

HAABC 2014 Annual Conference

Change is a good thing! That was the conclusion of the HA Board and participants at the recent HAABC conference after winding up a very successful four days of events, workshops, tours and meetings. From the very first day, the Richmond venue for the 2014 HAABC Conference worked out well for attendees, as the opening workshops, Environmental Management and Strategic Planning were filled to capacity.

The meet and greet was in a cozy waterfront room; the perfect setting for harbour people! The River Rock Resort and Conference Center provided a variety of areas for large and small groups to

gather and discuss relevant issues, ask questions, laugh and enjoy the company of others in the industry. This location's proximity to the airport, rapid transit and it's on-site hotel helped in keeping the participant's close and networking long after the scheduled sessions ended.

Conference team Bob Baziuk and Janet Rooke kept the conference agenda moving along in a timely manner, and although the days were long and the information provided sometimes overwhelming, people left the room energized and ready for more. Port Edward was our host harbour this year; Keri and Tammy put a lot of work into their presentation, providing us with an overview of their facilities and the importance of the harbour in their community.

Some agenda items, like derelict boats, have been discussed over and over the past few years; it was encouraging to see creative and quick solutions coming from the harbours, and a better flow of communication through Transport Canada, Receiver of Wrecks. It is rewarding to see the growth of the HA association and it's members when successes are highlighted, and this reinforces the value of the annual conferences.

Harbour tours were always popular at previous conferences, and proved to be again this year. Chris Lougheed proudly toured us through his facility in Ladner, and Bob and Joel Baziuk narrated us through the extensive Steveston harbour. The tour finished up with a hosted visit of the Historical Gulf of Georgia Cannery. The HAABC is happy to report the raffle and 50/50 funds raised this year by our members was donated to the museum, and we were able to present them with a cheque for \$750.



Photo courtesy Christina Engel

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Ladner Harbour Authority Tour Photo courtesy Bob Baziuk

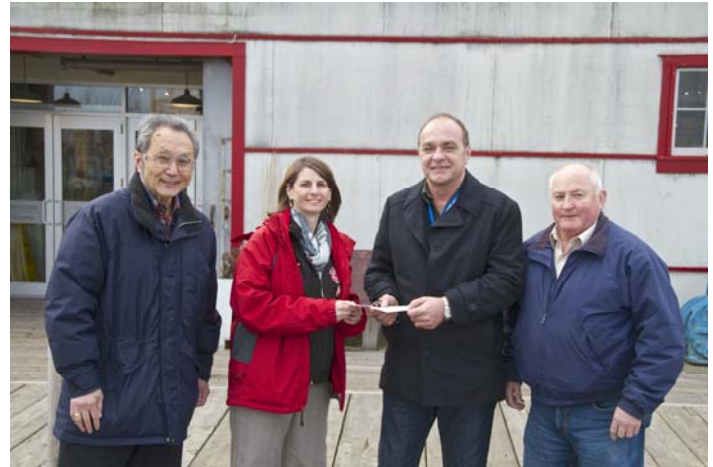
The AGM portion of the conference went quickly, with the possibility of the 2015 conference in Prince Rupert discussed. Elections were held, with the only change being Bob's retirement from the Board and his son Joel stepping in as the lower mainland zone representative. Maureen Nordstrom was elected president, Lutz Budde, Vice president and Robin Millar Sec/Treasurer.

Following the Thursday evening banquet we were delighted to host Anna Gustafson, comedian, TED presenter, and daughter of a prominent West Coast troller. She struck a cord with everyone in the room when she discussed volunteerism, saying thanks, and recognizing the strength of the collective.

Friday wrapped up with zone meetings, and lots of topics brought up that will be addressed throughout the year at the Board level, with SCH and in future zone meetings.

As always the Board and Leslie would like to thank the Pacific SCH team for their support and participation. A follow-up survey will be sent soon to make sure we have met and will continue to meet the needs of the members, and ensure each and every harbour knows the HAABC is there to make their job easier.

Mo Nordstrom



Gulf of Georgia Cannery Presentation

Pictured from left: Jim Kojima, Treasurer, GGCS; Rebecca Clarke, Executive Director, GGCS, Bob Baziuk, past HAABC President; Ralph Turner, past chair, GGCS

Photo courtesy Joel Baziuk

And more from Anna Gustafson

At the HAABC Conference in Vancouver recently, I spoke of lessons learned. Things I'd gleaned growing up as a dock rat running around Lund Harbour. Easy for me to have the warm, fuzzy frame of reference from here in Toronto, having a couple decades and a few thousand miles distance. I'm not the one that has to haul myself out to a harbour meeting tonight. Although it's a distanced perspective, sometimes that's the best place to see beauty from.

When you grow up in a small community and then move to a massive city, the vastness in the differences are something you notice instinctively. What I most admire *in the deal you got rigged up there* is the way you've figure out how to get things done. Two different entities with the same purpose and need, essentially, to keep harbours safe and sustainable.

On one side you have The Feds. Those that are responsible for deciding who gets work done in their harbour, usually with someone higher up the Fed ladder wanting ever penny justified. With the added pressure of having to deliver it in both official languages at any time! That's just how government works, not that I'm an expert on how government works effectively considering who my mayor is right now. Canadians that pay taxes, me included, want to know where those tax dollars are going so somebody's gotta be able to answer those questions. I'm glad it's not me.

On the flip side you have passionate volunteers and dedicated employees keeping these harbour communities running like a tight ship. And like any ship, with a flair for managing the unpredictable. As a fishing community they are at the mercy of things like the weather and sometimes a whole entire species of salmon deciding to take a hard right instead of their centuries old predictable path. You need to be able to think on your feet and manage what comes at you out of left field.

My point being, these are polar opposite styles of management yet somehow, you figure out how to communicate and keep the life blood of our coasts vibrant and productive. My Sou'Wester is off to you! Yes I still have one. Terrible Ontario winter hat.

While I referenced many things that I learned as a fisherman's daughter, I don't always "get" everything my Dad does. However, one circumstance that resonates deeply with me is how he explains coming home. To the harbour.

At the end of the day as the sun started to sink, he'd pull up the lines, coil the flashers neatly and secure the hootchies carefully before closing the stern cover. He'd radio my Mom to tell his love that he was on his way, point the boat toward Lund and push the throttle forward. As the sky darkened behind him, the phosphorus would start to glint in the bow wake. Freddy Fender would sing of wasted days and wasted nights on the eight-track player, ironic song choice for a fisherman. Dad would sit on his perch, steer with his foot and sip a little nip of Johnny Walker Red from a diesel scented melmac cup. This I get.

Best advice I could give someone, advice that nobody in this land without salt water would understand, is to keep what you've built as the place you call home. This diverse community of trollers, gillnetters, seiners, dragners, sporties and yachts. This place that I still feel like I'm heading home to when I visit. This part, this "why", is what will get you through the meetings with the damn high fallutin' professionals spouting off all their fancy ideas and proposals.



Photo courtesy Bob Baziuk

Anna out.