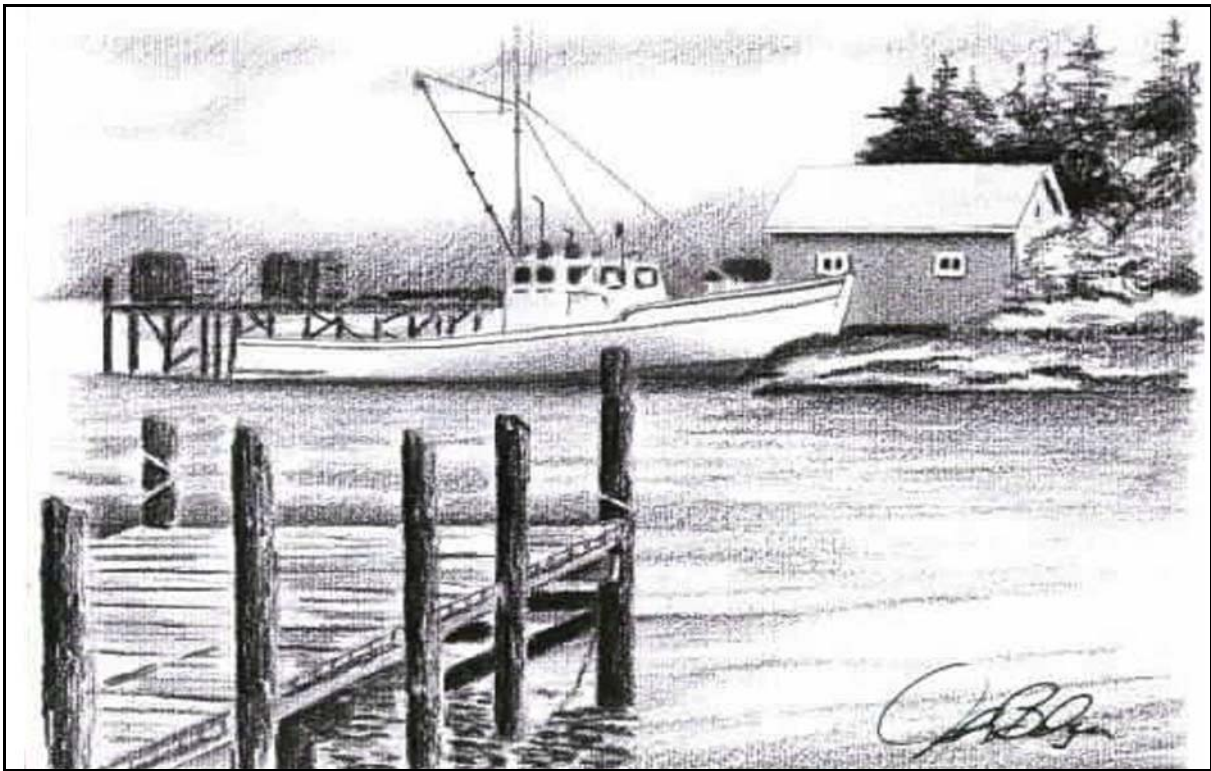


# GRAND MANAN TRAILS

## ANNUAL NEWSLETTER



**View at Bonny Brook on the Ingalls Head Road**

Issue #11 October, 2003

## STRAFED IN THE WOODS

*Alison Hawthorne Deming, a poet, writer and professor of creative writing, has been a summer resident of Grand Manan for fifty years. This account is excerpted from her book The Edges of the Civilized World, published in 1998 by Picador USA, New York.*

A few days later, feeling cramped in the house, I headed for the island's wooded backside. Not much there except beech trees, balsam and hemlock, a trail hugging the edge of a cliff that drops hundreds of feet to the sea.

I followed the scrappy trail along basalt cliffs, stopping at a lookout point to watch the work of fishermen a quarter mile to the north. Whatever work was going on looked easy, something one man in one small boat could manage. I continued on far from anyone's work, the breeze rising from time to time, stirring tree scent into the air, acrid leaf mold and sweet gummy balsam. The fragrance spun up in gusts and eddies. Spruces near the cliff had been stunted by the wind, grown bare on the leeward side that winter had abused. The green sea far below had no sound, yet was so clear white stones were visible beneath the slough and heave. Miles across the channel lay a village, a distant speckle of buildings, small and quaint, folded into the lumpy blue mass of the land. It looked harmless posed against the broad scale of sea and land and sky. Somewhere underlying the intervening channel lay the imaginary line that separates Canada from the United States, a friendly border compared to most, one I have crossed yearly, almost as freely as a bird, in order to feed on these woods.

