The Voice of Lund

Proceeds to the Lund Community Society

Lund Marine and Machine Shop - a brief history

Adrian Redford

Editor's Note: The old Lund Marine Ways is being dismantled and taken away as another piece of Lund history bites the dust. New things will come from it though, and that's a good thing since it has sat rusting and been years since it was used. Here is a brief history, with more to come in a future Barnacle.



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and so much more!			

Photo courtesy Andrew Johnson

Frank Osborne arrived in Lund around 1905, shortly before, or after, the original Lund Hotel was opened. He must have liked the area and decided to stay.

It's hard to imagine how difficult it would be to build a one-cylinder marine gas engine, but Frank Osborne built several of them, of his own design and ingenuity, in a foundry that he also built, which became the original Lund Machine Shop. The Osborne engine must have been pretty good, as somewhere down the line the Easthope Bros., of the famous Easthope engines, sued Frank Osborne, claiming that his design infringed on the Easthope patent, thereby ending the progression of the Osborne engine!

The foundry was also used to make Babbitt bearings for repairing engines in need. Coal fires were used to heat the forges sufficiently for melting the metal.

Continued on page 3...

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The Lund Community Society

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Publication Schedule and Distribution

The Lund Barnacle is published quarterly in winter (January), spring (April), summer (July), and fall (October), and is available for sale at the following locations: Lund Post Office, Lund Store, Nancy's Bakery, and Ecossentials. It also can be read at the Powell River Public Library and is available online at the Lund Community Society website: https://www.lundcommunity.com/barnacle

Editorial Policy

Our policy is to print what people submit in their own words as much as possible, respecting the paper's purpose to provide a forum for expression of ideas on topics of interest to Lund community members. We reserve the right to edit for clarity, length, and sensitivity. Articles submitted will be included based on available space and compatibility. Opinions expressed or implied in articles and stories are those of the authors and not the editors of the Barnacle or Board members of the Lund Community Society.

Signed submissions are welcome in the form of articles, stories, news items, letters to the editor, graphics, and photographs. Send to: barnacle.articles@gmail.com

All proceeds from sales and advertising go to the Lund Community Society, a non-profit organization providing community services and programs to Lund and the region. The editorial staff of the Barnacle are volunteers, as are the Board of the Lund Community Society. No editor, contributor, or member of the Board receives a salary or wages.

Editorial

Rainy enough for you? And this is only the beginning! Hopefully, your wood is split and under cover, your rain gutters are emptied, and your hoses disconnected. Winter is a coming.

Welcome to the fall issue! I was stunned when we discovered we were at 44 pages again. This publication has a waistline that wants to keep expanding, just like many of ours do!

We have some really interesting articles and stories to share with you in this issue, as well as some new contributing writers who vow to be regulars. When the rain has socked you in, you can cozy-up to the fire and have a good read.

BTW, although I am grateful for the new bus shelters which will keep bus riders out of inclement weather, I am dismayed that they look so not-Lund! We have many skilled carpenters in Lund who could have made beautiful Lundish shelters just as utilitarian and for probably a fraction of the cost. Sigh.

And while I'm at it, the federal election results are just in a I write this. I'm glad they are not worse. The clock is ticking though. I wonder when the discomfort of watching our world deteriorate in our lifetime with a fair certainty of worsening in future is going to hurt enough? What will stop us from continuing to "get while the gettin's still good" when what is needed is a drastic change in our lifestyles to avert what sure looks like disaster to me?

-- Sandy

We sincerely appreciate the support of our advertisers and encourage readers to support our local businesses.

We invoice annually for advertising, unless alternate arrangements are made. Invoices will be sent out after the fall issue 2019.

Advertising Rates

Business Card Size: \$10.00 Double Business Card & 1/6 Page Size: \$20.00 Quarter Page: \$30.00

Send to: barnacleadvertising@twincomm.ca

Next edition is January 2020

Deadline for submissions is January 10, 2020;

but reservations for article space are needed in advance and ads need to be submitted by the fifth of the month.



Lund Barnacle Printer

Continued from page 1...

Jens Sorensen bought Osborne's holding of the machine shop around 1939. He had worked in Theodosia and Squamish, where he gained the experience necessary to acquire his steam ticket. For many years he operated a much respected marine business. He liked to blow his steam whistle at starting and quitting time every day!



Photo courtesy Dave Scherger



Photo courtesy Andrew Johnson

Lund was a busy place back then. The shop serviced many fishermen and logging companies such as the L M &N camp (Longacre, Moore & Neufeld), Hollingsworth Logging, Bourassa Bros., Bill Martin and Clarence Keeling, to name a few. The marine "ways" were built for hauling boats out of the water for emergency repairs and for regular maintenance.

Lund Marine has played an important part in the history of Lund. After Jens' death, his family ran the operation for a number of years, until John Nassichuk and his partner John Groves purchased the business in 1989. John Groves sold his share to Jim Walker in 1993/94, who continued to operate the shop with John Nassichuk for several years until the business died quietly of natural causes.



Lund Community Society Update

Alisha Van Belle

This is not a long update as we took a break for the summer, but there are some exciting things to talk about. We held the first of what we hope to make an annual event: Lund Dayz! On July 20, we took over the Gazebo with vendors, food, music, and kids' activities. The turn-out was exceptional for the band, The Wildwood Social Club, and they played into the wee hours of the morning as the crowd did not want to stop dancing. It was very nice to participate in something so

quintessentially "Lund". We even made some money at this event! We welcome ideas to make next year's event even more fun.

September brought us back to meetings again as we plan the Lund Christmas Craft Fair, happening on November 23 from 10:00 am – 4:00 pm at the Italian Hall. It seems that there are more vendors asking than spots at this popular event, and our experienced

volunteers seem to have everything in hand. Once again, we will have the Lund Puddle Jumpers Preschool hold down a Kidz Zone and kick off their annual Raffle ticket sales. The food at this Fair is always fabulous, so come shop and have lunch!

You might be wondering what is happening with the plans for the addition we dream of to the Northside Community Recreation Center (NCRC)...so do we. There is some progress on the in-depth inspection that we are needing before moving forward. The qathet Regional District now has the money for this inspection and it is supposed to happen in November. After this inspection, we have been assured we can move forward on plans, plus have an easier time accessing grants and other

funding. Fingers crossed that this is so. Meanwhile, the NCRC is well used and loved and still in good shape.

NCRC is well used and loved and still in good shaped the still in good start to a productive year!



Photo courtesy Brian Voth





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What's Happening in Lund?

Oct. 27	Flea Market, Bake Sale, and Kids' Art Show - NCRC	10:00 am - 2:00 pm
Oct. 31	Halloween Bash - Lund Resort (in the Pub)	1:00 pm - 5:00 pm
	Costumes, face painting, kids' games, and trick-or-treats	
Oct. 31	Community Halloween Party - Craig Park	7:00 pm
	Northside Volunteer Fire Dept sponsored. Bonfire,	
	fireworks, free hot dogs and juice, and candy for the kids	
Nov. 2	After August plays the Pub	7:00 pm - midnight
Nov. 16	Childcare Planning Strategy Focus Group - NCRC	10:00 am - 11:30 am
Nov. 19	Lund Community Society Meeting - NCRC	7:00 pm
	All are welcome	
Nov. 23	Lund Christmas Craft Fair - the Italian Hall, Wildwood	10:00 am - 4:00 pm
	Find unique, local, handmade arts and crafts, and	
	the best lunch and homemade baking to be found	
	anywhere	
Jan. 21	Lund Community Society Meeting - NCRC	7:00 pm
	All are welcome	
Jan. 24	Lund Community Society Potluck and AGM - NCRC	potluck at 6:00 pm
	All are invited and welcome to participate	meeting at 7:00 pm

ORCA Bus with StrongStart on board for kids 0 – 5 years old at the NCRC on Mondays, October 28, November 18, December 9, January 6 and 27 from 10:00 am – 2:00 pm. Free.

Playing Around Puppet Theatre – Tidal Art Centre – various puppet shows every Sunday in November (Nov. 3, 10, 17, 24). Suggested donation \$5.00.

Lifeskills for Dogs – dog training with Sandy Middletton at the NCRC on Sunday afternoons at 2:00 pm, starting November 10 – December 15 (six weeks). Call her for more information and to register at (604) 483-DOGS or email her at sandy@bestfriendsdogtraining.ca.

Tidal Art Centre (at 9971 Finn Bay Road) is hosting three artists in residence. Writer Julia Steele is also leading yoga on Saturdays, Mondays, and Thursdays from 4:30 to 5:45, through late November. Wood sculptor Conrad Sarzynick is there through October and can be found working on a large cedar sculpture. Naoko Fukumaru is currently focusing on "Kintsugi", the repair of objects celebrating the break as part of the object's history. Call (604) 414-5954 for more information.

ongoing at the NCRC

Mondays	Playgroup	10:00 am – 12:00 pm
	This is a great way to get out and meet other	

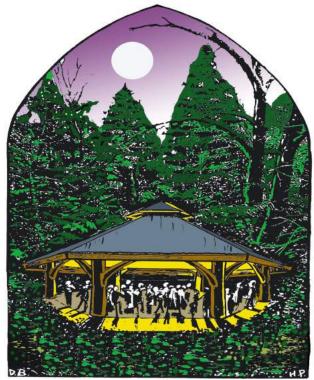
families and let your babies and toddlers play

together. Bring a snack to share.

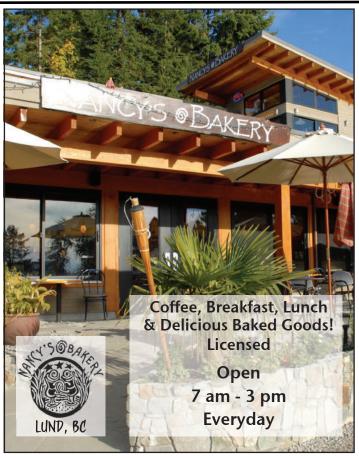
Tuesdays Hatha Yoga - all levels 5:00 pm - 6:15 pm Thursdays Tai Chi 5:00 pm - 7:00 pm

If you have an event that you would like to announce, please contact the Barnacle at barnacle.articles@gmail.com.





