

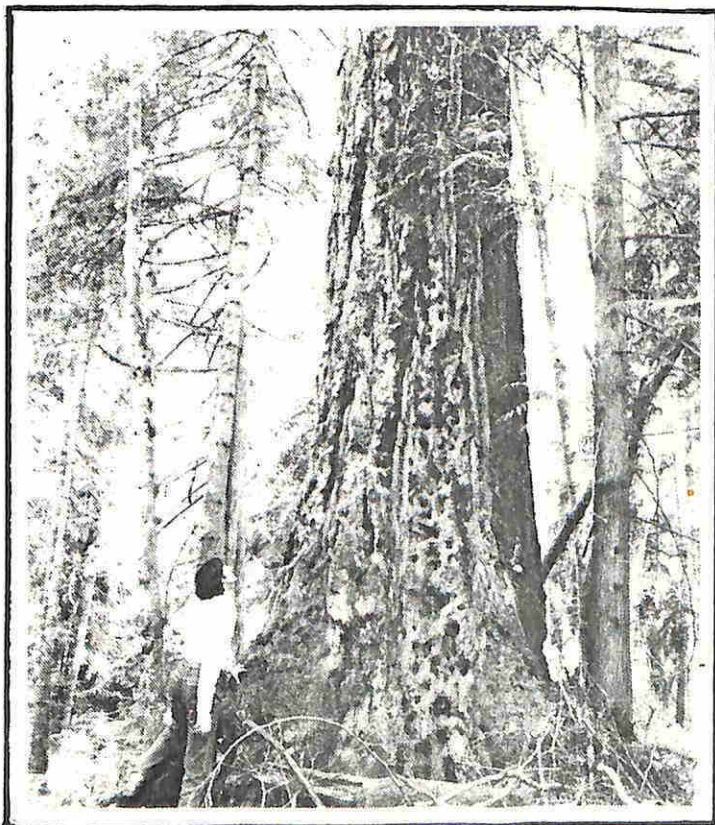
# PICKLES ROAD

by Kel Kelly

The struggle to preserve Pickles Road as a heritage road began about eight years ago, when Jack Hayman traded land to the crown in exchange for the right to not widen the road as it ran through his subdivision. The land which the Haymans returned to the Crown is the old quarry site, behind the "graffiti fence", opposite the entrance to Pickles Road.

In the period from 1976 to 1977 the road was left basically unaltered by the Department of Highways; there were so few residents that the road, fortunately, maintained a low priority. Additionally, in the days before the Pickles Road bridge, the flooding of the beaver pond left many a vehicle stranded, engine-deep in water. Through traffic was not heavy, to say the least.

As more people moved on to the road, the need for Hydro service became imminent. The residents worked together and through negotiations with B.C. Hydro and the Department of Highways, received permission to clear our own Hydro right-of-way, without having to widen the road or remove the tree canopy. This work proceeded in a series of weekend workbees with up to twenty people participating at any one time. The Hydro line runs discreetly beside the road, through the woods. We have had one power outage due to blowdown in seven years.



The same type of negotiations followed when B.C. Tel needed to run a phone line down the road. The phone line was placed without removing any trees and without widening the carriageway of the road.

Throughout this time, petitions, letters, phone calls, and meetings have continued to express to the Department of Highways a firm and growing support to leave Pickles Road as it is, except in locations where public safety may be at risk.

In 1979, the Vancouver Foundation began logging its holdings on the Road. Some very hard work by Sandy Kennedy and numerous Islanders with support from the Islands Trust, resulted in the return of 55 acres of land, surrounding the beaver pond, to the Crown.

Cont'd P. 5

# High Tides

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 All copy submitted, including letters, must be signed by the contributor.

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## letters

to the Department of Highways

Dear Sir/Madam:

You will find enclosed a copy of a letter that I am sending to the paper. I wanted to send you a copy as this is the second time that one of our dogs have been run over and killed. But - the main reason for this letter is that we are on a straight stretch and the traffic from Denman Ferry to the Hornby Island ferry race through this area. They travel at speeds at least 80km and I am now getting frightened for my children.

Throughout this area children reside, and are constantly told to stay clear of the roads. But, we can only do so much and I can see a child being hit and the driver just carrying on.

Would it be possible for you to put speed bumps or children playing signs through this area, or post the speed and enforce this. We work in the Courtenay area and you could reach us at work or home. I am sure that if you need the approval of the residents they would be all agreeable.

Please contact us at your earliest convenience on this matter.

**\* TO THE PEOPLE ON EAST ROAD WHOSE DOG WAS HIT!**

- Friday, April 20th at Approx 6:30 p.m.
- \*We were on the same ferry as the car that...
- was also driving erratically
- hit your dog and left the scene
- the license plate no. was CDA 719
- Late model Silver Honda Accord
- Hope this is of some help to you.

To the people who left the above note on the Denman Island bulletin board - we express our sincere appreciation for your consideration.

To the people with the license plate stated on the note - How could you hit our dog and just carry on driving?? Our six year old son watched you hit his dog and not stop. Shameful. (Our dog died)

Yours truly  
 Mr. & Mrs. J. Hildebrand

Cont'd P. 16

# RATEPAYERS

by Paul Bailey

The May 14th meeting of the Denman Island Ratepayers Association discussed numerous pieces of correspondence at quite some length. A letter from Elizabeth Cull, Director of Urban Planning for the Ministry of Municipal Affairs, was first read, as well as, a copy of her letter to Brad Stormwell concerning queries on Philosophies and opinions of approaches to watershed protection.

Ratepayers members in attendance commented that, contrary to Mr. Stormwell's later declarations, Ms. Cull's reply was quite non-committal. A motion was passed to send letters of support for By-Law 24 and building site setbacks to the Hon. Bill Ritchie, Minister of Municipal Affairs, and to Ms. Cull.

A letter from Environment 2000 Federal Grant was received. Ratepayer's application for financial aid in providing paid labour for the salmonid enhancement project was turned down. Ratepayers was also informed that its application for similar aid from the Student Summer Employment Grant was likewise rejected. Director David Tom and member, David Fairbairn stated that the project will now have to proceed on a volunteer labour basis. It was reported that a Federal Fisheries agent will be stationed in the Comox Valley by mid June. Evidently, financial assistance for materials is available.

A letter from Pat Grove of the Ministry of Parks, Lands and Housing stated that control of the Boyle Pt. access road belongs to B.C. Hydro. She has sent a letter to District Manager, Fred Dedely, requesting that B.C. Hydro, Ratepayers and the Denman Fire Department work together to restrict vehicular use of the existing road.

The Ratepayers Executive approved a request from Jack Turner for a 6% pay increase for garbage collection service. Jack will now be receiving \$106.00 per week plus bag ticket sales for his collection.

Once again the topic of locating a resident doctor for the Community of Den-

man arose. It was decided that Ratepayers will discuss this topic in full at the July meeting. Dr. Usher of Hornby Island currently leases the medical clinic adjacent to the Fire Hall. The lease expires in 7 months.

Marcus Isbister reported that the Fire Department plans to hold a 4 to 6 hour seminar on techniques in combating forest fires. At present a date has not been decided. Marcus also reported that Rescue 53 - the emergency vehicle service - continues to average one call per week for both islands.

Jum Bohlen talked about a job opportunity for an interested Islander. It concerned the legal instigation of a "keeper of stray livestock" position. Jim reported that such a position has been created by the Provincial Government to deal with livestock trespassing on neighbour's property. The Ratepayers meeting voted to advertise such a position as follows:

## PART TIME BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY

On a fee basis, round up stray livestock on Denman Island, impound and care for them until reclaimed by their owner.

If seriously interested write (including your name and telephone number) to the Denman Island Ratepayers Association, Denman Island, B.C. VOR 1T0

## CUSTOM KITCHENS

and other finished cabinetry

## FINE FURNITURE

and sash and doors

ALL MADE TO ORDER

AT

## PLANE FANCY MILLWORK

### 335 0765

at the top of Wren Road.

