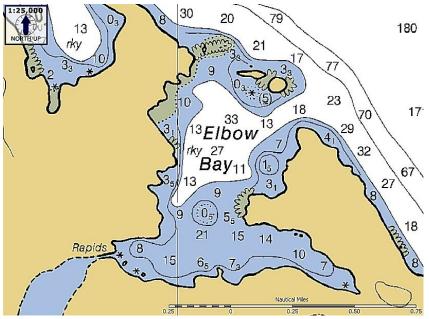
Seagate and Wild Blue Alaska Cruise - Thursday, June 26, 2008

We slept in today and finally got off the docks at around 11AM. The weather forecast is still pretty dismal: 20-30 knot winds, 4 foot seas inside waters, 7 to 9 foot seas outside waters. We'll be cruising in the inside waters today. It's probably not a good idea to get such a late start with the ominous forecast. We decide to get to a secure anchorage as close as comfortable to the southern tip of the Island. There are many good spots along the way, but we want to do more miles today than in the open seas tomorrow.



(Waterfall Lodge, south of Craig, sent out most of their guided fishing boats today.)

Although it's raining and a little uncomfortable, we see a few small sports fishers plowing through the waves. All is great as the seas are not more that a couple feet. We make Tlevak Narrows and the tide pushes us up to 15 knots, when we're only doing turns for 9. We settle down into Tlevak Strait and all is well until, after 4-hours of motoring, the seas begin to build. The seas are 3-4 feet waves, close together and the ride is not much fun. We slow the boats a bit to make the passage easier. It looks like we won't make Hunter Bay, our goal. Reviewing the chart, are best bet is 7 miles ahead on Long Island: it's Elbow Bay. Seagate does better in these seas at 12 knots and Dick opts to run ahead and check out Elbow Bay. After 50 more



minutes of wave bashing, Wild Blue pulls into Elbow and anchors in the far southern corner in 55 feet in flat waters with wind and rain, a couple hundred yards from Seagate. We did 50 of the 120 miles distance to Ketchikan today. That leaves 70 miles for tomorrow. We reluctantly agree to awaken at 3:30AM for a 4AM departure.

Meanwhile it's about 6 in the evening and the boys on Wild Blue think 50 to 60 feet depth, between 7 and 8PM is halibut feeding time. This crew has been pretty undisciplined when it comes to fishing TOW (time on the water). Basically they fish when they feel like it, and for the week, this is only their third fishing episode. Both poles are baited, lines are dropped, and cold beers are consumed. It gets too cold for the fisherman, so they holder the poles and adjourn to the warmed salon. After a couple beers, Pat goes up to the flybridge for something, and causally says, "I think one of the poles has a fish." Sure she does.

Alex begins to reel, and it feels like the hook snagged the bottom. Then the pole starts awiggling and a-bouncing..... it's a big fish that feels like a pile of seaweed. When the fish finally shows it colors, we see about a 4-foot halibut. Of course we can't find the gaff and the net is a bit unwieldy. After a few attempts at netting, the fish "flips us off" and returns to Davey Jones' locker. Oh well, we farmed another halibut! Another day, another fish, so let's go have another beer. Good night and see you in about 6 hours.