

# Paddlers Post

voice of the Nanaimo Paddlers Club



February—March 2006

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### Index

Page 1—5	Hornby Island Trip
Page 5	Upcoming Events
Page 6	Life Memberships awarded
Page 7	Wednesday Paddles + recipe for Trek Bars

## Hornby Island – July 30 to Aug 6, 2005

### Submitted by Piper the beagle

This was my second trip with the paddlers, but I don't really count the first one, as it was to Cortez Island on the May long weekend and it rained and I experienced my first Thunder and Lightening Storm.

Early this year Janice was trying to think of a summer vacation we could do together and since it's not safe to leave me alone in a tent she got the idea of a cabin on Hornby. An email was sent out to members and soon we had a cabin booked with seven confirmed, as the time grew closer our number increased to eight, ten counting Jetta and I.

Day 1 Saturday - Sally, Joe, Janice and I thought we would catch an early ferry to Denman Island and do the hike out by Crome Island before heading to Hornby, since we couldn't check in to the cabin until 3:00 p.m. We left Nanaimo before 11:00 hoping for the Noon Ferry, as soon as we arrived we realized that apart from being the start of a long weekend it was also the start of the Hornby Festival and the ferries were busy. We missed the ferry and had to wait for the following. It was so busy they gave up the schedule and just ferried back and forth, so our wait wasn't too long. I got to get out of the truck and stretch my legs and meet all the other people waiting. Most people find me irresistible and can't resist stopping and petting me. Before we sailed Robin, Liz, Margaret and Jetta arrived, some of my cabin mates for the week, they would make the ferry following ours.

The walk on Denman was forgotten and we went straight to the ferry for Hornby expecting another wait, which we had. The others arrived after the next Denman ferry arrived and the ten of us were on the next ferry to Hornby, we were just missing Pat and George. While we were waiting for the ferry there was a lot of discussion among the humans as to who would get which bed, this was not a problem for me as Janice brought my bed along.

We arrived at our cabin around 3:00 p.m. and met Brett the caretaker. The cabin was located on Solans Road not far from the Community Hall and a short drive to the Co-op. Bed assignments were decided with Janice, Margaret, Robin and Liz in the upstairs loft leaving Joe, Sally, Pat and George downstairs. The cabin was a little smaller than we thought it would be; cozy is a good word. Sally and Joe had a thick foam mattress along the window benches leaving the Hide a bed for George and Pat.

Shortly after we settled in George and Pat arrived followed by the campers, Gloria, John & Erin, who pitched their tents behind the Cabin. To our surprise Margaret had made dinner for everyone for the first night it looked very good, but Jetta and I were given our own food.

Robin, Liz & Margaret had tickets for the concert at the farm that night, so they headed out and the rest of us went for a walk to explore the neighborhood. We found a trail to the beach not far down our road and this was where I got to experience the freedom of Hornby, I was able to run free along the beach sniffing all the neat smells. We followed the beach down to Grassy Point and found it was a good launch site and it was just at the end of our street.

Once back at the cabin, Janice, Sally & Pat played games. George, who wanted a bigger bed, made his bed in his truck and Joe listened to the laughing & giggling of the Yatzee players while trying to read. When the concert goes return we all called it a night.

Day 2 – Sunday - Since the campers were only here till Monday we decide they should get some paddling in, Janice brought both of her boats, so Gloria's son Erin was able to join us. We went to the launch site at the end of our road, Robin, Liz & Jetta were to follow behind us and catch up. As the boats were carried to the water it started to rain. When the Jones arrived they decided they would rather go for a walk than kayak. Janice let me go with them, as I don't like paddling in the rain. We walked the beach while the rest of the group headed up the coast towards Whaling Station Bay. We didn't walk for long; instead we sneaked back to the cabin and had a nice nap while the silly people paddled in the rain. They were back around lunchtime; almost making it to the Bay only to decide lunch & hot tea at the cabin was better than sitting on the beach wet.

