



UPDRAFT

POSITIVE COMMUNITY NEWS

UPDRAFTNewDenver@gmail.com

● Bi-weekly ● Free Subscription

"Incredible Issue. Memories live on in print. Congratulations." -Maria Fox

Issue 38, January 14th, 2026

633
subscribers
& still
growing!



Abi's Shoes

Story Pages 18 & 19

(Photo Credit: A. Marsh)

Table of Contents

Page 2: Index & Rabi'a
Page 3: Auxiliary Achieves Fundraising Goal
Pages 4 & 5: Spark in the Dark 2026
Pages 6, 7, 8 & 9: The Extraordinary Ordinary Life of Joseph Crowell
Page 10 & 11: Owls, Photos by Jörg Becker
Page 12: An Elephant, a Quote and our Pet Pedestal
Page 13: Lucerne School Grads in 1950's
Page 14 & 15: UpDraft's Nakusp Correspondent
Page 16: UD's Pavilion Reporter & a Sandon Photo
Page 17: UpDraft's January Calendar
Pages 18 & 19: *Confessions of a Shoe-aholic*
Page 20: News from NSC Library
Page 21: December Colours
Page 22: Newmarket Hotel 1965 & Slocan Solutions
Page 23: UpDraftville
Page 24: Testimonial & Afterword

The UpDraft Team

Editor and Publisher: Rosalie Bird

Front Page Banner Photo: Jörg Becker

Major Contributors: Jörg Becker, Jill Roberts, Rabi'a, the Garrick Rice Family & Margaret Scaia

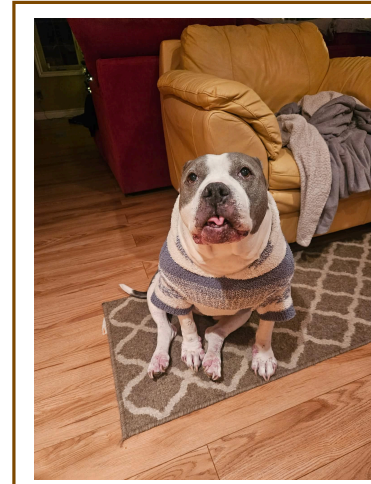
A la carte: Peter Leontowicz

Nakusp Correspondent: Tanya Stockand

General Fact Finder: Leilani Evans

Pavilion Reporter: Howard Wilson

Roving Reporters: Jude Louwerse, Lisa Tracey, Vern Gustafson, Cathy Bazay



Uzi is on the Pet Pedestal on page 15. Stop by and say hello.

(Photo Credit: J. Simmons)



Next Deadline January 24



The Art of Rabi'a

"inner light"



UPDRAFT EXTENDS HEARTFELT CONGRATULATIONS TO THE SCHC AUXILIARY ON THEIR SUCCESS IN REACHING THEIR AMBITIOUS FUNDRAISING GOAL TO PURCHASE A NEW ULTRASOUND FOR OUR HEALTH CENTRE.

RAISING SUCH A SUM REQUIRED UNRELENTING DEDICATION OVER A 2 YEAR PERIOD BY A VERY SMALL GROUP AND THE COMMUNITY RESPONDING WITH IMMENSE GENEROSITY.

AUXILIARY PRESIDENT DAWN LINDSTEIN: "WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT 12 OLDER WOMEN COULD RAISE \$45, 799.00!"

WE ARE DEEPLY GRATEFUL AND THANK EVERYONE INVOLVED.



New Denver Lantern festival January 31 - 2026

It all began with an idea.

Once upon a time on a cold, dark winter's night, Rosalie Bird invited a few friends to visit her cozy home and build some paper lanterns.

The community was in the midst of the pandemic and struggling with division on so many issues. It was during the shortest days of winter and everyone was feeling so very separated from all their friends and neighbours.

The lantern building workshops and resulting festival came together effortlessly and organically. Most of the details and planning falling into place as though it was meant to be.

With the generous help of many willing volunteers, the community embraced the idea and the "Spark in the Dark" New Denver Lantern Festival was born. A wild success for such a small little village. We even welcomed a CBC Journalist to the festival, who reported back to the world about our amazing community spirit and energy.



With a break after last year and under the new leadership of the Slocan Lake Arts Council, we are developing our 4th Spark in the Dark lantern festival.

This is an open invitation; all are welcome. Join us with your lantern creation on Saturday, January 31st, 2026 at 4:45pm at the entrance to the Kohan Reflection Garden to start the parade!

We will finish at the Bosun Hall with a display of your beautiful creations and celebrations. There will be warming fires outside by the lantern displays, delectable food by local vendors and music by Adham Shaikh.

All are welcome to join our final free lantern making workshop at the Knox Hall, supplies and some direction is provided: Sunday, January 25, 10am - 2pm

Music by:

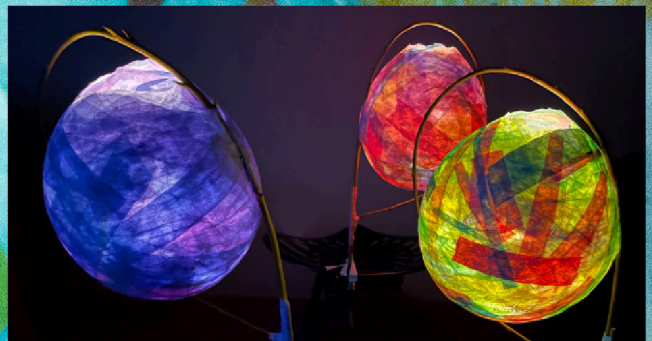


**ADHAM
SHAIKH**

Brought
to you by:



For more information and ideas visit the "How to" section of our website at sparkinthedark.ca.



Extraordinary

Ordinary Lives, Episode # 5, Part 1, Joseph S. Crowell**Joseph Stanley Crowell**

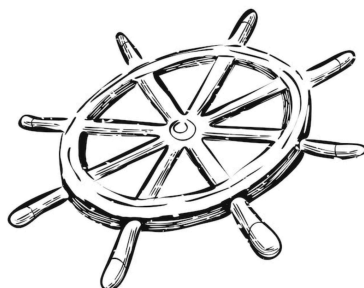
upon his return from serving in France & Belgium in World War I, 1918

(Photo Credit: L. Evans)

Well, there's zero doubt that Joseph Crowell lived a long and extraordinary life! Where to start and what to include will be the challenge. Let's begin to orient ourselves with this brief overview written by his great granddaughter, Leilani Evans:

He was wonderful! I loved spending time with him and watching him make those little wheels. He was also a fantastic gardener. I loved sitting in his glassed-in porch in the summer as the scarlet runner beans grew up to the roof on the outside of it and made a neat "special place" to be in. You could see down the Arrow Lakes through the little gaps between the leaves.

He taught himself to type I think in his 80's. He wrote a number of poems and also stories about things from his past. He was a strong man but also a gentle, thoughtful one. Always glad to help anyone. He was a very community minded person.



