



• "Believe nothing you hear, and only one half that you see." • Edgar Allan Poe •



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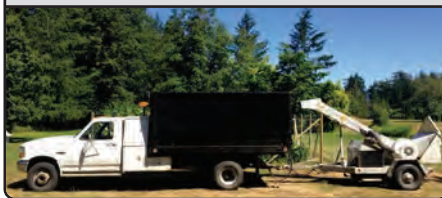
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listed by Bente Pilgaard

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Cover image: Boat shed looking out on Baynes Sound. Photo by Dreadful Imagery

Time's Up for Plastic Polluters

By Dorrie Woodward • ADIMS

COMM INFO

This year's beach cleanup on Denman Island collected approximately 6-7 tonnes of plastic debris, almost all from the shellfish industry in Baynes Sound. Between 60 and 70 volunteers did this work during the last two weeks. Over the last 16 years, volunteers have gathered approximately 78 tonnes from just our half of Baynes Sound's shoreline.

"Because there is little monitoring and no consequences, too many shellfish growers don't bother to collect their own plastic gear and garbage, which as most people know, contaminates these waters. It does give a person pause when you consider they are growing food in the midst of their own disintegrating plastic trash and netting," said Dorrie Woodward, chair of the Association for Denman Island Marine Stewards.

She went on to say; "So far it seems that Fisheries and Oceans Canada (DFO) has decided that the only way to get growers to clean up their own mess is to pay them. Unfortunately, DFO has neglected the bulk of the plastic debris that washes ashore, and instead paid the shellfish industry \$350,000 to clean up plastic debris under the growers' rafts. When you buy oysters or clams, remember, you have already paid the growers to clean up their own deep water debris."

As marine stewards we view cleanup and recycling are part of any responsible business plan. This should not be incidental, or partial, but integrated into the way of doing business. This is common sense and protects shellfish growers' business reputation and is a common courtesy to British Columbians, who lease their tenures to industry for just a few dollars per hectare. Any plan should protect the health of the surrounding ecosystem!

Preventing plastic debris from piling up in herring spawning and rearing grounds, salmon bearing estuaries, sensitive salt marsh habitat, eel grass beds, and forage fish spawning grounds should be something that we can all reasonably expect from shellfish growers.

Liz Johnston, cleanup co-ordinator said: "Although the Fisheries Act mandates protection of important fish habitat, it is surprising that DFO is unable to prevent growers from degrading the intertidal zone with plastic trash and netting, year in, year out. We see it, and although we haul the plastic out, we know it can and should be done by growers. Whose interest is DFO protecting? Certainly not the interest of the public or the ecosystem."

ADIMS position is that growers' gear and equipment must be traceable and growers' compliance to DFO's Conditions of Licence must be monitored with the results made available to the public. Consumers, especially, have a right to know about whether a grower's or processor's environmental performance was good or bad before they purchase shellfish. We would like to support growers and processors who have excellent environmental performance results and can prove it when we check online.

"Next time you're buying shellfish from Baynes Sound, think about this: it's the place where hundreds of community volunteers have laboured and cleaned up after the industry in order to protect the marine ecosystem and reduce plastic contamination of the oysters and clams," said Dorrie Woodward.

LINK TO VIDEO: <https://vimeo.com/469502037> (1:36 min)

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The opinions expressed herein do not necessarily reflect the views of the Publisher.



Denman Farmers Market Wraps Up

COMM INFO

By Laura Busheikin

The Denman Farmers Market has wrapped up for the year. It's been an incredible season as vendors, organizers, volunteers, the Growers and Producers Alliance, and many other community supporters worked together to keep the market happening, and in fact thriving, in COVID times. A huge thank you to all of you!

Also, thank you to all the market patrons. You figured out and respected the COVID protocols, and did so with patience and good humour. We assume your motivation for coming to market was because you wanted the fresh, local produce, the Pad Thai and Apple-pear fritters, the blackberry jam and fresh sour-dough bread, and those gorgeous earrings and the handwoven shawl, but hope you also felt good about supporting local farmers, artisans, and food producers.



Our final market included the Apple UnFest, a mini-version of this annual festival. Apple pie sales were brisk, and the apple detective was kept busy identifying mystery apples. The event raised approximately \$1000 for the Growers and Producers Alliance to run programs that support local agriculture.

Rumour has it that a few intrepid vendors continue to gather on Saturday mornings at the Old School. The Farmers Market as a whole will return next May. See you then! 🍷

Living Well • Week 29 • Nobel Prizes

COMM INFO

By Verna Isbister

Can you imagine what it would be like to read your own obituary in the newspaper? That is precisely what happened to Alfred Nobel in 1888. Alfred's brother died and a French journalist wrote an obituary for the wrong brother. Alfred, the great chemist, engineer and inventor with 355 patents was still alive and well; however, when he read the headline describing his contributions to the world, his life was changed. The French newspaper reported, "Le marchand de la mort est mort." (The merchant of death is dead.)

Alfred was stunned to realize that his legacy of inventing dynamite, gelignite, ballistite, detonators, blasting caps and supplying munition factories would condemn him to being "a merchant of death." Many of his inventions were used in the building of roads, railways, canals and tunnels but sadly, these achievements were lost when compared to the carnage of war wrought by his inventions.

Whether to ease his feelings of guilt or his desire to rewrite his future obituary, Alfred Nobel, decided to use his wealth and privilege to making the world a better place. He donated 94% of his wealth to create five Nobel Prizes to be awarded to women or men from any country of the world who, "gave their best for humanity" and would be honoured as the "greatest achievements in the world." Prizes were awarded for Physical Science, Chemistry, Medical Science or Physiology, Literature and in service of International Fraternity-the Peace Prize. Later a prize was added in Economics.

