25, 26, 27 September 2026
Camp and Cycle Trails around Erickson MB

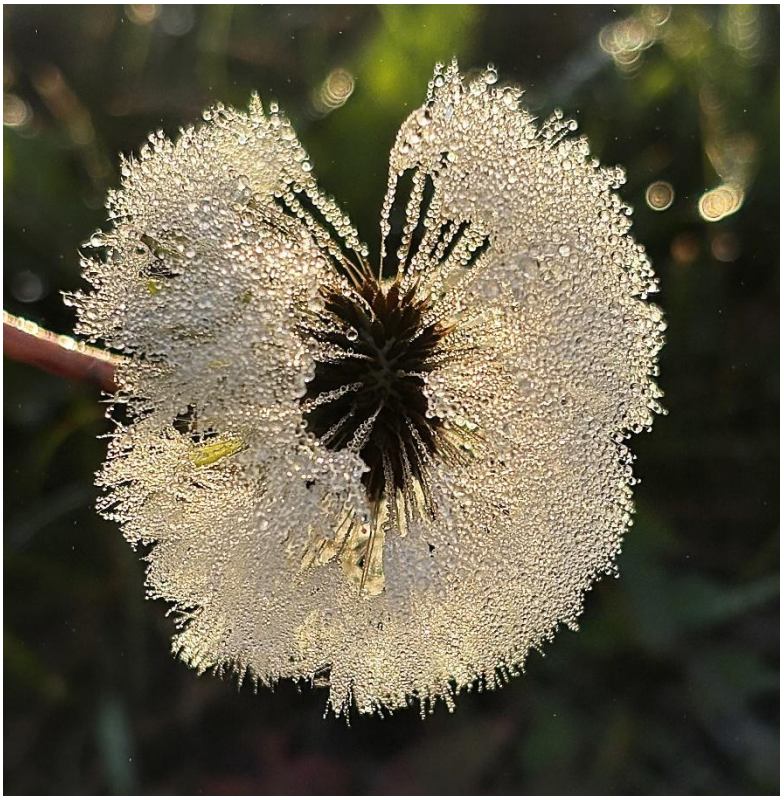
Well, that was the plan. But Mother Nature led us to change our plans.

Di and Spirit, Cathy, Judy and Bert set up camp on the Erickson campgrounds in glorious weather on Thursday afternoon, September 24. Di was first to arrive and chased a bear off her campsite before pitching her tent. After a typical club campout supper, we walked the TransCanada Trail to the floating dock on Leda Lake, to listen for birds, but to no avail. In silence, we watched a beautiful sunset over the lake as fog rolled in.









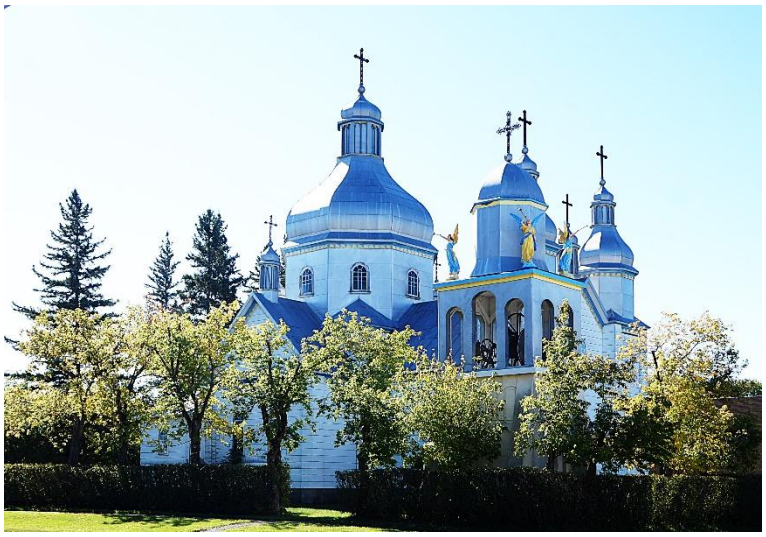
Despite the night being quite warm, there was a heavy dew in the morning. Di, fascinated by dandelions with tiaras, took this photograph.

After breakfast on Friday morning, Di, Spirit and Cathy left while Michele, Kelly and Clarke arrived for a bike ride to Sandy Lake. We set out under clear skies and comfortable temperatures. The Trans Canada Trail to Sandy Lake was mostly in good condition, but there were a few small wet spots and exposed stones made the ride on some sections a bit rough.

