September RETRO CORNER

TWO POINTS OF VIEW:

Harrison River Trip Report, October 6th 1996

Either there were 34 boats and 17 paddlers or it was the other. Whatever, it was one crowded parking lot at the Sasquatch Inn and it didn't help that another canoe club was on the road as too, honking as they drove by, pretending to be Beavers, giving the leader the sinking feeling that this was going to be the shuttle from hell.

Harrison Hotsprings and then onto the lake, and around the bend, and past the sewage outflow, and no one even noticed that the trip leader and partner had forgotten to put on their life jackets. You can hide in a mob this big.

The size of the mob led to a more free form style of paddling: oh, there was the usual sweep boat and a "maternity" express lead boat - Monica and Shireen - but in the middle it was a Beaver social circle as clusters of boats would form and separate and reform in new groups, some times abreast, sometimes linear and occasionally on opposite sides of the river. Such was the social intensity that half the group paddled right past fossil beach and had to "about boat" and paddle back up stream against the mighty Harrison. Some had a better fossil search than others as it was hard to organize everyone onto the same beach and the trip leader was distracted trying to pry Bob Hoye away from his lunch and get back into his boat. Once Bob has the wax paper off the sandwiches, he gets very focused!

All 34 of us waded ashore at Hatchery Hill, Bob got out his lunch and afterward we hiked our way up the hill for the view ... of Rose Drozdowski and David Westell who only made it 1/32 of the way up before they laid down in the middle of the trail for a nap. Also in view were two Voyageur canoes run aground 100 feet off shore in the shallows, lured in by the sight of 17 canoes pulled up on the beach.

We woke Rose and Dave up and went off down the left channel to play shallow water tag through the sand bars and when the two channels merged there was a brief flurry of anticipation - maybe a dump?

It was not to be. The rest was downhill to the takeout and home.

There were too many participants to mention individually; but honourable mention goes to Ted Turner who brought along two wooden boats. Big deal you think? Well, one was 101 years old, originally built by Herald Bro. of Gores Landing, Ontario in a cold moulded plank construction technique and the second was a solo boat, rib construction, built in the 1940's. Both have been lovingly refinished by Ted and these are not car top queens; he paddles them, and even loaned one out.

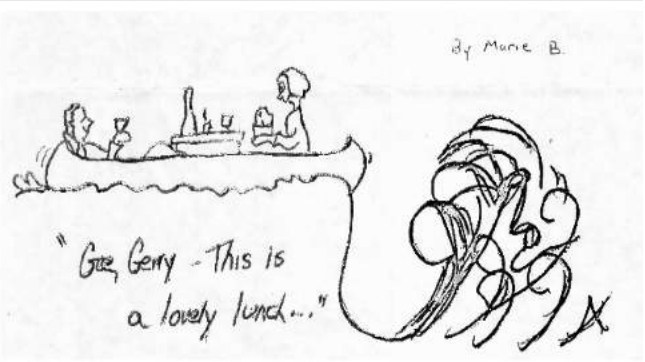
On the drive home, a few friends dropped by a local pub to get Bob Hoye something to eat.

Einar Harness

Einar's somewhat sensational report of the October Harrison trip requires perspective. If he hadn't forgotten his own lunch, he wouldn't have been so compulsive about mine and likely would have been more accurate in his account.

Of the 17 boats, 14 were made from unnatural chemicals, and 3, not 2, were older wooden canoes. Einar neglected to mention my Leader - the 18 footer of Chestnut's fast Cruiser series, that, from the 1920's to 1970's, was the downhill river racer. As for not searching for fossils, doesn't everyone know that rocks are for eddy turns or sticking canoes to?

Regards, Bob Hoye



UPPER TULAMEEN - Postscript

August 1993

We had been travelling far and the journey was starting to take its toll when we arrived at a small group of homesteads. We investigated this hamlet and decided to take a break at the local eatery. Peace reigned as we sunk into somnolent thoughts of rivers week so far; the sounds of summer poured gently on the window panes. Then, as we each downed a well deserved coffee and Danish, a tall, dark and somewhat forlorn looking gentlemen wandered into the room talking to anyone who would lend an ear. His right hand went to his brow as if to wipe away non-existent beads of perspiration. The words were melodramatic and difficult to catch but went something like this :-

Grade 2, or not Grade 2: that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous estimation,
Or to take paddles against a river of troubles,
And by paddling end them? To pry: to sweep;
Grade 4 ! and, by a sweep to say we end
The bouncing on the thousand natural rocks
Canoes are prone to, 'tis a stroke combination
Devoutly to be wish'd. To pry, to sweep;
To draw: perchance to surf: ay there's the dump ....

At this the tragic hero passed by (exit stage left) still mumbling to himself.

anonymous

ARE YOU A KNOW-IT-ALL?

Test your Beaver Canoe Club knowledge!

Win a chance for a $50 Lee Valley gift certificate!

(Directions for submitting your answers will appear in November.)