To book events at the Northside Community Recreation Centre, contact Kristi at 604-414-0628. For events at the Klah ah men Lund Gazebo Regional Park, call qRD Operational Services Clerk Caroline Visser at (604) 487-1380.





Take the Bus!

CURRENT SCHEDULE

Only \$2.25 takes you right to the Town Centre Mall where you can do all your shopping, have lunch, meet friends, or get to your appointments. Then for \$2.25 you can catch the bus back. Cheaper than driving!

October - January: Tuesday and Friday

Leave Lund: (Mile 0 marker)

Leave Town Centre Mall (north end)

11:00 am 4:50 pm

10:05 am 4:05 pm

Telecommunications Tower Coming to Lund?

Margaret Leitner

Information about a proposed cell tower to be erected by Telus Communications was recently presented to qathet Regional District Board Directors and sent to residents in the immediate vicinity of the proposed structure. Innovation, Science, and Economic Development Canada (ISED) has exclusive jurisdiction over the approval and placement of telecommunications installations, including the one proposed for Lund. The tower, which will reach approximately ten metres above the tree line, is expected to improve mobile and wireless internet services within five kilometres north and south of the tower location and include Lund and Savary Island. It will not impact Okeover residents and will be compatible only with Telus equipment.

As part of the public consultation process required by ISED, according to Telus consultant Chad Marlatt, Telus "is inviting the public to comment on the proposed telecommunications facility consisting of a 35.0 metre [100 feet] monopole tower and ancillary radio equipment at 9561 Larson Road, Lund". Residents may contact Chad Marlatt at (604) 620-0877 or chad@cypresslandservices.com by the end of the business day on November 15, 2019 with comments, concerns, and for more information.

For a report on Mr. Marlatt's presentation to qathet Regional District, see https://www.prpeak.com/news/proposal-involves-better-internet-and-cellular-service-for-lund-1.23974488. General information relating to antenna systems may be found at the ISED web site: http://www.ic.gc.ca/eic/site/ic-gc.nsf/eng/07422.html .

Concerned Citizens Group Forms

Jason Lennox

A group of concerned citizens has formed a committee for all of the residents and landowners of the Lund area to understand the issues and concerns surrounding the proposed Telus cell tower facility in the middle of our neighbourhood. This group will function under the name "Concerned Citizens of Lund" and use the email ccoflund@gmail.com or phone (604)414-8073.

We will endeavour to hold a community meeting **asap** to review all of the serious impacts that this proposal will have on our community, our homes, and our livelihoods. Please reach out to us via the email above to receive info.

Please understand that **the clock is ticking** on this proposal and we encourage all citizens to submit their concerns and objections to our group so that we may include them in our submission to the appropriate Telus contact.

We have met as neighbours and we strongly feel that a huge cell tower installation in the middle of our homes, as close as 150 feet from several front doors, is not acceptable for many reasons.

There is strength in numbers and we want everyone to understand what is being proposed in our neighbourhood! Your neighbourhood could be next! **The clock is ticking! Please act now!**

Region-wide Childcare Planning Strategy

Janet Newbury and Marlane Christensen

Are you a parent/guardian of **children aged 0-12**?

Would you like to have a say in a region-wide childcare planning strategy?

Please join our focus group at the Northside Community Recreation Centre at the corner of Larson Road and Hwy 101 in Lund on Saturday, November 16th from 10:00 -11:30 am.

If you need childcare at the meeting, you **must** RSVP to janet.newbury@gmail.com (Please also email if you need other supports to enable your participation).

Here is the link where people can find survey and other information about the Childcare Planning project AFTER November 1: www.participatepr.ca

It is important for us to hear the perspectives of those living north of town and on Savary!



Fall Hours:

5pm to 8pm Monday to Friday 12pm to 8pm Saturdays, Sundays, and Holidays.

If you would like to join us during the day, just call us and we are happy to open for you.

Roy M Blackwell · 604-483-2201

Reservations or pick-up orders are welcome Follow us on Facebook for up-to-date events www.boardwalkrestaurantpowellriverlund.com



Tidal Art Centre is excited to host three Artists in Residence.

Julia Steele, writer, is working on a novel and leading yoga on Saturdays, Mondays and Thursdays at 4:30 through late November.

Conrad Sarzynick is here through October and working on a large cedar sculpture.

Naoko Fukumaru is working on several projects and is currently focusing on "Kintsugi" the repair of objects celebrating the break as part of the object's history.

Plus, Sandy Dunlop presents her fabulous puppet shows every Sunday in November at 2 pm. It's going to be fun!

Other times, please call if you'd like to drop by. We'd love to see you but we are not always in the studio.

604 414 5954 • info@tidalartcentre.com

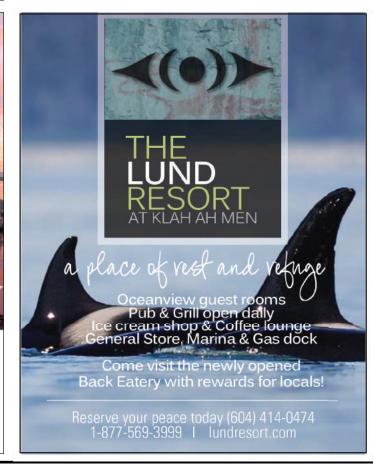


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qathet Regional District Update

Patrick Brabazon, Director, Area A qathet Regional Board Chairman

While living and working in Victoria, I was a regular passenger on public transit. An excellent bus service provided a convenient and economic means of commuting to work or a hassle-free visit to downtown. Yes, it rains in Victoria, but many bus stops had shelters and downtown had store fronts where you could wait.

Shift forward in time and space and I find myself in a rural area with no bus service at all, let alone shelters! Rural

transit [Paratransit] is a joint venture of regional districts and BC Transit with the latter funding some 50% of the cost. When elected to the Regional Board, I argued for a regional service that would permit people in, say Lund, to travel to work in Powell River and return later. We got two runs a week; not what was needed but a start.

Onward. Starting next year, we will have one more run for a total of three days a week. One more small step on this very long road.

One big step is getting some of us out of the rain and into a lighted shelter. Better yet, BC Transit has provided 80% of the cost and community works funding [federal gas tax] provided the balance. With our area getting two of the four shelters offered, we can be thankful while still recognizing the need for more. But more we will go for. One more day of service; one more shelter; one more means of making it easier to live and work outside of town. Onward indeed.





Photo courtesy Brian Voth





Lund Harbour Manager Change

Harold Robertson, Director Lund Harbour Authority

Darlene Denholm was hired as Lund Harbour Authority's Harbour Manager in April 2012. Over the next seven years she worked diligently to improve harbour operations, upgrade all facets of the accounting and administrative systems, maximise revenues, minimise wherever possible our expenses, and improve relations with Small Craft Harbours, our landlord.

She also became increasingly involved with the Harbour Authority Association of BC to the point where earlier this year they persuaded her to join them full time as their Administrator! Fortunately for us, our part-time assistant manager and maintenance guru, John Wilkinson, agreed to work full-time over the busy summer months allowing Darlene to make an orderly transition to her new position. We wish her well.

We were extremely lucky to have had three wonderful ladies work as dock assistants over the summer: Paege



Lund Harbour Authority

PO BOX 78 Lund BC V0N 2G0

Paege Maltais
Harbour Manager

VHF Radio Channel 73 Tel 604 483-4711 lundharbour-wharfinger@twincomm.ca Maltais, Marla DeGrave, and Shanelle Sarpalius. They all were competent and loved by our customers. We had more than a dozen applicants for the harbour manager's position and after much angst and deliberation, the selection committee chose Paege Maltais.

Paege lives in Lund. She's grown up on the coast and had experience with a wide variety of vessels from runabout skiffs to ferries. She has a great thirst for knowledge and has learned much about the workings of our harbour in the three busy seasons she has spent with us. With John as her mentor, I am confident she will succeed and become a valuable asset to our community. Welcome aboard Paege!



Photo courtesy Puddle Jumpers Preschool

On the Road to Tokyo 2020

Malerie Meeker



Photos courtesy Union Cycliste Internationale

Hoisting the 2019 World Cup above his head, my son Tristen Chernove tweeted "Mission Success!" The World Cup is awarded to the cyclist with the most points over the season's World Cup series of road races. This is the first year Tristen has been able to make it to all the races and he was rewarded for the effort! He also won



the equivalent award - the Omnium - for the highest points in 2019 World Championship Series of track races. Notwithstanding this triumph, it has been a rough racing season. Tristen was plagued by numerous mechanical problems which robbed him of some sure victories.

In the second picture, Tristen is taking off in the Netherlands on a 68 km race, hoping to defend his 2018 championship. Despite official protests from several international teams, including Canada, the course included a narrow bike lane which had to accommodate riders who set off in groups of 80 to 100. An unheard of 6+ crashes occurred, with some riders taken to hospital on back boards. As a rider in the lead peloton, Tristen was taken out in the third lap; and though unharmed, his partner – his bike – didn't fare as well. A number of riders dropped out of this race after the crashes, but not all. With a twisted bike stuck in one gear, Tristen

was up and off again. He rode for 16 kms where he met up at the side of the track with his coach, Guillaume, and switched bikes. He fought his way back to the front and finished fifth.

These are the stories that fill me with pride. The heart of a lion. True Canadian grit! Bring on Tokyo 2020. Go Canada...Go Tristen!





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- Discover beautiful Savary Island
- Drop offs at Sarah Point, start of the Sunshine Coast Trail, or at various local coastal destinations

Reservations Recommended



Let's Talk GLASS

Ingalisa Burns of Let's Talk Trash

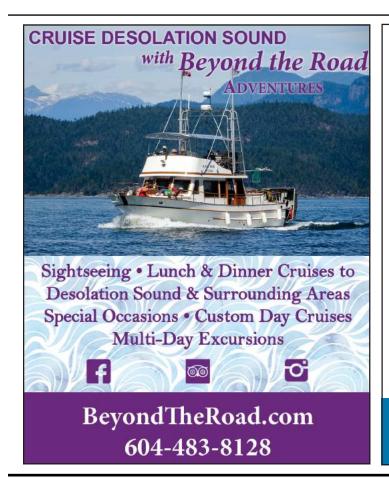
Glass is everywhere. Clear, clean, attractive, non-reactive, cheap, and strong – it has a wide variety of uses. Its forms are many - from light bulbs to mirrors, fiberglass boat hulls to blown glass sculptures, and insulation to windows. Where does glass go at the end of its life? How can we make better use of this incredible re-useable resource?

