

THE OYSTERCATCHER:

FALL95/WINTER96

AT LONG LAST: Well here it is finally in print, better late than never I guess.

YOUR EXECUTIVE FOR 1996/97:

Chairperson-John Myers 537-1933

Vice chair- Keith Webb 537-1149

Treasurer-Ian Chisholm 537-1500

Secretary-Fred Powell 537-4739

Walk Co-ord.-Norma Eves 537-1105

Hike Co-ord. Fred Howell 537-1133

FBCN Rep.-Don Flook 633-9446

Past Chair.-Ian Fraser 537-9324

Memberships-Joy Newton 527-5868 -member at large

Trails/Data-Betty Kirk 537-9686 -member at large

Trail & Nature Club Mailing Address:

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EVENTS OF 1995:

In May, 23 hardy sorts made the trek to Pearson College and two days of wandering the trails and byways of East Sook Park. Some took the high road and some took the long road ! A good time was had by all.

The Strawberry Social was held in June at Ruckle Park with a large attendance and beautiful weather. The strawberries were excellent, the ice cream was still reasonably solid, and thanks to the able volunteers who served it out all managed to get a good serving. Tony Pederson was presented with a little award in appreciation of his ongoing efforts to overcome gravity - safely, on the trails of Ruckle Park. Great weather, great people, and nobody got lost or stung .

Several trips of note took place during the summer by various groups of club members. Short reports of some of these follow- longer reports and possible ideas for the summer of 96 can be had by contacting the participants. My apologies to those who submitted reports if I have abridged your favorite part- I hasten to mention, I can be replaced.



Lets start with: **The Mt. Washington Trip in September**
by Norma Eves:

The Salt Spring Trail and Nature Club decided they would go,
to hike and walk Mount Washington, with hopes it wouldn't snow.
So members numbering sixty-five, with cars packed to the roof,
with sweaters, boots and haversacks, (but have to say in truth)
the walk leader forgot his socks and had to borrow some,
didn't matter, he'd brought the beer which guaranteed him fun.
The accommodation was superb although at times too hot,
as cold had been expected, it certainly was not !
Instead, an Indian Summer, with blue skies, sun and heat,
but first a sudden downpour, just to guarantee that feet
would squelch in mud, cover boots with dirt and socks with grime,
in spite of which, nobody cared, the scenery sublime.
For breakfast and for dinner, there was a climb uphill,
which people made quite cheerfully, their appetites to fill,
the one complaint, at least the one, which people heard the most,
" I can't enjoy my breakfast, without a piece of toast !"
The "Happy Hours" were super, gave everyone a chance,
to look in other peoples rooms with more than just a glance.
Much laughter and frivolity as jokes were tossed around,
with stories of the days events and everybody found,
so many snacks and goodies, with calories galore,
They'd need to walk quite twice as much as they had done before.
The plan to climb Mount Washington was then put into place,
the routes discussed, no mention, that it would be a race,
but all the same, the walkers, beat the hikers to the crest,
a cause for celebration, cos they sometimes think that they are best !
Then came the final evening, with words from dear John Lloyd,
that just because one's 80, there needn't be a void,
Life begins at any age, it's mainly in the mind,
and belonging to a Club like ours is certainly the kind of thing to do, to keep one young and
very healthy too,
to make good friends, enjoy outdoors, experiences new,
Like Turtle Racing, that's the thing, to make your pulses race,
What's that ? you say, you'll have to see, when we visit the next place !



Points to Ponder:
submitted by Rita Aptekmann.