Last week, Louise Glück, an American poet, was awarded the Nobel Prize in Literature. Her poem, Vita Nova (New Life), poses questions about how to live our lives; similar questioning that spurred Alfred Nobel's rebirth and philanthropic legacy. Here are a few lines from this poem:

*My mother
Holding out a plate of little cakes---
As far as I remember, changed
In no detail, the moment
Vivid, intact, having never been*

*Exposed to light, so that I woke elated, at my age
Hungry for life, utterly confident--- ...
Surely spring has been returned to me, this time
Not as a lover but a messenger of death, yet
It is still spring, it is meant tenderly.*

We may not have millions of dollars to inspire humanity's endeavors but we may be able to share "a plate of little cakes". I invite you to consider your legacy. How will you make the world a better place? 🍷

TIDE TABLE

• Secondary Tidal Station Ford Cove •
• Source: tides.gc.ca •

2020-10-22
(Thursday)

Time	Height	
PDT	(m)	(ft)
04:24	0.8	2.6
12:02	4.9	16.1
17:51	3.4	11.2
21:58	3.9	12.8

2020-10-23
(Friday)

Time	Height	
PDT	(m)	(ft)
05:17	1.1	3.6
13:05	4.8	15.7
19:24	3.3	10.8
23:07	3.6	11.8

2020-10-24
(Saturday)

Time	Height	
PDT	(m)	(ft)
06:16	1.4	4.6
14:08	4.8	15.7
20:50	3.1	10.2

2020-10-25
(Sunday)

Time	Height	
PDT	(m)	(ft)
00:39	3.4	11.2
07:22	1.7	5.6
15:03	4.7	15.4
21:53	2.8	9.2

2020-10-26
(Monday)

Time	Height	
PDT	(m)	(ft)
02:17	3.4	11.2
08:29	2	6.6
15:49	4.7	15.4
22:39	2.5	8.2

2020-10-27
(Tuesday)

Time	Height	
PDT	(m)	(ft)
03:42	3.5	11.5
09:30	2.2	7.2
16:26	4.6	15.1
23:15	2.2	7.2

2020-10-28
(Wednesday)

Time	Height	
PDT	(m)	(ft)
04:49	3.6	11.8
10:23	2.3	7.5
16:55	4.6	15.1
23:46	2	6.6

2020-10-29
(Thursday)

Time	Height	
PDT	(m)	(ft)
05:43	3.8	12.5
11:08	2.5	8.2
17:19	4.5	14.8

From the Crow's Nest: Celerity

By William Thomas • willthomasonline.net

ARTS&LIT

I was born to run forever across the undulating plains of the deep-blue sea. There is joy in my gait, an untamed exuberance that flings rainbows of spray from all three bows. Polynesians call such spirit, *mana*.

Because I am blind, day and night are all the same to me. My light displacement, spidery construction and native sea-sense respond instantly to every wrinkle in the turbulent interface I navigate, where sky rubs against ocean to form the winds and waves that propel – and sometimes imperil – me.

While I can slot into any sea-way if given the right wardrobe, I cannot adjust those sails, scrub my bottom, recover my anchors, start my engine, dodge shoals, repair damage or chart my course. I need my people for that. Just as they depend on me for their next landfall.

And their lives.

Orphaned on Gabriola Island, I converse only with the cedars whose kin form my stringers. Months pass. One day, I sense my builder's van approaching. Someone new jumps out and runs toward me – then stands stock still, taking everything in...

Propped on oil drums at the edge of the forest clearing, tan hulls awash in dappled light, I stand with wings outflung like a seabird poised for flight.

Flanked by a pair of rapier-lean outriggers, cambered decks and low cabinsides accentuate my rakish lines. A nearly-plumb bow gives me a purposeful air, while preserving most of my 31-feet at the waterline.

Guided by a long, shallow fin, my underbody is round and sleek as a dolphin's. Those full sections aft promise ample buoyancy for surfing.

"Lord," I hear my suitor breathe, already intoxicated by boat lust and freshy-sawn cedar. "If she sails as good as she looks..."

Designed by a descendent of Vikings, my lineage includes the double-outriggers of Southeast Asia and the asymmetric hulls of Micronesia's flying proas. Aussie Hedley Nicol contributed double-diagonal planking. My box-beam crossarms come from Californian Arthur Piver. That Swede up in Haida Gwaii introduced my semi-submersible *amas*.

Bill Kristofferson's 90-percent buoyancy outriggers are genius. Acting like

shock-absorbers, they depress slowly in gusts – curtseying to spill wind, dampen rolling, and signal when to shorten sail. The former dhow sailor calls his new class of multihulls: Kismet.

With gumption and funds depleted and winter fast-approaching, on November's

last favoring tide my escape from Svend's backyard begins with a Mad Max road trip behind an ancient pickup careening along narrow country lanes.

The Scandinavian's driving too fast. He stops often so my captain can hammer dislodged wedges back between my underwings and the teetering uprights nailed to that borrowed trailer. When the loaner truck's brakes begin to fade, "Thomas" deploys a skittering anchor to slow us down.

In two places on

Cooper Road, they measure one-inch clearance between each float rubrail and massive firs.

With only minutes remaining to high tide, I am poised like a high-diver atop the steep descent into Degnen Bay. My new owner and his recently-converted accomplice unhitch my trailer and start easing me down. Whatever are they thinking?

Skip the champagne. Sensing water, I bolt. As my rickety carriage thunders downhill between a stout fence and jagged ditch, the woman named "Thea" whips her guide-rope around a post.



Celerity westbound in a hurry

*"Cast that line off!" the captain bellows.
And she does.*

*With their dreams and labor choking on
distance and acceleration, I reach the
bottom of the slope, buckboard across a
smooth rock strand, and disappear be-
neath an explosion of spray.*

*Three heartbeats later I reappear, rock-
ing gently in my new Pacific playground
– but unable to float clear of that trau-
matized trailer. Some nudity and hypo-
thermia follow.*

When the breeze stops, I sail by sorcery.
When it rises to a soul-clutching shriek,
I welcome such frolic as fun. Like a
mischievous mutt always getting into
the garbage, I have an affinity for heavy
weather. And an uncanny ability to sniff
it out.

