



One Dinghy Short

Tuesday August 16th – We pulled anchor from the shallows of Sidney Spit to make our way south through Haro Strait then turned west into the Strait of Juan de Fuca before making our way into Victoria's inner Harbor. The weather was perfect with calm seas. Our friends Todd and Tami left Sidney Spit well after we did but due to their superior speed soon caught up to us.

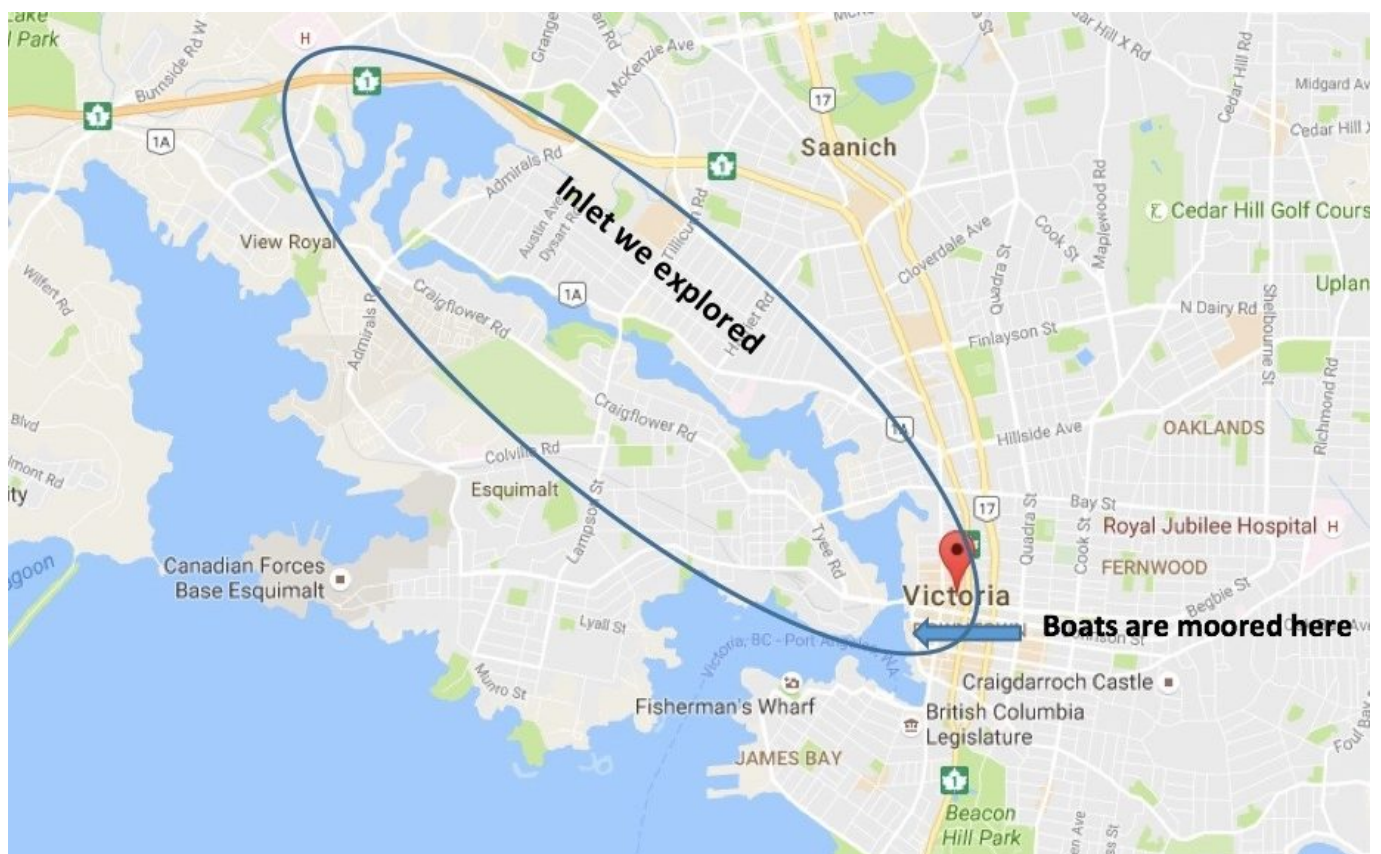
We docked our boats at the Warf Street Marina on a long dock that accommodated both boats. After a long discussion with the marina office over the dates of our 3-night stay (they had everything screwed up) we all took off to explore the city. Our mission was to see the city and do some school clothes shopping. Its always fun seeing new stores, restaurants and other items not offered in the USA.

