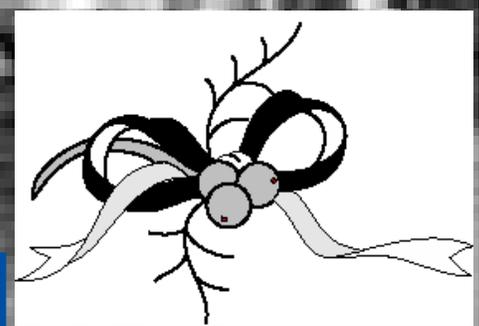
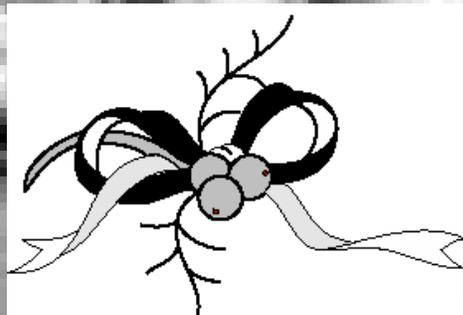
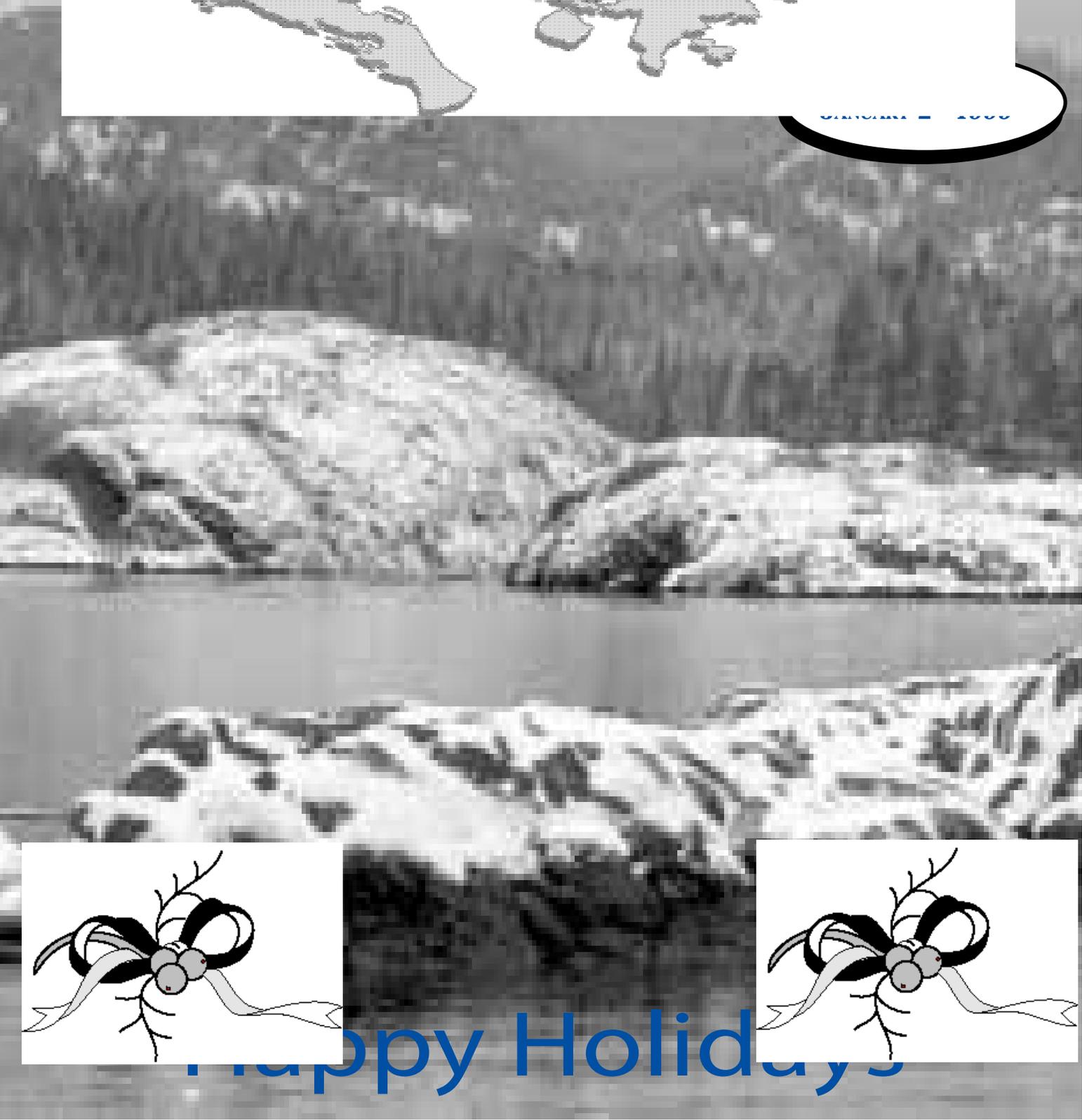


Discovery Islander

Community News and Events from the Discovery Islands

VOLUME 1 2000



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The Resort at Cape Mudge

Murder Mystery Weekend

February 5, 6 & 7

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Prime Rib Night

Wednesdays

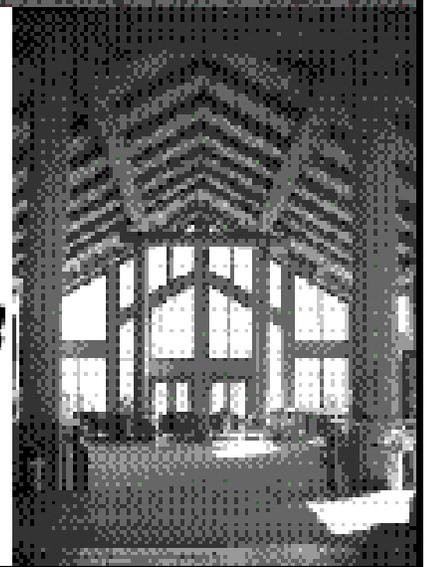
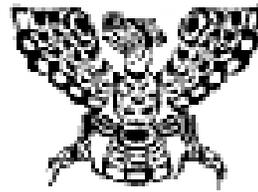
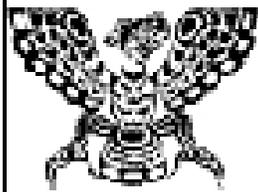
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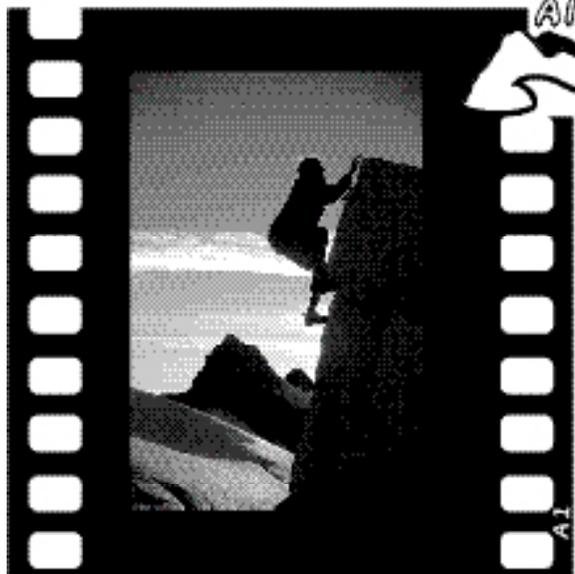
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Discovery Islander

Community News and Events from the Discovery Islands

#178 January 2nd 1999

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On the cover:

Winter snow came and went.