Happily for all concerned, my motion
is seakindly. I am easily handled, utterly
forgiving, and safe as a raft in a blow.

*On September 7, 1977, I hang a left at
Cape Flattery, hunting the south from
northern fjords like a falcon released
from the fist.*

*"Into the infinite," I hear the mate tell
herself when she comes up on deck that
first morning at sea to confront majestic
rollers whose flashing crests break with-
out pause or trace on every hand.*

*Intimidated by immensity, my sails are
hobbled. Like any wild creature, I gripe
and balk. Until the captain says, "Let's
shake out that second reef."*

*Now aligned perfectly with immense and
dynamic forces, I run laughing through
the quartering troughs – light, fast, re-
sponsive...*

And free.

To be continued...

Photos by Will Thomas
Scans by King Anderson



Buzz on Bees

By Rachel Halliwell

SPECIAL INTEREST

As we enter Fall, the majority of pollinators you see in your gar-
den or the hordes of wasps attracted to your fallen fruit, have started to
dwindle in numbers. The rainy season has prevented our lovely honeybees from
leaving their homes and now we seldom see them make an appearance. Winter is
undoubtedly fast approaching.

There are many ways to prepare your hives for winter although there are a few
points to keep in mind. During the winter months, the older bees and the weaker
bees will not survive and the remaining population with squish together in order
to keep themselves warm. Therefore when you prepare the colonies for Winter,
you may want to think about reducing the boxes down to an appropriate size. If
there are only enough bees to fill one box, assess your best frames in all your box-
es and consolidate the fullest food frames and any wintering brood into that one
perfect box. In addition, the colony will not be foraging for the next few months,
therefore ensure your colony has enough full frames of honey. Just in case, you
may want to add some dehydrated sugar blocks on top of the frames to ensure the
colony has enough food to last until Spring. And lastly, check for gaps. You do not
want any gaps between your boxes or between the boxes and lid. This will ensure
that rain water does not entire your hive and the bees stay dry and warm!

Once we've closed the hives for winter and long for those warmer days, there are
a few things we can do to keep us connected to the bees. Winter is a great time to
build hive equipment needed for the following season. It may seem like a mun-
dane task but when the rainy weather consumes the West Coast, the sweet smell of
beeswax may be a nice reminder of your wintering hives. And even though Spring
seems far away, when warmer weather welcomes the West Coast once again, you
will appreciate that you were productive and well prepared for the spring chaos of
swarms and splitting hives!

The winter season is also the perfect time to take a course. If you're interested in
becoming a new member of the beekeeping community, I would suggest keeping
your eye out for upcoming courses of workshops. I will be hosting a workshop for
new beekeepers come Spring (keep an eye out on my website or send me an email
to be placed on a notification list) or check the Comox Valley Beekeeping Associ-
ation. There is an incredible amount of
information to know about our local
pollinators and enrolling in courses is
a wonderful way to gain a foundation,
meet fellow enthusiasts and acquire
mentors for the following season.

Feel free to email me with any bee-
keeping questions as we move into
winter (rachel.a.halliwell@gmail.com).
Winter can be difficult for bees and I
have plenty of helpful tips!





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HIES Seeks Coordinators

By Joy Jeffries • HIES

COMM INFO

COMMUNITY SCHOOL COORDINATOR

The Hornby Island Education Society is seeking a skilled, enthusiastic individual to join its team as our Community School Coordinator. This position is responsible on a day-to-day basis to the school community and Hornby Island Educational Society, HIES.

The Coordinator develops, coordinates, implements and facilitates community partnerships, programs and services that benefit all members of our diverse community. Programs developed and operated are intended to be consistent with the needs and interests expressed by the Hornby Island school community and the various recreation and social agencies working on Hornby within the policies of the HIES board. A key responsibility of the position is to increase, strengthen and diversify the Society's funding sources. The coordinator works closely with the Child, Youth & Community School program committee. This is a 20 hour a week position August through May. This position could possibly be combined with the Literacy Outreach Coordinator position.

Closing date for applications is November 4, 2020 at noon.

Please refer to our website for a complete job description: <https://hornbyeducation.com>

LITERACY OUTREACH COORDINATOR

The Hornby Island Educational Society is seeking a part-time Literacy Outreach Coordinator to work in conjunction with a local Literacy Task Group to identify the Hornby community's literacy needs, to facilitate collaboration among various groups and to create and implement a literacy plan.

The overall goal of the position is to facilitate, stabilize and sustain the literacy programming that results from collaborative community planning. This position is for 5 hours per week from September through May. This position could possibly be combined with the Community School Coordinator position.

Closing date for applications is November 4, 2020 at noon.

Please refer to our website for a complete job description: <https://hornbyeducation.com>



A Semblance of Assembling

By Leo Simmons

ARTS&LIT

Our high school assembly hall was a huge space which if necessary could be extended into the dining hall space by pulling aside two enormous folding doors. To a small kid from a small school, it all seemed very grand, but after the end of my first year, I'd stopped being impressed. Most of the student body – which comprised approximately eleven hundred hormone-soaked boys – were expected to attend, with the exceptions of the sixth form who were too cool to do that kind of thing, and whichever of the four 'Houses' had its own assembly in the gymnasium that day. The result was usually around seven to eight hundred boys in one space. You can imagine the smell on a rainy day...

