San Juan Islands from the Canadian Gulf Islands, this border established by the resolution of The Pig War.

I had some favorable tide here that had me moving up to 7.2 knots. Once across and headed into Spieden Channel the current was against me and slowed me to about 1-2 knots.

I have had these adverse currents headed in this direction of Spieden Channel before. I have not figured out what the optimum transit time is relative to the tides. I ground it out and made a play for the inside channel between Spieden Island and Sentinel Island in hopes to get relief from the current.

A bit earlier, I saw the Washington State Ferry take this route. I suspect they either did it for relief from the tide or to get closer to Spieden Island in hopes to view some of the exotic wildlife that was transplanted there in the 1970s in a now defunct, private, big game hunting resort.

This strategy seemed to work and the farther I went, the more favorable the tides became. I finally picked up the full flood on the northeast side of San Juan Island and down to Friday Harbor. I was also able to do some sailing here with a NW wind of about 10 knots.

I was required to check in with U.S. Customs when I landed for the first time in the U.S., returning from Canada. I went to the clearance dock they have designated for this at the Port of Friday Harbor.

I landed and went to the phone provided and called Customs. I spoke to a Customs Officer and he asked the standard questions:

- What was my nationality?
- Where was I coming from?
- How long had I been there?
- Do I have anything to declare?
- When satisfied, he said I could go to my slip, then...
- I needed to come up to the office on Spring Street to verify the information.

I explained that I would be anchoring out. He said I should leave the boat at the clearance dock and come up now. So I grabbed my ID and my boat's papers, which is a fancy way of saying my registration.

Truthfully, there are other documents included in the portfolio of "boat's papers," but the registration was all I would need.

When I arrived I was met by an officer who asked, "SAMPAGUITA?"

I said yes

He said, "Like the National Flower of the Philippines?"

I said yes,



Day 21. The old lime kiln.
Photo: Josh Wheeler © 2018



Day 21. Looking south over the Haro Strait.
Photo: Josh Wheeler © 2018



Day 21. A barbecue and sunset from San Juan County Park.
Photo: Josh Wheeler © 2018

“I am from the Philippines” he said and went on to thank me for coming up to Spring Street as they were presently short-staffed.

He checked my ID and my boat papers and that was that.

SAMPAGUITA is under 30 foot in length, so there is no fee for re-entering the U.S. as there is for boats over 30 feet.

This is a small boat advantage. I bounded out the door and back to the clearance dock as I was interested in getting anchored and settled in, sooner than later.

It was a week since my last shower, so I wanted to get that done too. There was quite a bit of bustle going on in the Port and the tall ships, the Hawaiian Chieftain and the Lady Washington were in the harbor.

The Lady Washington has world fame as being one of the ships they used in filming the Pirates of the Caribbean: The Curse of the Black Pearl.

They were giving tours and getting ready for some sort of “pirate re-enactment” with mock battles out in the channel. Amusing? Not for me.

I sailed off of the customs dock and headed over to Shipyards Cove where I like to anchor. I anchored here for 4 nights in May and it suited me fine to be a bit away from “downtown.” I could paddle into the Port or over to Shipyard Marina. I had friends who used the latter and I could meet them there.

I re-anchored once as I didn’t like my first attempts proximity to an empty, permanent buoy. Once set, I checked the depths at 40 feet and I let out 145 feet of scope.

The anchorage was empty and I set to work tidying up the boat, putting on chafe guards and gathering my trash to take ashore. I was planning on being here for a couple of days, so I was making the boat comfortable.

I touched base with my friend Jenevieve to meet about 7pm. She had a skiff at Shipyard Marina and she would come out to the Flicka. This would give me time for a shower and snack.

When she arrived, we decided to take the skiff to Turn Island State Park, which is just east of Friday Harbor.

The highlight being a deer swimming across Boat Channel from San Juan Island to Turn Island. I was very impressed and wished I had gotten a picture of the deer.

