Day Three - "F" is for Fundy - July 7th 2012

It looked bright and sunny day for the Bay of Fundy Tour. I'm up, wide awake, shorts on the right direction and good to go. Breakfast is completed and the clouds are starting to move in for an overcast day.



On this tour I came to the realization that the maritimers use a funny naming convention for their rivers, flats, lakes or anything that tends to hold or guide a great deal of water. How many salmon rivers are in Nova Scotia? Bob answers "I don't know, lots." How long is Nine Mile River? Bob answers "Which one, and don't even ask how long it is". Somebody names all these rivers Salmon or Nine Mile then out of

blue - Shubenacadie River – I can't even pronounce it let alone spell it. One of Bob's first statements as we left Halifax is "Today we're going on the F is for Fundy Tour that I do. We will stop at the Salmon River Park and maybe see the Tidal Bore that comes up from the Shubenacadie River where the Stewiacke River meets the mouth then off to the Burntcoat Head and Minus Basin. "What in the Lord Thumpin Suzy Q are you talking about". Are we going to see a pig at a park then take a pee in a crapper that someone hung a charcoaled coat in, and it doesn't have a sink? In pondering - I ask this question – "Did the guy with the burnt coat name the rivers"?





Salmon River Park offers a rafting experience on the tidal bore. The wave of the tide coming in forms a wave on the river that moves up stream for a rafting experience. The water is very dirty, muddy and sandy.





Salmon River









is one of the most important areas for eagl a Scotia and on the eastern seaboard of No Peak numbers of up to 75 have been reco

Adult plumage develops at 4 or 5 years.
Size-female 35-37" with wingspan of 79-9
male 30-34" with wingspan of 72-8
Weight-10 to 14 lbs
Longevity-15-20 yrs
Top Altitude of 10,000
Top Speeds up to 35mph
They have 7000 feathers.







Burntcoat Head is home of the highest tides in the world. We were at the site when the tide was out. The red of the dirt amazed us. The tide comes in at about 8 feet an hour and has stranded many seasoned individuals. The lighthouse is moved on occasion due to erosion from the waves and currents.

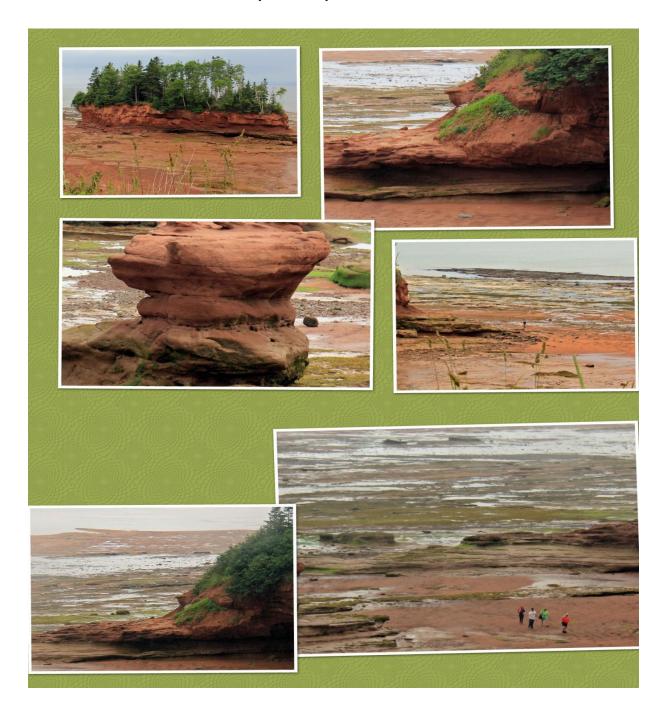




I am standing about 15 feet below Sheri and the high tide mark is about 30 feet above Sheri. When exploring the rocks on the seabed I found a small fossil of a sea creature.



The Bay of Fundy – Burntcoat Head



Burntcoat Head Lighthouse and Park

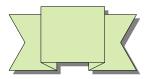


The morning started of putting me in a less than alert state of mind. I was feeling good that we were not within eyeshot of a sign that said Salmon or Nine Mile River and the earlier confusion had now settled to be about as clear as the river water on Shipsakespotatie or whatever River. Bob then says as we leave the park "Next if we are lucky we'll see the Oreo Cows" – GIVE ME A BREAK DAMMIT - "What in the HELL is an OREO Cow" – Look out the window – "Well I'll be dammed it's an Oreo Cow"



In theory the cow on the right is an Oreo Cow and the proof is in the picture, then the cow on the left must be a – wait for it – wait for it – That's right, a milk cow. Doesn't the commercial say milk and oreos go together.