Joseph and Alice Crowell on their golden wedding anniversary, Jan. 4, 1950

(I have this chair and mom's mom made the cake – she made fantastic wedding cakes! -L. Evans)

(Photo Credit: L. Evans)

Joe Crowell

Born 1875 in Melbourne NS; died 1966 in Nakusp BC

He married Alice Boyd in 1900.

Selling agent for Frontier Investment Co. of Winnipeg in 1907 in Glenbank.

He was a carpenter, blacksmith & undertaker in his early years in Nakusp.

Enlisted in the army May, 1915. He was a Sergeant in the 54th Battalion, 4th Division. His job classification was as a Scout. He trained in Vernon, BC & Aldershot, England. He went overseas in September 1915. He was in all major battles in the First World War. He received the military medal of bravery in the field at the Battle of the Somme. He also received Service & Victory medals. Was in France for a little over two years at Ypres, Vimy, Passchendaele, Lens, etc.

He was hit with shrapnel & gassed twice. He was sent to Dr. Mossman's estate in Scotland to recover from his injuries. (He had known Dr. Mossman in Nakusp. He had gone back to his estate before the war.)

He returned to Victoria, BC in November 1918 & was discharged there.

-Leilani Evans

Continued on next page)

"He taught himself to type I think in his 80's. He wrote a number of poems and also stories about things from his past. -L. Evans

(Ed. Note: Let's pick up on that point with the first installment of one such spell-binding story written by Joe, remembering his life.)

I was born in the village of Melbourne, Nova Scotia, just a country district about five miles Southeast of Yarmouth city. My father, Joseph Hallett Crowell (1845-1880) was a seaman as was his father Hallett Crowell (1815-1858). Both of them died & were buried at sea. They both died of yellow jack. When Father died I was five years old (born Sep 1875), I had a sister born Nov 1873 & a brother born Jan 1881 who was an infant, father never saw him. The voyages of those old sailing ships in those days were slow, tiresome affairs & so, I saw Father very few times during my five years.

(Ed. Note, SOURCE Gemini:

Historically, "Yellow Jack" was a dreaded nickname for Yellow Fever, a viral disease spread by mosquitoes.

- The Name: The term comes from the yellow quarantine flag (also called the "Yellow Jack") that ships were required to fly if they had an outbreak of disease on board.
- History: In the 18th and 19th centuries, Yellow Jack ravaged port cities in the Americas and Africa. It earned its name because severe cases often caused jaundice, giving the patient's skin and eyes a yellowish tint.

Well, Mother was left with the three of us & as you all know, there was no pensions in those days & so we had to pick berries, work in hay fields or anything at all to earn a dollar. I was good at catching rabbits of which we used hundreds. It sure was tough for Mother, she did all kinds of dressmaking for neighbours & often walked to Yarmouth town, five miles away, doing all kinds of sewing work at the very smallest of wages but two bits was money at that time. My very young life was most uneventful, living as we did away out in the country with very few associates just the neighbour's houses scattered along the one road but, they were all really almost perfect people. Always ready to help in any case. I often think of those people, so different from today.

I had regular experiences as a boy I suppose. I wandered freely in the bush, was at one time chased by a bear but I could run pretty good & the only harm done was to knock most of my toe nails off. I don't really believe he was chasing me. He was probably just coming along the path & met me.

I remember at one time, I must have been very small, when I saw my first snake in the field & stepping on its head & tail with my bare feet I called to my cousin to tell me what I had caught. I never was scared of snakes after that.

As I grew older I caught rabbits & shot grouse with my bow & arrow. My chum & I were good at trapping & it all helped. We sure

ate a lot of rabbit & I often sold them. I think we would get ten cents for a good rabbit after it was skinned & dressed ready for the oven. Impossible to get rich but it all helped out & rabbits were quite plentiful.

At the age of six I started school but as the school being about two miles distant, from our place my schooling was sadly neglected as I have said we had to pick berries during the summer & I remember I got twenty five cents per day for helping in the hay field, I now realize that the twenty five cents was really a gift for all the real help I was. When small, a child could only go during the summer as in the winter the snow drifts were often eight & ten feet deep, impossible for youngsters & as soon as we were big enough to do anything at all, we had to pick berries & do chores to earn a bit to help.

I just learned to read & write in the most primitive manner. My uncle was light keeper & ran the life station on Pease's Island {about fourteen miles south of Yarmouth Town} at the mouth of the Bay of Fundy There were scattered about, three hundred & sixty five islands. They were known as the Tusket Islands. My mother often went there to do sewing for the large family, & so, we youngsters had to go along. Pease's Island was most beautifully situated, all the boats both passenger & freight came from the east, right past on the east side & looking west we would see full rigged ships, Brigs & brigantines as well as many other of all sizes. A most beautiful sight, those large vessels were going up to New Brunswick & to Yarmouth & there being so many reefs, ledges & rocks all over the entrance to the bay wrecks were common. These wrecks were loaded with most everything you could think of. Sometimes barrels of flour, sometimes cheese. At such times a wreck was a great thing for the people. I have seen them many a time work all night to get everything possible hidden before the officials arrived. They would get those great casks of brown sugar, roll them away up into the bush, cover them with brush or even dig holes & bury them. Then the barrels of flour drift ashore as well as cheese. I have seen the beach of our island with perhaps fifty cheeses & I remember once a ship from the Mediterranean loaded with oranges & lemons wrecked near our place & there being many sheep on the island, they sure had a picnic. They sure would eat those oranges skin & all but when they would get a lemon, what a face but no matter, they would go right along with it & take chances.

There being only the one family on the island, there was no school, & so we tended light, caught fish & anything else to pass the time. As a child I had seen many sad sights which sure will leave marks on the mind of youth. When very young, a wee tot, there was an old woman right down the road from us who upset a coal oil lamp on herself & burned to death in the road. I imagine I can hear her screeches now.

On the island I have seen the sailors in the rigging of wrecks hang on to the last & then finally have to let go & drown before anything could be done about it. I have seen, during terrific storms, fishermen driven right to sea, no chance of help at all as there was no power at that time,

Continued on next page)

& all the chance they had was to get in the lea of some island which was about impossible. As I said, those things left marks on the brain of youth.

I have seen winds often in which no one could stand. We boys to get anywhere, would have to actually go on all fours. There was no power in small boats at that time, just a few of the passenger boats were fitted with power & some of those were the old-time side wheelers, not much good in a heavy sea. There were sure some terrible sights at such times. But, sometimes the shipwrecks were very interesting & when we would get the crew & passengers ashore, they would be taken care of to the limit. But really, it was interesting when a wreck did happen provided it was not too rough to get out & help but sometimes it was utterly impossible to launch boats without power of any kind.