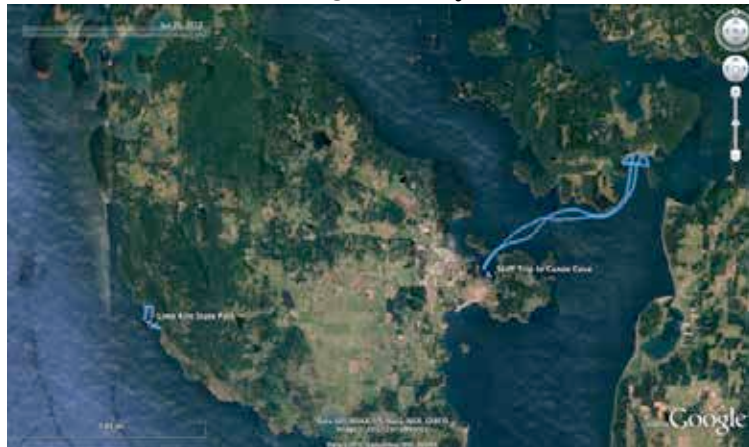
Then we took the skiff over to the Port and tied up at the Dinghy Dock and went and got some food and drinks. Boats are fun.

Day 19 Stats:

Trip Odometer (TO)	25.26 NM
Maximum Speed (MS)	7.2 knots
Moving Average (MA)	3.1 knots
Total Time (TT)	9 hours, 6 minutes
Anchor Depth (AD)	40’
Rode	145’
Scope	3.6:1

Misc: Motor Time – 168 minutes

20. June 25 - Friday Harbor



One of the great things about exploring the Pacific Northwest from a small boat is the marine wildlife that I experience.

I observe orcas, humpback and grey whales, sea lions, sea otters, Dahl’s porpoise, harbor porpoise, salmon, cormorants, eagles and kingfishers to name only a few. My encounters with marine wildlife have typically been by chance.

When I am on the water, my attention is often focused on the wind, the currents, the boat, my schedule, what will I eat, am I keeping myself hydrated and a number of other self-absorbed thoughts.

I look out over the surface and often see a barren landscape. Then, often suddenly, marine wildlife breaches the surface and I am reminded of the activity, diversity and biomass that begin just below the surface.

Whales are the marine life that piques most people’s interest and are typically the rarest. Still, I have come to expect a couple sightings per year.

In 2017, I watched a humpback off of Apple Cove Point near Kingston for 45 minutes. It was diving in the tide ripped waters while I drifted on a windless June day in the Flicka.

In previous years I have seen humpback and grey whales in the Strait of Juan de Fuca and along the West coast of Vancouver Island. These massive animals surfacing and breaching a stones throw away are larger than the Flicka and heighten the experience with a level of fright.

Once, when I was circumnavigating Vashon Island in Puget Sound in my canoe, a humpback surfaced 50 feet away. Startling, alarming and amazing to say the least. “Wow, it’s awesome to see you, now please swim away.”

While technically dolphins, I have witnessed southern resident orca pods off of Kingston, Blake Island, and San Juan Island. I have spotted transient orca, in Spieden Channel, in Port Jervis Inlet, and in Puget Sound. The transients can be identified by their small groups or solo appearance.

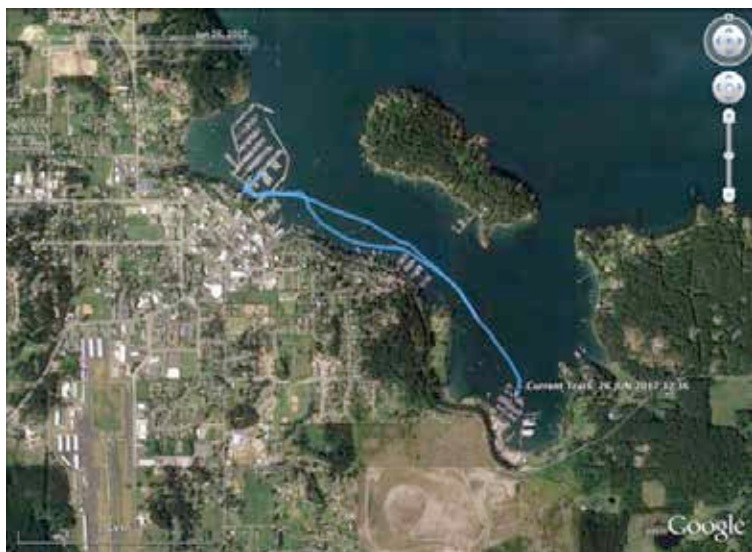
The mother of all sightings was not actually from my boat, but from Lime Kiln Sate Park on San Juan Island, which I was visiting on my June 2017 sailing trip (so I was still *exploring* in my small boat.)