This is for those who sometimes get discouraged by life's little idiosyncrasies:
If you sometimes get discouraged, consider this fellow:

He dropped out of grade school. Ran a country store. Went broke. Took fifteen years to pay off his bills. Took a wife. Unhappy marriage. Ran for House. Lost twice. Ran for Senate. Lost twice. Delivered speech that became a classic. Audience indifferent. Attacked daily by the press and despised by half of the country. Despite all this, imagine how many people all over the world have been inspired by this awkward, ruffled, brooding man who signed his name simply, A. Lincoln. (1809-1865)

BACKPACKING TO CAPE SCOTT:

submitted by Ailsa Pearse

In August of 1994, five of us set off from Salt Spring with much enthusiasm, to hike the Cape Scott trail. Now, having done it and survived, it is lovely to look back and remember the gorgeous beaches, the sweep of waves running up and falling back across the sand, the few remains of the Danish settlement of 1897-1907, the remains of the Indian midden, the lighthouse at the extreme north end of Vancouver Island and the fun of being with friends, sharing meals and laughter. Its easy to forget the hard work of the actual back packing trip, the slippery muddy trail and the wet feet in the glow of the rewards of that effort.

Nancy Braithwaite, Fiona Flook, John and Noreen Davies and myself, Ailsa Pearse made up the group. We caught the 10am. ferry from Vesuvius on a Saturday and stopped at 7 pm. for the night at a lovely Forest Service camp ground just south of Woss Lake.

The next morning began with a swim, breakfast, and then onwards to Port Hardy with a stop for coffee. Next stop Holberg, and then the trail head parking lot. Because it was so early in the day we took our day packs and walked the 2.5 km. into St. Josef Bay. Here a lovely beach with big breakers and warm sand kept us occupied for an hour or so, then back to the parking lot to pack up for the hike into our overnight camp at Eric Lake, a distance of 3 km. over a sometimes steep and muddy trail.

Next day we hiked through to Nels Bight, a distance of 13.8 km. The trail took us through a forest of cedar, lodgepole pine, hemlock and true fir with an understory of salal, salmonberry, red huckleberry and fern. Lots of mud, boardwalks, logs, peat moss and bogs, interspersed with patches of sundew and glorious blue gentians. At the head of Hansen Lagoon we crossed a large pasture showing evidence of the dyke completed in 1905 to reclaim land.

At Nels Bight we set up camp among at least a dozen other tents, but the beach was so large that every one had lots of room to themselves. The next day, Tuesday, was gloriously sunny, so after breakfast we set off with day packs to cover the 4 km. to Guise Bay and another georgeous empty beach. Part of the trail followed the plank road constructed in 1942 to move materials about during the 2nd world war. Lunch was followed by the crossing of a sandy neck to Experiment Bight and a rest at an Indian midden, where we observed the remains of a fence constructed in 1910 to stabilize the sand dunes for pasture. Nancy and I found the waters of the beach here warm enough for a swim before the return trip to camp.

Wednesday was spent in hiking out to the Cape Scott lighthouse with day packs. Our trail followed more of the wooden roadway from WW 2. We missed the killer whales by one day at the lighthouse, but did see groups of sea lions playing in the surf below.

Thursday we packed out part way to our overnight camp at Donaldson Farm, which still shows remains of some early buildings plus a youth crew cabin used for trail improvements in 1979-80. Fiona picked berries, low bush cranberry, salal berries and bake apples for a delicious dessert to follow Noreen's tasty cous cous dinner.

Our last day trekking out was marred by threatening skies, showers and finally pouring rain. What a relief to reach the parking lot and a change to dry clothes. A short run to Holberg and a visit to the Golden Ibis Pub for a fish and chip dinner, and consensus that it had been a great trip.

Ghost of the K.V.R.

submitted by Patti May-Lawson

This trip took place in early June of 1994 and was so successful that a repeat trip took place in June of 1995 with some of the same cast and a few new players. This report was submitted by Patti May-Lawson.

Seven people left Salt Spring early in June of 1994 to explore a section of the abandoned roadbed of the Kettle Valley Railway (c. 1890). Four were to ride bicycles and three were support team members who also intended to get in some serious bird watching time between shuttle operations. The weather was kind to us even though this was not a camping trip.

The first evening was spent at a very old but clean and tidy motel in Naramata, with some of us touring the area on bikes before dark. Sunset was observed with wine glasses in hand and the beautiful lake in the foreground amidst peace and serenity.