A few miles out of Sandy Lake, a dog joined our ride, and ran with us all the way to town, and about four kilometers from town, Michele and Bert crossed paths with a coyote. Unlike the dog, the coyote chose not to join the cyclists.

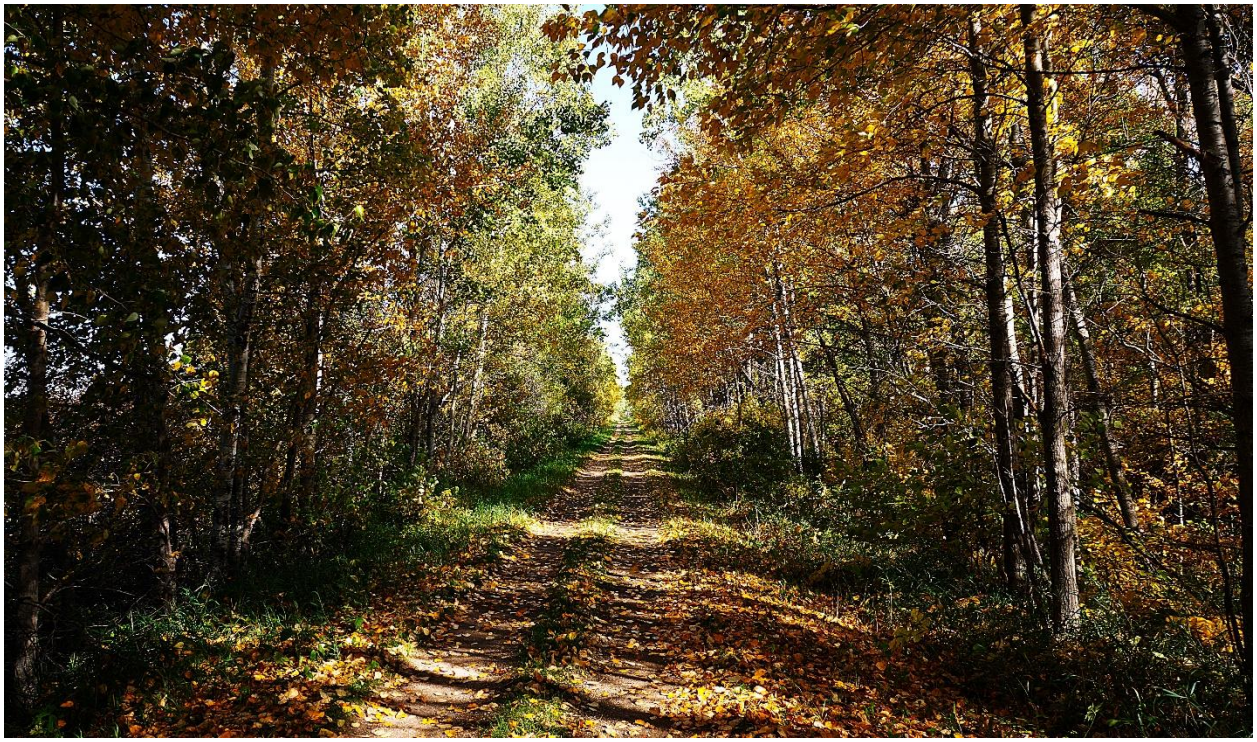


We toured Sandy Lake before going to Pioneers Restaurant where the Tin Man from the Wizard of Oz joined us for lunch on the patio. Pioneers served gluten free pizza for Michele and Kelly, and sandwiches on homemade buns for the rest of us. Servings were generous and tasty.









On the ride back, we had warm temperatures and clear skies, most of the way. We stopped at the snowmobile shelter where someone had a fire going in the stove, which turned the warming shack into a sauna.



Over the week, the weather forecast for Erickson changed from all sunshine and bliss, to a slight possibility of showers on Friday night and Saturday, then to rain on Friday night and Saturday. Given the clear skies we were cycling under, that didn't seem likely until a few

kilometers out of Erickson, when the winds picked up, the sky quickly clouded over and temperatures dropped.

Back in camp, Judy and Bert assessed the situation. They were the only campers; only one person had indicated an interest in riding on Saturday, and their interest was conditional on the weather, and; no one had expressed an interest in a Sunday ride. They asked themselves, “Are we serious wilderness club members or just candy-ass campers?” They packed up their bikes and camping gear, accepted a supper invitation from Michele and Kelly at Kerr Lake. After supper they returned to the comfort of Judy’s house in Brandon.

This report was prepared by Bert, the candy-ass camper.