It was remarkable. We watched the J and K pods go by in Haro Strait for 15-20 minutes on a beautiful day and several were only about 100 yards off shore.

Day 20 Stats:

Trip Odometer (TO).....	0.00 NM
Maximum Speed (MS)	0.0 knots
Moving Average (MA).....	0.0 knots
Total Time (TT).....	0 hours, 0 minutes

21. June 26 - Friday Harbor



Day 21 Stats:

Trip Odometer (TO).....	0.00 NM
Maximum Speed (MS)	0.0 knots
Moving Average (MA).....	0.0 knots
Total Time (TT).....	0 hours, 0 minutes

Misc: June 26th, List of Chores Completed:

Kayak to get Fuel, Empty Trash, Do Dishes, Charge Phone, Call John Van Lund for Flicka Tour, Tidy Boat, Prep to Leave on Tuesday, Check Rigging, Book July 4th Trip to Sidney, Fix Back-Up Headlamp, Retrieve Flashlight from JC, Suss Solar Lamp – Battery?, Check Bilge, Check Anchor and Suss New Boat to Anchorage, Tighten Halyards.

22. June 27 - Utsalady Bay, Camano Island



The long marine road to Seattle goes through La Conner. Did I know I was going to go that way when I left Friday Harbor? No. I had originally planned to go through Deception Pass and inside along the eastern edge of Whidbey Island for protection from the forecast Small Craft Advisory in the Strait of Juan de Fuca. The usual and shortest route to Seattle goes past Cattle Point at the southern entrance to San

Juan Channel and across the Strait of Juan de Fuca to Port Townsend. I have taken the usual route several times but I was a bit leery with the weather forecast on the Strait. Normally this would sound fun, but not with a compromised shroud.

I weighed anchor from Shipyard Cove at 11am, which was a bit of a late start. With currents, timing is everything and this late start would determine my route. I was on an ebb tide and I headed east in the archipelago with moderate sailing winds.

I had decided to take Peavine Pass, which leads the way into Rosario Strait between Blakely Island to the South and Obstruction Island to the North. I chose Peavine Pass because I had never been through it before, and because it was closest. I hoped to get through it and into Rosario Strait while there was still an ebb tide so I could ride the current to Deception Pass.

I have only gone through Deception Pass once and that was headed west, so an eastward transit is on my list. It wouldn't be this time though. As the day went on and the wind dissipated to nil, I turned the motor on at 1:42pm as I prepared for Peavine Pass. By the time I made it through Peavine, I only had about an hour of ebb tide left.

The thought of slogging against the flood in Rosario Strait as far as Deception Pass, which was still 10 miles away, sounded dreadful and downright impractical. So I decided I would turn east into Guemes Channel and checkout Anacortes. This turn then put the flood on my stern and I started to make very good time, hitting speeds over 7 knots.

With this boost I was inspired to keep on going and with Seattle as my goal, my only option was the Swinomish Channel, through La Conner.

I continued on past Anacortes with its shipyards, its massive oil refinery/depot, it's large vessel anchorage and carefully followed the channel buoys. Mudflats surround the channel through Padilla Bay so it is imperative to stay in the channel.

These mudflats are populated with many sea birds such as herons, grebes, eagles and Dunlins. This wildlife contrasts with the massive human industrial complex in and around the bay.

I have been this way once before and while La Conner is an inviting little town, this route is not particularly inspiring. It generally requires motoring exclusively, the scenery is mostly industrial and drab, the waters are shoal and the tides can be difficult to read.

It's one major advantage, and this is a big one which makes it necessary and popular, especially amongst power boaters, is that it is an all-weather passage providing an inland and docile route around the Strait of Juan de Fuca with its potential for higher winds and the resultant sea state. This is why I was there.

I made good time and reached La Conner with a following tidal current the entire way. I very nearly pulled up to the city dock for the evening as it was getting late. There was a spot for me and the current was manageable.

