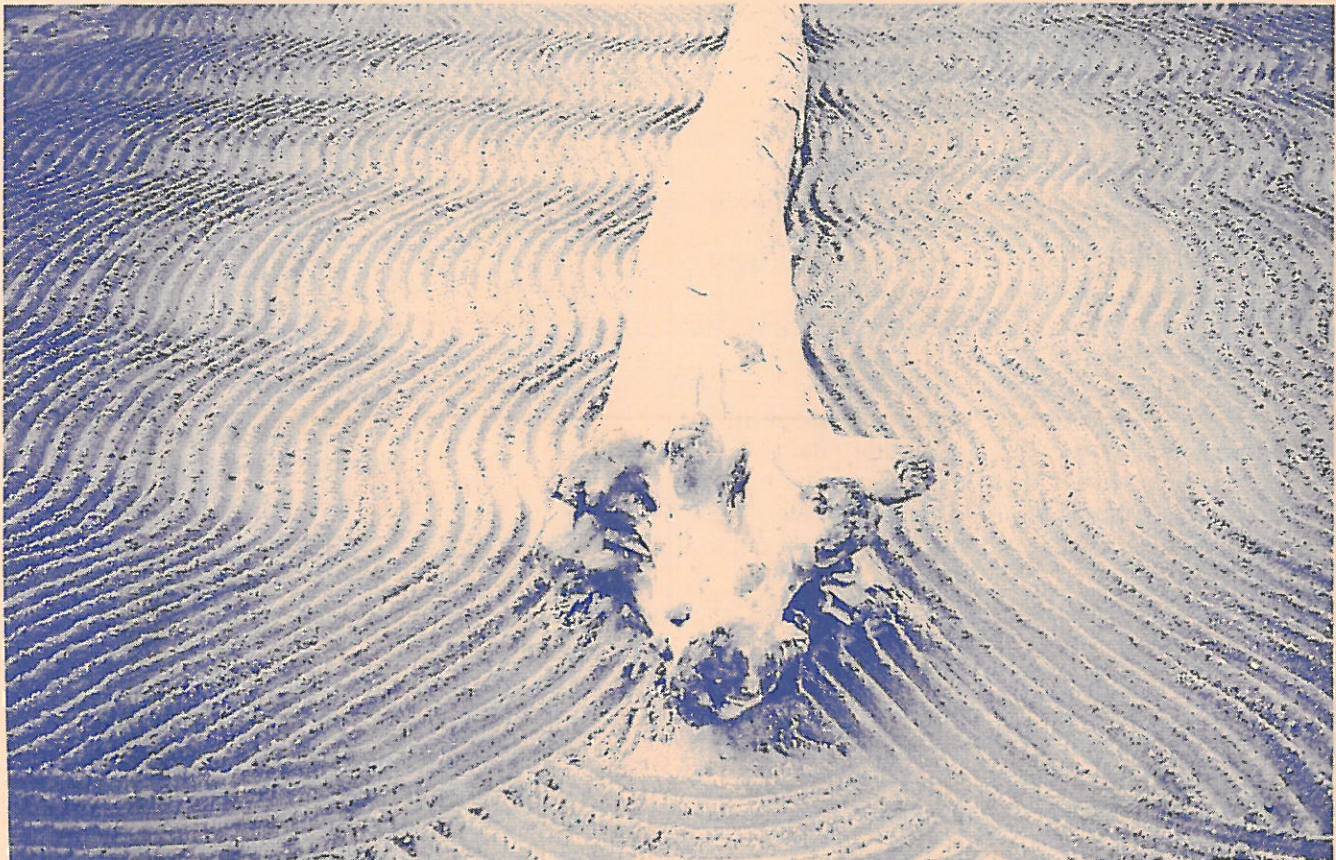


# *Archipelago*

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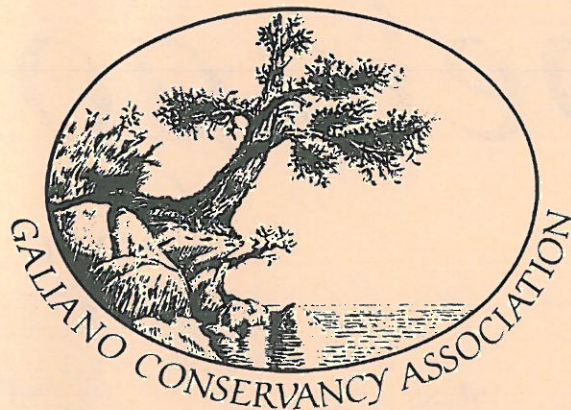


*Zen Log- Diana Lynn Thompson*

*Summer 2003*

*News, reviews, and interviews on  
Community and Conservation*





*Archipelago* is published by the Galiano Conservancy Association in the interests of pooling knowledge, encouraging respect and inspiring affection for our natural heritage and for each other.

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### Editorial: Jillian Ridington

"No man is an island", said John Donne many years ago - and, old feminist that I am, I would add, "Neither is any woman". Although we live on islands and love them, we can't live in isolation. This issue seems to revolve around connections - connections between friends near and far, between science and art, between the action of the ocean on one side of the ocean and its impact on a shore thousands of miles away. And on this small island in the Salish Sea, there seems to be hope that the distances that have grown between people who have different visions of our island's future may be closing. After the latest war in another gulf far away - but closer now that we think of friends living close to it - I can only echo the theme of Rosemary Sullivan's article - "Only Connect.." The world will converge on our corner of the world for the Olympics in a short seven years; surely, we will need a strong community more than ever.

### About the Cover

*Zen Log* is one of the many pieces in the ephemeral art project "Gesture" that may be found on Victoria, Vancouver, Gulf Island or Saanich beaches. Throughout this summer and fall, people exploring local beaches could come across subtle, natural art installations among the stones and sand. Visual artist Diana Lynn Thompson might be found making images out of natural materials or raking Zen-garden-style patterns in the sand. Her creations take from one to four hours to complete, but are soon washed away by the rising tide. "This work is about the process of art, about making and giving away, about anonymity, and about celebration of the moment. It's about being where you are and not hoarding what you have, being in touch with what is before you. It is also about doing no harm; making brief, ephemeral work causes as little harm as I can think of," says Thompson. As she wants her work to be discovered by surprise, she doesn't specify where she will be on any given day. But if you find an elaborate arrangement of stones, shells, and seaweeds or a calming fold of raked sand on one of your walks, you will know that she's been there.



## A New Convergence

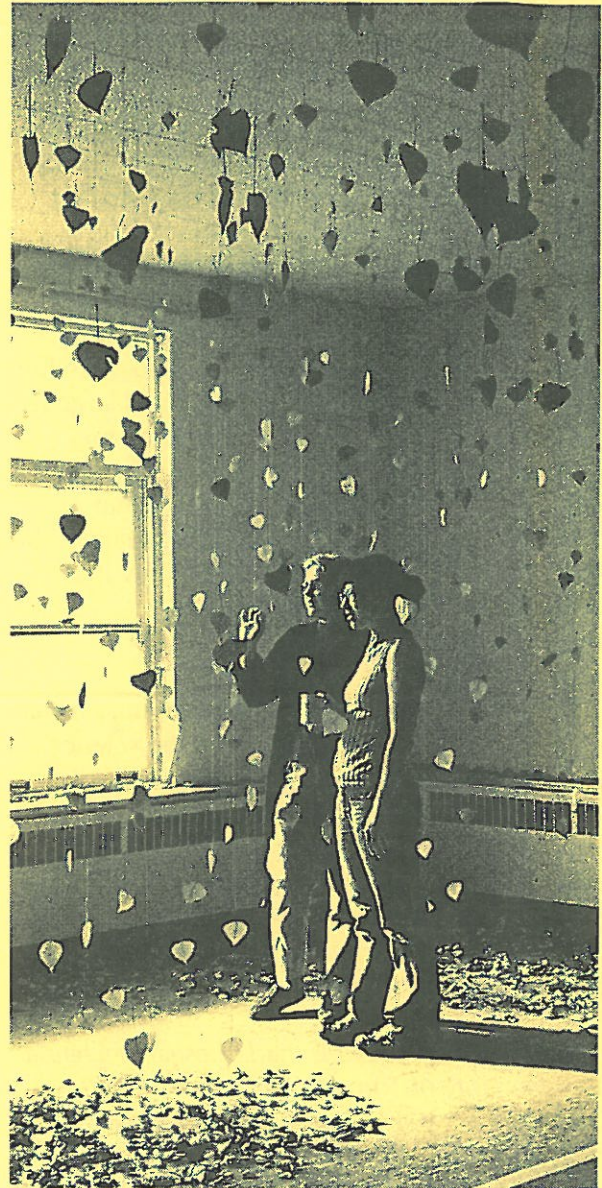
Rosemary Sullivan, Toronto

Reprinted (with permission) from EDGE Magazine, Spring 2002

I visited Toronto Island recently to view an installation by a young artist, Diana Lynn Thompson. She had hung strings of leaves from the ceiling of her small studio — over a thousand golden brown cottonwood leaves inscribed with the names of the island's inhabitants, both the living and the dead. I walked through the winding path of hanging leaves and felt I was inside the canopy of the tree itself. Thompson called her installation *Only Connect*. She was quoting from E.M. Forster's *The Longest Journey*: "Only connect! That was the whole of her sermon."

Now that the new millennium has begun, I ask myself: what have we failed to connect? Man and nature; art and technology; science and ethics? A short time ago we spoke so blithely of apocalypse, never expecting to find ourselves in a changed world. It is a world that requires we rethink many things. We had thought ourselves safe. We were focused on a vision of science conquering the aging process; of the endless renewal of the human body through organ transplants; of human cloning; and so on and so on. As a *New Yorker* cartoon recently suggested, suddenly these matters seem infused with nostalgia. Now we must confront new realities, such as our lack of preparedness for germ warfare or the vulnerability of our own technologies in the face of saboteurs. Now we know the dark side of globalization. Our technologies do not insulate us from the fragility of life.