RETRO QUIZ #7:

What toys were enjoyed at Manning Park Family Campouts?

a) Pump squirt guns
b) Tossing rings
c) Star Wars action figures
d) Rubik's cube

(Clue: check back to July)





LCROSS mission data examined: water discovered on the moon

KLEENA DA KANAKA CREEK...AHH-H-H....

by Jim Slade *Sep 2001*

This past September closed on an upbeat note weatherwise. Susan, Cody, Lia and I left Vancouver September 30th in sun and blue sky and arrived at Kanaka Creek Regional Park, just east of Haney Bypass on the Lougheed, autumn mist still enshrouding the put-in by the rail-bridge. Dew as thick and clinging as the muc-bank was slippery and suctioning. Trips-planner Dave Westell rallied the Beavers, requested a trip-leader, and magnanimously accepted the acclamation himself, for this was no ordinary leisure-paddle, this was the annual waterways reclamation eco-challenge of detritus big or small.

Soon after having sluiced through the muck, and with all paddles poised, we ventured north around the first bend as the mist lifted and sun broke through. Shallows in places necessitated the ferrying of canoes mostly by bows persons but on occasion by stern types as well.

At the third bend, Don and Donna rassled with the first big catch of the day, which proved to be the business end of an ancient wringer washer. This was soon followed by Jennifer and Peter hauling out the first of almost a dozen car tires, one or two still on rims. Jim snagged a boot (steel toe, size 11), while Susan fished out several drink cans--none still full I regret to report. Young Cody, in the bow of Scott's canoe, kept a steady vigil for jetsam as well as a steady stream of questions directed at Scott.

A stone's throw or two past the foot-bridge a very BIG tire, from a dump- or mining-truck, demanded a team effort of paddle-digging, pole levers, and shoulder-heaves but, after a half-hour or more, the crew uprighted the beast and proceeded to roll it downstream to a gravel-bed below the footbridge, fearing during the transit for its 500 lb. weight to wobble, capsize, and crush one of the altruistic eco-warriors in our midst.

By now it was lunch. A few onlookers from the bridge gazed at our spoils and commented, "It's unreal what some people will toss in the river". On the return leg, as it turned out, we hauled out more than during the upstream course: shopping carts, a rural mailbox with the pop-up flag, two amber-lighted and hinged roadwork signs, a bicycle, a heavy metal tailgate, more tires, etc. etc.



David Westell reported later that when he informed the GVRD the following day of our catch they expressed surprise for they had predicted little would be recovered because they had checked out the area not long ago.

Rose and David generously invited us to their home not far away in Maple Ridge and, with BBQ'd food and drink, we watched the sun go down on a successful day of tidying a small section of Kanaka Creek.



T50

In 2007 a group of paddlers interested in class III solo play & practice joined forces. A race was organized independently by Beavers with the support from the Chilliwack Centre of Excellence club. Tamahi Five-0 was described as a "fun slalom race for open canoes. The Five-O stands for fifty, as in the 50 second penalty for missing a gate. Advanced whitewater paddling skills required; a sense of humour recommended."

The September event, held on the Tamahi Rapids of the Chilliwack River, ran from 2008 through 2016. Pat Y remembers "paddling the course in a 14' tandem playboat with Dave K. I'm sure the two of us together exceeded the boat's weight capacity before we swamped in the first wave. We didn't stand a chance against Dan B in his converted H2Pro." Annually it attracted about 40 participants and a larger number of cheerers.

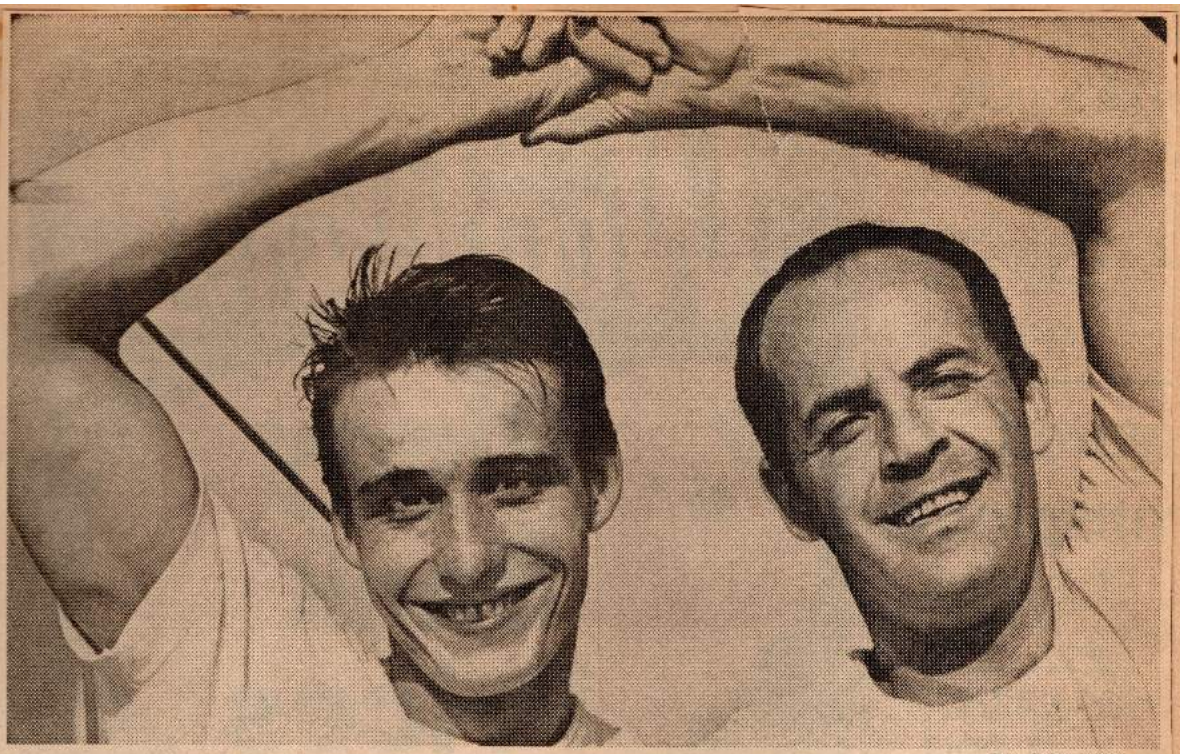
Although no longer an event, spin-offs included a web forum for whitewater canoeing and the introduction of BCC's Mamquam weekend to give paddlers practice and exposure to river running.