While we sat on magnificently uncomfortable wooden chairs, the teaching body were able to rest their bottoms on cushioned seats around the sides of the hall. Facing everyone was a large stage reached by a flight of six steps which ran the full width of the space. Upon the stage was a broad teak desk and an oversized chair/throne. When we boys entered – and took several minutes to settle down – the chair was empty but when a suitably dramatic moment had been reached, our headmaster, resplendent in his flowing black gown and vicar's collar would sweep into the room and up the steps to place himself behind the desk. Once there, he would fix us with a faintly bewildered gaze. Often, he seemed to be trying to remember how he had got there. The Reverend Wendell Cameron Augustus Marshall was a distinguished but fading figurehead.

'The Rev' tried to cast a benevolent air about him but instead radiated an aloof attitude to smelly little oiks such as us. He occupied another realm, that of academia with a soupcon of divinity thrown in for good measure. His world was a mystery to me and my friends; separated by two generations and a lifetime of experiences I would probably never share. Even his office was physically remote. Reached by two sets of stairs and a long, silent and uncannily plush corridor (it was carpeted!), it sat together with his deputy's, removed from the rest of the school and the faintest chance of a boy accidentally finding the way to his door. One corner of his

office door was just about visible from a few square feet of the main hall if you stood at a certain angle with one foot off the floor. Students only ever graced that hallowed space when in dire peril.

The assemblies themselves could be mildly diverting - Ackerley Bonce's exploits with a sousaphone notwithstanding - either intentionally or unintentionally. Most mornings we were regaled with some kind of meaningful reading from a teacher who wished to make a point or his/her mark. The rest of the teachers - the vast majority of whom were men - resplendent in flared trousers and jackets with leather elbow patches and sat on their cushioned benches, usually seemed as reluctant as us to be in the room. Unfortunately, this only served to put them in a mood to hand out punishments. We were expected, under the beady eyes of the more authoritarian members of staff, to silently listen and learn from the readings. Those caught failing to do so would be hissed at by a watchful teacher and faced some form of retribution after the assembly. Lunchtime detentions were common.

Opinions

by Bill Engleson
www.engleson.ca

*I started to count my opinions today.
I had some spare time.
Discovered I have quite a few of them.
Opinions and spare time.
I have:
An opinion on rocks.
An opinion on trees
An opinion on grass
And, yes, an opinion on lawns.
Of course, I have an opinion on forests,
a given if you have an opinion on trees.*

*I once lived in the city.
So many things just waiting for you
to have an opinion on in The Big Smoke.
I even had an opinion or two about
whether to call the city,*

*any city, The Big Smoke.
This of course led to a number of
opinions on cliches.
Let me tell you, that's a rabbit hole
you don't want to go down.*

*In the city, I had an opinion on
sidewalks.
Loved them.
In the country, well, not so much.
Unless I go to town.
Then I like them.
That led me to thinking I could
hold one opinion in one place
and a totally different opinion
somewhere else.
That dueling banjo of opinions led
me to a real conundrum.
What was my opinion of that?
I mean, having competing opinions.
We're having a Provincial election.
Talk about a lot of opinions.
I'll tell you one thing.
My opinion is that I'll be pleased as
punch
when the elections over.
Including that one down south.*



Association for Denman Island Marine Stewards

**Notice of Annual General Meeting,
Thursday, Nov 12, 2020**

Please feel welcome to join us for this AGM Zoom Meeting
Invitation to ADIMS Members and Public

ADIMS Annual General Meeting
Time: Nov 12, 2020 4:00 PM
Join Zoom Meeting
<https://ca01web.zoom.us/j/65191186546>
Meeting ID: 651 9118 6546
Passcode: 126443

ADIMS provides the residents
of Denman Island with a strong
voice in protecting our marine
environment.

For more information:
www.adims.ca or Email:
adimsinfo@gmail.com

Visit us on Facebook:
<https://www.facebook.com/AssociationforDenmanIslandMarineStewards/>

On occasion, a House choir or - Lord help us - a schoolboy rock band would provide an unusual if embarrassingly awful diversion. Performances of whatever kind were followed by a long, rambling address from the aged and impressively gowned 'Hidmarstah', who not infrequently lost the thread upon which he had set out, and so descended into a mildly confused repetition of something he had said only the previous day. If it was a Monday, he was in real trouble. Happily, these English country vicar ditherings often raised the entertainment value of the assembly by several notches.

Assemblies concluded with prayer. This was in clear defiance of the supposedly secular nature of our education but he was a vicar and that was that. Called to prayer, we would devoutly bow our heads and ignore whatever was being said at the front of the hall. Insolent? Probably, but since these were protestant prayers, I felt certain that they couldn't in any way be applicable to me and by spurning them, I was quietly saving my pure, guilt-ridden Catholic soul... 🍷



Job Opportunity: The Hornby Island Daycare Society is seeking a qualified individual to join our team as Operations Manager.

The Manager is responsible for the oversight of the day to day administration of the Preschool, working professionally and collaboratively with employees, the Board, parents and the community.

The Manager is to ensure a high standard of child care/preschool programming which reflects the Mission, Vision and Goals of the Society and meets all legal requirements of Licensing as per the Vancouver Island Health Association Community Care Facilities Branch.

Preferred Qualifications:

- ★ Post secondary education in operations management, business administration or related field, with preference given to experience in early childhood education
- ★ Experience in the non-profit sector
- ★ Proven ability in budget development and oversight, file management, and strategic planning
- ★ Must be a proven professional, collaborative and an effective communicator
- ★ Experience in selection and recruitment, hiring and performance management
- ★ Must be computer literate and have a working knowledge of Quickbooks, website management, Microsoft Office (Word, Excel) and current social media platforms
- ★ Must successfully obtain a Criminal Record check, as per the Criminal Records Review Program

Hours of work:

16 per week, over two days.

Wages:

Base rate of \$22.00 per hour

Application closing date: October 27, 2020, proposed start date November 2, 2020

Email resume and cover letter to hornbyislanddaycare@gmail.com

(Full job description available on request)

Two Heads Are Better Than One

ARTS&LIT

By Alan Black

The lump started on the left side of his neck;

it swiftly grew tremendously itchy.