# DIRCS data

by Joanne Hurtig

The Annual General Meeting of the Denman Island Recreation Commission Society will be held on June 13th at the Community Hall at 7:30 p.m. The election of officers for the 1984 - 1985 term will take place at that time. We must have a quorum of 45 people to even hold the election so please plan to attend. A president, vice-president, secretary, treasurer and four directors are required for the executive. Please let us know if you would consider taking on any of the above positions (Joanne - 335-2194, or Jayne-Anne - 335-0778). Without an executive there will be no programs, no social events, no day camp no facility. So please come forward for your community.

Our grant application for the Denman Island Day Camp has been approved! We will be hiring through the Courtenay Manpower office and are looking to hire two university students to start June 4th and 3 others to start the first week in July. Registration for children will be held late in June. If you have any questions regarding the hiring procedure or qualifications please feel free to contact me.

I want to thank all of you for your continued support over the last two years. It has been a fantastic experience for me and an opportunity to work with and learn from all of you.

Thank you all - Joanne

- Sat. May 26 - The Final Act - Denman Is. Theatre Collective
- Sat. June 2 - The Final Act - Denman Is. Theatre Collective
- Sun. June 10 - Ann Mortifee in Concert
- June 13 - DIRCS Annual General Meeting 7:30 p.m.
- Sat. June 30 - Wildroot Orchestra Dance

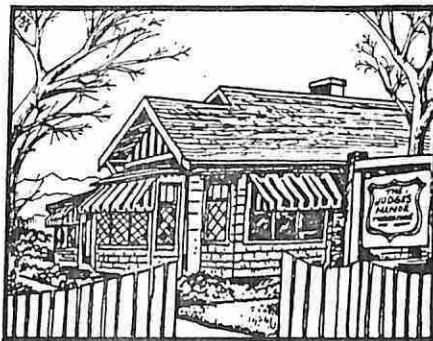
## The Final Stage - An Appreciation by Hamish Tait

I want to stress the word "appreciation". It sums up in one word how I feel about this production. A sensitive and imaginative work done with a superbly professional touch. It would be impossible for me to single out any aspect of this performance for particular praise - the content, the music, the choreography, the lighting and the quality and intensity of the acting were all outstanding.

Few things are perfect however, and I confess to two niggling criticisms. Stereotyping is invariably a trap - not all big business is bad. The second criticism concerns the moment before the finale. I admit to some puzzlement as to what the women are doing while the men are chopping wood, but in all probability this is obtuseness on my part.

Congratulations to all, and thank you for a lovely evening. You deserve a wider audience. I hope you get it.

# The Judge's Manor



*Fine Dining*  
*In Turn Of The Century Surroundings*

*Continental Cuisine · Fresh Seafood · Fresh Pastas*  
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*Receptions & Parties Welcome · Consult The Chef*  
 HOURS: LUNCH TUES. - FRI. 11:30 a.m. - 2:00 p.m.  
 DINNER TUES. - SUNDAY 5:30 p.m. - 10:30 p.m.

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 2 Blocks West Of Island Hall, Across From Town Hall

The bulk of the watershed is protected by a buffer strip of approximately 200 ft. in depth. This buffer strip protects the watershed from the erosion and wind damage on the Vancouver Foundation property, where 160 acres of prime cedar and fir were clearcut. After they had finished logging this piece, the Foundation sold its remaining lands on Pickles Road to Raven Lumber, of Campbell River. The logging of these properties began last month.

The implications of this logging on the road are quite profound. The road, by circumstance, winds its way through the land to be logged. The forest to be cut includes land on both sides of the bridge and on both sides of the road. The forest here is "mature", including beautiful Douglas firs, large cedar, and some hemlock and balsam. On Denman Island, this forest was rivalled in grandeur only by the forests in Fillongley Park and at the South End.

## LESSONS IN LOGGING

The residents of the road have been in ongoing negotiations with the falling contractors, the Kirk Bros. of Denman Island. Together, we came up with a list of agreements about the logging and how it was to proceed. The agreements were as follows:

### REQUESTS FROM RESIDENTS OF PICKLES ROAD RE: LOGGING OF RAVEN PROPERTIES

Based on discussions between Des and John, and Kel and John, we had a fair idea of areas of agreement. To be more specific we'd like to present the following requests in writing:

- 1) That a buffer strip of at least 20' and up to 50' be left along the full length of the road, on both sides.
- 2) That within the first 20' of this buffer strip all trees be left standing, and the subsequent 30' be selectively thinned.
- 3) That there be only one landing site at the road for each (separately accessible) portion of the property. Further, that the entrances to these landings be wide enough to accommodate logging trucks comfortably, and no wider.
- 4) That a buffer strip of dimensions described above be left along the Kennedy property line.
- 5) That the minimum butt diameter to be cut is 12 inches.
- 6) That logging take place in the dry season when the land is not flooded, and creek flows are at a minimum.
- 7) That the skidder not run across the creek on the Kennedy side of the road when that creek is running. That when logs are being taken across creek beds, that there be only one crossing point.
- 8) That two specific old growth trees be left standing.
- 9) That no falling be done across creek beds, except for real "no-choice" situations.
- 10) That the tiny triangle of land on Central Road be left uncut, and that a buffer strip be left across the road from it.
- 11) That the triangle of land on the northeast side of the creek from Kennedy's to the pond be selectively logged with utmost care.

This list was presented to the April meeting of the Ratepayers Association, where it received unanimous support. John Kirk, representing the falling contractors, was present at the meeting, and stated his support and Raven Lumber's support for the agreements. A motion was then made to forward a letter listing the agreements and expressing appreciation to Raven Lumber. This motion carried unanimously.

Unfortunately, when the list of agreements was received in writing by Raven Lumber, some of the items were not acceptable to them. They have since defined a new list of acceptable 'concessions', although not in writing.

- 1) The tiny triangle of land on Central Road will be left uncut.
- 2) A grove of 5 or 6 cedar trees will be left standing.
- 3) Logging will proceed right up to property lines and Crown land boundary lines.
- 4) The buffer strip along the roadway will be "selectively" logged, although cedar trees in this buffer strip will be left standing. The trees to be cut will be marked probably with paint.
- 5) Attempts will be made to cross the Kennedy creek at one spot only.
- 6) The minimum butt diameter to be cut is 12".
- 7) All 'mature' fir will be cut.
- 8) There will be only one landing per site.

~~\*\*\* TRAMP! TRAMP! DOWN THE HIGHWAY \*\*\*\*\*~~

This writer, for one, regrets the time spent in negotiations, when those negotiations have gone either unheard or unheeded in many cases.

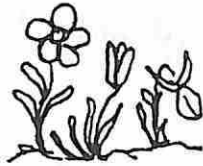
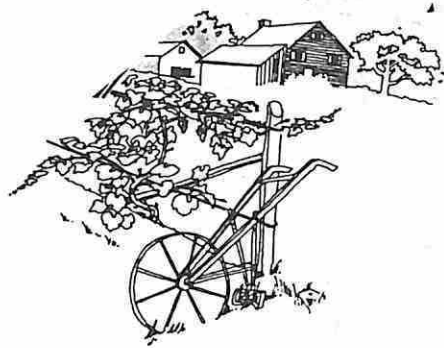
An additional threat to the preservation of the road has been the latest assault by our own local Department of Highways. Despite agreements with the residents of the road and the Ratepayers Association to leave the road width as it is, our local road workers have proceeded to ditch one side of the road with the grader, and pile the debris in a three-foot-high swath amongst the trees on the other side. Many truckloads of fill were taken down to the beaver pond and dumped in on either side of the bridge "because there was no-where else to put it."