Mt Seymour & Hyacinthe Bay

Photo: Philip Stone



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Island Calendar

- Every Sunday**
-Winter Market
1:00-3:00 p.m. Community Centre
- January 3, Sun.**
-Sunday School
10:00 am United Church
- January 9, Sat.**
-Quadra Elementary Bottle Drive
- January 16, Sat.**
-Whirlwind Country Dance
8:00 pm Community Centre
- Jan. 17, Sun.**
-Beyond Theism
7:30pm United Church
- Jan. 18, Mon.**
-Cemetery Trustees election
7:30 pm Community Centre
- Jan. 23, Sat.**
-The Quarrymen
7:30pm Tidemark Theatre
-Quadra Writers' Group Conference
see brochure for details Community Centre
- Feb. 21, Sun.**
-Defining Boundaries United Church

Deadline For Next Issue

5 pm, Mon. January 11th

Only Items Received Before The Deadline
can be guaranteed space in the upcoming issue.

Drop off at the Heriot Bay Store or Quadra Foods or fax to 285-2236
Lengthy items preferred on disk, Saved As "Word for Mac", RTF, or by
email.

Our new eMail address is hyacinth@island.net

Please remember to correctly caption & credit all photos and artwork
Disks will be returned.

Come Sing With Quadra Singers

We had a great time at the Christmas concert. Thanks to all that helped make it a success. **Quadra Singers** love singing under the tutelage of conductor **John Montgomery**, and pianist **Mary-Ellen Wilkins**, at the **Quadra Island Community Centre, Wednesday nights at 7:00 PM.**

Our spring session will begin on January 13. Fees are \$70 per session, plus \$2 per year membership. Family members pay \$60 and Student & Seniors pay \$55 per person.

The chorus will be performing a major choral work, and a variety of other musical bits at the spring concert on April 15. **Quadra Singers** is a **community chorus**, anyone is welcome to join. Please try us! The first 3 practices are open for you to decide if you like it. After January 27, we need a commitment for the concert performance.

We are in need of a filing cabinet (or 2) to house our growing music library. Please call Nanci at 285-3105 if you can help.

Notice of Public Meeting

An open meeting will be held at the Community Centre on **January 18th, at 7:30 pm**, for the sole purpose of electing five persons for appointment as Cemetery Trustee.

Jim Abram will chair the meeting.

Notices, setting out details of the election, the terms of reference of Trustee-elect, and other appropriate details will be posted in public places on Quadra Island, by not later than January 11th.

United Church

Quadra Island United Church's weekly Sunday School with Mignon resumes on Jan. 3 at 10:00am.

The next evening services will be at 7:30 pm on Sun. Jan. 17 with Norm Thomas and his talk - Beyond Theism - and on Sun. Feb. 21 with Dirk Van der Minne and his talk - Defining Boundaries. Everyone is welcome.

Aerobics has Started Again

Mon. & Wed, 5:30-6:30. 8 sessions \$40, drop in \$6.
Christmas break Dec. 23-Jan 4.

School Bottle Drive

Saturday, January 9, 1999. Fund raiser for Mr. Mar's Grade 3/4 class trip to Victoria.



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Winter Hours Thurs-Sun 12-5
Island Market Heriot Bay

News & Events

N.I.T.R.S. Update

Country Christmas was a lot of fun for the public and the volunteers who made it once again a great success! We sold approximately 100 trees and people were buying them up to Christmas Eve. Town was bitter cold on the 19th but we managed to sell an amazing amount of trees. Santa, Chico and the elf were frozen statues at the end of the day.

N.I.T.R.S. would like to thank the following for their kind donation and generosity volunteering on the "Country Christmas days".

Mike & Sharron Craddock, Santa Claus, Mary-Ellen Wilkins, Lindsay & Mike Gibbs, Quadra Foods, Joan Blackmer, Beverly & Kayla Loewen, Janice, Shirley Salter, Chadwick Family, Jenn Evans, Nick Zapp, Diane Cluten, Tim Andel, Bernice Rooney, Ann McLean, Heriot Bay Store, Q.I. Builders, Karen Dunn, Hennessy Equipment, Carmen Hall, Dan & Carol Kelly, Bob Sivertson, Karen Holmes, Rosy Lukinuk, Phyllis Edgar, Shirley Goslin, Kala & Deanna Fitton, Rachel Shaw, JoAnne Bartak, Natasha Harmes, Shirley Muress, Chico, Siggy, Tation, Ace & Pzazz, Rob Clandenning, Bob Beck, Sea R Power Centre, Lynn & Jim Graham, Marj Haddon, Jo-Ann & George Crawshaw, Norma Halliday, Laurie Beldham, Chris Eidsvick, Tegan Nelson, Nicole & Frances Swerhun, Sonya Bingham, Dorothy Beaven, Jenni & Anna Guthrie, Kenna Agnew, Karla Thomson.

If you would like to donate or volunteer for the North Island Therapeutic Riding Society please call Vicki at 285-2240

Special Thanks

The North Island Therapeutic Riding Society would like to especially thank our Heriot Bay Store for all the donations and support they have given us from our first fundraiser and on. We appreciate your community support.

Quadra Writers' Group Conference

You work by yourself, usually in your own home, with no regular salary, no benefits, no paid vacations or pensions, no regular praise or recognition for your efforts. You might not receive payment for your product, though it could have taken years to finish. If this describes YOU then you must be a writer and you need to come to the **Quadra Writers' Group conference, January 23, 1999**. That day, at the Community centre, we will present editors, publishers and writers who will give you advice on just HOW to get your work published in today's difficult market. There will be lots of time to interact with our guests and a great lunch will be served. All this for **\$35**. See the **brochures** for more information. They are available at the Quadra Island Library, Explore, and Hummingbird Office Supply. Or call Diane at 285-3859.

Your Friends and Neighbours

Get back in the Flick mode on January 8th with a bitter black comedy about sexual manners; **Your Friends and Neighbours**. Director Neil Labute's first film *In the Company of Men* was the most controversial film at the 1997 Sundance Film Festival. Labute polarized viewers with his vicious examination of sexual power games and the male ego. It's equal time for men and women in this, his latest film effort. Labute examines some of the more disturbing aspects of the modern mating dance as performed by two couples and two singles, all dissatisfied members of the upper middle class.

The film opens with a string quartet version of Metallica's "Enter Sandman" and that is only the beginning. **Your Friends and Neighbours** goes on to offer "some laughs, some shocks, some hard truths and some jaw dropping surprises" (Hetfield). Barry and Mary seem happily married, though Mary shows signs of dangerous disaffection. Terry and Jerry are the kind of couple who know each other's soft spots and don't hesitate to dig in. Jason is a fledgling sociopath to whom conquest and humiliation are the same. Downtown girl Cheri encounters them all at the gallery where she works. This is a scathing look at the sexes complete with "vicious repartee, venal self-deception and tortured self-justification" (Tierney). The characters are not terribly endearing, but between them they cover a good portion of all the awful thoughts you've ever had about your significant other. His choice to leave the character's identities a little hazy around the edges makes it all too easy to fill in the blanks from personal experience.

The work of artist Alex Katch features prominently in the film. Chosen for its use of "alienated imagery in advertising", the figures in his paintings spoke in images which the director was presenting in words and dramatic action (McKenna). "I recognized that the figures in his paintings could be the friends and neighbours of our actors." Katch's images of frozen tension provide a fine art illustration of the social dysfunction Labute analyses. Katch is gratified that "a painting from 34 years ago is evocative of people today."

Labute focuses his attention on people who slavishly attend to their own needs and he seems to divide the world into monsters and lambs. While he tells this story from "the misanthropic point of view that most of us are selfish and cruel, watch the extras in the film. Loving, healthy people really do exist", however Labute isn't telling *their* story in **Your Friends and Neighbours**. If you bring a date, be prepared to have a pointed discussion after the movie.

