

Jan-Mar, 2012

NEWSLETTER



Hays Falls

Wishing you a happy & prosperous New Year!



Nice Lake, Kingston

Editorial

Over the past three months quite a few members have participated and enjoyed many activities all over New Brunswick— from Rockwood Park to the Fundy Trail, Fundy National Park and up to Hays Falls near Woodstock and the Maliseet Trail in Nackawic; the waterfalls on the Kingston Peninsula, as well as Welsford and LePreau Falls (where Trevor almost saw his final hike!). Some have been quite challenging indeed (Turtle Mountain and Bald Mountain), but we would expect



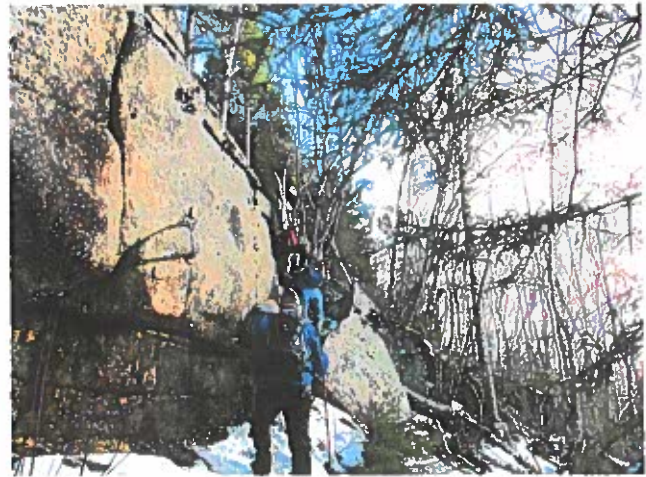
nothing less when Trevor leads hikes. The turnout is gradually increasing which is a great sign that more people want to get outdoors and see what this gorgeous province has to offer.



We must not forget the hospitality of Henry and Christa Peiser for hosting the Guy Fawkes bonfire night and fireworks on November 5.

Thanks to everyone who led events over the past year; they were all fun and kept us moving outdoors.

Our winter schedule looks to be a full one with an event being held practically every weekend until end March.



Congratulations to Michel Arsenault for being a member of the winning Dragon Boat team in August 2011. I'm told that Jack Saunders also filled in for this team's first race which was the fastest heat of the day at 51 seconds. What an achievement!

New for 2012

Membership renewals for 2012-2013 will include an Event Log which will present a personal challenge for us all. For every 100 Km you hike, bike, paddle or ski on SJOE events only, you will receive a reward up to 500 Km. The Executive are in the process of deciding what the reward will be; possibly a ribbon, badge, pin or star. More details in the next newsletter.

A n SJOE brochure promoting the club is also in the final stages of production and should be available early in the New Year.

We also have a Saint John Outdoor Enthusiasts group page on Facebook where you can post photographs and comments and share news with other members.

Now is the time to dust off those snowshoes particularly as a little bird tells me that some of our members have received new ones in their stockings), wax those skis and get out in the snow.

In addition to the Labour Day weekend Mt. Carleton campout, a four day hike along the 42 Km Fundy Footpath is being planned for the long weekend in August. More details will be published in the next newsletter.

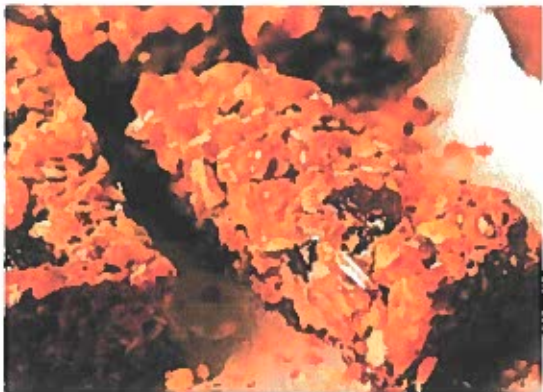
Have a fun and active winter everyone.

Glenise Peck

More interesting stuff...

Chewy Walnut Trail Bars

Baked ahead of time, these chewy, nutrition-packed walnut trail bars are perfect for long trips, hikes or even work commutes.



