



# Oystercatcher

Salt Spring Trail and Nature Club  
Newsletter  
Autumn 2016



We discovered this sagebrush Mariposa lily, *Calochortus macrocarpus*, while taking a scenic route along the Princeton-Summerland Road, a wonderful, winding, way along Trout Creek. We had stopped to check out some rocks and saw the colony of lilies downslope. Lorrie and Gus had to investigate and take pictures of this dryland flower. Apparently, its bulbs were once eaten by First Nations people but the ants were enjoying this particular delicacy. Photo by Lorrie Storr.

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## President's Point of View

### Linda Quiring

Late last spring, Jean Attorp brought our attention to the ongoing damage from ATV's in the Hope Hill area. While out hiking, Jean noted even more destructive developments there including cut down trees used to build jumps for the mountain biking and motorized vehicles. Ron Hawkins also became involved and contacted the Provincial Government who are to send out someone to do a walk through the area with us. Bob Weeden of the Conservancy has also gotten involved and when/if the Provincial person arrives we will all do a walk-through. There seems to be a common belief that Crown Lands are not regulated in any way, but apparently this is not so. Will advise on any new developments.

Some of our members, along with CRD Trails Committee members and Gary Quiring of Salt Spring Trails have been working for years on what will be known as The Bob Ball Trail on the Mt. Belcher Highlands. At recent meetings we have discussed problems with access around and through subdivisions etc. and have contacted property owners in the area, some of whom oppose the trail. CRD Parks however, has rights-of-way and hopefully, further work on the trail, including building of a ladder and/or small bridge for total access, will begin in the fall.

This newsletter is published by the Salt Spring Trail and Nature Club, PO Box 203, Ganges PO,  
Salt Spring Island, BC, V8K 2V9. Editor: Gary Adams ([gafrad@shaw.ca](mailto:gafrad@shaw.ca))

For information on the Board of Directors and weekly outings, please see our website: [www.saltspringtnc.ca](http://www.saltspringtnc.ca)

## Calendar of Events

**Thursday, September 8, 2016**

### **Restoring Wetlands for Wildlife and Rare Species**

SS Conservancy suggests you learn about how wetlands provide habitat with Salt Spring wildlife with expert, Tom Biebighauser at the Blackburn Lake Nature Reserve, 265 Blackburn Road from 7:00 to 9:00.

**Tuesday, September 13, 2016**

The 2016-2017 hiking season begins with the Blackberry Festival at Ruckle Park. Meet at noon in the Group Campground. Bring your lunch and a favourite blackberry goodie to share. Don't forget a bowl and a spoon. Short walks will be scheduled before lunch.

**Thursday, September 29, 2016**

### **Hiking Lake O'Hara, A Jewel of the Canadian Rockies**

At 7:00pm, Brian Smallshaw and David Denning will introduce the spectacular mountain scenery and abundant wildlife, and the Lake O'Hara region of Yoho National Park at the Salt Spring public Library. This presentation will provide insights into how you can get access to camping, hiking or lodging in this premiere wilderness. Brian and David will share their passion for adventure through photography that captures the best of the Lake O'Hara region.

***The following presentations are being developed. Keep tuned for revisions and details.***

**Thursday, October 20, 2016**

### **Birds of the Boreal Forest**

John Neville will give us one of his enthralling presentations.

**Thursday, November 17, 2016**

### **The Magic of the Chilcotin – a Life-long Photographic Journey**

Chris Harris is scheduled to make a presentation.

**January, 2017**

Gary Quiring and Charles Kahn are being asked to present us with the possibilities and progress on the new Salt Spring Cross-Island Trail

**February, 2017**

### **Hiking, Bicycling and Building**

Murray Coates will present on turning a Habitat For Humanity experience into additional outdoor adventures.

**March, 2017**

### **Hiking Hawaii's Big Island and viewing its natural wonders.**

Nieke Visser is planning to give us a show.

Last season, we were contacted by Charles Kahn who has been in contact with the owners of several large parcels on Mt. Erskine and near the Manzanita Ridge trails. This would be a valuable acquisition and give us more hiking trails in a very undeveloped area close to road access, etc. We are awaiting further developments on this, and may perhaps help with fundraising if negotiations move forward.