After lunch everyone split up and did different things; Janice, Sally & I drove around checking out launch sites on the island. We stopped at Philip Point and found we could launch and park there. The next stop was Whaling Station Bay; it was so cool; one big sandy beach for me to run around and meet all sorts of others. My freedom ended abruptly, when I got too close to an open bag of potato chips and had to wear my leash, but I was freed once we were away from the food. We explored many different sites trying to find somewhere with parking. On the way home we

hit Tribune Bay. The tide was in so the beach was non-existent and we had to scamper over logs. The parking lot is a ways from the beach so launch would involve wheels or a good carry.

By late afternoon we all ended up back at our cabin for happy hour and then dinner. The concert goers went out taking Jetta along this time. Janice, Sally and I walked to the point to see the sunset then returned for more games until the others returned.

Day 3 – Monday - Since the campers were leaving today some of us went for a paddle before they left. With the low tide we ended up launching from Whaling Station Bay; it was a long haul but with wheels on the hard-packed sand it wasn't so bad. Our group consisted of Sally & Joe, Robin, Liz & Jetta, Gloria & John and Janice & I. We had to launch in the surf and Janice & I got soaked as our boat is open, we launched first and Janice had our boat bailed out by the time everyone else joined us. We paddled out of the bay and around the bluffs of Heliwell Park. I found it very hard to sit still as there were lots of people and dogs walking the park as well as birds and a seal on the water. It was a nice day the rain had left and we had sunny skies. We paddled towards Tribune Bay looking for a lunch spot, I think I moved around a little too much as I ended up in the water swimming but Janice was pretty quick in getting me back in the boat. We saw one beach but it was rocky and we thought we might find something better so we kept going. I was getting restless being in the boat, the beach at Tribune looked far away and all the activity on the bluffs was driving me crazy, I needed to investigate. Luckily Janice realized my dilemma and told the others we were going back to the rocky beach and would wait for them there. I was so glad to get ashore; the best part of kayaking is getting to run free on the beaches. Janice and I climb the rocks to look out at the bay. I barked at a dog above me on the bluff and he and his owner soon climbed down to check us out, except he was more interested in chasing a stick than visiting me. It wasn't long before Janice spotted the others who also decided to come back to the rocky beach. We had a nice break, John and Gloria left us after lunch, as they had to find Erin and catch the ferry. The rest of us enjoyed a leisurely break and then headed back to the cars. Margaret met up with us at the beach and once we were all loaded everyone but me & Joe went for a swim in the ocean, they said it was warm, but I question that as I had been in earlier. After the swim we all headed back to the cabin for happy hour, then dinner. The evening was followed by a concert for Robin, Liz, Margaret and Jetta, while Sally, Pat and Janice played games. Joe listened to the laughter as he tried to read and George and I had a nice sleep in the chair.

Day 4 – Tuesday - This morning Janice and I went Mountain Biking up Mt Gregory, while the others cycled and hiked. Hornby is a well-known Mountain biking destination as there are many trails for all levels. We parked at the end of Slade road and rode to the top where we had a great view of Denman Island. Janice & I work well Mountain Biking, I wait for her on the up hill and she waits for me on the downhill. Today's ride was a little longer than planned, as Janice wanted to ride No Horse because it's really fun. It's full of banked up and down corners all the way down. This trail ends at Strachen Road and we had to find our way back to Slade. A friend of ours gave Janice a good map of the trails but not all the trails are marked, so we met a few people as we confirmed where to go. I think we did an extra loop somewhere along the way, I was tired.

Everyone was back at the cabin for lunch and went out paddling afterwards. I stayed at the cabin and napped since I was tired from the ride. They launched from Grassy Point and went the other way to Philips Point. The tide was low on the way there so they had to maneuver through the rocks, I heard there were a lot of seals & pups as well as eagles. The tide changed while they were at the point so they had an easy paddle back. There was talk of paddling to Sandy Island one day, but it would be a long day approximately 16 knots return, no decision was made.