One of our duties on the island, was to man the lifesaving station, my cousin, & I were pulling oars in a lifeboat when we were twelve years old. We were trained to it by three Rankine brothers (Wilson, Horace & Ross), fishermen on the island, & who were trained at Cape Cod station & sure knew their job. They were at one time stationed at Sandy Hook at the Life Station. They spent a lot of time with us teaching us the art of landing on the beach in a sea. I can hear one of them standing in the stern of the boat giving orders & we pulling for all we were worth. "Go on now, Pull, Pull like Hell", & orders to hold for a bit till the exact time when it was to catch the heavy swell & then he would yell "Now, Go to it, Pull, Pull" & when we finally touched the sand "Now, Over & hang on, don't you let go, hang on" & with our feet deep in sand & plowing down the beach, he would still keep it up, "Don't you let go, hold her". They sure spent a lot of time with us but, they were simply wonderful & it was a great experience & one which we made much use of in the following time. For, with all this special training, we at fourteen had our own lifeboat. We never used the regular lifeboat but the flat bottom dory as it would be impossible to land in a sea with the round bottom boat supplied by the authorities. We boys were well trained with both oars & sail for, as I have said before, there was no power at that time not for small craft. Gas engines were not yet.

We were trained to land & take off in a heavy swell as we were often compelled to land at the nearest point & get right back to the wreck for another load, there not being time to go away around to the cove on the island. I can hear those fellows still as they would stand up in the stern of the boat & yell to us as we approached the shore in a terrific surf. They would train us to go in on the light waves & then hold it to make the beach on the third wave, a large one, & as soon as she touched sand the order was "SHIP OARS & OVER", stroke oar over port side & as the surf would drag us back he would yell "hang on, hang on, don't you let go" & there we would be dragging our feet in sand up to the knees until we had her stopped & then we would reverse & have to get her off on that big wave. I believe I could do it

yet after all these years.

There were certainly some great men on those islands. I remember one in particular, a man who could not read or write but I have seen him when we have been fishing all day in a dense fog, we drifting all day in a severe tide & when it came time to leave & go home, just pull in his gear & say "Time to go". He would just pull in the sheet & taking the tiller square her off & head for home. Now, there were three hundred & sixty of those islands & a terrific tide running in all directions but he could hit our island every time without a blunder. None of those old chaps ever used a compass; it was considered a disgrace to own one. When we would ask, "How do you know which way to go". He would look at us in a lost wondering way, as if that was a foolish question. He would say, "That's the way to home". Actually thought we were foolish to ask. Among all those scattered islands he would never miss. I have seen it done by him several times. Not a single thing to go by, & after all day drifting hither & yon, he would look at us as much as to say "What other way is there" & look as if he considered us a bit nuts not to know that he was headed in the right direction. That happened not once but every time. That was what they call E.S.P. I guess but several of them had it & it was a wonderful gift.

At the age of fourteen, my cousin & I had our own lifeboat & we were certainly able to run it. The light was of the revolving type, two red lights & two white, {red, white, red, white} revolving at the rate of about once in two minutes. I'm not really sure now at this late date but sometimes the gear would go wrong, it was run by a heavy weight which had to be wound up every night. If it went wrong we had to stand & turn the lights by hand until repairs could be done as near as possible to the stated time as that was the signal denoting the location for all the ships coming in the bay from all points. There were many reefs all about & it was a very difficult passage through those many islands & so, you will see the importance of having the lights working in the proper manner so ships could identify their location.

I well remember one night when we were about fourteen, we had been up turning lights & had just got them going nicely when the gun fired & we saw a ship on the reef to the east of the light. Being all dressed we were there first & it was a bad night I assure you. She was a small schooner hard on the reef to the East of the light coming up from Halifax. It was sure a nasty night, the ship was hopelessly on the reef & when we got there the timbers were smashing, the sails flapping at a terrific rate & down in the scuppers a woman was praying to beat the band & we hanging on to the side of the ship yelling for them to come on. We were trying to prevent our boat from smashing & then up from below comes another woman with two suitcases & she yells to the praying one, "Come on Mary, the prayer meetin is over, the boys are here with the boat" & then up from below comes eight of the crew with their bags. Well

Continued on next page)

we stored them all in the bottom of the lifeboat. Well we stored them all lying flat in the bottom the captain making them all lie down, & he made them all hold their kit bags on top of them ready to throw over if necessary, & started for home & as I said it was a bad night & I well remember one of the hands raising his head & saying “Hadn’t you better keep her up a bit for safety”. Well that Skipper he just yelled, “Keep your head down. If one of you raises his head a bit I’ll hit him with this oar. These boys know more about a small boat than you do or they wouldn’t be here”. Oh boy, were we ever proud of that & did we tell it to our friends. Getting to the lighthouse the old girl of the suitcases told the story of the hit. “When we hit we sure knew it was for keeps & Mary started to pray. Well, I thought it of no use for two to pray so I went below & packed the bags.” She wasn’t joking; she was as serious as if in prayer meeting, a very practical old girl & saved the goods. That storm lasted for days & that crew were with us for about a week before the sea let up enough for the passenger boat from down shore, the Latour, could stop in the bay & take them on. The Latour was a side wheeler & they were a nasty thing in a storm. But in a case of that kind the passengers & crew rescued were always taken care of to the limit. Lots of times they had to stop much longer when the storm was very heavy. There was no dock on the island. The boat had to slow up & then we would catch the rope, hang on ‘till the passenger went up the rope ladder. It could not be done in a heavy sea. Especially with a side wheeler.

It was common for ships loaded with brown sugar & with molasses all in those large casks call hogsheads. All of these things were a godsend to the settlers. I remember I saved ten ton of coal from a wreck. {a schooner wrecked right at the light house} The stuff came ashore after she broke up. It was all a great experience & then we caught lobsters & other fish in season & so I made a few dollars to help out. We all had our lobster traps & then we would catch cod, mackerel, herring & anything else but the lobster fishing was the staple fishing.

I remember one wreck. She had been abandoned at sea & we discovered her drifting away off to the south of us & going out in our small boat we took charge of her. Uncle Tom was with us but my cousin & I were anxious to investigate & made for the galley as boys would be hungry all the time. Well we found little but one thing we did find was some cans of condensed milk & as we had no cow on the island at that time we thought of what a great thing we had found. As they were the small individual tins, we punched a hole & took a good swallow & then we thought we were sure poisoned. Never having ever seen that sort of thing before, I guess it was about the first of condensed milk.

There were two power passenger boats running at that time from Halifax to Yarmouth & when we wanted to go up we put a flag at the light & then got to the bay & out in the dory, one at the oars & the other in the bow to catch the rope thrown from the ship, hold it right

down in the bow to take up the strain as she never stopped but just slowed down then dropped the rope ladder & up would go the passenger. The same on coming to the island. I remember it cost twenty-five cents for the trip of fourteen miles.

The whole life on that island was something to remember. For all it was hard work, I really think it was the bright spot in my life.

Before leaving the island, I must tell that my uncle had a family of six boys & three girls, all musical & every night we had an orchestra going, piano, guitar, piccolo, flute, etc.

At about fifteen I came back to the mainland, to Arcadia to be exact & I worked for a spell with one of my old chums at the blacksmithing trade {shoeing horses & oxen & anything in the blacksmith line.}

I got very good at that which served me well on my arrival in Nakusp thirty years later but that is another story...

Ed Note: To be continued next issue.

The twin brigantines, Irving Johnson and Exy Johnson, under full sail..



SOURCE: Facebook



An artist's, EA Bollinger, impression of the sinking.