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## ***Editor's Note***

*We have an interesting treat for you. By pure coincidence, two contributors recently submitted articles on their trip to Iceland. I thought I would present both to you at the same time to give you a multi-faceted look at a very unusual environment, complete with very different adventure styles, and both offering to provide the readers with assistance planning their own expeditions.*

## **Hiking in Iceland**

***Andrea Rankin***

Iceland, the very name conjures up images of glaciers, icebergs, volcanoes, geysers, thermal pools, boiling mud ponds, torrential waterfalls and immense lava beds - most of which we saw as we hiked each day along some of Iceland's more spectacular trails. It is a stunningly beautiful country, much greener than I expected; surprisingly much of the green growth covering many of the lower mountains in the north was lupines, masses of them. What a sight they must've been in full purple bloom! Apparently these represent a fairly recent invasion of an area formerly covered with moss and lichens.

Our trip was a blend of daily hikes, followed sometimes by short trips to some spectacular tourist site such as Gullfoss or Dettifoss, two outstanding waterfalls, or Geysir, the land

of geysers and boiling thermal ponds, or Hverir with its many boiling mud pools. One is always aware of the magma layer not too far below the surface. On our final day we luxuriated in the hot turquoise water of the Blue Lagoon, our faces plastered with their famous cleansing white silica mud.

Our hikes ranged from 11 to 17 km over various terrains and included two mountain ascents. Here are some examples:

1) Our first hike was at Pingvellir (say thingvetir) along the rift created by the continuing separation of the North American plate from the Eurasian plate. Yep, that's right; Iceland is growing by an inch or two every year as the two plates move away from each other. Dramatic basalt rocks and columns rise up on each side as you hike along the rift. Then we turned and struck out along the flat top of the Eurasian plate, on a well-trod path through scrub growth of willow, blueberries, heather, groundsel, campanula and the odd edelweiss. We also passed by the signs to several sheep farms scattered out from the main path. Our circular route led us back to a pleasant meadow where stand three, simple, unadorned row houses that are the shared seasonal residence of the Head Warden and the Prime Minister. Pingvellir is a much-revered national park because it marks the spot where the first parliament, a meeting of Iceland's territorial chiefs, was held in 931. It was here that consensual decisions were taken and punishments meted out, primarily hanging and drowning.

2) Another hike started at the Vesturdalur Campground in J15 national park (that is the Jokulsargljufur National Park, not far from Husavik in the north; count the letters and you will know why we called it J15). This trail led us along a shallow valley lined with old volcanic cores, featuring columns of basalt in a myriad of fan shapes, and then out onto a height of land from which we could view the Asbyrgi Canyon and the Jokulsa River. Here, the canyon widens into a large horseshoe shape where Odin's fabled steed, Sleipnir, is said to have put down one of his eight prodigious hooves. The hike along the canyon rim provided us with a magnificent view of the green, marshy land below.

3) Our last hike, 17 km, was in the area of Myvatn, a much-frequented tourist area famous for its lake which is a great birding area. Also known for the Krafla volcanic area featuring a magma chamber 3 km below the surface which expands as lava flows into it creating a bulge that eventually bursts, causing lava to flow underground and sometimes break out above ground. These periodic outbreaks, every 250 years or so, are called the Krafla Fires. There was a great eruption from Leihnjukur Mountain in 1729 which formed the lava fields through which we hiked, truly an astonishing collection of black lava in ridges and rolls as far as the eye could see, some of it dating from 1975, when the last series of eruptions added more lava to the already established field. The path was quite clear so hiking was not difficult, although there was some clambering over the sharp-edged lava.

I hope that you now have some idea of the hiking adventures that await you in Iceland. The group I go with on these hiking trips is Comfortable Hiking Holidays out of Toronto; a small company headed by a couple who like to hike and lead trips to their favorite well-researched spots. The trips are an attractive combination of daily hikes and walks (various levels), good hotels, delicious meals and visits to sights of interest. You can find them at [www.letshike.com](http://www.letshike.com) or simply type in Comfortable Hiking Holidays. For more info call me at 250-537-1904 or e-mail at [lonearranger@telus.net](mailto:lonearranger@telus.net).