That night all 8 of us had dinner at Pagliacci's Italian Restaurant. Its not fancy and you can't even make a reservation, but this little place is famous and fun. Many celebrities have visited, and the line usually runs out the door and down the sidewalk all evening as they pack them in this little place. The food was good, the drinks were great, but the staff and atmosphere were fantastic! We all had a

great time!

The next couple days brought more city exploring and shopping but always a favorite for the kids is The Bug Zoo. They had so much fun learning about all the bugs and holding some of them. Our tour guide was fantastic, she was super knowledgeable and everyone learned more about bugs than they ever wanted.

The days got hotter as our stay continued so we decided to take a little day trip in our dinghies. There is a long inlet running from the Victoria inner harbor inland that we wanted to explore. Its about 4 miles long, gets really shallow in some spots and has a set of rapids in one spot that may be tricky to navigate depending on water flow but we were up for the challenge.



We grabbed some adult beverages, rafted our dinghies together (that doesn't sound good) and set off on a slow pace with county music in the background. Zach and Skylar wanted to get pulled on the tube but with only a 3 knot speed they only got

drug through the water. They played all kinds of games and tricks on the tub falling off in the water several times. The water got warmer and warmer as we got deeper into the inlet but 6' was the deepest we could find and the water got pretty nasty with seaweed. We didn't really care by that point and all jumped off the boat to cool down.

We towed the kids all the way home and Tami even took a relaxing ride with Ava on the tube. It was a seriously fun adventure!

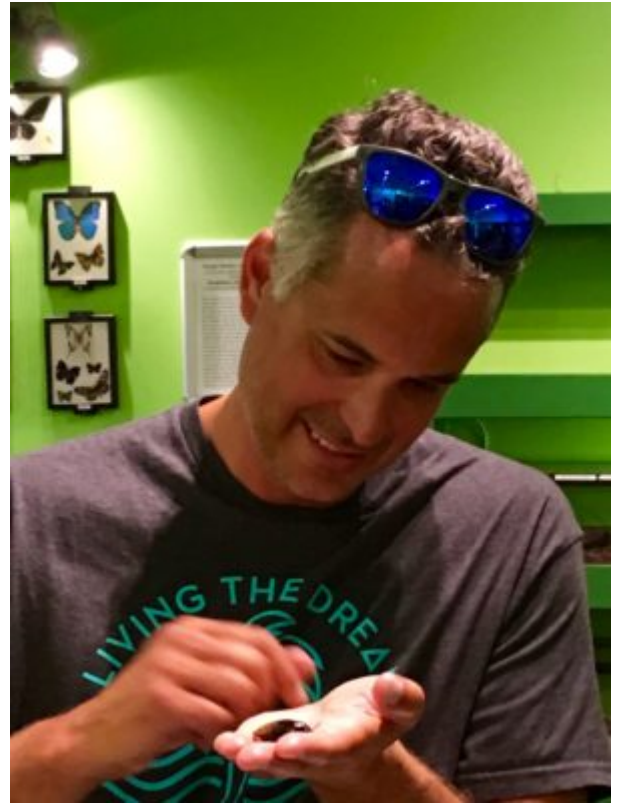
The final day greeted us with calm conditions but with a forecast for wind later in the day. I woke up, made some coffee then went out on the back deck. Todd was on his boat and calmly said "I think my dinghy got stolen". His dinghy, that was tied to the stern of his boat, was no where to be found. It took a second to sink in but the cut line was a sure sign. The dirty B@#\$%\$#! didn't even have the decency to untie the line before taking off with the boat, they just cut it with a knife leaving evidence it was truly stolen and didn't just float away.