Early morning found our bikers on the steep hill to Arawana and the railway bed. The others went bird watching/sightseeing and agreed to meet us at Chute Lake Lodge, further up the track, where a hot shower and a good dinner and warm cabin awaited.

Once on the road bed with its maximum 2 to 2 1/2 per cent grade the going was relatively easy so we took it slow and enjoyed the views and photo opportunities and the two small tunnels we passed through. Then came the long tunnel before Adra and our day became temporarily complicated by a closed tunnel and a resulting detour that gave us some trouble and used up a lot of our daylight. We were all feeling the stress of our misadventures when down the narrow road bed appeared Betty Ball in a car. That saved our day and with two trips we were all transported to the lodge and hot showers. Even though we were three and a half hours late for dinner the lodge hostess served us a delicious plate of beef and Yorkshire pudding followed by apple pie a la mode.

Next morning we left Chute Lake Lodge refreshed and looking forward to the most spectacular part of the trip, the Myra Canyon section of the road bed with its many trestle bridges and two more open tunnels and really panoramic views down over the Okanogan Lakes. The road bed is nearly level all along this section and most of it is protected from vehicle traffic so the ground is smooth and dust free, great riding, except on the bridges where it is advisable to walk your bike, partly because of the possibility of falling and partly so as not to miss the views. Myra Canyon is deep and narrow and as you travel along you can see all the trestles you have yet to cross since the road bed goes down one side of the canyon and back on the other, not too far across from where you are. The remains of some of the old stations and service buildings are visible if you look carefully. You can understand why this road bed was called "McCulloch's Wonder", its an almost impossible

place to build a railway, but he did it. Signs of logging are all along the way, and if you look at the amount of timber that went into the original trestles it is truly impressive. The K.V.R. volunteers club has modified almost all of these trestles so that they are safer for pedestrians and bicycles to cross and for the public to enjoy and appreciate the engineering that made it all possible.

We arrived at our evening stop, Ida-Bell Lake Lodge, just past Hydraulic Lake in good time. Hydraulic Lake is man-made and the area around it was quite swampy so we left the road bed for the gravel road that parallels the track for the last part of this days ride. There were several farms that the road bed passed through but we found no detour or no trespassing signs to hinder our way. We arrived earlier than our car transport and so had lots of time for a hot shower and a relaxing cup of tea. Dinner was late and OK, but not up to the standards of the one at Chute Lake Lodge.

Our final day on the trail was a pure delight. We rode from Ida-Bell Lake to Beaverdell, which is mostly downhill, traversing through forest. We met very few people except for one group of about fifty, going the other way. White tailed deer ran across the trail and we saw lots of fresh bear scat. We spotted several eagles just beyond Cookson. There was a rock slide that needed negotiation on foot and a very narrow ridge of dirt left where a bridge had washed out, tough going. Arlington Lakes was our lunch stop under brooding skies that turned to rain as we watched the trout make rings on the water, so on with the rain gear. All that was left of the water tower at Arlington Lakes was the hexagonal base and a few lilac bushes, a wild purple penstamen was blooming through the the rail bed. This area seemed to be a favorite of fishermen and campers.

As we continued on, the foliage became more dense and began to close in on us. It was hard to spot much of the old system, except for a few rotting landing platforms and the rail bed, of course. This area seemed more remote and wilder than any part of the old rail system travelled so far. We passed Lois, a small rail road cabin with "Lois" painted on the side. We insisted on going up the Wilkinson Creek road bed even though we knew that the bridge was out. We planned on fording the creek, but found it too large to ford and so biked down a nearby logging road that took us out to the highway and thence across the West Kettle River. We passed up the rest of the rail bed into the little town of Carmi taking the highway instead. Poor little Carmi is struggling for life, only a few people, barking dogs and run down old buildings, mostly abandoned. Riding on down the highway, we came to Beaverdell and cold ice cream while we waited for the rest to show up. The trip ended with some of us crossing the highway to the old and slightly tawdry Beaverdell Hotel and saloon. A cold draft of beer went down well.