INPUT BY PAT YARNELL





October RETRO CORNER



—Dan Scott Photo

LEIF JORGENSON and BILL COLLINS . . . winning canoeists

100 Canoe Racers Paddle 40 Miles Down Fraser

SUN SEP. 30/68

An old paddlewheeler docked at Annacis Island was the finsih line Sunday for a 40-mile canoe race down the Fraser River.

Nearly 100 contestants in 48 canoes and representing eight clubs throughout B.C. participated in the weekend race, sponsored by the Simon Fraser University Outdoor Club.

It was billed as the biggest canoe event in B.C. since explorer Simon Fraser paddled down the Fraser in 1808.

CHEERS, WHISTLES

A crowd of 250 spectators cheered and whistled as the weary canoeists rounded a bend in the river, passed New Westminster, and glided into the finish line at the paddlewheeler Essington.

Over-all winner was the SFU Outdoor Club with a total time for three classifications of canoeists of 18 hours, 44 minutes and 38 seconds.

Second only by 10 minutes was the Victoria Canoe Club, followed by the University of B.C. Varsity Outdoor Club.

The two-day race began in Mission Saturday morning with the canoeists paddling 18 miles to Fort Langley where they rested for the night. They paddled the final 22 miles Sunday, the first canoe crossing the finish line about 4:30 p.m.

"It was a great race, except I think 40 miles is too long," said men's division co-winner Bill Collins, 36, a Port Moody insurance man and Canada's canoe coach at the Pan American Games in Winnipeg in 1967.

FASTEST TIME

His partner, Leif Jorgenson, 22 a Port Moody sausagemaker and Canadian junior kayak singles champion, was equally elated but tired.

"All I want to do is get some sleep," he said.

Collins and Jorgenson had the fastest time for any classification at five hours, 35 seconds.

The race, which began as an inter-university challenge between Simon Fraser and UBC, attracted so many entrants that race chairman Gerry Lamb, 19, an SFU language major, has proclaimed it a permanent event.

"We had a smaller race last year, but this time we even had the boy scouts and sea rangers," he said.

Winners in the women's division were sisters Virginia, 20, and Janet Wyman, 16, of 7169 Maureen Crescent, Burnaby, with a total time of 6:45.31.

"We sang all the way down the river," said Virginia, an SFU student.

Winners in the mixed division were Keith and Heather Spain of 259 West Keith, North Vancouver, with a time of 5:59.6.

Canoeists Challenged

SUN 16 SEP. 68

Simon Fraser University's Outdoor Club has challenged all-comers to a 40-mile canoe race down the Fraser River in late September.

The race will consist of four heats in two days. It will begin at 11 a.m. Saturday, Sept. 28 at the docks in Mission and finish at Annacis Island the next day.

There will be an overnight stop at Fort Langley.

An SFU press release said the University of B.C.'s Varsity Club, the Canadian Youth Hostels and the Dogwood Canoe Club have said they will compete. Organizers said they are hoping 20 canoes will enter.

There will be three classes of competition: male, female, and mixed crews.

The first heat will run from Mission to Stave River Bridge. There will be a break for lunch, then entrants will embark on the second heat which will finish at Fort Langley.

Canoes will be portaged up the main street of the town. Canoe sprints and a hootenanny are planned after dinner.

The third heat leaves Fort Langley at 11 a.m. Sunday for the Pitt River marina. The fourth heat will take the canoes to the finish line at Annacis Island.

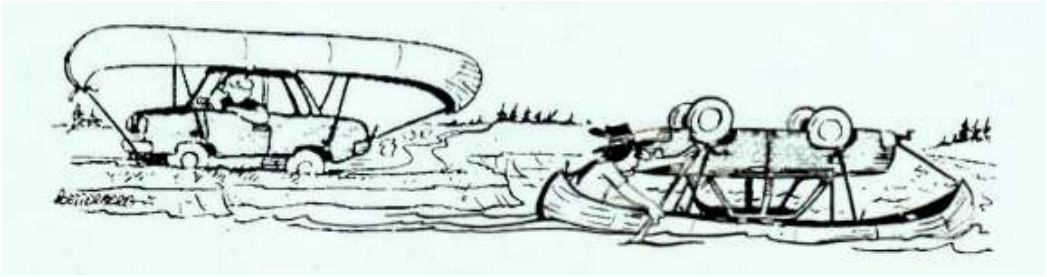
Was this where the seeds were sown that eventually led to the creation of the Beaver Canoe Club? It took a few more years, but some names emerge. The Dogwood Canoe Club was in existence, but for most of us the university outdoor clubs were paramount. Dinty Moore owned an outdoor sporting goods store in Burnaby. He sold the traditional canoes (Chestnut, wood/canvas) and the revolutionary new canoes (Grumman aluminum).

