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From left: BC Notary Student Cam Sherk,
President of The Society of Notaries John Eastwood,
and BC Notary Dan Boisvert

INSIDE: Mentoring

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Getting in Shape for the 2011 David Thompson Columbia Canoe Brigade

In the Winter 2010 *Scrivener*, Volume 19, Number 4, Robert Allen wrote an article titled “2011 David Thompson Columbia River Canoe Brigade.”

In commemoration of the David Thompson bicentennial and his arrival at the mouth of the Columbia River in 1811, a Brigade of canoes will leave Invermere, BC, on June 3, 2011, and travel over 1000 miles to Astoria, Oregon, via the Kootenai, Clark Fork, Pend Oreille, and Columbia Rivers.

The North American Land Surveyors (NALS) will be putting two 25-foot North Canoes in the water: The *Koo Koo Sint*, a name meaning *Star Gazer*, given to David Thompson by the native people, and *Paddle Song*, a name taken from the title of a book by Elizabeth Clutton-Brock, about Charlotte Small, David Thompson’s wife.

When I signed on with the NALS Team, I was not concerned about the rigours of 1000-mile canoe journey or camping out each night or the bugs, snakes, and other creatures that can cause you grief. My main concern was



Mark and Kode Dog

the people. Spending 45 days and nights in close proximity worried me. Contrary to what people think, I am not a social butterfly. There is a good reason why I work by myself, and that my best friend is my dog!

In October, my wife and I joined other members of NALS to take the *Koo Koo Sint* out for a paddle in Birch Bay. Robert included a photo of our trial run in the Winter *Scrivener*—that’s me in the fourth seat, gasping for air.

Not only was I going into the Brigade socially challenged, it was clear I was physically challenged, as well. I was in terrible shape. I blame this solely on my computer and ergonomic mouse designed to take the muscle tone and the stamina from the rest of the body and put it into the wrist and the two fingers that rest on the mouse.

Within a couple of weeks after that afternoon of paddling, I had recovered and was up and around. I told my wife I was planning to join the local gym. She was skeptical at first, but warmed to the idea of my being a jock and suggested I get a new exercise outfit. I was not going to waste my money. My old sweats would do just fine.

I called the gym and spoke to a young lady named PJ. I guessed the P was for perky because she certainly had a bubbly, cheerful, positive personality. All I had to do was go down to the gym, fill out some forms, and take a fitness test—like how many pushups I could do. (I hadn't done pushups in 45 years.) Once I paid my fees, she would be my personal trainer. She had no doubt in the world she would have me in shape for the Brigade.

I dropped into the gym to meet PJ and pick up my forms and was impressed by all the fit, hard-working people dressed in the latest training fashions. This gym wasn't ready for me and my old sweats, and it certainly wasn't ready for me in a skin-tight body suit! Hell, even the dog wouldn't leave the house with me in my Spandex bike shorts.

After seeing me, PJ was not quite as confident that she could get me into shape in 8 months, saying only that she would see what she could do. She also said I had better get my doctor's permission before we did anything strenuous!

My next phase of getting into shape for the Brigade was to sign on with a paddling team. I managed to get a seat in a six-person outrigger canoe with a women's dragon boat team in Winter training. Again, my wife suggested I buy new gear. The gloves alone were over \$45. Again, I felt my old sweats with my power-saw gloves would do the job.

I must say I was quite looking forward to my Sunday afternoons out on Nanaimo Harbour with the ladies. A little fresh air and perhaps a stop at the Dinghy Dock Pub to re-hydrate. When I showed up on the dock, after a leisurely large lunch at home, I was met by five younger, very fit ladies dressed in the latest paddling attire. Our instructor explained outrigger canoeing and the various Hawaiian terms. The pontoon was called an *ama*; every 13 strokes, the third person would yell *hut* and on the next stroke, we would all yell *ho* and switch paddling sides. *Huli* was the term for flipping the boat over. I thought that was a perfect name; you could almost

see the outrigger flipping upside down when you said *huli*.

Our instructor had us do a warmup stretch/dance. I dance only to *Moon River* after a few drinks and must have missed school the day they did *left* and *right*. To the onlooker, we (I) must have made a strange sight: Five young, fit, well-dressed women in sync with one another, dancing on the dock, and an old guy in sloppy sweats, totally out of sync.

"I discovered that I scream the same way whether I am about to be devoured by a shark or my toes just touch seaweed"

We were off in the canoe and, to my consternation, it was not the leisurely paddle I had envisioned. I soon regretted my large lunch and was, in the words of Baxter Black, "nudging that fine line between good taste and throwing up in your hat"! I wondered if the Hawaiians have a cute term for that? We made it back to the dock an hour-and-a-half later. I don't think I embarrassed myself too much, although my wheezing and whimpering may have caused the others to take more breaks than they normally would have.

