



Koozie Kill

Thursday August 11th – After a lazy morning at Roche Harbor we performed the necessary engine room checks and readied the boat to set a course for Bedwell Harbor in Canada. Bedwell is one of the places you can clear customs. In a boat, you can cross the boarder but your first stop must be a port of entry (a customs dock). You pull up to the dock, tie off, then only the captain is allowed to pick up a phone at the head of the dock. On the other end is a customs agent that asks you a series of questions. If they don't like your answers they may come down and board your boat but we've never had that happen. I've never really seen much consistency with the questions they ask but one thing is for sure, you must declare exactly how much alcohol you have on board! I'm not sure how much you can have, and I don't think they know either (you can't find much info on it). If the officer feels it too much, they will charge you a hefty tax. I declared our 38 cans of beer and 3.5 bottles of liquor without any pushback!

The wind really started whipping as we entered Bedwell. We clocked 22 knots all the way in at customs dock, a stressful but successful docking experience. After leaving the dock our plan was to anchor in the bay right next door so we motored over and set the hook. After a miserable hour or so in the

wind we decided our initial plan to leave the boat and go hiking would not be wise given the severity of the wind and our limited time on anchor watch. It seemed like Bedwell might be its own little vortex of wind so we left to find calmer conditions in a new anchorage. Sure enough after we got out of there, the wind calmed down. We anchored in an old favorite spot, Russell Island's north bay.

Skylar was kayaking when he met a guy who told him where to find Lingcod. He quickly paddled back to our boat and shared the news. He was excited to go catch some fish but I told him we needed to wait until slack water. $\frac{1}{2}$ hour before slack, all 4 of us headed out in the dinghy to try and catch dinner. Sure enough, right at slack, Skylar hooked into a nice Greenling. No sooner did we get that one up and Julie had one on as well. As we brought them up to the surface we realized we forgot a net, so our pliers made due, grabbing them by the mouth and yanking them in the boat. Ava jumped to the edge of the boat while the fish flopped around in the bottom of the boat. Now, how to kill this thing. Of course we forgot the fish whacker as well. I had an unopened beer in a steel Yeti koozie that will have to do. A few smacks on the head from that thing and we had a couple dead fish.

Greenling are interesting. They don't get quite as big as a regular Lingcod, they like to hang out around kelp and their flesh is a light green color. Not very appetizing except that when you cook it, it turns white like any other Cod fish. Skylar and I cleaned the fish and kept the carcass for crab bait. Nothing went to waste. We set one shrimp pot that night in some pretty strong current. Skylar and Julie told me the buoy and pot were going to wash away but I didn't think so. We left it for the night.

In the morning we rushed out to pull the shrimp pot. Searching, searching, searching I was confident we set it right here I told Julie and Skylar but nothing. "I told you so Dad! I told you so Chris" they said. Oops, maybe i was

wrong, it was no where to be found. We spent about 15 minutes looking all over but no luck. Then I remembered I set a marker on the GPS when I set the pot. To the mark we went but no buoy. Then out of the corner of Julie's eye she spotted something just under the surface! It was our pot but the current was pulling it about a foot under the water. . We were so lucky to have seen it but our luck ran out when we pulled the pot with no shrimp. Later we took a dinghy ride to Fulford Harbor where we had lunch at a little restaurant and got some Panko for the Greenling dinner planned that night. The fish was delicious!

We spent one more night at Russell Island for a total of 3 watching the beautiful sunsets, hiking on the island, kayaking and relaxing on the boat.