He figured maybe it was a spider bite or a wasp sting.

He found himself scratching in the night.

"Son of a bitch, you bastard," He swore at the lump.

On Monday the lump was a great deal bigger and was beginning to crack.

Due to his fear of doctors he couldn't show anybody.

He lived alone in a tiny house on a pension.

The only thing he did was watch television and write prose poems

that were mostly dreck.

On Tuesday the itch was literally getting under his skin.

He poured hydrogen peroxide on it with a shot of Vodka. It burned.

"Son of a bitch, you bastard," he cursed the pain.

During the night something began to emerge.

The pain caused him to cry and whinge,

"YOU SON OF A BITCH! YOU BASTARD!"

He curled into a ball and prayed.

In the morning there was a much bigger thing there at the side of his neck.

It had white blond hair like him.

He looked at it with his silver hand mirror.

It had a face.

He watched it's eyes flutter as if suddenly becoming awake.

It looked up at him.

"You son of a bitch, you bastard," it said.

"Ahhhhh..." he screamed, He grabbed it and tried to dig it out of his neck.

"Let go," it pleaded but he continued to choke it.

"If you don't stop you'll get cancer," it warned. He was a hypochondriac.

He was terrified of cancer.

"But what are you?" he asked the little head.

"I'm Mike, I'm your brother."

"But I don't have a brother."

"You do now."

During the next few days Mike got bigger; he had to get him his own pillow; Mike insisted on duck feathers.

He had to make extra meals.

"Don't you ever have anything else other than fish sticks for dinner?"

"I love fish sticks."

"It's going to cause us serious problems."

"Us?"

"Us."

Mike began to criticize his poetry.

"You can't have two similes in a short poem."

"What do you mean?"

"And your subject matter does not merit a poem; poetry is meant for things of higher caliber, not your constipation problem."

"Poetry can be anything you want it to be."

"You believe that? No wonder you write so much dreck."

Mike began to criticize what he watched on television.

"Really? Another show about drug dealers? Boring. And how about something from a female perspective? Maybe something with folks from other cultures? You are so ethnocentric."

"What?"

They began to watch other things.

They watched a great show about this South African guys relationship with an octopus.

"That was really good," he told Mike.

"I told you man, you've got to get out of your bubble," said Mike.

"When are you going to get some groceries?" asked Mike.

"Mike, I am somewhat of an agoraphobic which means I don't like to be around other people and now with a second head sticking out of my neck I'm really terrified to go out."

"Damn it, we need supplies."

"Okay, but I'm going to have to paper bag you."

"Are you kidding?"

Together they made their way to the bus stop.

Ellen, a large woman who lived in the neighborhood was there.

Ellen was one of the few

people who ever spoke to him.

"Hello, haven't seen you for a while, everything okay? What's up with your neck?"

"Oh it's nothing."

"What do you mean nothing," complained Mike.

"Shut up," he told Mike.

"Who are you talking to?" asked Ellen.

"Nobody," Ellen looked away and shook her head.

On the bus some young fellows with skate boards sat across from him.

"What's up with the bag dude?" one of them sneered.

"Lump, big lump," he told them.

"I'm not a lump," said Mike.

"Did your bag talk man?" asked one of the young fellows.

Suddenly he couldn't control his left arm; it reached up and pulled the bag off.

"Yeah I talk buddy, what's the big deal? You never seen somebody with a second talking head before?" Asked Mike.

The young people freaked out, chaos ensued with people jumping from their seats.

"Let me off the bus, let me off the bus," they cried.

The bus driver pulled over and people poured out.

"Two headed freakazoid," yelled one of the skater kids as he fled.

They sat on the empty bus; only the bus driver remained.

"See what you've done Mike."

"Sorry, but it was going to come out eventually."

He sighed.

The bus driver swiveled to face them.

"Two heads eh? I got to see this," he got out of his seat and came towards them while fixing his big blue collar.

"Well all be damned! Quite something eh Ernie?"

A dark head popped out of the top of the bus drivers blue shirt.

"I'll say, nice to meet you guys, we thought we were the only ones but you know what they say two heads are better than one, we should get together and play poker?" They all laughed and nodded their heads.



5 Nations Support Mi'kmaq Rights-Based Fisheries

NEWS RELEASE

By Håoom Fisheries Society & T'aaq-wiihak Fisheries

Vancouver Island, BC - The Ahousaht, Ehattesaht, Mowachaht/Muchalaht, Hesquiaht and Tla-o-qui-aht First Nations support the self-regulated fishery of the Sipekne'katik First Nation, prompted by continued inaction on the part of the Department of Fisheries and Oceans.



Wickaninnish, Cliff Atleo, plays the drum while singing the Nuu-chah-nulth song on the court steps in Vancouver, April 2018. Photo credit: Melody Charlie

In a September 2020 press release, the Assembly of Nova Scotia Mi'kmaw Chiefs announced that "[September 17, 2020] marks 21 years since the Supreme Court of Canada affirmed the Mi'kmaq's Constitutional right to hunt, fish, and gather in the pursuit of a Moderate Livelihood in R v. Marshall. Despite our rights being affirmed by the highest courts in the country, exercising these rights continues to bring frustrations, conflict, and hardships to our people."

Despite having the court affirmed right to hunt, fish, and gather in the pursuit of a moderate livelihood, the Mi'kmaq are being continually denied the opportunity to exercise their rights. This has caused First Nations within the Mi'kmaq to develop their own fisheries management plans, and they've now begun to enact them. Asserting their Constitutional rights has been met with violence, intimidation, and escalating tension between Indigenous and non-Indigenous fishers, something being seemingly ignored by the government.