Ingredients

3 cups (750 mL) old-fashioned rolled oats
1/3 cup (75 mL) packed light brown sugar
1/4 cup (50 mL) all-purpose unbleached flour
1 tsp (5 mL) baking soda
1 tsp (5 mL) cinnamon
1 1/2 cups (375 mL) coarsely chopped walnuts
1/2 cup (125 mL) dried cherries or cranberries
1/2 cup (125 mL) chocolate chips
1/2 cup (125 mL) pumpkin seeds
1/2 cup (125 mL) shredded coconut
1/4 cup (60 mL) sesame seeds
1/2 cup (125 mL) dried apricots
1/2 cup (125 mL) butter, cut into small pieces
1/2 cup (125 mL) honey

Directions

Preheat oven to 325°F (160°C).

In large bowl, whisk together oats, brown sugar, flour, baking soda and cinnamon. Stir in walnuts, cherries, chocolate chips, pumpkin seeds, coconut and sesame seeds; set aside.

In food processor, process apricots until broken up, about 1 minute. Add butter and process until a paste forms, about 1 minute. With motor running, pour in honey until well blended. Fold into oat mixture until well combined.

Pat evenly into a parchment-lined 9 x 13-inch (23 x 33-cm) baking pan. Bake in the centre of oven until golden, about 30 minutes. Transfer to rack to cool completely.

Cut into bars (2x12 rows or 8x3 rows). Makes 24 walnut trail bars.

Nutritional information

Per bar, about: 250 calories; 6 g protein;
14 g total fat (5 g saturated fat); 26 g carbohydrate
3 g fibre; 10 mg cholesterol; 85 mg sodium;
%RDI: 2% calcium; 10% iron; 8% vitamin A

An Unforgettable Day

Last Labour Day weekend, a small group of 8 paddlers, led by Jack Saunders, set out from Deer Island in Kayaks to whale watch. It was a gloriously sunny and still day. They paddled across to Campobello Island and could see whales in the distance while being surrounded by seals and porpoise. One of the paddlers said it was too bad they couldn't get a bit closer when suddenly a large fin-back whale breached right in front of them.



Hugh, from Fredericton, said "is that close enough?" (8 feet away).

They paddled around for a while and then went ashore for lunch. Afterwards, they headed down towards Machias, USA, with the tide running in they easily paddled along.

There were millions of krill (small fish 2-5" long) breaking the surface. Looking ahead Jack saw thousands of sea-birds feeding on the krill, many of which he had not seen before. He suspected that many were on the migration back south and were fattening up. As they drifted forward they expected them to take flight, but they just parted a little to let the group through and closed in again behind them to continue feeding. There were easily 3-4,000 sea-birds of all descriptions—it was an amazing sight and a day that the group did not want to end.

Jack said that had he been alone he would have slept on the beach overnight and listen to the whales blowing. "Life is good".

Jack Saunders

Story Time

Skating in Space.

In my last story, I spoke of how as young children and teenagers, we found many ways and places to ice skate in the winter months. Such places as backyards, rinks, ponds, regular skating rinks outdoors and, of course, Lily Lake. But we also skated on sidewalks and roadways in our neighbourhood and, on occasion, in January and February. This happened when we got a brief warm spell and the fog would roll in causing a glaze of ice to form over everything later in the evening. After supper and lessons we would grab our skates and hit the roads and sidewalks before the sand trucks got around. We lived on the side streets and they were the last to be sanded.

[I covered this in my last story]

As we grew older into our teenage years, we would catch a street car out to the end of the line at the Three Mile House. From there it was a three mile hike out to Drury Cove on the Kennebecasis River. This became our favourite skating area and we could skate all the way to Milledgeville and back. This required a good lunch and, we would be out most of the day - a long and tiring day indeed.

Long Island was another favourite spot, there was always lots of firewood over there for a campfire and a shelter out of the wind.

We used to envy those people with the "Long-reachers" or "speed skates". One of their strokes would easily match 6 to 8 of our short bladed skates. I strove to save up my pennies and get myself a pair some day (which I did) but not until my early twenties.

As the years went by, I spent a lot of skating time on the river, more so when I had my speedskates. On occasion, after I moved to the country (Kings County) I would stop at Rothesay wharf on my way home from work and skate out to Long Island and back. This of course was when ice conditions were good and I would get up early in the morning around 4:30 a.m. and get a skate in before arriving at the shipyard where I worked.

My worst fears on arriving at work were the words "Dockmaster looking for you Jack! There's a diving job at West Saint John". This did happen on more than one occasion.