The tide turns the narrow channel into a river, which changes direction four times a day. This can make docking and undocking a bit tricky, especially by oneself. The wind was very light, so I decided to forego the land trap and keep on as I thought I may be able to find a quiet anchorage in Skagit Bay. This was the original plan when I had originally considered Deception Pass.

Well, as soon as I passed La Conner, the tidal current shifted to the bow. This was where the floods met and my progress suddenly slowed considerably. Determined to stay the course, I pushed on through



Day 22. The National Geographic "Quest."
Photo: Josh Wheeler © 2018



Day 22. Washington State ferry in dry dock.
Photo: Josh Wheeler © 2018



Day 22. Hoisting supplies aboard.
Photo: Josh Wheeler © 2018



Day 22. Tankers and tugs at the refinery.
Photo: Josh Wheeler © 2018



Day 22. Objects are closer than they appear.
Photo: Josh Wheeler © 2018



Day 22. The Tesoro Anacortes Refinery in Padilla Bay.
Photo: Josh Wheeler © 2018

23. June 28 - Appletree Cove, Kingston

Hole in the Wall, which is just what it sounds like, a chasm where the channel cuts through a wall of rock. The channel makes a 90-degree turn to the West once you exit the wall and you are thrust out into the open of Skagit Bay. This hard turn creates eddies to negotiate and once through, there was a brisk West wind on the nose.

I suspected this was the Small Craft Warning wind from the Strait of Juan de Fuca coming over the saddle of Whidbey Island. The channel here is straight and shoal, with a range set up on Whidbey Island to help guide you out. I was having regrets about not tying up to the La Conner dock and I suppose I could have turned back, but push on is what I did. The going was slow against the wind and the tide but I made it and turned South again once past the final buoy.

I raised the sails, but as I was closer to Whidbey Island now and away from the saddle, the wind had lost some of its spark and the tide was still adverse. Going was slow and I realized that I was running out of light. The anchorage I had imagined I would use, didn't really exist. I pulled out the chart and studied it, trying to locate where a good place to anchor might be.

I wanted to reach one before it got dark and I wanted one that would protect me from a West wind that could blow in off the Strait of Juan de Fuca. Penn Cove was too far. So was Oak Harbor and it has a tricky entrance I have only done once, several years ago. The guide books had nothing for this area either.

I settled on Utsalady Bay on the northern edge of Camano Island. It looked like I could tuck in behind Utsalady Point in about three fathoms of water with a mud bottom. It was a high tide so the approach would be fine.

I could see where I wanted to go, but it was still about five miles away. That would be over an hour by motor and I was cutting it close as far as light was concerned. I motored up and went for it.

I arrived at Utsalady Point and I decided it would do. It was just beyond dusk. There was a mooring field there with several pleasure craft so I dropped the hook on the outer edge of this field.

It might get a little rolly, but would do just fine and by the time the anchor was set, the other boats were just silhouettes against the street lights and television sets ashore. Bu the time I had tidied up the boat and grabbed something to eat it was midnight. It was a long day and it was debatable that I had made a good decision by not stopping in La Conner.

On one hand, I passed up an inexpensive city dock in a quaint little town and pitted myself against the elements of adverse current and wind without having a well-researched anchorage plan.

On the other hand it appears to have worked out and the anchorage was suitable in the present weather. To boot, this was the first anchorage I have used that I had not been guided to by a book. Up until now, I had played it safe and followed those who had gone before me and have been clever enough to publish books about it.



I sailed out of the Utsalady Bay anchorage at 9am with a light South wind and a waning flood tide. I sailed around the North end of Camano Island and beat my way down Saratoga Passage. The flood turned to ebb but the current was "weak and variable" in this area. Still, I made decent progress.

As I approached Camano Island State Park, I got a lift from the wind, as its direction seemed to veer to the SW. This may have been an effect of Holmes Sound tucked into Whidbey Island, as it appeared to funnel from this direction. I was able to hold the starboard tack and sailed an arc, which took me very close to the point at Camano Island SP.

I was trying to make the most of it, all the time ready to tack over if it looked like I would run out of room or the wind decided to change direction or strength.