The residents of the road interrupted this little bit of progress and arranged a meeting with the District Superintendent of Highways, Mr. William Ball, to view the work. The Superintendent concurred that the work was messy and that the dumping of fill into the pond was unsatisfactory. He expressed his support for all of our concerns. The debris in the pond cannot be removed, but will be sloped and seeded as soon as possible. The swath of debris piled in the woods will be carefully scraped away, loaded into trucks and hauled away, without widening the carriageway of the road. We have renewed our agreement with the local Roads Foreman, Cliff Grieve, to leave Pickles Road alone, except for maintenance work. He has stated his support for this agreement.

The struggle continues. If Pickles Road can survive this next round of logging, and if our local Ministry of Transportation workers can keep their agreements, I feel it will only be a short period of time before everyone in the community comes to view the road as a precious resource in a changing community.

## DENMAN ISLAND GARDEN SOCIETY

By Jimmy Tait



Last month's meeting consisted of a round robin, with diggers using the opportunity to explain, proclaim and complain and the resultant brew provided a stimulating evening.

The plant exchange and the plant-in at the Community Hall on the 12th of the month was a great success and the Hall looks even more inviting as a result of the members' efforts. The present planting is a temporary arrangement, as we hope eventually to have a permanent planting of sumac rising above low cytissus (domestic broom) of pink and cream; these plants are still in their infancy and they won't be planted at the Hall until they're big enough to make a good show. The sumac will be donated, courtesy of the Weltys, the broom by Val and Lloyd Strong, who are parenting the broom plants along.

We're getting geared up for our flower show at the Hall on August 4th. Hornby has very kindly offered us the loan of their (already painted) tin flower holders; this takes the pressure off us and will give us more time to get tins collected for next year's show, assuming this year's efforts justify a repeat performance.

In June, DIGS will be having a picnic-meeting on Hornby, when weather permitting, we will visit the glorious garden of Laura and Stephen Weiss. As they are collectors of old-fashioned roses and have many exciting plants, the Weiss garden should not be missed. If possible, we will try to include one or two other gardens in our itinerary. This may be the first DIGS annual picnic.

Hornby will be holding their flower show on the 16th of June. There won't be any judging this year, but the best flower arrangements will be chosen by ballot. It may be possible to have our picnic on that date, which means that we could include the flower show in our schedule. I'd be interested to hear whether that arrangement appeals to members. Certainly every effort should be made by anyone interested in horticulture, to attend the Hornby Flower Show.

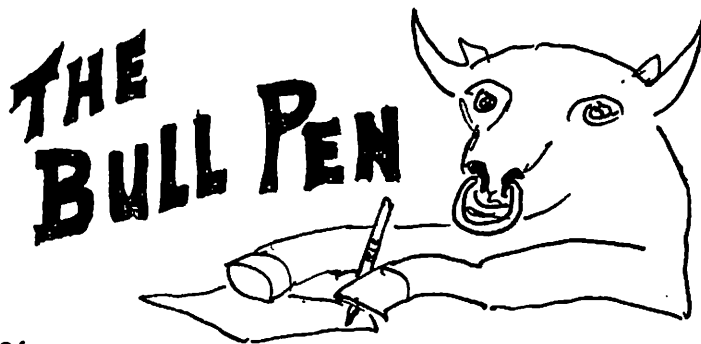
**Denman Store  
and Cafe**

Monday - Thursday	8:30 - 6:30
Friday & Saturday	8:30 - 8:30
Sunday & Holidays	10:00 - 4:00



"Why is baseball, you ask? Because it is like charity - it never faileth. It is always there, except on Mondays or wet grounds. And to the man who is too old to keep up with the attempt to civilize football, and too young to need so soothing a sedative as golf; who works hard when he works and wants to rest hard when he rests; who wants a drama that is as full of surprises for the actors as it is for the audience; who wants a race that cannot be fixt like a horse-race; who wants something to kick about without really meaning it, and something to yell about that everybody around him will think more of him for yelling about - to that man baseball is the one great life-saver in the good ol' summertime."

-L.A. Times, 1916...



Excluding Piercy's corn, skinny-dipping at the beach, and Ri-chard Sauve's home-made ale, the best thing in Denman's good ol' summertime could well be baseball.

Bah, you say, Humbug! - Baseball is hotdogs, sublimation, goats and heros, competition; in short, SPORT! Now we're getting somewhere...

In the pages girdling this goading and wonderfully provocative prose someone has surely already stepped forward to save the lakes, to save the roads, to save the girls, the boys, the kitchen, the NDP, and probably (I really heard this) the ferns at the south-end of the Island. (Hopefully, someone has Saved us ALL and armed themselves and shot that damn dog who keeps making a mess in the High Tides cartoons)...

If you're looking for duck counts, forget it. If you want politics, turn the page. The only plan here will be the Game Plan; the only slam, the Grand Slam. If I mention nettles it'll be Graig Nettles, former Yankee 3rd sacker - now with the Padres - and not another rendition of the High Tides incessant springtime nettle-omelet.

I'm calling Time out! - I'm warming up the bull pen - I'm bringing in relief!

\*Stanley "Frenchy" Bordagary caused a scandal when he came to spring training in 1936 wearing a modest mustache. A man ahead of his time, he was forced to shave it off. A colorful and likable man, Frenchy once lost his head and spit at an umpire. When he saw the size of his fine, he said, "It was more than I expectorated." from, The Image of Their Greatness

**1983** First, a tribute: we'll sum up last year by roasting Dick "Gabby da Coach" Hayes. Dick, (a teetotaler in the beer league, shame, shame), possibly thinking our name the Denman Dregs was too close to the bottom of the glass, re-dubbed us the Diggers, put shirts on our backs, and threw us to the Courtenay lions.

"The suicide squeeze," he pleaded, "takes communication, timing, execution." We tried, we really did, but we communicated like the slow-pitch team from the Tower of Babel. Our timing, rare as it was that we got together at all, consisted of getting two runners at-a-time on any one base. Our execution of the squeeze play only Idi Amin could have loved.

"Base-running is easy," Gabby chortled. "It's Mental." One game, we had the bases loaded and the batter (missing a signal from Dick for an esoteric two-out squeeze) hit a mile-high fly to center-field which finally fell, untouched, skittering by three of the enemy fielders. It was chaos on an anthill. Players were running in the four directions. Dick - from the coaches box at third - was flailing his arms at everything that moved. When the bedlam calmed we had 3 runs in and a runner on third - or did we? One pecadillio: The batter, standing next to me on the sidelines and thinking he had a home-run, had already scored. The runner standing on third, looking quite sheepish by this time, had began the play as the runner on first. Who passed who or who ran backwards, I still dunno. One run in, three men out, and we lost one of our rare close ones. But Gabby was right! - Our base-running, indeed, was something very mental...

\*After Ping Bodie was thrown out by several yards at 2nd base in a 1917 game, reporter Arthur (Bugs) Baer wrote, "His heart was full of larceny, but his feet were honest."  
from - High and Inside

Only once, for a league tournament, did the whole team go to the wrong field.

Against the Oyster Chuckers we blew a 14 run lead and settled for a 24-24 tie, and it was at about that time that I began to suspect that Gabby was doing something to what was left of his hair, leaving just a little grey on the side, because, "the wife likes it."

In 1962, Jimmy Breslin wrote about the newest expansion team, the N.Y. Mets: "They lost an awful lot of games by one run, which is the mark of a bad team. They also lost innumerable games by 14 runs. This is the mark of a terrible team...They lost at home and they lost away, they lost at night and they lost in the daytime. And they lost with manoeuvres that shake the imagination."

That was the Mets of '62.

That was the Diggers (Sorry,Dick) in '83...

\*Judge Emil Fuchs, owner of the Boston Braves from 1925 through 1935, was adept in the business world but hopelessly innocent to the intricacies of baseball strategy. When he heard that the Braves had won a game on a 9th inning squeeze play, he was incensed. "I won't hear of it," he stormed. "Tell the manager we'll win honorably or not at all."

