



Grand Manan Trails Newsletter 2013

Trails Update- 2013

by Bob Stone

As you read this year's newsletter, you will find out that it has again been a busy year on the trails. I can't emphasize enough how fortunate we are to have Anne and Jessie continue to maintain the trails for us. There is no doubt that if they were left untended for two years or so, quite a number of sections would be un hikeable. We have a very dedicated group of adopters who continue the maintenance and let us know if there are any major problems, and we receive very helpful feedback from hikers about areas where they have had difficulties.

This newsletter is dedicated to Maude Hunter. Maude was one of the original group that met in 1992 to see what could be done about revitalizing existing trails, and completing gaps in the Red Trail on the back of the island. In honour of her 85th birthday- that's right, I said 85th- Maude's friends raised enough money for a bridge to be built over the stream just inland from Southern Beach, and for a bench to be placed in one of her favourite spots, both a complete surprise. We congratulate Maude on



reaching her 85th, and for being so dedicated to the trails. You can see that she is already enjoying the bench, surrounded by many of her friends, who also helped carry the bench to its appointed spot.

Once again, Laura Buckley hosted our annual fundraiser and also donated all of the refunds from the bottles used at the inn. She is a great supporter of the trails. We received an unexpected bonus when Douglas

Gibson, editor and publisher, offered to include us in his cross-country tour, and have all proceeds come to the trails. An engaging raconteur, Doug told stories of close encounters with many of his writers, including Alice Munro, Pierre Trudeau, and Brian Mulroney. Our reading list of lesser known Canadian authors has been increased because of his recently published "Stories About Storytellers". Thanks to Doug, his wife Jane, and their hosts, Alec and Dyanne Frame, for a great evening.

And a large thank you to all of you who have so generously contributed to trails upkeep. We couldn't do it without your assistance.



Doug and Jane Gibson



Monday Morning Hiking Group

by Mary Hawkins

This year a new way to enjoy the trails began when Judy Stone created the Monday morning hiking group in late May. Our first hike was from South West Head almost to Pat's Cove, almost...due to finally losing the battle with the rainclouds. From this modest beginning with just three intrepid hikers, we expanded to over 25 on the very popular trip to Wood Island, a first visit there for many of us. One of the great things about these hikes was that they were family friendly. Our hike on Long Bank Trail (thanks to Alison Deming), for example, included 14 adults, 5 children, and one happy dog! No one on that hike will forget the joyous shrieks and giggles of children and adults enjoying "soakers". Other hikes were from the Whale Cove haul-up to Eel Brook (with the happy discovery along the way of banks of lily of the valley and wild clematis), from Ashburton Head to the



On Wood Island



After the hike on the Long Bank Trail

Whistle (finishing with lunch on the lawn at the Inn at Whale Cove...thanks Laura!), Swallowtail to Whale Cove ((a spectacular sunny day!)), the coastal trail on Ross Island, and out to Western Head with the gorgeous view of Dark Harbour. At this writing we are still looking forward to exploring the new trails on White Head and have put in an order with the weather man for a clear Monday. All of us who took part this year are thankful that Judy had this brilliant idea and we look forward to many trail explorations together in the future. Any interested hikers can check out the site on Facebook and join the group called Grand Manan Monday Hikers. The more the merrier indeed!!

The Beginning of Spring Trail Maintenance

We began the spring maintenance with an SOS from Kaye Small at the Hole in the Wall campground, asking if we could clear the Red Trail there. They had lost so many trees in winter storms that she felt maintenance on campsites would mean they would not be able to work on the Red Trail until well into the summer. Because of a combination of heavy, gusty winds and ice on the needles of the pines, the trees at the beginning of the trail below Swallowtail had been snapped off as though hit by a



whirlwind. A work party of six began the clearing on a beautiful late April day and in almost two hours had covered the first couple of hundred metres. However, once we were past that section, the effects of the wind were not nearly so severe, and much faster headway was possible. Anne and Jessie had never run out of fuel for the chainsaw before, but the tank was empty by noon. Joseph Fleet turned out to be our angel, as he kindly gave us some of the fuel he was using to clear trees in another section of the campground. Once again, fully equipped, and despite a few more dense



blockages, we finished in about six hours.