I made the point and soon after the SW wind faded and shifted back to the South, which was right on the nose. It was light and variable and just enough to keep me moving in the ebb tide. I tacked back and forth, trying to make the most of it through the afternoon. Eventually, the tide turned to a flood and at 5:19pm, I started the motor.

I was still thinking I could make it back to Ballard that evening, but my hopes faded quickly as I realized I was fighting a 1-2 knot tidal current in Possession Sound. I considered my options.

First, I could go for Ballard. I would likely get there between midnight and 2am. I would still have to transit the locks, which are open 24/7, but I also was concerned that I could run out of gasoline.

It can be difficult to judge how far you can go on a given amount of gas. I tend to think more in how many hours I can run, rather than how far I can go. Factors such as wind and tide can slow progress.

Another significant determination is how many RPM you are running. The fuel used and the progress gained is not linear. As you approach hull speed, it takes more and more energy to eke out each fraction of a knot. Finally there is a point where, even though the engine will continue to increase RPM, get louder and use more fuel, the boat will not go any faster through the water.

Hull speed for a full displacement boat such as mine can be determined by the formula, $HS = 1.34 \times \sqrt{LWL}$ with LWL being the length of the boats water line in feet. My water line is 18'2" so my hull speed is about 5.7 knots. I find the sweet spot where

Day 22 Stats:

Trip Odometer (TO)	40.6 NM
Maximum Speed (MS)	7.6 knots
Moving Average (MA)	3.5 knots
Total Time (TT)	12 hours, 26 minutes
Anchor Depth (AD)	28'
Rode	140'
Scope	5:1

Misc.: Unpublished anchorage, 550mins. Motoring, debatable planning.

I can balance fuel economy, engine volume and progress is about 4.3 knots through the water.

Second, I could go to Everett, which I have never sailed to. This would take me a bit off course and would also mean I would need to rent a slip, as I do not know of any anchorage in the Everett area.

Third, I could go to Edmonds. This is on the way and they would have fuel in the morning, yet would require renting a slip, as there is no anchorage there. I have been to this marina before and in fact, Sampaguita was in this marina when I purchased her.

Fourth, I could go to Appletree Cove at Kingston. Here I could get a slip or anchor out. I have never anchored here but I have read about it and I have seen it done often. If I needed fuel, I would be able to get this there in the morn. Appletree Cove is the farthest of the four choices, but the anchoring option was a big plus and it would be a fairly quick trip to get home the next day.

I decided on Appletree Cove. I motored and fought the current past Possession Point. I set the sails again on a WSW course in the light S wind, and in the open space of Puget Sound.

Once past Scatchet Head, the flood tide on the nose, became a flood tide on the stern. This is because the tidal current floods through Admiralty Inlet into Puget Sound from the North, then fills into Possession Sound from the South.

I found myself running out of light for the second day in a row. The return legs from a trip always seem the hardest. The territory is familiar and the real exploring and fresh scenery is long gone.

The urge for some might be to motor up and beeline to the homeport (I call it homeport fever,) making the return leg a chore to be done as quickly as possible. I could do this, if I was smart enough. Instead, I drag the trip out as I meander from beginning to end worshipping the sail. Still, I see the end goal and recognize my hard push to achieve it in my own way.

I found myself in the shipping channel with the waning light and in between two converging tugs. I turned on my navigation lights, turned the motor on and lowered the sails. I figured I could get to Appletree Cove in an hour if I didn't hit any floating debris.

I made it across the ferry lane and to the anchorage with the stars beginning to show. There were two fishing boats at anchor, the wind was calm and forecast to remain so.