Todd called the Police and filed a report. They said there is almost no chance of finding the boat. Apparently this is somewhat of a thing lately in the harbor. They take the boats in the middle of the night, pull them out of the water and later sell just the engine. The worst part is that its not even Todd's boat, he was borrowing it from his dad.

One dinghy short, we left Victoria and headed north to Todd Inlet near Bchart Gardens.



















Too Cold, Too Cold!

Sunday August 14th it was time to meet up with our friends Todd and Tami. They recently sold their boat but have a new one on the way being delivered via ship from Florida in September. But we were lucky, they were able to borrow Todd's parents boat to come up and spend some time with us.

We pulled anchor at Russell Island as our friends cleared customs at Bedwell. We settled on anchoring together a short distance away at Prevost islands James Bay. Todd anchored and we rafted to him. It was great getting together with good friends and boating buddies, and the kids always have a great time together too. After making sure the anchor was going to hold we decided to get off the boat for a hike. We tried to do this hike a couple years ago but Ava's little legs couldn't quite make it all the way to the end through the steep rocky terrain. This time she was a champ, even running half the time we all had to catch up with the kids.

It was finally hot! After getting back to the boat me and the boys decided it would be wise to cool off with a little swim. Well, actually they swam, I just jumped off the pilothouse, gasped for air as my body hit the 58-degree water then swam as fast as I could like a crazy person to the swim step ladder. After the cool off, we all had a nice dinner together.

We needed some fresh veggies, so the next morning we left the boats anchored in James Bay and made a dinghy run to Ganges Harbor on Salt Spring Island. It was a nice ride all the way into the government docks where we did a little shopping and checked out the town. The kids got ice cream and the adults found the liquor store. We stocked up on some groceries then piled everything in the dinghy for the run back to the big boats.

After pulling anchor from James Bay we made our way to Sidney Spit where we finally found a place to anchor. Sidney Spit looks really open but you have to watch the depth in areas that don't look like they should be shallow. Seeing 4' on your depth sounder is never good even if it is a mud bottom. We set some crab pots and hung out on the beach that evening while the kids ran all over playing in the water and sand.



Todd, Tami, Zach & Brianna
made it up!

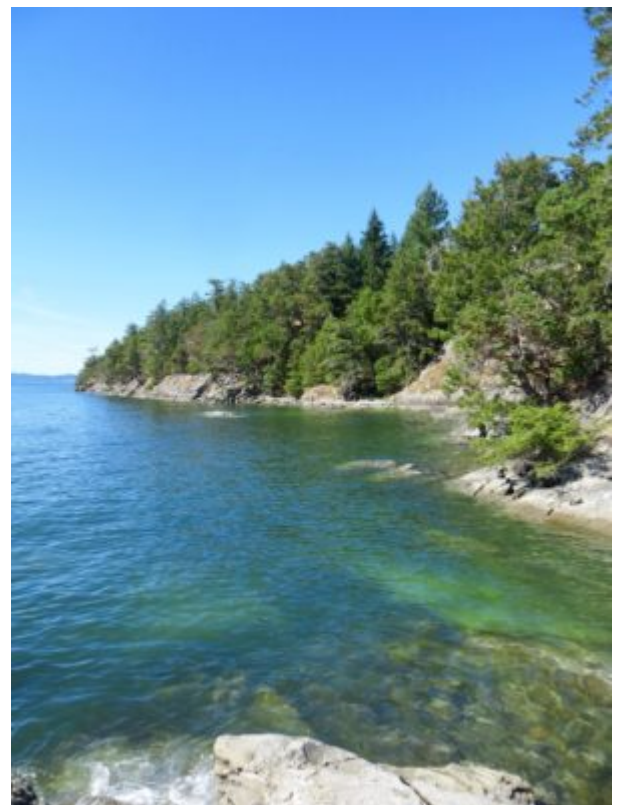


Fun Times!