Crossing Borders for Conservation- Seven Days Work Cliff- by *Richelle Martin*
Excerpts copied, with permission, from Refuge, a Nature Trust of New Brunswick Newsletter



Photo courtesy of Renata Woodward

It is an aesthetically and environmentally significant piece of land, containing wetland, much natural vegetation, and spectacular sea cliffs. The site is a known peregrine falcon nesting area- a species at risk in New Brunswick. The beloved cliff-top "Red Trail", managed by the Grand Manan Trails Association and used by residents and visitors, traverses the property that the Nature Trust and American Friends are working to protect.

The landowners are US citizens who have owned and treasured their Grand Manan property for decades, spending extended periods in their cottage on the property. They want to be sure that in the future the land will continue to be carefully stewarded for nature and passive recreation. In addition, they wanted to be eligible for income and estate tax benefits in the US. Accordingly, the Nature Trust initiated the partnership with American Friends, which is a US land trust, with the mission of preserving land in Canada. There are some complex legal, technical, and tax issues that have had to be resolved as part of launching the cross-border partnership.

"Seven Days Work Cliff is a perfect demonstration of why Friends of Canadian Land Trusts exists," says Sandra Tassel, program co-ordinator for American Friends.

"Americans own prime conservation lands in many of Canada's most beautiful and ecologically sensitive places. We find that these landowners truly cherish their properties and are willing to give the land for preservation purposes if the cross-border tax and legal obstacles can be overcome. That is the role of the American Friends in its collaboration with Nature Trust. Successful completion of this gift will be a great model for future cross-border donations."



At Eel Brook Beach, when the Nature Trust was holding its Annual Meeting on Grand Manan. Greg McHone was describing the geology of the area.

The Nature Trust is pioneering a new conservation method for New Brunswick through an innovative partnership with the US charity American Friends of Canadian Land Trusts (www.afocl.com) to conserve Seven Days Work Cliff on Grand Manan. This ecologically important, highly scenic property will be the first "cross-border" donation of land in the province, referring to the fact that it is owned by Americans.

Together, the two organizations, the donors and the attorneys representing all the partners are working on a myriad of details involved in this bi-national preservation initiative. Everyone is aiming to complete this unique project before the end of 2013, provided that sufficient funds can be raised for the permanent protection of the property.

Seven Days Work Cliff is on the north-eastern section of the island, between two existing Nature Trust preserves- Meredith Houseworth Memorial Seashore and Thomas B Munroe Shoreline.



Photos courtesy of Jessica Bradford

So far, generous contributions to the project have been made by landowners, American foundations and anonymous donors. In order to complete the donation, the Nature Trust must raise \$25,000 for the future care, management, and protection of the preserve.

The Seven Days Work Cliff project will also create a model for future donations from Americans who love New Brunswick. For those interested in contributing to conservation efforts on Grand Manan, please visit our website www.naturetrust.nb.ca or contact Renata Woodward naturetrust@ntnb.org.

Note: Friends of Grand Manan Trails have donated \$2000 towards this project.



My "Around the Island" Adventure

by Ellen Wilcox

My 6 year old beagle, Gabe, and I began our "Around the Island Adventure" on Monday, October 1st, 2012 with a short walk from the ferry terminal to Cousin John's (Ritchie) in the pouring rain. It was an insignificant start to the hike but it meant something important to me – my adventure had officially begun.



The next morning, Cousin John, Gabe and I walked out to Swallowtail Lightstation in the early morning dawn and watched the sun come up over the Bay of Fundy in an array of burning reds and purples. Then Gabe and I hit the Red Trail. We were on our way!

The first section of the Red Trail offered amazing views of Swallowtail and the fishing weirs far below us in the ocean. We passed by the cliff side campsites of Hole in the Wall Campground but I somehow missed the actual Hole in the Wall and grotto. My only glimpse of it was a very short-but-sweet one from Whale Cove.