At the turn of the century, and into the thirties, this little hotel greeted many passengers from the K.V.R., rooms are still available here. The hotel is well worth a visit just to see the old pictures and relics of days gone by. The road bed continues on, with some interruptions all the way to Castlegar. There is a very interesting railway museum at Midway, on highway 3, about an hour further on from Beaverdell.

By all means possible this historical route should be preserved as a recreational corridor. This was a liesurely trip of five days four nights and approximately 150 km. of biking. We took our time to look at the spectacular scenery and abundant wildlife and came home with some great photos and wonderful memories.

ELDERHOSTELLING IN THE ESPLANADES-1995:

submitted by Nancy Braithwaite

At the subalpine level, 7000 feet, in the Esplanade Range of the Selkirks, and west of the Rockies, stands a little red-roofed hut. On three sides is a cirque of mountains and rocky ridges rising above sloping alpine meadows: to the east, when not shrouded in clouds, lie the Rockies.

I found my way to this rare place in early August with a small flock of Elderhostellers and we were wafted up from the shores of Kinbasket Lake by helicopter in just seven minutes.

Our tour leader was a licensed mountain guide and naturalist and our cook, used to feeding tree planters, could not understand why we could not consume a 25 pound turkey and two pounds of rice at a single sitting.

The weather was uncertain, with only two sunny days; otherwise it was cloudy with intermittent rain and even snow one morning. The wild flowers were superb: Indian Paintbrush was in full bloom as was the brilliant Mountain Fireweed and the Red-stemmed Saxifrage. We found Smooth Alpine Gentian and, at the 8000 foot level, Moss Campion and Harebells.

There are three lodges in this area: Vista, Meadow and Sunrise. They are fairly primitive, with no running water, electricity or plumbing. Cooking is done on gas, there are oil lamps in the sitting/dinning area but one goes to bed by torch light, no candles are allowed. Water is carried in from the lake by staff, who also fill the boiler for the nearby sauna. The privy is quite a distance away, not down the usual garden path, but through a wildflowerly meadow non the less.

Because these lodges are on Crown land there are stringent rules and regulations: no wood can be cut so all firewood must be brought in by helicopter and absolutely everything is taken out, including sewage.

We climbed up on to the ridges above our hanging valley and looked down into the adjoining ones. One day we climbed up to over 8000 feet and wound up and down until we looked into yet another hanging valley and saw the roof of our neighbouring lodge, Meadow. We longed to drop down to it but could never have got back to our own, Vista, that day.

Had we been an ordinary hiking group spending a week up there, we could have had two nights in each lodge, carrying our personal gear, sheets and pillow cases, ((provided by the lodge) from one lodge to another, whilst our food would have been flown in.

Elderhostle groups, of which there are only two per summer, one with emphasis on Natural History, Geology and Glaciology and the other for photographers, normally stay the whole time at one lodge.

To our disappointment, we saw very little wildlife: of animals, only marmots, ground squirrels and rock rabbits. One woman said she had seen a family of mountain goats, but they were in exactly the same place next morning ! Birds were scarce too: our guide was surprised how few we saw. There were some Clark's Nutcrackers; a family of Ptarmigan; the far-sighted ones caught sight of a Golden Eagle soaring in the clouds and someone found a feather from a Red-Tailed Hawk. On a lake below the lodge, on the lip of our hanging valley, we sighted a family of Barrow's Golden Eye and I couldn't help wondering if they spent their winters in the Gulf Islands.

In winter there is ski touring and telemarking in the Esplanades and our guide told us that the powder snow is fantastic. There is in fact an advertisement for it in the University of Calgary's winter outdoor program catalogue.

Around the Corner (Nootka)
submitted by Patti May-Lawson

-- Or that's the tale that has been told by generations of Muchalat natives of the area. It seems that Captain Cook, who was badly lost in the fog, asked Chief Maquinna's people how to get out of where ever he was and they said, "Nootka, Nootka", which evidently meant, "keep going- its around the corner", and so Captain Cook after successfully sailing through the Tahsis inlet named it Nootka Sound.