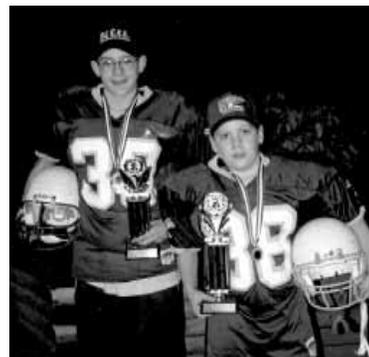
The doors open at 7:30, showtime is 7:45. Admission is \$4.50, \$3.50 for students and seniors.

Your Friends and Neighbours is rated **RESTRICTED** for dialogue, sexuality and language.

Clarification

In the article about the Campbell River Fighting Eagles nine-man junior bantam (ages 11-14) tackle football team last issue, I wrote that the Fighting Eagles brought home the first provincial title in local football history this past November, a fact gleaned from what seemed to be a reliable source. Thanks to a phone call from Bill Assu, I have since learned that a Campbell River 12-man tackle football team (ages 15-18) won the provincial championships in 1960. Bill was a player on that team and the head coach was Bud Hampson. Bill has some relatives on the latest championship team and was very pleased to see them carry on the tradition.

TS



Sean Clemens (L) and Tristan Saxby, Campbell River Fighting Eagles football stars.
Photo: Tanya Storr

Auntie Lily's Story concludes...

I can't remember now which day of the week Lily usually gathered up David and her purse and went to town for supplies. I think it might have been Tuesday. I do remember that I learned to love the smell of her kitchen on those days and the taste of the leathery, smoked and canned pieces of salmon she often fed me, though I never developed a liking for eulachon grease, that elixir of the coastal peoples. Lily assured me that the curative and preventive powers of that smelly grease were well known, and I believed her.

One afternoon on the ferry, Lily showed me a handful of stainless steel screws which the doctor had just removed from the healing bones of her ankle. I guess the grease doesn't always help in the case of a badly broken ankle. Perhaps this was the same afternoon that Lily chose to tell me about her first day at school in Alert Bay.

The doctor told her that with exercise her ankle should return to normal - healthy as it had been before the break. In time, I noticed that Lily again walked comfortably. Then, occasionally, she and David would walk from Cape to the ferry and, after shopping in town, they would sometimes make their way back home on foot — if nobody came along to give them a ride. Lily's ankle had obviously healed quite well. But her soul struggled to heal after the wound it had suffered during her first day at St. Michael's Residential School. Lily told me that she had spoken to her roommate — a young girl of her own age — and asked if she had put her shoes in the right place in the small room. She had been unpacking and organizing her things. Both girls in the room were at ease speaking "Indian," as Lily always referred to her language when she spoke to me. The other girl had been at the school for awhile already, and Lily assumed that the more experienced girl would know the protocol of the place. Lily had put her shoes at the foot of her bed and then wondered if she should have put them beside the entry door. She was trying to do the right thing. A passing teacher heard Lily's brief question to her roommate, heard her speak her Kwagiulth language. The teacher believed it was her duty to beat such behaviour out of her young charges. In those days, many European settlers held the mistaken belief that such abusive treatment of children was good child-rearing practice. The sturdy but gentle Kwagiulth people were probably not yet accustomed to such uncivilized behaviour; certainly, Lily, still a very shy young girl, was not.

Lily's father returned some time later to check up on her, to see how she was doing. He saw the black and blue bruises on her young body, said nothing to anyone there, but he took her away in his boat with him to Kingcome and her family on the river. Lily had been rescued by her father, but neither her family's love, nor all the eulachon grease in their cupboards could eradicate the scars caused by that beating.

In due course, the headmaster of the school arrived by boat

at the mouth of the Kingcome River. He went to visit Lily's father. Perhaps because Lily's father could speak fluent English, a gentleman's pact was made. Fred Latimer took Lily back to St. Michael's and, as the benevolent headmaster had promised, Lily was never touched again at the school. I don't know how long she spent there, but she did become quite skillful in reading and writing in English. I know that her English literacy skills were a frequent asset in her Cape Mudge household and community.

Lily, a lifelong, fluent speaker of Kwakwaka'wakw, her Kwagiulth mothertongue, sadly watched the children of Cape Mudge grow into adults who were fluent in English and not in "Indian." When asked to help teach her language in a new Kwakwaka'wakw-language teaching program at the Quadra Elementary School some years ago, she was torn, and could not do it. She was unable to force herself to go into the school. The old wound still smarted too much. Her sensitive, young spirit had sustained a wound which would not heal, though her ankle did, and Lily walked. Lily was ever-mobile. She knew how to put her shoes to work. She also, I discovered, knew how to put a paddle to work, but that's for another part of this story's web I'm weaving here.

Lily arrived as a beautiful, young woman in Cape Mudge village. Perhaps she had met David before. I'm not sure. But I know that David was really a stranger to her on the day of their wedding. Although she was, by then, an educated beauty, she was young and still timid. The Kwagiulth language spoken by the people of Cape Mudge was not exactly the same as the "Indian" Lily spoke and heard in her village at Kingcome. She could not understand some of the words when people spoke quickly, and she soon felt uncomfortable because she thought some of the people were laughing and telling stories about her. She was a long way from home, and she had not always had good experiences with strangers while away from home.

The wedding ceremony, no doubt held at the church at Cape Mudge, was over soon and the feasting began. There must have been salmon and lots of tasty food. My mouth waters to think of it.

Change is not always easy to accept. Neither Lily nor David ever liked some of the renovations done in the mid-seventies to the church at Cape Mudge. I know that, in Lily's mind, some of the renovations were unfortunate. She said that David missed the "Jesus pictures" terribly. She said that they were never able to find out what happened to these pictures which no longer hung in the church. She didn't fully approve of the two beautiful carved salmon filling a whole wall in circular, wooden splendour, facing the congregation. While sitting in church, Lily had become accustomed to seeing a dying Jesus on the cross. I couldn't quite appreciate her difficulty then, but now I realize that Lily probably found much solace in Jesus during her difficult stay at the Anglican school in Alert Bay. Also, time has helped

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me to realize that change which cuts deep to the soul is not easy for anyone to accept, and Lily's whole world had changed much in her seventy-seven years of life on the coast.

Lily slept with her mother for several nights after her wedding. She didn't know David yet and felt very insecure in the village at Cape Mudge. I saw their framed wedding picture on display in their house, where it may be still; they were a very attractive couple on their wedding day. Soon Lily's Kingcome family members would leave her in Cape Mudge with her new husband. There the young couple raised a family. Lily worked hard. She cooked, tended fires, shopped, payed bills, cleaned, smoked salmon, canned, gardened, picked wild berries and preserved them, and then knitted things for family and friends, and made button blankets for ceremonial occasions. She had become a loving wife, mother and grandmother, and a respected auntie to many.

On a magnificent, sunny, Cape Mudge summer day, more than ten years before his death, my father saw Lily dance at Cape Mudge Hall. She danced proudly that day, one of many in a circle of women. They danced the paddle dance, each woman holding a small carved replica of a canoe paddle. My father had not yet met Lily as he leaned toward my ear and said quietly, and with considerable enthusiasm, "That older woman up there knows what she's doing. You can tell she knows how to paddle a canoe." I nodded and said, "That's Lily," as we sat and watched and listened to the drum beat. "Can you see the energy she puts into that paddle?" my father asked. I could. My father's seafaring ancestors were with us in that moment. He saw the strength of Lily's connection to the water, and he helped me to see it. After the dancing and the feasting — the traditional salmon cooked around a fire above the beach, potato salad, green salad and bread rolls — my mother and father and I enjoyed a visit with Lily and David on their porch overlooking Discovery Passage and the spot where David's memorial totem now stands in his old sitting place. Lily stayed with David until he died. Her prayer was answered. Then she, as my mother suffers now, had to suffer the great pangs of her loss, the loss of her lifetime mate. Lily could now prepare to leave this world, but she had things to do before she went. She faced the dread of her cancer with courage because she still had places to go, people to hug, and tears to shed.