I walked farther than I ever had before into the tannin musk, into bunchberries littering the ground like white confetti thrown everywhere, into the apple green ferns, young, not yet filling the understory with the shoulder-high meadows they would become by midsummer. The deeper in I got the more I gloated about my luck to know such a place—no tacky resort, no spandex high-tech wilderness jocks, no Saturday horde, no products and profits and hype. Just woods, piped with thrush and sparrow song and wind. Maybe it is a sorry state of affairs to have to leave human culture, if only for a day, in order to see the world go luminous again with significance, but so be it. In this place I can walk the misanthropy out of my system, the rancor at what people have ruined with their greed and blindness, the fear that I will lose my love and wonder for the world.

A rough sapling bridge crossed a stream at a place deerhunters and snowmobiles use in fall and winter. In summer the logs grow mossy from lack of traffic. I was heading down into a sheltered draw, the trail overarched with dappled beech leaves, when a shriek shot out of the green. It sounded like a gull, though sharper and strong, one note repeated and repeated, "kaak," "kaak," "kaak." I saw nothing but trees. Then a gray mass erupted from the foliage, diving low and fast straight for my face, big as an eagle. Its eyes were bullets aiming for mine. I dropped to my knees, wrapping my arms over my head. The muscular gust of it Doppler-shifted over me. Then the woods went silent, though I could hear the creature's eyes on my back. Slowly I unfolded from my crouch, turned to see the bird perched and glaring on a high limb at the opposite end of the draw.

I watched it. It watched me. I spoke softly, though I do not know where the hope come from that my words might convince it of anything. It let me stand. For a moment.

Then came the shrill kaaking call and the warrior decked me again. My courage was up, since I had survived the first kamikaze dive, so this time I tried to spot field marks—not an easy task when one is wondering just how close the lovely hooked beak and metal-sharp talons are going to come to one's eyes. I picked out some detail—soft gray plumage on the back, white breast with delicate tweedy bars. Black eye stripes, perhaps, though from this vantage I did not

see much of a profile. Its face looked strangely owl-like. After knocking me to my knees three times, it figured I had been sufficiently humbled and let me pass, though, just in case, I twirled my walking stick over my head in order to make myself a more complicated target. The bird's eyes burned on my back.

Hours later on my return, I had no choice but to take the same path home. The woods had grown tame by then, water music of the little birds bubbling up and sunlight dappling my arms. I wondered if I would recognize the place where the encounter had occurred, then wondered how the bird might be reading me as I got close. And so as I strode into the draw with my scepter in hand, feeling powerless and foolish and scared, I spoke to the memory of my attacker.

“Please forgive me for trespassing on your land. I am small and harmless, and I will soon be gone.”

Later I met a birdman who was eager and knowledgeable. I asked if he knew about the local raptors—yes, a bit—and I told him about how I had been strafed in the woods. “Had to have been a goshawk. They can look pretty big when they're coming right at you.”

I learned that goshawks live on forest edges near cliffs and swamps, where they have ample flight corridors for hunting. They hunt squirrels, grouse and rabbits either in fast searching flights or by the perch-and-wait technique. In an all-out chase, a goshawk will plunge through heavy cover in reckless pursuit for nearly a mile; its speed on impact can be fifty miles an hour. During breeding season it goes to great lengths to communicate its territorial prerogatives.



Goshawk Hovering

**TEST YOUR KNOWLEDGE OF GRAND MANAN FLOWERS**  
*ANSWERS ON PAGE 6*

This section will be added shortly... please check back!