At Eel Brook, I had to make two trips — one with my backpack and one with Gabe. The water was frigid cold but we crossed with ease. There were lots of benches and picnic tables between Swallowtail and the Whistle and plenty of signs warning hikers not to go out on the edge of the

cliffs. No one had to tell me twice! Above Eel Brook, we watched the ferry sail by and we ate lunch on the helicopter pad at the Whistle. Unfortunately, there were no whales to watch this particular morning.

After Indian Head, I enjoyed the breathtaking views of the Whistle and the Bay of Fundy then headed south on the uninhabited side of the island. At Indian Beach, I descended 250 metres down with Gabe tied to my waist only to find that it was high tide and I couldn't get out on the beach.

Later that afternoon, we arrived at Dark Harbour where I retrieved my overnight gear, previously stashed there the night before. From there, I carried 4 days' worth of food and gear (about 20 lbs.) and Gabe carried 4 days' worth of dog food and treats, and a warm jacket in his saddlebags (about 4 lbs.). I had to carry him across Dark Harbour Brook because it was above my knees and running fast. Then we climbed up the escarpment and set up camp at Western Head Lookout -- a lovely spot with a picnic table and a spectacular view of Dark Harbour and the coastline. I watched the sun go down and then crawled into the tent. I fell asleep immediately, knowing there were no large, scary animals to worry about on Grand Manan Island.

Wednesday morning, we woke up to blue skies and a gorgeous view of Dark Harbour. The rugged coastline of the Grand Manan Channel was absolutely magnificent.

Near Dwelly's Cove and Pond, I came to an intersection with trails going in every direction and no trail markers so I decided to turn right and head towards the coastline. Unfortunately, the black and white maps in the guide book were too small to be of any help. After crossing a brook, I picked up the trail again, then went through a boggy inland section that was part of a muddy, rutty ATV trail. The trail was hard to follow again after Sloop Cove Brook south of Dwelly's Pond where there were different markers such as Canada flags and playing cards on the trees. Here again, we were on a chopped up, boggy, muddy, rutty, inland ATV trail.

We passed majestic Pandora's Head and shortly after Big Head we came to a cabin with hundreds of colourful buoys and balloons hanging from the trees. They were so pretty with the sun shining through the trees and the fall colours of the leaves but I found it kind of spooky too because no one was there besides me.

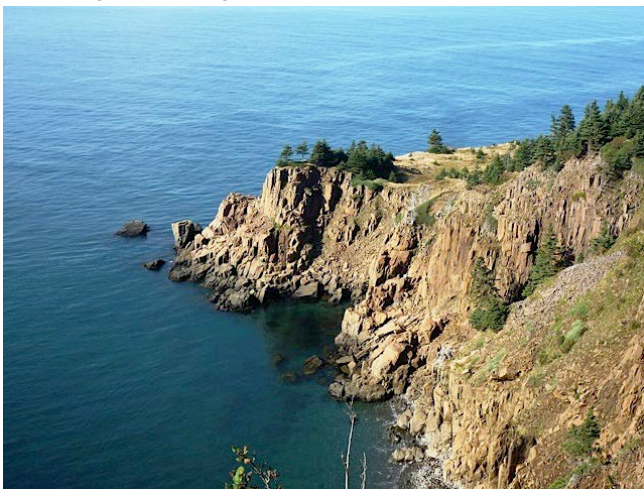




Somehow, I missed the pedestal of Southern Cross in the channel and ended up at South West Head with no water and very little daylight left. The walk through Gull Heath was absolutely lovely in the evening sun and the view of the light station was spectacular. I spent some time trying to find a good camping spot near the light station but eventually decided to head on in hopes of finding water.

Just before dark, I found a cozy camping spot near Gull Heath Brook amongst the pine trees. I had an amazing view of Southern Head. I cooked supper as the sun went down and fell into bed shortly thereafter.

Thursday morning, I thought it would be an easy day of road-walking with some scenic trails thrown in so I took my time getting ready to go. The breathtaking vistas of Grand Manan Channel were behind us and we were back on the inhabited side of the island. It was a gray morning with mist in the air but no rain yet.