Tonight was the last night the concert goers had tickets, so everyone decided to go. It was held at Olsen's farm near Ford Cove. Even though Jetta had been the last few nights we were told when we arrived that her and I were not allowed in. It was all right; they put us in the back seat of Jetta's car. As soon as they left we jumped in the front Jetta, in the driver's seat and I in the passenger's seat and had a nice nap; the sun was going down, so it wasn't too hot. During intermission Janice and Liz came and took us for a run in the field. I spotted some feathered creatures, on the other side of the fence; Janice called them geese. They looked interesting, so I climbed through the fence for a closer look, but Janice called me back, even though I'm a beagle (My breed doesn't seem to have a good reputation), I listened and came back. Further down the field were some other creatures they had four legs and looked like they were eating the grass, Janice called them deer. I was fine until they started to run, then I just had to get closer so I took off running. Again Janice called me back, the urge to keep going was great, but Janice kept calling so I gave up my chase and rejoined the others, I got good treats. After the last set of the band, it was folk music night; we all

headed back to the cabin to bed.

Day 5 – Wednesday - Today was the day of the Hornby Market; the shoppers, Margaret, Pat & Liz headed out for it. Janice and I took Robin Mountain Biking, it was his first time and his bike did not have very good brakes, which are very important, when it comes to stopping. Needless to say he was a little cautious on the downhill, but I think he had fun as he wanted to go again. When we got to the bottom of No Horses we saw Sally & Joe's car, they hiked to the top to see the view. I love the view at the top, but every time I'd try to get a closer view at the edge Janice would get nervous and call me back.

Most of us ended up back at the cabin for lunch and then after lunch Robin, Liz, Jetta, Margaret, Janice, Sally and I went to Tribune Bay. Jetta and I were tied up in the shade by a trail, while everyone else went swimming. Jetta laid down for a sleep, but I couldn't as there were so many people coming and going I had to meet them all. Eventually Janice came and got me to see if I wanted to go for a swim. I don't mind swimming, but I like warm water. When I reached the water, Sally and the others were calling me so I figured I'd see what all the fuss was about and swam out to them. Once was enough! I got all wet and the water is salty, so it doesn't taste very good. After my swim I went and stayed with Robin and Jetta, while the others played in the water. Eventually they all came back and lay in the sun to dry. It took me a while to get comfortable, it seems I just found a nice warm rock to stretch out on when we were on the move again. We headed to Heliwell Park for a walk and unlike Nanaimo Jetta and I got to run free the whole way, but once again Janice wouldn't let me get close to the cliff so I couldn't see what was down below. We all split up, Sally and Margaret went ahead, Janice and I met a couple from the Mountain biking world, they recognized me as I usually go with Janice to help marshal when she's not racing. We met two ladies visiting from the states and eventually made it back to the parking lot and found Sally and Margaret. The other three showed up shortly. We had planned for another swim at Whaling station beach, but it was late and tonight was the night we planned to have a campfire. We had a nice fire the lady who owned our cabin came by with a guest of hers to join us for awhile.

Day 6 – Thursday - This morning everyone except Margaret and Pat headed out for a Paddle. Margaret was having sciatic problems and Pat was to meet her cousin for a scrabble game. She said she would see if she could win us her cousin's house. Margaret thought she would go take some pictures while the tide was out, then maybe meet us at Ford Cove. We launched at Philips Point and headed towards Ford Cove, Janice forgot her lunch, so she wanted to hit the store. We paddled past the nice spit just before the ferry, I would have liked to get out for a run on it. I was once again having trouble sitting still as I really need to see what going on everywhere. The weather was nice, not too hot and the water was calm, we made it to Fords Cove around eleven. The tide was out and the beach isn't all that nice so Janice bought some smoked salmon and other goodies for lunch and then she figured we would try to find the sandy beach around the corner according to the chart. It wasn't all that far but I was restless and needed to get a good look around, we were almost there when next thing I knew I swimming, I'm thinking I stood up a little to far on the edge. Janice had enough and let me swim. I not sure if she thought I like it or was maybe letting me know the consequence of my actions. She keeps a leash on me and I wear a life jacket, so I'm always close by. Eventually she lifted me back in the boat. We pulled the boats up the nice beach with the thought we'd stay until the tide changed to take us home. We had lunch and mostly everyone lazed around. I was the only one who went exploring, I visited the other people on the beach, and some other dogs showed up, so I did my best to sound tough and barked at them. I thought I'd get a closer look, but soon realized they were much bigger then me, so I went back to my people. George played fetch with the other dogs, I haven't figured out what's so great about fetch. I will run after something but it's more fun to play tug then just dropping it.