In the early nineties, there was a period of perfect ice conditions stretching for about 8 days. It was March and after it had rained the ice was clear of any snow and perfectly smooth. So on my way home I stopped at the Rothesay wharf, put on a heavy jacket and stocking hat, put on my skates and stepped onto the ice. The ice was coal black, the stars were bright and I felt that I could reach up and pluck them from the sky. Not only that, there was a full

moon rising. "Wow!" as I left the white tidal ice along the shoreline and got out onto the black ice, I looked down and low and behold there were the stars, the constellations, the milky way and the moon shining clear and bright at my feet! Wow! again. I'm skating in space I shouted. So off I went skating off to the south end of Long Island. I was going to skate all the way around and back. Half way to the south end of the island I tripped on a crack and fell, knocking the wind out of me. I lay for a moment or two on my stomach catching my breath and then rolled over onto my back. As I lay there looking up at the heavens, the shooting and falling stars and galaxies, I wondered, as many of us do, where did I come from? How far do you go? Laying there I thought of the astronauts in space and God. I also thought of skating in space and a little poem began forming in my head. I got up, shook myself and struck off again, with the moonbeams shining on my face. I had a long way to go. Several hours later nearing the fishing shacks and the wharf, I looked up once again and shouted "good night Neil (Armstrong), goodnight Buzz (Aldrin), goodnight Obi Wan Kenobi".



Just then a door opened in a fishing shack. A man stood in the doorway with a flashlight in his hand. "Hello out there!" Are you alright?" As the light focussed on me, "Yes" I replied, "just saying goodnight to a few friends who shared the night with me".

As I got back to shore and up to the car at around 10:30 p.m., I changed into my boots, stood beside the car, looked once more up at the heavens, galaxies and got into my car and drove home.

"Oh", what's that you say? ah yes, the poem!

*So come, step out into space
with me and forget reality
for we will skate upon the face
of the man in the moon
and if he grins
you will know you will win
a place in the galaxy too*

Goodnight Obi Wan Kenobi!

Jack Saunders

Activities

The Ancient History of Snow Skiing

Cave and rock drawings found in Norway, Sweden and Asia suggest that skiing began approximately 5,000 years ago. In fact, if you take a look at the timeline of skiing, you will see that the earliest skis were discovered in Russia in 6300 BC. According to a *Northern Review* article about skiing history, when the Stone Age people migrated north, they encountered an abundance of snow-covered terrain.

Realizing that transport was going to be a challenge, they came up with a clever idea that involved attaching wood, oblong extensions to their snow boots. Additionally, they discovered that attaching a fur covering to the bottom of these makeshift skis, and arranging the hairs so that they pointed backwards would keep the snow from sticking to the bottom. The hairs also allowed these snow transport devices to glide along the snow. This gliding action is the precursor of what we now call skiing.

The Early History of Ski Poles

Archaeologists have discovered rock drawings which depict a man standing on a pair of wooden planks, holding a long wooden stick. It is possible that this is the earliest origins of the ski pole. It is possible that these poles doubled as hunting spears and walking sticks. From 206 to 205 BC, the Han Dynasty ruled in

The History of Skiing in Asia

China. According to the *Shan Hai Jing*, a book which describes the popular schools of thought during this period, the people of the Mountains of Northwest China wore what was called "horns of the goat," which was a knee-high fur boot with a hoof-shaped wooden board underfoot. Historians suggest that this type of ski was used as a means of transportation, hunting and warfare in the Mountains of China.

Skiling for Warfare

Between the years 552 and 1767 AD, there are various accounts of skis as a means of warfare. For example, the 552 AD Greek translation of the Gothic Wars makes reference to the Scythians, which translates into "gliding Finns." In the 1200 AD Battle of Oslo, Norwegian soldiers used skis to spy on their Swedish enemies. Centuries later, the skiing soldiers of the 10th Mountain Division were trained in mountain warfare, and fought in the Italian Alps. Upon their return, many of the soldiers opened ski areas throughout the country, and created a number of ski-related publications. Peter Seibert, who was the founder of Vail in Colorado was one of these soldiers. However, in order for skis to be efficient as tools of mountain warfare, racing and recreation, some major changes had to occur.



As such, in the 1860s, some major events in the history of snow skiing took place.