During her life on this earth, Lily Dick experienced great joy and great pain. She loved well. She died far from her birthplace where a gentle seafaring people, her Kwagiulth ancestors, once proudly lived their lives with their bodies and spirits sustained by the flow of the Kingcome River running its icy course into the long, salty inlet. The river flows there still. I hope one day to see it, for I know that Kingcome was

David Lang

Now that it's 99' and everyone has quit and started smoking again, it's time to get down to the nitty gritty - Classic Canadian Breads. The ultimate comfort food. They don't snap, crackle or pop like those annoying little rice things and they don't break your teeth when you dip them in your; coffee, mocha, espresso, latte, inka or whatever is your morning drink. Here are a few of my mom's favourite recipes guaranteed to put some 'umpph' in your day.

Cranberry Bread

2 cups organic wholewheat flour
1 tsp baking powder
1 tsp sea salt
1/2 cup maple syrup or honey
2 tbs orange zest
1/4 cup chopped walnuts
1 egg beaten
1/4 cup milk or substitute
1/2 cup orange juice
1/4 cup melted butter or canola oil
1 cup 1/2 cranberries, uncooked

1. combine dry ingredients
2. combine wet ingredients (except cranberries).
3. combine, thoroughly, wet & dry ingredients.
4. fold in cranberries
5. pour into greased 7x3" pans and bake at 350°F for 45-60 min.

Applesauce Loaf

1/2 cup butter or canola oil
1/2 cup maple syrup or honey
2 eggs beaten
1 3/4 cups unbleached organic flour
1 tsp sea salt
1/2 tsp baking soda
1/2 tsp cinnamon, nutmeg, cardamon (each)
1/2 cup roasted chopped almonds
1 cup applesauce

1. cream together butter & maple syrup
2. add the remaining ingredients and thoroughly combine.
3. pour into greased 7x3" pans and bake

at 350° F for 45-60 min.

Pumpkin Loaf

1 cup maplesyrup or honey
4 eggs, beaten
1 cup butter or canola oil
19 oz roasted pumpkin, mashed
3 cups unbleached organic flour
2 tsp baking powder
2 tsp baking soda
3 tsp aniseed or ground star anise
pinch salt
1 cup raisins, soaked

1. cream together maple syrup, eggs & butter.
2. add pumpkin & mix well
3. add remaining ingredients & combine
4. pour into greased 7x3" pans and bake at 350°F for 45-60 min.

Zuchinni Bread (with dark chocolate)

3 eggs beaten
1 cup butter or canola oil
1 cup honey
1 tsp vanilla
3 cups unbleached organic flour
pinch salt
1 tsp baking soda
1/2 tsp baking powder
1/2 cup chopped dark chocolate
1/2 cup roasted hazelnuts
2 cups grated zuchinni

1. cream eggs, butter, honey & vanilla in a large bowl.
 2. add grated zuchinni
 3. add to dry ingredients
 4. fold in chocolate & hazelnuts
 5. pour into greased 7x3" pans and bake at 350°F for 45-60 min.
- *this one goes great with espresso.

All of these breads freeze well and are best served slightly warm.

Good luck in the New Year and if you feel like sharing your lottery winnings please write:

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c/o David Lang
Box 531 Heriot Bay
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Island Forum

Mac and Mairi- Legacy of Love

Mac passed away last month and Mairi, his wife of thirty-seven years, cannot comprehend the fact that he is gone. It's not that she is in denial. It's not that she has been traumatized in some way through his death. Mairi is suffering from Alzheimer's. She watched her son-in-law perform CPR on him after he was discovered unconscious on the bathroom floor, but due to her inability to understand the seriousness of the situation, showed no emotional response to what was taking place before her. Several weeks after Mac's death, Mairi only knows that she has a void in her life which he alone could fill, and she is lonely for his company. Immediately after asking for him and being told once more that he is gone, she can't remember why he will not return to her, and her heart aches.

The last time I saw them together, they were strolling leisurely on Rebecca Spit. Mairi walked a few paces behind Mac, smiling and content, hands tucked into her jacket pockets in an attempt to keep them warm in the brisk autumn air. Neither of them spoke a word, but it wasn't an awkward or angry silence. The majority of their married life they had communicated their dreams, desires, and passions verbally. Only in the last few years had meaningful verbal communication ceased as Mairi's mind slipped further from the reality in which Mac was still a resident. And yet Mac continued to love Mairi. When their walk was finished, he opened the door of the truck for her and gently helped her climb in - an outward courtesy typical of the inward respect he held for her.

Thirty-seven years earlier, when Mac and Mairi pledged their unconditional love for one another and vowed to remain together until death parted them, neither of them could foresee what the future held for them. Neither of them would have chosen to share their retirement with home health-care workers on a frequent basis (as much as their assistance was greatly needed and appreciated); they would much rather have had the time alone together, sharing hobbies and revelling in the companionship of the one who meant the most to them. Mac would not have chosen an extended fishing trip alone each summer, but as the stress of caring for Mairi became too demanding, he found that he desperately needed the respite in order to better care for her ever-increasing needs. As newlyweds, they may have dreamed of someday travelling together in their camper, and recently Mac certainly would have preferred to have Mairi accompany him had she been able. Mairi, as a bride, had no way of

knowing that someday her "knight in shining armour" would have to help her bathe and brush her teeth, caring for her as for a little girl. She had no way of knowing that she would be unable to share meaningful input in a discussion about any decision before them. They made a commitment before God and friends and family that only death would part them, and they kept that commitment.

At Mac's memorial service, Mairi stood before the microphone and with a weak and faltering voice, managed to read the prose of Robert Burns, expressing the depth of one's unfaltering commitment for his true love. Unaware that she and her faithful husband

were now separated by death, unaware that she was paying a touching, beautiful honour to him with her words, she read about the love which would last until the seas ran dry and the rocks melted with the sun. She bid him farewell and promised that they would meet again, without knowing that he was already gone.

The service was more than a memorial to Mac. It was a celebration of faithfulness, undying love and commitment to one another, no matter what. A legacy of love, left for us to consider.

Grace Fox

Dear Islanders,

Numerous customers and friends have asked me to write in response to the letter "garbage collection on Quadra Island", by John Cooper, member of the Regional District, printed in the Discovery Islander, Issue #177 of December 18, of this year.

Those, my old customers, know, the first garbage run on Quadra was made March 1, 1964, much earlier than Mr. Coopers letter stated. Prior to 1964, I spent two years and \$1500.00 acquiring a dump site, paying the taxes and the lease for 10 years.

In the mid seventies the Regional Board wanted to know what COMPENSATIONS I required to cede this dump site acreage lease to them, requiring the future transporting of the garbage off island to Campbell River. The agreement we bargained was, no monetary gain for me, just to compensate the additional costs for hauling off island; 'ferry fares, dumping fees and the extra transport,' for my lease.

The Regional Board and the A.P.C. of Quadra, put the charges onto your land taxes and reimbursed me from the moneys collected in land taxes, monthly, for 'ferry fares, dumping fees and transportation', for the past 24 years.

However, when they introduced the Solid Waste Management Act with the weigh scales, every pound of garbage must now be paid for. Paid to the Municipality of Campbell River. These charges eat up the moneys the Regional Board had agreed to pay me. (Therefore I have to cover the ferry costs and the additional mileage).

