The Creek

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JULY 1984 VOL. 3 No.7

photo by Shelley MacDonald

SUMMER ON THE SEAWALL

It's not every main street that lends itself to instant picnics

WE HAD A GOOD DAY

CANADA DAY - it was indeed a celebration; not only Canada's birthday, but a neighbourhood Fest; a demonstration of community spirit.

Besides the many well staged activities, varied performances and nearly O.K. weather, the volunteers came out in droves to make it all happen successfully.

by Elke C. Baker

My thanks to the many False Creek residents who involved themselves above and beyond any call of duty in the arrangements and execution of this event.

A lot of work was accomplished, mostly with much enthusiasm and cheerfulness.

To all those involved in the beer and wine sales - who wouldn't, or couldn't stop
- mopping floors
- fishing empty bottles from glitchy garbage cans
- collecting glasses and other debris
- catching frostbite of the armpits while sorting beer bottles in icy waters
- begging other vendors for change when not a quarter was to be found amongst the thirsties
- pumping wine at furious speed
- counting money (all small bills - still my favourite)
- lamenting the refrigerator's feebleness
- confining eager consumers to legal drinking premises
- collecting tips!
- discouraging ignorants from dismantling the decorations prematurely
- cleaning and tidying after hours
- collapsing tables with amazing dexterity
- counting inventory

I wish to express my sincere appreciation.

Special thanks to **Isadora's Restaurant** for guarding our ice and allowing us to impose on them even though they were busy too. Nice to have you as neighbours.

Three cheers to **Marina Coop** for creating the fantastic Canada Flag Cake.

What takes 5 hours to make and 15 mins. to devour? Right Sandra, you guessed it.

FOUND. B.M.X. type bike. Call 874-8488

FALSE CREEK 1st ANNUAL

TENNIS TOURNEY

SPONSORED BY: **Stamps Landing Pub and False Creek Community Centre**

Aug.10	5 p.m. - dusk	Heather
Aug.11	9 a.m. - 6 p.m.	Parkade
Aug.12	9 a.m. - dusk	Courts

Entry Fee: $8 (includes membership fee)

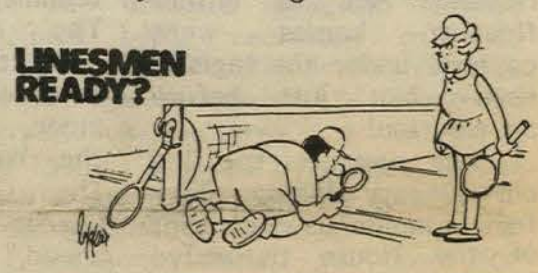
Registration	Sat.	6 p.m. at Community Centre
Deadline	Aug. 4	11 p.m. at Stamps Landing Pub

ALL PLAYERS to bring **one new can** of balls, unopened

CATEGORIES:
A. Open Men's Singles
B. Beginner Men's Singles
C. Open Women's Singles
D. Beginner Women's Singles

AGE: All players must be 15 years of age and over

Strictly recreational tennis tournament. NO provincially ranked players to be entered.



"For heaven's sake, Walter, believe me— it was out!"

DON'T MISS

SOCIAL at STAMPS LANDING PUB SAT. AUG. 11
7.00 p.m.
Door prizes and more!!

&

STAMPS LANDING

Open Golf Tournament

U.B.C. GOLF COURSE

SAT. JULY 28

Tee Time: 11.30 a.m.

ENTER AS A FOURSOME or INDIVIDUALLY

TROPHIES.....DOOR PRIZES

to be awarded at STAMPS LANDING PUB

Entry forms available at the bar

ANOTHER ELECTION COMING UP

Should we have an **ALL CANDIDATES' MEETING** for the Federal Election?

Who is going to organize it?

The candidates would probably appreciate being booked early.

If anyone is doing anything about it, please let The Creek know. 734-3369.

IT WAS A NICE TRY

by Pat Carney, M.P.

"What's House Business tomorrow?" I asked the House Leader's staff. "Customs and Excise, Housing," he said.

Good. This was my chance to amend the National Housing Act to include floating homes.

"You filed my amendments, of course?" I said. Staff paled, and fled to his phone. Amendments must be filed by 6 p.m. if they are to appear on the Order Paper next day. It was now 8 p.m. and the amendments were still on Staff's desk.