I think with pride of the university as an institution that forms young minds. The free play of ideas is one of the greatest achievements of Western culture. But have we, too, forgotten something? It is fair to say that the 20th century was the century of specialization. The brilliant 19th-century generalist was left behind as knowledge became increasingly esoteric within separate disciplines. It is fair to speak of a schism between the physical/life sciences and the



"Only Connect" —photo & installation by Diana Lynn Thompson

humanities and social sciences, both within the university and in society at large. When did we conclude that the disciplines were mutually exclusive? The humanist came to distrust the scientist; the scientist condescended to the humanist. Both devoted themselves to their own private languages.

We need a new convergence. It was not lost on anyone that the symbols of Western technology were the object of terrorist fear and hatred on Sept. 11. Have we used our technologies thoughtlessly in the pursuit of pure research? Have humanists abdicated responsibility as we allowed language to be



perverted so that weapons of mass destruction cause only "collateral damage?"

I see great promise in my students. They want to reshape an integrated world. In one of my undergraduate seminars a few weeks ago, Ajay Mehra, a student who is majoring in mathematics while reading physics for pleasure, wrote a wonderful paper on a poet named Gwendolyn MacEwen. MacEwen used the concept of the imaginary number to explore her conviction that the universe within is as large as the cosmos without. Iteration, relativity, the uncertainty principle – all these concepts were at play in her work. Ajay was suggesting that science and art are not alienated disciplines. The mathematician and the poet both know that anything you can imagine can exist, imaginatively.

My hope for education in this century is that we will see the re-convergence of the sciences and the humanities, that our mutual dependencies will be explored in increasingly exacting dialogues. Our technologies must be informed by ethics, the humanities by a pragmatic engagement with the world. We need a new vision. The world's survival may well depend upon it.

*Rosemary Sullivan is a Canada Research Chair at the University of Toronto.. She won the 1995 Governor General's Award for Non-fiction for Shadow Maker: The Life of Gwendolyn MacEwen.*



*April Ears – Ephemeral Art by Diana Lynn Thompson*

## TSUNAMI!

*Paul LeBlond, Galiano Island*

**It is January 1700** and the winter sun is shining brightly on the small northern Japanese village of Otsuchi. Suddenly, some fishermen noticed that the surf was starting to spill over the wharf. Sea-level was rising.

"Tsunami ! Tsunami !" they shouted. Villagers ran out of their houses and up the nearest hill. The ocean quickly flooded the waterfront, out of the blue, literally: a crisp winter day with a mild swell breaking on the beach, and now the whole village was full of water. There were no basements to flood, all the houses being built on chest-high pilings on the delta flats behind the beach, but boats were already drifting up the streets. The surf, riding on the rising sea-level, was now breaking on the front porch of the harbour-master's house. It no longer seemed so mild, as it smashed windows and lifted away loose floatables.

After half-an-hour, the water stabilized at waist level in most houses: two meters above the streets. Huddled on the hillside with their animals, villagers watched the waters ebb seawards, carrying a great parade of flotsam... firewood, row boats, rocking chairs, boots and bowls, tatamis, dolls, and boxes of all shapes, colours and sizes. The village emerged, somewhat messed up. From the hillside, observers watched the sea retreat far beyond the harbour mouth and even beyond the shallow near shore banks.

Pursued by the warnings of his elders, a young man ran down the hill after a small girl's precious possession, a doll drifting away to sea. He had scarcely reached it and was running back when a series of breakers came crashing into the village, each higher than the next. The sea was spilling over the land again in the second wave of the tsunami, carrying on its back the swell as well as all the smaller waves created by its own passage. The lucky young hero, swept by the wave, was carried up to the foot of the hill and deposited into a tree, to which he managed to hang as the waters once more retreated. Three more times over the afternoon the village was flooded and



more havoc was wreaked. Only the next day did the villagers dare return to what was left of their homes, very hungry, happy to be safe, but depressed, and resigned to the difficult times ahead. To rebuild the village, repair the boats, replace all that was lost and broken would take years. And then, there might come another tsunami like this one, unheralded by any shaking of the ground. A wave out of the blue.

Could this happen here, in our southern Gulf Islands archipelago? Is this yet another potential disaster that we should be concerned with? Should we build walls? Install warning equipment? Move to higher ground? Loath that I am to miss such a great opportunity to be a prophet of doom, I believe that we do not have to be overly concerned about tsunamis in the Gulf Islands. To understand why, let's review briefly what we know about tsunamis.

A tsunami (from the Japanese. *tsu*=harbour, *nami*=wave) is a series of really big waves created by a very large disturbance of the sea surface: usually a major earthquake, but also possibly a giant landslide, or even an impacting asteroid. When an earthquake suddenly thrusts the sea floor up (or down), the sea surface is also displaced. It bounces back and forth and creates a series of waves which travel away from their source... just as when a rock is thrown in the water. It's the same kind of waves, really, but because large earthquakes can suddenly displace the sea floor over tens to hundreds of kilometres, the waves they produce have similar horizontal dimensions. Just how high they are depends on the initial displacement of the ocean floor; bigger earthquakes of course make higher waves.

A typical tsunami radiating across the open Pacific after some seismic event - for example the waves that followed the great Alaskan Good Friday Earthquake of 1964 - consists of a series of waves a few meters high (1-5 m) with crests of successive waves spaced tens to hundreds of kilometres apart. In an ocean of mean depth 5 km, these waves travel at a speed of about 800 km/hr - as fast as a jet plane. It is the wave shape, not the water that moves at that speed. As a wave passes under a ship at sea, the water level rises as a crest approaches and falls as the trough arrives. A wave with a crest-to-crest

separation of 80 km, generated by an earthquake having disturbed the sea bottom over such a swath, would take about 6 minutes to pass the ship. During half that time, the water level would rise from its lowest to its highest level; then it would fall back. The change of level from trough to crest of the wave is the wave-height, which depends on the original displacement of the sea bottom. For a wave height of 5 m - a big tsunami - the ship would rise 2.5 m in three minutes and fall 2.5 m in the next three minutes. The vertical acceleration associated with that displacement is so slow as to be unnoticeable to human senses. The slope of the sea surface - 5 m in half a wavelength of 40 km, or 1:8000 - is also too small to detect.

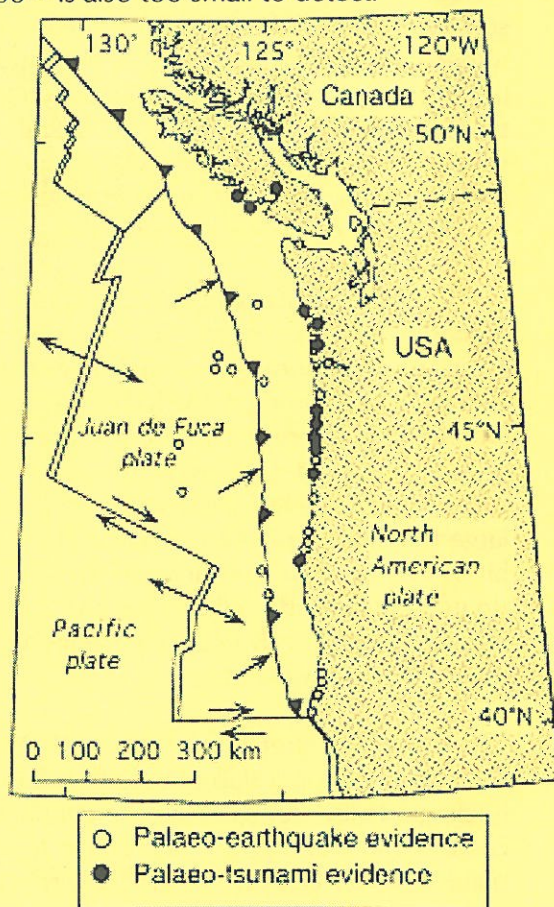


Figure 1. Plate tectonics of the B.C. Coast. The Juan de Fuca plate, a slab of basaltic lava extruded at the Juan de Fuca ridge, the area indicated by a double line and the opposite arrows, sinks under the North American plate at the subduction junction, denoted by the northeastward arrows and the dark triangles. White and black circles indicate areas where there is geological evidence for past earthquakes and tsunamis respectively. A megathrust earthquake would lift the ocean floor (and hence also the sea surface) by about 5.0 m at the subduction junction, with the uplift decreasing gradually to near zero at the coastline. From Satake et al., "Nature", 1996.



The best place to be during a tsunami is on a ship at sea: the waves pass by unnoticed. Trouble comes when the tsunami approaches the shore. Like surf, tsunami waves amplify and steepen as the water depth decreases, going from the deep ocean (5,000 m) to the continental shelf (100 m and less). Waves are further amplified by being funnelled in narrow channels, or by exciting resonance in long inlets (as occurred in Alberni Inlet in 1964). On the other hand, the waves are attenuated and dissipated by friction against the ocean floor and shores. At the shoreline, the tsunami causes flooding, bringing sea-level alternately up and down over periods of minutes to hours. As in the scenario described earlier, this allows the surf, which breaks harmlessly on the beach under normal conditions, to smash destructively into houses and other structures not built to resist its assaults. Only in rare circumstances, where the tsunami is funnelled through very shallow water, does it steepen enough to reach the shore as a crashing wall of water.