Now as of December 31, 1998, the Regional Board is going to cease payment of this compensation for the extra costs, 'dumping fees, transportation, ferry fares',

agreed upon more than 24 years ago when I signed over my lease. This charge for my COMPENSATION will be removed from all tax notices and reflected in the garbage pick up rates.

As you are aware, the garbage pick up rate was increased to cover the loss of this agreed upon compensation, taxed and paid, for the last 24 years.

These new rates now in effect, do nearly cover the dumping costs, another small increase would only be required if there were a rate change for ferry fares or tipping fees.

It was suggested you shop around to chose your collector, even in the yellow pages, Canadian Waste charges \$52.00 quarterly for out of district service, this does not include ferry charges, or drivers wait time at the ferry.

The Regional District has now arbitrarily changed this 24 year old agreement, by cancelling this COMPENSATION or remuneration, which was not a subsidy or gift or public money, incorrectly indicated in their letter to local tax payers, nor will the leased dump site be returned.

I feel betrayed, having done the best I was able. Provided a local dump site, cared about my customers to whom service came first, and when the Regional District asked me to put myself out further, I did that too, adding 3 or more hours to every off island trip which is now 3 or 4 times a week.

My rates are competitive, and whether you as a public recycle or not is neither Mr. Cooper's nor my business.

Bob Binnarsley
Q.C. Disposals

Living In Interesting Times

The ancient Chinese had a curse: "May you live in interesting times." Well, our times are certainly interesting. Unprecedented population growth, technological innovation, knowledge explosion, social restructuring, resource consumption, environmental alteration—all are changing at rates unparalleled in human history. Whether or not this is a curse remains to be seen.

But living with such dramatic change can be dangerous, particularly when we accept it as normal. We accept—we even expect—a new model of car every year, a monthly breakthrough in computer technology, a weekly innovation in medical science. An anthropologist recently noted that one weekday edition of *The New York Times* contains more new information than was available in a lifetime to a person living in the 17th century. Indeed, change has become so ordinary that we fail to notice it as unusual. Consequently, we give little thought to its consequences.

But what does it mean if we cause the extinction of a species of plant or animal that has existed for 10 or 20 million years—try to imagine just one million years! Unless the species is big, impressive and has captured our collective imagination, its permanent demise is usually dismissed with an indifferent shrug of our collective shoulders. Meanwhile, scientists are telling us that extinctions we aren't likely to notice are occurring every 15 minutes, about 30,000 times faster than the normal rate—faster than at any time in the last 65 million years.

In our abbreviated attention span, 15 minutes is more than half a television sitcom. It's a dozen unnoticeable TV commercials. It's 25 nondescript kilometres along some nameless freeway. Perhaps it's the average life expectancy of a rock band, a toy fad, a Paris fashion, a celebrity scandal. So the extinction of species joins the insignificant march of politicians' reputations, the latest designer

color, or the premature withering of the most current sex idol. And without a second thought from us, they all disappear together into the unmeasured history of trivia.

This spell of the trivial, this unquestioned acceptance of transience, this demeaned sense of change is dangerous because it desensitizes us to the importance of the great tides that carry us in their ebbs and flows. How can we hope to steer if we can't assess the significance of the direction we're moving? If we're only intent on who's fashionably dressed at the gala on the promenade deck of the Titanic, who's concerned about icebergs? "If we don't change directions," notes an aphorism from the environmental movement, "we'll get where we're going."

A radio announcer recently intoned with the same emphasis given to a mouthwash commercial that normal ozone levels are expected to return in a hundred years—barring any setbacks which further deplete or impede the recovery of this protective cover over the biosphere of the planet. A hundred years! This example of our collective folly is dismissed with a casual statistic, without apparent regard for the intricate workings of Earth's biology below or the millions of melanomas that will likely occur in humans. But don't worry. We'll all be saved by a new, improved sun screen. It's as if, in the great flood of everything's changing, we can no longer distinguish what's significant from what's insignificant. Maybe we don't know where to attach our indignation. Or maybe we have a capacity for only so much indignation and we've used it up on the trivial.

"Curiouser and curiouser," said Alice of her looking-glass world. It's as if, in a strange reversal of values, the importance of the trivial must also trivialize the important. Our local forests have all manner of non-timber economic worth. They are also intrinsically valuable as biological processes that clean and balance our planet's air. They are beautiful places where we walk and pick

mushrooms, where we smell and see and enjoy natural wonders. Such forests are crucial to the quality of life on our island. Trees cut down now will not be back in a human lifespan, the length of time which is our only individual measure of meaning. Raven's clearcuts on West Road and at Bold Point are once-in-a-lifetime events. If trees are to be cut, they should be cut carefully and respectfully, after a full assessment of their values to the community and the environment. Cutting trees should be important, not trivial. Are we still capable of making such distinctions?

What does it mean when, after thousands of years, the sockeye and pink salmon become extinct—as is likely—on Quadra? What does it mean when logging continues on this island without comprehensive inventories to catalog the plants and animals that live here? Present estimates are that 40,000 species live in B.C. but only one quarter have been identified. Of the estimated 30 million living things on Earth, only 5% have been named. Should anyone care if we lose what we don't know we have? But losing a species or a forest is not usual, it's unusual.

Interesting times are unusual times, times when the harmonious rhythm of the seasons are interrupted with strange weather, when the expected butterflies do not return in their migrations, when the salmon do not come back to spawn.

Of course, there are rare exceptions to these losses. Coelacanths, a species of primitive and prehistoric fish once thought to be extinct for millions of years, were discovered in 1938 off the coast of Madagascar. Then we fished them to near-extinction. Very interesting!

Ray Grigg for Sierra Quadra

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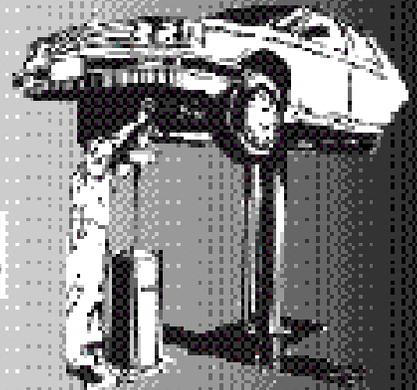
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Newfoundland through Westcoast Eyes

by Harry Allen

On Sept. 12th, 1998, Phillis and I left Quathiaski Cove headed for that other rock, Newfoundland. We flew to Halifax where we had a couple of free days to look the town over. We took the ferry to Dartmouth but noticed very few pleasure boats and no fishing vessels at all. Very strange.

After joining the Cosmos Tour we travelled up the eastern shore of Nova Scotia and across the causeway to Cape Breton Island. After spending the night in Port Hawkesbury we travelled around the Cabot Trail, stopping at Baddeck to view the Alexander Graham Bell museum.

At the fishing village of Cheticamp on the West Coast of Cape Breton we saw perhaps a dozen good looking boats in the 35 to 40 foot class tied up to the wharf, and not a fisherman in sight. The bus driver explained that they had just finished the short but lucrative snow crab season.

We continued on to Sydney, N.S. for the night and in the morning boarded the ferry to Port-Aux-Basques, Newfoundland. This was a 6 1/2 hour crossing, with a strong north-west wind out of the Gulf of St. Lawrence and a slight side roll but nothing to worry about.

Landing in Port-Aux-Basques we proceeded uphill through some of the most bleak, windswept country one would want to see. After a few miles we turned inland and the terrain improved some, the trees grew larger, although still runts by B.C. standards. We saw signs of logging, all clear cuts of course. Spent the night at Corner Brook, home of a pulp & paper mill, employing about six hundred and Newfoundland's second largest city.