SOURCE: <https://www.whitestarhistory.com/atlantic>

Owls as seen by Jörg Becker



The dark season seems to belong to the owls.

When I mentioned to Jörg that I'd been hearing our town owls (Great Horned) at dusk in the cedars next door, he offered photos of the 5 species he has now photographed. Such wonderfully powerful and mysterious creatures are owls.

Thank you, Jörg. -Rosalie



Great Horned Owls, New Denver, BC



Barn Owl, Maple Bay, Cowichan Valley

Burrowing Owl, Anza Borrego, CA



Short Eared Owls, Cowichan Bay Estuary, BC



Great Grey Owl, Cowichan Bay, BC



Not a likely encounter on a run around New Denver!

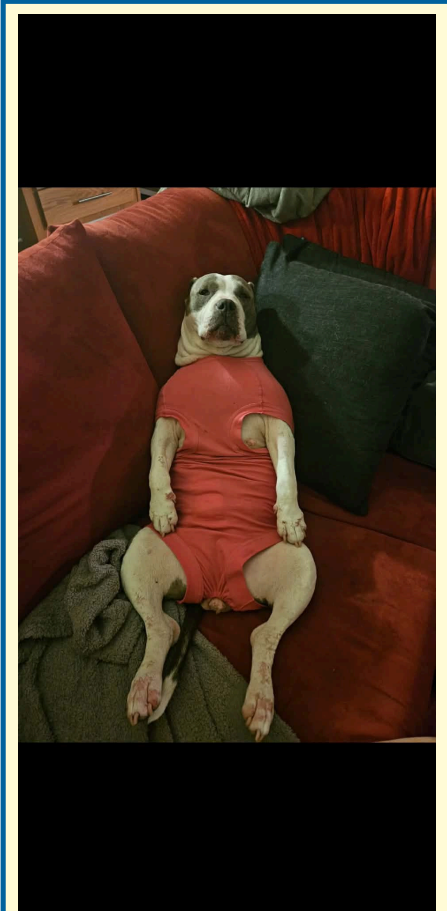
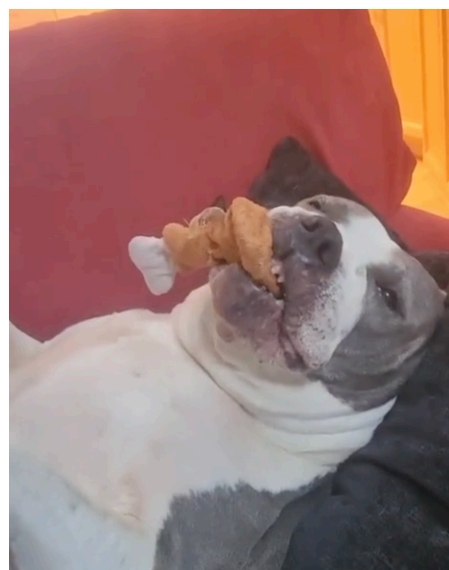
Phuket, Thailand (Photo Credit: *P. Gabie*)

"A quote from a friend who visited me this past November—a very quiet month late in the 'shoulder season'—described the Village as "Such a tiny community with so much character." The UPDRAFT epitomizes this special place."

-Liz Poarch

UpDraft's Pet Pedestal welcomes Uzi!

"Uzi is in shape (round is a shape)."



(Ed. Note: It's been a while since we've showcased a pet but Uzi is irresistible, don't you think?)

(Photo Credit: *J. Simmons*)

Lucerne School Grads, 1950's in photos by Fred Marsh -shared by Brian Marsh

**Lucerne School
Students, early 1950's**
Photo by Fred Marsh

(Photo Credit: *Brian Marsh*)



Lucerne School Grad 1954

(Pat Harding, John Oyama, George (Bud) Leask, Pat Butler, Reg Broughton, Mary Ann Avison, Evelyn Erickson, Doreen Hayashi, Amy Aoyama, Frances Nelson, Wayne Morrison)

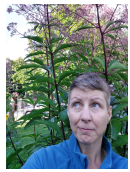
(Photo Credit: *Les Suzuki*)



Lucerne School Grad 1956

(Roy Hayashi, Colin Bell, Ellen Bergren, Stan Wilson, June Nelson, Kenji Hayashi, Takeshi Oyama)

(Photo Credit: *Les Suzuki*)



UpDraft's Nakusp Reporter
Tanya Stockand

Making Do In Nakusp

My very first memory of what is now called fashion up-cycling is set in the mid-80s last century. I'd grown – again – and a pair of jeans were now too small. My very clever Mom shared some sewing know-how: cut out the side seam and add in the needed amount of fabric.

I remember feeling resentful at not getting a new pair of jeans. And then it dawned – any fabric. Once they were done I didn't care about new jeans anymore.

Sewing is such a powerful skill. It transforms flat pieces of fabric into useful and amazingly shaped things.



Clothing made from repurposed bed linens and donations to the thrift store.
(Photo Credit: T. Stockand)

Like other forms of construction, sewing can start from scratch, modify something, or transform the component parts into something completely new with a little bit of ingenuity.

Just ask Charlotte Cunningham. Like me she learned to sew from her Mom, watching that magical process unfold, oh so keen to try it herself.

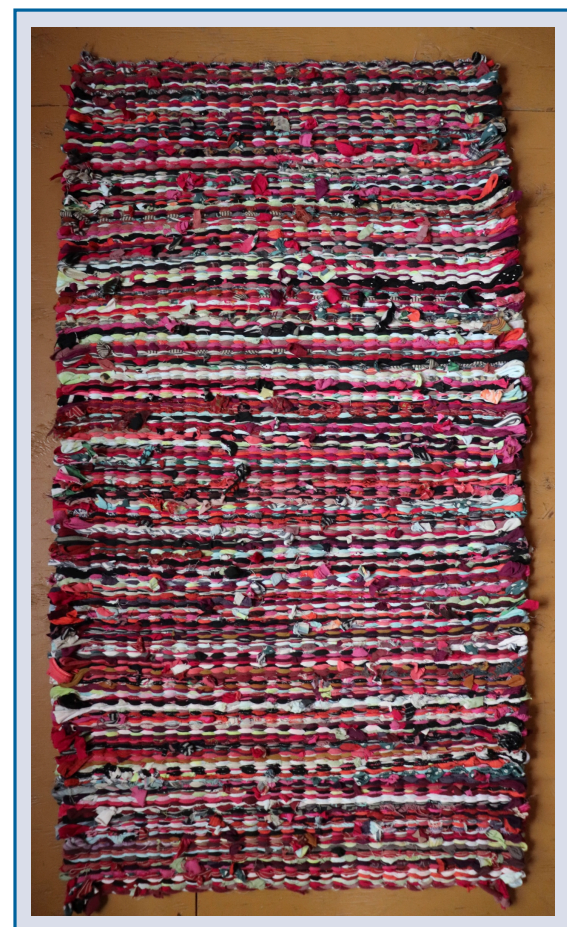
Charlotte has early memories of transforming clothing and remnants into beautiful and useful things, driven by the “use what I have” values. The idea of buying new, be it fabric or clothes didn't sit well, especially when it meant travel, or the cost of shipping.