Soon everyone started to get restless and headed to their boats, we made a quick stop at Ford Cove for Margaret then headed back to the cars. When we got back Robin, Liz and Jetta headed off to explore galleries and have a swim. Janice, Pat and Sally went for a swim at the beach by our cabin, they left me behind with George and Joe, which was completely not fair, I tried to follow them but Joe caught me and tied me up. Pat had a good time with her cousin, she won at scrabble, but for some reason her cousin wasn't willing to give up her house; so much for our house on Hornby.

At dinner everyone was home, Margaret reported she had a nice day taking pictures. She did go to Ford Cove but had missed us and didn't want to pack her boat down. She went to Whaling Station beach instead, where a kind soul helped her carry her boat. After super Janice and I went for a walk, Margaret joined us for a short while and then

headed back. We hadn't planned on going far, but it was a nice evening so we just kept walking. We followed another street off ours and eventually ended up at Grassy Point just in time for sunset. On the way home we past one house having a big bonfire, and not long after a fire truck with lights and sirens came past. I think they put out the fire as we found out the next day, a complete fire ban had been set. Back at the cabin a big yatzee game was going on so we watched it. Humans are funny.

Day 7 – Friday - This morning Joe and Sally walked the beach then hung out at the cabin reading and carving. I can't remember what Margaret got up to, I think she hung out at the cabin as well. Pat & George headed out on bikes, and the rest of us were to meet them at the end of Strachen Rd. Janice, Robin and I were going mountain biking and the others were going hiking. We parked at the bottom of No Horses and waited for Pat & George. Janice lent Robin her full suspension bike so while taking it for a test ride, he went looking for them, but had no luck. So we headed out with Liz and Jetta. Since it's all uphill we basically stayed together to the top. Once on top Janice made me wear my leash as I think I got to close to the edge last time. Not long after we hit the top, Pat and George showed up. They thought the main trailhead was the end of the road and had left their bikes there. Liz and Jetta headed off with them and I stayed with the bikers. Robin was a little more confident as Janice's bike has disk brakes and work well. I watched him do one end (over the handlebars). I'm sure you've heard all about it, when I saw him last his scars were healed. He was trying to go over a log. Janice had told him to just lift his handlebars to lift the front tire, but she forgot to mention taking his hands off the brakes. We are guessing he put the front brakes on when he lifted, which stopped the front tire on the log and the back swung up and down he went. He's says he's wearing a full-face helmet next time. We followed the same trails down as the other day and not long after we reached the truck Liz & Jetta showed up. George & Pat were staying up top longer so they came back to meet us. On the way home we stopped to check out sandpiper beach. The sandpipers must hang out there because there was no sand to be found just lots of sand stone.

It was a lazy afternoon for most; I had a nap, while Janice rode to the shopping market to look around. Then she checked out Little Tribune for launching. Others hung around the cabin except George went out on his bike and I think Robin & Liz went to some galleries. After Janice got back here, Sally, Joe and I went to the beach. Janice and Sally swam, I sniffed and visited around the beach, while Joe found shade and carved. Pat and Margaret went to Whaling Station for their swim while the others were out and about on the Island.