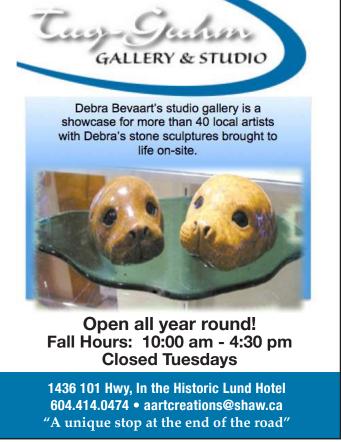
Made from a combination of sand, recycled glass, soda ash, and limestone, glass is achieved by being heated in a high-heat furnace. Soda ash is added to reduce the melting point, making it more energy efficient - adding recycled glass has this effect, too. An unfortunate drawback of adding soda ash is creating a type of glass that would dissolve in water, so limestone is added to counteract this effect.

By adding different chemicals to glass, it changes its properties and appearance. Tempered glass, bulletproof glass, oven-proof glass, crystal, and coloured glass are all achieved through different recipes, often involving the addition of metals like copper, iron, or a solvent, like boric oxide. Beyond the questionable mining practices for some of these materials, adding them to glass affects the recycling industry, as glass may need to be separated into different categories to be recycled back into a similar product. This is only one reason that some types of glass are not accepted at many recycling depots.

Recycle BC is the non-profit that processes most of our packaging and printed paper. *Packaging*, being the operative word here, as it is not responsible for recycling any types of *products*. A drinking glass, pyrex pie plate, or pane of glass are not *packaging*, but rather, *products*. The producers of glass *packaging* pay a fee to Recycle BC that funds the recycling of their product's packaging at the end of its life. The producers of glass *products* pay no such fee, so, at least right now, there is no program designed to pay for their recycling.

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Speaking of glass and recycling depots, you may be aware that in the city of Powell River where we have curbside collection, glass is not allowed. Recycle BC opted out for glass in curbside bins for the simple reason that glass is breakable. One broken jar can make an entire recycling truck's load contaminated and thus non-recyclable. This is the same reason why styrofoam is only collected at recycling depots.

When it comes to glass *beverage* containers, you may also have noticed, they aren't meant for the curbside bin or the regional recycling depots. Beyond contaminating curbside bins, glass beverage bottles have a deposit that can only be recovered at the Return-It Depot (7127 Duncan Street) or through many charities and binners willing to do the sorting in exchange for the refund. Return-It's deposits motivate public participation very effectively. In fact, over 87% of glass beverage containers are returned for cash in BC.

Powell River's current way of managing glass packaging has changed a lot over the years. Here is a quick timeline, or our little *glass from the past*:

- From **1971 to 1994** our garbage was incinerated in a pit burner operated by the City of Powell River. No longer in operation, it is still at the municipal gravel pit just north of Willingdon Beach Park. Any glass that came in was separated out because it would otherwise melt into a blob at the bottom of the pit. With no recycling program in place at the time, a large pile of glass formed, and still sits on site.
- In **1994** the Ministry of Environment ordered the City to close the pit burner due to its inability to comply with air emissions standards and now this site is in need of remediation. The good news story that you may already have heard is that the qathet Regional District was able to secure a \$6 million grant to help with the clean up efforts along with the building of a Resource Recovery Centre by 2022.
- **Before** we opened our six regional recycling depots in **2014**, we had unmonitored green metal bins in a few locations around town. These were collected, and some of the materials were indeed recycled, but the glass was sent to our closest available landfill in Central Washington.
- Since May of 2014, however, our region's recycling of glass graduated to the next level when we signed onto Recycle BC (RBC). We were curious about exactly what happens with the glass packaging they process. According to RBC, most of the glass it collects from Powell River is sent to Abbotsford. There it is prepared to make new glass bottles. If the glass is too contaminated with other materials like food residue, however, it may be sent to Quesnel, BC, to be made into sandblast material or construction aggregate.
- By the **2022** opening of the Resource Recovery Centre, the glass that is currently piled on site will have



- been crushed and integrated into and under the asphalt roads and concrete foundation rather than be moved at great expense off
- At the Resource Recovery Centre, we envision having a glass crusher available that is capable of making use of all types of glass otherwise headed for the landfill.
 Crushed glass could be made available to local artists, people doing home renovation projects, and possibly even sold as aggregate where volumes and construction regulations allow.

Replacing the need to import sand for construction aggregate has become a hot topic, as it is a rapidly depleting resource given our addiction to concrete construction worldwide. Looking into ways to source sand locally may become increasingly relevant as global market prices make it much less

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Continued from page 14...

accessible. Crushed glass is already sought after for use in high-end counter tops, and glass blowing. We have also seen glass tiles made from crushed glass at the previous incarnation of the Gibson's Recycling Depot.

Reusing glass by crushing or pulverizing and then reintegrating into art or construction are great ways to keep this resource local. Reusing glass materials as they are trumps even these uses, however. Glass containers can be transformed into colourful windows in cob construction, flower vases, plastic-free pantry storage, tool shed and craft room organizers, and much more.

Local businesses are getting onboard with deposits on their re-useable glass containers, too, as glass containers can typically be reused dozens of times with only cosmetic scratches. These individual programs, however, don't have great participation rates, because customers need to return the bottles to a store where the product is sold, rather than the one-stop-shop Return-It bottle depot in town. Some local examples of glass bottles that should be returned to individual stores for deposit include items such as kimchi, kombucha, milk, cream, to-go salads, and beauty products like face cream.

A great habit to get into is rinsing deposit bottles as soon as they're empty and storing them in a box near your door. Then, you can easily grab the ones you are replacing just before you head to those shops. Some recycling depot staff and binners in town are also happy to return one-use deposit containers to individual stores in bulk for you. If you support Farmer's Markets, ask vendors if they'd like their bottles back – some don't charge a deposit, but would be delighted to see their bottles returned for reuse.

Curiously, though, it can be hard for a larger scale business to arrange for their bottles to be sterilized and returned quickly enough. Our local beer brewer, Townsite, has refillable growlers, which are super efficient, but they are too small a business to afford their own bottle washer to allow for reusing their glass bottles. It is incredibly more efficient to de-label and sanitize bottles rather than buy new. In fact, this process allows bottles to be used as many as 25 times and could lead to over 90% savings in carbon footprint versus recycling glass. While there are bottle washing depots set up to offer this service, there are none currently in BC.

Perhaps it's fitting that glass is often transparent. We often look right past it, though it's a key part to our daily lives. Take a quick inventory of your surroundings from where you sit, and you'll likely finally see this precious resource for some of what it is in your life. Thank you for doing your part to reduce your planetary impact by returning bottles for reuse, recycling glass at depots, and advocating for reuse of glass locally wherever possible. Send us your creative re-use ideas at info@LetsTalkTrash.ca.

Let's Talk Trash is the qathet Regional District's waste reduction education program.



For the Love of Birds and Our Children

Pierre Geoffray

With one hand I try to create some shade from the reflections of the sun over the ocean; with the other I hold my binoculars to a spot at the edge of the water where a group of small shorebirds has just landed. It is July 10 on the beach at the end of Phillips Road, 15 kms south of Powell River and it is the opening act of fall migration. The first female Western, Least, and Semipalmated Sandpipers are back already! I can barely make out the tiny silhouettes as they scurry along rapidly, following the rise and fall of the waves on the beach in their urgent search for the small crustaceans and plant matter that will fuel them through the next leg of their journey. They were last seen here around mid-May migrating north to their arctic breeding grounds. A rushed two months on the tundra, time to quickly find a mate, court, build a nest, lay and incubate three to four eggs, and the females are on the road again leaving the hatchlings under the responsibility of the males who will stay with them until they fledge 18 to 21 days later. The males will in turn abandon the juveniles and fly south. The young will follow as soon as they have gathered enough strength and weight. They will set forth on their first migration without the guidance of the experienced adults, a dangerous journey across the continent of more than 5,000 kilometres. A majority of them (80 to 90%) will die along the way, falling prey to hawks, raccoon, cats, dogs... Some will get lost at sea during a storm; others will hit the windows of some high-rise at night, lured by the lights of a city. Many more will starve to death, unable to find a safe stopover with enough food and the tranquility that would allow them to gorge and replenish the reserve of fat necessary for this amazing marathon. Unfortunately for them, humans are very fond of the same coastal habitat which is vital to the migrant birds. There we build our waterfront homes; we modify and destroy the estuaries; we noisily play on every beachfront, watch and encourage our dogs and children to chase birds resting in groups or desperately trying to land on the beaches after a long flight. (I witness this daily. Is there anything more entertaining than running in the middle of a large group of gulls, feathers flying, birds screaming in protest?).

This year, very few shorebirds were seen migrating through Powell River. Is this because the rains have kept the fires low and the skies smoke-free along the interior migration route? Is it because of food availability or some other reason? What we know is that shorebird numbers have declined drastically. They probably have done so for a long period but data collected in recent times show their numbers have dropped 50 per cent in less than 50 years. Species breeding in the Arctic are even more affected.

Migration is a powerful and often spectacular event taking place twice a year when animals move from breeding habitat to their wintering grounds or change territory seasonally following the food sources. It is the strategy most commonly employed by species to ensure they will not extinguish the resources necessary to their survival. It is not limited to birds; some mammals and insects are also undergoing migrations. Think of the often-documented migrations of the Caribou or the Monarch butterfly of North America. For birds in Canada, with their ability to cover rapidly very large distances, it often means travelling south to the tropics from Mexico to South America. This is what we commonly associate with migration. However, lots of species will "only" migrate to more temperate areas where they will weather the climate in relative warm conditions, such as the hordes of sparrows and many species of waterbirds that regularly winter along the coasts of British Columbia.