Colin Sproul, of the Bay of Fundy Inshore Fishermen's Association, told the CBC that "[i]n the absence of law and order good people can be forced to take the law into their own hands and the responsibility for that falls squarely on Minister Jordan and her predecessors who have not enforced the rules."

"We support what goes on back there because we are dealing with the same attitudes and same approach by the government. It's just not acceptable. The government, because of their racist policies, seems to find it easy to stand by and watch non-Indigenous people violate the law, violate the Canadian constitution, and it's okay for them to do that. They say it's too dangerous for them to go out on the water... but what is it like for the Mi'kmaq?" says Wickaninnish, Cliff Atleo, lead negotiator for the Ahousaht First Nation.

About T'aaq-wiihak

T'aaq-wiihak refers to fishing with permission of the Ha'wiih (hereditary chiefs).

In 2009, the BC Supreme Court recognized the Aboriginal rights of five Nuu-chah-nulth Nations (Ahousaht, Ehattesaht/Chinehkint, Hesquiaht, Tla-o-qui-aht, Mowachaht/Muchalaht) to catch and sell all species harvested within their territories. For more information, please visit www.taaqwiihak-fisheries.ca.

For further information, please contact:

Lauren Dean – Communications Specialist, Håoom Fisheries Society
P: 250-703-3213 E: lauren@haoom.ca

God Said

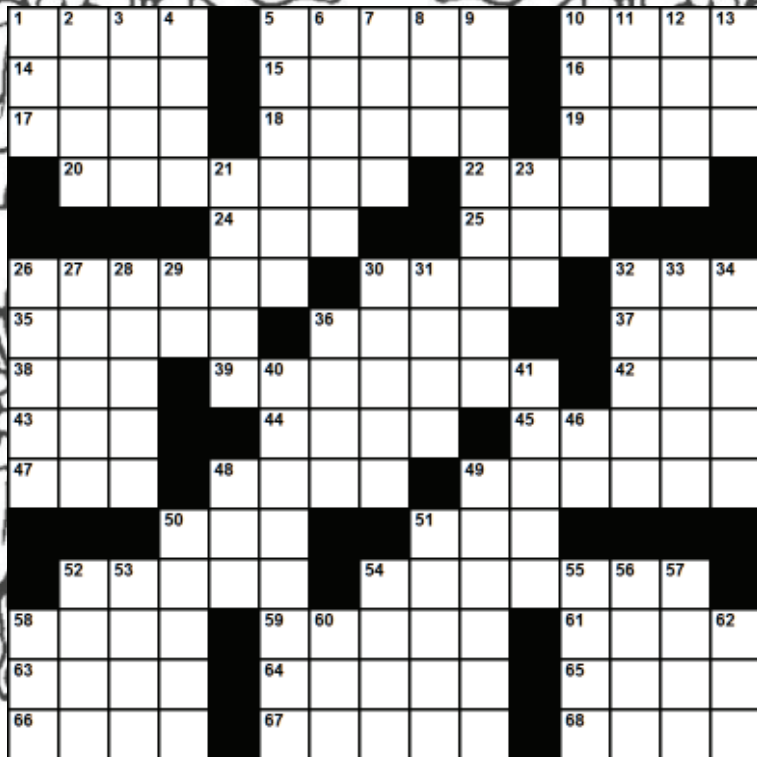
by Thomas Provençal

*I release you from religion.
Come and walk with me.
Witness my creation.
Live in harmony.
The walls you build for praying
hide you from my view.
I filled the world with creatures.
The rest is up to you.
Come join me in creation.
We can co-visualize:
I am with you in perception.
Build your paradise.
I am not a being
who requires you to bow.
My heart is set on seeing
yet the furrows on your brow
denote a certain feeling
as if you pull a plow.
I've given you a garden
therein to procreate.
Off your knees! No need for prayer
nor even to placate!
Help yourself to homeland.
Dig your fingers in.
Grow organic food and
expose a bit of skin.
Rejoice in your abundance.
Have parties every season.
Test your skills as you create.
Thus, life has a reason.*



A T'aaq-wiihak fisher with his grandson lands Chinook salmon in Tofino. Photo credit: Melody Charlie

• GRAPEVINE CROSSWORD •



• ACROSS •

1. Batch
5. Au revoir
10. Floating ice sheet
14. Justice Black
15. Densest gas
16. Bit of humor
17. Bushy do
18. Correct, in a way
19. Ear related
20. Containing iron
22. Ala King
24. Bavarian peak
25. Apple color
26. Hair goo
30. Difficult matter
32. Break dance music
35. Perfume resin
36. Pet, for short
37. Historic time
38. Big whoop
39. Winter vehicle
42. An evergreen
43. Apply a patch
44. Galactic time period
45. Boost
47. Naval off.
48. Preposition
49. Cold time
50. Kind of scout
51. Fri. follower
52. Habituate

54. Meantime

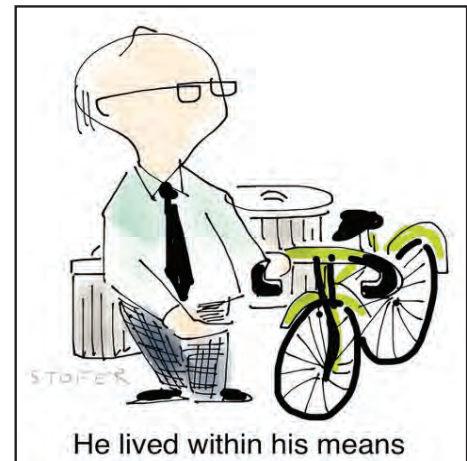
58. Battle memento
59. Indian monarch
61. Abbr. after a list
63. Frau's spouse
64. Kitchen tool
65. Complexion woe
66. Macdonald's partner
67. Winglike parts
68. Groovy, today