Sally, Joe & Janice had an early dinner and went for an evening paddle. They launched at Little Tribune (note this is a nice beach to launch at, but the parking is limited and it is a nude beach - so don't be shocked) and headed down towards Ford Cove with the aim of completing the coast of Horny. They said it was a nice paddle; I stayed at the cabin; the tide was low on the way out so they had to watch for rocks leaving the bay. They made it to a beach just before our lunch stop the other day. On the way back they saw a sea lion, Sally doesn't like sea lions. The breeze Sally requested actually tuned into wind so they had to work on the way back. The girls had planned another swim, but it was late and with the wind they decided against it. Eventually everyone ended up back at the cabin; the others had gone to the pub for dinner. They had mixed reviews.

Day 8 – Saturday - This was the day we had to leave our cabin; we were packed up and gone by eleven. We were all very curious to know the water consumption for the week, as water is in short supply on the island. Our rent covered 500 gallons but with so many of us Brett though we would need more. Janice had told everyone before hand to conserve water and everyone took it to heart. The saying on Hornby is if its yellow it's mellow, if its brown flush it down. They washed the dishes in a large bowl and then the water was used to flush. Showers were short; often some used a bucket for a sponge bath and then saved the water for the toilet. In the end we used 340 gallons, Brett figured for the number of people it was a record. Even though the cabin was a little small for eight people and two dogs everyone was still laughing on the last day. Things did get misplaced but were usually found, like Robin's electric razor, missing for days only to be found after retracing his steps and located in a place we won't mention. It was a good thing Joe brought his barbecue and Janice her stove because it was a tight fit in the kitchen.

After saying goodbye to Brett and had a group photo taken, we headed to the ferry. We were met with another wait. Once on Denman some headed home while some tried to walk to Sandy Island. We didn't realize how far it was. There must be a closer road somewhere. We made it so far and then stopped for lunch, Robin and Liz said there was a forest trail further down the beach which would lead to a nice swimming beach so we continued on, After a bit Sally, Joe, Janice and I had enough and turned around. The tide had changed and was coming in; Liz, Robin and

Jetta didn't last must longer and eventually caught up with us. The water was really warm so we all waded on the way back even me. We were almost to the trailhead when I found something that smelled very interesting. I rolled and rolled in it, Janice yelled at me, but I liked it so much I just kept rolling, getting the stuff all over me. I gave up when I saw some people on the beach to meet. Just as they were going to pet me, Janice yelled at them that I was cute but I stunk and they didn't want anything to do with me. Can you believe it! At the trailhead Janice asked if anyone would give me a ride home, but no one offered. As Joe and Sally headed for the ferry the rest of us went to the water. Robin and I ended up in the water Robin by choice and me under protest, apparently Janice didn't like my goose pooh perfume. After our dip we headed to the ferry.



It was a great week for those who have never visited Hornby I would recommend it. Nice beach, great trails, good paddling and very relaxing.

Piper the Beagle.

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### Upcoming events

**February 1, 2006** - John Kimantos will present a slide show on his trip to Alaska, sponsored by Alberni Outpost.

**March 1, 2006** - Richard from Alberni Outpost wil give us a presentation about the new gear and programs.

**April 5, 2006** - TBA

**May 3, 2006** - TBA

**June 7, 2006** - TBA

**NOTE** - Plans for Camping and Training on Newcastle Island are still in progress.



On December 2, 2006 Nanaimo Paddlers honored Joan Hume and Dawn Dunphy with Life Memberships. Both of them have contributed a great deal toward the benefit of our club members. Plaques were presented by Ray Roy to Joan and by John MacKinnon to Dawn.

Dear Nanaimo Paddlers Executive and Membership:

Please accept my heartfelt thank you for honoring me with a lifetime membership. Very special thanks as well to all the club members, past and present, who were on hand to share the occasion. Also, somewhat overcome in my moment of glory, I didn't thank John MacKinnon adequately for his kind and generous words of introduction delivered with such eloquence. Thank you John, only a true friend could be so benevolent to this ancient mariner. My New Year's resolutions will certainly include trying to measure up to at least one of those Dawns.