The Origin of Skiing in Colorado

In 1859, gold was discovered in Breckenridge Colorado. When news reached the rest of the country, hundreds of other prospectors arrived, in search of their fortune. They soon discovered that skis were the only viable method of transportation. At the time, what we now call skis were called snowshoes, and what we call snowshoes were called Indian feet. The miners would hike up the mountain on their Indian feet, and then ski down on their snowshoes. When Father Dyer arrived in the area, he decided to earn his living by traveling from town to town on his snowshoes, delivering the mail, along with the word of God. He was thus called the Snowshoe Itinerant.

Sondre Norheim and the Telemark Ski

Although Sondre Norheim is commonly associated with Telemark skiing, his influence actually extended to all of Alpine skiing. His story begins on March 21, 1843, which is the first publicly known incident of a non-military ski event. This Northern Norwegian recreational ski race was held in a town called Tromso. Meanwhile, in Morgedal, a town in the Telemark region of Norway, a man by the name of Sondre Norheim was raising skiing and ski making to an art form. Norheim is credited with developing the first shaped ski, as well as the Telemark turn, where one ski advanced in front of the other. Some people call him the Father of Modern Skiing.

Skiing in the Late 20th Century

Elan's further development of the shaped ski, as well as enhancements in chairlift, grooming and snow making technology have added to the popularity of modern skiing. These developments have made it easier for novices to learn the sport, and for resorts to extend their ski season and transport more skiers per hour.

Art McFadden...

Commemorative event at Hays Falls and the Maliseet Trail with Art McFadden

During the fall this year, Art McFadden led two hikes to Hays Falls and the Maliseet Trail in Nackawic. This was a prelude to having supper with Art and a few founder members when Trevor Fotheringham presented a plaque to Art in recognition of his contribution to the club's development since its formation.



A little over 21 years ago Art, together with Muriel Flood, Paulyn Lawton, Bruce Chamberlain, Ross Francis, Martina Riorden and a few members of the Moncton OE, met at the old West Side hospital, and agreed to form the Saint John Outdoor Enthusiasts Club. At first, the group functioned as a way for likeminded outdoor types to get in contact with each other for outdoor activities. It has since grown to the structured club it is today, and Art has continually been at the centre of its development, serving in various capacities including president, vice and past President and member of many committees.

Art is one of the club's foremost leaders and a mentor to many who have followed in his footsteps. Described as a quiet and solid leader who, some say is so unassuming you could lose him in a crowd of two!

Always there to help, with his well stocked backpack, rope; first aid kit; spare equipment, if you needed it, it was in there. His wizardry with a marker and flip chart at event planning meetings was truly amazing.

Art's hikes were always a little more adventurous, a little less tame, more challenging, and out of the way but always memorable. Usually requiring a significant amount of bushwhacking, and including tight steep spots that were usually quite icy in winter, where one slip could lead to serious injury or a premature death. Yet participants always gained a memorable sense of accomplishment, and usually greater self-confidence.

Mind you not all of Art's events went as planned. One such hike to Mary Pitcher Falls, where some disagreements regarding map orientation, (something about a foreign guest thinking he knew better) resulted in everyone getting lost. Eventually after a much lengthier trek the entire group did get out somewhere near Salmon River.

Art once put on quite a lightening show at the top of Mount Katahdin.



All the best to Art and family in their recent move to Fredericton.

Future Events

Fundy Footpath—4 day hike August Weekend 2012

Currently in the early planning stages—if you are interested in participating, let Ruth, Trevor or Glenise know. This is a challenging 42 Km hike that will involve backpacking, camping, water filtration and crossing tidal rivers. More details will appear in future newsletters.



Labour Day Weekend—2012

SJOE group campout and hiking Mt. Carleton, Mt. Bailey and Mt. Sagamook trails—Trevor Fotheringham will be leading these hikes. Be warned—these will be typical “Trevor Hikes” and certainly not for the faint-hearted!
More details in coming issues.

Cleveland Way in Yorkshire, England - June 2013

14 Days away - some for the hike and some to tour...

Trevor Fotheringham (696-6093) is interested in organizing a hiking trip along the Cleveland Way in Yorkshire, England. This is a 150 mile trail.

Contours Tours will arrange accommodations along the route each night. Participants would hike 8-12 miles each day. One bag of luggage will be transported to the next stop each day, so all you need to carry is a day pack. Estimated cost is approximately \$3500. Please contact Trevor if you have some interest and would like to learn more.