Jo Yard and I knew we were going to Nootka Sound on July 4th, its just that we did not know how or who with. I had booked passage for six boats on the Uchuck 111, the famous mail boat that goes from Gold River to Kyuquot with the intention of being dropped off, literally, somewhere on the north end of Bligh Island.

At the last minute Andrea Rankin and her brother Oakley and Alan Clewes, fresh from his Spain trip, volunteered to come along. So we started out from Gold River with just the right number of people. Though I had a general plan for where I wanted to go in the area, after talking to the young skipper of the Uchuck, we took a different route.

We rode the Uchuck up the long Muchalat Inlet and around the south end of Bligh Island and past Resolution Cove, over to Yuquot, (Friendly Cove). These are all historical areas and gave us a good overall look at the area. We decided to be dropped off at Tsowwin River in the Tahsis Inlet. Our boats were neatly lifted over the side on a pallet and gently released in the water. It was a bit of a heart-stopper, but exciting fun.

We really had no idea where to camp except for one spot on Bligh Island. After a slightly damp night on the Tsowwin river-bank, it rained hard, we paddled to Boston Point, the infamous massacre site of the ship Boston's crew. Twenty-five sailors were killed by Chief Maquinna's men over a misunderstanding. Only two survived, one named John Jewitt, who became a slave of the Nootka people. I spent an uneasy night thinking about the screams of the murdered sailors and the bear tracks and scat that we found.

Next day we explored old Nootka Cannery, now a wealthy new sport fishing camp. Then followed Boca del Infierno Bay where our two "terriers", Andrea and Alan tried to go over the reversing falls! Past Saavedra Islands and into Santa Gertrudis Cove with its disappearing beaches. We camped there and had to move one tent because of the rising tide. We used the cove as a base camp while exploring Friendly Cove, (Yuquot).

We met Chief Maquinna ! Chief Ambrose Maquinna, that is, who is several generations removed from the legendary Maquinna of John Jewitt's time, white slave of the Nootka. We also met the caretaker, Ron Williams. We hiked to the lighthouse and both historical monuments on the San Miguel Islands, then to the old church with its stained glass windows and its very fine totems, inside the church. Thence to the old cemetery and the trail that John Jewitt had walked. We continued along a spectacular beachscape to the lagoon and then returned to Santa Gertrudis Cove, which was only a short paddle away.

Early the next day we paddled north to Saavedra Island and crossed Cook Channel to the Spanish Pilot group. Water was like glass at 8:00 am. Then on to Bligh Island and our only known campsite on a small peninsula on the island. We used chart #3664 to guide ourselves around this area. A beautiful little campsite, but known to other kayakers. Bligh Island has many places to explore, and we paddled into some of them, like Ewin Inlet.

Alan had discovered that we could return to Gold River via Max's Water Taxi in just 45 minutes and for only forty dollars more than on the Uchuck. Max picked us up right on time at our designated site at the north-west side of Bligh Island behind a small island belonging to a fish camp. It had a handy floating dock. We were glad to return that way after realizing how long the paddle back up Muchalat Inlet was going to be, besides it was raining.

I plan to go back next year, 1996, only taking a different route, so think about going. The group must be small because of limited camping sites and space.

Interesting reading for those contemplating next years trip:

Kayaking Canada's West Coast, by John Ince & Heidi Kottner.

Exploring Vancouver Island's West Coast, by Don Douglas.

Chart # 3664

Jewitt's book "White Slave of the Nootka", Heritage House

Reservation Number for the Uchuck 111, at Gold River, (6040 283-2325

Photo Contest 1995

submitted by Alan Clews.

This event, started in the early summer of 1995, culminated in an exhibition at the Apple Studios in downtown Ganges running from Friday November 17th until Thursday 23rd, 1995. The three judges and those responsible for the success of the event were Alan Clews, Beverlee Lane and Lorraine Surcouf. Thank-you to you three for breaking new ground for the SSI Trail and Nature Club, and thank-you to all who took part as participants, your pictures were great and we hope you will enter again this coming year. And a further big thank-you to Apple Studio for their kind assistance in this new endeavor.