My next outing was with my instructor in an OC2, a two-person, narrow, sit-on-top outrigger canoe. Within 15 minutes I was exhausted and probably didn't *ho* after a *hut*, and we ended up upside down in Nanaimo Harbour! My instructor righted the canoe and hopped up onto it. There was just no way we could get my 260-pound, out-of-shape body—with 70 pounds of wet sweats—up on that slippery-with-no-handles canoe, so she told me to hang on and she would tow me to shore. Between my moans and my chattering teeth, I started thinking that if the Save The Whales people were on shore when we arrived, they would probably want to roll me back into the water.

Out of concern for my increased snivelling, my instructor pulled into a dock, grabbed my life jacket by

the shoulders, and with all her might started to haul my sorry ass out of the water. She almost had me out when I pivoted on my lower rib. What's the expression . . . "I discovered that I scream the same way whether I am about to be devoured by a shark or my toes just touch seaweed"?

It was becoming obvious I had a natural talent for humiliating myself . . . and I was surprised with the poor physical shape I had allowed myself to get into.

When I got home, I started self-medicating with Tylenol and beer. Just as the pain was abating, our septic system backed up. A phone call to a friend who works for a sewer and septic-sucking company identified the problem, which necessitated our spending the next hour out in the pouring rain, unearthing a doorway to septic hell, three-and-half-feet down. We managed to correct the problem.

My wife put me to bed with an electric heating pad. The next day, between fits of laughter (his), my doctor confirmed I had a badly cracked rib and gave me a prescription for pain-killers. He also signed the permission slip for me to work with a personal trainer, saying that should be good for a few giggles.

It took a few months for my ribs to heal. I never went back to the gym for training. I just could not bring myself to be worked over by a personal trainer. And, I did not go back to the first canoeing group.

With the money I saved on my wife's Christmas present, I bought myself a beautiful 17-foot aluminum Grumman canoe. (I bought my wife a lovely 3-CD boxed set of "Polka Till You Drop" accordion music for \$7.98.) My plan was to spend afternoons out on the lake, paddling my way to fitness. Since Christmas, I have been sleeping in the canoe so that part of my training has not panned out. I just cannot bring myself to spend any more time in the canoe than I already am.

I have joined another ladies dragon boat team, training in OC6 outrigger canoes, and it has been brutal. Again, they are younger, fit, and look sharp in

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the latest paddling gear, in contrast to me in my sweats. They have been quite kind and avert their eyes when I am face down on the dock after paddling and even seem to be impressed that I have experienced a *huli*.

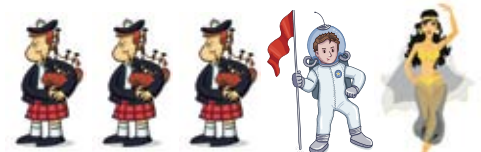
I really doubt I will be in shape in time for the Brigade, and I have gone back to the source of my woes, the computer.

I have made up an official-looking certificate from the Acme Academy of Canoeing, saying that I graduated *Magna Cum Laude* in canoe sternsmanship and steering. Yep, that's right. I plan to sit in the back of the canoe where no one can see me and let the others paddle me to Astoria while I sip chilled Chardonnay from my water bottle.

The Hawaiians have a name for that! *He po'e ho'opiha wa'a*. Canoe Fillers. Riders in a canoe who do nothing to help. I wonder if David Thompson and crew had an expression for "canoe fillers."

For information on the North American Land Surveyors Team and Mark's training progress, visit <http://www.skylark.ca/nals.htm>.

PS: At one stage of our journey, the NALS team will include five very "special" members. I am thinking that will be a "World-First in a Canoe" for Guinness to add to their *Book of Records*. And there must be a great joke in there somewhere . . .



"Three bagpipers, an astronaut, and a belly dancer were going downstream in a canoe . . ."

We have also sent an invitation to Sarah Palin to join our team. Stay tuned for more articles from NALS . . . ▲

Mark McGladrey, BCLS, CLS, has been a BC Land Surveyor for almost 40 years. During his career, he has worked all over the world. Mark, his wife Diane, Kode Dog, and two cats live in Yellow Point near Nanaimo, BC.