The vulnerability of coastal areas to tsunami damage depends critically on the nearby sea-floor and nearshore configuration. Most prone to tsunami inundation are low-lying coasts in areas where the offshore sea-floor configuration has already amplified or focused the waves. Partly submerged funnel-shaped valleys on the flanks of large island volcanoes as in Hawaii, have been hit by so many tsunamis that newly built houses do not have a bottom floor: the first floor is elevated upon sturdy concrete pilings and is reached by a long ladder.

Over long stretches of Pacific Rim shoreline, the sea-floor, a slab of basalt kilometres thick, gradually creeps under the continental crust in a stop-and-go process where tension builds up over years to be suddenly released in a major seismic event. The release of the tension leads to a sudden lifting of the sea floor over hundreds of square kilometres. Large waves generated by the earthquake travel across the ocean and can wreak havoc halfway around the world. The coast of Chile, Japan, Alaska and South America frequently are subject to such disturbances.

The 1961 Chilean and the 1964 Alaskan tsunami waves were a few meters high when they reached the BC coast and caused resonance and flooding at the head of Alberni Inlet. Those tsunamis were also detected in the Strait of Georgia, but by the time they had travelled through the shallow waters and narrow passages of the Gulf Islands, they had been reduced to a small fraction of their former height and caused no damage.

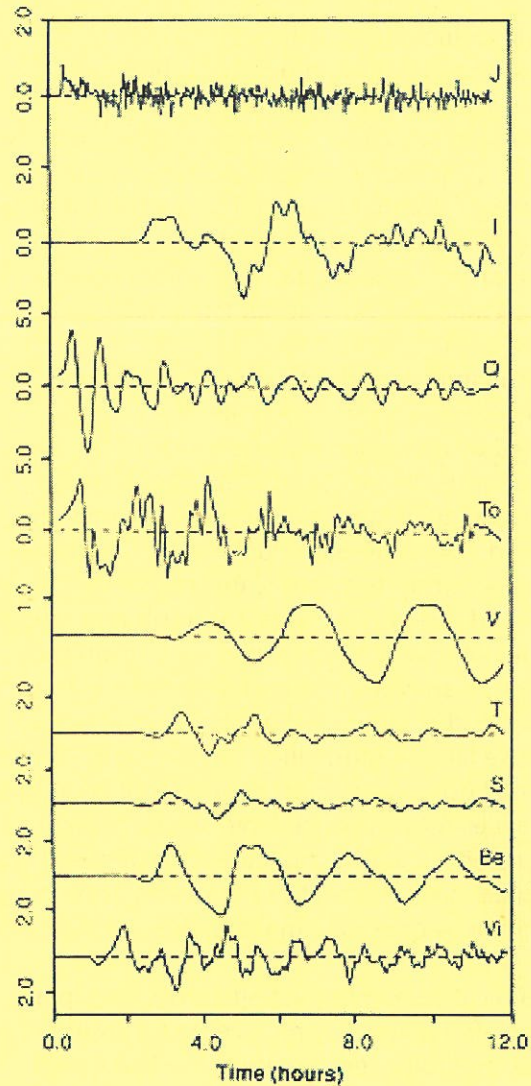


Figure 2. Sea-level changes following a 5.0. m displacement of the sea-surface at the seduction junction at selected locations on the B.C. and Washington shoreline. Note the different scale for each location, all in meters. J stand for Cape St. James, at the southern tip of the Queen Charlotte Islands; I is at Queen Charlotte City; Q at Quatsino Sound, To at Tofino, V in Vancouver (note change of scale); T, S and Be at Tacoma, Seattle and Bellingham respectively; and Vi at Victoria. From Ng, Leblond and Murty, "Science", 1990.



The Juan de Fuca plate, the piece of sea floor adjacent to the coasts of southern BC and Washington state, squeezes under the North American continent at a rate of a few centimetres per year in what is called the Cascadia subduction zone. As this is the same kind of tectonic situation encountered off Chile, Japan and Alaska, Canadian geophysicists have long wondered why no major earthquakes have occurred in recent centuries. Perhaps the tension is building up to a giant seismic event, a so-called "megathrust earthquake."

Such a very large earthquake would cause a major tsunami that would devastate the outer coast of Vancouver Island and penetrate through Juan de Fuca Strait into Puget Sound and the Strait of Georgia. Are there traces of previous such events? And how big would these waves be?

Geologists have found subtle traces on the sea floor and in coastal sediments of some past great Cascadia earthquakes and associated tsunamis, the last one occurring about 300 years ago. Scrutinizing local records, Japanese scientists discovered that a tsunami which hit northern Japan on 27-28 Jan 1700 was most likely to have been caused by a large earthquake on the B.C. coast. By the time the waves reached the Japanese coast, partly focused by oceanic geometry, they were still about 2 m high. They arrived without warning; no local earthquake preceded the waves.

Calculations of wave heights on the B.C. coast have been performed for a similar earthquake, modeled by a sudden vertical displacement of 5.0 m along the edge of the continental slope, roughly at the 2,000 m depth contour, tapering off towards the coast. The wave pattern generated by a long line source parallel to Vancouver Island is strongly directional. In such a model, wave energy travels outwards, towards Japan, and inwards, to be reflected and partly dissipated at the coast. Wave heights on the outer shores of Vancouver Island reach and exceed 5.0 m. Resonance in Alberni Inlet causes severe flooding. However, only a relatively small amount of wave energy penetrates Juan de Fuca Strait. As the waves propagate landwards, friction diminishes their amplitude. The barrier of islands,

separated by narrow and shallow channels at the head of Juan de Fuca, acts like a leaky breakwater from which most of the tsunami energy is reflected. Tsunami wave heights still reach about 2.0 m at Sooke and Victoria, but fall down to less than a meter at locations within Puget Sound and the Strait of Georgia. What this means is that in the worst case, with the tsunami happening at high tide, water levels at Gulf Island shores might reach a meter above expected values.

But what about earthquakes with epicentres on the east side of Vancouver Island, within the Georgia Basin? Smaller quakes occur along the faults criss-crossing the coastal crust. These seismic disruptions release a lot less energy and can only produce relatively small waves. For example, the earthquake which shook coastal B.C. in June 1946 and caused extensive damage near its epicentre, north of Courtenay, and much alarm all over the southern B.C. coast and as far south as Olympia, Wash., produced only a small disturbance in the Strait of Georgia. Tugboat operators reported some "heavy swells" (Vancouver Sun, 24 June 1946), but there was no significant flooding.

However, this quake did trigger a number of landslides on Vancouver Island. At Deep Bay, a 200 ft section of a 15 ft high promontory slid into the sea, creating a wave that capsized a small dinghy into which two men were carrying stones. It sank... like a rock, and one of the men drowned. The only other casualty recorded was a man in Seattle who died of fright when he saw buildings sway. The greatest hazard from an earthquake shaking the Gulf Islands would thus not be a tsunami, but a landslide. The presence of large boulders at the foot of many Gulf Island cliffs suggests that more of them could come tumbling down in the wake of an earthquake.

For a quick reminder of tsunami hazards in B.C., consult the Provincial Emergency Program presentation on page 24 of the Victoria Area phone book. The tsunami hazard map presented clearly identifies the outer coast as being most exposed. An article by Frank Gonzalez in the May 1999 issue of *Scientific American* provides an excellent overview of tsunamis, as does a little book by Walter Dudley and Min Lee (Tsunamis!)



published by the University of Hawaii Press in 1988. Calculations of tsunami heights on the B.C. coast arising from a megathrust earthquake were presented by Ng, LeBlond and Murty in "Science", vol.250, p. 1248 (30 Nov 1990). Similar calculations for waves reaching the coast of Japan from a presumed 1700 earthquake were made by Satake et al., in "Nature", vol 379, p. 246 (18 Jan 1996).

A quick review of the evidence for earlier megathrust earthquakes is to be found in *Vancouver, City on the Edge: Living with a dynamic geological landscape* by Clague and Turner, reviewed in this issue.

*Paul LeBlond* is a professor emeritus of Ocean Science at UBC, and a resident of Galiano Island

## *An Historical Map of Galiano: Part 2*

*Diane Laronde, Galiano Island (with additional research by Jillian Ridington)*  
continued from Archipelago, Vol VI #1



*An Historical Map of Galiano created by Diane Laronde*

## *Farms*

Henry Georgeson built a cabin on the shore of Georgeson Bay in 1863. Seven years later, John O'Brien pre-empted 150 acres next to Henry's claim. Although Georgeson was already there, he did not file his claim until 1873. Georgeson and O'Brien hunted deer for their own use, and also sold the meat and hides in Victoria or New Westminster. It was said that Georgeson could carry two deer slung over his shoulders, at one time.

Jeremiah Chivers, brother of Margaret Shaw, pre-empted 160 Acres at what is now Shaw's Landing in 1875. The Shaws arrived on Galiano in 1877, and began farming at Retreat Cove. Charles Groth, who married Henry and Sophie Georgeson's daughter Elizabeth, pre-empted 160 acres on the North slope of Mt. Galiano in 1882. Groth kept a diary, and in it he noted the number of deer he shot in order to protect his orchard and crops. Elizabeth died around the turn of the century, and Groth sold his land to a Mr. Shields, who rented it to Albert Head, the ancestor of many current Galiano residents. Shields soon sold it to Cyril Morgan, Dave Morgan's grandfather; Dave's father Nigel was born there in 1913. In 1926, Cyril sold half the land to Frederick Hardie, grandfather of Iona Campagnolo. It is now owned by Rose Longini, and called "Green Frog Farm." The Morgan family kept the other half of the land until the 1960s. They bought their current sheep farm, part of the Georgeson property on Active Pass Drive, in 1944

In 1890, Edward Winstanley bought land at Arbutus Point and had a small farm there until the turn of the century, when he went to the Yukon and found gold. In 1892, Robert Grubb started farming near Sturdies Bay, on land cleared by Japanese labourers. Grubb raised Jersey cattle, then sold the farm to the Bellhouses in 1907.