While the Grummans opened new adventures on rivers, they were eventually replaced by plastic (royalex) and by privately built fibreglass canoes designed for river paddling (extreme rocker for smaller rivers and big volume for larger rivers like the Thompson). The aluminum boats had a nasty habit of sticking to rocks.

For the canoes of the 1960s, a 40-mile race was a considerable distance. In the mid 1970s we saw the advent of the 18 ft/6-inch sleek cruisers from Sawyer, Mad River and Wenonah. They had the speed necessary for racing but also had the volume to serve as expedition boats.

Shortly thereafter, the cruisers were redesigned to be narrower, lighter in weight, and with lower freeboard, designed specifically for marathon racing. One of these circumnavigated the entire Bowron Lakes circuit in approximately 24 hours. Why you would do this is a mystery to me, but not to the paddlers.

Gerry Lamb



BOULES

A couple of years ago at River's Week Anne and Alain introduced us to the game of Boules. Boules is similar to Bocci except that the balls are smaller and made of metal which are compact and easy to transport. As the balls are not bowled, the game does not require a manicured playing area.

A number of curious spectators expressed an interest in joining in when we started playing at Granite City. Wesley volunteered that he also had a game in camp, so we attempted to run a tournament with eight teams of two partners. Due to the late start and other previously scheduled activities, the tournament was not completed and no champions declared for 2002.

With so many expressing their interest in playing this fun game, we hope to be able to organize a tournament at Granite City next River's Week. (Hint: your odds for winning the tournament will be significantly better if you can convince Anne to be your partner and can ignore Alain's protestations!)

If you want to practice in the intervening months, games can be purchased for about $50.00 from Lee Valley Tools.

Happy Bouling, Don and Donna



THE TOSS



THE UMP'S RULING

UPDATE: Pétanque, a boules game, is now only $27.50

The year was 1976. Rocky won the Oscar for best picture. Billboard's top hits included "Don't Go Breaking My Heart" and "Play That Funky Music". Jimmy Carter was elected president. What passed for fashion included platform shoes, Farah hair styles and polyester -- lots of polyester.

But a band of campfire-cooking wool-wearing wilderness rebels met on November 17, 1976 at the Burnaby Lake Nature House to form a canoe club. Dan Taylor was the organizer and became president, but they had no name, no newsletter, no meeting schedule. But with the help of 6 members of the Dogwoods, they met a second time on January 19, 1977 to make three decisions which have lasted to this day. An excerpt from the January 19th newsletter reads:

> "The tone of the meeting was quite informal, but several earth shattering and historical decisions were made... Burnaby's newest canoe club will henceforth be known as the Beaver Canoe Club. The Overwhelming choice for the name of the club's newsletter was "Beaver Tales". ...Club monthly meetings will be held on the SECOND WEDNESDAY of each month."

And so it has been to this day. But the story of the logo is not so simple. From the January 1977 issue, a Beaver mascot appeared mysteriously but regularly, with no artist credit, no official acceptance.

We do know that a year later a new logo contest was announced and the winner was published in the January 1978 issue of Beaver Tales, but containing the same unmistakable of that cartoon Beaver! Suggestions for refining the logo were submitted by Jack Wainwright and Wally Predolins. Ultimately Wally's refinement was chosen and the first Beaver Decals were ordered.

Then the unthinkable happened. Steve Wong got elected president in 1980 and in the June newsletter, the following was printed:

> "In Memoriam: With the coming of the new Wong regime, we permanently lay to rest the Beaver-Guide masthead, a symbol of the old order."

So from June, 1980, A new logo was used, based on a Haida Beaver motif, researched by Roy Isherwood and drawn by Bill McMullan.

But the circular beaver crest with canoe and paddles rose again, this time drawn by Vern Hal with better aesthetics and a more realistic looking beaver. The first Beaver T-Shirts (now a rare collectors item) were printed with the new logo and it has appeared consistently from the February 1982 issue of Beaver Tales to this day.