For the bird watcher, spring and fall are the favourite seasons, a moment we impatiently look forward to. During that time, each day can bring new arrivals. Some days will see higher than usual numbers of common species, or, on good days, transient species that don't usually breed locally or, on really lucky days, rare species blown off course by the many hazards of migration. Birders specially relish the latter. Although they appreciate the predictable patterns that come from accumulated knowledge of one's area, the lost birds are the little bonuses that keep us on our toes.

Next spring will be my fortieth spring migration. I was twenty when I was first initiated to the awesomeness of nature's annual grand show. I had never before paid attention to birds. I had been raised in an eight-floor apartment at the edge of a small French city where migration had never been a subject of much concern. That first spring I spent in the Cariboo in central BC was an eye opener. I was working as a ranch hand one afternoon when the grounds suddenly came alive

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around me. All at once the fences and the trees were covered with a moving sea of the cutest little birds I had ever seen. Everywhere I looked, they drooped from the leaves in the bushes, ran and hopped in and out of the corrals like a glittering river, jumped from one pine tree to another, a flurry of blue-black, white and bright yellow feathers that seemed to have no end. I was mesmerized. There were still more birds around the next morning when I woke up and for most of the day they kept moving northward. All of a sudden, as fast as they had appeared, they were gone. By then they had so captured my imagination that on my next trip to Williams Lake the following week, I dropped by the used bookstore in town and to my delight found there was a whole book entirely dedicated to birds, complete with paintings of each species! I was such a novice, the thought of anyone spending a lifetime studying birds had never come to my mind.

The Yellow-rumped Warblers became my first "lifer", the very first species of bird I was able to identify with the help of an already dated Peterson field guide. They marked the beginning of a passion that has affected every day of my life. For the pleasure of admiring and listening to birds, for the challenge of being able to glimpse at a rare species sometimes, but mostly for the grounding sensation of being one with nature, looking at the world around me with a close-up attention that gives me a better understanding of the cycles of seasons and the interdependence of it all and my place into it, I have spent a sizeable part of my life bird-watching.

Forty years is a short period when it comes to tracking changes for species which have evolved over hundreds of thousands of years. During that time, one should not be able to notice any drastic difference in numbers and in species' range. Lately, and sadly enough, I and birders around the world are experiencing the same heartbreaking impression: birds are not anywhere as common as they used to be. Spring morning is not the

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same deafening symphony that used to push me out of bed with yearning anticipation. And not only because my hearing has deteriorated! We are not just talking about some rare species being on the verge of extinction anymore. What we are witnessing is most species - even species once so common that we nearly forgot to count them because they were taken for granted, like chickadees and kinglets and robins and even starlings - have dropped in number in such proportions that it is impossible to ignore.

There are lots of sparrows today jumping from cover on both sides of the road, mostly Savannah's and Lincoln's Sparrows but there are also lots of Golden-crowned, White-crowned, and Song Sparrows, and the first Fox Sparrows of the season have arrived. Lots of birds but not the expected numbers if I compare with my older data... and still no Yellow-rumped Warblers once so numerous! It is September 17. We are at the peak of the fall migration on the Wildwood Bluffs. It is my favourite place to bird in Powell River. Has been for 15 years. With 153 species observed, it is, along with the Old Golf Course in Townsite, the biggest attraction for birds and birders alike along the coastal migration route on our peninsula. In addition, the Bluffs offer a diversity of habitats which makes them first class breeding grounds for a wide variety of birds. This is the place where the biggest number of rarities have been recorded. This year alone, no fewer than four new species were discovered there, two of them breeding. Unfortunately, this is also the place with the most uncertain future. Having been sold for the second time to developers unconcerned with its ecological value, it is being levelled out and drained for a mysterious purpose after the proposal to remove it from the ALR has been refused again to its new owners. Nobody knows exactly what will happen to this remnant of Coastal Douglas Fir forest, the smallest and most endangered of all ecosystems in Canada.

Why was that place sold to foreign investors without trying to find an alternative use for it? Why was it not offered a chance to get some sort of protection before it was turned over to people who do not seem to recognize its true potential? Why, in view of the predictable growth of Powell River, did we not set aside such a wonderful and unique habitat as a park in which both the public and wildlife could coexist?

The Wildwood Bluffs are not the only place of concern. Everywhere along the migration routes, on breeding

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and on wintering grounds, birds (as well as mammals and insects) are losing the survival battles. Their populations are shrinking below sustainable levels and we are unable to protect the remaining pockets of habitat that would be vital to their continuity. Again, what will happen to the Old Golf Course so important for the wintering of sparrow populations and as a stopover for all species during migration? There is no alternative for birds. Unlike us, they will not find other sources of food or suddenly become sedentary. They rely on those few safe havens left available to them for survival.

Since I started writing this paper a couple of weeks ago, a report has come out in *Science* magazine which corroborates my own observations. It is the most comprehensive study on bird population trends ever done and it analyzes data collected over all of North America since 1970. The results are staggering, showing a global population decrease of 29% with some groups like Warblers having lost 70% in less than 50 years. If we don't wake up fast, there will be no birds left to welcome the day, no bears to be admired in our yards,

no bees to pollinate our cultures and, I wonder, who will be the next species to collapse in their wake? One thing I have observed from all those years observing nature: we are all connected.

One last minute addition: I have just learned what is happening on the Bluffs. They will be turned into a winery. 100 acres of grapes in rows strung together with metal wire. A nice monoculture crop clean and accurately dosed with the right amount of pesticides to ensure nothing else will grow. There used to be over 100 plant species providing food and diversity. Well, I guess if everything else ends up failing us, we could always get forgetfully drunk!

Some sources:

Three billion North American birds have vanished since 1970, surveys show, by Elizabeth Pennisi, Sept. 19, 2019, 2:00 pm at Sciencemag.org.

Plummeting insect numbers threaten collapse of nature by Damian Carrington, environment editor for the guardian.com

Mallery Girls to Dance in Disneyland

Kassidy Mallery

On November 20th, 39 competitive dancers aged 7-17, from Powell River's Laszlo Tamasik Dance Academy, will be travelling to Anaheim for a week to dance in Disneyland's Dance the Magic. They will be dancing in the parade down Disneyland's Mainstreet, as well as a special performance on the Disneyland Main Stage. My girls, Hayden and Serena Mallery, are the only two Lund girls going out of the 39 dancers. The team has been working very hard

to learn the challenging choreography and have been fundraising for the better part of a year now. It is a very special trip for all of the dancers.

I am still accepting donations on behalf of the team. Etransfers can be sent to kassidy@twincomm.ca or mailed to LTDA Fundraising C/O PO Box 72 Lund BC V0N2G0.

All donations are split equally amongst the dancers and help cover costs of entry and travel fees.



Photo courtesy Kassidy Mallery

Puddle Jumpers Preschool

Alisha Van Belle



When September begins, I get all giddy thinking about the children and all the fun we are going to have. This year's bunch has not

disappointed! We have some returning students, some new students (including my granddaughter:)) and quite an age span; but this year's class is having fun already! We have eight students now and one coming in January, which means we still have one spot open for the year. Talia keeps dreaming of another four-yearold girl who loves dress up and crafts; the rest of us are not fussy.



September weather has been pretty rainy but we are Puddle

Jumpers and we put those boots to a test on our walk in the woods to find those puddles....and trees, sticks, and a moth! After a few tries for a good date, we also went to the Craig Road Fire Hall, where firefighter Lydia showed us around and let us play with the big fire hose. Everyone was brave and got into the fire truck and also braved the siren and lights. Some of our September days were so rainy that we had to get our yayas out in a creative way. Thus

the "run around room" (as Oscar named it) was born in the class next door where they really do just that: run around, and around, and around, and around. We are all getting to know each other's names, families, and what games we like to play, and friendships are getting started and strengthened.

This month is about fall stuff: Thanksgiving, leaves, bears, nuts, and of course, HALLOWEEN. We will have a Halloween party where all the kids will dress up and have fun. We are always blessed with our connections in the community. Sandy is continuing with her music classes with the Preschool once a month (and they ALL love music), and Nahila continues to be our favorite "big kid helper". I am sure we will have more walks in the woods and field trips to places in the community in the months to come. The salmon have started running and we usually make a trip to the Tla'amin hatchery.



All photos courtesy Puddle Jumpers Preschool

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We are collecting prizes for our annual **Puddle Jumpers Raffle**. If you have anything you would like to donate, call Jessyca at (604)483-6359 or Alisha at (604)414-0091. We need to finalize our list and get the gaming license in by the beginning of November and we start to sell raffle tickets at the Lund Christmas Craft Fair on November 23.

One of our favorite fundraisers is the **Lund Flea Market**, and we are having another one on Sunday, October 27 from 10 am – 2 pm at the NCRC. Please contact Alanna (604)483-4008 to book a table. Any used goods, fancy junk, craft, excess veggies, or art can be sold. Think cool community garage sale! Sellers keep the proceeds from the sale of their wares, while proceeds from the table rentals and our fantastic food sales go to Puddle Jumpers Preschool. We will have baked goodies and homemade pizza for sale this time. There will also be a **Kid's Art Show** happening at the same time. Let your kids display their creative talents (for either display only or sale) to their community. All mediums will be welcomed. Again, contact Alanna (604) 483-4008 to get a drop off date/time.



Playgroup has started up again on Mondays from 10 am -12 pm. This is a great way to get out and meet other families and let your babies and toddlers play together. Bring a snack to share.

Last, but not least, we are looking at the feasibility of having **licensed daycare** spaces here in Lund as our Preschool room is so ideal for this purpose. We are looking for community input as to what kind of daycare or after-school care is needed in our area for next year. We would need specifics...like how many days, what hours, what ages, and if after-school care is needed. From here we can see what would fly financially and fit with the current staffing we have. So no promises but your input is vital! Please call Alisha at (604)414-0091 or email at jomommadesigns@gmail.com.





All photos courtesy Puddle Jumpers Preschool

Back to School Impressions

Sandy Dunlop, George Mathieu, Nile, Reed, Sage, and Amanda Zaikow

September is the month everyone goes back to school. It's not just the students, teachers, and administrators; it's also all the parents and grandparents and teachers' aides and bus drivers and...well, just about everyone is impacted by the start of school.