The next morning we took off on a side trip westward along the Bat of Islands to Lark Harbour, passing through several small fishing communities on the way. We stopped at a place called Little Port, where there were three or four vessels in the 45 to 60 foot range, possibly longliners, which did not seem to be going anywhere. There were a dozen or more flat bottomed wooden skiffs, similar to seine skiffs but with finer lines, pulled up on a skidway made of poles. They were all identical and all painted red which gave the impression of company boats. Fishermen are allowed 10 cod per year for personal use, five one week and five later. Several skiffs were out jigging for their five cod as we passed by and some had trouble getting their limit.

We continued on the Trans Canada Highway so far as Deer Lake and there turned off toward the northern peninsula. Entering Gros Morne National Park we started up the west coast. The coastline was mainly low and we passed many small fishing villages, ten or twelve houses scattered around a small bay or cove, mostly small outboard powered skiffs. Some of the houses appeared to be vacant but it was hard to tell. We noticed piles of firewood logs beside the road, 6 or so inches on the butt and maybe 8 feet long. This wood was cut in winter and hauled out over the frozen, muskeg on sleighs pulled by skidoos. We saw a few sleighs still left from last winter and one or two skidoos. Apparently no one steals and wood is left to dry for two years before being taken home.

We started to see small gardens beside the road, miles from any habitation. We were told that the road builders scooped up the shallow top soil and left it beside the road. Families just dig up a patch and plant potatoes and cabbage. They string a polyprop rope and a few survey ribbons to keep the moose away. Piles of lobster traps were stored in any available clearing.

We went to see an old fishing site where tourists are shown how the fishermen made their precarious living for many years. This site was owned by the three Mudge brothers and their families fished cod, lobster, and salmon. In the days before the road, fish packers arrived once a week, so some way to preserve the catch was a must.

We were told that the early Newfoundland fish buyers, called "The Chieftans" by some old time families, divided the coast among themselves so that there was no competition. Fishermen were unable to sell to the highest bidder and so were kept in a form of permanent serfdom. The brothers built their own boats and buildings, sawed the logs to make lobster traps as well as preparing gillnets for salmon and cod.

The one boat they had inside the fish "store" was about 24 feet long, round bottom, square stern, powered by a single cylinder gas engine similar to a 4 H.P. Easthope. The only shelter was for the engine. The men stayed out in the weather. Steering was by a tiller.

The kids gathered all the driftwood from the beach and piled it up to dry for canning salmon. The women and girls canned the salmon which was processed in a large copper vat about four feet diameter. Lobster were kept alive until the packer arrived.

The main cash crop and the most work appeared to be dried salt cod. The men caught the fish and the women split them and removed the bone. A layer of 4 inches of coarse salt was spread on the floor and the split cod was laid on this. Succeeding layers of salt and cod were piled up. After 10 days of salting, the fish were removed and excess salt shaken off. They were spread on the rocky beach to dry in the sun for 8 days. If it rained the fish had to be piled away until the sun came out again.

One year the three Mudge families caught and processed 120,000 lbs. of dried salt cod, for which the buyer paid them 1 1/4¢ per lb. This resulted in a \$1500 payment shared between three families, or \$500 per family. When out fishing the men had smoked caplin for lunch, small fish about 4 inches long. They snapped off the head and ate the rest. "Some good, Byes."

I think what really amazed me was that in the winter time the women sewed oilskins from flour sacks and waterproofed them with several coats of linseed oil. When the road came through life was easier as fish could be picked up by truck. When the Mudge brothers retired they gave their property to the Province for a park.

On to Labrador, in the next edition (issue #179) of the Discovery Islander.

Money Matters

Steven Halliday

Economic historians may come to see 1998 as a watershed year. It marks the transition point from inflation to deflation and the emergence of real panic about the stability of the international monetary system. So writes Roger Bootle in his regular economic analysis column in The Times (of London) of December 21/98. He then goes on to mention many of the same points that I referred to in my last column (Discovery Islander #177), but manages to slip in some tidbits unavailable to me when writing that column.

Referring to Alan Greenspan (Chairman of the US Federal Reserve), he writes "he has also had a good year, despite sharp criticism of the way he handled the LTCM (Long Term Capital Management) and the subsequent interest rate reductions. At some stage, we are going to have to elevate him to a higher plane. "St. Alan" does not sound quite right, but it at least conveys the right message. For miracles are what the world now seems to expect of him. Some day his halo is going to slip. I do not see how he is going to ease the stock market down. He feels that the interrelated dangers of a financial crash and deflation compel him to cut interest rates, while hoping that the drip feed of falling profit stories will cause stock prices to subside gently. But when so many of the leading US stocks, particularly in the information technology sector, make hardly any profits anyway, yet still soar to untold heights, investors have learnt to disregard profits. Meanwhile, interest rate reductions are taken as the signal to drive stock prices higher. The result is to increase the severity of the eventual crash - which is precisely what Greenspan dreads. Alarming words, but worth heeding if you are an active investor.

Also in my last column I referred to one of the wild cards that are not fully factored in the current international monetary crisis...

the Peoples Republic of China. China, the fastest growing nation on the earth in terms of their economy, faces a growing number of concerns, but present a face to the world of complete unconcern. They are currently forecasting (and planning accordingly) to achieve a growth rate in 1999 of 8%, which while appearing achievable based upon historical data, ignores everything that is happening around them. China requires huge amounts of foreign capital to continue with their economic rebirth, and relies largely upon natural resources as a source of foreign exchange. Meanwhile, Standard & Poor's (a US rating agency) has placed 5 of China's largest banks on "Credit Watch with Negative Implications". This is due to a slowing economy, falling exports, decreased domestic demand and deflationary pressures are compounding the problems of excess inventory and declining profits. China also faces massive social problems, including a huge number of unemployed and restless young men, and the ever present political unrest. What will happen when the foreign capital dries up, which is sure to occur while the rest of the world struggles to deal with domestic economic woes, in addition to the already identified problems such as the rest of Southeast Asia, Russia and soon to be troublesome South America?

The usual rules that governed market activity have apparently ceased to be relevant. Perhaps it is time for you to re-examine your own investing principles and adjust them to the new reality, if you have any success at figuring it out.



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Business Profile

The Bowen Technique

by Tanya Storr

The Bowen Technique, a health therapy that uses gentle moves on soft tissue to stimulate energy flow, has come to Quadra. Joyce Sheppard, who has been teaching piano to islanders for 11 years, recently started offering her services as a Bowen Technique therapist.

The Bowen Technique was developed by Tom Bowen in Australia shortly after World War II. According to the Bowen Technique training and instruction manual, Mr. Bowen "noticed that when he made certain moves on a body, it had particular effects." By 1975, he was treating 13,000 patients a year for various ailments.

Mr. Bowen invited Oswald Rentsch and his wife Elaine to study with him in 1974, and they documented his technique and began practicing it after his death. Now the Bowen Technique (also known as Bowtech) is practiced by therapists all over the world.

Joyce first learned about the technique when Oswald Rentsch, who is her father's cousin, came to Quadra on a three-day visit in 1991 when he was in B.C. to give a Bowtech seminar.

"When I found out about it I was quite interested. I've had back problems for years and I've always been interested in alternative therapies. Oswald explained it to me while we were rowing around in Gowlland Harbour, and he gave me a treatment. I was having shoulder problems at the time. The following weekend I went to a four-day seminar in Vancouver and I've been to two since then," said Joyce, who became certified by the Bowen Academy of Australia in 1994.

At first, Joyce just tried out the technique on friends and relatives. In the last two months she has started to practice more seriously, and now has regular clients.

"I'm now doing more with it because my career teaching piano isn't bringing in enough money with the economy the way it is, and it's rewarding to help people who have been suffering for years, especially if they haven't been able to get help anywhere else," she said.

The Bowtech manual lists numerous ailments that can be helped by the technique, including allergies, arthritis, depression, headaches, stress, and thyroid problems. Joyce explained that Bowtech helps relieve

pain from arthritis because it helps the muscles that are tensed up due to pain in the joints. The technique is gentle and can be done through clothing.

