

The Creek

Vol.4 No.8

AUGUST, 1985

McBARGE BANISHED

What could be worth sitting up 'til 2 a.m. watching a replay of Tuesday's City Council meeting on Chan. 10?

Seeing Council pass unanimous motions on a topic which had aroused Creekers as nothing before — the prospect of McBARGE in the Creek.

The Director of Planning wanted Council's direction for when McDonald's and B.C. Place Corporation ask him to work out a permanent site for the floating hamburger palace.

And he got it - fast, firm and clear. **DON'T TALK TO THEM.**

The article penned to accompany Ralph Hanke's splendid cartoon had to be re-written for its tart admonishments to our City Fathers were unnecessary.

Like most committee members everywhere, who insist on being heard instead of contenting with a succinct "I agree" all Aldermen had to say their piece.

Thanks be they all said the same thing (thus supporting the position the False Creek Community Association has taken). **NO.**

NO to the permanent mooring of McBARGE off the seawall.

NO to tucking it inside a "lagoon" (building a walk-along breakwater to meet the requirements for a continuous public walkway.

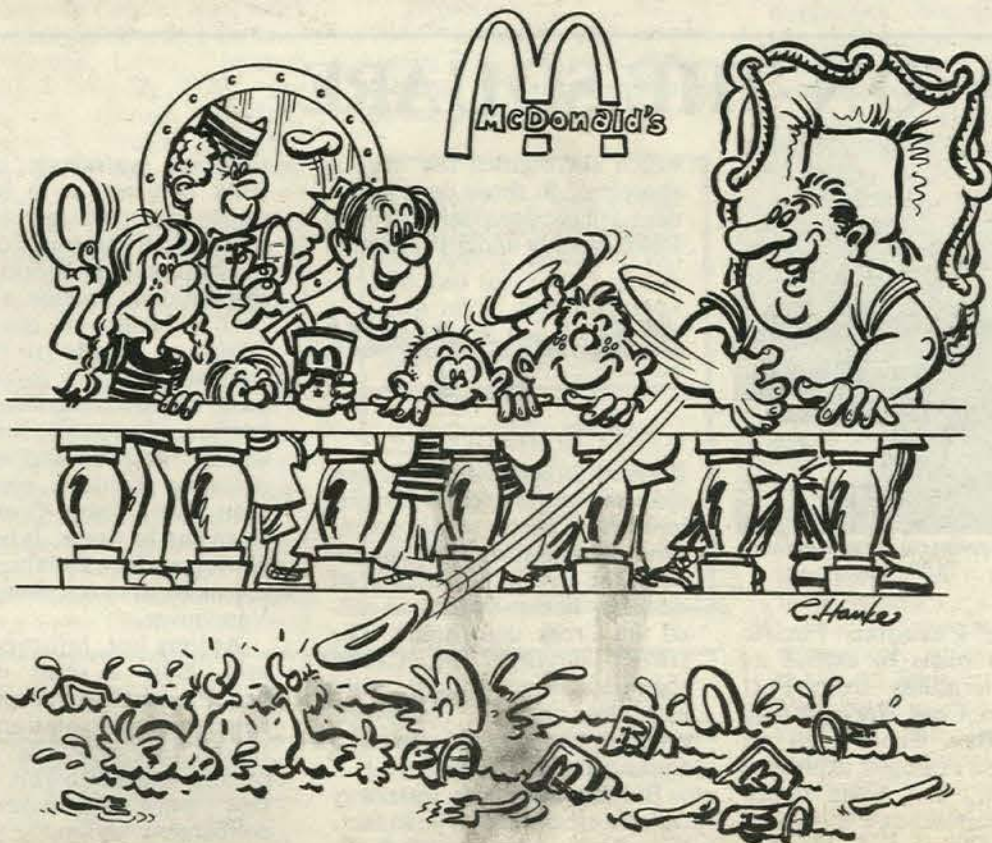
And even **NO** to it being in False Creek at all for EXPO-though they know it's beyond their power to prevent that.

One of the constant cries of the troops on the ground to planners and politicians on high is "if you were here, like us, you'd see what we are shouting about".

Well, for once, they have been.

May Brown stood at the end of Granville Island recently, observing the crowded water (as do Sea Villagers), appalled at the prospect of this 228' (some say 240') monster obstructing that narrow channel.

Don Bellamy (whose wit is



often the only light relief) said he's seen ocean going merchant vessels smaller than McBARGE.

Maybe the Big Mac did us a favour in being the first restaurant wanting to fill in a large patch of this fast-decreasing patch of water. If it had been a tasteful Japanese tea pavillion or an elegant French bistro, we may not have focused on the main issue - **inappropriate use of the water.**

There's not much of it left and Alderman Ford said the city had already overloaded the south shore with boats.

Apparently the City has already refused to consider hotels-on-boats at Vancouver's water's edge because they are **not water-dependant enterprises.**

Hang on to that phrase when EXPO is over and the B.C. Place Corporation sets about developing the north shore of the Creek not to our liking.

Our Provincial Government

requires B.C.P. to make a lot of money from that site remember, and if it'll roll some big bucks into the coffers they may not care whether a project is water dependant for its existence.

Not everyone thinks shore to shore boats are necessarily good. Let's leave space over the long term, perhaps for some kind of water museum or other as-yet-unthought-of imaginative ventures.

A POSITIVE APPROACH

If McBARGE stays at the end of Granville Island, not only might we be able to walk from the Granville Island Barge on to the EXPO site, via McBARGE, it might also alleviate another of this community's increasing concerns - the amount of boat traffic weaving and blasting its way into this quiet inland waterway.

We are asking the Harbours Board what they intend to do about limiting boat traffic during EXPO but maybe McBARGE

called about McBARGE asking "What can I do to prevent it?"

Especially Lois Meyerhoff for writing. It's easy to talk, but it takes energy to put to pen to paper and tidy up your thoughts.

It takes even more energy to hitch up your britches to lead the troops into battle, so it's vital to know they'll be behind you at the firing line.

Be not complacent. McDonald's wants a good image. So does EXPO, B.C. Place and the City. You might want to write to tell them it was not a smart idea to plunk a fast food outlet on this "jewel" in the middle of the city.

But we wouldn't want them to go off in a big sulk. As Alderman Ford pointed out, a lot of people like McDonalds; they sell billions of hamburgers.

Tell them not to stop the EXPO promo they plan in their world-wide outlets. We don't want their big barge polluting the pond, but we still need all those burger munchers to come and eat at the four McDonalds on the site - and help us pay for the party next year.

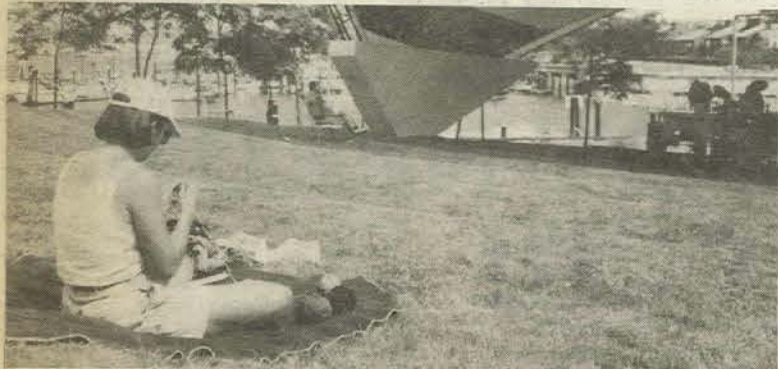
And continuing our positive policy we pass on another suggestion. As McBARGE is being built to be waterborne maybe that's what it should forever be - a touring ambassador, floating to coastal cities to join their celebrations. Not quite in the same class the Tall Ships, but let's not be elitest.

Musical Airs

on Granville Island



Free as the Air Concerts



Nothing like knitting to a good beat

And we have three more weekends of treats yet, courtesy of Granville Island, the Heritage Musical Society and Musicians Union Loc. 145.

Every Fri/Sat/Sun (afternoons and evenings) until Labour Day. It's a shame to waste all that good jazz.