Dan Bennett



Original mascot, 1977-1980



Winning crest, 1978 - 1980



Haida Logo - 1980 to 1982



2026
50 YEARS

ANDERSON LAKE - THANKSGIVING 1991

With clear sunny skies and the fall colors at their peak, the stage was set for another great Beaver Thanksgiving. Five canoes started off together on the paddle up along the east side of Anderson Lake. There is an assortment of cabins along the lake, but still lots of areas are untouched. We stopped at a nice little beach for lunch, where some interesting driftwood was collected. Marie and Gerry met up to join us after lunch. With the end of the lake in view, we arrived at our destination of the famous abandoned cabin on an old orchard site. Gear was quickly unloaded and camp established. Soon the cabin was buzzing with activity, getting it cleaned up and closing in all the windows with plastic. With a fire going it became very warm and homey for evening relaxation. After breakfast on Sunday, some of us hiked up behind the cabin to the see the waterfall before heading down the lake to Seton. While most canoes were beached at Seton, Marie and Gerry and Kathleen and Micheal continued down the river to the apparent delight of B.C. Rail passengers who were watching. Marie and Gerry just couldn't pass up that chance for another portage. We rendezvoused at, where else, the Seton Pub, for an afternoon break before heading back to camp. Madeline and Nola reportedly had a nice paddle in from D'arcy and had enjoyed a swim?!! while we were pubbing. Back at camp, it was time to focus attention on the feast to follow. Natural centerpieces were made and the tables set in fine form. Dinner was superb--complete with turkey stuffing and all the trimmings, followed by pumpkin cheesecake. Monday morning, with the weather holding out we headed down the lake's west side lake to D'arcy. Gerry stayed back to finish up cabin reconstruction; all the nails just had to get used up. We were met by some "fly in" visitors delivering muffins and donuts. After a leisurely lunch and with all the cheesecake finished we were homeward bound. Thanks to Kathleen and Micheal for organizing. *Kathy Futcher*

NAHATLATCH LAKE - THANKSGIVING 2002

This reviewer and his party of 15 were seated at dusk in the fir grove. A banquet table festooned with chestnuts, autumn leaves and assorted gourds glowed softly with a myriad of candles. The starter course of soup, a delicate carrot-based delight, was served from a hollowed pumpkin tureen. Abundant wine flowed with a variety to suit every palate. The entrée of moist, tender morsels of turkey, was accented with stovetop dressing and splashed with gravy—a preparation subtly seasoned with pan-roasted, pureed vegetables. Mounds of creamy mashed potatoes and brown-sugared yams filled while squash and broccoli heads (delicately steamed over an open flame) added colour to the plate. Cranberry jelly, artfully arranged in Corelle ware, was passed. Dessert was taken by the fire pit. Pumpkin pie smothered in whipped cream, butter tarts, matrimonial squares, and miniature chocolates (recently extracted from Hallowe'en displays provided the meal's sweet closing while a never-to-be-duplicated liqueur concoction graced the après-feast coffee. Conversation and camaraderie sparkled long into this Thanksgiving night.

Brian Otter



Sat Oct 12 to Mon Oct 14

North Thompson River Thanksgiving Weekend: Gr 1 & 2

Spend Thanksgiving weekend on this family friendly canoe camping trip. We leave Little Fort near Clearwater to follow the sinuous currents through forested ranch lands, camp on gravel bars, and arrive at Hefley Creek near Kamloops. Call or email at least a week in advance.

DE ADAMS - DE ODORS - DE BOATS - DE BEAVERS

(Editors note: The following epic was read at the Wine & Cheese party to riotous applause. Due to popular request, we are reproducing it here.

Back in 1989 when we got to Adams Lake,
We'd been doing lots of travelling, we were ready for a break.
We'd been 10 days on the rivers, Spatsizi and Stikine,
And were just about as grubby as we have ever been.

We'd been cooking in the smoke, pouring on the insect juice,
Tramping through the slimy swamps, looking for elusive moose;
We were sweating in the sun, later wore our toques to sleep;
Followed bear tracks in the mud that was almost knee-deep.

Then we drove all day and night to Adams Lake from the Stikine,
And arrived in time to go with Wally, Heather and Charlene.
As we jumped into our boat, Charlene called for us to hear
"Have you seen what the canyon looks like this year?"

Well --

The Adams runs high, The Adams runs fast,
And many seasoned paddlers Find themselves outclassed.
The Adams has no mercy, The Adams loves some fun,
And you know you've done some paddling
When your river run is done.

The canyon was a freight train, it roared like thunder,
We were flying on a wave, then the bow went under.
It was pushing! It was gushing! It was foaming at the mouth!
It could spin you till you're dizzy And you don't know north from south!

We were upright for a moment, then the Adams gave a grin,
Gave the boat a little toss, a little flip, and we were in.
It got me in the armpits and it cleaned between my toes,
It ran me through the river like a load of dirty clothes.

"Hey, this river's not bad," I thought,
"This river isn't mean!
Since I left my home in Langley,
It's the first time I've been clean."

Oh the Adams runs fast and the Adams runs high,
and there never was a boat that could run through dry.
The Adams has no mercy, the Adams loves some fun
And you know you've done some paddling
When your river run is done. *Roberta Service*



WEEK & ENDS AWAY = GREAT PADDING FUN

WASHINGTON RIVERS WEEK

One Rivers Week not enough for you? In late July, the plan is to paddle the warm waters of central Washington. In the past this has included the Sauk, Methow, Twisp, Chewat, Entiat and Wenatchee. Low water? No problem-- we'll find better! Flat & Grades I - III Call Dave Kilpatrick



KETTLE RIVER FAMILY TRIP

LAKES WEEK !