The land that became McCroskie Farm was held by Walter Beall in 1894; he planted an orchard there. The Page farm dates from 1901; they had an apple orchard, and raised cattle, pigs, chickens and sheep. Montague Park was once a busy farm belonging to the Charles Grey



family. If you look at the meadow near the beach on the inner harbour side, you will see remnants of the old fruit orchard. Montague Park Road now follows the trail on which the Greys took their cattle in and out of their farm. Around 1910, the younger Finlay Murcheson ran sheep and grew potatoes on the land where the golf course now stands.

Max Enke arrived at Georgeson Bay in 1907 aboard the Iroquois, as Sturdies Bay dock was out of action at the time. Max brought 11 Belgian farm workers and proceeded to buy up land until he had 1300 acres. He ran sheep on what is now Bluff Park.

In the 1920s, the Bambrick family had a chicken farm at Arbutus Point, and Mr. Thomas had a small dairy operation just north of the present site of St. Margaret's Church. There was a chicken farm at Linklater's, which is now owned by Brian Mitchell and Louise DeCaro, and the Higgs had a silver fox farm nearby, on the Cain peninsula.

At the north end, the site of the old Cook Farm is now a beaver pond – but in the 1930s, there was a fine orchard there. Esther Allard owned another orchard at Lighthouse Bay, and Tony Bell's family had a black mink farm at Retreat Cove. It was called the Seven Sisters Fur Farm, as Tony had seven daughters. One of them is Clara Stevens, who is still part of the Galiano Community.

Alan Steward, whose father bought land near the intersection of Bluff and Burrill roads "sight unseen" from Edward Winstanley in the early 1900s, had a dairy farm in the valley and delivered milk all over the South End in the 1940s. He sold it to the DeStaffenays in 1957, and they focussed on beef cattle. Later, this land became "Rees's field."

Scotty Georgeson owned a farm "up island"; he sold it in 1945, and the new owners, the Gustins, raised angora rabbits there. During the fifties, the Lyons had a large chicken farm at Salamanca Point. In the 1960s, the Scarrows had a sheep farm at Retreat Cove.



*Morgan Farm, Active Pass drive. : Dave Morgan collection*

## *Postal Services*

Early in the 20<sup>th</sup> Century two lighthouses were built – one at Race Point and one at Virago Point. "Sticks" Allison was appointed lighthouse keeper in 1902 and held the job for the next forty years. Allison had been injured in an underground explosion in a Nanaimo coalmine in 1901, and had to walk on crutches for a while – thus his nickname "Sticks." He married one of Henry Georgeson's daughters. They were extremely isolated in the beginning. Until 1912, Allison rowed over to Kuper Island twice a month to pick up mail. Passing boats used to throw parcels of newspapers into the water for him to retrieve from his rowboat and dry out by his stove before reading.

In those early days, there was no foghorn; when the weather closed in and Georgeson heard the horns of approaching boats, he would climb to the top of a hill and bang on an old coal-oil tin with a stick, to let the ships know where the land was. Ships got their bearing by lining up the two lights. From an early age, "Sticks's" daughter Devina looked after the Race Point light while her father attended the other. Her mother died in 1915.

## *Stores*

The first North Galiano store was started by a Scot, who then sold it to Andrew Deacon. It was closed down when Mr. Sharp took over in 1905. Before then, the Shaws would row to Nanaimo, which was the nearest commercial centre. Once steamers began to travel past regularly, Shaw would row out to meet them and pick up his



mail and groceries. The first store on the site of the last North Galiano store at Spanish Hills was started in 1908 by Charles Gregert. His initial stock consisted of fifty pounds of sugar and ten gallons of coal oil. The structure was temporary, and a more permanent one was erected in 1914-15, when the wharf was also built.

Settlers on the south end would row across to Miners' Bay to shop, until Joseph Page opened a store in the valley in 1902. The Burrill Brothers store opened in 1903. It sold gas and coal oil, stock feed, basic hardware and foodstuffs, and had a wharf where boats could be refuelled. John Grey opened a store at Montague Harbour in 1905, and ran it for three years. Later, it was run by his son, Albert. Goods that could not be obtained on island were ordered from New Westminster or Victoria, and brought over by freight.

By the 1920s, the South end was well served. York's store sold gas, home canned meat, and preserves. It catered to fishermen, and was run in conjunction with a boat-building yard. Fred York was also the island's under-taker; he used a barge instead of a hearse, as most of the population lived close to the water. The Heryet store was beside the dock; it was taken over by the Bambricks in 1935. During the 1930s, there was also a Home Oil barge at Lighthouse Bay. Sticks Allison's second wife lived and worked there, until her son and his wife took it over. They bought clams, using a holding tank in the bay to keep them fresh. Lorenz's Shell station and garage opened in the 1940s.

Ollie Garner bought Burrill's Store in the 1950s; his sister and her husband took it over a few years later. They moved it to Sturdies Bay Road, where the building still stands. It has gone through several incarnations since that move, and now houses the Galiano Grand Central Emporium and restaurant. The Bambricks stayed in the business, and bought Jack's coffee shop in 1952. They built a large new store, and sold groceries, hardware, freight and insurance, on the site of the present day Real Estate, Insurance and Post Office building. It burned down in 1970.

The Corner Store was built by Vic Zala in 1972. George Tully established Montague

Motors and Tully Construction, at the junction of Montague and Georgeson Bay Roads, about the same time. That period also saw the start of the weekly "Mobile Market", which took fresh vegetables and fruits to several of the Gulf Islands, and evolved into Loney Rockafella's Daystar Market.

## *Logging*

Some interesting early bits:

At the same time that many pioneers were taking up pre-emptions for farms, Samuel Mathews Robins was granted 8,294 acres of land on Galiano Island in 1889. He was the manager of The Vancouver coal Mining and Land Company, a British coal-mining company operating in Nanaimo. This company apparently became financially troubled, and in 1902 it was bought out by Western Fuels Ltd., a subsidiary of Canadian Collieries Ltd. In 1944, logging rights on the Galiano lands were sold to Nanaimo companies. In 1951, the Powell River Company bought large amounts of land in the Islands - including the Galiano holdings - from Canadian Collieries. In 1960, MacMillan Bloedel Ltd. merged with the Powell River Company. MacMillan Bloedel was acquired by Noranda in 1981, and subsequently by Weyerhaeuser.



*Gossip Island from air: 1939 Elizabeth Steward collection*

The Denroches ran a resort on Gossip Island. With the outbreak of World War II, the bottom fell out of the resort business, but demand for lumber boomed, so they set up a sawmill. This was later sold to Doan Hartnell, who brought in a big crew and operated at top speed for several years.



## Charcoal Pits

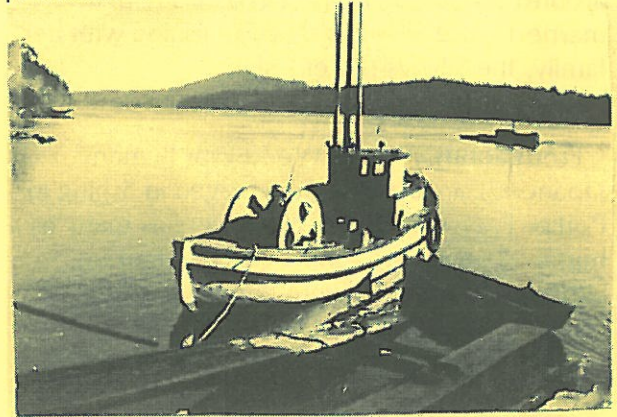
The first documented settlement of people of Japanese origin on Galiano was in 1877, very soon after the first Japanese arrived in BC. They provided labour for land clearing, woodcutting and logging. The majority came from Wakayama prefecture, which was an economically troubled area at that time. Their labour here was poorly paid. Wakayama was well-known for charcoal production, and there was a ready market for charcoal in the salmon canneries at Steveston. Furthermore, very little was needed to begin: wood, which was abundant; an axe; a shovel; plenty of labour. Charcoal fetched a good price. So several charcoal pits were built and used here for many years. Steve Nemtin has documented this history, and one of the pits, at the top of Highland Road, was dedicated as a historic site in 2002.



Galiano Charcoal Pit – Steve Nemtin photo

## Industry

Around 1900, there was a still on Whiskey Creek, which runs into Sturdies Bay. And there are many stories about rumrunners who operated out of Montague Harbour during U.S. prohibition.



Gillnetter: Elizabeth Steward collection

More reputable businesses also thrived in the early years. The Karrs, who arrived at Spotlight cove in 1918, operated a sawmill which produced much of the lumber for the salteries. They also leased the land used by the salteries and canneries. Herring was salted on Galiano from about 1910 to the 1940s. According to the late Betty Steward, there were canneries at Saltery Bay, Karr Bay, Retreat Cove and Reid Island. Historian Beth Hill wrote that there were five salteries, four run by Japanese-Canadians and one by Yip Sang, a Chinese-Canadian. Sang was a Vancouver businessman who came to Galiano in 1911 and built a saltery where the Salishan resort now stands. His children stayed involved in the business until the 1940s. But the trend was to canned herring, rather than salted, and the Ode saltery at Saltery Bay was burned down in a fire on December 3, 1941. Pearl Harbour came four days later. The salteries went out of business during World War II, when Japanese residents were removed from the coast.