- Fri. Aug. 23
Paul Plimley Trio
- Sat. Aug. 24
Bob Bell Trio
- Sun. Aug. 25
Kate Hammet-Vaughn Quintet
- Fri. Aug. 30
Lance Harrison
- Sat. Aug. 31
Mulberry Street
- Sun. Sept. 1
Jazz Band

Why not make it a COMMUNITY DANCE?

All it takes is two to start. I'll be looking for a partner out there.

COMPLAINTS ABOUT NOISY BOATING PARTIES to Nick Losito, Environmental Health Protection Branch: 873-0232.



Always wondered why yachts that don't go out often need a dinghy? For when you have a dock party!
(Sea Village, July, '85)

The Rooftop Gardener's Notebook

Dear Beryl,

Somewhat at the last moment. I'm writing to beg off producing a **Rooftop Gardener** column for this edition due to the demands of my latest project which you might be interested in hearing about.

I have undertaken the commission to produce 9 gigantic murals for the **BRITISH COLUMBIA PAVILLION** at EXPO 86.

(I wish I could tell you that

the work came as a result of my ad in **The Creek** but alas, it did not, since the Architects for the B.C. Marketplace do not live in False Creek - poor things!)

The subject matter of the murals is the macro landscape of each of the nine regions of the province; Coast, Lower Mainland, high country, Cariboo-Chilcotin, North West, North East-Peace River, Rocky Mountains, Kootenays, and the Okanagan.

The face of the mural is cut

into layers to emphasize geographic figures like mountain ridges or the escarpment of a major river. The resulting effect is rather like a classical Chinese landscape painting with the most distant elements at the top of the composition forming the horizon. Considerable artistic licence is taken with the scale of particular features - like mountains - to dramatize the image and create enjoyable theatre for the viewer, which is a major goal of the pieces.

I have fantastic realism painter **John Michener** working with me and we will be painting long hours for six months to accomplish this commission in time for the projected installation in February.

I don't have a graphic to show you because this is all to be a big surprise when the Fair opens next May.

In case you are wondering about how we know what to paint, I should tell you that my husband and I have just return-

ed from a backwoods tour of the Chilcotin in search of the "feel" and colour of the region. That is the only region to which I had never travelled - or lived, having lived in three of the regions and fished in all the others!

Hope you'll let me off the hook this once, will be on track for September with suggestions for Indian Summer!

Cheers,
Susan Baker McGarva.

WINDOW ON THE SQUARE

by Frances Kohn



South Shore of False Creek west of Cambie St. (circa 1936). Photo: (from City Archives) by James Crookall

From a WINDOW ON THE SQUARE, as a golden sun sinks behind purple-hued mountains in the distance and dusk descends on False Creek, one's eyelids droop. Visions of bygone days along the Creek come to mind.

Belching smoke, screeching machinery, piercing whistles, sulphurous fumes, sprawling sawmills, ironworks and warehouses, squatters shacks and makeshift houseboats; consider for a moment these sights, sounds and smells that pervaded the Creek, its workers and inhabitants at one time. That was in the early 1900s, and, as a matter of fact, for decades afterwards. This industrial development began around 1885

with the Canadian Pacific Railway's plans to extend its western terminus from Port Moody to Coal Harbour and English Bay. From then on there was a dramatic explosion in growth, and False Creek rapidly emerged as an industrial and commercial port. By 1910 the Creek teemed with every sort of water-craft from schooners and stern wheel tow boats to tugs, barges, scows and rafts, each jostling for position with the endless flow of log booms.

For a moment our mind flashes back to even earlier times, when the slopes of the Creek were covered with virgin forests—dense stands of Douglas Fir and other timber

which surrounded the marshy shoreline. In those days an Indian village lay near Kitsilano Point directly under the present



before 1900

Burrard Street Bridge. Salmon spawned in the streams flowing into the Creek, while perch, flounder and sturgeon abounded in the Creek. Thousands of ducks and other waterfowl called the Creek their home. The forest beyond the Creek sheltered bear, cougar, wild cats, deer and elk. Today one must travel way up the coast to find sights like these.

But why was this waterway called a creek when it is, in fact, not a body of fresh water at all. It was back in 1859 that George H. Richards of the Royal Engineers stationed in New Westminster, was sent to survey Burrard Inlet. On that mission, as Captain of H.M.S. Plumper, he chanced upon what he thought to be a creek but later discovered to be an inlet of the Pacific, off English Bay. Thus he named it False Creek.

In our musings we have glimpsed False Creek as a quiet,

sheltered waterway; then in stark contrast as a bustling, smoky important industrial and commercial centre. Following the outbreak of World War I, shipbuilding became a significant industry on the Creek. Within a decade of the prosperous 1920s the False Creek basin began to deteriorate. With haphazard growth, inefficient use of the land and immense pollution problems, recognized even then, False Creek went from bad to worse. It became a glaring eyesore and thus an embarrassment to the young city of Vancouver.

At long last, however, in the mid-1960s, a shaft of light broke through the uncertainties surrounding a solution to the False Creek problems. Visions of alternatives to this derelict site were discussed and deliberated by many groups, and finally in 1968 City Council voted to lift the industrial designation from False Creek. This opened the way for its development as a residential and recreational area. From then on the physical changes have been nothing short of miraculous.

Nowadays, therefore, we can wake up to reality and admire a scene of beauty — thanks to the foresight and dedication of



countless people. Today, as we look from a WINDOW ON THE SQUARE, our Creek has become an ever changing kaleidoscope of wonderful scenery, all sorts of people and their doings within an exciting setting.



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False Creek and other references available upon request

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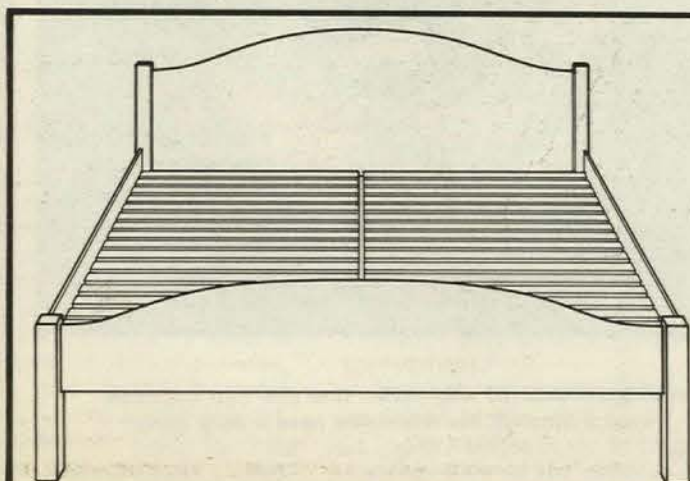
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THE COMMUNITY CENTRE

SUMMER'S END

Even though summer programs are drawing to a close at the False Creek Community Centre, we still have plenty of activities available to keep the young ones occupied. Special programs have been arranged by the Park Board to take place at Sutcliffe Park (the grassy area south of the Centre) during August afternoons.

August 19th, 1:00 p.m. — Clown Show
 August 23rd, 3:15 p.m. — Circus Show
 August 30th, 1:00 p.m. — Music Man
 August 31st, 2:00 p.m. — Circus Magic
 Sept. 1st, 1:00 p.m. — Comedy Carnival

We are continuing throughout August with eleven weekly fitness classes of varying intensity. Start now and avoid the Autumn rush! Only \$3.00 per class will keep you fit.

FALL PREVIEW

This fall we are for the first time, accepting Mastercharge & Visa as methods of payment. We hope that this credit will make things easier for our many members. Because of the new credit systems we will also be accepting registrations over the phone for classes being paid for by Mastercharge or Visa, beginning September 11th.

Pre-registration for Fall Programs will take place on **September 10th** from 4 p.m. to 8 p.m. Please remember that pre-registrations must be done in person.

The majority of our Fall programs will on **Monday, September 16th**. This year looks like an exciting one for both children and adult programs. Some of our new classes include: **Waterbugs** (2 & 3 yrs.), **Dress-up Drama** (2-7 yrs.), **Magic Makers** and we will even help you organize and host your child's birthday party at the Community Centre! New adult programs include: Self-Defense for Women, Literary Interest Group, Sewing for the Petrified, Group Singing, Strength & Stretch, Pre/Post Natal Fitness, and Adults Learn to Swim.