Join us for the first ever lakes week. We will be camping at Kentucky Alleyne Provincial Park from **Monday, July 2 t**



JULY	1-3	NICOLA CAMPOUT	
	9	WIDGEON CREEK	
	16		S. NOOKSACK
	22-23	GULF ISLANDS	/CRESENT BEACH--WHITEROCK
	28	WRECK BEACH	(EVENING)

Mamquam Beginners Weekend	Mamquam River	June 08 - 09

Sun Sep 1 to Sun Sep 8 North Saskatchewan River Trip: Gr 1 & 2

World Rivers Day is an annual global celebration held on the fourth Sunday of every September to highlight the value of waterways and to encourage their protection. And it got its start in BC with conservationist Mark Angelo. In September 1980 he organized a major community clean-up of th the heavily polluted Thompson River. The success and momentum of this action inspired, with the Outdoor Recreation Council of BC, the formal creation of BC Rivers Day. What started as a local clean-up expanded globally 25 years later. In 2005, Angelo successfully pitched the idea to the United Nations. It is now celebrated in over 100 countries. Juerg Boschung was , at one time, the Recreation Canoeing Association representative to the ORC. Through his membership with the Dogwoods and Beavers he spent years promoting Rivers Day (an important task for the Rivers and Shoreline committee) and getting canoe clubs involved with yearly river clean ups. That perhaps was the earliest of the club's involvement with river wellness. It is our way of giving back health to the waterways that provide so much pleasure.

(SIDE BAR: the Canadian Recreational Canoe Association convinced Parliament to declare the second Sunday in June as Canada's national Rivers Day...)

Rivers Day Cleanup 2002

"I hope we don't find a dead body!" were Kathleen Pitt's comforting words to me as we cleaned bags and bags of garbage out of the camping/fishing/take-out-below-the-Tamihi-bridge area on the Chilliwack River.

It was pretty gross. How people who profess to love the outdoors can treat it so badl beyond belief. We found garbage everywhere. Rusted lawn chairs. Broken beer bottles Bait containers. A dinghy. We left the place looking good (or at least clean) again. That felt good.



RIVERS DAY - CHILLIWACK RIVER CLEANUP

Lets get out on Rivers Day to enjoy a Fall paddle and collect bottles and garbage from the shores of our favourite river. We'll decide on the section of the river to paddle once the group assembles. Garbage bags will be provided. Lets do our share and join with other groups in B.C. who will be participating on other rivers.

A CHALLENGER QUESTION for you

Lift off for the eighth quiz in the BCC50 series. Get the correct answer and you'll soar towards winning a $50 gift certificate from Lee Valley. (Misson control will provide the submission steps in the next issue.) In the meantime:

RETRO QUIZ for October (#8)

Verified Beaver Canoe Club space adventures include:

a) moon walking
b) the LCROSS Mission
c) avoiding rocks in the asteroid belt
d) participating in the Mars landing of Viking 1

(As always a helpful hint: reverse trajectory and re-read the September retro section.)

November RETRO CORNER

TICKETS ARE NOW SOLD OUT!!

THANK YOU ALL FOR THE SUPPORT YOU'VE SHOWN THE CLUB AND ITS 50TH ANNIVERSARY GALA.

On October 22 we filled the Pavilion. Over 100 will be attending. Fabulous!

If you haven't yet booked your ticket, we are creating a waiting list. Please email Karyn Lippincott lippincotter@gmail.com

If you have bought a ticket and can't come (plans change!), let Karyn know. She'll arrange for repayment through our webmaster -- and recycle your name badge to someone on the waiting list.



is the word for 2026. The BCC50 committee has reached back into club roots to add nostalgic tweaks to paddles: the gourmet lunch, a poker run, Tall Ships paddle-by, the return of "No-nachos Ultimate Happy Hour" at Rivers Week and recommended a clean-up for Rivers Day and a paddling switch-it-'round trip on Widgeon Creek. There's been 70s snacks at our meetings featuring the ubiquitous Twinkies. Timbits appeared often-- BTW the 50th anniversary of this amazing food launch will be celebrated on the Gala's draw table with a Timmy's gift certificate.

Additionally, every month Beaver Tales has featured stories, poems and cartoons from past decades and that gave rise to the

RETRO QUIZ

You've seen the questions in the Retro Corner of Beaver Tales: March, April, May, June, July (2 quizzes), September, October. Answers are in the previous issue. (BTW all back issues are stored on the website: For Members>Beaver Tales archives.) Aside from the joy of getting to know more about the history of our club there is a tangible reward--a $50 gift certificate from Lee Valley Tools!

WINNING IS SIMPLE.

Identify the quiz number and your multiple-choice letter answer in an email to Karyn lippincotter@gmail.com -- by Sunday, 8 November. (If you want a quick Q&A review, click on the BCC web tab: 50th Anniversary Info>Retro Corner. It's all right there--for your solving pleasure.) **Eight correct answers** and your name is entered in the draw to be announced at the Gala. (You do not have to be present to win.) **Good luck!**

I Am Hooked!

2011

So I have taken the Beaver Canoe Club course in basic paddling and I now know how to canoe competently. The continuous practice of pries and draws and 'J's seemed a bit unnecessary and paddling backwards was a waste of time (I only plan to move forward) but the 'canoe-over-canoe' trick was interesting and rolling back into my boat would be simple– if I ever fall out of my canoe accidentally.