I notice that for me (Sandy) the rush of approaching September never really went away; there's my own years in school, then getting my kids off to it each day, and then teaching various things in various places, and now helping my daughter and son-in-law (both high school teachers) and granddaughter (first year in kindergarten). So many fresh notebooks and pens just waiting to be used!

Here's what some Lundies said when asked "How do you think/feel school is going to be this year?" and later, "How is school going?"

George - Kindergarten

Before: I think it will be good. I'll go on the bus by myself. It'll be awesome.

Now: It's great. I like playing on the playground at school. I have more friends to play with. And today we made applesauce; it was yummy.

Nile - Grade 4

Before: I didn't know what a new principal would be like. I was pretty excited to see what new things would happen at school but I wanted some things to stay the same, like May Day and the maypole dance and Literacy Day. I thought grade four would be a lot of reading.

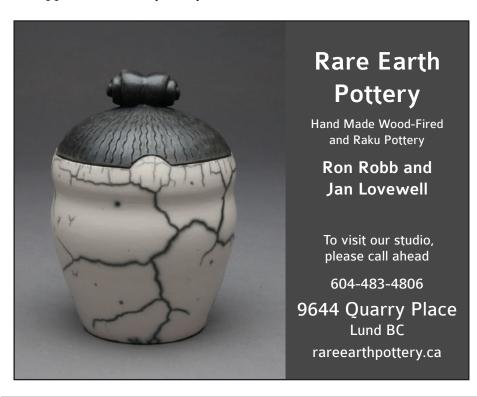
Now: It's my first year doing Mathletics (online math program) and there is lots of reading. It's also my first year of being a big buddy and reading with my little kindergarten buddy.

Reed - Grade 7

Before: I was excited. It's my first year on the Soccer Rep team and my last year at James Thomson. I was curious about what it would be like having a new principal because Mrs. Marshman had been the principal since I was in kindergarten.

Now: Student council meetings are new. Grade sevens are getting to decide Spirit Day events, and have just gotten tickets to go to We Day in Vancouver [a celebration of kids from all over BC getting together for

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inspirational speeches and performances]. We had to commit to different community events, so we are hosting a drive for the food bank and raising money for the Children's Hospital. I also am a James Thomson Ambassador, so I get to welcome new students to the school.

Sage - Grade 10 (first year at Brooks)

Before: I was curious to see how hard it would be. After ten years of mostly French classes, only three of my classes are in French this year. I'm excited to study in English for subjects like math and science to get a deeper understanding.

Now: It's my first year not being on Rep Soccer, so I have more free time to spend at the rock-climbing centre with new friends. I'm really enjoying school. The work load is big but not too big.

Amanda - Grade 3 teacher and librarian

The end of summer and return to school hits our family a little harder than most, with three school-aged kids (two elementary, one high school) and me as a grade three teacher/librarian. We have the mantra of, "Once we get into our routine..." as we stumble through our mornings. Because back to school also means the start-up of extracurricular activities, as we roll out the door at 7:45 am we need to be prepared with soccer gear, rock climbing shoes, piano binders, and food to get everyone through their long days. "Once we get into our routine", we will know where all of those items are and be well rested as we put them in the car. That

routine is elusive though, as new interests, new friends, new committees, and new opportunities arise.

Although I am teaching the same grade as I have for the past two years, the new BC curriculum has been rolling out over the same time period. The old curriculum was laid out with very specific outcomes, like "the student will be able to identify symbols of Canada". The curriculum is now defined by "Big Ideas" (the actual term used), like "Learning about indigenous peoples nurtures multicultural awareness and respect for diversity". A key part of the new curriculum is integrating indigenous concepts of the Seasonal Round, and it's pretty easy to get the students to connect to their families' traditions and activities. We chart our activities on a circular calendar: summer (camping, berry picking, time with family), fall (school start, mushroom picking, board games), winter (skating, Christmas) and spring (May Day celebrations, planting gardens, outside time).

Teaching a new group of students each year is never boring. My tried and true lessons and activities may need adjustment, or a total revamp, depending on the needs of the class. I'm looking forward to settling into that elusive routine, the one in which my students engage in their daily activities, in which schedules, programs, and technology all behave consistently, and in which sports equipment is easily located and remembered as we calmly exit our home. It's just around the bend of the Seasonal Round.

How in the World Did You End Up in Lund?

Mary McKenzie

My story begins twenty-five years ago with friends who invited us to stay with them at their Savary Island vacation cabin.

It had been a very long trip from Abbotsford for myself, my husband, and three small children. The trip probably seemed longer than it was because of my small children continually asking, "Are we there yet?" Finally, we were there! We arrived at the end of the road, with just a small water taxi ride to go before we made it to our final destination.

I was captivated by this small hamlet on the ocean. I remember the beauty of the quaint seaside spot surrounded by wilderness, bald eagles, deer, and whales. Since it was the true beginning of our vacation, I have always associated Lund with rest, peacefulness, and a sense of adventure.

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Fast forward to September 2016. An opportunity presented itself when I was offered an interim managerial position with my employer, MCC Thrift Shop Powell River. I jumped at the chance, seeing it as an exciting adventure to learn new skills, meet new friends, and see new places.

The six-month position extended to nine months. During that time, I did make some great new friends including a couple from Lund. These dear folks invested their time in me so I would feel safe in this temporary home away from home. While I was with them, we often talked of "what if?" What if this position turned into a permanent position? What if you could live here; where would you choose? My first thought immediately was Lund. We drove around the area and I loved the pioneer spirit represented by the different people we talked to and the homes we visited. I found Lund to be a place of many eclectic interests, such as kayaking, hiking, frisbee golf, and the arts. I loved being by the ocean. It brought peace and a sense of wonder as I watched the whales and dolphins frolicking. I saw my future commute to work as a peaceful way to decompress from my day. I longed to have my own home garden again.

During my first six months in my temporary position, I didn't get a true picture of life in Powell River; the rains started two weeks after I arrived and continued until the snow came. You know, the snow fall that wasn't coming? "We don't get snow in Powell River." Then it came, and boy did it come!

The family I lived with were very hospitable, self-reliant, outdoorsy, and enterprising. I felt their qualities represented the community and the West Coast lifestyle.

My time came to an end all too quickly, and I looked back from the ferry towards Powell River with a melancholy feeling. I had grown to love my volunteers at MCC Thrift Shop; many became true friends. Much thought and prayer were put into a feeling that we were up for a new change. I have always believed my Lord has a plan for each of us, to use our talents and gifts for the encouragement of one another and for His greater purposes.

A year later I was back in Powell River with a permanent position.

I had spent many hours looking over listings and the one that got our attention was the listing that pinged my daughter's phone when we arrived. The realtor gave us a choice, "See it first or at the end of the day?" We chose to see the Lund property first and the rest of the weekend spent comparing all other properties against it.

My daughter and I moved into our home June 1, 2018. It was thrilling to plant our first vegetables, can our produce, pick berries, and enjoy the deer that made our property their home. The change has not been without its struggles, but our new life has allowed for us to learn new skills, showing us what we are made of and who we are meant to be. We live in a delightful neighborhood with folks who have drawn us into their fold. We have spent many evenings together in their homes playing board games and learning about each other. They have always been generous with their assistance, guidance, and friendship.

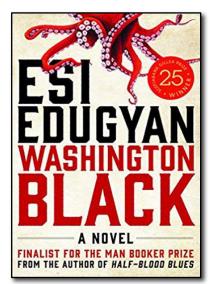
During the last 18 months, we have taken kayaking lessons, are beginning to learn frisbee golf, and are going back to our roots with canning and gardening. We chop our own wood and make a fire in the woodstove. We are learning the skills of the pioneers who have gone before us.

We want to take this time to thank all those who have introduced themselves to us and helped us get up to speed on wells and septic systems and have blessed us with their many visits.

Lund Reads

Ev Pollen

Hello Lund! I've just read Esi Edugyan's novel, WASHINGTON BLACK.



Wash, as he is called, begins his story three times, each time almost too brutal to read, before he launches into a chronology of his life. Born into slavery, either on a ship or on the Barbados sugar plantation that owns him, he knows nothing of his origins, but knows the fierce protection of Big Kit, a gigantic woman rumoured to be a witch. One of Wash's earliest memories is of Big Kit telling him that he will have a great big life. When his owner summons him to the mansion to serve at the dining table, he hears himself referred to as furniture, not human. He is given to the brother of the plantation owner, a man called Titch, who requires an assistant. This is the first of many drastic changes in Wash's circumstances that make up the great big life that Big Kit foretold. Wash as a central character grabs the reader's heart, with the revelations of his intelligence, talents, and needs. As he endures many terrors and hardships he is driven by the huge questions: Who am I? What is the purpose of my life? Am I loved? Am I more than furniture in the hands of the privileged?

The narrative begins in 1830 and is rich with details of the industry, exploration, and history of that time. *Washington Black* is a fascinating and memorable read from the hands of an impressive writer. I hope you enjoy it!



Movie Update

Tai Uhlmann

They tuned out so you could tune in!

The End of the Road feature film is now available online on the following platforms:

iTunes and Google Play in Canada and the United States, and Amazon Video, Comcast and DirectTV in the US only. Watching *The End of the Road* in Canada?

Go to https://indiecanent.com and find *The End of the Road* links under FILMS.

The CBC TV version is still available to watch on CBC Gem, and for educational institutions at CBC's Curio.

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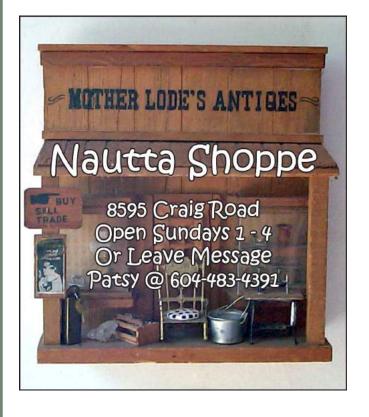
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Go

a poem by Erin Innes

Open the door and go outside at night.

Into the secret velvet blackness, full of thieves and runaways, go.

Do not take a light.

Stumble in the dimness until you learn to feel your way.