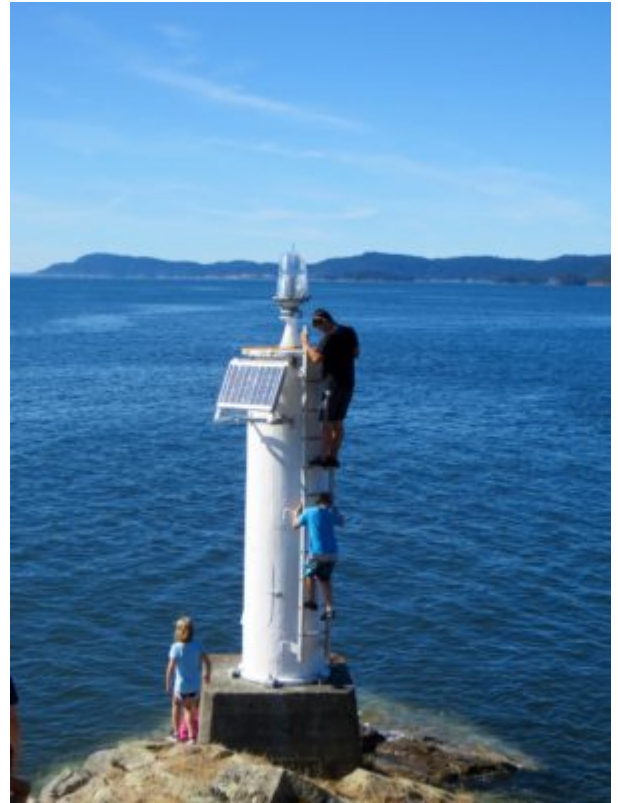


The view from our hike

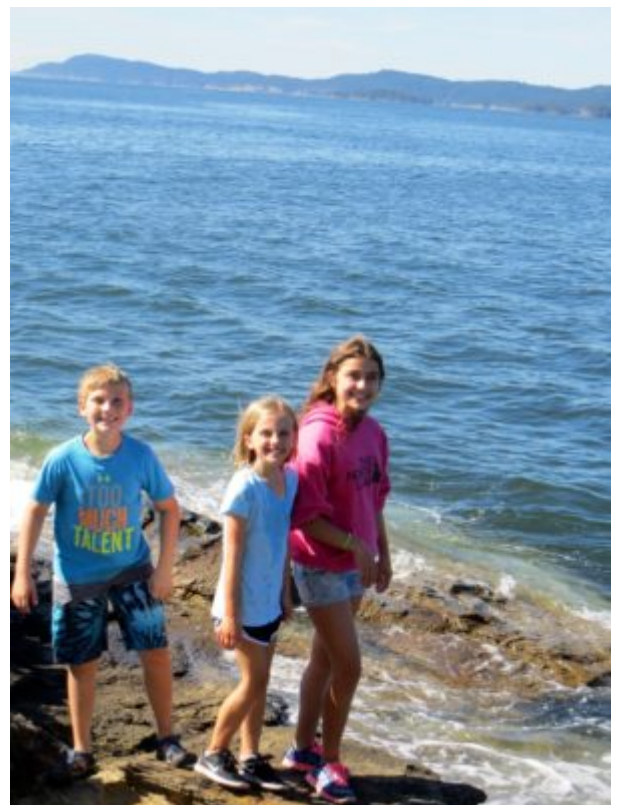




Lilly the dog, so proud!