## Fishing

Of course, fishing and the harvesting of shellfish has occurred ever since First Nations people first came to Galiano, thousands of years



ago. The many middens on beaches from Dionisio Point to Montague Harbour tell that history. Fishing by Galiano settlers began about a century ago. Sometime after 1905, the Oulette family lived in the Retreat Cove area. They fished for dogfish, and sold the oil from the fish livers for use in the pit lamps in the coal mines around Nanaimo. In the 1920s, Tony Bell married Clare Silvey and began fishing with her family, the Silveys of Reid Island.

From about 1900 to World War II, many Japanese-Canadians were engaged in fishing in Porlier Pass; sometimes there were as many as a hundred boats out, fishing cod and herring. When the canneries were gone, sport fishing remained an industry at the north end of Galiano.

### *Community Halls*



*First Dance at the South Galiano Community Hall, 1929: Elizabeth Steward Collection*

The Galiano Club was founded on November 17, 1924, with the initial aim of building a hall for community functions. The hall was completed in 1928; since then it has undergone many additions and improvements, yet still retains its character.

First Dance at the South Galiano Community Hall, 1929: Elizabeth Steward Collection When school bus service was instituted to serve North Galiano in 1953, the North Galiano School was closed. The building was renovated and improved, and now serves the north end and the Galiano Community – especially as the site of the July 1<sup>st</sup> Jubilee each year.

*Next issue – Galiano’s Cemetery, a history of health care on Galiano hotels, cottages and B&Bs.*

*Diane Laronde is a Galiano artist and historian.*

### *A Letter from A Turkish Isle*

Dear Archie,

I am writing from the largest island of an archipelago in the Marmara Sea known as the Princes’ Islands. An hour’s ferryboat ride from Istanbul, the four largest accessible islands in this chain bear resemblance to our own Gulf Islands. They are peaceful places. The air is clean. Relatively few people live here year round (6500 on Buyukada– the big island) with a large increase every summer. Once a home for reclusive religious orders, the islands supplied building stone for Istanbul’s magnificent churches and mosques. More recently, artists, writers and intellectuals have found refuge here, notably among them Leon Trotsky who lived here from 1929-1934. Pine, oak, wild rose and acacia cover the islands offering a landscape as close to home as we have yet encountered in Turkey. Horse-drawn phaetons, donkeys and handcarts are the only vehicular traffic here, though, and it is this, which is most striking about all the islands, reflecting considerable foresight. The hotel, which advertises hot running water, has none, and the meal we have on arrival cost double the price first offered. But for these things, the word ‘paradise’ easily comes to mind.

*Gary Moore, Buyukada, Princes’ Islands  
May 2003*

### *Our Foreign Correspondents*

Galiano and the Gulf Islands live in the minds of those who have lived here and left, whether for a short time or permanently. In this section, we hear from three former Galiano residents now living elsewhere.

As most Galiano Island residents know, Gary, Barbara and Jennifer Moore have gone to join son and brother Luke Moore in Turkey. The Moores retain many ties with Galiano, and Gary



will continue on the editorial board of Archipelago, to the degree that email allows. Galiano-bred Kate Hennessy is currently living in San Francisco, and sends her impressions from there. And Meg Holden, who is currently completing her PhD in Chicago, but hopes to return to Galiano soon, evaluates a very well-funded environmental education facility in Washington state and Galiano's own less costly – but perhaps even more valuable – program.

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## *Fear and Littering in Istanbul*

Gary Moore, Istanbul

*"Journeys...flower spontaneously out of the demands of our natures – and the best of them lead us not only outwards in space, but inwards as well. Travel can be one of the most rewarding forms of introspection...."*

Lawrence Durrell, *Bitter Lemons*, page 15.

These words, written almost half a century ago, gave me focus as our airplane took us from Vancouver to Istanbul, a city of 16 million, bridging Europe and Asia. We had chosen this as our adopted home for some indeterminate, but perhaps extended, period of time. It is endlessly fascinating, often troubling and a great place for the investigation of history, which Durrell contends is "the lamp which illumines national character".



A Buyukada phaeton: Gary Moore photo

It is the novelty and the strangeness of the background of things, which allows us as visitors to see human actions in relief. Our observation

and testing of the laws of human nature perhaps are more meaningful when culture, world-view and mindset are not taken for granted, but seen as a newcomer must see them, afresh.

Without a thorough understanding of Turkish, it is often difficult to fathom or discover what is going on around us here. The simplest everyday events seem mysterious and we often live in the question. To gather information in order to understand better the state of the environment and environmental awareness here, we took our questions to Victor Ananias of Bugday, one of Turkey's few environmental organizations. Bugday, pronounced bu-die, means 'wheat'. Originally a health food restaurant near Bodrum on the Aegean coast, Bugday has today become "a catalyst for ecological awakening in Turkey". Growing slowly since 1990, the organization today is a focus for "ecological agriculture, ecotourism, ecological architecture, personal development, production and consumption awareness, fair trade and many other related issues". The day before we met, Victor and his co-worker Deniz had given a presentation to a university environmental politics class. While we talked, they were also preparing for a meeting with government officials the following day, to discuss water, wetlands and development issues.

Both men were disappointed by a small turnout at the environmental politics class, and a lack of real engagement by the students with the issues they had presented. We also found that they were clearly frustrated by the response of government members who often changed positions, avoiding decisive action. Indeed Victor anticipated our first question by saying, "Turkey's biggest environmental problem is a lack of hope. We try to take a stand, but everything is always shifting and moving under our feet." Bugday's motto, "Standing Up for Ecological Values," has clearly identified a necessary precursor to environmental action; it brings to mind a more familiar epigram, "If you don't take a stand for something, you'll fall for almost anything".

Only a handful of organizations represent environmental ideas in Turkey. Each has a niche, addressing a specific part of the environmental spectrum: technical organic education; bird and



habitat protection; natural and cultural heritage. Some small organizations also represent agricultural workers' issues, such as chemical poisoning. Greenpeace is not a legal NGO in Turkey. However, using tactics practiced worldwide, it has taken on toxic waste, oil tanker traffic in the Bosphorous, and fish farming on the Aegean coast. There is some competition between the groups, and some co-opting of their ideas by corporations seeking a green corporate image. TEMA, a well-known soil conservation organization, is the creation of one of Turkey's largest chemical fertilizer companies. While critical of some organizations which are good at fundraising and public image creation but which fail to produce real results, Victor acknowledges the need to "try to create a platform that everybody is on".

Although no small local groups exist to focus on solutions at the grass roots level, it is in the rural villages that Bugday sees the greatest hope and best examples of sustainable living. Anatolia, with its wide diversity of landforms and climate, produces a wide variety of grains, fruits and vegetables and is self-sufficient in terms of food production. Protection of the environment goes hand in hand with protection of the old ways, the traditional self-sufficiency that still prevails in most rural areas in Turkey. However, even this is changing. Migration to the cities has increased greatly in recent decades. Ten years ago, 60% of Turkey's population was rural, involved in agriculture in some way. Today, the figure has fallen to 40%, with rural poverty, civil war, earthquakes and government policy pushing people to the cities. By 2025, Turkey's present policy of urbanization will have reduced the agricultural-based population to only 10%.

Such rapid urban development has given rise to the phenomenon of 'gecekondu' – apartments and shanties 'built in one night.' Areas of unoccupied land on the fringes of Istanbul are built out and occupied, literally overnight, without permits or planning. Development for the wealthy, in gated 'Sites' (See-tays) up the Bosphorous, contributes to the threats to surrounding wetlands and to Istanbul's fresh water supply. Residential and industrial development occurs on the most beautiful land,

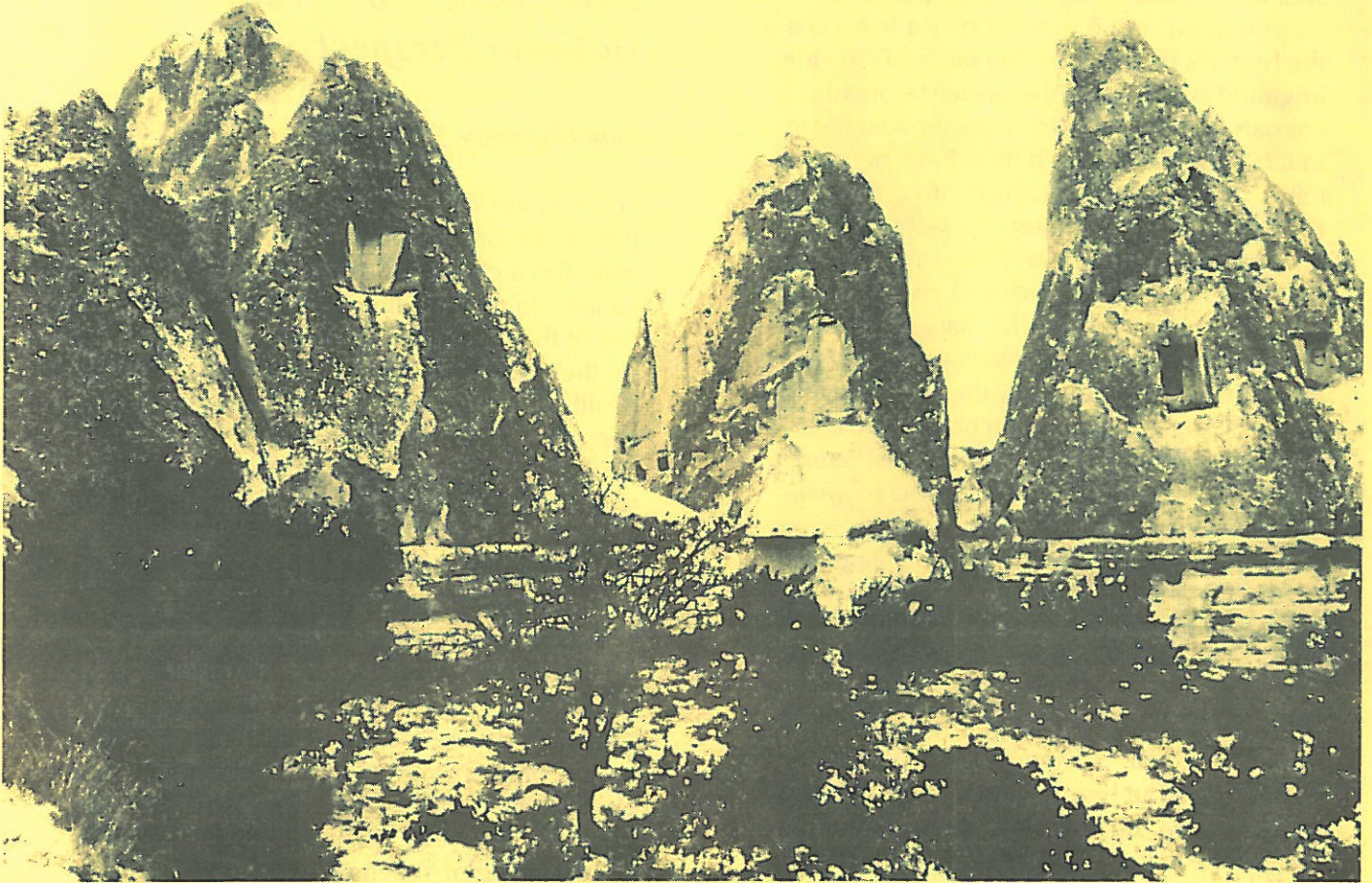
traditionally agricultural. The knowledge of centuries can be lost when farmers sell out, exchanging sustainability and security for a new car and cash.



