

As we approached land, we heard someone say we'd probably have to wade waist-deep to reach shore.

many of us to shoulder a pack, and the challenge of carrying it, along with tents, sleeping bags, cooking equipment and food, was looked forward to with varying degrees of enthusiasm.

Putting a number of dunes between us and the car graveyard, we made camp just about in the middle of the island, halfway between the bay and the ocean.



ISLAND PLAGUE is represented on Cape Look-out from one end to the other by scattered

clusters of cars, deserted by their mainland owners. (Photo by Ross Bryant)