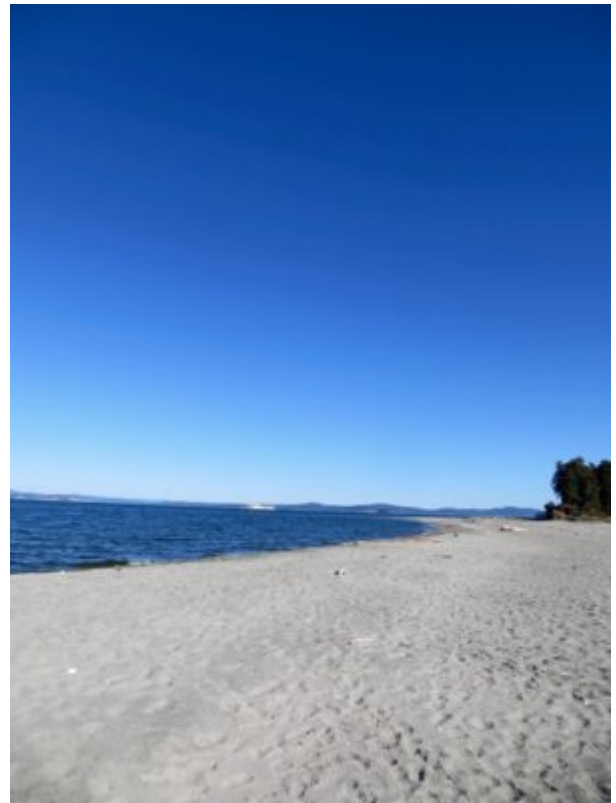


Light station at the end of
our hike



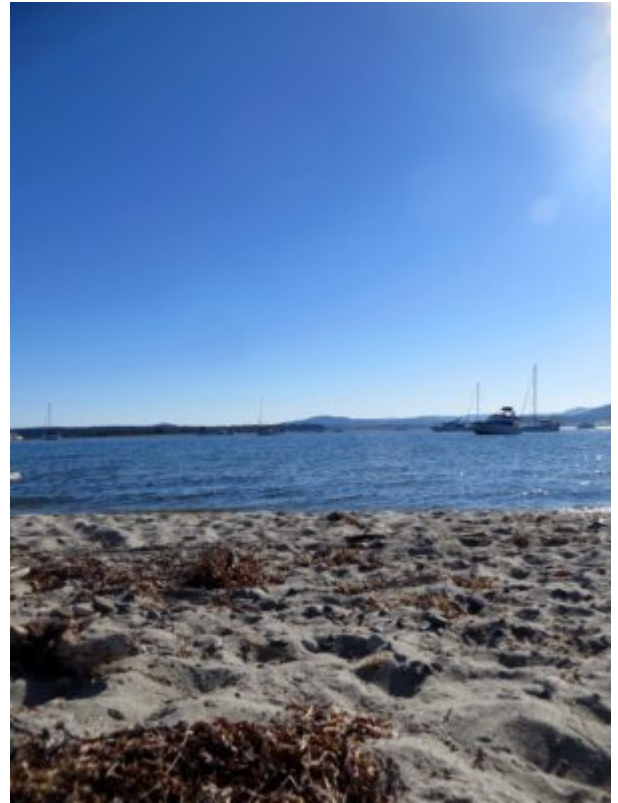


Todd is cruzin in the wind

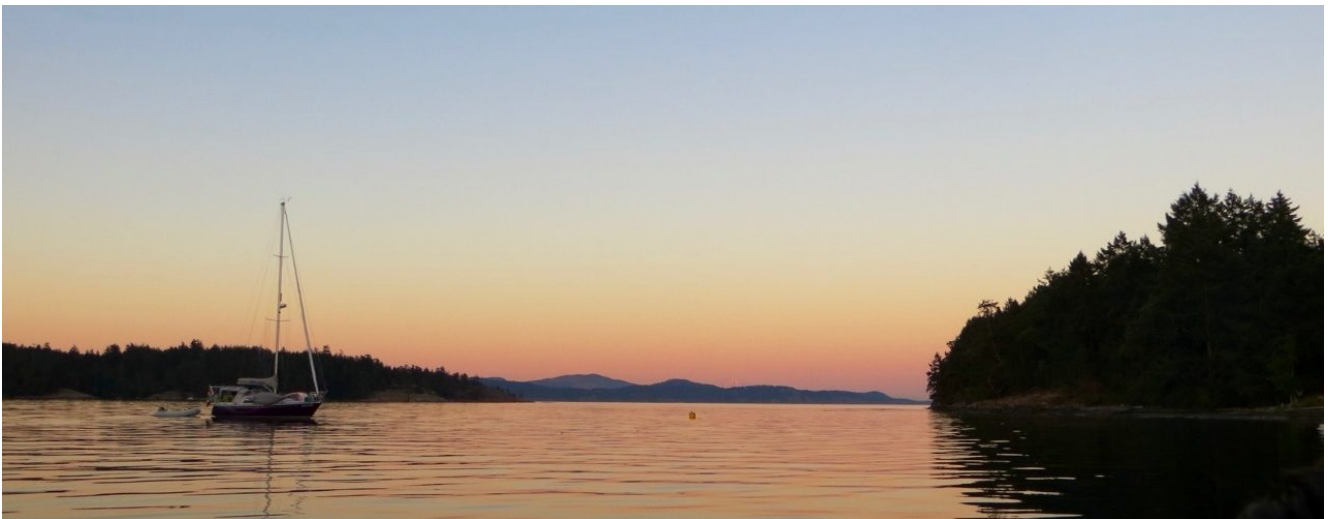




Beer on Sidney Spit