When I visited Joyce at her home to interview her for this profile, she was giving regular client Glenda Walter a treatment.



Joyce Sheppard practicing the Bowen Technique on

Glenda told me she thinks the Bowen Technique really helps if you have stress from a physical injury or strain.

"I had ligament damage in one of my feet and on some days it was hard to walk. Joyce fixed that in one session. We both felt something move—it was amazing. I had chronic shoulder tension causing numbness in my fingers, and Joyce also fixed that in the first session," she recalled.

Glenda, whose husband Dick is one of Joyce's piano students, added that she feels very relaxed after treatments and sleeps well. "I like to feel as healthy as possible. I have a busy life and Bowen therapy helps me follow my interests."

Joyce offered to do the Bowtech basic relaxation moves on me so I could better understand how the treatment is administered. I lay down on my stomach on a bed and, using her fingers, Joyce made a series of light pressing motions on specific points on my neck, shoulders, back, thighs, and knees.

After each move, Joyce took a two-minute break. She explained that her fingers are not moving across the skin, but they are actually moving the muscles. The break allows the client's body to respond to the move, and the whole process is very relaxing.

Joyce, who is the only Bowtech therapist north of Nanaimo, noted that the Bowen Technique is not massage, acupuncture, or directional energy work. It is a holistic therapy that achieves results by activating the body's own ability to heal itself. One theory likens Bowtech to the playing of a stringed instrument.

"A string held and played at a particular point will establish a resonance that creates a distinctive tone . . . In turn, the body may be compared to an intricate musical instrument that requires adequate tuning for correct function," states the Bowtech manual.

"Just as a musician must place his or her fingers precisely on the string, so must Bowtech therapists carry out each particular move precisely . . . It is believed that Bowtech sets up vibrational patterns that correspond to particular areas of the body. The body then attempts to alter its vibration to match these ideal vibrational patterns and in so doing, brings itself into harmony."

Keeping in mind Joyce likes to play music, it doesn't seem surprising that she also enjoys practicing the Bowen Technique. Her future plans include more advertising for her Bowtech business and saving enough money for a baby grand piano.

Bowen Technique sessions last from 30 minutes to an hour, and Joyce recommends one treatment a week for as many weeks as necessary. Some people only need one or two sessions, while others may benefit from several.

For more information about the Bowen Technique, phone Joyce at 285-3827.

Recycling on Cortes

by Tanya Storr

"This recycling centre is very well-used by the community of Cortes. People are really responsible and on side—they really want to do this and completely support it," said Dova Wiltshire, contractor of the Cortes Waste Management/Recycling Centre, as she showed me around the facility in mid-December.

The well-organized recycling and waste disposal centre was originally a small-scale community-operated recycling depot and landfill. Ruth Zwickel, who was involved in the recycling depot in its early days, said it was initiated in the early 1980s.



"After the first effort to get Dova Wiltshire at the Cortes Waste Management/Recycling Centre. Photo: Tanya Storr

it started, we encouraged people to recycle and found markets. Of course, it has evolved over the years. When it began we just had a platform with seven or eight barrels on top, and everything was scrounged or borrowed. It was pretty crude. When you look at it today, it's quite streamlined," Ruth said.

The site became a regional district transfer station in 1995, and has expanded since then. Garbage collected at the facility is now transferred to the Campbell River landfill, and recyclables go to Parksville where they are sorted and dispersed to various markets.

"We're aiming to meet the province's mandate of a 50% reduction in the solid waste stream by the year 2,000. In 1998 we have sent off 15 trips of garbage to the landfill and five of recycling, so we're up to one third recycling in volume. The year before we sent off three loads of recycling. We're budgeting for six loads of recycling in 1999 and I have no doubt that we'll be able to meet that quota," said Dova, who has been the facility's contractor since 1992. She added that she is really proud of the Cortes community's recycling efforts.

While walking around the facility, I noticed the great variety of materials accepted for recycling. As well as cardboard,

tin cans, newspaper, office paper, magazines, fax paper, all types of glass, and #1 and #2 plastics, the centre also welcomes some more unusual items.

One area is for scrap metal, and islanders are welcome to look through the pile for car parts. Another part of the facility stores old fridges and freezers, and when a significant number have been collected a man comes and removes the freon. The appliances then

become scrap metal. People pay \$15 to dispose of their old fridges or freezers at the recycling centre, which covers the cost of freon removal.

Different kinds of hazardous wastes are

accepted and reclaimed on site. Used oil, paint, paint thinner, rat poison, and antifreeze are some of the hazardous wastes collected. After putting oil through a draining process, recycling centre employees take it to Petro-Canada and the company re-refines it and sells it as a reconditioned product.

Tires, car and household batteries, and items for the recycling centre's Free Store are also welcomed at the Cortes facility. Dova said the Free Store is incredibly popular with islanders.

"Locals call it 'the mall'. It's a real going concern and a very social place, especially on the weekends. People come to do their recycling, dump their garbage, and do their shopping. In summer locals bring their company out to the Free Store. People from as far away as Courtenay shop here," she said, noting that some visitors have a hard time believing everything in the store is free and try to pay her for their goods.

Housed in a large room next to the four recycling bays, the Free Store contains books, toys, household articles, and clothing. Everything has its place inside the clean and well-laid out store, and clothes are

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organized on labeled shelves. Two seniors, Carol and Charlotte, take care of the Free Store on a voluntary basis.

"They're wonderful—it's their baby. They come every Thursday and sometimes on weekends, and spend four hours taking care of it," said Dova.

The 'Cortes Recycles' newsletter reminds islanders not to forget "to visit our fabulous Free Store, where all the island cognescenti continue to appear, to exchange things still too good to let fall into the trash bin of history." People are asked to ensure that items they leave for the store are of "Free Store quality, not landfill quality."

Other buildings onsite include a barn, used for storage, and a large blue shed housing a baler (for baling cardboard), tool area, and office. Dova spends 10 hours a week on paperwork, and sends regular reports to the regional district. Once a month she travels down to the regional district office in Courtenay.

"There had never been a statistical record done here before. Part of my mandate was to develop a system that tracks volume and types of materials coming through, and also develop a system for handling materials on site. We've done that through trial and error over the last three years, and the system is basically solid now," she said.

Dova is assisted by some part-time and on-call employees at the facility. Xian Grebenart works at the centre year round, and Masako Yakoda works there from mid-June to mid-September. Jason Cambridge and a few other people are on call.

When one thinks of properties most likely to be on an island garden tour, a recycling/waste management centre would not normally be high on the list. However, the Cortes facility was a "must see" on this year's garden tour. Dova said the centre's flower gardens are the product of a real community effort.

"After the centre became a transfer

station and the new blue shed was built in 1995, it looked like a war zone around here. On Earth Day in April 1996 people from the community came out with donations for the garden, and the regional district also kicked in some money. People came out again in 1997, and they are still giving me plants and things for the gardens. It's just gorgeous here in the spring and summer, and all the plants are deer proof."

In addition to accepting recyclables and garbage, the facility also has a composting program. When dump trucks come over to Cortes to pick up full containers of garbage, they don't arrive empty. Instead, they bring wood chips in various stages of decomposition from the landfill.

There are three piles of wood chips—mostly alder—at the Cortes waste management centre, arranged from fresh chips to rich, dark compost. Dova said the centre shares the compost and mulch material with the community.

Located near the compost area is the burn pile, built with brick walls according to fire standards and used to burn clean wood waste. Just behind the burn pile lies the old landfill, now mostly covered with four feet of earth. Currently, employees are building a new road that will go

around the old landfill area, and crushed recycled glass from the centre's own glass crusher is being used in the road's construction. Community members are also welcome to crushed glass for their own building projects.