Staff had been up all night during a marathon vote on the civilian spy catcher bill. I shouldn't be mad at him. I **was** mad at him. We flew downstairs to Journals to coax the editor into printing the amendments. "No deal," he said. "Not without authorization."

This couldn't be happening to me. Not after four years of efforts to clarify the National Housing Act to ensure floating homes were covered under the legislation. Not just before an election!

I ran upstairs to find our Deputy Whip. "Try for unanimous consent of the House to waive notice requirements," he said. "But you must do it before the vote."

The vote was at 8.45 p.m. It was now 8.10 p.m. Staff phoned the Government House Leader. "Non." No consent without the Minister's approval.

But where **was** the Minister? His office didn't know. He had sent his chauffeur home. "But the Minister said in committee that the Act didn't exclude floating homes"said his Aide. "Why do you still need the amendments?"

"Because the Act does not **include** them, either. And the last Minister was from Toronto," I said. "Ah," said the Aide. The Minister, like myself, is from a coastal province. "I see. You need a coastal mentality. He'll be there for the vote."

The vote would be too late. Tick, tock.

I ran to the Government House Leader's office. "Est-ce-qu'il ici," "Oui." He showed me to a chair. "Look," I explained, "these are merely technical amendments. The Minister said in committee he was willing to consider them. I mean, this is not exactly the War Measures Act." The Government House Leader sighed. "Go ahead," he said. Off to find the N.D.P. House Leader. "No problem," he said.

I ran to the House. Tiptoed up to the Speaker, sitting in his chair. Whispered in his ear. He summoned the Clerk. Whispered in my ear. "I will recognize you when the Hon. Member now speaking sits down," he said. "But you must rise before I call for the vote."

The Hon. Member droned on. The clock ticked away. The three House Leaders sauntered in. About ten seconds from zero hour the Hon. Member finished and I jumped up. "Mr. Speaker, I rise to ask unanimous consent of the House..."

Consent was duly give The vote bells rang. The Minister showed up. He didn't think there would be a problem with passage, he said. He'd been down to the floating homes on False Creek and only wished he had a floating home like that.

The next day, the Speaker threw out the amendment because Bill C-37 is an Act to Amend the Act - and I can't make my amendments to an amendment.

Well, it was a nice try.

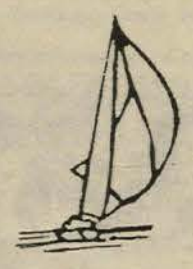
COMMUNITY CENTRE NEWS

by Elke C. Baker

Our Recreation Programmer, **John Nelson** and his wife **Nancy,** an accomplished tennis player and teacher, are leaving us.

Nancy has been offered a tennis scholarship at the University if Iowa and will be able to complete her physical education degree there. She will participate in tennis tournaments while John will be able to devote more time to his music.

We wish them both good luck.



The **JUNIOR TENNIS SAILING CAMP** still has openings for August - a chance to do something exciting before school starts.

Adults can also still register for the Tennis or Sailing classes as long as space is available.

"... I'M backcourt, YOU'RE forecourt!"

REMINDER: The playgrounds will remain open until Aug. 24.

LIVE FROM STAMPS

by Toby

We should explain, hastily. What you see is a game of great skill, with the ungainly name **PASS A LIFE SAVER ON A TOOTHPICK.**

HONESTLY!

John Phillipson (left) looks smug because he had thoroughly spiked Bullus Hutton (middle) and was evilly twirling his toothpick ready to challenge the winner of this intense battle.

Bullus forbade us to run a picture of his match with John because it showed him in a severely subjugated position.

Short and snappy this time, folks. Toby's been on vacation too.

So what's the news from the local?

Our own **Dave Ratner** really did finish first in the Vic-Maui International Yacht Race, so all that collective rooting and nightly plotting on the big wall chart must have done something. There was a little nonsense about corrected time or some such thing that I don't really understand - you mean it's **not** like horse-racing?

In other sports, the Stamps Softball Team continued its headlong rush to serious stardom, almost picking off the much-touted Mountain Shadow this weekend, but for a late rally at the bottom of the ninth. Homers by **Big Bill, Big Brad,** Coach **Malcolm** and **Kiwi John** did not go unnoticed.