## The Travelling Birder: Iceland

*By Murray Coates*

Several years ago, we were talked into doing a bicycle tour of Iceland. The selling features included incessant wind, huge hills, and impossibly low summer temperatures including the potential for snow in July. Another eye-catching description about Iceland we found identified it is a good place to have an adventure on really bad roads.

### **Salt Spring Market On Line SSI Trails**

In case you hadn't noticed, The Salt Spring Market has put together a web page of the more public trails on the island. The site is aimed at the public and tends to be more promotional than helpful but they need to be complemented for their effort and for their recognition of our trails. Check out the [Salt Spring Market web site](#). You may be inspired to take or lead a new hike or old favourite. You may also, like me, learn something that you didn't know.

Additional research led three of us to assemble a staging plan based on the most complex itinerary that we could find. We flew to Denmark via Reykjavik, took a train to Thisted, and then cycled to the coastal port of Hanstolm. After Hanstolm, the final leg was a two-day ferry trip to Seydisfjordur. Hanstolm is the port for the *MF Norrona*, a big 8-deck Smyril Line ferry. We arrived there on the eve of the summer solstice and were able to watch Danes completely filling their cars with beer for the next day. Unfortunately we had to leave early the next morning.

We spent a great two days on the ferry including a brief stop in the very scenic Faroe Islands. The very calm sea was apparently somewhat unusual. This ferry trip is a great experience but the cost made us think that BC Ferries is actually a discount service. Our cycling plan was based on following the Ring Road from the ferry landing in north-eastern Iceland to Reykjavik.

We arrived in the rain at Seydisfjordur on June 25th at 9.00 AM and made our entry to Iceland where we quickly discovered everything we had heard about cycling there was true. The first stretch of biking involved an 800 m climb in the rain with a cold headwind. It took 3 hours to get over the top to Egilstator (about 24 kilometers). The trip down the other side of the mountain was fast and cold and we had snow beside the road. Bird sightings were a rarity except for a few ravens. We made camp in a guesthouse in Egilstator.

The next day, we planned to get as close as possible to the town of Myvatn. After an early stage flat tire, we had good road conditions and virtually no traffic. As we



*Golden plover, courtesy of Something about Iceland.*

cycled along we flushed lots of ringed plovers, golden plovers, whimbrels and common redshanks from the roadside fields. The day ended after about 65 km with an enervating stretch of gravel road up a long steep hill. A sheep pasture became our campground for the night.

We needed to meet some people in Myvatn so the next morning we started early for our first 100 km day. The featured bird was the black tailed godwit, considered to be “near threatened” by the World Conservation union but the Icelandic breeding population is actually increasing. We saw quite a few close to the road.



*Black tailed godwit, courtesy of Birdwatch Ireland.*

The Highway One landscape is pretty barren for the most part with lots of distant waterfalls coming off high cliffs. Closer to Myvatn, we started to see greenery, but no trees. Myvatn has a lake with thermal pools and mud baths. It is also home to a world famous population of annoying midges. After a few medicinal beverages, we walked to a nearby restaurant and enjoyed average meals at heart stopping prices. A

large population of winnowing common snipe provided the evening entertainment.

The next day’s shorter ride had only two medium hills and lots of roadside birds. Our trek took us to Godafoss, which is a famous waterfall with an impressive mythological story:

Known as “Waterfall of the Gods,” Godafoss is one of Iceland’s larger waterfalls, closely connected with the country’s conversion to Christianity. At the time, the priest in power as leader of the country was Þorgeir Þorkelsson, and one of his tasks was settling the growing disputes between Christians and those who worshipped the old Nordic gods. Though he was a heathen priest himself, Þorkelsson decided all of Iceland should be Christian. Legend has it that he rid Iceland of the heathen gods by throwing their statues into the falls as a symbolic act of conversion. This is how Godafoss originally got its name (From [Guide to Iceland EHF](#)).