The Shubenacadie River (Wikipedia) at South Maitland has a meander length of approximately 72 km from its source at Shubenacadie Grand Lake to its mouth at the historic seaport village of Maitland on Cobequid Bay, site of the building of the William D. Lawrence, the largest wooden ship ever built in Canada. Local operators offer raft rides on the tidal bores than can reach a height or 3 meters.



Sheri and I marveled at how red the mud was compared to the bright green of the sea grass. We thought as one with the conclusion that waiting for the tidal bore to come in rated about as high a watching the sea grass grow combined with the wind and drizzly weather – and no we were not tempted to take a raft ride.

Shubenacadie River







We stopped at Saltscapes for lunch. To get to the dining area we had to pass through a general store which had a good selection of odds and ends including locally made preserves and candies, handmade clothes and a selection of local artisan's crafts. We were seated in a large dining room. Sheri had a lobster roll and salad and I ordered fishcakes, mash potato and fresh steamed vegetables. The meal was great, everything fresh and local. The mints served with the bill instantly melted in your mouth – BAM.





After our lunch and a short drive away we toured the Glooscap Heritage Center. Our tour guide was a member of the Mi'kmaq aboriginal group of Nova Scotia. We enjoyed the tour so much we forgot to take any pictures.

Glooscap, the first human, was created out of a bolt of lightning in the sand and remains a figure that appears in many of the Mi'kmaw legends. We used copies of center promotional material for our illustrations.

Mi'kmawey Maskwiey Kwitn * Mi'kmaw Birch bark Canoe



Sa'qewe'l Wksitaqnmual * Early Creations



Likpniknn * Splint Basketry



The center is striving to assist in keeping the culture and language of the Mi'kmaw alive.

We loaded up into the Blue Diamond minivan for a drive towards Halifax. One brief stop that I missed to talk about was before lunch at Truro – Probably low blood sugar. It was Tidal Bore Park on the Salmon River – I know – In Truro. If you don't believe me look at the picture.



This was about our shortest day for touring and we headed back to Halifax and were treated to the exact halfway point – Not just any half way point, but the Stewiacke Halfway Point to the North Pole from the Equator. I imagine that the excitement of discovering this was made by the same Bluenoser that named the Salmon River "Salmon" that burned his coat while lighting up a hit of something other than tobacco while taking a poop in an outhouse at the petting zoo for pigs. That's my theory for now.



The excitement of this moment was soon to be short lived. Believe it or not we were heading to East Hants to do a drive by view of the East Hants Mastodon (Bob).





There it was on the hill. Sure as life frozen in time, a concrete Mastodon or frozen in concrete a time Mastodon. In truth I should have expected this one last bit surprise element from Bob. We headed towards Dartmouth and our final destination Halifax and our hotel.





Dartmouth

Once we got back to our room, we each had a cocktail to settle our wits. It was an interesting day of low water, red mud, tidal pigs, seascapes, landscapes and saltscapes. Glooscap and elephants and all of that without a sink (minus basin).



For supper we ate at the Bluenose II Restaurant. Sheri enjoyed a Veggie Stir-fry and I had a New York Steak. Both meals were a perfect end of the day. As we were walking uphill towards our hotel we could hear the squirl of bagpipes and the hammering of a drum. It sounded like a pipe band all around us. With a highland tattoo being held at the

Convention Center across from our hotel we thought maybe a pipe band was playing and marching outside. This in fact was not happening. The band was actually 2 pipers and a young lass on the drums playing for graft across from the Toothy Moose. This was a block below our hotel and the corner of Grafton and Sackville Streets.





Party Time





We listened to the pipers for a bit then walked back up Graften Street. One side was all quaint Pubs and Eateries, the other side was vacant with foundations of demolished buildings. We walked back to the Prince George Hotel for a restful night as tomorrow we started our anticipated "Road Trip" for 5 nights and 6 days.