*Barbara Moore with Yashar Keresh, a Cappodocian farmer hoeing a vineyard: Gary Moore photo*

In a culture in which crushing poverty and showy opulence exist side-by-side, traditional social disparities ensure that garbage and waste are sorted and utilized in any possible way. Little is wasted, but organic waste ends up in the landfill, since composting in cities seems to have been forgotten. Each evening, garbage is thrown in the streets in plastic bags at random collection points. Often, it is simply piled between parked cars or at strategic corners. Garbage cans were removed a few years ago because they were often used as receptacles for PKK (Kurdish Workers' Party) bombs. Violence has undermined order and public sanitation. Since the violence has abated, garbage cans are gradually reappearing and new municipal recycling projects are under way. Before the municipal garbage trucks collect the refuse every morning, each pile has been picked through by Hurdaci (junk dealers) and paper/cardboard collectors, who pull huge handcarts up and down Istanbul's hilly streets, extracting anything of value. Some glass and aluminum carries a deposit and refund; these materials are collected by those for whom an income of only a few dollars a day somehow allows for survival. Ironically, every morning shop owners wash down their steps and sidewalks with soapy water, meticulously wash





*Fairy Chimneys with Fruit Trees and Grapes: Gary Moore photo*

their windows, and splash water around to cool and clean the pavement. Even a clean sidewalk, however, does not deter people from rampant casual littering. (Remember BC's 'Aunty Litter' campaigns of the 50s and 60s?) The concept of littering as a proscribed action is unknown here. Everyone, including the police, seems to toss garbage on the streets, everything from cigarette butts and packages to plastic bottles and bags. Anything goes, and there is no stigma attached to casual littering. Plastic bags and bottles are strewn about the landscape. Shocking quantities of bags are caught on any vegetation on stream and river banks. We observed this in several parts of Turkey on trips to the rural areas.

Yet it was also in those areas where we witnessed the best examples of sustainable living, and especially in Cappadocia, an area in Central Anatolia that has seen human habitation for thousands of years (see photo on this page). These fascinating villages and underground cities

carved out of stone are still inhabited in much the same way they must have been for many centuries. Tufa, volcanic stone with a hard outer surface, has been carved out to form rooms, suites and numerous churches, many of which still survive. We explored the valleys near Goreme on two occasions and visited one underground city that descended for twelve stories! Here people were able to withstand the sieges of invading armies for months at a time, with ample supplies of food and water, air vents hidden from detection above, and dwelling space for thousands of people. Animals could be kept underground; even wine was pressed and fermented.

What was most striking to us – after we had recovered from our initial amazement at the structures themselves – were the systems of food production and recycling of nutrients (animal and compost wastes) to the fields. We walked up sandy valleys with fruit trees of many species, as



established to test “pollution in people” by analyzing blood, urine, fatty tissue and breast milk in disproportionately affected and particularly vulnerable communities. According to the government, with chronic diseases reaching epidemic levels here, more and more evidence is linking these illnesses to environmental contaminants. Maybe they’ll start in Marin, just across the Golden Gate bridge, where the cancer rate is in some cases forty percent higher than in the rest of the Bay Area. What could be buried under all those million-dollar houses?

It is hard for me not to be cynical. So many people have worked so hard, dedicating their lives to stopping pollution, stopping development, stopping all of these things that endanger us, and endanger the planet. But our food is not safe to eat, and George W. is still trying to drill for oil in the Alaska lands that Brower and the Sierra Club thought they had saved. At the very least, the movement is strong in the Bay Area. On a day-to-day level, the city takes away my recycling and even my compost. Local conservationists are managing to acquire, preserve and restore thousands of acres of tidal marshes around the Bay that have been diked and filled since the mid-1800s. My favourite is Crissy Field, a former military base and parking lot nestled under the Golden Gate bridge. Where there used to be concrete, there are sand dunes covered in native plants and grasses. The old buildings are gone, and in their place the streams are full of birds and bugs. I go there with my partner, Devin Plange, (who also has strong ties to Galiano) and the dogs, and every single time we catch ourselves saying, “This is sooooo beautiful...”

Places like these remind me of how lucky we are on Galiano, where the results of our efforts to care for our environment are a real part of our daily lives. While I generally have to travel to see the good work of Bay Area conservationists, Galiano is a place where the concepts of preservation and protection have shaped not only the physical nature, but the very character of our community. We live in the place that we want to protect, and we notice and take responsibility for the changes that we see. It is hard for big-city people to get the same feeling of

community, and to see the results of their work the way we do on Galiano. I hope that in California, as more of these places are restored, more people will begin to see their value. Better yet, more might feel the sense of stewardship that drove Muir, Brower and others to jumpstart environmental movements. Galiano is a place that California can learn from. Keep working for what matters – but stay away from the tuna salad!

*Kate Hennessey is a visual anthropologist who grew up on Galiano, and returns frequently.*

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### *Magical, Natural Learning Places: Lessons from Island-wood Environmental Learning Centre and Galiano’s Environmental Education Program*

*Meg Holden, Chicago*

Islandwood Environmental Learning Center on Bainbridge Island in Washington State is testimony to the good a whole lot of money can do. I arrive for a tour, along with a few dozen other curious people, on a bright Saturday morning in late June. We are headed off at the top of the drive by our guide and sent walking along a gorgeous forest path that reminds me of the trail to Pebble Beach – but wider, more regular, more meticulous.

“Imagine, as you walk this path,” suggests our guide, “That you are a fourth or a fifth grader, and you’ve just arrived in a big yellow bus, after a long drive and maybe also a long ferry ride. You may never have been out of the city before and you may never before have stayed the night away from home. So you get out of the bus and you load your sleeping bag, your backpack, your rubber boots, maybe a teddy bear, onto one of these carts, and you start with the rest of your class down this path. All you know is that this is where you’ll be staying for the next four days, and that your bed will be in a place called *Invertebrate Inn*, or *Bird’s Nest Lodge*, or *The Mammals’ Den*.”



Debbie and Paul Brainerd, of Seattle's Brainerd Foundation, began to think about Islandwood in 1998. They had come out to Bainbridge Island to site their own home. They found the whole south end of the island, the Port Blakely Mill and tree farm lands, up for residential subdivision and sale. The forest is rich and healthy second and third growth, laced with low-profile trails tramped in by islanders toward Mac's Pond, a notorious local skinny-dipping haven. Rather than participate in the slicing and dicing of this forest, the Brainerds negotiated the purchase of 255 acres and decided on the idea of an environmental learning centre as the best public use for the land. They dreamed of creating a magical place for adventure-based learning, using the natural world and all five senses to teach science, math, art, writing, technology and culture. Much sweat and \$52 Million USD later, Islandwood is a model of excellent intention, innovation, and sustainable practice.



*Rainwater harvesting cisterns are some of the centre's bold architectural statements that show attention to the way they use the land. Roofs have been sloped to capture maximum water, as well as for sunlight exposure. Islandwood expects to produce at least 50% of its energy needs through photovoltaic panels. Photo: Meg Holden.*

Islandwood is not just the Brainerds' pet project. It is a gift to the region, by hundreds of willing workers and donors, of a needed public resource. Directors of other hands-on learning centres recognize it as the largest environmental start-up project in the history of the United States. All those involved in planning, designing, and now operating this remarkable centre have revelled in the free reign they've had to fill their sustainability pipe dreams.

Mithin, the Seattle architectural firm responsible for design and construction, had

ample local materials to work with, plus massive timbers donated by the Port Blakely Mill. They've experimented with a range of other innovative materials from yogurt-container and sunflower-seed-hull counter tops to recycled rubber tire, sneaker sole, and beer bottle floors. The three residential lodges for kids are spacious, bright, and warm, from the skylights and windows to the radiant-heat flooring. Each room, which sleeps four kids in bunk beds or two adults in a Murphy bed, has its own bathroom, its own mascot from the natural world posted by the door, even its own constellation cut into the wall sconce.