Ava and Brianna having fun
on the beach



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.



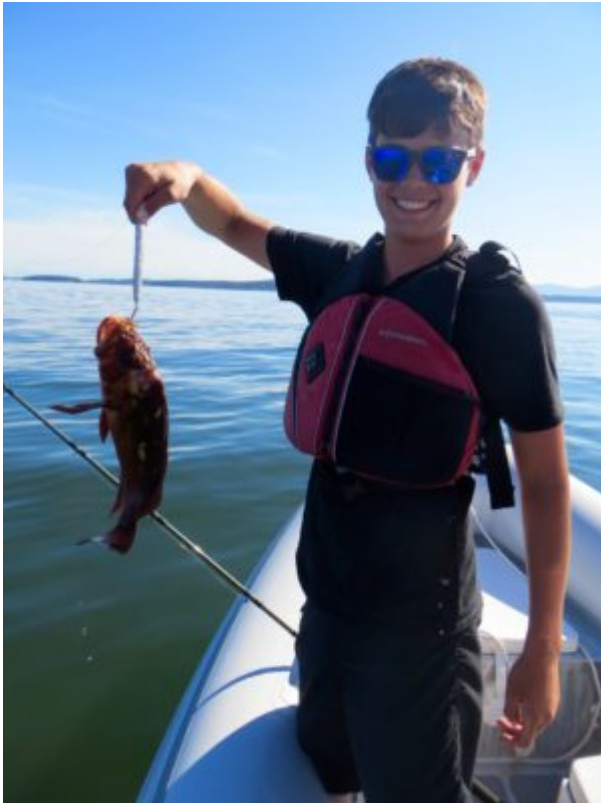
Turn Point Lighthouse on
Stewart Isl just before you
cross the boarder into
Canada