The Cortes Waste Management/Recycling Centre, located near Squirrel Cove, is open Thursday to Sunday from 9 a.m. to 1 p.m. Check it out—it's well worth a visit.



Dova Wiltshire at the Cortes Waste Management/Recycling Centre. Photo: Tanya Storr

Seniors Christmas Party

by Tanya Storr

The Quadra Seniors Christmas party, held at Tsa Kwa Lutén on December 16, was a feast for the eyes, ears, and belly. After outgoing Quadra Seniors president Diane Ettles welcomed everyone to the first Christmas luncheon in the new setting and thanked the organizing committee (Ruth Amiabel, Hilary Stewart, Joy Inglis, Hilda Van Orden, Colleen Karton, and Grace Krygsveld), the pageant began.

The entertainment took place in the lodge's main foyer in front of a beautiful Christmas tree. Emcee Hilary Stewart introduced each act, and musicians Joyce Baker (harp), Marcy Wolter (guitar), Ken Duncan (keyboard), and Ken Demill (flute) provided a lovely accompaniment to the performances.

The first act was a processional honouring the coming of light. Santa Lucia (played by Marcy Wolter) glided around the main hall, wearing a halo of candles on her head and followed by Judy O'Dell's children's



singing group, the Quadrettes. Judy O'Dell sang the Santa Lucia carol and invited everyone to join in near the end.

Next, a cast of Quadra Seniors members acted out the story of Jesus' birth while Helen Swanson read from the Bible and everyone sang carols. Mary, Joseph, the shepherds, wise men, and angels all had excellent costumes, and the four Waynedeer dressed up as sheep looked the part too.

The last act of the pageant was a jolly old St. Nicolas story

celebrated in Holland each year, put together by Hilda Van Orden. Hilda explained that St. Nicolas came to Canada six years ago and people were so happy to see him he was invited to come again.

St. Nicolas was played by Frank Smirfitt and his helper, Peter, was played by Dona Oppenheim. Dona was so well disguised in her costume it was difficult to recognize her. Wearing a long red surplice and hat bearing a cross, St. Nicolas doled out gifts and lumps of coal to various seniors, all the while giving a humorous commentary.

Diane Ettles received a gold halo for keeping order at meetings, and Colleen Karton was given a medal for taking on the office of president and a key to the "executive washroom".

Among the other recipients was Ken Duncan, who received "donuts for Duncan" for managing the tourist booth many years in a row and a lump of coal for abandoning his post.

Clarence Byers got a gift for celebrating "60 years of married bliss", and a lump of coal for not taking advantage of an opportunity staring him in the face opening a store called the Byers Market." His wife, Etta, received a gift for "putting up with Clarence for 60 years."

Win Goldstraw, who is the oldest member of Quadra Seniors at age 90, was given a present for keeping active by doing tai chi. Her husband Waller, who is 88, also received a gift.

The pageant was followed by a delicious hot turkey lunch in the dining room. Money was collected for the food bank throughout the event, and treasurer Joyce Hargreaves later said that \$252 was raised.



The magi offer gifts. Photo: Tanya Storr



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A Smoke Free 1999??

Darlene Booth R.N.C.

So here we are. Twelve fresh new months ahead of us and a whole new millenium at the end of them. Is there any better time to focus and make those resolutions work? Maybe you want to lose weight, learn to lawn bowl or "here we go again"...quit smoking. Maybe not.

There is no doubt about it. Smoking is definitely one of the hardest habits to break. I know. I've been there and I've broken free. It was no easy task. I enjoyed indulging in my little ritual. I used to justify it by convincing myself that it was okay because I wasn't a heavy smoker. Like an ostrich hiding her head in the sand, I would read about the risks but felt that they only applied to everybody else. I even switched over to organic tobacco, eliminating over 500 chemical additives was a definite improvement, but not the ideal. When I really became in tune with my body, I could actually feel the adverse effects moderate smoking had on me and I knew it was time to let it go once and for all.

We read about the dangers of smoking everywhere in the media. Everybody knows that smoking is deadly, it even says so right on the cigarette packages. Smoking is linked to a host of degenerative disease-lung cancer, chronic bronchitis, heart disease, emphysema, respiratory ailments and various other cancers. It can shorten your life span by 10 to 15 years and is responsible for at least 1/3 of all cancer deaths and 1/4 of all fatal heart attacks in the U.S. alone. Still, we smoke.

Women who smoke are at a greater risk of lung, cervical, and uterine cancer, early menopause, and postmenopausal osteoporosis. There is also a link to fertility problems, and complications in pregnancy. Smoking during pregnancy poses a threat to the unborn fetus and babies born to smokers are generally smaller. Many men do not know that smoking is directly linked to impotency. It damages the tiny blood vessels that supply the penis. The tobacco companies have known this for quite some time. Still we smoke.

There are many aids to help you break the habit. Discuss the options with your doctor, acupuncturist, herbalist, naturopath, hypnotist or best friend. The most important ingredient for successfully quitting is a strong

commitment to break free and become a non-smoker. It will be the most liberating thing that you may ever do. So many doors that were once closed are opened. Adjusting your lifestyle is important too. Try to avoid the obvious pitfalls that draw you closer to just having a puff. For me, it was stress. Whenever I was stressed, I would crave a cigarette, in fact I felt I "deserved" it. Try to go for a walk, have a cup of soothing herb tea, compose an opera...or what ever it takes to get your mind off the craving! It will pass.

So what if your resolution for the new millenium is to take up lawn bowling instead of quitting? The bottom line is that smoking is a personal choice. Many of us suffer from the ostrich syndrome and many are not ready to break free. If you choose to smoke then the following nutrients may help protect against the dangers of smoking: A broad spectrum antioxidant formula, Vitamin B Complex, Vitamin C, Vitamin A, Beta-carotene, Zinc, Coenzyme Q10, and Vitamin E.

But the only sure-fire way to protect yourself is to quit for life, and may it be a long and healthy one! Best wishes for a healthy and happy New Year!

According to author Earl Mindell, anyone wanting to live longer should eat at least one serving of soy products a day. This parfait is delicious as a dessert but also nutritious enough for breakfast.

Tofu Fruit Parfait

- 1 pkg. Silken Firm Tofu, [Mori-Nu Lite]
- 1 cup strawberries, fresh or frozen
- 3/4 cup blueberries, fresh or frozen
- 1 2" piece banana
- 1 tsp vanilla
- 1/2 tsp. stevia powder
- 12 almonds, chopped

Place all ingredients into a food processor or blender and process until smooth. Pour into 4 serving dishes, top with almonds and chill. Substitute seasonal fruits for variety.

Day	Time	Ht/ft
Sa	0145	3.9
1.2		
3	0855	15.1
4.6		
	1620	9.2
2.8		
	2015	11.8
3.6		
Su	0230	5.2
1.6		
4	0935	15.1
4.6		
	1720	8.2
2.5		
	2140	11.5
3.5		
Mo	0310	6.6
2.0		
5	1020	15.4
4.7		
	1820	7.2
2.2		
	2310	11.2
3.4		
Tu	0400	8.2
2.5		
6	1105	15.4
4.7		
	1920	5.9
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We	0040	11.5
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7	0455	9.5
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	1150	15.1
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	2015	4.6
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Th	0205	12.1
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8	0555	10.5
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	1240	15.1
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	2105	3.6
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Fr	0315	13.1
4.0		
9	0650	11.5
3.5		
	1325	14.8
4.5		
	2150	3.0
0.9		

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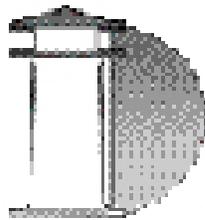
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