The Stamps-based **Pendelakon Society** swept the board at the Canada Day athletic events, displaying amazing prowess at multiple snow shoeing, one-oar boat racing and so forth, fading only late in the day at the final tug o' war.

Tom Ashbaugh promised his no-show **Hurricane Marines** will not skulk at home next year.

The sports events were splendidly organized by the Community Centre's **John Nelson** & Co. who are also putting on our long-heralded **TENNIS TOURNEY** Aug.10,11,12. Sign up at the Centre or the pub **(deadline Aug.4)** in **Open** or **Beginner** category.

Big Bash at the Pub on Aug. 11.

What else? Oh yes, our delightful barperson and ace first baseman **DREW** was miffed at not getting a mention last issue, and moonman Randy wanted another one - so there you are chums.

Big news will have to wait for fall issue.

Pip. Pip!

TOBY, this is your second warning. If you don't produce a masthead for your next column, you're fired. (Ed.)

A LANDLADY'S LIFE or YOU NEVER KNOW YOUR LUCK

by Beryl Wilson

Being a Bed & Breakfast host is a very pleasant, interesting way to earn part of your living.

Most guests invite you to call if you're in their area; some insist you make a special trip to stay with them - but not many sweep you off to share the rest of their holiday.

After 28 consecutive B & B days I was relishing the prospect of a few days' rest when the current guest left the next morning - and the phone rang. A bright friendly voice said "My name is Barbara Gibson. My friend and I are from California. We're in False Creek, lunching at the pub. We've seen 4 B & B places and didn't care for them. Everyone here is so friendly and the area is wonderful. We've fallen in love with it; we simply must stay here."

I explained my promised rest. "I do understand We really won't be any trouble" pleaded Barbara. "Alright, walk along the seawall to visit me" said this tired landlady, already recognizing the can't-say-no signs, "then we'll see."

As Barbara told the story many times later: "I went back to Winnie triumphant. 'I put on my nicest manner and it worked. You'll see, when we get there she won't turn us away.'" And I didn't. What landlady wouldn't warm to people who thank her for being so gracious as to let them pay to stay in her home!

We arranged a place in Point Grey for that night. "Can we come at 9.30; is that too soon? they begged.

9.30 passed the next morning. Had they changed their minds, after all that enthusiasm? Not a bit. I should have known rest was not in my cards when Barbara phoned at 10. bubbling with energy. "We found an aerobic exercise place a block from where we're staying. We've just had a great work-out; we'll be right over."

After planning the best use of the one day Winnie had left, being invited to dinner with them that night, learning I'd be up at 6 a.m. (the earliest yet!) to get Winnie off for an early plane, but partially revived by their charm and energy, I bundled them off for the mandatory tour of Granville Island and set about the bed changing and cleaning routine, thinking "Well I'll just postpone my rest for three days.

Only a few days before Barbara's arrival I had been musing that I hadn't set foot outside Vancouver for two years and would really like a holiday.

After seeing Winnie on to the plane Barbara began to have misgivings about journeying to the Rockies alone. I said I had twice driven through them en route east, but never vacationed there - it was still "on the list."

Then why don't you come with me? We could leave tomorrow."

"But, but, but - I will have to think about it" I said. So I did, and two hours later had decided it was meant to be. "I can't go tomorrow, though; I have to earn some money first."

After a whirlwind two days of working, blitzing the house spic—and-span for guests arriving the following week, being dragged off to an aerobic class at the Community Centre, packing in 20 mins., we hurtled off up the Fraser Canyon in her spiffy Mazda, stopping only for a stony-faced Mountie to give her a $35 ticket. "I never have accidents but I budget for a ticket on each trip" she reassured me. "I can only afford one; we'll do the rest of it with the speed governor on."

Despite being a regular Sierra backpacker Barbara was overwhelmed by the grandeur of the Rockies. We let ourselves be engulfed by Handel's "Messiah" in glorious quadrophonic sound and every time we turned the tape back to "Every Valley Shall Be Exalted" Barbara exclaimed "I keep thinking I've died and gone to heaven."