Then we ran as fast as we could and made it to the White Head ferry just in time.

We stopped at Bradford Cove so I could bandage my blistered feet and that's when I noticed my little hound dog's nose was chafed. He'd been sniffing the ground non-stop, bumping and banging his nose over wet roots and rocks as he walked, to the point where it was chafed. So I put some doggy cream on his nose and off we went -- with his nose glued to the ground once again.

I took the steep side trail down to Hay Point with Gabe perilously tied to my waist and it was well worth the trip. What a gorgeous spot! We lay in the sun for an hour or so and watched the seals.

At Spring Rocks I stopped to get water, and from there we walked up a wide ATV trail with lots of hiker bi-passes until I came to the site where the Jones brothers were rescued in 1963 when their boat smashed up on the beach. I stood there looking down, wondering how anyone could possibly climb up those cliffs -- at night in a storm, no less. It gave me the chills! Cousin John told me later that my uncle was the physician on that rescue.



After Southern Head Beach we walked by Flock of Sheep, then at Pat's Cove we began the road walk to Anchorage Provincial Park. Just after we hit the pavement we were pleasantly surprised by Cousin John, who drove up to see how we were doing. Next we stopped at Wilcox Point where I took a "family" photo, then we headed on to picturesque Seal Cove and Anchorage Provincial Park. I loved Anchorage. The boardwalks were a nice reprieve from road-walking and the fall colours made everything so pretty. It was very peaceful and I loved the solitude.

We walked the beach towards Ox Head in the rain and waded across the outlet from Great Pond. At this point I lost the trail markers, so we walked along the coast until we came to an ATV trail and headed inland. I came out on a paved road near Michael's Point, flagged down a car and got directions to Ingalls Head.



On the ferry, I nursed my feet while Gabe ate lunch and slept. We were both wet and cold so the warmth of the passenger cabin was a welcome reprieve. It was too foggy to see much at White Head Island but I loved the fishing boats moored alongside the wharfs, which were piled high with lobster traps and fishing nets.



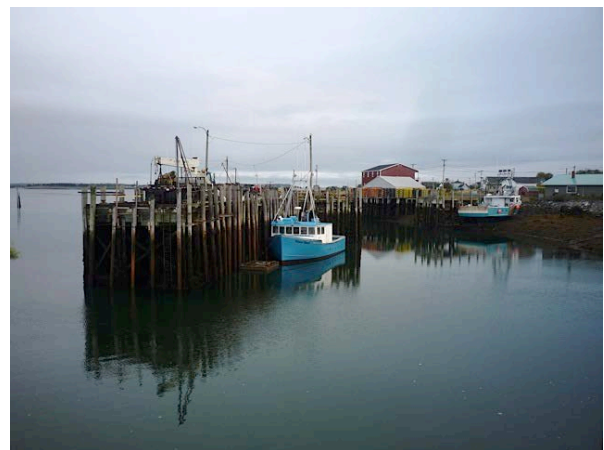
White Head Island was my favourite part of the hike. The uninhabited or “back” side of the island is absolutely beautiful – a mix of rugged coastline and secluded sandy beaches.

I didn't find one red trail marker on White Head Island and eventually made my way to Langmaid Cove via the boot-sucking bogs and the ATV trails. Somewhere near Langmaid Cove, I heard a rifle shot, so close that I immediately dropped my backpack and put my hunter orange on. It was time to get the heck out of there – it was only bow hunting season, after all!

I came out of the uninhabited side at the quaint fishing village of Gull Cove. It was just a short walk up to Pebble Beach Picnic Area and Campsites, my destination for the night, but when we got there my heart sank because the campsite had been abandoned -- the latrine was falling over and the tent platforms were rotting, plus there was no fresh water. I set my tent up between the holes on one of the tent platforms, then searched for water. Luckily, Gabe found some brackish-but-fresh water in a crevasse of the rocks, and once purified it was good enough to get us through the night.