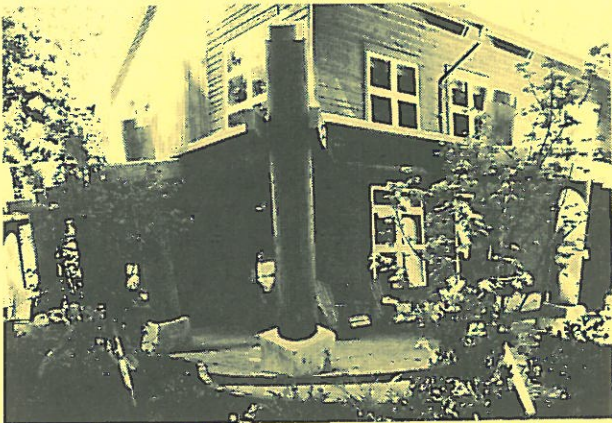
The Friendship Circle, where the day is etched out for groups in the morning and where campfire programs run in the evenings, features a chimney designed to draw wood smoke up the middle, and out through an overhead "circle of friends" made by a Bainbridge Island artist.

The plumbing includes composting toilets and a "living machine" grey water treatment building that channels grey water through three hydroponic reactors and a constructed wetland, returning the water potable and clean. Solar panels on all Islandwood's roofs will cover an anticipated 50% of energy needs. Geologists came in to build chimneys for the gas fireplaces and became "one with the rock." Each chimney models a different geological formation, from the Olympic to the Cascade Range, embedded with fossils donated by Seattle's Burke Museum. The Centre's "grandmother", Vi Hilbert, a respected elder and educator from the Upper Skagit Nation, oversaw the construction of the house post that is the centrepiece of Islandwood's Great Hall, carved in the form of a woman dressed in cedar skirts.

The environmental education faculty has hundreds of acres of forest to work in. These acres will be interspersed with a learning playground, floating classroom, suspension bridge, and treehouse. Recreational Equipment Inc. (REI), the Western US equivalent of Mountain Equipment Co-op donated a room \$50,000-full of all the outdoor gear a child could need. When the students come in from the forest, they come in to advanced classrooms and laboratory facilities with microscopes, telescopes, computers, digital cameras . . . the Brainerd



fortune was made from computer software, after all.



*The Bird's Nest Lodge is one of three residence halls designed to house 96 children and their teachers and chaperones. Each room has its own bathroom, with four bunks and a queen-sized Murphy bed to be used during adult programs. Photo: Meg Holden*

Even the dining hall is the playground of some of Seattle's finest chefs, like Greg Atkinson and Alice Waters, who work with Islandwood's own organic garden. The dining hall seats over 250, family-style, and visitors are encouraged to reduce their food waste by sorting it into a weigh station – the iron statue of a man who balances three buckets for plant, animal, and liquid waste. All this, plus young explorers day camps, a "digital boot camp" for teenagers, day and weekend workshops for adults, artist- and scientist-in-residence programs and a nine month master's degree program in environmental studies. A rustic furniture-making workshop is going on when I arrive for my tour. It all seems very magical.

As with all projects in which the designers try to think of everything, a bit of overkill is evident at Islandwood. For example, 200 "talking circles" were held throughout Puget Sound schools to ask children just what they wanted the centre to be, using the philosophy that children who are comfortable will be more open to learn. "What may look to you like luxury is actually done for the children's comfort level," my tour guide explains. But did the children ask for the weight-activated entrance gate that my bicycle and I are not heavy enough to activate? One of the centre's neighbours, on the tour, asks if they've put a fence all the way around the property. Our guide laughs: "You can't fence in 255 acres!"

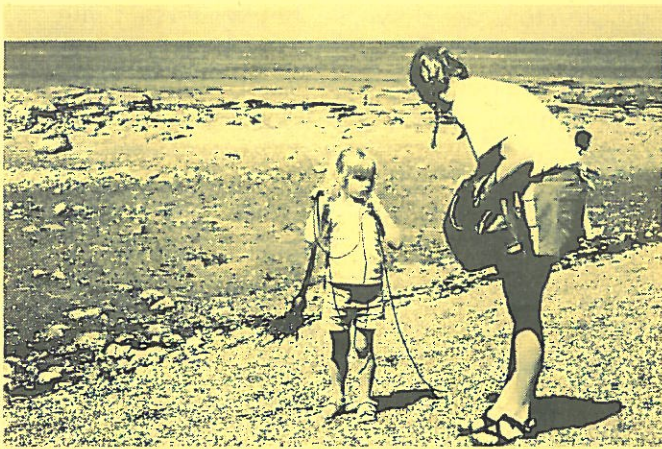
But for me, trying to find a way in, and then out, when the gate won't open, it seems like they have fenced a fair share. "Security is the biggest issue we face," explains the tour guide, both to those who lament that they no longer can wander the forest trails at will and to neighbours who worry that their properties will be invaded by curious teenagers. "We have to know who is on the property at all times, to provide the children a degree of safety. We realize that this is a disappointment to many of you who are used to having this land to wander on, but it's the price we all have to pay. We think you'll find it's worth it."

To date, kids, parents, and teachers visiting Islandwood all agree that it's worth it. Islandwood opened in September 2002, and expected to host 7000 students, teachers and families during its first year, mostly from public schools in Puget Sound. A capital campaign has begun for a scholarship fund to help students who can't afford the \$200 they are charged for their four-day stay. Yet I can't help but wonder what might be done with considerably less funding – how the same intention might bring about greater magic if the designers' belts had been tighter

Galiano Island has had its own environmental education program, operating out of the Galiano Conservancy Association, since 1999. Instead of having a single family as its major benefactor, the program has patched together funding from many Canadian and U.S. sources, including the Oracle, Hamber, Victoria, Vancouver, Tides and McLean Foundations, Van City Envirofund, NSERC, CPAWS, Coast Capital Savings, Mountain Equipment Co-op, Human Resources Development Canada Summer Careers Placement, and the Stuart Fund. Instead of starting with an overarching vision, Galiano's environmental education program leaders are learning by doing and their minds are wide open about where to take the program next. To date, Galiano Conservancy employees have led over 62 environmental education programs for Galiano's community school, preschool and summer camp programs, and for off-island schools and community groups from the Lower Mainland and Victoria.



With no classroom facilities to call its own, the environmental education program has focused on “hands-on outdoor education to acquaint students with the natural world” according to Reed Osler, the program’s co-ordinator.. “Our philosophy from the beginning was that this approach would help kids to connect with the natural world and leave them striving for environmental responsibility and good stewardship habits.” The initial focus on watersheds emphasized the crucial connections among our island’s ocean, forest, stream, and lake ecosystems.



*Environmental education, Galiano style photo courtesy Galiano Conservancy Association*

Children walk through the cedar forest down to Pebble Beach, while the leaders show them how to compare the ecology of the plantation and mature forests. They walk through First Nations history and the intertidal ecology of Montague Park, and learn stream monitoring in Greig Creek – knowledge they can apply in salmon enhancement programs back home. Students in the Galiano community school’s older grades have had the chance to embark on more ambitious projects in conjunction with the Conservancy. They have tracked the water quality of Murcheson Creek and planted native species in its riparian zone; they have mapped the critical habitat elements of Laughlin Lake from the perspective of amphibians, birds and beavers, then taken action to enhance the habitat quality by removing broom and salvaging seedlings from the lakeshore.

In addition to ecological understanding, the programs Reed envisions for Galiano’s environmental education program include training in outdoors and leadership skills. The

program has a unique and exciting opportunity to partner with a local boat artisan to lead marine exploration trips offshore in reconstructions of historical wooden boats. This would take environmental education beyond interpretation skills to experiencing physical activity, teamwork, and balance with the wind and water.

Galiano students pay no fee for environmental education programs, while visiting students pay a nominal \$10 apiece. Still, the cost of transportation can make the experience out of reach for some off-island schools. Travel bursaries are granted to bridge the gap for these schools, although this funding is running out. Outreach to off-island groups is a continuing challenge for the environmental education program. Participation is particularly scarce from Victoria, where awkward ferry schedules and long rides make the trip to Galiano less appealing. Reed has plans to increase outreach efforts and “double the number of off-island groups who take part, although we always want to maintain our presence with the local school.”

Angela Jean-Louis, one of the program’s founders, envisions that Galiano will someday offer multi-day environmental learning experiences. Angela explains that, “With ferry schedules, a single-day trip ends up being about four hours. And that’s great, considering the majority of these kids have never done anything like this, but if we want to help them develop any kind of a deeper connection, we really need the facilities for multi-day visits.” The vision became real this past winter, when a group of Cubs visited Galiano for a two-day education program and camped overnight in the school. June 2003 saw the first multi-day program: the children camped overnight at Montague Park. This particular group of visitors also received the first program offered in French. Another exciting first for the program has been its first wheelchair-bound student, who used a “trail rider” to manoeuvre around rocks, roots and tide pools.

Reed believes multi-day trips will allow students to build on new concepts and gather ideas to take “back to their own communities and make positive change there as well.” An indoor sleeping facility is high on Reed’s wish list; to make the program attractive to off-island groups



during the rainy winter. A laboratory would enable students to experiment as well as experience. This summer, environmental education program employees will run some programs out of Montague Park's nature house, which the province no longer staffs.

If millions of dollars of investment can be matched by commitment, community involvement and connectedness, and if grand overarching vision can be matched by pragmatic program development and experience, Galiano's environmental education program and Islandwood complement each other well. Both are deep green evidence of a growing role for our islands to play in teaching us how to take better care of them in the future.