The Godafoss guesthouse had rooms at \$220/night so we hauled out the tents. The next day we continued towards Reykjavik with a stop in Akureyri. Just before this town there is a huge climb and then a great, fast downhill. We opted for a hotel here. Most towns in Iceland have a public indoor pool centre with hot and cold



*Icelandic ponies. Photo by M. Coates.*



*Sheep sorting Corral. Photo by M. Coates*

options. We made our first visit to the one here and it was excellent.

We hopped a bus the next day to get to a scenic place on the coast where there might be a natural hot pool. The bikes and our friend's trailer went under the bus in the compartment. This was quite a challenge as there was a lot of freight. We subsequently learned that the bus company has to take bikes and will put on extra equipment if necessary. We gave the driver a Canada pin and made his day. The bus ride took us 186 kilometers closer to Reykjavik and avoided a stretch with no campsites.

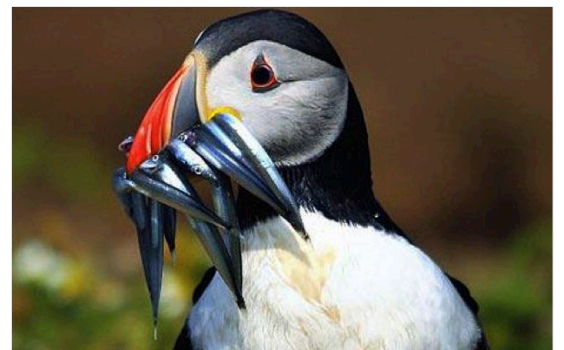
After the bus left, we did some map analysis and decided to continue on to Hvammstangi, a small town on the Vatnsnes peninsula. Our plan was to ride on the gravel road to a location where there was supposed to be a natural hot pool. We got there about 11.00 and had lunch at a Shell station and bought some groceries for dinner. The subsequent ride was about 10 Km on a gravel road with no traffic and lots of birds. (godwits, ringed plovers, whimbrels) We also got up close to a herd of Icelandic ponies and found a sheep-sorting pen. Our camp was right on the ocean and we saw lots of oystercatchers plus some puffins and Arctic terns. Puffins in Iceland are considered to be a game bird and a culinary delicacy. The Arctic tern is another iconic bird as far as Icelanders are concerned. This species has the longest migration pattern of any migratory bird as they winter in Antarctica and summer in Iceland.

After the Vatnsnes peninsula, our route along Highway One and finally encountered the famous Iceland wind. On a major steep downhill, the wind was strong enough to force us to pedal hard to make any progress. With a combination of cycling and the bus, we ended up in a Borgarnes hostel.

Borgarnes is fairly close to Reykjavik but cyclists can't use the Ring Road tunnel so we had a 90 km detour, which turned out to be a great side trip - no traffic, friendly people, and superb scenery. The detour passes what is called Whale Cove where one of the world's last remaining whaling stations is located. Whale meat is on the menu at several restaurants as is the meat of puffins and razorbills.

We eventually ended up in Reykjavik after about 600 km of cycling. After some sight seeing and educating ourselves about the Iceland bank collapse, we visited the Blue Lagoon and set off for home.

We thoroughly enjoyed this unique trip. Although we only saw about 20 bird species, birding was very much a secondary pursuit this time. If anyone is interested in cycling, birding or just visiting Iceland, please contact us.



*Puffin, courtesy Guide to Iceland.*



*Arctic tern, courtesy Guide to Iceland.*

## Little Treasures

Many lovely spots only slightly off the beaten track occur in our area. We would like to begin a series of personal discoveries. You are all encouraged and welcome to share a personal treasure - Sheila and Barry.

### Little Treasure #1: Eves Provincial Park

#### Sheila Spence

Eves Provincial Park, just a short distance from Crofton on Little Mountain Road off Westholme Road, is a beautiful 46 acre class C provincial park (not government funded - your toonie will be most welcome). The park trail network encompasses about 5 km of well signed, named trails, part of which is along the railroad bed from the Mount Sicker copper mines to Crofton.