I loved that spot at Pebble Beach but I was too tired to truly appreciate it. My feet were aching, and Gabe's nose was still chafed from sniffing, although much better. He also had minor chafing under his front “armpits” where the wet straps of his saddlebags made contact. We crawled into bed before the sun went down and my last thought was, “God, please don't let us fall through the rotten boards of this platform.”

It was pitch dark and raining when we left Pebble Beach on Friday morning to catch the 6:00 a.m. ferry back to Grand Manan. At the ferry dock I struck up a conversation with a gentleman who invited Gabe and me to warm up in his truck during the crossing. When we arrived on Grand Manan, I jumped out of the truck and slipped off the road to re-bandage my feet. Unbeknownst to me Cousin John was there with hot coffees, and regrettably, I didn't see him.



The road-walk from Ingalls Head to Ross Island was just a painful, determined trudge. My feet hurt and all I wanted to do was get off the pavement, and I needed to reach Ross Island in time to do the low-tide crossing and walk around it. I walked as fast as I could, down Ingalls Head Road and around Grand Harbour and crossed onto Ross Island via Thoroughfare Road with plenty of time.

On Ross Island, I headed south along the road towards Fish Fluke Point. I absolutely loved the abandoned lighthouse – it looked so ghostly and mysterious in the morning mist and fog. We enjoyed the sandy beaches as well. Near Cheney Passage, my solitude was interrupted by the sound of rifle fire, so once again, it was time to don my hunter orange and skedaddle. I didn't see any red trail markers on Ross Island.

Next stop was Cousin John's shed in Woodward's Cove where I unloaded my backpack and Gabe's saddlebags (which I was carrying by then) so we could “slack pack” the rest of the way. I thought I could cross Castalia Marsh by turning right on Bancroft Point Road but our way was blocked by the outlet of the marsh and we had to turn back. From there, I limped along Route 776 and decided to view Castalia Marsh from the road.



I stopped at the Kwik Way to get something to drink and lo and behold, there was Cousin Donnie on his motorbike. And finally, I passed the sign for North Head and arrived at John and Holly's just in time for supper, completely exhausted but very happy.

But the story doesn't end there. There was still one small piece of road and trail to be done before I could honestly say I had hiked completely around Grand Manan Island, and that was the small section between Swallowtail Lightstation and the ferry terminal. So Saturday morning, Cousin John dropped Gabe and me off at Swallowtail and we walked down the road to meet him, then the three of us hiked the Net Point Trail to the ferry terminal. With that, my "Around the Island Adventure" was complete and I'd hiked all the way around Grand Manan Island with Ross and White Head Islands thrown in for good measure.

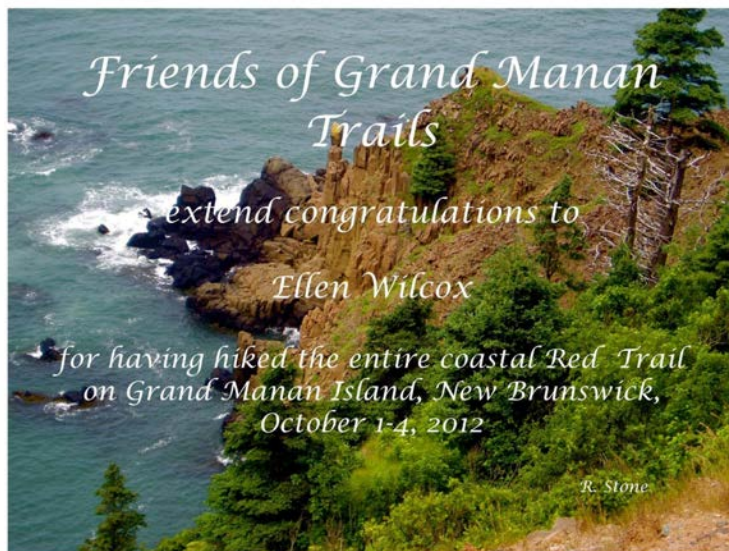
A special thank you to my cousins and all the volunteers who maintain the beautiful trails of Grand Manan. It was a wonderful hike and I can't wait to come back!