All False Creek residents will be receiving the Fall Program by early September, so read yours carefully and spend your autumn with us!

If you enjoy working with kids and have a particular interest in bicycle safety, maintenance, stunts, out-trips, etc., then we have a volunteer position for you at the False Creek Community Centre!

Volunteers please phone Nancy Reynolds at 688-9478.

The **Annual General Meeting** of the False Creek Recreation

Association will be held at the Centre **Tuesday, October 8, 1985** at 7:00 p.m. for the election of the 1985-86 Board of Directors. If interested or need further information, please call Carol Sogawa or Lin Bundrandt at 688-9478. Nominations are now being accepted and may be submitted to the receptionist at the Community Centre.

Memberships for 1985-86 are now available:

- Adults \$4
- Family \$6
- Children \$2
- Youth \$2
- Seniors \$2

1984-85 memberships expire August 31st, 1985 so be sure to pick your new memberships up for the coming year!

SWAMP WILLOW PRESCHOOL — Still has spaces available for the fall for both 3 and 4 year olds. For information call the Centre at 688-9478.

NEW! KINDERCARE — After Kindergarten care for children, weekdays 11 a.m. — 6 p.m. For information call the Centre at 688-9478.

SENIOR'S SCENE

by Marjorie LeGresley

Since I was away on holiday during the July 1st celebrations, it was a pleasure to read the editorial in last month's issue describing in detail all the exciting events which made the day such a great success. However, after a second careful reading, I was unable to find any mention of the contribution made by the Seniors' Club in sponsoring the BINGO game, held outside the school. It was run by many willing volunteers in response to a request from the organizing committee and all proceeds were distributed in the form of prizes. The many helpers certainly deserve a vote of thanks for making the ever popular Bingo games such a success.

Regretfully, I also missed Jean's garden party — I hear that everyone had a great time and even the weather co-operated — many thanks to Jean and her family for their hospitality. Then there was the boat trip to Bowen Island which everyone enjoyed. Sorry Jeff and I weren't there.

This month we are looking forward to the Ross Dam/boat trip on the 25th — be prepared for an early start: 6:55 a.m. at the Centre, 7:00 a.m. at Leg-in-Boot Square.

Our first meeting of the fall season will be on **WEDNESDAY 4th Sept.** at which time Mary must receive all payments for EXPO passes and we can all renew our membership at the Community Centre, which will now cost you \$2. Jean will be back with us with a new program for the month and plans for the fall schedule. See you all then, and some of you on the 25th.

From UNDERCURRENT,
 The Bowen Island newspaper

THE SENIORS LAMENT

*Thought I'd let my doctor check me
 'Cause I didn't feel quite right...
 All those aches and pains annoyed me
 And I couldn't sleep at night...
 He could find no real disorder
 But he wouldn't let it rest
 What with Medicare and Pharmacare
 it wouldn't hurt to do a test.
 To Lions Gate he sent me
 though I didn't feel that bad
 and he arranged for them to give me
 every test that could be had.
 I was flouroscooped and catscanned
 and my aging frame displayed
 stripped on a marble table
 while my gizzard was X-rayed.
 I was checked for worms and aphids
 for fungus and the crud
 and they pierced me with huge needles
 to take samples of my blood.
 Fancy doctors checked me over-
 probed and pushed and poked around;
 just to make sure I am living
 they wired me for sound...*

*They have finally concluded
 ... the results took many a page...
 'What I have will someday kill me'-
 My affliction is Old Age.*

Gaffer Anciene

AN ODE TO AGING

I AM USED TO MY BIFOCALS
 TO MY DENTURES I'M RESIGNED
 I CAN LIVE WITH MY ARTHRITIS
 BUT I SURE DO MISS MY MIND

GLIMPSES FROM THE MIDDLE EAST

by Frances and Bob Kohn



As you all know, it would be well-nigh impossible to say no to our genial editor. So, when we promised Beryl to write something for the Creek we were thinking of some light-hearted banter about adventures and encounters one inevitably runs into when one boards a plane, train, or even just the bus out to White Rock. Going as far afield as Egypt and Israel, the exposure to the such things multiplies of course and there are indeed lots of stories to tell.

But, at the risk of disappointing the editor as well as the gentle reader, we cannot help starting on a sombre note reflecting on the sorry state of our village Earth. Starvation in Africa has since caught the imagination of the media and of the many who are willing to help as best they can. The tragedy had a much more immediate impact on us as we met in Cairo people from all parts of Africa. Yet, while millions are dying from lack of food, there is no lack of money for guns and their use and, with the ever present threat of war, one shudders at the thought of the very people one befriended along the way being in the firing line and the work of generations to make deserts liveable, destroyed.

When one meets people on either side of political boundaries, one finds it difficult to

understand what could possibly divide them were it not for those who exploit superficial differences to further their own ambitions.

Nevertheless, life carries on even under the shadow of steel-helmeted guards with their automatic rifles, and the Middle East still presents a picture reminding one of the Arabian Nights and biblical times, while modern apartment blocks and office towers in the cities and the industrial and agricultural developments scattered throughout these lands begin to reflect the sterile uniformity of our technological age, perhaps the price to paid for progress.

YOU THINK WE HAVE TRAFFIC PROBLEMS?

Our first stop Cairo, is a most fascinating example of all that. With its population of over ten million, it is one of the largest cities in the world: walking the streets, one can well believe that such is the case. Traffic, to the outsider, is a picture of utter confusion, yet it does move somehow. It may be surprising to find so many motor vehicles in a relatively poor country but if only a small percentage of the population own a car or truck, that can generate a lot of traffic, not to speak of the vehicles entering the capital from the countryside. While traffic police are much in evidence, the traffic seems to move according to

its own momentum, the apparent rule being that he who honks loudest and revs up the fastest at an intersection, has the right of way. The pedestrian is left to his own devices. Looking from the hotel window down on the traffic below, pedestrians trying to cross seemed like Pac-Man scurrying to avoid the monsters rushing in from all directions. This is aggravated by the fact that sidewalks are strictly not for walking: they are filled with parked cars, abandoned wrecks, or otherwise made impassable by piles of rubble or puddles of water.

Yet, in the two weeks we had in Egypt, we have not seen a single accident although there were a lot of near misses. The only time we came uncomfortably close to an accident was in a crowded bazaar, so full of people in a very narrow street that one could hardly drop a pin; yet, suddenly out of nowhere and without warning a motorcycle appeared and came to an abrupt halt precariously on Frances' toe, miraculously without causing any damage but



providing material for some loud conversation on the spot.

Somehow, by the grace of Allah, the All-Merciful, pedestrians and motorists seem to survive. Some of the major thoroughfares have three lanes in each direction, but the traffic moves four or five vehicles abreast with drivers weaving in and out of lanes with admirable dexterity. Nor have the motorists and pedestrians the streets to themselves. They share them with donkey and horse carts, buses, motorcycles, and stationary vendors of all sorts.

Turn to Page 4



ARTS UMBRELLA

Registration open for 85-86

Vancouver's Visual & Performing Art Centre for children 2 yrs. to young adults (Grade XII)



Classes: Jazz, Ballet, Modern & Creative Dance, Theatre & Performance, Kodaly Music, Painting & Drawing, Printmaking, Clay & Multi-Media Sculpture, Architecture, Fibre, Native Arts, Writing, Animation, Playwriting, Special Needs.

Arts Umbrella Youth Dance Company:
 Auditions Sept. 14/85.

Musical Play:
 Auditions Sept. 21/85.

Brochure: 681-5268
 1286 Cartwright Street
 Granville Island.

FROM PAGE 3

AND SHEEP SHALL GRAZE

One evening we were walking just outside the hotel watching the cars being shuffled around to get them in and out of the bumper-to-bumper packed mass, when suddenly from round the corner in the midst of all the hubbub a shepherd appeared, guiding his large flock placidly, unmindful of the goings-on. We could not believe our eyes, wondering where they could have come from and where they were headed right in the middle of the big city. To us, the uninitiated, crossing a street remained an unnerving experience. Once, having set out



The Keeper of the Coptic Church and author's daughter Susan

to walk to the famous old coptic churches, we turned around because we simply could not face the suicidal attempt of crossing another intersection.