I went to the Introduction to Moving Water clinic which included an evening of theory and movies of people paddling in giant rapids through huge waves and scary rock obstacles. Interesting but not in my lifetime.

The day we spent on the Seymour River was hard work because the drill was ferry, ferry ferry--first pointed upstream and then pointed down (which involved paddling backwards—perhaps that reverse 'J' and sweep were more important than I figured).

Swimming in the shallow river seemed a bit lame – I walked out to where I could float and the rope that I caught was hardly necessary in the knee deep water.



Were there actually going to be situations when these skills would be needed?

Then I kicked it up a notch and participated in the club's 'River Running 101' – the prequel to Rivers Week – with two days on the Mamquam and a weekend on the Similkameen.

My muscles tense and my heart beats louder as the roar of the rapid increases.
I see splashes of whitewater against the backdrop of trees and boulders
Dark rocks confront me in the river.
I repeat the mantra started after scouting the rapid: right-of-rock-down-tongue-eddy (panic!) eddy where?
Do I even remember my name? Trust my partner?
This is madness! Only a thin piece of plastic between me and the roiling rush of the river! My paddle's 'T' is held in a death grip.

I approach in slo-mo. Suddenly the river thrusts me forward, down the tongue, by the rock, into the wave train, roller-coaster. Muscles straining, heart pounding I burst through the surf to the hollers of onlookers and pass magically into the quiet waters of the eddy.

I am hooked.

Anon-paddler-who-is-now-thankful-for-all-that-training-and-advice



The "Shoe Tree" on the Tulameen River run into our Granite Campsite always brought smiles. It was a dead poplar tree, decorated with over 50 pairs of shoes. Apparently this spot was a huge party area during Tulameen Daze – you can imagine the state of mind of those who donated their shoes. The landmark is now gone--a windstorm in 2008.

UPDATE: The concept still lives. A newer version can be found along a rural route between Princeton and Coalmont.





Saturday Night at the Movies



House Rocks before the tunnel pull-out










HOW PRIZES WILL BE DRAWN AT THE GALA

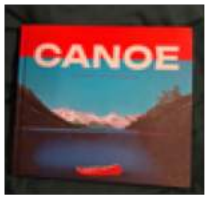
There will be five chances to win--not just one! We've had wonderful responses from our corporate donors for excursions, discounts up to $450, gift certificates, and more to come in.

As usual, when you check in at the Welcome Desk a ticket will be dropped in a box for the draw table gifts. Then you'll be given additional tickets. Here's the twist: look over the special GOLDEN GALA prizes. To increase your odds of winning put all your tickets into one designated box (actually looks like a tall, sturdy wine bag) or drop one ticket into each of several bags. Or two in one; three in another. Up to you!







THE FIRST OFFICIAL GUNWALE GRUB THROWDOWN!!

In 2017 the call went out for entrée and snack entries: 40-2T servings or 5c total. Recipes to be shared. Prizes for the BEST in each category (to be professionally judged). Food samples were distributed in little Dixie cups; members were asked to bring a small tray and spoon for sampling along with a "bottle of water to cleanse the palate between tastings."



Judges:
(l-r)
Margaret
Cody
Christine



And the winners: Chicken Cranberry Couscous, Jenny Wakeling; Chewy Granola Bars by Jenny; Daniela's Delights, Madeline Waring. Recipes can be found on-line:
https://beavercanoeclub.org/wp-content/uploads/Recipes-from-Gunwale-Grub-Throwdown-Apr-2017.pdf

IT'S ABOUT MORE THAN JUST FUN ON THE WATER

Memories of one cause taken up by the Beaver Canoe Club.

In the late 90s there was a Provincial Government initiative to charge for and privatize the publicly created Forestry sites. The Ministry asked people to identify important locations for recreational use. BCC replied "N'Kwala," our favourite Nicola River campsite (and added, "How about an outhouse as the club has been digging latrine holes for years!")

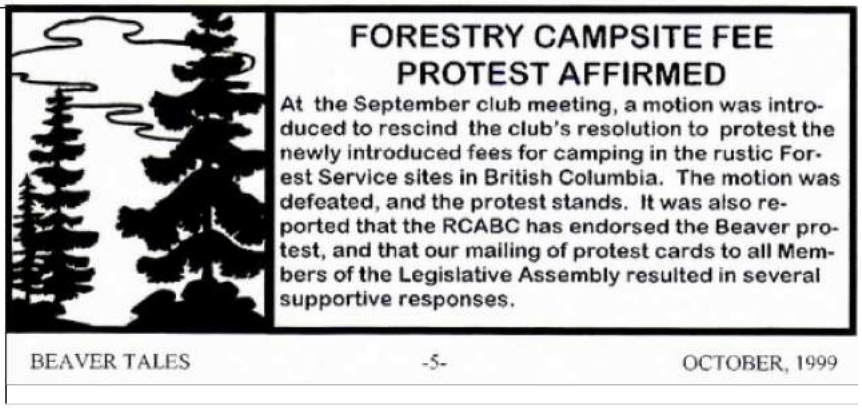
Next thing the upper level got picnic tables and a gravel road turnout, but river access was completely fenced off! A break was created to get down to the water's edge...(no names).