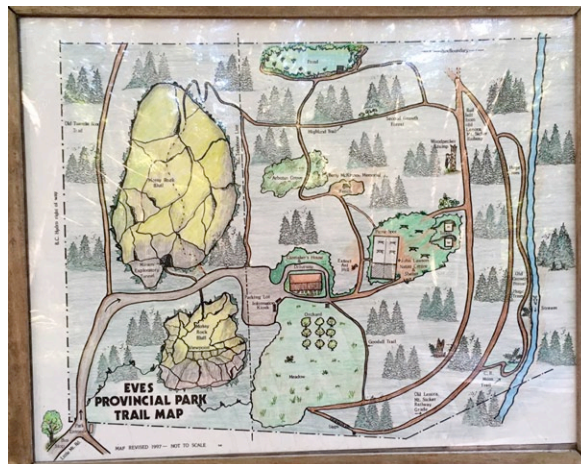
There are easy loop walks for walkers and most ramblers, connecting you to historic points of interest about BC mining, a mine tunnel, logging and farming. Enormous trees of old growth forest contribute to a nature experience along with a creek, a view point to the west, an orchard, and the John Lawson Nature Centre (open by appointment 250-748-0321).



The only long series of steps

The trails are mostly level, but there are a few stairs. Elevation rise from the parking lot to the viewpoint is about 30 metres. For you added enjoyment, Eves Park includes benches along the trails, sheltered picnic tables, outhouses at the Nature Centre, and even a couple of geocaches.

Have you hiked the switchbacks above Crofton? It was part of the same railroad from the copper mines to the smelter at Crofton. At Eves Provincial Park, you can learn the secret of that black sand along the boardwalk at Crofton.



Along the trail in Eves Provincial Park

## Purple Martin Nesting Project

### Peter McAllister

Thanks to Nieke's help with funding from the Trail and Nature Club and the hands on efforts of the Salt Spring Ocean Stewards (Peter McAllister and Tony MacLeod) there has been a purple martin housing boom along the shoreline of Salt Spring Island. To complement the six old boxes on the west side of Fulford Harbour and the 13 old boxes at the head of Long Harbour, we built boxes and put clusters of them on pilings and docks at Fernwood, the Maracaibo Marina, the Fulford Marina and Walter Bay Spit near the Sailing Club this spring. Too late for occupancy, we added boxes at the Vesuvius Ferry Terminal, the Fulford Ferry Terminal and pilings south of Price Beach off Rourke Road in Ganges Harbour. Amazingly, there was an almost instantaneous rush of new homebuyers at our first 4 sites.

Anxious to see how are efforts paid off in nestlings raised, Charlene Lee from the B.C. Purple Martin Recovery Program came by to do some banding on her way through the southern Gulf Islands. Surprise, our nesting success has been excellent despite fears of mortality from the poor weather that hit the 100 boxes at the Ladysmith marina. On July 18<sup>th</sup> just as most nestlings were fledging, Charlene, aided by Susan



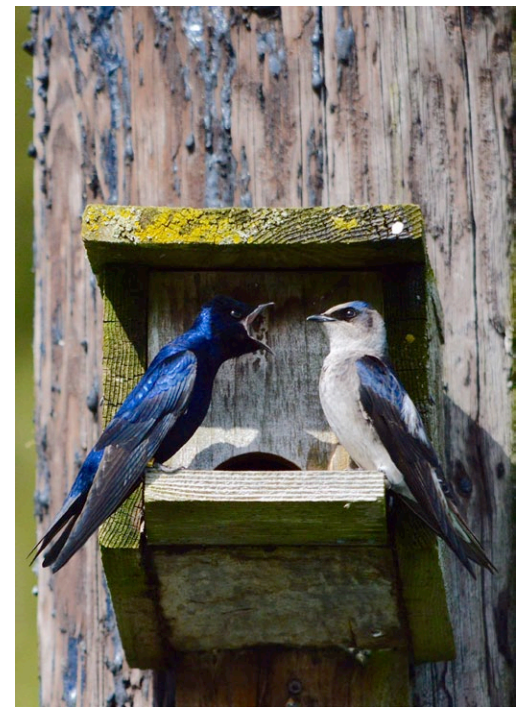
Some of the 23 just fledged young at the new Walter Bay Spit site. Photo by Peter McAllister.