But it is worth risking life and limb walking the streets rather than being restricted to guided tours. It is the only way one can mingle with the people and we found the people in Cairo absolutely loveable. Being easily identified by attire and cameras as foreigners, we were constantly accosted by an Arabian-accentuated "ello, welcome", the one English phrase that everyone seems to acquire somehow. Then it is "American?", "No, Canadian", and "Ah, Canada Dry!" comes the answer with a big smile and the inevitable hearty handshake. People in the street knew about as much of Canada as most Vancouverites would know about Egypt, except for those who have relatives or friends in Toronto or Montreal. Among other circles of Egyptians, however, Canada is held in high esteem. The French-language Egyptian daily devoted one-quarter page of its four pages of news to a rave review of the visiting Winnipeg Ballet.

KINDNESS AND HELP ON ALL SIDES

Wherever one goes, people in all walks of life go out of their way to offer unsolicited help. When you stop in the street to get your bearing (street signs are few and far between and then mostly in Arabic, as are directions signs and numbers on buses), there will soon be a crowd gathering, trying desperately to understand you and then directing you and, more likely than not, guiding you most of the way.

Water is a big problem anywhere in the middle east. In Egypt one cannot drink the water from the tap but buys bottled water and carries it along wherever one goes. Distributed along the street are large earthenware vessels with drinking water, a not-very-inviting cup on the top for the thirsty passer-by (but not recommended for visiting foreigners!). Because of the hot, dry weather one is advised to drink a lot, even when not thirsty, to avoid dehydration. Once we bought a bottle of water at a street kiosk, and carrying it in our hands, walked away. When we had gone quite a distance,

the vendor came breathlessly running after us: he had found a bag for us to carry the water.

Walking along the street, a well dressed gentleman once came up to me pointing at my pant-leg; apparently a bird had left its mark there. Silently, because I wouldn't understand him anyway, he pulled a kleenex out of his pocket, wiped off the offending spot and, with a friendly smile, went on his way.

At one place along a boulevard some resemblance of grass was trying to grow and survive in the hot, rainless climate. It was enough for an elderly turbaned man to graze a few sheep. He squatted there,

worn by men. You see everything from closely fitted, circular white caps to the flower-pot shaped fezes and



every conceivable way of twisting or tying or knotting a turban: it might be ceremoniously wound around the head and secured by various methods of tucking in the ends or it might be as simple as a plain sheet, carefully folded and hung straight over the head and neck and held in place with an often brightly coloured and decorated ring of twisted cord fitted around the head. Men sometimes also wear a long scarf, twisted and one end draped over the shoulder. Only very few women still wear the traditional black veil which covered all but the eyes. Many wear a hood-like covering over the head, framing the face and hanging over the shoulder like a shawl. Some ladies wear brightly coloured head scarves, knotted at the top of the head or at the nape of the neck, then hanging gracefully down the middle of the back

Old Cairo, apart from the blaring of the car horns, probably looks little different from what it must have been like in the days of the Arabian Nights: a different world altogether from inside some of the classy American-style hotels like the Nile Hilton and others. When we went to the Hilton one day, Susan, our daughter, commented, "You are now leaving Egypt and entering the U.S.A." And she had a point there.

But by no means all hotels fit that stereotype; thankfully, they vary quite a bit in the kind of atmosphere they offer their guests. We had occasion to sample three hotels in Cairo, each quite unique in its own way. First we went from the airport to a small, inexpensive hotel in the inner city where we had a reservation. A great welcome from Mohammed, the man at the desk, made us feel instantly at home. A small man in a white robe crowded us and our bags into a tiny elevator and delivered us to our room. The hotel occupies an old prestigious club building which obviously had seen better times but which still sported much of the beautiful antique furnishings. The room was spacious, clean, with a high ceiling and a noisy airconditioner which we used as sparingly as possible. It also boasted a mosque across the street whence the loudspeaker voice of the muezzin sounded its wailing call to the faithful several times a day, starting at 5 a.m. The bathroom fixtures were in good condition but the water supply somewhat temperamental and one could never quite count on whether one could finish the shower or the tooth-brushing. Breakfast, included in the price, was of a rather prosaic continental style with a limited supply of rolls served with jam and coffee or tea. Several young waiters hovered nearby although there were not many guests. Since we were only two storeys up and keeping the windows open for the cool night air, we were very conscious of all the street sounds, the traffic with the honking of horns, the laughing

and talking of the passer-by below on their way to the market, shops or, later in the day, to the outdoor cafes, and the occasional clippety-clop of horse or donkey hooves. It all made us feel very much part of the scene. The hotel staff took great interest in all our personal needs and little problems. In turn, one young man in particular, told us about his ambition to study with the money he was earning and some day, perhaps, go to Canada or the States. In the narrow street just outside the hotel were some small grocery stores where we could replenish our food supply for the day and get some authoritative advice on the various goodies we were not familiar with.

A dramatic contrast to that cosy atmosphere with its breath of living Cairo met us when, a few days later, we moved to the imposing downtown Hilton, the site of Bob's conference. It was that move which prompted our daughter's comment on leaving Egypt and entering the U.S.A. The huge, luxurious lobby was a swirling welter of western style international travellers, with American accents very much in evidence and with all kinds of uniformed or otherwise neatly dressed hotel staff. Our room this time was high above the intimate sounds of the city but it offered a bird's eye view from the balcony of the traffic and the masses of humanity down below in the main square. Breakfast at the Hilton is purported to be the best in town, and probably deservedly so; for about \$2.50 you had access to an elegant buffet of juices, chilled fruit, yogurt, and a tantalizing array of breads and pastry with all the trimmings of cheeses, jams and, of course, the obligatory tea or coffee.

The third and last hostelry of our stay in Cairo was a never to be forgotten step into an entirely Arabic atmosphere of the Sheppard's Hotel. Elaborate Arabic decor surrounds you as soon as you enter the lofty lobby and the exotic impression is completed by the picturesque



The camel market was Frances' favourite - over 1,000 every week. Those that hadn't walked a week to get there fetched \$1000. Next to the camel market was the donkey market and next to them, the goats. The smell!

Arabic attire of the attendants. We had hardly entered our room with its comfortably elegant furniture, when there was a knock at the door. There was one of the hotel staff, suitably decked out, with a large bouquet of roses and other flowers. Our comment that we didn't order any, was ignored and the flowers deposited on the table. Soon after, another knock at the door and two men entered, the first in a bright red costume with matching fez, the other turbaned and with embroidered white robes. The second carried a tray with a wide assortment of luscious tropical fruit. It too was silently deposited on the table and now it began to sink in that it was all part of the hospitality. The balcony offered a stunning view of the majestic Nile and the modern city along its banks, the

picturesque sail boats, the fellukahs, gracefully making their way along the river. And we could watch the sun set in a blaze of flaming red through the sand dust blowing in from the Sahara, leaving its rippled reflection to illuminate the waters of the river. The dining room at the hotel matched the prevailing decor and if the elaborately painted sign above the bar proclaimed: UNBORN TO-MORROW and DEAD YESTERDAY, Why fret about them if TO-DAY be sweet!, Omar Khayam himself might have put it there because it so suited the whole setting - except that it was somewhat less pastoral than Khayam musing under a bough with but a Loaf of Bread, A Flask of Wine, a Book of Verse - and Thou. The enjoyment of all that was enhanced by the quite moderate hotel bill.

Also remindful of the Arabian Nights were some of the wedding receptions we saw in the big hotels. They would begin with the most fanciful procession winding up the stairs, everyone in the traditional, colourful flowing garb, the couple preceded and followed by musicians sounding their pipes, cymbals and drums, bellydancers with tambourines and castanets, children bearing torches, and finally followed by the wedding guests mostly in modern dress. This sumptuousness struck us as in stark contrast with the poverty so evident in many parts of the city and the outlying villages, but then there are also Egyptians rich enough to buy Harrod's of London, England's most exclusive department store.

Our shopping was mostly for either food or local artifacts such as colourfully ornamented wall hangings or papyrus paintings. Shopping for anything in Cairo is an experience in itself. Much as it went against the grain, one has to bargain there, whether it is for the taxi fare or buying those beautiful hand-crafted things. The only parallel here in Vancouver could be the artful process of buying a car!