Clothing made by Charlotte Cunningham

(Photo Credit: Charlotte Cunningham)

“What I love about it is that even though I'm making clothes from scraps, I still have scraps left” Charlotte says. These days those scraps get joined together to become the warp and weft on her home made looms.



Continued on next



Second of 2 rugs by Charlotte Cunningham
(photo credit C. Cunningham)

Even as some of her raw materials come into her life through serendipity, the resulting garments often find new homes in the same way – I ask about an item I’ve long admired to learn that it now warms someone else who needed it more.

After that conversation I become intensely aware of the threads I’m snipping from my current project – a bag made from thrift store cotton canvas that had a black permanent stain on one side – I realize that even these wee bits can be useful.



Bags by Tanya Stockand
“a bit of paint can transform any fabric”
Photo Credit: T. Stockand)

Too often these small remnants, along with poor quality clothing and “reach the end of their life” textiles end up as garbage.

But not here in the Arrow and Slovan Lakes! Thanks to a fabric and textile recycling initiative run by Arrow and Slovan Lakes Community Services many tons of reusable textiles have been diverted from the landfill for reprocessing into usable fibres once again.



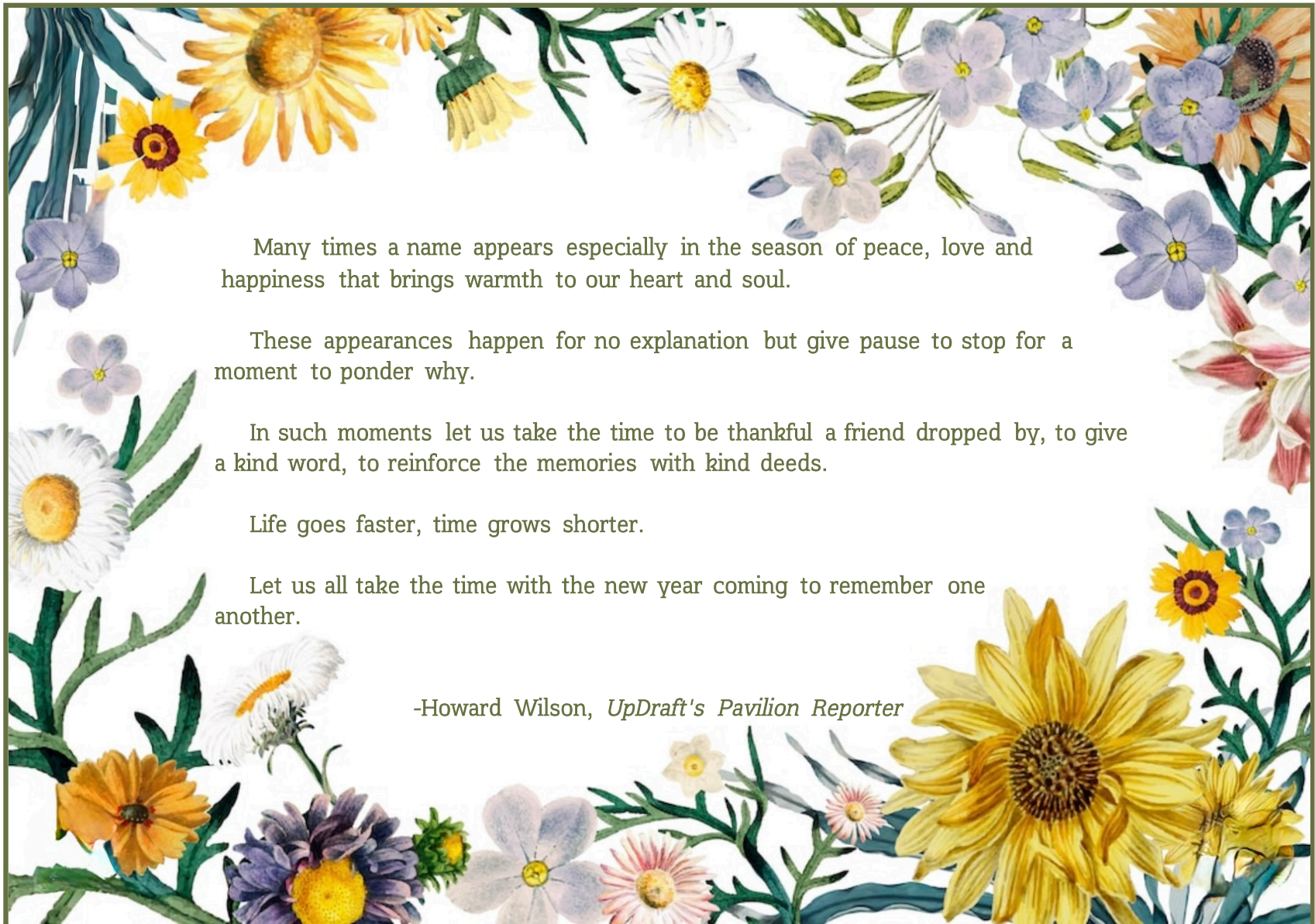
ASLCS Fabric Recycling Trailer
(Photo Credit: T. Stockand)

And now ASLCS is taking the next step: a survey to explore if – and how – these old clothes, footwear and other fabrics can be reused and upcycled closer to home. Your input is essential, and you have until January 31.

It’s a timely goal. The Regional District is seeking interest for an EcoDepot in Nakusp, to facilitate reuse, re-purposing and repair of a wide range of household items. We’re all certainly hopeful it becomes a reality.

-Tanya.

ASLCS Fabric Recycling Survey:



Many times a name appears especially in the season of peace, love and happiness that brings warmth to our heart and soul.

These appearances happen for no explanation but give pause to stop for a moment to ponder why.

In such moments let us take the time to be thankful a friend dropped by, to give a kind word, to reinforce the memories with kind deeds.

Life goes faster, time grows shorter.

Let us all take the time with the new year coming to remember one another.