Lie down in a strange place and watch the stars.

They are the hieroglyphics of the universe. Learn this language,

For only it has words for your nameless desires.

Leave the path and go into the woods.

Into the tangled, thorny places, the province of tooth and claw, go.

Lose your way.

Find the wolf and ask her about cunning.

Find the bear and learn fierceness in defense of what you love.

Let owl teach you stealth, let deer teach you grace.

Let raven teach you how to steal the light.

Eat, and be eaten.

Fall down dead on the damp loamy ground and let

new life sprout from your rotting bones.

Stand tall for a thousand years.

Learn to speak when the wind moves you.

Listen: she whispers your forgotten names.

Climb fences and go where you're not allowed.

Into the rusted, derelict places, the ruins of progress, go.

Ignore the signs.

Follow the weed-choked pathways with rat and raccoon and coyote,

Hunt the shadowed edges and vanish into your secret den at daybreak.

Travel light and keep your tools sharp.

Drop your seeds in the cracks in the sidewalk.

Where there are no cracks, make some.

Screech and chitter and shit in all the corners,

rot the roof beams and grow up through the floorboards.

With your silent creeping rootlets, tear apart the foundations.

This is the only law: wildness always returns.

Open the door.

And go outside at night.

Among the many creatures of the darkness, you will not be alone.

The strong and the quick, the fierce and the silent, all the wild ones go with you now.

So go. We did not make this world this way.

But we can un-make it.

The Wolves of Calvert Island

feather Mills

Sometimes, I wish I were not so superstitious. That was the thought that ran through my mind as a raven alighted above me and began to caw. "Roarch, roarch" it said. A big raven, sitting in profile on a silver branch, very close to me. Have you never felt that? A raven over your left shoulder caws and you feel a thrill of fear like electricity. Is it a threat? Or a warning? And then a spurt of anger, that this, perhaps irrational fear, has come between me and my objective.

I'd been at sea, living on a sailboat, exploring BC's Central Coast for many weeks, so talking to anyone that wasn't my husband, was a welcome change. "Good afternoon" I said to the raven. "Greetings, spirit helper. What's up?"

"Roarch, roarch." He threw the sound down the beach and with a swivel and a sudden tipping of the head, glared at me with one black eye.

"Is that a warning?" I asked.

Head back up, alert, peering down the beach. "Roarch, roarch."

Well, what to do? I looked down at my sandy feet and saw a spot of blood where the unaccustomed activity of walking in sandals had worn the skin away. It was getting late, the light already fading, and I had walked quite far. But not far enough. I'd been living on a sailboat for five weeks and I was restless, dammit. I felt I could walk for hours more, enjoying the feel of legs being stretched and flexed and my body gradually remembering the long swinging stride that beaches are so perfect for.

Calvert Island, on the Central Coast of BC, is blessed with a series of beautiful beaches along its western shore. Each beach a little different from its neighbours, separated by windswept and wave-sculpted headlands. Shattered columnar rock and roaring waves. Battered trees. It's breathtaking. The whole string of beaches is accessible on foot from the Hakai Research Institute in Pruth Bay where our boat was anchored.

I had met two women on the trail. They said there was a dead whale on a beach a little farther along and I was keen to see it, although I was a little vague as to which of the many beaches it was on.

I was about to step into the trees onto a path that connected two beaches when the raven, like Poe's, alighted with a rustle of feathers and spoke his dreadful message. So I paused and debated. I've always trusted ravens and on the occasions I've ignored a raven's warning, I've regretted it.

"Well, come with me then", I suggested.

"Roarch, roarch." That's such a rich and complex sound, I thought. There are definitely words in there. This creature is very deliberately communicating. But with me? Hmm.

I spoke to him as I walked into the trees, inviting his comment and his protection, but he stayed where he was, the calls fading slowly as the deep green forest engulfed me.

I emerged onto a beach and a quick look around told me this was not the dead-whale beach. I wandered for a while between pillars of rock, surging out of the sand in rows, a surreal landscape. Another path led on to further beaches, but the raven had spooked me. I turned back. Once more along the path through deep green. Ducking through the low opening in trees onto the sand, I glanced up at the silvery branch as I stepped out. The raven was gone. Well, I thought, so much for the warning. I strode out across the sand and a movement caught my eye. A little way along the beach, where trees and sand met, was a wolf. And then another, two, three... five wolves, in a long line, trotting towards me.

Continued on page 28...

Continued from page 27...

A hot wave of fear spilled through my guts and I glanced quickly around. What do I do? It was too late to retreat back into the trees; the wolves had seen me. There were no trees I thought I could climb; maybe I could scale that cliff at the edge of the beach, or as a last resort I could walk into the water, into the crashing waves. But wolves can swim. There was nothing I could do. I was outnumbered and they had seen me.

I remembered a book I read many years ago, *Of Wolves and Men* by Barry Lopez. He contended that wolves are telepathic and that they can tell what you are thinking. You must not let them sense your fear. Think yourself big. I strode along the beach, never breaking stride, with no change of pace or direction. I drew myself up to be as tall as I could, squared my shoulders, pulled the open sides of my jacket out to make a bigger silhouette, and strode on. Calm, I thought, be calm. Be big. I have every right to be here; I wish you no harm.

The wolves ranged along the edge of the trees, some standing and looking at me, some moving along in their lovely liquid way, and then standing and staring, while the others moved. It was a confusing thing to watch. A technique, I am sure, calculated to disorient their prey. They wove a complex dance, suddenly stopping, then trotting along the sand, I could not watch all of them.

I remembered what I had said to the women I'd met on the trail earlier. They had told me about the dead whale and said I probably wouldn't want to be out too late as there were wolves feeding on the carcass. I had replied, rather flippantly, "If their bellies are full of whale meat, they won't be interested in me, will they?" Well, they were interested. Very interested.

They were beautiful. They all looked very similar, most likely a family group, all the same pale colour with a golden undercoat showing around their shoulders. Healthy lush fur, ears up and alert, fighting fit. For a moment, they seemed to lose interest and some of them looked away. I clapped my hands and shouted "Go! Go on!" like you would to a naughty dog. This was not a good idea. They all stopped and two of them took a few steps towards me. They would never be afraid of me. I kept walking. Sweating. Steady pace. Do not run. I am really, really big. There was nothing I could do. I would just have to rely on bluster and the good will of wolves.

I scanned the edge of the trees, trying to spot the place where the next trail began. I would have to walk up the beach, away from the water, towards the wolves, to get to the trail. I turned up, and in a breath, the wolves vanished into the trees, up a small drainage. I kept walking, feeling eyes on me. Glancing at the trees, thinking "I know you're still there." As I approached the trees and trailhead I thought, "This is a perfect ambush spot. As soon as I'm in the forest..."

Heart pounding now, I stepped into the trees and was enclosed by soft green foliage. The fear drained away as I walked and was soon replaced by wonder and gratitude at having had such an encounter.

As for the raven, perhaps I should have paid closer attention. Perhaps, after all, I'm not superstitious enough.







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Plants From Here (and There - this plant is on every continent except Antarctic)

Trish Keays



Photo courtesy Ryan Lee

What's everywhere, intrusive, and almost impossible to get rid of once it takes root?

I can think of a few things, but the answer for this article is Horsetail – *Equisetum arvense*, the field horsetail so common around Lund and qathet Regional District. (Latin *Equisetum* is horsetail in English; *arvense* is field.) Where a common or field horsetail grows, expect to see more. Some are labelled "noxious weeds" in different countries, or "unwanted organisms". Think ditches, roadsides, pond edges, partially forested areas, probably your own garden - horsetail is easy to find, hard to lose. It loves wet places, but seems to survive in dry areas too, and just keeps on spreading.

Twenty plants in this family are alive today, ten in BC, and all look similar. Plants of field horsetail are quite short, although size varies with habitat. I've seen

plants four inches (10 cm) tall in a sand bank and up to two feet tall (60 cm) in a forest near a creek. The stalks are hollow and split open easily, breaking into parts. Another name for the plant is Puzzle Plant, because the broken pieces are like a puzzle.

Horsetail stalks have grooves or whorls between segments with green needle-like leaves in a ring around each whorl. The spacing between whorls on a horsetail stalk gets closer together near the apex of the shoot. Observing this pattern is said to have inspired Scottish mathematician John Napier's invention of logarithms in the 17th century.

The silica and other minerals on the outside of the plant makes it feel rough, like sandpaper. Horsetail can be up to 35% silica. It has a First Nations history of being used to smooth and polish wood, like the finest steel wool, producing a smooth and glassy finish with a soft texture. It's a great addition to the compost, if you dry it first so it doesn't root. And drinking horsetail tea strengthens bones, hair, skin, and nails through absorption of the minerals.

Although the leaves and the stalk are both green, the stalk photosynthesizes but the green outgrowths don't. The actual leaves are shrunk and fused into a band close to the nodes with little toothed-leaf tips (you have to squint, up close, to see them). The horizontal stems that extend the root system, rhizomes, are one reason the plant is so invasive and found in groups. We've dumped sand, soil, and bark mulch almost two feet deep and within two years, little horsetail fingers with visible joints came fanning out of the soil, reaching to the sun. I'm reconciled to not being able to get rid of it, a conclusion Brian



Photo courtesy Brian Voth

Continued on page 31...

Continued from page 30...

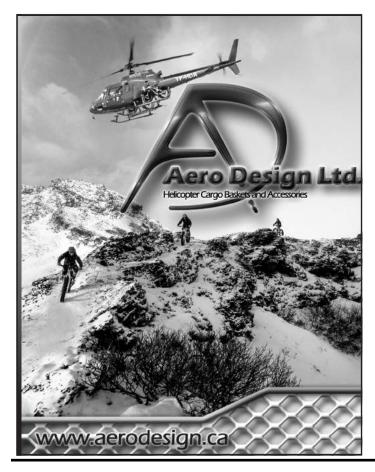
Minter, the CBC gardening expert, made when some shows ago a caller asked how to get rid of it. The plant is one of the toughest on the planet and has survived global extinction events – get real. "Deep time is on its side".