As we let the tape move on to "We Like Sheep Have Gone Astray she said "I don't think the chorus sounds the least penitent. They sound so joyous about having lost their way I always have a picture of frolicking sheep" - and at that moment, on the highway between Jasper and Hinton, we spied one of those **SHEEP ON SIDE OF ROAD** signs which prompt one to say "So show me." And they did, instantly. There to our left trotted two mountain sheep and right afterwards, at a convenient pull-off wide enough for 10 vehicles, were several families of sheep **frolicking** by a picturesque stream.

I was a trifle apprehensive at setting off to holiday with this trim, backpacking hiker, who aerobic exercises 3/times a week. I've backpacked only twice (never again!) and haven't been on a proper hike in 10 years Nothing if not foolhardy I knew I'd do everything she proposed and was thankful we were not headed for snorkelling territory.

Our first destination was the Black Cat Guest Ranch, nr. Hinton. The rooms are plain; the food even plainer. When we discovered any guided hiking or riding would increase the price from $55 to $80 we elected to stay only one day.

Included in the next day's activities were a 2 hr. morning ride and a 4 hr. afternoon one. Fortunately we chose the shorter.

Although riding is never an enjoyable experience for me, the idea of it is and every few years I succumb again; always to my sorrow.

I seemed to tower above everyone on Sparky (a name I felt was ominous) and was sure I had the tallest horse of the lot. The horses frequently broke into an 8-step trot (the most body racking "mode") to catch up to the one in front and after 10 mins. I rued my judgement at letting myself in for 2 hours of sheer agony. Five minutes later I had the disconcerting sensation either I or the saddle was slipping sideways, and yelled for help. We both were. Barbara said watching me slide swiftly and gracefully to the ground was the funniest sight she'd ever witnessed. People were alarmed at my head being only 8" from a horse hoof and astonished to hear me say "Oh this happens to me often; usually the horse tips me off."

I'm too old to let pride get in the way. I asked the wrangler to take the horse on loose and I walked back, musing if it was ridiculous to pay $7/hr. to suffer, was it now better to pay $7/hr. NOT to suffer? (Happily I wasn't charged for my loose saddle ride).

We returned to Jasper where locating a BED & BREAKFAST place is easy. About 30 houses sport signs, English fashion: **Approved Accommodation - Tourist Rooms.** We declined the house where two tired parents held crying 6 week and 2 year old children in their arms, and knocked on the door of a pretty pink house whose poppies and daises grew in such profusion they spilled out under the fence to brighten the sidewalk all around.

Out bounded petite Ann Ogilvie to announce if we were non smokers we were welcome and although she doesn't provide breakfast we could do our own. The bright twin-bedded rooms in her spotless house cost $20/night.

As I busied myself in the kitchen the next morning (unable to resist quipping "Barbara is accustomed to my serving her") Ann sat at the table. "This way I can concentrate on talking to my guests instead of messing about in the kitchen, and I don't have to hang around waiting for them to get up." That's a point.

Horse riding out of the way we now gentled into the hiking part with a quiet stroll up Maligne Canyon that night and the next day did the 14 mile Five Lake Valley trail. Barbara had become a serious photographer again and as I watched her carefully re-arrange the foliage and prune twigs around the delicate mountain flowers (sometimes being recruited to hold a stem at a photographically suitable angle) I was reminded of gorgeous cookery book pictures. I wondered if the food is propped in place. Barbara assured me it is. Such is art!

Gratefully sinking down at our lunch spot I realised I hadn't sat down for 7 miles (first hike in 10 years huh?) while this fitness freak had rested a lot during her frequent, lengthy, picture sessions, which were all conducted prostrate.

"As you **stood** watching me all the time, I figured you hadn't caught on to that " the hussy laughed.

I was prepared now. On the way back I'd scout for a log whenever she hauled out the camera. But foiled again, she took only one quick shot on the whole 7 mile return trip.

I was proud of myself. Bouncing Barbara, at least 15 years my junior, was as rubber legged as I was for the last mile. And I'd made the remarkable discovery it is much less tiring hiking in light, crepe soled shoes than in clunking boots, especially if you take shorter steps and keep up a good pace.

Mercifully the next day Barbara, too, was tired, and sore from the horse ride (so much for aerobics!). We settled for a short, steep hike and and a long rest in the alpine meadows around Edith Cavell Glacier.