Next year we will try to get out more publicity about the contest and exhibition early on in the year and try to have more groups to enter so as to cover all of your very wide interests and talents in photography. Grease up your camera's and get clicking.

There were 88 pictures to judge distributed throughout three categories: Landscape, Human Interest and Experimental. The judging was done without prior knowledge of who took which picture and each judge prepared independently their own list of the top 5 before comparing notes with the others. Category winners are as follows:

- Experimental: 1st place Catherine Egan, "Shrine"
2nd place Catherine Egan, "Entrance to Duck Creek"
3rd place Catherine Egan, "Indian Land"
- Human Interest: 1st place Ian Chisolm, "The Question Is?"
2nd place Ann Earl, "Walkers Lunch"
3rd place Ann Earl, "Strawberry Picnic"
- Landscape: 1st place Ian Fraser, "untitled"
2nd place Ian Chisolm, "Paradise Meadows"
3rd place Brian Radford, "untitled"

Cathedral Lakes-August 1995

submitted by Noreen Davies.

A group of seven club members left Salt Spring in the latter half of August for 6 days camping in Cathedral Lakes Provincial Park; we were prepared for any weather. The park is in the Okanogan Range of the Cascades, accessed from Route 3 by a very good road following the Ashnola River some 60 km. beyond Princeton. In order to be in time for the last 4WD transport leaving the parking lot for the lodge at 4:00 pm., we had to leave Salt Spring on the first ferry.

The transport takes you 13 km. from the parking lot at 840 m to the lodge by Quiniscoe Lake at elevation 2070m, for a cost of \$50.00 return. Reservations are required, (604-499-5848). Alternately, the purists can pack in along the Lakeview Trail.

We chose to camp by Lake of the Woods in one of the less popular campsites about 1 km. from the Quiniscoe Lake camping area where the views of Quiniscoe Mountain reflected in the calm lake can be very impressive at sunrise.

Camping sites are well organized with levelled pads for tents. Water is available from the streams and lakes but should be treated before being considered potable. Note: we found that the Katadyn Mini Filter is only marginally suitable for providing small quantities of water for only one person.

We were fortunate with the weather during our stay, especially since there had been 3 inches of snow just prior to our arrival. However, the nights were cold enough to allow a skim of ice to form on the more sheltered water. The breeze blowing over the lake was cool and we were thankful for a tarp to shelter our cooking/eating area.

Despite our theory that we should acclimatize ourselves with a hike at low elevations, the first day dawned bright and clear so we decided to go up to the eastern ridge and take advantage of the views. We puffed our way up through Englemann spruce, fir and Lyalls larch to tree-line where we joined the Rim Trail which was clearly marked by cairns and the occasional sign. The trail led us up over a steep stretch of angular boulders for half an hour before we reached the top of Red Mountain where a lunch break was welcomed to allow us to admire the panoramic views towards Manning Park, the U.S. border some 7km to the south, the western ridge, and down to the lakes which gave the area its name.

The second day was also clear but we opted for a less energetic walk down to Lakeview Creek and along the valley to Goat Lakes, which after a dry summer, had been reduced to Goat Lake. We had lunch in a truly picturesque setting overlooked by the dramatic peaks of Grimface Mountain, Macabre Tower, Matriarch Mountain and Denture Ridge, but the aspect was softened by the bright sunshine. We tested the water temperature but were certainly not tempted to swim.

The third day we again descended about 120m to Lakeview Creek before starting the long haul up the western ridge to Lakeview Mountain- the highest peak in the park, from which we were treated to magnificent views in all directions. We decided to retrace our steps rather than continue on to Boxcar Mountains along the ridge and then descend to the Goat Lakes again. Our journey down was spurred on by the knowledge that we had made reservations for the evening meal at the Lodge on Quiniscoe Lake. What luxury and warmth! An excellent meal was enjoyed by all, including two more members of our group who had spent the last five days packing in from Manning Park on the Centennial Trail, a considerably more arduous way to reach Cathedral Lakes Park.