Fussell and Peter banded nestlings on the dock piling at the end of Walter Bay in Ganges Harbour. We found 6 in one box, one had 5 and three boxes had 4. One lively chick, very close to fledging escaped and as we held our breath it laboured over the bay alongside a parent and made it to the trees. Two boxes at the Maracaibo Marina yielded 4 nestlings in each box and all were banded.

After that, I took Charlene over in my boat for banding on Mayne Island, Pender and Galiano. We got some great news on the results of all the island banding. Salt Spring's Walter Bay site produced the most nestlings per box, 4.8 chicks per box to be exact. And that's the first time there has ever been any banding on Salt Spring.

With the help of John and Heather Neville and Donna Martin monitoring Fernwood we kept an eye on all the sites as they gathered in a few super flocks of 20 and 30 and largely abandoned all the sites around mid August plus or minus a few stragglers and Donna's report of martins returning at dusk to spend the night at their homes on the Fernwood dock. August 24<sup>th</sup> was the last time I heard youngsters from Walter Bay fly high over our home atop Sky Valley ridge uttering their single call that sounds like "gip."

If all goes exceedingly well in the perilous long 22,000 kilometer round trip migration between southeastern Brazil and Salt Spring we can cross our fingers and possibly against all odds expect to welcome back about 140 teenagers along with their parents. We'll just have to build more boxes.

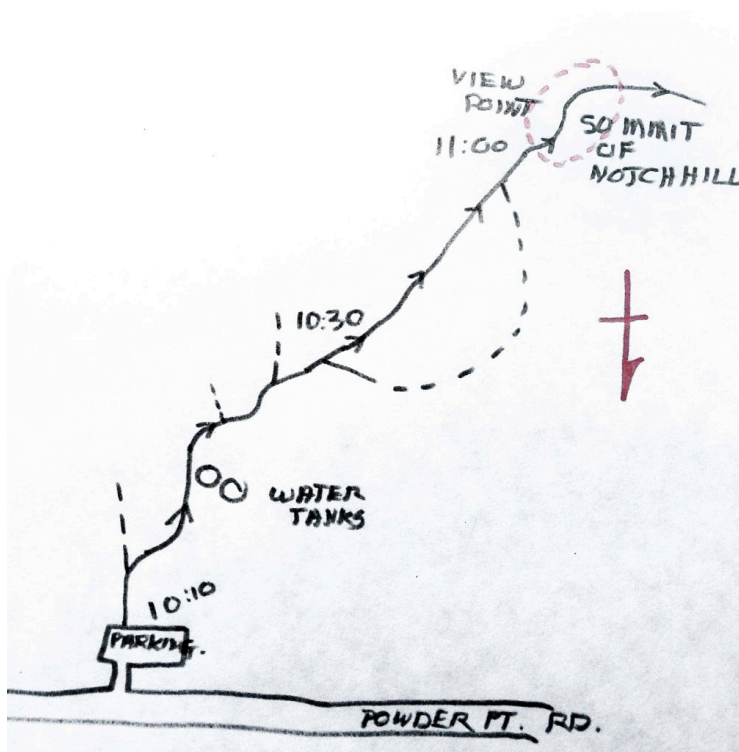


Male and female purple martins, shortly after arrival. Photo by Peter McAllister.

## A Mapping Adventure

*Bill Gardam*

This summer I spent a week with my young grandson, Adam, canoeing and hiking. I thought this description of simple mapmaking might encourage our own hikers to try it out. We learn so much about our environment and become more competent hikers through the process of recording our travels in map form.



### Mapping the mountain

It is our last morning before our adventure week comes to an end and today we will climb a mountain overlooking Nanoose Harbour. We park the car with its distinctive red canoe on top and head up the steep mountain trail. We will map our route today because I feel that this is a lost art now that everyone has smart phones with satellite imagery, maps and GPS positioning systems. Yes, they are so useful, but learning to actually make a map provides the necessary foundation for understanding more complicated maps and our world. Maps and their marine equivalent, charts, contain so much information in symbolic form. We are simply using one more way of recording our experience and passing it on to others.