-from The Complete Guide to Baseball Slang

# 1984

Our first move in '84 - in an obvious ploy for money - was to change our name from the Diggers to the Generals. And someone took the bait! Mike Comeau of the General Store agreed to sponsor the team. He recoiled at our training plans for Vegas; balked at our proposal for post-game pizzas; and sputtered an emphatic NO! to our idea to fly-in the NFL off-season Dallas cheerleaders. But after a lengthy cooling off period, he magnanimously chipped in \$161 for baseballs and another \$65 for the lettering on our shirts.

In turn, we assured him of 40% of the concessions at the World Series. What a guy...

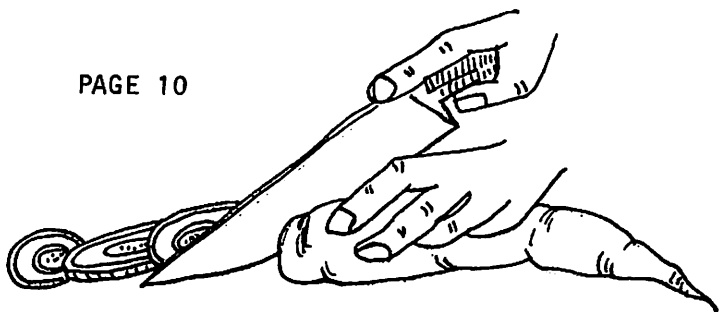
The Generals came out of the dugout flying, playing errorless ball and winning our first game over Chinook Refrigeration 13-4. The Denman bats were booming. Jim Featherstone had 3 hits and John (the BIG gazelle) Isbister put the game away with a 3 run homer in the 6th inning that (as the legend goes) was picked up on the Comox Base radar. Lyle Chambers pitched 6 shut-out innings, went 4 for 4 at the plate, scored 3 runs and had 3 RBI's. Not bad for a boy from across the Hornby tracks. We gave him the first star of the year...

Did we smoke'em in our 2nd league game? Did we blow them out of the park? No, we didn't - and now we come to true-confessions. Our 2nd game was a nightmare in the daytime, a game that would send lesser teams than the Generals to a nursing home. Rick Febbo pitched 6 innings of superb 2 hit, 1 run ball. Leading 7 to 1 in the bottom of the 7th, with Rick tiring and deserving help, with our best reliever warm and ready, the coaches (me) went catatonic and froze in their spikes. Nobody made a change until, as they say, the fat lady had already sang; we all watched it slip away...Block Bros (now our arch enemy) won it 8-7...

And now on the lighter side, 16 people were murdered at a ball park in downtown--- No, just kidding. But it was almost that bad...

The intention of this whole thing was to write a short thank you (in my own ridiculous, sincere, and totally inept way) to Dick and Jean Hayes for everything they did last year for the Denman team, and sports in general. My typer has a mind of its own, though, and has run amuck. Dean Martin, eat your heart out.

Also to thank the Comeaus at the General's store for the baseballs and shirts, and to make a request from the team for 16 tootsie rolls - in lieu of pizzas and cheerleaders - just on G.P. - that's General's principles...



# cozy kitchen cooking

DESSERTS!    DESSERTS!    DESSERTS!    DESSERTS!

## EASY CHOCOLATE CAKE

1 $\frac{1}{2}$ c. flour	$\frac{1}{2}$ tsp salt
3 tbsp. cocoa	5 tbsp. oil
1 tsp. soda	1 tbsp vinegar
1 c. sugar	1 c. water

Mix: flour, cocoa, sugar, salt, soda, make 3 holes in mixture and pour: oil, vinegar and water into them and mix with a spoon until lumpy. Pour into greased cakepan and cook.

Ice with: 4 oz. cream cheese, 1 cup icing sugar, and 2 tbsp. butter. Beat together.

## ROCK CAKES

$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. flour	$\frac{1}{4}$ lb. fruit
3 oz. margarine	1 egg
3 oz. sugar	Essence
1 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. baking powder	milk to moisten

Mix dry ingredients and rub in the margarine. Add the fruit. Make into a stiff paste with beaten egg, milk and essence. Spoon onto greased sheets. Bake in a quick oven for 15 minutes.

## TRIFLE

1 pint cream	$\frac{1}{4}$ lb. ratafias
1 pint custard	Strawberry jam
6 stale sponge cakes	$\frac{1}{2}$ pint sherry
12 macaroons	$\frac{1}{4}$ pint brandy
$\frac{1}{4}$ pint water	

Mix sherry, brandy and water together. Spread a layer of jam on the bottom of the bowl. Cut the cakes in half, dip them into the wine and water and put a layer on the jam. Dip some macaroons and ratifias in the wine and put them on the layer of sponge cakes. Pour on some of the custard, followed by another layer of jam, soaked cakes and the rest of the custard. Whip the cream and spread on the top.

## JOHN'S DIVINE SQUASH PIE

1 $\frac{1}{2}$ c. mashed winter squash or pumpkin	1 tsp cinnamon
$\frac{3}{4}$ c. brown sugar	3 eggs, slightly beaten
$\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. salt	1 $\frac{1}{2}$ c. scalded milk
$\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. ginger	$\frac{1}{2}$ c. cream
1 tsp. nutmeg	Pastry for 1 9" pie shell

Blend squash, sugar, salt, and spices. Add eggs, scalded milk and cream beating until smooth. Pour mixture into 9" unbaked pie shell. Bake in hot oven, 450' F. for 10 minutes. Then reduce the heat to 350' F. and bake for 30 - 35 minutes, or until filling is set.

# THE FINAL STAGE

by Leslie Dunsmore PAGE 11

By now you've probably seen or heard about the play - THE FINAL STAGE, - which premiered at the Denman Island Community Hall May 26th and again June 2nd.

The play is an original four-act production of the Denman Island Theatre Collective, an 8-member troupe which was formed in May of 1983. We came together with a shared interest in using drama as a tool for social change. Performing in this production are John Barker, Willa Cannon, Leslie Dunsmore, Des Kennedy, Sandy Kennedy, Mimi Leigh, and Victor Schulman, with Patti Fraser directing.

Though an amateur company, the members bring to the group considerable previous experience in writing, music, acting, art, stagecraft, organizing, and directing. The collective is feminist in outlook. All decisions are made with 100 percent agreement. The full collective also takes joint responsibility for childcare.

We began work on this particular play last summer, spending several months researching, writing and improvising around the theme of militarism. In December 1983 writing of an original script began and by February, rehearsing and 'polishing' had started. All the music was written by Victor Schulman and 2 island dancers, Nora Johnston and Maxine Peers, voluntarily choreographed the show.

The play takes a hard look at the circle of competitiveness, violence, and militarism in our world. The production encourages audiences to examine their prejudices and assumptions. Making connections between these issues as they exist for each of us personally and as seen globally, the play offers the hope that earth can become a more cooperative and peaceful place to be in the future.

We plan to take this production on tour throughout the Gulf Islands, Vancouver Island and coastal B.C. in the fall. We hope some of the costs will be defrayed by government arts funding. To date, the members have spent \$2,700.00 mounting this work, and it is hoped proceeds from performances will begin to dissolve that debt.

A number of islanders have given invaluable help to this production including: Beverly Meyer (Technical director); Robbie Newton, Wyck, Manny Meyer (Light Technicians); Maura (Soundscapes); Leyah Kelly, Judy Kirk, and Louise Fraser (Costumes & Puppets); Phyllis O'Neill (Stage props); Nora Johnston, Maxine Peers (choreography); and Ruth McGuigan, Marsha Petty-Johnston, and Kathy Reider (organization, promotion).

A special thanks is also extended to Christine O'Neill for her continuous and intensive childcare, a support all of us required to make this production possible. We'd also like to thank both men's groups for providing childcare on the performance evenings. And a final big hug to all islanders, - partners and friends - who supported us, encouraged us, helped us, and freed us to make this production actually happen. It gives the word 'community' a fresher, fuller, and finer meaning.

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## LEARNING TO

## FLY

Chapter 2. Muscles are Springs

Most people have some image of a skeleton; all those bones connected together in a gangly pose. It is easy to see how the parts move separately, but how they are moved all together in unison, that takes a quantum leap of the imagination.