The fourth morning, after a gentle hike, we stopped for lunch beside beautiful Scout Lake where we were joined by pikas and chipmunks. We then continued along the Diamond Trail through carpets of lupins which had survived the earlier snowfall making a wonderful change from the rather bleak higher areas where the alpine flowers were scattered and miniscule. We returned to camp via the Centennial and Rim Trails.

The next day was reserved for the part of the Rim Trail to the south with its variagated rock formations stretching from Pyramid Mountain to Devil's Woodpile, Stone City, Smokey the Bear and Giant Cleft. All very different in form and character lending credence to the theory that rock formations in the Park could be due to volcanic eruptions which took place during an ice age. These rocks provided homes for the hoary marmots. We returned down the very steep shale scree trail, past a herd of mountain goats, to the shores of Ladyslipper Lake.

The sixth day was held in reserve in case our plans for any other day were rained out. So we went our various ways, enjoying the lakes, climbing a ridge or looking for wildflowers, with time to laze in the sun and view the various peaks with a sense of achievement.

The final morning dawned clear and calm with the reflections of the mountains in the lakes showing to perfection. We caught the 9:00 am. car down to the parking lot giving us plenty of time to catch the last ferry back to Salt Spring.

Members of this trip included:

David, Margaret and Mary Spencer

Fiona Flook

John and Noreen Davies

Heather Spain

plus the intrepid Manning Parkers: Ailsa Pearse and Walton Langford.



THE TRANS-CANADA TRAIL

If you should personally wish to donate to the development of the Trans-Canada Trail you can do so by phoning this number: **1-800-465-3636**. You will be asked to pledge to the maintenance of one (or more metres if you so choose), of the trail and your donation will be acknowledged on one of several plaques located at various places across Canada. You can specify on which plaque your name should appear.

THE QUADRA ISLAND TRIP-MAY 1996:

For those wishing to go on the spring off-island trip to Quadra Island, a deposit of \$ 50.00 must accompany your reservation to stay in the lodge. The starting date for reservations will be Thursday February 22, 1996 (social evening), and the cut off date for reservations will be the Thursday April 18th social evening meeting. For those who will be taking an RV or camping on site at the lodge the deposit will be \$30.00, which is the cost of the camp site for three nights. Those who are camping will need to make their own arrangements for meals with the lodge. (Telephone # 604-285-3322 for the lodge)

THE FALL OFF-ISLAND TRIP:

At the moment, the options possibly include staying at Naramata, just 10 km north of Penticton, on the east side of Okanogan Lake, or staying at Okanogan Falls, which is south of Penticton near Oliver.

The Okanogan Falls trip was made with great success several years ago, and is being investigated for its potential as a repeat trip. The Naramata area trip would be a new venture I believe, and would put us in a good place to explore the Kettle Valley Railway line and especially the Myra Canyon section of that line which has 18 trestles and two tunnels and is as close to a level hike/walk as you will ever get. One could also explore the wine tasting cellars of the valley. Any other possibilities for this fall venture, or any future venture, would be greatly appreciated by your executive, don't be shy !

LEADERS FOR WALKS AND HIKES:

Please, please, please, if you have any inclination at all to lead a hike or walk, contact the walk or hike co-ordinators, Norma Eves or Fred Howell, and volunteer your services. **WARNING:** It may be conducive to your health.

Also, be aware that without this kind of support your Club will eventually founder and the walks and hikes that you so much look forward to will not be taking place as often. This club has been so successful in the past because of the selfless dedication of a few members, but as it grows in membership, it must also involve more members in leading its activities for it to stay worthwhile and relevant to the membership.

TRAIL RELATED INFORMATION:

Trail maps are available at the social evenings only from now on. This is due to the possible liability of our maps being used by non members in an irresponsible manner. Maps from other Island sources will no longer come from us as a club.