One never pays the asking price and one must be prepared to walk out. One tries another store and begins bargaining again until one gets at least to a quarter or a fifth of the original amount asked. By that time, however, we always began to feel sorry and thought we had driven too hard a bargain because the fellow sounded and looked so miserable. But once the deal was clinched, his face would light up, he would shake hands, invoke all the blessing on you and yours - and leave you still feeling that you had been gypped. All of which adds to the excitement but it does take a lot of the traveller's precious time.

On occasion, when you get off the beaten tourist track, you may find yourself mobbed by a crowd of kids who may ask for a handout ("baksheesh") or,

Turn to Page 7



Notice it's not a page to pontificate on as much as the place to pull the small items together.

The **PERSONAL COLUMN** is back - all it takes is for someone to send an ad. Every month the Editor intends to devote several hours to composing one (it's not easy) but gets no further than the promise. Meantime she'll settle for a fellow with a right foot and a left foot who wants to dance to the Big Bands at Robson Square on August Friday nights.

Bobby Mackin, a Gr. 10-er who is also a devoted Creek carrier, was quick to respond to the suggestion for an EXPO column. Bobby is aiming for a journalist's career - could there be a better place to start than The Creek?

EXPO and us tried hard to organize boat tours of the Creek for local residents to get a close-up view, but as we couldn't get a big enough boat to the Community Centre dock the purpose of it being a "community event" seemed to be lost.

It was a nice offer.

A monthly publication obviously misses a lot of things like the week-long 10th Anniversary celebration of the **South Granville Library** earlier this month. They even had a special **FALSE CREEK DAY** on Aug. 7th.

The library's new Branch Head, **JUDY McINTOSH**, is

widely experienced, having been a children librarian at the Central Library and several branches and an assistant in the Science & Technology Division of the Central Library before going to the South Hill Branch five years ago.

The **WESTCOAST MEDIATION CENTRE** may be the answer for the people who've phoned the Creek Office complaining about neighbours' behaviour. One lady interpreted the question in The Creek "is anyone bothered by the noisy charter boats?" to be an invitation to complain about noisy neighbours.

A man phoned to ask couldn't people sending their dogs out to soil the communal grassy plot be fined? The Creek Office suggested he phone the Police Department and the Pound to find out how to do that.

The Mediation Service (Tel. 228-9771, loc. 243) exists to assist people to talk their way to agreement.

"What is it about life?" I wailed "that the day the kitchen is painted and everything should be washed before going back into the cupboards, the dishwasher breaks down?"

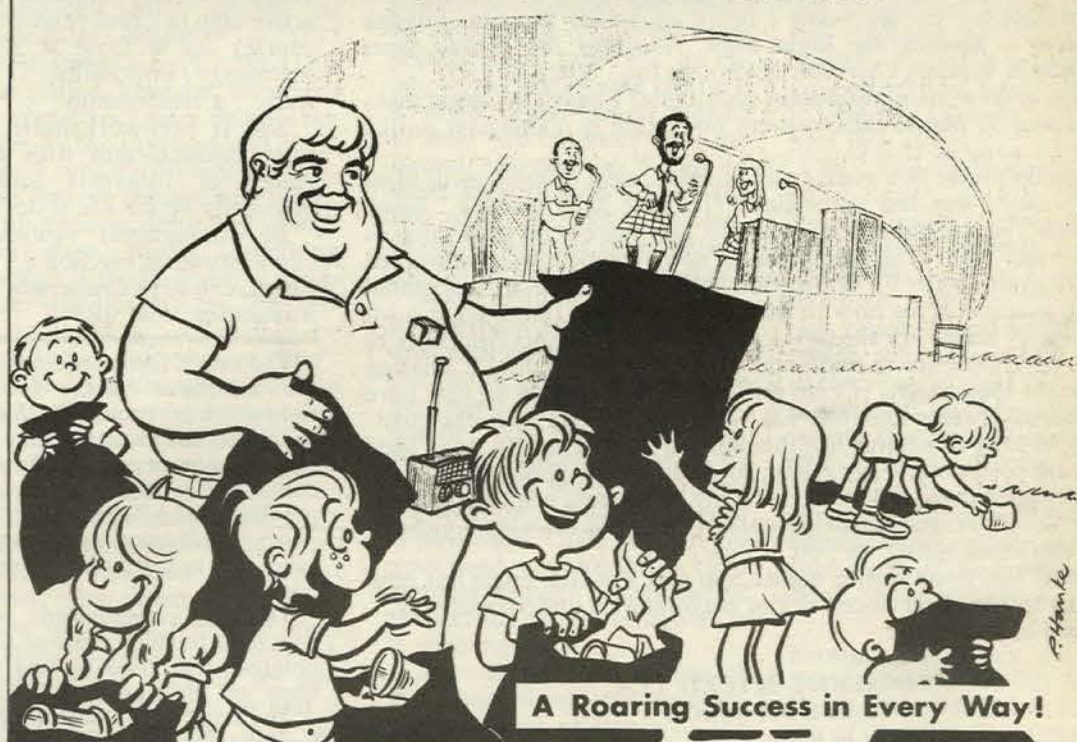
Replied **GREG** the painter "I don't know, but Erma Bombeck would."

Betty McLeod, the Activity

LIFE IN THE CREEK PICTURE CONTEST

It must have been the Editor giving herself the prize in July that prompted the flood of pictures for the monthly contest. **PROBLEM:** How to choose a winner when they are all so **WONDERFUL**. **PARTIAL SOLUTION:** They have to be printable in **The Creek** (we all take coloured prints and they are often not clear enough to come out in black & white). There'll still be a prize-awarding problem. **HELP!** Suggestions please.

CANADA DAY - 1985 - FALSE CREEK PARK



Is it any wonder False Creek's July 1st won the award for Vancouver's best Canada Day Celebration when it inspired people like professional cartoonist **Ralph Hanke** to send us this drawing

This is the obvious winner this month.

Coordinator at the Pentecostal Lodge for a year or so was an interesting lady. I feared if she didn't move to the top of the Interview List soon I'd miss her.

I did. She left to return to security guarding full-time. The new Coordinator is **Grace Hanley**. Welcome Grace.

A plea from a cat lover. You don't have to leave unwanted kittens in a box by the school garbage bins. Call the SPCA

who will collect them immediately and probably find loving homes for them. She took them home where a neighbour fell in love with them.

It wasn't until John Riggan of **TAKE 5 CROISSANTS** called about placing an ad. in The Creek that he and the staff discovered our restaurant reviewer had given them *** in July.

The three perky girls behind the counter were so proud to learn three stars meant "pretty super". They confiscated the copies meant for John, plied me with coffee and samples, one asking "Can I take copy back to Winnipeg with me? When I'm looking for a job there I'll be able to tell them I worked in a three star joint in Vancouver and they'd better pay me well."

Dear Editor:

It would take more space than you could spare for me to list the myriad reasons I love living in False Creek. However, our near perfect existence seems to have been discovered by the throngs, due in large part, I believe, to our "not so world famous" EXPO 86.

If the Saturday night Sea Festival invasion of our quiet domain was even a small indication of the party time atmosphere that EXPO may engender, I have grave concerns for any sustenance of peaceful summer evenings in our community.

The noise level of many large cruise boats, all competing for whose dance music can be heard the farthest, was only to be outdone by the "Battle of the Bands."

One Saturday night in July I can live with, but what of our quiet waters for six months of EXPO?

Can we, as a community, ask EXPO and the Harbours Board what will be the boating regulations during May-Oct. next year. We have heard much speculation but seen nothing in writing as to how many vessels will be allowed at any given time, and most importantly, their speed and allowable noise pollution.

My thanks to Messrs. Basford & Phillips for their part in causing McDonald's to withdraw their application for McBarge, but do we now want swarms of boaters through the Creek to get to the proposed permanent site on the east side of Cambie Bridge?

Please write a brief letter to Beryl Wilson, President, Community Association, 1318 Cartwright St., Vancouver V6H 3R8, to be forwarded to EXPO and the Harbours Board of-

fices, if you want a clear statement about boating regulations in False Creek during EXPO. (and send a copy to Mayor Harcourt)

If we as a community are not satisfied that these regulations will be in the best interest of those of us living in the Creek, then perhaps, through our Community Association, we can initiate changes before it's too late.