You can find out more about Galiano's Environmental Education Program by contacting Reed Osler at 539.-2424. More information about Islandwood can be found on the organization's website: [www.islandwood.org](http://www.islandwood.org)

*Meg Holden is a former (and perhaps future) resident of Galiano, who is currently completing her PhD.*

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## *Reports and Reviews*

### *The Islands Trust Council – Views from Across the Border*

*Linda Millard: Galiano Island*

From June 11<sup>th</sup> to 13<sup>th</sup>, 2003, the Islands Trust Council held its quarterly meeting on North Pender Island. Two of the three San Juan County Commissioners, along with their planner, joined the Council, "to share information on activities related to the Transborder Agreement with San Juan County". One of the Commissioners, Rhea Miller, gave a comprehensive but succinct review of San Juan County local government's successes and challenges. She was followed by David Essig, Chair of the Islands Trust Council. This is another in an ongoing series of meetings between local governments for the Islands in the Salish Sea.

Some of the challenges shared by governments on either side of the border include rapidly growing populations, diminishing natural resources, and down-loading of government responsibilities, with accompanying reduced monetary and staff resources. Ms. Miller commented that her county has the lowest wages, yet property owners have the highest average incomes in the state. Real estate sales are steady, and local governments receive a 1% tax on real estate purchases. They use this money to buy conservation lands and to support affordable housing. However, sales taxes, which County governments depend on for financing infrastructure, are down, so they would be laying off staff. Their islands are still a safe place to live, but they are between urban and rural environments, and many residents have urban expectations.

San Juan County officials recognize the need to protect marine life, and are working with volunteer groups to protect near shore habitat. Although Canada has officially declared the southern Orca whales endangered, the U.S. government has not, but concern for their well-being is strong amongst people in the San Juans. Residents of San Juan County have been unsuccessful in stopping the Georgia Strait Gas Pipeline Crossing; they are hopeful that Canadians will succeed. Homeland Security measures are affecting boating. Overall, Rhea Miller was optimistic because, "there is no power greater than a community learning what it cares about".

The U.S. visitors stayed over to act as resource people for the Trust Council session on Governance Renewal for the Islands Trust. After a shared morning session, Rhea Miller gave a few closing remarks. She expressed concern about the emphasis being placed on efficiency, rather than on the quality of life, and stressed that services need to be brought closer to people. She advised the Trust Council to emphasize the slowing down of destination resorts, the need for densification in rural villages, and the demand for affordable housing. Overall, Ms. Miller advocated looking for solutions that include everyone, while maintaining the rural way of life.



## Vancouver, City on the Edge

By John Clague and Bob Turner, Tricouni Press,  
Vancouver, 2003. \$27.95  
Reviewed by Paul LeBlond

### VANCOUVER, CITY ON THE EDGE

Living with a  
dynamic  
geological  
landscape

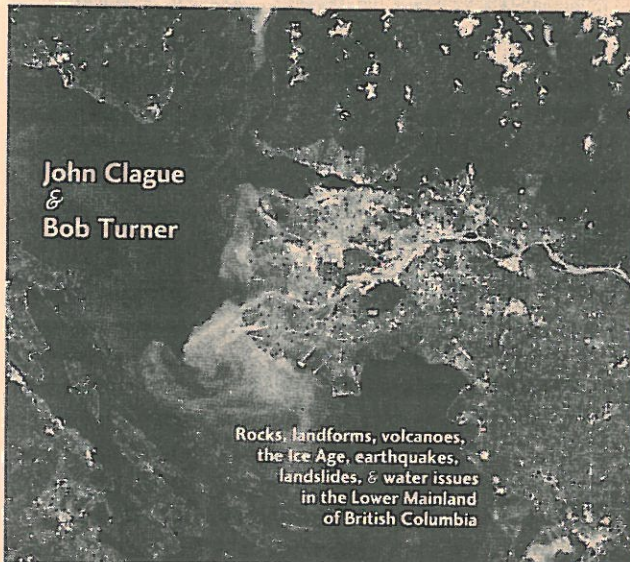


Photo: Galiano Conservancy Association

Seeing is believing! The most remarkable feature of this new book about the geology of Vancouver and its area is the extraordinarily vivid quality of the photos and illustrations with which it is filled. The authors, both prominent geologists and master communicators, have solidly anchored their presentation on the major landscape features familiar to all: the mountains, the Fraser Valley lowlands, and the uplands in between. The plain-language description of these familiar elements and of the geohazards associated with them, and especially Richard Franklin's illustrations, bring the book to life and make it a practical basic introduction to the local geology.

The edge referred to in the title is, of course, that of the North American plate. Vancouver, the city, and even more so Vancouver, the island, lie near its western edge, under which the Juan de Fuca plate slowly subducts. Earthquakes, volcanoes and the very mountain ranges of the B.C. coast result from that tectonic encounter,

described in the first chapter. There follows an account of the ice ages and of their legacy on the landscape. The growth of the Fraser River delta after the glaciers' retreat leads on to a series of chapters on hydrogeology: floods, groundwater, landslides, avalanches. Our fascinating – but fortunately inactive – volcanoes (Meager, Garibaldi) receive a chapter, as do earthquakes and their impacts.

For those who are not satisfied with bookish knowledge, there is a suggested series of field trips, with maps and explanatory text for each station. The book includes a glossary, an index, references to more specialized works, maps and web sites; it offers timely and important information for all those interested in the interplay between the forces of nature and our cities.

Note: The cover shows a satellite image of the Georgia Basin prepared by the Galiano Conservancy Association. The book can be bought at the Conservancy Office: proceeds from these sales will fund Conservancy projects.

### A Tribute

by friends of **Alvin Schreiber 1923-2003**

**Schreiber** - derivation: German masculine noun, meaning writer. See "scribe" [Oxford English Dictionary]

\* historical Jewish for a member of the class of professional interpreters of the Law; Biblical Hebrew also for a man of learning, a scholar.

\* used (more or less playfully) for one who writes or is in the habit of writing, an author, the writer (of a letter, etc.).

\* applied to a political pamphleteer or journalist.

#### **Alvin Schreiber**

\* memorable in wide red suspenders hoisting blue dungarees over a plaid shirt, a walking stick, and nearly always a hat.

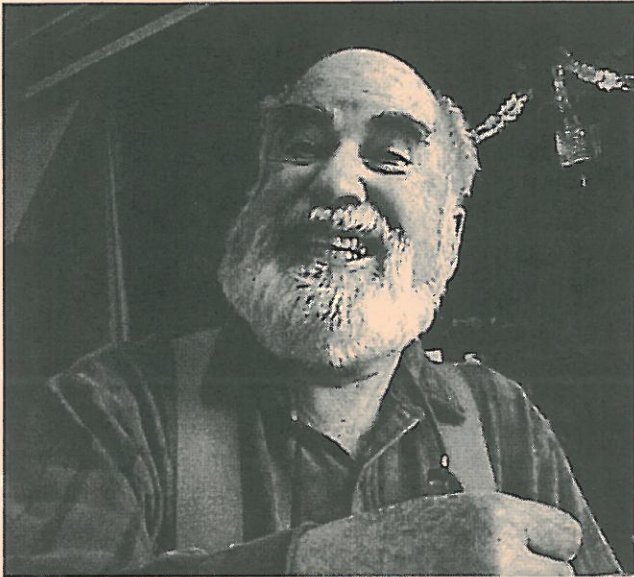
\* distinguished by fierce eyebrows over sparkling eyes, a broad grin, a gentle manner, and a wit that could light up your whole day.

\* variously known as jazz pianist; cartoon junkie; student of history; committed atheist; mathematician; accomplished cook; wine buff;



community pillar; father, partner to Catherine Holahan; champion of civil liberties; truth seeker; inveterate writer of Letters to the Editor; unflagging enemy of the Big Lie and the spin-moister.

\* not a cynic. If Al had believed that we were all going to hell in a hand basket, he never would have put pen to paper. **R.I.P.**



*Al the Piano Player - photo by Tom Hennessy*

### *The State* Al Schreiber

written June 6, 1994; revised several times, the last August 25, 1997

In the beginning there were people.  
Then, one day, one of the people said, "Let's have a State!"  
And many other people joined him and said, "Yes, Let's have a State!"  
And so someone said, "Let there be a State!"  
And suddenly there was a State.  
Many of the people found that good'  
And the State itself found it good.

Then the State began thinking of all the things it could do.  
And so (to start things off) the State decreed, "Let there be Rules, lots of Rules."  
And suddenly there were Rules, lots of Rules.  
And the State was very pleased with Itself.  
But even with all those rules the State was not really happy.  
What if some of the people took it on themselves

To change the Rules, or make new Rules, or worse, even to deny the validity of some of the existing Rules?

So the State said, "Let there be Patriotism. Ask Not what your Country can do for you; ask what you can Do for your Country. If you're not part of the Solution, You're part of the Problem. Remember the Maine. 54/40 or fight! My Country, right or wrong. We're number One!"  
And the people responded patriotically,  
And the State was happy once again.

But then the State noticed that some of the people were  
Becoming disenchanted with Patriotism; and the State worried.

But then the State got a bright idea,  
And the State said, "Let there be Enemies."  
And so, there were Enemies.  
And the people rallied 'round the Flag to protect the State  
From the threat posed by these enemies,  
And the State was happy once again.

But even so, the State noticed that  
Some of the people were not convinced  
That these were really Enemies posing a clear and present danger  
"These are not Enemies; they are my brothers and sisters."

The State saw immediately that this idea was Incorrect,  
And that it posed a Threat to Security.  
So the State made one more rule:  
Any person Threatening Security must be stopped Immediately,  
Using whatever means necessary, including All the new hi-tech powers now at the State's command.  
And the State smiled and found that very good.  
And the State was happy forever and ever after.

### *Ripe Fruit* Al Schreiber, June 7, 1994

Fruit Ripens  
It is juiciest and sweetest  
Just before it rots.  
Was this the best of all possible worlds?