Please do not remove any material, vegetative or otherwise, from the Parks or from Crown Land that we travel over as a Club. It is against the law, and it also sets a very bad example to the general public. This also applies when clearing trails. This warning has been passed on to us as a club from the managers of Crown Lands and also from the Provincial Parks Branch, and is one of the conditions under which we are allowed to maintain trails in these two

areas. This is for your information, not intended as a lecture or a scolding. Thank you for your understanding.

You will be pleased to know that on your behalf, the executive has donated \$36.00 to maintain one metre of the Trans-Canada Trail.

SOME EVENTS FOR THE FIRST HALF OF 1996:

February 22/96-social evening with Alan Clews showing a video of his rambles through the Smithers area last summer.

March 28/96-social evening with Hugh Greenwood illustrating his sailing trip to the south seas, this will be of interest even to non sailors.

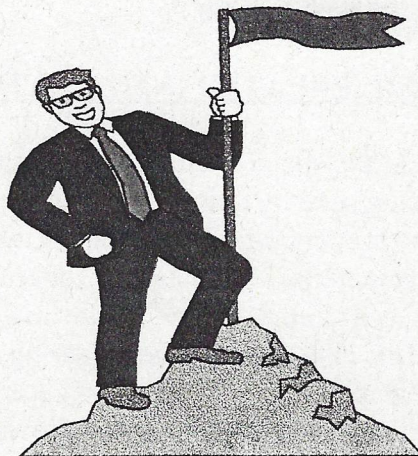
April 25/96- Mary Spencer will be showing slides of one of her trips to Asia. For those who missed her last slide show this past fall, do plan to attend, you will not regret it.

June 25/96-Ruckle Park for the annual Strawberry Ramble and picnic. Time to start will be announced at an earlier social. Remember all you "oldtimers," and even you "newtimers", everybody brings a spoon and a bowl, your lunch and drinks, bibs are optional. The Club provides the strawberries and ice cream. We usually have a walk/hike starting at 10:30 am. and end up at the picnic area about 12 noon for our lunch etc.

Note: there are usually no social nights in June, July, August or September because everybody is off doing their own thing. So the first social evening will likely be on the fourth Thursday, October 24th/96.

Note: all social evenings may involve short business sessions and refreshments are served to keep you awake. All social evenings are on the fourth Thursday of the month and begin at 7:30 pm in the Ganges United Church basement, charge of \$ 1.00 per person is collected at the door for hall rental.

Note: please expect to be called once in a while to help out with refreshments for the social evenings. This usually involves preparing cookies etc. (and -or) helping out in the kitchen at the church with coffee and tea. This will be a great help to the social convenor, -thank you in advance. If you have something of interest for a social evening-please call John Myers.



SPOTLIGHT ON INTERESTING PEOPLE:



Eleanor and John met during world war 2 when Eleanor was a nurse and John was serving in the Navy. They married in Birmingham, England in 1943 where Eleanor's Unit was posted. The wedding took place in a building Eleanor describes as a "Utility Church", not one of the magnificent Churches England is famous for. The Church may have been "utility", but the vows worked, as 53 years of happy marriage have been the outcome.

At the end of the war they returned to Canada, Eleanor being classed as "Walking Wounded", the nearest term the Nurses Unit could come up with for a pregnant Nurse ! They subsequently had four children and four grandchildren, and are a very close family.

After spending time in Ontario and Quebec as a Mining Engineer, John decided upon a new

career. After moving to Vancouver, he attended University along with one of his daughters, and gained his teaching certificate. John taught Mathematics for 5 years before retiring to Salt Spring Island.

Eleanor and John have been members of the Trail and Nature Club for over twenty years, and are still very active members missing very few hikes. They have been hiking in England during the past four years as well as taking part in our club hiking schedule here on Salt Spring. They are well traveled interesting people and a joy to see and talk to. We wish them many more happy years together.

Eleanor and John were awarded, by unanimous vote at the 1996 AGM, honorary membership in the Salt Spring Island Trail and Nature Club. Congratulations to you both.