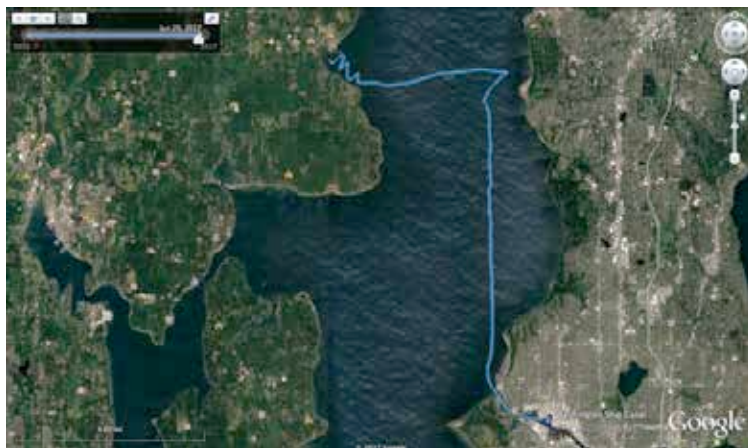
At 10:30pm, I dropped the hook in 40 foot of water and let out 130 foot of scope. The anchorage would be a bit roly from the ferry and from boats coming and going from the marina, but manageable. I tidied the boat up, exhausted from a second long day, and crawled in to the berth.

Day 23 Stats:

Trip Odometer (TO).....	46.86 NM
Maximum Speed (MS)	6.1 knots
Moving Average (MA).....	3.5 knots
Total Time (TT).....	13 hours, 48 minutes
Anchor Depth (AD).....	40'
Rode	140'
Scope	3.5:1

Misc.: Motoring Time - 240 minutes, first time in Kingston anchorage.

24. June 29 - Seattle



I awoke to a generous amount of wake as fishermen were coming and going from the Kingston Marina. No matter though, I was not interested in hanging out. I weighed anchor at 8:35am and with a light SE breeze and sailed from of the anchorage.

I tacked out of the cove against the waning flood and sailed east toward Point Wells. The going was slow and three hours later, just as I had reached the Point, the wind went calm. Ebb was on and so at 11:50, I turned on the outboard and made a beeline for Shilshole. In the good light of the morning I had checked my fuel level.

I was convinced I had much more than enough for the trip to Seattle. The day was very nice and the Sound was calm. I had made a good go of the sailing earlier, but it was obvious we were done with that for the day and the trip. It was a Wakesville day too, so my journey had a series of bouncy sessions. Wakesville is what I call a day when the wind is calm. The water is flat except for other boats' wakes, which can at times, be quite substantial. Dependent on which direction they come from will determine whether it's a roll, a yaw or a pitch.

After a couple of hours of droning along, I reached Shilshole Channel and headed up to the small lock waiting area. On a Thursday before the 4th of July weekend, outbound traffic was heavy, while inbound traffic was light.

I waited through two lock cycles as the Argosy tour boat had also arrived. Their transit took priority as they live higher up on the maritime locking through hierarchy. In the mean time, there was a small fishing boat coming and going and setting nets. A tug with a gravel barge also came through for the large lock, so I timed my circles accordingly. I was taken aback at how stressful it was to be in an urban water world with so many hazards around.

Alas, my turn arrived and I piloted through the locks uneventfully and on to my home slip in Ballard. It was 3pm and an undramatic ending to a great adventure.

The boat was unkempt as the last 3 days were more focused on home port fever than domestic chores. That would change over the next 2 days. I had plenty of time to do some tidying and cleaning now, adjusting to the home port life again.

Day 24 Stats:

Trip Odometer (TO).....	14.30 NM
Maximum Speed (MS)	4.8 knots
Moving Average (MA).....	2.4 knots
Total Time (TT).....	6 hours, 57 minutes

Misc: Motor Time – 190 minutes



Day 23. Leaving Utsalady Bay.
Photo: Josh Wheeler © 2018



Day 23. Looking back at Utsalady Bay.
Photo: Josh Wheeler © 2018



Day 23. Sailing with the sunset toward Kingston anchorage.
Photo: Josh Wheeler © 2018



Day 24. A blurry image of the Shilshole Channel. Almost home after twenty-four days on the water!
Photo: Josh Wheeler © 2018