markmgladrey@shaw.ca



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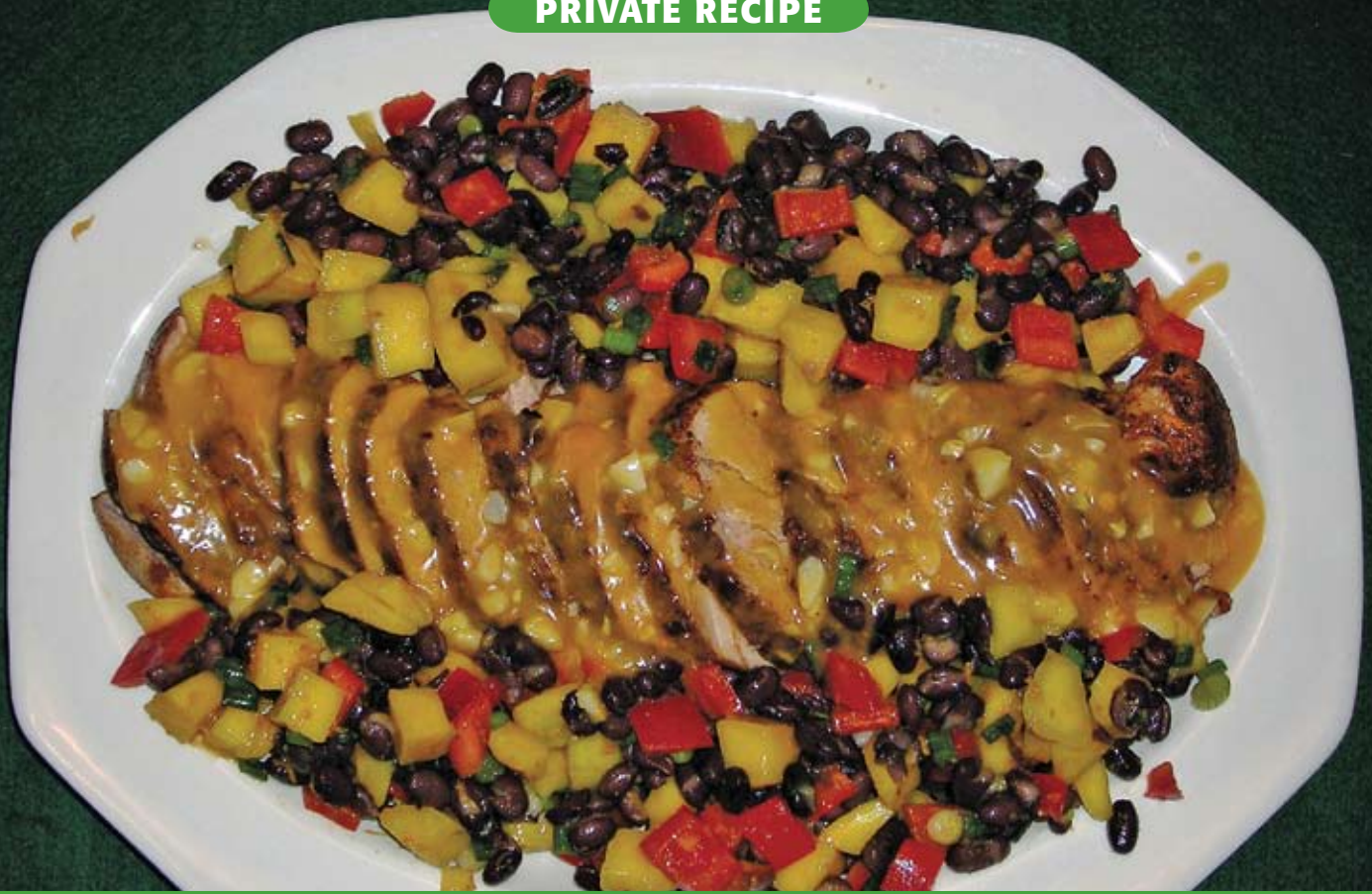
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Morphed Pork and Beans

Mark and Diane McGladrey have enhanced the Pork and Bean Experience! This dish will taste even better after a day on the water during the David Thompson 2011 Columbia Canoe Brigade!

Pork Tenderloin In Orange Sauce

Ingredients

- ¼ tsp. paprika
- ¼ tsp. fresh black pepper
- ¼ tsp. sea salt
- 1 tbsp. canola oil
- 1½ lbs. pork tenderloin
- ¾ cup orange juice
- 2 tbsp. granulated sugar
- 2 garlic cloves
- ½ tsp. orange zest (grated peel)
- 2 tbsp. all-purpose flour
- ¼ cup water

Preparation

- Pre-heat oven to 300° F.
- Dry-rub both sides of the tenderloin with combined paprika, pepper, and sea salt.
- In a large sauté pan, brown the pork on all sides in the canola oil. When pork is golden brown, place pork on a cookie sheet in oven (or on the BBQ rack); cook at 300° F for about 35 minutes.
- In the same sauté pan, combine orange juice, sugar, garlic cloves, and zest. Cook 5 minutes on medium heat. Stir a watery paste of flour and cold water into the sauce until it is smooth and beginning to thicken.
- Remove tenderloin from oven and let rest 10 minutes. Slice into medallions and drizzle with pan sauce.

Black Bean Salad

Ingredients

- 1 can (15 oz.) black beans, rinsed and drained
- 1 medium mango, peeled and chopped (about 1 cup)
- 1 small red bell pepper, chopped (about ½ cup)
- ¼ cup sliced green onions (2 to 3 medium)
- ½ tsp. orange zest
- 2 tbsp. orange juice
- 1 tbsp. red wine vinegar

Preparation

Mix all ingredients. ▲



Diane and Mark McGladrey