-Howard Wilson, *UpDraft's Pavilion Reporter*

Old Photos Are Fun



Sandon in 1975
Charlotte Smith, left
Victoria Fenton, right

(Photo Credit: *C. Smith*)



MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
			1 10-4pm	2	3 Lantern Workshop Knox 10-2	4 1-3pm Lantern Workshop Knox 10-2 Gospel Light Chapel 10:30am St. Anthony's Service 1:30
5 KITCHEN SMYLES BAKERY POP-UP BAKERY DAY! Monday 9 AM - 1 PM Fresh from the oven: Bagels, Pop Tarts, Biscuits, Cookies, Doughnuts, Pastries, and more! * Bread Club pre-orders start by Saturday! Come early for the best selection - everything sold here has meaning. Follow along @catchthedraft for updates / faces per page.	6 10-4pm	7 Lantern Workshop Knox 5-8	8 10-4pm	9 Koots Roots X-Country Ski 10am Sandon Warming Hut Next Event: Jan. 14th	10 Deadline	11 1-3pm Public Skating 1-3 Lantern Workshop Knox 10-2 Gospel Light Chapel 10:30am St. Stephen's Service 10am
12 KITCHEN SMYLES BAKERY POP-UP BAKERY DAY! Monday 9 AM - 1 PM Fresh from the oven: Bagels, Pop Tarts, Biscuits, Cookies, Doughnuts, Pastries, and more! * Bread Club pre-orders start by Saturday! Come early for the best selection - everything sold here has meaning. Follow along @catchthedraft for updates / faces per page.	13 10-4pm	14 Publish 5-9pm	15 10-4pm	16 Drop-in Curling 7pm	17	18 1-3pm Public Skating 1-3 Gospel Light Chapel 10:30am St. Anthony's Service 1:30pm
19 KITCHEN SMYLES BAKERY POP-UP BAKERY DAY! Monday 9 AM - 1 PM Fresh from the oven: Bagels, Pop Tarts, Biscuits, Cookies, Doughnuts, Pastries, and more! * Bread Club pre-orders start by Saturday! Come early for the best selection - everything sold here has meaning. Follow along @catchthedraft for updates / faces per page.	20 10-4pm	21 Publish 5-9pm	22 10-4pm	23 Drop-in Curling 7pm	24 Deadline	25 1-3pm Lantern Workshop Knox 10-2 Gospel Light Chapel 10:30am Public Skating 1-3
26 KITCHEN SMYLES BAKERY POP-UP BAKERY DAY! Monday 9 AM - 1 PM Fresh from the oven: Bagels, Pop Tarts, Biscuits, Cookies, Doughnuts, Pastries, and more! * Bread Club pre-orders start by Saturday! Come early for the best selection - everything sold here has meaning. Follow along @catchthedraft for updates / faces per page.	27 10-4pm	28 Publish 5-9pm	29 10-4pm	30 Drop-in Curling 7pm	31 Entry Deadline North Valley Film Festival	31 Parade Start Kohan Garden 4:45

LEGEND

- Spark Workshop Knox 10-12
- Pickleball Lucerne 7-9
- ND Council Chambers 7pm
- Fitness 8 am Knox Hall New Denver
- Publish
- Tech Support NSC Library 5-7pm
- Bouldering Lucerne 7-9
- Sil. Council Mem. Hall 7pm
- SCHC Aux 2pm
- SLOCAN LAKE ARTS COUNCIL
- Deadline
- Badminton Lucerne 7-9
- Full Moon
- TAPS New Denver
- Lucerne School
- Seniors Fireweed 10-12
- Bingo Bosun 1pm
- Soccer Lucerne 7-9
- Movie Knox 7pm
- Srs Cooking Registration Required 12-2pm
- Kitchen Smyles Fireweed 10-1
- Clay & Cloth Drop-in 6:30-9pm

January 6th Social 10-Noon

January 13th Social 10-11 "Welcome to Cornwall" A. Burnett 11-12

January 20th Birthday Cake Social 10-Noon

January 27th Social 10-11 "A test of character" Daniel Hellyer 11-12



Confessions of a 'Shoe-aholic' by *Abi Marsh*

When Rosalie first asked me to write an article on my favourite shoes, I did think she might be pulling my leg. It soon became clear that she was serious and wanted some tongue-in-cheek frivolity for our community paper! I have given quite a bit of thought to my colourful and fun shoe collection and what they mean to me.... mostly they are an expression of joy but they do represent memories too.

I haven't always been a shoe-aholic. My glamorous older sister returned from working in the Middle East with a pair of Manolos for my 30th birthday. The softest bright pink leather slingbacks with gold trim.... I was hooked. Since then rarely a Christmas or birthday goes by without a shoe-shaped gift. Displayed in a glass-fronted cabinet looped with fairy lights a friend described my shoes as 'looking like upmarket sex workers in the windows of Amsterdam'!

Instead of favourite pairs, I like to think of them as award categories.... so I have 'Most Gloriously Festive', 'Unashamedly Pink' and 'Most Furtive Pair' (the latter being delivered to a friend's P.O. Box and involving rather a lot of subterfuge regarding disposing of packaging and hiding them until I could say 'these old things?' without blushing!).

There are also 'Hopelessly Impractical' (that I can't actually walk in), 'Ray of Sunshine' (that accompanied a friend & me to Afternoon Tea at the Savoy) and 'Boots Marc Bolan Would Approve Of'.

But I wouldn't like you to think I was completely shallow.... I do have snowboard boots, skis boots, uncomfortable climbing shoes, equally uncomfortable mtb shoes and a rather smelly pair of neoprene booties.

After much deliberation and self-reflection, we arrive at my favourites.... my oldest pair; past adventures still linger in the cracked and thirsty leather, faithful friends moulded so perfectly to the shape of my feet. They leak, are falling apart - certainly their glory days are a distant memory. But what memories! These hiking boots climbed mountains - in the Himalaya, Andes, Taurus & Atlas; they rode a camel into the Sahara desert and slept under the stars; they sweated their way through jungles in Ecuador & Malaysia, repelling leeches with their sturdy leatheriness. To Carpenter Pass, the Macbeth Icefields and the New Denver Glacier. They've been on safaris in Kenya & Nepal, marched along the Inca Trail, braved many an unappealing outhouse in China and danced in many a dive bar. I couldn't part with them - these trusty and crusty old explorers travelled much of my journey with me. These days they enjoy their well-earned retirement and watch from a comfortable shelf.

-Abi



"Disco Divas"



"Unashameably Pink"



"Hopelessly Impractical"



"Most Furtive Shoe"



"Edgiest Zebras"



"Most Surprisingly Comfortable"



(Photo Credit:
A. Marsh)

News From the North Slocan Community Library

North Slocan Community Library was closed for borrowing books during a winter break – but the volunteers were busy moving books and building shelves. In the fall, Sally, the Director at Beaver Valley Library in Fruitvale called to say that they had a surplus of metal shelves and wondered if we could use them. After some research and discussion, it was decided that “Yes, we would like the shelves” and that the best time to transfer for both libraries would be between Christmas and New Year.

Robert and Rob headed to Fruitvale to pick up the shelves while Gaby, Ann, Colin and Judi emptied the old shelves. It was surprising how many boxes we needed to gather from New Market, Canco and the liquor store!

Two more days saw all the volunteers at work constructing the new shelves and moving books from boxes to shelves. And, in the end, flattening all those boxes for recycling.