s/y SAMPAGUITA - Summary of June 2017 Salish Sea Trip

#	Day	Destination	Miles	Max Speed in Knots	Ave Speed in Knots	Time In Hours		Motor Time	Depth Feet	Rode	Scope
						Total Travel	Motoring				
1.	June 6	Port Madison	8.60	5.7	3.1	4.02	0.60	14.93%	22	90	4.1
2.	June 7	Mats Mats Bay	29.53	5.4	2.1	15.03	2.21	14.75%	18	100	5.6
3.	June 8	Port Townsend	15.90	6.4	2.9	6.35	0.50	7.87%	40	160	4.0
4.	June 9	Spencer Spit	31.89	8.1	4.2	7.63	6.28	82.35%	0	0	0.0
5.	June 10	Blind Bay	7.54	5.4	2.1	4.05	0.00	0.00%	30	130	4.3
6.	June 11	West Sound	4.50	4.4	1.5	3.47	0.00	0.00%	40	160	4.0
7.	June 12	Friday Harbor	14.74	6.5	3.0	5.38	0.50	9.29%	Dock	0	0.0
8.	June 13	Sucia Inlet	19.67	6.9	2.7	7.42	0.20	2.70%	18	90	5.0
9.	June 14	Sucia Island	0.00	0.0	0.0	0.00	0.00	0.00%	15	130	8.7
10.	June 15	Sucia Island	0.00	0.0	0.0	0.00	0.00	0.00%	15	130	0.0
11.	June 16	Annette Inlet	27.61	6.3	3.6	8.38	0.75	8.95%	15	70	4.7
12.	June 17	Pirate's Cove	24.92	6.4	3.9	7.05	0.66	9.46%	70	280	4.0
13.	June 18	Snug Cove	40.48	6.6	3.5	11.93	3.00	25.15%	Dock	0	0.0
14.	June 19	False Creek	11.31	6.1	3.4	3.83	2.25	58.75%	18	60	3.3
15.	June 20	False Creek	0.00	0.0	0.0	0.00	0.00	0.00	18	60	3.3
16.	June 21	Bowen Island	32.51	7.2	3.7	9.68	1.66	17.22%	Dock	0	0.0
17.	June 22	Telegraph Harbor	39.23	7.1	3.1	11.30	6.08	53.83%	20	75	3.8
18.	June 23	Princess Bay	27.09	5.6	2.6	10.32	3.50	33.91%	18	75	4.2
19.	June 24	Shipyard Cove	25.26	7.2	3.1	9.10	3.00	32.97%	40	145	3.6
20.	June 25	Friday Harbor	0.00	0.0	0.0	0.00	0.00	0.00	40	145	3.6
21.	June 26	Friday Harbor	0.00	0.0	0.0	0.00	0.00	0.00	40	145	3.6
22.	June 27	Utsalady Bay	40.60	7.6	3.5	12.43	9.00	72.41%	28	130	4.6
23.	June 28	Kingston Cove	46.86	6.1	3.5	13.80	4.00	28.99%	40	140	3.5
24.	June 29	Seattle / Home	14.30	4.8	2.4	6.95	3.16	45.56%	0	0	0.0
Total Miles			462.54			158.12	47.35	0.300			



SAMPAGUITA on the way to Kingston Cove.
Photo: Josh Wheeler © 2018

It is good to be Small

Summers Aboard s/y SAMPAGUITA



Dinner aboard s/y SAMPAGUITA.

Photo: Josh Wheeler © 2018

By Josh Wheeler
s/y SAMPAGUITA

Living aboard a small boat has challenges you may note. The galley is small and a head with no wall, but low fees to stay afloat. Here is a comparison of small boat vs. big boats:

Big Boat Advantage

- 1 Space
- 2 Stability
- 3 Heavy wind sailing
- 4 Amenities

Big Boat Disadvantage

- 1 Higher maintenance costs
- 2 Higher moorage costs
- 3 Difficulty finding moorage space
- 4 Deeper draft

Small Boat Advantage

- 1 Lower maintenance costs
- 2 Lower moorage costs
- 3 Lower initial cost?
- 4 It's easier to find a space at a dock
- 5 Light wind sailing
- 6 Shallow draft for shallow water anchorages
- 7 Easier to single hand
- 8 No re-entrance fees when returning to the US from Canada.
- 9 For sailboats, lower vertical clearance

Small Boat Disadvantage

- 1 Choppy anchorages are tenuous
- 2 The navigation table doubles as the stove top
- 3 Pitching (hobby-horsing)
- 4 Space
- 5 All chain anchor rodes may be too heavy for the bow
- 6 Load capabilities
- 7 You always need to move something to get to something
- 8 Slower