We start up the mountain and also begin a line on our piece of paper, we pass two big water tanks and put them in too, a path diverges off to the

left, and we show that. We finally reach the summit and turn to face the sun. It is eleven o'clock daylight saving time and so the sun is due south and the opposite direction then has to be true north. We put that in to orient our map. The sun will give us a sense of direction as we continue to draw in our route (a compass would have been useful). We could be counting footsteps like the clandestine surveyors in Kipling's 'Kim' to provide a distance scale but have compromised and noted down departure and way points in time notations and adjusted the length of our path line accordingly. We are learning to see the world anew, are aware of trees and rocks, the height and steepness of slopes the complexity of the paths and how they diverge from and then re-join the main trail. From the mountaintop it is easy to visualize the birds-eye view of maps.



Adam learns a lot today but so do I. We have joined a long line of explorer map makers, be they Christopher Columbus, Captain Cook or David Thompson who travelled and described their journeys using words, drawings, and, most useful to those who would follow in their footsteps, maps.



*Bald eagle photo by David Denning.*

# Ian Fraser and Daffodil Cottage

*Linda Quiring*

“There it is!” I shouted. “It can’t be!” said Ian Fraser. We were on a mission.

I had spoken with Ian about his time with the club, and in discussing his hikes, I kept raving about one of the most amazing hikes I had ever been on, way, way back in the early ‘80’s.

Ian and Mary had moved to Saltspring around 1980, and Ian ran the local marina, and also delivered fuel oil to islanders from a location in downtown Ganges. Ian said he had been too busy to join the Hiking Club for the first few years, so spent his spare time exploring the island alone via the vast network of old logging roads, mostly in the south end.

After they joined the Club, Ian quickly became President, took over as editor of the Oystercatcher and became a hike leader to those great locations he had discovered on his own. Some of Ian’s favorite hikes were to the back of Mt. Bruce, and off-island to trails along the Nanaimo River to First Lake, to areas around Lake Cowichan, to Christie Falls west of Chemainus, and other adventures that we no longer do as a club.



*Daffodil Cottage in 1980s. Photo by Linda Quiring.*

A favorite of Ian’s hikes was “The Daffodil Cottage” as we called it then, and now. I only vaguely remembered where the cottage was, and the long hike up to it became ever more elusive as roads and development penetrated the area.

The cottage was, I thought, one of our most iconic hikes and I remember my first visit up there with Ian. A small group of hearty hikers braved the rough gravel roads of the Musgrave, parked and wandered up and about for hours. “This better be good,” I thought! It was the most strenuous hike I’d ever been on, and Ian had a reputation for really great, exciting hikes.

Finally, somewhere near the top of Mt. Tuam the little cottage came into view. Ian knew some of its history. It had been built in the 1920’s with some wetlands nearby, I imagine there were sheep involved, and the remnants of an old garden remained. Now, in springtime, the cottage was surrounded with thousands of golden daffodils.

I hadn’t imagined anything like this out in the wilderness of Saltspring, and can’t imagine how Ian ever managed to find it. The roof was moss-covered, an old stove sat inside, and a few old tools. I think I remember wall-paper with flowers on it. We ate lunch by the cottage, and were enveloped in the history of old Saltspring.

Recently, as Ian and I spoke, I mentioned that day, now decades in the past, and Ian surprisingly said he and Brian Radford had recently been up Tuam looking for it, but couldn’t find it in the maze of roads and homes nearby. Strangely enough, Bill and I had just taken a drive up with friends looking to purchase a view lot.

Rounding a curve, I had looked up, way up and seen an old fallen down cottage on a hillside. It puzzled me as by now, I thought I knew every old building from pioneer days. But no, it was The Daffodil Cottage. Ian was just as excited as I when I told him about finding it.