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





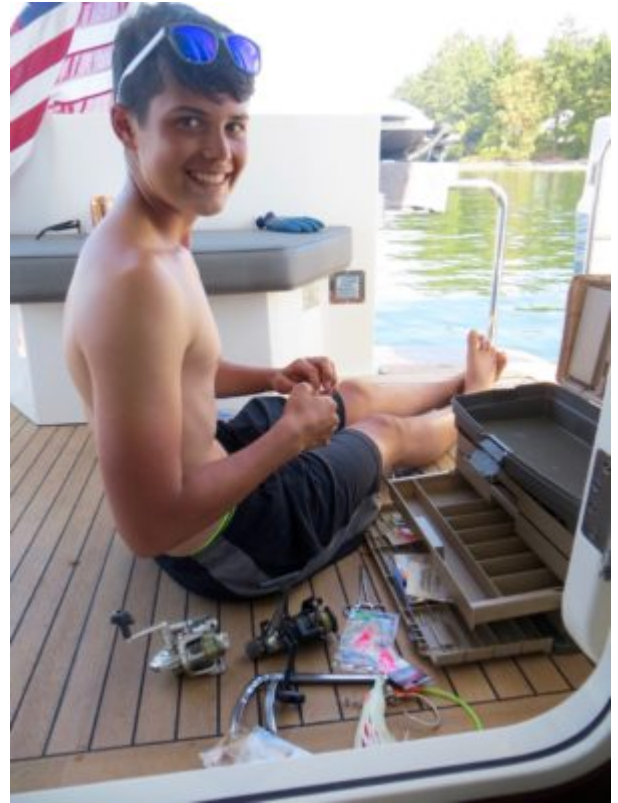


Beautiful Midden beaches on
Russell

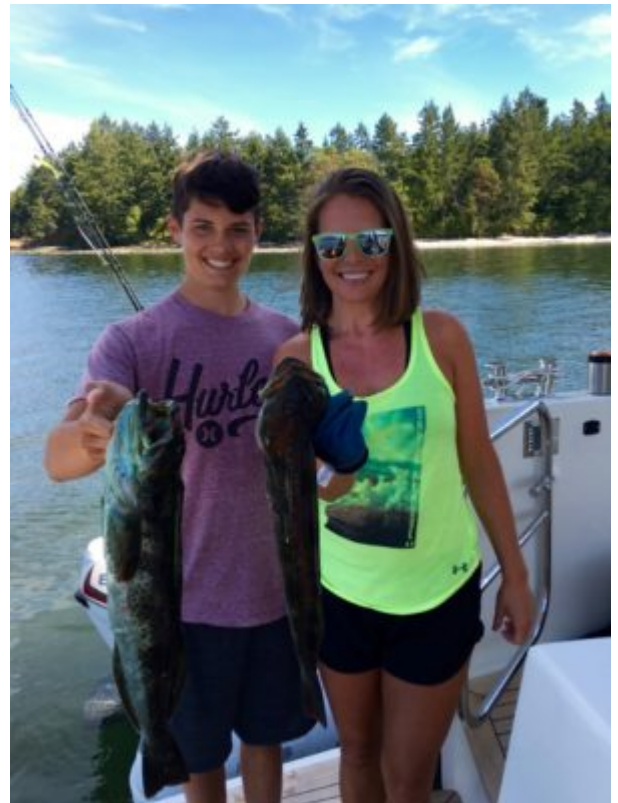


A whole herd of super fast offshore racing boats came flying into the bay. They were being chased by a helicopter taking pictures. Turns out they were on a poker run going from checkpoint to checkpoint.



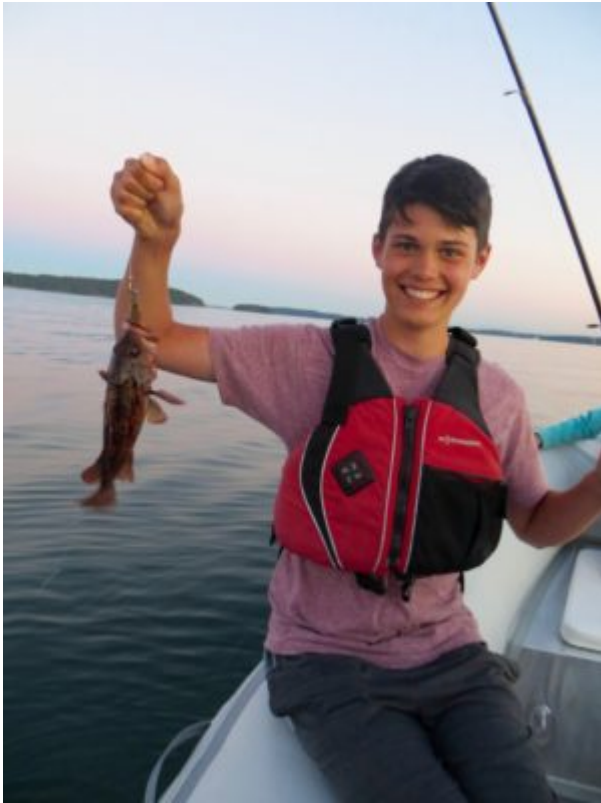


Grenling!



Nice Fish!





Shrimp buoy looks good now









Lunch in Fulford