• DOWN •

1. Half a dance
2. Dennis the Menace's dog
3. Bugbear
4. Deserving
5. Depressed spot
6. Block, in a way
7. Caesar's bad time
8. 1 billion years
9. In Cousteau's realm
10. Norway bay
11. Currency of Lesotho
12. Depression migrant
13. Common Market abbr.
21. Diameter halves
23. Cry over a mouse
26. Nine-day-old veggies
27. Days of yore
28. Cat cries
29. Be
30. Group no-no
31. Calling company
32. Equip anew
33. Crop up
34. Kitchen device
36. Lamp unto my ---
40. Aussie city
41. Commonplace
46. Only
48. Belonging to us
49. Brimming
50. Groom a horse
51. Curl one's lip
52. Hit a puck too far
53. An ointment
54. Ancient empire
55. Bring in a crop
56. Craving
57. Supernatural power, in Polynesia
58. Common pronoun
60. Afflict
62. Allow to

Mr. Stofer

www.stofergallery.com



THE ISLANDS
Grapevine

NOV CALENDAR

deadline is

FRIDAY OCT 23RD

theislandsgrapevine@gmail.com

250-335-9143

• LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS •

S	N	A	P		D	D	T		K	I	G	A	L	I
H	O	L	E		E	Y	E		A	N	A	D	E	M
U	N	T	O		W	E	E		U	S	E	S	U	P
N	E	A	R	B	Y				M	U	R	A	L	
S	T	R	I	A	E				K	I	N		A	S
					A	N	Y	O	N	E		E	L	I
T	A	G				E	V	I	L			O	D	O
A	N	E	W			D	E	N	E	B		G	E	A
B	E	T	A			R	E	L	Y			S	T	Y
B	L	U	R	B		T	S	E	T	S	E			
Y	E	P			A	L	L				H	I	N	D
					E	T	H	Y	L		E	N	R	O
T	R	A	U	M	A		Y	E	W			I	N	O
S	H	I	R	E	S			O	V	A		C	E	N
P	O	M	O	N	A			N	A	Y		H	E	S

• CLASSIFIED ADS •

• FOR SALE

EMINENT 2000 GRAND THEATRE ORGAN 1970 \$3K OBO Pickup only, lightly used, clean/smoke free home, numerous/ various sheet music and organ books/ manuals included. 250-335-0347

WAGNER FIREWOOD. 2 cords to Denman, \$540 plus GST. Hornby \$560 plus tax. Text or call Scott at 250-334-7323

APPLIANCES FOR SALE. Ranges, washers, dryers, fridges, dishwashers, gas/electric range. All fully restored and come with a full six month warranty. Call Rick Graham 335-0954.

• SERVICES

DENMAN PERSONAL ASSISTANT Skill set involves data entry, administrative tasks, content translation (english, french), property management, scheduling meetings and organizing event/travel. Other services also available. 10 years experience in fast paced industries in Europe and Canada. Charging hourly or per project. Denman resident, Claire Debleu, Denmanpersonalassistant@gmail.com, (236) 380 0726

DB EXCAVATIONS AND CLEARING (Dorian Baker) Equipment: 040 Excavator, 080 Excavator, Skid-Steer Services: Land-clearing, Power Installations, Landscaping, Trenching, Site Prep. Licensed tree faller available. Coming soon if interest shown a mulching head for clearing, tree trimming and broom removal. Great alternative to burn piles. Call or text 250-465-1889 or email dorianbaker56@gmail.com

YVONNE'S BAKING 335 0460

GUTTERS seamless, supply and install also repairs, for free estimate contact Kevin at 250 335 1986 or cell at 250 667 3233. Serving All Areas.

THORLACIUS TRUCKING Top soil, bark mulch, gravel and sand. Call Chris & Lora, 250-650-9986. denmantruck@gmail.com

MR. FIX-IT PLUMBING & All household major and small appliances. All large and small machinery. Yard machinery, chainsaws, outboards, automotive, sharpening, welding and fabricating. Call Rick Graham 335-0954.(HI)

MAGNIFICENT TOPSOIL, Bark Mulch, all gravels, Bison compost, Treework, site clean up, fir mill end firewood, roof tear off, demolition. High grade lumber. 30 years local Entpr. Call Dave 218-9667.(DI)

• COMMUNITY NOTICES

EQUIPMENT LOAN CUPBOARDS – Hornby and Denman Community Health Care Society maintains a loan cupboard on each island with various medical equipment items. If you require assistance, please call our Home Care Supervisor at (250) 792-5889 or email homecare@hornbydenmanhealth.com.

A BLUE-POINT SIAMESE frequents the 1500 block of Pickles Road. Wanders at all times of day and night. We are concerned about her welfare, as she seems to be growing thinner. Is she yours? 250-609-1493 (leave message)

COMMUNITY SERVICES FROM DENMAN WORKS Projector and screen: Book with Abraxas Books and Gifts 250-335-2731 abraxas9@telus.

net Zoom meetings (unlimited time and free recording): See denmanworks.wordpress.com/contact/

• EMPLOYMENT

HOME SUPPORT TRAINING? – Are you interested in working with older islanders in our home support program? There is a need for more trained staff to deliver these services on Denman and Hornby, and we want to know if there is interest in a local training program. For more information please contact Lori at lori@hornbydenmanhealth.com.

COMMUNITY HEALTH WORKERS – Hornby and Denman Community Health Care Society requires part time and casual CHW2s for home support services on Denman and Hornby Islands. Details on our website at hornbydenmanhealth.com or contact us at info@hornbydenmanhealth.com.