So, while Ian told me about his exploits in the woods, we drove out to the top of Mt. Tuam. “There it is,” I shouted. “Can’t be,” said Ian as he drove on. “No! No, go back!” Ian drove on, exploring the area where new roads penetrated his old network of hiking trails. I finally

## **SSTNC Archives**

Over the last while the Salt Spring Archives has received many photo & written documentation albums relating to our activities over many years. Ross, one of our volunteers, is busy sorting & digitizing the content. Eventually this will make for easy reference etc. for our membership. It is possible more information & photos may be ‘hidden’ in basement or closet. Only a month or so ago I found a binder that should have passed to the coordinator after me!!! With a little effort we should soon have an accurate record of the TNC. Activities.  
Paul Way

convinced him to turn around, and it wasn't until we had parked and walked into the woods that Ian finally laughed aloud at his own folly.

"You won't believe it," I had told Ian. "When I spotted it, I thought I was hallucinating." So did Ian. The Daffodil Cottage in the middle of a subdivision? "Well," he said, "if it's the cottage, there should be a small outbuilding right about here!" There it was. A pile of old lumber collapsed on itself.

And finally, the cottage itself. Roof collapsed, a huge pile of boards, some of it still standing, though. Inside was the old stove, fallen now and all rust. Outside the door, someone had piled an old metal trunk, a shovel and some old tools and pipes, the end of days for the cottage.

The best part was Ian showing where the old paths and trails all converged on the spot. The gentle swale where the cottage stood had only recently been banked to create the road beneath, and now a cliff. Ian found rockwork where the garden had been, and pointed out the daffodil area, "Thousands of them," he remembered.

What an adventure! I teased Ian all the way back to Central, and he laughed at the strange experience we'd both had, seeing the old cottage move though time to sit in a new subdivision. Later, I marveled at the treasure our founding fathers, (and mothers) in the Hiking Club have shared with us. Hundreds of hours of dedication, discovering new trails, leading hikes, walks and rambles, serving on our executive. Many thanks to you, Ian and Mary for your amazing Club contributions.



*Ian Fraser at door of Daffodil Cottage. Photo by Linda Quiring*

## **Follow Up**

*The content of this issue demonstrates how various people find their adventure. It creates a sense of inspiration and mood for personal experience. In case you weren't aware, several non-commercial web sites offer content to spark your own ideas. Here are a few that I have seen recently.*

National Geographic. [Best Fall Trips, 2016](#)

Cycling B.C.'s Trans Canada Trail. Check out the [Cowichan](#) or [Victoria](#) pages for nearby locations.

Canadian Geographic. They maintain a page just for [travel and adventure ideas](#) but many of their other pages are just as inspirational.

Trans Canada Trail. Their web site is full of information but they maintain a single page connecting you to [Featured Trails](#).

B.C. Parks. Amid the mass of information on their parks, they have a single page where you can search out the activities you want to do and facilities you expect to find and then it [searches out the applicable parks](#).

National Geographic. [10 Places to see autumn leaves](#).

Hello Ramblers, Walkers and Hikers!



Fall is in the air, the hiking, walking and rambling season is about to begin, and it's **time to renew your membership** in the Salt Spring Trail and Nature Club.

Please complete and sign the 2016-2017 **Membership Registration** form  
AND  
2016-2017 **Assumption of Risk** form  
and return **BOTH** with your membership fee to the Membership Secretary before the **due date, September 30**.

**Membership fees are \$25.00 per person**, and cover the period September 1, 2016 to August 31, 2017.

For members **renewing** a current (2015-2016) membership **on or before the Due date, SEPTEMBER 30, 2016**, fees are discounted to \$20.00.

Cheques are preferred. Your fees, accompanied by both completed forms, may be placed in the Membership envelope in the club box at the Visitor Information Centre in Ganges, or mailed to the Membership Secretary at the address printed on the Membership registration form.

Printed forms may be picked up from the Club Box at the Visitor Information Centre, or you may download and print forms from the Club website, <http://www.saltspringtnc.ca>

Remember to complete and sign BOTH forms.

Happy Trails!

Barry Spence  
Membership Secretary  
Salt Spring Trail and Nature Club



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