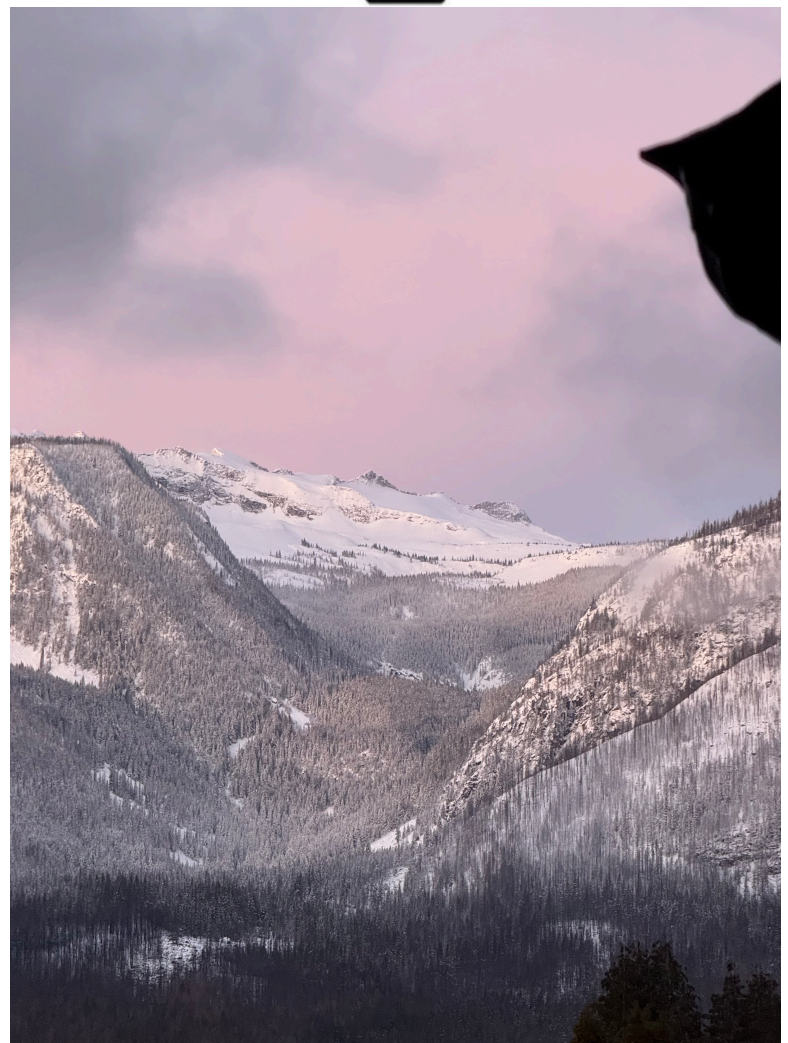
Success achieved by Ann, Gaby, Judi, Kathleen, Kathy, Liz, Rob and Robert, with extra help from Colin and Bruce so that we were ready to open again on January 4.

Come by & see the changes for yourself!

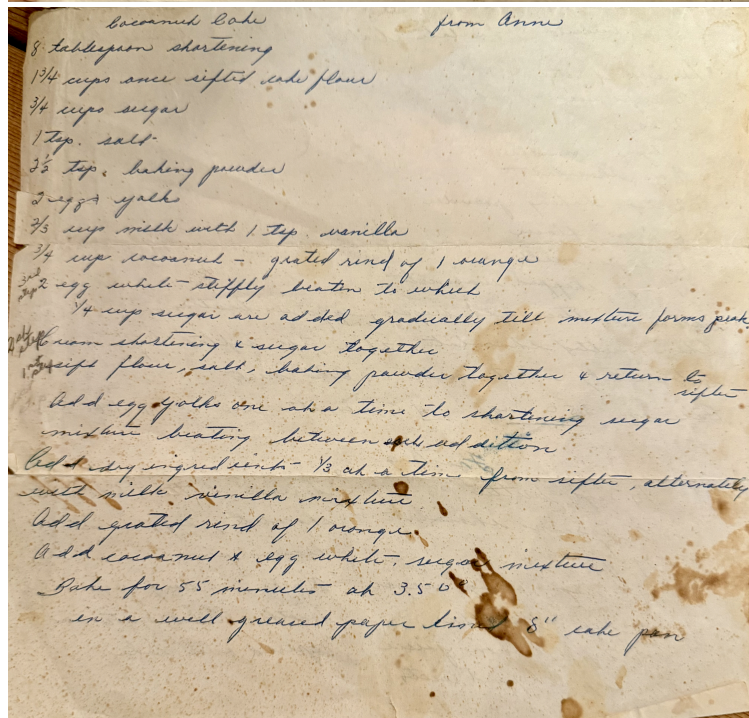
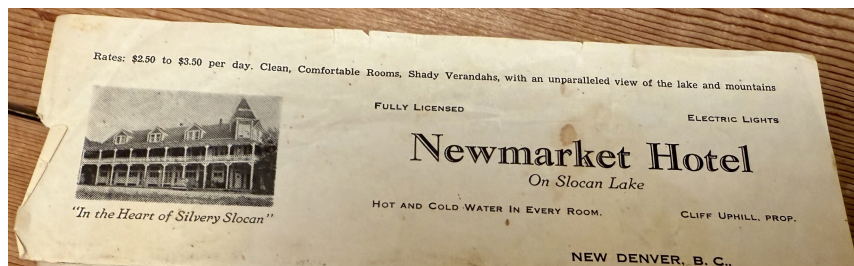


(Photo Credit: J. Gardiner & C. Moss)

Late December Colours



(Photo Credit: R. Bird)

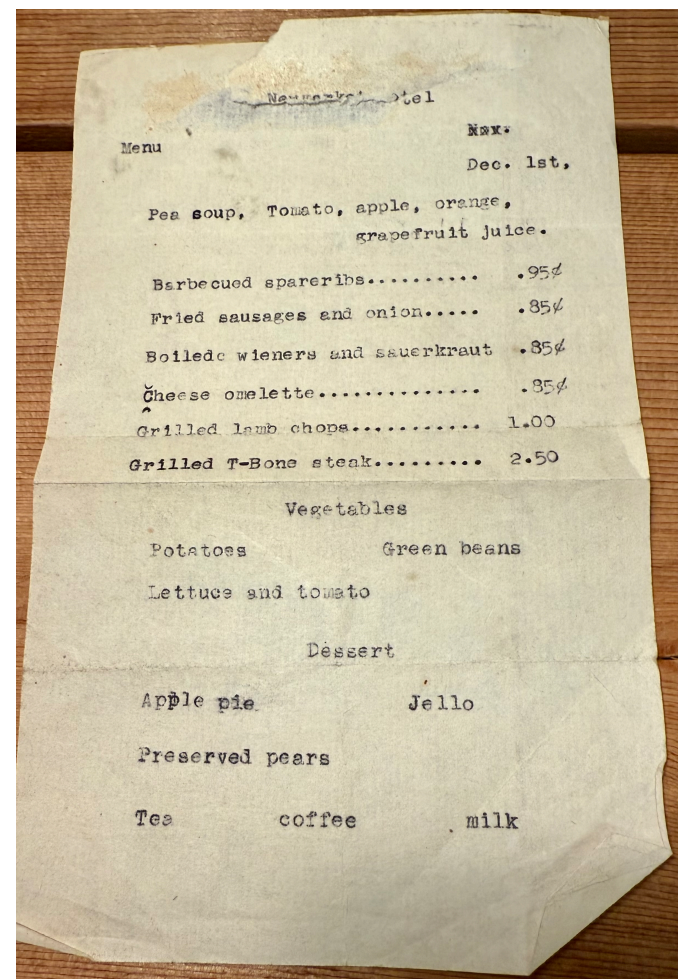


**Newmarket Hotel
New Denver 1965**

Different times with different prices!