Drawings by Thisbe Schenk

## ANSWERS TO WILDFLOWER QUIZ

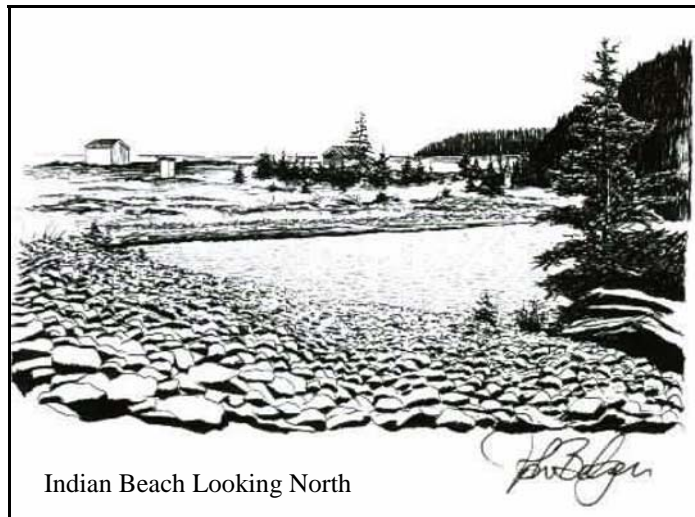
- |                       |                          |                             |
|-----------------------|--------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1 Common Cattail      | 12 Carolina Pasture Rose | 24 Small-flowered Gerardia  |
| 2 Jack-in-the-Pulpit  | 13 Beach Pea             | 25 Flat-leaved Bladderwort  |
| 3 Clintonia           | 14 Common Wood Sorrel    | 26 Seaside Plantain         |
| 4 Blue Flag Iris      | 15 Musk Mallow           | 27 Fragrant Bedstraw        |
| 5 Arethusa            | 16 Lanced-leaved Violet  | 28 Northern Fly Honeysuckle |
| 6 Stinging Nettle     | 17 Fireweed              | 29 Beggar-ticks             |
| 7 Water Knotweed      | 18 Bristly Sarsaparilla  | 30 Chicory                  |
| 8 Evening Lynchnis    | 19 Shinleaf              | 31 Bog Goldenrod            |
| 9 Fragrant Water-lily | 20 Sheep Laurel          | 32 Joe-Pye-Weed             |
| 10 White Baneberry    | 21 Whorled Loosestrife   | 33 Spiny-leaved Sow Thistle |
| 11 Sea Rocket         | 23 Wild Mint             |                             |

## TRAIL VOLUNTEERS OFFICIALLY RECOGNIZED

“This citation is presented to Bob Stone in recognition of outstanding contribution to the Province of New Brunswick.” The Merit Award, presented at the opening ceremonies of Rotary Weekend on August 1, was based on the fact that the trails are a significant attraction on our unique island. Bob was happy to represent the efforts of everyone who volunteers for the Friends of Grand Manan Trails, but somewhat embarrassed to be singled out and definitely surprised when his name was called. Congratulations to all those who contribute their talents in any way and to those whose financial donations help to maintain a wonderful hiking opportunity.

## TRAILS DINNER 2002

The annual gastronomic event was, once again, a social and financial success. Thanks to Laura Buckley’s culinary genius, generosity, and that of the Whale Cove Inn suppliers and staff (Fredonna Frost and Joanne Ingalls volunteered their time for that event), everyone had a terrific evening and the Friends of Grand Manan Trails were richer by \$800. Special appearances in the kitchen and the dining room were made by Linda L’Aventure and Ce Bowden. The tradition continues!



## OUR READERS WRITE:

My husband, Dave Johnson, and I just returned last night from our fifth consecutive summer vacation on Grand Manan. Our main activity has been hiking the trails, which we enjoy tremendously! I just want to give you a little feedback, and say thanks so much to all of you who obviously work hard to keep the trails in good condition. We have now hiked all trails in the book except the Dwelly's Pond to Pandora Head leg of the west side trail.

This year, having already hiked all easily accessible trails, we were challenged to figure out how to access the more remote areas on the west side. We had thought of back packing it, or finding someone to drive us to one end, leaving the car at the other end, but instead we decided to bring our mountain bikes and see what we could do by biking across the island on ATV trails. The first day, we biked across the trail from Deep Cove to Bradford Cove, which wasn't too hard to follow, then hiked Bradford Cove to Big Head and back again (leaving bikes in the woods at the point it was no longer within our ability to bike).

The next day, we decided to try to reach Little Dark Harbor, and hike to Western Head. Much more challenging than day #1! We tried to find the so called "Little Dark Harbor Rd" with no luck. The 2003 "road and trail" map put out by Chris Bs Schaden shows the airport road continuing past the airport and intersecting with a road from Hill Rd. to Little Dark Harbor, but the Airport Rd ends abruptly at the airport, leaving me wondering if he's really been there. We ended up taking what looked to be the most promising road from the Back Rd. in a western direction, but of course, found ourselves confronted by a maze of ATV trails. We had both compass and GPS with us, and did manage to get to Long Pond. Not long after passing Long Pond, we intersected what turned out to be Crabbe Road, not shown on any map we had (although we had spotted it by the airport while hunting for LDH Rd.) Relieved to find a road so much more easily bikeable than those we'd been on, we followed Crabbe Rd. west, until it ended. We left the bikes there, hiked on an ATV trail through a bog, and came out at Dwelly's Pond! When we first spotted water through the trees, we thought we'd finally come to the ocean. We were just a little shocked to find that Crabbe Rd. had brought us so far south! We ended up hiking from Dwelly's to Little Dark Harbor that day, and really didn't see any sign of any recognizable track coming in to the crossing there. All I could see was a questionable grassy path, no more than something the deer would make. So Little Dark Harbor remained a puzzle. But the trail from Dwelly's to LDH is just lovely...