The missing image, the one that makes it possible to understand how the body can stand up on its own without collapsing, is actually simple and available. Its a desk lamp.

Go and look at one of those articulated desk lamps, the kind that hinges and pivots into almost any configuration, and stays that way. Take off the springs and the lamp will collapse, unless the joints are clamped up. The springs balance the weight of the arms and a small amount of friction does the rest.

That is also the way the body is held up. Muscles are springs set with just enough tension to balance the body. There is nothing extra to be done, just establish a balanced tension in the muscles and the body is balanced; and like the desk lamp it can be re-arranged endlessly and effortlessly.

There is no skill in achieving the state of balance, it is just the condition which requires least extra energy. It is the state to which all parts of the body will return given the option. It is the state of 'dangling' which I described in the first chapter.

Muscles always occur in pairs, or at least the function of the muscles is paired. That is, each muscle has a function, to lift a forearm or curve a finger. And for each of those muscles there are other muscles which reverse the function, pull down the forearm or straighten the finger. These may not be single pairs of muscles but that is the effect.

So when the muscle pairs pull against each other to balance the weight at the joints, the body is balanced and nothing extra happens. When the tension in one of the

muscles becomes stronger than there is movement in that direction. It takes very little extra effort to make that movement because the starting position is one of balance.

So if it is the easiest, the most natural state for our bodies to be in, why do we deviate so far from it? The answer to that is also fairly easy to understand.

The muscle pairs can pull against each other gently or strongly and still keep a balance with the weight or inertia. If the muscles get used to pulling more strongly than the minimum necessary, they create tension.

Tension is needed for strength. When a heavy weight is being lifted the muscle pairs need to pull against each other more strongly than for a light weight. This happens right throughout the body. It creates a strong structure for strong action.

If the body releases all the muscles to become a loose structure again once the need for a strong structure passes, there would be no problem. Our society considers strength a desirable quality, thus a strong body becomes a pose to be sustained. With it comes a stiffness and unnecessary stresses that have to be overpowered by more strength. It is a debilitating cycle with the end result of heavy, dense, stiff muscles and sore joints.

Typically this use of the body will set up areas of strong muscle which endanger other areas. The power of the thigh muscles has to be transmitted through the knees and ankles. If the use of that power becomes a habit it is like driving a car with extra heavy duty springs. The weaker parts will suffer.

So the object of 'dangling' is to reacquaint the body with the advantages of a loose structure, by being careful not to lock into images of strength and power, loose can become strong and return to loose again. But once the pattern is set

it is a slow task to reverse it.

Committed to strength or committed to delicacy it can never fly. The body has to be well acquainted with its own flexibility to get off the ground.

Ideally the body should be able to switch from light to heavy in a moment. It should be able to tackle the toughest jobs as well as the most delicate.

So now go back and repeat the exercise I suggested last time. This time also be aware of the arms, shoulders, neck and head as muscle and bone balancing each other. Watch the movement with your mind, not with your eyes, and notice which areas are tense and which relaxed.

Mostly let your body move any way it wants to, but don't let the motions push up against tension. Always go sideways on tension, roll around it when you come up against it. Stay with the feeling that you could move your body that way for ever. Extend the exercise any way that interests you, but before you tire yourself, or even if you have, try lying on your back on a mat.

Most of my favourite exercises are done on my back; it is like doing things in reverse. Relax with the arms outstretched above your head, then roll your legs back over your head until it feels like things are balanced again. Stay in that position allowing small relaxing movements which improve the feeling of balance.

If you cannot find a comfortable position for your body you should not continue. Try it again at a time when you feel more relaxed. Comfort, no strain, no pain are starting and finishing points with these exercises.

If you are doing alright, allow bigger movements (wave your legs around slowly and gently) and search for what feels like the centre of the area that is balance. Then allow the weight of the legs to roll the body around that centre. Feel how that centre moves about your back and neck as it presses against the mat. Observe where in the back or neck or shoulders, tension or resistance occur as the centre moves.

It should be possible for everything to be completely relaxed, but if not, it won't change overnight. It is a slow, gentle process which encourages tense muscles to give up their reluctance to co-operate again. Think of these movements as a way to gently massage your back, and realize that trying to overpower tension only makes it worse.

When your back feels relaxed and you feel attuned to shifting the weight of your legs and staying in balance, include movements of the legs up away from the floor. Start small and stay in balance.

You are not used to waving your legs around upside down, so this is a unique opportunity to watch how a part of your body can learn new tricks. Laying on your back, just letting your legs float around under their own weight, it should feel nearly effortless. If you don't add too much upward movement of your legs too soon, if you let the upward movement be a variation of the floating movement; you will find it continues to be effortless.

This exercise could reach all the way to shoulder stands but I am not going to tell you how much to try for. The basic advice is always the same: no pain, no strain, effortless and endless.

There are muscles in your back, neck, shoulders, buttocks and legs that never got used this way. You will surprise yourself how quickly muscles learn from gentleness. Strength is just an extension of gentleness. The end result is a looseness in your body that carries over into moving around upright.

Robbie Newton

Next time: 'Springs are for Bouncing'

The Denman Island Trust Committee, in compliance with Denman Island Trust Committee By-law No. 2 (Advisory Planning Commission By-law), has authorized the election of five electors of Denman Island for appointment to the proposed Denman Island Advisory Planning Commission. Voting shall take place 21 June 1984 at the Denman Community Hall.

The mode of nomination of candidates to the Advisory Planning Commission shall be as follows:

The qualifications of nominees shall be that they are duly qualified electors of Denman Island.

Candidates shall be nominated in writing by two duly qualified electors of Denman Island. The nomination paper shall be delivered to the Denman Trustees Glen Snook or Harlene Holm, at any time between the date of this notice and 4:30 p.m., June 14 1984. The nomination paper shall state the name, residence and occupation of the person nominated, in such a manner as to sufficiently identify such candidate. The nomination paper shall be subscribed to by the candidate and shall contain a written statement indicating the candidate's willingness to run for office. The nomination paper shall also contain the names, addresses and signatures of the two electors making the nomination.

Elector, for the purposes of this notice is defined as a person registered in accordance with the Municipal Act of British Columbia as an elector in the list of electors of the Regional District of Comox-Strathcona for Denman Island. Details concerning the Advisory Planning Commission election will be released shortly.

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**"the island realtor"**

HORNBY ISLAND

RESIDENCE 335-2171

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answers your LETTERS



Dear Whoever you Are,

As a feminist concerned about the deplorable decline in community standards, I vehemently object to your disgusting sexist logo. Obviously your consciousness remains below the sub-basement level and I fear that the minds of our youth may be corrupted by your graphics. Do you realize how many years it has taken us to achieve the admittedly abysmal level of consciousness we have now - and you're not doing anything to help! I wouldn't be surprised if you were really a man!

I Know Who I Am

Dear I Know,

I'm so sorry that your ego is in such a fragile state. It's angry, confused women like you who have given ladies a bad name. Women are naturally beautiful people - just because toothpaste companies have made fortunes exploiting this fact doesn't mean we should give up shaving our arm pit and graciously accepting flowers and chocolates from our admirers. READERS, what do you think?

\*\*\*\*\*

Dear Ms. Information,

I woke up the other day, went to wash my new white shirt (the first one in 15 years!) and there it was - ring around the collar. Why me? Maybe its karma for compromising my hippie ideals and lifestyle. Am I being punished for backsliding to my parents' middleclass suburban existence?

Hand Wringer

Dear Mr. Wringer,

Check out your friends - especially the ones you know are surreptitiously following the same lifestyle as you because I've noticed a trend away from our back to the land natural pure and self sacrificing lifestyle back to what can only be called an over indulgent middle class lifestyle. You'd be surprised by how many colour TV's I see in my anonymous role as a bringer of comfort and monitor of morals - I even see Denman cars parked at McDonald's on my rounds. Gone are the days when the only acceptable machine was the sound system, now I see houses full of dryers, automatic washing machines - even dishwashers! Therefore, if you check these people out and they, like you, suffer from ring around the collar, then it is a karmic reaction and there's nothing you can do but joyously embrace your credit card in Zeller's - tastefully, of course!