WANT TO SMELL DELICIOUS? Come join our production team at Denman Island Chocolate. Full or part time available. Email us at dichoc@telus.net

• ANNOUNCEMENT

NOW LIVING ON DENMAN: Hello, my name is Greg Joly, (you may know my daughters Magdalene and Philippa). I am a professional piano tuner-technician with nearly 40 years of experience fine tuning, repairing, and regulating pianos. Mention this announcement and receive \$25.00 off of your next piano tuning. Your satisfaction is always guaranteed. 250 475 1106 THX



Norman Jacob Grieder

January 2, 1941 –
August 31, 2020

The family of Norman Grieder are sorry to announce his passing on August 31, 2020. Norman was born in Port Alberni to Catherine and Jacob Grieder. He was the second oldest of six children and had a great love of family, especially kids. He loved dogs and was often found with a book in his hands.

Norman worked as a mail carrier, in the plywood mill, and in the oyster business to name a few. He went to culinary school in Nanaimo, but finished his career as a deckhand on the Denman ferry.

Norman leaves his wife Karen and stepchildren, siblings: Anna Berry, Carole & Jerry Platz, Arthur & Kathleen Grieder, George & Debbie Grieder, and many nieces and nephews. Pre deceased by his parents Catherine & Jacob Grieder and his sister Catherine & John Monks Sr.

• BUSINESS DIRECTORY •

• (H) Hornby • (D) Denman • (UB) Union Bay •
• (FB) Fanny Bay • (C) Courtenay/Comox •

• ACCOMMODATIONS & RENTALS •

- Denman Activity Centre (Seniors) Rentals 335-3027 (D/H)
- Denman Community Hall Rentals 335-9177 (D/H)
2 halls, commercial kitchen, new sound system
suitable for concerts, plays, meetings, weddings, etc.

• REAL ESTATE • INSURANCE • FINANCIAL SERVICES •

- Bente Pilgaard, RE/MAX The Islands 335-2510 (H/D)
- Cloutier Matthews LLP, Chartered Professional Accountants 338-7367 (All)
- Donna & Janessa Tuele • Royal LePage Hornby 335-1720 (D/H)
- Sylvie Schroeder • Royal LePage Denman Island 335-2551 (D/U)

• BUILDING • CONSTRUCTION •

- Aquarian Systems • Water Cisterns • Ed Hoepfner 335-2037 (D/H)
- Cal's Bobcat Services • Auger, Grapple, Rake 613-447-8873 (D/H)
- Dean's Digger - Mini Excavator & Small Haul 218-4534 (D/H)
- Denman Electric, Licensed, Fully Insured & Bonded 335-3122 (D/H)
- Excavator/Backhoe/Tandem Gravel Truck • Kenny Mather 703-6512 (All)
• John Isbister 335-2565 (D)
- Gutters Supply & Install • Kevin 667-3233/335-1986 (All)
- Kinetic Electric, licenced, bonded & insured 335-1741 (D/H)
- Ray Ulovec-Backhoe/Excavator, Septic Installation 335-3145 (D/H)
- Denman Renaissance • tile & stone installation 334-6644 (D/H)
- Roc-Isle Drywall, Harvey Hodgins • 35 yrs exp. 'certified' 334-4776 (D/H)
- Seaside Electric • Licenced, Bonded & Insured 702-0570 (D/H)
- Tandem gravel truck & transfer trailer • Grant Morrison 335-0702 (D/H)

• SERVICES •

- Acupuncture, Herbs • Dr. Willo Walker, Dr. TCM 335-1535 (D/H)
- Chiropractic Care on Fridays • Dr. Dawn Armstrong, DC 465-8482 (D)
- Massage Clinic • 2796 Northwest Rd. • Leah Kelly 335-2584 (D)
- DB Excavations & Clearing • Dorianbaker56@gmail.com • call or text
465-1889 (D)
- Denman Works! • Tony Gregson 250-335-0287 denmanresource@gmail.com (D)
- Home Town Shredders • Document Shredding • 334-7111 (D/H)
- Edwardsen Tree Service • Jered 250-580-7127 (D)
- Peter T. Mason • Land Surveying 757-8788 (All)
- Physiotherapy • Christopher Mainella • 514-605-9398 (D/H)
- Maandala Massage • Lisa Larkin • CHMP • text 871-8701 call 335-2836 (D)
- Physiotherapy & Acupuncture • Carmen B-Gautrais RPT, RTCMP
335-2260 (D/H)
- Trees Service • Chipping • Certified faller • Antoine 207-3884 (D)
- Tree Service - Darian Chase • Arborist 218-0404 (All)
- Trueview Treecare, seniors' discount • Wildbill 898-7246 (D/H)
- Yoga Classes, Holistic Massage, 30 years exp. • Fiona Walker 335-1535 (D/H)

THIS WEEK'S EVENTS

THURSDAY 22

- RECYCLING CENTRE 2-7pm
- BOTTLE DEPOT 2-7pm
- CAP SITE 4-7pm
- FOOD BANK 4-7pm
- DORA DRINKWATER LIBRARY 1:30-3:30pm
- MINDFULNESS FOR HEALTH 7pm

FRIDAY 23

- DORA DRINKWATER LIBRARY 1:30-3:30pm

SATURDAY 24

- RECYCLING CENTRE 9-5pm
- BOTTLE DEPOT 9-5pm
- FARMERS MARKET 9:30-12:30pm • Old School
- DORA DRINKWATER LIBRARY 1:30-3:30pm
- DENMAN FREE STORE 9-Noon

SUNDAY 25

- DORA DRINKWATER LIBRARY 1:30-3:30pm

MONDAY 26

- DENMAN FREE STORE 4-7pm

TUESDAY 27

- RECYCLING CENTRE 2-7pm
- BOTTLE DEPOT 2-7pm
- CAP SITE 4-7pm

WEDNESDAY 28

- RECYCLING CENTRE 2-7pm
- BOTTLE DEPOT 2-7pm
- CAP SITE 4-7pm
- FOOD BANK 4-7pm
- DORA DRINKWATER LIBRARY 1:30-3:30pm
- MINDFULNESS FOR HEALTH 7pm

THURSDAY 29