Lois Meyerhoff, 1183 Forge Walk



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We would like to say "Thank You" to all our new friends in False Creek

Cooking the Creek Catch

by Babs

One of the best things about my summer is sitting on my deck catching a few rays and reading a good book.

Imagine my delight when I heard of **Smart Women, Foolish Choices** — **Finding the Right Man, Avoiding the Wrong Ones** (Cowen & Knider, Clarkson N. Potter Inc., 1985, \$21.95).

Now what women could resist such a title? I hastily set about making about 50 phone calls to every bookstore in Vancouver until I found a copy at U.B.C.

I needn't have bothered. In all fairness, most of my friends liked the book. I was less enthralled. The first half, entitled "Being Foolish" is devoted to convincing us that there is no such thing as the Perfect Man. (This seems like old news - something most women realize by the age of 7). The second half, "Getting Smart", is geared towards teaching us how to be perfect women. (Do I sense a bit of inequity here?) For the slow learners the two authors (yup, they're men, psychologists to boot) end the book with "Rules of Finding the Right Man." As if it's not difficult enough already we now have to remember rules like (No. 12) "Men like women who like men" (sure, as long as we only like them one at a time) or (No. 15) "Men do want to commit" (oh really, to what?) How about Rule No. 7 "Many good men go unnoticed" (only because we can't find them). Rule No. 5 "Anger scares men off" (time to get my teeth cleaned so I can smile a lot), etc. etc.

I read this book over a month ago and I'm still single but now thanks to the good doctors, I'm beginning to understand why.

Let's have a drink.

INSTANT SPICED TEA

good hot or cold

- 1 1/2 cup. instant tea
- 2 cups Tang
- (or other orange drink mix)
- 1 pkg. instant lemonade mix
- 2 cups sugar (or less to taste)
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. ground cloves
- 1/2 tsp. nutmeg
- 1/2 tsp. allspice

Mix well. Use one tbsp. (more or less) for 6 oz. glass with plenty of ice and fresh spearmint from your garden.

BAWDY AT THE BOARDWALK

A hot summer evening, an intrepid community newspaper editor, a hack artist masquerading, as an aficionado of all that's good or should be good in the restaurant world—put 'em together and it's a date for False Creek gossip and a critique of Granville Island's sparkling new **Boardwalk Cafe**.

The Boardwalk Cafe completes the Maritime Market section of the Island, which has been built by architect-come-developer John Keith-King. Sitting smack at the entrance to the Island, the Cafe is, in fact, aproned by the boardwalk along False Creek, at the entrance to which stands a life-sized carved figure of a weathered and brooding old seaman conning his imaginary schooner over the briny and moodily welcoming all who pass.

Knowing that the premises were re-worked from an old warehouse, I expected sandblasted timbers and brick with packing-case furniture. What a surprise and delight to find my apprehensions couldn't be further from reality. Soft greys and pastel colours; just the right amount of mirrors and chrome; potted trees to break up the expanse of floor space.

Being a rank amateur at reviewing restaurants, I headed straightaway for the washroom—believing that the condition thereof would best reflect the general level of housekeeping—and found them to be clean and spacious, with tiled surfaces and piped-in music, lending the impression they were designed to function as an important part of the restaurant rather than reluctantly provided just to satisfy some municipal by-law. A pleasure to pee in, if you'll pardon this earthiness so early on in the review.

I'm not sure what school of decor the overall design is intended to represent—art deco? post-modern? The label doesn't much matter. It is a space that recalls the past at its best while looking spanking new and detailed to a

fault. Even the chairs were immediate eye-catchers. I'm fussy and highly critical of most restaurant seating, usually getting the impression the chairs have been bought as an afterthought ("Run out and buy any cheap chair you can find, Larry. We open in an hour.") The chairs here are clearly designed as an integral part of the interior. They are somewhat reminiscent of the old "steamer chairs"—structures of vertical wooden slats cleverly ordered into a tidy architectural solution, a compliment to the dining-room and eminently comfortable. The outdoor chairs were also intriguing, not for elegance, but simply because they are design masterpieces in bent galvanized tubing, remarkable for their utilitarian simplicity. I have seen neither chair before. Architect Keith-King gets a blue ribbon for first-class design throughout, interesting and entirely correct for a boardwalk eatery.

We were shown to an indoor table, amid a pleasant buzz and chatter that served to confer a sense of privacy on our conversation. We were provided not one, but three menus each—a wine list, a snack list and an entree list. A little cumbersome, six menus on a small table completely set up; but that's a picky point. The idea of the separate snack list is a good one. Prices are in the middle-of-the-pack range — \$3.00 for a Caesar salad; \$5.25 for fish & chips; \$12.25 for a 12 oz. pepper steak.

The food and the serving of it was a bitter-sweet situation. Water never was forthcoming, even though it was a hot evening. Unthinking, the waitress pushed the empty water goblets from place to place to make room as she served our courses, and they were still there empty when we left. The Caesar salad was ample enough for two, but it was made with something other than Romaine lettuce—butter lettuce perhaps? A picky point again. It tasted good.

THE PERSONAL CONNECTION

ADVENTUROUS WOMAN WANTED by 46 yr. young (5'9"/145 lb.) non-smoking, social drinking, educated and active man (a Creek resident, of course) for a fling at... the seemingly impossible... the stars... a relationship?

She is non-workaholic, an easy communicator with wide range of interests and a physically active life style.

Be courageous; venture a casual meeting via Box 8, The Creek, c/o 1318 Cartwright St., Vancouver V6H 3R8

The french fries accompanying the Schooner burger looked right—lightly browned, dry to touch. But they were tasteless and of the consistency of styrofoam to eat. This is not a complaint peculiar to the Boardwalk Cafe.

Almost all restaurants serve the same pap in the name of french fries.

The first restaurateur who goes back to chips made of fresh potatoes and fried in lard will have 'em lined up to the street.

The vegetables came in ample portions, the carrots slightly crisp and very flavourful, the cauliflower a little overcooked.

The barbecued salmon was startling. I'm still not sure how to appraise it because I'm not sure whether it was intended as a new-style taste treat specialty or if the cook simply didn't know what he was doing.

First of all, it wasn't barbecued. Yes, it was cooked, but I would say poached. And then it was smeared with barbecue sauce—the stuff you get out of a bottle and paint on barbecued spare-ribs. Different! You be the judge.

There was a good wine selection and the prices were fair, but I thought it was a shortcoming that no half-litre was available. By the glass only at \$2.50 or the whole litre at \$8.50 for the house white.

We opted for the litre as it was clearly the best buy. Being unable to partake myself (driver) I was happy to pour while my partner gamely tried to do the litre justice, to which task she acquitted herself in the best tradition of newspaper editors everywhere, admirably abstaining from the chore just short of incoherence. Bless her. But a good restaurant should provide half-litres. Full litres can be risky.

There is a small dessert list and as we both have a sweet tooth we would have partaken. But the menus were by now taken away and we weren't even asked if we cared for dessert. Maybe next time.

The decision on whether and how much to tip required some thought. Being an amateur, I believe that tipping should be contingent upon service above and beyond the minimum and proportionate to the zeal and attention with which the service is rendered. There were gaps in the attention quotient of our servers (There was a change of waitresses partway through). Both had to be beckoned when we needed anything. A third bus-waitress took our dishes away, lending some confusion as to who, exactly, was looking after us.

All three were smiling and solicitous and clearly anxious to please—just poorly schooled in what good waitressing is all about. Anyway, their smiles and good humour won out, they got a 15% tip, but we voted for a 15% pay cut for their trainer.

A splendid restaurant, a good experience, all agreed to by my tipsy friend. The shortcomings might, after all, just be growing pains.

We'll be back. Try it. The Boardwalk Cafe, Granville Island.

George Pratt

LIVE FROM STAMPS



The end came suddenly as the sun descended over Tupper Field. After a glorious and what seemed unstoppable advance through the league, the guys in grey and red were defeated. Stamps softball, the rookies of their league, made the semi-finals but alas, this year at least, they will go no further.

Meanwhile in another campaign, Stamps slow pitch advanced on Washington State where they took on and defeated all the local opposition. The vanquished will be travelling up to Vancouver later this month to surrender the spoils of battle. Toby salutes a great and memorable softball season.