\*\*\*\*\*

SEND YOUR PROBLEMS, WORRIES, AND OBSERVATIONS TO Ms. INFORMATION c/o High Tides.

In Reply to Mr. Paul Bailey's Reply...

My 'Letter to the Editor' appearing in the May 1984 'High Tides' carried with it a 'same day' response by Mr. Paul Bailey, in which Mr. Bailey discusses my person at length. An immediate consideration comes to mind of unequal access to our community paper. While as I must wait one month to reply, Mr. Paul Bailey gets to reply immediately. The unfairness of this situation of unequal access to this community function, as well as others, is needful of remark. That some persons have special privileges is a concept I have fought in all my writings, as I am a strong believer in equal consideration for all.

A second pressing consideration would be the general nature of Mr. Bailey's remarks, that of a personal appraisal and opinion of my person by Mr. Bailey. An editorial that appeared in the November 1983 issue of the 'High Tides' criticized my person for discussing personalities rather than issues. In my own subsequent writings, I agreed with the Editor, and have maintained a policy of addressing the issues. It is my hope that the Editor of the 'High Tides' speak to Mr. Bailey and apply the same policy to him. The issues, which Mr. Bailey has never ever addressed, are the germaine topic of public debate.

Speaking to the issues, Mr. Bailey in his letter charges that I am misrepresenting myself, and by extension, my personal interests.

For the record, I am the owner of six acreages on Denman Island, all of which front on Graham Lake. Buildings on these 6½ to 28 acre properties must be placed and constructed as per the conditions set out by a Development Permit approved by the Denman Island Trust, at an average setback from the lakefront of approximately 80 feet. In effect, all development matters pertaining to my properties are settled and done with. As an owner of lakefront property, however, I am very much interested in keeping pollution from my lake, and it disturbs me to see that upland watershed owners have the right to pollute my lake, and possibly deprive me of the enjoyment of my property, and the value of it too. This is why I am so keenly interested in

effective Watershed Protection, and why I will do whatever it takes to bring effective protection into place.

Mr. Bailey on the other hand, is the owner of a large and intense upland watershed development. This development may, or may not, affect the quality of water in our lakes, depending on management techniques employed. What can be said, is that Okanagan orchards depend on pollutive management for economic viability. This general condition of orcharding is so widespread that the resale value of a Denman Island orchard could be very dependent on the pollutive options being available to a prospective purchaser. It may be that Mr. Bailey ought to be more careful in the representations he makes, when speaking about people involved in Watershed Protection.

Much more could be said in response to Mr. Bailey's remarks. But what speaks most loudly is the general thrust of Mr. Bailey's writings. There is a constant effort to isolate and discredit my person, without ever, ever addressing the issues concerning Watershed Protection. While as Mr. Bailey may well have his own personal concerns as to my person, it is his concerns regarding Watershed Protection that I, and I believe the public generally, would be interested in listening to, and addressing.

Sincerely  
Brad Stormwell

Dear Brad:

As the High Tides staff writer of the article to which your letter refers, I do enjoy the privilege of access and "same day" comment. Such a procedure is standard and commonly utilized by all publications that print letters of comment from readers.

On a different matter, let me point out that you have made a rather interesting error in the name of the lake which your upland development borders. Its correct name is Graham Lake, not "my lake."

Sincerely  
Paul Bailey

Cont'd P. 22

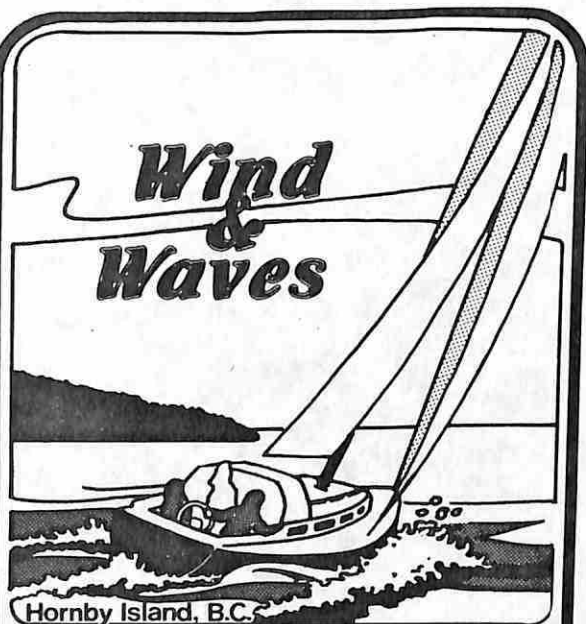
HAPPY FUND RAISING RAFFLE

## Sunset Cruise &amp; Dine Draw

One of Hornby Island's leading gourmets is combining forces with Wind & Waves Charters to offer a dinner for two served aboard the luxury yacht.

How do you acquire this delicious combination? Just purchase a draw ticket - selling for \$1.00 - from either of the sponsors, Joy of Cooking at the Ring-side Market at the Co-op or Wind & Waves yacht, 'Gone Bananas', located at Ford's Cove Marina. Tickets will also be selling at the Fibres booth at the Co-op. Telephone orders may be arranged by contacting Paddy Gee at 335-2482/2823.

Proceeds for the draw go to the new Co-op building on Hornby Island. The draw will take place August 18th at 3 p.m. at the Hornby Fair. The winner may choose the date to savor the prize.



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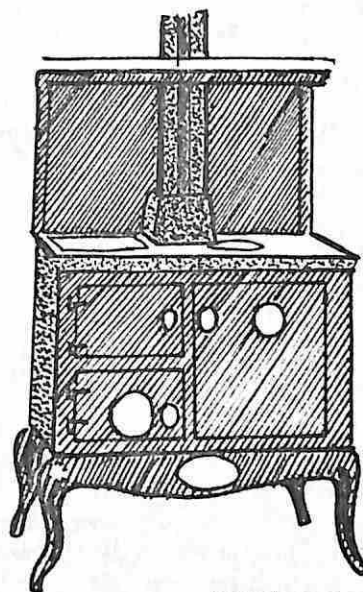
Watch for 'Gone Bananas',

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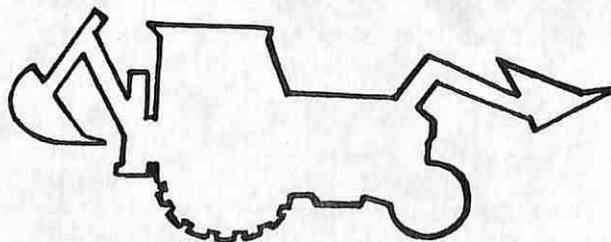
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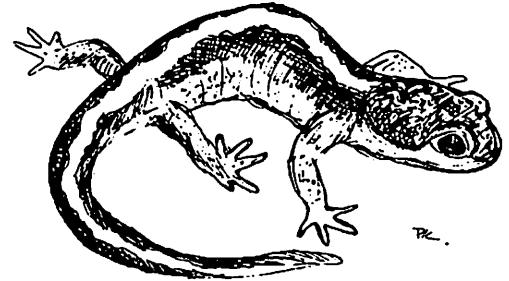
contact: John Kirk, Licenced Blaster  
335-2462

LITTLE NEIGHBOURS ON DENMAN ISLAND - By: Peter Karsten

PART 2

**Western Long-toed Salamander**  
(*Ambystoma macrodactylum*)  
Length: 10-16 cm

Here we have another slender salamander with long toes, very dark brown to black above, with a yellowish back stripe of blotchy pattern. In early spring, eggs are laid in water and larvae transform to adult form in summer. Although sometimes found in more arid areas, this species is usually found under logs near ponds and pools.