Anyway, I just wanted to tell you and others who work on these trails how much we continue to enjoy them. Once we have covered that last piece of the west, from Pandora Head to Dwelly's, we'll just relax, and hike back over whatever trail we're in the mood to experience on any given day. I'd say that Southwest Head to Pandora is probably my favorite; I've just loved sitting in the meadow watching the seals play and sun themselves. Whale Cove to Ashburton Head is another favorite. Overall, the trails are in excellent condition; we virtually never had to hike over blowdown anywhere. We have without question fallen in love with Grand Manan, and plan to be out on the trails at least one week each year (working on lengthening the stay).

Cathy Mabie  
Lebanon, New Hampshire

## UPPER FLOCK OF SHEEP TRAIL

At long last we are excited to have started the construction of our house at Pat's Head.

For several years the end of trail came out our driveway because the northern terminus of the trail has been blocked. A solution was found this spring that restores about all of the trail across our land and out onto the rocks by the weir and then up along the land of Mr. Lockwood with the last few hundred feet coming straight along his boundary to the road.

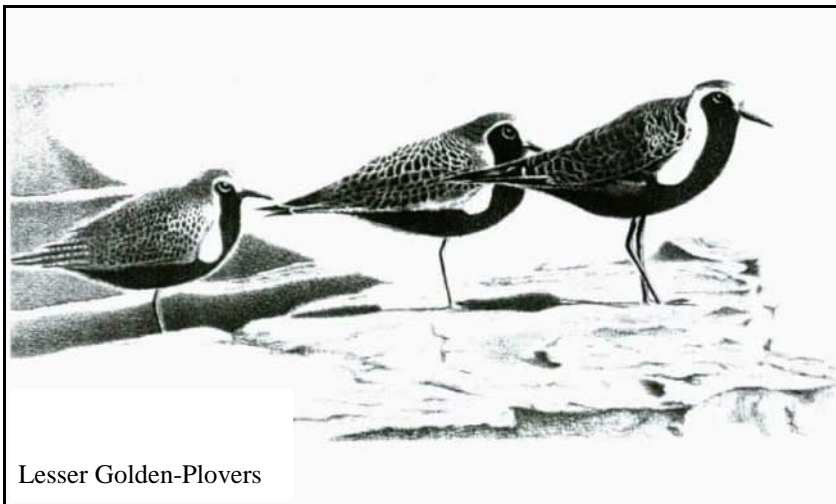
Our intent was to build back from the cliff to both preserve the trail and the aesthetic of the coast. Janice and I had fun rebuilding the bridge over our swampy spot and the trail is in good shape. Hopefully we will have a house warming next year.

Ed & Janice David

## DONORS

We are very grateful to our Donors in 2002-2003. These include:

Shirley Alcoe	Ken Amos & Jill Dunderdale
Paula & Thomas Bartlett	Henry Biedrzycki & Valerie Evans
John Belyea	Sylvia Bochart
Bob & Barbara Branscombe	Gene Brewer
Malcolm Bull	Carl Cohen
Ed & Janice David	Elaine & Alan Demaline
Grand Manan Tourism Assoc.	Joan Fellows
Anne & Steven Green	Jim Hain
Maude Hunter	Bruce Judah
Paul & Robin Kenny	Helen & George Logan
Scott & Cynthia MacEwen	Roger Maker
Ivan & Kathy Matthews	Peter McParland
David & Beverly Parker	Ed & Nora Parker (Compass Rose)
Rob Spiller	Judy Stone
Patricia Tripp	Doreen Wallace
Len Young	John & Jane Zocchi



Lesser Golden-Plovers

## OUR THANKS TO:

Judy Stone who sold her notecards of Grand Manan scenes, Roger Maker who donated sea urchins for sale at Harrington Cove Cottages and Joan Fellows who donated her painted rocks and shells—all to benefit Grand Manan Trials.

Elaine and Alan Demaline for reworking the White Head Island trail and Janice and Ed David for working part of the Flock of Sheep trail.

Vern Horsman of Harbour Gifts for arranging the production of our trail pins.

Harrington Cove Cottages, Island Arts, Grand Manan Museum, Marathon Inn, Shorecrest Lodge, Inn at Whale Cove and Cow Mon In for selling trail crests and pins.