Time did not permit what might have been an interesting bus ride on the Athabasca glacier at the Columbia Icefield. I was keen to hike around Lake Morain at long last but first we had to call at Lake Louise for Barbara to be suitably impressed by its magnificence, if not by the chateau and tourists hordes. Rowing a boat on that placid, turquoise expanse did look inviting, but that's a pleasure for another time.

It was perhaps as well the short Lk. Morain hike as my last. My great

(con't p. 4)

(from p. 3)

longing to soak in the Banff hot pools was developing into a great need (it didn't remove the pain in my rear nor ease Barbara's horse-sore thighs, but it felt good nevertheless).

To our surprise we had arrived in Banff at our planned 8.00p.m. but all other tourists were there well before us. Even the tourist homes were all full. We rejected one dark, seedy room for $46 and eventually found one, no seedier, for $20 - a far cry from Ann's charming lodging.

A bible was prominently displayed on the porch table and the ancient building was probably as clean as the two old guardians could keep it. The Salvation Army style furniture was badly chipped and assuredly the iron bedsteads came from a World War I hospital. The bed-maker had certainly been a hospital nurse; the bedding was tucked in so tightly I feared for sprained toes and felt as though as I was strapped down waiting to be wheeled into an operating room.

We need not have worried about sleeping late. Occupants of 12 rooms clumped endlessly along the squeaky floored corridor trying in vain to get into the two bathrooms.

It seemed only fitting to repair from such quarters to breakfast at the Banff Springs Hotel - but be warned that you go for the gracious surroundings, not good grub.

Feeding bus loads of tourists necessitates a buffet breakfast. The cold comestibles survive the mass marketing; the hot ones don't. I enquired about the identity of a huge pan of pale yellow, rubbery substance and was surprised to learn it was scrambled egg.

Holidays are always good; surprise ones are even better;

I took the train home, and listened to people describing its more gracious days. There was a wonderfully warm incident in the observation car in the evening that perhaps I'll tell about anon.

My new B & B guests had taken over the house by the time I arrived home and I was tempted to "do an Ann" with them. But I charge more so it wouldn't be cricket.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

That's my holiday. Our readership is well travelled. We'd love to receive articles on their travels far and near.
We would also like to have short pieces from the younger set, starting with "The best part of my holiday was.....

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A PHARMACY THAT CARES

AND DELIVERS.

Mr. Marvin Nider's pharmacy at 8836 Selkirk St., will deliver any prescriptions and pharmaceutical products to your home with no delivery charge. It needs only a phone call from you or your doctor. Mr. Nider specializes in service to Long Term Care Homes but plans to extend service to other False Creek residents.

An additional service he provides is the computerized profile of each patient. The average older person takes between 8 and 11 different drugs simultaneously. It is often possible to reduce that number to 3 or 4. By the pharmacist working closely with the treating physician, all prescriptions are fed into the computer, then reviewed.

If necessary they are altered to avoid duplication and side effects from interaction.

With the patient's consent, a 90 day review, with computer printout, become part of this pharmacy's regular servivce, with no additional cost to the consumer.

Business hours are:
Mon - Fri 9 a.m. - 5 p.m.
Deliveries are made daily.
Mark the phone number somewhere close to the phone
261-4244

Elke C. Baker

NEW LITTLE PEOPLE

It's taken us so long to welcome **Arlene & Peter Morgan's** new son he is quite old now. He joined us at 5 a.m. on MAY 10 and weighed so much at birth (9 lb.14 oz.) we quite expected to see him in the July 2 Tug o' War.

Bob & Marianne Worcester were so glad to return from Montreal they celebrated by producing another Little Worcester. No.3 (a son, finally!) named **Robin** weighed in at 8lb.5oz. promptly at 12.01 a.m. on **JUNE 16.**

Tina Phillipson is apparently waiting until the next issue to have her newest.

MISSING

From outside 1151 The Castings (the first time it was left outside) on Mon. July 2 - a **good, blue CHIMO** 10 speed. It has fenders, water bottle and blue carrying bag on front.
It can be returned to the doorstep in the dead of night, the same way it disappeared.

If you spot it in somebody's yard please call **733-7253.**

FOR SALE

Clay flower pots of various sizes. Call 734-3369

WANTED TO BUY

An ordinary sleeping bag. 2lb. or 3 lb. Call 734-3369