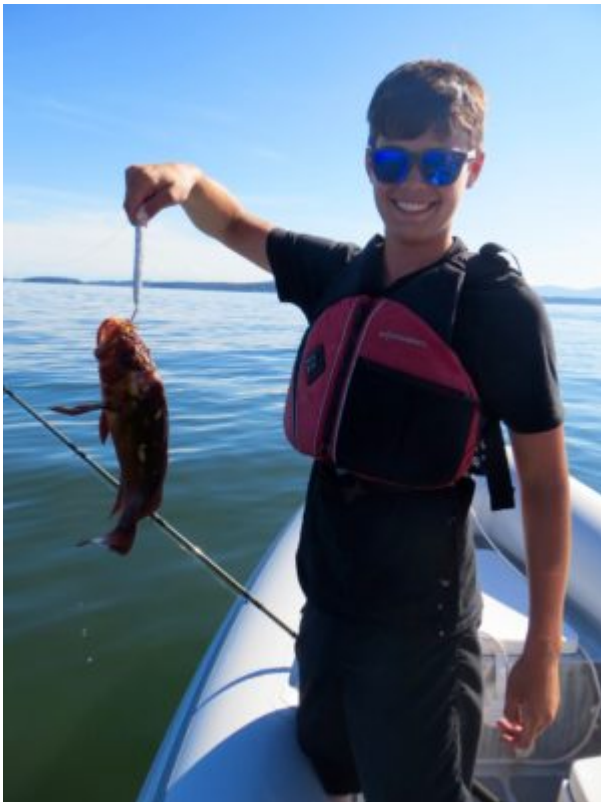
Turn Point Lighthouse on
Stewart Isl just before you
cross the boarder into
Canada



When you enter Canada its
customary to fly the flag.



Anchoring at Russell



Skylar nice little rockfish
was thrown back





This is the original cabin on Russell Island. It was settled by Hawaiians in the early 1900's