## THE TRAILS LAST WINTER

There is an easy answer to the dilemma of getting lost on inland ATV trails—head for the back of the island when several feet of snow have covered everything and Carmen Roberts is available as a guide! Carmen was born here and grew up following the old footpaths before anyone even thought of nailing markers to trees. She and her husband, Pete, have been volunteers on trail maintenance for many years and Carmen can sort out the confusing spots on any coastal trail. Last winter, she headed out almost every day, from Boxing Day until late March, wearing an old pair of fishtail skis originally owned by one of her two sons, and anyone lucky enough to keep up with her had the incredible experience of seeing a totally different island.



Bob and I were two of those lucky ones, although, at times I wasn't sure that good fortune had really smiled on us. Carmen, as you see in the photo, is less than five feet tall and well below 100 pounds. As you will also realize, I am definitely not! While she floated along on top of the snow, over boulders and deadfall, up hills and down, I spent a considerable amount of time wallowing in shoulder height drifts, skis buried and lodged in unidentified obstacles, or wading down narrow trails using the skis to probe the depth of white stuff and keep me from toppling yet again.



Despite the occasional moan of desperation, the winter woods and spectacular views across the Gulf of Maine lured us out most mornings, following either Carmen or a terrific snowmobile track that led from the top of King Street in Seal Cove, via several rabbit snares, in the direction of Sloop Cove. If our previous tracks had not been covered by yet another snowfall, we could find the red trail easily. If all was again a fantasy land of pristine whiteness, we took our chances and headed for the route least likely to lead to entrapment. (Picture the trail markers, normally well above eye level, now situated between kneecaps and waist, and you will appreciate the hazards of snow laden spruce branches.)

Judy Stone

## DEEP ROOTED

Some time ago I took a walk through the forest and overheard a conversation between some of the trees, which towered feet above. I'll now try to relate it to you as near as I can recall:

“Yes” Spruce said to Pine, we've lived here many years  
And “yes” I am as old as my wrinkled bark appears.  
And I love my fine location, but there's one thing that troubles me,  
Why do you insist on dropping pine cones down on me?  
Now we have got along so well all throughout the past,  
And I would like to see this meaningful relationship last.

Then I heard Pine reply, with voice composed yet firm,  
Now Spruce, I'll tell you how I feel—it's time for you to learn.  
It's true we lived here limb to limb for over tree score years,  
And never once have we caused each other tears.  
No, we never had a fight, nor words to break our branch  
But I must tell you what makes me pine now that I have a chance.

When breezes blow, you switch at me those sticky spruce bud worms  
And I can't tolerate the things—they simply give me the squirms.  
And never have you offered me some of your spruce home-made gum  
And I'm too proud to beg or ask, although I long for some.

Then Spruce replied with branches low as though she felt disgrace  
You are right, dear neighbour Pine, for putting me in my place.  
And now the air is clearer and we have made amends,  
Let's tip our branch and take a bough, and still remain good friends.

Seeing that things had straightened out, and that amends were made,  
I moved along in forest green, and another visit paid.  
I found myself amidst a grove, where ash and poplar grew.  
And if I were one to gossip, here's what I'd tell to you.

“Yes” it’s true, I’ve heard Ash say—oh yes it’s proven so,  
As the twig is bent, so the tree will grow.  
That baby sprig of the hemlock tree acts just like Aunt Sumac.  
And the way he throws his leaves around, could give Birch a Hackmatack.  
Oh well, Aunt Maple has been kind this year, her sap she’s given free  
And it has been a blessing to the whole comunitree.

But Aunt Chestnut won’t share her crop,  
Give to the squirrels, most certainly not.  
She’d rather see them go to waste,  
Fall on the ground and rot.

Later on I saw a willow weeping, and a spruce that had the blues.  
And I was quite sure that they had heard bad news.  
So I mentioned it to Ivy, who mentioned it to Oak,  
But they said it’s their nature and treated it like a joke.

As far as I could see from all that I had seen,  
There was a lot to learn from a walk in the evergreen.  
Trees are not perfect, some have a fault or two,  
And sometimes need a pruning, to make them good as new.

The ash tree has a purpose, as also does the pine,  
But if there is to be a forest, there must be trees of every kind.  
So never cut down a tree, you see that could be a waste  
For once they have been cut, they cannot be replaced.

Trees—just like people—aren’t meant for cutting down  
They beautify the earth and they’re nice to have around.

P. Joan Morse © 1984

## **GRAND MANAN TOURISM ASSOCIATION**

Past Trails Newsletters can be found on the Grand Manan Tourism Website:

<http://grandmananNB.com>

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