In the meantime preparation has already started for that more sedentary winter sport, N.F.L. watching. Toby observed one Saturday afternoon the gathering of the Monday Knights for the ritual of the annual draft. Emotions ran high but proceedings remained orderly under the tutelage of John Castell amplified by Bullus Hutton. Among the rookies clamouring for the few available teams Buffalo Bill Fey is in, Ice Breaker Bill Cleaver will try to soar with the Eagles and Janet will be finding her feet as a Colt. Be there for the opener in the first week of September.

High tides and high temperatures saw a number of locals ignoring the threat of Great Whites, marauding seals and coliform counts and plunging daily into the Creek to swim across to the Expo side with an occasional stop off on the way for quick refreshment at Stamps. (Come December will we believe this the same place?) As there is a peculiar tendency in Stamps to organize an event whenever there are more than two people gathered together at the bar; it was quite natural that the sight of these dripping swimmers stopping off for their pint should generate the suggestion of a Stamps Triathlon with the final leg being a swim to the pub. Landlord John, in his role of Creek Sports Commissioner is looking seriously at this.

The upcoming False Creek Tennis Tournament sponsored by Stamps Landing, where the Saturday social event will be held, is the last great sporting event of the summer. If it is anything like last year it will be a great community occasion. See you all on the courts.

On reading this column so far Toby realizes that the impression given is that sport is the only topic of the pub. True, the intellectual content is higher in discussions on a cold winter evening, however there are still serious topics tossed around as the sun sets on the patio. Toby overheard an interesting discourse on government intervention in business the other evening. (This is going to be serious Robert, but its not about dogs!)

The gist of the discussion was, despite the success of Mr. Iaccoca, should public money be injected into private business? One speaker cited an example right here in the Creek to support the non-interventionist thesis.

When some failing businesses

in the Creek successfully lobbied the City government to help them promote their businesses the City responded with taxpayers' money and erected the hideous blue pipes and banners at the entrance to the Creek. This 'oil rig' aesthetic did nothing to enhance the sense of what is after all primarily a residential neighbourhood, nor did it save the failing businesses. Only when a couple of the businesses changed hands did they become successful. Stamps Landing became what it had until then been in name only, that is a neighbourhood pub, and the empty Trestle became Snappers where you now need a reservation a couple weeks ahead. Success in both cases was due to new and inspired ownership, not flags on Sixth Avenue. The only loser, to the tune of a couple of hundred thousand, was the out-of-pocket taxpayer. Toby did not hear the argument for the interventionist before the topic switched to hockey!

Back to trivia. Of the three gentlemen that sometimes serenade the bar on a Saturday afternoon, the one with the good voice had a birthday the other day and was presented with a cake decorated with prancing horses, the significance of which escaped Toby. It was a large cake with so many candles that the fire department was standing by, and after distributing a piece to everyone in the bar our singer was whisked away in a silver charger. (The horse connection?)

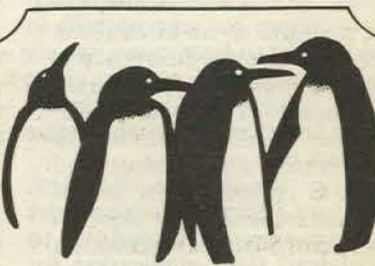
We also celebrated Tomo's birthday later that evening. When his cake arrived, unlike the first one, it was stripped of all surface decoration and was less rectangular in form and somewhat more animated, much to the delight of the gourmets present.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY to both you Leos.

Toby has for thirteen months now dear reader, been slipping this column regularly under the Editor's door and time has come to take a break. For the rest of the summer Toby intends to make some excursions with Barney who is growing up so quickly these days. We will resume the column in the fall but in the meantime it has been suggested that the slot be filled by guest writers. If you are interested contact the Editor at 734-3369.

Wishing you all well.

Cheers, Toby



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Cartwright Gallery (Granville Island)

by Barbara Drew

Hi! Here's your Gallery Gazer again. Do hope that by this time you've seen "The Perfect Setting" at the Cartwright. Can you decide which is your favourite place setting? It's not an easy choice.

Last time, I promised to tell you the history of the first state table service. In 1896 the Women's Art Association of Canada proposed a state service of porcelain hand painted by members of the Association. The design theme was "Canada: its historic places, battlefields, forts and buildings; flora and fauna".

A dominion-wide competition was organized by the Association with the result that sixteen women were chosen to carry out the project. The porcelain forms, plain white "blanks", were provided by the Doulton factory in England and a ceramic committee compiled a collection of suitable pictorial reference material (fish, birds and flowers) for the artists to use. In May, 1897, the completed 192 pieces were placed on exhibition in Toronto. The work was acclaimed, not only for its national and artistic value, but for the remarkable uniformity of the pieces painted by sixteen women, working

apart, living in towns from Nova Scotia to Ontario. The Women's Art Association then asked the Dominion Government to purchase the set in order that it might be kept at Government House. Unfortunately, the Government refused and finally the set was purchased by means of a private subscription. In June, 1898, the service was presented to Her Excellency the Countess of Aberdeen just prior to the completion of the Earl of Aberdeen's term of office as Governor-General. The service was sent to the Aberdeen's home, Haddo House, Aberdeenshire, Scotland, where it remains, the property of the National Trust of Scotland.

We are very happy to report that the winners in our exhibition have now been commissioned to create a service which will indeed grace the table at Rideau Hall. The winning setting will, of course, be exclusive to Government House but all other settings may be ordered from the Gallery. A price list will soon be available. Gallery members are entitled to a discount so why not drop in and pick up a membership application form.

See you at the Cartwright!

EXPO-POURRI by Bobby Mackin

Welcome Creek readers to EXPO-POURRI, a monthly collection of news concerning Expo 86, the 165 day World's Fair on Transportation and Communication, past, present and future.

EXPO-POURRI will keep you updated during the coming months on all the EXPO facts and figures, as B.C.'s World's Fair rapidly takes shape in our own frontyard.

Numbers. With 260 days left at press time, 42 nations, 8 provinces and territories, 3 states and 22 corporations have signed on and will be present between May 2 and October 13 at EXPO 86, showing the world the importance of transportation and communication.

On July 28 Telecom Canada became the first corporate sponsor to complete construction of their pavillion. To celebrate the accomplishment Tourism Minister Claude Richmond released 10 blue EXPO balloons with 20 three-day passports attached.

The 2000 sq. metre pavillion, located adjacent to the EXPO Preview Centre will feature a high-tech film currently being shot by Walt Disney Productions, called 'Portraits of Canada'.

Vancouver's ever changing skyline will have two new landmarks this week. A 61 metre high hockey stick, leaning at an angle on a 71 metre high flagpole, will be located at the Canada Portal, the gateway to the EXPO ALRT link to Canada Place. The stick and pole cost \$450,000 and will earn Vancouver a spot in the Guinness Book of World Records.

If you did not know, the EXPO Centre is that shiny, 17 storey golf ball at the far end of False Creek. It contains the Omnimax theatre, Canada's first and only. Omnimax is a film system that gives you the feeling you are really piloting an airplane, steering a slow boat, or riding a horse drawn carriage. Omnimax is a develop-

ment of IMAX Systems, an Ontario company.

Also in the EXPO Centre is Design 2000, a gallery of future transportation methods, and the Futures Theatre, a high-tech presentation in which the audience predicts the future.

The EXPO Centre is open daily 10 a.m. — 9 p.m. and starting Aug. 22 Native and Ethnic culture of the west coast will be featured at the Folklife Pavillion, a new addition to EXPO Centre, where admission is still \$4.50 for adults and \$2.25 for kids and seniors.

On July 24 McDonald's became the 20th corporate sponsor of EXPO. They also announced plans for five on-site restaurants, including a 400 seat floating restaurant called McBarge. Ronald McDonald's first toyboat, will be located across from the east end of Granville Island.

Ron Basford, a former Liberal MP, and False Creek residents are just some of the many who hope to sink the McBarge, which is already under construction.

Will we see an armada of Big Mac boxes in the Creek or will the McBarge be sunk?

More next month.