Western Long-toed Salamander

Frogs and Toads

These guys have large hind limbs, no tails as adults and no "neck to stick out". They live in moist environments to protect their sensitive skin. Tree frogs are excellent climbers and tolerate more arid environments. Frogs in their larval stage are the familiar tadpoles. Most of us have caught them at one time or another and watched them grow and change. Tadpoles develop their hind legs first and then their front legs, salamander larvae do it in reverse.



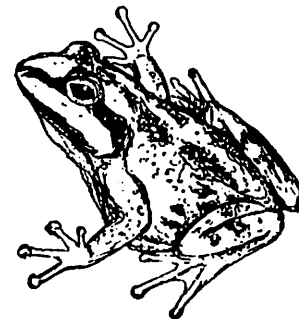
tadpole



salamander larva

**Pacific Tree Frog**  
(*Hyla regilla*)  
Length: 2-5 cm

The skin is rough and varies in color from green over light brown to almost black. Usually, dark spots are visible particularly when the frog changes its color to darker tones. Tree frogs have large sticky toe pads to enable them to climb and rest on leaves. The call of this common frog can be heard especially in the evening after a spring rain. This nocturnal animal lives on the ground in shrubs and in trees and feeds on insects and invertebrates.

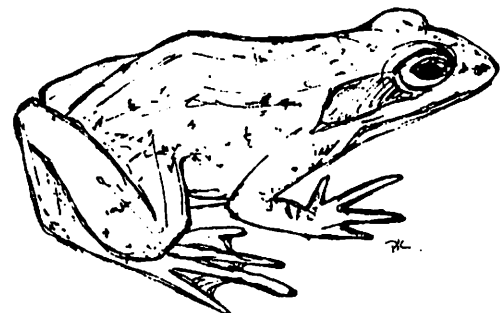


Pacific Tree Frog

**Red-legged Frog**  
(*Rana aurora*)  
Length: 5-13 cm

This reddish brown frog with subtle markings of blotches on the body has a noticeable dark mask. The underside is yellow with a reddish hue on the abdomen and hind legs.

This frog stays on the ground near water as a rule and often escapes enemies by diving in the water. The red-legged frog is active during the day and feeds on a wide variety of insects and invertebrates.



Red-legged Frog

**Western Toad**  
(*Bufo boreas*)

Length: 6-13 cm

A familiar grey to green toad which has a yellow dorsal stripe. It has, as all toads, a plump body and a very warty skin that secretes a whitish poisonous substance to discourage predators from eating it. It digs its own burrow and consumes large amounts of invertebrates. A good guy to have in the garden!

**REPTILES**

Reptiles have dry scaly skin. The major groups are snakes, lizards, turtles and crocodilians. Of course there are no members of the last order on or near Denman Island unless someone has a pet alligator.

**The Northern Alligator Lizard**  
(*Gerrhonotus coeruleus*)

Length: 22-33 cm

A shiny, stiff bodied lizard, the northern alligator lizard is a well camouflaged animal of brownish grey color, with dark brown sides and a lighter dorsal band and some fine spots. This animal is active during the day; and, what is unusual for lizards, prefers cooler temperatures. A female may bear up to 15 live young around June. This lizard lives under logs, rocks and debris but often emerges on sunny days to bask in the sun. It feeds on insects, millipedes, spiders and even snails.

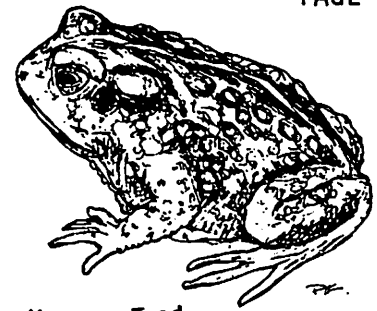
The **terrestrial or wandering garter snake** (*Thamnophis elegans*), length: 45-106 cm; the **North-Western garter snake** (*Thamnophis ordinoides*), length: 38-66 cm; and the **common garter snake** (*Thamnophis sirtalis*), length: 45-131 cm.

We are all familiar with this group. Their life style and markings are so similar that it is not too important to describe them individually. Garter snakes give birth to live young. We find them in many habitats, with preference for moist areas near streams and ponds, but also in open grasslands and forests. They feed on a wide range of food animals including slugs, snails, frogs, tad poles, salamanders, worms and even mice.

**Western Painted Turtle**  
(*Chrysenys picta*)

This is the only species of turtle that might be found on Denman Island. It is an aquatic turtle which stays in the water, except to lay its eggs in a nest dug on land. A nest may have up to 20 eggs. Turtles feed on small invertebrates, fish and amphibians when young. They become more herbivorous as they mature.

The easiest way to find turtles is to search out their sunning places, usually logs emerging from a body of water.



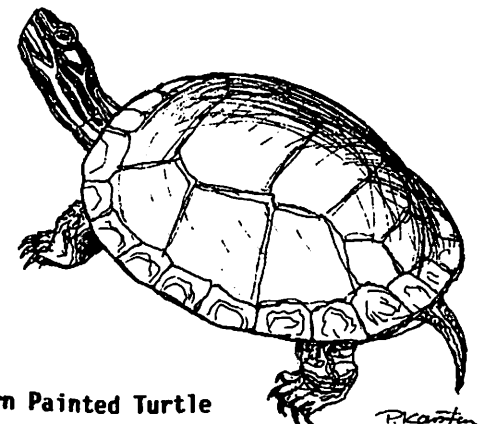
Western Toad



The Northern Alligator Lizard



garter snake



Western Painted Turtle

# fillongley creek gazette

## THE ASTOUNDING \$16.00 SUVA SWORD TRICK

by Ken Piercy

At 9:00 a.m., business days, downtown Suva, Fiji is a madhouse - part carnival midway with people and goods all colours and descriptions; part highway with cars, trucks and busses careening along at speeds insane for streets so crowded; part tourist trap with all the appropriate cheap handicrafts, hustlers and camera-toting rubbernecks in loud shirts and polyester walking shorts. And, of course, no parking space.

Still reeling from the combined experience of urban Fijian traffic and a car with the steering wheel on the right-hand side (to say nothing of driving on the left side of the road!), I pulled over to the curb to reconnoiter the situation. One thing is clear, I've gotta dump this car. I look to my co-pilot for suggestions; she's even more confused than I am - no help here. Suddenly, a smile that would put to shame the most toothpaste-conscious cover girl appeared in the window.

"Bula! Bula! ... Where you from? America? ... Oh, Canada! Trudeau! Trudeau! He like Fiji ... give us six million dollars for university ... Oh yeah, Canada! ... Parking? Come, I show you." And he helps himself into the back seat. Before I know what's happening, his hitherto unseen buddy scoots around the car and hops in the other side. "Bula, bula, bula! Canada? Oh ... Trudeau, Trudeau! ..."

Warning lights are beginning to flash on at mission control. Third world horror stories dimly remembered. Who are these guys, anyways? Oh well, we're on the busy main street; they can't very well mug us here; we do need help finding a parking spot - besides, I haven't been to the bank yet so I don't have much cash to rip off. Relax. Experiment.

A right turn. Another one. Presto: a municipal parking lot complete with attendant. No problem; I knew these guys were on the level.

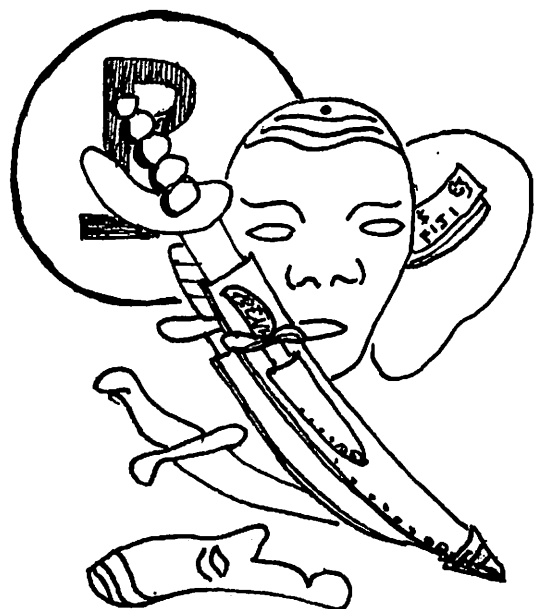
"Gee, thanks a lot, fellas," I say, stepping out of the car. Wow, it's really true what the tourist brochures say about the Fijians being so helpful and friendly!