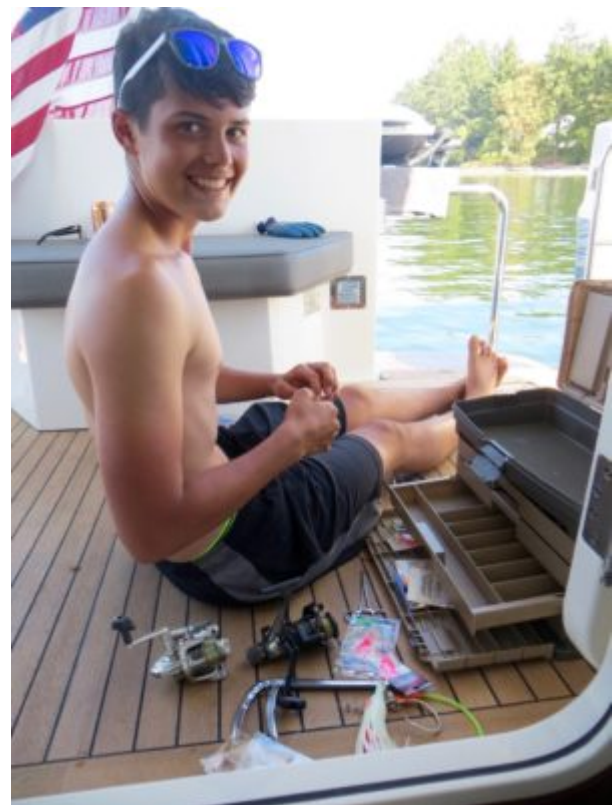




Beautiful Midden beaches on
Russell

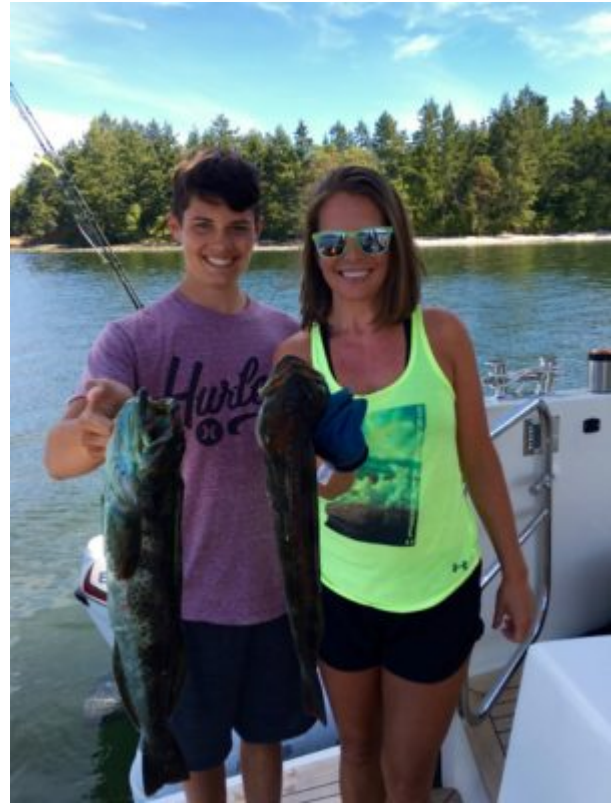


A whole herd of super fast offshore racing boats came flying into the bay. They were being chased by a helicopter taking pictures. Turns out they were on a poker run going from checkpoint to checkpoint.



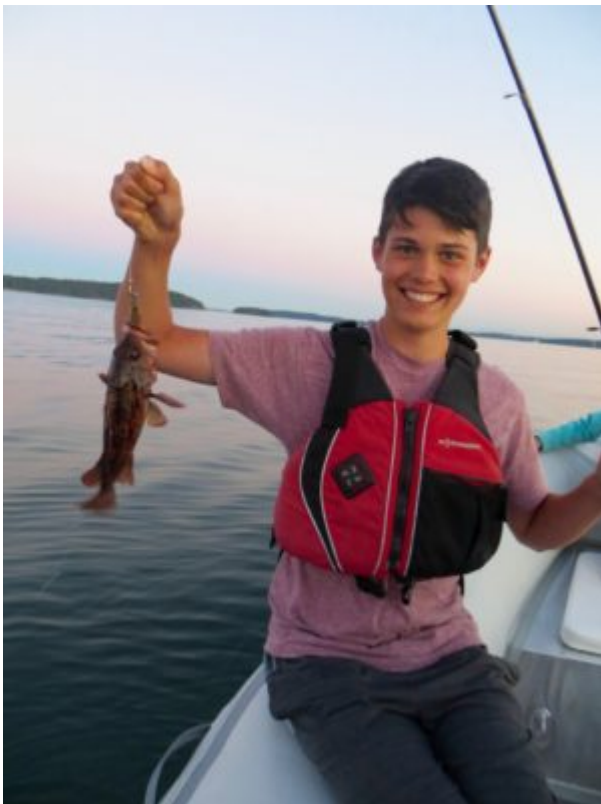


Grenling!



Nice Fish!

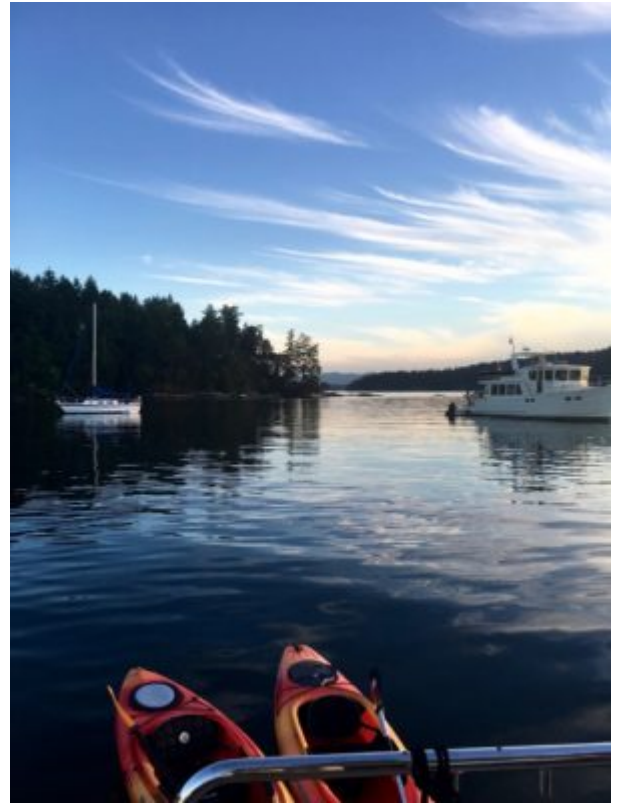




Shrimp buoy looks good now









Lunch in Fulford