Its roots are black, jointed, and long. One article said they can be metres into the soil; one from western Washington said roots can dig as deep as 150 feet, dissolve minerals in bedrock there, and bring them into the plant at the surface. It's hard to imagine that growth pattern: two feet above the soil and 150 feet deep!

A relative of our horsetail once grew to 30 meters tall, 90 feet. This makes sense in the time of the dinosaurs, the Carboniferous age, geologic period of 60 million years, from 298.9 to 358.9 million years ago, although hard to imagine now. Okay, round it off to 350 million. What a life line - gives "primitive" and "survivor" new meaning, possibly useful in our time of ecological grief.

Scouring rush is a cousin to horsetail (*Equisetum hyemale*) and banks of both are found around here. The scouring rush has no leaves and can look like mini bamboo. The name comes from the plant being used to scour out dishes. The silica it contains makes for a rough texture. Grab a handful of horsetails and rub – especially if you want to get your hands clean in the back country. According to one source, horsetails were used by knights to polish their armour. Well, we could all use some shinier armour.

"People have regularly consumed horsetails." Not any people I know. Advice is not to eat horsetail greens raw. Some articles detail use as a food by different BC First Nations, but I couldn't quickly find any information about Tla'amin use. I'd love it if someone reading this who knows more can share it with Barnacle readers. One resource says young fertile shoots are a delicacy among many Coast Salish people. Each year two different kinds of stalks appear – the tan-coloured fertile shoots in early spring (edible) and green stalks later (medicine, not eaten). You can find instructions on eating horsetails at different sites online.



Medicinal uses: lots of stories about lots of uses (kidneys, bladder, liver, urinary tract, lungs - bronchitis, TB, asthma). Silica capsules are available in health food

Continued on page 32...



Continued from page 31...

stores to strengthen and rebuild connective tissue. A noticed effect for some has been increase in hair growth. Of the medical and scientific research I could find, most concluded that more study is needed. Horsetail produces a diuretic effect, which in one study was comparable to that of a prescribed drug, without negative side effects. Another study in the IOSR Journal of Pharmacy (2017) by an Iraqi scientist concludes that "The pharmacological studies showed that it possessed antioxidant, anticancer, antimicrobial, smooth relaxant effects of the vessels and ileum, anticonvulsant, sedative, anti-anxiety, dermatological immunological, antinociceptive, anti-inflammatory, antidiabetic, diuretic, inhibition of platelet aggregation, promotion of osteoblastic response, anti-leishmanial, and many other effects."

Wow. And I was dismissing it as an irritating weed.

Here's a true/false quiz to test your horsetail knowledge. Answers are at the end of this article.

- 1. I'm related to the ferns.
- 2. I reproduce by seeds.
- 3. I have tiny flowers at the base of the needle-like leaves.
- 4. You think you're an old-timer?! My plant family has been around for 350 million years (more or less).
- 5. I'm the only living plant in my plant family.
- 6. I send out a poison that stops other things from growing in soil around me.

RESOURCES

- Wikipedia such a great source of obscure information!
- "Ancient Horsetails", Island Nature April 5, 2010; https://islandnature.ca/2010/04/ancient-horsetails/;
- "Venerable scouring rushes: roots beyond the age of dinosaurs", https://curious.royalbcmuseum.bc.ca/venerable-scouring-rushes-roots-beyond-the-age-of-dinosuars/
- Wild Foods & Medicines, "Horsetail", http://wildfoodsandmedicines.com/horsetail/
- US National Library of Medicine, National Institutes of Health, "Evidence-based Complementary and Alternative Medicine", Randomized, Double-Blind Clinical Trial to Assess the Acute Diuretic Effect of Equisetum arvense (Field Horsetail) in Health Volunteers. https://www.ncbi.nlm.nih.gov/pmc/articles/ PMC3960516/
- "The pharmacology of Equisetum arvense a Review" in OISR Journal of Pharmacy. http://iosrphr.org/papers/v7i2V1/ D0702013142.pdf
- Wild Foods & Medicines, "Horsetail", http:// wildfoodsandmedicines.com/horsetail/
- 1. True;
- 2. False I reproduce by spores, like fungi and lichens;
- 3. False horsetail has no flowers, and what look like leaves aren't leaves are brownish scales close to the stalk, with little leaf tips;
- 4. True;
- 5. True;
- 6. False horsetail is not poisonous and field horsetail has a long medicinal history, through to today although caution is advised, scouring rush has an enzyme, thiaminase, that interferes with vitamin B stores in the body.



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50 Ways to Botch a Boat Trip

Paul Shore

#1: Life vest detonation

Just because your Ontario family thinks you have morphed into Grizzly Adams – because you moved to BC after university; partake in hiking, kayaking, and big-mountain snowboarding; and post photos of bears and whales, as if they were as common as squirrels burying acorns in backyards in Ottawa – doesn't mean you really have developed into a skilled outdoorsman! Nor does launching a Lund-built aluminum runabout mean that you have developed the mariner skills of Nick Adonidas or his crusty pal Relic. It really should be no surprise to me that in the few short years since kicking off our summertime, fair-weather, family boating adventures, I have proven that there must be at least 50 Ways to Botch a Boat Trip!

We decided to go all-aluminum for our first boat, so that: a) it might last so long that it would evolve into our *last* boat too; b) we could bounce it off the BC coast and stay afloat; and c) experienced boaters and wharfingers wouldn't outwardly laugh at my skills, for fear of me becoming distracted and scuttling a boat or dock with our mini-destroyer. So, practicing rocky "beach" landings in Mary Taylor Bay was a natural way to hone my passenger drop-off and pick-up skills, though I never imagined it would quickly also become a natural way to hone the skill of repacking an inflatable life vest.

When a local friend suggested an evening rip up into Theodosia Inlet to show me somewhere cool that I hadn't ventured to yet, I jumped at the opportunity – off into the sunset we headed. The tour and conversation were fantastic, though the most memorable part of the evening turned out to be the entertainment I accidentally provided at the very end! As we came back towards a *shore* landing back at home, I verbalized "oops, coming in a little hot". I had trimmed the prop out of the water and cut the engine, and we coasted in towards the rocky beach. BANG! "Oh well, no harm, no foul … love our metal boat", I said sheepishly. Joel chuckled (at my driving, more than my humour, I guessed) as he hopped out. I quickly pushed back off again to go secure the boat on our buoy for the night.

So you know that little, triangular, yellow pull-tab at the bottom of inflatable life vests? I had never thought much about that little thing and the importance of its whereabouts. I now understand that its purpose is so that you can trigger inflation by hand, if you go overboard and for some reason the vest doesn't inflate automatically. I also now understand that the little triangle is constantly looking for new ways to get some boating action.

It's a big reach for a vertically-challenged guy like me to tie the mooring line to the top of the buoy. I stretch out over the gunwale, my head well below my waist and my feet barely still in the boat. The best I can figure, I must have hooked that little yellow trigger on the edge of the boat as I reached down. The surprise "CLICK, PSSST, POP" that turned me into The Michelin Man in roughly 3 nanoseconds, somehow threw me back into the boat, just as my fingers were starting to tickle the shackle on the top of the big orange buoy. My "effing hell!" rang out across the water of the little bay, as Joel could be heard laughing on the foreshore and I spun around hoping that nobody else had seen my buffoonery. My bad luck was only surpassed by my good fortune not to have been thrown into the water by the detonation --- in hindsight, I sort of wish in a twisted, self-deprecating, sort of way that I had been thrown into the drink!



Continued on page 34...

Continued from page 33...

The next day, the guys at the marine supply shop had a hard time understanding why I needed a \$100 cartridge replacement for a life vest that hadn't gotten wet! Another series of chuckles were had at my expense, as we deflated and repacked the vest with the new cartridge. I chalked the whole episode up to a new skill having been learned way ahead of its time. And ever since, I wear a non-inflatable life jacket while mooring to buoys!



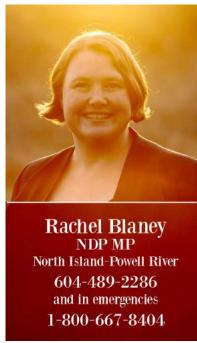


Photo courtesy Brian Voth





Lund Kid Revisionist History

Anna Gustafson

Running Across Fair Weather

In a Lund Kids' early high school days, it was not with a deep source of pride that we skulked off the Lund Bus each morning. It would pull into the Brooks High School loop, not long before the first bell, and we'd quietly scan the front steps to see if any of the mean kids were hanging around the front doors. It was more *judginess* than bullying but still not a confidence booster to have the townies throwing side eyes at the start of your day. I would imagine nothing but praise and high fives now because Lund has become so very artisanal.

Before there were busses to town and an assortment of teachers, we had Lund School: a two-room schoolhouse sitting as the last structure you'd see before you were allowed to speed your car up, town-bound. In a good year we'd have, perhaps, thirty students in the entire school, distributed accordingly between the "Little Class" and the "Big Class". My brother Oscar was the only kid in grade three his year.

For most of my tenure, there were two teachers, Mr. and Mrs. Fairweather. They were a lovely couple who came to us via New Zealand and the UK. I'm not sure what they did there to deserve this gig, but here they

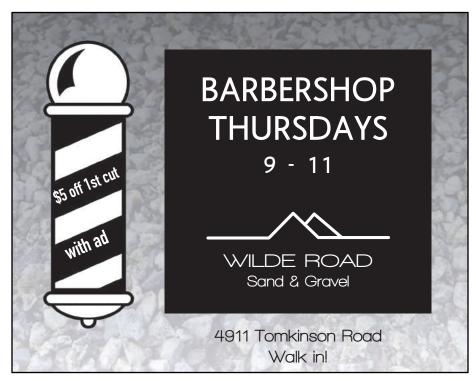
were. I have fond memories of them both and my favourite to share is that they *lived in the school!* Imagine the commute! There was no auditorium, per se, so if we ever needed to be sequestered for any grade or gender specific learning, we just went to their place.

The Fairweather's had two girls, Kate and Anne. On occasion, I'd be asked for a sleepover. As much as I wanted to run amok in the empty classrooms at night, I was terrified of that place. Their apartment was where we were taken to get our vaccinations. It's where I was brought to quietly be told my Grandpa had died. Detention was played out there if it was a really bad one. The Fairweather girls were awesome, how could you not be with that name, but I was not closing my eyes in that house of horrors. No thanks!