"Hey ... What your name, man?"

"Uh? ... Oh, Ken. What's yours?"

"Joe. Eh, Ken ... You like Fijian sword? Hand-carved. Here, I carve your name. K ... E ... N. There: 'Ken'."

What just happened here, I asked myself. I don't even want this cheap, tacky sword. And now here's this guy who just carved my name into it.



"What your last name, Ken?"

"Huh? Piercy. But Joe, I don't think I want ..."

"I carve that too." Before I can even think to stop him, Joe has my last name carved into a second, matching sword. "Here, Ken. Now you have set ... crossed swords like this, see, for wall back home."

"Umh, Joe ..."

"And now you need mask for between swords, see. Like this."

"I don't want the mask, Joe, okay."

"What! It's a set! Swords and mask gotta go together!"

"How much for the set?"

"Thirty dollar."

"I don't have thirty Fijian dollars, Joe."

"Australian?"

"Ten. Fijian dollars."

"Oh-h-h, Ken. Can't you do any better than that?" Joe is crestfallen. I feel guilty. I mean, after all, this guy did help us out of a jam. And then, gosh, maybe I should have been quicker to stop him from carving my name on his swords. Looking into his eyes, I can almost see the pregnant wife and hungry kids back in some squalid jungle hut. C'mon, Ken ... don't be such a cheap sonuvabee.

"I don't have much Fijian money, Joe."

"How much you got?" he mumbles dejectedly. I have about sixteen bucks in my wallet.

"Fif ... ug, sixteen dollars. Joe." I know he knows I'm worth a lot more if I can afford to be this far from home. He eyes me accusingly.

"Well ...," he doesn't even count the money, just stuffs it in his pocket. "Thanks, Ken. Bula."

"Bula Joe." I toss the bundled swords and mask into the back seat of the car. It is

only then that I notice my travel companion surrounded by four or five Fijians, two bundles of carved mask and sword sets under her arms.

"How much?" I asked her later.

"They gave me a deal because I bought two sets. Thirty dollars. But y'know, I didn't really want them. I only bought them because I felt bad that he'd carved my name into them before I could stop him.

Around the corner in the public market, we found at least a dozen vendors hawking, among other fine native crafts, carved Fijian mask and sword sets.

"How much?" I wanted to see how much of a deal Joe and I had struck.

"Three dollar?" the vendor ventured as a place to begin bargaining.

"Ah-h ... too much." Not knowing whether to laugh or cry, I walked away, "Two dollar! Two dollar!" echoing in my ears.

At lunch that day, over a dish of curry in a Suva eatery, my companion drew my attention to the voices coming from the next booth. "I'll bet they're Canadians," she said. When the group rose to leave, I asked one young man where they were from. Sure enough: Surrey, B.C. I also noticed that he carried a suspiciously familiar bundle under his left arm.

"Swords? ... How much?"

"Five bucks! But you know, he had my name carved in them before I knew what was..."

-- fin --



Hi, all you bright, discerning people!

Enclosed is a cheque to be used to improve the quality of my reading here. I've held off sending it because I have been trying to get a new residence there - since late last fall (no luck yet) and anticipate a new address (nearby) to send my copy to.

Since visiting among you I have been as concerned about your drinking and farming water supply as you are since our resources throughout the world are finite - not infinite - and, if we all must go because of industrial foolishness and greed, I choose to have my creative geniuses go last, since, you, dear ones, are the only hope in bringing about a wholesome present and future life based on the "finite" rather than the assumed greed from a presumption (false, false!) of "infinite".

Willing to live on your kitchen crops and other local creativities, I'm proud of you, and have been attempting to improve your basic capabilities without changing the ecology in that area in any way.

I've written to the Department of Communication (no answer yet) with regard to you having your own radio station there - grants - especially if the station could be a part of an emergency broadcasting set-up - (you have those damn cruise missiles nearby and WRATH INVITES WRATH), and I also feel that those islands could be presentations of fine arts festivals (poetry readings, etc) Anytime yachts and other modes of unique transportation can tie up there.

I'd come in my one-man sailboat (woman) if I had one. Two bed and breakfasts are not enough so it would have to be daytime affairs so that the adventurous and seekiah could get back to Comox, Courtenay and Campbell River housing before the last ferry pulls away.

In a practical sense - for you islanders you need branches of your nation's largest bank on all islands over 500 residents so that you may check on the validity of a cheque through a central computer of your own branch of the bank on your island. (Beats the heck out of getting on the ferry to check out a cheque in Cour-

tenay - possibly when it is far too late for you to do anything about it.)

A Super Valu on Denman could serve both Denman and Hornby - a convenient, less expensive food service available when you wished to cater these festivities and perhaps the movie industry - if you considered allowing film-making there.

The possibilities of non-ecology destructive, creative work with so many "gifted" living right there is numerous. I'd love to own a very old, weather beaten log cabin nearby and enjoy these new possibilities with you; but unless some present islander expires or moves, who could part with, reasonably, one already lived in, I'd be adding to the water use, and this bothers me, terribly.

You are all I perceived you to be and you must stay that way - somehow.

Best Regards  
Nina Wheeler, Ph.D.

As the typist and a monthly reader of this paper, I would like to say I'm getting tired of this paper being used as a public arena for the disagreements between individuals on this island. And I know I'm not the only one that feels this way. Our paper should be a source of information and enjoyment, not a paper to allow people to air their vindictive feelings about each other in.

As a member of the High Tides board, I am feeling that enough is enough, and if this is to continue I would vote on starting to limit the number of contributions from the same people to 'Letters to the Paper'.

Lets enjoy our paper, not bore people to tears with this personal animosity.

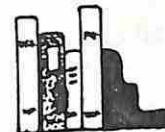
Wendi Colomby

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# THE BOOK SHELF



by Hamish Tait

THE DEAN'S DECEMBER. Saul Bellow. Pocket Books. \$3.95

I must confess that this is my first reading of this remarkable author. How I could have missed him over the years I cannot imagine. Something, however, that I shall remedy by seeking out his other books and articles. His articles in Harpers, the New Yorker and Atlantic Monthly may be difficult to dig out.

This is his first novel since winning the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1976. Faced with this one takes up a review or critique with due humility.

I'd better give you the story line in skeletal form. We can flesh out later if we have time, space or inclination.

A middle aged professor from a Chicago university accompanied by his Rumanian wife go to Bucharest to attend the illness and subsequent death of her mother. It is sometime in the late seventies. The time - winter: it is cold and infinitely dreary. The mother has suffered a massive stroke. The hospital administrator is a member of the secret police. Because the mother was a member of the government before the post-war Russian takeover, the administrator is particularly obstructive as to visits or treatment.

The Dean has his own frustrations. Because of his extra curricular activities - articles in Harpers criticizing the political and social machine of Chicago, his college is in the process of censuring him and trying to break his tenure.

Obviously, there is a great deal more to it than this. What unfolds is both the contrast between, and similarity to, the two bureaucracies. On the one hand the stifling petty harshness of the Rumanian regime, who dare not lose face in the presence of a noted American professor and yet are conditioned to despise the West. Who openly solicit bribes at the same time preaching the decadence of the America. The college authorities in Chicago, while expressing solicitude for the Dean and his wife are plotting, at the same time, his removal for publicising the moral and social breakdown of their city thus endangering their funding from the state, the city and wealthy alumnae.

The narrative portions of this book are, for the most part, short and descriptive. It is in the beautifully crafted conversational prose that the story unfolds. The process is incredibly subtle. In fact, if I weren't reviewing it I probably would have missed it.

An impressive novel by a highly sophisticated author.



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