"When people left 25 or 50 cent tips."-Dawn

-submitted by Dawn Lindstein



SLOCAN SOLUTIONS SOCIETY

Slocan Solutions Society can help with your Community Project-submitted by Nicky Blackshaw

Do you have an amazing idea for a community project or program? Maybe you've been thinking about a way to engage youth through an after-school program. Or perhaps you've been pondering recreational or cultural outings for seniors. Maybe you'd like to share your passion for community theatre performance through a series of workshops to develop local talent. Or possibly promoting water safety or emergency preparedness is right up your alley. Or you may care a lot about developing a clean and sustainable future and your focus is on environmental conservation. Whatever your great idea is - you likely need some financial support to see this idea come to fruition.

The catch? In most cases you need to be: a not-for-profit, registered school, First Nations, or local government to be eligible for funding.

This isn't you or your organization? Well, the good news is Slocan Solutions Society may be able to help. Slocan Solutions is a local not-for-profit and we are currently looking for additional community projects and programs to support. We can sponsor an eligible individual or organization in their request for funding, who can clearly demonstrate community benefits along with their great idea.

Currently, the application process for 2026 ReDi Grants is open with a deadline of February 20, 2026 for submissions. ReDi Grants (Resident Directed Grants) program, funded by the Columbia Basin Trust, supports projects that benefit the broad community and public good.

Other opportunities for funding Slocan Solutions may offer support through include: RDCK Discretionary Fund, Heritage BC, Fish and Wildlife Compensation Program, CBT Environmental Grants, Columbia Kootenay Cultural Alliance, and Recreation Commission #6.

So, if you've got a big, beautiful idea and you need a local champion to support your community project or program get in touch, let's talk through some details, and see about getting that idea of yours off the ground.

Contact Richard Johnson or Nicky Blackshaw with Slocan Solutions Society at slocansolve@gmail.com

Formed in May 2011, Slocan Solutions Society is an umbrella organization that supports unregistered groups that have a good community idea but are not organized into a society structure. The focus is to promote a shared vision that enhances the cultural, social, economic and environmental development of Slocan Valley communities. In our first year, we supported three community projects by applying for grants from Recreation Commission #6 and we've continued to grow from there.

UpDraftsville

The holidays are over & the days short and dark, nonetheless in UpDraftsville there is a definite buzz of excitement. Villagers have clearly 'caught the lantern bug' from their sister village on the other side of the gossamer veil that divides the dimensions. At home and in the village hall lanterns are materializing and the organized sorts have already finished.

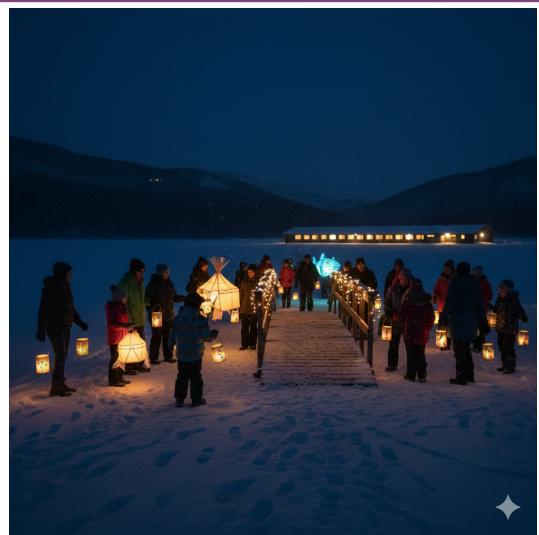
The last Saturday in January draws nigh and finally arrives. We wouldn't want to miss the parade so let's slip across...



As the hour approaches, the festival team hold their breath for a dry night. Wind and rain together would be a nightmare. Fire Chief Clark is anxious about icy streets.



Dreaming of dragons, cats and clowns folk get busy. At the playschool, tin cans turn into lanterns. A plan is afoot rurally for a yurt lantern village. No idea is unworthy but some are unattainable in the time remaining.



Slowly participants begin to gather by the lake. 'Last minute Lizzy' with her still wet lantern rushes up to join them.



For many, the very best moment will be stopping to wave to the residents as the procession passes by their care home. Perhaps the next best moment will be the sight of the bonfires at the village hall, soon with lanterns surrounding them.



Peace & Light to the good folk of UpDraftsville

Testimonials & Afterword

-Amazing story, love the pictures. Olga was a sweet lady.

-I'm reading Updraft and drinking my coffee. The family history story was very cool.

-Beautiful Rosalie!!!! A very Happy New Year to you!

-It really is special- the photos and story - what a treat!

-Thank you! Very special.

-What an amazing issue Rosalie, and a fabulous start to 2026 for UpDraft.

-What a lovely surprise from UD today! And what a story! Loved it.

-Updraft=Uplifting!!! Thank you, thank you! Can we expect a soft cover book of the artist's story soon?

-Beautiful work, sincerely. Thank you for your hard work on this passion project and to bring it to life.

-Thank you! What a lovely surprise. The pictures sure brought back memories for me.

-Nice little story! Simple, heartwarming, life lesson, friend support, rings true.

-I like the article about Pete

-Incredible Issue. Memories live on in print. Congratulations

-It was so good, the pictures are amazing

-That was such a sweet story. Thank you Rosalie, Peter for sharing and team

-Just read Olga's story again we couldn't believe the artwork. that's awesome. the pictures are amazing ..

-That was such a sweet story. Thank you Rosalie, Peter for sharing and team.

-I am really enjoying the content and the newsletter. Thank you for providing this service to the community!

UpDraft as regular readers know by now is an evolving entity. It seems to have a mind of its own which makes it fun for us. What began as a simple community newsletter has grown both in complexity and audience.

For me I think of it sometimes as a sophisticated biweekly magazine, beauty always being a thread. At others as simply a communication tool for the community. On another level, the level where I apply myself most completely, I see it as a peaceful room appointed with lovely things and a quiet atmosphere. The door is firmly closed to social media with its attendant hype and negativity where animosity is almost normal.

In UpDraft with each new issue, we can find appreciation for the achievements and contributions of others. Some are 'now gone from our sight' and others very much present. The language spoken in this room is civil, positive and hopefully engaging. Here we choose to celebrate the good that defines us as a community. At UpDraft we believe that the better we know our neighbours and our history, the more latitude we might find for the efforts, beliefs and struggles of others and the more at home we ourselves become within this wonderful community.

Therefore we hope you like our UpDraft sanctuary and should you feel inclined we'd love you to contribute. The collection is eclectic; furniture moves at intervals and really, it isn't the New Yorker so don't be afraid of not measuring up. There are chairs of all shapes and sizes. All are welcome if the atmosphere appeals.

-Rosalie

January:

*Submit: Jan. 11 Publish Jan. 14

*Submit: Jan. 24 Publish Jan. 28

February:

*Submit: Feb. 7 Publish Feb. 11

*Submit: Feb. 21 Publish Feb. 25

