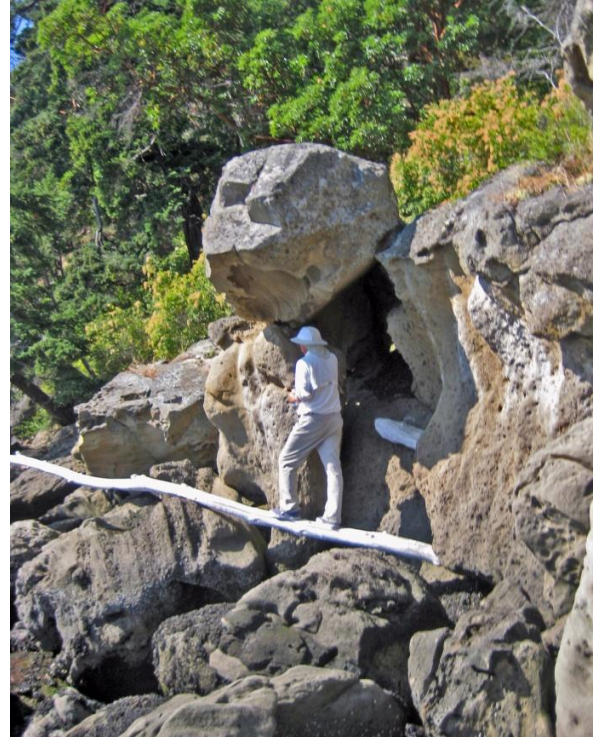
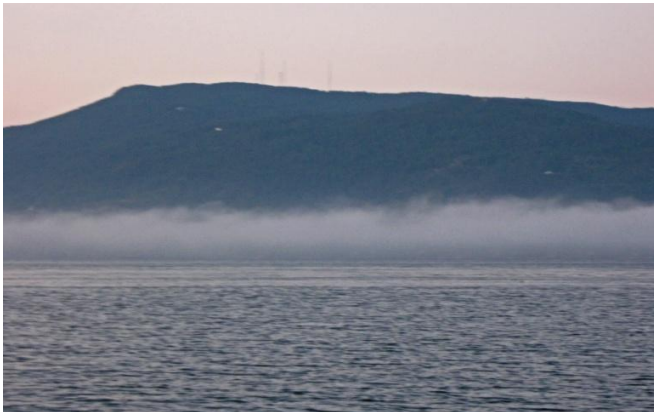


After much wandering around and scrambling along steep hillsides we finally arrived at our anticlimactic destination of Shallow Bay. Here we found a well maintained path back to the harbor and our boat. Waiting for us was poor Barbara who was scratched up from the brambles and trees, and was in great spirits after wandering around in the bush for a couple of hours. She got some great shots of Sucia Island and the San Juan Island in the distance.

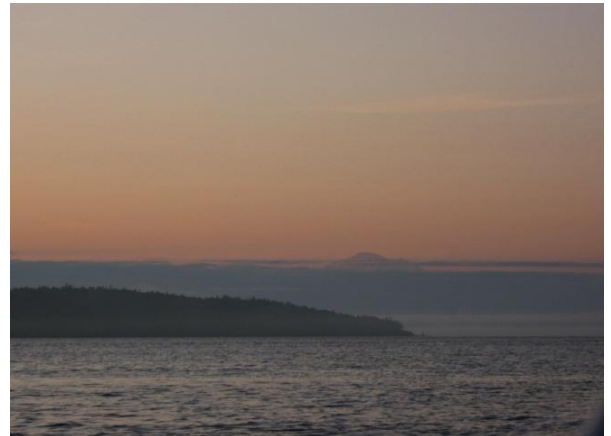
There was a small islet with a summer house about a hundred yards away and as the sun set multitudes of great blue herons came to roost in the trees of the islet. Each time one alighted there would be a great raucous chorus of complaint and comment from the birds. This amusing (almost) cacophony continued until well after sunset. We left at 5am in very light fog heading east and then south to pass Anacortes and to our final destination of where else, Bowman Bay. Things didn't work out quite as we planned.



**No path here, Barbara gets lost, Sucia Is.**



**Fog to the south along Orcas Is.**



**Fog to the NE, Matia Is. and Mt Baker**



**We find our waypoint, but not much else**

Within about an hour we could see a fog bank forming along Orcas Island to the south. No worries. There seemed to be one forming to the northeast also but we aren't going that direction so no worries. We could even see Mt. Baker rising above the clouds and fog in the east. Apparently the fog banks were going to a Bankers convention over our head. In about 15 minutes we went from 10 miles visibility to

50 feet. We were committed and I had my special expensive radar reflector up, and besides, we only had to cross a one mile shipping channel. Since we were already in another channel already, it seemed best to just cross it quickly and work down the coast of a series of islands. I think the phrase in out of the frying pan into the fire.



**Northern point of fog bound Guemes Island.**

By now the tide was changing against us and our progress slowed even more. The fog would occasionally lift for a minute and we could see a couple of hundred yards but it was hard to tell. Directly above us through thin fog we could see blue sky and sea birds. We made another jump across another channel to Guemes Island and were rewarded with a glimpse of the tip of the island and motored around a shoal then the island was lost in fog. By now we were pushing the motor as fast as it would go against a 3+ kn current.

Then disaster struck. The prop became fouled in a patch of kelp drifting in the current. I had to drop the engine speed down to shift into neutral so I could get the prop cleared. With the drop in rpm's the engine stalled and would not restart. We did not want to sail away from the island into the busy Rosario Strait, on the other hand the bottom here was foul with rocks and kelp so anchoring was not a good options. We could just make out something in the fog coming up from astern as we ghosted along. It was a power boat throwing up a small bow wave and running along with no one in it! As it passed us by only 20 feet away we saw that it appeared to be pushing a big white ball on a stiff rope in front of it. Only then



**Drifting down on the last buoy**

did it dawn on us that the boat was on a mooring and we were moving backward toward the shoal! In a moment another empty ball appeared and swiftly left us in its “wake”. As we prepared to try our luck with an anchor another white ball appeared heading right for us. I headed up and Pat somehow managed to get a line on it and secure us.



First things first, pull the plugs then clean and dry them and dry the cylinders (sort of hard in the fog). What should one do in this grim situation? Make breakfast of course. Blueberry pancakes and maple syrup, bacon, and eggs; might as well enjoy the fix we are in.

After an hour or so the fog began to lift a bit and we could see that we were 50 yards off a beach with some shapes that could be summer homes. We put the motor back together and pressed the starter button and joy, it started. I revved it up and we were on our way once again feeling our way down a ghostly coast.

### **A thinning of the fog reveals the island**

The next channel was a busy one that the ferry from Anacortes used. The fog of course became thicker but we could see just above it and could make out a ferry entering the channel. Thin fog, thick fog, high fog, low fog; I am driven to think of the Monty Python skit involving spam, but with fog. After a tense 20 minutes we are across the channel and heading through



**The fog lifts, the sun shines**



**Clear sailing but the fog is still out there, waiting**