During the summer of 1981, the year after I moved to Nanaimo, a colleague arranged for me to go for an evening paddle with the fledgling Nanaimo Paddle Club. I joined the club at a meeting hosted by the legendary Dorothy Pollett, one of the founding members. The membership probably didn't exceed a dozen people, mostly couples and all canoeists. As I didn't have a canoe, a canoeing partner or a particular interest in paddling at that time I let my membership lapse.

Sometime around 1988 or '89 I met John MacKinnon through the Nanaimo Nordics ski club. Although John frequently invited me to paddle with him on club day outings, it was not until I went on one of Merve Wilkinson's trips to the Broken Group with John that I became hooked on coastal paddling. In retrospect, Merve's trip epitomizes the Nanaimo Paddlers; competent and capable leaders willing to share their knowledge, well-coordinated trip schedules to scenic and interesting destinations and always good company.

I feel blessed to live on Vancouver Island and very fortunate, as a club member, to have paddled on many awesome waterways and shared wonderful experiences with you on Vancouver Island and beyond. The camaraderie and great memories are priceless.

Sincerely,  
Dawn Dunphy

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I am very appreciative of the honour of being awarded a Life Membership in the Nanaimo Paddlers.

It has been my privilege to have had the association of so many wonderful people whom have mentored my paddling endeavors since day one.

As long as I am able to make a contribution to our organization I assure you that I shall continue to do so.

Thanks everyone  
Joan Hume

### Wednesday Paddles Sometimes Get You Wet

Once upon a time the Wednesday group decided to head over to Port Alberni and paddle up the Somass River. Twelve boats out on a beautiful day on a very picturesque little outing. We launched at 10:30 and stayed in the canal for awhile exploring the marina, waiting for the tide to rise, and slow the river flow down a bit. All was fine until we were to round a bend in the river for our lunch break. All but three boats paddled in for lunch. One of the sweeps became pinned in a strainer near the edge of the river. Many methods were tried to release the pinned paddler, to no avail. My final try was to attach my tow line and attempt to pull the boat free. This was very successful for the pinned paddler, freeing the boat but capsizing me and floating my boat away down the river. My boat was retrieved downstream by others in the group. As I was ashore already, I walked to the lunch spot around the bend. One would expect to be very cold in the winter river but I was not feeling at all chilled wearing neoprene high boots and fleece pants & tops. There was no wind whatsoever and I believe this was the reason that I felt so toasty warm, not one shiver.

We had a good lunch, played in the current and eddies for awhile before returning to the boat ramp.

Towing practice has been a yearly clinic. For me, many conditions, even two boat tows are a common practice. What I have not practiced is my quick release and that was the reason for the capsized. We live and learn. The wind has been very heavy for many weeks so the Wednesday paddlers have been resting.

Cheers,  
Joan

### Felice Bennekon's Delicious Trek Bars -

( from PADDLE: the SKABC Newsletter April 2002

Submitted by Joan Hume

Preheat oven to 350 F

#### Ingredients

##### Base:

- 1 cup unsalted butter
- 3/4 cup liquid honey
- 2 Tbs orange zest
- 2 cups whole wheat flour
- 1 cup quick oats
- 1/2 cup wheat germ

##### Topping:

- 2 large eggs
- 1/4 cup liquid honey
- 1 cup whole almonds
- 1 cup jumbo semi-sweet chocolate chips
- 1/2 cup chopped dates
- 1/2 cup chopped apricots or apples
- 1/2 cup sweetened medium coconut
- 2 Tbs sesame seeds

##### Base:

Beat together honey and butter until blended. Stir in orange zest. In a separate bowl, combine flour, oats and wheat germ: Stir into butter mixture. Spread batter evenly on bottom of ungreased 13x9 inch pan. Set aside.

##### Topping:

In a medium bowl, beat eggs. Lightly beat in honey until blended. Mix in remaining ingredients and spread atop first layer.

##### Bake:

Bake at 350 F for 30-35 minutes. Cool in pan on rack. Cut into bars and wrap in plastic wrap or zip-locks. These will keep 3-4 weeks in the fridge—longer if frozen