.All photos were taken by Ellen while on her trip

Did you know.....

that the Friends of Grand Manan Trails have a certificate to present to hikers who have completed the entire Red Trail from Swallowtail to South West Head. If you have hiked that trail, either at one time or in pieces, there is a form at the back of the most recent trails booklet that you can submit. If you don't have access to that, you can request the form at <stone@nb.sympatico.ca>. Here is an example of the certificate.





Grand Manan Trails Adopters, 2013

Net Point - Joanne and Mike Ingalls and family
Hole in the Wall to Whale Cove- Marilyn and Peter Cronk
Whale Cove to Eel Brook Beach- Adele Peacock, Janice and Allison Naves, Walter Schenkel and Deborah Harrison
Whistle Rd. (Blue Trail) to Eel Brook Falls (Red)- Alexis Phillips and John Edwards
Ashburton Head to the Whistle- Bill and Liz Edgar, John Ritchie
The Whistle to Indian Beach- Joanne and Mike Ingalls, Fredonna Dean and Joey Greenlaw
Tatton's Corner to Money Cove (Yellow Trail)- Marilyn and Peter Cronk
Dark Harbour to Western Head- Debbie and Olivia Charters
King Street to Sloop Cove- Sidney and Barbara Guptill
Bradford Cove to Bradford Pond- Cecilia Bowden, Peter Hoffman
Bradford Pond to South West Head- Sheldon and Shirley Cook, Jackie Rayner, Jaclyn Munro, Jenna and Kohen Russell
South West Head to Lower Flock of Sheep- Maude Hunter, Susan Ballantyne, Ken Bird, John and Dianna Bastable
Lower Flock of Sheep to Frames' property- Alec and Dyanne Frame
Frames' property to end of trail- Janice and Ed David
Ross Island- Nils and Linda Kling,
Above Dark Harbour- Megan Greenlaw, Pam Cronk
At large: Joel Frantzman, Judy Stone, Nadine McInnis, Tim Fairbairn, Philman Green, Susan Price
Overall trails maintenance- Anne Mitchell and Jessie James
Markers- Gene Gillies
Signs- Carmen Roberts, Judy Stone
Newsletter-Judy and Bob Stone

Alcoe, Shirley
Ballantine, Susan & Bird, Ken
Bartlett, Paula & Thomas
Beachfront Cottages
Beaudet, Ros
Beresford, Doris
Bierdrzycki, Henry & Evans, Valerie
Buckley, Laura
Campbell, Mary Lou
Chamberlain, Joan
Cheney, Holly and Kirk
Chudleigh, Ann
Cohen, Carl
Dathan, Wendy
David, Janice and Ed
Davis, Debbie
Davis, Glen
Deming, Allison
Duchin, Linda
Frame, Alec & Dyanne

Donations received Oct. 1, 2012 to Oct. 16, 2013

Frantzman, Joel
Green, Anne and Steve
Hancock, Greg & Ann
Hawkins, Mary
Home Hardware, Allison Ingalls
Hunter, Maude
Ingersoll, Ken
Majka, Mary
Lawson, Bill and Sedgwick, Sue
McCready, Chris & O'Keefe, Erin
McLintock, Mary
McMillan, Allan & Donna
McMurtry, Margaret
Murison, Laurie
Price, Susan
Ross, Mona
Ryan, Jody

Sloan, Laird and Jane
Shell, Susan and Marc
Shepherd, Neil
Sirota, Michael & Joyce
Small, Kaye
Spiller, Ron and Hollis
Stevens, John & Sue
Turner, Mel and Sandy
Wallace, Doreen,
Wheeler, Roy & Kathy
Zocchi, John and Jan

Total \$4927
The most ever!
Thank you

Friends of Grand Manan Trails is completely self-supporting, through the sale of the trails booklets, an annual fundraising dinner, the sale of pins, and donations. If you would like to support the trails financially, please make out your cheque to "Friends of Grand Manan Trails", and send to Bob Stone, 51 Red Point Rd., Grand Manan NB, E5G4J1. All contributions are gratefully received, and put to good use.