The following year fire pits appeared but without space around them for campers. Then came the announcement that the government was going to trial a "Daily Fee" option for users. (All forestry sites in the Kettle Valley until that point had been free.)

Enough! Collections were spotty to nil; BCC wrote letters. No attempt at charging for spots followed. It was, for decades, our home away from home.

"WHEREAS the Province of British Columbia proposes the introduction of user fees at B.C. Forest Service rustic campsites;
AND WHEREAS the primary benefit of the said B.C. Forest Service campsites is to lessen environmental damage by concentrating human impact in a controlled way at suitable locations;
AND WHEREAS the cost of collecting and administering such fees may well negate the practicality of their collection, and be a bureaucratic nuisance for tourists and others,
THEREFORE be it resolved that the Beaver Canoe Club be opposed to the introduction of user fees at [campsites] and that the executive take such action as it deems appropriate to make this viewpoint known"

RECORD OF MOTION PASSED AT THE MAY MEETING



FORESTRY CAMPSITE FEE PROTEST AFFIRMED

At the September club meeting, a motion was introduced to rescind the club's resolution to protest the newly introduced fees for camping in the rustic Forest Service sites in British Columbia. The motion was defeated, and the protest stands. It was also reported that the RCABC has endorsed the Beaver protest, and that our mailing of protest cards to all Members of the Legislative Assembly resulted in several supportive responses.

BEAVER TALES -5- OCTOBER, 1999



(Update: the floods of 2021: the Coldwater burst its banks; Merritt was flooded, bridges were lost, the course of the Nicola was transformed. Carey Robson visited: our campsite is completely gone; steep access to the river is by the outhouse after which the river turns west. That flood and the years of devastating fires have decimated the landscape.)

WIDGEON CREEK, SEASON FINALE 2007!

What's to say? Any superlative would do, after all, for this was the last scheduled paddle of 2007, and unlike last year, the weather gods granted a wonderfully bright and warm autumn day. Eight canoes atop vehicles converged where the Pitt narrows across from the Widgeon's lazy outflow, their expectant paddlers confident of clear skies and easy crossings.



Leader Dave Westell -- after the preliminary introductions, and after trip briefings and cautions -- hinted at mysterious rumours of cursed gold mines, missing fortune seekers, murderous plots, and haunted justice at the end of a hangman's noose – all wrapped-up in the tale of Slumach, the aborginal who still seeks vengeance a century after the rope became taut and the swaying ceased.

On this day though James & Cathy and their crew Alexandra & David headed the flotilla across the Pitt in the company of Yvonne and her partner, while Carey, Janice and Samson followed close behind as Samson's brothers Skylar and Shadoe paddled (and skedaddled) on their own. Meanwhile their sister Sierra kept things moving from the bow with Gord. Similarly, Dave had help from Cody in his bow while Rose on orders regally rested amidships. Guests Jo and Kelty moseyed along in their borrowed Middleton boat, and of course, Jim and Susan had the added paddle power of their lovely Lia, if I may modestly say so.

Within an hour we were beached at the top of the creek, where a contingent of youth was being corralled, as was our group, for the forty–minute hike up to the falls. The more intrepid among us chose to take the trail rather than the lumber road, a choice replete with little nugget views of forest fungi, moss-festooned cedar snags, and jade pools, into which, one of the Youth Leaders claimed, his students would plunge during the hotter months.
Lunch at the falls bathed in a still-warm afternoon sunshine afforded the kids opportunity to clamber among the large polished boulders, and to throw rocks into the pools.

After a casual downhill return to the hauled-up canoes, David regaled us with more intriguing details of the curse of Slumach. Apparently, accounts both documented and not, attest to those who sought to uncover the secret of Slumach's hidden fortune also running the high-stake risk of never being seen again! When assured none had been lured to seek their fortune beyond the falls, David led our party downstream and across the Pitt, to load our boats amid a glowering fading sun and a deepening chill....

Jim Slade October 14, 2007



Some years the weather was less than spectacular (but enjoyed nonetheless): first paddle of the year, March 2008

It was a wonderful day, we saw it all, blue sky, rain, snow, sleet and hail (and even a few seconds of sun). The glimpse of trumpeter swans and fantastic scenery capped the day off...

AND TO THINK THAT I SAW IT ON BUNTZEN LAKE



"Nothing," I said, doing a complete doubletake.
"I saw nothing at all during our barbeque on the lake."
Except…

A black bear
That took three rangers to scare
With shouts, whistles, and two bangers aflare.



A canoer
With friends created a furor
As they paddle the lake in huge voyageur.

A water baptism
Which dunked every limb
As the congregation on shore sang holy hymns.

A butterfly
Of silver and blue fluttered by
Attached to the hand of a BCC young fry.



A canoe upside-down
As Brian with Peter's help found
It's not quite so easy to flip back around.

And rain
Mixed with sun – it was not such a pain
As we all paddled out then came back again.



Dave's tarp
Soared aloft on the tallest poles in the park
And kept us all dry as Rose broiled dogs (without bark)
And squirrels nibbled the Lay's Chips on a lark.

You must agree
"There was nothing much to see
on Buntzen Lake at the Beaver's party."

(With apologies to Dr. Seuss)

2005