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GREG HAYES 685-0922

The Fast Fork

by Cyril Belshaw



There are still more oriental restaurants to mention for the Hemlock-Cambie section of Broadway. Raga*** at 1177 West Broadway (T. 733-1127) has settled down and improved in consistency since being taken over by the international chain which runs the downtown Bombay Palace. The setting is smart, with a simple decor and sparkling glass, losing something though with the removal of Indian wall decorations. The service is willing, at present by non-Indian girls who are "into" Indian food, though sometimes lacking in smoothness. The cook, overworked with two meals to supervise seven days a week, does a fine job with an extensive high class menu. Most of the appetizers come spicy hot, so if this is not for you, enquire; other dishes are served to your taste. The herb and spice combinations are excellent. A consultant is working on still more improvements, so that it is possible that you may see menu changes to include the refined Indian cuisine not yet present in this city.

Saigon** at 1043 (T. 732-7608) produced the first serious Vietnamese food years ago (My Tan was earlier, but did not have as good a menu), and I have fond memories of the greasy spoon atmosphere and delicious vegetarian rolls. Nowadays the tiny place has a licence and takes credit cards,

the walls have been covered with Philippine matting, and the menu includes French-named (legitimately) dishes. But I really don't think the food is as good as it was - the rolls, for example, are heavy, and the rack of lamb Saigon was so dunked in mint you couldn't taste the Grand Marnier, so I had to work hard to find a basis for two stars - and did so by comparing it with the other Saigon outlets which are not as good.

Dar Lebanon** at 695 (T. 876-3636) is always deservedly crowded, and a better bet than the somewhat out-of-place downtown branch. It has good, simple, very cheap Lebanese food of excellent quality, despite being self-service, completely without frills, and slightly hysterical. Once you can get your food, you may be lucky in summer weather to grab one of the outside tables; otherwise it is stinking hot.

Rounding up this section of Broadway would not be complete without reference to the Dutch Pannekoek House or the 24-hour joints. The Dutch Pannekoek House***, up a lane at 520 (T. 876-1913) is a member of one of two chains which offer somewhat similar fare. It is truly and justly famous for its pannekoeks which, with the other chains, are as good as you could ever get in Holland; and it produces hearty omelettes and breakfast and lunch food. Not open for dinner.

MIDDLE EAST From Page 4

equally likely, just to reach out and shake your hands. Invariably on such occasions we found that someone would emerge from the crowd as your guardian angel to ward off the intruders and guide you to safety.

We wish we could elaborate on the subject of food in Egypt but we were so much forewarned about the potential dangers of any food not coming out of perfectly sterile kitchens, that reluctantly we passed up many of the tempting delicacies we saw along the streets. But the warnings were well taken as evidenced by the frequency among tourists of stomach upsets of varying degrees of severity. So we did adhere to the doctors' precepts and ate only in rather conventional places or restricted ourselves to canned food or fruit that could be peeled. It made our mouths water to watch people preparing the local dishes in the little store-front bistros. A popular dish was kushari, a peppery mixture of

macaroni, rice, lentils and fried onions; another was fefelaf which consists of small fried patties or balls of mashed beans, vegetable paste and seasonings served by themselves or in pita bread.

Savouring the pulse of life of modern Egypt was an exceptional experience. The other side of Egypt is, of course, its antiquities. They are stunning on the one hand because of the massive dimensions of the buildings and burial structures, like the pyramids, which have survived and, on the other hand, the fine artistry evidenced by the pictorial inscriptions and illustrations covering the walls and columns of temples and tombs. The collection from Tutankhamon's tomb provide astounding examples of the skill of the ancient artists and artisans, and the richness at least of the rulers. One cannot help being struck by the fact that most of what is preserved of the ancient civilization relates to the kings, the priests, and the nobility. Kings like Ramses II -

For 24-hour eating you have the choice of Denny's, Bino's, Knight and Day. Neither Bino's nor Knight and Day are up to the standard of their other outlets; the latter, despite its long reputation, being especially grubby. Denny's is a good port in a storm.

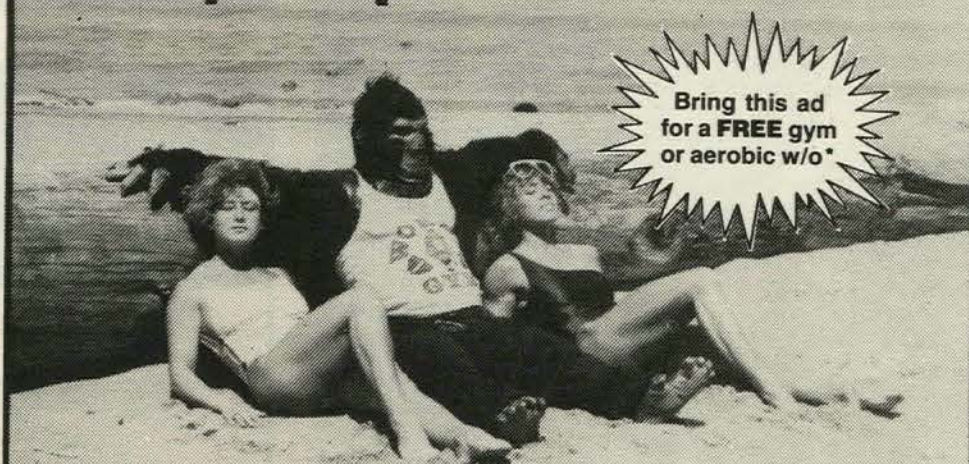
The new fashionable place for light eating in a "sophisticated" atmosphere is Broadway Earl's* at 901 (T. 734-5995). Decorated with brittle kitsch, the food is one-star only, unexciting, safe, U.S. style ethnic conglomerate. It is the perfect reflection of those aspects of modern industrial society that both conservatives and socialists decry — brassy artificiality in which taste and character are subordinated to a metallic visual surface — and as such is full of those who are, or think of themselves as, young.

Erratum Apologies to Stuart Shaw, owner of the 7th Avenue Delicatessen. He points out that out of the forty or so food items offered, only the tuna and salmon salad sandwiches contain canned goods — these just happened to be the ones I chose! Almost no other canned goods are used, so my use of the word "often" is quite misleading. He also says that when he tried a weekend opening, the number of clients was disappointing. That's a pity, especially given the density of residential areas within walking distance.

who, by the way, will be seen at EXPO '86 - were not satisfied like their latter-day counterparts with a life-size, preferably equestrian statue, nor were they content with one colossal statue, but they may leave the entrance as well as an entire courtyard lined with their huge likenesses (laymen's thoughts on ancient history!). We marvel at the artistry of it all as well as the fact that so much has been so perfectly preserved. It is only in fairly recent times that experts and tourists alike have begun to appreciate the ancient monuments; before that, they served only to provide building materials for the contemporary towns, fortifications, and mosques of the newer cities.

The last we saw of Egypt was the sun setting over the Nile near Luxor, a large fiery ball gradually sinking into the sand-filled atmosphere on the opposite shore, leaving the sails of the fellukhas darkly outlined against the rippled reflections of the red sun in the waters of the river.

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A REMINDER

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Dental plaque is a sticky, almost invisible film that clings to the tooth surfaces. Plaque is a combination of food particles, saliva, and living bacteria (always present in the mouth). This plaque can easily be controlled with proper daily brushing, flossing and dietary

NOTICE BOARD

CREATION MYTHS

In conjunction with the **JUDY CHICAGO BIRTH PROJECT** (at the Vancouver Museum, Vanier Park, until Sept.2) Vancouver storytellers **Carol Condruk, Gloria Masse and Mary Love May** will entertain on **Sept. 8th at 8:00 p.m.**

\$5.00 per person includes admission to the Birth Project Exhibition.

One of the remarkable features of this project - unlike **THE DINNER PARTY** where everyone worked on-site, the

150 needlewomen worked in their far-flung homes and most of the consultation with Chicago was by letter.

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habits. If not removed this sticky film attracts different types of bacteria that release waste products (acids).

These acids attack the tooth enamel and where the acids start dissolving the enamel cavities are formed. Plaque also can attack the gingiva tissue (gums), causing periodontal disease (pyorrhea).

Control of dental plaque begins at home...

In the next issue we will take a closer look at the process of plaque formation.

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