The remarkable thing about such a tiny school was that there were only ever enough players to make up two teams of anything, so the entire student body played together. A popular sporty game would be to have one team positioned on the edge of the soccer/baseball/kickball/track field, another scattered across the centre, and team one would run across the field trying not to get knocked down. The game was called...wait for it... "Run Across". Lund being home to many

Scandinavians, stark efficiency could be found in all the branding. Being that the childrens' range in size went from "still takes naps" to "puberty", the playing field was far from even. It was a bit *Saving Private Ryan* as a wee one trying to make your way safely to yonder fence. I accredit my strength and ability to thrive in male dominated industries to this game.

Looking back, what an extraordinary experience to grow up in an environment without cliques or being excluded because you were a girl. The big kids included the little kids in everything. Granted, out of necessity, but still, highly unusual in school as we know it today. Inclusivity is part of curriculums now. Lund Kids have it in their bones because it's all we had.



Speaking in the Barnacular

Ted Durnin

So my friend died. He didn't live in Lund so you may not have known him. I can tell you he was a good man and that if you had met him, he probably would have found something to like in you. He was like that.

This man used to get out and walk his dog twice a day. He would stop to meet people and talk to them. Either he was an expert at feigning interest or he really was interested in them. A great guy.

I have noticed that not many people get out and walk around in the sprawling metropolis of Powell River. Sometimes you see someone running. Sometimes people are standing at a bus stop. People do walk on the sea walk but I swear they drive there to do it.

Of those who do walk, I suspect that not many stop and talk. They pretend they are in New York City and walk fast with purpose, looking neither left nor right, lest they catch someone's eye and get shot.

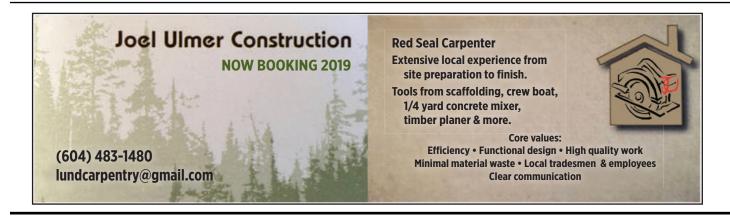
Of those who do stop to talk, many don't seem interested. They may ask you to change. Well, ask for change. They may show signs that they don't live in this world or at least not all the time. They may tell you to get off their lawn. But to pleasantly pass the time of day? Pretty rare.

Now, in Lund, people do walk around some. The further out in the bush you are, the more people you seem to meet. A lot of them have dogs and binoculars. I'm not sure what good binoculars are to a dog, because they see with their noses, but anyway. People. Walking. Outside. And sometimes they chat. It's friendly.

In Powell River, there's going to be one less figure on the street. I believe that people will have an inkling something is missing but may not be able to remember what. It's easy to see something there that wasn't there before. To see something that is no longer there is another matter. Or someone.

I think my friend is going to be missed. A friendly face, some thoughtful conversation, a bit of human contact: they used to be there and now they are not. There's a whole lot of kindness built up that will ebb now. I believe that kindness created ripples of more kindness, touching people that he didn't meet and making their days a little better. He may have been more influential than he knew. Like Mr. Rogers on TV. Like that.

So get out and walk sometimes. Watch birds. Say hi. Feign interest. It won't kill you. This isn't New York. There's a space that needs filling and any of us can do it. You can do it. Because my friend has done all that he can. Goodbye, Ted Crossley. Even if we never met you, we're all gonna miss you.



UNICASE YOU CARE ABOUT WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE LAND OF LUZARDS (AND WERE NOT

SURETHAT WE DO, BUT HERE YOU GO









BROUGHT TO YOU BY SOME MIS-GUIDED MISCREAMTS
KNOWN AS NOAH SOBOLEWSKY, ALI SARVY & JET ARM STRONG

Whisky Review

Gregory Cran and Adam Drummond



Blue Collar and Scholar Whisky Pair brings together the knowledge and experience of Adam Drummond, a Highland Games heavy events athlete and automotive technician with a penchant for finding the perfect dram, with Gregory Cran, a university administrator and certified whisky ambassador. Together we have provided whisky tastings and food pairings, along with a bit of Scottish history, whisky science and lore. The Scotches we review are usually single malts from a variety of locations in Scotland. The first in the series is from Campbeltown on the Kintyre peninsula. Once the whisky capital of Scotland, Springbank Distillery, licensed in 1828, is one of the few surviving whisky distilleries in the area. Springbank produces three distinct products and is the only distillery in Scotland that produces 100% of its barley, malting, distilling, maturing

and bottling on its site. These include Springbank, Hazelburn, and Longrow.

Springbank Longrow Peated Campbeltown Single Malt

This delicious, well balanced whisky is bottled at 46% ABV (alcohol-by-volume), non chill filtered with no colour added.

Colour: Light gold.

Nose: Dutch double salted black licorice, crisp orchard fruit, a distant smoke.

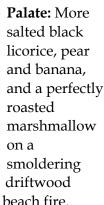




Photo courtesy Greg Cran

Finish: Lingering candied pear with salted caramel drizzle.

Mouth feel: Creamy and light.

Rating: 7.8/10

For more on Blue Collar and Scholar see our website at Bluecollarandscholar.com or you can get a copy of our book *Nosing and Tasting the Water of Life: Blue Collar & Scholar Guide to Whisky Pairing* at eunoia Fibre Studio and Gallery in the Townsite Market.





Photo courtesy Brian Voth



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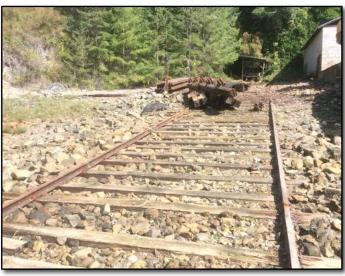
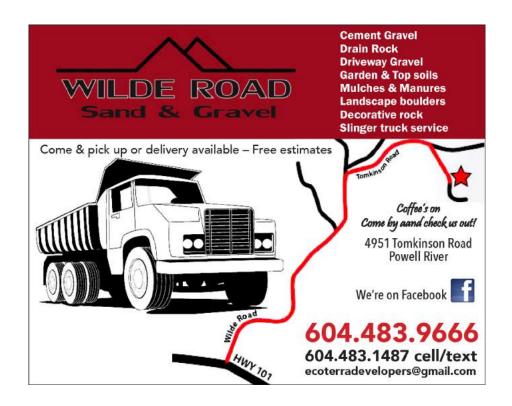


Photo courtesy Andrew Johnson





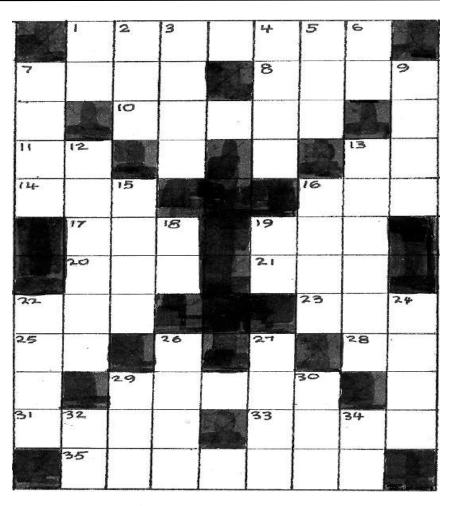
Crossword #52 by C.Cressy Edited by S. Dunlop

ACROSS:

- 1 family members
- 7 token of betrothal
- 8 charity
- 10 black wood
- 11 yes (Sp.)
- 13 either __
- 14 final
- 16 petition
- 17 protected shore
- 19 choose
- 20 picnic pest
- 21 nothing (missing an "I")
- 22 veneration
- 23 family head?
- 25 untruth (slang, abbr.)
- 28 could be us
- 29 theatre
- 31 weight allowance
- 33 less than good
- 35 classification of sexes

DOWN:

- 1 Japanese river
- 2 compass direction (abbr.)
- 3 rainbow families
- 4 strong flavour
- 5 English cathedral
- 6 decimetres (abbr.)
- 7 ascent
- 9 beget
- 12 related by marriage
- 13 outcast member
- 15 Louis Riel's family group
- 16 potato (slang)
- 18 time zone (abbr.)
- 19 not off
- 22 put next to
- 24 beloved
- 26 first family garden
- 27 long for
- 29 miner's goal
- 30 neither
- 32 chief legal officer (abbr.)
- 34 low ranking seaman (abbr.)



Answer Key for #51 Crossword



LUND COMMUNITY SOCIETY

Christmas Craft Fair



Let's all celebrate together!

Time: 10:00 - 4:00

Day: Saturday

Date: November 23 2019

Contact: lundcommunity@gmail.com

or Call Rosie: 604-483-6275

Location: The Italian Hall

Community Page

Birth Announcements

A baby girl was born to **Jade Pihl** and **Daniel Townson** on October 5. They named her **Violet Sky**. She weighed 7.5 pounds and is their first child. Congratulations and welcome to Lund, little one!

Sympathy and Condolences

We heard of no deaths since the last issue. Let us know if we missed anyone.

Thinking of You

Healing thoughts and much love to all Lundies, wherever you are, who are struggling with wellness.

The Goodwill Committee exists to help create and bolster a sense of community in Lund with the knowledge that people here care about each other. Please let the Lund Community Society know if you're interested in helping with this and call Adrian Redford at 604-483-4766 with any news you think should be acknowledged.

Northside Community Recreation Area Resident List

The Lund Community Society is creating a group email for all Area A residents who wish to learn about information and events in our community. It will be called the Northside Community Recreation Area resident list. If you wish to be one of those bcc'd on this list, send your contact info to Mary Ann Lammersen at malammersen@gmail.com or (604) 483-2419.



Photo courtesy Puddle Jumpers Preschool

Your Nickels and Dimes Add Up

Ann Snow

The Northside Fire Department Association would like to thank the kind but unknown person who has been saving their nickels and dimes and then donating them to us. Whoever you are, we truly appreciate your thoughtfulness.











All photos courtesy Brian Voth